

place. Then his condemnation and execution were announced.

"Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears

And slits the thin spun life."

Accounts came of the busy, bloody work of the guillotine, the murder of the Archbishop of Paris and the many holy priests who essayed to check the tide of bloodshed. My heart beat painfully in reading the horrific murder of the unfortunate Princess De Lamballe, which, with all its revolting details, is given to the reader.

"The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of."

What must have been felt in quiet, remote Bermuda at the news of those fearful incidents of the Old World, following so quickly on the heels of the American Revolution in the New World. What saddening thoughts these ancient journals conjure up as we reflect on that terrible period of

trial to France, listening to the voice of the resurrected Past "echoing through the distant corridors of Time."

"Thou unrelenting Past!

Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,

And fetters sure and fast,

Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn

Old Empires sit in sullenness and gloom;

And glorious ages gone

Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb."

"But let the dead Past bury its dead."

We must feel grateful to Divine Providence that the period for such fearful tragedies has passed for ever, and that we live in a peaceful country and in peaceful times.

"From hence let fierce contending nations know

What dire effects from civil discord flow."

I have detained you too long here amid scenes of sadness.

Adieu.

PLACIDIA.

LETTER VI.

HAMILTON, December, 18—

DEAR F.—We went this week to visit some of the singular caves in Bermuda. I must try to give you a description of Walsingham caves. They are nine miles from Hamilton. We drove as far as we could find the tracks of wheels, and then got out of the vehicle and walked a quarter of a mile in a place remarkable for its rugged and picturesque beauty. It presents a singular and chaotic appearance—broken rocks, caverns and ponds where many fish disport themselves, interspersed with grassy patches and thickets, in which the foliage of the numerous trees is entwined and matted with that of the wild orange and lemon. A climbing jasmine overruns everything, and ferns and mosses

grow out of every cranny and crevice in the rocks. We passed on through verdant glades, where our sable guide pointed out to us the old Calabash Tree, which is called Tom Moore's Calabash Tree, immortalized by being the favorite retreat of that poet while resident on these islands. Its wide-spreading branches afford a pleasant shade to those seated on the rustic bench beneath. It was in allusion to this place that the poet wrote to his friend Joseph Atkinson the verses beginning

"'Twas thus by the shade of a Calabash tree,
With a few who could feel and remember
like me—

The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I
threw
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on
you."