

For the Royal Gazette.
"A MISNOMER."

There is not a person by the name of "Tucker" living in Tucker's Town, hence it is a "misnomer," yet from my earliest recollection this has been the name of the beautifully situated and picturesque hamlet to the extreme N. E. of Hamilton Parish, as it should be geographically, yet actually a part of the Parish of St. George's. To a stranger the hamlet, for such it really is, presents a most pleasing appearance. The snowy cottages perched along the hillsides, nearly obscured by the dense foliage of the cedar and orange trees, and from the latter at this time of year, peep forth the golden spheres of fruit; and even the vine and the fig tree are found hard by the rustic abodes, and the inmates may sit beneath their shade and talk of the present and bygone times. For there is to be found the gray haired veteran of the seas, who in his days has piloted many a gallant ship to the spacious harbour of St. George's, lying beyond the sylvan hills of St. David's, at present illuminated by old Sol's departing rays. Standing on the hill top near the flag staff and gazing around, what a scene of loveliness is presented to my view. Retreating from the old ocean smiling in the evening sun light, with here and there the glistening sails of

the fishing boats en route for home. In the distant N. E. the old ruins on Castle Island and Castle Point and further on Nonsuch Island with its hospital and keepers lodge, &c., Cooper's Island and one or two others, forming a break water to protect the unused Castle Harbour. Looking westward and northward is seen the ancient capital, St. George's, with its unbattled fortresses grimly keeping watch and ward over H. M. Government. From Fort George, on the flag staff floats the banner of Old England, and the visual telegraphic signals, eagerly looked after by the vigilant and efficient pilots of Tucker's Town. The Causeway bounds the western shores of the harbour, and the dark codrino hills environ it to the South and West, and old ocean plays a symphony on the pink sandal beaches of the Eastern shore, where the surges of the past have formed niches and rock bound bowers where loving hearts may sit and gaze on the ocean emblematical of eternal bliss. The bay bean and bench plum have, net-like, imprisoned the shifting sands, and gradually binding them in living ties to mother earth: leaving only the landlocked basin where the pilot gig and fishing boat may enter. But perhaps some may like to hear a word of the inhabitants of this sylvan retreat. With one or two exceptions they are of African descent, and kinder or more respectable people are not to be found in Bermuda's fair isles. When I first visited the place some thirty years ago there were only two or three houses, and an old wooden chapel in the valley. Now on the hillsides and in the wooded glens are to be seen the cottages of the succeeding generation, and a fine stone Methodist Church, and a school house nearly finished only awaiting the assistance of persons kindly disposed to the interests of education, for the people of Tucker's Town are not unmindful of its benefits, and are doing their best to get their school completed. As a rule the children, like their parents, are social and intelligent, and strangers are kindly welcomed. Among the chief men is Pilot Harvey, who is as efficient on the bridge of the finest ship of H. M. navy as in conducting a religious service: one of nature's noblemen, though his features may denote a different race, but a "man's man for a' that" as Burns truthfully expresses it: and what shall I say more, of Lambert, of Musson, and of the many families of Smith, for here the children of Israel are found, and Nathan, David and Jonathan join hands with Joshua: and Rachel weeps not for her children for they are playing beside her cedar embowered home. To those who may have a shade of doubt or to the visit or from the States, I say let them visit this charming spot, also the land far across around is owned by one man of the days "of ye olden time," "ye good "Talbot" whose dark yet kindly face, is irradiated with a smile at the sight of visitors, and his genial *sons of the soil* will guide them safely by and thru the numerous caves and hollows of their ancestral domain; or in gig or whale boat sail or row them to the picturesque and historic *Islands* encircling Castle Harbour, and regale them with luscious steaks of the fat and savory grouper, and keep them safely in hand until their return. I can assure all who may desire to visit Tucker's Town a cordial welcome from Mrs. Trott, Pilot Harvey, Philpott, or Lambert, who will do all in their power to make their visit one to be remembered.

December 14th, 1880.

A. O.

1850