



1885 213



The  
Rockwood  
Review.



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## The Rockwood Review.

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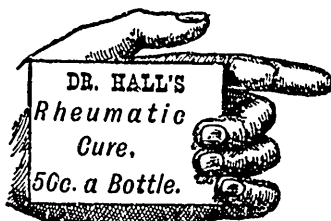
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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 4.

KINGSTON, MAY 1ST, 1898.

No. 3.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Tinsley, chief Game Warden, has promised to send several settings of pheasants eggs to Dr. Clarke, from Rondeau Park, in the hope that pheasants may be induced to live in the Hospital Grounds. A prominent Kingstonian has also promised to add Capercaillie from Scotland to the collection of desirable game birds.

Miss Marcella Gibson will succeed Miss Bella Trendell, who has resigned her position at Rockwood. Miss Trendell who is one of the most popular of the Officers in the Hospital, will be greatly missed. She has been extremely successful in conducting and developing amusements for the patients, and has been so enthusiastic in everything she has taken in hand, that her popularity is not to be wondered at. She has the best wishes of everyone, and all hope that she may have much happiness in her new undertaking.

Mrs. Peirce, Dr. Forster, Mrs. Forster and the whole staff of the Rockwood Review, took advantage of Easter rates and went west for the holiday season. All enjoyed their outing.

Bicycling for PLEASURE—that is making records on dusty roads—seems to be decidedly on the wane, and although people are using cycles more than ever, they are taken out more as a matter of convenience than anything else. This is their legitimate use, and used in their proper capacity, they will accomplish wonders for the human race, and prove of great physical benefit especially to women. While the tendency to overdo riding existed, bicycles were sometimes a menace to health.

Mr. E. Watson will occupy the position of Clinical Assistant during the summer.

Bad boys have destroyed some of the elm trees in the wilderness. The boys of the neighborhood are more than well treated, and no excuse for such vandalism can be found. If the offenders are discovered a sharp example will be made.

Miss Jaquith has been appointed Supervisor, vice Miss Nicholson, resigned.

Dame Rumor has it that a marriage licence has been purchased by one of Rockwood's remaining bachelors. The question is what will he do with it?

The Business Manager has a trim little cedar canoe which answers to the name Aloha—whatever that means.

It is an ill wind, &c.—While the Americans and Spanish are having their dispute about Cuba, Canadian carrying companies are reaping a rich harvest. Let us hope that the new trade secured will prove permanent. Portsmouth and Moers Co. have been extremely busy handling grain.

Congratulations to Mr. Irving Smart, who received his degree of B. A. last week. The Californian Colony will now be disbanded, much to the regret of the many friends the different individuals had in town.

Dr. Gage leaves for Riverside, Cal., in a day or so. Better not take out your naturalization papers for a week or two James, until the present unpleasantness blows over. Queen Victoria should be a good enough guardian of your interests for some time yet.

## The Rockwood Review.

The Rockwood Bicycle Club seems to have gone the way of many others, as far as the C. W. A. is concerned, although the *GLOBE* gives Mr. W. Shakespeare Shea credit for having cast some twenty-two ballots at the Annual Meeting. Billy denies the soft impeachment, and threatens to prosecute the impostor who represented him as President of the Rockwood Club. If the Rockwood Club does not belong to the C. W. A., it still has an existence, and claims many new members who are steadily practicing. One of the recruits, Mr. W. Fenwick, has gone in for trick riding, and can do several clever acrobatic performances, the most startling of which is going over an embankment fourteen feet high, without hurting himself or his wheel. Mr. Wm. Amey of Newcourt, is the happy possessor of a Brantford Redbird, and is said to be already able to wheel himself and a perambulator at one time. Others not quite so accomplished, would be quite content to wheel a perambulator alone.

Mr. Charles R. had a narrow escape from sudden death, while wheeling along the cinder path to Hatwood. He was spinning along at a rapid rate, the speed at which he was going heated the air within the pneumatic tire, as a result of which a violent explosion followed, throwing Charlie several yards into the air and causing the total collapse of the wheel. A yard of sticking plaster, and a new wheel with tire to suit, made up the damages to be paid for. It is the old story—it is not the miles we travel but the pace that kills.

Alderman McCammon has renounced the seductive pleasures of bicycling, and has purchased a phaeton and harness, and has called upon Officers Lawson and Bateson to help him to decide on the merits of a Rozinante to fit said harness and phaeton. Hugh Lawson had much experience on the Texan plains with Bronchos, and is a

capital judge of a horse, while Mr. Bateson has associated so long with Hugh that he knows a thing or two. Ald. McCammon has despised the local horse judges, since some of them discovered a spavin on a certain horse, and could not agree in regard to the leg it was on.

Miss Mary Nicholson, for many years connected with the Nursing Staff at Rockwood, has resigned. She leaves many warm friends behind.

Misses Macdonald and Ahearn, recently ill, have quite recovered.

Miss Maude Stoness leaves for Stoness' Corners in a few days.

Another local engagement is reported, and a wedding is said to be on the tapis for an early date.

Mr. Ed. Beaupre has come across the nests of six pairs of Shore Larks this spring. This is a remarkable record.

The migration of black ducks took place about the 15th, and is the largest seen in years. Nearly a thousand were counted in less than an hour at the Cataract Bridge.

Yellow-bellied Woodpeckers and Juncos passed north in immense numbers about April 17th, and the white-rumped Shirke was found breeding in the middle of April, at least two weeks before its usual date.

Poultry raising is becoming quite a fad among our local enthusiasts. Mr. Coxworthy talks learnedly of Langshans, Mr. Dehaney is the authority on Plymouth Rocks, Mr. W. Potter knows a thing or two about Indian games, C. M. Clarke poses as a raiser of early chickens and "cluckling" hens, while Mrs. Ross is the advisory board of the whole collection.

Mrs. Potter has the sympathy of her many friends in the loss of her brother.



## The Rockwood Review.

On April 6th the last Curling Match of the season was held, and was truly a remarkable thing, in view of the previous mild weather. On April 5th, Mr. W. Cochrane skipped a match against Kingston, the city visitors winning in the last end by one point. It is now in order for the oldest inhabitant to tell us that, forty years ago, good curling ice was to be had on the Queen's Birthday.

Shore Larks were found breeding on April the 3rd, in fact a nest found at this date had eggs nearly fully incubated. At Lansdowne, the Rev. C. J. Young found nests in the latter part of March. The true history of the shore larks of this district has not yet been written, and some interesting discoveries are yet to be made, Dr. Clarke is of the opinion that the variety which breeds so early here is that known as the Prairie Horned Lark.

April the first was prolific of the usual number of practical jokes, and new varieties of well worn methods of deception were introduced. Some original larks were also perpetrated. One chronic joker found his way to the laundry, and essayed some of the time honored problems without marked success. Finding his way of escape blocked, he endeavored to effect a retreat by means of the steam lift. By some mysterious process the lift, like Mahomet's coffin, became suspended between heaven and earth, and then rain began to fall. History was made rapidly for fully ten minutes, and our friend is now writing an exciting story called "Life in a Laundry Lift," or what I know about practical joking.

Swallows were seen on April 7th, about the usual date of their arrival.

The first Hepaticas were found on April the 11th. This is unusually early.

April 9th, the boys inaugurated the swimming season. They say the lake water is still chilly, and we can easily believe the statement.

Local boat owners are taking great interest in the prospect of a long and bloody war between Spain and the United States, and Uncle Sam can have anything he wants for torpedo boats (at reasonable prices), from among the hulks going to decay about Kingston. Newspaper jokes have made people so sceptical regarding the sea going qualities of Uncle Sam's battle ships, that an impression has gone abroad that "any old thing will do." If Spain makes the same mistake, she may get into trouble, in the meanwhile it is a question if Uncle Sam is not making too light of even weak little Spain's navy. War is a fine thing theoretically, but becomes anything but amusing when people begin to get killed. It is very interesting to hear Canadian opinion on the recent crisis. As a rule it is not flattering to either side, although events have been watched with keenest interest. Some think the day is not far distant when the disruption of the United States as at present constituted will commence.

The Magpie that Clarence Wheeler and C. M. Clarke saw on March 12, turned out to be a genuine American Magpie—the first recorded in the eastern part of Ontario. Two of these birds have been shot here and sent to the taxidermist.

## The Rockwood Review.

### THE OLD GARDENER.

Always I saw him there  
Among the flowery race,  
The frost in his silver hair  
And the wrinkles in his face :  
The days are soft and fair,  
And the plants that knew his care  
Are green, and thrive apace,  
I miss him from the place.

Early amid the dew,  
And morning mists his feet  
The fields and pastures knew,  
And garden blossoms sweet.  
The waste and wild lands grew  
Golden with sun-kissed wheat,  
And roses and pinks and rue  
Sprang up his hands to greet.

He sowed the seeds and grain,  
And watched in sun and rain  
The daily miracle of birth and growing, —  
Red peonies, and lilies blowing ;  
Along the wall tall hollyhocks,  
Blue periwinkles, purple stocks,  
And all the homely flowers he knew,  
Daisies, and starry asters grew,  
And rows of ribbon-grasses set  
With marygolds and mignonette.

The timid grass bird did not fly  
From her low nest when he came by,  
The goldfinch and the throstle came,  
And the oriole with his breast of flame  
And year by year built in his trees :  
Their curious bright eyes surveyed  
Each sod uplifted by his spade ;  
They gathered fearless round his knees,  
And delved and foraged quite at ease,  
Beside him unafraid.

Lilies and roses blow  
Above his quiet head,  
He will not hear nor know  
In his low bed.  
Something of love and grace  
With that old kindly face  
Is missing from the place  
Since he is dead.

K. S. McL.

## The Rockwood Review.

### LETTERS.

JERUSALEM,

February, 26, 1898.

My dear Editors:—

The remembrance of my promise to write something descriptive of the East for the pages of the *Rockwood Review*, has been quickened by a recent reminder into the present attempt to fulfill my engagements. Being neither a botanist, a geologist, a zoologist, or even an amateur photographer, but simply a parson and a doctor, I cannot help feeling that the literary perscription resulting from such a combination must find many incompatibles among your readers. Nevertheless if it is taken strictly according to order in small continued doses, I have no doubt that you will all ultimately survive the form of administration. Still do not be frightened by a few alarming symptoms after taking the first dose, many of the most effective drugs are also the most disagreeable during the process of assimilation. Since all perscriptions whether literary or medical must have a beginning, a middle and an end, bearing a definite and important relation to each other, I must endeavor to arrange the constituent elements of the present form in such a manner that it may be intelligible to the editors as dispensers, and agreeable to the readers as recipients. With that object in view, I think that in successive articles I had better try to tell you a little concerning the land, **GEOLOGY**; the plants and flowers, **BOTANY**; the insects, reptiles, animals and birds, **NATURAL HISTORY**; and finally describe the customs, habits and traditions of the native people, concluding with a brief sketch of what we are trying to do for them through our medical mission work. But before proceeding further, I want to premise one statement which is, that not being learned in any of the above ologies, you must not expect technical descriptions of either birds, beasts

or flowers, but only the unobtrusive observations of one who loves to mark the wonders and beauties of the universe around him. On our way from Constantinople we sailed down the whole length of the coasts of Syria and Palestine, from Alexandretta in the extreme north east corner of the Levant, to Jaffa, the port of landing for Jerusalem. Many hundreds of years ago, the greatest poet of the Hebrew people noticed one of the features of this coast, which must have impressed every careful observer who has since paid it a visit. In one of his poems speaking of the great waters, and then referring to the Creator, he said, "Thou hast set them their bounds which they shall not pass, neither turn again to cover the earth." The force and aptness of this conception is not sufficiently perceived when applied to the litoral of other countries. Here for the most part, whether in the old or the new world, we see a constant change in the relations of the "waters and the dry land," the alluvial deposits brought down by the rivers and streams, fill up the estuaries, form deltas, and frequently change the course of the river itself. In other countries also the elements seem to commingle to a certain extent, the waters by the continued action of wind, storm and ocean currents, wears away the coast line, forming deep bays, gulfs, narrow straits and inlets, while on the other hand rocky promintories project far into the sea, as though bidding an eternal defiance to its rage and power. For example the River Cnidus, in which Alexander the Great nearly lost his life while bathing, flows today into the sea about a mile and a half further to the west than it did when the Apostle Paul lived upon its banks in the City of Tarsus. One of the Chaldees, in the days of Abraham, a sea-port upon the Persian Gulf, has now been identified with a group of rivers situated several miles inland, the earthy materials

## The Rockwood Review.

brought down by the mighty "Shat-el-Arab" having forced back the waters of the great deep. All readers of English history know that at the time of the Roman Conquest, the treacherous "Goodwin Sands" were united to the adjacent coast of Keut. It is not so with the coast of Syria and Palestine. Since the times of the Patriarchs and before it has when viewed from the sea, presented the same unbroken and unchanging aspect. From Alexandretta to Port Said there is not a single natural harbour, and scarcely a safe anchorage on the coast. Jaffa is an open roadstead of the most dangerous description. Haifa is not much better. The harbour at Beyrout is almost if not entirely artificial. The havens which sheltered the trading fleets of ancient Tyre, Sidon, Antioch and Caesarea, were not natural formations but immense products of the indomitable patience and labour of man, whose ruins now attest the engineering skill attained in the days of the Horanis, Herods and Caesars. When we come to describe the physical features of the interior, we find that the country may be naturally divided into four great tracts, differing widely in their characteristics, and running parallel to each other from north to south, two of them to the west of the Jordan and one to the east, the fourth being the Jordan Valley itself. Stretched along the coast there is the maritime plain to which the name Canaan, meaning "lowland," was originally applied. In its southern and widest part, this plain was formerly known as Philistia. The site of the great Philistine cities of Ashdod, Gaza and Ashelon. From Jaffa to Carmel it becomes the familiar "Plain of Sharon," and north of Carmel the plain curves inland around the shallow Bay of Acre, and takes the same name. A few miles from Acre we have that famous ascent known as the "Ladder of Tyre," beyond which it is called the "Plain of Phoenicia." The fertility of this

lowland strip has been the pride and wealth of its possessors from time immemorial, but I must leave the discussion of its products until I come to that part of our perscription. From the plain rises the central mountainous ridge of limestone formation. This mountain chain commences, as far as our present description is concerned, with the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon separated by the deep cleft of Coele-Syria, and the latter crowned with the glorious snowy crest of Hermon. Falling to a lower level these are continued north as the hills of Galilee, then in order the mountains of Samaria or Ephraim, and the Hill country of Judea, which breaking up into the rolling expanse known as the "Regeb" or the south Snilus, away into the wilderness and desert of Sinai. There are however two very remarkable breaks in the continuity of this central mountainous ridge. The first one is at Rablus which represented the ancient Shechem, and is situated in the narrow and deep valley between the Mounts of Blessing and Cursing, Bhal and Gerizim (Joshua viii. 32-35). These opposing giants tower up on both sides of the little valley, but from the same house on the outskirts of the town, I was able looking west to see the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and turning east to admire the Hills of Gilead beyond Jordan. This I think is a sufficient indication of the decisive character of the first division in the range. About eight hours or thirty miles north of Rablus occurs the second and very wonderful division, which interferes not only with the continuity of the central mountains, but also with that of the maritime plain. Here one could imagine that some mighty cyclops had in a fit of ungovernable fury, seized approximately twenty miles of the massive limestone ridge, and with one stupendous effort twisted it almost at right angles to its former course, planting it down across the maritime plain and leaving it facing the

## The Rockwood Review.

sea, as the bold and breezy upland of Mount Carmel. The depression left by this wrenching of the foundation is the Plain of Osdraelon or Megiddo, known to many historians as the world's great battlefield. The cyclops however apparently left his task in the unfinished condition, usually noticeable about work done in a rage. He was evidently so blinded with passion, that he made a mistake in his measurements, and so we find that the dislocated Carmel section is not quite long enough to reach from the sea to the central ridge, consequently there is an easy pass left here, which in olden times formed the favorite route of armies passing between the plains of Sharon and Osdraelon. It was by this depression that the Philistine hosts came up to attack Saul and Jonathan, encamped on the neighboring slopes of Gilboa. But when we ask, what did the cyclops with the pieces which should have filled up this gap? we find them as fragmentary spurs projecting into the plain of Osdraelon. From the mountains of Samaria on the south is thrown forward the brown ridge of Mount Gilboa, the scene of the death of Israel's first king, and his hero son the bosom friend of David. Surely nothing more touching was ever written than the dirge which clothes this bare upland with pathos and feeling.

Ye Mountains of Gilboa.

Let there be no dew nor rain upon you, neither fields of offerings.

For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away.

The shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty.

The bone of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives.

And in their death they were not divided,

They were swifter than eagles.

They were stronger than lions.

The opposing spurs projecting

from the hills of Galilee are Tabor and Little Hermon. As Gilboa represents defeat and overthrow, so these are associated with victory and triumph; for it was from Tabor that Barak descended with his hardy hill tribesmen to the utter destruction of Sisera and the Canaanitish hosts of Jabui King of Hazor. The plain of Acre, or as it may be called, the maritime section of Osdraelon, is cut off from the inland portion by a comparatively low ridge of hills, extending from the highlands of Galilee to join the Carmel range. Two well-known rivers, the Belus, and that ancient river, the River Kishon, waters this fruitful plain, and flow westward into the Great Sea. The Belus rises in the foothills of Galilee, and discharges its waters near the ancient town of Acre. The Kishon has its source in the gap between Carmel and the Samaritan mountains, and rushes a turbulent, treacherous stream into northern part of the Bay.

Since the above completes a brief outline of the two first of the four main physical features of the country, I think that I had better consider it sufficient for one dose, and ask you to report upon the effect of the same; I for my part agreeing, if the report is favorable, to fulfill the duty of a good physician, and proceed to the administration of a second. In the meanwhile, wishing the REVIEW all the success it so richly deserves,

I am very sincerely yours,  
S. GOULD.

## The Rockwood Review.

### SWEET SALLY SALTER.

Sally Salter, was a teacher who taught,  
And her friend, Charlie Church, a young preacher who praught  
(Though his enemies called him a screecher who scaught.)  
His heart when he saw her kept sinking, and sunk ;  
And his eye, meeting hers, kept winking, and wunk ;  
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking, and thunk.  
He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,  
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,  
And what he was longing to do he doed.  
The secret he wanted to speak then he spoke—  
To seek with his lips what his heart had long soke  
So he managed to let truth leak out and it loke.  
He a-ked her to ride to the church and they rode,  
And so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode.  
Till they came to the place to be tied and were toed.  
Then "homeward," he said, "let us drive," and they drove ;  
And as soon as they wished to arrive they arrove,  
For whatever she could not contrive, he controve.  
The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole ;  
At the feet he was longing to kneel then he knole ;  
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."  
So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,  
While Time in swift circuit kept winging and wung.  
But sad was the time he was bringing and brung.  
The man Sally wanted to catch and had caught—  
That she wanted from others to snatch and had snaught,  
Was the one she now liked to fight and had fought.  
So Charlie's warm love began freezing and froze,  
And he now took to teasing and cruelly tose  
The girl he had loved to be squeezing and squoze.  
"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him and left,  
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft?"  
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft."

### MY FIDDLE.

My fiddle? Well, I kind o' keep her handy don't you know?  
Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow  
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,  
And my fingers was more limber-like and caperish and spry.  
Yet I plonk and plunk and plink,  
And tune her up and play,  
And just lean back and laugh and wink  
At every rainy day.  
My playin's only middlin'—tunes I picked up when a boy—  
The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' the folks call corduroy :  
"The old fat gal" and "Ryestraw" and "My sailor's on the sea"  
Is the cowntillions that I saw when the choice is left to me,  
And so I plunk and plunk and plink,  
And rosum up my bow,  
And play the tunes that make you think  
The devil's in your toe.  
That's how this dear old fiddle's won my heart's endurin' love!  
From the strings across the middle to the screechin' up above—  
From her apern, over bridge, and to the ribbon round the throat,  
She's a woo'n'-coo'n pigeon, singin' "Love me" every note!  
And so I pat her neck and plink  
Her strings with lovin' hands,  
And list'nin' clost, I sometimes think  
She kind o' understands!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## The Rockwood Review.

### GRANDFATHER'S CORNER. CURACAO AGAIN!

The Canadian correspondent from whose letters we extracted, for our last number, an admirable description of a trip to the tropics, has furnished us with a further instalment of his experiences. We left him on the street cars in the city of Curacao, and continue his observations from that point:—Behind the city lie rugged hills, before it is the sea. An arm of the ocean, a stone's throw wide, enters and divides the city into the old Town, and the Jew quarter, or city proper. The boat lands its passengers, after passing through an opening in a swaying punt bridge, at a stone quay lined with natives, when the quaint oddity and yet strange beauty of the houses at once attract the attention of the new-comer. The buildings are generally of two storeys, usually square in form, the roofs being of a thousand shapes and colors. Tiles of the most primitive type are the only covering. All hues of the rainbow are seen in one roof, while some positive tint distinguishes the next. The effect of such a mixture of varied coloring from rust and paint, of quaint form, and unusual material, presented to us a picture of which I am able to give but a faint outline. Place these varied coverings upon walls of a brittle red brick here, and of sun-dried adobe there, and of colored plaster elsewhere, perforate these walls sparsely with small windows roundly arched at top, pierce them with doorways in which swing heavily bolted doors of massive timber and iron, telling of jealous protection; let every building project upon and fairly elbow the street, and you have a reproduction of some town of mediæval and Moorish Spain, and must let your imagination fill in details. The open and glassless window of the lower storey was its redeeming feature. It enables the passer-by to take in every interior, and gives the free air of heaven to

the occupants of the house. Every window has its heavy iron cross bars, and a swinging shutter of Josephian coloring.

Leaving our boat, we clamber up a side street, and look upon the business avenue. We have another Broadway before us in name, if in no other particular, as a Flemish sign upon a corner tells us. It is well paved with cobble-stones in the centre, and has an elevated walk at either side for foot passengers. The sidewalks are wide enough for one pedestrian, and the streets are just wide enough for two burro carts to meet when all else is clear, and the hubs of the carts jostle on one side the windows of the houses, and on the other the passing neighbor. Burros, elsewhere known as Jackasses, alone are used for traffic, some with carts attached, not omitting the warning bells of doubtful tone; others with saddles twice their own size, and a man, boy or negress astride with feet trailing on the pavement, or perched over the ears of the patient animal. The narrow streets are lined with Hollanders and negroes, and there are many women bearing heavy bundles upon their heads in a marvellously clever manner. A peep into the interior of some of the inferior dwellings was not soul-inspiring. A conglomeration of packages of unnameable groceries, bunches of onions, mangroves, olives, bananas, jules of oranges and lemons, arranged on boards in tempting display, invited the attention of the passerby. He was offered bargains in vegetables by a handsome street monger, in prices to us a mystery. As a lesson in numismatics, we secured a set of Curacaon coins, and invested some in the purchase of a dozen photographic views from a Spanish negro artist, and which were fair specimens of his skill.

Old To-Morrow would have felt very much a home in Curacao. Nothing is done to-day by the natives. Everything is "Manana, manana, manana," meaning to-

## The Rockwood Review.

Article on Curacao continued on next page.

**BIRTH.**—At Toronto, April 14th, the wife of Thos. Millman, M.D., of a daughter.

About the middle of April a large lynx was shot in D. MacKenzie's grounds. The lynx is now a rare animal even in the wilds of Ontario, and that one should be shot in a city is remarkable.

Miss I. M. Walker, Matron of the D. and D. Institute, Belleville, visited Rockwood recently.

Miss Elsie Lockie, of Toronto, is visiting Mrs. C. E. Cartwright, Portsmouth, and Miss Marcella Gibson, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. C. K. Clarke, Rockwood.

Inspector Christie paid an official visit to Rockwood in the middle of April, and found everything in apple-pie order.

Now that war has broken out between Spain and the United States, the daily newspapers have little difficulty in filling their columns with reports of the most contradictory character. One thing is evident to every Canadian, that the Americans are bound to have a "scrap" at any cost, just why no one can exactly make out, unless it is that they are anxious to find out just how good their navy is. There can be little glory for our cousins in the adventure with such a decayed Monarchy as Spain, and unless she does things up in the most artistic and finished manner possible, she has much to lose in the way of prestige. It takes a good deal to make a legitimate excuse for war at any time, and if the Americans really want to fight for glory and empty honor, they should get a foeman worthy of their STEAL, (for that is the way it will be spelled when they annex Cuba)—say France, or Germany,

or even lively little Japan. These nations are strictly up to date, and would give them a trial that would be a first class test of their fighting skill. When the fifty per cent of Cubans who want to be free are liberated, the question comes up what is to be done with the other fifty per cent who are in power at present? Possibly Uncle Sam will have another fight in time to free them, that is if he is as innocent of annexation ideas as he professes to be; in the meanwhile the question, what is the fight about in reality, is as difficult of answer as the time honored one, who struck Billy Patterson? In the meanwhile the American Eagle has ceased to scream at the British Lion, the Behring Seal Award is paid, John Bull pats Brother Jonathan on the back, and everything is lovely for the present, except in the offices of some of the American fire-eating journals, who declare that as soon as they get through with Spain, they will turn their attention to the north, and gobble up Canada, as a sort of a wind up to a satisfying meal of territorial acquisition by divine right. After a while it will be discovered that Christopher Columbus came over on the Mayflower.—Why not?

**LOST OR STOLEN.**—At Medical Convocation, a new silk M. D. hood, of beautiful red and white silk; can be identified, as it has been photographed on several occasions. This hood was of very different quality from that substituted for it, intentionally or unintentionally, as the case may be. The person returning it will be suitably rewarded or punished as is thought necessary. Apply to one of the recent graduates at Rockwood.

Mr. Moffat and Miss Moffat, of Carleton Place, were interested spectators at Convocation. "Billy" did himself justice with the valedictory, and wears his honors modestly. The same may be said of Dr. Gage.



## The Rockwood Review.

morrow. This is the one striking characteristic which attracts the attention of the northerner. Climate has much to do with morals, and a cool breeze and necessity are not without their uses.

To get across a bridge of boats and planks to the town proper, we were taxed two Holland cents, of which twenty-five are worth a nickel. Had we taken off our shoes, we could have gone across for one cent. The punishment is made to fit the crime, it is to be presumed, and the aristocrat who wears leather, has to be made to share the burdens of the workers. One tenth of the people here wear sandals of wood having a thong of leather and knot between the greater toes to hold the toe parts on while the heel flaps. The remainder go barefoot, and hideous, black and dirty feet are owned by men, women, girls and boys.

The Jewish quarter was somewhat cleaner and more prosperous in appearance than the other sections of the city. But a wealth of color prevailed here as elsewhere. Smooth plaster and tinted houses were the types. The Jews were undistinguishable from the negroes. Some houses were really pretty and luxuriously furnished, and mostly of one or two storeys. The people are very immoral, when viewed from our standpoint, so much so in fact, that the worst form of vice is advertized in signs of monstrous letters. Along the street, no projecting sign impeded the view, but flat on the smooth plaster walls of the shops, hung letters and words—Hollandaise—conveying to the reader a knowledge of the occupation of the owner. The houses and streets are numbered. No American names appeared, and we met in this quarter but one North American—a veritable Yankee—who had ventured so far south with his "Greatest Show on Earth," and erected a large circus tent on the principal plaza. We wondered whether the jokes of the clown were to be given

in the Hollandaise or Spanish tongue.

We met a detachment of native negro and Holland soldiers on the bridge, all in charge of a drunken Lieutenant. They did not pretend to "keep time," and every soldier smoked a cigarette, and carried a knotted paper strand, used in dashing off the flies,—which, strange to say, did not "bodder I." They lazily dragged their rusty guns after them upon the ground. Their uniforms, of blue and gaudy red, seemed as if they had been mired in the mud of centuries, and hung limp and loose. We threw stones at them—goodness knows why—as a proof of our disgust. Entering the fort, we found the buildings massive but rotten, built of decaying brick and plastered in imitation of stone. Negroes were lying flat on the pavement attempting to patch it, soldiers, in duty white cotton uniforms, Hollanders in soiled linen and costly silk hats, lolled about in the intense heat. Across the narrow harbour, lay the Philadelphia and Venezuela steamships. Beside them were British merchantmen of steel, being laden and unladen. Several British men-of-war called at the port that day, but hurriedly rushed off to sea again, on account of the presence of yellow fever upon the island.

Going aboard "The Venexuela" in the afternoon, to avoid the sweltering tropical heat, we found the view of the harbour one of astounding variety and life. Hundreds of "double ender" row boats, and flat bottom sculling crafts, were hurried hither and thither, each bearing barrels and bales. Naked negroes sat perched aloft on the dirty merchandise, while behind in the water, a shoal of little swimmers fought each other for the chance droppings of fruits from the craft. The stone quay was lined and underlined with hordes of negresses, uglier even than their hideous husbands. Beneath the outer staircases of the warehouses hung bundles of rags. Presently a

## The Rockwood Review.

line of intensely black negroes, scarred, dried and distorted in flush, hurried down the steps of a dozen houses fronting the piers. Arriving on the ground, they scrambled for their respective bundles of clothing, and there was none so rich as to own more garments than a hat shirt and trousers, and all of these in a sadly tattered condition. It is easy to imagine the disgust with which we watched them dress in their filthy rags, and then come aboard and proceed to unload our vessel. And that boating was intensified, when a half dozen negroes with scarred arms, horned feet, withered limbs, shaved heads and features indescribable but even more nauseating, came aboard to solicit aid. While awaiting the unloading of our ship, we amused ourselves by throwing pennies and nickles unto the dock for the natives. Men and women, girls and boys, were all in a tangled scrimmage for five minutes at a time in search of one penny. Dogs, goats, hens and hogs, intermingled with the crowd, for stale baker's bread, old women's pastry, planter's fruits and grocer's eggs were tumbled about in the delightful confusion. Here a negro was hurled into the water, there a naked savage was pulled out, and still the shower of pennies rolled on. Tired of this dry-land function, we tempted the treasure hunters into the water. A dozen boys swam and dived for coins, for more than an hour, and not a cent was lost. But the best of friends must part. Once more our good ship was moving slowly from the dock, and we were soon sailing out of the harbour. The scene was an impressive one. As the guns fired a parting salute from the stone fort, we took a last view of the city, nestled on the slope to the sea. Nothing could exceed the beauty of that scene, colors commingled in kaleidoscopic brilliancy and beauty, while shapes varied as do the clouds, and we saw nothing that was not gay, fascinating,

strange, quaint and delightful. Truly there is but one Curacao.

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### BROAD-WINGED HAWK.

BUTEO LATISSIMUS.

The Broad-winged Hawk inhabits eastern North America from New Brunswick and the Saskatchewan River, ranging south through the United States, east of the Great Plains, to Middle America, West Indies, and northern South America. It migrates in September and October from the region north of latitude 40° and winters from this point southward. In March and early in April it again passes north, often in considerable flocks. It breeds throughout the eastern United States as far north as the limit of its range.

The food of this Hawk consists principally of insects, small mammals, reptiles, and batrachians, and occasionally of young or disabled birds. A specimen secured by the writer in May, just after a shower, was gorged with large earth worms. In spring, when toads frequent ponds to spawn, it devours large numbers of them, and later in the season it is a not uncommon occurrence to see an individual with a frog or snake dangling from its talons.

Mr. Maynard mentions seeing one of these birds attack and kill an adult brown thrush. The writer considers this a very exceptional event, for from his own observations and those of other ornithologists, it is an undeniable fact that the Broad-winged Hawk rarely attacks birds, and when it does they are generally young just from the nest. In the woods the small birds pay little attention to this Hawk and show no fear in its presence. Mr. James W. Hark found the remains of three unduged thrushes in the stomach of one killed near St. John, New Brunswick.

Among mammals the smaller squirrels and wood mice are most frequently taken.

## The Rockwood Review.

During August and September a considerable portion of the food consists of the larvæ of certain large moths which are common at this season, notably those of the elm spinix, of the Cecropian moth, and of the Polyphemus moth, and it is the exception not to find their remains in the stomachs examined. Grasshoppers, crickets and beetles are also greedily devoured.

The following quotations bear on the subject of this hawk's food:

Audubon says: "In the stomach of this bird I found wood frogs, portions of small snakes, together with feathers, and the hair of several small specimens of quadrupeds."

Mr J. W. Preston says: "Their food consists of small squirrels, frogs, and in fact any small quarry easily captured. Never have I known them to molest the poultry."

Mr. J. G. Wells, speaking of the bird in the West Indies, says. "Numerous; feed on lizards, rats, snakes, young birds, etc., and occasionally makes a raid on the poultry yard."

Dr. F. W. Langdon says. "The stomach of a specimen of this hawk taken at Madisonville in April, 1877, contained the greater part of the skeleton and hair of a small wood mouse, a lizard about six inches, and ten or twelve small beetles, with numerous elytra of the same."

Dr. B. H. Warren gives the following: "In twelve specimens examined by myself, four revealed mice; three, small birds; four, frogs; one, killed the 22d of May, 1882, was gorged with crayfish, with which were traces of coleopterous insects."

The only act of the Broad-winged Hawk which seems injurious to agriculture is the killing of toads and small snakes; the former of which are exclusively insect eaters, the latter are very largely so. In one respect its enormous value ranks above all other birds, and that is in the destruction of immense numbers of injurious larvæ of large moths, which most birds

are either unable or disinclined to cope with. The good service it does should insure it the protection extended to the other BUTEOS.

The nest, which is placed in a fork of either an evergreen or deciduous tree, usually is not over 25 feet from the ground, though occasionally it is situated in the tops of the highest trees. Sometimes this hawk appropriates the deserted nests of some other bird, notably that of the crow, or even uses for a foundation the outside canopy of the squirrel. The nest which averages a little larger than that of the crow, is composed of dead sticks and lined with strips of bark, or with dry or green leaves. The eggs, of which the complement is usually two or three, are deposited from the middle to the latter part of May, consequently this species is among the latest of the hawks to breed. The male assists in incubating the eggs as well as in the duties pertaining to bringing up the young.

Of all our Hawks this species seems to be the most unsuspecting, often allowing a person to approach within a few yards of it, and when started flies but a short distance before it alights again. During the early summer the Broad-winged Hawk often may be seen sitting for hours on the dead top of some high tree. At other times it is found on the smaller trees in the deep woods, along streams, or on the ground, where its food is more often procured. Although sluggish and unusually heavy in its flight, it is capable of rapid motion and sometimes soars high in the air. One of its notes resembles quite closely that of the wood pewee.

### DESCRIPTION,

Wing less than 13.50 inches. Middle toe shorter than naked portion of leg in front. Above dusky brownish; below brownish dull, more or less broken by white spotting; belly white, barred with dull rufous, tail blackish, crossed by bands of gray or brownish white.

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