

THE LAND.—Along the Southern edge of this field of coral a long low line of hills rises like some great sea monster above the level of the ocean. This land was first seen by Juan Bermudez in the year 1527. At the time Virginia was being colonized by the British, Sir George Somers, an Englishman, was wrecked upon the Bermuda reefs. Learning thus, by accident, of these islands, he was so delighted with them that, through his instrumentality, they were colonized in 1611, two years after his first visit. Bermuda consists of a group of about one hundred and nineteen islands, of which the four or five largest are connected by causeway, bridge, and ferry, so that a twenty-five miles drive may be had from one end of the group to the other. In some places there are but a few rods of land on either side of the longitudinal road. In the widest part it is not more than three miles from ocean to ocean. The inhabitants live in houses built of native stone. Almost every hill may be made a quarry. The stone is soft and is cut with saws into blocks twenty inches long by five inches in depth and width. These huge bricks are built up into solid masonry. The outer face of the wall is covered with cement so that the mortar-pointing is not seen. Some of these blocks of stone are sawn into slates three quarters of an inch thick, and with these the roofs are covered. The whole house is annually washed with lime and cement. The roof is always glaring white, the walls sometimes slightly colored. It is not unusual to see houses built upon the spot where the stone used in their erection has been quarried. The roads of Bermuda have their bed, for the most part, on the solid rock. The carriage-way is picked over and made smooth. In some places the roads pass through deep cuttings, giving shadowy walls of rock on either side. The falling rain quickly sinks into the porous soil and mud is unknown. These roads are unsurpassed in the estimation of bicyclists. Bicycle clubs sometimes come to the islands, attracted by the prospect of an unimpeded run through a land where every turn in the way gives a pleasant surprise. The whole island is one great park. The trees that cast their broad shadows over the smooth white roads are mostly the cedar and Pride of India. A foreigner represents Bermudians as planting their trees with pickaxe and crowbar. This might be literally true of the Pride of India, for it grows readily in the