

The Rockwood Review.

Mr. Ed. Beaupre, Jr., who has done so much in the way of studying the shore birds about Kingston, has left Portsmouth to become a resident of Watertown, N. Y. We sincerely trust that circumstances will enable him to find employment in Canada once more, in the near future, as we can ill afford to lose such citizens as he.

Rockwood was well represented at Montreal when the 14th Battalion invaded on the 22nd June. Messrs. Davidson and McCammon renewed the recollections of Frog Lake and Batoche, and donned military dress once more, and W. Madill, W. Shea and J. Shea were prominent members of the Band, while J. Graham upheld the memory of the veterans.

The Rockwood Band has resumed its Tuesday afternoon performances in the Grounds.

Dr. Bucke, Superintendent of London Asylum, and Dr. Russell, Superintendent of Hamilton Asylum, visited Rockwood Hospital in the middle of June.

Miss Brown and Miss Cummings, of Toronto, and Mrs. Terrill, of Belleville, visited Rockwood in June.

Rockwood developed the Jubilee fever in all its intensity, and the ladies responded to the call for decorations with energy. The Main Building was beautifully decorated with bunting and over five hundred flags, streamers and pennons, helped to brighten the scene. Both of the Cottages, Newcourt and Beechgrove, had large flags fluttering in the breeze, and altogether Rockwood was perhaps the most elaborately decorated building in Kingston, and that is saying a good deal. A large portrait of Queen Victoria over the main entrance attracted a good deal of attention. The flags of all nations were represented, in fact the clever designers exhausted almost every flag possibility in their anxiety to do justice. McLeod Basin enjoyed undisputed

monopoly of the Stars and Stripes, until an ultra loyal small boy waded out and triumphantly planted a Union Jack where he thought it would do most good. If our American cousins who believe that we sigh for annexation, could have visited Canada on the 22nd ult., they would have learned that Canada is not a thing of shreds and patches, but a country with a devoted and united people, so happy under the present rule that nothing could shake their allegiance to the British Crown. Although so many Canadians go over the border, few of them ever wish to think of their native land as likely to become a part of the United States, and every year the national sentiment is growing stronger.

Amateur soldiering is a glorious summer pastime, and it might have glorious possibilities in the winter too, although we have never given this much attention. In the wars of 1812 and 1814, our amateur soldiers showed that they were able to chase the invaders out of the country with unvarying success, even at odd of ten to one, and in a friendly bout with the pride of the regular British Army the other day, the Canadian Highlanders easily defeated all comers. Our bosoms swell with pride when we think of these accomplishments, and we feel very proud of these efforts of the amateur soldiers, past and present. In one case they were fighting for hearths and homes, in the other for the prestige of fair Canada. Unfortunately "there are others," and some of the Reubens who have come forth of late to dazzle the natives, have been quite unaware of the success of the experiment. Some of these gallant sons of Mars wore red coats, some black coats, and some wore no coats of any kind. Some rode on Rosinantes from "way back," and some walked, but in every instance the effect produced was the same. When we have been in the presence of these