

The Rockwood Review.

ember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass."

(Much ado about nothing, Act IV., Scene 2.)

To pursue this subject further would take up too much space in the "Rockwood Review."

R. S. KNIGHT.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Around the black firs glower and gloom,

Their shadows fall athwart the floors
Where hands unseen unclothe the doors,

And spectres flit from room to room,
When in the windless nights the sweep

Of trailing robes come down the stair,

And whispers fill the haunted air,
Long shuddering sighs, and eyes that weep,

And pale hands wrung in mute despair.

The carved name with moss o'er-grown

Is blurred, the pillars stand aslant;
Tall weeds about the threshold flaunt,

And climb the ancient lintel stone,
Like fingers groping for the light:
And the blank windows stark and dread

Are like the eyes of one long dead,
That keep no count of day or night
In dark boughs drooping overhead.

The black bats in the chimney cling,
The death watch ticks behind the wall,

And spiders cling in the banquet hall

Where still the funeral hatchments swing.

Here round the Christmas fire they met,

And laughed and sang in days of old;

Blithe were the merry tales they told;

Here was the stately banquet set,
The lips that pledged are gathering mould.

But still when winter nights are long,

And spectral snow wreaths bar the gate,

The homeward traveller passing late
Hears the faint echo of a song—

The ghost of music long since mute;
And pale lights gleam an instants' space

Through casements where some shadowy face

Looks out, as with unsteady foot
He hurries past the haunted place.

K. S. McL.

BIRD NOTES.

BY W. YATES—HATCHLEY.

The sojourn of the Orioles in these latitudes is a brief one—six or seven weeks being its usual limit. All the birds of that genus took a sudden departure from these precincts before the 15th July this year. By that date their young broods are strong on the wing, and they depart hence usually about the time that the early cherries, such as the May duke, have all been gathered. The Orioles seem to be more insectivorous birds than the Robins, for at the time of the migration of the former, the currants, raspberries and strawberries, are usually in abundance in gardens and orchards where the Orioles are most prone to take up their habitations; their voluntary removal is conjectured to be to the cooler Hudson's Bay regions, as small parties of them are observed to return to their earlier summer haunts, and their sojourn for three or four days about the last of the month of September, as a sort of bivouac on their long journey to warmer latitudes.

In the bush solitudes, the Scarlet Tanager is yet (July 10th), a rather