

June 97
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The Rockwood Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
Literature, Natural History and
● ● ● Local News.



The Rockwood Review.

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The Rockwood Review.

The Rockwood Review

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Sole Agent for Kingston.

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VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, JUNE 1ST, 1897.

No. 4.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Capt. Craig's new steam yacht the "Jubilee," was launched on May 27th, after much difficulty. It stuck on the ways, and could not be budged, until they had been well lubricated with lager. The Jubilee is expected to be quite fast.

In April we were congratulating ourselves on an early spring, at present we are wondering if such a season as summer is likely to be experienced. Birds, trees and flowers are fully two weeks behind time.

The lovers of gossip are in the seventh heaven over Penitentiary affairs, and it is remarkable how deep in the confidence of the Government many persons appear to be. In the meanwhile the exercise of a little charity would not be out of place, as well as the expression of less anxiety to help the Government in its arrangements for the future.

Portsmouth is passing through a storm of excitement, and the Village Policeman is having more than his hands full to keep the peace. Last week he received a "painful" injury while making an arrest, and later on a "flinty" breasted victim escaped from the clutches of the myrmidon of the law. In the meanwhile the various Aldermen are greatly exercised over the persistent efforts made to settle cases out of court, and are determined to back up the Constable in his endeavors to stamp out disorderly conduct, no matter what it costs.

Mrs. J. Redmond and family have moved from the gate lodge to the city.

Miss M. Nicholson has been enjoying her annual holiday.

Miss DePencier leaves in a few days for Merrickville and Burritts' Rapids, where she will spend her holidays.

The Keewayden Bicycle Club is once more in existence. Mrs. Forster has been re-elected President.

Mr. Wm. Potter and C. M. Clarke have gone into the raising of pigeons and poultry, and have several very promising birds, from which they expect great things in the future.

The results of the Annual Examinations in the Rockwood Training School for Nurses, have been posted up and are as follows. The names are placed in order of merit:—

GRADUATING CLASS.

Miss Nellie Jackson,
Miss Mary Mitchell,
Miss Ethel Porter,
Miss A. Goodearle.

PRIMARY CLASS.

Miss M. Spriggs,
Miss Wilkinson.

On the night of May 29th, the Rockwood Hospital Store was broken into by burglars, and over two hundred pounds of tobacco stolen. It is not thought that the burglary was committed by any members of the anti-tobacco league, but rather by several young gentlemen who have a thorough acquaintance with the Hospital premises. The hope is expressed that it will not require the genius of a Sherlock Holmes to secure the punishment of the guilty ones, and to place them in an institution where both chewing and smoking tobacco are not considered essential to the comfort of the inmates.

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The White-rumped Shrike began nesting operations earlier than usual. On April 25th a nest containing the full complement of eggs was found. McIlraith is surely wrong, when he says that this bird is not common in the east. About Kingston, it has for many years been numerous, and the writer has seen as many as sixteen adult birds in a morning's drive. It breeds freely, nesting in thorn trees, and is generally early enough to escape the hands of thoughtless boys, who go abroad seeking what they may destroy.

Although such close observers as John Burrows doubt that the Shirke ever carries its victims in its claws, both Mr. E. Beaupre and Dr. Clarke have seen Shirkes carrying small birds in their claws, and about Kingston the barbs on wire fences are used for spiking crickets and grasshoppers.

Brown Thrashers turned up in unusual numbers on April 30th, Purple Finches, Red Starts, Summer Warblers, Veerys and Warbling Vireos on the same date.

Black Ducks and greater Yellow Legged Snipe are very common in Catarqui Marsh this spring, and are almost as tame as domesticated birds. This would go to show that they are not being molested. Sometimes as many as two hundred black ducks are to be seen at one time.

Mr. E. Beaupre met with a bad accident while investigating an Eagle's nest at the latter end of April. He slipped and fell some forty feet, but fortunately escaped without broken bones, although getting a severe "shaking up." He was confined to the house for about ten days. We congratulate Mr. Beaupre on his fortunate escape.

Mr. James Dennison was laid up for a few days at the beginning of May.

Dr. Webster took a flying visit to Toronto at the end of April.

It is rumoured that Hugh Lawson, Geo. Kennedy, Geo. McCullough and Jim Bateson will ride a "quad" in the Police races in Toronto this year. Hugh will do the steering, as he is said to have a genius for capturing "crooks," and makes a record at everything he undertakes, even if it is nothing more serious than shooting a dog.

The Granite Football Club held its Annual Meeting on May 4th, in the Whig Building, and elected Officers and took several important steps, the chief of which was that of placing an Intermediate as well as a Junior team in the field. The officers are almost without exception football enthusiasts, and the Club will be strong both in numbers and playing ability.

Hon. President, Dr. C. K. Clarke; Hon. Vice Presidents, E. J. B. Pense, W. B. Carruthers, James Farrell. President, W. H. Hamilton; Vice President, J. McDonald. Manager, C. Webster; Treasurer, Jas. Minnes; Secretary, Miles Cotton; Captain, G. B. Dalton.

Messrs. Williamson and Graham have developed a jubilee frenzy, and have erected a magnificent flag pole at the engine room door, from which the Union Jack will float in good time. In order that they may gaze with admiring eyes on the meteor flag, four large panes of glass have been let into the door. In view of the tonsorial work done on the flat above the engine room, Mr. Elliott has been asked to paint said flag pole with "barbarous" devices, thus making it useful as a flagpole and ornamental as a sign post.

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Last month we referred to the music in St. George's Cathedral, on Easter Sunday, in a complimentary manner, and in a general way expressed the opinion that musical culture was advancing in Kingston. A writer signing himself Chorister, who has travelled far, even to Montreal and Toronto, and who evidently takes himself seriously, thinks that we intended to give some of the Choir leaders a back-handed slap. Far from it dear Chorister, we have no quarrel with the many excellent choir masters who are raising the standard of musical culture in Kingston, and if the choirs here sing "Hail Smiling Morn" just a little bit better than they do it in Toronto and Montreal, let us fall on each others necks and rejoice, for we have heard "Hail Smiling Morn" done in these large cities, in a manner that would have made angels weep. After all, Chorister is not a bad fellow, and in the main we agree with much that he writes, although he must not imagine that we take life half as seriously as he does. We suspect that he must have been one of the smart boys who sang "Hail Smiling Morn" twenty years ago, let us hope, as he writes, not at the 100 lbs. steam pressure referred to before.

The Jubilee has acted as a stimulus to the patriotic sentiment of the Rockwood officials, and expressions of loyalty are noticed on every side in the shape of flags and flag-poles. The rivalry is keen, and one is called on many times a day to say whether the Williamson, Graham pole, or the ambitious Davidson staff, the Forster, the McIver, the Potter woodshed adornment, the Dennison, the Harold Clarke pigeon house spar, is the better. In the meanwhile the great question is where did all the flags come from, and what does each stand for—the Union Jack seems to have got into strange company in some instances. In the case of the Davidson flagstaff and flag, the

nautical education of the owner is apparent at every point.

Our King Ben manages things better than they do in Toronto, and gives Sunday Street Cars when he thinks fit, and shows that royalty is a far more easy rule than the republican, as represented by the Queen City. On Sunday, the 23rd May, the usual car service was given, and the visiting soldiers were able to gaze on the beauties of Ontario Park, to say nothing of the attractions in Aberdeen Park, Portsmouth. The crop of weeds in the latter place is particularly promising this year, and our geese, which are all swans, promise to be more than an average crop.

The Messrs. Folger are having the Gerda enamelled white, and fitted out in first-class style. Those who know her in her early days, will be glad to see her renew the colors of her youth.

Mrs. Terrill and Miss Gibson, of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, were the guests of Mrs. Forster in May.

Mr. Jas. Gage and Mr. Wm. Moffatt, of Queen's University, have become Clinical Assistants at Rockwood for the summer of 1897.

The Rev. Dr. Gould has left Portsmouth, and will be greatly missed by his many friends. His congregation gave him a substantial proof of their affection before he left.

Extra space is being reserved for Marriage Notices in the next number of the Rockwood REVIEW. It will be required.

The sympathy of the whole community has gone out to the Rev. J. Anistell Allen, of Alvington. The sudden death of Miss Gertrude Allen was an unusually sad event, and a shock to every one who knew her.

Whooping Cough and Measles are very prevalent just now, and those who have not got one are sure to have the other.

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KINGSTON'S 24TH MAY was a decided success, and if better arrangements had been made with the weather clerk for the 23rd, the happiness of the twelve thousand visitors would have been complete. The visiting Batteries, the XIII. of Hamilton and the XV. of Belleville, were made much of, and made themselves as agreeable as possible. The only persons who were much disappointed were the ladies, who did not dare to show their prettiest gowns and bonnets for fear of the ever threatening shower. The XIII. Battalion were particularly noticeable for their soldierly bearing, and their celebrated Band was one of the greatest attractions. This band has the reputation of being the crack military band of Canada, and its excellence being admitted, we have all the greater reason for being proud of the XIV. Band, which is good enough to be placed in comparison with that of Hamilton. The other events of the day, viz. the Bicycle and Horse Races, were well patronized, although the wheelsman had by far the best of the argument. A great many outside riders were present, and carried off most of the honors, although Kingstonians did very well indeed.

Our Business Manager surprised the natives by riding his bicycle race in fine style, and establishing his claim to being one of the fleet Kingston trio. To win his first beat, and come within six inches of beating as fast a flyer as the Montreal McKinnon in the final, was more than creditable. His "Perfect" racer suits him admirably.

C. Powell will make a good rider with a little more experience.

Every one felt sorry that G. Smith met with an unfortunate accident on the track, as he is without exception the pluckiest and most graceful rider we have, and certainly one of the speediest.

BIRTH.—At Portsmouth, on May 13th, 1897, the wife of Wm. Amey, of a daughter.

Mr. G. McWaters has left for Gananoque, where he has received employment.

Association Football is being successfully played by the Kingston team. They have not been defeated up to the present, and stand a good chance for the District Championship.

In Ireland, a sharp fellow is said to be as cute as the fox of Ballybotherem, which used to read the papers every morning to find out where the hounds were to meet. It was probably an Irishman who said. "Man is like a potato—never sure when he will get into hot-water." But Pat has rivals in many countries, some of whom could run him close in repartee and sharp sayings.

It must have been some foreigner taking off our national reserve who described the meeting of two Englishmen on a steamer in mid-ocean. One asked: "Going across?" "Yes. Are you?" And there the conversation ended.—A gentleman at a foreign restaurant who had just been assisted to a bottle of wine, was thus addressed by the smiling proprietor of the establishment: "Now, what do you think of my wine, eh? Genuine first-rate stuff, isn't it?" O yes; as far as that goes," replied the other, smacking his lips; "it fairly makes one's mouth WATER."—An item from a German paper says: "The cashier of a Prussian bank has absconded with a considerable sum of money, and will, according to astronomical calculations, be seen again in four hundred and fifteen years."

"So you are going to furnish music for a panorama?" "Yes. I'll play the piano." "I see. You'll accompany the panorama as a pianorammer."

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

THE MACE AND ITS USE.

"Who is He?" "What is It?" Such are the queries which flash through the minds of thousands who look, for the first time, with curiosity rather than with awe, upon the Sergeant-at-Arms and his Mace, in the Dominion House of Commons and the Ontario Legislative Assembly. They see a remnant of mediævalism borne by a distinguished looking personage in solemn black and irreproachable white tie, wearing a dress sword and lavender gloves, an odd cross between the Past and the Present, and supposed, in some unaccountable manner, to form a link between the throne and the people, and wonder what it all means, whence the custom came, and why it is kept up. That the sergeant is a constable of a higher order than that of the ordinary tipstaff: that his mace is his rather unwieldy and not very formidable badge of office; that he appears to be on good terms with himself and everybody else, and especially with himself; that he possesses enormous powers in going where and doing what, on the floor of the House, his fancy dictates; and that his position is a very enviable one, are the thoughts passing through the mind of every stranger in the gallery, partly wrong and partly right, but natural under the circumstances, as the impressions of sight-seers frequently are. To give a more definite idea of the mace and its uses, rather than that of its custodian and bearer, is the object of the writer, and in doing this he will make only such passing references to the sergeant and his duties, as may be necessary to the elucidation of his subject.

The origin of the mace is an antiquarian enigma. That it was originally more than an emblem of power is undoubted. Like the sceptre, which to a certain extent it displaces, and of which it is now

a representative, it was employed as a weapon in its early history, and may have had an Oriental birthplace. Both found their prototypes in a more humble symbol of authority. The sculptures at Persepolis represent a Persian monarch carrying a wooden staff, nearly the height of a man, studded with gold nails. At the period of the date of the Sabines, kings, as an ensign of their dignity, bore a long staff—the *SKEPTRON* of the Greeks. The Hebrew word *SHEVER* is variously translated as "rod," "staff," "sceptre." Homer tells how kings employed their sceptres in the infliction of punishment. The rod, or staff, used originally as a means of coercion and engine of power, was then borne as a token of superiority, and ultimately came to be regarded as an emblem of royalty. It was viewed with superstitious reverence, was sacred and holy in the eyes of the multitude, and none was so solemnly bound as he who touched it while taking an oath. Jove swore as frequently by his sceptre as by heaven or the river Styx. Hebrew poetry abounds in allusions to "the strong rods," the sceptres of them that rule. To break or rule with a rod of iron was synonymous, in ancient times, with a rough exercise of earthly or heavenly power. The staff of Jacob, the rod of Moses, the divin- ing rods of the magicians were but material representatives of more than ordinary control over men and things, and were viewed by mankind with a faith inspired by dread. The bishop's crook of to-day is a surviving relic of the ancient rod, but has lost the potency of its predecessor. The baton of the marshal, of the musical conductor, of the fogleman, of the drum-major, of the policeman, of the village constable, are symbols, more or less humble, of authority, and as significant—in their way—of power, as the jewelled sceptre of the proudest monarch, the blackthorn shillelagh of Brian Boru, or the upraised

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umbrella of King Coffee himself. They had, like the sceptre or the mace, their original in the Israelitish rod or its predecessor, and are as significant of that control which produces order, and tell of that power behind the throne which insists upon and is able to enforce obedience.

The mace (from *MASSUE* or *MASSE*, a club) was a favorite weapon of the Middle Ages, assuming various forms, as the fancy of the workman or the owner suggested. It was described by several writers as the successor of the *BASTON* of the eleventh century, which was an iron-tipped staff or simply a wooden bludgeon or knotted club, as depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry, and represented there as being carried by William, Duke of Normandy, and Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. Scandinavia, in its knotted clubs, may have furnished the model after which they were formed, and thus, the most valiant of the sons of Odin, with his huge hammer, may have been the first mace-bearer. That it was a favorite ecclesiastical weapon is undoubted, and, it is to be hoped, was used exclusively for defensive purposes, although Planche tells that it was employed by pugnacious prelates, who thereby evaded the denunciation which declares that "all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." The *baston* was speedily superseded by maces made of iron, bronze or lead, which, when of the latter material, were known as *PLUMBES* or *PLOMMES*, and were used for the purpose of breaking the armour of an opponent. In the valuable collection of Mr. John Notman, Queen's Printer of Ontario, may be seen a well preserved specimen of one of the varieties of the weapon favored by our quarrelsome forefathers, although it is certainly of later date than the eleventh century, and belongs to the family of flails, morning stars or holy-water sprinklers, as they were quaintly termed, rather than that of the mace proper.

It is made entirely of iron, with a handle fashioned somewhat like a whip-stock, twenty inches in length, with a circumference of three inches at one end, tapering to two and a half inches at the other. At the large end is an ornamental bulb, sufficiently large to be grasped by the hand wielding the weapon, and at the other is a chain, seven inches in length, to which is attached a solid ball, five and a half inches in circumference. Upon this ball are nine solid spikes, each of which is half an inch long, with a width of five-eighths of an inch at its base. Each spike has four equal sides, coming gradually to a point. This weapon, weighing about four pounds, was hung to the saddle-bow, ready to be used at close quarters, and, in a powerful hand, could be employed with deadly effect even upon an armoured antagonist. The entire handle is covered in *RELIEVO*, with spiral columns of figures, amongst which are those of several warriors in martial costume and accoutrements. This interesting relic of a past age is worthy of inspection.

In the romance of "Richard Cœur de Lion," maces are described as made of steel or brass, while Guiart and Froissart speak of them as of lead. With the varying material were varying forms, some carrying spherical heads, and others being decorated, while a smaller kind was used, termed "massuelle," and still another, "quadrell," which had four lateral projections, forming a rude representation of the leaves of a flower. These were such convenient weapons that they were employed in great numbers by all classes, and the abuses springing therefrom led to the issue of a Proclamation, in the reign of Edward III., forbidding their use by the citizens of London, and they became unlawful, as is the revolver to-day in this community. The mace was often employed in tournaments and jousts of peace, and Chaucer, in the "Knight's Tale,"

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tells how

"Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,

And have an axe, and som a mace of stele."

But for the friendly trials of skill the weapon was of wood, with a hilt fashioned like that of a sword. Shakespeare, too, alludes to this common weapon, when in JULIUS CÆSAR he says: "Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy?" It was not, in fact, until the early part of the sixteenth century, when pistols became a weapon, that the mace ceased to be employed upon the battle field.

In the reign of Richard I., military serjeants-at-arms were more extensively employed than in later reigns, and carried a barbed javelin, known as a pheon, and their special duties were to act as a body-guard to the king. The pheon borne by them became a charge in heraldry, and is still known as the royal mark, being commonly called "the broad R," a corruption of the broad "arrow." By Statute 13 Richard II., c. 6, the serjeants-at-arms were limited to thirty, their office being to attend the person of the king, to arrest offenders, and to serve the Lord High Steward when sitting in justice upon a peer of the realm. Serjeants-at-arms existed in France as in England, and it is probable that the office originated there. In both countries maces were the weapons carried by these officials. Two slabs in the Church of Culture, Sainte Catherine, Paris, and which were destroyed during the reign of Louis XIV., represented two serjeants-at-arms in armour, and two in civil costume, each bearing a mace of silver, richly ornamented, and enamelled with FLEURS-DE-LYS. It is interesting to note that this church was founded by Louis IX. (St. Louis), at the prayer of certain serjeants-at-arms, in commemoration of their successful defence of a bridge at the Battle of the Bovines, A. D. 1214. The illuminations of the 13th and 14th centuries abound

in illustrations of serjeants-at-arms, some of whom are in military dress of armour, and others in civilian attire, but all of whom bear maces; and we learn that in 1414, by an ordinance of Thomas, Duke of Lancaster, at the Siege of Caen, the maces of the serjeants-at-arms are described as of silver—a strong proof of the high position held at that period by the royal body-guard. In an illumination still preserved and reproduced in Planche's work on Costumes, we find depicted the presentation of a book by John Talbot to Henry IV. and his Queen, and in this is to be seen the earliest known example of a mace surmounted by a crown, as are the maces of gentlemen-at-arms at the present day, when these officers no longer act as a military body-guard, but as attendants on the royal person. That maces were employed as emblems of royal authority, not only in Parliament, but in civic corporations previous to the time of Richard II., is evidenced by the fact that, in 1344, under Edward III., the Commons prayed the King that none within cities and boroughs should bear maces of silver except the Kings serjeants, but should have them of copper and no other metal; but, in 1354, the King granted to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London and Middlesex liberty to cause maces of gold or silver to be carried in the presence of the King, Queen, or children of the royal pair, although the right to use a mace had been previously possessed by them. Grants of maces by the King to favored cities were not uncommon, and from an article in "The Antiquary," from the pen of George Lambert, Esq., F. S. A., to which the writer is indebted for much interesting information, we learn that these marks of royal generosity were sufficiently numerous to arouse the jealousy of the Commons. While the Parliament of Edward III. protested against the use of silver maces by the officers of cities and boroughs, that

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of Richard II. petitioned that no serjeant of any town should be allowed to carry his mace out of his own liberty, or township. But the boroughs were rapidly gaining in importance and strength, and could not be so easily denied or curtailed of privileges; and gifts of maces still continued to be exercised and accepted as marks of royal favor or concession. In the fifth year of Henry IV., permission was granted to the city of Norwich to display a gold or silver, or silver-gilt, mace in the royal presence, and Henry V. gave to the guild of St. George, in the same city, a wooden mace "with a dragon's head on the top thereof." Similar grants of civic maces were made by other monarchs, and Norwich, in these distributions, appears to have been specially fortunate. Elizabeth, in 1578, presented it with a mace, and James I., in 1605, permitted it to have two serjeants to carry two maces of silver, and gilt with gold, bearing the King's arms. After the Restoration, when the plebian had wrested from royalty and nobility a much larger share of power than he had previously possessed, and become an object of fear as well as of respect, a thing to be cajoled and conciliated, the right to use the mace by civic corporations became almost a matter of course, although still derived from the Crown. The right was almost lavishly extended, and maces were frequently a graceful gift from wealthy commoners to their fellow-citizens. The whole of these were now surmounted by the crown, and the free use of this emblem came to be regarded as not only a proof of the loyalty of the authorities to the newly-restored regime, but as a rebuke to the Puritanical hatred of symbols which had prevailed in Cromwellian days. But the whole of the maces were not of the costly metals. In Llandiloes, Wales, there was one of lead, and at Langharne two still exist of wood. Nor was the shape, with which we are

familiar, invariable observed. Two at Fowey, were made representative of the locality, by being fashioned in the form of a pair of oars. And utility was consulted as well as appearance at times. The crown of the mace was so constructed as to unscrew from the bulb at the top of the shaft, which thus became the loving cup, regarded as a necessary portion of the paraphernalia pertaining to the proper civic representation of our bibulous ancestors. Many of these loving cups, as an adjunct of the mace, still exist, and at corporation banquets, when aldermanic hospitality is in full flow, are passed from guest to guest until their generous contents have been absorbed. Of the numerous specimens of this old-fashioned mace, probably one of the finest is to be found in the ancient city of Lincoln, in England, and a brief description of it will give a fair idea of the best class of these relics of "the good old times." It cannot boast the ancient origin claimed by the others, dating back, as it does, only to the days of the Merry Monarch, but in quality of workmanship it has probably few superiors. It is of silver-gilt, about four feet in length, with a head formed in the manner already described, and carries an open regal crown, surmounted by cross and orb. The portion below the crown is divided into four compartments by draped forms wearing mural crowns. Each of these compartments contains a crown below the initials C. R., surmounting respectively a rose, a thistle, a harp, a FLEUR-DE-LYS. The stem is beautifully chased with roses and thistles, and is broken with knobs, while the connection of the head and stem is covered by very elegant spiral branches. The object of this paper is to deal rather with the Parliamentary than the Civic Mace, however, and we must pass on to that branch of the subject.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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A MAY MELODY.

"Come," said the birds in cadence, chirp and trill:
"Come," said the rippling, dipping rill:
"Come," said the merry breezes, bearing as they go
The fragrance of the woodlands, where they wander to and fro.

Far from Winter's frigid court, by a pathway long unseen,
'Twas the pathway of the springtime that in summer ends I ween—
They have led me, and they bid me now fair Nature's glades explore,
For her brightest, fairest jewels, the flowers, there hid in store.

Most beloved of these blossoms shy,
Dwelling by sentinel pine trees high,
Coily peeping 'neath leaves sear and brown'd,
Sleeps the roseate Arbutis, close to the ground.

Sweetest her breath of these wild flowers fair,
That fill with their perfume the whispering air;
But those who would see her deep homage must pay,
Low on their knees they must bend to her sway.

Dotting the grassy dell, down and up,
Springs the Hepatica's tinted cup.
Many hued are these woodland gems,
Clustering low on their downy stems.

Some are like kings of the elfin folk,
In purple robe, and ermine cloak;
Some pink as a shell neath the deep sea foam;
Some touched with the blue of the sky's vast dome.

The dainty white Violets softly blow
By the shady stream in the vale below;
While up on yon hillock's rounded head,
Their sisters in purple a carpet spread.

On the sloping bank near the Mayflower's bed
The stately Trillium rears its head,
Gown'd in white, cloaked in green,
Heart of gold with a dusty sheen.

The Mandrake too we may here behold,
Clad like a bride in her cream and gold;
Ever above her beauteous head
A fairy parasol green is spread.

Deep in the dry and shadowy glen
The Columbine hangs on its slender stem,
Deftly painted in red and gold
By elfin hands, ere it left the mould.

'Twould seem that King Oberon's train passed by
One night in haste, as the dawn drew nigh;
And the heralds of the advancing line
Their trumpets had left on this airy vine.

Ah! many indeed are the flower gems rare
That the forest glades shelter everywhere.
Come! let us seek their quiet nooks deep,
Ere back to their hidden beds they creep.

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A CORRECTION.

A slight omission in the biographical sketch contained in the last number of the REVIEW, makes our esteemed friend and correspondent Mr. William Yates declare that many of his fellow students in the National School in England, who afterwards "entered the army in India and Afghanistan, became burglars and criminals and a number were deported to Australian wilds for riotous conduct"; whereas what he really did say was that many of these National School pupils "entered the army in India and Afghanistan, some became burglars and criminals," &c., meaning these said pupils and not soldiers as one would naturally infer from the present reading.

The Forge in the Forest, by Chas D. G. Roberts, is one of the most recent contributions to Canadian literature. Mr. Roberts has for some years been considered one of the best of our Canadian poets, and as a writer of dainty verse has occupied a high place. Like T. B. Aldrich he has shown surprising ability in prose, and his Forge in the Forest is delightful reading to those who are interested in the development of Canadian literature, indeed the question arises whether Roberts will not be greater in prose than in poetry. The story is one of adventure, possibly of improbable adventure, but so beautifully told that the interest is held from beginning to end, and the charm of the writer is ever present. Possibly Roberts is inferior to Parker as a plot builder, as a writer he must without doubt take higher rank.

Dr. C. K. Clarke spent a week in Baltimore early in May, attending a meeting of the Medico Psychological Association. Here read a paper on the subject of Auto-intoxication in mental disease.

Cooper's Hawk has been found breeding in the vicinity of Lansdowne this year. This Hawk is not common in this locality.

During a recent visit to Lansdowne we had the pleasure of looking over the Rev. C. J. Young's collection of eggs. It is without doubt the finest in Canada, and is of great value from a scientific standpoint, embracing as it does the eggs of so many rare birds. The woods about Lansdowne are not only rich in birds, but full of botanical treasures, including many habenarias, orchids and cypripediums.

The Bartramian Sandpiper is here again in increased numbers this spring, and seems to be steadily extending its territory. If not molested it will in a few years be an abundant bird about Kingston.

The Warblers are as numerous as usual this year, but apparently later in their migration. The cold, wet weather has made a season which promised to be unusually early, decidedly late.

A large number of Queen's University students are attending the lectures on Mental Disease at Rockwood.

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NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

HATCHLEY, May 4th.—The spring in this district has proved an unusually changeable one, and the land tillers are now much inconvenienced by the rain saturated condition of "the furrowed glebe," and thunder storms for the past five weeks or more have been of abnormal frequency. Yet the temperature seems not to have varied much from the average, and the forests and fields are assuming their summer garniture. The Swallows and House Wrens were noticed here at dawn on the 23rd April, and seem to have journeyed with the southerly breeze that prevailed. A few swallows have been reported of credibly the day previous, although on the 19th April the weather was inclement, a frosty north wind, with the thermometer down to 21° at day dawn. The Purple Finch had been in evidence, and had been cheerily singing four or five days previously to the 19th ult. A few hours of sunny warmth sufficed to bring out Hepaticas and Claytonias on the 5th of April, although both species were subsequently buried under five or six inches of snow, on Friday the 9th of April. The Warbling Vireo, I think the white-eyed variety, was found singing in my orchard on the morning of 29th April, also the Sandpipers were in voice about the rivulets the same day, or previously, and the drumming of Pheasants and "booming" of the Bittern have been familiar sounds for a number of days past. Chimney Swallows were reported on one day last week, but seem to have vanished again, but several Cow Buntings have of late been constantly loitering about our garden shrubs, probably assiduously bent on fulfilling their Cuckoo-like propensities. However, neither Orioles or Tanagers have put in an appearance about here as yet.

A Hawk about the last days of February visited the poultry yard of a near neighbor, victimizing and

partly devouring a fine Plymouth Rock chicken, and either the first or second morning thereafter returned just about day dawn to make a second repast of the mangled chucks remains, but the shot gun of the poultryman had been placed ready for the contingency, and Falco this time proved a victim to its aim. There seems nothing specially characteristic of the Hawk in size or plumage, but it was quite evidently of the long-tailed species. From this and other instances it may be averred that a few hawks remain in the shelter of the forests, all through our winter months, but live in greater solitude and seclusion than during the warm months of the year.

A passerby on search for cattle, passing through my clearing, gave information that a hawk had killed a hen at the edge of "a slashing," and was busy devouring the same. No gun being at the moment available, an assault was made on the Raptore, with sticks and missiles, and all that saved Falco from capture was the incumbered surface of the ground by prostrated trees and logs. So heavy was the engorged bird that flight was almost an impossibility, but managing at last to rise three or four feet, escaped through and over the tangled mass of brushwood. When struck by the hawk the hen would have weighed not less than 5½ lbs., yet the glutton had left nothing but bones, beak and feathers—less than 1½ lbs. *avoirdupois*—and must have eaten a square or rotund meal of 3½ or 4 lbs.!

W. YATES.

PINE SISKINS BREEDING IN CAPTIVITY.—Pine Siskins are northern birds, and although works on Ornithology state that Siskins breed in British North America, it must be far north. In August last an unusually large number of Siskins made their appearance in Rockwood Grounds, and several of them were trapped with the idea of

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getting them if possible to breed in captivity. The little birds took to confinement quite cheerfully. Some were given away, but three were retained, and at the end of April a happy little female bird made it evident that she intended to commence nesting operations. She rejected all artificial nests, and made it plainly understood that she would manage affairs for herself. Mr. Thos. Long who has great interest in the matter, provided a sod covered with dry grass, small twigs, fibre and deer's hair, and with these materials the Siskin soon built a beautiful hair-lined nest in one corner of the sod. She was assisted by the male Siskin. On May the first she laid her first egg, on May 2nd the second, and next day a third. This was apparently the full complement. The eggs were of the most delicate pale blue, tinged with green, in some instances irregularly dotted with cinnamon at the larger end, in the other with a ring of fine dots at the larger end. The shell seems to be outlined with a delicate series of what might be described as larrimated water marks. C. K. C.

A London correspondent of a transatlantic paper tells the following story: At the beginning of this term Mr. W. H. Cummings had to examine five hundred students who presented themselves for entrance examination at the Guildhall School of Music. Amongst these was one small child, a dirty, uncared-for looking little specimen, who came with her parents. "Tune your violin," said Mr. Cummings to her. "Please sir, I can't," said she. "But that," said he, "is one of the first things to learn—if you come here, you will have to learn to do that at your very first lesson, it is a most important thing," and so on. The child listened meekly to this little lecture, and then looked at him with a droll expression and said: "Please sir, I could tune it,

only I can't turn the pegs." Mr. Cummings could hardly refrain from laughing.

He took the violin, tuned it, and said: "Now play me something." "What shall I play?" "Oh! play what you like, what you can play best," said he, expecting a very miserable performance. The child took the violin and in a moment started off with some concerto (I cannot quite recall which one, by Rhode, I think), and then Mr. Cummings said he was fairly electrified. The child played marvellously, and threw her whole soul into it, and fairly made his hair stand on end. When she had finished, he felt for a moment speechless. Then he turned to the parents and told them their child might some day become a very great player, but that would depend in a great measure on the care they took of her. "Attend to her physically," he said, "clothe her warmly, feed her well, give her plenty of fresh air, and don't spare soap and water. Above all don't trouble about her practising and music; here she shall have the best instruction it is possible to give her, and the rest will take care of itself."

Near-sighted old Lady (at the concert)—"John, who is that Circassian beaut—." Nephew: "Sh! Not so loud, Aunt Rachael! That's Paderewski."

The other day we heard a lady confidentially informing a friend that the progress of her daughter's musical studies had been so remarkable that she had gone "right through" a cottage piano, and had now been "put into" a grand.

Butcher: "'Ow is my daughter gettin' on with 'er moosic, professor?" Professor: "Well, I am only teaching her the scales at present." Butcher (indignantly): "Teachin' 'er the scales. I don't want her to know anything about the scales! She ain't goin' to serve in the shop; I mean her to be a lady. Teach 'er the pianner, or I'll take 'er away from yer!"

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BIRD INTELLIGENCE.

It has been a subject of remark that fewer Humming-birds visit this district than was the case many years ago; notwithstanding that more attention is paid to the culture of gay colored flowers now, than in pioneer times.

The Ruby-throats mostly put in an appearance when the shadberry blossoms expand, they also seem attracted by the blossoms of the currant bushes, and by those of the plum tree, (which have a nectariferous scent.)

The Humming-birds sometimes evince a lack of sagacity or resource when accidentally brought into difficulties. Once a bird of this species flew into our house by the open door of the diningroom, and was soon in a quandary of agitation and evident fright. The bird flew up against the ceiling, bobbing its crown with more or less violence against the plastered surface, its only instinct seemingly being to ascend towards the cerulean; a decent of less than two feet, would have afforded egress through the wide open door of the room, but this sensible proceeding did not seem to come within the scope of the Rubythroat intelligence, and a straw hat was adroitly raised under the fluttering captive to near the room ceiling, and the unwilling occupant restored to the immensities of outside space.

A similar degree of stupidity was said to characterize a more gigantic sample of the Ornithic tribe, i. e., the wild Turkey, for when in the days of our pioneer experiences these were among the not uncommon game of the Burford bush. A Turkey snare-pen was once made in what is now one of the writer's cultivated fields; and a train of wheat and chaff was spread on the ground to the trap-pen, and also plentifully strewn therein. The Turkeys entered by stooping under the lower pole, but made no attempts to emerge the same way, but made futile attempts to regain liberty

through the interstices of the pole covered roof.

A very few years ago, after a spell of springlike weather, in early May time, there was a change to down pouring rain, that lasted a whole day, accompanied by a fall of many degrees in atmospheric temperature; and in the gloaming of the day a much bedraggled, and seemingly wearied out Humming-bird, sought shelter and a night's lodging under the cover of our house verandah. The next morning being more genial and sunny, a search soon after sunrise afforded no evidence of the temporary lodger, who presumably had at early dawn, gone on his way if not rejoicing, in a better frame of body and mind than when the dormitory was entered.

On reading the telegrams a day or two afterwards in the daily newspapers, it appeared that an untimely snowstorm had visited a number of the Southeastern U. States, but was intercalated with rainy stripes thus, Maryland, rain, Virginia and Ohio, snow, N. Carolina, rain, S. Carolina and parts of Georgia, snow. From the Atlantic the storm had spread like the ribs of a fan or fingers of an outstretched hand.

Southern Ontario had occupied one of the rainy strips or areas, so the Rubythroat had been (or it so appeared) by stress of weather, to put itself in evidence in our hospitable "stoop."
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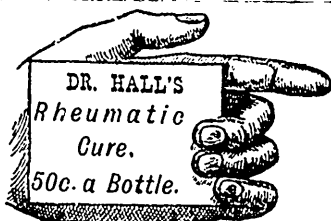
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