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Sept 17, 1886



The Rockwood Review.



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The Rockwood Review.

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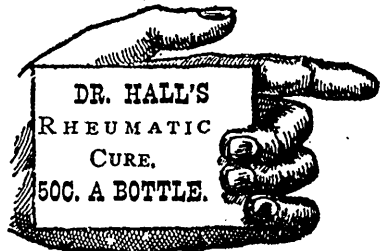
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VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1896.

No. 7.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our Brass Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Madill, gave a complimentary concert to the inmates of the House of Providence on the afternoon of July 25th. It was on the occasion of their annual feast. The Staff as well as the inmates were greatly pleased with the programme provided.

The Bicycle Meet on the K. A. A. A. track on the Civic Holiday, August 10th, was a success, only marred by the two unfortunate accidents to Axton and McColl. Our Club representative, Charlie Clarke, rode his novice race in a style that surprised his most ardent admirers, and with experience, gives promise of giving the best of them a race and a beating.

The "Daily News" of August 4th, states that a new boiler was received on that date, to be used in the New Wing. This certainly is news to us, as well as to the patrons of our contemporary. It is really too bad that the bright young man who culls spicy locals for that sheet, can't tell the difference between a boiler and our new washing machine.

A jolly party of twelve ladies and gentlemen enjoyed Reeve Fisher's hospitality on his Yacht Wildflower during Belleville's Regatta week. The outing was a pleasant one, Stella, Glenora and Desoronto being also visited. The Regatta, however, was a failure both from a sporting and financial point of view.

Mr. Frank McIlwaine, who was injured last month by the falling of a transmission wheel from the new coal shed, is making a slow recovery.

Mr. Nelton, well known as the "Egyptian Juggler," paid Rockwood a visit this month. He gave our patients a complimentary exhibition in our Amusement Hall five years ago, when connected with the Zera Semon Specialty Co. Mr. Nelton has given up the stage, and is now engaged in the stamp business. During our short conversation, he grew reminiscent of his old profession, and among other good stories told the following one. There was a comedian in one of the companies with which he was connected who always introduced his act in this manner:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the act which I am about to perform, I have played with immense success in all of the prominent cities of America. Last week while performing in Chicago, my enthusiastic admirers presented me with a brick house—one brick at a time."

It is needless to say his introduction was a success.

The first regular run of the Rockwood Bicycle Club took place to Bath on July 30th, the members taking the steamer Hero up, and riding home. The trip developed the fact, that the only clerical member of the Club is a firm believer in "muscular Christianity," as his offer not only to stone the farmer's dog, but thrash the farmer himself, clearly shows. Nobody seriously injured. Selah!

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Miss Alice Walker of Hamilton, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Peirce.

Mr. Wm. Forster, Brampton, paid his nephew, Dr. Forster, a visit this month.

Mrs. Cole, Matron of Mt. Pleasant Hospital, Iowa, was a guest for a few days at Rockwood.

Small Boy—Say, mister, is there anything the matter with your tire?

Rev. J. L. S.—No, it's me, I'm tired. Fact.

The work on the new icehouse, coashed, etc., was completed as far as the masonry is concerned, on the 20th inst., and but little remains for the carpenters to do.

The grand stand at the Belleville Regatta was built to accommodate 5,000 people, but was very poorly patronized. One witty yachtsman, on viewing the almost empty stand, exclaimed: "Look at the thousands on the grand stand—nails I mean."

The Canadian Association of Stationary Engineers held their annual convention in Kingston last week. Their souvenir programme of thirty-two pages was a work of art, and reflects great credit on the "Whig." Good taste and fine workmanship are synonymous with that paper's name.

There are some wags among the men employed on the New Wing. One of the number, though a young married man, is nevertheless quite a gay Lothario. The other evening in Lake Ontario Park he was quite interested, not only in the show, but also in a young lady who was sitting beside him. He was getting along famously, when one of his mates lent over and said, in a loud stage whisper: "George, your father-in-law wants to speak to ou." Tableau. Exit girl.

As we go to press, we are given to understand that at least one of two services next Sunday, held by Evangelist Wood, will be at Lake Ontario Park. The reason for the change from the City Park to Lake Ontario Park is not obvious. Possibly the cooler air at the street railway terminal may be conducive to a clearer conception of the speaker's discourse, or possibly the City Park is not sufficiently convenient to the masses—and then again they have to walk there. By the proposed change, the evangelist may be able to note all increase in the number of his followers or converts, but it is a veritable certainty that the astute management of the K. P. & C. Street Railway will be able to compute an increase in its week's receipts.

THE BUFF-BREADED SANDPIPER.
—While walking early one morning in July near the shore of the Bay of Quinte, a mile or so east from Belleville, I walked in a dry pasture several smallish Sandpipers that I did not know. They appeared to be catching grasshoppers, and ran very quickly, resembling the Field Plover in their movements. The wing was pointed, they were a little larger than spotted Sandpipers, and alighted several times on an adjacent rail fence. I have not known the S. Sandpiper to do this, though I have seen it perch upon a small dead limb of a low tree. Having noticed them closely, and since having ascertained the habits of the buff-breasted Sandpiper, I have come to the conclusion that these were they, a brood consisting of the two old birds and four young ones. We have one record of their having bred in Ontario, a short distance from Lake Erie. It is very difficult to identify the Sandpipers without a good field glass, but as these birds were certainly not spotted Sandpipers, resembled the

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Bartram's Sandpiper in their movements, and showed no white bar on the wing when flying. I have no doubt I am correct in my surmise.

C. Y. Y.

The opening base ball match on the new grounds at Lake Ontario Park took place on the 19th August, at the picnic of the Church of the Good Thief, between Cape Vincent and Granites, resulting in favor of the home team, by a score of 10-6. The Picnic was a success, although the evening was cool. Dancing was the chief attraction. It is said the sum of \$360 was realized.

Two members of the trowel craft, essayed to tend their operations in a craft of another kind, and nearly found a watery grave. They manned the punt "Letter B," went sailing out into the west, but like the men who went to sea in a bowl came to grief. The boat capsized, and each sailor blames the other for the spill. The fact of the matter is that, one speaks such broad Scotch and the other something else as broad, and in the confusion of tongues, something about the sailing directions got mixed. Both sailors at the time of writing have been got ashore.

On August 4th, the Hon. Mr. Harty, "Jock" Harty, Willie Harty, Dr. Gilmour and Mrs. Gilmour, of Toronto, Dr. Clarke and Mrs. Clarke left for a trip up the Saguenay River. The party divided in the east, but those who have returned were delighted with the outing.

On August 25, the editors of the Rockwood "Review" gave a garden party in honor of Miss Olive Secord, of Toronto. The affair was a great success, and the pleasure of all was enhanced by music provided by the band.

Americans are gradually finding out all of the best camping spots in the north, but they carry into camp life all the restlessness so characteristic of their business life, and are not content to sit down and enjoy any one spot for more than a day or so at a time. They want to "do" the whole thing in a rush. We are glad to offer them the freedom of our "woods" and lakes, but many of them do not appreciate the privileges granted, and in the wanton destruction of game are to be severely criticized. In the Georgian Bay district it is asserted that many instances have of late been recorded where these visitors have made immense scores in the way of bass catches, and have left hundreds of magnificent fish to decay on the shores of the lakes. Certain it is that such magnificent lakes as Kahpeekog are being rapidly fished out, and wanton destruction by tourists is the chief cause assigned.

While in the north the Kahpeekog party were the recipients of much kindness at the hands of Mr. Jas. Crawford, Fire Ranger, Moon River, and his estimable wife and their family of clever boys, James, Harry and Tommy. The youngest of these lads, Tommy, is twelve years of age, and already an experienced woodsman. In winter he drives a well trained team of dogs, and has accomplished the drive to Penetanguishene, a distance of over thirty miles, in three hours and a half.

On August 12th, Dr. Clarke and Chas. M. Clarke went up the Georgian Bay to Lake Kahpeekog, and spent two weeks in the Moon River district. They returned full of the wonders of the north, and left in camp Mr. Jas. Kent, Toronto; J. Stewart, Buffalo; the Rev. Robt. Hamilton, Brantford; Paris Wood, Orillia, guide.

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The series of races between Iris and Viola has commenced, and results seem to indicate that Viola will retain her supremacy. The first race occurred early in August, and the boats lined up with Commodore Shea and Captain Davidson as a joint committee of executive management at the tiller for the Iris, and Captain Fenwick and John Shea on the quarter deck of the Viola. The start was a two gun affair, and when the first gun was fired, some very remarkable sailorizing for the windward berth resulted. Commodore Shea, after consulting the confoborus, decided to claw out the spinnaker halliards to the mizzenmast galliot, but Capt. Davidson did not agree with him, so they reefed the dolphin striker in the bilge and shook out a reef in the garboard strake, drawing a taut bowline on the port belaying pin. The result was a gybe across the line that has been unequalled since the days of the Minstrel. The gybe of one kind provoked a jibe of another, the result of which was that Commodore Shea took a reef in his jaw tackle and assumed a melancholy attitude in the stern sheets, while Capt. Davidson worked the pump handle and the tiller at the same time. At eight bells the water stood six fathoms in the hold, and the Viola was steadily gaining. The Myles shoal buoy was rounded as follows:

	hrs.	ms.	sec.
Viola,	2	25	16
Iris,	3	55	59

At this stage Capt. Fenwick and his crew tied up at the dock for refreshments, and in the course of the afternoon resumed the race, which was finished shortly before dark. The Iris was then making magnificent weather of it near Fisher's brewery, and it is said got in early Sunday morning.

Willie Dennison, son of James Dennison of Rockwood, has entered the employ of Rathbun & Co. as bookkeeper.

The engagement of a young couple, well known to Rockwood circles, has been gazetted by the local gossips. Hearty congratulations are being extended to the happy ones.

W. Potter, Jr., of Beechgrove hockey fame, spent his holidays in Hamilton—but found the temperature too high for hockey.

Possibly the most popular of the officers on the Richelieu Steamboats is Capt. Craig of the Passport. Capt. C. is a Portsmouth boy, and owes his popularity to a genial disposition, courteous manners and undoubted ability as a sailor. Capt. C. is in great favor with the fair sex, and it is said nearly all newly married couples travel by his boat. In spite of it all he will not take a hint.

The results of the recent international yachting contests have been extremely gratifying to Canadians generally, who take a deep interest in all sports. The victory of the Glencairn over the Elheirie was a remarkable one, when all of the difficulties to be surmounted by Mr. Duggan, the plucky sailor and designer, are considered. In the Canada, Vencedor contests the conditions were much more even, and on the lakes Canada has so long been supreme in yachting matters, that the victory was not unlooked for. It is gratifying to learn that in all of the contests the best of feeling existed, and although the Americans were defeated in five straights, the conquered accepted defeat gracefully, and did not endeavor to offer excuse for failure other than the true reason. This is as it should be.

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER. SWALLOWBECK FARM.

(CONTINUED.)

The "fun of the farm" was not confined to mere destruction of animal life. If the woods, the holts and the plantings afforded us sport, the ample stack-yards, with an odd stack of thrashed straw, left over after the winter's feeding, supplied us with a never failing fillip to our warlike propensities.

Our host was, in instinct and from extensive reading, a veritable soldier. Nothing delighted him more than to asserable us on the dining room hearth-rug, before a blazing fire, and to fill our young minds with the doings of Marlborough, of Nelson, and of Wellington, the greatest hero of them all. We were taught to verily believe that one English man could lick four, five, or even a half-dozen Frenchmen at a pinch, and that, next to Englishmen, Frenchmen could lick everybody else. We fought out the principal events of the Peninsular War, and other decisive battles, in that stack-yard. Armed with thack-pugs, crooked sticks used to hold down the thatch upon the stacks, we assaulted a Badazes, fought at Seringapatam, and did the "Up, boys, and at 'em" business at Waterloo, or, standing on astraw-stack, held it as a man-of-war, against all comers, repelled boarders, and fired endless broadsides into an imaginary enemy. It was next to a lively squirrel hunt in intensity, reality and blood-stirring episodes. And then the unused straw stack afforded entertainment as thrilling in another direction. Pigs were sometimes, not often, permitted the run of this yard, or paddock, rather when the grain had been thrashed, and burrow through a standing straw-stack in search of grain which had fallen to the ground. To crawl along the tunnel thus made by our

porcine allies, was a feat that had enough spice of danger to make it doubly attractive. To get through the mysterious path and come out at the other side, was a thing requiring courage to do, for there was a risk of the settling down of the superincumbent straw, and the smothering of the adventurer. To insure against such a calamity, the non-explorers were solemnly pledged not to climb upon the stack while the tunnel was under exploration, and the watchers were as solemnly adjured to give alarm if the adventurous traveller didn't get through in reasonable time.

To each stable was attached a fenced open space, termed a crew yard, and in which were tumbrils—huge wooden boxes upon four legs—in which fresh straw was constantly kept, and so fed to the cattle, the refuse being thrown on the ground and converted into manure. The store pigs burrowed into the straw in the next yard to the barn, and a sudden upheaval of the bright yellow mass preceded an eruption of snouts clearly indicating the presence of their grunting owners. To trample upon the straw, when opportunity offered, and produce a miniature earthquake, was a prized amusement, and one more appreciated by us, undoubtedly, than by the disturbed quadrupeds.

Above the horse-stable was a large dove-cot, the interior of which was fitted up with square boxes, in which nests were built, and squabs reared to early maturity, and that were seldom visited by other than the collector of the young birds for market. To obtain a peep into this busy, noisy and dirty home, was one of the most highly valued of rural sights. The opening of the cot door was the signal for a rush of grown birds to the outlets, and a scene of whirring wings ensued, which made due impression upon the juvenile mind. It was a peep

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into another and unknown world.

There were three eventful periods in Swallowbeckin annals: Sheep-shearing, Harvest Home, and Plough Bullocks. Let us take them in order. The sheep having been duly washed, were driven to the barn, (two or three days after), and the doors of this building were unhinged and mounted upon low trestles, and the fleeces taken off, expeditiously and evenly, with old time and yearly recurring dexterity. That was much, but the never to be forgotten flow of "Frummerty," was more—much more to all and sundry. Modern spelling tells of "furmenty," but it was not so written or pronounced in old time dictionaries, or by the peasantry of England. In Yorkshire it is a Christmas dish, in Lincolnshire, it is as invariable an accompaniment of the shearing. Fearfully and wonderfully made of milk, "creed" wheat—the grain, having been soaked, beaten and trounced in bags, to rid it of its husk,—spices, sugarm, currants and raisins, and thoroughly boiled into a porridge, of peculiar and welcome flavor to the rural palate, it was served in bowls, while hot and steaming, and the ability of the housewife was as much tested by this concoction, as by the preparation of mince-meat, her raised pork pies, her herb-stuffed chines, the flavoring of her sausages, or, that highest test of all, her Christmas plum-pudding. She might excel in the preparation of home-made wines, her brewing, her bacon, her butter or her cheese, and yet fail in winning the admiration of the rural world if she did not make her "Frummerty" equal to that of Madames Brown, Smith and Jones of adjoining farms. And so important was this dish thought to be, in the times of which these things are told, that it was sent to neighbors and to city friends, with the liberality distinguishing the

distribution of "pig cheer," and, you may be sure, the reputation of the household was well maintained when submitted to a test so critical. The dish is an old one, can be traced back to Danish and Saxon days, and was undoubtedly the forerunner of the plum-pudding which has ever figured in English chronicles, since good King Arthur ruled that land.

"Harvest Home,"—the bringing to the barn of the last load of grain,—was a Festival for old and young. Cheering children, perched on the piled-up sheaves, decorated with branches and flowers, as were the horses, happy looking "pitchers" by the side of the huge waggon, Master and Mistress, Miss and Maidens, meeting it as it approached the unfinished stack, and the chorus of some song, joined in by all, told the farmers around that the Swallowbeck ingathering was at an end. A big supper, rural music, and a hearty dance, finished the day, and never were old-time lines more heartily sung, after the pewter trenchers were emptied and the flowing cans of beer had been replenished again and again, than were these words trolled out by the united company:

Here's a health unto our Master, the
founder of the feast;
God bless his endeavors, and give
him increase,
And send him good crops, that we
may meet another year.
Here's our Master's good health,
boys; come drink off your beer.

And they obeyed the order with a heartiness proving its good quality; established their excellent judgment; and flattered the good woman who had superintended its brewing in last October. Swallowbeck was well-farmed, but the gleaners, who followed the waggon, and gathered up the scattered ears that fork and rake had failed to

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gather, never complained of unfair stint at Swallowbeck. In those days, cradle and reaping machine were unknown, and the shearers, often Irishmen, wielded the sickle, and swept down, with steady onward cut, the standing grain. The harvest hands were liberally fed at the kitchen table, and supplied with luncheon and abundant allowance of beer in the field. This was conveyed thither in small kegs, termed flagons, or "flackets," that were carried suspended over the shoulders of the reaper, and the sight of that uplifted miniature barrel, of which the bung-hole was so vingly surrounded by the drinker's lips, while his head was thrown back to give the flowing liquor better opportunity, is one of the most English of my recollections. But that was in the days when Will Cobbett declared tea to be old woman's slop, and thought that British Institutions depended upon the strength of British ale. Small beer,—the result of a second brewing of largely exhausted malt and hops,—always stood on tap in the barn at Swallowbeck, and was thought to be more healthy drink than water, even for growing lads and lasses. Times have changed there, it is to be presumed, and the coffee-pot has doubtless superseded the beer-barrel of the past. But, somehow or other, beer and brawn seemed in those days to run in couples, and Chawbacon supplied first-rate material in days when Britain withstood the world in arms.

The Plough Vizards had their season about Christmas and Twelfth Night, Plough Monday, their anniversary, coming between those days. Several of the lads, working on adjoining farms, collected from their rural belles all the loose ribbons obtainable, and with them, in wondrous fashion, arrayed their own persons. Some one of the lot,

securing a military scarlet coat, and a sword, represented The Sergeant; another, dressed more soberly, acted the part of Doctor; another assumed the borrowed dress and manners of a Lady; another, with bladder on stick, and fantastically costumed, appeared as Clown; while others took more unimportant parts, and filled up places in the uncouth dance that was part of the performance. Each one of the principal characters appeared in turn, and "spoke his piece," sometimes as a soliloquy, and afterwards as a dialogue. There are many forms of these rhymed addresses, but the "points" are few and far between. A plough was often dragged along, although in disuse in later days, and if any refused entertainment, or a few pence, for expenditure in "allowance" elsewhere, the ground in front of the door of the person visited was ploughed up. So old folks said, but there was no necessity for such an exhibition of rude justice. The Plough Bullocks were always welcome, and seldom departed unsatisfied from the house of those whom they delighted to honour. The custom, it is to be presumed, has now died out with many other doings of "the good old times," but it had its uses, and certainly afforded pleasure to the participants in the play, even more largely than to the farm-house audience.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VIREO FLAVIFRONS.—Yellow-throated Vireos were quite common in Rockwood Grounds in the latter part of July, and it is quite probable bred there. Wood Thrushes and a large clumsy looking yellow Warbler are numerous.

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ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

It seems to me that the majority of the people of Ontario are of opinion that their system of education is altogether superior to what exists in England. Persons with whom I have discussed this subject, evidently think that there is no school system in England, and that in many places there are no schools accessible. As a matter of fact, there are in England three great school systems, all running concurrently, and side by side. One is the National School System, including the Board Schools, which is practically the same as the Ontario School System, with similar teachers apparatus and buildings. This covers the whole of England so that all children can be accommodated. Next, there is the old Grammar School System, dating from the days of King Alfred, and specially of King Edward VI. In almost every town in England, and in some of the villages, there is a grammar school, supported by property left by the founders, and it is free to the children of its particular town or village. Thirdly, as the Englishman likes to be free to do just as he chooses, he has his great system of private schools. These are schools which are opened anywhere by any persons who choose to do so. Those who teach in them need not have any diploma or qualification, the schools are subject to no inspection, and the teachers use any text books they choose, and teach whatever subjects they like. Naturally, these schools are run very much to please the parents, and that may be the reason why they are so popular. I have an English School List of 1861, a scarce book, which contains the names and addresses of the Principals of 20,000 private schools. It is probable that there is more money invested or involved in the private schools,

than in either the grammar schools or the national school system.

Strange to say, what are called the great public schools of England, such as Eton, Harrow, Rugby and Winchester, are practically private schools, and are most appropriately classed with the private schools, being as it were the apex of the system. They have no more affinity to the National Schools than chalk has to cheese, and would feel any comparison as an insult.

The poor man in England has always a National or Board School of some sort at command, and in most towns and some villages, he has the Grammar School, in addition, as an option. As to the private schools, that is all a matter of money, and they are at all prices. There is a strong prejudice among English people that what is worth having is worth paying for, and if they can possibly scrape together the needful money, they will send their children to a private school. Many of the schools charge as much as \$1,000 a year for each pupil. When nineteen years old I taught in one of these schools, and I was the staff. My Principal took 15 boys at £200 a year each. Without doubt he received over \$10,000 each year, and I was the only teacher he had to pay. It is easy to see from this what important interests are involved in English private schools.

Of late years the English National Schools have been largely changed to Board Schools, in imitation of the American and Canadian schools. This change has done some little good, and a great deal of harm, as it has resulted in the election of the most illiterate persons as School Trustees. Under the old plan the managers were University men, and the introduction of bumptious office-seekers of the Dogberry type in their place has been a great injury to education.

"DOGERRY.—But, masters, rem-

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ember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass."

(Much ado about nothing, Act IV., Scene 2.)

To pursue this subject further would take up too much space in the "Rockwood Review."

R. S. KNIGHT.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Around the black firs glower and gloom,

Their shadows fall athwart the floors
Where hands unseen unclothe the doors,

And spectres flit from room to room,
When in the windless nights the sweep

Of trailing robes come down the stair,

And whispers fill the haunted air,
Long shuddering sighs, and eyes that weep,

And pale hands wrung in mute despair.

The carved name with moss o'er-grown

Is blurred, the pillars stand aslant;
Tall weeds about the threshold flaunt,

And climb the ancient lintel stone,
Like fingers groping for the light:
And the blank windows stark and dread

Are like the eyes of one long dead,
That keep no count of day or night
In dark boughs drooping overhead.

The black bats in the chimney cling,
The death watch ticks behind the wall,

And spiders cling in the banquet hall

Where still the funeral hatchments swing.

Here round the Christmas fire they met,

And laughed and sang in days of old;

Blithe were the merry tales they told;

Here was the stately banquet set,
The lips that pledged are gathering mould.

But still when winter nights are long,

And spectral snow wreaths bar the gate,

The homeward traveller passing late
Hears the faint echo of a song—

The ghost of music long since mute;
And pale lights gleam an instants' space

Through casements where some shadowy face

Looks out, as with unsteady foot
He hurries past the haunted place.

K. S. McL.

BIRD NOTES.

BY W. YATES—HATCHLEY.

The sojourn of the Orioles in these latitudes is a brief one—six or seven weeks being its usual limit. All the birds of that genus took a sudden departure from these precincts before the 15th July this year. By that date their young broods are strong on the wing, and they depart hence usually about the time that the early cherries, such as the May duke, have all been gathered. The Orioles seem to be more insectivorous birds than the Robins, for at the time of the migration of the former, the currants, raspberries and strawberries, are usually in abundance in gardens and orchards where the Orioles are most prone to take up their habitations; their voluntary removal is conjectured to be to the cooler Hudson's Bay regions, as small parties of them are observed to return to their earlier summer haunts, and their sojourn for three or four days about the last of the month of September, as a sort of bivouac on their long journey to warmer latitudes.

In the bush solitudes, the Scarlet Tanager is yet (July 10th), a rather

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constant singer, and may be heard every hour through the heat of the day; his notes are rich if not varied, or of any great extent of scale, and toward evening his more secular or domestic notes of "Chip, churr, chip, churr," may be heard as he holds converse with his "better half," as the two confer near the nesting place, as to the welfare and prospects of their half feathered progeny. The anthems that the male bird pours forth so continuously from the tree tops through the long sunshiny hours, signify jubilation and contentment with the ornithic surroundings. The "chip churring" colloquies in the mornings and evenings, seem to have reference to the more prosy domestic affairs of food supplies, and the general welfare of the "rising generation" of Tanagers. One of our acquaintances found a Tanager's nest in a hole that had been excavated twenty-five feet high in a large half decayed tree, the young ones when about half fledged were taken from the nest and placed in a cage, and were taken to the man's home and regularly fed, and soon seemed quite contented with the care and food provided for them, but for some reason or other the foster owner thought best to replace the young, but now full fledged birds, back in their original nest place, and on his visiting the locality several days after the birds restoration to liberty, was somewhat embarrassed by the young Tanagers familiar approaches, four or five of them clustering on his arm, and with open beaks, and much fluttering, solicited to be fed according to well remembered custom; the birds were however left to their fate, and nothing was learned as to their subsequent history.

Another Tanager incident may perhaps be worth noting here. A taxidermist that we knew went out

to shoot birds to place in his collection case, and fired at a Tanager as it sang aloft in the foliage. The bird fell to the ground among the undergrowth, but could not be found by the disappointed gunner, but on the day following a man who happened that way in search of straying bovines, picked up the crippled red bird, which was struggling along on the ground and having a troublous time with a broken wing. The finder carried the bird carefully to his home, and put the pretty object in a cage, provided with suitable food etceteras. The wound in the wing soon healed, and the bird soon became reconciled to its condition, and at times, sang as if at the height of enjoyment, and became an object of interest and curiosity to many in the neighborhood. But the man went ultimately to a distant county to live, taking his pet singer with his other domestic belongings, and its after career is now untraceable.

It is well known by bird fanciers that the Tanagers soon become reconciled to cage captivity, if carefully tended, but it is found difficult or impossible to preserve that gloss and brilliancy of plumage, that is natural to them in their woodland home. A bird fancier that we knew in these parts, kept several Tanagers for years, that sang cheerfully in their artificial surroundings, but after their first moult in the cage, their plumage became, to use the words of their caretaker, of "a confirmed bronze color."

One of my acquaintances who has paid some attention to bird singing, suggests that the Tanagers "Roundelays" that are poured forth from the tree tops, (the singer changing his attitude frequently, so as to cause glistening reflections of the slanting sun's rays for a grand spectacular effect), are intended as "Te deums": the "chip churring" is mere "tete a tete" talk, and is

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reserved for companionable conversazione, and about nesting etceteras!

Although the Tanagers' song has no great compass or variety of notes, it is emitted with a sort of "zeal" and fervour that harmonizes with the surroundings, and the sultry heats of the midsummer time.

Like the Tanager, too, a majority of the birds have their "Picnic" or holiday compositions, the accompaniments or attestations of their ecstatic woods. The Cat bird's "mewing" is sometimes a sort of "Billingsgate," or resentful invective, abruptly thrown in on his sanctum being intruded upon, whilst pouring forth one of his choice soprano fantasio's; and even the Vireo's when in the midst of their too brief melody, will evince resentment at any "Paul Pryish" approach of a listener, by sudden change to a series of cynically mewing derisive tones. Even such corvines as the Blue Jay have nearly as many varying pages in their song repertoire, as the capricious phases of an April day. Screams of warning and of terror, vary to glad announcements of "lucky food finds," to caresses of courtship and companionable chatter little suspected only by those familiar with bird haunts. And the innumerable emotions and suggestions conveyed to each other by the Crow and Raven fraternity, by means of many inflections, tones and alternations, and repetitions of the syllable "caws." Perhaps only those who have an acquaintance with the dots and dashes of the Morse symbols of telegraphy can form an adequate conception of all the Italian terms in the musical dictionary, "staccato, allegro, adagio, andante, fortissimo crescendo, and sometimes emphatical issimo," are in constant use and application among the black corvine community.

On the theme of the summer Redbird (*Piranga Rubra*), one has little perhaps that is satisfactory to communicate, for there is no authentically reliable report of that species having been seen in this vicinity for the last twenty-five years or more, and yet they are not a mythical bird. Persons who are still living near here give positive assurance of this species being commonly met with about here up to the summer of 1854, the absence of black color on the wings and tail was so obvious as to obviate them being mistaken for the ordinary Tanager, and one has no individually distinct remembrance of seeing the species in question since the summer of the year 1853. In that summer the Redbird without any black in or on its plumage, made regular visits to some bushes of the red berried elder, as the fruit of bushes was ripe, and particular attention was paid to the visits by myself and associates, on account of the birds showing such continued relish for berries whose corallyne hue was of the same tint as the birds adornment. And since the birds vanishment from these parts, a number of the old residents who have been questioned as to their bygone experiences, treat the suggestion as absurd, that the still common to be seen Tanager could ever have been mistaken for the summer Redbird, or Tory bird as the latter was named by the pioneer settlers; possibly the almost entire removal from these regions of the pine trees may have caused changes in bird haunts. The summer Redbird ("T. Destivalis" of old editions of Wilson), was said to be more of a frequenter of clearings and fruit gardens than the Tanager proper, and yet the Tanagers are a good deal seen in the clearings. On their first arrival here in the spring it has been many times noticed that these birds have a penchant for visiting

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patches of ground that are under preparation for the potato crop in the month of May, and if there are Tanagers in a neighborhood, they are sure to be seen in such situations at that time, either in quest of food or building material. Probably a number of the individual Tanagers are only young (but full fledged) birds, on first arrival here, for they are frequently very tame, as if unaccustomed to the sight of man and oblivious of danger, and we have sometimes approached so near to these first comers, as to suggest that their capture under a straw hat would have been no more difficult than would that of a butterfly. The Tanagers have been quite as numerous with us this year as they were ever observed to be; as late as last week their unmistakable chant could be heard in every piece of wild forest in this neighborhood, but by August their notes become fewer, and harsher, and less melodious.

As an instance of this may be mentioned the total desertion of this part of Burford, of the long-tailed Thrush or "brown Thrasher," T. Rufous. Years ago these birds were here nearly as numerous as the Robin, and were one of our sweetest singers. Their nests and eggs were frequently met with, when we were clearing land, under prostrate logs and in slashings. None have frequented this district during the last thirty years, yet ten miles distant, in the piny and gravelly areas of South Norwich township, those birds are nearly as common now as they once were hereabout.

"There was never mystery but 'tis
written in the flowers,
Was never secret history, but birds
tell it in the bowers."

(That is, if one could only get at the right point of view, and translate and interpret the evidence, in

the light of all its significance, and of its far reaching affinities and relationship.)

A LITTLE LEARNING, &C.

They'd been learning Physiology
In school that afternoon,
But the words, so polysyllabic,
Forgotten were quite soon.

Or remembered in so vague a way,
One could but make a guess,
At the meaning of the tortured terms
They uttered with such stress.

It wastea time in their modest home:
The boyish talk had ceased,
And Mother was waiting patiently,
Till, appetites appeased.

They'd resume the conversation,
She'd so interesting found:
About "auricles" and "vehicles,"
Which keep the heart quite sound.

When his tea John drank so scalding hot,

He let his cup fall down,
And clutched his throat, choked,
Coughed and stamped,
Nor heeded Mother's frown.

Till, gaining breath, he thus explained,—

The family fears to calm,
"It was not for naught this fuss I
made,—
I've burnt my 'diagram'."

Dick laughed in scorn, saying, as he rose,

And helped clear off the muss:
"Your diaphragm's not your throat
inside,

That's your 'sarcophagus'."

R. C.

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J. DAVIDSON.

The first of April, 1860, is that from which Mr. John Davidson dates his earthly existence, and though born on All Fool's Day, he has amply proven that he has no lack of wit on account of his natal day. He was educated in the Portsmouth and Wellington Street Schools, in the latter being under J. H. Metcalfe, now Warden of the Penitentiary. John was a good student, but to his credit he never imbued any of the political principles of his tutor, and, like his father before him, was always a staunch Liberal. An enthusiastic sailor always, he gained his first experience on the Yacht "Bloodhound" which plied between Hatter's Bay and Lemoine's Point, and after that on the schr. Eureka, but owing to ill-health he gave up his sailor life for the less exciting one of a landsman. His first attempt in his new sphere was farming, but after four days trial, he found that the arduous trial of a farmer's life was incompatible with his already impaired constitution, and in consequence accepted the position of

junior clerk in the Portsmouth Marine Railway. Eventually he entered Rockwood Hospital in October, 1881; and in October 1885, was promoted Superior of the Regiopolis Branch. He was married the same month, to Miss Harriet Genge, who ably assisted him in his new position. When the Branch was closed in 1891, Mr. Davidson was again promoted to the position of Chief Attendant. The year 1885 not only witnessed his promotion and marriage but also his departure with the volunteers, in April, to the North West. In July he returned, and though he did not gain the Victoria Cross, he did achieve a growth of whiskers, which temporarily precluded the possibility of his recognition even by his nearest and dearest friends.

A lover of athletics, he was a prominent member of the Rockwood Ball Club till its disbandment, and is now in the front rank of the Rockwood Curriers, having won the Senior Single Competition of 1893, and plays third stone on Rink No. 1. As a ball-player his errors were few, but one notable instance occurred, in a game between the "Rockwoods" and their old time rivals the "Princess Streets." John was in the act of catching a fly, which to such a player was a veritable "cinch," when some opposing roofer referred to himself and family in offensive terms. Utterly ignoring the play, he turned his attention to the offender, and could look have killed him, that roofer would have instantly dropped dead. It was several seconds before John sufficiently recovered to return the ball infield, and resulted in so palpable an error that the manager only forgave him when he learned of the trying circumstances. In every respect, "Jack," is a good fellow, and as Chief Attendant he is a decided success, and commands and retains the respect of those with whom he is associated.

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Yearly subscription to residents
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cents. To persons residing at a
distance, 35 cents.

Single Copies, 3 cents.

Birth and Marriage Notices, 10
cents.

Advertising Rates, moderate.

Editors,—Miss Goldie and Miss
Margery Clarke.

Business Manager. — Chas. M.
Clarke.

Communications should be ad-
dressed to the Box of Rockwood
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