

ginally produced from the waters; and while looking at these singular fishes one could almost fancy them the connecting link between birds and fish, as the bat is between beast and bird. It is not the case, however. The flying fish has elongated, pectoral fins which, when expanded, enable the fish to rest upon the air. During its course it can fly about 50 or 60 yards while the fins are moist, but when they become dry the fish falls into its natural element, again to renew the motive power.

Perhaps you have never met with Tom Moore's poem "To the Flying Fish," written by him during his American tour in 1803. I shall give an extract from this beautiful poem, which indicates the genuine religious feeling in the heart of our greatest Irish poet:

TO THE FLYING FISH.

When I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white
So gayly to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise
And live amid the glorious skies;
O, it has made me proudly feel
How like thy wings' impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
Within this world's gross element,
But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er.
Like thee, a while, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think.
Like thee, again, the soul may sink.

Our vessel being in sight of land we had to wait for a pilot, as it would be quite impossible for any vessel to effect an entrance safely without the aid of one of those useful personages.

The Bermuda pilots, usually mulattoes, are a clever, daring set of fellows, with "eyes like hawk's and nerves of steel," and who, having followed the profession from boyhood, are experts.

The outer reefs which surround Bermuda are extremely dangerous; many a fine vessel has been dashed to pieces against them. These reefs are really a belt of submerged rocks about ten miles from the shore, coated with a sort of stony sea weed of a dark red color called nullipores, etc., twisted serpulae, marine anniledes, inhabiting hard calcareous tubes; also various species of coral, which look like a brown bush until passed through the process of cleaning.

Our vessel entered the "narrows," which is, despite its name, the widest and deep st channel, having a depth of 7 or 8 fathoms at low water. Our pilot took us, sometimes slowly along the shore, again out straight. Then cautiously twisting and turning,

Gently we stole before the whispering wind
That kissed on either side our timid sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal
vales;
Each wooded island shed so soft a green
That the enamoured keel with whispering
play
Through liquid herbage seemed to steal its
way.

Thus, until we reached Hamilton harbor and landed safely.

"Bright rose the morning, every wave was
still,
When the first perfume of a cedar hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling
charms
The fairy harbor woo'd us to its arms."

"Never did weary bark more gently glide
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide."

Adieu, PLACIDIA.