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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER. IMPROVED, BUT NOT CURED.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Do any of you ever think of your Great-great-great Grandmothers, and their companions your Great-great-great Grandfathers? Do you call up, in your imagination, the venerable and highly respectable old ladies, figged out, the unconscionable frights, in mob caps, funny little tippets, and oddly shaped dresses, or think of them as young belles with faces decorated with paint, patches and powder, and all alike whether in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, or America, furnished on grand occasions, with high-heeled shoes, walking-sticks, and snuff-boxes? And do you realize how those old fellows, in wigs and breeches, wearing three-cornered hats, red waistcoats, and muslin neckties, with ruffles at their wrists, silver buckles on their shoes, and carrying watches as large as ordinary dinner-plates, were blood relations to you, the coming representatives of the twentieth century? I think of the queer old folks very often, and have arrived at the firm conviction that, were they to come amongst us now, and talk as they used to talk, tell us their thoughts as they used to think, and communicate their beliefs as they used to believe, we would feel almost ashamed of them, and be inclined to deny that they ever belonged to any of our families. They knew so little, you know! You must remember that they lived ahead of the age of telegraphs and railroads, and electric heating, lighting, and power. They had nothing better than pack-horses to carry their goods, nothing more commodious than saddle-bags and pillions to carry their duds and themselves, and very small mail-bags, and very small newspapers to carry their very irregular batches of news.

They were pokey in dress, snuffy in talk, backward in thought, and slow in everything which we should require in a man to think him to be remarkably wide awake. They often swallowed as truthful what we would think absurd, and frequently believed all they were told. They were as credulous even as we are now and then. We are astonished—we who are so terribly knowing—when we think how easily they were imposed upon. Anything in print was regarded as gospel truth. To hear it in meeting was to know that it was indisputable. They were—not all, but the vast majority of average men and women—frightened at the very shadow of their shades, and lived in the firm conviction that spooks and hobgoblins were their nightly companions. You couldn't convince a healthy, lusty, clear-headed boy or girl of to-day that there are either ghosts or fairies, but your G. G. G. Fathers and Mothers hadn't got out of the woods of Knownothing Land, and were floundering in the swamps of Ignorance. And yet the men made good Soldiers and Citizens, and the women excellent Housekeepers and first-class Mothers. The world wasn't on the move even then. And, after all, there are ever to be found people who rather like to be taken in and done for, and find pleasant excitement in any sort of cock-and-bull story. Even we, you know, are sometimes delighted with just a little bit of scandal, and are given to credit any fiction departing from the common. But while our relations were prone to believe in the horrible, they liked coarser jokes than we moderns tolerate, told rougher stories, enjoyed indifferent food, and lived in much more primitive fashion. They were certainly ahead of us in history, and a very bloody part of it too. Recalling their doings of two and a half centuries ago, we see some of them