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1851

The Rockwood Review

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

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

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Brock Street Methodist Church held a very successful Picnic at the Park. Rev. Mr. Edwards, the pastor, moved among his people, and under the superintendence of Mr. Godwin, the ladies reaped quite a harvest from their booths, having kept them open on King Ben's request, for his Free Band Concert, which followed that evening, their only difficulty being to get the stuff out at night, a road being very badly needed.

The Salvation Army held the inaugural picnic at the new Lake Ontario Park, and their patrons, numbering between three and four hundred, enjoyed themselves at this most romantic resort. The free and easy style of the Army was manifest everywhere, music by string and brass bands, willing volunteers put up swings, games were entered into by both sexes, even to a game of baseball. Meals at the low price of 10c. were served in a large marquee, with a smaller tent for the sale of ice cream, fruit, candy, &c. The day was fine, and this helped to bring out the beautiful view obtained from this very large ground. A very pretty sight on the outer front was a skiff decorated with flags, stretched on poles from bow to stern.

The marriage of several of the Rockwood Officials is said to be a probability of the near future, that is if house hunting and furniture buying are signs to be depended on, to say nothing of a characteristic anxious expression that has been developed by some parties.

The Portsmouth and Cataragui Railways' new cars are quite a desideratum. They are about thirty feet long, and will hold over 100 passengers. They have twelve reversible seats, a double longitudinal step on each side to get on board by. They are lit by six incandescent lights.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

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journals, and to use their columns
persistently and intelligently. This
costs money—but just as with vir-
tue, it brings its own reward. The
Review is very reasonable in its
Advertising Rates, and already
many of the really live men in town
are on our List. This is a good
thing for them, as the REVIEW
reaches many of the best people in
Canada, and it is wise to keep your
name before the general public.

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, JULY 1ST, 1895.

NO. 4.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss Janie Gage, and Miss Lilla Irving of Riverside California, also Miss Janet Holland of Toronto were visitors at Rockwood House in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell Way, Mrs. and Miss Parker of Hamilton, Mrs. Terrill of Belleville, and Mr. George Peirce were visitors at Rockwood Hospital.

A good deal of interest is shown in the newly appointed Clinicals, and there is much difference of opinion among the young ladies in regard to the merits of certain styles of beauty. Some prefer the tall and curly haired, while others are in favor of medium height and flaxen locks.

Dr. C. K. Clarke of Rockwood Hospital visited Denver, Manitou, Pikes Peak, Pueblo, and Glenwood Springs Col. in June.

Baseball is struggling to shake off the lethargy that has overcome it of late years, and now that the boys are playing for glory, rather than dollars and cents, possibly something good may follow. The semi-professional craze that demoralized the game years ago did more harm than most people knew, and if the players could now learn that honest, clean ball playing, is the kind best suited to the tastes of an appreciative public, further improvement would be effected.

The Granites and Rockwood's are good players, and able to hold their own against any aggregation of amateurs, some critics to the contrary.

Kingston Cricket has gone back, although many of the Juniors show ability and enthusiasm. The Club needs a better ground, some good advice and a competent coach. The so called Seniors seem to be a "back number," and yet some of them can play cricket when they practice.

The annual Military Camp is now in progress, and it is in order to marvel at the fearful and wonderful "get up" of the amateur soldier. Possibly the "mimic war" and playing at soldiers may have their usefulness, but it is a question if the game is worth the candle, especially in these days when hard times make it advisable to economize, even in the management of the affairs of a Government.

Canadians are found to be occupying prominent positions in every part of the Continent, and though they are far from home, they never lose their love for their fatherland. Denver—the wonderful city at the foot of the Rockies—has more than its share of Canadians, including some Kingstonians, all of whom are more than hospitable to visitors from Ontario.

Lake Ontario Park is proving a most popular resort, and King Bea is doing everything possible to satisfy the public. Thousands of citizens regularly take the cars to the Park, and are glad to get away from the heat and dust of the city. The Central Park in New York is unique, Lincoln Park in Chicago attractive, but Ontario Park in Kingston is "beyond comparison."

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

(LIST OF FLOWERS CONTINUED.)

Luzula Piloza, Wood Rush.
Nasturtruin Amoracia, Horse
Radish, Anemone Pennsylvnica.
Malva Moschata, Musk Mallow,
Potentilla Pennsylvanica.
Echium Vulgare, Blueweed.
Brunella Vulgaris, Selfheal, Lin-
aria Vulgaris, Toad Flax, Medicago
Lupulina, None Such, Rosa Rub-
ginosa, Eglantine, Rosa Blanda.
Myosotis Arvensis, Forget-me-
not.
Vicia Cracca, Vetch.
Merryanthes Bifoliata.
Potentilla Argentea.

In a future number an account of
a trip through Colorado will appear.

The special edition of the *WHIG*
was a magnificent production, and
from an artistic standpoint, one of
the best things of the kind yet
produced in Canada. It deserved
liberal patronage. The views of
Rockwood and its surroundings
were excellent.

The Examinations in Rockwood
Training School are over, and the
results have been made public.

Miss McDougall, Miss Whalen
and Miss Nina Orser succeeded in
passing the final examination, and
are now entitled to wear the black
velvet ribbon about their caps.
These three young ladies obtained
high marks and were nearly equal,
Miss McDougall coming first by a
narrow margin. In the Junior Class
the results were not so satisfactory
to all of those examined. The fol-
lowing passed the ordeal—Misses
Mitchell, Jacquith, Cunningham,
Ward, Glasgow, Smith and Porter.
Miss Mitchell made a most brilliant
record, and succeeded in obtaining
a very high percentage.

Rockwood did well at the Mont-
real Dog Show. The Great Dane,
Minor, came home wagging his

tail over the fact that he had car-
ried off all the first prizes open to a
Great Dane; and Count Leo and
Leo II, the bonnie Gordon Setters,
got first and third although but
puppies. Columbine takes a good
deal of credit for these results, and
deserves it too. He claims that in
getting Minor as "hard as nails,"
(that is how the judge put in the
Kennel Gazette), he wore out three
pairs of half soles.

There are boys and boys—some
of the latter exist in this neighbor-
hood, and have a craze for throwing
stones at every animal they meet.
A beautiful Gordon Setter had her
leg broken by a stone throwing
wretch a couple of weeks since, and
if the offender could have witnessed
the sufferings of the gentle creature,
the object lesson would have lasted
a life time.

Prof. Madill of the Rockwood
Band has the Programme for Tues-
day afternoon Concerts published
in the daily papers. A large atten-
dance of appreciative citizens has
been the result.

The Gerda was launched a few
days ago and looks as handsome as
ever.

The Minstrel under Commodore
Shea and Davidson is preparing for
the season's Cup hunting. She is
painted black and looks piratical
indeed.

A Trip on Wheels will be con-
cluded in the next issue. The re-
prints will then be sent out to sub-
scribers as soon as possible.

The Rockwood Tennis Club will
play a series of matches with the
city combinations this summer.
They are certain to give a good
account of themselves.

Mud Turtles and fish have been
supplied for the McLeod Basin,
The Snapping Turtle and Sward
Fish are still to be heard from.

July 1895-

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER. IMPROVED, BUT NOT CURED.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—Do any of you ever think of your Great-great-grandmothers, and their companions your Great-great-grandfathers? Do you call up, in your imagination, the venerable and highly respectable old ladies, figged out, the unconscionable frights, in mob caps, funny little tippets, and oddly shaped dresses, or think of them as young belles with faces decorated with paint, patches and powder, and all alike whether in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, or America, furnished on grand occasions, with high-heeled shoes, walking-sticks, and snuff-boxes? And do you realize how those old fellows, in wigs and breeches, wearing three-cornered hats, red waistcoats, and muslin neckties, with ruffles at their wrists, silver buckles on their shoes, and carrying watches as large as ordinary dinner-plates, were blood relations to you, the coming representatives of the twentieth century? I think of the queer old folks very often, and have arrived at the firm conviction that, were they to come amongst us now, and talk as they used to talk, tell us their thoughts as they used to think, and communicate their beliefs as they used to believe, we would feel almost ashamed of them, and be inclined to deny that they ever belonged to any of our families. They knew so little, you know! You must remember that they lived ahead of the age of telegraphs and railroads, and electric heating, lighting, and power. They had nothing better than pack-horses to carry their goods, nothing more commodious than saddle-bags and pillions to carry their duds and themselves, and very small mail-bags, and very small newspapers to carry their very irregular batches of news.

They were pokey in dress, snuffy in talk, backward in thought, and slow in everything which we should require in a man to think him to be remarkably wide awake. They often swallowed as truthful what we would think absurd, and frequently believed all they were told. They were as credulous even as we are now and then. We are astonished—we who are so terribly knowing—when we think how easily they were imposed upon. Anything in print was regarded as gospel truth. To hear it in meeting was to know that it was indisputable. They were—not all, but the vast majority of average men and women—frightened at the very shadow of their shades, and lived in the firm conviction that spooks and hobgoblins were their nightly companions. You couldn't convince a healthy, lusty, clear-headed boy or girl of to-day that there are either ghosts or fairies, but your G. G. G. Fathers and Mothers hadn't got out of the woods of Knownothing Land, and were floundering in the swamps of Ignorance. And yet the men made good Soldiers and Citizens, and the women excellent Housekeepers and first-class Mothers. The world wasn't on the move even then. And, after all, there are ever to be found people who rather like to be taken in and done for, and find pleasant excitement in any sort of cock-and-bull story. Even we, you know, are sometimes delighted with just a little bit of scandal, and are given to credit any fiction departing from the common. But while our relations were prone to believe in the horrible, they liked coarser jokes than we moderns tolerate, told rougher stories, enjoyed indifferent food, and lived in much more primitive fashion. They were certainly ahead of us in history, and a very bloody part of it too. Recalling their doings of two and a half centuries ago, we see some of them

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

beheading a King because he threatened the liberties of a people, some establishing that constitution which is at the foundation of British and American freedom, and still others nobly and heroically leaving their fatherland for consciencesake, and settling down, a little colony of stalwart men, and faithful, loving women, on the soil where first trod the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers, the most active founders of a new English speaking world. But, measured by our higher standard, they were positively and awfully awful, you know, in their odd, old-fashioned ways, and as superstitious as it was possible for civilized folks to be, and find any sort of comfort in life at all. They were burdened with witches and wizards—witches being female, and holding therefore, as always, a marked ascendancy. They didn't like them you may be sure, and got rid of them in the most summary manner possible, sometimes hanging and burning a score or more in a month. England and Scotland were specially disgraced by this cowardly belief, and still more cowardly mode of removing the imagined evil. America was not free from the wretched faith in an impossibility, and at Salem, near to the now enlightened city of Boston, witches were found in scores, and foully executed for their own supposed special good, and the general benefit of a frightened community. And what made this legalized murder yet more atrocious, was the horrible fact that the crime was committed at the instigation of an intolerant clergy, who thought that they did God service by persecuting to the death unfortunate men and women who had incurred the enmity or aroused the fears of more pretentiously pious neighbors. In the days of witchcraft, there were signs and tokens for every act. The ignorant man

and woman didn't start on a journey without consulting a "wise" man or yet wiser woman, as we might examine a barometer. When anything was stolen, there was no appeal to the police office for the services of a detective, unless the circumstance was extraordinary, when the thief-catcher was called in, but Mr. Wiseman or Mrs. Wisewoman, thought to be much more reliable and certainly much cheaper, was asked to show to the sufferer the face of the thief in a looking-glass. If rain chanced to be wanted—and there were droughts in those days, as well as now—Mrs. Wisewoman, alias witch, would cast a flint stone over her shoulder, towards the west, or wet a sprig of a broom in water, and the desired shower speedily followed. Contracts with the Man in Black, otherwise known as Old Bogie, written on parchment, signed and sealed with your own blood, secured you a fortune. Of course you had to catch your man before you signed the bond. To get rid of an enemy, you went to a witch, declared your desire, and paid your money, and forthwith the obliging lady manufactured a little waxen image of your foe, and stuck it full of pins, when the corresponding limbs of the doomed one suffered from rheumatism, wasting and disease, until death gave release from further suffering. Cows were dried, butter spoiled, oxen killed, or beer soured by similar influences. And these ladies could go and come as they pleased. Express trains and fast steamers hadn't been thought of then, and were not particularly wanted by this privileged class. Seated on a broomstick, they traversed the air in a twinkling, and their power was almost illimitable. Happily these formidable and decidedly meddlesome ladies could be checked. A horse-shoe, found or

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

stolen, and nailed above the door kept them and their influence outside a dwelling so protected. Various herbs and gums, properly used, were an effective defense, and a branch of the rowan tree, or witch-hazel, was another invaluable barricade against evil assaults. And when the supposed acts of a witch had become unbearable, there was a short and a sharp remedy. She was denounced, tried, condemned and executed. Certain marks and moles upon her body were believed to tell the fatal tale. The authorities thrust pins into these, and, if no pain resulted, the wicked possessor of them was doomed. A suspected witch could be placed in one scale while the heavy Parish Church Bible was placed in the other, and if the wizened and shriveled old woman did not outweigh it, her guilt was proved. She could be thrown into water, her hands and feet tied firmly together, and if she didn't sink, and so run a chance of death by drowning, she was at once denounced as an evil one. Wizards, of course, were subjected to similar tests, but were not nearly so numerous.

Execution speedily followed conviction, and the condemned wretches were hung or burnt, amidst the execrations of an outraged community. In 1775, nine victims to the ignorance of a brutalized people were burnt in Poland, and in June, 1727, the last witch was strangled in Scotland, although the Witch Act, as it was called, was not repealed until 1736. As recently as 1751, two persons, man and wife, said to possess bewitching powers, were quickly ducked in England, the poor old woman dying in the hands of the brutal mob who committed the outrage, and the old man speedily following her as the result of the injuries received by him. One of the ruffinally persecutors, fortun-

ately, was promptly tried on a charge of wilful murder, found guilty, executed, and left to hang in chains, as a warning to other cowards. That did much good to lessen the popular belief in witchcraft, and proved to be a more powerful preacher and teacher than pulpit and school had then supplied to the ignorant classes of Merry Old England.

(To be Continued.)

NOTES FROM EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

Among the flowers found since last issue are the following:—

Viola Blanda, Sweet White Violet, *Viola Rostrata*, Long Spurred Violet, *Trientalis Americana*, Star Chickweed, *Coptis*, Gold Thread.

Mitella Diphylla, Mitre Plant.

Actœa Spicata, Var *Rubra*.

Actœa Spicata Var *Alba*.

Antennaria Plantaginifolia, Everlasting, *Waldsteinia Fragaroides*, Banen Strawberry, *Streptopus*, *Roseus*, Twisted Stalk, *Smilacina*, *Bifolia*, False Lily of the Valley, *Rauncivulus Abortivus*, Small Flowered Crowfoot.

Geranium Robertianum, Herb Robert, *Geranium Maculatum*, Cranes Bill, *Erigenia*.

Arabis Hirsuta.

Uvularia Perfoliatop, Bellwort, *Polygala Paucifolia*, Rabbit Plant, *Tiarella Cordifolia*.

Cynoglossum Officinale, Hond's Tongue, *Potamogeton* Var?

Podophyllum Peltatum, May Apple, *Sisyrinchium Bermudianum*.

Blue Eyed Grass, *Potentilla Canadensis*, *Galium*, *Trifolium Pratense*, *Brassica Sinapsis*, Mustard, *Malva Rotundifolia*, Common Mallow, *Potentilla Ansearina*, Silverweed, *Cardamine Pratensis* (rare), Cuckoo Plant.

Veronica Serpyllifolia, Speedwell, *Cerastium Vulgatum*, Mouse Eared Chickweed.

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

Monday, June 24.—Cloudy, 'tho pleasant. Went to the dressmaker's, and found she had been humbugging, however there seems to be no help for it, but to "possess our souls in patience." In the afternoon we heard the President of the U. S. A. was to pass through on his way to the Natural Bride. A great crowd gathered in front of the Hotel, and waited till after ten, no President; Edwin and J. stayed out waiting with the rest, more than three-quarters of the crowd were colored; the whites closed their shops, and went home as usual, leaving the streets to look dark and dismal. The town is badly lighted by a few old oil lamps, here and there. This town is far behind Ashville and Grenville, which are lighted by electric lights.

Sunday, June 30.—Hot and cloudy. We all went to the "Memorial" Church, and found it quite up to my expectations, plain and so handsome in design. The service conducted without any ritual, plain and impressive, and everybody so reverent, the music very good; most all the ladies wore black. The congregation used very plain fans, and appeared to be a very refined and lady-like class of people, 'tho most of the boys of the boys of the better class were in bare feet and legs, even at church, a southern custom. In the afternoon, went to see Stonewall Jackson's grave. The stone very plain, just his name and age. Near the grave stood a large copper or bronze shield, with two figures in uniform, the Maryland coat of arms, and the word "Stonewall" round the margin. The Sexton told us a very fine, large monument is now on its way here from Italy. J. and I went to church again in the evening, and enjoyed the service very much. We heard a Mr. Williams, of Baltimore, preach. Very warm and rainy.

Monday, July 1st.—Dull and rainy. Hope it's fine in dear old Canada, as Dominion Day should be. However, it cleared up about ten, and we went to see the "Museum," which is like the "Smithsonian" in Washington, only on a small scale. Some very fine specimens of pictured marble, from Devonshire, England. J. went to the Reading Room, after we had visited General Lee's Study, which is exactly as he left it, his papers and books scattered over his table and desk. I came back to the hotel, and had a visit from the Rector of Grace Church, the Rev. Mr. McBride. He is very like Mr. Arthur Baldwin in manner and appearance. He is a thoroughly earnest preacher, and a good man. He told me Virginia is as a rule thoroughly Evangelical, that Ritualism has not made much headway, that they tried to keep their service pure, as they had received it from their English forefathers, taking away or adding nothing. We are struck by the numbers of cadets on the streets, smoking and spitting and chewing. The officers and teachers chew and spit also.

Tuesday, July 2nd.—Raining heavily all morning, cleared after a time, and we all went to the parade ground, to see the artillery practice, and hear the Band, which is very good. The parade ground is lovely and smooth, like velvet, the view over mountain and valley very extensive and beautiful. The clouds began to gather, and we barely reached the hotel, when the rain again came on, and continued all night.

Thursday, July 4th.—The "glorious fourth," fine all day, the first first day without rain for weeks. We went for a long drive in the afternoon. The girls and James went to see the meeting of the "Alumini,"

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

in the chapel, and the prizes to the students awarded. About nine in the evening, a glorious moonlight night, we went to the parade ground to see the fireworks, which were most beautiful, and must have been very costly to the cadets who got them up. There were crowds of people who showed their appreciation, not by cheering as Canadians do, but by yelling. Now I know what the "Rebel Yell" is, as it was called during the war. The Southerners cannot cheer. We enjoyed it all and our walk home. The streets are crowded. No flags flying, and the stores are all open as on other days. The Fourth is not of much account in the "South."

Tuesday, July 9th.—A fine, bright day. We left the Hotel at eight a. m., all the inhabitants who were up assembled to see us off. Old Que said she was very sorry to have us go. She, and our host, Mr. Burke, wished us good luck, and so we got off. About twelve we went into Camp for a three hours rest, in a pretty grove on a hill. No water near us, which is a great drawback in the extreme heat. Scenery very pretty and hilly. The grain all cut, and stacked, everywhere around. A wheel which was repaired in "Lexington," is again giving us trouble. Passed through "Ah Sid; two churches, one store, a few houses. In the afternoon passed "Fairfield," quite a pretty village: a hotel and two or three stores, and a blue spring of delicious water. At six, p. m., passed through "Midway," a tavern, two stores and a meeting house. We Camped on the other side, in a lovely grove, near a fine brick church, with a remarkably well filled churchyard, and a great many new graves. A woman told me a "right smart few" died in the spring of "Newmoney." A lovely moonlight night, and we find it cooler than Lexington.

Wednesday, July 10.—Fine and very warm, had to stop six hours to repair the wheel. The smith's wife sent us some delicious apples, which we enjoyed very much. After we had got off about a mile, we found a bolt loose, and J. had to return to the smith's while we remained by the roadside. Started and came to "Grenville," down a long steep hill, very steep. Drove through without stopping, over a lovely smooth road, scenery very lovely, and well cultivated fields of grain and corn, nearly all the houses have stands of flowers on their verandas. We Camped in a lovely grove, eight miles from "Staunton."

Thursday, July 11.—Fine and bright, been up since before five, a. m., and have breakfasted. J. better, Norman has a very bad cold. We were kept awake by the heat, and the dogs barking at pigs. We prepared for a thunder storm, but it passed to westward of us, and we got into "Staunton" at eight, a. m. A fine large town, a great many manufactories in operation, and numerous stores, and a large lunatic asylum; much larger town than "Lexington." We were detained here three hours. We drove through the town on a turnpike road, and had to pay the toll every five miles. It began raining at the first toll, and was coming down in torrents when we crossed the "Shennandoah" River, which is quite pretty, and has a very fine railway bridge here. We passed through two small villages, Sydney being the largest. At three, p. m., we stopped at the roadside to feed the horses. No shelter, and still raining hard. We started, and crossed the north fork of the "Shennandoah," about six, and entered the small and lovely village of "Mount Crawford," so called by a mountain of that name near. The country very beautiful, the rain had stopped,

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

CAMP AND CANOE.

LAKE KAHPEEKOG,

Nov. 3rd, 1894.

Dear Sam :

Several things have happened since I last wrote, and it is difficult to believe that this is the autumn rather than the summer, so beautifully mild has the weather been. The old Latin exercise book tells us that hunger is the best sauce. I can go farther and say that this is the land where hunger dwells. Here we do not seem to eat to live, we simply live to eat, and if Parit can occasionally "elevate his quills like the fretful porcupig," at other times he can cook the juicy venison steak as no other "chef" can ever hope to do, and the soups he turns out are of the heaven born order—that is if soups are to be served in a better world, Parit will furnish the receipt. Note the enthusiasm with which I write, this dear Sam is the land where appetite stands first at all times, and if I write a series of poems they will all be on edible subjects. I referred to venison steaks. Yes, we have hem every day, three times a day, and sigh for them oftener. The mighty buck has fallen, and great was the fall thereof, and thereby hangs a tale. It is a rule in this camp never to destroy what cannot be used, and no one ever shoots a deer out of his turn. We decided that as Charlie L. had never had a chance to develop buck fever it would be a shame not to give him an opportunity, and Pompey who was also a novice declared, that as he had never slain anything in his life beyond an occasional mosquito, he did not propose to commence now. He was quite content to see Charlie acquire all the glory to be had from the downfall of the bounding buck. Late one afternoon Parit and Charlie left in the canoe, Parit paddling and C. fond-

ling a 38 calibre Winchester. Just before dusk the deer come down to the water to drink, and often it is possible to get a good shot. They had got down nearly to the heronry which I shall describe some time, when Parit suddenly stopped paddling, and in a loud whisper, said: "See the buck on the shore just in front, take plenty of time and aim behind the shoulder." Charlie peered anxiously in front, and was completely nonplussed, for "never a deer" could he spy. "Great Scott," pleaded Parit, "can't you see that deer just behind the log, he will be off in a moment if you don't fire." But the deer was not even startled, and continued to feed quietly, the wind fortunately blowing from him to the canoe, and the hunters being still as statues. Parit could not make Charlie even guess where the deer was for a long while, he evidently was looking for something as big as an elephant, but finally he was made to understand that a vague patch of grey was the deer, and tremblingly he took aim. Bang went the first shot, but the deer merely looked up surprised, in fact C. fired three times before the animal condescended to move—the fourth shot broke a front leg, and then off went his lordship with terrific speed. Charlie suddenly braced up, the fever disappeared, and he redeemed himself by making a magnificent shot, stopping the deer just as he was disappearing over the edge of the bluff. The animal proved to be a three year old buck, in grand condition, and with a set of magnificent antlers. The last shot had broken his back bone, and death came very quickly. It is really a dreadful thing to see these magnificent creatures die, and I never witness the tragedy without vowing that this is the last time I will be in at the death; but like Rip Van Winkle I temporize, and I feel that I will just

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

shoot one more and then swear off. Charlie L. is a proud man, and the boy who owns his first pair of long boots is not in the same class with him. We can all testify that the venison is first class, and the grand antlers are Charlie's proof positive that his name is entitled to be added to the list of mighty Nimrods.

Jimmy the Bachelor has not been taking an active part in hunting as yet, nor will he until the camp is fixed up as it should be. He has organized several expeditions covering many miles, to hunt up boards to make tables and comfortable seats, and in an old discarded lumber shanty near here has found a veritable mine of wealth. Among other discoveries he has got hold of an old "dug out" eighteen feet long, and as crank as a racing shell. This he has christened the Crazy Jane, and in her he makes all of his board hunting trips. He induced me to accompany him on one of these, and insisted on shipping a load that left half an inch of freeboard. We launched the craft, and soon learned that we dare not wink. Half an inch of freeboard is excellent under some conditions of wind and weather, it is a little on the scant side in the face of a rising sea. We had a mile to go, and the "Crazy Jane" developed marked signs of insanity in the first hundred yards. At the quarter mile buoy she was unmanageable, at the half mile getting "groggy and half full," at the three quarter, the freeboard had disappeared, and we swam the last hundred yards, Jimmy feeling sorry that he had not brought the air bags along—in case of a cramp. In future I have no use for a dug out, with half an inch of freeboard.

You would think that it was too late in the year to fish, but strange to say such is not the case. This Lake is tenanted by nothing but bass and herring. The bass are of the large and small mouthed var-

ieties, the latter predominating. They fairly swarm, and it is a rare thing to catch one under two and a half pounds in weight, and rarer still to get one weighing more than five. They take the "Seth Green" flies well, and will in fact bite at almost anything. We put back all that we cannot use, and rarely fish until a few minutes before the time that a bass is wanted for a meal, and then keep nothing but the four pounders. I saw Jack have a hard tussle with two bass on a seven ounce rod. These fish struck two flies at the same moment, and fought a desperate fight. Napoleon had his hands full, and it took him nearly half an hour to conquer the fish. Although he could see a big fish jump occasionally, he could not understand how one of such a size could keep it up. When the landing net was brought into requisition, we found that two four and a half pounders accounted for the vigorous resistance. It was an exciting struggle, but Nap. proved himself equal to the task. We are to have plum pudding on Sunday to celebrate the death of the Buck, this is an invariable custom, and the etiquette of our camp would be shocked if this was not produced. We have pudding enough to celebrate several bucks. Charlie L. has brought one made by his fiancée, Jimmy one by his boarding house mistress, whose age puts her beyond the fiancée line; Pompey one by his wife, and I one of those incomparable productions you have met so often at Xmas, the compound of which causes my wife so much worry. Napoleon says he knew there would be trouble over this pudding business, and purposely kept out of it, but is quite willing to make the sauce, and act in company with Parit as umpire extraordinary. We have refused too to entertain any plum pudding, unless brandy sauce is supplied with the accent on the

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

brandy. Jimmy protested in vain, and the sauce will contain the proper proportion of the fiery liquid. This letter commences and ends with the subject of eating, I tell you Sam it is the subject here, but next letter I have a snake story for you. Am glad to learn that you are slowly improving.

Yours as usual,
THE COMMODORE.

LETTERS.

HATCHLEY.

RAMBLING NOTES.

April 23rd, 1895.

Maple syrup making is over now, and the season has been a brief one, but a rather less than the average crop of excellent quality has been the result. Arthur, with the help of a man hired to assist at the work, made about 37 gallons from 200 maple trees.

There are fewer varieties of birds now here than is usual at this season, and I have heard no reports of swallows being seen yet, but bats (or a bat), were seen flying around after sunset last night, and this circumstance is often cotemporaneous with the arrival of spring Swallows.

A pair of Robins having built a nest in a cedar tree near my brother James' house this month, were yesterday robbed of their (incubating) eggs by a piratical Grackle, which got shot as a penalty; and a day or two ago I picked an egg shell from the nest of the Song Sparrow, of which the real owner had been robbed by some predatory bird—probably a Blue Jay or Grackle.

Really fine warm days seem to have set in at last. The first Hepaticas blossomed in our woods on Friday, 19th, and the next day's hot sunshine produced great numbers of these earliest floral tokens of spring. We had the little deep

blue Siberian Scillas in flower though in our garden just two days before the wild bush Hepaticas, and I saw Crocuses flowering uncared for, in one of our neighbor's gardens, same day as the Liverworts opened in the bush.

The Song Sparrows or Grass Finches have been singing cheerily about our orchard or garden since the 24th of March, or rather 31st of that month; and two weeks ago Arthur heard one utter cries of extreme distress, and saw one that had just sang its repair seized by a Shirke or Butcher bird; so he reached for his gun and shot the murderer, which when hit by the shot had the wee Finch in its talons, and in its beak a tuft of the feathers and bit of the torn skin of its victim. I thought of preserving the bodies of the two birds, but our "Rastus" (cat), stole them off my work bench while my back was turned for a moment.

Our winter Chicadees ceased their visits to our window-sill food supply as soon as the deep snows began to melt, and they now evidently find more congenial food in the abundance of spiders and spider eggs, beetles and grubs of ants about the bark of forest trees, and the fallen leaves about the roots of trees, and we may see but little of the "Chics" interesting ways until the return of another winter.

Although it has been very generally noticed here during all this month of April, that there are fewer birds than usual, and the almost total absence of Bluebirds has led some people to conjecture, that the exceptional cold that is said to have ruined the Orange plantations in the southern States, may also have caused the death of many birds who usually winter safely in these parts.

However this may be, those large wading birds—the Cranes—have appeared here quite as early as in

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

former seasons, and in seemingly increased numbers; for a flight of ten of these gregarious birds was seen wending their way, on the 2nd of April, to their time honored nesting place, on the tops of some tall hemlock trees in the midst of a cedar swamp, not far from this place. The birds must have hereditary instincts, or family tradition, as to these breeding localities, for some of the identical trees have been known to be thus utilized for many decades of years; and the promptness and directness of their flight to reconnoitre the condition of things, as soon as the shallow pools are released from winter's icy grasp, would tend to prove that birds have accurate powers of memory.

We hear this spring some complaints anent the trespasses, &c., of our old historical acquaintances, the Woodchuck tribe, and many farmers would not be sorry if those little quadrupeds were banished or exterminated, but notwithstanding the various changes and the vicissitudes and "contre temps" of our climate, the above named rodents hold their ground in undiminished numbers, and afford rare sport to the average farmer boy, and his collie or terrier dog, when the clover is growing vigorously, in which the marmots come to gambol and luxuriate, beside the Bobolink nest, in the merry May time.

Our sagacious and exploiting rat terrier "Nipper" seems to delight in a virulent belligerency to the ground hog species of zoology, and loses no opportunity of chasing members of that fraternity to their citadels, either in earth tunnels or in the hollows of trees, whenever the objects of his dislike put in an appearance.

One of these was hastily chased to the entrance of his burrow, at the margin of our sugar bush, by

the dog, and retreat having been cut off farther by the closing of the hole by the help of a spade—(in the big rodent's temporary absence)—at this point of the adventure. Arctomys put himself in a threatening attitude, shrieking and furiously gnashing his chisel-like incisors, and really looking like an ugly customer, to an antagonist of about his own size and equipment for tussle.

Just at this moment the dog turned his head to find out the meaning of a footstep of a third party that was approaching. The marmot made a rush into the nearby forest, and though hotly pursued, gained temporary safety by climbing the stem of a large beech tree, to the height of 15 or 16 feet, and thence repeated his gnashing and shrieking demonstrations for the edification of his barking and leaping, and fiend-like enemy at the foot (or base) of the tree. But the rodents of this species are not adept at tree climbing, and the specimen here described had got to nearly the limit of his physical resources,—for with no strength remaining for a higher ascent to the rest and security of the overhead tree branches, and the deficiency of adhesive power becoming every moment more evident; and in the event of a drop!—the battle—if fierce and sanguinary, could only end in the garroting and mutilation of poor arctomys. So in this instance he was given his modicum of "Law," and commiseration, by the dog being collared and jerked away by a humanitarian neutral onlooker, and after the lapse of a few minutes, the Woodchuck descended, rear first "backing down," cautiously to terra firma, and thence "bolted" to the buttressing roots of a big elm tree, and found sanctuary in cavities whence dislodgment was all but an impossibility. Doubtless the marmot's capability

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

—like the bat and bees, and moths
—of undergoing a six months food-
less sleep, enables them perman-
ently to hold their ground in the
struggle for existence.

About the 8th of May a family
group of young Shore Larks were
seen by my son near to the border
of an oatfield where he happened
to be working. The young birds
were in immature plumage, and had
evidently only recently sallied forth
from the parental nest, as they were
still under the noticeable surveil-
lance of their senior relatives. This
species of Lark has been known to
build a nest in this vicinity, and to
incubate and produce young in the
month of March! before the big
snow drifts had quite melted away.
We have been thus informed upon
testimony that one considers reli-
able, but the fact that this species
breeds hereabout is incontrover-
tible.

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

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

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

Yours truly,

W. YATES.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

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

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

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

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

K. S. McL.

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