

pany—thirty-eight men all told—marched away from their Alma Mater to death or fame. Many were the heart-rending partings between room-mates, many the prayers that arose and the tears that fell, that our little band might be restored, each to his own best girl, safe and sound, after hard-tack and skilly had done their worst.

It is often well that the future is a sealed book unto us; could we, that morning, have caught a glimpse of the horrors and privations which were to be ours ere our return, our ardour might have been damped. As it was, all was bright and fair to our distorted vision as we tramped, in splendid irregular time, to the station, where we boarded the train which was to take us within easy marching distance of the seat of war. Finally our camping ground was reached about 7 o'clock in the evening, after a short forced march through the enemy's territory.

Nor were we to be allowed to remain long inactive; hardly had we reached our tents and prepared for a rest, after the fatigue of the day, when the bugle sounded the word, "Charge for skilly." Not a man wavered, but each grasping his tin mug in one hand, and his long iron knife and tin plate in the other, made a desperate charge towards the place where the enemy was supposed to be concealed in the gathering darkness. At last the breach was manned, and the order given, "Every man for himself;" then did the long pent-up hunger of our men find material upon which to wreak its vengeance. But let us turn the page on this blood-curdling scene.

The next morning dawned fair and clear, and at six the order was given, "Fall in." We fell in, each man looking every inch the soldier from head to foot, which in some cases was six feet four, in others four feet six.

"I had been content to perish, falling on the foe's ground,

When the ranks are rolled in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound."

Instead, I was ordered to report myself to headquarters to do orderly office work for the commanding officer. Sorrowfully I took leave of my comrades—without arms, consoling myself with the thought, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Many a time during the next few days did I rejoice that fate had so ordered my destiny. I often congratulated myself that I was not as other men were, when I saw my late companions, coming in from a particularly severe engagement on the field, with their faces, under the influence of the strong suns' line as "rare done" as College beef-steak on Saturdays.

On the whole, my sojourn in camp was not without its pleasant features. My duties were light and agreeable; my superior officers kind and considerate; so that, almost before I could realize it, I found that any active service as one of Her Majesty's volunteers was a thing of the past. But never, so long as I live, shall I forget my experience as a raw recruit under the folds of the glorious Union Jack.

CRUSADER.

## The Bermudas.



THE Bermudas are a group of very small islands about 600 miles south-east of New York, and in about the same latitude as Charleston, North Carolina. They consist of 365 islands, islets, and rocks. The area is 41 square miles, 30 square miles being in the Mainland, which is about 18 miles long, and 2 miles in the widest part, narrowing down in some places to a quarter of a mile. The Bermudas were discovered in 1515 by Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard; he surveyed the islands, put some hogs on it, and left. Nothing more is now heard of Bermuda till 1609, when Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, two Englishmen and Colonists for Virginia, were shipwrecked on it. They built a small vessel of cedar and left for Virginia. In 1812 fifty Colonists were sent over from Virginia. In 1615 the Bermuda Company was incorporated, and the following year the first Governor came over. In 1687 Sir R. Robinson was sent there as the first Governor under the Crown.

The Bermudas are well diversified; the highest point is 260 feet above sea level; the lowest, some few inches below. The scenery is

not very grand, but there is great variety in it; we have the ocean, "cavern, breaker's foam," and everywhere almost tropical verdure, but it requires a far more descriptive pen than mine to enumerate but half the beauties of "this little world; this precious stone set in a silver sea." Our climate is almost perfect, neither too hot or cold, but just that happy medium. I always thought we had a splendid climate, but it was not till I came here and felt the vigours of even a "mild" Canadian winter, that I thoroughly realized it. Some imagine that our summer is very hot, but the temperature rarely goes above 90°; while on the other hand it seldom goes below 60° in winter. But knowing our temperature will not give you a very perfect idea of our climate; you will have to go to Bermuda, and yourself enjoy what Princess Louise terms "That Eternal Spring, which here ename's everything."

As we have such a grand climate, agriculture is carried is carried on to a large extent, but in a rather primitive style. A few years ago our farmers could get almost fabulous prices for their onions and potatoes, but within the last few years Egypt, Cuba and Florida have been sending onions to New York, our principal market, and are crowding our products out. A few years ago we could get \$2.50 per bushel for our onions, at the beginning of the season; last year we averaged 75 cents per bushel, so you can see that the Bermudian as well as the Canadian farmer, has reason to complain of the "hard times." Although Bermuda is very small we send a fair amount of vegetables to New York. In 1890 we exported \$3,000 worth of Arrow-root starch, \$3,700 worth of beets, \$12,565, tomatoes, \$170,500, potatoes, and \$410,400 onions, making a total value of our crop \$600,000. Our soil is fairly fertile and easy to cultivate; another point in our favor is that we can grow several crops during the year; as an instance, December, '92, we took a crop of Arrow-root out of a field; in March, '93, we took out a crop of potatoes; about a month later, another crop of potatoes, which had been planted between the rows of the first; during the summer corn and peas were planted, and there were a lot of pumpkins that had sprung up on their own account; last December we took another crop of Arrow-root from it. The land had been very heavily manured once for the first crop of potatoes. To Northerners the seasons appear to be turned around, as we plant in Autumn, the crops grow in Winter, we reap in Spring, and rest awhile in Summer. This relates only to our main crop of onions and potatoes, for we can plant something every day in the year, though we plant the least in Summer, as it is almost too hot and dry then. We now send large quantities of various kinds of lily bulbs to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and London. The bulbs will not increase in the States, so there is always a fair demand for them. In 1891 we produced over 3,500,000 bulbs.

Our population is 15,500, of this number nearly 10,000 are colored; not natives though, as some think, but descendants of slaves brought from the West Indies. Hamilton, our capital, is a pretty little city on Hamilton Harbour. It is very regularly laid out; the streets being at right angles, with the Park, in the centre. It has six churches, a public library, court house, legislative chambers and other public buildings, not forgetting two jails.

Bermuda is a Military Station and winter quarters for the North American Squadron. There is usually a line Regiment there, besides Artillery, Commissariat, Civil Service, Engineer, Ordnance and Ambulance Corps.

Among the things that first strikes a stranger as being odd, are our white roads macadamized with limestone, which is broken up in our jails into "jail nuts;" and our houses are all white washed, roof and all, and the shutters painted green. These houses are built of stone so soft that it is quite easy to drive the blade of a knife in it. A third thing that must seem strange to others is the large white washed platforms, on which we catch the rain water, which runs into large tanks at the lower end of the platform. Our two greatest lions are the Cambre, the largest floating dock in the world; and Fort Cunningham, the second strongest British fortress.

Should the reader have the opportunity of going to Bermuda, I should advise you to do so, for I assure you you'll not regret it; and I shall be very pleased to see any O. A. C. Student at Jubilee, St. Davids.  
E. A. McCallan.