

waves sparkling in the early sunlight—all forming a beautiful picture long to be remembered among our first impressions of Bermuda. After sailing for some distance we anchor in Grassy Bay. Here we have on the right the Dock-yard with its thick clusters of white stone buildings; on the left, the wooded hills of the main island; behind, the broad Atlantic; in front, a number of pretty islands and an unknown stretch of water beyond. If the tide be at the flood the steamer can go between two narrow reefs called Timlin's Narrows where the water is about eighteen feet deep; if not, it remains anchored while a tender arrives and takes off the mails and passengers. Knowing our destination to be Hamilton we are curious to see it but it is nowhere in sight: we steam between the islands but it still eludes our vision; finally we turn a point and enter Hamilton harbor: we begin to discern buildings on our left and soon the town is at our side. Over to the right, on the opposite side of the harbour, are the scattered parishes of Paget, Warwick, Southampton and Sandys, green with patches of white, gradually curving around until merged into that in which Hamilton is situated. The harbour seems filled with sailing craft of all kinds, moored for the most part, and varying from the heavily-sheeted but very small and light racing dingey to the great hulks anchored and used as storehouses for coal. Row-boats and sail-boats are numerous.

All the wharves are of white stone and as the tender comes to its mooring we step off on a flight of stone steps, at the top of which we pass through a covered space to the principal highway called Front Street. Should we travel by the New York steamer instead of by the Halifax line we would be compelled to wait in Grassy Bay until the tide rose; a not particularly enjoyable experience after a rough voyage, which one is very apt to have in sailing to Bermuda. Having entered the harbor, a landing cannot yet be made, because, owing to the shallowness of the water, a bridge has to be built from the dock to the steamer, and this takes nearly half an hour. Long logs are hoisted to the steamer, after which negroes crawl out upon them and fasten crosspieces by means of ropes and, finally, planks are thrown across these pieces. The docks are sheltered from the sun by a galvanized iron roof, under which the freight is put, to be subsequently taken across the street to the warehouse.

Front Street, where most of the business is done, is during the day very dazzling with the white buildings, each having its two-storied verandah, and the white street glistening in the hot sun, and rather a lazy place with its groups of negroes gathered here and there and an occasional passer-by, slowly going on some errand, or a donkey sleepily waiting, with his funny little cart, for the driver, who is probably in one of the many liquor stores near by; but upon the arrival of the steamer every Sunday morning