

The Rockwood Review.

Under these serpent colors the sea lies black and silent, brooding yet on the midnight storm. The sun bursts through a rift, and looks with me on the plain. The coral hills of the reef skirt away to the rear, and the left in the distance, to meet the green sky. Behind lies the lazy lagoon, where the men-of-war ride at anchor, things of beauty and might in their gorgeous surroundings. To the east a second lagoon divides the reefs in low tongues from the massed rocks of the main island. In every direction water and land are mingled in layers of blue and brown. Back among the circling shores of the inner lagoons, large inviting Dutch villas are dimly seen. At my feet is the city I have just left. Nothing could so blend those vivid colors but the chance and accidental aggregations on the palette of a Titian or a Turner. Dear to the Dutch heart is the rainbow effect of the vari-colored homes. As dear to me are the mingled tints, softened in a distance rendered dim and more dim by the waning light. And beyond are the waves of the Carribean, a huge floor beneath a canopy such as might have covered Paradise itself. To breathe this evening air, to feel the sweet romance of tropic life, to know that at your feet lie the walls of an ancient fort now dust and history, that below is the cave of the buccaneers, and beneath the waters of the lagoon are the moss-covered bones of the galleons of the daring Kidd, is to forget for the moment all else the world contains. Overhead the stars, large, white and innocent, shine as brilliant sparks from some electric-laden dynamo. From the narrow streets the melody of negro chants rises to the hill. Hordes of natives, half clad and of both sexes, air themselves in the open. And now from the Bay boatmen sing a song of maudlin glee as they row apace to meet the incoming and welcome ships from Europe. The guns from the fort boom out a salute, and the

streets are bared to line the quay. Amid these scenes and sounds life's worries seem trivial and remote.

But I must check my pen, and leave to another letter a description of our College and its daily life.

SEASONAL NOTES.

Notwithstanding the genial summer days of August, about the 20th or 21st, the time of full moon, there was a fall of temperature for one or two nights, and in this locality there was about midnight a slight hint of frost, and the thermometer indicated 32 degrees, but for many days afterwards the weather might truly be termed "sweltering." Yet at the date above noted, the swallows promptly departed from these parts, and the numerous broods of house wrens only remained around their summer haunts and nesting places two or three days longer, their sojourn here being as brief or more so than that of the hirundines. Although flies and small winged insects were almost pestiferous for many weeks after ornithic migrations (autumnal) began, the numbers of small green larvae that infest the tenderer foliage of the earlier summer months, must have assumed the maturer stages of chrysalids or imago, and for the winged insects the wrens show less relish than for the small juicy caterpillars, that find food and shelter on the more succulent sprouts and expanding buds of the June and July foliage. The swallows may perhaps have lingered for a few days or weeks later, where large expanses of water are located, and aquatic insects like the crane fly and gnat tribe abound, but their time of leaving these parts is observed to vary little from the time of full moon, whenever that event happens late in the month of August or in the early part of September. Orioles revisited these parts in unusual numbers, from the middle of August until the 17th or 18th of September, and were also quite noticeable by