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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, MARCH 1ST, 1895.

No. 1.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Wm. Workman, of Stratford, is a guest at Rockwood House.

Miss S. Hawkins, who underwent a severe surgical operation in Montreal, a short time ago, has returned to Rockwood in excellent health and spirits.

The Curling contests for the Junior Medal have created profound interest, to say nothing of the wild excitement that characterized several of the contests. The struggle was carried on with determination and skill, and the theorists who have tips on the probable winners were not always correct. The dark horses had in the end to give way to the mule-like stubbornness of our Mr. Wm. Shea, who as usual showed his versatility by landing the medal for himself, handily defeating the champion from Newcourt, the light-weight athlete from No. 4, and the enthusiast from the Carpenter Shop. The endings of some of these contests were dramatic in the extreme, but William without the dramatic would be champagne without the fizz. After the final victory, Billy was carried to Rockwood on the shoulders of his admirers, and now wears a Tam, on two or three hairs, specially devoted to that purpose.

The Rockwood Curling Club has made its bow to the Ontario public, and came within an ace of winning the Tankard. A mighty victory over Perth, by a majority of twenty

three shots, landed them in the semi finals, but alas! Pembroke Champions, poor ice, and the Curlers Dinner, were too strong a combination to kick against, and Rockwood must try again another year. At the same time, the Club has every reason to feel proud of the effort its players made to win.

The Curling contest between the Rockwood and City Clubs, for the Rockwood Tankard, is decidedly interesting. At the time of writing, our boys have a substantial lead of nine points, and in the final match will make strong efforts to retain the advantage.

Our Hockey Club is steadily improving, and although several defeats have been received, victories are not unknown, and when it is recorded that in the last match against Queen's Second, the score was but 3, 2, in Queen's favor, the evidence of improvement is plain. Our boys are right in flying for high honors, and regarding victories over inferior teams as not worth counting. Next year the Club will have some very brilliant players. The Junior Rockwood are invincible, and have lost but one game this year.

The Employees of Rockwood gave a Carnival on Feb. 6th. It was a brilliant affair, and many of the costumes were unique.

Lost - his Grip. If found, kindly return to one of the colts who played against Pembroke.

A CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL.

We have a beautiful Rink, and recently the thought occurred why not have a Children's Carnival. Although the almanac was not by any means reassuring regarding the weather, calling for rain and sleet on the day selected, still we decided to risk it, and the invitations were sent out. What a flutter of excitement went through a certain circle, and mysterious hints of great surprises, in the way of grotesque dress, were whispered about. It was difficult to wait for the day of the event, but when at last it came, as is generally the case, the almanac was not a true prophet. The day was beautifully cold and clear, and when night arrived, a sheet of hard and smooth ice awaited the merry masqueraders. At eight o'clock, the dressing rooms were scenes of animation and excitement. In one corner, dusky Topsy was struggling to get into the classical jute bag suit, in another a Colonel was red in the face trying to adjust his sword so that it would not stick between his legs. Clatter, clatter, went the tongues of all the rooms, while outside the fond mamas and papas ranged in melancholy rows, and with anxious looks, waiting to see if their particular darlings were not the prettiest on the ice, and of course they were. Suddenly the Band struck up the High School Cadets March, and in a moment the ice was thronged with a host of merry skaters. The Rink was tastefully decorated, and brilliantly lighted, and the Band played splendidly. Here was a Clown gliding along with a rosy cheeked Flower Girl, there an Ethiopian Minstrel, with a delightful Daughter of the Moon. More than seventy were on the ice, all beautifully dressed, and among them some little tots, who could hardly be expected to walk, much less to skate, but yet skate they did

in such a manner that one might easily suppose it was the custom in Canada to teach children to skate as soon as to creep. One dear little Page skated with as much skill as many of his seniors, and went here and there, and everywhere, with the utmost grace and certainty. A dignified and beautifully costumed Turk attracted much attention, but seemed true to the different members of his Harem, who evidently are not skaters, and pursued a lonely course. Three Old Maids of Lee, who were too bashful to hand in their names, contributed to the comic element, but were not to be compared to the Colored Ballet Girl, whose identity was long concealed. The Peas' Soap Sandwich Man stuck to his work bravely, and must have been a popular card after the Carnival, with the many juveniles who were gentlemen and ladies of color. Altogether the Carnival was a delightful one, and everything contributed towards its success—for after all "old children" cannot enjoy such a thing one quarter as well as the true child. It was impossible to get the names of all the characters, but a partial list is as follows:—Little Boy Blue, Bradshaw Crombie; Sailor, Robin Crombie; Red Riding Hood, Willy Crombie; Soldier, Geo. McWaters; Policeman, W. Potter; Peas Soap, Cosmo Cartwright; Prussian Soldier, Leonard Jones; Page, Willy Goodwin; Milkmaid, Kathleen Richardson; Lutchman, Glen Dupuy; Soldier, Tom Hendry; Highland Lassie, Mona Knight; Magician, Nelly Watson; Harlequin of 1830, Elsie Graham; Granny, Ethel Hendry; Mother Hubbard, Estie Fenwick; Flower Girl, Emily Lowe; Bo Peep, Jennie Dickson; Vivandier, E. Drury; Child of Regiment, Alice Callahan; Snow Queen, Daisy Betts; Highlander, Lorraine Dalton; Sunflower, Geraldine Doran; Turk, Harry Walkem; Sailor, W. Dick-

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son; Topsy, Hugh Robinson; Student, Ellswood Robinson; Clown, Colin Graham; Ballet Girl, Charlie Moore; Chloë, Willy Dennison; Soldier, Clarence Wheeler; Milkmaid, Elsie Saunders; Flower Girl, K. Saunders; Student, L. Herald; America, E. Worrell; Judge, Grace Wonell; Clown, F. Worrell; Footballer, Clown, Dill Calvin; Uncle Sam, Stirling Fenwick; Union Jack, C. Jones; Uncle Ned, W. Graham; Sailor, Jack Calvin; Page, Allan Fletcher; Clown, W. Oldrieve; Dude, Hillyard Stewart; Netherland Girls, Harold and Herbert Clarke; Darkey Dude, Charlie Clarke; Bo Peep, Goldie Clarke; Red Riding Hood, Margery Clarke; Pantaloon, J. McWat'rs; Old Man, Arthur Britton; Baby, Ross Hendry; Darkey Dude, Gordon Paterson.

Two little Misses, Bo-Peep,  
With ribbons and crooks,  
And innocent looks,  
And eyes that were laughing and deep,  
Like those in the Nursery story books,  
Came gliding down the crystal hall,  
At the Carnival,  
One in blue, and one in pink,  
And what do you think?

They were not hunting for sheep at all!

'Twas funny, 'tis true,  
And wonderful too,  
As the pair sped merrily over the ice,  
Smiling and chatting as little maids do,  
And demure as mice,  
You saw in a trice,  
That all the sheep were following too;  
Strange but certain it nevertheless is  
The sheep were hunting the shepherdesses!

K. S. McL.

It was in a Bluenose town of some pretensions, and it was a Presbyterian choir of some pretensions too. Only one of the bass singers materialized at the weekly practice night, and the leader was irritated. They were practising one of those crooked old tunes of the catch variety, set to the forty-second psalm, and had rested at the third line, "So pants my longing soul," for the bass solo. Now, the bass was a diffident, nervous, pink-and-white youth, and in making a frantic effort to do his best, sang stentoriously, "So long my pants," whereupon the girls of the choir giggled. The leader, in serious tones, reproved them for such levity over solemn music and beautiful poetic words (he had not noticed the blunder), and they began again. The bass, blushing furiously, made another dashing effort, and sang boldly, "So my long pants." Another simultaneous and more audible giggle. The leader, waxing wrathful, commanded another beginning, and they managed to sing to the third line again, when the following solo, "My pants so long," followed by a shout of laughter from the tenors, altos and sopranos, the utter confusion of the bass, and the fury of the leader. The practice adjourned.

A certain musical composer of much talent and popularity—we will call him Smithkins—has a happy appreciation of his own work, as his friends all know. So highly does he estimate Smithskin's compositions, that some of his friends were much startled the other day when he said gravely, "Did you ever notice that the names of all great composers begin with M?" "M" ejaculated his astonished audience. "Yes, M," said the composer—"Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski—and Mr!"

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

more Court House than anything else. A countryman tells us that the road between here and "Bristol" is a "right respectable road." We have, however, learned not to put the least faith in anything the "Natives" tells us about the roads. "Bristol" is a miserable place; we were much disappointed in it; half the town lies in "Tennessee," the other in "Virginia" East; part has its own mayor and officers. There are apparently a great many Jews in the place. In a few moments we were surrounded by the most whiskey sodden, dirty lot of loafers, we have yet encountered. Jack is evidently too tired to bother himself to make them keep their distance. The town is in a valley. We had to go down a very steep long hill to enter, and strange to say we had to go down another, equally long and steep, to leave. We crossed two fords, and Camped by a small river or creek, as they call it. There is not much shade, but there is a nice clean sward. There is a prospect of rain.

Sunday, June 9th.—Rained through the night, and though looking cloudy and rainy, it is now fine. We shall have to remain here to-morrow to have some repairs done to the wagon, and have some washing done. It has been very quiet. I have been reading, writing, J. sleeping. We were excited by the rescue of a horse, which got into the river, among some reeds, and sank up to his back in the mud. Some men came to us for a rope, and after a good deal of time and trouble, managed to extricate him. The afternoon has been very hot; with occasional showers, and the night—a fine moonlight one—hot also. A man here, close to us, has given us all the wood we want to burn, and it's black walnut. The fence rails are black walnut all about us. A woman is to come for our soiled clothes to-morrow.

Monday, June 10.—Rainy, with heavy black clouds rushing madly across the sky. Cleared about eleven, a. m., and J. and Edwin went into town to get the wagon mended. The sun is hotter than in "Florida." The woman has promised our things by evening. I am making a cotton dress for myself, which I need sadly; it's rather difficult without a pattern, and no glass to see how it looks. This is really the first occasion upon which I have missed the mirror. J. can even shave without it. J. came back about one, p. m., thoroughly tired and exhausted, with his hot walk of three miles, leaving the horses in town. About four, a heavy thunder storm came up and lasted all evening. We miss the wagon so much, as we are all crowded into the tent, and have not much room. The Camp ground is very wet, the creek rising a good deal. There is a dam close to us, and the water thundered over it, so we could hardly hear ourselves speak. We all had to sleep in the tent, and Jack had to be tied a short distance away. He howled and barked the live long night, he was so lonely, I fancy. I could not sleep, the howling of the dog, the rushing of the water, and the beating of rain on our tent, made me feel as if it were some horrid dream. The others slept, or seemed to.

Tuesday, June 11.—Raining still, but evidently trying to clear off. Sent off to the woman, whose cabin is in sight on the other side of the Creek, for the clothes. She said they were not ready; she had forgotten to bring them in before the rain yesterday. She has children, ranging from nineteen to six months; very pretty, the young girls and the little ones are. She has two big boys, of seventeen and sixteen, who sit on the fence and chew tobacco, while she and the girls have to drag and split the wood. I went to see about our clothes, and such a miserable place,

#### A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

no table, no chairs, two miserable dirty beds, on which the husband was lying on his back, reading "Ayer's Almanac." I asked what ailed him? He said, "back ache," and resumed his reading. Outside the boys sat on the fence, and chewed and grinned. Presently I saw the woman and her daughter dragging a large tree across the field. I could stand it no longer. My temper was at the boiling point, and I told the boys they were a disgrace to civilization, to allow women to drag that heavy tree. Why did they not help their mother? I said everything I could think of about their laziness and dirt, but they seemed inclined to go off into fits of laughter, and evidently thought I was not quite sane. After a lot of promises we left, and presently saw one of the girls coming from the neighbor's with irons. The day before, we saw them with tubs and wash-board, and they had to get money in advance from me for soap and starch. Such a depth of poverty, and contentment with themselves, and their vile surroundings, I had no conception of. These Southern women are lazier and far dirtier than the negroes. It's no wonder that the darkeys in the South have such a contempt for the poor whites. They are altogether beneath contempt, too degraded ever to become anything else. The negroes are far more intelligent. It is too bad altogether that this woman, and her two strong, big daughters, should keep us here too long. We have had showers to-day, and they have let the clothes get wet twice. It's too aggravating altogether. It cleared off brightly about four, p. m., and J. and the horse came from "Bristol," and too late to start, the woman and the clothes also. It still looks cloudy. We are ready for a start in the morning. Our experience here has been most unpleasant. The sodden ground, and the dread of the River rising with the constant rain. Last night I got up many times, and looked to see if we were not in danger of being swept away, everything is so damp and horrid.

Wednesday, June 12.—Poured all night. We slept in the wagon, and I had a good rest. A most miserable cloudy morning for a start. We are all anxious to get away from this wretched place, where we have had rain every day, for four days. We started, and forded a deep, swollen Creek, very muddy, and crossed the railway, and going down a steep hill, the pole broke. Nothing very serious, I am glad to say, and they can repair it themselves. This sort of life makes us very independent. We had to get down in the mud, which was simply awful, and sticks like glue. The women here about, and in the "Tennessee" Valley, all smoke. This morning we passed several cottages looking rather well to do, with two or three women smoking long pipes, and rocking furiously on each veranda, or piazza, as they call them all over the South. We have travelled miles and miles since last we saw a woman at work. This morning the wagon broke where J. had mended it again; fortunately, they succeeded in mending it. We are within four miles of "Abington." It has been raining, off and on, all morning, and we have been wading through a perfect sea of mud. Beginning to pour. We took shelter under an immense oak, and are quite dry and comfortable. The morning was unpleasantly warm, is now cool. At two p. m., we drove into "Abington," one long wide street, with several quaint looking houses and shops, not much however. We managed to replenish our larder, though the rain is pouring in torrents. We heard of a fine Camp ground, three miles beyond the town. The boys donned their waterproofs, and we drove over a hard road, through an undulating country, for several miles, and found the

## GRANDFATHER'S COLLEGE.

WARBLER MARTIN, Esq.

(CONTINUED.)

Some years ago, then, in company with other members of our little family, I started, on one fine day in April, for the North, of which the wonders had been related, again and again, by our Father and Mother, as we sat on the house tops, in the morning sun. How far we travelled each day, for we made our journey rather leisurely, endeavouring not to get too far in advance of opening spring, where we stopped at night, what sights we saw, what lazy, basking alligators we left in swamps, what numerous bands of summer birds, bright orioles, humming active, ruby-throats, richly colored cardinals, merry bobolinks, golden yellow warblers, and scores of others, we passed upon the way, all restlessly heading for the same northern goal, which cities we saw by day and which at dusky eve, how numerous the indications of budding, opening, blooming early summer on every hand, I cannot find time to tell. It was eve, near the latter end of the month, when I alighted, with my companions, on a house top, in a cluster of buildings, near a rushing, turbulent river, tumbling with majestic and stately plunge into a huge chasm whose rocky walls were seen, here and there, grey with age, yet green with ever-living verdure, while above every other sound, rose a perpetual bass, now deep as bellying thunder, now sighing softly as a summer breeze. Beyond, to our left as we advanced, we had seen an immense lake, an ocean in its magnitude, and off before us was yet another of similar extent. The crimson of a setting sun cast a glory over everything, and as we warbled a soft "Good-night," to each other, we listened to the music of that fall-

ing mass of seething waters, and felt that we had discovered a new world of even greater beauty than any we had previously seen or conceived. Although I was tired by the last stage of our journey, I could not sleep. That changing melody rang in my ears throughout the night. The gentle murmur, the rising rush, the gathering boom, of the writhing giant far below us, the dying cadence of the organ swell of that King of Cataracts, now soothed, now aroused me, and I gave myself up to the weird fascination of the strange scene, with its dimmed outlines, and the wild music of that mighty Fall. Just before the glimmer of dawn, our leader sounded the reveille, and soon after the rising sun had created its first gorgeous rainbow in the misty spray thrown heavenward by the falling waters, we joined in a hymn to Morning, and to me this was more impressive than anything to which I have ever listened; and then, having bodies to care for, we set to work to secure our breakfast. I often laugh at Man. He is wingless and awkward, to begin with. He has to catch his hare,—no easy matter,—before he can cook it, and he must cook it before he can eat it. How different are we! We take our food upon the wing, and eat it as we go. And then see the variety! everything we can catch as we fly is eatable. In all things, from a butterfly to a mosquito—beetles and bees preferred, and birds excepted—we find food for digestion. We were fortunate that April morning, and had secured a hearty breakfast when the sun warmed up the atmosphere. We soon started once more on our journey, and followed with zest the old Paterfamilias who knew exactly where to lead us. Crossing the narrow neck of land, we skirted the southern shore of the lake, which we had seen

## THIS ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

ahead of us on the previous evening, and speedily reached a city, under a somewhat lofty hill, as pretty and as semi-rural looking a spot as we had passed on our way from Louisiana. Then we skimmed overland to a river, and taking a north-eastern course, while following its windings, circled at times over its waters, and so lazily filled up the day. Soon after sunset, we arrived at the end of our long journey. Morning found us surrounded by a miniature edition of the scene upon which we gazed yesterday. A glance at a river, a rushing fall, grey rocks, evergreen trees, a cluster of brick and stone buildings, a pretty village with a pretty name, and we saw our summer home. Pater and Mater were jubilant, and never was heard a more cheery song and chorus than that in which we all united. Soon the old folks were busily engaged in inspecting nesting places, and my brothers and sisters and cousins of last and other years took part in similar work. I was an outsider, with nothing to do but catch flies. I improved my opportunity, and, more than this, took notes, not expecting, of course, to print them, but just because I couldn't help it. Warbler Martin, at your service, was always observant. My respected parents settled down at once in their old home, in the return corner under the eaves of a large brick house, with a pretty garden before them, and a few hives of bees in it, and not far from a river with cedar-lined banks, and an extensive dam, where jumping fish told of insect swarms. The old folks evidently knew what they were doing. The nests of last year called for repairs, new linings, and general titivation, and in due time got it. Unto my respected parents, in proper course, and when June came, were born six lively little folks, and their time was henceforth fully occupied in

looking after them. I had not counted the daily morsels which I had got when in nest in Louisiana, because without arithmetical education then, but the comings and goings of Ma and Pa were something prodigious now, and from the bottom of my heart I pitied them. That their feathers were not frayed to bare quills, and their bodies reduced to mere skin and bone, was something this fellow could never understand. But they stood it marvellously, and with a bravery and perseverance worthy of a better cause. A better cause, I say, because, although these noisy brats were brothers and sisters to me, they put on such airs that they became almost unbearable. I couldn't stand their forward impudence, and left the premises, determined to set up housekeeping on my own account, but August came before I could find a good location, and then there was a general confabulation and consultation, ending in a resolve to leave Canada for southern climes, before cold weather came, and food grew scarce. The youngsters tried longer flights, and were thought equal to a journey to the land of lemons. The moon was at the full, nights were bright as day, and while the world was still, and all nature seemed to seek rest, we made an upward, columnar stretch to the higher strata one midnight, about the middle of the month, and ere the sun rose were skimming swiftly over the State of New York. Stopping here and there upon our way, to hawk and feed over river and pond, we passed daily southward, and before September was closed had swept around the Gulf of Mexico, and found our way some distance below the Equator, that imaginary line encircling the earth, which separates North from South. It is unnecessary to tell you how we grew fat in this land of insect life, how we luxuriated in con-



tinuous meals of brightly colored Brazilian beetles, and revelled in the delights of renovated strength, fed by the countless hosts of winged things which make the tropical regions objectionable to man but delightful to his feathered superiors. More adventurous than my friends, and being yet a bachelor forlorn, without responsibilities, I went farther and further southward, and floated at last, in lazy flight, over the wide waters of the mighty Amazon. What a noble stream! Niagara has grandeur, the Hudson possesses beauty, the Mississippi has magnitude, but the Amazon combines the characteristics of them all. I tore myself reluctantly from this broad waste of ever-rolling flood, for a something told me that I must go North again. Gradually I worked my way from point to point, rejoined my family in Upper Brazil, skirted, with them, the Gulf of Mexico once more, and in January found myself in Louisiana, at the place where I first twittered in my garden home. Never shall I forget the strange condition which prevailed on our plantation for such I shall always term the estate upon which I was born. The Master, the Mistress, Miss Paulina and her brothers, at every meal-time conversed in excited tones, news came from Washington by every mail, the field-hands gathered in groups behind the out-buildings, and whispered in serious conclave, young men frequently came and went, and something out of the daily course of events was imminent. We heard the name of Abe Lincoln spoken with contempt, and there were matters of tyranny in the North and resistance in the South. The spring was late, and the second week of April found us going north through Carolina. We alighted one sunset upon a huge tobacco warehouse in Charleston, and saw the streets below us swarm-

ing with men who were hastening to the wharves of the city. Here were thrown up some batteries armed with cannon—we learned more of these things and their names, as time went on—and militiamen in uniform, and civilians in ordinary dress stood on guard, and were talking excitedly of to-morrow. The turmoil below kept us awake for several hours, although we were little aware of the fact that we were looking down upon the making of American history. I dozed as the night advanced, and was awakened suddenly by a booming as of thunder, and was nearly blinded by flashes as of lightning, from the guns in the batteries on the shore. Cowering by my side, and twittering in affright, was the sweetest of our race. I had little time to pay attention to her then, but remembered ever afterwards how she had clung to me for protection at a time when all were threatened. As if by common impulse, my comrades rushed from our resting place, and I and my newly found companion followed. From lofty height we looked up on the bellying clouds of smoke, the American flag fluttering upon its staff above Fort Sumter, the stir on shore and the surprised soldiery behind the walls, and then flew rapidly from a sight so terrifying, and a place so full of danger.

With extended wings we sped on our northern path. Ever by my side was Velvet Throat, my sweet partner in this flight from the horrors of war. Dressed in suit of quiet grey, peerless in retiring beauty, attractive in her modesty, graceful in her movements, unequalled in her reliance upon my superiority, another proof, were that required, of her good sense, is it to be wondered at that while she had come, I had seen and was conquered? When night arrived, and we, fairly on our way to Canada, alighted for a brief rest, she nestled

to my side, and I resolved, there and then, that she, and she alone, should be my bride. Before we reached that red brick house, overlooking the Grand River, and which had been my summer home a year ago, our troth was plighted, and Velvet Throat became Mrs. Warbler Martin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRANDFATHER.

A LITTLE DOG WITH A LITTLE TALE (TAIL.)

A little Scotch Terrier puppy was introduced into our family circle a long time ago—when I was two years old. I suppose he was happy there, judging by his frolics. He made excursions to shed or barn, and carried off old shoes and rubbers, which he kept with the bones that he used to gnaw, and there worried them unmercifully, till they were rescued from his destructive teeth. He was called Dot, and I being a Dot as well as he, he loved to chase me, and catch at my little dress, when I ran about the yard. He loved to worry rubbers, oh, so much, and to gnaw great bones still better. But when the night came! When everybody was asleep, and he outside and alone in his box, with no mother to keep him warm; when the dreadful, chilly, dark spread itself over all, and the ghostly wind rustled among the trees, and brushed the grass, and came right to where he lay, a poor, little shivering dog! I do not know if he ever noticed all this, but he did notice his loneliness, and gave vent to it in the most doleful howls, so that somebody had to get up and go out to quiet him. Then morning came, and the sun shone, and the tall leaves clapped their leaves together; but better than all, he had his breakfast, perhaps a bone, and then he was not alone, for one or

other of us was sure to be in the yard, and he would frisk and frolic all day in the sunshine. I do not know if he carried a long tail, I am inclined to think it was short, but he did not leave a long tale behind him, which was not his own fault, poor little fellow, for some scamp stole him. Let us make room for something more important. His tale is ended. Bow-wow-wow---!!

D. W. K.

THE VISION OF THE SEASONS.

One peaceful eve I fell asleep and slept;  
I slept and saw strange visions;  
and in one  
That I remember better than the rest,  
The seasons four appeared in human shape.  
I heard the rushing of a mighty blast,  
Then entered Winter, like unto the night;  
Her chariot was all of white snow-clouds,  
And drawn by the cold North wind,  
and made soft  
With fleecy snow flake cushions. As she came,  
The great trees groaned and trembled; and the brooks  
And rivers froze beneath her icy breath.  
Hers was a stately and majestic form;  
Her limbs were shapely, and her features clear,  
As chilled marble, and as cold and white.  
Yet on her lips there played a fiery hue,  
Like to the Northern lights, and this strange red  
Was half reflected in her still, white cheek,  
As when those lights cast colour on the snow.  
Her eyes were keen, sharp, blue;

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

alike the depths  
Of bluest ice, her locks were scant  
and pale,  
Like sunlight shining through the  
dim snow clouds.  
Her smile was stern and cruel; yet,  
at times,  
She quitted down her rough and  
boisterous mood,  
And looked up placidly at the great  
sun,  
E'en as a child at play; who, tired  
of noise  
Leans wearily upon a parent's knee,  
But in a moment more resumes his  
pranks,  
And merry doings.

Then I marked,  
That Winter was not poor nor mean-  
ly dressed;  
But clad in garments fitting for a  
queen.  
A diadem of ice adorned her brow,  
And beads of ice, like very dia-  
monds,  
Sparkled upon her neck and on her  
breast,  
Cased in a spotless bodice made of  
snow,  
With a long mantle of thin sheeted  
ice,  
Chill Winter sat there, ruling her  
domain;  
But not for long. I saw her sigh,  
and lean  
Her head against her snowflake  
cushions soft,  
As she wore weary, and at last she  
said,  
"Farewell, I hear the footsteps of  
the Spring."  
Then she passed on, and then she  
sighed again,  
And vanished by the Northwind  
borne away.

Written 1893.

D. W. K.

### A SNOW SHOE TRAMP.

#### A TRUE STORY.

One cold bright day, after a big  
snow storm, in fact just the right

sort of a day for snowshoeing, three  
small boys started for a tramp.  
They took three Gordon Setter  
puppies with them, and each boy  
had a little gun. The biggest boy  
wore his father's snow shoes, in  
fact, thought himself quite as great;  
the second boy felt happy with his  
mother's snow shoes, and the wee  
little boy had a nice pair, just the  
right size. On they tramped brave-  
ly in Indian file, in search of three  
coons a man had seen, just as if  
coons hadn't sense enough to keep  
their noses out of the cold in winter.  
Presently they met the man who  
had seen the coons, and he said he  
had just seen them again, quite close  
to where he was standing. The  
boys became excited, and started  
off in the direction of a stiff thorn  
hedge, that was almost covered  
with the deep snow. Said one  
small boy: I shall walk on that  
hedge, so that the coons can't track  
me, and up he goes. The experi-  
ment worked well for a few steps,  
and then nothing but a pair of snow  
shoes vigorously waved in the air,  
marked the spot where a boy was  
to be found. Oh how the thorns  
prick, he cried, pull me out. One  
of the Gordon Setters fell in at this  
moment, and it was with difficulty  
all were extracted. They now re-  
membered about the coons, and  
went back to ask the man where to  
look for them. The man burst out  
laughing, and said: Why, you are  
the three coons I meant. Three  
little boys went home very sadly,  
and do not like any one to ask them  
questions about coons or hedges.

G. C.

LETTERS.

HATCHLEY.

February 1st, 1895.

RAMBLING NOTES.

The cat and dog misunderstanding has been cleared up: temporarily at least, and Nipper, and his erstwhile victim, now enjoy in close contiguity, the warmth of the same hearthstone. How long the armistice will last, the history of the future must disclose. Probably the Arctic weather, that has lately been prevalent, forced conviction that the cosiness of a position under the kitchen stove could only be partaken of on mutual terms of peace and amity, and the former contestants now eat from the same platter in seeming oblivion of recent battles, and the merciless tooth and nail warfare of the estrangement "L'Empire est Pace."

Yet to keep the tomahawk from rusting, Nipper has hunted up an opponent more worthy of his mettlesome disposition than his former nimble and ever retreating feline rival; and now on his regular morning journeys to the woods, with his master and the team, he has a breathless "neck or nothing" race, and sundry rough and tumble "wrestlings" in the snow, with a sportive neighbor's dog, on the highway. It is an exciting race, to end in a pantomimic sham battle, where the froth and fur, and make-believe fury, are dispensed freely, and make as diverting a quarter of an hour, as any zealous frequenter of the prize ring could desire to witness.

My son, noticing many indications about the stooks in our corn field, in the month of October, that there were frequent nocturnal visitants from the adjoining bush, (raccoon-mink, and mephitic foot-prints being numerous on the soft sandy soil), set a steel trap or two on the line of march, by a ditch

side. Soon there were disappointing results. A red Squirrel had apparently got into trouble, but had vanished all but one hind foot. The supposition was that the rodent had regained its liberty at the price of the limb, and the trap was re-set with a speedy repetition of a nearly similar incident, the only variation being that two paws of the amputated sciurus were this time left between the jaws of the cruel trap! But the presence of a slight "skift," or skimming of snow on the ground, early in the morning, served to completely unravel the mystery of the victim's removal from the trap captivity, to a more abhorrent "durance vile," in the maw of a sanguinary weasel! There was the trail on the snow, showing the seizure and scuffle, and secondly the dragging by "the scruff of the neck," of the unfortunate rodent, to a den in the hollow of a decaying log, (at the edge of the near-by woods, of the murderous Weasel family.

Nipper's co operation was called on, and by dint of a little hacking and digging, and tactful manoeuvring on the part of dog and proprietor, the Weasel's Sebastopol was stormed, and its Stoatish occupant sacrificed.

The relentless, jerking, way that the luckless Squirrel had been dragged by its captor, was evident, by the "zig-zag," and slightly blood-stained route, along the snow white-ened ground.

The white skin of the "Putores Erminea," with black-tipped tail, is now stretched on a shingle, in the limbo of a garret that we wot of.

A week or two after the above escapade, a dead Gull was found, on the bank of a small rivulet, that runs through one of our meadows. This we think was the black backed Gull, "(Larus Maribus.)" These birds occasionally penetrate thus far inland; they are said to come up the Grand River from Lake Erie,

Mr. Thomas Long recently found several specimens of that strange insect known by the long name *BORBUS NIVORUNDUS*. These degenerate members of the dragon fly family were found, as is usually the case in winter, scattered about on the snow.

The Annual Ball at Rockwood is a thing of the past, and the great moral question is, who was the belle? We know quite well, but then there is a difference of opinion in certain circles. The popularity of the event can be estimated when it is stated that 247 invitations were issued, and 235 guests put in an appearance. The ladies from the city were beautiful, but Rockwood maidens were more lovely still. Everything seemed to contribute to the success of the event, and wall flowers were indeed a rare floral decoration. To those who scorned the mazy cotillion, or the enchantment of the waltz, the supper offered substantial compensation, although it is whispered, that in deference to the opinions of the Patrons of Industry, poultry was not to be found on the menu. The question naturally arises, if the Opposition objects to eggs as an article of diet in public institutions, and the Patrons draw the line at turkey, where are the farmers to find a market for their feathered friends and their products. If the guests missed the turkey, they did not refer to it, and all seemed very happy. The supper table was most artistically dressed, and even the salads were called upon to add to the aesthetic effect. During the progress of the Ball, a blizzard from the south west came up, and when the guests started for home, they found knee deep drifts and a wild gale to meet them.

Rockwood Nurses have adopted a uniform of quiet and neat appearance, and every one agrees that the

new uniform would be hard to improve upon; at all events the contrast between the new and the old is so marked that all are happy.

The Curling for the Senior Medal goes on slowly, and the ancient warriors seem to be doing more sparring for an opening than actual fighting. In fact, when such an expert as Mr. Cochrane is asked to play, his invariable answer is, "Not now, but Bye and Bye." Dr. Clarke, Dr. Forster and T. McCammon are numbered among the defeated.

The Nurses of the Kingston General Hospital are attending weekly lectures, given at Rockwood by the Medical Superintendent.

Kingston should take a warm interest in as promising a little maiden as Miss Ethel Armstrong, who has a brilliant career as a violinist before her. It is to be hoped that she will be able to continue her studies at some of the best European Conservatories at an early date.

Mrs. K. S. McLean who has been ill for some time is convelescing.

Mrs. Muirhead, of Toronto, is a guest at Rockwood Hospital.

Gulls and Crows are constant visitors about the Hospital at present, Downy Woodpeckers and Nuthatches are not uncommon, Shirkes are keeping down the Sparrows. That puts us in mind of the fact that English Sparrows have not been as numerous as usual this winter.

The steadiness of the winter has knocked out all of the theories of the oldest residents, as it proves that the "fin de siecle" winter is not to be outdone by any of the good old days. As for the weather prophets, they are in despair, and no matter how often they predict a thaw, it won't materialize.