

DAILY REFLECTOR.

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FROM CUBA.

What a Pitt County Boy Saw and
Heard in Cuba.

BY J. E. LANGLEY.

HAVANA, CUBA, Feb. 23rd, 1895.

Editor Reflector:

While sitting in my room with one of those far famed Havana cigars in my mouth, my thoughts wander back over the sunny southern land I have passed through, where the air is laden with the orange blossoms and where the fields are forever carpeted with nature's loveliest flowers. If you will grant me the space in your valuable paper, I will endeavor to try and tell your readers, many of which are my friends, what I saw and heard on this, my third visit to Cuba. I left Richmond Va., on Jan. 10th and came direct to Charleston, S. C., after which I visited Columbia, Augusta and Savannah. Then I came across into Florida, the land of flowers, where I sniffed fragrance from the blossoming trees and enjoyed the spring sunshine which always brightens everything. It is indeed a land lulled by the breezes and kissed by the sunshine.

Some of you who never visited Florida would be astonished at the magnificent hotels and, too, at the bill one pays when he leaves. When I reached St Augustine and registered at the Ponce de Leon my astonishment turned to wonder and the elegance of the hospitality in which I was a guest almost astonished me. Every detail about the beautiful edifice was as carefully arranged as though it were a palace. The rooms, offices and parlors are superb in their appointments, while the table was simply divine. While traveling up the St. Johns River from Jacksonville to Sanford I saw many alligators of various sizes along the banks of the stream. Owing to the meanderings of the stream, which is very much like the Tar, the boat run very

close to the shore, in fact only a few feet from the banks.

The next place I reached was Tampa, a beautiful little city of 18,000 souls. Here we find the largest hotel in the United States, the renowned Tampa Bay hotel, which is just as sublime, only more so, than the Ponce de Leon. This hotel is 1200 feet long, think of it!

From Port Tampa I went by water (in fact I could not have gone any other way unless I had engaged wings) to Key West, a distance of 250 miles. Our voyage down the gulf took about 24 hours and was a pleasant trip. The first thing greeted us on our arrival was about 12 or 15 little boys (clothed only in atmosphere and water) swimming out in the gulf to meet the ship. When the ship neared them the little natives (Cubans) began to solicit nickels and pennies from the passengers who would throw them in the water to see the little fellows dive for them, and they would get every one of them. They followed the ship and kept this up for a quarter of a mile or more. Key West, "The Island City," has about 25,000 people who are largely Cubans. Very little English is spoken there. The Island is 6 miles long, 3 miles wide and is 11 feet above the sea level. Its commercial industries are principally cigar manufacturing and sponge fishing. While there I saw a Banyan tree in the United States barracks, the only tree of its kind on American soil. It is a native of India.

Having "done" "The Island City" we next sailed for Cuba, a distance of 90 miles. The schedule is so arranged as not to get to Cuba before sun rise, as no foreign ships are allowed to pass Morro Castle (entrance to the harbor) after sun down or before sun rise. This is a law of the Spanish government. Then the ship is not allowed to land but is anchored out about a mile from shore where it is met by a score of small boats which for one dollar they transport a passenger and his baggage to the shore. These little cutters are each managed by one man and you would be amazed at the number of people and the tremendous amount of baggage they carry. The boatmen, to add to the horror of

the passengers, run races to the wharf and their skill in navigation is quite wonderful. The first thing I saw in Havana that attracted my attention was the way they serve milk. They drive the cows to your door and milk what you want, and then to the next door, and so on, until they have gone around. The man who does the milking is dressed in pure white linen, and looks very neat and clean.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ENGLISH PARISH.

History Tells Us But Little of the
Early Ones.

It is to be remembered that, as in the apostolic age the work of converting the world started from the great towns, so was this emphatically the case in Gaul. How early or how late the practice became general of calling the country cure the parish and the Episcopal see the diocese, I have never been able to discover. As early as the fourth century we find mention of country churches with lands belonging to them, and in the next century the numbers of these foundations so much increased that Sidonius (A. D. 430-438) mentions a visitation he made of the rural churches in his diocese (Auvergne), and we notice that by this time these settlements are sometimes called parochiae and sometimes dioceses.

Later on, Gregory of Tours (A. D. 539-593) more often calls the country cures dioceses and the Episcopal see the parochia. But, call them what you will, we are fairly well instructed as to the manner in which the country parishes (as we call them now) rose up in Gaul; and I have a suspicion that what was true of Gaul was true, mutatis mutandis, of Britain. I have a suspicion that if we had for British history anything approaching to that wealth of original sources which we have for early French history during the first five or six centuries of our era, we should have evidence that some—perhaps many—of our English parishes existed as ecclesiastical parishes, with pretty much the same boundaries as they have to-day, and are survivals of a condition of affairs anterior to the Saxon conquest.—Nineteenth