



Rockwood

Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
Literature, Natural History and

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The Rockwood Review.

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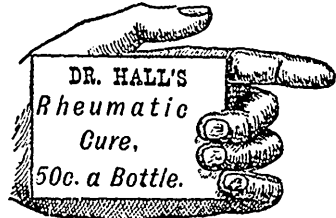
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KINGSTON, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1898.

No. 12.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. E. Mallory paid us a flying visit rapidly, and sang the "Typical Tune of Zanzibar" at a Social, much to the satisfaction of all. Mr. M. is the happy possessor of two young deer, which he hopes to sell before long.

The Conservatives and Liberals seem to have united on the campaign song for Frontenac. It is a little hackneyed and out of date, but everything goes at election times. The song is called "Not for Joe." In the meanwhile Mr. Haycock, who was compared by one rhetorical politician to the frisky little pea under the walnut shells, will possibly show that the comparison was not half bad, and he may not be found under the shell expected when the time comes. Politics often seem to smack very much of the shell game, and happy is the man who can keep out of them.

On Tuesday, Jan. 25, Rockwood Curling and Hockey teams journeyed to Napanee, and met the Club of that town. In curling, Granites were used, as Napanee does not use iron. Victory rested with Rockwood by a narrow margin. Napanee curlers are a gentlemanly lot, and if they had won, their victory would not have been unpopular with Rockwood, as they are young curlers and are playing the game in a proper spirit. The Hockey match was another story, and the score, 6 to 0 in favor of Napanee, does not give any indication of the play, the wonder is under the circumstances that it was not 40 to 0. Even the fact that

Hamilton and Clarke were absent from Rockwood's defence made no difference. The less said about the game the better, hockey will not live long in Napanee under its present management, and in the interest of sport the sooner it dies the better.

Napanee has a fine Curling Rink. Its players are enthusiasts, and will win many victories in the near future, for they have the material of which winners are built.

Mr. Cochrane's stentorian voice was heard to great advantage on the Napanee curling rink, and "little Willie" pulled out a well earned victory by great generalship.

The Jubilee Minstrels gave an excellent Variety Entertainment at Rockwood on January 24th. There were many novel features introduced, the tumblers and contortionists being extremely popular with the audience.

"Ici on parle Francais" is the play to be produced on the occasion of the visit of the Curlers in February.

The Rockwood Staff gave an entertainment at the Penitentiary at the latter end of January. The programme was largely musical.

Messrs. Coxworthy and Gilmour were rather badly used up in the Napanee hockey match.

Everybody wishes that the weather clerk would remember that one January thaw is all that the schedule calls for, and continued mild weather is not popular.

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The Rockwood Seniors opened up the season most auspiciously by defeating the far famed Frontenacs in a clean and swift contest. The Frontenacs with two exceptions had the strongest aggregation that they could get together, but did not play in anything like championship form. The Rockwood boys outclassed them at every point—combination, stick handling, speed and defence, to say nothing of condition. For the Rockwoods, the forwards Coxworthy, O'Leary, Straubenzie and Gilmour, played a beautiful game; on the defence, Clarke and Hamilton were veritable stone walls; and in goal, Shea had so little to do that his post was a sinecure. For the Frontenacs, Young, Murray and Rigney were the bright and particular stars, although their opportunities for shining were limited. Murray and Rigney are old hands, but Young is a novice built of the proper kind of stuff, being energetic, tearless and quick. He has a bad habit of playing too far ahead of the puck, in this way defeating all possible chance of combination. Of course the Rockwoods are too modest to hope to defeat such a crack team as the Frontenacs very frequently, but the lesson of defeat should show the Kingston boys several very weak spots in their organization, otherwise they will have to fall back on the old excuse of having a "scrap team" when the final championship matches occur. Get into shape Frontenacs, play the best men you can find, and the victory we all so ardently wish for will come. It looks though as if the Rockwood team, played as it stands to-day, would make a better bid for junior honors than any other combination. They understand each other's play, and are the peers of any team in the Union in physique. The idea is worthy of consideration, especially as the boys are nearly all members of the Frontenac Club.

Mr. Cochrane was elected a "reception committee" for Bonspiel purposes, but declined to act without power to add to the number. Dr. Forster and Mr. Davidson have been added, but the first appointment looked like a great compliment to Mr. C.'s ability to entertain.

Miss Nelles, Assistant Matron of Brockville Asylum, was the guest of Mrs. Forster recently.

On Friday 21st and Saturday January 22nd, Rockwood won almost too many Hockey victories for her own good; there will be danger of "swelled head" developing if the procession goes on. The Rockwood I. defeated Frontenac I., a team thought able to carry off senior championship honors, 8 to 3. Rockwood II. defeated the St. Lawrence's 10 to 2, and immediately afterwards Regiopolis 5 to 4. The Beechgroves, ambitious if tiny, journeyed to Gananoque, and won an exciting game from sturdy Gananoque lads by three to two goals. The two midgets, W. Potter and Herbie Clarke, were the brilliant performers. The Beechgrove victory was exceedingly popular at Rockwood, as the little chaps show an example of pluck and devoted team play that might well be copied by many senior teams. In this rests their success, for they almost invariably play against teams twice their age and weight. They speak nicely of the Gananoque lads, and will endeavor to treat Master Britton and his companions well when the return match is played. The fifth victory was gained by the Beechgrove II., a very diminutive team indeed, able however both to walk and skate. They won from the Dixeyites by 8 to 3.

In a recent number of St. Nicholas there is an account of a hockey match. It bears internal evidence of coming from down South, and will hardly pass muster in Canada.

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Marriage Bells are to ring before long near Rockwood. Send in your guesses soon, or you will be too late.

Next month the first installment of the Rev. C. J. Young's interesting article on the Magdalen Islands will appear.

On January 20th Col. Drury kindly had "A" Battery parade before Rockwood Hospital, and the new field guns were exhibited. "A" Battery is a credit to Canada, and if our standing army is small, we have the satisfaction of knowing that from the soldier's standpoint it is highly efficient. The horses, a magnificent lot of animals, looked exceedingly handsome in their new harness. The guns are strictly up to date, and guaranteed to do effective work at three miles. We are quite willing to accept the gallant Colonel's statement in regard to the matter, and trust that occasion will not arise to verify it practically. Canada and the United States have shown the old world a good example in the way of keeping their standing army just as small as actual necessity demands. May the actual necessity long remain not more urgent than at present.

Uncle Sam is sometimes a difficult individual to understand. His magazines and papers never forget that the United States is the land of liberty par excellence, and strange to say many of the laws enacted by the liberty loving people of the great republic smack more of the middle ages than of the nineteenth age. The seal skin jacket law is almost worthy of the genius of a Gilbert and Sullivan, and yet what a howl there would be if the omnipresent Yankee were told that he could not come to Canada in anything more extensive in the way of costume than war paint and feathers. Of course that was the prevailing costume in days gone by, and a return to even more than Jeffersonian simplicity, could not be objected to by the people who will not let us visit them in

seal skin jackets, unless they are made of Yankee seals, captured by Yankee sealers, branded by Yankee brands, and made up in such a way that the American ear mark may be read by him who runs. "Made in Germany" is a legend that has provoked the ridicule of half the civilized world, basswood hams and wooden nutmegs at one time threatened to ruin the commercial reputation of a budding nation. What can we say of the possibilities of protection run mad on seal skin jackets. In the meanwhile if Canadians will remember that the golden rule is still up to date reading, they can afford to laugh at the little pleasantries of Uncle Sam. These things amuse the politicians, and jingoes, do us but little harm, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are not approved of by the sensible and wise Americans, who are after all the persons bound to rule in the long run.

This year has proved anything but encouraging to iceboat enthusiasts, and it looks as if it would be impossible to get a satisfactory course for the races before March. In the meanwhile the fleet is being strung up to concert pitch, and many of the boats are as handsomely finished as pianos. It is a pity that such an exciting sport should be limited to a few days in the year.

Crows have been seen all winter long, and appear to be in the best of spirits.

Mr. Billy Shea and Mr. W. Carr are the decoration committee for the Bonspiel. This means flags and flowers in profusion, and the result is sure to be satisfactory.

Klondikicitis is very prevalent among Kingstonians. Carditis is the preventive at Rockwood, and few of our young men are likely to go north. Even government grub and small salaries, with other attractions thrown in, are not always to be despised.

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The Lone Star Club gave a most enjoyable entertainment, at Rockwood, on January 4th, under the managership of Mr. Symons. The programme was lengthy, and comprised many clever specialties. One of the features of the evening was the cornet solo "Tramp, Tramp," by gunner Wurtz.

Dr. Anglin, Mrs. Anglin and children, of Montreal, paid Kingston a visit in January, and were warmly welcomed by their many old friends.

Kingston's music circle was glad to welcome Miss Irene Gurney and Mr. Charles Wark, of Toronto, in January. Miss Gurney is well known here, and her piano playing always gives pleasure to her audience. Mr. Wark is a young pianist of whom Canadians should feel more than proud. He has great technique, backed up by an artistic sense that enables him to keep his audience under complete control. Mr. Wark has without doubt a great career before him, if he can take advantage of an European training.

On certain occasions one of the patients in Rockwood acts as Jehu for some of the ladies when they wish to drive down town. A week or so ago, the ladies drove down as usual in the Gladstone sleigh, arranged so that they sat with their backs to the driver. Pat was on the box as usual, and after a time it occurred to the ladies that their progress was remarkably slow, and they turned to remonstrate with the driver. To their horror they discovered that for twenty minutes or more they had been driving in a funeral procession, which Pat had joined as a matter of duty.

Hockey has been booming in junior Rockwood circles, and the seniors are to shine with their usual brilliance later on. Rockwood II. have a really first-class organization, and would open the eyes of many of the League teams if they had

the opportunity. In their first match, they defeated Regiopolis 10 to 1, in their second the Britannias, a swift organization, by 6 to 4. The most junior team of the lot, the Beechgroves, have commenced their usual victorious career, and have several victories to their credit.

The Curling enthusiasm has begun to develop, and the Central Canada Curling Bonspiel, to be held at Rockwood on February 8th and 9th, promises to be a brilliant affair. Most of the clubs have signified their intention of being present, and Manager Fenwick promises to have ice that may be considered perfect.

Kingston and Rockwood have commenced their series of annual Curling contests, and appear to be very evenly matched so far. Both clubs will put their best foot forward to capture the Tankard from the hardy Northmen who always prove such sturdy foes.

The Vaudevilles of Kingston gave an excellent variety entertainment at Rockwood in January, and sustained their well known reputation as entertainers of the first class. Of course our own "Billy Woods" was the favorite with the audience, but a great feature of the evening was the wonderful dancing of several of the coons and sailors. This dancing was far superior to much that is seen on the professional stage.

The Fourteenth Band gave a successful Concert on January 4th, in aid of the Hospital, and cleared about a hundred dollars. The Band played as it has rarely done before, and again proved itself worthy of the admiration so freely bestowed on it by Kingstonians. The Orchestra lacked the practice necessary to make it a perfect success. Miss Armstrong's violin solos were excellent, and this young lady is steadily improving both in tune and technique.

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CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL AT ROCKWOOD.

Miss Goldie and Miss Margery Clarke entertained their friends at a Carnival in Rockwood Rink, on Wednesday evening, January 25th. About a hundred guests came in costume, and never before has there been such a brilliant gathering in the Rink—which was beautifully decorated with hundreds of flags. The rink manager had provided a sheet of perfect ice, and the Canadian lads and lasses showed that they knew how to make the best of the favorable conditions. The Rockwood Band discoursed sweet music, and for two hours the merry throng made themselves as happy as they should be at a carnival. Some of the costumes were very beautiful, others grotesque.

Many of the costumes were exceedingly clever, and Mr. Cochrane's handsome little lads as Brownies attracted universal attention. Another unique pair was that of the Heavenly Twins (Mephistophlean), by the Fortescue boys. Oliver Cotter in a complete Esquimaux outfit was unique, as was also David Marshall as a Japanese peasant. Among those who were present we noticed the following:—

Mamie Anglin, Little Red Riding Hood.
 Mona Knight, Geisha,
 Addie Lonergan, Flower Girl.
 Hospital Nurse, Beatrice Birch.
 Kathleen Daly, Olivia.
 A. Cotter, Swiss Girl.
 Bessie Richardson, Italian Peasant.
 M. Duff, Clown.
 Mildred Jones, Daughter of the Drum.
 D. Marshall, Japanese Pheasant.
 J. Calvin, Student.

Claude Betts, Pirate.
 Dora Herchimer, Irish Girl.
 George and Barry Fortescue, Heavenly Twins.
 Hugh Robertson, Dutchman.
 F. Worrell, Page.
 K. Carruthers, Clown.
 N. Potter, Boy Blue.
 W. Potter, Jockey.
 J. McWaters, Hockey Player.
 A. Britton, Student.
 Leo Doran, Geo. Washington.
 W. Goodwin, Irish Dude.
 Cyril Jones, Admiral.
 Elsie Saunders, Old Mother Goose.
 Elsie Worrell, Mrs. Uncle Sam.
 Grace Worrell, Porlia.
 Gertrude Powers, Gipsy.
 Kathleen Saunders, La Canadienne.
 Edith Goodwin, Baby.
 Harriet Watson, Red Riding Hood.
 Elsie Graham, Red Hussar.
 Etta Dennison, Bo Peep.
 Madeline Carter, Quakeress.
 May Smythe, Irish Girl.
 Lorraine Dalton, Gipsy.
 Goldie Clarke, Kathleen Mavourneen.
 Margery Clarke, Sweet Girl Graduate.
 Jenny Dickson Geisha.
 Florence Fenwick, Highland Lassie
 Kathleen Richardson, Queen of Hearts.
 Marion Wheeler, Columbia.
 D. Brownfield, Red Witch.
 Harold Clacke, Yellow Kid.
 Herbert Clarke, Turkish Brownie.
 W. Cochrane, Brownie.
 A. Cochrane, Brownie.
 J. Richardson, Clown.
 Marie Carruthers, Red Witch.
 Dorothy Carruthers, Red Witch.
 Oliver Cotter, Esquimaux.
 Fred Dennison, Dutch Girl.
 Ed. Davidson, Dutch Girl.
 Elephant, Fred & Frank Hartrick.
 Hubert Osborne, Cadet.
 D. Ellis, Jester.
 W. Ellis, Prince.
 S. Herald, Highlander.
 Claude Kent, Flower Girl.
 Cosmo Cartwright, Klondyker.
 F. Strachan, Snowshoer.
 J. Richardson, Irish Dude.

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CANADIAN PIONEERS.

As the sudden thrill of the trumpet's sound,
Or the steady march of a thousand men,
That shakes the air and throbs in the ground,
And makes the blood in the pulses bound
Are the tales of history told again.

Tales of the buried and vanished years,
Of the men who wrought in the desert place,—
Hunters, and soldiers, and pioneers
Who built, cemented with blood and tears,
A home for the free Canadian race.

Who that treads on the sacred soil,
Where towns and cities and commerce thrive,
Secure from native or foreign broil,
Bethinks himself of the infinite toil
To keep the infant state alive;—

Of the midnight raid, and the dread alarm,
Of the Indian war-whoop in his ears,
Of the flight through the wintry night and storm,
And the scalping knife, and the savage form
With scorn for pity, and torture for tears.

When the harrassed settler sowed and reapt
With his trusty musket at his back,
Unknowing for all the watch he kept
That the scanty harvest might not be swept
To ashes and dust in fire and wrack.

“Battle and murder and sudden death,”
The fate which any hour might see,
And yet for us they kept the faith,
And well for us that they drew the breath,
And loved the name of liberty.

Green grows the grain on the battle plain,
Fair in the sunshine field and town,
But the dust of a hundred years hath lain
On the dauntless hearts whose toil and pain
Shaped out our country's young renown.

Canada, Canada, Queen of the North,
And the Eastern and Western and inland seas,
Whose ships to the uttermost iles go forth—
Forget not thou the names and the worth
Of hero ancestors like these!

K. S. McL.

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A SHORT CHAPTER ON CATS.

A certain institution not far from a city well known in the Province of Ontario, is possessed of many enthusiasts who in the absence of anything better to do, go in for the raising of cats. Now these cats would be all very well in their place, that is if their place could be found, but Thomas and Maria have very broad ideas, and while their presence is not much to be noticed during the day, they are very much in evidence at night. At times the plague of felines becomes such a serious matter, that the edict goes forth that a general clearing out of the cats must occur, and then there is trouble, not only among the pussies, but the owners also, who wax very indignant at the persecution of their pets. However the order is absolute, and pussy must disappear, no matter how it is accomplished. Those who are really fond of the animals, see that other homes are found. One year a tender hearted patient undertook to rid the place, and provide homes for the outraged pussies. Every day for a time he disappeared with a bag containing four or five cats, and returned saying that they were all right and comfortably provided for. When the number had got well into the thirties, the matter was looked into, and it was found that he had deposited the whole collection in the grounds of an estimable lady, living on the outskirts of the city, and at the time she was greatly worried to account for the rapidly increasing family of Tabbies, and no doubt began to wonder if the days of Pharoah had come again. Contrary to the opinion popularly held, and at one time frequently expressed in song, the cats never came back. A season later an enthusiastic young medico had a mania for shooting, and raising a pack of useless hounds, conceived the idea that it would be well to train his bell-voiced dogs "reallive" game, and induced some

one to capture two of the swiftest and wildest of the army of Thomases still to the fore. The fur was taken far out on the frozen lake in a bag, the hounds straining in the leash, struggled for liberty, and at a given signal the bag was emptied, and the two Toms started for shore without delay. They were given a fair start, and then the hounds in full cry leaped in pursuit. The music was glorious, just like we read about in books, but not less remarkable was the change of key when the grand melee took place. The way in which those Thomases went for the dogs was a caution, and people who were on shore, and had no connection with any of the combatants, laughed until they wept. The hounds reached home on record time, the Toms a good second. A year or so later a plague of cats appeared, and when the weather got fine several dozens of them took up their residence in an old stone well, and devoted their evenings to orchestra practice. Of course these pussies had to live, and the birds began to suffer very seriously. It was a difficult matter to capture these gentry, as they were exceedingly wild, however a box trap was set, and the harvest appeared very quickly. The executioner was a well known local celebrity, who had the business down to a certainty, so that it was absolutely devoid of cruelty. The pussies were bagged and then inspected one by one. The trappers secured two prizes one evening, and they were bagged together. One a huge fellow was immediately recognized as the contra bass of the orchestra, and as he had a habit of playing out of tune, was regarded as a particularly lucky find. It so happened that the bag was left where the owner of the "contra basso" came occasionally, and as his master passed, Thomas recognized him and commenced to purr. He was of course rescued at once, and "Columbine," the owner, chuckled to himself as he substi-

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tuted a child's stuffed cloth cat. Next morning the first victim was carefully extracted from the bag, and executed, and then preparations made for the reception of the important basso. He was thought to be very sluggish, and it was not until a noose had been tied around his head that the nature of the joke dawned on the executioner. Of course the laugh was with "Columbine" for the time being, but Thomas did not take warning, and on his third appearance in the trap did not receive a commutation of sentence. Some of these cats become very expert as bird catchers, but it is on record that one of them at least made a serious mistake a winter or two ago, when he endeavoured to catch a butcher bird. Two of the birds took the matter in hand, and the way they used up Thomas was a marvel. He sat in the crotch of a tree for ten minutes, with his back humped up, while they cut him with their cruel beaks in a dozen places. At last he could stand it no longer, and beat a most ignominious retreat for the stables, pursued by the infuriated birds.

DOTS AND DASHES.

JANUARY 11TH, 1898.

The winter is proving a remarkable one by its large proportion of mild days, and absence of blustering winds; and fewer flocks of snow buntings have been seen or reported of than usual, during December or thus far in January,—merely a few stragglers of this intere ting species having occasionally been met with so far, but flocks of Pine Siskins are frequent visitors to the weedy spots at the margin of fields, and to the raspberry thickets wild or cultivated.

The bush fires that caused much loss in this vicinity three summers ago, had one useful feature in ridding the district, for a time at least, of the pestiferous fox marauders, but during the last two months there have been a few indications

of Reynard's intention to reoccupy his former haunts, or such portions of them as fire, cultivation and drainage have not yet meddled with. The young men who are fond of the woodland chase, report of seeing more numerous fox tracks on the snow than has been the case for some time; and two of our acquaintances tell of tracking of one or more foxes for nearly a whole day across several concessions of this township, during the time of the first snowfall, at the beginning of the past month. But the chase proved an unsuccessful one, and Reynard sought safety in distant fields of exploitation.

There is said to be however a super-abundance of wild rabbit food supply, but to a safe fox-rendevous, high dry ridges of sandy or loamy soil, and semi-wild areas of thicket, or briar bushes are desiderata, and of late much effort has been made hereabout to bring such spaces into cultivation and to a higher utility.

A few of the Falcon tribe of birds hovered about in our fields and woods quite to a recent date, and may probably winter here; but the nocturnal habits of the Owl branch of the falconidæ or raptores enable the parasites to keep up their numbers to the old pioneer time standard. Yet if the screech owl and the large horned owl keep up their numbers, it is an admitted fact that several intermediate species have almost if not entirely disappeared from this district.

The short-eared Owl (*asio accipitrinus*) was thirty years ago not infrequently met with in the Burford forests, but has of late not been seen or reported of.

The great Gray Owl, or barred owl (*ulula cineria*), was in early pioneer days much more common than *Strix Virginianus*, and had quite a different cry. *S. Virginianus* being always distinguished by the bush settlers by the name of "the large Hoot Owl," whose voicing was more dismal and with

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fewer accentuations, and was so thought to bear more resemblance to the dismal "soughing" of the night wind in some big hollow tree trunk or chimney.

The big Eagle Owl seems to have displaced *ulula cineria*, the latter hardly ever being known to enter the farm buildings or poultry houses, and the radiating feathered disco around the eyes of *U. Cineria*, as also the brighter reddish coloring of the back plumage, more or less conspicuously striped, were obvious distinctions.

A number of years passed after our becoming resident here, before the Snowy Owl was met with, (*Nyctea, Nyctea*). Their first noted invasion was in midwinter, and in considerable numbers; they lingered around farmers cattle sheds and stack yards, and a number were shot and mounted by local taxidermists. It was related about that time that a similar well remembered incursion of snowy owls had occurred in the same district 18 or 19 years previously, and a 3rd visitation took place in south western Ontario after the lapse of a similar interval. Several of these unwelcome visitors (the *Nyctea*s), were trapped where dead chickens had been placed to allure the nocturnal prowlers.

The "Saw-whet Owl" also was common in the then uncleared swamps, and its shrill loud outcries were almost a continual sound for an hour or two just before or about day dawn, in cold calm wintry mornings, especially in February when snows were deep, and ponds and streams firmly ice bound. Yet for years past, scarcely an individual of this species has been noticed or reported of in these parts.

But the little Screech Owl (*Megascops asio*), still holds its ground, and its quivering cries in the orchard trees, near farm dwellings, about the time of the "sma hours," are it is said enough to give one "the melancholics," and have been compared to the moaning shivering

"of a half frozen puppy."

This species is an industrious mouser, and in hard winters passes the nights in barns, sheds, out-houses and garrets. They are also believed to vary greatly as to the tints of their plumage, perhaps age has some influence on their coloring, but reddish brown with numerous small spots and chequers of a darker shade are most usual, but a variety that is only met with here in winter time, has a plumage nearly resembling (in whiteness) that of the much larger Snowy Owl; but our little friend has very long and prominent ear-tufts, but which are absent in *Strix Nyctea*.

If the Screech Owl is accidentally noticed in the day time, in the dim recesses of a garret, or unfrequented lumber room, the bird sometimes pretends not to notice a human intruder, and with closed, or with perhaps nearly closed eyes, will assume a burlesque attitude. On some such occasions as are here attempted to be described, one has suspected that some boy practical joker had been trying to fool one, by making a rag imitation or an ornithic ghost! When lo! on a close approach, and an attempt at handling off from its perch, and out of the window or other aperture, would the hypocritical mouser dart with the celerity of a chimney swallow, mayhap soon to return, when the occasion of molestation had subsided.

The Screech Owl of the reddish brown variety has small ear-tufts, and has also been seen to attack and kill nearly full-grown domestic chickens, and has on more than one occasion been detected at murderous work in the fowl houses and poultry roosts in this neighborhood.

The large Owls have quite a number of catlike instincts and traits. When excited or suddenly alarmed, the Eagle Owl flirts, or lays back its "theatrical" ear feathers, arches and bristles up its back feathers, hisses or "blows," and throws spit-

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fire glances, and strikes out defiantly with its formidable talons, the form and attitude at such moments bring to mind the similar behavior of the domestic feline when at the crisis of springing on a rat!

The owl hootings too resemble nocturnal "cat-calls," etc., and in some respects seem analogous to the "baying" of dogs by moonlight, and the clamors of geese on the eve of meteorological changes.

Notwithstanding the ferocity with which the raptorial tribes tear in pieces their living prey, none show stronger affection, or more of self-sacrificing resolve, than all the carnivores, or great solicitude for the comfort and security of their young! Like the raven or crow, the larger species of the owl genus have been many times seen to bring out their apparently full grown brood of four or five young ones, (this refers more especially to the barred owl species,) from their nests in the lonely wooded swamp, in the twilight hour, and alighting in an adjoining clearing, give lessons to their younger fry in the mouse, frog or lizard catching art! At harvest time, when a meadow happens to be situated in a secluded nook of forest clearing, these shy birds have been watched on moonlight nights by some that we could mention, night after night in succession, going about among the haycocks or (haypouts), and capturing their incautious prey, as the latter emerge from their retreats in the tree stumps or she terying "winrows." But their sympathies have a narrow and rigidly defined limit, and are strictly SRRIX-INE in fixity and enforcement.

The large Horned Owl is yet a formidable nuisance to poultry farmers, innumerable instances of loss and annoyance from this quarter have come to one's hearing during late years, and very many imprecations falling on S. V.'s doings have been uttered about here this autumn.

The semi-wild instincts of Turkeys and others of the gallinacæ to roost in trees, and to refuse to go in secure shelter until forced by snow and inclement cold, gives the large birds of prey all the opportunities necessary in the struggle for existence and task of survival. The acquired habit of entering under roofs, and even unglazed windows and ventilated apertures, has hardly kept abreast with the deceptive and greivous possibilities of steel traps, and these, with the deleterious properties of strychnine, cause occasional "bad quarters of an hour" to the winged ghouls who go abroad in the witching midnight hours.

When the parental owls bring out their young "to see the world" and to begin for themselves—and if an alien spy intrudes—it is a pretty spectacle to witness the fuss and worry of the old birds as danger signals, in the coaxing of the neophytes, by leading them by short flights towards the bush, and returning and repeating the manoeuvre, as an inducement to return to their privacy in the jungle.

This is a sort of apprenticeship that may often be witnessed in the tutoring of young crows, when such come to trespass in cornfields, and among a majority of the species of wild creatures. The rapine of the carnivore birds seems as universal on land, and as likely to be perpetual as that of the sharks in the seas. In a late letter from western Michigan, mention is made of night trapping of *Strix Virginiana*, when on similar errand as Burford pests.

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THE STORY OF A LOST STRAD.

By THE McAMATI.

This story, when I have sometimes been weak enough to tell it at the Club, has generally been received with incredulity,—an incredulity not expressed offensively, but in such a manner that I can see that my little tale, in spite of its veracity, is not easily swallowed; and this must be my excuse for putting it on paper, in the hope that our worthy editors will permit it to appear in their columns,—in fact, I am anxious to place it permanently on record.

The most delightful memory of my early youth is connected with the occasional visits I used to make with my parents to two maiden cousin's of my father's. As they were conditional on my long previous good behaviour, they received an enhanced splendour by being the rewards of virtue. I generally went there and back in a coach, and was habited in my best garments. At dinner I indulged in a delicious wine, I believe of home manufacture, and at tea with a peculiarly ambrosial cake. The home surroundings of these dear old ladies were perfectly charming, even to a child; the fine old pictures, the old china, the thousand and one nick-nacks adorning the rooms, the lovely books, made their home to me a very fairyland. Then in the evening we had a little music, one sister accompanying the songs of the other on a stately upright grand piano, the fluted silk front and gold tassel of which made it, in my eyes, more imposing than any cathedral organ. It was from one of these ladies I received the violin about which I am going to speak, and I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the opening of the quaint old case, and the disclosure of its innumerable beauties. It was to all appearances perfectly new, its brilliant varnish caught the light like a gem, its graceful lines, the gentle swell of its model,

the severe perfection of its voluted scroll, fired my young mind with unbounded admiration. I had already had lessons from a good master, and had begun to feel an interest in violins on their own account. I may say that I posed, in a moderate fashion, as a bit of a judge, and could discriminate the different styles of the various makers. When I got my violin home, I gave it a thorough overhauling. I strung it up and tested its tone, and here was my first disappointment; it was tubby,—decidedly tubby! As I gazed upon it I gradually became disenchanted. The thing looked so new; there was not a scratch, a chip, a crack on it. My friend Thompson had an Amati, a lovely wreck; it looked a thousand years old; while young Phipps played upon a Balestrieri, positively grand in the gorgousness of its dilapidations. This fiddle of mine was flat and wide, large to hold, and not easy to play. I had thought of this fiddle, and dreamt of it, long before it had been given to me; it had been in the family for countless years, and had belonged to my great grandfather; and now it was all my own I began to grow out of conceit with it. As I examined it more closely a label inside caught my eye, and I deciphered the name of Antonio Stradivari—and then, and then, I knew it was, it must be, a duffer! However, I called upon my cousin, and made inquiries about it, and she told me all she knew. It had been her great grandfather's, who had bought it off an Italian when he was a young man early in the eighteenth century, in the reign of George the Second. Her grandfather and father had played on it a little, but since the death of the latter it had never been touched, except by herself, and she had kept it carefully from dust and damp, treasuring it as a precious relic of the past. She promised to look among some old family papers for the original receipt or invoice of

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its purchase, and in due course sent me a venerable looking slip of yellow paper, on which was written:—

"A. B., Esq.,

"Dr. to G. Cervetto,

"For one fine violino,) 5 Guineas.
Antonio Stradivari.)

"Paid Sept. 19, 1720.

"GIO. CERVETTI."

This, of course, seemed proof positive of the genuineness of my violin. Here was the original receipt given a year after the date upon the label. At that time I had just discovered the shop of an old dealer in violins, who resided in a back street leading off from the top of the Haymarket, a crusty old chap, who was very hard to thaw, but when thawed was a quaint and amusing talker, and knew more about fiddles at that time, I believe, than any one in London. I thought it would be a curious test of the old fellow's judgment, and that I should get a reliable opinion as to the fiddle, if I took it to him. So I carried it down to his shop one afternoon for him to see. I was well enough acquainted with him to know that if I bluntly asked him for his opinion he would never give it to me—so I had to manoeuvre. He was fitting a bridge when I entered, and as it was a job he never liked—though he was a clever hand at it—he was more grumpy than usual. He hardly deigned to notice my entry, but I seated myself on a high stool by the counter, and watched him working. After a time I was bold enough to venture a remark.

"Amati?" asked I, pointing to his violin.

"A what?" said he.

"Mati?" questioned I again.

"How do you know?"

"F holes—long back. Hieronimus?"

"Not a bad guess," said he, relenting.

"Oh! I'm picking up a bit, you see!"

"You've a lot to pick up yet,"

snarlingly.

"I'm not the only one."

"One for you!" and he crooked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of an upstart's shop. This was quite in a genial advance. Presently he said, "I'll show you something," and reaching up to a shelf over his head, brought down a case, opened it, and put a fiddle in my hands.

"What's that?" asked he.

"A Frenchman," said I with confidence.

"Right, N. Lupot!" and smacked the fiddle into the box, and put it back on the shelf.

"What have you there?" asked he.

"Would you like to see?"

"Don't care!" indifferently.

I opened the box, and handed him the fiddle.

"New 'un?"

"Haven't had it long."

"Buy it?"

"No; present."

"Humph!"

Then he took it closer to the light, and twisted and turned it about in silence; ran his hand over the back, his finger and thumb round the ribs, and took a long look at the scroll. Then he looked at me. Then again at the fiddle. Then he put it down on the piece of green baize on the counter.

"It's right enough," said he.

"What's right enough?"

"Genuine Stradivari, the finest I ever handled."

"You're joking, what's it worth?"

"I'll give you five pounds for it."

I laughed.

"You can laugh, but it's not worth a bit more. If I had it, I could never sell it, not as it is?"

"But why?"

"I'll show you," and from under the counter he produced an instrument almost the counterpart of mine, but with great signs of wear on it, the varnish gone from the back, in a wide ribbon from top to bottom, and the ribs of the grain standing up on the belly like copper wire. A splendid piece truly! He

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took out his callipers and rule, and bit by bit went over both fiddles. They correspond to a hair's breadth!

"I want two hundred and fifty pounds for thi' one (this was nearly forty years ago remember), and when yours can show wear like this, it will fetch as much. That is if you can show its pedigree."

"I can do that." And I showed him the invoice. This made him laugh.

"Don't you think that is genuine!" I was rather ruffled.

"Of course I do, but I was thinking you might have some fun with our friends with your fiddle. Take it round to the experts, as they call themselves, and ask them what they think of it. You'll have a good afternoon's amusement over it, and when it's over come and tell me what they say."

The idea tickle^d me, and I at once set forth. Before I went he assured me that not only was he positively convinced of the violin's originality, but would swear there was not another one like it in Europe.

I first took it to Huffkins, who was then looked upon as THE great authority. His shop was small and dusty, and broken fiddles littered in it all directions. He took the violin from me abruptly, looked it up and down hastily, shook it, twanged the strings with his fat thumb, and said, "Garminy!"

"Charming?"

"No, Garminy; make 'em, and bake 'em like 'apenny cakes in Garminy. Wuth about five-an'-twenty, bob; 'as 'em brought 'ere by the cart load at about fifteen apiece on taking a dozen. Bought 'im?"

"No."

"Going to?"

"No."

"Wanter sell 'im?"

"No."

"Ah! 'ad 'im a present. Oh, I see! Been in family a century, 'as 'e. Who told yer that—a reg'lar old Marine yarn! I'll give yer a

quid for 'im if you throw in the case. No, don't get angry! Yer ast my erpinion, and get riled 'cos I give you one."

"You are mistaken, I am not angry, but I thought you might know—look at that—that is the invoice my great grandfather had with it."

This made him roar with laughter.

"Oh, yes, of course, that's part of the game wouldn't go down without a dockment."

As I felt I was losing temper, I recased the poor fiddle, and with a hasty "Good morning," stepped into the street.

Now, this man knew as well as he knew anything that the instrument was what it professed to be, and those who knew him have told me since, that his method was always to run down genuine violins when shown to him, and that the better they were the more violent his abuse became.

I then went to Flipnap. His shop was as neat and bright as a new pin, and he himself as trim and prim as anyone could wish.

"Yas! a very well-made instrument. French, quite one of Vuillaume's best. Very new in tone—quite raw. The finish is excellent, the varnish the best imitation of the old Italian that has been brought to me yet. Just purchased it? Dear me, you don't say so. Over a century in your family. A specious tale. Curious old case—yas—but you see the case and the violin are two different things, you cannot judge one by the other," and so on. I began to feel quite ill. I moved on to another expert. He had much the same to say about it, but it was in a bantering style, and very good humoured. I left him feeling like a silly little school boy. A fourth judge remained. I had some difficulty in finding him. He was a jolly little fat man, and had a shop turning out of the Strand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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