





# The Rockwood Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to  
Literature, Natural History and  
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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 5

KINGSTON, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1899.

NO. 1.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Stoats or weasels have been killing off the red squirrels.

The Store has undergone a complete rejuvenation, and looks decidedly better for it.

Mr. Thos. Mooney, of Portsmouth, is able to be out again after his serious illness.

The final curling match for the Rockwood Trophy will be played in two weeks.

Our Business Manager has been promoted to the intermediate ranks of Hockey players, since the defeat of his junior team.

A few bluejays have been in the vicinity, and northern shrikes are numerous.

Red squirrels are more numerous than ever, but find it hard work to make a living, feeding on the seeds of spruce cones and horse chestnuts, which they stored last fall—generally the chestnuts are despoiled as an article of food.

Portsmouth people cannot understand why Mr. Fisher's ice yacht was not selected as a defender of the Walker Cup. Surely there is no inner circle in the Kingston club.

The destruction of so many fine buildings by fire has been a great misfortune to Kingston of late. A good deal of the criticism of the fire brigade is pointless, and the real trouble is to be traced to defects in the municipal system of government.

The Beechgroves are flying for high game. They will play the young men of the Bicycle Club at Hockey next Wednesday. They will probably see their finish in a 1.59 clip.

It is proposed to have a lecture on birds and their protection, given in the schools in the spring.

Dr. T. J. W. Burgess, Superintendent of the Protestant Hospital of the Insane, Montreal, has just published an elaborate history of Institutions for the Insane in Canada. Many interesting notes regarding the early days of Rockwood are given.

The Minto and Jubilee Minstrels have given entertainments at Rockwood recently, and the 14th Band are looked for at an early date.

The bitterness of feeling which has been shown between "town and gown" of late is to be greatly deplored, and should be ended for the sake of the good name of all concerned. The custom of hissing decisions which do not please at hockey matches is silly, and both factions have been guilty of the offence. Hissing is a pastime generally indulged in by geese, and these birds should be allowed the monopoly of the accomplishment which is usually accepted at its face value by the ordinary mortal.

The ice being stored at Rockwood is twelve inches thick, and free from snow, and being cut far out in the channel is free from all impurities.

Mr. W. Mullin is absent from duty. The serious illness of his father, Dr. Mullin of Hamilton, is greatly regretted.

Recent advices from Palestine seem to indicate that we are to offer congratulations to Dr. Gould.

A few days ago a boy with a gun was seen carrying a large number of red squirrels which he had shot. Such wanton destruction should be stopped.

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The Rinkman's Benefit Carnival will occur on February 9th, 1898.

An interesting letter from Mr. R. S. Knight, on the subject of the Ontario Birth Rate, is unavoidably held over until next issue.

The first of the small dances for the Employees and their friends, was held on January 26th, and proved a great success.

An Annual Ball will not be given this year. The nurses and employees generally have expressed a belief, that a few quiet and informal dances are infinitely preferable to the unwieldy Annual Ball, and their wishes in the matter will be deferred to.

La Grippe has been a serious affair for many of the Rockwood officials and their families. The families of Messrs. McGuire, Dennison and Shanahan were very ill for a time. To give a complete list of the sufferers would almost exhaust this edition of the REVIEW.

The Frontenacs send out some big men on their junior team. There were a couple of their men who might almost have earned a place in Frederick the Great's regiment of big soldiers had they lived in those days. They must teach their boys to grow big early in Kingston. Britton and Clarke of their team would add dignity to any police force in Canada.—Peterboro Review.

Queen's senior team is one of the best we have ever had in Kingston, and they should win the senior championship easily.

Halloway Waddell is a decided loss to the Intermediate Frontenacs, and his injury was deeply regretted by his admirers—more so as it was so uncalled for, so unnecessary. Halloway is a clean hard player, and the excuse given that the man who injured him is so clumsy and unsteady that he is liable to hurt anybody he plays against is a poor one.

### HOCKEY VS. CURLING.

How doth the little busy boy,  
Delight to hack and trip,  
And papa doesn't feel at home,  
Unless he is the "Skip."

Reeve Fisher went out in the woods a few weeks ago, and cut down a tree—that tree, with a few trimmings, is now an iceboat. He did this same thing a few years ago, so that the sporty down-town boys must look out, if they intend offering another Cnp for ice yachting this year.

We learn there is a barber in Kingston by the name of Magnet. He ought to draw trade.

In the first of the Rockwood Trophy Curling matches, held on Kingston ice, Rockwood won:—

Kingston, Rink I.	Rockwood, Rink I.
J. Power,	T. McCammon.
B. Carruthers,	Dr. Forster,
W. Dalton,	J. Dennison.
Dr. Watson,	Dr. Clarke,
Skip 13.	Skip 24.
Rink II.	Rink II.
J. Laidlaw,	W. Potter,
W. Lesslie, sr.,	J. Davidson,
J. Stewart,	W. Carr,
J. Kearns,	W. Cochrane,
Skip 12.	Skip 18.

Peterboro boys showed a poor spirit in complaining about the roughness of the game in Kingston, a game so clean and devoid of roughness that it was remarked upon by a large audience. Of course hockey is not a parlor game, nor can it be made so if it is to preserve its manly character. It will always happen that if a man of 120 lbs. attempts to body check one of 190 lbs., he will come to grief and in this case the Peterboro colts did nearly all of the body checking. A game that would suit their delicate nerves would be one such as lawn tennis on ice. As the Frontenacs treated the Peterboro boys with great kindness, both on and off the ice, they feel the unkind and untrue criticism.

## The Rockwood Review.

One of the most successful entertainments given at Rockwood in years was the Cake Walk, produced by several of the juveniles on Jan. 2nd. Before the Walk took place, a grotesque Quadrille was danced by eight little girls—Grace Potter, Edith and Frankie Davidson, Myrtle Culceth, Addie Lonergan, Etta Dennison, May Smith. It was cleverly executed and loudly applauded.

The Cake Walk was given on the floor of the Amusement Hall, and the following couples appeared:—C. Clarke and L. Carr, W. Woods and Harold Clarke, J. Skelly and F. Harrick, W. Potter and Herbert Clarke, Leader W. Shea. The girls costumes were kindly sent by young ladies who are in the habit of "going out" a good deal, and were really handsome.

The Walk lasted an hour, and the Judges, Prof. Shortt, Mr. Geo. Sears and Mr. P. Beaupre, had their hands full when the question of picking out the winning couple came up.

The patients were highly delighted with the amusing entertainment, and applauded the grotesque movements of the various couples to the echo.

The affair was the best thing of the kind ever given in Kingston, and so many requests that it be repeated have been received, that the boys will probably accede to the wishes expressed later on in the season.

A pair of Bald Eagles seem to have been put to a good deal of distress by the winter weather. They frequently fly about Rockwood Hospital apparently looking for food. This pair of eagles has been in the vicinity for many years, and never leave the locality even during the winter.

It is many years since the lake has offered such opportunities for skating and iceboating. For weeks the ice has been as smooth as the proverbial mirror, and hundreds of people have taken advantage of the unusual condition of affairs.

THE ONTARIO BIRTH RATE.—The remarks made in the last issue of the "Review" seem to have excited a good deal of controversy, and "A Clergyman" writing in the *WHIG* is bitterly opposed to what he calls our theories. We were under the impression that we offered facts as opposed to theories. As far as the general practitioner of the Province is concerned, we claim as extensive an acquaintance with him as a clergyman, and he has not the collection of "penny dreadful" stories at his command we are led to believe. There is always a certain amount of wickedness in the world, and probably always will be, and there will also be a class ready to magnify the evil, and in some cases actually gloat over it, but on the other hand people who live proper lives will remain in the majority. In the meanwhile social questions will be regulated, not by Act of Parliament but by the conscience of the public, which is quite as sensitive as it ever was in the history of the world.

The Rockwood Curling Club has taken a step which must inevitably be followed by the Kingston Club before long. For years Kingston has clung to the iron game, feeling that in most respects it is superior to that played with Granites. There is much in the argument, but the majority of clubs within easy reach play granites, and matches with irons are confined to the Bonspiel. The distances to be travelled at Bonspiel times are considerable and generally inconvenient, and Rockwood felt it impossible to take the number of officials required for two rinks to play for three or four days at a time. They adopted granites and withdrew from the Association, reluctantly, as they had made many warm friends among the northern Curlers, but the course followed was inevitable.

Wild geese and ducks have been with us all through January, as many as a hundred ducks sometimes going in one flock. These birds are of course goldeneyes.



## The Rockwood Review.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE.)

Slowly, lazily, up the motionless river.

Like a dream with a sting of regrets behind,

Goes the tug, while I stare at the trees that hide it,

One more glimpse of its dear dark shape to find."

In this one can see that the writer's thought and imagery, borne so swiftly along by the current of her theme, are full of thrilling poetic suggestion, though they rebel against the too close bondage of rhyme and rhythm almost as much as the deliberately unadorned lines of the great American poet. Meantime, the important thing is that the suggestive beauty of the scene has been truly caught and interpreted by the youthful observer.

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### LANCASTER.

JAN. 14TH, '98.

Dear Editors of the "Review":—

I have in my garden a bed of pansies, which bloomed freely all through the summer and autumn.

In the beginning of the winter I covered it with dry leaves, and laid old sacks over them. On Jan. 5th, after a thaw and rain, the snow was gone off the bed, and I noticed that some of the coverings were displaced. Going to replace them, I discovered some pansy flowers, and after searching found twenty-two, some of which were in bud, and others pretty well in bloom.

The ground was frozen quite stiff beneath them, and a few were outside the shelter of the sacks and leaves.

I sent two or three of the most perfect ones to the Montreal "Star," gave some others to a neighbour and kept the rest.

There were over half-a-dozen perfect ones among the whole lot, the rest being somewhat torn and draggled. Those that were in bud opened wide in the house.

I have sent you this thinking you might like to put it among your Natural History and Field Notes.

I remain yours sincerely,

D. W. K.

The Junior Frontenac Hockey team is out of it, not through any fault of their own, but owing to the unfortunate fact that they were the victims of some unfortunate decisions. In Peterboro they played under rulings quite new in the East where hockey developed, and as a result had men sitting on the fence most of the time. These rulings were childish and absurd, and calculated to destroy much of the beauty of the game, and were founded on legal technicalities so hazy, that it took a Toronto law student to develop them. In Kingston the Peterboro boys played a clean fast game, but were completely outclassed, and were defeated in an extremely good game by five goals. Alas, but it was one goal too few, and the inferior team goes into the semi-finals. Competent referees, goal nets and proper rinks are required for the best hockey. Mr. Chancer Elliott makes about the best referee in Kingston.

The Queens Frontenac game was a good exhibition of hockey, but was marred by displays of very wretched feeling on both sides. The game was rough at times, but fast, and some of the coaching from the side was abominable. As far as the result was concerned experience gained the day, and MacMurray showed that he has few equals on a hockey rink.

Peterboro has a gentlemanly lot of hockey players, who can play a good game characterized by hard checking and clever stick-handling—there great defect is lack of combination.

Cyril Knight, of Queens, is a coming player. If he can add about twenty pounds to his weight he will make a star of the first magnitude.

The Captain of the Junior Frontenacs should have been put on the wing ten minutes earlier in the Frontenac-Peterboro game. It would have meant three goals at least, and they only wanted one.

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### THE BUILDING OF THE ICE-BRIDGE.

Wind and tempest and rain,  
Rain and tempest and sleet,  
And the great rollers racing over the main,  
And the cloud-rack following fleet.

Wind, and spin-drift and foam,  
With the churning ice in the bay,  
And the long, long sweep from base to comb  
Of the great waves plunging away.

Aye, struggle against the chain,  
And shake your strong limbs free,  
O riderless steeds of the flying mane,  
The cavalry of the sea!

The caverns along the shore,  
That bristle with spear and lance,  
Shudder and shrink with the trample and roar,  
The thunder of your advance.

In vain your hoofs so fleet,  
Your manes to the wild winds tossed,  
A thousand invisible hands and feet,  
The ranchmen of the frost.

The spearmen of night and cold,  
To the Boreal plainsmen kin,  
Your heaving ranks shall silently fold,  
And corral and fence ye in.

Hail and tempest and snow,—  
And no man follows the lead  
To the unsunned pastures down below,  
Where the wild sea horses feed.

Spanned with its roof of glass,  
And columned with malachite,  
The windows are all of chrysoprase  
Like the winter sky at night.

But never a star looks through  
As the days and the seasons pass  
And never a steed looks up at the blue,  
Cropping the lush sea grass.

January 7th.

K. S. McL.

## The Rockwood Review.

### ODDITIES.

There was much tempestuous weather in the month of October, with frequent heavy rains and the consequent flooding of marshy areas; and the woodland paths in consequence of the early denuding of the foliage of the deciduous trees had a less inviting aspect than is usual the last weeks of the month.

The local gunners in report of game noted a much larger percentage of gray Squirrels than usual, and as these were mostly seen in pairs, there can be but little doubt that this is a distinct species, and not a mere variety or freak, as some observers have supposed. The plumelike tail of the gray squirrel is seeming carried with pride and ostentation by its possessor, and is a much more conspicuous appendage than is the tail of the ordinary black squirrel.

The latter species was considerably more in evidence in this district about the time of the ripening beech nuts than had been the case for some months previously, and it was noticed that numbers of the dusky rodents soon migrated to a district eight or ten miles southward from here, where a growth of scrub-pine, chestnut and hazel-bushes are a prevailing feature of uncleared lands. In fact the sparsity of beech trees in our remaining forest is now a well known trait, a disease of the foliage from some obscure cause has in numberless instances caused the death and consequent removal, for fuel purposes, of this once noble ornament of the Canadian forest, to the general conditions of which as to soil and humidity the maple tree has more potent adaptations, and is about here universally admitted to be an illustration of the modern aphorism, "the survival of the fittest."

Another cause of loss and of regret among the conservators of woodlands, has been the simultaneous dying off about ten years ago of the black ash (*Fraxinus Sam-*

*bucifolia*) forests. Very few trees of this once widely disseminated species are now to be found in south-western Ontario. About the time just referred to the swamp ash trees universally ceased to leaf out, and there almost entire removal, either for fuel or fencing purposes, has been the consequence as far as observed in this and in a number of adjoining counties. Many people conjectured that an unusually severe winter was the cause, after the surrounding uplands had been cleared, others surmised that insect devastation of the summer foliage might have led to the calamity. Others suspected that late spring frosts that killed the budding sprouts were the malign agencies, but the entire sweeping off of this useful tree from millions of acres in the brief space of time in which the havoc was accomplished, affords a wide field for interesting enquiry and for remedial suggestiveness.

A similar instance of the sudden dying of many thousand acres of healthy pine trees occurred in a district a few miles distant from where this is written, that is in the township of South Norwich, about the year 1848, and is remembered and still occasionally referred to by numbers of our elderly residents.

The said pine trees were still in vigorous growth, and were suddenly observed to be infested in their foliage by myriads of whitish downy or cottony clothed caterpillars, about three-fourths of an inch in length, and these mischievous swarms in a few months effect the destruction of these noble pine forests as completely as raging siroccos, or flames running through the needle-like foliage could have done the work. As in the case of the swamp ashes the pine timber had to be prematurely removed and utilized so as make available a mere remnant of the prospective value.

And among the items of general news in the periodicals of the same date, descriptions and narrations

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were given recording the baneful and extensive activity of a similar larvæ of a nocturnal Lepidopterous insect in the black forest district of Germany.

The oak trees in Europe, especially in England, are occasionally infested during June or July with swarms of cockchafers (mazbugs). These sometimes partly eat off the leaves of the oaks, but rarely cause the death of the tree, not being so voracious in the imago state as are moth larvæ in their numerous and successive moults.

The cedar trees of our swamps, and also the transplanted cedar trees about our dwellings, (*Thuja Occidentales*), are occasionally preyed upon by small insect larvæ, that strip the trees and trained hedges in a similar manner to what is accomplished on our gooseberry bushes by the devouring caterpillar of the saw-fly. Yet on the whole the coniferous trees seem to be much more immune to insect maulings than are their deciduous confreres.

Yet the spruce trees that have been removed from the swamps, and been transplanted in our shrubberies, grow and thrive for about thirty years, and then almost invariably wither and die: and the general assumption arrived at by arborists about here is that the native pine is by far the most eligible and successfully grown tree in artificial plantations.

Next to the sugar maple the two or three species of elm seem to have powerful adaptive qualities, and although mostly preyed upon in their foliage—scarcely a leaf escaping erosion or at least perforation—an instance of the elm trees succumbing to these hostile inroads is one of the rarest of phenomena. And a dense elm swamp in consequence it would appear of the inexhaustible larval supply of song bird food, is sure to be a paradise during our early summer months of the myriad individual feathered warblers, and the resinous forests are comparatively the haunts of

loneliness and silence.

During the tempestuous snow storm that visited these parts about the 20th of November last, a Loon was picked up in a nearly exhausted condition, in the rapidly freezing waters of a brooklet about three miles from here. The bird seems to have been of the summer's brood, and somewhat of a "weakling," and had probably dropped from the ranks of a party of its congeners en route to a winter rendezvous to rest and recuperate. The bird bit and resisted its human captor and assailant at first onset in a most spirited manner, but is now mounted in the museum of a local taxidermist. In a few instances stray individuals of the Grebe family alight during very severe cold periods among the tame waterfowl of the Burford barnyards. When seen in flight these storm distressed birds are usually steering in a south-east direction.

W. YATES.

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### "Jenny Dang the Weaver!"

This popular tune owned its origin to an occurrence in which a minister's wife was the heroine.

During the second year of the last Scottish Rebellion, the Rev. Mr. Gardner, of Birse, Aberdeenshire, reputed for his humour and musical talents, was one evening playing over on his Violin the notes of an air he had been composing, when a scene in the courtyard arrested his attention. His man "Jock," lately a weaver in a neighbouring village, having rudely declined to wipe the minister's shoes, as requested by Mrs. Gardner, she administered a hearty drubbing to his shoulders with a cooking utensil, and compelled him to execute her orders. Witnessing the proceedings from the window, Mr. Gardner was intensely amused, and gave the air he had just completed the name of "JENNY DANG THE WEAVER."

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### GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

#### IN MEXICO.

Leaving Curacao, our adventurous young Canadians, after a voyage full of interest, but nevertheless experiencing almost a repetition of what has been already told of the Carribean Sea, pointing northward, and full of hope from that moment, landed in Mexico in ample time to recover an appetite for such Christmas dainties as the *CUISINE* of that land affords. "Let us resume the thread of our discourse," as told by the pen of the writer, whose previous letters have proved so interesting to our readers:—

We reached Mexico city from the south, as you know, filled unspeakably with a malaria and bitterness of life that one acquires in the walks of the equatorial portion of the southern continent. Thus we were in a measure unprepared for the generous distances, the extravagance in alkaline applications, and the general atmospheric chastity that make up civilization, as we found it here. In our then condition, the meanest cat alley, loudest in warp and filthiest in woof, whose sewer ran out of the front doors, would have seemed to us an avenue leading heavenward. But what we actually saw was too much, and far surpassed what our wildest expectations had lead us to conceive. Nor do we here need to hang over a clothesline or neighboring roof in order to dry up. Moreover, when we are dry we don't want a drink, and when one reflects that not within fifty miles of our five senses does there exist a West Indian negro, one feels like relenting towards the creator of that creature. So on the whole, I and my friend had ample reason for the relish with which we ate our Thanksgiving turkey, though truly they have been a stiff necked generation of turkeys. I had such an appetite, I could have relished even the neck.

Mexico has risen upon the ruins of the capital of an ancient empire.

The traces of the Aztec civilization, so despoiled by the conquering Cortez, are at this date sparse enough, and jealously preserved by the present enlightened government. Mexicans point with pride to an isolated ruin, a much modernized mountain road, an ancient canal, or the Indian relics in the national museum at the capital. The sturdy Aztec himself is here infesting the proudest streets of the city, dotting the picturesque valley road, or eking out a trifling existence on his master's estate. The centuries passing here left but little mark upon him, excepting his almighty hat. If this be civilization, it sits heavily upon him; if this be civilization, it towers to the sweet blue heavens; if this be civilization, it knows no ordinary bounds. Speaking mathematically, civilization is about three feet in altitude above sea level; and from the north unto the south is about three feet; and from the west unto the east three feet. Its walls and gables are adorned with precious metals, and from its base are hung, over the edges of space, tassels of a tinsel whose glitter is that of the stars of the firmament. And this civilization weighs eleven pounds.

What a luxury to live in a building constructed three hundred years ago, an ancient distillery of disease, whose towers are vats of ignorance, and whose openings would enlighten the blind. Almost surrounded by this and other buildings equally massive and monotonous, though relieved by graceful arches, cornices and capitols, and details that are gems of architecture, stands a venerable cathedral, whose mellow old roof is surely unique, constructed as it is wholly of stones, like the vaulted tombs of the east. The exquisite carving of its many exquisite domes could have been wrought only by a people who had no sense of time, and who must have worked for the future rather than the present.

The patio of the home interior is never so pretty or elaborate in

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Mexico as in the further south, doubtless because a cooler atmosphere enforces an indoor life for a greater part of the year. But so well conceived is the system of interior opening as adapted to tropical houses, that the most modern and Americanized house shows a judicious adherence to the "patio." Of this house in which we live, the patio has dimensions that approach sixty by forty feet in length and in breadth. Its eighty rooms are ranged in three tiers, none having other opening than that on the various balconies overlooking the yawning inner court. The lower floor is seldom occupied other than by the "portero" and his family. The life of the people has much which suggests the East. The old courtyard with its burros and their peasant riders, its water carriers, its groups of women squatting on the cobble pavement, and picturesquely attired in a web of cotton; these musty low archways, whose cobble stones are worn by barefooted or sandled wayfarers; these wayside pools near which a dirty unkempt dozen of wanderers with their wives stop to listen to a barefoot native preacher, not less unkempt, but much more wise than they, make up a scene which might well be witnessed in Palestine. Yet you feel that you are not in the east. It is the south unmistakably and markedly—that south which is and always will be lower, infinitely lower than the north.

To repeat myself, Mexico city lies in a beautiful valley, and away to the south, bewildering the distance, rise the guardian angels of the plateau. Popocatepetl and Iztacihuatl, clad in snows that are eternal, cheating the clouds of their silver and shadow, borrowing of the frosts their brilliancy, rivalling the moon with their mellow light, or giving to the valley their last beams of sunset and the first promise of dawn. The city proper occupies but little space in consideration of its three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants. My

first impression was that the streets were abnormally wide, and it required some effort on my part to readjust my estimate, not in comparison with the cities of South America, but with those of the north. Now, however, I can concur with the most recent Californian or Down Easter in abusing the modest dimensions of Mexico's streets. The Pasco and many other fine avenues must be excepted.

The business houses, wholesale and retail, cover an area twice as large as a similar business tract in Toronto. Many of these houses are fair examples of Spanish architecture, have three or four stories, well appointed for business and forming a nucleus for a great commercial centre. Many of the streets are well paved for a southern city, and quite up to date in all lighting, street-cleaning and sewer appointments. In fact, the central portion and several residential corners are beautiful in architecture and lacking in nothing that makes the modern city. So much had I heard concerning the streets and sewers, the native life and native dress before coming here that I was greatly surprised in finding Mexico one of the very finest cities on the continent. On this account I gladly refrain from taking you to the pungent and entirely indelectable back streets. Every city has its filth for those who relish it, and it would not be difficult to direct such to some yawning foully mouthed sewers.

In the "Zocalo," which was once the central part of the city, is the much famed Cathedral, built on the site of Montezuma's temple. It is indeed a beautiful structure, and one of the richest examples to be found in America. Its massive square, Spanish towers, rich in local designs, the bold outline of its single dome, and the wonderful stone carving on the facade are undoubtedly the highest expression of Spanish architecture on the continent. In the "Zocalo" are myriads of kiosks, coach-stands,

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news-stands, lavatories and street car offices. From here all the city and valley lines radiate, and such is the system that a stranger dares not to ride lest he lose himself and the Zocalo. But this rude system is being rapidly displaced by the trolley. It is characteristic of the Mexico of to-day that what you point at now as out of date will to-morrow be supplanted by the most modern appliances that capital can introduce. At the other side of the city is the beautiful Alameda, rivalling any northern park with its fine old stately forest, its walks, statues and fountains, and its grass of eternal green. The Alameda is almost in the centre of the city, and is the retreat of thousands day and night, for here they may bask in the mellow sunshine from new year until new year, and the air they breathe is purer than the spring on the mountain side, bluer than the wave of the sea, lighter than health itself.

"El Paseo" is the pride of the Mexicans. A beautiful avenue it is, leading from the Alameda through tall and distant palisades of trees, lined with statues, varied with tiny parks, leading on for some four miles to the Castle of Chalpultapae, the White House of the Republic. As dusk falls upon the half-bustling, half-sleeping city the youth and beauty of the capital are to be seen in their smart equipages, rivalling in beauty and exceeding in display any New York parade of these "works of art." Beginning at the Zocalo and passing two deep on either side, they raise all the dust in sight for two hours in their procession to and from the castle by the Paseo. I am willing to admit that nowhere else on the continent can be seen such a jam of carriages as on San Francisco, the main street, on such an occasion. On the Paseo, on Sunday afternoon the carriages are lined six rows deep, and require a squad of mounted police to keep any two from occupying the same area. After the good people have

done with their devotions on Sunday morning, they promenade on the Alameda, where the excellent bands of the city entertain them. This is said to be the beauty show of the city. I have often heard of the beauty of Mexican women, but I am yet awaiting its revelation. The women of Caracas and the Peruvian women I have seen are much more beautiful.

It is not easy to determine the relative percentage of white and red native and foreign population. Not having any statistics by me with which to be led into error, I would estimate the people of the city. Native Indians 100,000, pure descendants of Spaniards 100,000, mixed Spanish-Indian class 100,000, Spaniards from Spain 7,000, French 6,000, English, Americans and Canadians 6,000, Germans 3,000, Italians, Belgians and Cubans 3,000, Chinese and Japs 500, miscellaneous 5,000. The French are in possession of the dry goods business, and in truth are good for nothing else. Germans are masters of the wholesale trade, and many of them are so Americanized before coming here that the improvement it makes in their dress, speech, gait and general taste is remarkable, and many of the foreign element are proud of having been Americanized. The Germans are keen rivals of the English in hardware here, as throughout the whole of the south. The American foreign trade with the south is in its infancy, their flag is a stranger in the seas of the south, but English, Germans, French, Italians and Hollanders seek wealth in far away lands. In Mexico Americans have made a great impression, and the firm mouth and the free gait of the American girl are not the only blessings which they have conferred upon their sister Republic. Five years ago this city was as backward as the south could endure, but within easy memory of the present American colony vast improvements have been made, and I will stand sponsor for the

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prophecy that within the first ten years of the coming century, this capital will attract the attention of the whole continent, and become as it ought, the resort of tourist and health seeker, student and capitalist. I am astonished and not a little ashamed to have wakened up at my age, to find how little I knew of the fifth city of my own continent. Here we have in our colony a gentleman's club and a woman's club composed of northerners, and four or five churches with reverend teachers from the north. I went to church this morning for the first time since leaving Toronto, and heard English songsters and an English Methodist preacher. We have too a Y. M. C. A. and a W. C. S. U., and a W. L. and an E. W., and incidentally many I. O. U.'s. The American colony is recruited mostly from 'Frisco, Los Angeles, El Paso, San Antonio, Omaha, Denver and St. Louis. The western dialect and swagger are in full and excellent form. Americans are found in Railway, Land, Insurance, News, Oil, Machinery and Printing Offices, and Canadians who are here, find themselves heartily welcomed by this American colony, and as individuals are always well received by Americans. Passing down the principal thoroughfares of the city, one meets Americans at every step. After dodging the American girl's wheel on the pavement, you meet her admiring mother on the sidewalk, talking to her sister from 'Frisco about an aunt just arrived from Omaha, and on stepping into the nearest office to prepare myself for the reception of all Uncle Sam's family, you find the gentleman himself, behind the desk selling bicycles, locomotives, gold mines, undeveloped states, steamships and gramophones.

Five or six different railroads centre in the capital, and while the Republic is already fairly well lined with these means of locomotion, the road development is increasing as it is nowhere in the north.

Remarkable it is that in a country already well cared for by the native population, and after having experienced wonderful improvement during a period of twenty years, there is still here an opportunity for capital and industry, unparalleled in any field open to the speculator to-day. Cuba is not and can never be an equal in resources to the Republic. There is no boom, but a steady advance. There is much wealth here, but there is still wealth to be made.

Go to the first twenty foreigners in any native city, or to twenty native Americans in their own city and enquire about the "times," and there reply is always one indicative of the hard struggle in the battle for existence. Hard time bugaboos have followed me all my life. But here, I have been brought by my occupation into close touch with some hundreds of Americans of all aims and conditions, and in each instance such inquiry met with but one answer: "Times are always good in Mexico. I am prospering, my neighbors are prospering, and to-morrow will be brighter than to-day. You will prosper likewise, stay with us." Such is the substance of the Mexican hard times story. Personally I have made more money since one month ago to-day than I ever did in my life, in toto, previously. Of course it is true that these Americans have acquired experience before coming here, which in many cases was bitter. To succeed here a man must have capital for mining or plantation work or some well digested scheme of his own. If he has any knowledge of Spanish, pluck and perseverance, I would advise him to come here, for he will be received with open arms and pocketbooks. If he hasn't Spanish, and wishes to make a good living in Mexico, he had better learn it, acquire some of the wisdom of modern American commerce, and then make his venture.



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Readers of the REVIEW will recognize some familiar lines in "The Vision of the Seasons and other Verses," by Dorothy W. Knight, just issued by the William Drysdale Company, Montreal; the young author having been an occasional contributor to the REVIEW almost from its beginning.

Marks of progress and fulfilment of early promise are clearly discernible in the increased beauty of form and finish of the later poems, which show that study and experience and culture have had their shaping and developing influence, but as the reviewer in the Montreal Daily Star justly observes, the germ of poetic insight which no cultivation could evolve, was there before.

That which is most beautiful and attractive in these poems remains as it was from the first,—a simple and sincere expression of a thoroughly healthful and wholesome young spirit, whose observation of Nature has been closer and more loving than that of many more ambitious writers of verse, who are content to take their illustrations and pictures of field and wood, of sky and wave, sunset and moonrise from books or second hand.

Here the relation is direct and intimate of one who has grown up among the scenes which she describes with such a fine poetic appreciation of their beauty, and the subtle language in which they speak to the loving observer.

"Flower-faces," the procession of the Months, "The Country Maid," "To Riverscliff," and "When the Robins Come" are examples, but indeed this minute observation and felicity of expression is apparent in all which she has written. "The Vision of the Seasons" which gives its title to the volume is the longest and most ornate poem. It

is written in blank verse, and with much elegance and grace. A spirit of youthful gladness and gentle gayety breathes throughout which is delightful.

Perhaps a couplet or quatrain, culled here and there, may serve to illustrate the writer's idea better than any formal description, as this, of the passing of Winter:—

"I saw her sigh and lean  
Her head against the snowflake  
cushions soft,  
As she were weary, and at last she  
said:

"Farewell, I hear the footsteps of  
the Spring."

Then she passed on, and then she  
sighed again,  
And vanished, by a storm-wind  
borne away."

Or this of "The Country Maid" which is almost Wordsworthian for sweetness and simplicity:—

"I am a simple country maid,  
Nor charms nor beauty e'er had I,  
I sit and spin beside the door,  
And let the world go by."

And this which is as microscopically correct and picturesque as some of Walt Whitman's strong lines:—

"Slowly, lazily, up the motionless  
river,

Throwing long reflections, a tug  
boat creeps,

Trailing a heavy load of schooners  
and barges,

Through the heat, while the shore  
on each side sleeps.

I see it then, far off from the sun-  
steeped village,

Gliding silently, soft as any dream:  
I love it, my thoughts pursue it  
where it is hidden

By thick trees through which the  
bright waters gleam.

Little breezes just barely ruffling  
the water,

Just enough to flur those reflections  
long,

Scarce dispelling the molten heat  
that is falling

From the pale sky, increasing,  
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