

LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XII.

HAMILTON, February, 18—.

DEAR—Last week we were at a very pleasant afternoon party at Mount Langton, the Governor's Residence. Government House is a handsome edifice built of white stone, now very large from the numerous additions which have been made to it by its successive occupants. There was some lawn-tennis, a little dancing and a good deal of promenading through the beautiful and extensive grounds. A military band provided music for the company, and ice cream and strawberries, cake, etc., were served on the wide verandahs. Government House is situated on an elevated ridge of land, and commands a fine view of the sea coast all along the north shore of the island from St. George's to Ireland Isle. From the grounds we could see the town of Hamilton, Pembroke Marsh, the waters of the Great Sound, studded with islands of every size, and, by the aid of a marine glass, the hills of Port Royal, with the Lighthouse crowning the summit of the highest, blending softly with the rose-tinted clouds into the blue haze of the distant horizon. The demesne of Government House now contains about 70 acres. The garden, in which are to be found many interesting specimens of foreign trees, shrubs and plants, stretches out on the southern side of the hill below the house, the descent to which is precipitous, but rendered pleasanter by a series of steps from successive terraces constructed by Governor Reid for the purpose of preventing the surface soil from being swept away by heavy rains. On these terraces are planted trees and shrubs of many varieties, now all growing well. It was here that Lady Turner planted the first weeping-willow ever seen in the island; the species is now very common. Governor Reid planted the India rubber trees which stand near the steps leading down to the garden. The wampee and lichen trees were also planted by him. There are a number of large silk cotton trees in the garden. There is also a pretty conservatory, which contains numerous specimens of rare and delicate tropical plants.

Being near Hungary Bay on our way home we drove over to one of the curiosities of Bermuda—the mangrove swamp there. A strange sight it is; the mangroves with their unwholesome leaves and slimy roots, the cradles of young alligators and sharks. These trees grow thickly together, the trunks as tall as oleanders, but the branches turn down and take root in the soil, looking like large serpents twisting and turning up and down. The top branches are covered with leaves. The seeds vegetate amongst the branches, while still adhering to the foot stalk. Moore thus describes it in his fanciful and poetic style:

"They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which howsoever the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free
And shoot and blossom wide and high,

Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth."

Fortunately the denizens of the Bermudian mangrove swamps are not the dangerous creatures usually found in like localities in the tropics—crocodiles, alligators and serpents. The crocodiles of Egypt usually are thirty feet long and are frightfully ferocious. They are, like alligators, a species of lizard, though Milton writes thus of the crocodile of the East:

"The river-horse, the scaly crocodile,
Amphibious between both sea and land."

The alligator, which is indigenous to America, attains the length of eighteen feet. America is most fruitful in crocodiles and possesses more species than Asia and Africa put together.

Spenser gives us the following pen portrait of a crocodile after dinner taking a siesta:

"Inside the fruitful shore of muddy Nile,
Upon a sunny bank outstretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mighty crocodile
That, crammed with gullitose blood and
greedy prey
Of wretched people traveling that way,
Thought all things less than his distasteful
pride."

Herodotus, the father of history, says that as the crocodile lives chiefly in the river and amongst rushes it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; and although all birds and beasts avoid it, there is one tiny bird called the Tedula, "The least of thousands which on earth abide," and which goes into the crocodile's mouth and eats the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who takes care not to hurt his tiny friend. Moore also mentions

"The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretched jaws to
come,"

and feed within the mouth of the
"AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSHES."

Herodotus speaks of crocodiles as fighting with dolphins at the mouth of the Nile river, but in those latter days none are ever seen below Mineyah. A traveller from that place tells the following story of a crocodile hunt: "A prize was offered for the first man who detected a crocodile. After watching for two days at length the cry of Timseach! timseach! was heard from half a dozen claimants of the proffered prize. They pointed eagerly to a point of sand on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Our intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and indeed as I approached them there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and in their winking eyes. Slowly they rose one by one and waddled to the water—all but one; he lay still till I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his fin like legs he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of contempt that seemed to say he can do no harm, but we may as well have a swim. I took aim at the throat of the supercilious brute. I could hear the thud of the bullet as it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck; his waddle became a plunge; the waves closed over him; as I reached the brink of the shore there was blood upon the water, and he rose for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piastres for the timseach!' shouted I, and half a dozen Arabs plunged into the stream; but he was gone, alas! I never saw him again. 'To shoot at crows and crocodiles is powder flung away.' I realized the truth of the adage. It is very difficult to obtain a crocodile by shooting it. The Arabs make an ambush in the sands where they resort, and take aim when within a few yards of them. A sad incident occurred near Kench; a crocodile watched an old woman who was drawing water, encircled her with his tail, brushed her into the water, then seizing her by the waist, held her under the water as long as she continued to struggle. When lifeless he swam with the body to the opposite bank, where he was seen devouring her as an otter might feed upon a salmon. Perhaps the wretch was shedding tears over her, crocodile tears! *Crocoditi lachrymae*. But the long arm of Justice reached the assassin. The Arabs shot him soon afterwards."

"A story should, to please, at least seem
true,
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new."

Do you think mine has these
qualities,

"For some copious stories oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done."

The king of the crocodiles is said to reside in Denderah, and the queen some forty miles higher up the river. This *separatio a mensa et thoro* of the royal pair does not appear to have any injurious effect on the interests of the

grim community; there was scarcely a sunny bank between those regal residences whereon a crowd of crocodiles was not to be seen, hatching eggs or plots against passengers. The parent crocodile deposits her eggs to the number of from 80 to 100 in the sand, which is a sort of foundling hospital for her race.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

"Men say the times are strange—'tis true,
'Cause many strange things hap to be;
Let it not then seem strange to you
That here one strange thing more you see."

One thing more, and stranger still, I have to tell about crocodiles. Ovid says: "The entrails of crocodiles are excellent to take freckles or spots from the face and to whiten the skin." As Pharos, an island in the mouth of the Nile, abounded in crocodiles the poet advises those who are swarthy and freckled to use the "Pharian Wash." What an elegant, charming cosmetic recommended and offered to fashionable beauties in the days of Ovid, who was 43 years old at the birth of Christ. Voila! "The Pharian Wash, sold by all perfumers, &c." "If swarthy to the Pharian Varnish fly."—Ovid, Art of Love, III. (B.C. 2.)

Crocodiles are not an interesting or a pleasing subject, but they are a fact, and we might at some time meet with one (but at a safe distance I trust). If you ever should be chased by a crocodile on land I will give you a "pointer" thereon. Turn round and round in a long circle. In scientific terms I shall explain why. The vertebrae of the neck bear upon each other by means of small false ribs, which render lateral motion difficult. Crocodiles, therefore, change their direction not without trouble, and they may be easily avoided by doubling and escaping while they are in the laborious operation of turning round. They have no true clavicles, but their coracoid apophyses are attached to the sternum, as in all the other Saurians. After this useful and lucid information

If you ever meet a Saurian face to face
Alone in a lonely place

you must remember that he cannot
turn quickly, and that is your only
chance of escape.

The monotony of Bermuda life is not varied by experiences such as the following, which sometimes occurs in the West Indian Islands, viz.: One of the olive branches of the house crying out, "Papa, there is a crocodile on the lawn," or a rattle-snake coiled up in sissy's bed; or perhaps a centipede crawling up the wall in the summer house.

But here in Bermuda there are no cruel crocodiles and no alarming alligators to seize the too inquisitive explorer by the leg without warning, or boa constrictors to entwine his person with their hideous folds. There are only the harmless crabs which climb the trees. We cannot here gaze upon the playful gambols of the young alligator basking in the sun or playing hide and seek with infant crocodiles, or, in the happy innocence of childhood, learning from a tender mother to catch any rash being or unwary animal which ventures too near their play ground, thus assisting her in providing dinner for the "table d'hôte," at which festive board crocodiles and alligators meet *en famille*. As this last effort of mine to shine in metaphor, with only the weeds of rhetoric from which to cull, has completely exhausted me, I will say
Adieu. PLACIDIA.

THE MEDICINE FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Mr. Victor, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

Painted in Church.

THE DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY IN BROCKVILLE.

A Case that Created Much Interest—Weak Almost Bloodless and Frequently Confined to Her Bed—Again Enjoying Complete Health.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Readers of the Recorder have no doubt followed with interest the many instances related in these columns of recoveries—sometimes of a very remarkable nature, of persons affected with diseases of different kinds, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Apart from the marvellous recoveries, the accounts were interesting to the people of Brockville and vicinity from the fact that this town is the home of the Dr. Williams' Co., and the place where the celebrated medicine is made. The family of Mr. Thomas Humble, residents on Park street north, furnish a case of such recovery no less notable than many previously published, that will be of particular interest in this community. Mr. Humble is an employer of Bowles & Co., brewers, and is well known and highly respected by many of our citizens. The member of his family whose cure we have mentioned, is his eldest daughter Carrie, a girl of about nineteen years of age. The facts in the case were first brought to the notice of the Recorder by Mr. Wm. Birks, a well known merchant tailor, who on one occasion assisted in removing Miss Humble, who was attacked with a fit of extreme weakness while attending service in the George street Methodist church. The other evening, a reporter visited the home of the family in question, and upon stating his mission to Mrs. Humble, the story of the case was briefly related, not however, with any desire for notoriety, but rather a determination on her part that it should be given if it might in the least be of benefit to others similarly afflicted. According to her mother's story, Miss Humble's illness dates back to the summer of 1889. Her trouble was extreme weakness and exhaustion, caused by weak and watery blood. She was subject to severe headaches, heart palpitation and other symptoms which follow a depraved condition of the blood. Often while down street on business the young lady would become so exhausted by the walk as to be scarcely able to get home, and she was frequently confined to her bed for weeks at a time, and had to have meals carried to her. For a period of over three years she was almost continually under medical treatment. The doctors' medicine would prove of benefit while being taken, but as soon as the treatment was discontinued, the patient would become worse. Her friends were much discouraged and feared she would not recover. In the winter of 1893 Mrs. Humble read of a similar case where a cure was brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This prompted her to give them a trial in her daughter's case, who was at the time so weak that she could not leave her room. The result was remarkable. There was soon a marked improvement, and by the time two boxes were used Miss Humble appeared to be so much recovered that the treatment was discontinued. But it later became evident that the patient had not been fully restored for after a few months there was a return of the trouble. Miss Humble was sent on a visit to some friends in the United States in the hope that a change of air would prove beneficial, but she returned to her home worse than when she went away. Her mother was then determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a further trial, and the result proved most gratifying, as the girl's health has been completely restored, and she is to-day as well and strong as any girl of her age. Mrs. Humble told the story of her daughter's illness and recovery with an impressiveness that carried conviction of its absolute truthfulness. Miss Humble also corroborated her mother's statements, to her friends in the churches, the Sunday school and others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

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