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The Rockwood Review

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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, JANUARY 1ST, 1898.

NO. 11.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

The people who make a habit of sighing for an old fashioned Xmas, are rather knocked out this year, and are beginning to evolve a new theory of weather. The latest is that the destruction of the forests is making the climate more severe. Juveniles generally felt rather satisfied with the atmospheric conditions, which were particularly favorable for the operations of Santa Claus.

On Xmas Sunday morning the Rockwood Orchestra (13 pieces), played Gounod's Marche Pontificale, Mozart's Priests March and the different hymns. The service was imposing and much enjoyed.

Dr. Bucke, Superintendent of London Asylum, is the greatest enthusiast in the service. He is at present carrying on an animated controversy with Goldwin Smith, in the Canadian Monthly, regarding the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. It is almost unnecessary to state that Shakespeare is being "roasted" on the one side, and Bacon fried, minced and hashed on the other. It seems though in spite of Dr. Bucke's contention to the contrary, that people will still go on believing in the immortal Shakespeare. He may have been stupid and without learning, but his plays are still good enough for the average mortal.

Mr. C. R. Webster has given up football for local politics. If he makes as great a success of municipal affairs as of football, he will be a hard man to down in the scrimmage.

Miss Emma Nicholson, at the time of writing, is suffering from rather severe indisposition.

The wise men of Portsmouth have decided on an era of peace, and this year money will be saved by the fact that no municipal contest will be held. It was thought that Mr. McCammon's chances were dished owing to his extravagant ideas of expenditure, when asphalt pavements and charity votes were in order. He is still in the magic circle though, and is preparing a new bill on the goose question. It is a wonder that before this the politicians in the west have not "got on" to the fact that Portsmouth pastures all of its geese on the Government grounds.

Aberdeen Park, Portsmouth, is being steadily improved by having ashes dumped in it. Bye and bye, if the process continues, it will be able to keep its surface above water, and its swan ponds, lagoons and artificial lakes will be things to be remembered by the oldest inhabitant. The Penitentiary investigation committee were anxious to make trouble about the filling in of Aberdeen Park, but we all say peace be to these ashes—the committee didn't know what it was talking about.

Universal regret is expressed at the calamity by fire which has overtaken the Hospital. The only consolation is that it might have been worse.

Xmas day was celebrated by the Curlers in fine style. Two mixed teams of patients and officers had an exciting game on ice that was perfect.

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Miss Mary Hewitt Smart, of Toronto, is visiting Rockwood House.

The action of the O. H. A. in excluding the Frontenacs from the Senior Hockey Series is astounding. It begins to look as if Kingston had little to hope for in sport from Toronto at any time. The Frontenacs were one of the best teams in Canada last year, and played an ideal game of hockey, lived up to the amateur rules conscientiously, and furnished an example to be emulated by other clubs. That they should have been debarred from the senior series, while notoriously weak Clubs have been admitted, is remarkable. The real trouble is the fact that the sporting affairs of Ontario are getting into the hands of boys who have not the ballast necessary to enable them to carry sail under the pressure brought to bear in Toronto. If these executives must be in Toronto, and it is perhaps necessary that they should, let them be composed of older heads, who are able to do what is right without fear of being "turned down" by the local juveniles.

The Ontario Rugby Football Union has had its annual meeting, and those who doubted the wisdom of the Granites in withdrawing from it, are now prepared to admit the wisdom of the course. This Union is a discredited organization, and east of Toronto will exist only in name after this. The election of officers was a beautiful exhibition of wire pulling, and the result never in doubt. The meeting called to transact important business never reached anything but office grabbing, beyond one or two matters of personal importance to the grabbers. The Union, bitter in its opposition to professionalism opened wide its arms to the one club supposed to be dyed in the worst faults of the game, in fact excluded from Quebec. Then it formed its celebrated board of referees, who

are to junket at the expense of the Province generally. These gentlemen can easily be guessed at, and let us hope that the East will stand fast and allow the professional referees to confine their operations to the West.

### HEARD IN THE WARDS.

Dominick, I hear that you have become an Anarchist.

Lanarkist—no sir'ee, not from that County by a hanged sight.

Mr. Schreiber of Sarnia, and Mrs. Terrill, Belleville, were guests at Rockwood at Xmas time.

Miss Pierce leaves for the west, for an extended visit in a day or so.

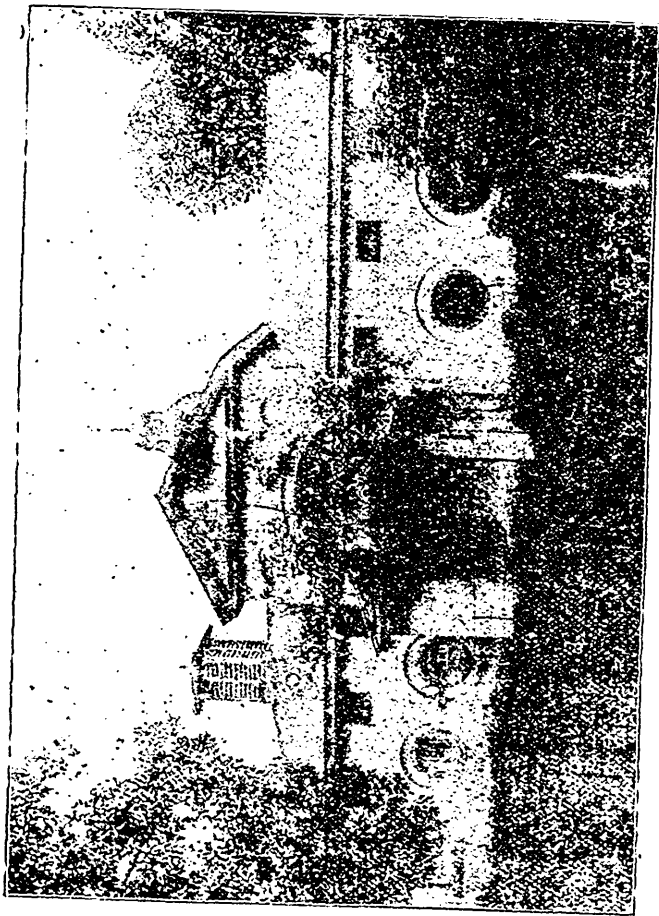
Mons. Andrieux was not forgotten at Xmas time by his friends at St. George's. He received a well filled purse. Several times during the year, his violin playing was one of the features of the services.

The Beechgroves are in grief over the illness of the McCaugherty's. Tom and Ernest. It is to be hoped that they will be able to play the game. It was sad indeed that they should have lost their mother from pneumonia, contracted while she was nursing them for the same disease.

The Rink is being greatly improved—a large room for dressing—dogs strictly forbidden, and small boys, who can but won't behave themselves, excluded. These are some of the good things promised.

During the fall some Portsmouth youths, who are pretty well known, got in Rockwood Rink and destroyed a great deal of valuable property, just for the "fun of the thing." If they land in gaol for a few months, they will not enjoy the fun as much as they might suppose, and yet that is likely to be the outcome of their amusement.





THE FIRST ROCKWOOD ASYLUM, 1840.

## The Rockwood Review.

This year the Tuesday night Socials at Rockwood have been brighter than ever before, as so much variety has been provided. On Tuesday night, December 6th, Mr. Shea and Mr. James Dennison gave their contribution, and brought down the house. The curtain rose, and showed a ship deck, with the sea heaving majestically. Mr. Dennison recited "Old Tom," and as he proceeded a storm arose, and a full rigged ship, in sore distress, was seen in the distance. Soon a boat put out from shore, and in the most realistic way, the crew of the ship was saved, amidst the applause of the audience. After this Mr. Dennison announced a naval combat. One of the new American navy steamed forth, vomiting huge quantities of smoke and fire, and in every way suggesting the scream of the eagle. She fired her guns at the unseen enemy, and while the orchestra played Yankee Doodle, things looked decidedly blue for the Britisher. Just then one of the "Queen's Navee" came in sight, and fired one huge gun, at which the American ship fell in pieces, whether as the result of an excess of wrath or the British shot was not made plain; at all events down she went, and a rosy-cheeked sailor chap (Mr. Shea) rushed forth on the stage, waving the Union Jack, and singing Hearts of Oak, as Billy Shea alone can sing it. Not satisfied with this, he danced a hornpipe in a style that surprised even those who knew him best. We think at times that we must have reached the end of Mr. Shea's resources, but he always has one more surprise in store for us.

CONTRIBUTED BY A PATIENT.

Teacher: "Now boys, I will give you three words—boys, bees, and bears—and I wish you to compare a sentence having all three in it. Now Bennie, what is your sentence?"

Bennie: "Boys, bees, bare, when they goes in swimmin'."—Tableau.

What resemblance is there between a wedding party coming out of the church and the ocean?

In each the {tied  
                  {tide goes out.

Is there any resemblance between a telephone girl and a pictured saint?

If a continual "hello" around the head makes it, there is.

Why are all games of chess of equal duration! Because it takes four KNIGHTS to play each game.

Wild ducks have not been more numerous than this season for years, and yet very few reached the market. Sportsmen say that they will not decoy for reasons best known to the ducks. Ruffed Grouse were rare, although ordinarily very plentiful just north of Kingston.

Two disconsolate Robins were seen in Rockwood grounds, on December 6th, rather a late date to find them here.

What is the resemblance between laundry soap and coal dust?

One washes the dirty, and the other dirties the wash.

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### GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

R. D. C.

PART SECOND.

No sooner had the excitement subsided that followed the death of Cæsar, than the utmost ingenuity of the newly organized R. D. C. was exercised, in the selection of something in which nearly everybody with dramatic proclivities could take part, and from which the young ladies would not be excluded. The lists of French and De Witt were systematically coned, and the plots of some hundred plays, as set forth in their catalogues duly and deeply studied. There were too few female characters in the bulk of them; the scenery was complicated, the "good parts" were restricted to two or three chief actors, or actresses; and a score of other objections cropped up which would have never suggested themselves to professionals, and had never occurred to the authors. Matters were once more at a deadlock, when another inspired idiot—our brother to the man who had tempted his dramatic brethren with the bait of "Cæsar"—told the R. D. C. that he had a Happy Thought, and thereon burst forth into rhapsodical praises of Gilbert & Sullivan's lively operetta of "Trial by Jury." Every member of the troupe could sing, more or less; thirteen ladies, at least, could have parts as the fair Plaintiff and the fairer Bridesmaids; the Judge, Jury, Counsel and Usher would call for sixteen male representatives; a desk, a jury box and some chairs would comprise the leading properties; and a wall-paper background might be easily manufactured by any fellow with hands. What could be better adapted to the resources and capacities of the R. D. C.? Cæsar hadn't been an indubitable success. A little of the comic would be acceptable to Brown, Smith, Jones and Robinson, and a success now would be another step in advance, and might

easily lead to and warrant still higher efforts. So it was unanimously resolved that "Trial by Jury" should appeal to the purses and sympathies of the good people of Rockton.

The story of "the Trial" is brief yet effective. A captivating young lady attracted the warm and devotional attentions of a rather insipid but good-looking young man. He wooed, and had gone on wooing some months before the opening of Operetta, and then, like many other fickle fools, had thrown aside the jewel which he might have called his own. He discovered, probably, that joy incessant palls the sense, and that she had become a bore intense, unto her love-sick boy. So he wickedly, and by malice after thought, threw her aside, grew cold and coy, and one fine morning discovered, alas! that he was another's love-sick boy. What fair lady could or would put up with treatment so callous and cold? Some, probably: many, most certainly not. Angelina was one of the many, and so, irate even if yet half-loving, rushed to the law and appealed for damages to a jury of her countrymen. What that meant everybody knows. Given a young and good-looking plaintiff, a humane judge, and twelve married, or even unmarried jurymen, and the verdict is a foregone conclusion. The Defendant, poor fellow, in ninety and nine cases out of a hundred is a doomed and suffering victor, for whenever a man makes love he commits some folly or other with pen and paper, which affords excuse for his condemnation. Think of blundering Pichwick with his chops and tomato sauce, and how Mrs. Bradwell therewith scored a victory. But when, as in this version of another Trial by Jury, a dozen pretty bridesmaids, arrayed in spotless white, and carrying bouquets and red cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and a tempting display of twenty-four kissable lips, treated the defendant as an object of scorn,

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contumely and fierce denunciation from the opening of the court to its close, verdict adverse to that miserable sinner was certain, even without the storming eloquence of a Buzfuz. That the young ladies and gentlemen of Rockton went into this pretty little play *con amore*, goes without saying. Every young man with a voice, and even some old ones who had more worth speaking about, was willing to be the Judge and counsel for Plaintiff, for reasons which are apparent to the most casual reader, but it was with difficulty that a gentleman was found who could strum a banjo, mildly sing his expostulations, and put up with the insults to be heaped upon him in wholesale fashion as the ill-starred Defendant—henceforth to be known as Edwin. A self-sacrificing youth, of benevolent intent, but who secretly was on very excellent terms with the living Angelina, proffered his services, as the victim of circumstances, and his liberal self-abnegation was duly appreciated and gratefully accepted. Then went smoothly on the work of solo and chorus, with practices every other lawful night, and with extra drill for the prima donna and the defendant at every convenient opportunity. The matter of dress received the fullest and most elaborate consideration. White frocks for the Bridesmaids, with half of them pink sashed, and the other half made resplendent with blue, solved difficulties as to cost, while the Jurymen wore everyday habilaments, rouged faces, false whiskers, and wonderfully if not fearfully constructed moustaches, for which buffalo robes had been placed under contribution. One young fellow, more experimental than his fellows, fell back upon squirrel tails, elaborately clipped into proper size and shape, and so exhibited a hirsute appendage between nose and lip, which was the admiration of all feminine beholders. Another jurymen, with a fearful audacity, which ought to have placed him in

the dock instead of the box, surreptitiously purloined his moustache from the boa of his best girl, while others contented themselves with horse hair whiskers, and a thatch of the same material for the upper lip. The Judge was arrayed in the gown of the principal barrister of Rockton, with bands about a foot in length, and wore a huge full-bottomed wig, composed of layers of cotton batting, sewed upon a yard or less of "factory." The Defendant, with a banjo suspended by a broad band of blue ribbon around his neck, was in evening dress, while the Counsel for plaintiff sported another barrister's robe, and a home-made bobwig of horse-hair. The Plaintiff was got up regardless of outlay, and so effectively that her grand entrance to the bridesmaids thrilling chorus, called forth round after round of applause from boys and men. The Usher wore the third barrister's gown of which Rockton proudly boasted, and carried as a symbol of his office, a lofty staff, borrowed from Rockton's Lodge of S. of T., which had upon its summit an inverted wine-glass, cleverly carved in wood by a local mechanic. Carrying out the Gilbertian idea of classicity, the Usher was made to represent a Messenger as well, and to sustain the mercurial character the more effectively, was adorned with a pair of goose wings, attached in some ingenious way to his occiput, and so looked, barring his clothes, as much like his illustrious prototype as could be reasonably expected. And to heighten the delusion, a pair of pigeon's wings were fastened to his heels. The preparations of the Stage involved but small expense. A desk, borrowed from one of the village schoolrooms, made a very effective Bench of Justice, and a few boards nailed roughly together, formed the end and front of the Jury box. And when the movable curtains were drawn aside, and the small but effective orchestra played a

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a lively overture, in which "The girl I left behind me" was the most marked and appropriate strain, the expectation of the auditors and spectators was raised, like the violins and side-drum, to the fullest pitch. The Barrister, the Jury, cooped in their temporary box, and the gentlemanly and mercurial Usher occupied the stage, and burst into a chorus informing everybody, although it was really but eight o'clock by village time, that the hour of ten was sounding—as it was, upon a suspended bar of steel, struck with a short iron rod, —and that the wicked Edwin speedily would appear, as he did, after the Usher in a deep bass had given to the Jurymen advice to be free from vulgar prejudice, and in the same breath inconsistently and immediately added his opinion that he was "the ruffianly defendant." Then sauntered in that malignant gentleman, with his blue-ribboned banjo, and asked in lugubrious tones to a banjo accompaniment, "Is this the Court of the Exchequer?" Sotto voce, he kept up his courage by saying to himself, "Be firm, my moral pecker," whereat he was set upon by the Jury, who in thunder tones, choristically denounced him as a monster—with a capital M—and further maltreated him with studied insult. Then came a solemn warning from the Usher that His Nibbs, the Judge, was coming, whereupon His Nibbs entered with becoming gravity, and properly and dignifiedly seated himself, after gathering his robes around him, with the coolness and manner of a Roman Emperor. After a set-off solo, in baritone voice, and a chorus, in all sorts of voices, between Judge and Jury—equivalent to saying, "Good morning. Do you use Pear's soap?"—the chorus of Bridesmaids, bearing branches presumed to have been gathered from distant palm trees, and rosy wreaths of artificial flowers,—looking like first cousins to the ordinary bouquets handed up

by the leader of the orchestra in the ordinary theatre, to the extraordinary star of the evening,—announced in dulcet strains, the interesting fact that Angelina, the disappointed, was about to appear. And here began Rockton's trouble. The Judge, who ought to have known better, struck presumably with the beauty of the leading bridesmaid, sent her a note which she eagerly read, rapturously kissed, and hid away in the upper portion of her dress. A frown, matronly and maidenly, spread over the faces of outraged propriety in the audience, and this was repeated, in more accentuated form, when at the conclusion of a solo from Angelina, the weak and erring Judge cast sheep's eyes at her. And a still greater shock was experienced by the stoutly outraged audience, when the giddy Bridesmaids voluntarily gave up the floral wreaths to Angelina, and that clever and designing minx boldly stepped over the Jury box, and placed a chaplet upon the head of each of those too willing jurymen. Not satisfied with so having won the jurymen, she pounced upon her Counsel, leant upon his manly shirt front, kissed his glowing cheek, and conducted herself in a manner regardless of convenience and common propriety. With audacity unparalleled she assailed the Judge himself, taking a seat upon his bench, and gently insinuating that she loved him, in a solo commencing, "I love him, I love him." At the same time the Jury were approached by the Bridesmaids, in tender and entreating chorus, once and again, and when they repeated their enchanting words, the Jury, forgetful of the surroundings, upset the two sides of their pen, and rushed upon them to seal the bold bargain of swingeing damages. At which the wives of two Jurymen arose from their seats in the audience, and bounced out of the Hall, irate and shocked, while two or three others arose, hesitated, and

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plumped into their seats again, determined to see the worst, if worse were possible. The poor Defendant didn't escape, for the Plaintiff, having won the Judge, left the bench and rapturously embraced her Edwin, until in desperation he flung her to the ground. The Judge, puzzled by what he had heard and seen, and yet captivated by the chin of the handsome plaintiff, and annoyed by the desperate violence of the defendant, declared in magnificent baritone, that he couldn't stop all day, and must shortly go away, and that as the matter must be settled, he had determined to marry her himself, and stepping down from the bench, warmly embraced her, adding for the edification of all and sundry:

Though homeward as you trudge,  
You declare my law is fudge,  
Yet of beauty, I'm a judge.

And so said all, in a ringing chorus of "And a good Judge, too," whereupon Judge and Plaintiff, forgetting the proprieties and decorum of a Court of Justice, danced back to the Bench. The Bridesmaids did some pretty "business" with the garlands of roses, and the curtains were slowly drawn together upon the warm glow of red fire of brightest hue.

Little wonder that the bulk of the ladies in the audience left the Hall in a state of excited bewilderment, and that "Trial by Jury" was unanimsously voted by the village conclave of Mesdames Grundy, shocking and abominable. From that time to this, although half a generation has passed away, amateur theatricals have been dreadfully below par in Rockton, and that the R. D. C. lives only in the fond remembrance of a dozen decorous matrons in middle life, who took part in the pleasant entertainment of that sweet long ago. The Judge, it may be added, has been on the Bench—the penitent bench—the meek and henpecked husband of the Plaintiff for many years, while

the Jurymen, whenever two or three of them get together, speak with bated breath, it may be of their determined adherence to the stage directions, as to kissing laid down by their guidance, in their book of the pretty operetta of "Trial by Jury."

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### THE UNSEEN GUEST.

When over the bustling city,  
Hamlet and field and town,  
The homes of the human millions,  
The Christmas stars look down.

And friends and kindred gather,  
Glad welcomes in every face,  
And the children's merry laughter  
With music fills the place.

There comes a pause in the music,  
Amid the gladness there,  
And the unseen guest comes silently  
To his place in the vacant chair.

His footsteps wake no echo,  
But we know what he would have  
said,  
Though he may be over the ocean,  
Or maybe with the dead.

And in the midst of the festival,  
At the feast or the fireside,  
Our hearts are full of the memories  
Of another Christmas tide.

When the best beloved were with us,  
The friends who come no more,  
And the fireside circle was complete  
In the Christmas eves of yore.

K. S. McL.

## The Rockwood Review.

### HOW TO SEE THE BIRDS.

A young woman, in talking the other day with a friend whose experience in some lines of nature-study had been greater than her own, said: "I feel quite discouraged about ever becoming acquainted with the birds. The trouble is that I don't know how to see them. Their movements are so quick that I can't accommodate my eyes to them well enough to distinguish form and markings with any distinctness. If a bird would politely stand still long enough for me to walk around him and really get a get a good look at him, there would be some probability of my recognizing him the next time we met. As it is, the case seems about hopeless, unless you can give me a recipe for "quick-seeing eyes."

Other people have experienced similar difficulty, in the outset, in studying birds,—people, too, who love nature, and who know many of the flowers and trees and rocks of their neighborhood, but whose eyes have not been trained to "quick seeing."

To some such a few suggestions, growing out of experience with a pair of eyes which, not many seasons ago, were as slow to see as anybody's could be—if physically in a normal condition, I mean—and which have become so keen as to be a constant surprise to their possessor, may not be amiss.

The prime necessity is a note-book.

Begin with the first bird you see. Perhaps it will be a robin. Don't disdain him because he is one of the very few birds that you think you do know. Watch him as he hops about the yard. Note how he really looks to you. Estimate his length, the general color of the upper parts, of the breast and under parts. In your note-book put down what you ACTUALLY see yourself, not what your reading of bird-books makes you think you ought to see. Describe the colors by

terms that recall the exact shade to you. Don't call the back brown and the breast red, if dusky and mahogany seem truer terms. These general colorings may be all you will see the first time you look. The second time, perhaps you will notice that the head and the back of the neck are considerably darker than the rest of the back. You may have a suspicion, when he flies, that there was a little white about the tail. Make a note of it, with a question-mark, if necessary. The next time you will see that the tips of the outer tail-feathers are white. Every time that you look at the robin, for a while, you will discover something new to note. You will observe the color of the bill and legs, the shape of the tail. Some day you will see the fine white line over the eye. Besides the description of his appearance, note the time and place of your seeing him, also what he was doing. You may be fortunate enough to be able to watch the nest-building and the growth of the little ones. Make careful notes of everything you see. Every observation helps toward quicker seeing next time.

Now take another bird. Perhaps it will be the familiar chippy. Did you ever notice before that the top of his head is cinnamon-brown, that there are straight black lines back from the corners of his eyes, as if he had spectacles on, that his breast is a smooth ashy gray, that he is considerably smaller than his despised cousin, the English sparrow?

Now may come a bird that you do not know by name. Perhaps it is a little grayish bird that is perched quite still on the end of a dry twig. Once you could not have told him from a chippy; but you have noticed that the chippy has a cinnamon-colored crown, that his bill is short, that you have usually seen him hopping about in the grass. This little visitor has an olive-gray head, a rather long, sharp bill, he sits very erect, and

## The Rockwood Review.

you almost think that he occasionally raises a slight crest. Suddenly he darts off into the air to catch a passing insect, and is back again before you can think. The name flycatcher passes through your mind. You turn to your handbook, and read what is said of the flycatcher family. You compare your notes with the descriptions of the different members of the family, and presently you read that of the least flycatcher. The description is almost identical with your own. You know another bird.

Some day you will see, balanced on a tall grass or on a topmost tree branch, perhaps, a bird nearly as large as a robin. You will only see that he is dark above and almost white below, and that the tail-feathers are tipped with white. You wouldn't know where to look for him in your handbook, but you recall something familiar in his erect attitude. Where have you seen an outline like that? Ah, the least flycatcher! You turn to the flycatcher family again, and it is easy to find that this bird is the king-bird. You will be interested to know that another bird is added to your list, but you will care more to realize that you are beginning to see. A little while ago you couldn't have told whether a bird perched in an erect position or not. In fact, you had an impression that a bird didn't do much but fly!

The rapidity with which your seeing power will develop after a few months of careful watching and careful note-taking will surprise you. Only be sure that your notes are absolutely true records of what you really see, it may be but one thing at a time first, with the uncertain points marked as uncertain.

You will learn in time to note everything. At first be on the lookout for the general color above and below, any striking patches of color, the shape of the bill, the length of the tail, the sort of flight—direct or bounding—the favorite

haunts, in trees or bushes, by water, near houses, or in the woods. Notice, also, whether your bird walks or hops when on the ground. Note his song in syllables of your own. He might not recognize your English translation, but have it such that you could recognize it.

With the aid of books, you will make at least a little study of the different bird families, and you will soon be no more apt to mistake a warbler for a thrush than you would a Scotchman for an Italian. The Italian looks like an Italian, and the warbler looks like a warbler.

One day last summer two young women had a chance to watch a chewink, or ground-robin. One had just begun to observe and take notes, the other had had the habit for several seasons. Each noted just what she saw.

The first wrote: "Chewink: size, about that of robin; upper parts, black; under parts, light; a distinct black mark under throat."

The second wrote: "Chewink: length about eight and a half inches; head and upper parts, black; breast, black, sharply defined from ash of under parts; sides, chestnut; tail, black; outer quills, mostly white; bill, black; iris, red.

"Seen in pine-trees and under huckle-berry bushes. It flew with a bobbing motion, as if its tail were weighted; flights, short. Did not stay long in one place when alighted.

"Note, 'tow-ree,'—harsh.

"THINK it raised a crest."

Notice how much more the second observer saw than the first; but, from what I know of the two people, I doubt if the second would have seen as much as the first did, had it not been for previous months of careful note-taking.—Estelle M. Hart, in the OUTLOOK.



## The Rockwood Review.

### XMAS AT ROCKWOOD.

Again the Staff at Rockwood have to congratulate themselves on having scored a success, for as usual Xmas Day was the brightest one of the year for the six hundred patients in the Hospital. The friends of patients were evidently influenced by the revival of good times, and responded with good will and generosity to the circular asking for contributions to the Xmas tree. It could truthfully be said that no one was forgotten, and if every person in the world was as happy as the majority of Rockwood patients on Xmas, the day was as near the ideal as could be desired. The bill of fare at dinner comprised all of the articles which custom has declared absolutely necessary to make Xmas a success, and if desolation was carried to many a turkey roost and poultry yard, it could be excused on the ground of "humanity." Possibly this point of view would not be shared by the poultry, but as their point of view is now out of sight, our demonstration of the problem must be accepted conclusive. The tea was as great a success as the dinner, and apparently quite as well enjoyed, and in the evening the Xmas Bell and Entertainment were the attractions. The Bell was an immense affair of evergreens and flowers, beautifully decorated and illuminated, and hung with presents and candy boxes. Cranberries, popcorn, tinsel and different colored fairy lanterns were largely used for decorative purposes, and the results were satisfactory. The following programme was rendered:

Orchestra, Pearls of Scotland  
Overture,  
Song, Queen of the Wheel, W. Shea.  
Highland Fling.....W. Woods.  
Violin Solo, Liebslied, C. M. Clarke.  
Club Swinging, (electric lights),  
A. Shannon.  
Clarinet Solo.....W. Madill,  
Song.....J. Shea.  
Song.....W. Woods.  
Zenda Waltzes.....Orchestra.  
Sailor's Hornpipe.....W. Shea.  
Blumenlied.....Orchestra.  
Cups and Saucers, an Operetta by  
G. Grossmith.  
General Deelah.....W. Cochrane.  
Mrs. Nankin Worcester,  
Miss B. Convery.

The programme was an excellent one, and the Orchestra particularly brilliant, aided as it was by Prof. Andrieux, the well known Belgian violinist. Mr. Wood in his Highland Fling was a surprise to those who did not know his capabilities in this direction. Mr. W. Shea, in his College Hornpipe, seemed to have stepped from a man-of-war to the stage. Mr. Madill and Mr. Chas. Clarke were happy in their instrumental selections, and the songs of Messrs. J. Shea and Woods were excellent. In the Club Swinging, Mr. Albert Shannon supplied the audience with a decided novelty. His clubs were beautifully illuminated by many colored electric lights, and when the Hall was darkened the effect was particularly striking. As Mr. Shannon is by far the most graceful and accomplished club swinger in Kingston, the Staff felt indebted to him for his kindness.

The Operetta Cups and Saucers is from the pen of Geo. Grossmith, and is written in his daintiest and interesting vein. Its sparkle and humor were done full justice to by Mr. Cochrane and Miss Convery. A great many city people and visitors from a distance were present, and entered with spirit into the affair. When the curtain fell, all agreed the Xmas of '97 was a decided success.

## The Rockwood Review.

On Tuesday, 15th December, the Annual Entertainment by children was given to the patients in the Rockwood Hospital, and proved a brilliant success. After a few selections by the Hospital Orchestra, an organization having some fourteen instruments in it, the Misses Davidson played a sparkling piano duet, then came a selection from Mendelssohn, by the Rockwood Review quartette, C. Clarke, C. M. Clarke, Goldie and Margery Clarke. Piano Solo, Miss Etta Dennison; Vocal Duet, Frankie and Edie Davidson; Piano Solo, Margery Clarke; Violin Duet, Goldie and Chas. Clarke; Song, Alex. Vanarky. The Dolls' Tea Party, Addie Longergan, Etta Dennison, May Smith, Gertie Elliott, Frankie and Edie Davidson. Three Little Fiddlers, Fred Dennison, Allan Davidson, Edun Davidson. The entertainment closed with the little Operetta called The Market Day. In this the same performers who appeared in the Tea Party took part, and acted, sang and danced prettily.

Good ice for skating was provided in the rink on December 21st.

The Hockey Club has reorganized with the following officers:—President, Dr. Clarke; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Forster and Dr. Webster; Secretary and Treasurer, W. Jones; Manager, Ed. Gilmour; Captain, W. Hamilton.

The Bonspiel at Rockwood, on February 8th and 9th, promises to be a brilliant affair. The visiting clubs will be entertained on the night of the 8th, by the Dramatic Club, when the Farce, "Ici au Parle Francais," will be put on the boards, and an excellent programme provided. On the 9th, the Banquet will be held in the Amusement Hall.

Several of the Staff have been laid up with influenza. Misses Nugent, Moxley, Geddes, among the number, and just before Xmas Miss Ward was called away to nurse a sick relative.

### THE OLD ROCKWOOD ASYLUM.

Rockwood Hospital has not always been the imposing edifice that it is at present. In the latter part of the thirties, it is said that the Cartwright mansion, now occupied by the Medical Superintendent, was erected, and very fine stables were put up at the same time. A few years later these stables were converted into an Asylum for women, and on the part of the building standing at present—again used as a stable—some of the old rooms are still to be seen. It is scarcely necessary to say that the arrangements were hardly up to 1897 ideas of hospital management. The rooms had no proper ventilation, were lighted by little windows high up in the wall, and the doors had sliding panels through which food might be thrust. The large hickory tree growing at the doorway, tells how long the building had been deserted. Dr. Bucke, of London Asylum, has embodied all the details that we could collect regarding old Rockwood in his annual Report for 1897. We are indebted to Dr. J. M. Forster for the excellent photogravure presented in this issue of the REVIEW. The view is interesting, as it gives without doubt the oldest Asylum building in Ontario.

Miss Gcodearle has the sympathy of the Staff in her bereavement.

A Highland Piper is being secured for the Bonspiel, provided a safety valve is attached to the pipes. Mr. Cochrane says that bagpipe music is heard to advantage only when on a far off mountain. The only approach to this can be secured by planting Sandy and his pipes on the dome. He might strut about the base of the dome and play the Cock of the North with great "eclat."

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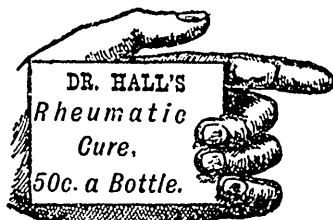
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## The Rockwood Review.

### ROBERT BROWNING ON FIDDLES.

Robert Browning was essentially the poet or artists and musicians. His knowledge of the paintings of Italy was not a merely superficial one, as such poems as "Old Pictures at Florence," "A Guardian Angel," "Andrea del Sarto," "Lippo Lippi," testify; but he entered into the spirit of the work before him, and possessed himself of the very soul of the painter. If it was so with painting it was even more so with music, for he was a finished player of the piano, and thoroughly versed in the science and history of music, as we learn from his "Abt Volger," Master Hughes, of Saxe Gotha, his "Parleying with Charles Avison," or that wonderful "Toccata of Galuppi's." That he was a constant attendant at all the great musical functions of his time is well known, and he has recorded his keen appreciation of the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts in a poem inscribed in an album presented to their founder, from which we venture to quote the concluding lines:—

"Thanks then to Andrew Chappell,  
—thanks to him  
Whose every guest henceforth not  
idly vaunts  
Sense has received the utmost  
nature grants,  
My cup was filled with rapture to  
the brim,  
When, night by night,—ah, mem-  
ory, how it haunts!—  
Music was poured by perfect min-  
istrants,  
By Halle, Schumann, Piatti, Joa-  
chim."

For the pleasure and edification of such violinists as may not be acquainted with Browning's poetry,

we give the following extract from his Red Cotton Nightcap Country," which was written in 1873, the famous exhibition of fiddles at South Kensington Museum having been held in 1872:—

"Ask him what a fiddle means,  
And 'Just a fiddle' seems the apt  
reply.  
Yet, is not there, while we two  
pace the beach,  
This blessed moment, at your  
Kensington,  
A special fiddle-show, and rare  
array  
Of all the sorts were ever set to  
cheek,  
'Stablished on clavicle, sawn bow-  
hand-wise,  
Or touched lute-fashion, and fore-  
finger plucked?  
I doubt not there be duly catalogued  
Achievements all and some of Italy,  
Guarnerius, Stradivarius—old and  
new,  
Augustly rude, refined so finicking,  
This mammoth with his belly full  
of blare,  
That mouse of music—inch-long  
silvery wheeze,  
And here a specimen has effloresced  
Into the scroll head, there subsides  
supreme,  
And with the tail piece satisfies  
mankind.  
Why should I speak of woods,  
grains, stains, and streaks,  
The Topaz varnish or the Ruby  
gum?  
We preferably pause where tickets  
teach,  
'Over this sample would Corelli  
croon,  
Grieving, by minors, like the cushat  
dove,  
Most dulcet Giga, dreamiest Sara-  
band.'  
From this did Paganini combe the  
fierce  
Electric sparks, or to tenuity  
Pull forth the inmost wailing of  
wire—  
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