

in winter, every other Sunday in summer, a never-failing source of interest and the one excitement of Bermudians—the main street is filled with carriages and the dock with spectators, presenting quite an animated scene. In winter strangers, principally from the United States, go to Bermuda to escape the cold weather, while in summer the Bermudians go north to escape the hot weather.

K. R. H., '91.

(Concluded next Issue.)

THE STORY OF KEAT'S LAMIA.

UPON a time before King Oberon and his fairy followers had driven from the prosperous woods both Nymph and Satyr, and frightened the Fauns and Dryads from the cowslipped lawns and green brakes, the ever-smitten Hermes left his golden throne upon high Olympus and made his way to a vast forest that grew upon the shores of Crete. For a nymph he was seeking, whor all the Satyrs and Tritons worshipped and who was supposed to dwell somewhere in the sacred island. From vale to vale from wood to wood he flew, and pursued many a river to its secret source, but in vain; the sweet nymph could nowhere be found. Pensive and full of painful jealousies, not only of the Wood-gods but even of the very trees of the forest, he rested for awhile on a piece of lonely ground. Only a little had he stood there when a mournful voice smote on his ear thus complaining:

“When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake,
And move in a sweet body fit for life
And love and pleasure and the ruddy strife,
Of hearts and lips? Ah, miserable me!”

The god, following the direction whence the voice came, found a serpent couching under a dusky brake. The creature was of a dazzling beauty; vermillion-spotted, golden, green and blue, and full of silvery moon-like specks which dissolved or shone brighter with every breath and interwreathed their lustres. Her head was serpent but she had a woman's mouth complete with all its pearls. As she looked at Hermes her eyes filled with tears, and from her throat her words came like bubbling honey.

“Hermes, last night I had a splendid dream of thee; I saw thee sitting on a golden throne upon Old Olympus, among the gods—the only sad one. Thou hearest not the strains of the soft lute-fingered muses, nor did'st thou even listen when Apollo sang alone and the long, long melodious moan of his throbbing throat charmed the circle of the divine listeners. I dreamed I saw thee break through the clouds like the rosy dawn and, swift as an arrow hurled from Phoebus' bow strike for the Cretan island; and thou art here! But hast thou found the nymph, gentle Hermes?”