

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

**DIED.**—At Kingston, March 1st, Mary Dennison, relict of the late Jas. Dennison, aged 84.

**BORN.**—In Portsmouth, Feb. 23, the wife of Mr. Jas. Dennison, of a son.

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### "OUR LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE AIR."

Out of the North two wild birds came—  
Out of the north where the ice-floes be,  
And the desolate land, and the cruel sea,  
And the silent gulfs no man may name.  
Leagues of darkness and boreal cold,  
Ghastly glimmer of ice locked fiords,  
And frost that cuts to the bone like swords.  
Birds of the Northland swift and bold,  
Glossy of feather and strong of wing,  
Tell us, what are the news ye bring.  
What news of the captain and his crew,  
What of the ship in the ice held fast,  
And the storm-worn colors nailed to the mast;  
Saw ye the lips that are frozen blue,  
Where the yet inviolate billows roll  
Round the awful mystery of the Pole?  
Small voyageurs of the gulfs of air,  
Storm-vexed and thick with blinding snow,  
When all the slumbering earth below  
Heeds not stern March's trumpets blare,  
What cheer, and whither do ye fare?  
What is the quest that brings you here,  
Is it kindlier skies and ampler cheer?  
Nay, but the hearts of men are made  
As cold as your Arctic atmosphere,  
And hard by the keen demands of trade,  
Fly away to your native haunts

again,  
From the covetous eyes and the greed of men.

Your glacier fields are bleak and bare,

But not so ruthless and empty and vain,

As the gentle faces of ladies fair,  
Graceful, and smiling and debonaire,  
Who shreik at the sight of an insect's pain

Yet calmly wear such barbarous things,

Dismembered bodies, and heads, and wings,

(Christian mothers and maids and wives),

That have cost a thousand innocent lives.

So fly to your native North again,  
From the covetous eyes of Christian men,

To the home of the wolf and Eskimo,  
And the land of immemorial snow:  
For the bitterest storms of the polar main

Are not so cruel and not so cold  
As the laws of fashion, the lust of gold.

A whirl and flutter of wings that rise,  
A glimpse of swift pinions as forth they fare,

And the forms dissolve in the northern skies,

Adieu "little brothers of the air."

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K. S. McL.

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**A REMARKABLE CASE OF REFINEMENT.**—There is in this city a young man who eats crushed violets and wears azure neckties every time he feels an attack of the blues approaching. Once he awoke in the middle of the night, and rousing his room-mate, said: "This is simply agonizing." "What is the matter?" "Those two mosquitoes that are singing in the room." "Well, what do you care, so long as they don't bite you?" "They are not singing in harmony."