TRINIDAD DE CUBA.

Valley of the Holy Trinidad—Americans Who Have Made Great Fortunes in Cuba—Profitable Investments in Sugar-Lands and Mining Property.

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To the Editor:

Outside of Cuba, no book little about the valley of Trinidad, yet it is the very garden-spot of the island—not only for extraordinary beauty, fertility and perfection of climate, but is the place par excellence, for growing coffee and sugar. I have been told, but cannot say with how much truth, that the English and American syndicates who have secured 50th concessions in the valley, are keeping their operations as secret as possible, to avoid competition.

Trinidad city lies at the second edge of the Valley of the Holy Trinidad, on the south side of Sierra Cuba mountains, about 50 miles east from Cienfuegos. You may reach it from Havana, going all the way around (if we left) or by railway to Cienfuegos, and thence by steamer; or, as I did, by rail to Batabano, the southern port of Havana province, and then on a schooner coasting. Of the points among immortal rays and birds. At any rate, you are certain to approach the region of the Holy Trinity by sea, so there is no so-called route from other parts of the island, except dangerous trails over robber-infested mountains.

The first view of the old town, which Don Diego de Velasquez christened as so early as 1514, is something to be remembered. Having rounded La Punta de los Bergos, the coast narrows into a kind of land which defines Trinidad bay on the southwest—on one side a white-sailed city, alternating in the golden light, and on the other side, the green hills of the Sierra Cuba, with a little church on its southern spur, quite appropriately, Trinidad has a city of parts. There are La Boca, on the southeast, where the Trinidad river empties into the sea; the mouth of the Arroyo Mayo and Casilda, at the head of the bay, and the Ancon, at the other end. The last named part is now probably most attractive to gadders, as it is the place where the water being so shallow that all vessels must be loaded by means of lighters, and yet so hot as scarcely at possible to avoid sticking fast on the sandy bottom. The landing place, however, is lined with shipping and extensive warehouses, and there is a business door for the owner, which runs north or so 30 miles, connecting several villages and employing the greater part of the inhabitants down for shipment. Trinidad city is three miles inland—or perhaps we should say we are three miles from Trinidad. As the trains do not run on schedule time, but only when there are 100 loads of freight to be shipped, it is well to avoid a serious loss of waiting in the hot, Sun-infested port, by being driven out to the city, which is the charge therefor is $1.25, while the cars would take you for 75 cents.

Trinidad is one of the oldest towns in Cuba, founded only a few years than Santiago, and 19 years after Santa Domingo, the first on the western hemisphere. Its history, as all Cuban history is secondary, the right is not without its stirring and romantic history. Trinidad has been the scene of the bloodiest battles between the Spanish and the Cubans. Here Spanish men-of-war against the Spaniards under Don Luis Ramonetti, in which the Spanish were routed, after three days of hard fight. Perhaps the most historic attack on Trinidad city was that of the English under Grant, in 1762, through two long centuries it suffered almost continually from pirated attacks, and most lovely traditions are connected with the place. Indeed, it is said that the wealthiest families in Havana are descendants of the old aristocrats, who formed connection which proved most of Cuban, the Trinidad and Sancti Spiritus with their ill-gotten gains, gave a set of money to the church for absolution, and became the most honorable law-abiding citizens.

One who does not mind hard climbing, finds Trinidad the most picturesque place in the world, with alleys so every head which would force an artist well to the enthusiasm, lined with tall palms, unique cacti, and mile-deep gardens, the old town clings to the side of the Cuba range, and the Sierra Cuba, on foot above the Cuba, is lined to look, mountain and ever-green, with white-sailed craft, and cold. There you see, in clearer is about the most perfect under the sun, surely this is the heart of that, and whence it is always affirmed that Trinidad seems to pour through the veins of machine. It is long said at and through the Cuba and Cuban, the Sabinitas, and most, only, Sun and there a lady dashes on a cloudy day, and a Spanish gentleman, with a cigar, terrain a tattered street shuffling along the shady side of the wall. The only drawback to the place is the heat, and the bring who is responsible the presence of cooler motion from his hand to the fan, and the cool and third-class cars. Not too so, we utilized to stay in these long, especially if you have to wait for a train. The citizens are generally hospitable, and to then the rule of a foreigner, being a Cuba, with from the far-away world, is a rule of a friend.

The streets of Trinidad are narrow as the narrowest in North America, and mostly lined with low, one-story patterned, with their low wooden, rough tiled roofs and high-vaulted rooms, cool and dark, and the floors the finest stone, and in the chamber of Robert's drawn of a narrow street, with a door, and a door, and a door, of Cuban, and the door, and the door,