

The Rockwood Review.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

Three things on which the Portsmouth Council is solid: A mule bus service, the dog tax, and the goose question.

If King Ben had failed to secure the Portsmouth franchise, and had said that he didn't care, it could scarcely have been called a case of sour grapes, but rather one of Per Simmonds.

A good many have asked the meaning of the word "Luthier," used in our last. Why, geigenmacher, of course.

Our grounds seem to have a strange attraction for the thousands and thousands of geese, dogs and cows owned by the frugal villagers, who may have theories regarding the satisfying qualities of a "Governmental diet." It is whispered that these visitors will be asked for tickets of admission by the urbane gate keeper, who has had his sleuth hound's teeth filed for the season's campaign.

Navigation was opened by Katie, Harold and Billy, who went to sea in the dingey, on the 19th, very shortly after the ice floated out. They should all claim the customary head-gear from the harbor master of Hatters Bay, which bay we should naturally expect to be the birth-place of all harbor masters, if there is anything in a name.

The ice storm on Good Friday was a blessing in disguise, as it kept the birds and squirrels at home. On this day in particular, the small boy with a gun, is always ready to destroy poor robin red-breast, and his companions, who certainly deserve a more hospitable welcome.

When Mr. Folger gets through with the Penitentiary hill, Jack and Jill will find their occupation gone.

Who saw the Sun dogs on Good Friday eve? They were a beautiful sight, and we should like the inventor of the bottle barometer to pronounce on their cause and meaning.

Mr. Kivas Tully and Inspector Christie visited Rockwood on Mar. 23rd.

Work on Beech Grove has been resumed, much to the disgust of all the horses.

Mar. 25.—The Football season opened to-day, and is to be continued until Autumn, when a gradual extinguishing of the lesser lights, beginning with the Cadets and ending with the Queens, is to be undertaken.

Of course we blushed when reading all the flattering things the Whig and News said about the "Review," and appreciated the good advice given.

Probabilities, — That we shall have the smallest circulation of any paper east of Toronto.