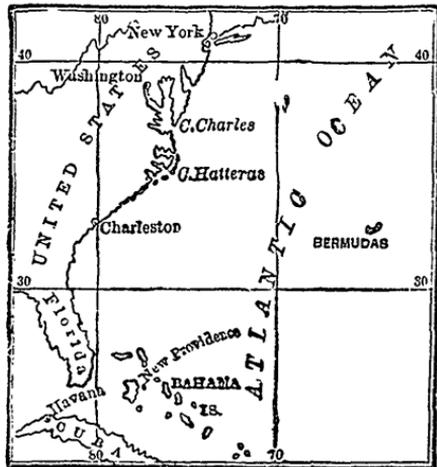


hills, the flowers, which almost hide the houses that peep out here and there from their bowers, make up a scene as rare as it is beautiful. And so, making our way slowly through the labyrinth of islands, a sudden turn brings us into the pretty harbour of Hamilton, which is the capital and principal town of Bermuda.

The arrival of the steamer has been heralded by the customary signal—a flag from the Government House. The news has been telegraphed all over the island, and the crowd of people on the wharf indicates the interest which attaches to our advent. The majority of those standing there are coloured, with a sprinkling of men well-to-do and English in appearance, while the presence of the British soldier suggests the fact that this is one of England's military stations.

We are anchored just opposite Front Street, which, we learn, is the principal business street of the town. A long shed-like structure stretches along the wharf, affording a comfortable shelter for men, boys, and barrels. The pride-of-India trees, offering agreeable shade, border one side of the street, while stores, unpretending in appearance, extend along the other. From the nature of



the soil, the streets are almost white, imparting an unpleasant glare, and, on the whole, the first glimpse of the town is not very prepossessing. As we land, no hackman vociferates. No man of any calling, vociferates in this latitude. If we desire a carriage, we send for it; otherwise we walk. The town boasts of some three or four hotels, to the best of which, the Hamilton, we make our way. It is situated on a high hill, commanding a view of most of the town. Doors and windows are flung wide open. The floors, save the parlour and sitting-room, are white and uncarpeted; the rooms are simply but comfortable furnished, and, what is better still, tolerably large, airy, and well ventilated.