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The Rockwood Review.

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KINGSTON, OCTOBER 1ST, 1897.

No. 8.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Mabel Orser, who has left for New Jersey to undergo a course of training in the Passaic Hospital, was presented with a well filled purse and an address, on Saturday, September 25th, by the Officials of Rockwood. Miss Orser will be much missed, as she was one of the mainstays in all entertainments, being an excellent singer and clever actor, as well as a very popular young lady with all of the employees. We wish her success in her new venture.

In American Hospitals Canadian Nurses are always to the fore, and it is a remarkable fact that Brother Jonathan forgets to employ his alien act in their case. It is evident that even Brother Jonathan, selfish and all as he is, cannot close his eyes to the fact that Canadian girls are made of the proper stuff, mentally and physically, to manage his important institutions. In the meanwhile we hope that the Canadian girls who are left here, will wake up to the fact, that we have plenty of need of all in Canada, which after all is likely before long to cut a prominent figure in the affairs of America, in spite of the Monroe doctrine, or any other doctrine which is made responsible for everything that our Yankee cousins wish to grab.

Mrs. Forster gave an afternoon tea on September 25th, in honor of Miss Graydon of London. It goes without saying that it was a great success.

Lake Ontario Park has done a rushing business all summer, and has been visited by its tens of thousands. Its enterprising proprietor promises a number of important changes next summer and new attractions. We venture to make a suggestion to King Ben. He would receive the heartfelt thanks and blessings of this community if the Merry-go-round were supplied with a new outfit of tunes, a soft pedal that cannot be moved, and a driver who works only eight hours a day. The manager has worked over time this summer, and the prevailing wind has been southwest.

Miss Heinrichs, the well-known young pianiste of Toronto, has been visiting Mrs. Robt. Sears. Miss Heinrichs gives promise of a brilliant future as a musician.

For sale two Goats—apply to two Kids—Rockwood House.

Miss Fannie Stoness will take up the duties formerly assigned to Miss Orser.

The Bicycle craze seems to have "fizzled out" at Rockwood, and enthusiasm is on the wane.

Mr. Gillespie is making the bowling green as level as a billiard table—then let the Queen's College have a care.

Many picnics have been given to the patients of late, and the bandsmen are growing fat on the luxuries provided for the musicians.

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Miss Minnie Spence, formerly of Rockwood, now Matron of the Port Simpson Hospital, is visiting old friends in Kingston.

Messrs. McCammon and Ross and Davidson, accompanied by Sergeant Hugh Lawson, of the Kingston Police Force, took a day's outing a week or so ago, and gave the game in the vicinity of Inverary a severe shaking up. In the morning they devoted exclusive attention to ducks, partridge and woodcock, in the afternoon they took a course in squirrel shooting, and Mr. Lawson secured enough black squirrels to make a vest. He proved himself by far the best shot of the party, and did not make a miss of any kind except when endeavoring to get away with some bread and wood sandwiches, which had been surreptitiously smuggled into the lunch basket by parties unknown.

The Rev. C. J. Young, of Lansdowne, has kindly consented to write an account of his visit to the Magdalen Islands for the REVIEW.

The first practice game between the Granites (Juniors) and the R. M. C. Cadets, resulted in a victory for the Granites, 20 to 7. The game was one sided and uninteresting, but served to show the weak points of both teams. The Granites have the benefit of experience, and understand team play, while the Cadets require a good deal of coaching. The Cadets have plenty of capital material, and if it were worked up could be made to play first-class football. The Granite forward line is as usual very strong, and their whole team is well balanced, but it needs a lot of polishing before it can play the "gilt edged" game of last year.

Clarence Wheeler and Ed. Hart-rick are promising Granite colts, and dream of championship honors.

A Hudsonian Goduit was shot by Mr. E. Beaupre about the 20th September. These birds are very rare here.

Golden-eyes (Whistlers) evidently bred in the Bay of Quinte this summer.

Queen's Football Team is an unknown quantity as usual, and the identity of her team is pretty well concealed for a very sufficient reason, viz. that no one seems to know what is going to happen. Now that such stars as Kennedy and Wilson have left, Queen's has a chance to shake itself loose from the imputation that it has been giving countenance to semi-professionalism. Let it rise to the occasion, play men who are students in reality, as well as in name, and in this way set an example that will win the respect and admiration of all classes. What if Queen's doesn't cut a top notch figure in the game this year? She is bound to come up in a season or so, and if she will only profit by the lesson of the past, and not neglect the training of young players, she will soon regain the lost prestige. Professional football is a thing we shall have to face very soon, and our Universities should be depended on above all to keep the game free from the taint if possible. The "tu quoque" argument need not be considered for one moment. Two wrongs never make one right. A Queen's victory is always popular, a victory won by students of the University would be doubly so. Surely fifteen brawny students can be found to "do the trick." A football team that commands more respect than any other College team in the country is that of the R. M. C. Why is this? Year after year they have played college men only, and have pluckily fought unequal battles, and suffered defeat after defeat, rather than sacrifice honor to the desire to snatch an empty victory at any price.

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The Granite Football Club Entertainment came off in the Opera House on the evening of September 9th, and was in every sense of the word a success. Although the evening was intensely hot, a large audience was present, and a handsome sum realized with which to furnish the sinews of war for our little fellows.

An Orchestra of about twenty pieces opened the programme, and as this organization comprised many of the best musicians in the city, the music was excellent. Mr. W. Madill, who had the management of this department, deserves a great deal of credit for the musical treat provided. Messrs. Cunningham, Lavell, J. Shea and Woods were happy in their selections, and one of the pleasant features of the whole programme, was the fact that nothing was below the mark. Mr. Wm. Shea in his burlesque on the presdigateur business, was simply immense. Mr. Albert Shannon's electric light club singing was a beautiful thing, cleverly done, and Mr. McGall's baton twirling was a skillful performance. The great event of the evening was the Society Play called the "Revolving Wedge," a good humored satire on the football craze.

Mr. Martin (T. McCammon), the father of Bob Martin, a celebrated Granite half-back (C. Webster), has for years celebrated Thanksgiving by a tremendous dinner commencing at one o'clock, and lasting all afternoon, and has asked for his Thanksgiving a large number of guests. It so happens that the great event of the season, viz. the Granite-Varsity Match, takes place on this particular afternoon, and although Bob is to play, all of the household, from Mrs. Martin (Mr. J. Gage) to Nell (W. Dalton), and the Cook Norah (J. Jaquith), who are football fiends, have to give up the game on account of the irascible Mr. Martin, who detests the brutal game, and will not have tradition violated for a fortune.

The scene opens by a conversation from the window between Norah and Mike Dolan (W. Woods), one of Kingston's Police. Dolan has been appointed to keep order at the Athletic Grounds, and has come to persuade Norah to go to the game. She has been reading the paper, and has been greatly interested in the glowing accounts of the Granites and "Misther Bob." Dolan comes in through the window, and explains many of the technical terms used in the papers, and almost succeeds in getting Norah to promise to go to the game in the afternoon. Dolan disappears as Bob comes in and enquires for Nell. Nell and Mrs. Martin enter, and there is great grief over the disappointment of the day, particularly in view of the fact that Bob has a lot of good grand stand tickets. Nell and Mrs. Martin simply devour the newspaper, which has nothing but football items from beginning to end. The crusty Mr. Martin makes his appearance, and after a few sarcastic comments on football in general, and Bob's presence in particular, announces the fact that he will read his paper in peace and enjoy a quiet hour. Norah begins a series of entries, bringing letters and telegrams. Each has the same purport, viz., declining the invitation to dinner—another engagement, viz., the football match. Things become very heated in Mr. Martin's neighborhood when one guest, Dr. Brown (H. Waddell) arrives, and declares that it is a good thing for him to have a day off. Martin is delighted, one guest even will save the event. Brown innocently explains that he merely ran in to excuse himself after the first courses, as he wants to go to the football match, and there is a good deal of excitement over his explanation, and Mr. M. is soon left to read his paper in peace. His temper is warm as he commences, it soon reaches boiling point as he finds football, and nothing but football, even in the

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stock list. He is about to burn the paper when Mrs. M. comes in, and mildly explains that Norah claims her day out, and is going to the football match. In a perfect fury Martin sends for Norah, but gets the worst of the interview, and Norah says she will uphold the honor of the family, if no one else will see Bob play. As she goes out Edward Biddle (W. Cochrane) enters, loaded down with Varsity colors. He is very gay and cheerful, and says he has come to partake of the early part of the dinner, well understanding that Martin would not come to witness the game, because of the defeat of the Granites. Martin denies that the Granites will be beaten, and Nell and Mrs. Martin entering at this moment, a wordy warfare at once arises, and Martin becomes wildly enthusiastic, mixes up football phrases in the most remarkable manner, talks of sixty yard sprouts, revolving sledges, bucking the gridiron, and skirting the pigskin. Toronto and Kingston papers are quoted against each other with violence, and in a grand wind up, Martin calls for his hat and tickets, denounces his Thanksgiving dinner, and all go off to the match. The different parts were admirably taken, and there was not a "stick" in the collection.

"Bunty Dalton" as Nell was not recognized even by his companions until he spoke. He managed his skirts with rare skill.

Halloway Waddell surprised all by his excellent stage work, and even took a hint from the gods when asked to "take off his hat."

Messrs. Jaquith and Woods in their parts were to the "Irish born." They would be hard to improve upon.

Mr. Cochrane as Biddle was as good as the part could be made, and it was one of the best parts in the play.

"Jimmy Gage" as Mrs. Martin brought down the house, especially when he took up his fancy work.

Mr. Webster as Bob was quite at home, and has played enough football to know how to assume the swagger of the successful half-back.

Mr. McCammon as Martin was as he always is, a whole play in himself. He has few rivals in his particular line.

The Fourteenth Band kindly gave great assistance at the Granite Concert.

At Portsmouth, on August 28th, 1897, the wife of James Shannahan of a son.

Dr. J. Shannon, of New York, has been visiting his parents.

Dr. Jock Harty has left for New York. He will be greatly missed in Kingston.

Everyone rejoices in the fact that the Hon. Mr. Harty's health is steadily improving.

Miss Mabel Orser has left Rockwood to enter the Training School at Passaic, N. J.

It is a remarkable fact that no Nurse has left Rockwood for nearly two years. Such a thing was never known before, generally about six vacancies occur in a season.

Mrs. A. Cameron, of Portsmouth, had a severe hemorrhage early in September, but made a rapid recovery.

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Miss M. A. Callaghan, of Brockville, was a guest at Rockwood House in September.

A pigeon hawk, not by any means a common visitor at Rockwood, has taken up his residence in the grounds, and is living in rather too royal style on the many young gold finches about. So far his "high degree" has saved him, but if many more gold finches are sacrificed to his dainty appetite, he will be suppressed. In the meanwhile let him read the REVIEW, and take flight.

Dr. Sidney Gould, Mrs. Moriarty, New York, Miss Graydon, of London, and Mrs. Terrill, were guests at Rockwood in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ross visited Toronto during Exhibition week.

Mrs. Forster and Mrs. Terrill went west early in September.

Cupid seems to be making the most of the last days of summer. Several new engagements are reported, and the Superintendent has been requisitioned for another summer house, the present supply not being equal to the demand.

One of the Hospital Physicians has invested in a parrot which was reared in a barber's shop. It appears that a barber's shop is a capital place for the education of the highly interesting parrot, and now when the genial Doctor pops out of bed in the morning, he receives the greeting—"Hair cut or shave, sir?"—"Try one of our elegant sea foams." It seems that this is not all that the clever bird knows, and the rest of the Officers are so charmed with the accomplishments of Polly, that she is likely to be asked out for visits very often. It is some years since we had a parrot at Rockwood, but the last one was a celebrity owned by our Steward. Many stories are told of the Steward's parrot, some of which are true, others doubtless fiction, among the true is the fol-

lowing: A well known Presbyterian divine called frequently on a former Matron, and sometimes offered up an afternoon's prayer. These prayers were eloquent and impressive, but sometimes a little long. One winter's afternoon the usual lengthy prayer was being given, and several of the Officers were present. Polly began to get restless, gave a warning shriek or two, and then suddenly called out, "Oh dry up you old fool, give some one else a chance." It is needless to say that the meeting broke up in disorder.

Messrs. Dehaney, Lawless and Jones are all applicants for positions on the Granite Intermediate Football Team. Their chances should be excellent.

Mr. Shea's drop curtain was a grand advertising medium at the Granite Show, and proved once more that our Billy is the most versatile genius of the Nineteenth Century. Nobody is surprised at anything he does though, and if he were to play quarter back for the Junior Granites, everyone would take it as a matter of course.

Wilson's Snipe were on hand, to be ready for the shooting season on September 13th.

Dr. Webster visited Toronto lately.

Dr. and Mrs. Clarke spent several days in Montreal during the meeting of the British Medical Association.

The small boy has been very active with his Kite, but the old fashioned triangular affair has given way to the modern box affair. One enterprising Portsmouth youth has worried the local astronomers by attaching a gayly colored lantern to his kite, and several wonderful discoveries have been made, ranging from new planets to Prof. Andree's lost balloon.

Mr. W. Smith, who was injured severely on the street railway, has made an excellent recovery.

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NOTES BY W. YATES.

The diminution in the number of Hummingbirds, (compared with what was the case 20 or 30 years ago), that now visit Ontario in the summer season, is a frequent cause of curiosity and of comment; a greater number of this species of bird have been seen during the past month of August, than in any month of the summer of 1897. A near neighbor who cultivates a variety of garden flowers, observes that the Rubythroats alight on and devote more attention to the Convolvuli, to the Nasturtion and Honeysuckle, and Morning Glory, than to any other species growing in the parterre; the reason perhaps of this selective instinct may be, that the minute drops of liquid nectar are best preserved and kept unvolatilized in the narrow throat-like bases of these tubular flowers, and to whose confined spaces the elongated beak and tongue of the Hummingbird gives easy access.

The boldness and apparent fury of the Rubythroat is seen in its readiness to attack the Oriole or Robin, when the latter invade the Hummingbird sanctum or come "between the wind and its nobility." The needle-like beak and the dart-like onset strike terror into the souls of larger encroaching species, when fiercely challenged by their diminutive confrere, whose rapidity of motion and imperious "hum" in flight, have a more formidable impressiveness than actual conflict might carry out.

Some years ago an acquaintance reported the finding of a beautiful purselike nest of the Rubythroat, suspended from sprays of a raspberry bush, when engaged picking the ripe fruit in July.

Another reported finding a similar nest suspended from rank growing stems of clover in a hay field. In a third instance we were sent for to examine one in these neat little structures, that was found hanging to the lower branch of a locust tree,

that florished near the veranah of a farm house in this locality; this occurred in the month of August—the nest contained three eggs, and surprise was expressed that incubation should be found going on so late in the summer!

The Rubythroats (a pair of them) visit the flower parterre regularly each morning, soon after sunrise, and thus "steal a march" on the hive bee. The Morning Glory appears to be their favorite flower, and this species being a free bloomer, freshly opened blossoms adorn the trellis each morn, the wee drop of nectar dries up sooner in the open flowers, such as the Asters and Calendulis, so these are little visited. Severe Autumnal frosts kill the vines of the Morning Glory, and about that time the Rubythroats discontinuè their visits for the season.

The frequent rains of early August seemed to cause a more copious growth of mushrooms this year in some of our pasture lands, than is normally the case in many instances. These were gathered and cooked and eaten by the farmer folk, and are undoubtedly a nourishing and relishable article of diet, notwithstanding that some allied species of toadstools are to be regarded with suspicion, as being unwholesome and deleterious. For all that several respectable families of our acquaintance, are accustomed to gather and to use as enjoyable articles of diet, the large puff-balls that are occasionally rapidly evolved on the surface of our grass fields; some of these natural productions grow to the size of a human head, and when fresh, are filled with albuminous—more or less fibrous—substance, that in odour can scarcely be distinguished from that of the edible mushroom. At any rate, those individuals who dish these puff-balls and eat them as condiments at table, laugh at the scruples of those who refuse to partake, with the accompanying remark, you don't know what is good! and

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the initiated ones add, that a number of these boleti grow to such a size in some instances, that one has been known to serve a family as condiment to two hearty meals! Yet in the drying effects of two or three days exposure to sun and wind, the puff-balls in the semi-organic interior change to snuff coloured dust.

A number of other species of the Fungi that are found growing in the forest (mostly in the trunks of prostrated trees in which the process of decay has begun), are sought for and eaten with avidity by Bovines that pasture in the wilderness, these gelatine or glue-like excrescences come out on the log surface after a warm summer rain, and in shape and colour resemble boiled tripe; when a herd of bush cattle come upon a "find" of these curious parasitic growths, the rivalry and pushing, and "goring" each other to obtain the lion's share of the "bonne bouche," is entertaining to a mere spectator to witness.

The numerous species of the Fungidie that one occasionally meets with in the forests, are a cause of wonder—some of most remarkable gay colours—as scarlet and orange, and also in many instances there is grace of form; fringes tassel-like, adorn the edges of some that cover the flat tops of tree stumps in a recent chopping, like a piece of carpeting of a uniform gay colour. These productions are of very rapid growth, a single sultry night in July causes some of them to appear, as if by magic, and their withering and decay is scarcely less rapid than their growth; and in few hours exposure to the heat and light of the sun, they shrink and become unsightly objects.

That malodorous toadstool the Phallus is occasionally stumbled upon among the tall grass and mildewing vegetation found near old rail fences. These may be often discovered by the swarms of blow

flies that are apt to hover near the Phallus clusters, as if attracted to decomposing animal substance.

Some of the Fungidie at a certain stage of decay, become phosphorescent; this phenomena we have frequently witnessed on a sultry summer's night, and it is apt to be more in evidence on the approach of thunder storms, or of a highly charged electric condition of the atmosphere; it is as if a state of negative electric tension was induced in the fungous substance by the positive currents with which the air seems charged at the time.

Some of the fungous excrescences found in the decaying debris of forests occasionally assume interesting but indescribable forms. Some assume to a monstrous satyr-like imitations of animal organization, as if crude efforts were made by nature to ascend into a higher stage of life than that to which these so called repulsive substances seem limited.

One remembers scarcely anything more spectacular or magnificent than the display made by myriads of fireflies in their curving and gyratory movements in the air over an open grassy swamp, or beaver meadow, on a dark and sultry night, about the 20th June; these coleopterous festivals are on a par with the beauteous orchestral gyrations of a swarm of gnats in the weak sunshine of an autumnal evening.

The firefly seems to have entire control of the illuminating machinery, and a continuous flash for a moment, whether at rest or on the curve of flight, seems to exhaust the charge or current in its battery or "accumulator." To light up or flash their light, seems a mere muscular effort, and as much under the insects control as extending its wings or moving its legs. Like our small glow-worm, if captured unhurt, they seem to take the sulks, and refuse to display their "incandescent" for a time, but after a longer or shorter pause, light up the cathode, as if to find out "where

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we are at."

The light is of a beautiful delicate green hue, like that that sometimes is diffused over near objects after a vivid flash of lightning. Lightning is said by scientists to create or produce what is termed Ozone in the atmosphere, can this explain the other vibrations that make the green impressions on our organs of sight? When the firefly glows.

The date of the fireflies swarming in the nocturnal air seems to be their mating season, (usually the third week in June), and like the ephemeral flies, may be regarded as a "fixed quantity," having but little variation, and a companion who once witnessed one of these displays — thousands of sparkling points flashing and coursing athwart the midnight sky—declared that the phenomenon was scarcely less sublime than Niagara!

In regard to the food of Hummingbirds, the following note by Mr. A. R. Wallace is of interest:—

The great number of species that frequent flowers, do so, I am convinced, for the small insects found there, and not for the nectar. In dozens, and perhaps hundreds, of common flower-frequenting species which I have examined, the crop, stomach, and intestines have been entirely filled with minute beetles, bees, ants, and spiders, which abound in most flowers in South America. Very rarely, indeed, have I found a trace of honey or of any liquid in the crop or stomach. The flowers they most frequent are the various species of *INGA*, and the papilionaceous flowers of many large forest trees. I have never seen them at the *Bignonias* or any flowers but those which grow in large masses, covering a whole tree or shrub, as they visit perhaps a hundred flowers in a minute, and never stop at a single one. The little Emerald Hummer I have seen in gardens and at the common orange *ASCLEPIAS*, which often covers large spaces of waste ground in the tropics. But there are many,

such as *PHAETHORNIS EREMITA*, and some larger allied species, which I have never seen at flowers. These inhabit the gloomy forest shades, where they dart about among the foliage, and I have distinctly observed them visit, in rapid succession, every leaf on a branch, ballancing themselves vertically in the air, passing their beak closely over the under surface of each leaf, and thus capturing, no doubt, any small insects that may be upon them. While doing this the two long feathers of their tail have a vibrating motion, serving apparently as a rudder to assist them in performing the delicate operation. I have seen others searching up and down stems and dead sticks in the same manner, every now and then picking off something, exactly as a Bush-shrike or Tree-creeper does, with the exception, that the Hummingbird is constantly on the wing. They also capture insects in the true Fissiro-tral manner. How often may they be seen perched on the dead twig of a lofty tree, the same station that is chosen by the Tyrant Flycatchers and the Jacamars, and from which, like those birds, they dart off a short distance and, after a few whirls and ballancings, return to the identical twig they have left. In the evening, too, just after sunset, when the Goat-suckers are beginning their search after insects over the rivers, I have seen Hummingbirds come out of the forest and remain a long time on the wing, now stationary, now darting about with the greatest rapidity, imitating in a limited space the varied evolutions of their companions the Goat-suckers, and evidently for the same end and purpose. Many naturalists have noticed this habit of feeding on insects, but have generally considered it as the exception, whereas, I am inclined to think it is the rule. The frequenting of flowers seems to me to be only one of the many ways by which they are enabled to procure their insect food.

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A little girl in Boston wrote a composition on boys not long ago. Here it is:—"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but a grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house.

THE SPEED OF BIRDS.

The speed of pigeons and of birds in general has been much discussed in recent times by different zoologists. Many authors are inclined to give too high figures. Thus according to Spallanzani the speed of the martin is fixed at 290 feet per second, and that of the pigeon (estimated from a flight of four from Paris to Budapest) at 155 feet per second. But these figures appear to be erroneous. An interesting experiment, reported by Ciel et Terre, has just been made at Anvers by Mr. A. Verschuren, on the subject of the speed of swallows. Having succeeded in capturing one of these birds, he marked it and gave it in charge of a train that started from Compiègne on the 16th of May, with 250 carrier pigeons belonging to the Federation Colombophile. The swallow was set free on the 17th of May at seven o'clock in the morning along with the pigeons, and as quick as flash, took a northerly direction, while the pigeons were still describing numerous spirals in search of their direction. At twenty-three minutes past eight the bird made its appearance in Anvers and hastened to seek its nest. The first pigeons did not enter their cote till half-past eleven. The swallow had made

the 140 mile trip in one hour and eight minutes, say at a speed of 120 miles an hour or about 190 feet per second. The pigeon attained a speed of but 35 miles an hour or 50 feet a second. Such speed, nearly 200 feet a second, gives us an idea of the rapidity with which the swallows are capable of accomplishing their migrations. To reach Belgium from the north of Africa, for example, it would take them scarcely half a day.

FINNIGIN AND FLANNIGAN.

Superintindint wuz Flannigan ;
Boss av the siction wuz Finnigin ;
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack,
An' muddled up things t' th' devil and back,
Finnigin writ to Flannigan,
Aftther the wrick wuz all on agin ;
That is, this Finnigin
Reported to Flannigan.
Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,
He writed tin pages—did Finnigin,
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred ;
Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurred
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan
Aftther the kyars had gone on again ;
That wuz how Finnigin
Reported to Flannigan.
Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—
He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan ;
An' it wore'm clane an' complately out,
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.
So he writed back to Finnigin :
"Don't do such a sin agin ;
Make 'em brief, Finnigin !"
When Finnigin got this from Flannigan,
He blushed rosy red—did Finnigin ;
An' he said : "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay
That it'll be manny and manny a da-ay

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Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.

From Finnigin to Flannigan
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin
On the road sup'rintindod by Flannigan,

A rail gave way on a bit av a curve,
An' some kyars went off as they made the swerve,

"There's nobody hurtod," sez Finnigin,

"But reports must be made to Flannigan."

And he winked at McGorrigan,
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyn' thin was Finnigin,
As many a railroader's been agin,
An' the schmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright

In Finnigin's shanty all that night—
Bilin' down his report, was Finnigin!

An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan,

Off agin on agin,
Gone agin—Finnigin."

—PEORIA JOURNAL.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

A FEW WORDS ON ORNITHOLOGY.

It would be difficult to thoroughly enter upon the study of Ornithology without a knowledge of the names and terms which have become the common property of naturalists the world over, and by an acquaintance with which the habits, classification and general characteristics of any new addition to the realms of science can be written down in a short-hand understandable by the students of every land. It is necessary, however, to refer to the fact that ornithologists have agreed upon a common nomenclature which briefly describes the leading peculiarities of each member of the feathered kingdom, and that the kingdom itself has been divided in such fashion that it is an easy matter to place each subject of it in his own particular portion of it.

Thus with birds we have divisions into orders, sub-orders, families and sub-families, as with man we have races, nations, tribes and families. Let us take a single illustration of this. If I tell you that some good-looking fellow or other is Yorkshire Smith, you know that he is of the Smith family, the Yorkshire tribe, the English nation, and the Canadian race. So with birds. The order containing the most numerous members is that of *INCESSORES*, the *Perchers*. One of its sub-orders is that of *OSCINES*, the *Singers*. One of its families is that of *TURDIDÆ*, the *Thrushes*, and its sub-family is that of *MIMINÆ*, the *Mockers*. A well-known member of this sub-family is *TURDUS FELIVOX*, the *Cat Bird*. Now, what is suggested by these apparently hard names, which after all, are just as simple as *Jones* or *Brown*, when, with a little mental labor, you become acquainted with them? The student sees at once that this bird has a voice like a cat, is a mocking bird, is a thrush, that thrushes are singers, and that singers are perchers. Without seeing the bird, he could tell you the formation of its feet, give a good guess at its general appearance, pronounce pretty correctly as to its food, its habits, its nests, and upon everything but its exact color and peculiarities. He would find, on reference to books, that it is also termed *TURDUS LIVIDUS*, and in this manner he would be able to determine its color. In other words, the German student of Ornithology would, from these two names, be able to inform you that the American *Cat Bird* imitates the songs of other birds, and is himself a singer, that he feeds upon insects and their larvæ, that he lives upon trees, that he nests in bushes near the ground, that the nest contains from four to six eggs, that they are of a bluish green color, and that the bird himself is of ashy hue; and could tell you nearly as much about our lively little friend as the American student who had listened to his cheerful

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notes, and watched his merry gambols in forest glades or garden shrubbery. I have mentioned one of the leading orders into which birds are divided, and I will now enumerate them according to the arrangement most commonly observed. The plan ordinarily followed places **RAPTORES**, the Robbers, or Birds of Prey, at the head of the list, and this term covers eagles, hawks, buzzards, owls, &c. Then we have **SCANSORES**, the Climbers, such as cuckoos and woodpeckers. Then follow **INSESSORES**, the Perchers, including the whole of our small birds. Another order is that of **RASORES**, the Scratchers, under which are ranged our domestic fowls, as well as doves, grouse, partridges and turkeys. **GRALLATORES**, the Waders, come next, and are the herons, bitterns, plovers, snipes, sandpipers, rails, &c. Then we have **NATAFORES**, or Swimmers, such as ducks, geese, gulls, grebes and loons. Some give another division, the Runners, and describe the Swimmers as the Palm or Hand-footed or Webbed. Again we have an addition of the Screamers. But the more common classification—and it seems to admirably answer the intended purpose—is that which I have described. So much by way of preliminary observation. In the locale of my home we have few birds of prey, a comparatively small number of scratchers, waders and swimmers, some climbers, and many perchers. I shall confine myself to a notice of some of the representatives of the divisions affording us most material. Firstly, let us look at the Climbers. A peculiar characteristic of this order is the fact that the toes are in pairs, two toes being in front and two behind, the outer anterior one being usually directed backwards. Of this order the most prominent family is that of **Picidæ**, the Woodpeckers. One of the most conspicuous of these is the red-headed, black-winged woodpecker, or **PICUS ERYTHROCEPHALUS**. This bird was

much more often seen a few years ago, when bush covered the country, than now, but is still found in sufficient numbers to be familiarly known to all lovers of nature. It is slightly larger than the Hairy Woodpecker, to be soon noticed, and is easily distinguished by the bright crimson covering of its head and neck. Its wings are black, and crossed with a broad band of white. It arrives here about the middle of May, and nests in a hole, excavated in a tree, fourteen inches or so in depth, and tapering gradually to its mouth. The eggs, five in number, are perfectly white. Some members of this variety remain during winter at odd times, but they are seldom seen here at that season. Generally, the red-headed woodpecker leaves for the south in early October. **COLAPTES AURATUS**, the golden-winged woodpecker, or the Pigeon Woodpecker, and often known as the Flicker, from its peculiar cry when alighting on a tree, is common in this locality. It is familiar to every boy as the Highholder. It is one of the most attractive of the family, and is beautifully marked. The male has a black patch on each side of the cheek, a red patch, crescent-shaped, on the neck, yellow tail-feathers, and a bright yellow coloring on the lower surface of the wings, while the back is brown and striped with black. The extreme length of the bird is about twelve inches. The nest is in a hole perforated by the birds in a tree, and contains six eggs, pure white in color. The Flicker feeds upon insects, berries, seeds and fruit, arrives about the 20th April, and leaves late in the fall. Two other members of the woodpecker family are yet to be noticed. These are the Hairy Woodpecker and the Downy Woodpecker. The latter is almost an exact counterpart of the other, excepting in size, the hairy gentleman being the larger of the two. This bird **PICUS VILLOSUS**, is about nine inches long, is prettily marked

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with black and white, has a bright scarlet or orange patch on the back part of his head, divided by a band of black running from the crown, and takes his name from loose feathers on his back resembling hairs, and which give him at times an appearance of raggedness and a tendency to dissipation, of which, I feel sure, he is not guilty. He has hairs about his beak, too, although not "bearded like a pard." The female is destitute of the red marking, but is otherwise like the male. The Downy Woodpecker, *PICUS PUBESCENS*, has a similar red marking on the nape, but it is undivided by the black band, and he bears a striking likeness to his big brother, even in the markings on wings and head. Both of these birds feed upon insects and larvæ, and nest in holes in trees which they cleverly work with their bills when necessary. The female Hairy Woodpecker deposits five perfectly white eggs, and the Downy Woodpecker six, of similar appearance, but of smaller size. These birds remain with us "all the year round," and may often be seen in our gardens and door-yards during the winter. My family hung bones upon a lilac tree near the kitchen door after snow fell, and placed chopped suet and cooked meat upon a board on a fence beneath it, and this good cheer was regularly visited every day by male birds of both varieties, and we looked in the morning, as a matter of course, for Mr. Villosus, who must have the first pickings of the table, being the big brother, and for Mr. Pubescens, who invariably followed him, to as early a breakfast as they could get. They fed several times during the day, but with greatest punctuality in early morning, and just before sunset. A neighbor made similar provision for feathered friends, and had similar guests daily. It was amusing to observe the caution with which these birds approached their meal, and the confidence which they displayed when they

had found it, and this sight alone was ample return for the little trouble incurred in hanging up bones otherwise useless. There were other members of this winter garden party, of whom I shall speak bye and bye. Before dismissing the Climbers, I must notice the fact that the black-billed Cuckoo is sometimes seen here, although he is not, I think, a common visitor. He is about twelve inches in extreme length, greenish olive in color, pure white beneath, with under surface of tail feathers ash grey. He frequents orchards, and is a great insect destroyer. I observed one closely in my garden, but he did not take up permanent residence there, and paid flying visits only for a few summer days. He does not sound cuck-coo as does his English namesake. Samuels, in his book on "Birds of New England," correctly describes his song as a continued "KROW-KROW-KROW-KROW; KRU-KIR, KRU-KIR, KRU KIR." Unlike the European Cuckoo, the female American Cuckoo builds a nest, and lays four eggs therein, of a dark greenish-blue. I am sorry to record the fact that the Cuckoo is a destroyer of the eggs and young of other birds, but, fortunately, he is a great coward, and is easily driven off by Robins, Blue Birds, and even the little Chick-a-dee. In this respect he is not unlike other loud-mouthed bullies and rogues, without feathers, who break into quiet people's houses, and are easily driven off by the slightest display of pluck.

Coming to the *INSESSORES*, or Perchers, we find them distinguished by three toes in front and one behind, but never with two toes directed backwards as in the Climbers. The hind toe is described as similar to the thumb or inner toe of the mammals, and is generally short. When we reflect upon the different habits of the two orders, the wisdom of this arrangement is at once seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE.

ROBIN LOQUITUR.

This is the great White Pass,
Said Robbin to Dobbin, his mate,
And the trail is rugged and steep and strait,
With rock and boulder and black morass.
And neither corn nor stubble nor grass
On the road to the Golden Gate,
By the route of the great White Pass.

Look to your pack, and your feet
Said Robin to Dobbin, his mate,
For steady and sure as fate
Are the home-coming caravans we shall meet,
And this is no city or village street
With room for the passengers, slow or fleet,
On the road to the Golden Gate.

And its neither light nor small,
Said Robbin to Dobbin, his mate,
And the way is so narrow and strait,
That one must go to the wall,
And one must scramble or fall,
And his is the kindlier fate
Whose road forever and all
Stops this side of the Golden Gate.

For men will barter for gold
Said Robin to Dobbin, his mate,
Name and honor and state,
Everything bought or sold
That the heart or the hands can hold,
And all that is good and great.
What does it matter, a dumb beast's fate—
Cover him over with mould,
The caravan cannot wait
That is bound for the Golden Gate.

The canon—the cliff—and the dark morass—
Aye, said Robin to Dobbin, his mate,
None shall the pitiful tale relate;
Starved and beaten and dazed with cold—
Better and sooner a thousand fold
Just to drop out of the struggling mass,
Down the sharp rocks of the slippery pass—
To the valley of death in the great White Pass,
This side of the Golden Gate.

K. S. McL.

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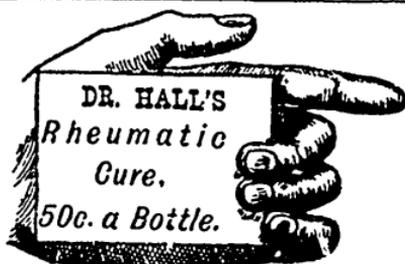
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