

## The Rockwood Review.

There was a breathless pause, broken at last by the boy.

"Mother!" he said softly.

Mrs. Hunt stiffened in her chair and her arms fell by her side as she gazed in speechless amazement Master Jones, opening the door a little wider, gently insinuated his small figure into the room. The skipper gave one glance at his wife and then, turning hastily away, put his hand over his mouth and, with protruding eyes, gazed out of the window.

"Mother, can I come in?" said the boy.

"Oh, Polly!" sighed the skipper. Mrs. Hunt strove to regain the utterance of which astonishment had deprived her.

"I . . . what . . . Joe . . . don't be a fool!"

"Yes, I've no doubt," said the skipper! theatrically. "Oh, Polly! Polly! Polly! Polly!"

He put his hand over his mouth again and laughed silently, until his wife, coming behind him, took him by the shoulders and shook him violently.

"This," said the skipper, choking: "this is what . . . you've been worried about. . . . This is the secret what's—"

He broke off suddenly as his wife thrust him by main force into a chair, and standing over him with a fiery face dared him to say another word. Then she turned to the boy.

"What do you mean by calling me mother?" she demanded. "I'm not your mother."

"Yes you are," said Master Jones.

Mrs. Hunt eyed him in bewilderment, and then, roused to a sense of her position by a renewed gurgling from the skipper's chair, set to work to try and thump that misguided man into a more serious frame of mind. Failing in this, she sat down and, after a futile struggle, began to laugh to herself, and that so heartily that Master Jones, smiling sympathetically, closed the door, and came boldly into the room.

The statement, generally believed, that Captain Hunt and his wife adopted him, is incorrect, the skipper accounting for his continued presence in the house by the simple explanation that he had adopted them. An explanation which Mr. Samuel Brown, for one finds quite easy of acceptance.

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### CONTINUATION OF CORPORAL GEORGE FOX'S DIARY.

The winter was setting in when we began our long march, or series of marches of twenty to twenty-seven miles a day. Our route lay through Massachusetts, a small portion of Rhode Island, thence into Connecticut. Near where we crossed the Connecticut River, lofty hills were seen, which we were told were a continuation of the Green Mountains: we passed through no towns of any note during our march through New England, but lay in the woods frequently at night around bush fires, with merely a blanket over us. On one occasion when I arose there was snow on my blanket half a yard deep; we passed from Connecticut into New York State, all the time under a strong Military Guard; thence into the State of New Jersey; thence across the Delaware River, where we came into Pennsylvania and made a halt at a post town named Lancaster. A short time after this we crossed the Siscosanna River to a town called Little York. Mascesper then entered Maryland and marched on to Frederickton, where we arrived on Christmas day: next day we crossed the Potomac River at a place seven miles from where it forms the dividing line between Maryland and Virginia—and we marched into the last named State one hundred miles before we arrived at our journey's end. We were then placed in extensive woods and surrounded with a strong chain of sentinels, and we had to build log huts in a regular form, with streets between every