

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

A few days ago I went to interview those rare Black Cage Birds at Norwich, and as soon as I entered the room, recognized the gurgling, though pleasant, liquid notes of the cow bunting (*Molothrus Ater.*)

Yours sincerely,  
W. YATES.

PORTSMOUTH,  
March 29th, 1894.

To the "Rockwood Review":—  
Dear Editors:

I have just received the second number of the "Review," and must say that you deserve great praise for the manner in which the journal is presented. The Local Items are sparkling and racy, the Field Notes are accurate, and the accounts of our little feathered friends, and their arrival here this spring, are deserving of special mention. I also wish to refer to your description of the Dairy Maids Convention, as I was present at that entertainment, and can thus appreciate the delightful article written by you of the parts taken that night. I might say that I receive a number of magazines and papers, but the warmest welcome is reserved for the "Review," which attracts the attention of the whole household. Wishing you every success with your paper, and that you may not have the smallest circulation east of Toronto,

I remain,  
Yours sincerely,  
WELL WISHER.

Mrs. Rafferty: "Your daughter has a fine touch on the pianny, Mrs. Moriarty."

Mrs. Moriarty: "Yis, she has a great taste for music: but thin 'tis only natural, for her grandfather had his skhull opened wid a cornet at a timperance fate."

### THE SPRING BEAUTY.

Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,  
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,  
Saw the beauty of the Spring time,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.—  
(Longfellow.)

Miskodeed is the Indian name for this flower, although the poem says it is the earliest in blossom, yet this is not the case, as the Hepatica is out a day or two ahead. The Spring Beauty seems to grow every where around Rockwood, and is a pretty little pal-pink blossom, between two narrow but long green leaves, We generally find it towards the end of April or in the beginning of May. It seems a pity to pick this flower, as it closes its petals almost as soon as you pick it. Two varieties of this flower are said to exist, but I have only found one. It has five petals.

Essay on "Breath," by an American schoolboy, who has attended a course of lectures on physiology: "Breath is made of air. We breath with our lungs, our lights, our livers and our kidneys. If we wan't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out doors. Boys in a room make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and carbonic acid got in that black hole, and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. Girls can't run or hop like the boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I would rather be a boy, so I can run and hollar and have a good big diagram.— Educational Engraving.