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The

Rockwood

Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to  
Literature, Natural History and

Local News.



## The Rockwood Review.

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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 5:

KINGSTON, SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1899.

No. 9.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Wm. Workman and family have removed from Stratford to Kingston.

D. J. Shannon, of New York, visited Kingston in September.

PORTSMOUTH, Sept. 18, '99.

EDITORS OF REVIEW:—

I understand that you are well versed in law, hence this letter. Several days ago, I purchased a very fine pair of chickens, which Mr. McGuire kindly placed in the cold storage chamber. By some mischance these chickens were cooked, and sent to the officers table. The officers refuse to pay for the birds, claiming exemption under the rule that they are not in habit of paying for anything they eat—or drink. The Bursar refuses to purchase another pair of chickens, on the ground that he is powerless to act without a special requisition from the Superintendent, who refuses to issue such requisition. In the meanwhile my family is starving for want of chicken pie. How am I to proceed to regain my chickens, or their equivalent? Yours, &c., J.

[The question is difficult to answer. Possibly the most simple plan would be to visit the Superintendent's hen roosts at a suitable hour. You would in this way shift a new responsibility to his shoulders, and he would in all probability act quickly.—Editors.]

Miss A. Moxley has withdrawn from the Rockwood Training School, on account of illness in her family.

It is reported that at a recent meeting of a Women's Society in the city, a memorial was drawn up and addressed to the Government, praying that all of the women patients in Hospitals for the Insane, should be placed under the care of Female Physicians. It will now be in order for the women patients to draw up a second memorial, praying that their sisters outside of institutions be forced to submit to the same regulation. If these ladies who are so anxious to manage affairs they do not really understand, wish to contribute to the happiness of Hospital inmates, and advance the interests of the struggling "woman doctor," they will endeavor to have them appointed to practice in the men's Wards, where their good influence might be demonstrated, and their æsthetic qualities made practical use of.

Miss Agnes Goodearl has resigned her position on the Rockwood Staff. Her departure will be regretted by many warm friends.

Mrs. Terrill, of the D. & D. Institute, Belleville, was the guest of Mrs. Forster for a few days.

Miss Hannah Norris has severed her connection with Rockwood. On her departure the officials and employees made her a handsome presentation. Miss Ethel Porter has been appointed Supervisor in her place.

Mrs. Forster and Miss Gibson made a short stay in Toronto during the Exhibition.

## The Rockwood Review.

It is interesting to read various football items in the sporting columns of the daily papers, as they so plainly indicate the fact that professionalism exists in all parts of the country; and what is more deplorable still, is openly encouraged by those who should know better. The Rough Riders, for example, are supposed to gather their players from far and wide, Toronto University is to have several distinguished "performers" with the pig-skin for the football season only. Osgoode Hall, although a college team, is reported as likely to adopt a noted scrimmager for football purposes only. A well known student who plays football, does not yet know where he will follow his studies, although it is plainly understood that the college offering the best inducements will get him. That out and out professionals exist, and are openly encouraged on the teams is well known, and even the College Athletic Committees are so weak-kneed that they are afraid to face the truth. Can our local teams—collegiate or others—stand the test, and put themselves forward as examples of what such organizations should be? If not the sooner they put themselves beyond suspicion the better for their reputations.

Mr. C. Y. Ford was most successful as an exhibitor at the recent Dog Show in Toronto, carrying off everything in sight in the Pug classes, and getting several prizes with his Red Cockers.

Dr. Harty's Great Dane, Mr. Carson's Spaniels and Dr. Clarke's Gordon Setter, won many prizes at the Toronto Industrial Dog Show.

Recent advices from Belleville go to show that Bursar Cochrane is making a success of his new position.

The Kingston Fair was on the whole a great success, and the results are no doubt encouraging to the managers. Some of the special attractions could not be commended as elevating or highly moral.

Scarlet fever is still prevalent in Portsmouth. The four children of Mr. Thomas McCammon are among those suffering.

Dr. Webster, Dr. Gage and Mr. C. Y. Ford took in the Toronto Industrial. During his stay in Toronto, Dr. Gage paid special attention to the Rapid Transit arrangements of the Island Ferry Co.

A story is going the rounds to the effect that one of the members of the 14th Band, who resides at Rockwood, was so taken up with the Ballet Dancers at the Fair, that during a performance he inadvertently kept the mouthpiece of his trombone at his ear for fully ten minutes, fully satisfied that he was playing his proper part.

We are glad to see Mr. Archie Abernethy on the streets once more, and congratulate him on his recovery.

It is said that some members of the 14th Band were mixed up with the disappearance of a consignment of fish, sent in to their friends by a camping party at Loughboro Lake recently. The only explanation offered is, that after listening to the evening performances of the Battersea Band, these amateur bandmen felt the necessity of a knowledge of scales in the production of music.

Yellow Legs, Golden Plover and large flocks of Killdeer were seen on September 12th.

## The Rockwood Review.

Mr. Davidson expects to be able to resume his duties as Chief Attendant at an early date.

We cannot claim to be enthusiastic over the Football outlook for this season. The Granites have failed to live up to the high ideals expected. In deliberately breaking faith with the Quebec Union, after agreeing to a schedule of games to be played this season, they showed poor judgment. In begging for admission to the discredited Ontario Union, which insulted them in every way possible such a short time ago, they showed a lack of self respect that is much to be wondered at. It looks very much like eating crow, and very tough crow at that. As for the Inter-collegiate League, the situation is a little better, but far from what it should be, if we look beneath the surface. As a matter of fact semi-professionalism exists in nearly all of the Colleges, and will be encouraged until the Senates take determined action to stamp it out. The cure is to prevent all freshmen from taking part in matches, and prohibiting all students of one or more years standing, who have attained a high percentage of marks in examinations, playing on college teams. This regulation would soon clear out the students who attend University merely for the football qualification. It is the only cure for the disease, and although those who apply the remedy will be unpopular for a time, the good sense of the students will eventually uphold them. Let Queen's be the first to move in the matter. As for the Nationals, let us wish them well. Their faith is likely to receive a severe test when they enter within the fold of the O. R. F. U., but possibly they had better get their experience young. They can certainly play football well, and if they were really likely to play junior teams their chances might be good.

Mr. W. Shea and Mr. J. Shea have returned from Scranton, Pa., after spending a delightful holiday. Of course Billy secured the latest novelty in the shape of an up-to-date Kissing-hug, which at first did duty by astonishing many of our officials, and subsequently has been studied by various newly married couples, who do not think a honeymoon complete without making a psychological study of the inmates of the Hospital for the Insane.

If ancient History is to be believed, Egypt had rather a surfeit of various plagues, but was fortunate enough to escape one or two which flourish about Rockwood from time to time. Last year the festive goose held high revel in the grounds, this year the pesky dog is to the fore. He is on duty at all hours of the day and night, and is represented by all sorts and degrees of the canine race, from the mangy water spaniel to the cross between a poodle and a pug. An ingenious patient is inventing a new and deadly dog trap. Let us hope that it will prove a success.

Prof. T. Wesley Mills, of McGill University, visited Rockwood House recently.

BIRTH.—McIver, on August 7th, the wife of A. McIver, Portsmouth, of a son.

Miss Addie Lonergan spent her holidays at Rochester.

Mrs Sadie and Master Willie Potter have returned from a visit to Toronto, Hamilton and other western cities.

Mr. C. M. Clarke was one of the thirty successful ones in the recent examinations for entrance to the R. M. C., and now ranks as an able bodied recruit in the Military Coltege. We trust that our Business Manager will do credit to the reputation of the Rockwood REVIEW.



## The Rockwood Review.

Dr. Wilson, of the Mimico Staff, visited Rockwood in September.

Aberdeen Park, Portsmouth, is a place of pleasant surprises. When last mentioned by the REVIEW, reference was made to the crop of noxious weeds. A metamorphosis has taken place, and hundreds of loads of refuse have been deposited there, with the expectation that in time this spot will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. How pleasant to think of the Town Hall being surrounded by green lawns and shady trees, the Portsmouth brook will babble in the centre of the Park, the geese will wander over the sward, a pleasing contrast to the deep colored grass, the cows will be tethered there too, and the clanking chains of roaming steeds may perchance be heard on moonlight nights. This is pleasant to dwell upon, but in the meanwhile the same old groups of geese, cows and wandering Arabians may be found on duty at the usual hours on Rockwood grounds. We thought that by keeping gates closed, some of the former difficulties with these nuisances might be overcome, but we were mistaken. Our neighbors know a thing or two, or think that they do, and it is a simple matter to block a few boards off the fence, and to persuade the wanderers to enter. Government carrots are succulent, government corn juicy. It has been learned that the Township of Kingston owns a pound, and woe betide the cow, horse or goose that crosses the "forty-foot" road. For those who want information regarding the scale of fees exacted by the pound-keeper, we would advise a reference to the County Clerk.

Portsmouth rejoices in several new sidewalks. The Aldermen are now studying up a likely platform to approach the electors with.

The new granolithic walk on the back Avenue, when completed, promises to be a standing monument to the skill of Messrs. Gillespie and McLeod.

We have had several applicants for the position of Editor of a Society Column in the REVIEW. We have already so much difficulty with the personal items, that we do not wish to add to our troubles.

The Beechgroves talk of organizing a Rugby Football Club. If they do there is no doubt that they will make an excellent record, as their Hockey experiences will stand them in good stead.

It will be several months before an Opera House can be ready for occupation. Now is the time the Women's Musical Club should "make hay while the sun shines," and they should bring several first-class musical organizations here. If possible the Kneisel Quartette should be secured for one concert, a pianist of the highest rank for a second, and at least one orchestral concert of the first-class given. Kingston has been making rapid strides in things musical, and we say let the good work go on.

Miss May Sweet is spending her holidays at Seeley's Bay.

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### THE HERMIT OF THE MACLEOD BASIN.

An ancient frog, grown old and sage  
With musing in a green seclusion,  
On questions of a bye-gone age  
Which never yet have reached solution,—  
The sequence of effects and causes,—  
The secret writing on the page  
Obscure of his green hermitage,  
Musing, with hibernating pauses,  
He came at length to this conclusion :

The walls that girt his cavern round  
Were hewn and laid about the stone-age  
When dinosaurs crept o'er the ground,  
And troglodytes were in their non-age.  
Here the cave-dwellers had their home,  
Remains of which still strewed the basin,  
Where ruined bridge and granite dome,  
Sedge-grown and mossy clove the foam,  
Reared by some pre-historic mason.

Still faintly seen beneath the brim,—  
(He sat upon a leaf a-teeter),  
He scanned the lines that puzzled him,  
The autograph of good Saint Peter :  
His dwelling founded on a rock,  
Secure against both wind and water,  
Nor winter frosts, nor tempest's shock  
Those gates of granite should unlock,  
Or make their stone foundations totter.

The water lily o'er his head  
That lifted up her fairy chalice,—  
The lotus whose broad leaves were spread  
Where the lake dwellers built their palace,  
These spoke to him of nations dead :—  
The tortoise lumbering and wary,  
The guillemot which swiftly sped,  
The heron with clipt pinions spread,  
And hosts of bye-gone things that led  
Their peaceful lives, and slept and fed  
Where he was left the solitary.

Upon a lotus leaf a-teeter  
He mused upon the good Saint Peter,—  
His large round eyes grew sad with thinking :  
All night the yellow stars were blinking,  
But still he sat in the green basin,  
The lotus leaf around him curled,  
And thought upon that elder world,  
And that strange pre-historic mason.

K. S. McL.

## The Rockwood Review.

HOTEL RUTLAND,

EDINBORO, JULY 31ST.

Here we are in Edinboro, a most charming city, and delightfully full of historic and literary memories.

But to begin at the beginning:— We left New York on the 29th June, by the North German Lloyd Steamer, Koeringen Luise. There were five in our party, Mrs. Carrie, Gardner, and a Miss R., of Brooklyn, who was a classmate of Carrie's at Vassar, and who is to travel with us this summer.

We had a most delightful voyage, no storms, but bright sunshiny days. The steamer was not one of the ocean greyhounds, but all the more comfortable for being slower.

We reached Southampton just after sunset on Saturday, July 8th. The Scilly Islands were seen at early dawn, our first sight of England with a clear sky, the sea like a mirror; the day's sail past the coast of Cornwall, Devon and Dorset to the Solent will long linger in our memories. The setting sun brightened the hills of the Isle of Wight as we sighted "the Needles," and all through the Solent the waters were alive with yachts, small steamers and other craft. We passed Cowes, and saw Osborne the Queen's residence, and so turned into the bay leading to Southampton in the long twilight we have found so pleasant here in England.

Sunday morning we took an early train for Winchester for morning service at the Cathedral. We put up at "The George," a quaint old Inn dating back to the thirteenth century. After a hurried breakfast, we found our way to the Cathedral, rich with the associations and monuments of many centuries. The service as sung and intoned was wonderfully impressive. We could easily imagine that the spirits of Bishops Walkelen, Edington, and William of Wykeham still visited the stately pile in the building of which they had so much to do. Winchester is politically to England, and even to us Americans, what Canterbury is

ecclesiastically. In the seventh century it was the Capitol of the Saxon Kings in southern England. Here Alfred the Great, Canute the Dane, and William the Conqueror lived and reigned.

In the Cathedral are the bones of William Rufus, Canute, Egbert, Ethelwolf and others. Shrines to Bishops Gardiner, Waynesfleet, and Cardinal Beaufort mentioned by Shakespear are here, mingling history and tradition. You can see the shrine of St. Swithin, and a well called St. Swithin's Well: monuments also to Jane Austin who lived near by, also to gentle Isaac Walton, who rambled and meditated by the Itchen, rod in hand. It is a most interesting old Cathedral, showing the Norman, the early English and the Gothic during the many years it was in building and being rebuilt.

Near by is Winchester School, built by William of Wykeham in 1373-96. In the old refectory, five hundred years old, they still use the wooden trenchers about which I have read, but never expected to see. It is one of the leading schools of England, and has an attendance now of about 400. On the hill is the Hall of the Castle, built by William the Conqueror, where for many years Parliament met. It was here that Sir Walter Raleigh was tried. In the open space there were many executions of those tried and condemned.

When Parliament was established in London, the Courts of Session were held in the Hall. It was now the County Hall. At the end is suspended "King Arthur's round table." It certainly looks old enough and venerable enough to be of a date before King Arthur.

Two days at Winchester was our introduction to England, and oh the flowers, the bright flowers, the old-time flowers everywhere! By the roadside, in little gardens not three feet square, on window-sills, on porches, and roofs, in the windows of the humblest cottages, everywhere have we seen flowers, we can never forget it in America, we have not the moisture and the

## The Rockwood Review.

frequent showers.

Our ride of seventy miles to London was a constant delight. Cultivated fields, well-trimmed hedges, splendid old trees, and the scarlet poppy growing wild and as freely as our white daisies,—quaint old farm-houses, with thatched roofs of stone, and built for the centuries,—ricks of straw, cattle and sheep in pastures of brightest green, gentlemen's houses and parks. Altogether a panorama of which I have read and dreamed, and not to be seen anywhere except in old England.

We were two weeks in London, and saw much of the outside life. One day we went to Windsor Castle. The Queen was there so we did not see the State Apartments, but the view of the country from the north Terrace was worth more than the State Apartments. From the Castle we drove through Windsor Great Park, along the "long walk and drive," three miles straight from the Castle to a slight hill on which is a statue of one of the Georges, then by a walk by Virginia Water through the old forest to White Leaf Inn.

On each side of the long drive is a splendid double row of elms, many of them two hundred years old. At the Inn we took our carriage again and drove through Eton, visiting the school buildings, then to Burnham Beeches, and to Stoke Pogis, where we visited the old church and the country churchyard, where Gray is buried in the same tomb with his mother and aunt. We saw those "rugged elms," and sat in "the yew-trees' shade." In the waning light we drove back to "Slough" through the lovely English lanes, and took train to London. And so another day was added to the list of never-to-be-forgotten days.

We saw Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, Richmond, &c., but I will only speak of another day's trip.

Taking train for Henley on the upper Thames, we had lunch at the "Red Lion," a delightful old hostelry on the river just below Henley Bridge. Mrs. A. and I sat

on the lawn by the river side while the children had a row. After lunch we hired a boat and boatman to go down the river. The Thames is not a wide river; the cultivated fields stretch from the low banks on either side, with wooded hills and beautiful country homes.

One of the first to be seen is Fawley Court, built by Migo Jones. Below that is "Greenlands," the home of Lady Hambledon, widow of Right Hon. W. H. Smith, who was in the Cabinet of the Marquis of Salisbury. Farther on is Medmenham Abbey. At Bisham is another Abbey, which was founded in the reign of King Stephen. Those old monks certainly had an eye for the beautiful. At Marlow we stopped for a cup of tea at the "Compleat Anglen." Soon we reached Cookham where there are many picturesque cottages, and everywhere flowers in the utmost profusion. The "Quarry Wood" is just below Bisham. Shelley was visited here by Byron, so it is said, and "The Revolt of Islam" was written in his boat as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighborhood. Below Cookham is "Clifden," now owned by William Waldorf Astor, purchased by him from the Duke of Westminster. That side of the river is a wooded ridge, the house can be partially seen through the trees. Adjoining "Clifden" is "Taplow Woods." This stretch of six or eight miles is the most beautiful part of the Thames. We passed it just before sunset. There are many excursion steamers crowded with people, also small row boats, with parties of ladies and gentlemen, rowing and punting in groups of two, three or four.

When we reached Maidenhead Bridge, we had enjoyed a sixteen mile row down the river, every moment of which was full of interest. There are, I think, six locks between Henley and Maidenhead Bridge, and going through these locks was also a matter of interest. After dinner at a hotel on the river bank, we took train

## The Rockwood Review.

twenty-four miles to London.

We did not spend much time in galleries, but of course visited St. Paul and Westminster Abbey, and one afternoon Garden, and I went to the House of Commons. The debate was not interesting as they had a food's bill up, but we saw Sir Wm. Harcourt, Balfour, Labouchere and Bannerman. On Sunday morning we attended service at Westminster Abbey, and the next at St. Paul's. We also visited the Lower, and took lunch at the "Cheshire Cheese" on Fleet Street, where Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith dined. Hyde Park and Rotten Row were also visited, where we saw some of the nobility driving, but the days had been warm, and many had gone to their country places.

Carrie and Miss R. attended a reception given at Stafford House, one of the finest in London, given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland to the Anglo-American League. We met on the steamer Mr. Howland, treasurer of the Outlook Company, and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie one of the Editors. Through Mr. Bryce, M. P., President of the League, they received cards to the reception, and as Mr. Howland and his son had no ladies in their party they invited our two young ladies, who were delighted to get this opportunity of seeing a social function.

I must wait for another letter to tell you of our trip up into Scotland, through Cambridge, Ely, Lincoln, York and Durham, and also to tell you of this most delightful city, Edinboro,

W. A.

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KINGSTON, Aug. 23rd. 1899.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

It was utterly impossible for me to bid a personal "good-bye" to each one of so large a staff and their families, so that I take the medium of the REVIEW, which you all read, to bid you "au revoir." My relations with some of you were closer than with others, naturally, but all were cordial,

hence my desire to overlook no one.

The kindly tribute to me in these same columns, will serve to make me, though absent, as loyal as ever to Rockwood, and the pleasant memories I carry with me, will serve to keep ever bright some of the happiest days of my life.

In conclusion, I can only quote the poet's words, "I wish you all that you can wish."

Yours sincerely,

W. COCHRANE.

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### NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

WM. YATES.

In my last I alluded to a common event, in the experience of makers of maple sugar, that is the finding of drowned flying squirrels, in the vessels full of sap near the maple trees, and it is conjectured that the rodents had come to their death when in pursuit of moths; but from what we have this spring been witness to, we are able to put forward a more plausible explanation. One fine sunny day about a fortnight since, when in our sugar bush, my son called my attention to the frolics of a red squirrel, who was having a good time in the enjoyment of a bath, in one of the buckets that was nearly full of sap. The little fellow made a wonderful splashing, and frisked about in the liquid at such a rate, as to cause a shower of spray to fly around the top of his bath tub; then he would spring out on the edge of the pail, and paw his face and whisk his tail, till the environs were somewhat mussy with slop and moisture; then presently take another header down into the pail, and give a repetition of the above antics.

No doubt living a part of their time in tree hollows, and among decayed wood, a wash of this kind must be quite a luxury to these little quadrupeds; and when the flying squirrels happen to attempt a "douche bad," into a vessel only half full, not having the leaping nimbleness of the red squirrel, their struggles to get out are

## The Rockwood Review.

unavailing. What adds to the likelihood of this being a true explanation of these catastrophes, is that I have occasionally been told of drowned flying squirrels being found in water cisterns! We have also known of black squirrels being caught in traps, just UNDER WATER, at the edge of a water hole, where cattle get drink in the woods; yet black squirrels are said to be too crafty EVER to be caught in a trap, when the same is accessible to sight or smell. We once remember shooting a black squirrel in a cornfield, one excessively dry fall, in whose stomach was found when opened, not less than a half pint of clear limpid water. This rodent must have then recently returned from a visit to "Clear Creek," (at the very least three-fourths of a mile distant), as all the people in these parts assured me, that not a drop of water, except dew, could have been procured nearer, except in deep wells, and which were not available to the rodentia. A youngster in this vicinity shot a weasel about the 10th of last March, and told me that although the snow had scarcely begun to melt, the said weasel had begun to cast off its white fur, and that tawny spots were quite noticeable on its back and sides! From this it would also appear that *Mustela* was getting ahead of his environment! The same boy also told me that he had shot several white Canadian hares this past winter, and that the only circumstance which enabled him to see such game on the snowy surface, was the black conspicuous eyes of the "bunnies." The question has sometimes been asked, why do not squirrels become WHITE in winter as well as some other animals? Perhaps it might be given as an answer, that living mostly on trees, a white coat might not be any protection to them. We once saw a black squirrel chased by a hawk in the woods; the squirrel ran nimbly in spirals around the stem of the tree, and evaded the hawk for a time by his incredibly rapid gyrations, and was seen lost to our

view among the upper branches. We surmised that he had got into a hole in the large forking branches, but could not be quite sure what the denouement was, on account of the dark foliage. We well remember being shown tracks on the snow several winters ago, in the woods, that indicated that a small animal had been dragged along. Upon following said tracks to the commencing place, it became evident that a weasel had surprised and captured a black squirrel in the act of digging for beech nuts in the snow, at the foot of his tree. There were blood stains on the snow, and along the tracks back to the weasel's lair, in a half decayed stump, thirty or forty rods from the scene of slaughter. The stump was attacked, and by aid of our axes was soon reduced to fragments; but not until its living occupants had escaped by subterranean facilities, yet their sanguinary practices were made plain to us, by the discovery in the interior of the charnel house, of such anatomical morsels as the wings of bluejays and chickadees, and woodpeckers, also black and red squirrels' tails, etc. The black squirrels are well known to be as prolific as rabbits, and if not kept in check by multifarious enemies, and by failure of subsistence by removal of forests, might become a serious evil to tillers of land. That semi-aquatic, the mink, probably does good service in keeping "vermin" life within proportionate bounds. We remember once finding a mink storehouse among logs, that formed a bridge over a rivulet, about the beginning of December. The mink had killed and heaped together, about a peck of batrachians (mostly frogs), but several toads and a lizard were recognizable in the collection. A few years ago our dog chased a mink that was carrying off a captured red squirrel in its mouth; the mink ran along the fence rails towards a creek, and being hard pressed by the dog, soon dropped the squirrel, and gained the water, diving under the shell ice, but coming up again at

## The Rockwood Review.

intervals. The chase continued down the partly ice-covered stream, for more than a mile. At last we were driven to the conclusion, by the number of track marks on the ice near to a large bridge, that the mink had reached the rendezvous of a number of his congeners, whose stronghold frost had rendered unassailable for the time being, and pursuit was given up. The mink is somewhat of the nature of the civet, and is enabled to annoy its enemies, by ejecting a liquid that has a peculiar pungent odor. They are quite destructive to the young of water-fowl. Some years ago in the beginning of the month of June, one of my neighbors told me, that he had just been a spectator, of a mink swimming after a wild duck that had a brood of young, on a shallow pond near to one of his back fields. The mink succeeded in separating one of the little ones from the rest of the brood; but on the close approach of its enemy, the little duckling would raise up, and by the aid of its flappers, would skim along the watery surface, and distance its pursuer, who would then dive, and rise to the surface near to the destined prey, and would soon have tired out the web-footed bird, had not my informant taken a part in the affray, and by sticks and missiles forced the mink to retreat. Weasels have the sagacity to choose heaps of stones or rocky crevices for their nesting places, and it is said are never known to choose their domicile near combustible material, such as large brush heaps or log heaps. My reminiscences of weasel life and pranks, if written, would seem almost interminable, but here is just one more for this effusion. My son Arthur and one of his playmates caught a mouse in a barn; and for amusement tied a piece of twine to its tail, and placed the mouse in a half full watering trough, to display its natatorial capabilities. Soon tiring of this the boys carried mouse to a stone heap, letting "mus" hide and descend in the interstices, pulling

it back to daylight occasionally by the string. At length the string drew out; "minus the mouse;" so the youngsters at once proceeded to level the stone heap, and speedily discovered a nest full of half naked young WEASELS, one of the parents of which had captured the mouse. The mother weasel soon came to the fore, and carried off all the young ones but three, the old BUCK weasel slyly looking on from a safe embrasure, but rendering no assistance. On returning for the last contingent the she-weasel was cruelly killed by the boys. Another instance of the maternal magnanimity that pervades the whole animal creation, an unhesitating sacrificing of life in protection of otherwise defenceless young. A relation of mine now resident in Michigan, tells me that he has seen the two cub bears, get upon the back of their dam for safety, when a stream of water had to be waded across, and that racoons in similar emergencies act the same. We have seen the young of the deer mouse, when suddenly unhoused, six or seven in number, instinctively cling by their mouths, to some part of the body of the parent, (teat, flank, fore or hind leg), and so to be hustled off to a place of hoped for safety. The FIELD mouse, when similarly disturbed, has been seen to carry off her progeny, one at a time, as a cat sometimes carries her kitten, by the "scruff of the neck." And my Michigan friend assures me that he has seen, the two young of the loon (or N. Diver), upon a signal from the old one that she was going to dive, take hold of her tail feathers by their bills, and be TOWED UNDER WATER till the danger be passed.

I heard the pheasant drumming for the first time this year, on Sunday, 22nd inst., and also the WOOD THRUSH, his remarkable "Trill-ill iddle-ee," was pleasant to listen to. I was taking a walk in the woods with a friend at the time, there was not a wild flower of any kind open here, so he sometimes comes before the "wake robin," or hepticas,

## The Rockwood Review.

which are now, 28th inst., just showing themselves. I had been told that pheasant had been heard drumming on the 10th inst. On the 26th, I heard many snipes "waffling" in the marshes in the evening, also the woodcocks voiced in several places their well-known "spree-ake." Swallows came here in numbers, and were very merry yesterday, 27th, and a wren came and sang this morning. The yellow finches came two weeks since. I saw a man yesterday with five or six trout, illegally angled out of "Branch Creek" that morning. The weather is now warm, and farmers are busy sowing, etc.

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### STORY OF A PARROT.

Bayard Taylor relates the following about a parrot once owned by a lady in Chicago:

When the great fire was raging an owner saw that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects equally dear, the parrot and the old family Bible, and she could take but one. After a moment of hesitation she seized the Bible and was hastening away when the parrot called out in a loud and solemn voice: "Good Lord, deliver us!" No human being could have been deaf to such an appeal; the precious Bible was sacrificed and the bird saved. He was otherwise a clever bird. In the home to which he was taken there were among other visitors a gentleman rather noted for volubility. When the parrot first heard him it listened in silence for some time, then, to the amazement of all present, it said, very emphatically: "You talk too much!" The gentleman, at first embarrassed, presently resumed his interrupted discourse. Thereupon the parrot laid his head upon one side, gave an indescribably comical and contemptuous "H'm—m!" and added: "There he goes again!"

### SNYDER'S DOG.

Snyder left his dog with me.  
"He'll soon get over it," said he;  
"But there's my girl she'll miss me  
though;  
"She'll count the days that come  
and go,  
"And yearn for my return, I know,  
Beside her."

'Ere Snyder had been gone a year,  
The girl forgot him, fickle dear,  
The dog refused to eat, and hid  
Him to a corner; then beside  
A shoe of Snyder's pined and died.

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Moral — There's nothing like  
leather.

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### DOMENICO DRAGONETTI.

The double-bass does not at first sight look like an instrument with which to play any light fingered pranks or upon which to perform feats of agility. But it is the man of genius who achieves that which is to the common crowd an impossibility. Such a man was the great Dragonetti, whose portrait accompanies this month's STRAD, and whose life, told in the barest possible manner, reads more like a romance than a sober relation of facts. Almost as a child he was a brilliant performer on the violin and guitar. At thirteen he went into the orchestra of the "Opera buffa" in his native city of Venice as a double-bass player, having far outdistanced his master Berini. A year later he entered the orchestra of the "Opera Seria" in a similar capacity, and when eighteen went into the orchestra of St. Mark's—an honour than which Venice can offer no higher to the musician. And all these things happened while the lad was yet in his teens and before he had reached even the first vigour of manhood, or had attained anything like the full measure of artistic development.

A great player wants a fine



## The Rockwood Review.

instrument, and it was about this period in Dragonetti's life that he discovered in the monastery of S. Pietro, at Vicenza, the marvellous Gasparo di Salo double bass, upon which he performed for the rest of his life. Grand instruments were at this period not difficult to discover in this part of Italy, for it must be remembered that Brescia, the cradle of the string family, as we know it, is within a few hours' journey of Dragonetti's native city of Venice; and the great crowd of collectors had not then swooped down, and like the plague of locusts, devoured all that was worth devouring. Every church and every monastery, to say nothing of private houses, contained one or more specimens of the handiwork of the great classic makers, from Gasparo di Salo downwards; and the youthful Dragonetti, seeking an instrument which should be the medium of conveying his thoughts to his hearers, found what he wanted in this old-fashioned monastery at Vicenza, brought it away with him, and it became his inseparable companion to the last hour of his life.

It was not to be expected that a double-bass player of Dragonetti's extraordinary powers should remain hidden in Northern Italy, and while still a young man, his fame as an artist had spread all over Europe, and like all other great artists, he was bound to appear sooner or later in London.

In 1794, while still under forty, his friends, Banti and Pacchierotti, procured him an engagement to play at the opera and the concerts at the King's Theatre, in London. Once here, England never afterwards let him go, and in the closing years of the last century, Dragonetti entered upon a career of uninterrupted prosperity, social distinction and artistic success.

From this time to the date of his death in 1846, no great concert or musical festival, whether in London or the provinces, was considered complete without a performance by Dragonetti, and duets with Robert Lindley, the

equally famous 'cellist, were events of frequent occurrence. These two wonders played at the same desk at the opera and elsewhere for over half a century, and the story of their united career would be practically the story of musical progress in England during that period.

Dragonetti was to all intents and purposes the Paganini of the double bass. This huge instrument became in his hands either a 'cello or a violin at will. Dragonetti would, with consummate ease, perform the 'cello part in a string quartet, and his harmonics, double notes and other feats of executive power, were never surpassed by any other player. In saying this we do not forget that Bottesini had been called the greatest double-bassist the world has ever seen; but in this connection it must be borne in mind that Bottesini used a bow shaped like a 'cello bow and held in the same way, which permitted much greater facility of action than the curved double bass bow, used by Dragonetti. This is not the place to institute a comparison between two men, each of whom reached the very topmost point of excellence in his own line. The present writer has heard Bottesini and is intimate with much older men who have heard Dragonetti, and it seems quite safe to say that no performer under Dragonetti's conditions has ever surpassed him.

During his long career Dragonetti made the acquaintance of Haydn, Beethoven, and many other great composers, and at the advanced age of ninety, travelled to Bonn to head the thirteen double basses at the Beethoven Festival. Berlioz remarked on this occasion that he had rarely heard the Scherzo in the C minor Symphony played with so much vigour and finish.

Dragonetti died in London in 1846, at the age of ninety-one, and was buried in the Catholic Chapel at Moorfields. His famous Gasparo di Salo double bass is now amongst the priceless art treasures enshrined in the Cathedral in Venice.

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