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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

JULY 1894.

No. 5.

## MARRIAGES.

Schuyler--Britton--At Kingston, on June 5th, 1894. C. Valentine Schuyler, of New York, to Mary Alice, second daughter of B. M. Britton, Q. C., Kingston.

## BIRTHS.

McCammon--At Portsmouth, on the 16th inst., the wife of Thomas McCammon of a son.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Ross, of Hatwood, has been seriously ill, but is somewhat better.

Mr. J. Kent has left us. He took his fiddles with him in a large packing case.

Miss Bella Convery and Mr. Ed. Gilmore have been promoted to Supervisorships in Rockwood Hospital.

Musquitoes and the swimming season appeared to arrive together.

Love is not dashed by anything, even the thousands of dead alewives along the shore do not spoil the romance of seven loving couples, who haunt the Cottage Point at dark.

The election is over, and so is school. It is hard to say which event gives most pleasure.

This muggy weather makes printing more than a fine art, as sticky ink and soft rollers are difficult to manage.

At last the electric cars have reached the gates of Rockwood, and King Ben has once more proved that George Washington is his model, although our celebrity uses

more modern tools than a hatchet. Before long the Rockwood Grove, beyond Hatwood, will become a semi-public Park, with pop booths, swings, merry go rounds and various other institutions, attractive to the old and young pic-nicker, and then we shall have peace at Rockwood.

At present many people ask permission to hold private pic-nics on the Point. This permission is readily granted to nearly all, as most persons are anxious to carry out the very reasonable restrictions imposed. Occasionally though our people are annoyed by boys, who are rude, destructive and without respect for private property. As a general rule, we are inclined to blame those supposed to be in charge of the pic-nic rather than the boys.

A wildly exciting capsizement took place in Portsmouth Bay last week. The yacht Defiance upset in a wicked squall, and three or four prominent citizens received a severe fright as well as a ducking. Fortunately the boat was tied to the dock at the time of the accident, and the various sailors managed to swim ashore, although the water was fully three feet deep.

The new sidewalk at Portsmouth is fearfully and wonderfully made. The waves of the sea, in a violent storm, cannot compare with its billowy irregularity.

We have heard from Tommy Fitzgerald. He is still the fore in athletics, and his last accomplishment was that of defeating a Toledo athlete in a ball throwing contest. Tommy always had a powerful right arm.

## TREED BY A MOOSE.

Year after year we had gone deer hunting, with varying success, but ambition made us feel that we could not rest satisfied until a Moose had been offered up as a tribute to our skill as Nimrods. It was the year before the Moose were put upon the protected list, and our party consisted of Jack Scott, a jolly little lumber king, from Buffalo; Paris Stone, a well known guide and trapper; and myself, a weather beaten old bachelor, not so far gone that I could not appreciate a pretty face, or enjoy a quiet chat in the shady corner of a dimly lighted conservatory. Our outfit was simple, as long experience had taught us it should be, when long portages and rapid currents make every extra pound of baggage a matter of grave importance. Two Peterboro canoes, a stout tent, a plentiful supply of fat bacon, flour, sugar and tea, were the staples; three 44 Winchesters, and two No. 12 Scott shot guns, made up the armament. We went by train to Sturgeon Falls, a short distance from Lake Nipissing, and from that point paddled up stream for forty-five miles, to the mouth of the Temangamingue River. Nothing remarkable occurred on the Sturgeon, a muddy stream, with ugly, sloping clay banks, that offer little of interest to the voyageur. When we had gone twenty miles, plenty of Moose signs were visible, and Paris saw the trail of one monster bull, who must have been of gigantic proportions.

It was surprising how little game we met, indeed this is generally the experience in the Moose tract, for this monarch of the forest loves not society. We had heard fabulous tales of the numbers of the game caught on the Temangamingue, or

as it is more commonly called, the Temigamog River. When we entered this stream, we found it a delightful change from the roily Sturgeon. The water was like crystal, and pebbles, even at a depth of twenty feet, loomed up with startling distinctness. The current was exceedingly swift, with here and there a short rapid, too stiff to paddle up. We made our camp in a suitable spot, and early next morning, Jack and I set out to reconnoitre. Jack is an enthusiast by nature, and loves to talk of the beauties of paddling, when on the broad of his back in a hammock, but in a canoe he loves to spin yarns, and give an occasional dash with the paddle, to emphasize some particular point in the story. As the day goes on, the stories get decidedly weak in point, as far as paddling is concerned. We forgive John his little failing though, as Camp would be desolate without his jovial face and merry humor. This morning the stiff current made paddling hard work, consequently progress was very slow. We had swung in to take advantage of an eddy beneath an overhanging bank, covered with drooping cedars, when far up the river, four hundred yards away, we saw a Cow Moose quietly feeding in the water. The wind was blowing directly from us to the animal, and we could not approach nearer without giving alarm, so we stopped paddling, took hold of the cedars, and held a council of war, sotto voce. The Moose seemed uneasy, stopped feeding several times, and looked in our direction, then quietly into the underbrush and was gone. We accepted the situation with reluctance, and dropped down stream to discuss a plan of action with Paris. It was decided to go up to the feeding ground

at dark, and wait the approach of the game. Patience would surely be rewarded by a shot. Jack, was a lady killer by nature, who by some atrange run of luck, had slain many a red doe but never a buck, made a vow that a mighty bull Moose would die by his rifle shot that night, and nepractised an hour with his Winchester, taking quiet aim at his imaginary quarry, but of course did not discharge his rifle. Shortly before sundown we set out, and soon arrived at the spot selecteu for the ambush. Time passed, and night began to fall, but just as we were about to give up the watch, we heard a splash, and presently a dark form came from behind a small island, some seventy yards away. In a moment Jack and I had our rifles at our shoulders, and as arranged, I counted one, two, but before three could be uttered, the rifles rang out ou the night air, and the peor animal lurched forward never to rise again. We paddled up as quickly as possible, and Paris quietly said, "Scotts luck, a Cow Moose," It was a fine specimen, about nine hundred pounds in weight; and the two bullets had gone through the fore shoulder, within an inch of each other. All was excitement now, and we found much difficulty in getting the huge beast ashore, and then discovered that our axe necessary to divide the bones, had been left in Camp. Jack and I hurried off, and in the excitement, left Paris nothing but his hunter's knife, with which he was opening the deer. What now took place will best be described in the words of Paris:—

"You had not been gone five minutes, before I heard a Bull Moose near me, and looked for my knife, but it was gone. The Bull got nearer and nearer, and when it smelled blood, became uneasy, and

at last anged. I knew that something serious was likely to happen, and felt greatly alarmed, well knowing that my position was dangerous in the extreme. I had scarcely time to think, when the infuriated animal came charging on me through the gloom. I made a rapid move towards the nearest tree, which chanced to be a dead, scrubby pine. By good luck, I reached a rather shaky limb, just out of reach; but the position was trying, and at any moment the support might give way. The Bull kept charging about the tree, roaring with rage, but the dark had become so intense, that I could scarcely distinguish him. I found a loose, fat pine knot, and with difficulty set it alight, and threw it down on the ground, where it blazed fiercely. I then thought of a long, new manilla rope I had tied to my belt, thinking it would be useful in hauling the canoe through the rapids. By great exertion, I made one end fast, just below the limb, and on the other made a noose. In a moment, this was dropped over the mighty antlers of the Bull Moose, but of course he did not observe such a trifle, but kept running around the tree, until all the slack rope was taken up, when suddenly he was brought to a stop. The rope was new and strong, and held, and the Bull roared in helpless fury. In a moment, I slipped from the tree, and with my hunter's knife ended the struggle, but felt deep regret when I had killed the giant of the forest."

When we returned, we found Paris standing, looking wistfully on the body of the largest Bull Moose I have ever seen; but if you care to visit my sunctum, I will show you the head of the twelve hundred pounder.

We were at a loss to know what

to do with the meat, but fortunately found some French Canadians, who were delighted to get it, to jerk and salt for winter use. Jack is still without a buck to his credit, but was married last year, and of course being now devoted to only one of the fair sex, will on the next trip, slay all the antlered monarchs allowed by law.

**THE DRYADS OF THE AVENUE.**

With their little, green, silk umbrellas,

Half open, as if afraid  
Their spring time greens and yellows,

The wind and the sun might fade,  
They stood in a bashful flutter,  
Shyly peeping about,  
Like maidens too utterly utter,  
Or sweet girls, just come out.

But now they are gay and debonair,  
You may see them every day,  
Holding up in the sweet June air,  
Their silver candelabra;  
Pinks and whites in the long June nights,

When the crescent moon is low,  
Twinkling over with cresset lights,  
Like Christmas lamps in a row.

But wait till the Autumn dapples,  
With rose the peaches' cheeks,  
And paints the red, ripe apples,  
In yellow and crimson streaks;  
Her affluent colors burning,  
In flame on the maple trees,  
Her russets and rubies turning,  
To wonderful harmonies.

And then, their sylvan baskets,  
These dryads so shy and sweet,  
Will open like jewel lined caskets,  
To throw at the passer's feet.  
From under their green umbrellas,  
Smooth, and shining and brown,  
The great, round, bouncing fellows,  
The chestnut tree drops down.

K. S. McL.

**OUR TABBY.**

In April, 1891, we moved to Riverscliff, or as it is more commonly called in Brockville, "the Pines." Three cottages stand facing the river, it was into the middle one that we moved. I cannot here describe the rare happy days I spent at Riverscliff, but must pass on to August, when Tabby arrived. One evening there was a Fireman's Festival, and I went to a friend's house to see the flotilla of lighted boats come up the river. When I returned, there had been an event at home. Father and mother had been walking about in the dusk, when they noticed a little animal running round them with tail erect, which proved to be a tabby cat. He was evidently starving, so a little milk was given him. They tried to entice him into the house, but he was too wild. I think he ran away then. Next day, after dinner, I went out to satisfy my appetite for fruit among the raspberry bushes. Then again the cat appeared, running around with his tail in the air. He was nicely marked, but very thin and miserable. I called him, and we gave him a little dry bread and meat on the doorstep. Finally he entered the house, and smelt all the furniture, after which he concluded to stay. He behaved well and took no liberties with us. When tea was over, mother and I walked about, and he gamboled after us, enjoying himself after the first good supper he had eaten for many a day, poor fellow! We learned afterwards that he had belonged to some neighbors who had moved away. So in he became a resident of our home and I bestowed on him the name of "Tabby." When he grew fat he was indeed a fine fellow. His eyes were as green as emeralds, his breast had a lovely snow-whitespot on it, he was tawny and beautifully

marked with black. His voice was a deep bass, and when he chose to speak, he certainly could be heard. We never allowed him to sleep on the beds. He was shut in the shed at night. There was straw where he could lie if disposed to be lazy, and an open window through which he could leap if he desired to take his nightly walks abroad. One night father heard an odd noise, went to the window, and saw another cat ascending a pine tree, with 'Tabby after him' Tabby had worse enemies than this. Two dogs lived near us. Before Tabby came to us, they chased him into a shallow bay in the river once, where he got a frog under a rock, with only his nose above water. The times that he was chased up trees by those dogs, I could not number. At times he took refuge in a hole in the cliff. Father went to the porch one morning, and rescued him, the dogs were pushing in the outer door. On another occasion, he ran off with a newly fried chop, and after a severe slapping, on account of his stealing milk, he would be terrified when the milkman appeared. But those dogs never gave up. Late in the autumn, he was caught and badly worried. I carried him home, and he, with pitiful mews, tried to inform the others of what had happened. We thought at first that he would not live, but he did after all. The neighbors who had kept Tabby returned, and as we were to leave the Pines, it was arranged for them to take him again. We carried him over to the new house, once however, safe in a bag. I have heard that "cats are attached to places and not to persons," but I do not believe. The same night after Tabby was taken to the new house, he stood mewing at the new house. All that winter he was with other cats, and slept in the shed under a barrel of hay. All next

summer he lived with us, and part of the next winter. He very rarely jumped on our laps, nevertheless he loved caresses. If I had space and time, I could relate many amusing things that happened to Tabby. If milk, beefsteak, or fish, were mentioned, he always understood, and mewed loudly. Tabby's end was a sad one. He took bad fits, and seemed very dangerous, so alas! he was shot. He was much regretted by us all, and lies in our yard, in Brockville, in a grave overgrown with grass, thistles and pink catnip.

D. W. K., Lancaster.

### SUMMER EVENING ON LAKE VICTORIA.

Let us go a rowing, rowing,  
O'er the glistening sheet of water,  
Called by some the River Avon.  
Let us watch the shifting landscape,  
Mirrored in the Lake's calm surface,  
While the changeful hues of even,  
Gather in the Western sunset.  
Let us hear the catbird mewing,  
Hear the hollow voice of bittern,  
See the swallow swooping, dipping,  
Whilst the robin tunes his whistle.  
Let us drift adown the River,  
Listen to the sounds of voices,  
Sounds of merry voices singing,  
And of laughter free and joyous:  
Pull the skiff now past the rushes,  
Past the rustling, reedy grasses,  
Where the iris boldly blossoms,  
Safe from plundering hand of  
maiden,  
Spreading wide its purple blossoms,  
See the Western shadows deepen,  
Hushed the bird songs in the  
gloaming,  
Frog and cricket now are piping:  
Dusk the shadows of the hillside,  
Dim the outline of the headlands:  
Far out on the blackening water,  
See the glimmer of the bright lights,  
Lights from household, street and  
wareroom.

From the blind yongh omy woodland,  
Sheds the moon her beams of silver,  
O'er the placid sheet of water;  
Lightly sails our shell-like shallop,  
As we near our place of landing;  
Hear the sounds of rushing water,  
From the mill-dam just below us;  
Hear the plashing of the rower,  
As he dips his oar all dripping;  
Hear the bell—the hour is striking  
From the clock-tower in the city;  
Homeward we must wend our  
foot-steps.

Leave the twinkling lights reflected,  
Say farewell to darkling River,  
Leave behind us Lake Victoria,  
To the stillness of the night-time.  
BESSICA.

### THE PHOEBE.

Sides of breast and upper parts, dull olive brown—top and sides of head dark brown—lower parts, dull yellowish white, mixed with brown on the chin—tail brown, outer edge of tail, dull white—bill and feet, black—bill slender—tail rather broad and slightly forked.

This is one of the very common birds, and is always to be counted on as an early visitor in the spring. When perching, it flirts its tail up and down, and utters the plaintive notes, phoebe, phoebe, at the same time raising its head feathers, so that it appears crestcd. The nest is placed in any convenient spot, about a building or rock, frequently under bridges. It is made of grass, moss, and hair plastered together with mud, and is lined with soft grass, wool or feathers. The eggs, four or five in number, are of a soft cream color, with delicate little reddish spots, scattered here and there on the larger end of the egg. The Phœbes are friendly birds, and have little fear of mankind, frequently building their nests in the most accessible places. They

will return year after year to the same spot, and I remember one pair coming back to our verandah, for seven years, before a predatory. Thomas killed one of the pair. Last year we found a nest built on a large bunch of mountain ash berries, hanging on the side of a coal shed. It was a remarkable nesting place, but answered the purpose admirably as results proved. The Phœbe belongs to the family of Fly Catchers, among which the King Bird or Bec B't, and Pewee are to be found. These birds are very much alike in shape, although differing greatly in size, and any close observer can notice the family likeness.

### OUR PAPER.

The REVIEW has met with such a hearty reception, that we feel encouraged to better efforts still. This number has twelve pages, and although we cannot promise to keep future numbers at this size, we shall endeavor to supply plenty of readable matter each month.

The Trip On Wheels has been so heartily approved, that we have decided to publish it in pamphlet form later on.

Some of our regular contributors have not been heard from this month, but the School Examinations will account for many things, and we sincerely trust that our little friends will make a clean sweep of the examination papers—forget that such a thing as school exists five minutes afterward—and then have a grand romping holiday, full of pleasure and life giving enjoyment.

very like rain, but after a few drops falling, it cleared. We are driving through a very sandy region, with only the beautiful "Flint" River to redeem its monotony. We reached "Blue Spring," four miles from Albany, at half-past nine, a. m., and as it was a perfectly lovely spot, we concluded to remain till to-morrow to rest. On our morning's drive, we saw four comical little darkeys sitting on a fence, at the roadside. I called out, we have come for you, "chillens," their eyes were worth seeing, so big, and scared as they were, they jumped and ran as though they had wings; the mother came to the cabin door, with her hair combed out so that she looked like a "Zulu Chief," and gathered them in, and slammed the door. The children on their ponies attracted a great deal of attention. On the whole, we are apparently objects of dread to the "natives," in spite of a heavy rain, we slept well, though the mosquitoes were rather troublesome for the first time.

Thursday, May 2.—A lovely bright morning, the "Ark" requiring some repairs, we concluded to have it done, and start later on after breakfast. The girls and I had a delightful bath, in a swift running stream near the pool, and after coming out of the water, discovered about a dozen darkies sitting on a fence, overlooking our bathing place, interested spectators of the whole proceeding. "Blue Spring" is one of the most lovely spots I've ever seen; fancy a large well, about 100 yards round, the sides of white limestone, and the water, which is as blue as indigo, gushing up as from a great depth, and forming rapids for about as many yards, and then forming a swift running river, about thirty feet wide. The sides of the pool are covered with live oaks, and sweet gum, with vines and Spanish moss; there are a great many beautiful flowering shrubs, and here we saw the first snake, a large moccasin, it seemed rather stupid. Blue Spring is, I think, more beautiful than Florida's famed Spring of the same kind, "Wakulla." We stayed at this delightful spot all day, and I wrote some letters, the "Ark" not being done as early as we expected.

Friday, May 3.—We left early, and drove through "Albany," which is not much; it has good, wide, regular streets, but such sleepy looking people. We drove on ten miles to "Leesburg," and stopped for breakfast. This is a miserable, ugly little hamlet, in the heart of the piney woods. Left at half past twelve, and reached "Smithville," another small place, the people very uncivil, only one darkey has touched his hat to us since leaving Florida. We drove for about five miles and camped, two miles from "Ameriens." Our drive from "Smithville" to-day was through lovely country lanes, shaded with trees, the flowers are the same as those we have met all along, but to-day we have hardly seen any Spanish moss. Between here and Albany, we saw some lovely, graceful drooping trees, with leaves something like the English Hawthorn. There is no use asking the natives, either colored or white, the name of any tree or flower, for the answer is always, I dunno, never heard till it had any.

Saturday, May 4.—One week since we started. I can scarcely realize it, it has passed so quietly. We left Camp at half-past six, and at nine were in "Ameriens," the largest and nicest town we have met, some fine



houses with beautiful gardens and trees. Church St. is very wide, and lined with fine old trees. We created a great sensation, had a large crowd around our wagon in a few minutes. Jack, however, made them keep a safe distance from the wagon. They reckoned we were circus people, and then gipseys, and finally got hold of Norman, who was on horseback, and pumped him out in a short time. Just then the crowd was added to by the appearance of something which I could not make out, whether it was man or woman. The creature was clad in coat and trousers of fine black cloth, a green sash, a white shirt front, with large diamond studs and pin, a wide brimmed felt hat, with the hair in long, fair ringlets, hanging down his neck over back, the hands, small and delicate, covered with diamond rings. He, for so it proved, is a "Spanish Count," who has a talent for buying real estate, and had met my husband in Tallahassee. The girls and I had drawn the canvas cover close, so that we could see without being seen, and make observations. The country around the place is hilly, and well cultivated. We have lost sight of Spanish moss, and of palmettos or Spanish bayonets have we seen for some time, the country has altogether quite a Northern aspect. We Camped at ten, a. m., had breakfast, and prayers, rested ourselves and horses for three hours. The children and I had a nice bath, in a pretty brook, near the woods. We drove through a rather hilly country, and nearly dark, found a suitable Camp ground, near a grove of trees, in a hollow; there is a grave yard, and an old meeting house, on the hill above, on the opposite side of the road. After pitching the tent, discovered May had left her side saddle, bridle and saddle cloth, on a stump near "Leesburg," fifteen miles back; its very annoying, and a great loss, for it's a very nice saddle. There is no use thinking of going back, for some one must have picked it up long before this time. All the family, including bird, dog and horses, are well, except James, who has caught a slight cold, the weather is rather cool, but pleasant. We see occasionally a lovely drooping tree, with branching leaves, like maiden hair fern. We have met this tree all through Georgia; the flowers are the same as those we have met all along. We saw to-day a spotted variety of Pitcher plant, dull white, with red spots, like fly marks, and some yellow flowers, growing on shrubs, with leaves like the locust. The weather rather cool, but very pleasant; had strawberries to-day. About three, p. m., we reached "Andersonville," famous for its prison during the civil war. It's a very small village, standing on a high hill, with a deep ravine on two sides, through which runs a dirty looking brook of muddy water. In this ravine they kept the Union prisoners all around, and on both sides. It is densely wooded with magnificent large trees, chiefly live oak and gum. A man told us sentries paced the high banks, and if any of the prisoners showed their heads above the bank, they were shot. On the hill above, hundreds of the poor fellows sleep their last sleep, in a very fine cemetery, with a lovely church inside the gates, and the Stars and Stripes floating over them.

Sunday, May 5. — We are Camped beside the brook which flows a hundred yards further down through the old prison. There is a delightful Sabbath stillness over everything. James has been in bed all day with a bad headache. I've been writing letters, one to Everard, and reading with children, verse about. There are some most lovely shrubs, with clusters of cup shaped flowers, of a pink and white color, very delicate looking, the leaves are of a shiny, waxy sort, and very dark green.

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

### LETTERS.

TORONTO.

May 10th, 1894.

Dear Editor:—

A few days ago I received No. 3, Vol. 1, of your periodical, and I have looked over it with great pleasure, and must congratulate you and the fair editors on favoring the public with such an interesting and neat journal. It, however, forcibly reminds me that I must be growing old, for while a resident of the "Limestone" City, I knew you and the editors as simply small children, and now you have budded, yes even bloomed into writers and caterers to the public.

I am much pleased to see that you are students in Natural History. This is not to be wondered at, as your father has always been a devotee to the study of birds, plants, &c., in fact, my herbarium is indebted to several good specimens collected by him. Your articles on the Crow Blackbird and Wood Pewee are good, and I trust we will frequently have the pleasure of reading descriptions of the various birds from your pen.

I regret to state that I have neglected the study of Botany for some years past. Still some of the younger students look up to me as a father, and frequently refer specimens to me to have them named, and now and then I take a tramp to the woods with these young folks. Last Saturday I was out with a company of ladies and gentlemen, but just as we reached the glen we were in quest of, a thunder storm greeted us. The more enthusiastic of the company braved the storm, being determined not to return home with empty vasculum. The more discreet, and among them your humble servant, repaired to a greenhouse having large beds of lovely, tender

lettuce. How we did long for sal's, sauces, &c., to have a feast on this verdant plant, for which we have to pay large prices in the city at this season of the year. In an hour the enthusiastic botanists returned, looking like drowned rats, but sure enough they had collected a large number of specimens. Among them were the *Cardamine rhomboidea* (spring cress), *Saxifraga Virginensis*, (Early Saxifrage), *Polygala paucifolia* (Fringed polygala), *Trillium grandiflorum*, (Large white Trillium or Wake Robin), *Trillium erectum* (Purple Trillium), *Uvularia Sessilifolia* (Bellwort), *Viola cucullata*, (Common Blue Violet), *Viola Canadensis* (Canadian Violet), *Viola pubescens* (Downy Yellow Violet), *Dentaria diphylla* (Pepper root), *Asarum Canadensis* (Wild Ginger.) The Hepaticas were gone, and only odd specimens of Spring Beauty were left.

Although still raining, and being nearly six o'clock, there was nothing for it but to face the music and make for home. We had to walk a mile before we reached the Davenport street cars, and wet as we were, we were pleased to get out of the rain. We hummed along in the Electric car to Bathurst St., expecting to transfer to a city car, but we found the track torn up and no cars running. Still the beautiful rain was coming down steadily (and I tell you that it was a wet rain), and we were fated to walk another mile, how delightful. It was all right for the gentlemen, but very tiring for the ladies, as their skirts were wet and heavy. Still these botanical fair ones were made of the right metal, and arrived home feeling quite fresh. On enquiry next morning, I found that none of them felt the worse for the outing.

Knowing that your time must be

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

very much occupied, I shall stop, or else I am afraid you will consign this screed to the paper basket, before glancing at it, let alone reading it.

Extend my best wishes to your father, mother and my other friends around Rockwood, and do not forget to give my love to the fair editors, (I always have a tender regard for the fair sex.) Tell them I wish them every success in their new departure.

The above kind wishes may be considered sentimental, unless it is accompanied by the practical, and I therefore enclose 35 cents, one year's subscription. I would like to begin my subscription with the first issue of the paper, so please send me Nos. 1 and 2.

Goodbye my dear boy, with the tender regards of your old friend,  
McCONNELL.

P. S.—The baseball season is to hand, I only wish I had the time to run down and umpire a game for you.

HATCHLEY.  
Tuesday, May 29.

Dear Editors:—

I have just spared time to write a few lines, as this is our mail day (two a week.) The spring so far has been here, a remarkable forward and genial one. The winter wheat showed heads more than a week ago, which is unprecedented here at any time; there was the usual summer bird invasion about the last four days in April, and all the genera and species of regular visitants are here in undiminished numbers. The display of Orioles has been especially rich and exuberant, these are emphatically frequenters and habitues of gardens and orchards. Their period of song is a brief one, and only lasts until the fruit trees and early shrubs and garden flowers are gone out of

bloom, thus they have but little more than a month of full glory, and they rear their young and leave us before or about the last week of June. These birds are in unusual numbers this year, and their sonorous voices and clarion calls have been almost incessant in one's hearing from earliest dawn until gloaming, for the past month. Their habitual cry is a few notes of gleeful exultation, but they can vary their utterances according to their mood and temper of mind. A number of pairs of Orioles have nested near this spot, and there is much rivalry and pugnacity shown by the males, several vindictive fights have been lately noticed just here, either by me or my son. Encounters on the grassy floor of the orchard, in which the combatants clinched each other with bulldog ferocity, and so struggled, and tumbled panting and open mouthed and hissing, until mutually exhausted; they too have "challenge" and "defiance" calls across the orchard, and also friendly notes and affiance's.

Their usual kindred call sounds like "Teeka Teeka Tea cup," (Teck too) is occasionally added, of course rapidly enunciated, and their congratulatory call, sounds very much like the vibrating rattle of the Kingfisher. One may here observe that the Orioles like some birds vary somewhat in their cadenzas in distant neighborhoods. Some when unusually excited or frightened, miss or omit a vowel or syllable, or even seem to stutter a little; this is true of the Bob-o-link, and Robin also, and I have lately observed that the Robin, like most of the thrushes, occasionally imitates and interlards with his specific carol the notes of the Oriole or Bob-o-link. For several days past a brief but rather loud song of what I supposed was a strange bird visitor struck my ear, and at last the mystery was

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solved by Mr. Robin coming to perch on a tree near to where I was posted, and clearly voiced the unfamiliar syllables appended by his own well recognized ditty. The interposed notes were very much like "tee titty too" (De Capo.) There can be no doubt that all the sounds emitted from the lingual organs of birds express ornithic sentiments, moods and emotions, and are intelligible to their bird congeners, and more or less so to observant human beings. In listening to the voice of owls, jays, crows and numerous other familiar birds, the following ideas seem clearly expressed at various times: "All's well," "Come on," "Beware," "Sauve qui peut," "Oh pshaw," "Murder," "Fire," "To arms," "Charge, charge," "All pitch in," (crows mobbing an enemy), the derisive "jeers," of the tyrant flycatcher in pursuit of a crow or hawk. The expression of annoyance indicates when the catbird "squalls," and this is repeated (or a synonymoussound) by the little warbling Vireos, when their sanctum is approached or intruded upon by unwelcome visitants, and what harrowing notes of distress are uttered by many species of small birds (a single but oft repeated note or wail,) when a snake, or weasel, or cat is in threatening proximity to their nest and collow young, and the appeal for pity "O misericorde mei," of the Chicadee or Sparrow, when seized by the claws of Hawk or Shirke.

A few nights ago I lodged at the house of a relative near hear, and in a barberry bush in his garden, and close to the house door, a catbird had a nest and eggs. At five minutes to 3 a. m., the bird began to sing ecstatically, but stopped when two clocks in the house struck three, as thinking he had inadvertently begun to sing too soon. It seemed quite or nearly dark (a small

morning room), but at six minutes past three, the bird resumed its charming song, and continued without intermission, until the hour of 6 a. m. My relative mentioned that the bird had three singing spells every day, of one or two hours duration each. They allow no cats to live around them. The Catbird sings marvellously like our English Al. or Blackbird, which I used to own as a cage bird, (T. Merula).

Yours sincerely,  
W. YATES.

### FLORA.

#### A MEMORIAL.

A gentle flower opened in the shade,  
That might have bloomed rejoicing in the sun,  
Yet, with its sweetness, and its patience, made  
Lovely the shady spot it smiled upon.

The Master Gardener, passing, saw  
How slight  
It's hold upon this earthly soil  
Of ours,  
And raised it from the shadow to  
The light,  
To bloom among His own immortal flowers.

No clouds may gather in the sunny land,  
Nor pain be felt, nor any tears  
Be shed,  
And there she walks with angels,  
Hand in hand,  
The gentle child we wept for,  
Who is dead.

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ANSWER TO QUESTIONS -  
B. W. K.

The first bird described is in the place, although the description would easily apply to any of the Sparrows, viz., the White-throated.

No. 2. The Chipping Sparrow or Hair Bird - a dainty, friendly bird.

No. 3 is the Song Sparrow without doubt.

PUZZLE COLUMN.

The hot weather has been the cause of the out of the question for the first time so, but later on we will bring the front again with some good ones.

Answers to Puzzles in previous No.

1. Brill.
2. Clarke.
3. Square word

GERDA.  
EVERT.  
REGAL.  
DRAMA  
ATLAS

4. Bread a-bane.

The Puzzles in last issue were apparently too difficult for our readers, at all events we have not received any successful answers

SNIPS.

Too BAD. Enraged minister (from the floor below) - "A-h-h! Himme! Tonner - und 'Dee! Leaf off, assassin! Do you see dot fiddle is out of church? In floor lodger (amazed). "What tune! What! Why then I am swindled, that's all! I thought it new only six months ago!

From the Sister - she talks & she speaks to cab driver.

Lady: "Are you a Protestant? I never hire a cab unless hired by a Protestant."

Driver: "Well, Ma'am, I'm a Protestant myself, but my horse is."

Lady: "You're a very important person."

Driver: "Well, Ma'am, I'm sure of it, for I've been thrivin' him these two years, and he's never been down on his knees yet."

Mrs. Yerger: Tommy, do you want some nice peach jam? Tommy: Yes, ma. "I was going to give you some to put on your bread; but I've lost the key to the pantry."

You don't need the key, ma; I can reach down from the transom and open the door from 'he inside."

That's just what I wanted to know; now just wait until your father comes home."

Is Miss Fosdick still President of your Society for the Suppression of Slang, Miss Skidds? You bet she isn't, she got too fresh and we turned her down.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when bluest.

A TECHNICALITY. "How did Mistah Jackson come out wif 'is a wible wif de deacons?"

"Does you hab reference to de trial dat the hen-house 'currence 'curre to?"

"Dat's what I means."

He's reinstated in membership."

"'Trough hit were a cloth case."

"No n deedy. What they charge you was chickins, an' dey couldn't prove muffin' but tuh-tyss." - Washington Star.