

The Rockwood Review.

houses in the clearings, where there were doctors appointed to attend them. The roads were so bad that when daylight came it was impossible to distinguish the colour of our clothes, through their muddy encasement. We had soon after daybreak a half pint of rum served out to each man. On this night I carried a regimental officer—one Lieutenant Torrienne on my back to a private house; for this the wounded officer gave me a guinea. During the next day we marched and rejoined the army, and then stayed in the encampment until the road had been sufficiently repaired to Fort Anne, to bring up the heavy artillery. When the road-making work was accomplished, we again struck our camp in the woods and marched to Fort Anne, and when we arrived there the smell from the hill proved extremely offensive, so much so, that a party of us were ordered to bury the dead of our comrades of the 9th regiment and also the dead left by the rebels. They had evacuated the Fort and set it on fire. We remained there a fortnight until the main army came up with the heavy cannon and baggage. We then removed to Fort Edward (eighteen miles off), the flying column went to Fort Mellor, six miles further. At Fort Edward our division was engaged making breastworks and constructing batteries for a fortnight.

A PET COCKATOO.

By LADY BROOME.

I am afflicted with a cockatoo ! I can't "curse him and cast him out," for, in the first place, I love him dearly, and in the next he is a sort of orphan grandchild, toward whom I have serious duties and responsibilities. But he certainly is the most mischievous and destructive of his mischievous species. Nothing is safe from his sudden and unexpected fits of energy. I first put him in a little

conservatory where he had light and air, and the cheerful society of other birds. This plan, however, only worked for two or three days. One Sunday morning I was awakened by ear-piercing shrieks and yells from Master Cockie, only slightly softened by distance. These went on for some time until I perceived a gradual increase in their jubilant note, which I felt sure betokened mischief, so I hastily got myself into a dressing-gown and slippers, and started off to investigate what trouble was "toward." It was so early that the glass doors were still shut, and I was able to contemplate Master Cockie's manoeuvres unseen. The floor of the little greenhouse was strewn with fern leaves, for gardening, or rather pruning, had evidently been his first idea. The door of his traveling cage—which I had left over night securely fastened—lay flat on the pavement, and Cockie with extended wings was solemnly executing a sort of "pas seul" in front of another cage divided by partitions, in which dwelt a goldfinch and a bullfinch side by side. Both doors were wide open and the bullfinch's compartment was empty, but the goldfinch was crouched, paralyzed with terror, on the floor of his abode. He evidently wanted to get out very badly, but did not dare to pass the yelling door keeper, who apparently was inviting the trembling little bird to come forth. The instant the artful villain perceived me, he affected perfect innocence and harmlessness, returning instantly to his cage, and commencing his best performance of a flock of sheep passing, doubtless in order to distract my attention. How could one scold with deserved severity a mimic who took off not only the barking dogs and bleating sheep, but the very shuffle of their feet, and the despairing cry of a lost lamb ? And he pretended great joy when the bullfinch—more dead than alive—at last emerged from the shelter of a thick creeper