

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

their seemingly tangled threads—the combined aim, there is co-ordination! All the sprawling individuals are permeated with the social idea; one goes for the "tangentials," another for radials, traces or "bow-lines." If a break occurs there is help at hand "to splice the main trace." Some take the "bow oar," others push on as "flank" auxiliaries; and although their finished work effectually answers the purpose designed, there is little of the geometric symmetry of some of the spider webs.

Their Nemesis comes in the Cuckoo form. This bird, when in a peccant humor, takes several nips and neck stretches from the grub "marquee," then a careful glance inside and around, to see how it works, and then three or four plump caterpillars soon repose in the Cuckoo maw, who retires for a time to his leafy den, to shout "Ku-huk-uk, ku-huk-uk," and recover his appetite.

Just across the highway from us here, ten or eleven days ago, my neighbor's poultry, (which were roosting on the occasion among the branches of an apple tree near his house), were raided by Strix. Vus. Next night he set a trap, and before daybreak the marauder came to grief. I went over to interview the feathered cracksman. He had quite a "burly," butcher-like, "touch me if you dare" appearance, and stared at his interviewer complacently, with a self confident, if not contemptuous air, as if his bowie knife and steel were handy in his war belt. It was a this year's bird, but in beautiful plume feather. We think the old bird or bird had killed the "chuck" on the first night, and on the second had "sorted" out to show the young idea a wrinkle or two, and like any other neophyte, he "put his foot in it" straight. Now with one battered eyebrow, and with a certain fitly look in one

of his peepers, he takes his rations tethered to a stake; and seems very wide awake with his one eye, but as to the other, I suppose one may say to him, at least in sunshine, "thou hast no speculation in that eye that thou dost glare with."

OWLIANA, SEPT. 4TH.

Its keeper tells me that the big Owl that he trapped about a week or more ago, seems to be partly reconciled to its captivity. So I just went over to take another peep. Dame Nature seems to have been pregnant with the feline idea, at the time the Owl design was determined on. The "chubby" face, and rotund, full moon like head outline, suggest the countenance and visage of a well fed Thomas cat; and then the suppositious ears! for, like "cut" flowers, they are only a fiction, and only of use, perhaps, to emphasize Owl sentiment, when surprised and provoked. Then the back feathers are arched, and the ear tufts are laid back, and sometimes jerked. Hisses issue from the threatening massive opened beak, and you get a conception of the meaning of the word "satanic," as vivid perhaps as if in the actual presence of the imp of evil. The black tips of the ear feather tufts, also suggest the pencils of hairs that adorn the lugs of the catamount.

The bulk of our Wren population vanished two weeks ago. We thought the old birds prudently escorted their weak-winged progeny to Dixie land, while the warm weather lasted. Yet to-day there is a nest full of thriving young Wrens, in a mortice in one of the big beams in my barn. This being the 3rd, if not the 4th, brood this season, and it is likely that the earliest broods of Wrens pair and breed the same season of their birth, so prolific are these pretty little feathered mites.

Most of the Swallows have gone