

The water sheds are constructed for the purpose of catching rain-water. I suppose as a water-shed is the highest ground in a country from which rivers or streams descend, the name is suitable to the artificial ones formed in Bermuda. The inhabitants of these islands are obliged absolutely to depend on the rain as a beverage, and for everything in which fresh water is necessary.

"When the blackening clouds in sprinkling showers
Distil from the high summits down, the
rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture
cheered,
The orchards smile; joyous the gardeners
see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heav-
only dew."

There are no natural wells or lakes in Bermuda. Being thus circumstanced the people have everywhere made large tanks to contain rain-water, which is clear as crystal and most delicious to drink. The roofs of all houses, water sheds, &c., are kept constantly coated with lime. The tanks and cisterns are prepared to preserve water pure and fresh for two or three months in case a drought should occur. A drought is, happily, rare in Bermuda; but if that contingency be not provided for, it would be a serious matter for the Bermudians. They could sing dolefully with the "Ancient Mariner":

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

That might be the very inconvenient situation of the inhabitants—an awkward predicament for the Temperance people. The Teetotallers would have to drink ale or wine, unless they had a stock of Temperance drinks ready for use. They must "Use a

little wine for their often infirmities;" or they might say with the poet:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I'll pledge thee with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

That is a temperance pledge surely.

The following lines express Bermudian sentiments concerning rain:

"When the clouds have poured their rain,
Sweeter smell the flowers;
Brightest shine Heaven's starry train
In Earth's sunless hours."

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the close and narrow lane
How beautiful is the rain!
To the dry grass and drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

Most of the menial labor is performed by the colored people, the majority of whom are mulattoes of every shade, from ebony and walnut to cream color. They are a simple-minded, civil people, usually neatly dressed, and smiling.

"They laugh and sing and dance away the
time.
Gay as the birds and happy as their clime."

The drives about Hamilton are very pleasant. You bowl along those white stone roads, which are smooth and free from dust, over a constant succession of hill and dale, always undulating and always winding. Scenery new and beautiful greets you at every turn. You pass through long avenues of oleander trees thickly interlaced, being planted close together to shield gardens and orchards from the high winds.

Here and there are lovely gardens filled with tropical plants and flowers, and inside stand the handsome white mansions of the owners, surrounded by green verandahs. The latter are