

I saw also last month in the *Canada Gazette* that "application is made for the incorporation of the Golden City and Kootenay Railway Company, to build a line of railway from Golden City up the Columbia River to the head of Columbia Lake, and then down the Kootenay to St. Mary's, and thence to Cranburgh" (presumably meant for Cranbrooke). E. S.

BERMUDA.—I.

THE question of winter resorts is one often mooted at this season of the year, when many Canadians are anxious to escape from the trying ordeal of our Toronto climate, which certainly possesses features of its own distinct from those of other portions of the Dominion. Of late years a great variableness of temperature has been the leading meteorological characteristic, especially in contrast to the steady cold of Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec. Here we are visited by three or four cold waves during the winter, which move the mercury for a few days down below zero; then a reaction appears to set in, and up rises the silver ball, often far above freezing point. We are treated to vagaries of rain and damp of the most English description and most colonial unhealthiness. Indeed, the marked prevalence of infectious and throat diseases during the winter months is in itself an inducement to many persons to absent themselves from their homes after the Christmas season has passed. Then the point of pilgrimage must be located, and much discussion arises over the various merits and demerits of the Southern States and California, on this continent, and the West India Islands; the great trouble being to obtain really useful, truthful, and important information about any of the three.

Bermuda is generally classed under the head of the West India Islands, and supposed to form one of the group. In point of fact it lies exactly half way between New York and St. Thomas, the most northerly of these islands, and is in the latitude of Charleston, South Carolina. Having spent several winters on the island, which is comparatively little known to Canadians, I feel qualified to give the latest and most practical information as to its climate, accommodation, society, and resources. One great attraction of the trip is the reasonable and inexpensive journey from Toronto to Bermuda, which takes just four days and costs \$50 for a return ticket from New York, good for six months, to be procured at the office of the Company, 51 Broadway. Our party has twice left here on a Wednesday at noon, caught the Atlantic Express on the Erie Railroad, and arrived in New York at eight o'clock the following morning, in ample time to catch the Bermuda boat which did sail from the pier of the Quebec and Gulf Ports S. S. Co., No. 40 North River, every alternate Thursday at three o'clock. We preferred the Erie to the New York Central route, because the ferry depot of the former is only two squares from the dock in question, while that of the latter lies on the other side of the city, and entails a large expense for the transshipment of heavy baggage. On the last occasion we quitted Toronto in November, and took our passage in the steamer *Orinoco*, a fine vessel of 1,900 tons, with excellent accommodation, good table and service; since then the Quebec and Gulf Ports Co. have supplemented their line by the addition of a new ship, the *Trinidad*, which I saw. This is a first-class boat of 2,200 tons, broader and heavier in build than the *Orinoco*, and specially adapted for this route. Her saloon is larger and her cabins more luxurious, and she is provided with electric light and bells, and all modern improvements.

We were favoured with exceptionally fine smooth weather on our trip, which has the credit of being a rough one, as I, however, have never found it in the months of November or May; but we did not succeed in arriving on the traditional sabbath, as a misty fine rain set in on Saturday night, and Sunday morning revealed a prospect of untold dreariness,—soaking decks, dripping rigging, vast expanses of wind-tossed waves, with a very limited horizon, and our good ship toiling along under full sail. Towards evening we slackened speed, as our captain feared we were nearing land and the Bermuda coast is a dangerous one to approach, being protected by a line of coral reefs which stretch far out to sea. It continued to rain in thick squalls all night, and we laboured heavily in the trough of the sea. Monday morning, however, broke bright and clear, and I awoke to the pleasant tidings that the pilot was on board, and we were off St. George's. When I went up on deck we were, in Bermuda parlance, coming up the north shore, and lay to off the dockyard to deliver mails for the admiral and fleet.

The stranger's first impression of these islands is apt to be one of disappointment; he will lose sight of the fact that they are only semi-tropical in character, and expect visions of palm trees and orange groves, which will meet his gaze only much further south. Instead of such tropical products his eye will rest upon dense, heavy masses of red cedars, which are indigenous to the soil, and clothe the low hills he is passing with a tint of unbroken green, amid which appear here and there patches of brilliant white, like the remnants of some recent snowfall; these are the scattered residences of the black and white population. Fortunately for us, the tide was favourable to our reaching Hamilton, the principal town, at once per *Orinoco*, instead of being transferred to the *Moodyne*, the steam ferry which conveys passengers from Grassy Bay when the water is too low to allow the steamship to pass through Timlin's Narrows into the harbour. We found ourselves at nine o'clock as near *terra firma* as we could get, being a matter of some fifty feet or less from the pier; a number of blacks proceeded to remedy this defect by constructing, with wonderful dexterity, a primitive landing-stage of heavy poles of timber hauled on to the steamer's upper and lower decks; on these they straddled above the water, lashing boards to the under sides, and over this remarkable gangway passengers, luggage, and freight were all safely and rapidly landed. Those who are in haste or prefer it can go ashore in

boats, which swarm about the vessel's sides. The motley throng of white and coloured inhabitants, with their background of white houses and high jalousied green verandas, gave a very foreign appearance to the Front Street of Hamilton, Bermuda.

We had taken a furnished cottage for six months, which stood in a quaint, old-fashioned garden full of roses and narcissus (both in full bloom when we arrived), about ten minutes' walk from the centre of the town. The house contained a drawing-room, dining-room, and four bedrooms and a kitchen; it was well supplied with everything but silver, linen, and cutlery, which we brought with us, and for this we paid the modest sum of £7 sterling a month, or about \$34, English currency being alone in use. There is a branch of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax in Hamilton, which can be utilised by means of letters of credit from any Canadian bank upon their New York agents; also the Hamilton Banking and Exchange Office, manager P. C. Allan, which issues sight drafts on New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Halifax, Montreal, and Toronto. All American money should be changed into bills before leaving the States, as there is a considerable loss upon silver, though none upon greenbacks.

The Bermudas, as they are geographically expressed, consist of one principal island some twenty-five miles long, which extends in a broken line for twelve miles north-east to Hamilton, situated in the centre of this long strip, which is never wider than a few miles across. The lie of the land from here describes an elongated shepherd's crook, which almost encloses the town; the top of the crook is formed by the end of the harbour, where the water diminishes into a tidal pond; while the handle stretches away through the parishes of Paget, Warwick, and Somerset, to the dockyard at the extreme west end. The largest island, on which is Hamilton, terminates really at Somerset; this with Boaz and Ireland Island, the seat of the dockyards, are connected with the mainland by bridges, as is St. George's at the east end by a fine causeway; St. David's being the only important island that stands alone. The irregular conformation of Bermuda causes it to form a large open stretch of water called the Sound, lying between the dockyard and a long channel full of small islands, 365 in number, which guards the approach to Hamilton, and terminates in an open sweep of water opposite the town and parish of Paget and the tidal pond above mentioned. There is a constant ferry service by row boats between these two points, the fare being 2½d.

The islands have a population of 14,000, more than half of which is coloured. There are two large hotels; the Hamilton, situated on a hill in the centre of the town, has been in existence for ten years, and has lately added an extensive wing to the original building. This has provided a very handsome drawing-room, with wide verandas and a fine billiard room below it, while upstairs the bedrooms are of good proportions, with adjoining sitting-rooms if required. The prices were from \$17.50 to \$20 a week, according to the situation of the rooms and length of visit contemplated, but Mr. W. Aiken, the new proprietor, may charge differently. The Princess Hotel, proprietor A. A. Jones, was finished and opened two winters ago, and is of quite a different character, being about ten minutes from the town and immediately on the waters of the channel; it is built entirely of wood (an experiment in these islands, where the native limestone is used), after the style of many American summer resorts, and professes on this account to be impervious to the damp air (which is a peculiarity of the Bermuda climate), and is, therefore, warranted to secure an amount of dryness for clothes, boots, shoes, and other personal attributes, which is certainly conducive to comfort and amiability. It is remarkably well furnished throughout, and has a beautiful veranda on two sides of the house, from which, as well as from the windows on the south-east, most lovely views can be enjoyed looking up the channel, with its numerous lovely islands, to the dockyard lying a white line in the distance. A great recommendation to this hotel is that sea water is led into the house for several large tank baths, which are invaluable to visitors. The temperature of the water is always delicious, but the difficulties in the way of bathing for ladies are almost insuperable. The rooms at the Princess, and the general arrangements, are similar to the Hamilton, with the exception that the terms are more reasonable, being from \$15 to \$17.50 a week, according to the location of rooms. The table at both hotels, I believe, is excellent. L. C.

SIR F. H. DOYLE relates of General Sherbrooke that he came once upon some baggage-waggons [this was in the Peninsular War], and the baggage-drivers were walking past a sick officer, left helpless upon the road, with as much indifference to his fate as if he had been one of the garrison of Sinkat. Sherbrooke seized the trunks that were in transit—including, I believe, some of his own—and flung them right and left into space, seating the officer on the waggon in their stead. When he arrived at his destination he took the sick officer into his own quarters, and watched over him with the utmost tenderness until he died. In due time it became necessary to read the funeral service over his body. Sherbrooke dressed himself in full uniform, and began his task with the solemnity of an archdeacon. He arrived safely at "Ashes to ashes;" but then, unluckily, some impish little Spanish urchins came upon the scene, laughing and jumping and chasing each other up and down the churchyard. The soldier-priest's temper went like a rocket; he began pelting the lads heavily with stones, interpolating into the Prayer Book this kind of unclerical language: "You d—d young blackguards, I'll teach you to skip and grin whilst I read the funeral service over a British officer! Take that—and that—and that!" accompanying the pelting with a volley of curses. Having thus discharged his wrath, the archdeacon in red resumed his functions, and the service went on, "Dust to dust," etc., just as if nothing had happened.