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The Rockwood Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE,
NATURAL HISTORY,
AND LOCAL NEWS.

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, NOVEMBER 1ST. 1894.

No. 9.

MARRIED.

On the 10th Oct., '94, at All Saints Church, St. Andrew's, N.B., by the Rev. Canon Ketchum, Miss C. S. Stevenson, only daughter of the late Hon. Ben. Stevenson, to A. D. Wetmore, of Truro, N. S.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. J. Osborne, of the Standard Bank, Markham, was a guest at Rockwood House in October.

And now the frisky footballer does kick the bounding sphere, and struggles in the scrimmage without a sense of fear. His hair is thick and long, all tangled in a mat. His eye is wreathed in mourning, his nose is beaten flat. His shins are scraped, his ribs stove in, his ears as big as eggs. And sundry strange nodosities are found upon his legs. And yet he plays with savage glee, and trains on pork and beans. He wades through gore, and yells galore, hurrah for good old Queen's.

Aberdeen Park, in which the Town Hall of Portsmouth picturesquely nestles, is worthy of a visit. The autumn foliage of the large crops of thistles is peculiarly brilliant. A beautiful granolithic pavement, composed of ten-inch fragments of limestone has been placed before the Temple of Justice. The rocky road to Dublin isn't a patch on it, and it is a fortunate thing for Councillor Simmons that he didn't start that special bus line, for neither busses nor people could have stood the trip over the stones. We might say to the good people of Kingston,

who have been getting milk shakes, at 5c. a quart, via Portsmouth, for the last six weeks, that they may now guess the reason why.

Sir Oliver Mowat made a formal inspection of Rockwood Asylum in the early part of the month. He was accompanied by Hon. Wm. Harty, Mr. E. J. B. Pense and Col. Duff. Sir Oliver expressed himself as much pleased with what he saw, and the daily papers were kind enough to speak in a flattering way of the Institution.

Mr. Alex. Cameron, of Portsmouth, was badly injured in Beech Grove in the beginning of October. He fell from a step ladder and broke a rib. Sorrow was universally expressed, as Mr. Cameron is greatly respected in the community. We are pleased to know that his progress towards recovery is satisfactory.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, of Truro, N. S., visited Kingston on their wedding trip.

For some years past the impression has gone abroad that the R. M. C. is gradually becoming a school for infants rather than for infantry, and the steadily decreasing average size of recruits has been caustically commented on by the girls just out. The Gentlemen Cadets are determined to put an end to this sort of a reputation, and are developing a mania for naughtiness that would make even a Bab Ballad Curate blush. On a recent bill of fare for a midnight orgie it is said that "fresh Cadet fried" was one of the entrees, and Seniors

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"well roasted" are now being brought on as a second course. It looks as if the material we make our soldiers of was becoming a little thin skinned.

Football is the order of the day, and now the Kingston Club wants to play at night as well. Nothing dampens the ardor of your genuine football enthusiast. He revels and rolls in mud; rain and cold are trifles not to be considered, and a black eye is a luxury few deny themselves. The Brockville Queen's match was played in a sea of mire, and every one wonders how Brockville scored that one point. But after all our affections are deeply centered on the Granites and the Barrie Streets, and no matter whether Queen's falls a victim, we want our boys to win. Yes, and we don't want to see Queen's lose.

Baseball is dead, but it is whispered that the Princess Street followed the Duke of Wellington's lead in their last match with the Harty nine. It is said that Wellington prayed for rain or Blucher at Waterloo. He got Blucher, and the Princess Street nine got rain. The Harty nine would have won anyway—perhaps.

The Harty Nine should change their name some say. It should be D. Harty.

Beechgrove is just lovely. That is the universal verdict, and although some wanted to have it opened on Friday, we had our way, and it made a good commencement on Monday.

Mysterious practices of the new Opera "Meadow Sweet" are said to be taking place at Rockwood, and all the characters but one are being assumed by young ladies. This one exception is that of Butterfly. No one light and airy enough could be found among the young fellows of

the place, so one of the married men has been called on, the name of the part changed, and the singer is content to grub along under the title of "Chrysalis."

Mrs. Martin has been visiting friends in New York and Toronto.

Our Mr. Wm. Shea was registered at the Hotel de Colonnade, N. Y., for two weeks. He has returned with a metropolitan air, three new character songs and a stock of jokes and ideas that will keep us in good humor all winter. Mr. S. says that although he enjoyed the World's Fair at Chicago, still for cosmopolitan completeness give him New York.

The birds came down from the north much earlier than usual this autumn, and those who pretend to know all about it predict an early and severe winter. Certainly the red squirrels and chipmonks have been very busy, and the absence of the usual crop of hickory nuts has made them anxious.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Francis A. Seymour, brother of Mrs. K. Seymour McLean, who has contributed so frequently and generously to our columns. Mr. Seymour's death occurred at Fulton, N. Y., on the 5th Oct., and brought sadness to a large circle of friends in Fulton and Buffalo.

Several important engagements are reported between — well— Japan and China, we nearly said some of the Rockwood Staff.

When is Brockville Hospital for the Insane to open, is the puzzle that none of the Napoleons of Asylum organization are able to work out? In the meanwhile they are figuring on the other question, is it true that Rockwood is to supply all of the Supervisors?

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BORN.

Millman—On Sunday, September 16th, at 490 Huron Street, Toronto, the wife of T. Millman, M. D., of a daughter.

A CASE OF MALPRACTICE.

Miss Arabella Araminta Ethelinda Brown,
Was quite the most bewitching doll
in all the baby town;
Her pretty face the index was of
many other charms,
She had such exquisite small hands
and such enchanting arms;
But that was yesterday, alas, transi-
tions come so quick;
To-day this paragon of dolls is
desperately sick,
And Mistress Marjory sits beside the
cot on which she lies,
With sighs upon her lovely lips, and
tears in her sweet eyes.
And if you go to visit in that melan-
choly house,
You must walk up the nursery stairs
as quiet as a mouse,
And leave behind you in the hall
your rustling parasol,
And speak in whispers if you must,
or better not at all.
The doctor came and looked on her
above his glasses rim,
As wise and solemn as an owl, and
she stared back at him.
He saw her tongue, and felt the
pulse, and shook his curly head.
And said that "for the time at least
this patient stays in bed."
He propped his dimpled chin upon
his silver headed cane,
And promised in the morning early
he would come again.
And then to make the patient's
sleep secure from all alarms,
He thrust a hypodermic into one of
those white arms.
Alas, alas, alack-a-day, the way it
came about,
The cruel needle it went in, the saw-
dust all ran out,

An Unnow in sheets and bandages
she lies in her white cot,
And Dr. Herbert slyly smiles, but
Marjory does not.
Now she must wear long sleeves and
don a frumpy old style gown,
Poor Arabella Araminta Ethelinda
Brown.

MY DOG GIP.

The poem "Gipsy," in the Sep-
tember number of the "Rockwood
Review," reminded me that I once
had a dog named Gip. Possibly a
short description of her might prove
interesting to the more youthful
readers of the REVIEW. From the
fall of 1872 to the spring of 1875, the
boundary line between Canada and
the United States, from the Lake
of the Woods to the summit of the
Rocky Mountains, was located.
Nearly the whole distance was along
the 49th parallel of latitude. There
was a commission sent out by the
United States Government, and also
one by the British and Canadian
Governments. I had an appoint-
ment on this commission, and went
out to the Red River in the spring
of 1873. Before starting out for the
prairie, to spend the summer in a
tent, I like many others, decided on
having a dog. A man had several
beautiful spaniel pups for sale. I
picked out a dark liver-colored one,
paying the man \$5. This pup be-
came very much attached to me,
and would not go with any one else,
and in a few months was a very
pretty dog. In starting out for
camp life, I took a gun with me,
and began training my brute com-
panion. She at a very early age
showed her instincts for retrieving
both on land and in water. When-
ever I picked up my gun, she was
all excitement. It was a very diffi-
cult matter to keep her "to heel"
when she saw the game, and she
got many a severe chastisement for

the same. Like many a child she seemed to forget these corrections, and could be disobedient again and again, but after considerable training she was fairly well able to control herself. One day I brought home a couple of braces of prairie chickens, and threw them down beside my tent. I went over to one of the other tents for an hour or so, to have a chat with some of the men. On my return, I found Gip devouring one of the chickens, and I whipped her severely. The result was she never attempted to eat another, but after that she would not retrieve game on land. If a chicken were shot, and fell among the bushes, I would tell her to "go search." She would find the chicken, but would not touch it beyond fumbling it a little with her nose.

In water she would retrieve ducks very well, but in her determination not to retrieve on land, as soon as she found her footing, she would drop the bird, and I would have to reach out in the water for it, or take a stick and pull it in. Now and then she took delight in carrying the bird to the opposite shore, and leaving it there, or going out to the bird in the water, simply smell it and return without bringing it. This was very annoying, and whippings could not force her to change her mind. She had any amount of spirit in her, and there was no danger of lessening it by punishment. An able writer on training of dogs, (I cannot remember his name at present), advises to place a spaniel in the hands of a trainer, as the owner himself will not have courage to master his dog. There is so much spirit in a spaniel, that it takes an expert to properly train it. The second year, Gip was a much better animal, and did good work. As an instance of her splendid retrieving qualities, I might relate the following. One morning, after

striking camp, and going about two or three miles on our journey, I discovered I had left one of my gloves behind. I sent her back for it, hardly expecting she would go all the way, but in less than an hour she had returned with the glove. (I sometimes wore gloves to protect my hands from the mosquitoes.)

As a companion, she was all that a dumb brute could be. She always slept in my tent, and as a rule at the foot of the buffalo robe, which formed part of my bed. In the very cold weather, when the thermometer was away below zero, Gip at break of day, would come to the top of the bed, and put her cold paw on my face. After awaking me, she would stand and shiver. On my raising the blankets, she would slip under them, crawl down to my feet, and after giving a deep sigh of gratification, fall asleep. In the summer, when mosquitoes were very bad, I had a netting arched over my bed. Although Miss Gip had a heavy coating of hair, these humming insects annoyed her, and nothing pleased her better than to get under the netting, and thus escape their stings.

One other trait of my Gip, I shall describe, and then stop what I am afraid is too long a letter. In August, 1874, we reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The streams from these mountains rush along very rapidly, and it is with difficulty they can be forded. In crossing the St. Mary's River, I suppose the dogs were carried down half a mile to a mile before they reached the opposite shore. Gip evidently considered this work not altogether fun, for on reaching the next river Captain F. called out to me to look behind. I was on horse back, and Gip had a grip of the horse's tail, which was floating on the water, and was thus towed across. After this, whenever I reached a stream,

and she happened to be away, I called her. She would grasp the tail of the horse and cross with comfort. There were many other points I could relate about her, but the above fully describes her faithfulness and intelligence, and you need not be surprised that I felt very sad when we had to part, which was not for some years after my return from the North-west, when she became old and a burden to herself, and out of kindness I had put her to death.

McCONNELL.

WORK FOR A WET DAY.

Little girls here is something for you to do on a wet day. Perhaps you know all about it, but if you don't you will be glad to learn what I tell you. Go to any book or toy store, and buy some cheap dolls heads, printed on stiff paper, or if you like, buy some flat paper dolls ready for dressing. You will now need a little flour paste, and with a small brush, paste paper of different kinds, good stiff note paper, colored tissue and crinkled papers if you can get them. We will suppose you are going to dress a six inch doll. First double a piece of note paper, cut a slanting line about one inch long, then cut in about one inch more, then down about three inches. At a distance of two inches and a half cut similar lines. You now have the foundation for your dress. Next cut a hole in the top big enough to let the doll's head pass through. Take a piece of tissue, or crinkled paper, about five inches long and about three and a half wide. Turn down about a quarter inch on top, gather it on a knitting needle, and paste it on to the note paper foundation, just below the line of the sleeves, thus forming the skirt. Then make a waist by gathering a piece of paper and pasting it on. The sleeves are

the hardest part, because they come off so easily, but are not difficult to cut out. Trim the dress with little gold stars that you can buy very cheaply. Now you can show your cleverness in devising pretty trimmings. If you can get the paper lace out of a bon-bon box, you are in luck, if your mother happens to buy a box of layer raisins, with fancy paper about them, you have a whole gold mine at your disposal. When you try, it is astonishing what results you can get for a few cents, and I know that my little family of dolls have brought me much happiness on many a rainy day.

LADY GAY.

"You country people make lots of funny mistakes when you come to town," said the city young man. "Yep," replied the gentle farmer, "but when we remember what a lot of argy'n' it takes to convince some city folks that gooseberries don't necessarily come from egg plants, we sorter learn to bear up."

Paganini, one day at Florence, jumped into a cab, and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer from "Moses" on a single string. "How much do I owe you?" inquired he of the driver. "For you," said the man, who had recognized the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs." "What! ten francs? You are surely jesting." "I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a place at your concert." Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty Automedon, he said, at the same time handing him a liberal fare, "I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel!"

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—

On the great American Chequer Board of two hundred years ago, the game between French and English went on continuously. The moves varied. On one side was coolness, while on the other, eager rush was the chief characteristic. The English went on slowly, but secured surely. The French ran over the board, secured pawns, made Kings, and eventually lost everything. To tell the whole of the story, would be to write a book. Let us stick to our mutton—in other words, to Fort Frontenac. In 1686, large supplies of provisions were collected there, and it was the base of operations at the eastern end of the Lake, while preparations were made to erect a Fort on the Niagara. The English, meanwhile, offered terms to the Iroquois, which were not at once accepted. But help for the French was coming from France, and in 1687, De Denonville received large reinforcements, and then called fifty Iroquois Chiefs to meet him at Fort Frontenac for Conference. They came, were seized, put in irons, sent to Quebec, and shipped to France to labor in the galleys, as the French King had ordered. How would you have felt if you had been trapped and torn from your homes, in such treacherous fashion? Just as did the Iroquois. They rose as one man, determined to avenge the gross betrayal of their fellows. To subdue them, Denonville collected an army of 2,000 regular troops, and 600 Indians, at Montreal, and on 11th June, started for Fort Frontenac, and thence proceeded by boats and canoes to the mouth of the Genesec River, on the southern shore of Lake Ontario. After an inland march, the Senecas were attacked in their village, and they would have repulsed the French,

but for the fact that the latter were saved by their Indian allies. Then Denonville set off for Niagara, and erected a wooden Fort there, garrisoning it with 100 men, under Chevalier De La Noye. No sooner had Denonville returned to Fort Frontenac, than the Iroquois attacked the new Niagara Fort, and its garrison was, by fighting and famine, eventually reduced to a force of but half a score of men. Governor Dougan, of the English colony, was carrying on an intrigue with the Iroquois, and wrote to Denonville, asserting that the Five Nations would not listen to proposals of peace, until the French restored to their homes the Indians sent to man French galleys. He supplied the Iroquois with arms and ammunition, and incited them to fresh attack upon the French. In 1688, the Iroquois assembled in great force, within two days march of Montreal, while with five hundred men they devastated the growing settlement at Frontenac. The few farm houses were destroyed by fire, cattle were killed, and the Fort itself was invested. Denonville was so cowed, that he accepted the terms proposed by Dougan, sent to France to secure the return of the Iroquois captives, and obtained permission to forward provisions to the starving garrison at Fort Frontenac. But an attack by the Hurons upon some Iroquois Chiefs, as they were returning from Montreal, so incensed the Five Nations, that in 1689, they sacked Lachine and Montreal. Men, women and children, Indian and white, were cruelly killed, farm houses and barns were burnt, property of all descriptions was destroyed, and waste and ruin marked the course of the invaders, of whom but three lost their lives. The garrison at Fort Frontenac, dismayed by this Iroquois success, and dreading the fate which had overtaken their

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countrymen at Lachine and Montreal, determined upon evacuation, and escape down the River St. Lawrence. Charlevoix, speaking of this evacuation, by Sieur De Varennes and his followers, says that the Sieur lost six of the forty-five men who composed the garrison, while shooting a rapid in his course from Frontenac to Lachine. He had buried, or thrown into the water, all the stores and ammunition likely to encumber his march, sunk in the Harbor of Catarqui three barks, with their anchors and iron cannon, and transported the bronze pieces as far as Lake St. Francis, and there concealed them. He mined the bastions, walls of the Fort, and towers, and put in several places slow matches, lighted at one end, and, three or four hours after his departure, heard a great noise, and had no doubt that the building which he had so recently left was entirely blown up. The Iroquois, finding the Fort abandoned, took possession of its ruins. Niagara, too, was left to be occupied by the all-conquering Iroquois, and not a vestige of French power remained on Lake Ontario. Denonville disgraced, was removed from his position, and Count Frontenac, an old man still full of vigor, was sent from France to win back what had been lost. He came out in 1689, bringing with him reinforcements from France. He organized three expeditions against the English, more or less successful, and the English, in reprisal, attempted the capture of Quebec, and failed. Once more the French flag was in the ascendant, when in 1694, Frontenac, in opposition to the wishes of the French Government, determined to restore and reoccupy Fort Frontenac. In July of that year, he sent 600 men, of whom a portion were Indians, to rebuild the stronghold. The force,

under the command of Chevalier Crisafy, did its work efficiently. Before the close of August, a building 120 feet long was constructed, along one of the old curtains, in the walls of the garret of which building, was a range of loop holes, as in the remainder of the Fort. This building was used as a chapel, officers quarter, a bakery, and a storehouse of provisions sufficient to feed the garrison for eighteen months. Two pieces of artillery and a quantity of grenades were left by the troops, on their departure for Montreal. Forty-eight men were retained as a garrison. Five extensive breaches in the walls, the result of the explosions when the Fort was evacuated in 1689, were repaired, some old mortar having been broken, and mixed with rich clay, leaving the walls as solid as if built with cement. The whole expedition was a great success, as the time consumed from its departure from Montreal, to its return, occupied but twenty-six days, while not a man had been wounded; and the ever vigilant Iroquois were off their guard, and knew nothing of re-occupation, until the stronghold was once more defensible. In 1696, Frontenac renewed the offensive against the Iroquois, proceeded up the St. Lawrence with 1,500 men, and rested for some days at Catarqui, before crossing the Lake. As a result of this expedition, a Fort was established at Oswego, and a few Oneidas were captured. Frontenac for the last time, landed on the shores of the Catarqui, on the 15th August, and soon after started for Quebec. In 1697, the soldier and statesman, to whom France was so deeply indebted, passed away in his seventy-eighth year, proudly conscious of the fact that he had restored the prestige of his country amongst her Indian enemies, and had done much to-

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wards the settlement of the New World. His successor, Chevalier De Callieres, concluded a Treaty with the Iroquois, and peace reigned until 1703. He had established a Fort at Detroit, so that the French had important trading points at Tadousac, Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Cataragui, Niagara, Detroit and Mackinaw. The first De Vaudreuil succeeded De Callieres. But I shall not attempt a resume of French Canadian history, an account of the extension of French rule to the Illinois and the West; or a detailed description of the occupation, by missionaries and traders, of the immense territory which is now known as Canada. In 1756, we find Fort Frontenac once more playing an important part. The English had pushed forward until they had secured Oswego. Field Marshal Montcalm saw the necessity of checking these formidable rivals, and proceeded to Fort Frontenac with about three thousand men, who were embarked and launched against the English position. The capitulation of the English Forts followed, and the French made 1,600 prisoners, and secured 120 cannon and mortars, six sloops, two hundred boats, an immense supply of ammunition and provisions, and \$100,000 in English coin. Great were the rejoicings at Frontenac on the return of the conquerors. Encouraged by this success, a party of three hundred French and Indians set forth from Frontenac, on the 28th November, and penetrated the interior of what is now the State of New York. They captured numbers of cattle, killed forty men, took one hundred and fifty prisoners, destroyed a large village, and returned to Frontenac laden with plunder. Even the Iroquois trampled English medals under their feet, and were willing to join the victors. But there was

speedily a reverse side of the shield in view. In 1757, General Mardstreet, leader of the English Colonists, resolved to attack Fort Frontenac, and with three thousand militia, and a few Iroquois, landed within a mile of the stronghold, on the 25th August. The Fort, a quadrangle built of stone, had thirty guns and sixteen mortars. Mardstreet occupied an old entrenchment, and opened with his artillery. The garrison, very weak, but strong enough for Indian warfare, did not number more than 200 souls, and surrendered on the 27th, without the loss of a man of the attacking force. The victors found sixty pieces of cannon, sixteen mortars, and an abundant supply of ammunition and provisions,—all of which were destroyed by the English, who did not wish to occupy the Fort. Several vessels were burnt, and then the position was abandoned, to be re-occupied and strengthened by the French before the end of the year. But it was the beginning of the end. There were attacks upon Niagara, and a schooner was sent from Frontenac to give aid to the beleagured garrison, but without avail. British pluck and perseverance were making their usual headway. In 1759, Quebec fell, and in the following year, Fort Frontenac passed into the hands of the English, and was occupied by Major Rogers, of the British forces, with two hundred men. Since then the meteor flag has daily floated over the site of the first Christian settlement on Lake Ontario; and the dreaded Iroquois has become a very well behaved settler upon the banks of the grand River, a faithful subject of British Rule, and a free and independent citizen, who votes by ballot, and knows no more of scalping and tomahawks than you and I.

GRANDFATHER.

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

of whom are anxious to sell us their farms, which are all hills as steep as the walls of a house. How they manage to cultivate them will always remain a mystery to me. I said to one man. "We could never keep on your farm, we should roll off and break our necks." Why, he said: "Do you 'uns call THEM steep? I've hearn tell that some places is level, but I'm sure we 'uns would die away from our hills, flat countries must be dreadful unhealthy." Some of them had never been out of the mountains, and had no wish to leave them, apparently they think there is no place like home.

They tell us if rain comes on, travelling in these mountain regions is dangerous, owing to the torrents, and having no bridges. The sky had a very peculiar appearance last night. What appeared to be sky rockets kept shooting up on the hill tops, over the trees like Will of the Wisp. Mrs. Roberts again offered some tea hyssop, she says makes powerful nice tea, and mint is mighty nice too. No clothes yet.

Tuesday, May 28.—We got our clothes about nine, a. m., and were ready to start in an hour. Bought four quarts of strawberries. I walked down the road, a bit of which is here very narrow and rocky, to say good bye to Mrs. Roberts, who was working in the field with her husband. While I was speaking to her, we heard a great clatter, and looking around, saw the horses tearing down the road like mad, Edwin and Elsie holding on manfully to the reins, and trying to check them, Elsie's hair streaming in the wind. I, on the impulse of the moment, sprang out into the road to try and catch them, when Mr. Roberts grasped my shoulder, and pulled me out of the way, as they dashed past. Mr. R's man jumped the fence and got up to them, just as Edwin was getting control of them. The children did not lose their heads for a moment, and what might have been a terrible accident but for God's goodness, was averted. The scenery is grand, but I was too nervous and shaky to enjoy it. All the way to "Alexander," where there is a bridge across the River, and a large inlet, the road skirts the River all the way, and so close to the edge that if the horses shied the least bit, we would have been over. Leaving "Alexander," we drove over a wild mountain road, the scenery very wild and grand. After a few miles, we reached a table-land, and drove for a couple of miles looking down a ravine, on one side it seemed 100 feet of rock and trees, and at the bottom a small stream. Then we began to descend a rough mountain road. We have Camped for lunch in a deep gorge, between mountains, where there are magnificent ferns, rare and curious plants, the trees of an immense height, the tops bathed in sunshine. Where we are there is a dense shade, here we see, for the first time, foliage plants green and white, and crimson, growing on the road. The maiden hair ferns are here, very large, and in great quantities. We thought when we camped, we were at the bottom of the gorge, but on starting, we found we had to descend a very steep, narrow road, with a precipice on each side, about 100 feet or more, going straight up on our left like the wall of a house. All rock, with crevices, in which were growing beautiful flowers and ferns, it was almost twilight all the way down. On our right hand, the precipice descended sheer down to a brook, far, far below. A narrow fringe of laurels was the only protection, here and there nothing; and the road turned now and again at sharp angles, making it very dangerous. We were walking, except J., who had

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

to stick to the wagon and drive. The wheels were locked, but even with that the horses seemed to hold back with the greatest difficulty our heavy wagon. There were quantities of Phlox and red sweet Williams among the ferns. I was nearly frantic all the way down, fearing some accident to J. Turning a sharp bend in the road, we came to a wide River, rushing over boulders, and very muddy. It looked very alarming for a ford. But after looking around to see if there was a boat or any way to get over, Edwin jumped on Tim, and found that though very rough and rocky, the water was not higher than Tim's breast. So commending ourselves to the kind providence, who has watched over us through our wanderings, we got over all right, though many times the wheels going over large stones, which we could not see, nearly upset the wagon, and tried it and the harness severely. The view of rocks and river from the opposite side was enchanting. This River is called the "Big Ivey." The scenery from this point to beyond "Marshall," on the "Fr anch Broad," which place we reached in two hours, is simply indescribably grand. Hills, rocks and river, make a picture impossible to forget. We drove till nearly six without finding a spot we could Camp in, and came to a store, and the man allowed us to Camp in his field. We slept well. We bought delicious strawberries here, and the woman (quite young and good looking), in making change, turned out a pocket which was full of tobacco. I asked if she smoked? When she said, in a shocked tone of voice: No, I chew. All the women here we have met, chew and smoke, and we see numbers of tobacco drying houses, and fields of young tobacco.

Wednesday, May 29.—A bright, clear morning. We are waiting for our tent to-day, after the heavy dew of last night. We have had delicious new milk, for twenty-five cents per gallon, and strawberries at ten cents per quart, from the woman who lives near. These wild strawberries are large and delicious in flavor. We have had them every day since leaving "Ashville." Our horses are very spirited, and these awful roads make me dreadfully nervous. I'm sure my hair must be white by this time. I've not looked in a glass for weeks, since the Dr. broke ours. We have been driving over rough, dangerous roads all day. All day we have been steadily descending the mountain, for over an hour, and at last came to a level, but very narrow and rough road, just on the edge of "Laurel Creek," a small, rocky, muddy River, which we have to ford twice. We were almost over the second, which is extremely rocky, when the wheel struck a large stone and broke the cross bar. Fortunately only the hind wheels are in the water. The bank is high, and there is barely room enough to tie up the horses. The tent has to be pitched on an angle of forty-five degrees, and the ground is very rough and stony. Edwin rode off on Tim, and about two miles off succeeded in finding a blacksmith, who is to be on hand in the morning, and we suppose it will take all the morning to repair damages. We are most fortunate, for it's the best place for an accident (if we're to have one), in all the miles we have traversed to-day. It looks very like rain, and we have prepared for it. The girls and I will have to sleep partly in "Laurel Creek" to-night, and have had the wagon chained to a large tree on the bank, in case those dreadful stories we have been hearing about, the rapid rising of these Creeks may be true. We are just at the junction of the "Big and Little Laurel" Rivers, which makes it safer for us. The scenery to-day has been very grand. The

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

The man in the moon came tumbling down,
 And asked his way to Norwich;
 He went by the South, and burnt
 his mouth,
 With eating cold pease porridge.

So ran the old rhyme, and who does not remember dear old Mother Goose and her wise sayings? Well, now I am going to tell you what made me think of it. We live on the quietest street imaginable, but occasionally we have "something happen," as you shall hear. This week we have had lots of excitements, and our children have been in glee over the change. One day there were two street pianos, and a barrel organ all in the same day; one of the pianos had a barrel in front of it, in which a baby had its cradle, while its mother in her gay costume assisted the father in grinding and dragging the machine through the street. The organ was of ancient style, and had a bad cold. As it wheezed out "Darling I am Growing Old," I put up my hand to my head, for surely that tune was of my youth, and there must be "Silver Threads Among the Gold." But suddenly the stops pulled, and the martial strains of the Mulligan Guards make me truly a child once more.

Another day we found a basket on the boulevard, with a ticket and a chicken in it. The chicken had on its feathers, and the card had on my name. Now who sent me that chicken, and why was it left on the street? A grocer's boy left the basket at night, and a dog left the chicken in the morning. He was actually seen putting it in the basket, and thus played a joke on me, for I didn't see him do it. But the funniest, or rather most extraordinary thing of all took place yesterday, and that made me think of

the old man in the moon, but as I write what is that I hear? Right in front of the window too—actually a street piano! What is the matter with the street anyway? We have suddenly grown into favor surely with these strolling musicians. It distracts me somewhat, but I hope they will "move on," as I want to tell my story. There! after giving us the benefit of their repertoire three times, they are reminding people up the street of "Home Sweet Home." Well there is a big Fair going on in our town, and of course a balloon goes along with a fair now-a-days, and yesterday I told Charlie more in fun than in earnest to watch for it to come down in our back yard. It was rather an improbable thing, but quite possible, as events proved. Charlie took up his observation point from the back door steps, though there is really nothing to be seen but the backs of buildings, for we are entirely surrounded by houses and yards, cutting off full views; but he and Mary could see the blue sky above their heads. Presently a cry rang on the air, "the balloon, the balloon." I ran to the window, and sure enough there was the big thing coming straight for our back yard. We watch the man on the trapeze with suspense, for something has gone wrong and the parachute won't work; see he cannot catch hold of the rope, and what will he do? The balloon swerves in its course, and begins to flatten. Ah! now all will come down together, and we tremble with excitement. People pour out of their houses like bees from their hives, and the children are off with the rest. The balloon came down in a yard a very short piece away, in fact just down the street a little bit. It caught on something, and the man had to take a tremendous jump. He came out all right, but I guess he was pretty

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

well scared. A cab was driven up for him, and a wagon for his balloon. Charlie thinks it was too bad the whole thing didn't take place in our back yard, but I don't. And now my story's done.

The man and his balloon came tumblind down.

With rather too much of a bound; I hope that this scare will make him declare,

That its wiser to stay on the ground.

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Nedders: What's a bon mot? Slowitz: Something you always think of after it's too late to say it.

Tommy Shary (laying down two-pence farthing): A loaf of bred, please. Baker: It's dearer, my boy; it's riz. Tommy: All right, mister; give me one of yesterday's.

Fond Parent: Goodness, how you look, chlld. You are soaked. Frankie: Please, Pa, I fell into

the canal. Fond Parent: What, with your new trousers on? Frankie: I didn't have time to take'em off.

"I am told," said the caller, "that your husband is engaged in a work of profane history." "Yes," replied the author's wife; "it certainly sounded that way when I heard him correcting the proofs.

Mrs. Cawker: Don't you think it is very strange that Mr. Stivitt's hasn't returned my call yet? Mr. Cawker: Not at all; it is merely the result of force of habit. "How's that?" "She was a telephone girl before her marriage."

Mamma: Well, Tommy, did you give the poor dog his medicine while I was away? Tommy: Yes, Ma. I read the recipe, and it said the compound could be mixed on an old broken dish. I couldn't find such a dish, so I had to break one.

"Is your Vienna bread fresh?" asked Mrs. McBride of the baker; but before he could reply, she added: "How stupid of me to be sure! Of course it couldn't be very fresh, for it takes about ten days to come from Vienna. You may give me two loaves."

Young Mrs. Sappy: Oh, Adolphus, I can hear the burglars down stairs. Young Mr. Sappy: Then now we shall know if those spoons I bought are really silver. If they're silver, they'll take them, and if they're not, they won't.

"James," said the milkman to his new boy, "d'ye see what I'm a doin' of?" "Yes, sir," replied James, "you're a pourin' water into the milk." "No, I'm not, James, I'm pourin' milk into the water. So if anybody asks you if I put water in my milk you tell them no. Allers stick to the truth, James, cheatin' is bad enough but lyin' is wuss."

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