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Mar 1 - 1896



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Rockwood
Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
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Local News.



THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW



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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

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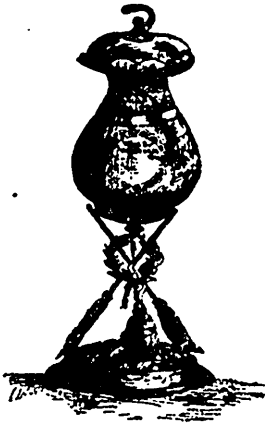
NO. 1.

LOCAL ITEMS.

We still claim the smallest circulation of any journal in Kingston, and consequently have nothing but friends in newspaper circles—good friends too.

When is the Minstrel Show coming off, that is the great question? Mr. W. Shea has for the occasion resurrected the Baby Elephant, who has been asleep in a trunk (not with a trunk) for some years, and if Messrs. Davidson and Bateson would only sing "Twinkle Little Stars," the entertainment would certainly be one of those old time carnivals Mr. McCammon so frequently refers to.

Who was the belle of the Ball? We have heard five young ladies mentioned, and each one belonged to Rockwood.



THE ROCKWOOD TROPHY.

With this Number we commence our third year.

Some of the guests at the Ball thought chicken salad a new variety of ice cream, and made some curious mistakes as a result.

The cosy corner at the Ball was not such a private retreat as expected, as so many were anxious to play "Pussy wants a Corner."

The floor managers should remember that Cardinal and White are Rockwood colors, and blue is not permitted.

The Nurses dressed with great taste, and without exception looked well.

Mr. Walter Stewart, who visited Ottawa on a pleasure tour, has returned, and reports the crops as large—probably snow and politicians in that northern country.

The Junior Curlers have commenced their matches, and Dehane and J. Shea are winners up to the present. Our Oddfellows have defeated the Kingston Oddfellows at curling. That makes four out five for Rockwood.

Jock Harty, Coxworthy, Reid and Gilmore are quite as fast on the forward line as any in the city, and Clarke, Hamilton and Shea in the defence are what the papers call them—a stone wall.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

The Annual Ball was held on the 12th Feb. It was a dizzy success, and it goes without saying far better and more brilliant than any preceding it. At least that is the way the newspapers always put it.

Dr. Clarke visited Ottawa in the early part of February. It is reassuring to learn that the trip was absolutely without political significance.

This is a good winter for studying the habits of the Northern Birds, as they have made Rockwood their feeding ground. The brilliant plumage of the Grosbecks has evidently led many people in the city, who are not close observers, to think that robin redbreast is quite common, and the newspaper reports about the robins being here are probably a mistake. The garrulous but beautiful Bohemian Chatterers have been with us almost every day, and are a welcome addition to the winter visitors. The poor little English Sparrows have found the winter with its deep snows extremely trying, and many have died from cold and starvation. We are among those who have a kind word for this hardy little foreigner who has, like many immigrants from the older countries, some disagreeable faults. At the same time he is not all bad, and wages war on injurious insects in a way that gives him a claim to consideration. He finds it difficult to struggle along just now, and the thoughtful children will scatter a few crumbs for him every day. Bones with a few shreds of meat left, when tied up in crees out of reach of dogs and cats will be eagerly sought out by woodpeckers, sparrows, nuthatches and occasionally blue jays. This last gentleman is a sight to behold when he has a snow background to show off his fine feathers. Blackbirds are seen in the grounds regularly.

The Annual Children's Carnival took place on the Rockwood Rink on February 7th. It was a beautiful sight, and something like a hundred little folks took part, all in appropriate costumes. The REVIEW would like to give the names of all, but as these appeared in the daily papers, and our space is limited, we have to omit them. As a general rule at children's carnivals the boys run largely to "burnt cork" as a disguise, but this year there were very few in groes, and quaint and picturesque costumes were brought forward. Perhaps the most unique character was that of the new woman as illustrated by Master Hugh Robertson.

Hockey has been played with great success by our teams all winter, and the score of victories is quite imposing. The Seniors stand a good chance to win the City Championship, as they have but one game to win. Their defeat of the Cadets in the series of matches played is extremely creditable when it is remembered that the Cadets have always played as Seniors in the Ontario League until this year. The unfortunate disturbance that took place at one of the matches is to be regretted, but fair minded people agree that Coxworthy was provoked beyond measure when he struck the ill advised blow.

The Rockwood Juniors, I. and II., are undefeated abroad, although the little Beechgroves gave the II. a quiet shake up that will do no harm, as it will teach them that victory does not always come to the mighty when it runs against skill and unselfish combination. The Beechgroves do not shout a great deal, but they play beautiful hockey.

Frankie Hartrick has been severely ill, and is yet confined to bed.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

THE HON. CHAS. CLARKE.

Charles Clarke was born in Lincoln, England, Nov. 28th, 1826, at the Stonebow, a quaint old archway, still standing on the main street of that ancient Roman city.

He and his sister were left fatherless, when he was only nine years of age and she a child of eight, but they were blessed with a noble mother, whose chief object, on the death of her husband, was the education and advancement of her children. Her son afterwards amply repaid her sacrifices and efforts, for he could not have been more devoted, and they had the great privilege of living together for nearly fifty years. Young as he was when his father died, he preserves most tender recollections of the refined tastes and gentle manners of that parent, and he has never forgotten a memorable visit to the seaside, when he was travelling companion to the invalid father.

His mother exerted herself to secure him the best possible tuition she could obtain, and there is no doubt, that his early schoolmasters, the Rev. Thos. Cooper and later on Prof. Geo. Boole, were men who left strong impressions on his mind. The former was author of several works, and also suffered imprisonment on account of his Chartist views, and the latter, Prof. Boole, was a man of fine character, and at the time of his death was Professor of Mathematics at Queen's College, Cork. These two men were revered and beloved by their young pupil, and in the after years, when his children would ask him in twilight hours to "tell about the time you were a little boy in England, Father," in the relating of the boyhood history, due praise, affection and respect were always given to these school teachers. He left school at fourteen, and must certainly have been as advanced at

that age as most seventeen-year old Canadian schoolboys of to-day, and in fact, essays and writings of his next few years, shew him to have been possessed of a fine intelligence, and a great command of language.

He entered a mercantile life by choice, although his mother had higher ambitions for him,—she having married a second time, and sailed with her daughter and husband for America in 1842,—he followed them to the New World in the next year, 1843. The family settled in Canada in the Niagara District, imbued with the old idea that farming was the only occupation of the country. Loss of health in this ague-stricken place, led them to change their residence, and they removed to Elora on the Grand River, in the County of Wellington, and with the exception of a few years spent in Hamilton, as editor of a paper, the "Journal and Express," the subject of our sketch has always made the pretty little village his home. The name of Charles Clarke has been identified with the place almost from its birth, and from the first, he has been always active in advancing the welfare of the people. In recognition of his services, they have shown appreciation, by appointing him to many different public positions. He was Village Reeve for several terms, and was afterwards Member of Parliament for twenty years or more, also Trustee of both Public and High Schools. In Military circles, he rose rapidly, beginning as Lieutenant of the Elora Rifle Company, which was loyally organized during the Trent affair, at a good deal of personal cost, and a few years ago he retired retaining rank as Lt.-Col. of the XXXth Battallion, a body of which we as Canadians may be proud, as it consists of a "gallant six hundred" well behaved and soldierly

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men. He has ever taken a deep interest in the Mechanics Institute Library, and Elora possesses a collection of books for public benefit which puts to shamescores of larger places in Ontario. The School Museum too, a fine educational factor, owes a good deal to his enthusiasm in its early beginnings. In politics, he was a strong Liberal, and although staunch and true, he was never an offensive partisan, and his return to Parliament was always with either a heavy majority or by acclamation. The fact that he was Speaker for the Legislative Assembly for a double term, testifies to his being fair-minded and honorable to both sides of the House. He succeeded the late Col. Gilmour as Clerk of the Ontario Legislative Assembly, a well merited position which he now occupies. As a man, his kindliness of manner, great love for all humanity and breadth of mind, make him a favorite with all who come in contact with him, and his varied tastes make him one of the most agreeable of companions. He is well read, able to appreciate the best in literature, and is abreast of the times, in touch with the writers of the day, he enjoys good music although not a musician,—he knows a good painting although not an artist, and is quick to perceive artistic points and effects. His love for the beauties of nature is unbounded, and in the romantic Village of Elora, which is still his home, there is not one that knows more of the charming scenery of its rocks and rivers, not one better acquainted with its ravines, its caves and its waterfalls,—he knows the likeliest spot to look for wild flowers, and the most probable time for the coming of the birds, and he knows their songs, their nests and their habits. He is known and beloved by all the children of the place, and as he goes

along the streets bright and cheery are the greetings exchanged. We might continue very much further in eulogy of his broad sympathies, but will sum up his character in the words of his eldest son in speaking to the writer last summer: "He is the best man I know." May he long continue to contribute to this paper in the future as in the past, the articles in "Grandfather's Corner."

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Out of the windy dark
A gleam like a rosy stain,
Shines out through the mist and
the rain,—
In the distance a growing spark,
The lights of the midnight train.
Hark, through the night the roll of
the train.
The roar and the thunder of wheels,
And the snort of the iron steed as
he feels
The curb of his chain.
From the darkness and tempest
and rain,
A force elemental as they,—
Swift as a thought in the brain,
Or a falling star on its luminous
way,
Comes the rush of the midnight
train.
A pause for a moment—the struggle
and strain
At his strong and invisible tether,
And the iron horse tosses his cloudy
mane,
And plunges straight into the dark-
ness again,
Through wind and through weath-
er:
But we who were sundered and
twain—
Thou and I—we are once more
together,
Thanks to the vanishing midnight
train.

K. S. McL.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

THE BUTCHER BIRD.

How many of you have an intelligent idea of the number and variety of common birds that are to be seen in an afternoon's walk in the summer time? How many are aware that even in the winter some of our feathered friends, or as a grumbler in the *Globe* a short time since facetiously named them, "our feathered enemies," are with us. To find the winter residents one must ordinarily go into the deepswamps, or thick woods, where the birds stay, unless deep snows force them to seek for food near the houses.

A winter seldom passes without bringing many birds to our door, and nearly every season the Butcher Bird is to be found in the grounds at Rockwood. Since the advent of the English Sparrow, the Butcher Bird has been regular in his winter visits, and if the "Sparrow haters" would cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Shrike, they might succeed in keeping down the numbers of the poor little "Jacobs."

Those of you who have not seen a Shrike, may be able to discover his identity by his resemblance to the Mocking Bird. It is the old story of the wolf in sheep's clothing. The resemblance between the two birds is so striking that, in localities where both are common, an error is frequently made by careless observers, who attribute the incomparable *song* of the Mocking Bird to the disreputable Shrike. After all he has his good points, but like some of his human counterparts prefers having his little jokes made as ghastly as possible. He has a fondness for grasshoppers and beetles, and when he has had enough spikes others on thorns. He has favorite bushes, and unfortunately does not always rest satisfied with insects. In the winter time especially, it is his practice to capture small birds, and these he

will hang up in true butcher fashion, running the thorn through the throat, or possibly jamming the bird in a crotch. I have seen both methods followed. Not long ago I heard a flock of English Sparrows making an unusual disturbance in the pinery, and as the noise indicated something serious in the Sparrow household, I investigated the trouble. It was too late to prevent mischief, as a pair of Shrikes had just killed one of the flock. When the butcher birds saw me, they immediately made off with their prey, the male bird carrying the sparrow in his claws. I believe an unusual method for the Shrike to adopt, although John Burroughs mentions having seen it followed on at least one occasion. I gave chase, and the Shrike could not carry the sparrow more than one hundred and fifty yards, but when tired crowded his victim's neck into the crotch of a lilac tree. I took the sparrow out of the bush, and laid it on the snow, while I adjusted my snow shoe. The shrikes were hungry, and so annoyed at my interference, that with the utmost audacity they swooped down and carried off their prize from beneath my nose. It meant the murder of more sparrows to interfere, so the birds were not disturbed again.

I have seen a Shrike select the plumpest sparrow in a flock, and deliberately fly a few inches above the victim, until the frightened Britisher discovered that death was the penalty demanded from the sparrow that boasted of being well fed.

The Shrike does not always have things his own way, and a few winters ago I saw one having a rough experience with a Blue Jay—a warrior of no mean order. The Shrike had discovered this, and was putting into practice the modern version of a very old saw: "He who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day."

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LEGENDS OF THE OLD NORSMEN.

(CONTINUED.)

The word Edda signified great-grandmother. A century later Snorre Sturleson, a native Icelander, wrote out a prose synopsis of the whole mythology, and his work is called the younger Edda. From these Eddas and other Sagas or histories have been obtained the ideas and old feelings of the brave old Northlanders. And in this Ultima Thule, Iceland, were preserved the pagan ideas of the Scandinavian countries,—a strange place to look for the literature of another land.

They believed greatly in races of Giants or Jotuns, Frost, Fire, Sea, and Tempest were Jotuns all to be dreaded, while the Sun and Summer-heat were gods. The gods dwelt in Asgard, the garden of the gods; and the Giants in Jotunheim, the house of the giants, between the two there was continual warfare. One idea of the creation is thus told,—Odin was descended from the frost giants, but he and his brothers slew the giant Ymer, and of his body the earth was made, of Ymer's blood they made the seas and waters, from his flesh the land, from his bones the mountains, from his hair the forests, and from his teeth and jaws with some bits of broken bones they made the stones and pebbles; then they took his skull and formed therewith the heavens and set a dwarf at the corner of each of the four quarters, these dwarfs are called Austre-East, Vestre-West, Nordre-North, Sudre-South; they erected a bulwark about the earth to protect it from giants, this bulwark was called midgard and was constructed from Ymer's eyebrows. The first man and woman were Ask and Embla, formed from the trees ash and elm.

Odin, the chief of the gods, was the fountain head of wisdom; the

founder of culture, writing, and poetry; the progenitor of kings; the lord of battle and victory. He is described as a tall one-eyed man, he pawned one eye in Jotunheim when he sought for wisdom at Mimer's fountain, he could not drink from the fount of knowledge unless he left his eye in pawn. He wears a broad brimmed hat and this represents the arched dome of heaven, he has on a blue or variegated cloak which is the blue sky or atmosphere, both hat and cloak symbolize protection. On his arm hangs a gold ring called Draupner from which links would drop and yet it would never be lessened, this is the symbol of fertility. On his shoulders are perched two ravens, Hugin, Reflection and Munin, Memory, they sit and whisper into the ears of Odin what they see and hear; at daybreak he sends them forth to fly over the world and they return with their reports in the evening. Two wolves recline at his feet and to them he gives the meat that is set upon his table, for he subsists upon the invisible food of the gods. He sits upon a high throne and looks out upon the world, or rides about on his eight-legged horse, Sleipner, the Slipper. He is called the All-Father as chief, and likewise the Val-Father or father of the slain, and his hall is Valhalla, the home of departed heroes, spears support the ceiling, coats of mail adorn the walls, it is roofed with shields; the maids who wait at the table are the Valkyries and they go on the battle fields to make choice of those who are to be slain and to sway the victory. The warriors who died bravely in battle were received into Valhalla, there they feed on the flesh of the boar which is cooked in the morning and becomes whole again every night; they drink mead, a wonderful liquid compounded from the air, fire, sea, and rime frost. A



THE HON. CHARLES CLARKE.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

Norseman's dearest wish was to die bravely, a spirit still dwelling in the fighting heroes of our day. The death of a Norse viking is thus described by Boyersen in his poem, "Odin's Ravens."

"In the prow with head uplifted
Stood the chief like wrathful Thor,
Through his locks the snowflakes
drifted,
Bleached their hue from gold to
hoar.
Mid the crash of mast and rafter
Norsemen leaped through death
with laughter,
Up through Valhal's wide flung
door.

In the Elder Edda is found this story.—A giant had a daughter called Night who like all her race was dark and swarthy of complexion; after being married to two or three others she was wedded to Delling or Daybreak and their son was Day, a child, light and fair like his father. Odin gave Night and Day two horses, and two cars, and set them up in the heavens that they might ride successively one after the other, each in twenty-four hours time round the world. Night rode first with her steed Hrimfaxe, *fax* signifies name. Every morning the earth is bedewed with foam from this horse's bit. The steed driven by Day was called Skinfaxe, the shining mane, and all the earth and sky glisten with the light shed from his mane. Such were the Norse ideas of day and night.

Between Asgard, the home of the gods, and Midgard, the world, was placed a bridge it was called Bifrost, the rainbow, the vibrating way, and it trembled with various colored light, over this bridge rode every day the gods on their horses, Odin on Sleipner, Heimdal, the god of the rainbow corresponding to the Greek goddess Iris, on Goldtop. Some of the English names of the other horses of the gods

were, Fleetfoot, Silvertop, Palehoof, Lightfoot, Sinews, the Sunbeam, and the Shining one. Thor was compelled to go on foot to attend the council of the gods, he could not use the Asa bridge as his thunder would destroy it, so he was forced to wade through some rivers daily to get there. The giants could not pass over it, for the red of the rainbow was burning fire and would injure them. It was a common custom among the reapers of Norway to leave a sheaf of wheat, in the fields, for the houses of the gods.

In a thunder storm, Thor rode about in his big thunder chariot, drawn by two wonderful goats, from whose hoofs and teeth sparks of fire flashed, Thor's red beard also flashed with the lightning. In his hand he carried a magic hammer, which he would hurl at different objects, and it always returned to his hand. Many were the conflicts in which he engaged with different giants, and there are many myths telling of his mighty strength, but there is not space to enumerate them here.

Thor was at one time belated and spent the night in the home of a peasant in Midgard; food was scarce, so Thor gave them his goats for the evening meal, but warning them to give him back every bone. One greedy fellow cracked a shank to extract the toothsome marrow, and next morning when the Thunder adjusted the skins to the pile of bones, the goats were reanimated, but one was ever afterwards lame in a hind leg.

There is another legend about him going to a place in Jotunheim, to get the huge brewing kettle of the giants, for the gods were holding a feast with Ægir, the Sea Tempest. Thor after many adventures secured the gigantic pot, clapped it on his head, and walked

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off with it, but although he was so huge himself, the enormous caldron completely covered him, and its handles rung at his heels. This giant Ægir, entertains the gods every harvest time and brews ale for them, his wife is called Ran and their children are the waves. Ran has a golden net in which she catches those who go out to sea, and she also has power to hold ships fast with her hand. The daughters of Ran are said to congregate at the will of their father, they have pale locks and white veils, and they are always awake when the wind blows, their names designate different appearances of the sea waves, the Sky clear, the Diver, the Swelling, the Billow, the Raging Sea, &c. The Æger in Jean Ingelow's poem, "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," is derived from this giant Ægir. Thor's wife Sif, was possessed of a head of beautiful golden hair, his brother Loke who was the personification of wickedness, one day in a fit of envy, cut of the luxuriant tresses of the sleeping Sif. Thor's rage was unbounded, and Loke had to flee from Asgard to escape his wrath, the dwarfs having made him a golden crown, he returned to the garden of the gods, and placing the crown upon Sif's head, the golden hair became as beautiful as ever. Our prosaic rendering of the legend of Loke stealing Sif's hair, is that Loke represents fire and heat, Sif's hair is the grass. The heat scorches the grass, and dries it up, and the same physical agent sets the forces of nature to work again, and new grass with golden or light color springs up once more.

Besides the giants there are other beings who live in the traditions of Scandanavia, the elves, trolls or dwarfs, the nisses, necks, mermaids and the hill people. The elves are divided into the white and black, the white are good, dwell in the

air, dance in the sunshine, and sit on the leaves of trees. The black, or evil elves dwell underground, and frequently inflict injury on mankind. There used to be doctors in Norway and Sweden whose business it was to repair the injuries of these elfin sprites. They have kings, princes, and princesses, and no doubt the children's dear old friend, Hans Andersen had direct communication with these little folk. The hill folk dwell in small hills and caves and are called Hulder, they are very musical and sing in a sad, sweet minor key among the hills and rocks. Mothers who had lost children, and disappointed lovers used to go to the Necken for comfort, as he sat singing beside some waterfall.

Some of the Norwegian violinists have learned the magic tunes of the little folk, and people think, that Ole Bull the world renowned violinist learned his art from listening to the strains of the hulder. There is one tune, the elf-king's tune, which several good fiddlers know but never dare play, for as soon as it begins, old and young and even inanimate objects begin to dance, and the player cannot stop until he can play the air backward, or failing this, until some one comes and cuts the strings of his fiddle.

The trolls live inside mounds, hills, and mountains, sometimes in single families, sometimes in societies; they are extremely wealthy and people who have happened to catch sight of them in their homes, have seen them busy shoving about great chests full of gold and silver money, as well as jewels. They have a great dislike to noise, probably out of a recollection of Thor flinging his mighty hammer after them, but since church bells have become common in the country, the trolls have become less numerous.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

MY SCHOOL DAYS.

In these times of rapid and frequent changes, nothing is more noticeable, even in America, than the increased and increasing opportunities for the education of the people. In England, which for a century was behind Scotland, in its facilities for popular intellectual training, the strides made during the past generation have been enormous, even though much remains to be done. Hodge, in his school standard, is not yet abreast of Sandie, or his cousins Jonathan and Canuck, although he is surely getting there. In my boyhood's days, free or cheap public schools were scarce, and probably nine out of ten of school-going age who sought the services of the school-master, were indebted to private tuition for their stock of early knowledge. As a result, the children of the poor remained untaught, and not until recently have reforms been effected which tend to improve the condition of the workingman's son and daughter. My own experience affords a fair average of the instruction given to the middle class, and it may not be amiss to devote a few pages to telling what the character of such education was.

I was born before the passage of the Reform Bill which ushered in so many municipal improvements, and an Infant School had not found its way to the sleepy old Roman, Saxon, Mediaeval City which was my native place, although it arrived before I had doffed my first pinafore. A Grammar School, endowed in Catholic days, and conducted on ancient lines, and exclusive in its character, was kept open for the benefit of a chosen few. A Blue-coat School, or Christ's Hospital, founded by private benevolence in 1602, for twelve children, and ultimately, by further bequests, finding

accommodation for about one hundred scholars, was entered only through the door of official patronage. A National School, taught on the Lancaster or monitorial system, in a rather ineffective manner, under the control of State Church authorities, was the only approach to an institution open to the public, and extended its benefits to a limited number of a sect. Attendance on the week-days involved further attendance at the parish church on Sundays. The Wesleyans Methodists and Independents, in after years, attempted the formation of similar day-schools, and a Mechanics Institute established night-classes, while the Cathedral authorities gave secular education to a dozen or so of young choirster boys. And that exhausted the list of educational facilities of a public character. Private schools, of variable usefulness, necessarily did the work of instruction, and they were of all sorts and conditions, like the men and women who taught them.

I can vividly remember my first school, held in the living room of a remarkably ancient lady, whose recollections of infancy must have gone back to the days of Prince Charlie, and in whose face the lines of extreme old age had destroyed all traces of early beauty. A dozen very little folks,—fit subjects for a Kinder-garten, were ranged on stools in front of a smouldering fire even in summer days, and at their backs stood a mangle, a constant source of mystery and wonderment to the students. For body and soul of old Mrs. Holmes were kept together by the efforts of her buxom maiden daughter, of fifty at least, who took in washing and ironing, and briskly turned the mangle to the lively strain "I'd be a Butterfly." The washtub was in an outer apartment, and we had no very intimate acquaintance with it, but that mangle lives in the memory, and a

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liking for the smell of fresh linem has never forsaken me. Each scholar had a horn-book—a card-board with yellow back, upon which were printed, very legibly in fat characters, all the big and little letters of the alphabet, and by constant repetition we mastered them. At the same we acquired a fund of other information which still remains with me. Then was I told, and cannot now forget, that A was an Archer, and shot at a frog, and that B was a Butcher and had a big dog—an animal which afterwards bothered me in dreams and caused me dread in the dark. A partial knowledge of the Church Catechism was sought to be imparted, but the old lady's efforts in this direction were a miserable and deplorable failure. We lunched at noon, and played much of the time before and after that mid-day event, yet redolent in one's memory of bread and jam, in a pretty little garden at the back of the house, where bright and many colored stocks and wall flowers painted a picture upon the retina never to be effaced. Our school-marm had two teeth, one in the upper, and one in the lower jaw, and lived upon broth and beef. She easily despatched the one, but her ingenious efforts to dispose of the other, by an incomprehensible series of tugs, which tore slender shreds of meat still further apart, by the aid of those two incisors, was a constant source of wonder to the juvenile mind. Even now it is hard to conceive how she did it. Despite her carnivorous propensities, the old lady was really lovable, and when, early in the afternoon, a servant maid appeared, who regularly escorted me to and from my home, I kissed my ancient preceptress with fervor, although the twin teeth stared me in the face, and I formed an attachment for her, which, it romantic, has proved enduring. How long

my name was on her list of pupils is now an unfathomable secret, but when graduation came, my fifth birthday had not been reached, although all the letters of the alphabet had been imprinted upon my memory, and promotion to another school had become a matter of course.

Miss Smith was rather a mature young lady of accomplishment, tact, suavity, and deportment, and while "finishing" other young ladies of fewer years, devoted a portion of her valuable time to the cultivation of the virgin soil of the juvenile mind. Under her supervision, and that of her teachers, were acquired the first rudiments of the caligraphic art, surrounded by conditions which would now be regarded as peculiar. A pen, a hollow tube shaped like a tin whistle, was filled with sand, and in the hand of the pupil was slowly drawn over a smooth board tray, leaving the form of the letters—M or N, as the case might be,—fairly marked out, although often fearfully and wonderfully made. And when the tray was filled with these strange hieroglyphics, a vigorous shake gave a surface of sand upon which the now empty tin stylus made further wonderful marks. So was kept up a pereunial copy-book, without smudge mark of inky fingers, or hideous blots. And other appliances were equally ingenious, if not decidedly novel. To ensure a correct carriage of the body, a board was placed across the back, and through arms crooked for the purpose of receiving it, and a temporarily erect figure resulted. Toes were made to turn properly out by insertion of the feet, in a wooden framework, which brought the pedal extremities at the angle of those of a recruit standing in the first position of a soldier. A paper head-dress of conical shape, with sundry adornments, and generally

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known as a Fool's Cap was gracefully placed on the head of a misdemeanant, and if the weather proved to be fine, the crowned caput was ordered to be thrust out of a latticed window, as a fearful example to truant boys outside. There comes to me a clear recollection of the wearing of this ornament, and a keen enjoyment of the fresh air inspired, after the first five minutes of exposure had sufficed to wear off the shame and semi-terror of the exhibition. And there was in this pillery an advantage not possessed by those of official character much longer ago, for the school was in the third storey of an old Elizabethan building on a side of a steep ascent, and the most expert and evilly minded youth could not heave half a brick, or jerk even a pebble to the dizzy height at which the fool's cap appeared. Leaving this excellent Seminary—for it really deserved this title—another Dame's school received me, and there I wrestled fiercely with columns of spelling, and simple sums in addition, while devouring at home the veracious histories of Jack, the Giant-killer, the Seven Champions. Cinderella, and other similar heroes and heroines. Soon I was sufficiently advanced for the stricter discipline and harder work of a boy's school, and entered, with fear and trembling, an Academy for Youth presided over by a pedagogue adorned with short and bristly hair, and troubled with a shorter and fiercer temper. He had faith in leather as a provocative to mental exertion, and freely used it. He had less faith in "excuses" for late attendance, of which there appeared to be an epidemic at times, when the weather was extremely fine, and after prayers and reading in the Bible, there was a morning clearance of charges, in which the defendants were not represented by

Counsel. Punishments speedily and certainly followed conviction, and we went on for the balance of the hours, on the uneasy tenor of our way, through the entanglements of the Multiplication Table, the arithmetical difficulties of the Tutor's Assistant, the complexities of Murray's Grammar, the attractive novelties of Goldsmith History, and lessons in Reading and Writing. The most easy task to our preceptor was that of hearing Catechism, involving no explanation on his part, and nothing more than a bare exhibition of memory on that of the pupil. What it was all about I did not clearly know, but I wrestled long, in quiet moments, with the mystery of the Flesh and the Devil, believing one to be a piece of meat, and feeling assured that the other was a disreputable individual with cloven feet and a curiously constructed tail. Of course, I know better now, and merely allude to the matter for the purpose of illustrating the folly of forcing young children to memorize a formula of words without any attempt at conveying the meaning of them to the neophytes.

GRANDFATHER.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

CURLING.

FEBRUARY.

The Curling season has brought some surprises to the ardent followers of the "roarin' game," and it is satisfactory to know that the Rockwood Trophy at last rests quietly at home; in Rockwood for the first time in three years, and that too by a majority of shots so large, that in this age of close finishes, one wonders where they all came from. It is to Dennison's animated, if not to say frisky rink of colts, the great credit is due, and while the other fellows were holding their men, the colts were running up four ends and five ends, we had almost written six ends, with a regularity that was disgusting to the city curlers. The final record left Rockwood victors by 33. In the first round, Dennison, Cochrane, Carr, Potter, defeated Lesslie, Walkem, Cotton and Ogilvie, 36 to 9. Clarke, Davidson Forster, McCammon, defeated Stewart, Drury, Strachan, Dalton, by 19 to 11. In the second round, Dennison won by 26 to 13. Clarke lost by 27 to 12.

In the Eastern Tankard competition the same Rockwood Rinks played the renowned Pembrokes, and led them handsomely until the very last end, when Dame Fortune played one of her scurviest tricks, and by two of the most extraordinary and unkind flukes, lost the gamet to Rockwood by one little point, so small and undeserved that Dame Fortune should be ashamed of herself. The Pembroke curlers are a good lot of fellows though, and some other day the fickle Dame may smile on Rockwood as amiably as she did on the other curlers.

The Curlers are very quiet about the doings of the different members while away. It is said that Mr. Cochrane made a very brilliant speech at the banquet, but this is all that can be found out.

Stern January has gone unto her home,
Far in the frozen North where
Winter reigns,
'Mid endless ice, and February has
come
And spread the sky with purest,
clearest, blue.
Keen is the air without and fresh
and sharp,
And all the snow is new and fresh
and white,
But yet the great sun with increas-
ing heat,
Has tried to shed some warmth ;
an hour ago
Atoms of snow still floated back
and forth,
So light were they that when the
breezes brushed by,
It scattered them about like thistle
down,
Among the maple trees which were
decked out
No more with diamonds but with
milky pearls,
White, pearly frost, most lovely to
behold.
Few icicles if any can be seen,
And little ice, for the last fall of
snow
Covered it close and hid it from
the view.
For three good months the river
has not flowed,
But has remained all passive and
chained tight.
No birds are seen, yet all is fair
and cold,
Cold, cold and bright, and in the
hemlock woods,
Silence, except for the swift shiver
of wind
Among the branches of the ever-
greens,
And on the river silence and white
ice,
And in the hamlets, villages and
towns,
The silver shower of sleighbells
tinkling sweet,
And the new kindling sunshine
over all.
February, 1894. D. W. K.

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