

which the great Nelson got his wife, Francis Herbert Nisbet, on the 11th March, 1787. This island appeared to be a conical mountain, rising nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. Here we are sailing among the Antilles—the Anterior Isles—which lie like a string of emeralds round the neck of the Caribbean Sea, and during the wars of the last century, were the objects of a never-ceasing conflict between the French and English. April 12th, 1782, was a memorable day in the English Empire. The West Indies were then under the charge of Admiral Rodney, in H. M. S. "Formidable." The rock is still shown from which Admiral Rodney watched day by day the movements of the French fleet under De Grasse. We were part of a day passing the Grenadines, a string of small islands, fitting into their proper place in the Antilles semicircle, but as if nature had forgotten to put them together, or else had broken some large islands to pieces, and scattered them along the line. Here we have a stiff breeze, and the sea white with short curling waves, but we were running before it, and the wind kept the deck fresh. We had a little excitement on seeing the Flying Fish for the first time, but they were as soon as plentiful as robins in June. The sea is an extraordinary blue,—it looks to me sometimes a peacock blue. Again a deep violet color, the shadow and intensity of the light varying the shades, but not the color, and for hours we stand watching the ship plough through the great sapphire shades, into which the sea has turned. The flaming, tropical sunset at sea, is a gorgeous sight, the loveliness of which I cannot now take time to describe. Grenada is the next island; we are to go on shore. It is larger than St. Vincent; was taken by the English at the peace of