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Rockwood
Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
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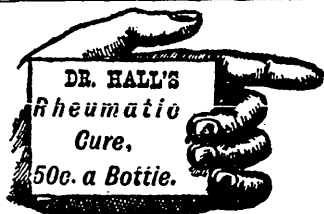
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KINGSTON, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1898.

No. 7.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Football atmosphere has cleared, and 1898 promises to be a critical one in the history of the game. The Intercollegiate League should be encouraged by every true lover of sport, and the students of Queen's should make every effort to keep their team a model one from every standpoint. In the past they were not any worse than their opponents, but their "sins found them out," and they suffered a good deal of harsh criticism. The safest plan is to be above criticism, for then the reward is certain. This intercollegiate league should set a very high standard, and such paragraphs as one appearing in a recent issue of a Toronto Mail and Empire, to the effect that the Varsity management were after a certain player who played in Ottawa last year, should not appear, nor should their be ground for such paragraphs. Toronto has always been virtuous—on paper—and we do not expect too much from her, but surely Varsity should not endanger the success of the intercollegiate league so early in the season. As far as Queens and Granites are concerned, there can be nothing but the greatest friendliness between them, and they will no doubt depend on each other for practice games. The Granites have accepted a great responsibility, deliberately, and hope to show themselves worthy of it; this will not prevent them from shouting themselves hoarse over the victories of the College boys. The Ontario Rugby Football Union will not be a strong organization this season, and if it were to disappear altogether, to be succeeded by a better constituted affair, free from officials who have their own interests rather than those of Rugby football to serve, so much the better for the game.

Mr. Fred. Etherington has returned to Portsmouth.

The local Baseball League for juniors has not been an unmitigated success. The same old story of boys wanting to win at any cost. A professional pitcher was introduced, and of course trouble resulted. Possibly many of the boys have not yet realized that they have endangered their amateur standing.

It is somewhat amusing to read the American strictures on the victories of the Dominion over the Challenger. The Seawhanaka Club, of New York, instituted an international series of races for small boats. The conditions were such that every temptation was offered to the designer of freaks, and as a matter of fact, in the Seawhanaka Club itself, there grew up a series of freaks, comparatively useless it is true, but designed to win the races. Mr. Duggan, of Montreal, kept steadily winning the Cup, and this year evolved a craft seaworthy and fast, but a new departure is designing. This boat showed a reason for existence, by standing up splendidly in heavy weather, while the American craft was on her beam ends. The only exception that the Americans could honestly take to the boat was that she was too fast for them. For years they have kept the America Cup by means "fair and foul," and in view of past history, the less they say about yacht racing the better. The action of the Montreal Club in returning the Cup as a dignified protest to the baby wails of the New Yorkers, meets the approval of all Canadians. There is little glory in defeating so-called sportsmen, who cry "we won't play in your back yard," every time they are beaten.

The Rockwood Review.

Mr. Davie Marshall, of Elmhurst, who has been suffering from a severe attack of typhoid, is slowly convalescing.

The article on the Goldfinch, printed in this number, appeared in the Auk. It was too good to keep for such a limited number of readers as the Auk reaches.

It is a pity that a Junior Football League could not be organized in the city, for clubs composed of boys under fifteen. This would be pleasant for the boys, and would develop material for the senior clubs.

The Schedule for the Senior games of the Q. R. F. U. is as follows:—

Oct. 1. Montreal vs. Granites—Montreal.

Oct. 8. Montreal vs. Ottawa College—Montreal.

Oct. 15. Granites vs. Montreal—Kingston.

Oct. 22. Ottawa C. vs. Granites—Ottawa.

Oct. 29. Granites vs. Ottawa College—Kingston.

Nov. 9. Ottawa College vs. Montreal—Ottawa.

The new cement walk on the back avenue is a "thing of beauty," and should be a joy forever, as it is so solidly and substantially built. It reflects great credit on its designer, Mr. Jas. Gillespie, and his practical assistant, Mr. Peter McLeod.

Mr. W. Shea of course carried off the prizes at the "Hard Times Parade," at the recent Bicycle Meet, or at least would have carried them off if the messenger entrusted with them had not met with an accident. However the flattering comments of the newspapers are reward enough without either cigars or street car tickets. Billy claims to have lost the tickets on Johnston street, and has detailed P. C's. Lawson and Bateson to look them up, but they do not consider the locality a likely one from which to recover them.

Mr. Hugh Kerr was seriously ill in August for a few days. He has fully recovered.

Miss Mabel Ward has resigned, and it is whispered is about to enter into a more permanent engagement. We all wish her much happiness. She was given a handsome tea set by the Officials.

Mrs. Forster's Crossbills, a happy and contented pair of beautiful birds, came to an untimely end a few days ago. The cage in which they were confined fell out of the window, and the crossbills were killed as a result of the fall.

The English Pheasants at Rockwood are developing rapidly, and if they winter well, it should not take long to raise enough birds to stock the grounds and the surrounding country. The only dread is that of the destructive small boy and the "foolmanwithagun." It has been demonstrated that the English pheasant thrives wonderfully well in the Canadian climate, and withstands the cold as well as ruffed grouse. If protected for a few years these magnificent birds would prove a grand addition to the list of feathered game.

Mr. Harry Bates is taking a long string of thoroughbred dogs to the Toronto Exhibition. It is said that Mr. Bates is such a success as the exponent of a dog's fine points, that the canine is bound to win under any circumstances when he shows him.

The patients are looking forward to the coming of the Circus in September.

Advantage has been taken of the steamboat warfare, and parties of patients are sent down the river from time to time.

Mr. Hubert Osborne was so enamoured of the charms of the Petewawa that he has returned to its wilds, acting as guide to his brother and Mr. Fred. Folger.

The Rockwood Review.

INVOCATION.

O winds that have blown over
desert sands,
Out of the east and the burning
south,
That bring no dews to the thirsty
lands
Parched with more than a mid-
summer drouth,
Sink down again in the western
main,
And leave us the rain—the welcome
rain.

O clouds high piled like a fleece of
wool
Bright and white in the molten
skies,
Out of the wells so deep and cool
Where the icebergs drift and the
seamen cries,
Stoop down and drain like a cup
the main,
And give us the rain—the welcome
rain.

All day let the trail of your soft
robes drip
Over forest and field and bower,
All night let the earth with her
thirsty lip
Drink and gladden and bless the
shower,
And city and plain revived again,
Shall welcome the rain—the blessed
rain.

The dry leaves rustle, the grasses
fade,
The lily droops on the garden bed,
The birds sit silent and seek the
shades,
And all the roadside flowers are
dead.
Our hearts are fain for the patter
again
On roof and pane of the blessed
rain.

K. S. McL.

The German Settlement near
Black Bay, on the Petewawa, is
an instructive object lesson to those
who make a study of "thrift."

The camping party observed
Bartramian Sandpipers as far north
as Sharbot Lake. Stragglers were
seen in various fields up to that
point.

A Toronto paper has thought
fit to attack the management of
Rockwood on the ground that
persons of certain religions are
favored more than other whose
beliefs are not the same. Up
to the present religious discord
has not been introduced within the
walls of Rockwood, nor can it be
stirred up by any vindictive politi-
cians. The Officials while differing
in religious belief, have in their
relations been uniformly kind and
considerate, and those persons who
know best are well aware that
there is but one rule for all. Those
who are promoted merit advance-
ment irrespective of religion, and
the true reason why discord has
not existed is, that Catholics and
Protestants have had but one aim
in view, viz. to do their duty and
live at peace with their neighbors.
If some of the politicians would
adopt the same principles, the
results would be gratifying to a
large portion of the community.

Mr. W. Shakespeare Shea has
been representing the Dominion
and the Rockwood Bicycle Club
at a recent gathering of the K. B. C.
He spoke eloquently and at great
length as the subjects were large.
Billy is without doubt the most
versatile genius in Kingston.

Mr. Clarence Wheeler secured
honors in the recent matriculation
examinations. Well done Clarence.

Miss Goldie and Miss Margery
Clarke passed the junior matricu-
lation examinations held recently.

The Rockwood Review.

Miss Goodearle, Miss Sweet and Miss Hanley were seriously ill during August.

Dr. Clarke, Hubert Osborne, Kingston, Archie Mullin, Hamilton, Norman Lockie and Charlie Clarke, Kingston, spent three weeks on the south branch of the Petewawa in July and August, and came home delighted with their trip. Although the best camping grounds are a little difficult to get at, owing to numerous and rough portages, they report this region as by far the best for sport they have found in Ontario. In the matter of picturesque-ness it is unique, and the scenery on the Petewawa is magnificent, much of it after the style of the Saguenay on a small scale. The many brooklets running into the main stream abound in speckled trout, and blackbass are easily caught anywhere. In proper season ruffed grouse and Canada grouse are plentiful, red deer are common and an occasional moose is to be met with. The region is the breeding ground for most of the rarer warblers, and Dr. Clarke obtained many bird notes of great interest to ornithologists. The dense undergrowth which exists is peculiarly favorable to the preservation of these warblers—the daintiest of all birds—and it might also be added, among the most useful. Among the birds no doubt breeding regularly were found the following:—Purple Finch, Fox Sparrow, White Throated Sparrow, Savannah Sparrow, Slate Colored Junco (abundant), Cedar Waxing, Red-eyed Vireo, Black and White Warbler, Parula Warbler, Black Throated Blue Warbler, Myrtle Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, Pine Warbler, Orange Crowned Warbler, Oven Bird, Water Thrush (very common), Redstart, Brown Thrasher, Hermit and Wood Thrush, Golden-crowned Kinglet, Robin, Canada Grouse, Ruffed Grouse, Blue Jay, Canada Jay, Hairy Woodpecker, Flicker, Philadelphia Vireo (not clearly identified), Great Horned Owl, Saw-

whet Owl, Raven (rare), Yellow Bellied Sapsucker, White-bellied Nuthatch, Chickadee, Brown Creeper, Kingbird, Wood Peewee, Phoebe, Red-breasted Merganser, Hooded Merganser, Black Duck, Wood Duck, Loon. Among others the above varieties were noted, and in the case of the warblers many of them had young (no doubt a second brood), and were seen carrying insects. Nests were difficult to find in the dense undergrowth. In Grand Lake the lake trout is abundant in the spring and fall. It was pleasing to note in many places the growth of young pine among the poplars and birches, thus bearing out the evidence given by the Forestry Commissioners. In other spots the useless pitch pine thrives to the exclusion of more desirable varieties. The careful and conscientious work of the Fire Ranger and Game Warden, Mr. Samuel Brannan, was noted with pleasure, and if all such appointments were of the same order, both timber and game would be better preserved than at present. The party were under many obligations to Mr. Brannan, who went to a good deal of trouble to point out the attractive and interesting features of the country, and furnished much information of use to the campers. The party are also under obligation to Mr. Supple and Mr. R. A. Graham, who prepared an excellent map of the region, and to Mr. Miller, of the OBSERVER, who kindly sent newspapers when a chance offered. What it means to get newspapers in camp can only be appreciated by those who are nearly thirty miles away from the nearest post office.

Pembroke is one of the brightest towns in Ontario, well built, progressive and wearing a prosperous air that is now seldom seen in this Province.

The absence of crows in the Petewawa region was remarkable. These birds are rare so it is said in the unhabited parts.

The Rockwood Review.

A very unfortunate outbreak of typhoid took place at Rockwood this summer, and as all of the cases occurred almost simultaneously, the inference is that one source of infection originated the trouble. The water is no longer a source of suspicion, and careful analysis shows contaminated ice to be the probable source of disease. Last winter the harbor ice broke up and floated about the bay, with the result that when the ice finally formed there was a layer made up from cakes from many different localities. The whole ice supply was extremely thin, and no doubt typhoid laden cakes drifted from the main harbor to this locality. Dr. Goodwin's remarks last year in regard to the harbor ice were no doubt very accurate.

Mr. John Stoness and Mr. James Lawless have been on the sick list.

Rockwood has been redeeming its reputation at bowling lately, and has scored two successive victories over Queen's.

Miss Mary Smart, of Toronto, is visiting Rockwood House.

Miss Mary Donaldson was indisposed for several days in August.

There is a great deal of enthusiasm in football circles this year, and the Granites intend to put two strong teams in the field. In the senior League the company may prove very fast, but the Granites are able to stand the pace, and although they can scarcely be expected to land a senior championship the first year of their existence, as a senior team they will make a good showing. A team made up of good young blood is likely to do better work than one containing players whose day is past. The Granites will not forget the usefulness of having a team of colts, and a good junior team will be organized and developed. This team will play challenge matches, probably with teams in Montreal and Ottawa.

Orioles were much in evidence during the latter part of August.

The Petewawa is apparently a head centre for Whip-poor-wills and Night-hawks.

Dr. Jas. E. Gage, formerly of Rockwood, has commenced practice in Riverside, California. He is sure to succeed.

The iceboating craze has commenced early this season, and already several promising craft are in the course of construction.

The Gerda has been to a great extent reconstructed, and her name changed to the Signa. To the Rockwood people she will always be the Gerda.

The Portsmouth constable has been very vigilant of late, and has had a good many of the residents fined for bicycle riding on the sidewalks. This in itself would not be surprising in an ordinary community, but in a village where wholesale privileges are conferred even on the cows and geese, it might be expected that almost as extensive rights would be given to the residents.

Dr. Gage is taking an interest in ornithology, and sends several beautifully prepared eggs of rare Riverside birds, for the collection of Mr. C. M. Clarke.

Mr. W. Shea never rides the bicycle on Portsmouth sidewalks, but claims that some of the most important of the municipal officers do—with impunity. As Alderman McCann does not own a wheel, it must be some one else.

Miss Gallagher, Assistant Matron, spent three weeks holidays in Quebec quite recently.

Mr. Ben. Cadman is the most enthusiastic and successful manipulator of excursion and tea meeting tickets in the business. He never fails to persuade his victim to purchase.

The Rockwood Review.

A MONTH WITH THE GOLD-FINCHES.

BY MARY EMILY BRUCE.

The nesting season is nearly over and the air is full of the voices of young birds before the Goldfinches begin to build. In the leisurely golden time of the year, when the fields are yellow with grain and the roadsides gay with golden-rod, the dainty pair, in love with the summer, the sunshine, and each other, plan their home. True to their careless, happy natures they neither hurry nor overwork. A suitable place is chosen, the nest is built, the eggs are laid, and the little dame sits content in the sun, while her mate fills the air with music, as high over woods and fields he takes his undulating flight in search of food. To watch a Goldfinch's home is a privilege that brightens the whole summer, and one would like to write their story with a pen dipped in sunshine.

It was late in July before I reached the farmhouse among the hills of Vermont where I was to spend my vacation, and I found the orchards near the house already full of young birds. Baby Sapsuckers flopped about in the apple trees, young Vireos were followed here and there by anxious mothers, Catbirds uttered notes of warning by the roadsides, and infant Flycatchers and Thrushes regarded me with large inquiring eyes. A pair of belated Robins, nervous and overworked, were looking after their young ones, who were still in the nest, but for the most part family cares were over, and my only hope of watching the home life of the birds was to find a Goldfinch's nest.

In vain I searched the orchard near the house. Goldfinches flashed in and out among the branches, and sang of summer joys over my head, but they guarded well the secret of their homes. When I had nearly given up in despair, chance favored me, and I happened upon the object of my search in a

maple tree in front of a neighboring farmhouse. Blessings never come singly, and just as I was rejoicing in this treasure trove the little daughter of the house pointed out another nest in the orchard. A third nest, also in a maple tree, was discovered a few days later, but this was already full of half fledged birds, and both maple tree-dwellings were too high in the branches to be easily watched.

Nothing could be better suited to my purpose than the home in the orchard. The Goldfinches had chosen a tiny pear tree quite close to the house, and the nest was barely four feet from the ground. There was something very charming in the confidence they had shewn their human neighbors, and the pair won my heart from the first by their gentle, trustful ways. It was a satisfaction to watch a nest for once where I was not treated like a robber and murderer. I could draw my chair quite near to the little pear tree, and the mother bird would look at me without a shadow of alarm in her bright eyes.

It was marvelous to see how quickly she recognized the voice of her mate in the Goldfinch chorus about her. Her neighbors in the maple tree might come and go, and she never stirred a feather, but a sudden quivering of the wings and a soft twittering response would announce his approach long before I could hear his voice, and as his song became audible to me, louder and more joyful grew her note of welcome. He would alight in a neighboring tree, speak to me first in a mild, questioning tone, like a pet canary talking to his mistress, and then fly down to the nest and feed his mate. After the dainty meal was finished they would talk together for a moment before he left her for another flight into the big sunshiny world. Life in this miniature home was very sweet and harmonious, and the golden bird in the tiny tree with its treasure of a nest made a

The Rockwood Review.

charming picture.

For the next four weeks I visited the orchard daily. They were quiet hours I spent there, but there was no lack of entertainment. For music the Field Sparrows sang to me their simple, plaintive songs, and from far up on the hills I could sometimes hear the chant of the Hermit Thrush. A pair of Chipping Sparrows in a neighboring apple tree were bringing up their only child with quite as much solicitude as if they were burdened with a large family. They were a striking contrast to the serene and happy Goldfinches, but, plain little brown folks as they were, I enjoyed watching them. Sometimes young Warblers, looking strangely unlike their parents, visited the orchard, or a bevy of Crows from a maple grove near by, disturbed by a passing Hawk, startled me out of my day dreams. I wondered if the little Goldfinch had as many resources as I, or if the hours seemed long to her. Perhaps she too dreamed day dreams and listened to the music of nature. She seldom left the nest, though I occasionally startled her off by some sudden movement, when she reproached me for my carelessness in the sweetest of voices.

When I first looked into the nest there were six eggs, white, with faintest tinge of blue, and pretty enough to satisfy any bird mother, but my little girl friend had told me that there were but two eggs laid when the bird began to sit, and I was curious to know whether there would not be a marked difference in the age of the young ones. After two week's patient waiting the little mother and I were rewarded by finding among the pretty eggs a very ugly birdling. On my afternoon visit there were three little birds, the next day four, and on the day following I counted five heads. By this time the mother did not sit constantly on the nest, but cunningly tucked the remaining egg under the little birds and went on short excursions

into the country. Whether the young ones did not do their duty, or whether it was another instance of the survival of the fittest I cannot tell, but when the oldest nestling was five days old I again counted heads and there were only four. The youngest child and the sixth egg had both disappeared, and I decided that in the struggle for existence the older birds must have had too great an advantage in point of time. As it was, the nest seemed hardly large enough, and the four had a comical fashion of lying with their long necks stretched out and their heads hanging over the edge, their eyes half closed and their mouths wide open as if gasping for air. Certainly uglier birdlings never gladdened the hearts of deluded parents.

For the first week they showed little intelligence. At the noise of a passing wagon four mouths would open as quickly as at the sound of the mother's voice, and they greeted me in the same ravenous manner. I responded by trying to feed them with crushed plantain seed, but though they opened their bills to receive the morsel, the experiment was not very successful. It would take the eye of faith to see in these atoms of birdhood the potential grace and beauty of a mature Goldfinch, and I sometimes fancied that the mother herself had doubts about them, for she would stand pensively on the edge of the nest in her visits to the home tree and look unutterable things. The little birds were fed very slowly and thoroughly about once an hour, sometimes by the father, sometimes by the mother. Possibly the parents came oftener during my absence, but from the time the sitting was over I saw them less and less frequently, though I was sometimes greeted on my arrival by a note of inquiry from the tree tops. I hope I proved myself worthy of the confidence placed in me. I did not sit too near the nest, and by moving quietly and speaking softly I tried, in my poor

The Rockwood Review.

human fashion, to become a fit associate for my gentle friends. Though so seldom fed, the little ones seemed to thrive on fresh air and sunshine. Stretching matches and other gymnastics were practised daily, pretty feathers gradually appeared, and by the time they were ten days old they were bonny birdlings resembling their mother. From her they had inherited gentle manners and soft voices, for it was at that early age that they began to talk. They no longer mistook me for a parent bird, but seemed fond of me, trying to swallow the bits of hard boiled egg I offered them, and showing no fear when I took them out of the nest.

When they were nearly two weeks old I visited the orchard every morning before breakfast, expecting each day to find my birdlings flown, but it was not until the sixteenth day that the event occurred for which I had been waiting.

On this morning I was more grieved than surprised to find only two little birds left in the nest. I spent the entire morning in the orchard, waiting to see the remaining birdlings take flight. It seemed to be the policy of the parents to induce them to come out for something to eat, for they were not once fed during this time. I offered them morsels of egg, but they paid little heed to me. They were restless, and I saw that the old home and old friends had lost all charm for them. Suddenly while I watched, one of the two birdlings scrambled onto the edge of the nest, balanced himself for a moment, and then flew straight into the nearest apple tree. From this vantage ground he looked down into the tiny pear tree home that had once seemed all the world to him, and called back to his little brother, that he had found a larger and greener world than that. The baby in the nest seemed half inclined to follow him, but at each attempt after much fluttering of the wings he

would slip back into the old place. Presently the mother came with a morsel of food for the brave little bird in the tree, but no attention was paid to the pleading cry of his lazy brother, and very soon the venturesome young one found the use of his wings so pleasant and the food she offered him so tempting that he followed her across the orchard into the fields beyond.

On my afternoon visit the poor little coward was still in the nest, apparently very hungry and teasing incessantly. He may have thought that he was forgotten,—and I confess that I had fears of this myself,—when late in the afternoon, brighter than a gleam of sunshine, doubtless, to the waiting bird, came the father to the nest. Only this encouragement was needed, the little fellow was not to be left alone again; in a moment he was standing on a tiny twig above the nest, there was another moment of balancing and indecision, and then taking heart he too flew across to the friendly apple tree. He was rewarded by the instant appearance of his mother who had doubtless waited for this evidence of courage on the part of her youngest darling. She first gave him a hearty meal, and then flew from tree to tree towards the fields beyond. My birdling followed her in pretty, undulating, Goldfinch fashion, and I was left alone in the orchard.

The Rockwood Review.

PAGANINI'S SHOE-FIDDLE.

In the autumn of 1832, Paganini was residing at a villa near Paris. He was an invalid, and took little notice of any of the other occupants of the villa. The only person for whom he sought to care much was Nicette, a young and pretty waitress, who was wont to attend upon him.

One morning Nicette, tray in hand, entered the apartment of the famous Maestro, who sat at a table carving a handle for a dagger out of a piece of ivory. Instead of her usual merry look, she was sad and dejected, and her blue eyes showed traces of recent weeping. Paganini, who had taken an honest liking for the poor girl, was not long in learning the cause of her grief. The conscription had just been drawn; a bad number had fallen to the lot of her lover; and, said she, "Poor Adolphe must go off for a soldier, and I shall never see him again."

"But why don't you find him a substitute?" inquired Paganini.

"Monsieur is joking," was the sobbing reply. "They say there is to be a war, and fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price for a substitute."

Fifteen hundred francs was really nothing to Paganini; but no man ever lived who loved money more than did the great Violinist, and to give away such a sum directly was an idea which never entered his mind. So he said nothing, but made his memorandum in his pocket-book; "See what I can do for poor Nicette."

A few weeks passed, and Christmas was at hand. In France it is the custom to place a wooden shoe on the hearth, just as we hang up a stocking. Late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas, Nicette entered the saloon, where the musician was seated in the centre of a large group. She said that a huge parcel had just arrived for the Signor Paganini. He declared that he could not imagine what it

was, but ordered it to be brought up. Wrapper after wrapper was opened before the curious spectators, and finally there appeared a huge wooden shoe, almost large enough for an infant's cradle.

The bystanders laughed. Some maliciously hinted that it was sent by some one who insinuated thereby, that the great Maestro was much more fond of receiving presents, than of bestowing them. Quite possibly this was the case, and more than probably there were those present who knew all about the sending of the odd gift. Paganini suspected as much, and a sudden idea seemed to strike him.

"Well, well, my friends, we shall see if this shoe is not worth something to somebody." And he left the saloon, carrying the shoe with him.

For three days little was seen of Paganini; and it was reported that he was busy in a little workshop which he had fitted up for himself, and which no one was allowed to enter. Then it was announced that on New-Year's Eve the great Maestro would give an unique concert, in the course of which he would execute five pieces on the Violin and five on a wooden shoe. The price of admission was to be twenty francs, and only one hundred tickets would be sold. Of course the tickets were disposed of at once.

When the evening came, Paganini made his appearance in most unusual good spirits. The Violin pieces came first on the programme, and everybody declared that the great Master fairly exceeded even himself, and there was no end of bravos. He retired for a moment, and then reappeared with the veritable wooden shoe under his arm. But in the three days of his seclusion he had cut and carved and shaped it into a rude imitation of a Violin, to which he had deftly fitted three strings. Upon this curious instrument he began to improvise one of these strange fantasias, which many say were

The Rockwood Review.

the highest inspirations of this wonderful genius. It needed no words to tell that the theme was the life of a conscript and soldier. There was the suspense of drawing lots for the conscription, the rejoicings of those whose friends had got clear, the wailings of those who were not so fortunate, the departure of the conscript, the noise and bustle of the camp, the roar and tumult of the battle, the shouts of victory, the return of the conscripts, now heroes, to their homes, all closing with the glad pealing of marriage-bells.

Poor Nicette, whose lover was to be marched off in a few days, stood behind the scenes weeping. Scarcely had the tumultuous applause ceased when Paganini bade her approach.

"Here," said he, "are the two thousand francs which the old shoe has brought. That is five hundred more than you want to buy off Adolphe. Keep the rest to begin house-keeping with. And here's the old shoe; you shall have that too. Maybe somebody will give you a few francs for it."

There was great competition as to who should have the wonderful Shoe-Violin. It was put up at auction, and struck off for six thousand francs to a wealthy Englishman who had been present at the concert, and who wanted to preserve a souvenir of the great occasion. But it is not recorded that anybody except Paganini himself ever succeeded in extracting music from the instrument.

A FIDDLING MINISTER.

There was a well-known anecdote of the gardener of Inverkeithing and the Rev. Ralph Erskine, of Dunfermline. The gardener desired to have the ordinance of baptism administered to his child; but having differed with his parish minister, whom he accused of worldliness, he resolved to solicit

the services of the pastor of an adjoining parish. Reaching that clergyman's manse, accompanied by his wife carrying the baby, he enquired whether the minister was at home. He was informed by the maid-servant that the minister was a-fishing, but that he would certainly return very soon. "He may come hame when he likes," said the gardener, "but nae fishin' minister shall bapteeze my bairn."

The party proceeded to another manse, but the incumbent was, according to the story, "oot shootin'." "Nae shootin' minister" would suit the enraged gardener, who now proposed that his spouse should accompany him to "guid Maister Ralph Erskine at Dunfermline, wha," he added, "I'se warrant, will be better employed than fishin' or shootin'." As the wanderers approached Mr. Erskine's residence, they heard the notes of a Violin, and the distressed gardener at once concluded that the rev. gentleman was from home. "The minister's no at hame, I see," said he, addressing Mr. Erskine's servant. "The minister is at hame," said the girl, "an' dinna ye hear? He's takin' a tune to himsel' on the Fiddle; he tak's a tune ilka evenin'." The gardener was almost frantic with disappointment and vexation. "Could I hae believed it," exclaimed he, "that Maister Ralph Erskine wad play on the Fiddle!" He was somewhat relieved by learning that Mr. Erskine did not use the ordinary instrument, but the Violoncello—"the big gaucy Fiddle!" "But," he added, "I maun admit that oor ain minister, though wrang in some things, is better than the lave o' them; for he neither fishes, nor shoots, nor plays the Fiddle."

The Rockwood Review.

HORNADAY ON THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR BIRDS.

In this report Mr. Hornaday has furnished us with a mass of information relative to the destruction of our wild birds and mammals which should demand the earnest consideration of every ornithologist and sportsman throughout the country, and which cannot fail to prove an important factor in encouraging the sentiment for bird protection which is beginning to make itself apparent.

The bird report is based upon replies from correspondents in all parts of the country relative to the destruction of birds, the most potent agencies in effecting destruction, species which are becoming extinct, and the number of birds to-day as compared with fifteen years ago.

The most serious causes of the decrease of bird life seem to be: (1) the great increase in sportsmen or rather "so-called sportsmen"; (2) pot hunters, (3) plume hunters; (4) egg collectors; (5) English sparrow; (6) clearing away of timber, and (7) Italians, who kill all sorts of birds for food.

The decrease of all kinds of game birds as evinced by all the reports is startling, as is also the growing tendency in the South to regard various song and insectivorous birds as game, when the real game birds become scarce. As Mr. Hornaday truly says, "the protection of migratory birds must be general," we cannot protect our summer birds in the North if they are to be shot in winter in the South.

In regard to the destruction of bird life in general, the figures given by Mr. Hornaday (Connecticut, 75 percent destroyed; New York, 48; Indiana, 60, etc.) will hardly be accepted by those who have had experience in estimating the numbers of individual birds in the field.

It is not possible to compare the birds of fifteen years ago with those of to-day and say with any

degree of accuracy that the decrease is one-half or two-thirds, relying solely on memory. As a matter of fact how many of the persons quoted can state the number of birds breeding in a definite area in their vicinity last year, not to speak of fifteen years ago? It is one thing to guess and quite another to make an accurate census, and without definite figures we are practically stating the ratio between two unknown quantities which we can only compare in memory.

So many things have to be taken into consideration in estimating the abundance of our small birds that it is exceedingly difficult to hazard a comparison even between two successive years unless a person has been constantly afield and is conversant with the vagaries of migration, etc.

It is significant that scarcely any of the more prominent field ornithologists, whose names appear in the report, give the remarkable figures which influence Mr. Hornaday's estimates.

Game and plume birds are unquestionably on the high road to extermination, and certain species of our small birds are decreasing, but the general destruction in the latter class is probably not nearly so great as Mr. Hornaday's figures imply.

This side of the question is of such especial importance to ornithologists that it seems desirable to emphasize the difficulty of reaching accurate results from such data,—especially as sentiment often unconsciously, leads us to make extreme statements.

The estimates to which we take exception do not, however, detract from the importance and beneficial effect of this valuable report, and it is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Hornaday's closing suggestions, both as to birds and mammals, may be seriously considered by our legislators, especially as to the suppression of promiscuous egg collecting and traffic in eggs, birds and game.—W. S. in the Auk.

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