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◎ ◎ ◎ Local News.



## The Rockwood Review.

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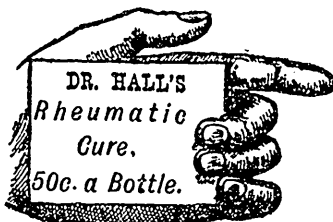
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## The Rockwood Review.

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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, DECEMBER 1ST, 1897.

No. 9.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

The Beechgroves expect to have as strong hockey material as ever, and may be able to put two very junior teams on the ice, if the ice-boating fever does not distract their attention too much.

A sure sign that the football season is ended, and the time for hair cuts near at hand.—The Granite football teams are being photographed.

The Annual Meeting of the Rockwood Curling Club was held on November 30th, 1897, and the officers of last year re-elected, an additional Vice-President, Mr. Jas. Dennison, being added. The Central Bouspiel is to be held at Rockwood this season, and the Club is promising visiting teams a grand time. In view of the solemnity of the occasion, many of the members of the club are endeavoring to acquire a Scotch "burr," and Mr. Shea says that if the weather is not too severe, he may appear in kilts during the bonspiel.

All are sorry to hear of the illness of two members of Mr. E. Gilmour's family.

Miss Addie Stewart has left Rockwood, much to the regret of her many friends. Before leaving she was presented with a handsome diamond ring.

The Beechgroves are in great distress over the illness of two of their members, Thomas and Ernest McCaugherty, who have pneumonia. We all hope that these boys will soon improve.

Pneumonia of severe type, is unusually severe type, is prevalent.

The Fourteenth Band, under the leadership of Mr. T. Carey, gave its annual Concert at Rockwood, and as usual this was one of the musical events of the season.

The following Programme was rendered:—

March, Queen's Diamond Jubilee.  
Overture, William Tell.  
Song, Miss Duncan.  
Aria-e-Coro—

Characteristique { a. Sweet Peach-  
                          erme.  
                          b. Hot Time.

Recitation, Mr. McKay.  
Musical Melange, "Olla Podrida."  
Song, Major Galloway.  
Waltz, Selected.  
Cotton Blossoms March,

The overture to *William Tell* was of course the gem of the evening: there are very few bands in Canada able to undertake such an exacting composition with success. The Band is steadily advancing, and the citizens of Kingston should feel proud of an organization which is doing so much to add to the culture of the masses. Miss Duncan, Major Galloway and Mr. McKay were very happy in their selections. The patients and officers of Rockwood are deeply indebted to the Fourteenth Band for their kindness.

Mr. Allan McLean is suffering from the prevailing influenza.

The Rev. Mr. Dodds is laid up with influenza.

Mr. J. Shea is eagerly looking for the arrival of a French Haut from Toronto. This instrument should prove a great addition to the Orchestra.

Already the Xmas preparations are well under way at Rockwood, and the patients are promised a bright and happy time.

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About Rockwood the practical joker is ever abroad, but fortunately he is generally an innocent joker, and confines his operations to the harmless variety of jests. A certain musical enthusiast is busily engaged in the construction of a pipe Organ, and in the course of events, some of the pipes find their way to the Carpenter's Shop. It seems to be the natural desire of every visitor to the Shop to blow the pipes in view. Mr. Beatty observed this weakness, and believing no doubt in the contagiousness of various throat and mouth diseases, set out to remedy the fault. By reversing the pipe cap, the current of air is directed backwards, and if a proper amount of flour is skillfully introduced within the organ pipe, the result is both sudden and alarming to the blower. The visitors to the carpenter shop for the last month, came out quite regularly well powdered, and invariably looking glum and bad tempered, and yet fell into the trap a second time, so well developed has the pipe blowing habit become. Some have taken exception to the joke, but as they have always blown the pipes without invitation, and to satisfy their own curiosity, Mr. Beatty claims full exemption from all responsibility.

The Hon. Chas. Clarke (Grandfather), visited Rockwood House about the middle of November.

There have been several cases of typhoid fever at Rockwood of late.

This year the Orchestra at Rockwood is to be one of the features of the season, and should do better work than ever before. It has fourteen performers, and of these no less than seven play on stringed instruments. They are devoting themselves to a good class of music, which seems to be thoroughly appreciated. Conductor McGill is naturally proud of the organization.

Gananoque has developed the Rugby craze, and has taken up the game seriously. They commenced the season by defeating a Kingston club called the Nationals, to the tune of seventeen to nothing. In the return match the Nationals had three of the Granite Juniors helping them, and with the aid of these experienced players, were able to turn the tables on the Gananoque boys, although of course the lustre of victory was somewhat dimmed by the fact of the three Granites playing. The Gananoque boys are speedy, good tempered and gentlemanly, and give promise of playing a good game when they have had more experience. Our old friend, Mr. Russell Britton, is captain, and not only plays well, but shows capacity as a tactician.

Football is practically dead for the season, and it cannot be said that the game has been a source of much pleasure to anyone. The game itself has degenerated, and as a rule has not been well played; bad feeling has been engendered, as a result of having an incompetent and short sighted executive in charge of the Union, and altogether it is evident that the time has come for a radical change in the game and its management. The formation of an Inter-collegiate League will do much to purify the game, and its first duty should be to amend the rules in such a way that there cannot be any misunderstanding in regard to their meaning, and their second duty to ask referees to enforce these rules. At the present time there are two sets of rules, one in the book, another for use in the field, and the latter do not in any way resemble the former. Theoretically men cannot touch each other when on the wings, practically their game is one undignified scrapping match. Theoretically a scrimmager must put the ball DEAD in front of him, but as a matter of fact no scrimmager obeys the rule, and the more dishonest a scrimmage is, the more

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it is called "scientific," clever, &c. This should not be, there should be no doubt about the fairness of a method of scrimmaging, there should be no room for dishonest practices. A very simple rule would get over the whole difficulty of both scrimmage and wing play. If the opposing players were made to stand, say three feet apart, when the ball is brought into play, every purpose would be served, there could be no question of methods, and the game would gain in speed and interest; there would be no time for wing scrapping and no dishonesty to either side. Let this question be one of the first to engage attention, if there is any doubt of the result let us adopt the English rules in their entirety, and we shall have a faster and cleaner game than at present. Another thing that should receive attention is the mass play, a most dangerous, not to say illegal play. The sooner it is eliminated the better for football. All honor to the referees who stopped this game when attempted.

Miss Bella Convery and Mr. Wm. Cochrane delighted a large audience of patients, in Rockwood Amusement Hall, on November 8th, when they gave Geo. Grossmith's musical sketch called "Cups and Saucers." It was very cleverly done and thoroughly appreciated.

The members of one of the Dramatic Clubs at Rockwood played the *Hoyden* about the middle of November. The play was cleverly rendered, and greatly appreciated by the patients, who were surprised at the development of new and unsuspected talent. Miss Jennie Porter took the part of the *Hoyden*, with a dash and verve that brought down the house. Miss Julia Smith was capital as the fashionable and correct Aunt, while Miss Addie Stewart as the Head of a Ladies School, was decidedly proper and lynx-eyed. Mr. Gilmour as the ardent lover, showed a familiarity with the requirements of the situa-

tion, that might to the uninitiated betoken long practice at the gentle art, if we did not know otherwise. At all events, he was a decided success, except in the osculatory situations, where too much was left to the imagination.

A good story is being told of one of the Rockwood employees, who was asked to bring a quart of oysters from the city. This young man is evidently cogitating deeply on the higher mathematics, or dreaming of the future, for he carried home a quart of pickled pigs feet, in a glass jar, from the groceryman's counter, and even next day was still prepared to argue that they were oysters. To make the comedy of errors complete, he broke the bottle on the return trip.

### TRUE STORY.

Young Three Year Old to young four year old—"If you don't give me that stick, I'll hit you!"

Young Four Year Old—"Ha, ha, ha! Hit me. Why Kid, I'm old enough to be your father."

Great sympathy is expressed for Miss Jennie Porter, who has brother recently dead.

Dr. C. K. Clarke spent some days in November in Rochester, N. Y., giving expert evidence at a trial. He speaks of the Court House at Rochester as being one of the most costly buildings he has ever seen.

A large boiler is being placed in position at Rockwood, by Raney, Selby & Co., Kingston. This will be used chiefly for the purpose of supplying steam for the new bath rooms, &c.

One of Rockwood's employees was serenaded early in November, but failed to respond to the musical invitation. Some say he was not at home, others insist that the music was of indifferent quality—at all events the musicians were disappointed.



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Mr. W. Shakespeare Shea has been busy painting a few scenes for the Rockwood stage. One of his hits is a view of Rockwood Hospital from the Beechgrove curve.

Mr. Ed. Hartrick, who recently underwent a surgical operation, is progressing favorably. He is a clever electrician, but finds there are some things—such as getting well—cannot be done by electricity.

That the Granites are still in the game, was shown by their easy conquest of Peterboro, on Thanksgiving Day. Peterboro Football Club was supposed to be very strong, but could do nothing against Granite combination. The score, twenty-four to two, was a fair indication of the strength of the teams.

There is a strong disposition in the East to say good-bye to the Ontario Rugby Football Union. It has deservedly become a most unpopular organization, because it is utterly blind to everything but the interests of the clique which controls it. The defection of the College teams and the Granites, leave it a weak affair, and there is such a strong feeling in favor of an Eastern League, embracing such towns as Peterboro, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa and perhaps Montreal, that a new organization is certain to spring up. This would be a good thing, and the western towns could form a league for themselves. The Granites of course will have nothing to do with the Ontario Rugby Football Union, under any circumstances, for at the hands of the organization they never received the slightest justice. Strange to say that although they always succeeded in getting a team into the finals, and twice won the championship, they were never given representation on the Executive, had the championship legislated from them once, and finally were disqualified for a mistake made by the executive.

The curse which seems to have fallen on football this season, and which has ruined lacrosse, seems to be about to descend on hockey. It is in the virtuous West that trouble is to arise. If newspaper reports are to be believed, Berlin is purchasing hockey players from every side, and following in the footsteps of some of the Toronto clubs. If the boys who play hockey have the true interests of the game at heart, they will refuse to play with these professional clubs. The time to act is early in the season, before the games commence, and thus avoid any such unseemly disputes as that involved in the late Ottawa trouble.

Portsmouth is now bound to be up to date, and the young men of the village have organized a club, secured comfortable quarters, hired a piano, and made all necessary arrangements to enjoy themselves. Card playing and drinking are excluded from the list of amusements, but the intention is to devote a good deal of attention to music and the drama. It is reported that their first production will be a comic opera, entitled "The Hamlet of Hatters Bay, or the Romance of a Three-legged Calf."

Mr. Mooney, of Portsmouth, was recently married, and received the congratulations of his friends—many of whom were musically inclined, on the evening of his wedding. He entertained them royally, and gave them a hearty welcome to his home.

The Friday night lectures at Queen's, are very enjoyable and are well attended, but should be more extensively advertised. Prof. Cappers beautifully illustrated lecture on the Mediæval Monastery, came as a delightful surprise; at the same time, if it had been properly announced, large numbers of people would have crowded to hear it. Mr. Herridge was very happy in his enthusiastic praise of Beethoven.

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### TWO SOLDIERS.

Two ships go sailing out over the sea,  
Over the sea to the Eastern shore,  
To the land where the palms and the temples be,  
And the races and history old and hoar,  
And one of the twain her white wings spread,  
Ploughing the furrows of liquid green,  
Her billowy canvas piled overhead,  
Speeds with a soldier of the Queen.

Where the Himalayas' slope down to lave  
Their feet in the ancient rivers' tide,  
And many an English soldier's grave  
Lies under their shadow by Gunga's side, —  
Thither our soldier boy goes forth,  
Bright and brave o'er the southern main;  
When, ah when will the ship sail north  
That brings our warrior home again.

Silently under the heaving line,  
Beyond the towers of Osmarlie,  
Where the rocks and hills of Palestine  
Are glassed in the purple Aryean sea, —  
Another barque drops softly down,  
Furling its wings as the sea-birds do,  
In the ancient port of Jaffa town,  
And this ship carries a soldier too.

Not with banner and accolade,  
Not with shield and with sword in hand,  
Cometh the Knight of the new crusade  
Over the seas to the holy land.  
Nor yet shall the conflict of battle cease  
With him, or the struggle and stress of war,  
Though the Envoy he of the Prince of Peace,  
And the King of King's ambassador.

Oh seas be calm, and winds blow fair  
That speed them over the perilous deep,  
From danger and death that is everywhere  
In the untried path their footsteps keep.  
Our hearts are with them on the sea,  
And with them on the battle plain;  
God crown the fight with victory,  
And guard from harm our soldiers twain!

K. S. McL.

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### NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

BY W. YATES.

The Autumn of the year 1897 has been a fine one in these districts, perhaps somewhat drier winds or disagreeable storms, although more than the usual number of foggy days were experienced, the average temperature both of September and October was slightly above normal conditions, and a majority of the varieties of fruits and berries ripened genially both in the uncultivated areas and in orchards and gardens. Yet notwithstanding the abundance of that kind of food in the wilds and commons, some opportunist crows took frequent liberties with our most luscious apple products, on the orchard trees, in the early Indian summer-like days in October; and in these trespasses were accompanied at times by a bevy of their near relatives in predatory instincts—the noisy Blue-jays; and also when the supplies of elderberries growing near fences had been consumed, by some individuals of the Woodpecker genus, mostly the golden-quilled variety, *colaptes auratus*, as well as the red-headed *P. Erythrocephalus*, whose presence has been noted of in greater numbers than during an interim period about twenty years ago.

These ornithic depredators had repeatedly to be driven or warned away, but not before their thefts had been so persistent as to use up the finest and best flavored apples on one of the largest and well laden trees in a rather secluded corner of our orchard.

When the major part of the summer birds have left us, the depredatory doings of Hawks, to the domestic poultry flocks, are more frequent, and this fall have been loudly complained of by many of our farmers' wives in these localities. In some instances the barn yards have been approached, and half grown turkeys have been killed and partly eaten by those sanguinary mauraders, such as *Falco Nilvus*

and *F. Perigrinus*; and although the wild gray Rabbits seem to have bred with more than average fecundity this genial year, and furnish the raptorial tribe with variety in their menu, the poultry decimations from the same quarter have been a cause of frequent comment of late.

The Law that the carnivores must keep in check the herbivores, appears in unabated vigour, and which if an evil that "can't be cured, must be endured," in all climates and at all epochs.

As we were passing along a country road two weeks ago, the distressed cries of some small quadruped, or bird, were heard at no great distance, the sounds somewhat resembled those of a kitten when in difficulties. Upon increasing our pace the spot among the rank grass, near the road fence, whence the moans proceeded, a hawk suddenly mounted skyward on powerful pinions, taking in its claws some object which an examination of the place of capture gave indications of being a young rabbit, victimized in an early period of its career.

Although the powers of multiplication of the leporine tribe are enormous, the enemies that it has to encounter are legion, and of these the climate, with its three or more months of vigour, seems not the least formidable.

An afternoon walk in the woods a few days ago, enabled one to discover the Witch Hazel bushes now adorned with their curious but not very conspicuous flowers just opening at this late season of the year. This shrub has very little botanical relationship to its near namesake, the common hazel-nut, the yellow ribbon like petals attract the eye when most other wild flowers have disappeared.

But another interesting shrub that claimed attention was the Moonseed Vine, climbing and twining about the stem and branches of a small beech tree. The clusters of

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blue black berries resembled those of the wild grape vine, and were slightly larger than the clusters of the Virginia Creeper, but equally insipid to the taste as the latter, yet are eaten by the omniverous Jays and the Picadætribe. The peculiar shaped seeds in the centre of the berry are of some interest, and the fact of this woody climber being our only representative of a poisonous exotic family of trees, such as the cocculus indicus, which has sometimes been used as an intoxicant ingredient in distilleries it is said. When of mature age, the Moonseed Shrub, in its main stem, attains the thickness of an ordinary broom handle, and is covered with scaly wartlike asperities, very dark colored, and the spiral coils of the shrub have a most sinister snake-like aspect. In the course of our ramble the woods were enlivened by the rustle and activity among the dry and gay colored fallen leaves, of several red Squirrels, and upon our quietly seating ourselves for the space of about a quarter of an hour on a prostrate log, two of these rodents, with enquiring looks and gestures, approached to within five or six feet of the spot where we were seated, and their antics and behavior for a brief spell were quite of a pantomimic character, as if an idea possessed them of probing the secret as to what weighty motive had caused our invasion of those charmed sylvan presincts. The plaintive warbling of the belated Bluebird was of frequent occurrence near the forest edge, also the call of Chewink was several times heard. The latter bird seems as addicted to scratching among the dry forest fallen leaves, as is a chicken among chaff near a barn door. The Chewink comes early, and stays late, but is rarely seen except in the vicinage of the bush. Robins have been about the orchards and sugar bushes all through the month of October, and although beech nuts have been a failure this year, some others of the cupulifera

have fruited abundantly, and chestnuts and acorns, and hickory nuts, have furnished the bluejays and squirrel tribes a store of winter food, which they have been seen near here assiduously to gather, and carry away to their winter rendezvous amid the coniferous thickets.

Although the area in forest around us is in rapid diminution, those smaller plantigrades—the Raccoon tribe—are nearly as much in evidence as in pioneer times, and their footprints have been plentiful about the soft soil of cornfields, and on the muddy margin of springs and nearly dried up rivulets. One of my acquaintances related to me that he was returned home from town, two weeks ago, about ten p. m., with his wagon, team and dog, the night being dark and rainy. When nearing a small stream spanned by a plank bridge, the dog suddenly seemed inclined to give battle to some wild animal exploiting at the edge of the shallow stream. My friend got down to the work of reinforcing the dog's murderous instincts, and the fracas closed with the death of a fair sized racoon, and this on a much frequented high road, with dwelling houses and homesteads numerous in the vicinity.

Another friend who quite recently found leisure to take an afternoon ramble in a grassy swamp, noticed a family group of young half-grown Raccoons, "loping" along in a seeming mood for diversion, and only taking life half seriously. Though gun in-hand, the tableau vivant seemed to have a picturesque appearance, and the animals were allowed to vanish without molestation, into the depths of the swampy jungle, which appeared to be their contented habitat.

And during the week just now ended, a resident who has lately rented land near here, relates that one evening since the heavy showers of the 2nd inst., when he was reconnoitring the "metes and bounds" of his new domain, he

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encountered a mature racoon, seemingly following his vocation as the "washer" (*Procyon lotor*). The quadruped was evidently feeling in the muddy edge of a ditch, for batrachian or reptile prey, and to use the man's own words: "I tried a foot race with *Procyon*, but was soon so badly beaten as to be out of sight of the game."

Just after the heavy showers of the 2d November (inst.,) a small pool of water was observed in a depression of the ground, on a knoll near the barn. The water was "let off" towards lower land, by digging a small trench with a spade; this caused a sudden rush of the water down the newly cut channel, and a flock of near thirty guinea fowl showed signs of alarm at the serpentine motion of the runlet, and with outstretched necks and noisy clamour, proclaimed their suspicion of danger. The crevasse could have been passed by a mere "goose step," and without wet feet, but "the Moses" of the speckled assemblage took a flight of a few feet, over the moving water streak, and was immediately imitated by his obsequious associates. Thus the unschooled creatures of the farm or wilderness sometimes overact their part, when puzzled by a new experience. This incident of the *Numida meleagris* brought to mind an analogous behaviour of a group of bovines when confronted by an unfamiliar phenomena in the cattle byre a year or two ago. The time was evening, and the bovines (nine or ten in number), were admitted at the open door of a roomy, but dim lighted stable, diagonally across which, at a distance of less than two feet above the floor, streamed in a square-angled beam of sunlight, from a small open window, at the western extremity of the byre; and on their way to the food manger, this "fake" barrier was as carefully stepped over by the entire herd in succession, as though it had been a solid sharp angled beam of timber, with dangerous "shin abrading"

capabilities!

The little Juncos have been frequently of late on visits to our gardens, and hopping about the rose and berry bushes during the past month. None of that species had been previously noticed since last May, and it seems plain that the Junco likes best regions with a moderate climate or temperature. Many birds seem aware of approaching atmospheric changes, before there are external indications; jays, woodpeckers and crows become noisy at such junctures. Last month as we happened to be passing near an extensive timbered swamp, in the late afternoon, several large hoot owls seemed to break out all at once, as if holding a tuneful matinee. The refrains broke out so suddenly, and were so nearly continuous, that the suggestion arose that boys in a sporting mood were hidden near by, and treating the sylvan silences to a gratuitous *Strix*-concert! But the phenomenon was no sham, and one of the performers gave the replies at some distance, in a shriller or minor key, but in true telephone style, the vague and mysterious owl enunciations. The weather at the time, on or about the 14th October last, was dry and serene, yet a refreshing series of showers fell here, in about thirty-six hours after the owlish colloquy!

An acquaintance near here a few days ago captured a pair of Blue-jays, which he now keeps in a roomy cage. The birds are in great beauty of plumage, and their possessor is trying to teach them parrot like tricks, and tuneful whistlings; but it is surmised that he has not begun the training early enough to accomplish the most satisfactory results; for the Jay, if taken as a fledging, has a great capacity for culture, and this is believed to be a trait shared to a greater or lesser extent by the whole corvine family. Cranes and a Kingfisher or two have been noticed near Burford mill ponds, during Indian summer.

## The Rockwood Review.

### GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

R. D. C.,

PART FIRST.

Rockton is one of those completed Canadian villages of which so many have reached their majority, attained full growth, shouldered, carried and partly shaken off a more than fair share of municipal debt, secured the ordinary conveniences of light, sidewalks, fire protection, and so forth, and "settled down," not altogether without hope of further growth, but with no expectations of a very remarkable future. It has good schools, rival railroads, an excellent public library, five churches, a noisy brass band, an unbeatable lacrosse club, a champion football association, a covered rink, an electrically lighted public hall, a park of several acres, an abundance of fresh air, and a burglar-proof lock-up. You might readily bring yourself to believe that, in the not very distant, and now almost forgotten past—for time moves rapidly in Canada—some local Rip Van Winkle had, probably at the monthly meeting of the Rockton Temperance Society, solemnly elevated the social cup—of tea—and fervently said: "Here's your good health, Mrs. Rockton, and your family's good health, and may you live long and prosper," and that the wish had been granted. It was altogether a typical Canadian village, although not a perfect model, and yet it had a vague craving for something more. What further was needed to make it superlatively and permanently happy? No additional churches, certainly, for every member of the existing five thought that there were already four too many; not another hotel, for the railways had rendered much of the ample stable accommodation comparatively useless, not an opposition barber, for a trio of red and white poles decorated the public streets; not further Esculapian help, for Rockton proudly pointed

to several medical shingles, a pair of dentists, a farrier blacksmith whose famous horseshoes invariably cured corns and other pedal troubles of equine sufferers, and a genuine and duly licensed veterinarian; and not even an extra store, for half of its merchants were living upon the profits realized from the sacrifice of articles sold at prices twenty percent below cost. But in this world of many troubles, there is ever a craving for something we haven't got, and false desires too often open the Pandora box of many unknown evils. Rockton which as we have seen, apparently possessed everything that heart could desire, from an Agricultural Show to a Town Constable, experienced this unappeasable and Oliver Twistian desire for more, and while still longing, for it knew not what, had alas a visit from one of those comfort destroying and mercenary busybodies who go through rural parts at uncertain intervals, and temptingly tell of the beauties and possibilities of a great Esther Combination of Oratorio and Cantata, in which the Scripture story is set to music, and placed at popular prices, before an immense audience, wherein church going people are not only permitted to take part, but are expected to make up the majority. Rockton, let it be sadly confessed, had at last opened her arms to such a Mephistophelian tempter, and yielded more readily than did poor Marguerite. The well-known musical abilities of the united Rockton Choirs, the extraordinarily good looks of the young ladies of the thriving village, and the proverbial unity of the Church people when any great end was in view, were successively and successfully cited and appealed to, and not many days had elapsed before a club was formed for the production of the sacred drama upon an unexampled scale. Practices were commenced, and a date fixed for the event. As was meet and proper, the Instructor was

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ensured a fixed sum for his efforts, and having a similar and simultaneous arrangement with two other not very distant communities, where the good looks, the excellent choirs, and the unity were about on a par with those of Rockton, he properly and warmly felt that he was nobly doing his duty as an upright citizen and public benefactor. But when the music lessons and the necessary drill movements had been completed, and the donning of a prodigious display of tinselled and begenmed velvet and silken robes of Eastern Potentates had been effected, a scaly and glittering Serpent had undoubtedly crept into the Rockton Eden, and there were at least a dozen Eves into whose ears it whispered the assurance that they were born to be translated, sooner or later, into a galaxy of dramatic stars. Haman and Mordecai, and half a score of Kings and ruffianly Jews, including the Hangman, imbibed the poison, and it worked so potently for evil, that when the execution was over, the dresses had been doffed and sent to the other villages; the sweet puffs in the local paper had been read, and the general burst of praise from many lips had been duly received and believed, there was left a strong desire to conquer further worlds. And so, in an altogether too brief space of time, sprang into being the R. D. C.,—that fierce disturber of village peace, and powerful disintegrator of village society, the Rockton Dramatic Club.

Need it be told that the first dream of every amateur is to figure as the principal character in the most difficult of the legitimate dreams, and that the Immortal Bard is the most favored of all dramatic authors? Light and frivolous productions are strictly tabooed, and voted as unworthy the notice of budding talent, and the least possible attention from a discriminating public. As with the amateur in general, so was it with the Rockton

amateur in particular, and the suggestion of an old hand, that it would be well to begin with something easy, was set aside with a contempt which covered the author of the proposal with becoming confusion and deserved ignominy. The selecting committee of the R. D. C. set to work, therefore, with full determination that a Shakespearean Tragedy should be the first production to be placed before an expectant Rockton audience. Hamlet had the preference, but was voted as too melancholy; Romeo and Juliet was regarded as too lovely; the Merchant of Venice was thought rather too difficult; Macbeth was too gloomy, and the other tragedies were reluctantly set aside as too difficult to costume. That was the bugbear constantly looming up. To drop the characters and paint appropriate scenery, were stumbling blocks. The comedies were canvassed and rejected on these grounds, and a temporary Shakespearean deadlock was the regrettable result. A bright eyed youth, who knew no such word as fail, solved the difficulty. Why not take some scenes from Julius Cæsar? The dresses, or the want of much of them, made the thing dead easy, although the absence of ladies was to be deplored. The scenery could be made up of sheets, a pedestal and a bust. This suggestion, inasmuch as it debarred the fair ones, was reluctantly accepted. But needs must, the parts were cast, and the death scene of Julius Cæsar, with the ever-living and well known "recitations" which follow, were enthusiastically hailed as the solution of the difficulty. Everybody wanted to be Marc Anthony, with Brutus as second choice, while Cæsar, being taken off easy, had few willing takers. The Populace, the Roman citizens, venerable and otherwise, were not difficult to produce or manage, but the whole of the parts were distributed by the casting of dice as the most appropriate method of avoiding dispute

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and jealousy. Cæsar fell to the lot of the smallest fellows in the crowd, who afterwards developed into passable low comedians. Brutus proved to be a giant of six feet two, and Marc Anthony, represented by the champion kicker in the local football team, was universally voted to be a daisy. But a night of Cæsarisms, however thrilling, was thought to be a rather meagre entertainment. The usual ollapodrida of a country concert was suggested as a time-killer, but rejected on the ground that it wasn't sufficiently dramatic. So a display of Minstrelsy was agreed to, and those ambitious ones disappointed of high positions in the play were pacified by being converted from representatives of mere members of a Roman populace into interlocutors, endsmen, banjo players, violinists and tambourinists. A greater question arose as to the order of procedure. Should Cæsar come first, or the Minstrel troupe play its pranks before a fresh and expectant crowd? One member sank into insignificance because he hinted that the best things ought to be kept in reserve, and so should let the minstrels have the last of it. Another urged that white faces were needed by Roman citizens, and that it was hard to wash minstrels clean, and that the colored representations should therefore be kept for the second part. On the other hand, it was urged by the Shakespeareans, that Italian faces were brown, not white, and that a little smudge would be just the thing. But good sense finally prevailed, and it was wisely resolved that the all conquering Julius should first appear. The eventful night arrived all too soon, and the public Hall was crowded with an appreciative crowd of friends and fellow citizens. The stage made of planks placed upon trestles, and covered with carpet, was elaborately decorated with white sheets, blue flannel and turkey red, cleverly and artistically draped by a pair of enthusiastic

dry goods clerks and their lady friends, while the pedestal, as important as the pump in the days of Crummles, was built of boards carefully covered with white calico, which in turn was delicately veined with black paint, to represent marble, and striped into panels by one of the village tombstone men. The real thing couldn't have looked more like reality. The bust to be set atop of this structure was another cause of difference of opinion, which threatened to be wide and fatal, as Cæsar's gaping wounds. One member gloried in the possession of a bust of Queen Victoria, done in terra cotta, and thought that a trifle of effective drapery and a wreath of evergreens, would convert it into a fair representation of the great Roman, while another gentleman was the happy proprietor of a phrenological head, duly manufactured for, and divided into all the prevailing propensities, by the never to be forgotten Fowler, and which he feelingly asserted, was the dead image of the most eminent of the early members of the Imperialist party, existing even now. Phrenology carried the day over mere loyalty, and when Cæsar fell, it was before a representation of himself, which showed him to have possessed the best balanced head of the time. Add to the decorated stage, the bust and pedestal, and half a dozen kerosene lamps, arranged as foot lights, and you have a scene of splendor which still lives in the memory of that Rockton audience. And the performance outdid the scenic wonders. Cæsar, arrayed in a purple robe, converted for the purpose, by the skilled hands of a fair friend, who temporarily sacrificed a fashionable skirt, strode noiselessly across the stage, thanks to a well worn pair of rubbers—the best obtainable substitute for sandals—and suiting his corney feet, while Brutus, the villain of the piece, slunk around in a sheet decorated with ample stripes of turkey red. Marc Anthony, the



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virtuous, strutted about covered by the ample folds of a bright red shawl patterned bed-spread, while the citizens, arrayed in togas made of additional sheets, with purple, and yellow and bright red stripes, scowled and shouted, groaned and ranted, with an abandon and freedom charming to behold, and exhibiting a stage presence and nonchalance, which struck into admiration every female heart, which had palpitated for less than thirty years. The assassination of the Roman leader, with its fierceness and its horrors, paled the cheeks of sundry feminine beholders, but the grand climax was reached when the body of the dictator, the statesman, the general and the historian, the greatest of them all, was borne with sad solemnity, on a hand-barrow, borrowed from the nearest slaughter-house, and purified by successive drenchings with that pure water of which Rockton is properly famous. At such a thrilling sight did one of the audience aptly interject, in feeling and audible tones overheard by all, the sincere ejaculation, "Great Cæsar!" And somehow or other, that very exclamation seemed to let loose the pent-up feelings of the people, and laughter which must have been hysterical, and sorrowing tones which must have been genuine, burst forth in continuous streams. Strong men were convulsed, corpulent men had shaking sides, and thin men were doubled up. A greater tribute to histrionic genius was never given, and little wonder that when the curtain—to speak correctly, the sheet—was drawn across the front of the thrilling scene, thunders of applause rolled on, fell and rose again and again, until the orchestra—two violins, a bass, a cornet and a snare drum—drowned it in an overture to the minstrel show which followed. And so ended the first effort of the R. D. C., what followed is, as Kipling says, another story.

In a church in the Highlands hymn books were being introduced for the first time. The minister was old and deaf. It was the last Sunday of the month, and the precentor rose as usual to read the notices, and among others he announced:—"Those in the congregation who have babies will please bring them next Sunday to be baptized." The old parson, hearing indistinctly the intimation applied to the hymn books, supplemented it by saying:—"And those who have not will be supplied with them in the vestry: Little ones, 1d.; big one, 2d.; and those with the stiff red backs, 6d. each."

Charley Manhattan—"I thought Shakespeare wrote 'Charles the First.'" Miss Arlington—"But, you know, Shakespeare died so many years before Charles the First was born that—" Mr. C. M.—"Oh, yes; but Shakespeare is full of anachronisms."

While Edwin Booth was playing Richard III., in Little Rock—just as he called for a horse, a man from Washington county said to his companion: "Come on, Ab., les' go." "Wait a minute, Sam; the clown has jest called for a hoss an' I reckon the show's goin' to begin."

Tourist—"Can you sell us three-penny worth of milk?" Mrs. McJob—"Whit did ye say? Losh me!—sell mulk on the Saubath day? Na, na! I couldna' dae that; but as ye seem dacent boys, I'll jist gie ye thripence worth for naethin', an' ye'll jist make me a praesent o' a shullin'."

Man has, we read, 240 bones. Woman has 241. She has all that man has, and the bone of contention besides.

A sign which reads as follows, hangs on the wall of a Tampa, Fla., restaurant: "Waters are not allowed to lafe and tork with the men in the cichen dewring mele owers or wile wating on gests."

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