

Nov. 1 - 1897



Rockwood Review.

A Monthly Journal devoted to
Literature, Natural History and

Local News.



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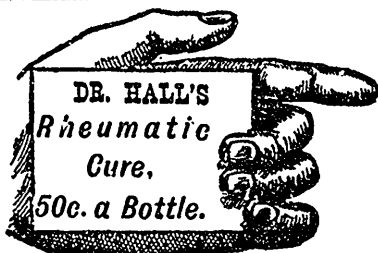
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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1897.

No. 8.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Dr. Sidney Gould has sailed for Palestine, where he will do Missionary work.

The new Elevator is not a thing of beauty, although it is to be hoped it will prove a joy forever. It has risen like a mushroom in a night, and from the æsthetic standpoint, is a great blot on the beautiful view of Kingston from the lake. If Mr. Moers could get a variety of paint to render the building invisible, he would have the thanks of the community. It is the old story though of utility before beauty.

William Dennison entertained his friends at an At Home, on October 28th.

It is suddenly being discovered that professionals are playing football, and strange to say the discovery is made by those who have had most to do with the development of this blot on the game. Now the interesting question arises, if George Kennedy and Mr. W. Richardson, of Brockville, are proved to be professionals, what will become of the unfortunate young men who have played with and against them? If we are to have a strict reading of rules, "here's a pretty mess." When they are curing the evil, punishment for those who induced the "poor fellows" to play for money should be provided.

The Beechgroves are busy with their football team, and are solving the difficulties of tandems, revolving wedges and mass plays.

The 14th Band is one of the most enterprising organizations in the town. Why does it not get up a first-class Orchestra, and give popular entertainments? Mr. Andrieux would prove an efficient leader, and enough good instrumentalists could be found in the city to fill the places not to be supplied by bandmen. Kingston is even worse off than Toronto in the matter of orchestra music, and that is saying a good deal.

Speaking of music, bring up the fact that St. George's is doing wonders with its choristers, under Messrs. Harvey and March. The musical service at St. George's is one of the best in Canada, and if a few new stops could be added to the organ, the service would be an ideal one.

Capt. Jas. Gage, of Osgoode-Queen's notoriety, bears his honors lightly. He says they amount to "nothing."

Mr. Jas. Gillespie is spending a well earned vacation.

Mr. B. W. Folger has presented Dr. Clarke with a fine Deer for the Rockwood Grounds. The handsome little buck is as tame as a pet dog, and does not fret over captivity.

The Rockwood Review.

Mr. Marks of Portsmouth shot a Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax Carbo*), in Macdonald's Cove, early in October. The bird has been cleverly mounted by Mr. Ed. Beaupre. Cormorants are rare visitors here, although not as infrequent as a local contemporary would have us believe.

Our Business Manager has surprised both himself and friends by shooting a ten pound wild goose. These birds are extremely difficult of approach, and although common enough about Kingston, are rarely shot.

A couple of prominent officials in the K. P. having heard of the presence of wild geese in the vicinity, were fired with a laudable ambition to secure a few of the magnificent birds. Early one morning two large white objects were seen flying over the Penitentiary. One official fired seven shots at his bird, and secured it; the second wounded his, and after an exciting chase in a skiff, captured it at Wolfe Island. These geese cost the gentlemen one dollar each, and were merely two wanderers from the flocks annually pastured in the Rockwood Grounds. The officials are now learning that the Canada goose is not a white bird. If they will slaughter the rest of the flocks, we will pass around the hat, and endeavor to show full appreciation of the good work done.

The Gerda has been hauled out for the season, and the Iris and Viola are to follow suit very shortly.

For a day or so in October a ruffed Grouse took up its residence in Rockwood Grounds, and was very tame indeed, permitting people to approach within a few feet before taking flight. Of course no one was allowed to frighten it, and if it had known when it was well off, it would have stayed here.

The many friends of Mr. Norman Lockie will be sorry to learn that he has recently suffered from a severe attack of diphtheria.

J. Sullivan, of Portsmouth, captured the Collegiate Medal at the annual Sports. Well done, Johnny. The Business Manager did not enter owing to football engagements.

Poor old Granites—to have the championship stolen from you twice in four years, is a little too much. Never mind, the other teams know your superiority on the field.

The usual entertainments will commence about Halloween, and Miss Trendell expects to produce several clever dramatic performances at an early date.

Let us begin to talk of hockey and curling—anything for change.

Mr. W. Cochrane went to Toronto with Queen's, but it is not on record as to how he rooted.

Mr. Hugh Ross has purchased a fast trotting bay horse.

Mr. Wm. Shea has the scene painting fever just now, and is doing wonders.

Mr. Wilfred Jones is deeply engaged in mastering the mysteries of the Contra Bass, and is succeeding admirably, although he must not expect to equal Columbine for some months yet.

Mr. Ed. Gilmour visited Toronto with Queen's and inspected the Lieutenant Governor's residence and Parliament Buildings. As a result he will vote the Patron ticket at the coming elections.

Mr. Joseph Haycock is once more to the front for Frontenac, with Mr. Gallagher as an opponent. Joseph is no shuttle-cock, nor yet a weather-cock, but decidedly a game-cock. It is said that Mr. Gallagher will knock him into a cocked hat, in the meanwhile the present member quietly exclaims, "Let her go Gallagher."

Mrs. Peirce is spending a brief holiday in St. Catherines.

Miss Gallagher has returned to Rockwood, after a three weeks' holiday.

The Rockwood Review.

Our readers must be patient with us if football matters seem to fill a great deal of space this month. Probably they will not be as prominent again for some time. The Granite Juniors succeeded in defeating the Brockville Juniors after two very severe contests, in which our boys had decidedly the best of the play. When it is stated that the Granite Juniors are better this year than ever before, it will be seen that the Brockville lads are not to be despised—at least on the football field. Unfortunately some of the bad elements of Brockville, in their anxiety to win at any cost, made a protest to the Union, in which the good name of the Granites was impugned. Although the Granites furnished absolute proof of the age of the player suspected of having passed the limit, the Union deliberately threw our boys out. If we were not possessed of the probable facts leading up to such astounding injustice being done to the lads, who have been ideal in their way of playing football, we might be inclined to wonder. That such things can be done is to be regretted, but when the Granites remember how much kindness and justice they have heretofore received at the hands of the Union, they can marvel at nothing in the way of unkindness. Their success at the game has excited the envy of the small minded rivals, and as the GLOBE expressed it, the Union accomplished something that no team could do, viz. threw them out of a series. The Granites have dignity enough left to withdraw from a Union from which the spirit of justice has departed. As a matter of fact football is following the other games already in disgrace in Canada, and that Rugby as at present played is already on its last legs, is recognized by the thoughtful ones. If the Universities will continue to preserve a pure game among themselves, there will arise

at least a better ideal than there is at present. Cup competitions should also be done away with, as they bring out all that is worst in boys and men. Inter-club competitions, for the "fun of the thing," would be far better. Look at cricket for example, it is called the gentleman's game, and will always be regarded as this, because it is played without betting, intense competition, and the one desperate resolve to win at any price. In cricket such things as trickery and protests are unknown, the game is played in good nature, and bad temper is out of the question. The Granites have played football in the same spirit, and to-day find themselves branded as perjurers by a lot of irresponsible boys in Toronto, who are blind to justice, although willing to advance the interests of men who are recognized as the bad elements in Rugby to-day, the fathers of professionalism and everything else that should be avoided.

The Granite seniors met with crushing defeat in their game with Brockville, and have nothing in the way of excuse to offer, beyond saying that the better team won. They went to Brockville merely to redeem a promise made to play, and before the game retired from the Union. Brockville determined to win at any cost, had lodged its usual protest, and without doubt would have won it, if it had ever come to trial, by the same means employed to capture the Junior Championship. The Granites did their best to win, and when the game was over, retired quietly to their boat, and left for home without mixing with men who have shown themselves unworthy of the title gentlemen. According to custom, they were treated to showers of mud when going along the street.

Black Squirrels have not been as numerous for twenty years or more. They are to be found everywhere.

The Rockwood Review.

Queen's has at last accepted the inevitable, and decided to play nothing but College men on its football teams. If they will apply this rule to all of their sports, and live up to it, sport will flourish as it has never done before in the University. This year's decision was not arrived at without a lot of bitter feeling and heart burnings, to say nothing of harsh things said and done. As was to be expected, those who wished to perpetuate the old order of affairs, said and did things in the heat of argument, for which they will eventually make amends, if they are true to themselves; at the same time it is not difficult to forgive these young men, who possibly do not see how far they have drifted from the course best for themselves and their Alma Mater. The victory won over Osgoode under such disheartening circumstances, showed the stuff of which the students were made, and was worth a hundred championships. It was not only a victory over Osgoode, but a triumph of the best elements over evil. Then again those boys who went to Toronto, to almost certain defeat, deserved more than praise. All honor then to the students of Queen's, who rose to the occasion and proved themselves able to defend their own honor, as well as that of their University.

Mr. William Moffatt has blossomed out into a first-class referee, and in a recent match gave decisions, which although questioned, were found to be quite correct when put to the test. "Billy" has too large a bump of caution to make many mistakes,

It is reported that Dr. Clarke brought home many samples of Brockville mud, for analysis, after the recent football match. He finds it a tenacious and stiff clay.

Miss Mitchell has resigned from the staff of Nurses in Rockwood, and will after a time take up private Nursing.

Brockville is certainly not an ideal place for sport. The people are extremely local and petty in their ideas, and in their anxiety to find defects in others, overlook their manifest faults. Their junior football players were made of different stuff from their supporters, and won the admiration of their opponents by their manly bearing, clever play and readiness to accept and acknowledge defeat when beaten by a better team. After all this is generally the difference between players and spectators, and the smaller the town generally the more unfair the onlooker. The Kingston crowd is often a noisy and troublesome one, sometimes an unfair one, but generally not slow to generously applaud the good play of an opposing team. The gentlemen who accompanied the Granite Juniors to Brockville, have reason not to forget their experience at the hands of the mob. It was a revelation as to the intensity of local enthusiasm, and like Dr. Foster of Mother Goose fame, some of them at least "will never go there again."

Mr. Ed. Hartrick who accompanied the Granites to Brockville, was seriously injured while walking quietly along the street with some of the team. Some forty or fifty hoodlums began to pelt the boys with stones. Mr. Hartrick had his head laid open and a large artery severed. He suffered from severe hemorrhage, and will bear an ugly scar for the rest of his days. Mr. C. R. Webster was struck on the back by a large stone immediately after the game, and had his leg injured by a club, and yet neither Mr. Webster nor Mr. Hartrick played football. It is sometimes safer to be in a game than out of it.

The Rockwood Review.

The female Nuthatch lays six eggs, of a dull white or roseate-white color, with small spots or dashes of light red. When sleeping, he turns head downwards and clings to the bark of a tree, or upon a wall with his sharp claws. The red-bellied Nuthatch is nearly like the white-bellied variety, differing only in his rufous colored under parts. Both remain with us during the whole year, although they may be more frequently found in the forest than near human dwellings in summer, and both are amongst the most valuable of our insectivorous birds. Let us now turn for a few moments to an examination of some members of the sub-order OSCINÆ, the Singing Birds, of which we have one of the most interesting families in TURDIDÆ, the Thrushes. I have already mentioned the sub-family MIMINÆ, the Mockers. Of these, the two best known to us are TURDUS RUFUS, the Brown Thrush and TURDUS FELIVOX, the Cat Bird. The Brown Thrush, more commonly spoken of as the Brown Thrasher, is about eleven inches long, cinnamon red in upper portions, with a lighter shade, streaked with brown below, and arrives about the last of April in ordinary seasons. The nest is to be found in a low bush, and sometimes upon the ground, at the foot of a shrub or wild vine, and near to swamps or streams. The eggs are from four to six, of a greenish or dirty white, and plentifully sprinkled with brown. Dr. Ross, a well known naturalist, resident in Toronto, describes the color as dull buff. The Thrasher is one of the sweetest singers, and one of the most active in his movements, but although he is classed with the Mocking Birds it is doubtful whether he really imitates. He is a determined enemy to the cut worms, and every gardener should therefore bid him welcome as a valuable assistant in the removal of one of our most obnoxious insect pests. He leaves Canada about the first of

October, wintering in southern latitudes. Our other Mocker is TURDUS FELIVOX, the Cat Bird, who next to the Robin, is the best known of our Thrushes. He is not so large as the Thrasher, being about nine inches in length, and is less conspicuous from plumage having a dull lead color, with wings so dark brown as to appear like a dirty black. The Cat Bird arrives about the middle of May, and generally remains near settlements, apparently delighted in the protection afforded by the near neighborhood of man, although coy and shy enough in his presence. The nest is a funny collection of all the odds and ends in the vicinity, although finished with workmanlike skill, and cleverly lined with fine grass or hair. I have seen old rags, bits of string, pieces of newspapers, and rope's end, worked up with sticks, grass and strips of bark in one of these constructions. The eggs are four and sometimes five in number, of a deep bright green color, and more ovate in form than those of the Robin. The Cat Bird, if not a sweet singer, is at least a noisy one, and is especially busy in early morning and evening. His imitative powers are really great, and it is difficult to detect the difference between his assumed notes and those of the bird for the moment represented. He is especially at home in imitation of the Robin, and I have seen a Cat Bird sufficiently ambitious to attempt the song of tame Canaries hung in a garden, and near whose cage he perched himself, but I am in honor bound to confess, although I do it somewhat reluctantly, that his effort in that direction was a signal failure. His plaintive cry, so like the mew of a cat as to give him his name, is peculiarly his own, and has deceived thousands into the belief that the sounds proceeded from an unfortunate pussy in a despondent state of mind. You may often hear it when walking in the woods, and approaching the

The Rockwood Review.

vicinity of the Cat Bird's nest. It may be used, and I believe that it is, for the purpose of distracting the intention of the intruder and generally succeeds in that object, unless you are acquainted with the habits of the bird. I have known two broods to be raised in one season, and this is the rule, I think, but Cat Birds are, nevertheless, not nearly so numerous as Robins. Early in October the Cat Bird goes south, where he spends his winters. The sweetest singer of the Thrush family is *TURDUS MELODUS*, the Song Thrush, which arrives in Canada shortly before the Queen's Birthday in favorable seasons, and speedily builds a nest in some low bush in the deep woods, in which four light-blue eggs are deposited. A little over eight inches in length, the Song Thrush is in color a light cinnamon brown, slightly leaning to red on the top of the head, and white, tinged with brown, on the under parts. He sings at early dawn and early twilight, and continues his song with energy on dull days preceding storms of rain. He is generally found near running water, and in the shelter of the thick bush. He may often be seen in our woods, and adds much to the attractiveness of a walk through their welcome shades. He leaves us for the south in October, taking his departure before the Robins. Another well-known singer is *TURDUS SOLITARIUS*, the Hermit Thrush, sometimes called the Swamp Robin, whose habits and general appearance are so similar to those of the bird just described, that they are frequently mistaken for each other. It nests in bushes or upon the ground, the eggs being blue in color and unspotted. The Olive-backed Thrush is another member of this family not frequently seen here, and, as its nature implies, is of an olive-brown color, with a decided shade of green. Its eggs differ from those of the Hermit Thrush, being of a greenish blue, and slightly spotted with dots and

blotches of reddish brown. It prefers the uplands to the swamps, and is a great insect feeder. I now come to the best known of our Thrushes, and the last to which I shall call your attention, our old and valuable friend, *TURDUS MIGRATORIUS*, the Robin. His voice and his form are familiar from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. Need I describe him? Is there a living Canadian with sight who has not looked admiringly upon his prim brown coat and glowing red vest, who has not heard his welcome chuckle in spring when the ground has still been covered, here and there, with snow, who has not laughed at his battles with the worms amongst the green grass and golden dandelions, who has not enjoyed the saucy cock of his finely rounded head, and who has not watched him rushing merrily through a sea of apple blossoms, the very personification of rollicking happiness and bustling mirth? In garden, or field or wood, he is equally at home, ever active, jovial and contented. His very song says "Cheer up." In spring he is welcome as the flowers; in summer he gives life to the dullest landscape; in fall he remains with us until the hard frost and falling flakes give him peremptory notice to quit. We may well call him an old friend. The same bird returns to the same locality for years, building in the same trees, and often renewing the same nest. I am convinced of this from personal observations. Four years ago, a robin with an injured wing made his summer home in my garden, and has annually returned, and I feel pretty confident that I shall renew his acquaintance before the end of March, if he has escaped the thousand accidents to which Robin life is subject. The Robin is a friend in another sense. He is the most determined grub destroyer we have. The quantity and number of insects consumed by his

The Rockwood Review.

family in the breeding season is something astonishing, and to a non-observer statements upon this point are hard to believe. But his utility in this respect is capable of easy proof, and I would ask every farmer or orchardist who sets down the bird as a mere fruit eater, and regards him from that point only, to watch a pair closely during the coming season, and then balance accounts between fruit eaten and fruit preserved from the ravages of grub and caterpillar, and give our feathered friend the benefit of the result, in increased care and less animosity. Prof. Treadwell, of Cambridge University, Mass., determined to satisfy himself upon this point, and for this purpose took two young robins from their nest, intending to bring them up by hand. Each weighed twenty-five pennyweights, and they were both plump and strong. The first night he gave three worms to each of them. Next day he increased the quantity to ten each, but feared that he was overfeeding them, and so on the third day decreased the supply to eight. One sickened, grew feeble, and died. The Professor opened it, and found the bird entirely empty, and wisely concluded that it had died from want of food. He gave an increased number of worms to the surviving bird, allowing it on the fourth day fifteen worms, on the fifth twenty-four, on the sixth twenty-five, on the seventh thirty, and on the eighth thirty-one. This number seemed insufficient as the bird was losing plumpness and weight. He therefore added a supply of raw meat, sand and gravel. On the eleventh day he gave forty worms, weighing twenty pennyweights, but the bird still fell off, and it was not until the fourteenth day, when the young Robin ate sixty-eight worms, or thirty-five pennyweights, that he began to increase in weight. The length of these worms, laid end to end, was about fourteen feet, or ten times the length of the

intestines of the bird. The little devourer ate forty-one per cent more than his own weight in twenty-four hours. At the same rate, how many worms would a pair of robins require for a nest of young ones during a summer's day? Two hundred and fifty daily, or, better still, their equivalent in the shape of insects or their larvæ. As the Professor calculates, this would need a worm, or its equivalent, every two and two-fifths minutes for ten hours supply, in addition to the food consumed by the parent birds themselves. I need add nothing to prove the usefulness of the Robin as an insect destroyer, and what has been told of him might be told of every other bird noticed by me in this paper. In these facts, have we not the strongest possible arguments in favor of the strict enforcement of the law enacted for the protection of our insectivorous birds, and is it not the duty of every good citizen to aid in seeing it faithfully carried out.

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The Rockwood Review.

CREMONA FIDDLES.

Charles Reade was a well known authority on fiddles, and wrote of them "con amore." Writing of the celebrated collector, Luigi Tarisio, he told the following excellent story, which is quite true:—

Nearly fifty years ago, a gaunt Italian, called Luigi Tarisio, arrived in Paris one day with a lot of instruments, by makers whose names were hardly known. The principal dealers, whose minds were narrowed, as is often the case, to three or four makers, would not deal with him. M. George Chanut, younger and more intelligent, purchased largely, and encouraged him to return. He came back next year with a better lot; and yearly increasing his funds, he flew at the highest game; and, in the course of thirty years, imported nearly all the finest specimens of Stradivarius and Guarnerius, France possesses. He was the greatest connoisseur that ever lived, or ever can live, because he had the true mind of a connoisseur and vast opportunities. He ransacked Italy before the tickets in the Violins of Franciscus Stradivarius, Alexander Gagliano, Lorenzo Guadagnini, Giofredus Cappa, Gobetti, Morglatn Morella, Antonio Mariani, Santo Maggini and Matteo Bente, of Brescia; Michael Angelo Bergonzi, Montagnana, Thomas Balestrieri, Storioni, Vincenzo Rugger, the Testori, Petrus Guarnerius, of Venice; and fully fifty more, had been tampered with, that every brilliant masterpiece might be assigned to some popular name. To his immortal credit, he fought against this mania; and his motto was, "A TOUT SEIGNEUR TOUT HONNEUR." The man's whole soul was in Fiddles. He was a great dealer, but a greater amateur. He had gems by him no money would buy from him. No. 91 was one of them. But for his death, you would never have cast eyes on it (in Kensington). He has often talked to me of it; but he would never let me see it,

for fear I should tempt him.

Well, one day, George Chanut, Sen., who is perhaps the best judge of Violins left, now Tarisio is gone, made an excursion to Spain to see if he could find anything there. He found mighty little. But, coming to the shop of a Fiddlemaker, one Ortega, he saw the belly of an old Bass hung up with other things. Chanut rubbed his eyes, and asked himself was he dreaming. The belly of a Stradivarius Bass roasting in a shop window! He went in, and very soon bought it for about forty francs. He then ascertained that the Bass belonged to a lady of rank. The belly was full of cracks; so, not to make two bites of a cherry, Ortega had made a nice new one. Chanut carried this precious fragment home, and hung it up in his shop, but not in the window; for he is too good a judge not to know the sun will take all the colour out of the maker's varnish. Tarisio came in from Italy, and his eye lighted instantly on the Stradivarius belly. He pestered Chanut till the latter sold it to him for 1000 francs (£40), and told him where the rest was. Tarisio no sooner knew this than he flew to Madrid. He learned from Ortega where the lady lived, and called on her to see it. "Sir," says the lady, "it is at your disposition." That does not mean much in Spain. When he offered to buy it, she coquetted with him, said it had been long in her family; money could not replace a thing of that kind; and, in short, she put on the screw, as she thought, and sold it to him for about 4000 francs (£160). What he did with the Ortega belly is not known—perhaps sold it to some person in the toothpick trade. He sailed exultingly for Paris with the Spanish Bass in a case. He never let it out of his sight. The pair were caught by a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The ship rolled; Tarisio clasped his Bass tightly, and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they

The Rockwood Review.

were in real danger. Tarisio spoke of it to me with a shudder. I will give you his real words, for they struck me at the time, and I have often thought of them since. "AH! MY POOR MR. READE, THE BASS OF SPAIN WAS ALL BUT LOST."

Was not this a true connoisseur? A genuine enthusiast? Observe, there was also an ephemeral insect called Luigi Tarisio, who would have gone down with the Bass, but that made no impression on his mind. DE MINIMIS NON CURAT LUDOVICUS.

He got it safe to Paris. A certain high-priest in these mysteries, called Vuillaume, with the help of a sacred vessel called the glue-pot, soon rewedded the back and sides to the belly; and the Bass, being now just what it was when the ruffian Ortega put his finger in the pie, was sold for 20,000 francs (over £800).

I saw the Spanish Bass in Paris twenty-two years ago, and you can see it any day this month you like; for it is the identical Violoncello now on show at Kensington, numbered 188. Who would divine its separate adventures, to see it all reposing so calm and uniform in that case?—POST TOT NAUFRAGIA TUTUS.

THE LADY BASS-VIOL.

It was in the days of stage-coaches, and one of those huge lumbering vehicles was ploughing its way in a driving rain-storm, filled inside and outside with passengers. Among the number of the more fortunate insiders was a respected, bald-headed old gentleman, who seemed to be very solicitous about a lady riding on the roof. Every few minutes he popped out his head, regardless of the rain, and shouted to some one above, "Well, how is she now?" And the answer came, "All right." "Is she getting wet?" inquired the old man. "No; not much," was the reply. "Well, can't you put

something round her. 'Twill never do to have her to get wet, you know." "We've got everything around her we can get." "Haven't you got an old coat or a rug?" "No; not a rag more." A sympathetic young man, hearing all this, and feeling alarmed for the poor lady out in the storm, inquired of the old gentleman why they didn't let her ride inside, and not out on the roof. "Bless you, there ain't room!" exclaimed the old man. "Not room! Why, I'll give her my place. It's too bad." "Not at all, sir, not at all. We couldn't get her into the coach anyhow." Amazed at her prodigious dimensions, the kind young man said, "Well, sir, if my coat would be of any service, she may have it;" and suiting the action to the word, he took off that garment, and handed it to the old gentleman. "It's almost a pity, sir, to get your overcoat wet; but—" "Not at all, sir—by no means. Pass it up to her." The coat was accordingly passed up. "How'll that do for her?" asked the old gentleman. "Tip-top! Just the ticket! All right now." Thus relieved, no further anxiety was manifested about the outside passenger till the coach arrived at the inn, when what was the sympathetic and gallant young man's surprise and indignation to find that this nice coat had been wrapped around, not a fair lady of unusual proportions, but a DOUBLE-BASS VIOL.

THE VICTOR FIDDLER.

Two rustics were long at variance as to their respective abilities on the Violin. They ultimately decided to have the matter tested by a Professor, staking a sum at the same time as to the result. After a patient, though no doubt painful hearing of the combatants, the Professor addressed one of them, said—"You are the worst player ever I heard in my life." "Then," cried the other, rapturously, "I am the victor." "No," said the Professor, "You can't play at all."

The Rockwood Review.

THANKSGIVING.

(AL FRESCO.)

Solo and interlude and chorus all together—
Robins in the rowan trees holding festival;
Sparrows and thrushes, birds of sober feather
Gather for thanksgiving dinner in the fall.

Blow-ball and honeydew, chickweed and thistle down
Furnish forth the larder when summer days are long,
For goldfinch and hummingbird, waxwing and cropple-crown,
When catbird and purple finch fill the fields with song.

Now the golden wheat fields are shorn and brown with stubble,
And spider nets and dewdrops glisten in the sun,—
All the busy nest-building, and all the toil and trouble
Feeding little eager mouths for the year is done.

Hip and haw and mullein-stalk are rifled of their treasures,
Chickadees are piping where swung the oriole;
Swallows on the housetop take preliminary measures
For the annual flitting toward the southern goal.

All the trees are burning in russet reds and yellows,
Purple blooms and umbers flaming banners flaunt;
Crows in the fir-trees, shrewd loquacious fellows,
Solemnly discuss their usual autumn jaunt.

Sunny days grow shorter, and lengthened shadows sober
Early veil the landscape, and bring the evening cheer;
And so the wide world bourgeons, and mellows in October,
And brings the glad thanksgiving of the ripe round year.

K. S. McL.

The Rockwood Review.

THE SWALLOWS.

There are seven common species of swallows within the limits of Canada, four of which have, to some extent, abandoned their primitive nesting habits and attached themselves to the abodes of man. As a group, swallows are gregarious and social in an eminent degree. Some species build nests in large colonies, occasionally numbering thousands; in the case of others only two or three pairs are found together; while still others nest habitually in single pairs.

Their habits are too familiar to require any extended description. Their industry and tirelessness are wonderful, and during the day it is rare to see swallows at rest except just before their departure for the South, when they assemble upon telegraph wires or upon the roofs of buildings, apparently making plans for the journey.

A noticeable characteristic of several of the species is their attachment to man. In the eastern part of the country the barn swallow (*CHELIDON ERYTHROGASTRA*) (fig. 16) now builds exclusively under roofs, having entirely abandoned the rock caves and cliffs in which it formerly nested. More recently the cliff swallow (*PETROCHELIDON LUNIFRONS*) has found a better nesting site under the eaves of buildings than was afforded by the overhanging cliffs of earth or stone which it once used, and to which it still resorts occasionally in the East, and habitually in the unsettled West. The martin (*PROGNE SUBIS*) and white-bellied swallow (*TACHYCINETA BICOLOR*) nest either in houses supplied for the purpose, in abandoned nests of woodpeckers, or in natural crannies in rocks. The other species have not yet abandoned their primitive habitats, but possibly may do so as the country becomes more thickly settled.

Field observation will convince any ordinarily attentive person that the food of swallows must consist

of the smaller insects captured in mid-air, or perhaps in some cases picked from the tops of tall grass or weeds. This observation is borne out by an examination of stomachs, which shows that the food consists of many small species of beetles which are much on the wing; many species of Diptera (mosquitoes and their allies), with large quantities of flying ants and a few insects of similar kinds. Most of them are either injurious or annoying, and the numbers destroyed by swallows are not only beyond calculation, but almost beyond imagination.

The white-bellied swallow eats a considerable number of berries of the bayberry, or wax-myrtle. During migrations and in winter it has a habit of roosting in these shrubs, and it probably obtains the fruit at that time.

It is a mistake to tear down the nests of a colony of cliff swallows from the eaves of a barn, for so far from disfiguring a building the nests make a picturesque addition, and their presence should be encouraged by every device. It is said that the cliff and barn swallows can be induced to build their nests in a particular locality, otherwise suitable, by providing a quantity of mud to be used as mortar. Barn swallows may also be encouraged by cutting a small hole in the gable of the barn, while martins and white-bellied swallows will be grateful for boxes like those for the bluebird, but placed in some higher situation.

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