

No doubt the poet Moore, having visited these places in Bermuda, drew inspiration from the wild beauty of this locality, and thus immortalized its sylvan loveliness in his musical verse :

"And now the fairy pathway seemed
To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dreamed
Of Love's Elysium bloomed around.
O, 'twas a bright bewildering scene
Along the glades of deepening green—
You'd think that Nature lavished there
Her purest wave, her softest air,
To make a Heaven for Love to sigh in
For Bards to sing and Saints to die in."
—MOORE.

Nature is full of poetry, from the high mountains to the sheltered valley, from the bleak promontory to the myrtle grove, from the starlit heavens to the slumbering earth.

"There is in Poetry a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks
to Prose,
Her youngest sister."

Take the sweet poetry of life away
and what remains behind ?

"The world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit, and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is
veill'd

And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim
The unseen glories of Immensity."

I shall conclude by asking why you
don't write more often ?

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

"The world agrees that he writes well
who writes with ease."

But Pope says :

"True ease in writing comes from art, not
chance,
As those move easiest who have learned
to dance."

This is "*Vera pro gratis*" (more
true than pleasant).

"He that writes
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends: there's not a
guest,
But will find something wanting or ill
drest."

However, "*Do write and fear not.*"
Adieu. PLACIDIA.



LETTER VII.

HAMILTON, December, 18—.

DEAR — We have since visited Joyce's caves, very much like the Walsingham caves, but much smaller, so I need not describe them. They present the usual appearance of stalactitic halls, floored with transparent waters.

Another pleasant drive we had lately was to Somerset. Having taken our lunch with us we had a picnic in a "cottage by the sea." Through the kindness of the owner, an amiable colored lady, we feasted in her neat parlor, which, as usual here among that *class*, was partitioned off from the other rooms by white cotton

stretched over a wooden frame. We had with our sandwiches delicious tomatoes, and the excellent sauce which the old proverb describes as follows: "Hunger is the best sauce."

Our hostess made many apologies for her home being out of its usual order, as she was house-cleaning and white washing. She informed us that her kitchen was "all in an uproar," and that one had to *climb under* ladders and tables to get at anything required.

We have new potatoes for dinner every day. Tomatoes are here in abundance, also young white turnips and lettuce, etc. There is a kind of