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1895

The Rockwood Review

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THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

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The Rockwood Review

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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 1.

KINGSTON, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1895.

No. 12.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Donaldson has quite recovered from her attack of typhoid fever.

If we had only known that our Mr. Tom McCammon was running for municipal honors, he would have had the Review at his back, and our votes at the polls. Mr. McCammon, having proved himself an artist as end man, will likely turn out a genius as an Alderman. Try again Thomas, and in the meanwhile read the story of Dick Whittington and his cat. When the time comes for you to draw up your leather cushioned chair to the baize covered table, on the Wilton carpet of the Portsmouth Council Chamber—your minstrel jokes will once more be young. They need a little levity in the Council, to throw their solid wisdom into bold relief.

The Municipal contest in Hatters Bay was exciting, if not close. The returns are not all in yet, but by February we shall probably be able to announce Fisher for Reeve, and several able assistants for Aldermen.

It may be asserted, with tolerable certainty, that Councillor Simmons will not be there. Several important subjects will receive the attention of the newly elected Council, and a by-law to empower them to expend \$2.25, to enable them to remove the thistles in Aberdeen Park, will be submitted at once. The question of tags for wandering live stock will come up, and an Act of Legislature applied for to prevent the Rockwood people from closing their gates to the peripatetic goose and night blooming broncho.

The Curling Club met in deep and solemn conclave a short time since, and many important problems were solved. The Juniors wage war against Juniors for a medal, and the Seniors have a struggle among themselves. The only knotty question is what constitutes a Junior? It has been suggested that the easiest way to locate him, is to arrive at the matter by infallible signs, just as the wielder of a witch hazel crotch locates water, although it must be confessed that the evidences in the case of the junior curler are more abundant than in the case of the water. In a match, the Junior holds a broom in his hands, but never sweeps. He keeps an eye on the skip, and after every shot, comes down to the Tee, to see that everything is all right. It never is quite correct, and he calls the skip aside, and in a hoarse whisper tells him what to do. This failing, he walks down to "hog line," rests wearily on his broom, and tells the other Junior what he would do. He never takes the ice the skip tells him, but satisfies his theories, and he never resists the temptation to "shoot" at the fellow who has just led. He sweeps when he has to, and finally skips a game, when he learns a thing or two, and finally arrives at an encouraging stage, and discovers that after all experience counts a little, hard work something more, and implicit confidence in the Skip all the rest. We may touch up the definition of a Senior later on. Space is limited this issue, The Skips elected for the season are Dr. C. K. Clarke, Allan McLean, James Dennison, Dr. Forster.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

Miss Nellie Mullin, of Hamilton, and Miss Mary Smart, of Toronto, were guests at Rockwood House during the Xmas holidays.

The Messrs, Shea have painted a new Drop Curtain, for the Stage. The scene is at the entrance to Lake Chromo, is distinctly Canadian as the birch bark canoe and its dusky occupant show, is a decidedly artistic production—viewed from any standpoint—and will probably be purchased by the first Cyclorama built in Kingston.

Dr. Webster had a decided shock just about Xmas time, when he received marching orders for Hamilton Asylum. It looked as if Rockwood Staff was again to suffer, but thanks to the mollifying influence of Xmas turkey and plum pudding, the powers that be have issued a "stay in proceedings," and if we understand Latin quotations, as given in the end of every good Dictionary, "adhuc sub judice lis est." In the meanwhile, let us hope it will continue.

The Rockwood Hockey Club opened the season by playing a match with the Portsmouth Tigers, the Rockwoods' putting the following team on the ice:—Forwards—G. Coxworthy, M. Reid, Ed. Gilmour, Chas. M. Clarke. Cover Point, Thos. Davidson; Point, Percy Johnston; Goal, J. Shea. The Tigers are heavy and ferocious, and have the material to make a rattling team, but our boys played too fast a combination game for them, and the score, 12 to 0 in favor of Rockwood, tells the tale. It would have been dreadful to lose the first match. Coxworthy and Reid are Stars of first magnitude, Gilmour and Charlie are getting there fast. Tommy Davidson is a stone wall, and wipes with a ferocity that would make him a "terror" at the American game.

Who said that Jack Shea was not eligible as a goal keeper, because he fills the bill, or rather goal, so well that the puck cannot get through?

The referee thought that our John was too devout when he got on his knees to stop the puck, and told him not to let it occur again.

For a thirteen year old, the Bus Manager did well.

The visit of the American Hockey Team was one of the events of the season, and Kingston did itself honor on the occasion. The Americans were gentlemen, and were made to feel that the fact was recognized. They were kindly received, and the citizens gave them a hearty reception, applauding their play quite as much as they did that of the Limestones. Of course the Americans could not play our game without experience, but they took their defeat with good nature, and showed an example that must have an excellent effect on those boys who think the only thing worth playing a game for is to win at any price. Our boys found that they were not one whit behind Cousin Jonathan in gentlemanly behaviour, and in the spirit of true sport, and altogether the event was one that may be repeated with benefit to all. The merry little dinner given by the Limestones to the visitors was in keeping with the rest of the entertainment, and we feel certain that our visitors carried away pleasant impressions of Kingston and its young men.

The Ice King was too much for King Ben, on Jan. 8th, and we had to hang our heads in sorrow before visitors from Ottawa, Hamilton, and even Toronto, when speaking of the Electric Car service. If you love us King Ben, and have any regard for our local pride, don't let it occur again.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

NEW YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENT AT ROCKWOOD.

Seldom has a better Entertainment been given at Rockwood, than that produced on New Year's Eve; and if the Kingston papers, particularly the British WITG, spoke in 'the most enthusiastic terms of the efforts of the Hospital Officials, the praise was merited. The Programme, enclosed in each copy of the REVIEW, gives an idea of the extent of the performance.

The patients Brass Band played admirably, and the Orchestra kept up its well earned reputation, from the moment the Caliph sounded, until the curtain fell two hours afterward. The labors of the musicians were arduous.

Meadowsweet, a charming Cantata, was performed with as much success as at its first production, and musically speaking was better. The young ladies taking part entered into the spirit of the music, and from Meadow Sweet herself to the Fairy of the Pool, all looked charming. The Cantata is a dainty concert, and the score admirably suited to the words. Miss Mabel Orser, Mr. John Shea, Miss Bella Convery and Miss Smith sang the different solos in delightful style; and Miss Nugent led the intricate dances in the most bewitching manner. The dances were very beautiful. The second part of the Programme offered pleasing variety. Mr. Cochrane sang a topical song, as he alone knows how to do such a thing. Billy Shea was simply immense in his skirt dances. Miss Smart was captivously encored, after singing the Intermezzo from the Cavalleria Rusticana; and as for the playing of the Rockwood REVIEW Quintette, modesty forces us to refer you to the reports of the Kingston dailies. Now came the Living Pictures,

arranged by Mr. Shea.

It would be difficult to describe such marvels of beauty as these were, and when the pathetic Rock of Ages came into view, all were spell bound. The music of mute governed strings was heard softly stealing through the room, while the different groups appeared in rapid succession. All were so beautiful, that it would be impossible to particularize, although the groups of Faith, Hope and Charity received the most prolonged applause. The draping of the different figures was most artistic, and if we commenced to place merit where it was deserved, a whole edition of the REVIEW would not answer the purpose.

The musical part of the Programme was under the direction of Miss Trendell and Bandmaster Madill, and they did their work splendidly.

OUR PAPER.

With this issue we conclude our first year, and feel that we have scored a success in more ways than one. We have tried to do our best to make the enterprise what it should be, and hope that if faults can be found, they will be few in number. Our list of subscribers has steadily increased, and we hope that it may keep on doing so. We heartily thank you for your support, and will be pleased, if you think it worth while to renew your subscriptions for another year, as it is our intention to make further improvements in the REVIEW, and we will give as much for your money as possible.

THE EDITORS.

skirts the river, which is wide and rapid, and very muddy—the banks very prettily wooded. We are very much troubled by so many forks on the road, which compels Edwin to ride a great deal out of his way ahead, to make sure we are on the right road, and the natives are too stupid for anything. Tim does not like this extra work, rebels now and then by standing on his hind legs, and pawing the air. Edwin is a splendid horseman, however. Near "Earnest's Bridge," on the "Nollichuekee," we saw a fine, large, fresh looking walnut tree, with the date on it, 113 years old. There is a small thrifty looking village on the high hill overlooking the river, a large livery stable and hotel, evidently a summer resort. We saw the river at various points. One place, lovely rapids, running between high limestone cliffs, very pretty since lunch. We have driven through a lovely fertile country, and have forded several good sized streams. We see immense wheat fields, and there does not seem to be a stone of any size in the fields and meadows. We did not get into Camp till nearly three, p. m. Fortunately there was a bit of moon, and we managed to make some tea, and get the tent pitched before it became too dark. "Jonesboro" is an old fashioned, dirty looking place, very hilly, and a good many very pretentious looking houses. One fine large mansion of red brick, had portico and Corinthian pillars, (Grecian style), of granite. The glass in the windows was broken, and flowers, in old tomato cans, were growing in the windows. The back of the building was of wood, and the side view had a very absurd appearance. The whole was crowned by a wooden tower, in Chinese style. We were surrounded here, while J. and Edwin did the marketing, by the most whiskey sodden set of loafers I have yet seen. It is a most disreputable looking place.

Friday, June 7th.—Nine, a. m. A fine, bright morning. We are just preparing to start. A young woman on horseback, with bustle, parasol, and bonnet. Another passed us while we were breakfasting, clad in a habit, with a large bustle, and holding a parasol over her head. We have seen great numbers of most beautiful horses since entering "Tennessee." Wild flowers are scarce, but there are immense quantities of wild raspberries, not yet ripe. Yesterday we saw gooseberry bushes, butter cups and daisies, growing on the roadside, as we see them in Canada. The first oxeyed daisies we saw were in South Carolina, near the North Carolina border; the fields are full of them, and white and red clover, also corn flowers in the wheat. We drove to-day over an extremely rough road, and coming down a very steep hill, J. was thrown out, fortunately he was unhurt. About twelve, our usual resting time, we came to the banks of the "Wataga" River, as wide as the "Savannah." Running swiftly between high wooded banks, the water is very green, and looks very deep and alarming. We looked around for some means of crossing. It looks too deep and wide to ford. Edwin went to a house to ask if we could be ferried over. They said no, that the water was high, but that it had fallen seventeen feet since the day before. Edwin, on Tim, started in bravely, and found the water came up to his back. I was frightened, and begged J. to see if the people of the house could ferry us, and our bedding, etc., over, as they were sure to get wet. There was no such a thing as a boat, and the "native" said there was no danger if one knew the way. So after some negotiating, the "native" agreed to

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

go on before us, on his mule, and show us the shallowest place. He said it was not so deep near the whiffle, meaning the ripple. My heart was in my mouth, but we went in bravely, and followed our guide down stream, to a point in the middle, and then struck up stream again, and landed opposite where we had gone into the river. The water came into the wagon, and wet all our things. The "native" tells us, about a mile further on, we shall come to the "Holstein," which he says is wider and deeper than this. We can see by the drift in the tree tops that the water has been at least twenty feet higher than it is now. We Camped, and had lunch, and rested for two hours on the bank, which has a high wall of rock rising abruptly from the narrow road side, to about 100 feet. The road runs close to the edge of the river, which has high rocky banks, with many curves, for about a mile. No one could possibly pass us, and Edwin has gone on in front, on Tim, to warn any one approaching. This morning we had a very rough, rocky ford to cross, and as we saw a log, with a hand rail, across the stream, the children and I got out and walked. The path led up close to a mill. The Miller came out, and asked: "Mout you uns be Gipseys?" I answered, in Yankee fashion, by asking if we looked like it. He said, "no, but we uns allowed you must be." We followed our narrow track, and found ourselves in a very narrow lane, leading to a field which was horribly steep. Edwin rode back, and found we were wrong. We should have left the road, and turned into the bed of a small river, and followed it till we came to the ford of the Holstein. The road was too narrow to turn, and we had an awful time, and after a long time, Norman suggested to his father, the best way was to take down the fence, and turn into the field, which we did after a good deal of hard work. We retraced our steps for half a mile, and got on the right road. J. engaged a man to guide us over. We found the river very high and wide, running very swiftly, the water up to the horses breasts. There was quite a fall, with the water foaming over it. Our guide kept close to the edge, and every moment I expected that we should be swept over and down the stream. This has been a most exciting day. Our guide would not accept any money, he wished us luck, and we all shook hands, and said good-bye. He was the most intelligent man we have seen, and talked very nicely. The scenery has been very lovely, and especially between the Watuga and Holstein Grand. We are Camped near a small country church, two mills from the ford, and sixteen from "Bristol." Several natives are interviewing J. and wishing to swap horses.

Saturday, June 8th.—Seven, a. m. A fine, clear, bright morning. We had a nice quiet Camp, and a good rest, and hope to be in "Bristol" in time for the Post Office, and to lay in supplies for Sunday, and have some repairs done to the wagon, after our experience of the rough roads of yesterday. We had a lovely moon last night. Since entering "Tennessee," we have had no end of offers to swap horses, it is apparently the only idea the "natives" have. The country very hilly and pretty. We see very fine trees, and magnificent weeping willows. We have lost sight of the live oaks altogether, since leaving "Georgia," but there is an immense variety of other oaks, which we have met all along our journey. We Camped in grove at twelve. No water nearer than half a mile; water seems to be very scarce in this region. "Blountville" is a most miserable, little, ugly, dirty place, with the usual number of loafers, and

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

WARBLER MARTIN, Esq.

My name is Martin -- Warbler Martin, Esq., from Louisiana, a gentleman given to travelling, and who likes his wife to share the pleasures of an annual flight north from the land of his birth. I say that I am from Louisiana. Were you ever there? No! More's the pity; it is a country worth seeing, and therefore worth talking about. But I haven't time to enter into a full and particular description to-day. I may perhaps give you a few glimpses of it as I go on with my story. For I am going to tell you a story with myself for its hero! I am good looking, well dressed, with a respectable figure, and a remarkably clear voice. If not absolute perfection, I approach it so nearly that I have a very good opinion of myself, and feel justified in counting Warbler Martin, Esq., quite as fine a gentleman as the young bloods who figure in Mr. James' novels or in Mr. Dickens' interesting stories. I know all about THEM, for I have listened to Miss Paulina reading them, in her orange grove, several times. You will hear more about that, however, by and bye. Don't be impatient: I am going on with my story.

And first I will tell you when and where I was born. Do you know what a gourd is? Did you ever see a squash? Well, a gourd is a sort of a squash, with a rind as hard, but of a bright yellow—as golden yellow as the nicest butter or a fine ripe pumpkin, and the cucumber and melon all belong to the same family, just as I and Mr. Swift, and Mr. Swallow, are branches of the great family of the Hirundinidæ. I was born in a gourd! Wasn't that funny? But the gourd had been hollowed out and dried, and placed on a pole, and had a little

gourd my Mamma, a lady in a sober hole made on one side of it. In this suit of speckled brown, who was quite a contrast to my father, dressed as he was in a glossy coat of purple and black—in this gourd, I say, my Mamma and Papa had put up a little mud cabin, lined its interior with all the soft and comfortable things they could get, and made it as snug and cosy as it was possible for a mud cabin to be. I awoke one fine morning, some weeks after Christmas, a few years ago. The sun was shining, the raindrops were glistening upon the palmetto trees, and the orangery and the flowers were just springing to life in patches upon the lawn. In a few days—say between two or three weeks—I was able to look abroad, and to take a short flight into the country along with mamma and papa and some of their neighbors. I felt very anxious to do this. I had been crammed and stuffed from the hour of my birth with so many good things, that I thought to myself "What a fine place it must be where all these dainties come from." I wanted to see it, and to tell the truth, like many other youngsters bountifully fed, desired to help myself. It was so monotonous to sit from morn till night, and late into the night, too, opening one's mouth and gobbling up tid-bits one after the other, that I wanted exercise. You can't think what a variety we had! We had no milk-sops—no sickening sugar plums, no rubbishly sweeties—but good substantials. Early at morn, or late at night, we would swallow whole mosquitoes by the dozen, with a change in the shape of a dish of fat moths; in the daytime we revelled in swarms of luscious house flies, and savory little butterflies, with a change in the shape of a bee now and then, or the leg of a hornet. Nothing came amiss to us. But it was tiresome work doing nothing but eat, eat, eat, and we were very

glad—I especially—when mamma invited us to take a peep at the outside world. What did I see? I will tell you. Our gourd house on the top of a pole, some twelve feet high, was placed in front of a row of huts, one storey affairs, inhabited by the blackest, merriest, noisiest, happiest lot of men and women and children I ever saw. We were black just then, and our father was as noisy, and merry, and our mother seemed as happy as they, and it struck me then, as it has often since, that our mirth and happiness, and noise, arose from very similar causes. We all had plenty to eat. But I lived long enough to find out a difference between these people and mine. We could get away: they couldn't. And, therefore, our happiness was more enduring, and I believe that we were the better off of the two. Away off from these huts, was a large white house, with bright green verandahs, and treesplanted around and a smooth lawn in front, with a winding road, and abundant offices and outhouses, and neighing horses in a fine field. Around this white house, far as eye could reach, were other large fields, with nothing particular in them just now, but teeming in later months with silvery rice, and the yellow sugar cane. I didn't know this just then, but I found it out afterwards at another stage of my life. Far in front of us, and north and south of us, spread the father of waters, the Mississippi, bearing upon its brown surface steamboats and flats, and the thousand craft which ever float downwards to its mouth, laden with cotton bales and tobacco, and the multitudinous products of the south and west. Immediately behind our gourd house was one particular hut, cleaner and with greater show of comfort. At evening when the day's work was done, its occupants would cluster round the door, and

with a fire before them to drive off the swarm of mosquitoes which I liked so much to see, would sit and sing, banjo on knee, until the big moon reached overhead. I can sing as you probably know, but I liked old Sambo's music for all that. I wasn't jealous of him at all, and could have listened from moonrise until daybreak, had he cared to troll forth his merry staves so long. But down in the country, fogs rise at night, and Sambo was forced to creep in, even if he hadn't been tired enough by his day's work. Sambo had a wife Dinah—and more children than I had brothers and sisters. You should have seen the merry lot, as they rolled over in the sand before their hut, and played with Bob, their black dog, as black and curly as his playmates. It was a pleasant scene, I can tell you, and it does me good when I get back every year to see how the young Sambos and Dinahs get bigger and more numerous. Up at the big white house, where Massa lived, the gentlefolk were white, fairer than rice stems, and as tall and graceful. My mother is comely, but Miss Paulina as much surpassed her. Though she was white, as I surpass that ridiculous Mr. Top Knot, who robs orchards, and is constantly engaged rushing into strawberry patches and currant trees. That fellow is a thief and an impudent thief too, and deserves shooting. I am happy to say that he has no connection with my family. If he had, I wouldn't own him. Down south, he robs grape vines, and pecks peaches in Jersey, and is altogether a nuisance wherever he goes. As I was saying just now, Miss Paulina as far surpassed my mother in beauty, as I surpass Top Knot in honesty. And that is saying very much for Miss Paulina, I can assure you. She had brothers and sisters, and a father and mother, but she

was the gem of the whole—at least I thought so, and I profess to be a judge. She could play better on the piano than Sambo could on the banjo, and talk French faster than Mr. Paroquet, our next door neighbor, could jabber about his speers in the orange groves. Her very voice was music, and when she began to talk to her pets, I remember that my father used to commence his very best songs by way of accompaniment. It was a treat to listen to her, as she stepped out from the parlor to the verandah, humming the sweetest air from the last Opera, or laughing at the pranks of Harold, her youngest brother, who played more tricks than half a dozen monkeys shaken up into one. That was ten years ago. Louisiana has seen many changes since then, and Miss Paulina has grown into Mrs. —, well never mind that just now, and poor Harold has ceased playing tricks. But I must get on with my own story.

I was born in February, pretty soon after Christmas holidays you know. Beautiful rains fell, flowers put forth, strawberries shot out their runners and green leaves reach buds got ready for blossoms. Spring crept rapidly on. Bright weather and long days, I grew apace, Master Warbler Martin began to wear a better coat. My black changed to purple, and I began to fancy myself somebody of importance. One day—I remember it well—we had a public meeting of the Martin family. I saw that something important was going on, and was invited to take part in the council. I remember that we all got atop of the big sugar house, on the plantation, where my colored friends boiled down the cane-juice into the fine sugar which graces so many tea tables in the north, and waited until the oldest—my respected father—asked my uncles, and

aunts, and cousins, whether the time had not arrived when they should think about taking their annual northern trip. Hot weather was at hand, said he, Canadian mosquitoes were out, he thought, New Jersey ones were, he was sure, and he felt ready for a change of scene. Massa and his family, he continued laughingly, would run up to Niagara in July, and he would like to be ahead of them, and tell those northern folk that their southern friends were coming. He had scarcely finished, when such an applause burst forth, as I had never heard before. Every Martin seemed ready to split his throat with whistling, "Hear, hear." The motion if it was a motion—was carried unanimously, and we resolved to take two or three days preliminary exercise, and then start due north for New York, and Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and Canada; and what I did there I intend to tell you, leaving my southern experiences for some other opportunity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRANDFATHER.

THE COMING OF THE COCQIGRUES.

I.

In the Gloaming northward sailing
Through Lake Joseph's island maze
Coxey's Army came to Yoho,—
Came, and tarried many days.
For they brought their kits and
blankets,
Brought their appetites also;
Famine glowered upon that Island
When their time had come to go.

II.

One was "chunky," one was slender,
One was "a Holy Terror" called,
One had long hair, one had short
hair,
One had red hair, one was bald,
How they thought, or talked, or

acted,
Nought this narrative reveals,
But their entertainers found them
Always regular at meals.

III.

Soon that erstwhile fruitful garden
Lay a waste and sad to see;
Gone were inguns, beans and 'taters,
Every cowcumber and pea,
All the apples, all the cherries,
All the berries, all the plums.
Gone, as eatables all must go,—
When the Coxeys come.

IV.

When the bugle called to breakfast
Each one came in eating trim,
And an imperial quart of porridge
Quickly placed inside of him.
Then the ham, in copious platefuls,
Bread, and hash, and tea, and beef,
Gave them strength to wait with
patience
Till the lunch call brought relief.

V.

Then the ale and biscuits vanished,
Then the bread and butter fled,
Little was there left to gaze on
When the Coxeys had fed.
So at dinner, though the tables
Groaned with victuals temptingly,
Ere the Coxeys had finished
There was left "not one split pea."

VI.

For dessert a pie with plums in
Filled a pan of vast extent,
But the Coxeys put their thumbs in
And right speedily it went.
So at supper, whiskey, lime-juice,
Biscuits, crackers, hard-tack bread,
Were not,—for the Coxeys took
them,
Ere they took themselves to bed.

VII.

Five were they, the great pie-biters,
From Lake Moira's distant shore,
Smiler "thought they must be fol-
low
All the way down to the floor."
And the other guests all gazed with

Awe and admiration meet,
Muttering lowly to each other,
"Lor! How those Madockers eat!"

VIII.

Once the song of "Peace and
Plenty,"
Echoed round that lovely shore,
But the Coxeys now have campeed
there,
Dare they sing it any more?
Now the Chieftain of that Island,
This is what, perchance, he does,—
Toasts his slippers, smiles a smile,
and
The Coming of the Coxeys grues.

XMAS AT ROCKWOOD.

Xmas comes but once a year, and truly the Staff of Rockwood Hospital should be grateful that such is the case, for their labors at that time are prodigious. If a single patient was unhappy on Xmas night, it was not the fault of any official of the Hospital, as everyone did all that was possible to make the day a red letter one. For weeks preparations had been going on, for the different events, and as our readers may not know how such a day is passed, it may be interesting to give an account of Xmas at Rockwood. It is true that the customs of the old English Xmas, as described by Washington Irving, are not indulged in, but many others quite as attractive to the modern are substituted. The breakfast we did not see, for the excitement of going through the contents of one's stocking, is more than enough to make even a reporter forget all about such a trivial thing as breakfast. When we entered the Main Entrance, we found the hall beautifully decorated with evergreens, and the absence of mottoes put us in mind of the fact, that these have gone out of date since a good old Steward, (now gathered to his fathers), made preparations for a reception to the Marquis of Lorne and his royal

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wife. This jovial Steward was an enthusiast, and a whole reception committee in himself. He worked like a Trojan, and among other things, had two beautiful arches erected in the Avenue. The first bore the legend, "Welcome to Our Home"; the second, "May you Live Long and be Happy." It was never known whether the Marquis and his lady heard of the reception awaiting them. At all events, they avoided the Institution as a wary mouse does a promising trap, and the fixings (including a new frock coat purchased for the Steward), had to be stored away until some more unsuspecting grandee than the Marquis should happen to call. Not the least funny part of the affair was the expression made use of by one of the patients, who looked at the arches and mottoes, and said: "Jimminy Crickets," surely the Marquis is not going off his base! If he is, I hope they won't send him to my ward, for we have more Scotch now than we have porridge for."

We missed the breakfast, but were in time for dinner, and such a dinner. If Oliver Twist could have dropped in, he would have been in the seventh heaven. It may be true that many a turkey roost has a vacancy, but those birds had a mission, and they certainly filled it. If the poultry was just right, the cooking was perfection, the many varieties of vegetables, all that could be wished for, and the plum pudding, so rich in raisins, that the big fat fellows had to squeeze themselves into all sorts of shapes to find room, and this too in spite of the fact that Mr. Marter has his eye on the raisin supply of all the institutions. Wicked Mr. Marter. To be sure there was no brandy in the pudding sauce, but no one missed it, or if he did, was too polite to mention the fact.

The gastronomic performances at

tea time were admirable. Among other things, we noticed that there were 590 patients and 600 lbs. of plum cakes. In school we learn that 590 will go into 600 once, with a very little over. This was about the result reached, thus proving that figures never lie.

However, Xmas at Rockwood is not all made up of eating, and when it is remembered that at night the time honored tree is to appear, laden with messages of hope and joy to all within the Hospital, you can easily guess what had to be done to get things ready. Five hundred and ninety presents to be provided, five hundred and ninety candy bags to be prepared, for it is the rule that everybody must be remembered. Fortunately the friends of the inmates have warm hearts and open purses, and it is a good thing to live through a Rockwood Xmas, if for nothing more than to learn that the people of this world are not half so bad as some would have us think. Over three hundred bulky parcels came from the north, the east and the west, and some even came sailing over the lake from the sunny south. Not only that, but generous people forwarded large and small amounts of money, to buy presents for the "friendless ones," and truly there were no friendless ones on Xmas night. Even people who had not a relative here, contributed their mite without solicitation, and their gifts must have been thrice blessed. The tree was resplendent with different colored lights, and ornaments, and fairly groaned under the load it carried, but before the formal presentation of the gifts took place, a delightful entertainment was given. After the usual tuning up of fiddles and basses, during which time the big Viols behaved as if they were grumbling at not being allowed to speak, and the little Viols entered a high pitched plaint against the other

fellows. All seemed to settle down into dignified harmony, and the breezy High School Cadets March was played with enthusiasm and abandon. Now came several Choruses and Songs by the Staff. Then all looked forward to the event of the evening, viz., the "Living Pictures," suitable introductions to each being made by Mrs. Woodrow and Mr. Jas. Dennison. As these pictures are fully described in the account of the New Year's Entertainment, it would not do to refer to them at length here. After the calcium light had given its last hiss, Santa Claus appeared, claiming that the weather was so bad he had to come from Sharbot Lake on a pneumatic tired bicycle; but all the same he had arrived, and his presents would soon appear. As he spoke, parcels began to drop from the sky, and trees, and houses, and he was soon buried in them. As the names of the different patients were called out, the people came up for the presents; the tree was stripped, and soon there was a perfect Babel, and the happy clatter of hundreds of tongues going at once, was the most pleasant music of the evening.

Yes, Xmas at Rockwood was a success, and the day a very happy one for all concerned.

MY FIDDLE!—VIOLINO MIO!

One man loves his fiddle (or, alas! his neighbor's sometimes), for all the melodies he can wake from it—it is but a selfish love!

Another, who is no fiddler, may love a fiddle, too, for its symmetry, its neatness, its color, its delicate grainings, the lovely lines and curves of its back and front—for its own sake, so to speak. He may have a whole gallery full of fiddles,

to love in his innocent way—a harem!—and yet not know a single note of music, or even care to hear one. He will dust them and stroke them down, and try to put them in tune—pizzicato—and put them back again, and call them over such sweet little pet names: Viol, viola, viola d'amore, viol di gamba, violino mio! and breath his little troubles into them, and they will give him back inaudible little murmurs in sympathetic response, like a damp Æolian harp, but he will never draw a bow across their strings or wake a single chord—or discord—"Tri-bly," by Du Maurier.

BABY MARGARET'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Fairy maiden, Margaret,
Like an April violet,
Purple dark thy sweet eyes be;
Daisy soft, and dimpled sweet,
Whither will those dainty feet,
"Thursday's baby," carry thee?
Through the world so wide and
strange,
Free as air in sunny May,
Fond of sunshine and of change,
Art thou meant to laugh and range,
"Thursday's baby," who can say?
Be the old rhyme true or no,
Little pilgrim, who would not
Smooth away each rugged spot,
Where those tender feet must go:
And for thee, thou winsome sprite,
May thy heart be always light,
And thy innocent blue eyes
Never be with tears o'er laden,
Still reflecting sunny skies,
Baby Margaret, fairy maiden.

K. S. McL.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

Answers to Puzzles in January
Number:—

H
TEN
HERON
HERBERT
SCENT
ARM
T

2nd. Christmas.

3rd. Ark.

Buried Cities—Stratford, Elora,
Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton.

HOCKEY.

Come list to my song of the
bright gleaming skate,
The flight of the puck, the vary-
ing fate,

Now victory, and then the loss of
a game,

It takes both of these to win un-
dying fame.

There is naught in the world can
with Hockey compare,

'Tis the sport of the brave, 'tis
loved by the fair—

Hark! the whistle is blown, the
puck is being faced—

The athletes stand ready, with
each muscle braced,

And then like a swallow, the
"centre" flies out,

Now forward, now zig-zag, now
doubles about,

In time to send Puck in search of
a jest,

To one of the wings who is never
at rest,

But rushes and glides down the
side of the rink,

Before his opponent can find time
to think.

Still just as he turns to shoot for
the goal,

The fickle black rubber gives the
ghost of a roll,

And "cover" is off like a bolt
from a bow,

To right and to left, with head
carried low.

Then whizz through the posts the

rubber is sent,

Poor "point" hangs his head in
sad discontent.

Again and again do the teams
chase the puck,

But Fate is relentless, there's no
room for luck;

'Tis skill tells the tale, and skill
wins the day,

If rules are lived up to, and hon-
est's the play,

There's naught in the world can
with Hockey compare,

'Tis the sport of the brave, 'tis
loved by the fair.

A. WALT WHITMAN PARODY.

(From the Week.)

"Here is the poem of me the enter-
tainer of children!

See! a cat is passing through my
poem;

See, it plays the fiddle, rapturously:

It plays sonates, fugues, rigadons,
gavottes, giguees, minuets, roman-
ces, impromptus—it plays the tune

that led to the defunction of the
aged cow;

But most of all it plays nocturnes,
and plays them pyrotechnically

as befits the night time.

See the moon shining in the pellucid
sky;

See! the cow, inspired by the in-
toxicating strains of the Stradiv-
arius, throws off her habitual lan-
gour, and leaps over the moon.

O me! O pulse of my life. O
amazement of things!

Why so active, thou cow?

Why so passive, thou moon?

See the dog

He grins and runs through the city,
seeing humour in his surround-
ings.

Have all dogs so keen a sense of
humour?

See the dish, maliciously meditative.

See! it takes advantage of the gen-
eral confusion, and absconds with
the silver spoon."

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