

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, AUGUST 1ST, 1895.

No. 6.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Rockwood is nothing if not leading in the way of sports, and when it takes hold of anything, it goes into it with a whole heartedness that is to be commended. The Bicycle craze has struck here at last, although the first symptoms developed last summer. A bicycle club with fifteen members has been organized, and practice hours are put at a time when they do not interfere with business, viz, 3 a. m. and 9 p. m. A cinder path has been constructed in the back avenue, and members practice with regularity and assiduity. The senior members of the club have bought one Spartan machine at a reduced rate, and wear a taking costume with pneumatic protective pads prominently placed. Next year when bicycles are cheap many investments will be made, in the mean while Mr. T. McCammon having learned to ride well will continue to advertise the Club during daylight hours. The junior members will as usual borrow the bicycles belonging to the Nurses until they can do better.

The Valkyrie and Defender may quarrel over the yachting supremacy of the world, but they can never arouse the same enthusiasm as a matched race between the Minstrel and Viola. Yes the war has broken out in a new place, and every Saturday for six weeks will see sailing races off the Rockwood Dock between skiffs 21 feet and under, yachts of the Viola Minstrel class, and possibly a matched race between the Hustler and Defiance. Possibly fourteen or fifteen boats will take part, and some exciting races are sure to result.

PERSONALS.—Miss Mary Smart, Miss Olive Secord, and Master Norman Lockie of Toronto, are visiting Rockwood House. Mrs. Ashcroft, of Montreal, Miss M. Osborne, of Charlottetown, Mr. G. Peirce, of Vancouver, and Miss Fuller, of Hamilton, were guests at Rockwood Hospital. Miss Addie Lonergan is visiting Charlotte.

Rockwood has had a christening, and two handsome young clinicals are immensely tickled over the fact that the baby has been named after them. As yet we have not determined whether the compliment is in favor of the baby or the young gentlemen. Miss Theresa Gallaher and Mr. Jock Harty stood as sponsors for the child, nearly the whole Staff were present at the ceremony. Under such circumstances Master Jacobus Johannes as the baby was named, could not do otherwise than conduct himself with propriety, and if the little one realizes all the good wishes expressed at the christening party, he will have an illustrious career.

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and for which he would not take five fifties. He could repair violins as well as make them. He had an inherent gift that way. He could make any piece of furniture or any instrument of wood. His Honour said that upon the evidence he could not believe that plaintiff taught defendant to make violins, but it had been proved that both defendant and his son had been taught how to play the fiddle. He therefore gave judgment for £3 10s. less 3s. 6d., which he allowed on the counter claim.

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Miss Wyatt Trendell, Organist and Musical Director of the Institution near Kingston, is paying her father Mr. Trendell, leader of the 30th Battalion Band, a short visit. This young lady is a musician of high order, and also a composer of considerable note.—Guelph Mercury.

The Granites' Base Ball Club have been winning laurels for themselves by having lost no games this season. They have played nine games, their last being with the Ottawas, the score being 6, 2, in favor of the home team. Their battery, Messrs. Robinson and Elliott making a most creditable showing, and our Mr. Dehaney must get the credit of being one of the best men on the team.

The WEEK has published a favorable review of Miss Dorothy Knight's poems, and has made the discovery that Canada has another poet. We are pleased that the Week has written such a satisfactory notice, although it should have done so long ago, as Miss Knight has been far more deserving of praise than many who have obtained space for their productions in the Week.

The Tennis Matches, Rockwood vs. City, have been very one-sided, and the score up to date stands.

	Rockwood.	City.
Games,	138	113
Sets,	16	11

Dr. J. M. Forster and wife have left for a three weeks fishing expedition. Dr. Webster has returned from his holiday trip. Dr. Clarke spent a day last week in Montreal, examining F. C. Shortis, who is said to be insane.

Next issue an interesting installment of Natural History Notes, by Mr. Yates, will appear.

In the vicinity of Kingston the Butcher bird, or Northern Shrike, is as usual present in great numbers, although few persons notice this beautiful bird. It is probable that the many thorn trees in the neighborhood make this an attractive spot, as the thorn trees are used as nesting places, as well as for spiking the numberless beetles and grasshoppers caught in the summer. In the winter the English Sparrow takes the place of the beetles.

Lake Ontario Park still continues to attract thousands of visitors, and is undoubtedly the most popular resort in Kingston.

The first of the boat races took place on Saturday, and owing to the darkness of the day few boats turned up, although next Saturday they will be out in full force. The first contest was between the Flirt and Thistle—the enterprising Bus. Manager at the stick in the Flirt, Norman Lockie as first mate. Geo. Coxworthy and W. Stewart as ballast and advisory committee. Messrs. Beaupre, Sullivan and Smith handled the Thistle. The start was a pretty one, but the Flirt managed to get a good lead, and kept it until the finishing line was crossed. The bantam crew then got excited and held a water carnival "a la Barnum & Bailey," Coxey getting the record for the best dive. When the Minstrel and Viola lined up, the Minstrel looked as pretty as a picture, and certainly sailed as she never sailed before—was well handled, and gave a good account of herself, finishing only three minutes behind the Viola on the first round. Owing to a misunderstanding she did not go around the second time, or she might possibly have got the verdict, as the weather was to her liking, and her topsail doing great work.

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CAMP AND CANOE.

LETTER 4.

LAKE KAHPEKOG,

Nov. 6, 1894.

Dear Sam,-- The weather is getting decidedly colder, but we still take the inevitable plunge, and hear Joe and Parit chuckle very audibly when they see us puffing like juvenile grampuses. Joe the Indian is a philosopher, and has rather upset my ideas of the depravity of the modern red man, and the apparently well established reputation for idleness claimed for the primitive redskin warrior. Joe is not a warrior, he is not depraved, he is not idle, and as far as being improvident is concerned, no one will accuse him of that. He is the essence of good nature, and determined to acquire wealth as well as to provide for a rainy day. He does this honestly, and most politely, with a guttural chuckle, but he does it. He has an immense sack, and into this everything is carefully stored, be it a cast off boot, the feathers from a wild duck or the stump of a well smoked cigar, but before all, come the scraps of venison prepared in Indian fashion. Joe is a lover of meat, and his eyes fairly gloat over the juicy roasts and savory stews dished by Parit. Joe is never tired of venison, and what is left over he carefully collects, and periodically makes into what he calls cakes, with fat. He says these are for his old squaw, who loves venison, in fact everything Joe collects is for his old squaw, for whom he has an apparently boundless affection. Those who knew her tell me she is a willowy young thing, of two hundred and fifty pounds, and it is probable Joe intends to enjoy a share of the spoils himself. At the same time, Joe is a clean and thrifty fellow, and always cheerful and good natured. He laments the decay of

the Chippewa tribe, and cannot understand why consumption has played such ravages with his people. Taken as a whole Joe is a credit to himself, and the Chippewas too, and is most entertaining when telling the secrets of the woods, and what Indian stories he remembers. The loons and ravens, and red squirrels, in fact most of the denizens of the woods, have some legend connected with them, and I wish I had time to write some of the best of them. Jimmy has now donned his hunting clothes, and has shown some of us how to shoot, although we thought we were proficient and hard to beat. Napoleon is a splendid shot too, and you know what I think of my ability in that line. At clay pigeons Napoleon can, when at home beat us all out of sight, at ducks, or with the rifle, Jimmy is certain death, and never misses. I saw him from a canoe, drop a deer on the full jump yesterday, distance 150 yards, and with the sun shining in his eyes at that. It was a wonderful piece of work. At target practice we all do pretty well except Parit, who is not much at this, although when game is in the case he can make a record nearly every time. Jimmy declares it is absolute good luck, but then these two Nimrods always feel a gentle rivalry that occasionally develops into brief warfare. Jimmy had beaten us all at target practice yesterday, and Napoleon determined to even up to-day, and while sitting at lunch innocently said, Jimmy I would like to shoot you an off hand match now. All right my beauty, replied J., and the details were quickly arranged. Nap. said, I will hang up a piece of white fungus from a branch, at sixty yards, each to have three shots. The fungus was produced, and Nap. hung it up by a piece of string, but first had cleverly pierced it with holes of the proper bullet size. Nap. took three shots, and the fun-



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gus was carefully examined. Sure enough three heles bore testimony to the skill of the marksman. Jimmy fired and merely succeeded in touching the swivging mark once. He is still wondering how Nap. managed to do such fine work, and we are all cruel enough to let him wonder. I think I said that Charlie L. had a snake adventure to relate. It is a mixed up affair, but the details are as follows. These two adventurers thought it would be a good scheme to try for ducks in a marsh at the outlet of Healy's Lake, and started one fine day in great good humour. They had reached the creek when Nap. suddenly said, see that big snake swimming towards the canoe. Sure enough there was the snake, and a whopper at that. It came quite close, and Nap. made a lunge at it with a paddle, when lo! and behold! the snake developed a head where the tail was supposed to be, and made for shore. Here was a mystery, a double headed snake six feet in length. The stories of mythology were being enacted in the nineteenth century. You can easily guess what happened. Charlie L. is ponderous, a canoe is a tottlish affair at the best, and both canoeists went for that snake at the same time. Over they went in four feet of weeds and mud, guns, cartridge and all the rest of it. They had killed the snake though, and found it all that it professed to be, viz., a double headed, double acting, double jointed, tailless black snake. They hung it on a tree as a warning to other double headed snakes, and after fishing out their hunting apparatus returned to camp. Why they did not bring home that snake has not yet been explained, but as both tell the same story without as much as an inch of deviation in regard to the length of the reptile, or any difference of opinion regarding the number of heads, or want

of tails, we must accept it. Pompey, however, declares that a little of snake medicine is missing, and explains that the medicine is divided into two varieties, viz, prevention and cure, the former labelled Irish and the latter Scotch. As it is the bottle of Irish that is missing the inference is plain. They evidently expected snakes, and were not to be disappointed. We will look for that snake next year. Pompey has been trying his hand at shooting in spite of his protestations to the contrary, and by some strange accident succeeded in winging a black duck, which Parit caught and put an end to by mercifully wringing its neck. Pompey says that Robinson will be pleased at his success, and declares that he must take the duck home to his wife; he objected, though, to the limp appearance of the poor duck's neck, as it put him in mind of an executed criminal. He has repaired the injury as far as possible by tying a white handkerchief about the bird's neck, giving it a decidedly clerical appearance. The duck hangs in the woods near the tent, and is already beginning to wear a battered and bruised aspect, that speaks volumes for the fine flavor of the game when served at the Toronto table. I think Joe would like to have that duck for his old squaw, and Pompey's wife will no doubt eventually express the same wish. It was decidedly Pompey-esqu though to think of doing up the limp neck in a white choker.

The loons, ospreys and ravens are ever present here, and I never weary of listening to the wild cry of the loon, or watching the graceful motion of the osprey. As for the raven, I think it is hardly possible to do otherwise than thoroughly despise such a thorough glutton as he is. No sooner have we killed a deer, and dressed it, than croak, croak, came the ravens, and it is a fact that they never leave off eating

until they are so gorged that they can scarcely waddle, much less fly. With them enough is not as good as a feast, they want more, croak-more, croak-more. On this lake are no less than two heronies—a sight to behold. One contains nineteen deserted nests, the other nearly forty. The nests are enormous affairs, built in dead pines, and when the birds are here it must be a strange sight. Although the herons are such tame birds in civilized districts in the far north, I have always observed that they are more shy than even the deer itself, and they take flight while a canoe is hundreds of yards away. They are always alert and ready to take wing. We have had a most exciting adventure, the details of which I shall give next letter—whisper it not, but we have bear steak in camp. With the best wishes for your early recovery.

Yours truly,

THE COMMODORE.

A WONDERFUL DOUBLE BASS.

At the Leigh County Court, his Honour Judge Wynne-Foukes had before him the case of Beaumont v. Medling. Benjamin Beaumont, of Glazebury, sued John Medling, of Leigh, for £5 16s., for teaching him how to make and play the violin. There was a counter claim of work done of £8 3s.—Mr. Grundy appeared for plaintiff, and Mr. Whittingham defended.—Plaintiff stated that in December, 1888, he entered into an agreement with defendant to teach him how to make and play a bass violin for £2. Defendant asked what sort of timber he would require, and plaintiff told him that plum, cherry, bird's-eye maple, and beech would be wanted. Defendant used two beech planks for the back of the instrument, and a cart-shaft for the neck. He purchased some deal, and was shown how to make the belly. De-

fendant was in a great hurry with the work, and glued up the belly with the glue-pot inside. (Laughter.) He had made a neck out of the cart-shaft, according to plaintiff's instructions, but he was again in such a hurry that he made a mistake and put the neck on the wrong end of the instrument.—(Renewed Laughter.)—Mr. Grundy: Did you give him instructions about the strings?—When it was made right for the strings I told him what kind it would require. I said he must go to a music shop, but instead of that he went to a clock and watch shop and got the catgut rope from an old eight-day clock.—(Laughter.)—His Honour: That didn't do?—It didn't answer. According to my instructions he tried to put the strings on. When he was winding them up to get them in tune one broke and hit him in the face, giving him a black eye. (Loud laughter.)—What took place next?—He had made the violin such a size that he could not get it out of the door.—(Renewed laughter.) He made the size to his own mind. He took the instrument to pieces and cut it less. He completed the instrument in three weeks' time.—Cross examined, plaintiff said he had had engagements at the theatres, concert halls, balls, and parties all over the country. The lessons were given on Sundays and Wednesdays.—His Honour said there were many contracts made and fulfilled on Sundays, and it did not make any difference as to the legality.—The defendant said the plaintiff's statement in regard to the making of the violins was false. He had made violins five or six years before he knew plaintiff. Plaintiff and others met at his (defendant's) house to investigate spiritualism, but never for taking lessons in violin playing.—Cross-examined: He had a "Leigh Model" which he had made himself,

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A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES.—CONTINUED.

but everything is wet, and James and Norman seem quite used up. So we drove to the "Valley House," a small, but the neatest and cleanest place we have met with for a long time; the host and his wife, young people, as clean and as neat as the house. We had a good tea, and early to bed; it seems queer to be sleeping again in a real bed.

Sunday, July 14.—Fine and warm. Wrote letters, and went to bed early to get a good rest. A colored man told me to-day that a pond near by was full of corpses (meaning carp), and dey was mighty fine eating.

Monday, July 15.—We were off at seven, a. m. A fine cool morning, cloudy and looking like rain. Jack broke his chain as we were getting clear of the village, and caught a large pig. There was a great commotion for a time. It took J. and Edwin both to choke him off, but he kept a piece of piggy's skin. An enraged countryman came after us, vowing vengeance, but was mollified by J.'s explanations, after a lot of talk on both sides. I forgot to say our host was a Geurilla, one of Mosby's during the war, and this little place, "Mount Crawford," had been raided more than once, and cattle driven off by the Federals. He told us a great deal about the war, and it was interesting to hear from one who had taken part in the great struggle. A few miles out, we came on a most beautiful Blue Spring, bubbling out of the ground, the water clear and delicious. We drove into H. about eight; crowds of people in the streets, to attend a circus which is to be held here to-day. A man was walking through the streets, followed by crowds, with an enormous rattle snake wound round his neck and body. It looked limp, and we thought it must be stuffed. We passed a number of very pretty houses and gardens, and saw spruce trees, the first time we have met them. Got into Newmarket at four. "Newmarket" is a small place. Our road to-day has been like a farmer's lane, fenced close up, and each side, not a tree for twenty-six miles. On the road side, tho' farther back, there were thick groves on each side. It was getting late, so we were obliged to drive up a lovely road to the "Massanuton Pass," and Camp in the first open woods near "Valley View Spring," where there is a good Hotel, a most delightful and romantic spot, the view over hill and dale most magnificent, four high mountain ranges in sight, each one rising behind the other. The sun was setting, with the Alleghany Mountains for a back ground. I could hardly tear myself away. It is grand beyond description. However, I had to leave it, and take my share in helping camp for the night, which was very cool, we are so high up. Before turning in, we were interviewed by curious natives from the Hotel.

Thursday, July 18. Very cloudy and rainy looking. We got into "Winchester" early. It's a fine, large, old fashioned town, narrow streets, with very high red brick buildings, the largest town we have met except "Marion." No letters, much to my disappointment. We came to a fine Camping place, and as it was very hot, we decided to remain all day. Edwin rode into the town to get information about the road. It rained all night, began as soon as we had our tea. The country is very uninteresting, flat, poor and rocky since leaving "Winchester."

Saturday, July 20.—Very hot day. We have been busy packing up our Camping things and extra bedding. In six days more, we should have been out three months. J. and Edwin will drive to Buffalo, and the girls, Norman and myself, go on to Kingston by train. They will be able to travel faster without us. We went to the top of the Hotel tower, and

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had a fine view of the town, which is quite large, and surrounded on all sides by mountains, which look quite blue in the distance.

Sunday, July 21st.—A fine, bright, sunny day. All of us awoke with bad colds from sleeping again under a roof, proving Mr. Ed. Jack is correct. He says "no one ever caught cold from sleeping out of doors, sleeping in a room always gives colds." No one of us have had the least cold while Camping. J. and children went to church, I staid home and rested.

Monday, July 22.—Left "Martinsburg" at seven, and crossed the "Potomac" on a ferry, the immensely strong iron bridge having been carried some distance down stream by the flood. The River is quite wide and beautiful at this point. We reached "Harrisburg at noon, a very fine station and good refreshment rooms. The town is large, and has fine buildings., and looks more modern than any we have seen. It is on the "Susq'ebanna," a noble, wide River, the scenery bold and very beautiful. The railway runs close to the right bank of the river, and we had it in sight all the afternoon. We saw traces of the flood all along till we came to "Williamsport," where we began to realize how terrible the floods must have been. There were many lives lost here. The valley is narrow, and we saw houses and barns, and about twenty bridges, wrecked and broken up, in the course of oneday's journey. We left the "Susquehanna" just when it turns round the base of a high mountain and turns east, and crossed a bridge very slowly, which was under repair, having been badly wrecked or shattered by the flood. The road wound in and out among mountains, the valley very narrow, with a small river called the "Lyeoming." One can hardly realise how such a small, shallow stream could have done so much damage everywhere; one could step across it, and nowhere does it deserve the name of river. But it swept the valley, and in some places carrying houses, bridges, trees, stones and logs, and all sorts of rubbish. At "Williamsport" the debris was piled as high as thirty feet in one place. Towards evening the valley widened out, and reminded us of the "Shenandoah," from Canton to Troy and Elmira. The country has the same features between Williamsport and Canton. We passed through many small thriving villages, then it became more wild and hilly. At Watkins, and all along Lake Seneca, the scenery is very beautiful, and many steam pleasure yachts were on the Lake. Reached "Rochester" late, and left at midnight for Syracuse. Got there at two, a. m. The conductor told us the train went right on, but not so, we had to sit up the rest of the night in the station, the poor children tired and worn out, but very good and patient. I made them as comfortable as I could on an old sofa in the waiting room, and in two minutes they were fast asleep, while I occupied a crazy old rocking chair, and kept guard.

Monday, July 23rd.—We had a comfortable breakfast, and left Syracuse at seven, a. m., and after changing cars several times, reached Cape Vincent at eleven, a. m. We had to wait a long time for the Ferry. All this trouble and delay was caused by the conductor misdirecting us and causing us to take the wrong train. After getting on the ferry boat, it grounded several times, and we did not reach Kingston till after four, p. m. And so ends our long trip, began in April 26th, and ending on August 23rd, 1889.

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LETTERS.

ON BOARD THE PARISIAN.

JUNE 22ND, '95.

Dear H. :—

So far, so good, I thought I had better seize the opportunity of writing to you, while the ship is steady, myself ditto.

It is very amusing to watch all the people talking away, laughing and joking, and then to try and imagine what the scene will be like a few days hence.

We did not retire till very late last night, but breakfast is not till half past nine, so there was lots of time for a morning nap.

What pokey little holes these state rooms are! We had such a time at first. My trunk was under my sofa, but Mrs. K.'s trunk was too high to go under her berth, so it had to be left in the middle of the floor. You can imagine how much room there was left. It is better now, for both the K.'s trunks are outside at the end of the hall, and we can turn around comfortably without knocking our shins.

I awoke before the ship left Saturday morning, and was very thankful afterwards that I did, it saved me from a rather early bath. Our port hole was left open the night before, and after the ship moved off the sailors evidently proceeded to wash the deck, for a sudden splash of water in the region of my face roused me in a hurry, and the port hole was closed just a little more quickly than it was opened. The washing process occurs every morning, so I will have to make a point of being prepared.

JUNE 23RD.

Weeks and months seem to have passed since this letter was started, strange it is not how long the days can be drawn out. We had a delightful time yesterday after we reached Quebec. Dr. W. took us

for a drive after dinner.

Our drive carried us around by the Governor's Gardens, through some very quaint old streets, up hill, down hill, in fact we seemed to be driving over hills the whole time. When we reached the Citadel, we descended from our chariots, entered the inner gate, and with a gallant young officer as escort, inspected that wonderful old place which has stood against so many sieges. You would hardly wonder that it did, everything is so massive. We stood for a while on the King's Bastion, the highest part of the Citadel, and saw a view which is said to be unequalled in America. It was beautiful, below us was the city with its funny little houses and streets, the latter are so narrow they look more like lanes, or some so steep it seemed almost impossible for the horses to climb them. To the left is Dufferin Terrace, where Montmorency fell, and farther beyond that, is Chateau Frontenac.

In front is the River bordered with the mountains, and the white villages of St. Charles' Valley. It was a little hazy, but once in a while the sun would break through the clouds, and shine on the hills, making the view even more beautiful than it would have been in the glare of the hot sun. Among the other places of interest were the Monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, the Duke of Kent's residence (father of Queen Victoria), Plains of Abraham and the Monument erected on the spot where Wolfe fell, the Cardinal's Palace, about the ugliest place in the city, the French and the English Cathedral, Grand Battery, and last but not least the Parliament Buildings.

We had an extra nice cabman, and he drove us right in front of the Buildings, so we could see the Statues.

I really believe I learnt more Canadian history that afternoon

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than I did all the time I was at school, seeing the places seems to drive it straight into your head, and make it stay there better than all the reading of a lifetime. Dr. W— is a splendid guide, he seems to know the city as well as his own house, I try to keep near him so as to hear all he says. After tea we went for a walk to Chateau Frontenac. There is a large promenade in front of the Chateau, which must be a delightful place to go after the labors of a hot day, it overlooks the city, the most refreshing breezes come from the river beyond. From here can be seen the artificial harbour, where the ship can ride at anchor when the tide is coming in. The Chateau is a beautiful building, so large and spacious, and just like a palace inside. In the Cafe is a large grate which they lit for our special benefit.

Everywhere the people are so obliging, and so anxious to do all they can for you, it makes travelling so much more pleasant.

Miss W. has just reminded me to tell you that we saw some chimney pots, they are the funniest things, and we quite appreciated seeing them after your description.

I will have to wait till my next letter to tell you about the people on board, by that time I will know them better.

This is a rather peculiar looking letter, I have been in almost every part of the ship writing scraps in every place.

We stop at Rimouski to-night, and then??

Yours,
H. E. H.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER. IMPROVED, BUT NOT CURED.

[CONCLUDED.]

Dear Boys and Girls: -

In addition to witches and wizards, there were sorcerers and magicians. "The witch derived all her power," says Grose, "from a compact with the devil: a sorcerer commanded him and the infernal spirits, by skill in charms and invocations." And there were enchanters, who worked with medicinal herbs and gums, and ceremonial forms of words; and conjurors who, according to King James I., made circles triangular, quadrangular, round, double or single, and standing therein, invoked the attendance of certain familiars, of whom and their doings the less we know the better. Sometimes it was said these spirits would speak, and Lilly gravely informs us—although I must declare it is difficult to believe him, despite his gravity that "there pronunciation is like that of the Irish, much in their throat."

Astrologers, too, figured amongst these established institutions, with stuffed alligators, black cats, preserved snakes, retorts, bottles, vampires, bats, toads and lizards, as indispensable adjuncts and inseparable companions. While our ancestors were thus made lively, they were bothered by the persistent visits of ghosts, who came in all sorts of shapes, at all sorts of times, and did all sorts of things for all sorts of reasons. They exposed murder, predicted death, announced marriages,—always with their very deepest groans, and with still deeper sighs,—and grave warnings innumerable, and advice invaluable. In fact, you couldn't keep house, in those days, with any sort of respectability, without one or two belonging to the establishment, and the number of spirits in a tumble-

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down mansion was an excellent indication of the long-standing and quality of blue blood to be credited to the family. Armour and chains, daggers and poison, long robes and rustling silks, a full assortment of blue lights and sulphurous fumes, were the stock in trade of these ancient worthies, and with these they had a large run of business, although there were interlopers, in the shape of mysterious blackfoals, seen by night only, and other like monsters, who now and again broke in upon the common monotony, and gave our ancestors opportunity to look upon other than the old original and orthodox ghost.

Tid-bits of excitement, equivalent to the sensation drama of to-day, were found too, in Omens of various kinds and sizes, while Charms gave an agreeable variety to life and its drudgeries. And here let us be charitable towards the great-great-great aforesaid, and remember that they couldn't find solace in a novel, or the more thrilling romance of a newspaper reporter or interviewer, that they had no Bazaars or Soirees, that Literary Societies within reach of the people were unknown, and that no daily Globe or Mail brought to them columns of telegraphed horrors or diurnal tragedies. Their fire-side stories were almost necessarily of the bloody-head-and-raw-bones stripe, and gave an enlivening of melancholic happiness to all sorts and conditions of men and women. Little wonder is there that our forefathers were a terribly nerve-shaken lot, although they fought great battles, gave each other exceedingly hard knocks, and made a prodigious display of heroism which required extensive pluck and a liberal supply of that we know as animal courage. Taking them all in all, however, and extending to them as much charity as christian-professing men ought to possess, we can see no reason for extolling the "Good Old

Times" in which they lived, or for preserving other than a pleasant memory of their better side.

But while we complacently say and think all this, may it not be well to ask ourselves the question, whether in view of the fact that the schoolmaster has been so long abroad in the land, we are so entirely absolved from participation in their dread of the indefinite, and so much superior to them in freedom from freaks of the imagination, as we ought to be? Let each put the interrogation individually. How many of us are actually above the influence of superstitious feeling, in one shape or other? If we were all to candidly confess, each would assert that he or she is not of the number, and that we all catch ourselves tripping at times in a manner not very flattering to self-esteem. Perhaps no average person would acknowledge a belief in ghosts, or profess a faith in spiritualism, or say that "Spooks" are to be seen at "the witching hour," travelling around as unconcernedly as they are said to have done two hundred years ago. And yet we can all name people who are not quite so plucky in the dark as in the daylight, who fancy that there are weird sounds at night, who start at a very small provocation after sunset, and who, sitting alone when midnight comes, don't like the whistling of the wind in a chimney, the peck of a bird at the window, or the rap of a dog's tail on an outside plank. We are not actually superstitious,—of course not—but we do sometimes allow the reins of imagination to hang loosely, and so are run away with before we know what we are about. Some people submit to having their fortunes told by cards, but never believe in such foolish performances, although they have known things so foretold to come true sometimes, and hope,—singly hope—and not expect, you

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know,—that some other things now foretold for them may be similarly verified. We all remember how the Horseshoe Fever took possession of young and old girlhood in the United States and Canada, and of course there was nothing in it, but horseshoers invaded the realms of fancy work a few years ago, figured in scarf-pins, and cropped up in all kinds of unexpected shapes and places. The last piece of cake on a dish, some people say, dooms the taker of it at table to another year of maidenhood or bachelordom, but while nobody puts faith in the amusing fiction, it is not unusual to fine young women, and men too, who daintily shun the proscribed morsel. Teacup divination is a monstrous absurdity, and yet young and old often peer into the collection of sedimentary leaves which are said to be indicative of fate. Charms for warts are openly scoffed at, but it would be safe to wager that some of the readers of these words have heard or known of a resort to them. To open a Bible and find on the page thus disclosed the words "it shall come to pass," or "it came to pass," three times consecutively, in the firm belief that herein is a never-failing answer as to something hoped for, may be the height of folly, but it is indulged in by many anxious to peer into the future. It is sheer weakness, undoubtedly, to drop lead through the ring of a key on Halloween, in the conviction that so the coming events of life may be foreshadowed, but everybody knows somebody who has thus endeavored to pull aside a corner of the veil which hangs before the unknown. Although there is some poetry in the idea that a piece of bridecake placed beneath the pillow, will conjure up the form and features of the coming—man, of course,—she would be bold indeed who expressed implicit

faith in such a fancy, but how many are there who have made such an experiment, and who, being single, will not repeat it when another wedding brings to them another greasy and indigestible lump of flour, sugar, butter and fruit? To carry a potato or chesnut in the pocket, under the firm impression that rheumatism may be thus averted, or cured, seems preposterous, and yet all have heard of otherwise intelligent and wide-awake people who have pocketed the potato and fancied themselves, for a time at asking least, finally and fully rid of the pains and agony. To spill salt, start on a journey on a Friday, enter a house empty-handed on New Year's Day, have nothing new to wear on Easter Sunday, and see the first lamb of the season, tail first, is regarded by some good people as decidedly unlucky. Work started on Saturday will be "long a doing." To cut across a corner is to have fate. When you see the first star of the evening you must wish something uncanny will happen during the day, if you sing before breakfast. If a woman, "you moan or whistle." When two persons are walking together, they must let nothing pass between them. A dropped knife indicates a coming man—a fork, a coming woman—and a spoon an unexpected lady. To spill water upon your clothes, when washing dishes, if you are unmarried, is to insure a drunken husband. To permit a baby to look into a mirror, is to guarantee it a crooked set of teeth. To cut its finger nails is to give it the best possible chance to become a pick-pocket. The howl of a dog predicts death—it ought to be to the dog, and sometimes, happily, it is. Froth on tea or coffee, when the liquid is poured into the cup, means money, but to make some of the money, you must swallow the froth.

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like the bat and bees, and moths of undergoing a six months foodless sleep, enables them permanently to hold their ground in the struggle for existence.

About the 5th of May a family group of young Shore Larks were seen by my son near to the border of an outfield where he happened to be working. The young birds were in immature plumage, and had evidently only recently sallied forth from the parental nest, as they were still under the noticeable surveillance of their senior relatives. This species of Lark has been known to build a nest in this vicinity, and to incubate and produce young in the month of March! before the big snow drifts had quite melted away. We have been thus informed upon testimony that one considers reliable, but the fact that this species breeds hereabout is incontrovertible.

The sparsity of Bluebirds this season is a very remarkable phenomenon, the oldest inhabitant never remembers a similar condition of things. Letters from Michigan, and also from the N. Eastern U. States, describe a similar condition of bird life as now prevalent in those localities.

Of birds that live on the ground, such as Larks, Song Sparrows, Plovers, Snipes and Sandpipers, there is the average profusion, but of forest frequenting families, and even of common Robins, the numbers are thought to be smaller than was ever known heretofore in the spring season.

No one species is known to be absent, and even a few Bluebirds are at long intervals met with. "Whippoorwills" came early in good big numbers. Almost all the customary little Warblers were seen and heard during May.

Yours truly,

W. YATES.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

All under the greenwood tree,
In the leafy month of June,
With the soaring bird and the wild-
ing bee,
The boy's heart is in tune.
For the wandering spirit in man
always,
Leaps up to be free as the waves at
play.

The touch of the grass to his feet,
And the sun, and the wind, and the
rain,
Are comrades remembered and
sweet,
That make him a boy again,
To follow with all a boy's delight
The squirrel's leap and the wild
bird's flight.

The stars shine overhead,
And the leaves have a lulling song,
And his sleep is sweet in his fra-
grant bed,
Unbroken the whole night long;
For the kindly earth like a mother's
breast,
Brings soothing and healing and
utter rest.

When the summer days grow long,
And the nights are dewy and sweet,
Come forth of the city's bustling
throng,
And the noise of the bustling street,
And live as the birds live, merry
and free,
Under the shade of the greenwood
tree.

K. S. McL.