

The Rockwood Review.

month of November, all the samples of the Canadian Hare, that fell a prey to the guns of our local sports, had their furry covering of the ordinary dun gray tint. Yet those shot immediately after the snowfall of the 13th November, were entirely white in color. It is evidently not a moult, but a bleaching, or a strange and almost inexplicable loss of color, perhaps somewhat analogous to the sudden turning white of the green leaves of certain herbs, (as the Canadian leek,) by a fall of the temperature to below freezing of the atmosphere in a single night.

A large Hawk has been depredating among the poultry of our neighbors later in the fall than is normally the case. Two or three instances have lately come to one's knowledge where the poultrymen had been attracted by the terrified outcries of the roosters, etc., and in a number of instances the invader was driven off. The boldest and most troublesome hawk was described as being of "about the color of a Heron." One of the farmers mentioned that he had happened to witness this (apparently or conjecturally) same hawk swoop down in the field, striking on the back of a nearly full-grown game cockrell; the assault in this instance proved a failure, but a tuft of fine feathers flew and scattered from the vicinity of the intended victim's back—said the narrator of the incident—"just as if a rifle bullet had grazed the back of chancicleer."

A RARE INCIDENT.

A Fish Hawk was seen hovering over the water surface of a millpond near here about a month ago. As none of the species had been known to frequent the pond during several past seasons, the Miller took more notice of the doings of this one, and describes with animation the overall poise of the hawk, and subsequent descent with great violence,

and brief disappearance, below the surface of the pool, and subsequent emergence with a fish, seemingly six or seven inches long, and immediate flight towards the forest in the vicinity.

The hawk's success in the capture of rabbits, etc., is achieved by perching motionless but vigilant on the branch of a tree, or eminence where their prey emerge from cover in quest of food, and at a critical moment, with almost incredible wing power, instantly pounce on the victim selected, and the coup is said by numbers of observers to be a success for the raptore nine times out of ten.

Perhaps I should have remarked at the close of a former paragraph, that the Pileated Woodpeckers are when met with about here, always in pairs, and their very loud calls can be heard from afar. When woodmen are employed in the wintry gloom of a February dull day, these big Picadæe seem (like the Chicadee) to be attracted by the sound of the blows of the workmen, and there seems often a sense of companionship, certainly on one side, as the birds loudly and forcefully hammer away with their chisel-like beak, at the half decayed top of a nearby tree, and make chips of the rotten wood fall in showers to the surface of the snow covered earth at the base of the trees.

Ten or twelve days ago, when there was a few hours of weak sunshine, but no snow on the ground, the late blooming dandelions made, in favored sunny nooks, feeble attempts to expand their dwarfish disks. The very common but almost unnoticed flowers do not seem so much stimulated by warmth or mildness of the atmosphere as they do by the brightness of the sun's rays. It may be noticed that if that grand god of day only show his dazzling countenance, from a blue space in the sky, for the space