

as a dozen lovely white blossoms, are now one of the sights of Bermuda. Both flowers and bulbs bring good prices in the New York market, the former selling for 60 cents a piece for church decorations at Easter, and the latter from \$1 to \$5, according to size and quality. One small landowner made, I heard, over £90 one spring by his little patch. It certainly seems a refinement of agriculture to grow acres of lilies, and they are a most picturesque addition to the beauties of the Island, and ought to counteract some of the disadvantages which attend the production of the onion, or Bermuda violet, as it has been facetiously nicknamed. From the middle of March till the middle of June constitutes the crop season, during which time there is a weekly steamer between New York and Bermuda, and potatoes, tomatoes, and onions are shipped in large cargoes. In April the Island generally, and Hamilton in particular, reeks of onions; the iron freight sheds along the waterside of the town are filled from end to end with oblong boxes formed of wooden laths, through which the plump and juicy bulb appears, while the tops lie bleaching in the fields without, and everything smells and tastes of onions. The vegetable is powerful and ubiquitous. When you return home your clothes, which will have travelled in the steamer's hold with onions, will conceal the guilty odour obstinately for days, and defy all airing.

The water supply of Bermuda is entirely dependent upon the clouds, and is collected in large tanks attached to every house. The roofs of all buildings are kept whitewashed and pure, and the rain runs off them into the tanks below or is conveyed to them by pipes. In some places the side of a hill is sloped away as a roof for the tank below, and these curious white cuttings give a peculiar aspect to many localities, and sadly puzzle the uninitiated. Mark Twain compared the whiteness of Bermuda to the icing of a cake, and no better simile could be given; roads, houses, walls, all are like snow; these rain and the constant renewal of whitewash maintain in dazzling brilliancy, rather trying to the eyes. There is little or no attempt at architectural beauty in the Islands; the houses are all built of solid blocks of limestone sawn out of the native rock on any hillside, and cemented together; the offending angles being squared off by the workmen as if they were pieces of soap. The roofs slope in ridges, and the fronts of all the private houses and most of the shops are adorned with green two-story verandas. There are no shop windows, no advertisements, and no town clocks in Bermuda, time being no object in particular to any one. The Island is essentially healthy; there have been in past years scourges of yellow fever, but the disease was always brought from the West Indies, and since a thorough quarantine system was established, and the presence of a medical officer required on every incoming vessel from those parts to certify to a clean bill of health, there has never been a case. The town of Hamilton is free from all underground drainage, its streets are washed down by tropical sheets of rain, and its air is cleared by all the gales that blow over the Atlantic ocean. In the matter of insects and vermin Bermuda has been greatly libelled; there are neither centipedes nor scorpions of any kind, but plenty of large murderous-looking spiders, perfectly harmless, and numerous innocent cockroaches, the size of infant mice; the latter only frequent kitchens, unless food is taken to the bedrooms. A tiny red ant is a nuisance, and will cover anything eatable, but they are native scavengers, and do not patronise all localities. Mosquitoes are the greatest plague and nuisance, except during the three winter months. Nets for all beds are invaluable. L. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—From time to time I find you speaking of Imperial Federation, and in last week's issue you seem to have doubts on this vital and important question; and more, you seem to be impatient with those who believe in it. Why are you not willing to have the question discussed? It seems evident to me that the British Empire must form some sort of alliance for common defence in the near future, or become subject to other Powers.

I believe that Imperial Federation is the safeguard in the future, and that it will be cheaper, safer, and better for Britain and the Colonies to enter into such an alliance. Of course a great question like this cannot be settled in a few weeks. I pray you not to be in a hurry. Remember that all great and needed reforms ask time for discussion and resolution and legislation. Britain is literal Israel, and as such she has a great work to perform in evangelising and civilising the world. Providence has a work for Britain to perform which implies Imperial Federation. When I last wrote you about England and Russia going to war, I told you they could not; for Britain being Israel her course is marked out by the prophets. Rest assured Imperial Federation will come to pass.

Yours kindly, JOSEPH WILD.

[We insert this letter in token that we are not indisposed to have the subject discussed; but our distinguished correspondent will note that an "alliance" is not the same thing as a federation. An alliance is a tie between Independent States, whereas federation implies governmental and legislative control. There is already something more than an alliance between the Mother Country and the self-governing Colonies.—ED. WEEK.]

A WOMAN mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was.—ELIOT.

ROBERT BURNS.

ACROSS the hills of Time behold,
In hodden gray, a manly form
That, careless, fearless, strong, and bold,
Walks on in sun and storm.

A man who with his honest hands
An honest living barely earns:
A Scotchman known in many lands:
A poet—Robert Burns.

We see him in the lordly hall,
Beneath the scented birchen bough,
Amid the rocks where plovers call,
Behind the lowly plough.

And walk he where he will, the same
Firm step he keeps, nor ever stays
To doff his bonnet to a name,
Nor stoops to gather praise.

A trembling daisy, dying, turns
A glance that meets his eye;
That glance within his bosom burns;
The flower shall never die.

He meets a man of broken heart;
His own is saddened with the tale;
He blunts the point of sorrow's dart,
And stills the poor man's wail.

When Error fronts him on the way,
A lusty arm that levels walls
Is bared before the foe of Day,
And lo! the giant falls.

Then Freedom from her craggy seat
Drops laurels from her loosened hand;
And Wisdom, from her dim retreat,
Walks up and down the land.

Then merrily he laughs, and moves
Right onward to his lofty goal.
He meets a maid, at once he loves,
And love illumines his soul.

Yet on his happiest moments break
The bigot sneer, the bitter scorn.
He many a taunt is forced to take,
Nor is it always borne.

As 'mid the ice the boiling spring,
Choked by the dirt that fain would drown,
Afar the rotten mass will fling,
Then, sobbing, settle down;

So, when the filth of hate and wrong
Is heaped against his rugged breast,
Out gush the fiery founts of song,
And then his soul has rest.

Oh, wonderful this storm of speech
(Though often placed beneath the ban)
By which a peasant tries to teach
Humanity to man!

He sings the hopes, the joys, the fears
That beat in all the breasts around;
The startled world the music hears,
Enraptured at the sound.

His muse—an eagle—seeks the hill,
And, shrieking at the wind and rain,
Calls Liberty to waken, 'till
The glens resound again.

Or, dropping from the quiet sky
Within the vale, a tender dove
On snow-white pinion flutters nigh
The flowery throne of Love.

Then, mounting as a lark, oh! hear,
In melting strains of truth divine,
That homily to Friendship dear,
The song of "Auld Lang Syne!"

In far-off lands, thro' his renown,
The heather-bell a-gaily blows;
Ayr, rippling thro' his rhymes, adown
Full many a valley flows.

The miner toiling in the mirk,
The sailor on the frivolous foam,
The warrior at his deadly work,
The farmer at his home,

And all of tender heart and soul,
Opprest with care or crowned with fame,
Agree that, while the earth shall roll,
Shall live this noble name. ROBERT ELLIOTT.