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LOCAL ITEMS.

• Orioles stayed unusually late this summer, and Mr. T. Long reports one in the grounds on Aug. 30th. Winter Wrens, Sept. 11.

Early in the morning of the 1st inst., the good people of Portsmouth were awakened by a realistic rendering of a portion of the poem of the Bells. A boathouse on the Penitentiary dock took fire, and immediately every bell that could claim even a distant connection with the Pen. was put into vigorous action. The thousand and one dogs in the village joined in the terrific uproar that was continued for a long time; and when the affrighted villagers learned that Pandemonium was really not let loose, a sigh of relief went up. Everyone in the Bay thought that something dreadful had occurred, and all hurried to the scene regardless of costume. It is said that one Guard arrived on the spot with nothing more elaborate in his attire than his wife's best bonnet; and it was confidently claimed that nearly every official who arrived, would prove popular in the pulpit, all were so short winded.

For a few minutes we had a deer and a deer park, then the possession dwindled down into a park without an occupant. Mr. Folger's buck pined for liberty, made a high jumping record, flirted his tail in our faces, and put out for the woolly west. Messrs. Kennedy, Gilmore and Calvert, having read the legend about putting salt on a little bird's tail, set forth on a deer stalking expedition, with nothing more for weapons than a clothes line lasso,

and lots of determination. One of the trio, having a record as a "dear slayer," relied on this alone. It was just like the old story of the boy with a crooked stick for a rod and a pin for a hook, catching lots of trout, while the fisherman with a fancy rod and expensive flies, failed. It was reserved for a sturdy country lad, with a lasso made from a pair of well worn braces, to effect the capture of Sir Buck. Mr. Dennison, and his staff of able assistants, claim that this fence is now above criticism, and too high for jumping.

In last month's issue, we spoke of the valiant conduct of Harry Horsey, who saved several women from drowning in the Channel Grove accident. It is now our painful duty to record the death, by drowning, of this gallant young man, who was greatly beloved by all who knew him well. Ever thoughtful of the comfort and happiness of others, he had succeeded in winning a high place in the esteem of his fellows, and the grief shown by so many over his untimely fate, proves that he did not live in vain.

Death has been busy in Ports-mouth, and two of her prominent residents, Mr. Wm. Ross and T. McCammon, sr., have passed away, since our last issue. Mr. Ross bore a long and painful illness, without a murmur, calmly awaiting the end that was inevitable. Mr. McCammon's death, being sudden and unexpected, was a great shock to his friends. The respect felt for the memory of these gentlemen, was shown by the large numbers of citizens who attended the funerals.