



Vol 4 no 6

Aug 97



# Rockwood

# Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to  
Literature, Natural History and

Local News.



## The Rockwood Review.

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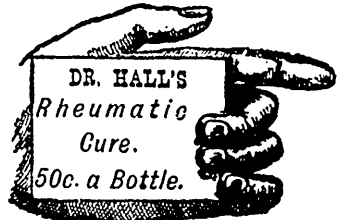
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VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, AUGUST 1ST, 1897.

No. 6.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Nellie Jackson has returned from her holiday.

Miss Addie Stuart, who was laid up in "Beechgrove" for a few days, is able to go about again.

The rivalry between the Iris and Viola seems to have ceased—perhaps Skipper Davidson will be able to stir up a little enthusiasm after his return.

Mr. R. Mathison, Superintendent of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, P. H. Bryce, Secretary Provincial Board of Health, and wife, called at Rockwood lately.

The Athletic Club of Kingston have been making much needed improvements on their grounds, and the bicycle track will no longer be regarded as the most dangerous in Canada. A great deal of filling in has been done, a second grand stand erected, and fences to control the crowd, put up. It will now rank as the next best ground to Rosedale for general sports, and as a football ground is everything that could be desired.

The "Granites" (Football) do not like asking the citizens to contribute to the expense fund every year, although they have always been treated liberally, but feel that they should do something for the money given. Early in September they will put on a first-class Minstrel Show, in which the best of the local talent, musical and dramatic, will take part. One of the features of the entertainment will be a Football Farce—in fact football will be the prevailing idea from beginning to end.

The music loving residents of the west end of Portsmouth are congratulating themselves on the recent arrivals. The evening air is now heavily laden with violin music, chiefly Scottish melodies, varying from grave to gay, with an occasional sentimental ditty thrown in,

The springboard used by the many swimmers at Rockwood is a great success, and if the snap shot artist comes around some morning at seven o'clock, he will get some startling results, which would work up well as transparencies for local magic lantern exhibitions.

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C. M. Clarke, Francis Hartrick, Thomas Kerr and Melville Porter are fitting out the yacht *Viola* for a cruise in the Bay of Quinte. They propose calling at Stella, Emerald, Glenora, Castile Soap Retreat, McDonald's Cove, and possibly at various cheese factories along the shore. Their anticipations of pleasure, judged by the list of articles considered necessary for their material comfort must be decidedly tinged with bright colors, and we sincerely trust that their well known fondness for sundry products of the farm, will not lead them into adventures in which popular imagination generally figures, empty hen roosts, enraged farmers, active bulldogs and double barrelled shotguns. C. M. C. is Skipper of the yacht, F. H., Steward, T. K., Cook, M. P., active sailor. All class distinctions are to disappear at meal times, but as yet no one has been found to accept the position of dishwasher.

It is with pleasure we record the presence in Kingston of Mr. Paul Hahn, the accomplished violin cello player. Mr. Hahn resides in Toronto, where he is regarded as an important factor in the musical culture of the city. His technique is excellent, his tone broad, and he plays with a depth of feeling which brings out the sympathetic qualities of the cello, an instrument almost unrivalled for solo purposes in the hands of an artist. As Mr. Hahn is very young, no doubt a brilliant musical career is before him. He has made many warm friends in Kingston.

The Biograph at Lake Ontario Park is considered a great success, and attracts its thousands, enriching thereby the minds of the multitude and the pockets of King Ben. Our grocery man (and we have a long headed one too), suggests that some local subjects would bring larger crowds still, and gives a list of suggestive pictures.

Dignity—The City Council electing a City Clerk.

Innocence—King Ben introducing, say, a Street Railway Bill to the Aldermen.

Hope—A next year's candidate for the Mayoralty addressing the Council.

Faith—Aldermen debating the Coal Oil Scheme.

Charity—Aldermen in midnight session over a political deadlock.

Such pictures as these would have a strong educational effect, and no doubt would be of value, particularly at election times. Ajax defying the lightning would not be a circumstance to some of the aldermen who wax indignant over the erring ways of the other aldermen. There are artistic possibilities as well as dollars in the scheme.

The football farce to be put on by the "Granites" in September is called the "Revolving Wedge." It is an exceedingly clever and innocent farce, full of humor and devoid of "horse play." The orchestra will contain fourteen or sixteen instruments, and the Minstrels will give songs which are quite new to Kingston audiences.



## The Rockwood Review.

Brunnichs Murres (Foolish Guillemots) were seen about Kingston early in July. On July 8th, one was captured by our Business Manager, in a well contested diving match, and placed in McLeod Basin, where its peculiar habits attracted much attention. These birds are marvellous divers, and like all of the class make wonderful speed beneath water, by the use of their wings. They really fly under water with great rapidity. The occurrence of Brunnichs Mures on Lake Ontario is of great rarity, although on a few occasions they have been observed, generally late in the fall or in winter. So far as known they have never before been recorded in the summer time, and it is difficult to account for their presence.

Sometimes we have vague rumors of birds destroying their young when interfered with, but it is not a simple matter to confirm the rumors. In the early days of July a High-holder brought off her young in the Rockwood Grounds, and when the birds were able to fly, a patient carried two to the Main Building, and two more were taken in a different direction. The young ones were at once returned to the Grounds, but one of the old birds deliberately killed the fledgings one by one, and seemed to be in a perfect fury of passion when killing them. There were so many witnesses of the scene that no question of the deliberate intention of the old bird to destroy the young ones could be entertained, and the wounds about the head furnished sufficient evidence of the viciousness of the parents.

Mr. J. Davidson has gone on an extended yachting trip to Lake Superior.

Rockwood Bicycle Club had its first run on Wednesday, July 7th, the weather being particularly suited for that sort of thing—that is with a genial warmth (96° in the shade), permeating the atmosphere. A start was to have been made at four p. m., but at that hour several "blowouts" occurred, and it was four-thirty when Mascot Shea made his first round of the fountain circle, before the admiring gaze of the many ladies who were assembled to witness the start. The leaders did the seven miles in twenty minutes, and claimed that they were neither hot nor tired—the sensible riders came to the shady nook, where cool drinks were dispensed from the ambulance waggon half-an-hour later. Aquatic and other sports, including an exhibition in phrenology and hypnotism, by Prof. W. Shea, were indulged in. An excellent repast, prepared by the thoughtful ones at home, was disposed of, and home was reached at 7.30 p. m., All voted the run an immense success.

Those who arrived first, scorched, those who came in last were scorched. It was a day for scorching.

Mr. Robert Gage, of Riverside, Cal., was a guest at Rockwood House in July.

The following visitors were at Rockwood and Rockwood House in July:—Miss Maude Dunstan, Miss Marion Martin, Miss Brown, Miss Cummings, Miss Ethel Metcalfe, Miss Olive Secord, Toronto, Master Harold Workman, Stratford, Mrs. Terrill, Belleville.

Dr. and Mrs. Forster are spending their holidays at Lovesick Lake, where they report camping pleasant and fishing excellent.

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### MARRIED.

Ross.—McWaters.—At the residence of the bride's father, Portsmouth, on the 28th June, 1897, by the Rev. Godfrey Shore, Hugh Ross, Head Farmer, Rockwood Hospital, Kingston, to Mary, second daughter of T. McWaters.

Carr.—McWaters.—At the residence of the bride's father, Portsmouth, on the 28th June, 1897, by the Rev. Godfrey Shore, William Carr, Head Gardener, Rockwood Hospital, to Matilda, third daughter of T. McWaters.

We were quite successful in receiving a fair complement of marriage notices this month, and judging by appearances there are more to follow.

Hearty congratulations are extended to the newly married couples.

The serenade organized by a youthful enthusiast and accomplished cornet player on our staff, in honor of the newly married, fell through for reasons best known to himself. It is supposed that he had an eye to the future.

Our Business Manager has decided to give up bicycle racing as a pastime, and makes his last appearance on the race track on August 2nd, at the great meet here.

Rockwood Band, under the leadership of Mr. Madill, played at the Garden Party given by the Nurses of the General Hospital, in aid of a Nurses' Home, and at the Old Peoples' Feast, at the House of Providence, on July 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockie, of Toronto, and Mr. Mathews, Superintendent of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, called at Rockwood recently.

The latest victim of the Bicycle craze is Miss I. M. Walker, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville.

Mr. W. Madill has been spending a well earned holiday.

The first Regatta given by the new Yacht Club was spoiled by lack of wind, otherwise it would have been a great success, the boats in the 27-foot class being a very promising lot. Although Kingston did not figure prominently in the list of prizes won, if there had been a good breeze a different tale might have been told.

The Football season looms up in the distance, and already there is a current of enthusiasm arising. It is to be hoped that all will unite to keep the game at high water mark, and sink petty jealousies in the endeavor to put football on a higher plane than it has yet reached. The Granites will commence practice early in September, and endeavor to put two first-class representative Kingston teams in the field, and it goes without saying that these boys will live up to the high ideal they have always striven for.

The Kingston papers state that many very fine swimmers are to be found at the Yacht Club. When they make up the list of long distance performers, they should not forget Rockwood, which has a long string of swimmers, able to do any distance from one mile up to five, to say nothing of their diving ability.

Some people would never be heard of, were it not for an apt faculty of "blowing their own horn." Our new Stoker will never sink into "innocuous desuetude" as long as he has the blowing of the Hospital whistle. If we are to measure his attention to his other duties by the standard of his performance with the whistle, certainly he is an assiduous employee. What with the unearthly and prolonged shriek of the whistle and explosive notes on the cornet, "Jim" is the champion horn-blower of Rockwood.

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### GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

In the blazing heat of July, it is more easy to read than to write, while even thought is an exertion beyond the mental powers of many men, and even of some women. At such a time, long dissertations are out of place, but it is not difficult to reproduce some of the good things which previous reading has tempted one to jot down.

Of such are the anecdotes which enrich the pages of the memoirs given to the world by Dean Hole, who recently visited America, and whose skill as a Rose culturist has made him world famous. He is the Dean Ramsay of England, and tells yarns of his fellow churchmen with the chuckle which accompanied the story telling of the author of "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." The parish clerk of the English Church takes the place of the Minister's Man, and although the humor of the one is not so pawky as that of the other, it is to the reader as full of genuine fun. Let us sample a pudding full of plums. The Dean knew a tedious preacher—and who has not?—who took holiday, while a brother clergyman temporarily occupied his place. After leaving the pulpit, the new comer disrobed in the Vestry, and apologized to the clerk for the shortness of his discourse, explaining that it was because a dog had been in his study and torn out some pages of the sermon. "And, sir," promptly said the Clerk, "do you think that you could spare our vicar a pup?"

On Her Majesty's accession, a loyal parish clerk, reading his response in the service, changed the masculine to the feminine prefix, and solemnly droned out, "And blessed be the name of Her Majesty for ever, and all the earth shall be filled with Her Majesty. Amen and amen."

And when he made the usual intimation as to the swearing in of

the Churchwardens, he pompously announced: "The Venerable, the Archdeacon, will attend on Thursday next, at Southwell, and swear at the Churchwardens."

In Lincolnshire, a plover, or peewit, is called by the country folk, a "pywipes." The old Clerk, hard of hearing, was asked whether there were many Puseyites in his neighborhood. "Naw!" he replied; "there's nowt like so many as there used to be. We teks their eggs."

Here is a sly poking of fun at the celibate clergy. A lady leaving a church, asked the verger whether the preacher was married, and received the reply: "Naw, marm; our preacher is a chalybeate."

A noisy preacher was thus spoken of by a farmer's wife. "That young man we've got roars so loud that John canna sleep comfortable." But the Dean reaches the climax in this line when he tells how a vicar, beginning one of his long and wearying discourses, was astonished at seeing one of his parishoners who had been there before, take off his boots and put them outside the pew door, determined to make a night of it.

The Dean says that a country clergyman offered up the usual prayer for rain. It poured soon after. Said his churchwarden to his clerk: "This is a sop too much." "Yes," replied the clerk; "its just like passon. He allos owerdoes owt he undertakes."

When old Lord Landerdale was suffering from inomnia, his medical attendant said that if he didn't sleep he would die. Whereupon his little grandchild remarked, "Why don't they send for the Rector?" The Rector was sent for, and the nobleman slept.

In Nottinghamshire a clergyman had a well filled churchyard, and was puzzled to find room for graves in other than in the northern portion, usually appropriated to suicides and paupers. One of his parishioners was on her deathbed, and he asked her to consent to be

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buried in his tabooed ground, so as to help to remove the popular prejudice against interment therein. She listened attentively, if somewhat impatiently, and at last broke in with: "Well, sir, so you seem to think one part of the churchyard is as good as another, an' that it maks no differ where we be put, p'raps you'll gie us a lead."

He declares that there is no limit to the combination of fanaticism and hypocrisy, and tells his hearers that cannibalism was practised in the Court of King Ethelforth, and that Gurge, a Welshman, had a male and female Kymry killed for his eating daily, except on Saturday, when he slew two of each, so that he might not be guilty of breaking the Sabbath. In our own time a man drunk with a Sunday supply of whiskey, has been heard to solemnly reprove a companion for whustling on the Sabbath.

The Dean revives an ancient Milkism by saying that the style of singing in vogue in his younger days involved much repetition, and that one choir coming under his observation sweetly sang: "O turn my pi—, O turn, my pi—, O, turn pious soul to thee."

He has an amusing Hibernian story, wherein he relates how an Irish preacher, who had expressed the belief that some very "wicked" people were lineal descendants of those who perished in the flood, was constrained to modify his statement when reminded of their extinction, but recovered himself so far as to promptly remark that, although he couldn't prove their pedigree there was a very strong family likeness.

Leaving things ecclesiastical, the jolly Dean has a good story or two about matters of more mundane character, which may be retold here.

He tells that when the moustache was a novelty—as it was when the Queen ascended the throne—a Lancashire man saw his first skye terrier, and hearing his master say

that it had been presented to its present owner by an officer in the Eleventh Hussars, whom the countryman had seen, at once exclaimed. "I guessed as much, for it favvers (favors) him i' the faace."

Speaking of the common use of the terms Lady and Gentleman as a peculiarity of the age, he says that all women are "ladies," while seventy per cent of Englishmen, when receiving epistolary communications, are "Esquires." Here is how he illustrates the absurdity of this sort of thing.

"Jemimerann," said a robust mother to her daughter of seven summers, "if yer doan't drop them naughty tricks,"—(the playful little damsel was filling her sweet little bucket from the sands at Margate, and emptying it into the coat pockets of an elderly gentleman who was dozing on a bench hard by)—"ar' come ere an' behave like a lady, I'll smack yer chops."

A witness giving evidence in a Court of Justice, said: "When I see that ere gentleman in the handcuffs a pommelling that ere lady wi' the black eye, I says to my missus, 'Them's ways I don't hold on to,' an' 'Billy,' she says, says she, 'You'd better not.'"

The infant terrible, of course, figures in the Dean's Memoirs.

A little boy at luncheon table, exclaimed to a visitor, who was raising his glass to his lips: "Oh, please, Mr. Topper, wait and let me see you drink. Uncle Tom said that you drink like a fish, and I want to see you do it."

A little girl, addressing another visitor, said: "I kna who you are—you're Blanche's last chance. I heard Pa say so."

And yet another of the terrible Little Folks said to a lady, complaining of the toothache: "Why don't you take out your teeth and put them on your dressing table, as Aunt Belle does, before you go to bed."

"I have just heard of your daughter's engagement," a gentle-

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man said to a lady; "allow me to offer my hearty congratulations." "Oh, thanks," was the reply, "you are very kind. Jenny hates the man, but there's always a something, you know."

The Dean cannot be allowed to go on forever, and we must, however reluctantly, leave his memoirs, but not before extracting from them the following lines, and the expression of the wish that the jolly old fellow may live long enough to give still another volume of good things.

Verses written after entering his teens:—

When first I saw the golden curls,  
Of William Barlow's youngest  
sister,  
I loved her most of all the girls,  
And more and more I sadly missed  
her.

And though Bill Barlow, when I  
praised  
And told him that I loved his sister,  
Came at me with a stick, and raised  
Upon my arm a horrid blister.

And though I struck him on the  
nose,  
I still adored his youngest sister;  
And after that exchange of blows  
More madly for my wife I wished  
her.

Again we met, so sweet, so shy.—  
She called me 'Sir,' and likewise  
'Mister:'

I never saw such modesty,  
As that of William Barlow's sister.

We shared each other's hopes and  
fears,

We smiled, and sighed, and spoke  
in whisper,

And did not heed the silly jeers  
Of William Barlow's other sisters.

And it was Christmas time, you  
know,

And she was kind, that youngest  
sister,

And so beneath the mistletoe,  
I offered her my hand,—and—

(Here the manuscript is illegible.)

### STORY OF A STAINER VIOLIN.

A Stainer Violin was sold in Lubeck some few months ago for 750 dollars. Early in this century it was purchased for 100 dollars, which was then considered a high price for it. Since that time, however, the value of Stainer instruments has risen so remarkably that the price paid in Lubeck is regarded as phenomenally low.

The most costly Stainer in the world was sold in 1791 for 6,000 dollars, under the curious circumstances. The German Count Wenzel Trauttmansdorf entertained at his castle Emperor Charles VI., King Frederick William, of Prussia, and other Princes of high and low degree, such as flooded Germany in those dissonant days. For their pleasure he had arranged violin concerts by Faustina and Mauro Alessi. Alessi played on a wonderful Cremona instrument so exquisitely that he moved the Count to tears. After the first concert the Count determined that he must have the Cremona for his own private concert master. He offered fabulous sums for it, but Alessi said he would sooner sell his life, and so the negotiations came to naught.

The rumour of the Count's attempt to get the Cremona went abroad, and some weeks later an unknown old man appeared at the castle door with a worn and shabby violin case under his arm. The servants refused to admit him.

"Tell your master," he said to them, "that heaven's music is waiting at his door."

The Count received him. The old man drew from the unworthy case a perfect instrument, the work of Jacob Stainer's own hand, and played it so marvellously that the Count and his people forgot all about the Cremona. The old man was willing to let his instrument go on the condition that he might pass the rest of his life near it and play it once daily. The haggling as to the price lasted for two weeks, at

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the end of which the Count got the Stainer by agreeing to give the old man 150 dollars in money at once, free food and shelter for life, free light and wood, one new suit of clothes annually, one-half bushel of wheat and three dollars monthly, all the hares he could eat, a measure of wine daily, and two huge barrels of beer every year. The old man lived almost twenty years after having made this contract, played almost daily on his adored instrument before the Count, and consumed fully 6,000 dollars worth of the Count's money and provisions. His violin is still preserved intact. It was last played in 1854 at the marriage of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria.

The maker of all "Stainers," as well as the father of the German violin, was Jacob Stainer, of Absam, in the Tyrol. He lived from 1621 to 1683.

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Some one asks to give a correct version of "Lac St. Pierre." I cannot promise to do that, for I have seen more versions of it than I have fingers, but I can give that which seems to be generally accepted.

The poem was written by Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, although several MODEST authors have claimed it.

### A BALLAD OF LAC ST. PIERRE.

'Twas one dark night on Lac St. Pierre,

An' de win' she blow, blow, blow;  
When the crew of the wood-scow  
Jule La Plante

Get scare an' run below.

For de win' she's blow like hurri-  
cane;

Bime-by she's blow some more;

An' de scow buss up on Lac St.  
Pierre,

One harpent from the shore.

Decapitan she's walk de front deck;

She's walk de hind deck too;

She's call de crew from up de hol';

She's call de cook also.

Dat cook his name was Rosa.

He's come from Mo'real,

Was chambermaid on a lumber barge

On that big Lachine Canal.

De win' she's blow "from nor' eas'  
wes',

An' de sout win' she's blow too;

When Rosa say, "Oh, capitan,

Vatever shall we do?"

De capitan den she's frow de hank,

But still that scow she drif';

An' the crew he can't pass on dat  
shore,

Because he's lose de skiff.

De night was dark like one black  
cat,

An' de waves roll high an' fass;

Wen the capitan take poor Rosa,

An' she lash him to de mast.

Den de capitan put on de life-  
preserve.

An' she jump into de lac,

An' say, "Good-bye, my Rosa dear;

I go down for your sake."

Nex' mornin' very hearily,

'Bout half-past two, three, four,

De capitan, cook and wood-scow

Lay corpses on dat shore.

For de win' she's blow like hurri-  
cane;

Bime-by she's blow some more;

An' de scow buss up on Lac St.  
Pierre,

One harpent from de shore.

Now all you wood-scow sailor-mans

Take warnin' by dat storm,

Au' go an' marry one nice French  
girl,

An' live on one nice farm,

Den de win' may blow like hurri-  
cane,

An' s'pose she's blow some more,

You von't get drown on Lac St.  
Pierre,

So long you stay on shore.

## The Rockwood Review.

### A STRAY SEA-BIRD.

Leagues and leagues inland, through forest and field and plain,  
Out from the winding river, the gulf and the roaring main,  
Child of the sea and the cliff, and the broad free spaces of air,  
Why art thou here where winds are soft, and summer sunshine fair?

Captive, alas, and maimed, under these alien skies,  
Already the fierce light dims in thy bold unwinking eyes,—  
Weary the oaring feet, and the strong shorn pinions fail,  
Yearning towards the deep, and the salt unfettered gale.

Hear'st thou in thy dying ears the roar and the plunge of waves—  
The thunder of breaking seas in the far-off island caves,—  
The rush of a thousand wings in the thick of the rock-flung spray,  
And the cries of thy sea-born mates in wild and stormy play?

Nay, these are the summer sounds of another and softer clime,  
The tinkling splash of the fountain, the silvery vesper chime  
Of village bells, the songs of birds of field and wood and lake,  
Instead of the scream of the white seagull, and the cries of the Kittiwake.

A thousand leagues to the great chalk cliffs where the haunts of thy kindred rise,  
And the wide sea rolls its combing waves under those mist-hung skies;  
A thousand leagues—but it matters not—thy prison days are past,  
And the morrow's sun shall look upon the captive freed at last.

K. S. McL.

## The Rockwood Review.

### A UNIQUE PETITION.

Mr. G. F. Hoar, United States Senator, presented a unique petition to the Massachusetts House of Representatives a week or so ago, with the result that it is now a crime for women or men to wear birds in their hats, &c. The petition ran as follows:—

"TO THE GREAT AND GENERAL COURT OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS:

"We, the songbirds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this our humble petition. We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at your windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your children, especially your poor children, to play in. Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm. And we know that whenever you do anything the people all over this great land between the seas and the great lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same. We know. We know.

"We are Americans just the same as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came across the great sea. But most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and the birds like us have welcomed your fathers when they came here many, many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

"Now, we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls,

who, we should think, would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us for mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us; as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or in a glass case. If this goes on much longer all our song birds will be gone. Already we are told in some other countries that used to be full of birds they are now almost gone. Even the nightingales are being killed in Italy.

"Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this and will save us from this sad fate. You have always made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please make another one that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one will kill us to get them? We want them all ourselves. You pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for a blackbird to whistle.

"If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your garden and flower beds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs, and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, oriole and bluebird and blackbird and bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you. And when you go home tired after



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sundown vesper sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit down on your porch after dark, fivebird and hermit thrush and wood thrush will sing to you, and even whippoorwill will cheer you up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you."

The singers are:

Brown Thrasher,	Kingbird,
Robert o' Lincoln,	Swallow,
Hermit thrush,	Cedarbird,
Vesper sparrow,	Cowbird,
Robin redbreast,	Martin,
Song sparrow,	Veery,
Scarlet tanager,	Vireo,
Summer redbird,	Oriole,
Blue heron,	Blackbird,
Hummingbird,	Fifebird,
Yellowbird,	Wren,
Whip-poor-will,	Linnet,
Water wagtail,	Peewee,
Woodpecker,	Phoebe,
Pigeon woodpecker,	Yokebird,
Indigo bird,	Lark,
Yellow throat,	Sandpiper,
Wilson's thrush,	Chewink.
Chickadee.	

This document so fired the members of the House and Senate with enthusiasm that the bill went through and was a law before the protesting feather dealers could say caterpillar.

New Yorkers who are familiar with the law have been a little inclined to laugh at the fix in which the women and feather dealers of Massachusetts find themselves. Perhaps they do not know that a bill similar in provisions was passed by the New York Legislature at its last session, but failed to receive the Governor's signature. The Governor's private secretary said that it was not signed for the reason that the measure was not approved by the Commissioner of Fisheries, Game, and Forest, but there is a suspicion that the feather dealers persuaded him not to sign it.

Chief Rufus Wade of the Massa-

chusetts district police sent out today to all milliners and dealers in birds' feathers a circular containing a copy of the act passed by the last State Legislature, and which says in substance that neither the body nor the feathers of Massachusetts song birds shall be used for the purpose of ornamenting hats or bonnets. Chief Wade says that he will prosecute the enforcement of the law. Besides the circulars, the members of the State police in all parts of Massachusetts have also had the text of the law called to their attention.

Chief Wade takes exceptions to Police Commissioner Martin's interpretation of the law, in effect that a woman could not be arrested under it because only the pronoun "his" is used.

The law reads: "Whoever shall have in his possession the body or the feathers of any bird whose taking or killing is prohibited," &c. Police Commissioner Martin declared yesterday that none but men could be arrested under that clause, but Chief Wade quotes section 3 of chapter 3 of the laws to support his position. This section reads:

"Words importing the singular number may extend and be applied to several persons and things; words importing the plural number may include the singular, and words importing the masculine gender may be applied to females."

Representatives of millinery firms say that not one of the feathers used for trimming hats is taken from birds killed in Massachusetts; that the plumage used comes largely from the South or else is imported from France and Germany.

(From New York SUN.)

## The Rockwood Review.

### LETTER FROM MR. YATES.

If it is not a very common device among many species of insects to stimulate the immobility and stillness of death, among quadrupeds we have only heard of the fox adopting a similar ruse as a hopeful means of self preservation, and that reynard resorts to this strategy, an abundance of convincing evidence is procurable. That Reynard also ACTS A PART, and assumes an air and an attitude foreign to his real feelings at the moment, the following anecdote as well as others that we could put on record, will fully demonstrate. Some years ago in the month of January, we had occasion to go into a swampy piece of forest to reconnoiter a boundary line. Two individuals also accompanied us, and though there had some weeks previously been hard frost, a day or two previous to the date of our undertaking there had been a thaw, and some heavy rain, followed by a sudden freezing temperature; the result was, a SECOND coat of ice had formed, underneath which the water had drained away, leaving all over the swampy district an expanse of "shell ice," which crashed in with considerable noise when travelled over by human beings. Our party of three individuals, whilst attentively examining the "blaze" marks on the trees, that had been made by a land surveyor many years ago, were surprised by the near approach and apparent tameness of a fox! We at first surmised that a pet vulpine had come to make our acquaintance, the animal's demeanor was so nonchalant and fearless; although the noise caused by our walking was incessant and reverberated far into the forest shades, the fox walked leisurely around our party, at a distance of not more than 60 or 70 feet, never deigning to notice our presence by so much as a direct look, indeed seeming to regard us with contemptuous indifference. One of the men in our company

was an Englishman, just out from the midland fox hunting counties, who said he was much gratified with this unparalleled privilege of viewing so fine an animal in his native roaming grounds. N. B. Our only weapon was the woodman's axe. Had either dog or gun formed part of our equipment, probably Mr. Fox would have been *NON EST INVENTUS* soon, or perhaps after we had enjoyed a good stare, and a mysterious wonderment at the quadrupeds strange behaviour, one of our trio tried his voice at the imitating the barking of a dog, and pretty soon reynard trotted in an unhurried way out of our sight, and evidently on his own errand bent. The curious part of this episode was the animal's pretending or feigning if you like-not to see the sapient "blaze" hunters at all at all! If he gave us the consideration of a glance, it must have been of the most furtive kind, and not the least movement or inclination of the head indicated that he thought our presence of any importance at all! It seems to be a common habit with wild quadrupeds, and even with reptiles, when suddenly confronted with danger, to remain motionless, so instinctively *hoping to remain unobserved*. One instance out of many that have come under our notice, may serve as an illustration. One hot afternoon, in the month of August, several years ago, we were going to our work after dinner, to a bush along a road that had woods on each side. The sun shone brightly, and poured its fierce rays, and illumined the roadway, so that objects could be seen with distinctness, and we soon noticed an object that resembled a small stump, at some distance, in the middle of the roadway, and as we passed along the same road, perhaps an hour or so previously, we knew that the road was then clear. On coming nearer we were somewhat puzzled! Was the sombre colored object a piece of wood that had fallen from

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some passing wagon? Or was the substance endowed with life? If so, perhaps a similar conundrum was taxing its best powers of cognition. A glimmering suspicion for a moment flitted through our craniums, that the strange form was an owl, and our conjectures began to assume something of an uncanny hue. Yet the heroic resolve for an investigation was no sooner formed than carried out, and Mr. Woodchuck, who had been upright, sitting face towards us on his haunches, without the slightest perceptible movement for a period of ten minutes or so, suddenly bounded towards the road's edge, and with a heavy sort of canter got to the ditch edge, and at one leap cleared the same, and vanished into the dense bordering jungle. To illustrate the remark may be needed, that the ditch was quite full of water, and about three and a half feet wide, which the animal cleared without creating a ripple! I am informed that rabbits frequently assume a similar statuesque attitude on hearing a strange noise, or at the suspected approach of an enemy; the only indication of their being alive is a slight tremor or movement of the ears. Some birds are addicted to similar methods of action, particularly game birds, such as the quail and the ruffed grouse. One must confess that there is much that is mysterious and inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge concerning the hibernation of most quadrupeds. The marmot as is well known, goes into its winter hibernaculum much sooner than either the bear, racoon, or chipmunk, which latter is still abroad, and above ground, in this mild December weather. The marmots show sagacity by choosing a dry sheltered ridge in the woods or thickets, for their winter home, and towards the last of October they desert their small burrows amidst the open fields, and these rodents are never seen to come out

again until mild weather returns, at the near approach of spring. Boys and men that roam the woods incessantly in quest of what they call game, admit that the woodchuck is never met with by them after the sharp October frosts have cut off the clover, and other tender and succulent vegetation, on which the marmot is wont to regale itself, and on which, ere it retires underground, it has fattened to excess. The very fatness seems to drowse and drug the brain and nervous system, and steep the animal in the waters of "Lethe." The chipmunks which hoard up nuts, it is said, are never seen in a fat condition, their life storage and reserves being (unlike those of the marmot and owl), external, and preserved amid the living tissues. With the marmots, racoon, and bears, the lethargic state can be voluntarily thrown off, and when disturbed by violent aggression, and painful injuries, or danger, consciousness and combativeness returns in self preservation, yet in the case of Canadian dormouse the state of unconsciousness is deathlike and chill. We have handled them, when the only sign of vitality was an almost imperceptible throb at the region of the heart. Eyelids closed. I am informed by a friend of a young man near here, who several days ago accidentally unearthed a pair of these interesting little rodents, that the sleepy mice had their long slender tails cosily curled around their necks, and in a sort of a "Rip Van Winkle" snooze!

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