

April 22. Slept at Nevers. Cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" In the morning he sent for Colonel Campbell. The table was laid; so he desired the servant to lay another cover, and invited the colonel to stay and breakfast. General Bertrand also joined them. Napoleon asked Colonel Campbell who commanded in the Mediterranean. He said he did not know for certain, but believed Sir Sidney Smith was one of the admirals. When Comte Bertrand sat down, he said, laughing: "Que pensez-vous, Sidney Smith amiral dans la Méditerranée!"¹ He then related Smith's having thrown several thousand shot from his ships on them without killing a man (this was at Acre). It was his great source, for he paid much for every shot brought in by the men. "Il m'envoya des parlementaires comme un second Marlborough."²

April 23. Before the journey this morning, he requested Colonel Campbell to go on, in order to expedite the British man-of-war, and also to write to Admiral Emeriau at Toulon to expedite the French corvette. He sent off to Auxerre to order his heavy baggage, with

the escort of 600 guards and horses, to go by land to Piombino; but if that was objected to, to go by Lyons, and to drop down the Rhone. Colonel Campbell proceeded on by Lyons and Aix, when he learned that I was at anchor in the bay of Marseilles, where he arrived the evening of the 25th. The morning of the 20th the commissioners communicated to Comte Bertrand the facilities which had been obtained in regard to the several difficulties presented respecting a director of posts for the horses, and a British man-of-war for convoy or conveyance, and a copy of the order given by General Dupont.

After the formation of the provisional government, a person was asked by Napoleon what he thought of his situation, and whether he thought there were any measures to be taken. He replied in the negative. Napoleon asked what he would do in a similar situation; his questioner said he would blow out his brains. The Emperor reflected a moment. "Oui, je puis faire cela, mais ceux qui me veulent du bien ne pourraient pas en profiter, et ceux qui me veulent du mal, cela leur ferait plaisir."³

Thomas Ussher, R. N.

¹ "What do you think, Sidney Smith admiral in the Mediterranean!"

² "He sent me parlementaires like a second Marlborough." ("Parlementaire" means "the bearer of a flag of truce.")

³ "Yes, I can do that, but those who wish me well could not profit by it, and those who wish me harm would be pleased."

JAMAICA.

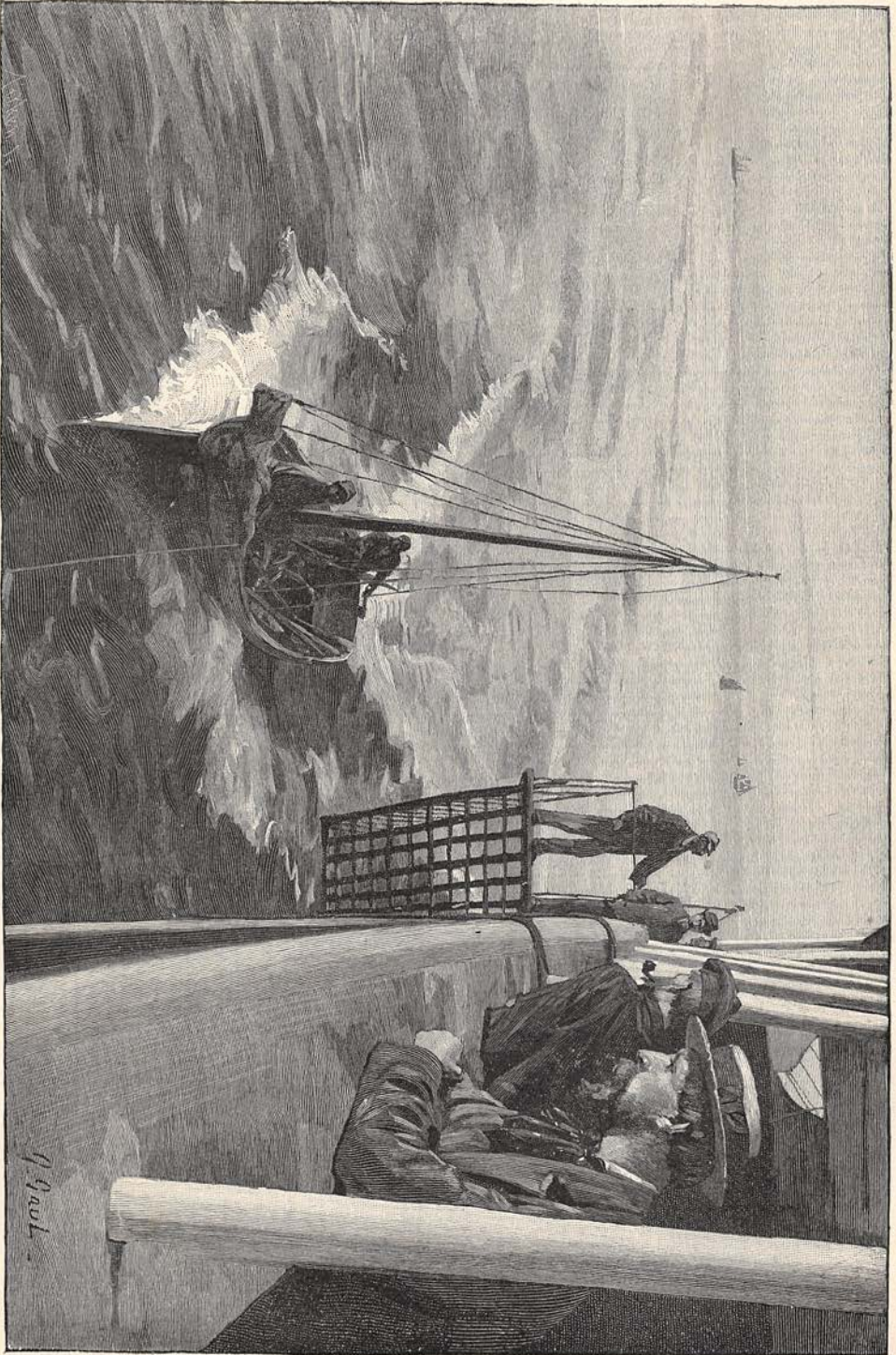
WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



WE were bound for the tropics. No more overcoats, no more cold. We had been told that in three days' sail from New York we would be on deck in summer clothing. Could it be true? Then we were on the deck of the steamer *Aquan*, fruiter and freighter, at one of the Brooklyn wharves, the wind howling through the rigging, battling the boards on the side of the wharf building, reddening our noses, and obliging us to stamp up and down to keep alive. There was no steam turned on in the cabin, and it was as cold below as it was on deck. Every one was disconsolate. We turned on our heels to find, if possible, a warm place up by the boilers. It was of no use. We went between decks, and found a dark gangway where we walked up and down. At least we were out of the biting wind there, but the darkness was very oppressive, and the odors were not wholesome; so, after a time, we went on deck, and found all excitement. They were casting off the lines, men were hurrying

here and there, officers were shouting, bells ringing, whistles blowing, and we thought we heard the propeller beginning to turn. It was so; we were off. Slowly we passed the end of the pier, and glided out into the open water, by the Battery, and by the forts on the island. The captain quietly remarked that we had better go and eat a good dinner while we were able.

At the table we found about thirty fellow-passengers, but only three ladies among them. That middle-aged gentleman, Major —, was an American consul. He had been home to recover his health, and was going back now in good trim to try it again. Beside him was Mr. G—, second in charge of the works of the Nicaragua Canal Company. Yonder gentleman on the right was a miner from California, who was going down to see what there was in that gold-mining hurrah in Central America. That young man with the prominent nose and retreating forehead was known as Captain M—. He was not a captain, though,—only a salesman of cash-registers,—but was called captain as a mark of esteem, because he was



THE PILOT.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

able to advise the captain as to the vessel's management when required, and was always ready and willing to do so. We felt very fortunate in having him on board, and no uneasiness as to the successful termination of the voyage; but little did we know how fortunate we were. Only the next trip the fine little steamer ran on a coral reef, and became a wreck. The Warner Miller party were on board, and every one knows the particulars of the affair. Had they been as fortunate as we in having the Captain, the accident might not have occurred.

At that table was my room-mate. He was going to attend to the putting together of some cars at Kingston for the manufacturers. The cars were on the deck, and made the vessel, as some of the old travelers thought, a little too top-heavy to be comfortable; and they were right, as was afterward proved. That stout gentleman was going to inspect his cocoanut-walks in the Southern seas, and expected to be met by one of his schooners at Jamaica.

The meal served was really a good one; and in spite of the fact that the vessel was beginning to roll pretty heavily, we finished our meal, and retired to the smoking-room for our after-dinner cigarettes.

The cabins were by this time comfortably warmed. Dinner, coffee, and cigars had done the work well, and every one was at peace with all the world, and began to take a little interest in his neighbor. A general conversation soon sprang up, and the ice of a first meeting was broken.

Soon, however, all but the old salts retired, one at a time, as the ever-increasing motion began to tell. Some we did not see again until we reached Jamaica. A bull-pup, going out to the Padanca River with his master, rolled off the seat on which he had been sleeping, and after one or two more attempts finally took to the floor for good, but looking as though he did not understand it.

Every one's attention was fixed on the vessel's gallant fight against the storm and on the keeping of his seat. The cuspidors and the pup had a lively time keeping out of one another's way. In spite of the fact that we were in pretty rough water, the little steamer never groaned or creaked once, and gained the admiration of every one. The captain remained on the bridge, and we trustfully talked, smoked, and thought of the

Shrieking of the mindless wind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet,

until some one reminded us that it was New Year's eve and near twelve. Liquid refreshment and crackers and cheese were ordered,

that we might celebrate the event, after which we retired to our bunks, only to find that it was impossible to sleep. No sooner would one drop off into a doze than a lurch of the ship would wake him with a start, and in a dazed condition he would grab wildly about him, knock his head against the slats of the upper berth, and do any number of foolish things, until, recovering himself,—if he did before finding himself on the floor,—he would take hold of the side of the berth and brace himself, only to go through the same experience again. A steamer trunk, some bottles, two pairs of shoes, brushes, hand-bags, clothing, and other things were having a romp on the floor.

In counting the revolutions of the wheel, and in watching the clothing that hung on the hooks swing backward and forward, the time passed slowly; but it did pass, and at last the gong sounded. After dressing, I took my place at the table, but nothing seemed to be to my taste. I was not in need of breakfast, I concluded. So, taking a cup of coffee, I made my way on deck, and found the captain, the major, and the doctor standing in the cabin doorway. The next minute the major and the doctor were in the scuppers together, wallowing in a foot of water, which soon ran away, and left them stranded. We pulled them back into the doorway, where they braced themselves. I did not laugh at them because I did not feel like laughing, and my coffee did not seem to taste just right; besides, I did not know how soon my turn would come. The major was the only man among the passengers able to eat his breakfast that morning, and was entitled to our respect for that reason.

The worst of the storm was over, the captain said; still, we were rolling guards under, and every wave looked like a mountain as one looked up to it from the trough of the sea.

But the captain was right. About ten o'clock the rain ceased, and all who could went on deck, and found a resting-place on the fore-hatch. The lookout was clothed in oilskins, and was standing in the lee of one of the deck-houses, dancing first on one foot and then on the other, as he kept turning, the better to see the whole extent of the horizon forward; but I noticed at the time that he looked at us frequently. I think we had been sitting there some fifteen minutes when a deluge of spray came over the boat, drenching us all, and causing us to make a very undignified retreat. By the twinkle in the eye of that man I knew that he had been expecting this to happen.

Yes; they were right about our soon having to discard overcoats and put on summer clothing. Of course we knew it would be so, but it did seem impossible. They might have said, as was the case, that we would find it so un-

bearably hot in our cabins that we would spend considerable of the night on deck, dressed only in our pajamas.

We sighted land several times, sometimes only banks of sand, and at other times long stretches, bright and white, in a sea of the deepest blue, with a few palms back from the shore, and possibly a lighthouse, but we saw no land of importance. The change in color of the ocean is very noticeable as you go south; it becomes bluer and bluer, until it is intense. Schools of flying-fish were constantly rising from the water, and I was surprised at the length of their flight —

mentally, so to speak. It was about here that the miner gave us an opportunity to have a laugh at his cabin-mate, who took it good-naturedly, I must admit, and laughed as much as any one. Some one had remarked in the smoking-room that there were a good many rats on the vessel, and that night the miner was awakened by his room-mate, who told him that he thought it was true that the vessel was overrun with rats, for the cabin was full of them. He said they had kept him awake for a long time. "See!" he exclaimed; "there goes one now!"



A JAMAICA STREET.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

sometimes two hundred yards, to make a very safe estimate, distances over water being so difficult to determine. In its bewilderment, one flew in the wrong direction, and, striking a funnel, fell on deck, from which it was unable to rise.

It was about eight inches long, rather heavy, covered with silvery scales, and resembled somewhat our cunner. Its wings were simply enlarged fins, and were as long as the fish itself.

The nautilus was also often seen, looking like a soap-bubble on the water, yet able to weather seas that would send our substantial vessel to the bottom.

All of these things, trivial as they seem, interested us intensely, as always with passengers who for days are obliged to live on themselves

The miner, reaching from his berth for a match, struck a light, and discovered that a paper bag containing oranges had given way, releasing the fruit, which was rolling from one side to the other of the cabin, impelled by the motion of the vessel. The rest of the night was disturbed only by chuckles, at intervals of about a minute, from the miner's berth.

At last we saw Jamaica, or believed we did; but soon we were certain. Larger and darker it grew, greener and greener; soon we could distinguish the palms on the lowlands along the shore. The mountains in the interior rise to a great height, and, when we saw them, were surrounded by masses of clouds that threw picturesque shadows over them. The scene was a beautiful one, and the sail down the coast to the harbor of Kingston charming.



THE KITCHEN.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

The sun was low when the pilot came on board and his boat was taken in tow. As it grew darker, this boat and the steamer seemed to be in a sea of fire. I never saw the phosphorescent glow more brilliant than it was there. We dropped anchor outside the harbor, as it was too dark to get in, and in the morning steamed up by the old forts, and fastened to the pier.

The town is pretty well masked by the foliage, and not much of it can be seen from the harbor. Crowds of the inhabitants were to be seen, though, attracted by the arrival of the vessel. They were chiefly blacks; indeed, the population of the island is mostly made up of them, from coal-black to coffee-colored. There are some coolies brought here on contract to do plantation work, and once in a while one may be seen, in strange and picturesque costume, in the town.

The streets are usually narrow, with no sidewalks to speak of, and do not smell sweet. The houses of the better class are stuccoed, and are embowered in fruit- and flower-trees. All are inclosed by high walls. For this reason one feels the town to be inhospitable and uninteresting, except in the poorer districts, where the houses are built of poles, mud, or wattle, and where the people live at the door, with their dogs and pigs about them. They seem very happy, and I doubt if extreme destitution is known among them.

The races were on, and, taking a cab, as the heat was intense, we went up, more to see the people than the horses, although they have some pretty good ones here. We first went up to the grand stand to see the swells of the island; they came with their wives, their families, and some with their lady-loves. Many of the ladies were good-looking, and all of them languid; the vivacity and energy of the New York girl were absolutely wanting. The dresses were gay in color,—light blue, pink, or white,—in silk, linen, or gauze.

Elsewhere soldiers, candy-sellers, poor men, and beggars were happy, chattering to one another about the different horses in a language supposed to be English, making small bets, chewing sugar-cane, and otherwise amusing themselves. We walked back to town, selecting a street that we supposed to be one occupied by the middle class, followed it down to the business portion of the city, and began a search for a good restaurant. There are plenty of them, but none very good. In the one we selected, the kitchen was open to public view, and what we saw was not appetizing, though picturesque. However, there are some very good hotels. The kitchen in the restaurant at which we stopped for dinner was in the courtyard of the building, open to the sun and rain; the floor was of brick, and the chickens and dogs had the freedom of it, and it was littered

with corn-husks, straw, and bits of wood. There was no stove, the fire being built on a stone bench, or platform. The meal was a good one, but how they managed to cook it, with their conveniences, is a mystery.

An open-air concert was given that night, and of course the sight-seer followed the crowd. The grounds were beautifully decorated with hundreds of Chinese lanterns, and fireworks were set off in great quantities. Here one saw all complexions, black predominating. The music was furnished by the military band of one of the native regiments, and was fairly good. We tried to find a seat, but they were all taken; so, settling ourselves in a row on the rim of a large fountain, we chatted away pleasantly until one of our number jumped from his seat with an exclamation more forcible than polite, and began gingerly pulling from his coat-tail pockets a package of wet smoking-tobacco, a box of matches, and a dripping handkerchief, while a smile began to spread itself on the faces of the rest of the party, suddenly to die, however, as each man, with one accord, put his hand behind him, and then stood up. We had all been dangling our coat-tails among the goldfish for fifteen minutes.

The streets were crowded. Every store seemed to be also a gambling-place, and the rattle of dice was constantly in our ears. Men and women were given to this entertainment alike; of course, they were of the lower classes.

In the morning we started out again, and saw more of the town. We were well treated by every one wherever we went, and carried away with us a very pleasant remembrance of the kindness of the people. On our way to a restaurant to get dinner, we came to a park, at the entrance to which, on a large pedestal, was the statue of a dignified old gentleman. Our attention was attracted to this statue, as we approached it, by one of the party saying: "See that tablet on the front of the pedestal. What an odd way to inscribe a gentleman's name that is!" We looked, and read in large black letters on a white ground, "BILL-STICKERS." Below this was smaller lettering. Agree-

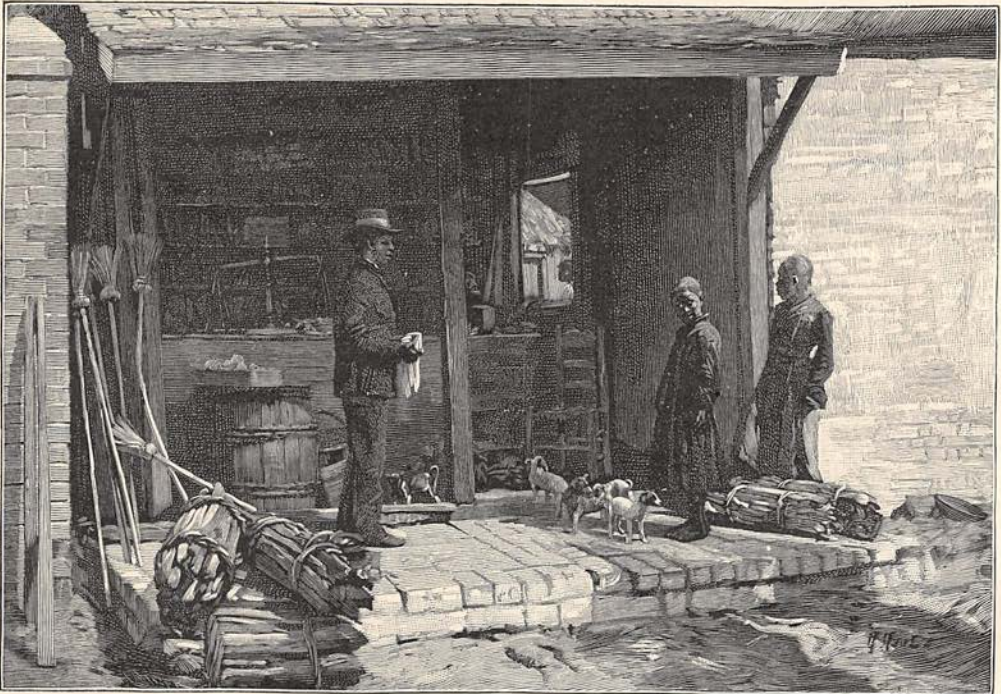
ing with him that it was rather odd, we went nearer to examine it, and found that what appeared to be a white marble tablet, placed exactly in the center of the front of the pedestal, was really a piece of paper pasted there as a notice to bill-stickers that they would be prosecuted if they made use of this base, and that the dignified gentleman was not the unfortunate owner of so undignified a name, inscribed in so undignified a manner.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

After lunch the miner and I, no one else wishing to accompany us on the expedition, concluded to take a carriage and drive out of town, to see, if possible, something of the life of the people in the country. The road over which the driver took us was a good macadamized one, and led along the harbor shore. For a short distance it ran between the brick walls surrounding the grounds of flower-embowered houses, then by the more humble homes of the poor, then through plantation grounds, seemingly deserted, with broken-down gates, pro-



A JAMAICA SHOP.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

tected from encroachment by cactus hedges that looked much like logs of wood placed on end, to form such a stockade as was used by our pioneers to protect themselves from attacks of Indians. Every two or three miles a collection of small huts would be found, occupied by people who make a living by working on the plantations and by fishing. Some of them have little gardens, and raise fruit and vegetables, which they carry to town on their heads or on burros, to sell in the market-places. Along the streams, of which I remember two, were women and young girls washing and drying clothes, while naked little babies rolled in the sand or dabbled in the water. At one place we rode by the ruins of a most picturesque old fort, near which are the remains of an old vessel driven on shore by heavy weather, or condemned and left to go to pieces, and to take its time about it.

The prisons are located on this road near the quarry in which many of the prisoners are obliged to work. As we reached it, we saw a line of men in loose, ill-fitting gray costumes, with the number of the wearer daubed in large figures all over it, front and back, walking to and fro between the barge they were loading and the pile of broken stones at the base of

the cliff, where they would fill wooden trays or boxes holding a little more than a large coal-hod, throw them up on their heads, and carry them to the boat. They made a very effective picture; the black faces, darker in the shadow of the boxes on their heads, relieved against the white limestone quarry, were spots in the blaze of light that fastened your attention instantly, and held it. Many of the men were superb physically, and carried themselves as erect and straight as arrows. We were not allowed to admire them long, however, as one of the guards came to tell us that carriages were not allowed to stop, but must drive straight through the ground, unless permission was obtained at headquarters. We gained some little time by asking many unreasonable questions, until we saw that the men were hoisting the square sail on their boat, and that there was nothing more to see.

At short intervals, stationed so as to form a complete circle about the quarry, was a guard armed with a rifle. Shortly after, we returned to town. This was the last we saw of Jamaica, as early the next morning the steamer took in her lines and sailed out of the harbor, bound for Greytown, Nicaragua.

Gilbert Gaul.