

feet above the sea-level. We hove-to for the night, and for a portion of the next day were engaged sounding and dredging round the reefs in a depth of 400 fathoms on a coral clay bottom; the results were, as is usually the case in the proximity of coral reefs, extremely poor, the coral sand *débris* being apparently unfavourable to the development of animal life.

On its conclusion, we closed on the land; and as we stopped off St. George's for the pilot to navigate the vessel through the intricate and dangerous narrows between the reefs, it was indeed a pretty sight. Seemingly nothing could have been more romantic than the little harbour stretched out before us: the variety and beauty of the islets scattered about; the clearness of the water; the number of boats and small vessels cruising between the islands, sailing from one cedar-grove to another, made up as charming a picture as could well be imagined.

Proceeding on, as we near the shore, the white houses of Hamilton are seen peeping out from amongst the dark-green foliage; then Clarence Hill, the official residence of the naval Commander-in-Chief, is in sight, overlooking a pretty little bay and landing-place, with the dark cedars and other trees coming close down to the water's edge; Mount Langton, a charming spot, the residence of the Governor, has been passed, and in a short time we