



A STREET SCENE IN ST. GEORGE'S.

they will. Set a lot of 'em to work, and they begin to plau right away to see how they can git rid o' doin' any thing. I've kuocked round the world a good deal, and seen all sorts o' people, and these folks here are the most dilat'ry I ever see. They're all lazy; but, if any thing, the white natives are worse than the colored. Work and me is bad friends, but I never see a man here yit that I couldn't do twice as much as he."

John is an acute observer.

But if any thing *must* be done, it may as well be attended to at some future time. Supposing a man should die in the mean time, his son or grandson might take the matter in hand. "At all events, what is the use of rushing so and making such a fuss, getting one's self in a perspiration, and all that? No use at all. Goethe said there was repose on every height, and there's repose in some hollows too. There are almost always two sides to a question." And so the Bermudian waits. The man who is as exact as the sun, who undertakes to enjoy a little recreation here, carrying out his own notions all the while, will look as if he had had a course of funerals by the time he has been here a week. But if he will give up his ideas, he will have an exceedingly pleasant time. Fortunately the climate predisposes one to good nature, and the exacting New Yorker becomes "dilat'ry," just like other people, in this latitude.

By his indifference to the superfluities of life the Bermudian gains much time, which

offsets in a measure what he loses in other ways. His house is simple. He can not understand why a man should have so many things which he would be just as well off without. The test question with him about houses, furniture, and dress is, "Will it last?"

If it will, it is worth having; if it will not, somebody else may buy it, for he will not. What to him is a new-fashioned chair, which will have to be replaced in a year or two? Those in his dining-room are one hundred and fifty years old. They are chairs worth talking about.

The lavish expenditure of Americans, especially in matters of dress, strikes him with wonder, and I have heard it gravely suggested that money for this purpose must be saved on the wine bill, which with him and all good Englishmen is no bagatelle. He drinks good wine, and a great deal of it. Once in a while some one is found who really likes it, but as a rule "the climate requires it," and so all take it for the climate's sake. Bonaparte found the vines good patriots in France; they are equally so in Bermuda. The revenue derived from duties on liquors is about two-fifths of the entire amount. Intoxication is not general; still it is not uncommon for a certain indefiniteness to characterize a man's walk and conversation, as, for instance, in the case of a good man who at a public dinner not long since said grace three times, which interested those who knew he was not prompted thereto by the Holy Spirit.