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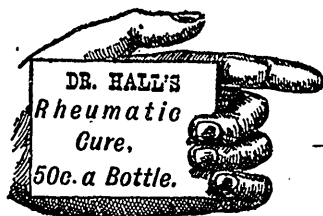
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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, JANUARY 1ST, 1897.

No. II.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

All are rejoiced at the improvement in the Hon. Mr. Harty's health.

Curling and Skating commenced in our Rink December 16th. The ice was in perfect condition.

The graduates of Rockwood Training School are well thought of. Miss Maude Mitchell, who is continuing her studies in New York, called a few days since, and seemed in the best of health and spirits. Miss Craig, another graduate who also took a course in Toronto General Hospital, visited Rockwood a few days ago. She is doing excellent work in Renfrew.

Rockwood House had a sensation on December 16th, when a fire broke out in a bedroom downstairs. Fortunately a fire extinguisher was near at hand, and soon put out the blaze, although not before a good deal of bed clothing had been destroyed.

Wanted, two goats, by two kids who own a fancy sleigh.—Apply to two members of the Beechgrove Hockey Club.

Hockey is flourishing in Kingston this season, and some very exciting matches are promised. Rockwood will in all probability line up as follows: Forwards—Coxworthy, Wilson, Tandy, Gilmour. Cover Point—Clarke. Point—Hamilton (Capt.) Goal—Shea.

The Beechgroves will be as much in evidence as ever, and perhaps more so, as the boys have grown a good deal in a year.

Curling is already talked "ad nauseam," and some of the teams are much stronger on paper than they will be on ice—still curling is a slippery game.

Henderson's large photograph of the Granite Football Club is the best thing of the kind seen in Kingston.

THE KINGFISHER ON TOP.—Yesterday afternoon a Kingfisher hovered about the Market Square in search of food. It pounced on a large Sparrow, and carried it to the ground followed by other sparrows. The fisher did not mind the pecks of the other birds, while it was killing its victim. The bird carried the dead bird to the place of its abode.

(The above clipping is from the Kingston "News," December 20. No doubt the bird referred to was a Northern Shrike, Butcher Bird).

The young town gentlemen who hoped that Reeve Fisher would not build an iceboat this winter are very apt to be disappointed. Our vigorous and enterprising Reeve will not go to Cape Vincent, nor to the far off Hudson, for a craft, but will doubtless find enough planks in his yard, plenty of ideas in his head, and a sail large enough somewhere near, with which he can put together a boat large enough and fast enough to make the imported beauties hustle. There is something vigorous and reassuring about the Reeve's methods, and no matter what he takes hold of, it "goes," that was the secret of his winning the Cup last year. It wasn't the boat so much as the method of handling it.

All rejoice over the prospective good luck of the Convery heirs, and hope that the amount of the legacy may be twice as large as reported in the newspapers.

Crossbills—both varieties have been very numerous of late in Rockwood Grounds. Pine Siskins have also been seen.

## The Rockwood Review.

The season has been an especially brilliant one in the way of amusements at the Hospital. Early in December, Sullivan's Cox and Box, one of the most delightful Operettas from this distinguished writer, was produced by Messrs. W. and J. Shea and Mr. J. Davidson. Miss Trendell had trained this trio to perfection, and they gave the difficult music in truly artistic style—not only that they acted so well that all of the fun in the piece was brought to the surface, and when will the fun of Cox and Box grow old? It is always the first farce for amateurs to act, and is the last refuge of many a dramatic troupe, but musical Cox and Box is a horse of another color from the plain farce without music, and is extremely difficult. The next success was the farce Poor Pillicoddy, put on by Miss B. Convery, Miss Mabel Orser and Mrs. Woodrow, Mr. T. McCammon and Mr. J. Davidson. These ladies and gentlemen have had so much experience on the stage that they played the inimitable Pillicoddy to perfection, and Mr. McCammon as the unfortunate and suspicious husband kept the house in roars of laughter. He did not burlesque the part, and the absence of vulgarity from the play was noticeable. There are two ways of producing a farce, viz., by broad and vulgar burlesque or by good honest acting where the true fun in the play is brought out. The Rockwood Dramatic Club are wise in adopting the latter plan. Miss

Convery as Sarah, was very clever, Miss Orser as Mrs. Pillicoddy, charming and natural, Mrs. Woodrow as Mrs. Scuttle excellent, while Mr. Davidson as Capt. Scuttle was in the language of the street "immense," being quite at home in anything nautical.

A new electric light has made stereoptican exhibitions a success in the Amusement Hall, and some hundreds of local slides make the stereoptican nights more interesting than of old, and of course Billy Shea as lecturer keeps the audience in good humor.

The Amusement Hall is now lighted by electricity, but Mr. Potter has refused to place an electric light at the front door. He says there is too much "sparking" in the front porch already.

On Tuesday, 13th December, the Fourteenth Band gave a fine Concert to the patients in Rockwood Hospital, and presented an excellent programme. The overture to Rienzi (Wagner), was magnificently rendered, while the popular National Dances were much appreciated by the audience. Master McGall's performance with the Drum Major's stick was unique. Thanks are due to Messrs. Abernethy, Bandmaster Carey and the bandsmen for the Concert. The Fourteenth is now one of the best bands in Canada.





**DR. J. M. FORSTER,**  
Asst. Med. Supt.,  
Rockwood Hospital.



**DR. J. WEBSTER,**  
Asst. Physician,  
Rockwood Hospital.

## The Rockwood Review.

### XMAS AT ROCKWOOD.

Xmas has come and gone once more, and every patient in Rockwood must feel that nothing was left undone to make the day a happy one—for in the history of the Institution no Xmas has been brighter. As usual the dinner was a bountiful repast, in which turkeys and geese, plum puddings and mince pies were largely in evidence, and big appetites and Xmas jolity more in evidence still. After dinner is over the next great excitement to be looked forward to is the entertainment at night, as an old fashioned Xmas play is almost invariably selected. This year it was the beautiful fairy story of Cinderella, arranged in musical form by Frauz Abt. The story was told in part by an old sage of fairy days (Mr. Jas. Dennison), and then scene after scene of great beauty appeared under the dazzling rays of electric light. Now it was a group of fairies singing around pretty Cinderella as she slept, now a group helping her in her work, then the dazzling splendors of the gay court scenes flashed forth; but Cinderella is a long story, and for an hour and a half the audience were kept in fairyland. The music was delightful and full of dainty melodies, and the pictures were beautiful indeed. The dancing of the little fairies was one of the prettiest features of the play. Before the curtain rose for Cinderella a short performance was run through, the Orchestra played the El Capitan March, Miss Goldie Clarke and C. M. Clarke a Violin Duet, Serenade des Mandolins and a living picture, The Christmas Bride was posed for by Miss Mabel Orser, W. Potter and Harold Clarke. Those who took part in Cinderella were: Cinderella, Miss Mabel Orser; Fairy Queen, Miss B. Convery; Fairies—Kings, Queens, &c., Misses Jackson, Smith, Nicholson,

Orser, Macdonald, Ward, Gallagher, Maloney, Mr. Lawless, Mr. Gilmour, Mr. J. Shea.

Little Fairies — Misses Jennie Dickson, Goldie Clarke, Margery Clarke, Addie Lonergan, Frankie Davidson, Edith Davidson, Etta Dennison.

Reciter, Mr. Jas. Dennison.

During the play the Solo Dance, by Miss Jennie Dickson, was much admired.

Instead of the usual Xmas Tree a new feature was introduced, viz. a huge Xmas Bell, made of evergreens, and hung in the centre of the Amusement Hall. This Bell was elaborately decorated, and on it hung a thousand and one presents. It looked very beautiful with its twinkling lights of different colors, its gay decorations and sparkling bonbons. The tongue of the Bell was an immense bunch of bright colored flowers.

A present was provided for every patient in the Institution, that is no less than six hundred presents were given out. Many of these were sent from home, and in other instances were provided by generous people from far and near for the friendless ones. On this day though, it could truly be said that there were no friendless ones.

---

Mr. Dennison was complimented on his elocution by a well known elocutionist.

Miss Mabel Orser and Miss Convery are clever on the stage.

The "troupe" will give an entertainment to the convicts in the K. P. on December 31st.

The Beechgrove pair in the "Xmas Bride" picture looked as if they would rather play at hockey than at acolyte.

The Rockwood Staff agree that it is a good thing Xmas comes but once a year. All are tired.

Mr. J. Williamson is spending his holidays in Napanee.

## The Rockwood Review.

### A VISIT FROM THE DOCTOR.

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house,  
Two creatures were stirring, a wife and her spouse:  
The stockings were strewn through the rooms, here and there;  
No longer for Nicholas the youngsters had care:  
They restlessly tossed in their warm feather-beds,  
And visions of trouble now chased through their heads.  
Mamma in her 'kerchief,' and Papa in his cap,  
Had just been disturbed from attempts at a nap;  
The 'phone' they had rung, with loud sounding clatter,  
And the Doctor was told there was something the matter.  
Away to the house he came like a flash,  
Knocked at the door, rang the bell with a clash:  
Asked what was the trouble, his merry-eyes winking,  
While Mamma and Papa like no owls were blinking.  
In furs he was dressed, from his head to his knees,  
And even Old Zero his nose couldn't freeze;  
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, that nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a smile,  
And the beard on his chin wagged slowly the while.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And Papa laughed as he saw him, in spite of himself.  
Up stairs in a trice, he went with a rush,  
Saw faces all white, or lit up with a flush;  
Didn't feel of the pulses, or look at the tongues,  
But declared that such sickness to Christmas belongs.  
"That's the work of a Gobbler, and that of Mince Pies;  
That from helpings of Pudding of too large a size;  
And here is a case of indigestible Nut,  
Which into that mouth too often was put.  
Now Johnny! now Billy! now Sally! now Sue!  
I'll fix up a mixture that 'll soon settle you:  
Tinct. Rhei one ounce, of Senna as much,  
Of Salts a good handful, of Aloes a touch,  
And if that won't help you, a dose of the Oil,  
'That from Castor Bean comes, with pressure and toil.  
I'll warrant a cure before break of day,  
If you'll act like good children, and do as I say."  
A wink of the eye, and a twist of the head,  
Was intended to tell them they had nothing to dread:  
But their faces were long, their sighs were of size,  
As they yawned all their mouths, and shut all their eyes.

## The Rockwood Review.

He spoke not a word, but went straight at his work,  
And administered the mess with professional jerk ;  
And each got a dose of this awful queer stuff,  
Of which very little was quite enough,—  
Like these rhymes, you may say, in critical vein,  
Which flow from my Pegasus given the rein.  
Then Papa in Pyjamas, of thick woollen make,  
Thought it time to ask Dr. Good to partake  
Of something more soothing than nasty Black Draught.  
The Doctor assented, and winked as he quaffed  
A mixture of Sugar, and Water, and—Tea,  
Which wasn't exactly the regular Bohea.  
Then laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And winking again, from his chair he arose,  
And walked to his sleigh ; to his team gave the word ;  
When away they all dashed, with the speed of a bird :  
But Pap heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"Happy New Year to all, and to all a Good Night."

GRANDFATHER.



## The Rockwood Review.

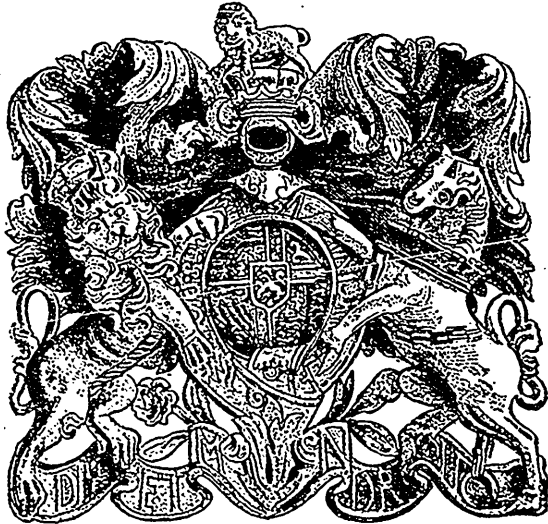
### CELEBRATED ROYAL ARMS.

When the United States were a British Colony, the King's Arms were displayed in public buildings just as they are in Canada to-day, but after the Revolution, when the feeling of irritation against the mother country was intense, nearly all of these arms were destroyed or thrown into the lumber room. Originally they were regarded with the greatest respect, and although most of them ceased to command attention, some few were preserved by the U. E. Loyalists, and carried to Canada where they are to be found to-day. The Royal Arms which were in the council chamber of the old State House in Boston, are carefully preserved in Trinity Church, St. John, New Brunswick. They have been in possession of this church for upwards of a hundred years. They were carried there by two U. E. Loyalists, Mr.

Ward Chipman and Mr. Edward Winslow. In a letter of Mr. Winslow's to Mr. Chipman, on the 16th January, 1785, he says: "Give my old Custom House Seal to Mr. Leonard, and tell him I'll forward the famous carved Coat of Arms by the first conveyance from Halifax."

Our illustration is taken from a photograph of a celebrated Coat of Arms now preserved in All Saints Church, St. Andrew's, New Brunswick. In a paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, by Rev. Edmund F. Slayter, A.M., the following account is given:—

Connecticut was the home of another coat of Royal Arms which is still extant. These Arms are now in All Saints Church, at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, Canada. The Rev. Samuel Andrews was Rector of St. Paul's Church, Wallingford, Connecticut, from 1762 to 1785, when he removed to St.



ARMS OF WILLIAM AND MARY, IN ALL SAINTS CHURCH, ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

## The Rockwood Review.

Andrews. Soon after his arrival, steps were taken for the erection of a church, which was completed for use probably about the first of the year 1790. On the walls of that church the Royal Arms were early placed, where they remained till 1867, when they were removed to the new All Saints Church, consecrated that year, and where they are at the present time. That they were brought there by the Rev. Mr. Andrews from Wallingford, Connecticut, rests on an undisputed tradition; and that they were there in the very early years after his arrival is proved by a vote of the Corporation of the parish in 1793, which designates the place they were to occupy on the walls of the church. This vote and the tradition completely harmonize, and leave no doubt as to the origin of these Arms. They are in themselves exceedingly interesting. They are carved in wood, gilded and brilliantly painted, and although very ancient are in excellent preservation. They belong to the period of William and Mary, and are the Arms of those sovereigns. They differ in no respect from those of the Stuart family, except that they bear, on an escutcheon of pretence, the Lion of Nassau, introduced by William of Orange, who became William III. of England.

The evidence in regard to these Arms has been obtained largely through Henry Osburn, Esq., of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, who kindly sent me a photograph from

which our illustration has been made. Mr. Marshall Andrews, a grandson of the Rev. Samuel Andrews, confirms the tradition that the Arms were brought from Wallingford by his grandfather. I find that no record or tradition of these Arms while they were in Connecticut remains, and indeed it could hardly be expected. If they were in St. Paul's Church, Wallingford, and were removed at the outbreak of the Revolution, and concealed for the period of ten years, the memory of them would probably soon pass away.

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## The Rockwood Review

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A monthly publication, printed at Kingston.

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Single Copies, 3 cents.

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Business Manager, — Chas. M. Clarke.

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## The Rockwood Review.

### THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

Last night the wind blew out of  
the south,  
Sweet and warm as a babe's sweet  
mouth,  
And the pasture lands and the  
stable fields,  
Were greener with the herbage which  
Autumn yields.

Dull gold by the lake in the west-  
ering sun,  
And rose from the sunset clouds  
above,  
And soft and grey when the day  
was done,  
As the shimmering breast of a  
brooding dove.

But that was yesterday afternoon:  
At night the fairies in silver shoon,  
Silver shoon and powdered hair,  
Came slipping down through the  
frosty air.

And all through the hush of the  
purple night,  
Out of each tiny powder puff,  
They scattered the scintillant shin-  
ing stuff,  
And lo! in the morning the world  
was white.

The firs were muffled in swan's-  
down hoods,  
Like a tented army stretched the  
woods,  
And cot and castle and hovel and  
hall,  
And new-made grave, in its velvet  
pall,  
The crystalline purity covered them  
all.

K. S. McL.

### BIRD NOTES.

E. BEAUPRE, JR.

The Solitary Sandpiper, a regular  
visitant during the latter part of  
August; in appearance it is not  
unlike the Spotted Sandpiper, but  
when flushed its flight resembles  
that of the Snipe, wild and sinuous.  
As its name implies, it is very  
solitary in its habits, not more than  
two, more frequently one, being  
seen at once. It appears to find a  
large percentage of its food in and  
about pasture fields, as it usually  
frequents such places.

The Golden Plover, which until  
this year have visited us annually  
in good numbers, now exhibit every  
sign of disappearing, if not entirely  
at least to such an extent that the  
capture of one will be unusual. I  
believe they have deserted certain  
parts of the Province in late years,  
but that has not been the case in  
Kingston, for as recently as Octo-  
ber, 1895, an acquaintance of mine  
shot sixteen brace in one morning.  
This season, however, five speci-  
mens make the record for these  
birds here.

The Black-billed Plover, first  
cousin of the foregoing species,  
were more numerous than formerly,  
a somewhat increased migration  
occurring in September and Octo-  
ber; the largest flock I saw con-  
tained eleven, frequently two or  
three go together, and very often  
one will associate with a flock of  
Sanderlings.

Large flocks of White-winged  
Crossbills have been with us since  
November; they made the woods  
lively with their cheerful twittering  
as they flew about.

While Grouse hunting, Nov. 9th,  
I saw a Fox Sparrow, but much to  
my disappointment, circumstances  
prevented me from collecting it.

The Goshawks have come down  
from the north in large number  
this fall, and have been seen about  
daily since September.

## The Rockwood Review.

One magnificent specimen of the Goshawk was captured by my father, while duck shooting over decoys. While sitting in a blind, he was suddenly startled by the suddenswoop of an immense hawk, which passed very close to him and seized one of the decoys. The hawk was shot, and was found to have its talons firmly fixed in the head of a decoy.

The Upland Plover is becoming fairly numerous about this vicinity, and this year has been found breeding over an area of forty miles in length, but of uncertain depth. Flocks of ten or twelve were to be seen at the end of the summer, but were most difficult of approach. These birds left before October.

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In a recent issue of one of our local papers, the following interesting item appeared:—

"The floods in Greece have assumed a serious aspect, and one of the largest of the cemeteries has been washed away. The loss of life was very large." Comment is unnecessary.

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### HOW MY COUSIN CHARLIE GOT HIS STRAD.

It had been raining for a fortnight as it only can rain in Devonshire and the far West, and the little party at my uncle's house at Widdlecombe had dwindled down to two old naval captains and their wives, cousin Charlie and I, and a more prosy and dozy lot it is impossible to imagine. As all country sports were out of the question, we spent hours and hours at whist and cribbage with the old folks, who parted cheerfully with the three-penny we won of them, and when the luck was the other way about, pocketed their winnings with equal affability. The only other relief we had to our monotony was owing to the fact that both the captains

and my uncle were extremely musical, and each of them were enthusiastic fiddlers. Charley and myself were only tolerated because we could when occasion called upon us, wield a bow, and thus make the performance of certain venerable quartettes possible. My uncle played the 'cello, Captain Pegwell the tenor, Captain Sawyer the first violin, while Charlie and I came in as best we could with our somewhat uncertain seconds. Our musical performances were conducted in the afternoon, and as the music room was in a remote corner of the house, we disturbed no one by our harmonious efforts. I say "harmonious," but I must qualify the term, because the three old gentlemen occasionally came to rather high words over the "tempo," and our performances were often considerably abbreviated by the arguments which arose as to the rendering of certain passages, but on the whole our afternoons were thoroughly enjoyable, and those movements about which there could be no dispute were got through in a manner entirely to our own satisfaction. I do not for one moment suppose that we came up to a very high standard of playing at any time, but I have nothing but the kindest memory of those tuneful afternoons.

Our instruments were all very good of their sort. My uncle's 'cello was a John Forster, bought direct from the maker, in splendid preservation, and with a varnish anything but the "pea soup" of which Mr. Charles Reade speaks. Captain Pegwell's tenor was a Barak Norman of charming tone and rich appearance, the other captain led us into action on a Nicholas Amati found on board of a French ship captured by Nelson, while Charley and I had to do our scraping on a couple of fairish Dukes which looked better than



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they sounded.

Charlie was a greater fanatic than I was in matters musical and had several ambitions in that way, among them was one to possess a fiddle by Stradivarius or Joseph Guarnerius, he did not care which, but if he could only get a specimen of either of those great masters he felt that his life would be truly worth living.

One Saturday morning after breakfast we were smoking our pipes and reading, he the county weekly paper, I my budget of correspondence, when he interrupted me by asking me what I was going to do next Wednesday, and if I could tell him where Spinhay was.

"What's the matter now?" said I.

"Why, old man, there's a big sale coming off there on Wednesday and two following days at the Manor House, and I see that there are several fine violins for sale, 'collected in Italy by the late proprietor,' and there is what the printer calls a 'Strndimarius,' an 'Amatta,' and a 'Tickler.' What do you say, shall we go over and see what they are like? It'll be a change for us if it is nothing else."

Falling in with this particular view, I consented to make the journey with him. On consulting the county map we found that Spinhay was a good hour's run by rail from Widdlecombe on the main line. We wrote to the auctioneers for a catalogue by return of post, and Messrs. Hammerly and Downers responded promptly, so that on Monday morning we had in our hands a complete list of the "distinguished collector's" fiddles. It was not a very long one but contained some very famous names, so correctly spelt, as compared with the newspaper advertisement, that we surmised it had been carefully revised by someone who knew a little about such things. The fiddles were down for sale on the second

day, but as the journey was long, and the trains inconveniently arranged we thought it wiser to go down on the Wednesday, so as to be fresh for the fray on Thursday. We entered the train at the little country station and had not been seated very long before a very bland and courteous fellow traveller entered into conversation with us. He was a very large man with a smooth fat face and little twinkling eyes, his voluminous overcoat was trimmed with fur and his sleeves were lined with crimson silk, he had a great number of rings on his dumpy, and not over clean fingers, and his bosom was spanned by a huge gold chain powerful enough to hold to her moorings a ten gun brig, at the very least. He was smoking a very good cigar, and in a little while produced his case and pressed his Havannas on us. They were undoubtedly a choice brand. "Like 'em," said he, "ah! I should think you did, they were imported for the Duke of Cambridge. I'm the only man in London who can satisfy H. R. H. on that point, and he is particular I can tell you."

Charlie was wearing a very curious old watch, a watch with a jewelled and enamelled face and modern works, as he was looking at it "Excuse me," said our friend, taking his time-piece coolly in his hand, "a most remarkable watch, and, strange to say, only a month ago I obtained its very counterpart for the Countess of D—, who paid a cool hundred and twenty guineas for it. Ah! yes, the very same, see!" and he touched one of the jewels with his thumbnail, and to our surprise the enamelled part in the centre flew open and disclosed a death's head. It was like a conjuring trick, as though Charlie had had the watch for years he had never found out this little peculiarity. Then our strange friend gave us a long history of this watch and its

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fellow too lengthy to be detailed here. Before long we were convinced that he was a London dealer, and suspected rightly, as it proved that he was bent on the same mission as ourselves. But he could not quite make us out, and I suppose an inquisitive nature prompted him to pump us.

"Going on to Plymouth I suppose gents?" Not quite so far as that, we told him. "Thought perhaps you were in the Navy; pardon me if I seem inquisitive." To ease his mind, as much as anything, we told him of our destination, and he with surprise admitted he was going there himself. He was on business, big sale at the Manor House, hoped to do something in the picture line, and hoped he should not be disappointed in the fiddles. Charley's eyes met mine, and then he said very carelessly that he had heard the old squire had some very fine fishing tackle and also a choice collection of whips. He was after the first and I wanted some of the latter.

To shorten my tale, in due time we arrived at Spinhay, a queer old village hidden away among the hills. There were a few scattered houses and a couple of fairish country inns, where it was possible to get beds and all needful accommodation—though the said accommodation was strictly limited. There was the Blue Swan and the Dog and Duck. Our travelling companion had secured himself a bed at the Swan, and so did we, after having tried at the Dog and Duck and found it already completely engaged by the auctioneer and his staff. The sale had been going on all the morning, but before it was over for the day we had an opportunity of seeing the fishing tackle, the whips,—and the fiddles. When we got to these we found our dealer friend examining them carefully and handling them in an affectionate

and gingerly manner indicative of the connoisseur.

"A very poor lot—mostly fakes, the Strad, German copy, rather good of its sort, but thin in tone, hardly worth a fiver—Amati, perhaps, worth two of the others, but not worth a trip from London. Do you know anything about fiddles, gentlemen? No! well I suppose not, very few people do," and so on. We saw through him at once, and after he had left the room Charley took up the Stradivarius with an expression of respectful awe. It was wonderfully perfect and anyone might easily have been induced to think it was a modern copy, but it was fine all over and what little wear it had, was ornamental. It was practically unstrung, and we thought it would be impolitic to try its tone or shew in any way that we were interested in fiddles. Charley was a born diplomat, and he at once saw that if he was to have that fiddle he must play a deep game for it. Mr. Lovejoy (for such his card gave his name to be) was after that fiddle or nothing, and had no doubt come prepared to have it at any price. We lit our pipes, and sallying forth into the moonlight held sweet counsel together. The prospect was very dark for us, it seemed hopeless. Suddenly a light seemed to break upon my cousin—Hammerly and Downer—he knew Downer, slightly, it is true, but they had been boys together and had both been to the same grammar school.

"Let's go and see Downer," said he, "we shall find him at the Duck." And we did, and over sundry glasses of Irish (they called it "Irish," it should have been "Head-ache") laid before the auctioneer our trouble. It seemed a foolish thing to do, you may perhaps, mind I say PERHAPS, influence a British jury, or "get at" a British

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judge, but your British auctioneer is beyond even the slightest suspicion. But and that "but" gave us a gleam of hope, Mr. Downer called our dealer a beast and had very evidently a strong objection to the man. There had been some words between them late in the afternoon and Lovejoy had waxed insulting. Mr. Downer consulted his catalogue and told us that the fiddle could not be sold until after lunch. Then he lit a cigar and changed the subject. The remainder of our evening was very jolly indeed, and we left the auctioneer with feelings that bordered on the brotherly. In spite of our merry meeting the diplomatist had been at work, and the suggestions born of that allusion to lunch bore fruit. When we got back to the Swan the landlord was just shutting up.

"Landlord, have you any champagne?" enquired Charley.

"Champagne, sir," and he scratched his head, "well, now I come to think of it there is a case somewhere down in the cellar, been there for years."

"All the better, let us have two or three bottles for lunch to-morrow."

"Certainly, sir!" responded our host, rendered cheerful at the prospect of getting rid of what he had long looked upon as dead stock.

"Where's Mr. Lovejoy?"

"In, sir, turned in hours ago."

"Good! let us have our candles in half an hour."

In the dingy coffee room, Charlie in a stage whisper unfolded his plan. The working of the plan will be best described by telling how it all fell out. The sale had gone on steadily until half-past twelve when the auctioneers suspended operations for half an hour for refreshments. I had been very close to Mr. Lovejoy all the morning, and ever since twelve he had been awfully thirsty. We had had eggs and bacon for

breakfast and the ham was decidedly briny, so when the sale came to the end of the first part the quenching of his thirst was the dealer's sole desire. With the feet of swiftness we hurried to the hospitable bosom of the azure Swan, and there we found a neat spread, and in an old-fashioned wine bin the shining, silvery knobs of the champagne bottles.

"Fiz," cried he, his parched tongue lolling out of his mouth, "fiz, by all that is holy!" and with incredible rapidity he had extracted the cork and poured himself out a bumper—one, two, three—oh! the plot began to work famously, we had finished the first bottle before the cook had placed on the table a brace of partridges "spatchcocked" to a nicety. He was a greedy beggar, and as hungry as he was thirsty, and he went for his grub with the avidity of a man who had not tasted food for a week. Where was my friend? he asked, why had he not come? I explained he had gone to visit a friend in the neighborhood. Another bottle of "fiz," and then he had pulled out his cigar case and thought it was time for us to be moving. "I must have some of those fiddles," he said, "I should never have been here but for them."

I looked at my watch, we had over stayed the time nearly half an hour, and it was nearly ten minutes walk to the Manor House. "These country auctioneers are never up to time," said he. "We shall see," thought I. It so happened that this auctioneer was a very punctual man and his punctuality had been carefully nursed by Charley, and while I had been feeding Lovejoy and assuaging his thirst with choice vintages, he had been keeping Downer up to time. Three or four lots were put up out of their turn, just to give the gentleman from London a chance, and then came a fiddle of lesser note. All this time

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poor Charley had been seething with impatience and excitement. At last the long looked for moment arrived and the Stradivarius, dated 1703, was put up. An old farmer bid what he called "a suvverin" just for fun, and an old clergyman said two; then Charley said five, a jump which surprised the company, but the clergyman said ten, and thought he had got it, but he had not, for Charley said fifteen. Some of the crowd thereat said "My eye!" The parson went another five, which made twenty, and Charley made it twenty-five, and then it hung. "Going at twenty-five, no advancc on twenty-five?" Dead silence! Charley perspired freely, his heart beat like the pump of a sinking ship, for he saw Lovejoy and me coming across the lawn. "Going, gentlemen, a genuine instrument; an instrument worth five or six hundred pounds, going at twenty-five guineas! you said guineas, sir?" "Of course I did," and Charley nearly swore in his impatience, for we were coming up the stairs, "Going—going—gone! Yours, sir—thank you!" "Gone, what's gone, which lot?" "Three seven five," replied someone. "Great heavens, the Strad! and the gentleman from London smote his brow and used unparliamentary language.

"Where's the buyer?" he asked, as he grew calmer. "I'm the happy man," answered my cousin, who had just filled up a cheque for the price of the fiddle. "You—you—oh! you young rascal, but there, it's all a joke of course, I'll give you a hundred for your bargain." "What," laughed I, "a hundred for a German copy." "Don't be too hard on a fellow, take two hundred and let me have the fiddle." But he could not tempt Charley, and to quiet his despair we took him home to the Blue Swan and soaked his clay in dry champagne.

The fiddle is still the glory of my

cousin's life, and occasionally when I drop in to see him he hands me the key of the case and I take it out and wonder at its marvellous beauty.

ROSIN LE BEAUX.

---

### THE GOOSE.

You may sing as you will of the rising lark,  
And the nightingale's pensive lay—  
Of the dove that gloats on its beautiful mate,  
And the eagle soaring away;  
But there's a bird I love better than these,  
I'll toast her, I'll roast her, and dine at my ease.

The turkey is good, and the capon's fine,  
The partridge is quite to my taste,  
Off a couple of fowls I sometimes dine,  
Or pigeons baked in a paste,  
But not one of these could me induce  
To forsake my favorite fat roast goose:

Stuff her with onion mixed with sage,  
Nicely baste and carefully roast,  
Serve with brown gravy and apple sauce,  
And let me dine as guest or host;  
Let me be both, it will better suit me,  
For a goose and I are good company.

---

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## THE STUDY OF NATURE.

(CONTINUED.)

liberty in the hope that he would be able to find a suitable mate, and like the characters in the fairy stories, "live happily ever afterward." He seemed delighted to be free, and soon made his way to a thicket, but before evening the children found him on the ground exhausted; and the poor fellow was not only ready to come in, but full of joy when he saw his cage. The ways of civilization had unfitted him for the outside world.

Last summer one of the catbirds in the grounds indulged in a remarkable romance, to me inexplicable. We had a mockingbird in a cage in the diningroom window, and this fellow sang from daylight until dark, scarcely making the regulation pause of ten minutes for refreshments. In the early part of the season it was observed that a glossy catbird was nearly always to be found perched on a shrub near the window, or hopping on the window sill, evidently trying to get at the mocker. When the weather was warmer and the cage hung outside, the catbird came to it regularly, and even fed the mockingbird. This remarkable attachment lasted all summer, and late in the fall when catbirds were supposed to have gone south, I saw the disconsolate lover sitting on the bush outside of the window, and his appearance seemed to indicate that the world had not gone well with him.

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