

business. It is said that Admiral Commerell has never left the bridge of the *Northampton* since the accident occurred.

The pilot distinctly disapproved of our remaining long among the reefs and shoals by which we were surrounded: the navigation being rendered still more difficult than usual at the present moment by the numerous hawsers and chains which are out in every direction, and by the lighters, full of shot and shell, removed from the *Northampton*. Captain Montagu seconded the pilot's advice, and returned to his own vessel, the *Garnet*, while we proceeded on our way to Hamilton, through tortuous passages, between tiny islets and rocks. To say that it was practicable to throw a biscuit on shore in many of the straits we passed through would but imperfectly convey an idea of their narrowness. It seemed more than once as if the *Sunbeam* was likely to have her sides scraped by the rocks. However, the pilot went boldly on at full speed, till we dropped anchor safely in the harbour of Hamilton at ten o'clock.

The town is a nice clean little place, surrounded by pretty white villas, embosomed in green trees. Inglewood, the house which the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne occupied last year, at the head of the Sound Rocks, is a large and comfortable edifice, surrounded by a green verandah, situated in the middle of a large garden, which, in its turn, is encompassed by what, for Bermuda, is an extensive park.

In the course of the day we had many visitors. Later on we landed and proceeded to call upon General Gallwey, and Sir Edmund Commerell, both of whom live some distance from the town. From Mount Langton there is a magnificent view of land and sea—principally the latter—on all sides. We next proceeded on another pretty drive of about a mile to Clarence Hill, passing on our way a church, many trim little cottages, much semi-tropical vegetation, and many beautiful coast scenes. We found Lady Commerell and her two daughters at home, and paid them a long visit, watching the sunset and then the twilight fade over Clarence Bay, with its rocks and pretty bathing-cove just below us. The Misses Commerell told me that they had only returned from Halifax a few days since in the *Northampton*. When they left Nova Scotia there was four feet of snow on the ground, and the temperature was 60° degrees lower than it is here.

*Monday, December 3rd.*—I had always heard that among the great attractions of the Bermudas were the coral-reefs and