

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

PEN DASHES.

A week or two ago, as a friend of the writer was walking (and accompanied by a small dog) along a piece of road having woodland on one side and fields on the other, he suddenly noticed an encounter between too large dusky plumaged birds, in the middle, on the road a few paces ahead of him, and it soon became evident that a large Hawk had stricken down a ruffed Grouse, and a sort of running and tumbling resistance was made by the Grouse to the Hawk's tenacious clutches. The dog immediately attacked the raptore, which soon fled in a rather "ruffled-up" frame of mind to a tree in the immediate vicinity, to ruminate on the unexpected turn of events. There was very little of life left in the Hawk's victim when picked up by the spectator of the fray, so deeply had the Hawk talons pierced the body of the Grouse; a number of these "laggard" Hawks have been this year noticed in our December woods, and these stragglers mostly stay with us after the main body of their confreres have migrated southwards, and it is believed that they chiefly depend for sustenance on the capture of the Grouse, which—thanks to the improved protection now afforded by our game laws—have noticeably increased in numbers during the last two or three years. The above episode is a cheap illustration on the ancient art of falcony, and is full of suggestiveness to those of a sportive turn of mind. The haughty physiognomy of the Hawk indicates intelligent consciousness of its fighting powers, and wherever they have been occasionally trained as pets, by our farm boys, they have responded favorably to training. An instance that came under the observation of the writer, some years ago, corroborates this assumption.

Several young fledgling falcons were taken from a nest and fed regularly with appropriate food, and they soon lost all appearance of timidity when in presence of their keepers, and being set at liberty flew off to the bush, but returned regularly at a certain hour of the day to the feeding trough, where a portion of relishable food was always awaiting their arrival. That their instincts and appetites afforded the man leverage and inlets to their embryonic reasoning powers was made evident, by the celebrated experiment of Mr. Austin, the exhibitor of the "Happy Family"—where hawks and rodents, cats and sparrows were induced to live amicably in the same large wire cage, by furnishing at all times an abundance of natural food, and preventing the pangs of hunger, and the attendant fierceness and irritabilities averted from being felt. This proposition had a pertinent illustration within one's ken a few years ago, which we may here narrate.

A neighboring farmer's son was the caretaker of several young hawks, which were confined in a large wicker cage, and although of different species, lived peaceably together for a time, but at an unlucky juncture the boy was hurried away by his father, to perform some more urgent duty at early dawn, (the hour at which the young falcons had been accustomed to obtain a good square meal). On the young man's return to offer his bird captives their belated meal, he said he was somewhat chagrined to find that young Falco Nilvus had anticipated his keeper's services by breakfasting on the corporeal part of Falco Sparverious, which seemed as somewhat cowardly action on account of the latter's diminutive size! All that there was left in evidence of the bird "that failed to answer to the number of his mess," was the

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