

LETTER II.

HAMILTON, NOV., 18—.

DEAR FRIEND.—I finished my last letter with our arrival at Bermuda Wharf. The day was love'y, the sun shone brightly on the little sea-girt isle as we bade farewell to our late "home on the rolling deep" and gladly stood at last on terra firma. Our hearts beat high with joyous hopes and bright thoughts of future pleasant days; also with some anxiety about our baggage.

Upon landing we found excellent wharves with galvanized iron roofs, so that all merchandise, freight, baggage, etc., are protected from the weather. The wharves are good, solid-looking masonry, and the whiteness of the roads and buildings present a pleasing aspect to those accustomed to the dusty roads and smoke-hued houses of our cities.

The hotel is a massive and imposing structure, white as snow, glittering in the sun and built on the summit of a high rock. It is reached by a winding road for vehicles, and for pedestrians by wide, smooth steps, cut in the rock. This hotel was built by the municipal authorities for the benefit of the numerous visitors who arrive by every boat, seeking health, rest or recreation. The municipal council lease the hotel at a moderate rental, usually to some enterprising Yankee—for the Americans are really the model hotel-keepers of the world.

The city fathers are not of the Irish Landlord rack-renting type; nor do they extort the last cent of profit from the lessee of the hotel in the time-honored custom of civic authorities. If this liberal-minded course were not pursued it might prove seriously detrimental to the *menage* of that institution. The tea and coffee would probably become weak, the butter strong,

and Artemus Ward's celebrated "Hash" might too often be a prominent item in the bill of fare. This direful and disastrous state of things is as yet carefully averted by a wise city council, and we are still in the full enjoyment of all the delicacies of the season and the dainties of Monsieur "le chef."

G— and I have two pleasant rooms, and from mine especially the view is charming. I look out of my windows at Hamilton Bay. From the great altitude of the hotel I see a tall fringe of green bushes, and beyond that a lovely picture—a sheet of crystal water reposing in calm beauty, reflecting on its bosom the golden rays of the setting sun, a sweet little green islet in the center, and many graceful sloops and pretty boats constantly gliding to and fro. In the back ground there appear to be miniature mountains and rocks, clothed with dark green verdure and studded with snow-white houses peeping out amongst the foliage. It reminds me of a verse in Dryden's Virgil, with which you are no doubt familiar, *The Libyan Shore*. I call it Virgil's idea of a watering place.

"Within a long recess there lies a bay.
An island shades it from the rolling sea
And forms a port secure for ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide
Betwixt two rows of rocks—a sylvan scene
Appears above, and grows forever green."

One evening, enticed by the balmy air (the thermometer stood at 65 degrees) and the beauty of the landscape, G— and I decided to take a stroll. We descended to Front street, which runs parallel with the water; but here, like a *mirage*, all is changed; the Spirit of romance quickly vanishes, and we find the Genius of commerce enthroned and holding undisputed sway. The golden guinea,