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THE  
BERMUDAS OR SOMERS' ISLES.

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"Where the remote Bermudas ride,  
I' th' ocean's bosom unespied."

ANDREW MARVELL.

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ALONE, as it were, on the wild waste of waters, about six hundred miles east of the Carolina coast, lies the little group of islets known as Bermuda. In days of yore, when lighthouses were few and far between, and navigation was beset with a host of dangers and difficulties, these islands were considered as one of the greatest terrors of the deep; for lying in the track of merchantmen from Europe to America, and surrounded far out to sea by a girt of barrier reefs, they too often became the last home of the mariner, whose ship in the dark tempestuous night, was driven in fury upon the foaming breakers, and dashed to atoms amid the seething foam.

There is nothing bold in scenic effect to strike the eye of the visitor on first casting a look over the entire group; no elevated peaks or cone-like craters rear their majestic forms towards the sky; nor hillside gorge reveal the mountain torrent leaping on its liquid way. All is on a small scale, and although with islands and rocky islets together, over three hundred may be counted, yet the whole lie in a space of twenty-three miles by three, and so slightly