

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, OCTOBER 1ST, 1894.

No. 8.

LOCAL ITEMS.

• Orioles stayed unusually late this summer, and Mr. T. Long reports one in the grounds on Aug. 30th. Winter Wrens, Sept. 11.

Early in the morning of the 1st inst., the good people of Portsmouth were awakened by a realistic rendering of a portion of the poem of the Bells. A boathouse on the Penitentiary dock took fire, and immediately every bell that could claim even a distant connection with the Pen. was put into vigorous action. The thousand and one dogs in the village joined in the terrific uproar that was continued for a long time; and when the affrighted villagers learned that Pandemonium was really not let loose, a sigh of relief went up. Everyone in the Bay thought that something dreadful had occurred, and all hurried to the scene regardless of costume. It is said that one Guard arrived on the spot with nothing more elaborate in his attire than his wife's best bonnet; and it was confidently claimed that nearly every official who arrived, would prove popular in the pulpit, all were so short winded.

For a few minutes we had a deer and a deer park, then the possession dwindled down into a park without an occupant. Mr. Folger's buck pined for liberty, made a high jumping record, flirted his tail in our faces, and put out for the woolly west. Messrs. Kennedy, Gilmore and Calvert, having read the legend about putting salt on a little bird's tail, set forth on a deer stalking expedition, with nothing more for weapons than a clothes line lasso,

and lots of determination. One of the trio, having a record as a "dear slayer," relied on this alone. It was just like the old story of the boy with a crooked stick for a rod and a pin for a hook, catching lots of trout, while the fisherman with a fancy rod and expensive flies, failed. It was reserved for a sturdy country lad, with a lasso made from a pair of well worn braces, to effect the capture of Sir Buck. Mr. Dennison, and his staff of able assistants, claim that this fence is now above criticism, and too high for jumping.

In last month's issue, we spoke of the valiant conduct of Harry Horsey, who saved several women from drowning in the Channel Grove accident. It is now our painful duty to record the death, by drowning, of this gallant young man, who was greatly beloved by all who knew him well. Ever thoughtful of the comfort and happiness of others, he had succeeded in winning a high place in the esteem of his fellows, and the grief shown by so many over his untimely fate, proves that he did not live in vain.

Death has been busy in Portsmouth, and two of her prominent residents, Mr. Wm. Ross and T. McCammon, sr., have passed away, since our last issue. Mr. Ross bore a long and painful illness, without a murmur, calmly awaiting the end that was inevitable. Mr. McCammon's death, being sudden and unexpected, was a great shock to his friends. The respect felt for the memory of these gentlemen, was shown by the large numbers of citizens who attended the funerals.

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their seemingly tangled threads—the combined aim, there is co-ordination! All the sprawling individuals are permeated with the social idea; one goes for the "tangentials," another for radials, traces or "bow-lines." If a break occurs there is help at hand "to splice the main trace." Some take the "bow oar," others push on as "flank" auxiliaries; and although their finished work effectually answers the purpose designed, there is little of the geometric symmetry of some of the spider webs.

Their Nemesis comes in the Cuckoo form. This bird, when in a peccant humor, takes several nips and neck stretches from the grub "marquee," then a careful glance inside and around, to see how it works, and then three or four plump caterpillars soon repose in the Cuckoo maw, who retires for a time to his leafy den, to shout "Ku-huk-uk, ku-huk-uk," and recover his appetite.

Just across the highway from us here, ten or eleven days ago, my neighbor's poultry, (which were roosting on the occasion among the branches of an apple tree near his house), were raided by Strix. Vus. Next night he set a trap, and before daybreak the marauder came to grief. I went over to interview the feathered cracksman. He had quite a "burly," butcher-like, "touch me if you dare" appearance, and stared at his interviewer complacently, with a self confident, if not contemptuous air, as if his bowie knife and steel were handy in his war belt. It was a this year's bird, but in beautiful plume feather. We think the old bird or bird had killed the "chuck" on the first night, and on the second had "sorted" out to show the young idea a wrinkle or two, and like any other neophyte, he "put his foot in it" straight. Now with one battered eyebrow, and with a certain fit:ay look in one

of his peepers, he takes his rations tethered to a stake; and seems very wide awake with his one eye, but as to the other, I suppose one may say to him, at least in sunshine, "thou hast no speculation in that eye that thou dost glare with."

OWLIANA, SEPT. 4TH.

Its keeper tells me that the big Owl that he trapped about a week or more ago, seems to be partly reconciled to its captivity. So I just went over to take another peep. Dame Nature seems to have been pregnant with the feline idea, at the time the Owl design was determined on. The "chubby" face, and rotund, full moon like head outline, suggest the countenance and visage of a well fed Thomas cat; and then the suppositious ears! for, like "cut" flowers, they are only a fiction, and only of use, perhaps, to emphasize Owl sentiment, when surprised and provoked. Then the back feathers are arched, and the ear tufts are laid back, and sometimes jerked. Hisses issue from the threatening massive opened beak, and you get a conception of the meaning of the word "satanic," as vivid perhaps as if in the actual presence of the imp of evil. The black tips of the ear feather tufts, also suggest the pencils of hairs that adorn the lugs of the catamount.

The bulk of our Wren population vanished two weeks ago. We thought the old birds prudently escorted their weak-winged progeny to Dixie land, while the warm weather lasted. Yet to-day there is a nest full of thriving young Wrens, in a mortice in one of the big beams in my barn. This being the 3rd, if not the 4th, brood this season, and it is likely that the earliest broods of Wrens pair and breed the same season of their birth, so prolific are these pretty little feathered mites.

Most of the Swallows have gone

too, and the Orioles paid us a brief visit ten or twelve days ago. We have the wood and barn Pewee, the Bitterns, the Plover, the Kingfisher, Robins and Bluebirds yet, but the bird silence is obvious, and the only singing almost is of the Grasshopper and Katydid.

The photo, whereon is the Ghost "Jigger-men," gives a view of perhaps the oldest log house now standing in Burford. (Said to have been built before the year 1837.) In our pioneer days, we used to visit the genial Yorkshire man who lived there, with his two comely daughters, (in their teens.) The path from our place, two and a half miles, was through dense woods, reputed to be the home of bears, wolves and lynxes, and rendering the pedestrians equipment of rifle and dog a necessity.

The picture No. One, is that of a friend of our early day, and is near to Burgessville, Oxford Co. The house, said to have been built in 1847 or 1848, the view on which is the White Horse Rig.

The changes in our summer meteorology, compel nomadism in the wild animal and feathered tribes, and these summer drouths cause wild life to congregate near the lakes streams and water courses, and damp weather diffuses them, and much semi aquatic food supply over the general surface of the country.

Only chiefly the more cosmopolitan birds are here now, such as the Corvidæ.

Picidae Falconidæ and Fringillidæ, etc., and the grasshopper tribe seem to be regarded as too coarse food for any but voracious ornithic appetite, such as the Skuak or Turkey gobbler.

W. YATES.

The late Ottowell Wood, one of the leading characters of New Eng-

land, was once summoned as a witness in court. When he was called and sworn, the judge, not catching his name, asked him to spell it. Whereupon Mr. Wood began: O, double t, o, double u, e, double l, double u, double o, d. The judge was too thick-headed to grasp the meaning of this string of words, and letters, and, throwing down his pen in despair, exclaimed: Most extraordinary name I ever heard; will you write for me, Mr. —Mr. —Mr. Witness.

A clergyman in the County of D. . . in the parish of L. . . , was walking along the road, when he met a little boy who was a twin, and asked him what his name was. "I do not know, your reverence" was the reply. "Oh, you surely know your name." "Well, you see, your reverence, there were two of us, and one of us was baptised Pat and the other Mickey, and the day we were baptised one of us died, and my mother says she does not know which of us died. If it was Pat that died I am Mickey, and if it was Mickey that died I am Pat."

A SUMMER SHOWER.

A sudden clouding of the summer sky,

A sudden breeze that rustles swiftly by,

A gloom as though the sun once more did wane,

And then with sudden rush the welcome rain.

The birds seek refuge neath the sheltering eaves,

And neath the chesnut's spreading, fan-like leaves,

The robin stops his sprightly "cheer-up" song,

And now his tones are wonderful and more long.

The grass its graceful head bends humbly down,

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be taken of Sieur De La Salle. Said he, in a despatch at the time: "I will also, that you leave the possession of Fort Frontenac to Sieur De La Salle, or to those people who will be there in his behalf, and that you do nothing adverse to the interests of that man whom I take under my particular protection." The King had other game in view. In the same despatch, he said: "As it tends to the good of my service to diminish, as much as possible, the number of the Iroquois, and moreover, as these savages, who are very strong and robust, will serve usefully in my galleys, I will that you do everything in your power to make a great number of them prisoners of war, and have them embarked by every opportunity that will offer, in order that they be conveyed to France." So you see, a little more than 200 years ago, a large army was assembled at Kingston, mainly for the purpose of catching Indian slaves to man French galleys! The world has surely moved since then. The Iroquois, however, were not easy to capture. You have heard of the directions given by Mrs. Glass for the cooking of a hare? "Catch your hare before you cook it." La Barre found it necessary to catch his Indians before he could convert them into galley slaves. Sickness set in, provisions became scarce, and the mercenary La Barre, who had gone up to destroy and capture, was glad to come to terms with the Iroquois, to patch up another Treaty, and to depart without a day's delay for Quebec. De La Barre, unsuccessful and disgraced, was recalled. In 1685, he was replaced by M. De Denonville, who arriving from France, departed for Fort Frontenac, after a few hours repose in Quebec, and reported upon the position of affairs. He adopted a tem-

porizing policy, although convinced that the Iroquois must be kept in check by strengthening Fort Frontenac, and by establishing another Fort at Niagara, with a garrison of 500 men. The cost of this was the difficulty, but merchants in Quebec, in the hope of securing the whole of the fur trade, more and more tapped by the English, offered to pay a yearly rent of 50,000 livres for the maintenance of Fort Niagara. The French King approved the plans. What followed makes another story, and I must claim your patience even yet a little longer, and will attempt next month to tell it to completion.

GRANDFATHER.

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LETTERS.

HATCHLEY.

Sept. 3rd, 1894.

CUCKOO JOTTINGS.

A pair of black-billed Cuckoos built their nest two or three weeks ago in a plum tree in our garden, and I should think less than twenty yards distant from our house. Sitting began when two eggs were laid, and a week afterwards another egg was laid, and the sitting operation went on with the result that the two earliest hatched birds got fully fledged and left the nest at maturity. Last Thursday morning (Aug. 30th), the immature youngling made pitiful Cuckoo cries, at intervals, all day long, (on the 31st), and on my son examining the nest the next morning, he found the deserted bird dead and cold! Similar conduct and procedure we have noted on the part of the Cuckoo, when nesting on trees near our house in previous years. The nest is a slight, slovenly structure, of loose twigs, with a very few dried grass roots, or fibres, by way of lining. A very slight annoyance or close approach to pry into and investigate Cuckoo economy, will cause these birds to forsake their nest, even when tenanted with callow young ones. Of this we have had abundant proof in by-gone times. Cuckoos of both Ontario species have been numerous and common, during the whole of the past summer, and perhaps this is only a corollary to the fact that the tent Caterpillar has been so numerous as to be a perfect pest in orchard and forest. I may here observe that the above Cuckoo brood is the second batch of C. Nestlings raised in our orchard this year.

In parts of the forest about here, many of the young ash and hickory trees, (also many of the fruit and other shade trees around houses),

present a most unusual appearance, draped in the webs of tent Caterpillars, enveloping the twigs and branches.. The appearances are as if much soiled linen of the trolls or fairies had been hung out to bleach or dry; or at a short distance many of the trees look as if enveloped in dense smoke or mist, and the included foliage is in progress of being devoured. About the 20th Aug. last, my son reached up his hand to pull to pieces one of these Caterpillar webs, that surrounded several small branches on one of our young apple trees, and was surprised by the alarmed outcries of several young Gold Finches, who were in a nest that the larval web nearly invested. Doubtless the tent-like web had been manufactured while Mrs. Fringilla Tristis was incubating, and the slight net-like investiture had been accepted and tolerated as a sort of veil of protection, or bed curtain. These same young Finches got away from the nest in safety, a few days subsequent to the date of my son's first noting the eccentric circumstance.

It is enough to excite, surprise and wonder if one watches the united instinct with which the squads or family parties of tent grubs weave and work, even when less than half an inch long. They "keep stroke" like well-drilled oarsmen, their slender bodies may be seen to contract or extend simultaneously, as if no thread of web, or webb, could be omitted without botching the united fabric; and they seem to "throw the shuttle" with the same instinct of combined effort as we may witness in the economy of the bee hive, and ants nesting work and methods. Probably the long continued drouth and heat has stimulated this form of vegetable parasitic life.

In the phalanx of working tent grubs—all helping on through all

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shrill and not of the same musical quality as those he heard here.

Some of the mice yet running about the house can squeak pretty loudly and shrilly but the soloist of the company is gone, and Tabby may have full swing until the next artist makes himself known in a tuneful way.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

BOYS AND GIRLS:—

I don't wish to tire you, but we must have another talk about Fort Frontenac, if we desire to become well acquainted with its history. It was built of logs, enclosed by a ring of cedar and other pickets, and surrounded by a ditch, sufficiently wide and deep on the land side to give trouble to an attacking force of Indians. Count Frontenac palavered and exchanged presents with the red men, but kept his weather eye open. So he wisely made ready, in time of peace, to give them a warm reception, if ever they needed it, in possible days of war. The Fort was erected upon the Point near the mouth of the Bay, at the Tete du Pont, and overlooked the entrance to Cataragui Creek. It was probably not much more than a large Blockhouse, had accommodation for a score or so of men, and afforded ample cover for the stores of food and ammunition required by its garrison. The two small cannon brought from Quebec by the Count were doubtless its chief armament, while flint-lock muskets, trusty hangers, and stout pikes, it may be, were the arms borne by its soldierly inhabitants. As I have said, it was completely isolated upon the side next to what is now the site of Kingston, by a deep ditch, but this has disappeared, as it has in the course of years been filled up, as well as a portion of the Bay, by the dumping therein of earth and

rubbish. Count Frontenac having built and left the Fort, its importance as a controlling influence in the trade with the Indians speedily became apparent. Have you heard of La Salle, the brave and intelligent Frenchman, who, although he did not actually discover the Mississippi River, was the first European to follow its course from the Illinois River to the Gulf of Mexico? He was the man who arranged the meeting between Frontenac and the Iroquois, and who conceived the bold design of reaching China through America, firmly believing, as he did, that this great Continent was the highroad to that wonderful Eastern land. Well, he looked upon Fort Frontenac as the gateway to the vast inland seas, which seemed to lead to the object of his dreams. But the people of Montreal and Quebec were jealous of further discoveries, and especially of settlements in the west, and did their utmost to thwart him. He was one of those plucky fellows who never say die, and was determined to find help in France if he could not secure it in Canada. Crossing the Atlantic to see King Louis, he succeeded, after much effort, in obtaining, on the 13th May, 1675, the right to "hold the Fort." He was created, by Royal patent, a Seigneur, with a grant of land for a Seigniorship extending four leagues in length, and half a league in depth covering the ground upon which Kingston now stands, and the newly erected Fort. The King made a hard bargain with him, however, the terms of which La Salle honestly attempted to fulfil. He was to maintain the Fort in a good state of defence: to hold it with a garrison at least as large as that at Montreal; to employ fifteen or twenty laborers in clearing and tilling the land, for at least two years; to supply himself, at his own cost, with necessary artillery,

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arms and ammunition; to repay Count Frontenac some 13,000 livres, expended in building the Fort; to make grants of lands to settlers, Indians or others, for villages and tillage; to build a Church, when there were too inhabitants in his Seigniorie, and to maintain one or two Recollet Friars, to perform Civic service and administer the Sacraments, until the people could support a pastor; and he was to clear and improve all the land in twenty years. La Salle promptly set to work, raised money with which to repay the Count, paid sundry large additional debts which had been incurred, and rebuilt and greatly strengthened the Fort. He increased the clearances, protected the buildings with a strong wall on the land side, and materially added to the palisade defence on the three sides next the water. He built houses for Indians as well as for Frenchmen, purchased cattle in the Montreal district, and built two decked barks which navigated every part of Lake Ontario. But he could not make this the work of his life. He felt that he had a higher mission. He was satisfied to make Frontenac a base for further operations, in his efforts to reach Cathay. He had heard the imperative command, "Go West," and couldn't resist it. He set forth, in 1679, on his discoveries, leaving his Fort in charge of Sieur De La Forest; during the winter, built on the upper part of the Niagara the first vessel which floated upon Lake Erie; and while passing through dangers and difficulties innumerable, traced the Mississippi to its mouth, and thus made the whole world his debtor. But in doing this he lost a fortune, was compelled to mortgage his Seigniorie for the purpose of procuring further funds, for fresh enterprises, and ended his life a ruined, disappointed and murdered man.

You will wish, I think, to hear more of him, and must read in Parkman's wonderful Histories of First Settlements in Canada, how this giant amongst great men, nobly struggled with adverse circumstances, and made for himself an imperishable name. While he was risking all that he had, for love of country, as well as of self, envious eyes were cast upon Fort Frontenac by the large merchants in furs in Montreal and Quebec, and it was not long before efforts were made to seize it, and stop the trade with Iroquois or Hurons, which it doubtless diverted from its old channel. The new Governor, M. De La Barre, in 1682, became a party to the intrigues going on against La Salle, still absent, and recalled to Quebec de Forest, La Salle's representative. He ordered, too, the withdrawal of the garrison, and at one time the fine property, so largely created by La Salle, was left in charge of a kitchen boy, and of a man to care for the cattle. The great Estate was handed down to two Quebec traders, La Bert and Lachesnaye, who speedily had "more than a hundred canoes trading on their account in the woods, over and above the twenty-five which His Majesty permits to be sent thither for the advantage of private individuals." It was shrewdly guessed that the Governor was a party to this infraction of the law, and shared in the illegal gains. The Iroquois grew uneasy at the diversion of a fur trade which, by force or otherwise, they had largely controlled, and tore the Frontenac Treaty into shreds. M. De La Barre, in 1684, proceeded to Cataraqui with a small army consisting of 130 French soldiers, 700 armed Canadians, and 200 Indians, Hurons and Algonquins. King Louis XIV was willing that the Iroquois should be suppressed, but not that advantage should

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

our clothes are becoming rather disreputable. We drove into "Ashville," over a most beautifully picturesque road, with very steep hills. The houses, some of them like castles, are built on very high hills. The town is large and very busy, with electric street cars. The stores are good, containing everything one can wish for. We saw several stylish carriages and horses. It seems a very fashionable place. One of the Vanderbilts is building a castle on a rock, which looks almost inaccessible. He is said to own several thousand acres here. Just as we were almost out of town, the gearing round the pole broke, and we were detained two hours for repairs. The girls and I stuck to the wagon, and read, and glared at the curious spectators, who would come up and speak, though Jack growled and showed his unfriendliness. It was two, p. m., when we got off. We came directly in sight of the "French Broad" River, and drove over the rockiest and worst road it has ever been my lot to encounter. It does not look as if it had ever been driven over before, certainly it has not been repaired for ages. We see and have bought lots of wild strawberries, which are being taken into town in large quantities. We saw hundreds of wagons going to market, like one long procession, as we came in this morning. The River is most beautiful; the road being uncomfortably close to the edge of the River, and is only wide enough for our wagon. The rocky bank on the land side rises abruptly to the height of forty or fifty feet. Thank Heaven we have met no one, for the road is so narrow, a horse or wagon could not possibly pass us.

Sunday, May 26.—A month to-day since we started. We are Camped in a place a few yards wide, near a house on the bank of the "French Broad," which is here very rapid, the bank on the opposite side just having room for the railway, and then rising straight up without a break as far as we can see. The top seems to be a plateau, for we see cabins and tobacco houses here and there on the top. The woman here, who is nice and kindly, has arranged to do our washing to-morrow. This is the only spot for miles where we could find room between the River and the hills to Camp. Last night, just as we finished dinner, it began to rain, (and it looks very rainy to-day), and we had to run for shelter, and get to bed without putting away our dinner dishes. We were dry and comfortable, and slept well. J. better, and up to-day. Mrs. Roberts, the woman of the house, brought us a present of cake flowers and strawberries, and offered us tea out of her garden. "Mighty nice kinds," she said she had. On seeing my look of surprise, she said: "Oh, maybe you uns is rich enough to use store tea!" She has had lots of visitors all day, who came and went on mule back, one woman on a pillow behind her good man. We see a great many saddle bags, they are very common in this rocky region. Evening very cool and pleasant. We have a visitor, an intelligent native, who tells me that they have cyclones and water-spouts occasionally, and that till last night, they have had no rain for three months. Mrs. Roberts asked our religion. I said, "Episcopal." She said, "I never heerd tell of none of them kind round here."

Monday, May 27.—Cloudy and very threatening. The boys are fishing in the "Broad." The girls, J. and I, have had a delightful bath. We have just had lunch, fresh wild strawberries, which we bought hulled, and ready for use, ten cents per quart. It's very nice and quiet here, but I'm longing to be off again. We have had visits from the natives, several

A SINGING MOUSE.

When "Pigeon and Pets" was published, I wrote the true story of a Singing Mouse, but as this paper reached but few of the readers of the REVIEW, I will add my yarn to the "Twice Told Tales":—

One evening while sitting in my library, I thought that I heard birds chirping and singing sweetly, and as the sounds came from the direction of the window, I supposed the birds to be outside. For some days I continued to hear the piping and at last decided that birds were to be excluded from the question, as the sounds appeared to come from different parts of the room, and if the walls had not ears they certainly seemed to be possessed of vocal organs. There was a mystery and the first thing to be done was to examine into my mental condition to see if a "bee in my bonnet" would not account for the singing. This point satisfactorily settled in the negative, I suddenly remembered that last winter a dancing (jumping) mouse had paid us a visit and would it not be a proper thing for this season's programme to include a singing mouse. Just as this thought struck me the mysterious vocalist commenced his concert behind a hot water coil. Still having a faint fear of the bee in the bonnet theory I called one of the servants to listen to the sounds, and she at once said "why that is the noise I heard moving about my room for weeks." To my mind this settled the mouse theory satisfactorily, but remembering that this is the age of hard facts and being a little curious to meet the musical prodigy in the flesh, a "Delusion" trap was placed in the neighborhood of the coil. Next day I observed that the enterprising pussy of our establishment was also bent on the study of the singing mouse, her enthusiasm evi-

dently having a physiological rather than a psychological basis. It was a very dangerous situation for the mouse, but while he avoided Tabby's claws he fell a victim to the seductive charms of toasted cheese. Five minutes after the little fellow was captured the mystery of the invisible singer was solved, for the prisoner ran up and down the scale in a delightful manner, and when placed in a cage sang frequently. To all appearances he was nothing more than a common house mouse, although when I came to think over the chief points of the common mouse I found them more difficult to enumerate than those of the Almond Tumbler. Mouse sang early and late and when devoting himself to song alone, sat on his hind legs and produced a great variety of sweet notes that could be heard fifteen to twenty feet away. The song varied greatly and is difficult of description, but it resembled the twittering and singing of birds at a distance more than anything else I can think of. Anyone who has watched a red squirrel "winding up the clock" can easily imagine the appearance of the mouse when engaged in singing.

Apparently he sang at times for amusement, and when frightened made a musical chattering. One night some one allowed the prisoner to escape in the pigeon loft and he celebrated the event by singing a merry ditty behind the eam shell box. Next day my nimble left assistant captured the grey coated tenor in a handful of cotton wool, and alas! fright or asphyxia (the doctors could not settle the point) finished the vocalist's song of life.

A friend who sat in the library one evening and heard our little prodigy trying over a few low notes said that last winter his hearth had been invaded by singing mice, but their tones were high pitched and

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Labor Day as a new institution, proved a success, and one holiday more never seems out of place. If the day was a success on the whole, the management of the sports might have used a little more judgment in selecting a place for the amusements. Lacrosse cannot be played in the midst of a mob, nor can a game of Baseball be carried to a successful termination under similar circumstances. Why didn't the Committee secure the Athletic Grounds? The chances are that they could have been had for the asking, or at most, for a trifling sum. These are beautiful grounds, specially prepared for Athletic Sports, and yet the athletes will not use them. The cry is, the people will not go there, it is too far; and yet three thousand citizens found their way out to the Band Concert at the Asylum, tramped through half a mile of dust, and went home merry and content. The inference is that the young men do not know when they are well off.

The Concert by the 14th Band on "Labor Night" was a delightful affair, and an undoubted success. The Band has made wonderful improvement of late, and is taking rapid strides towards a prominent position in the first ranks of Canadian Bands.

The Fireworks were hardly up to "Crystal Palace" standard, but Billy Sheamade the most of them. Some of the rockets did not fly very high, and it was suggested that Billy hung on to the tail too long.

Labor Day proved that there are two men the city cannot do without on any great occasion. Of course we refer to "our two Billys."

What would the Kingston sports be without the help of Rockwood's employees?

Miss Mary Smart, of Moulton College; Dr. Wesley Mills, of McGill University; and Mr. Edwin Lockie, of Toronto, visited Rockwood House in September.

The Midland Fair is a thing of the past, and if there had not been so much rain, a success would have been secured; as it was, "Columbine" carried off all the Pigeon prizes worth having.

Annexation is the question of the day in Portsmouth. Public opinion is somewhat divided, and several immense difficulties must be settled before Kingston can have us. Hatters Bay produces more geese to the square foot, than are found to the square mile in the rest of the world. These geese own the whole village, and the word pound is as yet unwritten in our code of municipal laws. The fact of the matter is, Penitentiary and Asylum officials are too fond of "pate de fois gras."

Cows and horses are also free commoners, and at night we hear the "clank of the leg chains" attached to horses that go through the street at full gallop. Unless we can still have our live stock "free as the air," annexation will not boom. Then again every man Jack expects to be Reeve or Councillor at some time, so that his name may be added to the long list of distinguished citizens. If Kingston gets us, the only hope is, that as almost every man in the city has been Mayor at some date or another, new blood will have to be sought for in the Classic Suburb. Kingston would be glad to get our rate of taxation, which is good and high. But if it wants us, our terms are not subject to revision, and our platform is, "free geese and pate de fois gras for the working man, unrestricted liberty for our horses, pigs and cows, and a big share of municipal honors for our Solons."

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

cipice most of the way up, and was only wide enough for one wagon. I do not know what would have become of us, if we had met a vehicle of any kind on these steep grades. The children on the ponies acted as scouts. There appear to be very few negroes in these mountains. We passed some very pretty houses, and well tilled farms, to-day. The boys watered the horses, not allowing them to cool sufficiently. We had hardly finished our lunch, when the Dr. began to tremble violently, so we had to hurry, and tackle up, and start and drive as quickly as possible. The poor beast had hard work to get along at first, but after an hour he recovered, and seemed all right. It was a very narrow escape. We met to-day some magnificent specimens of flame colored Azaleas, about fifteen feet high, also some beautiful clusters of pink and white cup shaped flowers, growing on a tall, and small trees, with shiny green leaves; in one spot there was a perfect forest of them. We are now on a sort of table-land, the country very wide and uncultivated. Towards evening, we are approaching the "Blue Hills," and are seven miles from "Hendersonville." Met a pedlar with his wagon, covered like our own. He advised us to Camp at the foot, as we shall have a very steep climb, and the horses should be fresh. We passed the boundary of the two States, and found a gate through which we had to pass, into North Carolina. This gate was on top of a high hill, the country very wild and uncultivated. At the foot of the hill on the Carolina side, we came upon a curious old Inn, front of which was an old spring stone coming, and on a stone pillar the date 1818, and the name "Poinsett Spring."

Friday, May 24.—Bright and glorious, and the Queen's Birth-day. The sun is shining on the trees far above us, we are so far down in the valley, we do not feel any of its rays up early. There are lovely ferns about our Camp ground, and exquisite flowering shrubs; one has long pointed leaves, and sprays, of waxy white bells, very tiny and set close together; and the flame colored Azalea, which looks at a short distance, as if the tree were on fire. We are up very high now, having been steadily ascending since leaving "Greenville," forty miles away. Still climbing, we reached the top of "Blue Ridge," through a gap, the mountains towering all around us. We found a spring of water gushing out of the rocks, and drank the Queen's health with three cheers for Her, which made the rocks ring. The scene was most beautiful, the magnificent trees, with the sun shining through the branches, and glittering on the tree tops below us, was on every side. Still descending, we reached "Flat-Rock," a summer resort for wealthy Southerners. It lies in a valley surrounded by mountains, and has an immense number of very fine, large residences, some of them quite like castles, with large and well kept grounds, and parks. The trees are magnificent, so large and beautiful, maples, birches and ashes, and immense weeping willows. "Hendersonville," quite a large town, wide streets, and good stores, and a great air of prosperity lacking in the other towns farther south. Our drive to-day was over a very pretty road. Saw quantities of purple Phlox, and a beautiful scarlet, star shaped flower by the road sides. We have gone into Camp five miles from "Ashville."

Saturday, May 25.—Dull and rainy looking, the sun trying to shine a bit. We have a pretty fair Camp ground, and slept very well. It's rather a late start, being nearly eight, a. m. All are well, though terribly dusty;

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

one place we came on a long, low brick cottage, three doors in front, over each doorway were two white turtle doves, with their bills together kissing. These were thrown out in bold relief by the red brick background. They looked very funny, and we supposed they were honey-moon cottages; they stood on a hill with a fine view. We did 28 miles.

Tuesday, May 21st.—J. no better, but it is a great comfort to know what is the matter. It's a very fine morning, and we are just starting at seven, a. m. We drove till eleven, through a pretty, hilly country, and Camped by a brook, for breakfast and rest. The air is fragrant with the perfume of pine, and various scented shrubs. We crossed the "Saluda" River, and came on a very hilly road, obliging us to skid nearly all the time. Got into "Grenville" about four, p. m. This is a large, alive town, good stores and plenty of them, street cars and electric lights. We have Camped near the road, two miles out, rather public, but it seems quiet. It has been rather cool all day. There are large fields of wheat, barley and oats on every side. We have seen apple, pear, cherry and peach trees for the last 100 miles. We bought cherries and new potatoes from a woman on the road.

Wednesday, May 22.—A bright, cool morning. We hear we shall have to have the horses shod, to enable them to get over the rough roads. The mountains are now to be seen, blue in the distance, and lots of them all around. I am afraid we shall find it too cool when we get among them. J. and Edwin left a little after eight, a. m., to get the horses shod, and get provisions. The girls and I, with Jack and the pistols, for protection are keeping Camp. Three rough rowdies, with their dogs, came along and sat down near us, evidently desirous of being troublesome. I got a revolver out, and sat with it in my lap. They kept setting their dog on Jack; we were alarmed lest Jack should break his chain and attack them. I said, "take your dog away, or I will fire," and they coolly told me they would shoot Jack if I did. So I changed my tactics and said, "I'm not one bit afraid of you, but if you had any manliness about you, you would not try to worry any woman as you are doing. So after a while they left. J. came back at two, p. m. We left. The wind was blowing a gale, and (the dust drifting in clouds), threatening to overturn the wagon. After waiting a while in a sheltered place, to see if it would go down, we were obliged to take it off and start under bare poles. The road was hard and good. We Camped in some woods, on the roadside. J. better.

Thursday, May 23.—Half-past six, and a fine cool morning, rather too much so, in fact. We have breakfasted, and are just preparing to start. The girls and I had a great fright last night. They had the dog to the wagon, and did not tell us. About midnight, he began to jump and bark furiously, and nearly upset the vehicle. We thought some one was trying to get in. We drove over two mountains today; the road went zigzag up the side, and was protected by stone walls not very high. The girls and I walked most of the time. After climbing steadily for over an hour, we heard the sound of rushing water, and presently saw it pouring in a torrent down the mountain side. There are mountains all around us, all higher than the one we are climbing. On the summit, we stopped for lunch, though there was no shade. The road widened a bit, and there was room for a mill, with a few logs and boards. The horses are utterly worn out, with their long, hot climb. The road skirted a pre-