

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

it rested on, and in contact with the earth was a large rats nest of poultry feathers, cosily tenanted by a remarkably fine and plump specimen of that genus. I somewhat leisurely observed, (and almost envied), the attitude of ease and contentment in his "toute" ensemble. However, he soon came to the conclusion that it was best to skip, and he bounded safely away. I then replaced the plank, and left the nest undisturbed, but the next day I uplifted the plank quietly as on the first occasion—*mus rattus* was there tucked in amid his blankets, "*otium cum dignitate*,"—when, prest—down came the heel of destiny, and the rodent was like Jezebel, thrown to the dogs that he had aforetime defied and baffled. Rat logic is of an effective kind, at times, but this was a "peculiar" case.

Mr. Powel, of Hatchley, a few days ago showed me his room-full of raw furs recently bought. He has over 400 Raccoon skins, 110 Fox skins, upwards of 60 Mink, several hundred Skunk and 1,500 Musk Rats, and is still buying others. He had a cross Foxskin, that looked as if it might have been a Raccoon Fox hybridization; it, Mr. P. said, had no extra trade value.

Last Monday morning, January 2nd, '93, one of our neighbor boys came to invite my son to a fox hunt, as Reynard's tracks, fresh made, were noticed in our sugar bush. Arthur willingly, gun in hand joined the exploiters, (three besides himself).

The fox, from the indications of the footprints on the surface of the snow, which was about five inches deep, (although there was somewhat of a crust from the slight rain of the day previous), was judged to be more or less tame, from some previous injury, as he had a rather straddling, sprawling gait, and could not gather his feet close to bound

along as foxes usually do. The hunters had no dog, and they took turns in following up the fox, who went along in looped circles whose diameter was determined by the margin of the woods and thickets. Several of the hunters stationed themselves—ready to take instant aim—here and there where the fox was to be made to show up, and the game was several times in sight, and fired at once, at forty distance, and bloodstains were subsequently noticed on the snow, (which was still rapidly falling). Reynard showed however but little sign of fatigue, as the day wore on, and the boys could see the impression where he had several times lain down to take a brief rest. In the afternoon, and at a distance in a direct line, of about a mile and a half from where the chase began, Reynard sought shelter in a large hole in the ground among the roots of a large pine tree, and after a while the hunters left the spot, for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, to obtain axes and spades. Very unwisely it appeared, for on returning it was found that the fox had made "a sortie," successfully, and the hunt was at an end for the day. Years ago, I was one cold, deep snowy winter's day, asked to go to stand at a deer's runway with my loaded gun. A Mr. Sherman who asked me, stated that his younger brother was about a mile to the westward of us, driving a deer toward my bush, across which there was a traditional deer run. I stood the cold sentry work for about an hour, Mr. Sherman, the elder, having placed himself about thirty rods eastward from me, on the deer path, in case I should miss, and his position was near a rail fence on my boundary line through the woods. However, I got very cold, and deserting my post, went back to the warm fire in my workshop,