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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1904.

No. 7.

BIRTHS.

Dehaney—On July 30th, the wife of Wm. Dehaney, of a daughter.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Metcalf and the Misses Metcalf, spent a brief holiday at Rockwood House in the early part of August.

Mr. B. W. Folger has sent a handsome Deer to the Grove at Beechgrove, and it is rumored that this is merely the first of a number he proposes to give to the Deer Park that has now been opened. Woe betide the stray dog that dares to approach Beech Grove just now! The junior members of the Review staff are prepared to receive all such visitors. Mr. Folger has an eye to the beautiful, as well as one to business, and he is quite right in believing, that the Beech Grove stocked with Deer, would prove an attraction not only to our people, but to visitors as well.

Great was the slaughter of the innocents at the Entrance Examination, but fortunately the Rockwood squad came through without a scar. The grammar paper seems to have fallen like a bomb shell in the camp, and it is whispered that the Examiners might have found it difficult to answer some of the questions propounded. Possibly, the Examiners intended the word "paralysis" to appear in the paper, instead of "analysis." At all events the results point in that direction.

Rockwood is becoming noted for its brave men. Last month we recorded W. P. Fenwick's daring rescue of a drowning patient, and now we must chronicle the saving of nine or ten lives, at the Channel Grove Accident, by Messrs. Horssey, Bury and McGeein. If these cold blooded fellows had not shown the most commendable bravery, and promptness of action, several lives would have been lost. The Humane Society will need to have a special Rockwood issue of medals struck out.

The deep wells have been pumped out, and new ones bored. When the drill struck, it was suggested that the Chinese were trying to pull it out on the other side.

Probabilities, that if this weather goes on, we shall have to subsist on a diet of baked potatoes for the next year.

The editors are in Montreal, and the sub-editors feel the burden of their responsibility.

School has reopened, and the cry goes up that the holiday has been all too short. There are two sides to this question. Certainly the weather has given us every chance to enjoy ourselves, but it seems too bad to be forced to go back to books when summer is apparently not half over.

Guest—(Corn being served at table): Children, what musical instrument does this food suggest? Norman—The Cornet, of course. Harold—Well, perhaps it does, but it makes me think of a mouth organ.

GIPSEY.

Along the shingly shallows of the shore,
 And in the windy hollows of the hills,
 Where thou in summer gladness did'st disport,
 Fleet as the wind, and blither than the trills,
 Of pairing birds in Flora's May-day court,
 Spirit of fire and joy thou comest no more.

Standing straight on his feet,
 With his muscles of tempered steel,
 Slender and supple, and strong and fleet,—
 From his sensitive nose to the tip
 Of his tail, he was loyal and leal.
 Steadfast and staunch as a log,
 That was my brave dog Gip—
 That was Gipsev, my dog.

Brown were his eyes and clear,
 And his ears were silky-brown too;
 He knew not the name nor the feeling of fear,
 For his dog-soul was honor all through.
 Not he to desert the ship.
 In tempest, fair weather, or fog,
 Steady and trusty, and loving and true,
 That was my gallant dog, Gip—
 That was Gipsev, my dog.

In the green woods, galloping free,
 In the waters to gambol and dive,
 A being all spirit, and fire, and glee,
 The gladdest creature alive;
 The hill sides and forests to roam,
 And find out their secretest hold,
 To search for the ground squirrel's curious home,
 Where the chipmonks chatter and

scold,
 And the wood sparrows chitter and chip,
 And the partridge whirrs from the moss grown log,
 I and my merry dog Gip—
 I and Gipsev, my dog.

Ah, faithful and constant friend,
 Whose fate may never be known,
 Could'st thou deem at the last, at the end,

Thou wert left to perish alone:
 Are friendship and faith so cheap,
 On the lips of human breath,
 That thine should be love to scorn or keep,

But never to change till death;
 Alas for the welcome bright,
 The leaping and bounding feet,
 The glad, mad tempest of wild delight,

Our home coming steps to greet,
 And the eloquent eye and lip,
 Like a speechless monologue,
 That showed the love of my good dog Gip,
 The heart of my Gipsev dog.

Slowly the long days passed,
 And the nights were laggard and slow,

As with eyes full of wistful pain,
 And the patience that dumb things show,

He waited and watched in vain, in vain,

Till the true heart broke at last.

Ah, woe for the lingering feet,
 That came too late to save,
 And woe for the waters so dark and fleet,

That made poor Gipsev's grave.
 The river flows on and on,
 With its dull and muffled roar,
 But the brave, glad life, that is over and gone,

Is quenched, and returns no more.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

BOYS AND GIRLS:—

The flotilla having reached the shore of the Bay, into which his Indian allies guided it, Count Frontenac immediately landed, made close examination of the wooded banks, re-embarked in his canoe for further explorations, and did not return to his company until sunset. He had seen much and thought more in the interval. At the head of the Bay, which was really the mouth of another river, he had found a prairie or meadow, more than a league in extent, as handsome and level as any in France, with a river running through its midst, "very wide, and capable of admitting barks and vessels continuously." If you ever drive out to Kingston Mills, observe how closely this description tallies with what you may yet see. This discovery but served to confirm his determination to permanently occupy a point so important for trade and military enterprise. He was a man of action. So resolve was with him to do, and before he retired to rest in his tent, he had consulted with his chief Military Officer, Sieur Rendin, and directed him to trace out, on the following morning, the lines of a proposed fortification. He arranged, too, for a conference with the Iroquois. Soon after sunrise next morning, mass was said, and probably a Te Deum sung by the Priests Abbe D'Urfe and his brother Missionaries, who had already established a station on the Bay of Quinte; and, breakfast disposed of, preparations were made for the first reception, in due form, of the Iroquois Sacnems and their Huron rivals. Sails were brought from the bateaux and spread on the ground in front of the Count's tent, and the French troops were stretched in double file, from that point to

the barkhuts of the Iroquois. Sixty of the warlike nation, arrayed in decorations of paint and feathers, which mean so much to the Indian mind, advanced through these lines of armed men, and solemnly formed a circle in front of the tent of Frontenac. He, wearing the brilliant uniform of a French General Officer, courteously received them. A crowd of Squaws and children fringed the ring of warriors. Garagantie, an Iroquois, but always a warm friend of the French, addressed the Count, telling him how joyfully his people had heard, through Sieur De La Salle, of the intention of the great Onontio, as they termed the Governor, to visit them, and what pleasure it gave them to see him in their midst. Other Chiefs of the Five Nations then addressed him, and their talk was supplemented by the presentation to him of belts of Wampum, an unusual gift in those days, and one regarded as of great value by the donors. Wampum, it may be said in passing, was made of beads, formed from sea-shells, and worked into shape at the cost of much time and labor, strung upon sinew and used as money. The Count graciously accepted the proffered gifts, ordered a fire to be lighted, and briefly, through an interpreter, spoke to his audience, thanking them for their liberality, but declining to address them at greater length before another day. This was followed by the gifts of "something to open their ears." A gun was given to each Nation, with powder and lead, and prunes and raisins were presented to the women, with wine, brandy and biscuits. The women were invited to the tent of the Governor to receive more raisins and prunes, and reciprocated this generosity by exhibiting their native dances. The Chiefs, too, a few each day, were invited to dine with the Count, and thus

their confidence was won. While the talk was going on, Sieur Rendin was tracing the lines of the Fort as directed by his leader, and when the dinner hour was past, men were set to work digging a trench and cutting down timber, for the present site of Kingston, and all the country about, were then heavily wooded. The Count made another survey of the River, while his followers were hard at work. So keenly did they labor, that the officers, the narrator says, "found difficulty in drawing the people off to rest and sleep, so as to be able to work the next morning." No sooner had the sun risen, on the 14th—and it rises pretty early in July—than the men again set to with heartiness and zeal, and the site of the Fort was nearly cleared when night closed in. On the 15th, the labors went merrily on, and although rain fell on the morning of the 16th, the afternoon witnessed a renewal of energetic action; and, again says the narrator: "The Indians were astonished to see the large clearances that had been made, some squaring timber in one place, others fetching pickets, others cutting trenches, and the different operations advanced at the same time." And now the Count was ready for more talk. His Fort was an assured thing, and he stood on safer ground. He did not wish to quarrel with his newly found friends, but knew that the surest security of peace was thorough preparation for war. So another conference was held, with the screech of the saw, the ring of the axe and the thud of the mattock as fitting accompaniments. The Count delivered a long speech, in which he dilated upon the good treatment received by the Hurons, and promised similar kindness to the Iroquois if they should prove true to the French. He advised them to learn the French language

from the Black Gods as their missionaries were styled, and offered to educate four Iroquois girls and two Iroquois boys, at the Namec in Quebec. He advised alliance with the Hurons, and more regular intercourse with the French, and followed up his speech by further gifts. Nothing had struck the Iroquois more than the overcoats worn by the French soldiers, and twenty-five of these were the first gifts made. Now came a present of twenty-five shirts, twenty pairs of stockings, five packages of beads, and five coats, probably of bright uniform. The orators of the Hurons told of the kindness of the French to them, and sought the friendship of the Iroquois by a gift of Wampum belt. The interview soon stood adjourned until the following day, much to the satisfaction of the French, who wished for time, for while talk progressed work went on; and so far had it advanced during the Conference, that when evening came, the first pickets were set up, and one flank of the Fort was complete. On the 18th, the palaver was resumed, when the representatives of the Five Nations addressed Onontio, expressing their satisfaction with his talk, declaring that they would trade at the new station, and pledging themselves to keep peace with the Hurons. They asked Frontenac to assist them in a war against the Andostaguay, their only remaining enemies, who were strongly fortified, and had many men and canoes, and requested further time to consult with their village with regard to the children for whom Frontenac had asked. Presents were made to the Hurons, and the Count again urged the Iroquois to favorably look upon his offer to educate their children, who were to be taken, not as hostages, but for the purpose of learning the ways of the Christians. The labors of the soldiers and volunteers pro-

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gressed, and on the 19th, the Fort proper was finished. The Governor was anxious to see it enclosed, and asked from each detachment an acre and a half of abatis. The men went at their work with renewed vigor, and before noon, on the 20th, the enclosure was about complete. Next day the Iroquois left, amidst the cheers of the French, and on the 21st the detachments from Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel and Contrecoeur started on the return trip to their homes, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The Count remained to receive the allegiance of some Indians living on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, and speedily housed provisions and ammunition. On the 27th the Count, leaving a small garrison in charge of the Fort, started with the balance of his force down the great River. On the way he met a convoy of twenty-five canoes carrying provisions to the new Fort, "sufficient to last a year." On the 1st August he reached Montreal, rejoicing that out of one hundred and twenty canoes which had accompanied him, not one accident had occurred to a single one, and he devoutly returned thanks to God for the special protection to which they were indebted for this, as well as for the successful execution of the enterprise. The narrator of the expedition adds that the construction of the Fort "obliges the Iroquois to keep the peace in spite of themselves, affords full liberties for the Missionaries to continue their mission without fear, and secures trade which was going to utter ruin.

In another chat, we may learn more about the appearance of Fort St. Louis, as it was first named, and something of its eventful history.

GRANDFATHER.

ROCKWOOD.

Grassy slopes and emerald lawns,
Neath spreading leaves of noble trees,
Of every kind, some short, some long.
Arranged fair Nature's eye to please.

Bright hued songsters flying high,
With sweetest music fill the air,
Squirrels bright, but yet so shy,
Scampered round, now here, now there.

Tangled wilderness of shrubs,
Sumach, Hazel, Bittersweet,
Arching climbers overhead,
Moss clad stones beneath our feet.

Lovely garden, fragrant, sweet,
Filled with flowers of every hue,
Sweet Pea, Pansy, Mignonette,
Rose, Carnation, Violet too.

Faint sweet odors fill the air,
Bees and Butterflies so light,
High carnival are holding here,
In nature's bower so fresh and bright.

Then behind this scene so lovely,
Lake Ontario's waters lie,
Bearing o'er it's calm, broad bosom,
Pictures of the changing sky.

But so many are the beauties,
That this place so fair adorns,
That no tongue could ever tell them,
That on earth below was born.

May the sun here shine her brightest,
May vast Lake Ontario's flood,
Smooth, or rough, stand guard forever,
Round this place, the fair Rock-wood.

ALIEL.

OUR TRIP TO THE A. C. A. MEET
OF '93.

CONTINUED.

with excursionists, and small as we were in comparison with her, her captain thought we were so enterprising that he favored us with a very sonorous salute from the boat's whistle, the passengers being the none the less demonstrative, waving their handkerchiefs as heartily as if we were a boat their equal in size. We now soon came in sight of the camping ground, and our approach caused quite an excitement among the Association. By good seamanship, we made a good landing, and for some time were the centre of attraction, and got credit for being very adventurous. However, as we were not over anxious for notoriety, we got our craft into a snug harbor, and found everything getting in readiness for the Skiff Race. While the preliminaries were in progress, we took in the sights, and the blending of our American cousins with our Canadian sisters was very unique. The woods dotted with milk-white and striped (duck houses) tents forming this most romantic Camp Meeting, it being its 12th annual meet, making the present one the fifth held on the beautiful St. Lawrence. Although the weather was so unfavorable, still a number of Kingston folks came down on the steamer, that ran as a special ferry for the occasion. All being now arranged for the race, the signal gun warned the racers to get ready, followed by one to get away. The Race, was quite interesting, there being a large number of entries, among them being the Canoe Wasp, in itself a miniature Yacht, with its diminutive mast and slender spars, with mainsail and jigger together, with a vast complication of little cords, for hoisting, reefing and

down hauling, all combined making a complete ship, requiring a crew of but one man. It differs from the yacht to, in that a seat has been constructed which slides away to windward, enabling the crew to crowd sail admirably. The three favorites in the race were Leprechaun, St. Lawrence and Lavolta. The race was won by the Leprechaun, our Captain's boat coming in a good second. This race was followed by the one for the paddling trophy, a double bladed Paddle Race, keenly contested and won by Mr. Darcy Scott, of Ottawa, followed closely by Mr. O'Brien, of Toronto. The last Race was the Hurry Scurry, a race that required good running, swimming and paddling powers, for all these were needed in the race, the preliminary part being, a boat race for some distance, and dive off the wharf, and swim to an anchored canoe. This was won by a Quebecker.

Truly the enchantments of these 1000 Islands are alluring, with their pine scented perfume, wafted by warm and gentle zephyrs. It has truly been called Fairyland, for we can feast our eye on the beautiful panorama, and where would any one seeking sport, health or exploration, find a more suitable situation. Fitted out with a Canoe, you cannot do better than go canoeing here, and you will find all these pleasures, the delightful motion of this sport is alone known to those who have experienced its enchanting thrill. Before describing our experiences on our trip back home, I would like to mention the beautiful place selected for this Meet. Gently bathed in the sparkling waters of McDonald's Bay to the east, strongly guarded by Knapp's Point to the west, and situated in a grove of tall, graceful, stately elms, was located the Camp of the A. C. A., of 1893. The Main Encamp-

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ment, where tents are the thickest, the boys are the jolliest. Here you may wander through the curious mansions of the Ottawas, or the Deserontos and the Mohicans. In another direction you meet the Vesper Club, of Lowell, then follow down Malk St., passing in turn the encampment of the Ianthe Club, of Newark, the Krickerbockers, of New York, and the Shu. Shu. Gah. Warriors, from Winchester, Mass., and on the way pass a black eyed beauty, whose face tells that life's current to the red man tinged her veins from no far distant spring. You arrive then at the Catarauqui Club, of Kingston, where you meet the whole souled fellow, famed for singing the praises of Susan Brown, who pulls the strings of a broken necked guitar as you enter. Musical instruments of all kinds are to be seen, from the old rusty banjo, with no head, to the three legged piano, that goes out of tune in the upper notes. Toronto was very sparsely represented at the Meet, and bodies from Squaw Point would remark as they passed: Small, but "Oh! my!" Some of the members of the male persuasion glibly inform you that it was quality, not quantity, that was required. Our modesty forbade us to believe they were in earnest. An incident occurred that caused some fun. We are prone to talk of the English man and his bath tub, but although a fine beach was to be found for bathing, a prominent member of the Catarauqui Club, who was unable to swim, brought a tin bath to Camp. It gave amateur joke fiends a fine opportunity. The Bulletin board furnished lots of merriment, and the many ridiculous notices posted on it found ready readers. An advertisement appeared in bold letters, reading: For sale cheap, a Bull Terrier Pup, with large capacious jaws, will eat anything, very fond of children.

The gloaming coming now fast on, one of the prettiest events took place. At headquarters it was announced that a "Kampe Fyre Konserte" would be the order of the evening, rendezvous of a certain Club famed for its fine musical voices and fire side orators. At a given signal, a magnificent burst of phosphorescent flame shot from the water, casting a lurid glare upon a hundred female faces, and radiating to a marked degree the visage of many a jolly good fellow. This with fireworks from the water, a shower of colored flame on shore, an exhibition of many tinted Chinese lanterns from the tents, the Association Orchestra struck up a tuneful melody, that for harmonious and mellifluous resonance was supreme. A happy chorus followed, and the merry ring of sopranos and tenors, the mellow sound of low contraltos and basses, combined to produce a perfect harmony. One particularly pretty effect was created by a group of paddles, formed in the shape of a tripod, from which was suspended an old fashioned gipsy camp pot. It was a perfect night, the moon came out and shone through the trees, with silvery effect. Romantic it was indeed to hear the sound of voices over the water, join in the chorus, and subside as the soloists turn came. Its influence stills the soul as softly as the negro steals across the moon lit sward, in quest of the chickens that are not his, but which shortly will be. "Lo," the wind springs up, and we are homeward bound. Straight as an arrow we fly, our white wings carry us along, hoping to get back in the same short order we came. But we are doomed to disappointment, we strike a snag, our main halliard gives way, and we have to sail to some place for assistance to get in good shape again. However, we made Cedar

Island beach, and with the aid of Walter, who was our lightest sailor, we spliced a rope that put us in sailing order again, when away we went till we reached Whisky Island, then suddenly the wind fell and changed, and for hours we made slow stretches, from one shore to the other, our patience nearly exhausted, and only kept up by the fact that we were all vocalists. We about exhausted our vocabulary of song, and finally had to bring in the aid of our oars, with which our feather weight sailor and the writer were allotted to pull half the way back, the agreement being that our Captain and the other fellow were to pull the other half. We pulled and pulled, and finally reached Kingston, when the other fellow played sharp, and voted to leave the skiff at one of the city boat-houses, so we had to foot it the rest of the way home.

COLUMBINE.

A VISIT TO THE CAMP OF JUNIOR COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE LADS.

We set out at eight, a. m., to spend the day at the Camp of five boys,—George, the Emperor; Fred, the Prime Minister; and Tom, Dick and Harry, the humble subjects, for they were juniors in age and in strength; the weakest go to the wall, however the worm will turn, and sometimes there is a mutiny in Camp, and they follow Deb's orders and "sass" their superiors (!)

While travelling over our eleven miles of hilly country, we met numerous vehicles, eight of which were loaded with cheese for Whyte & Son's, cold storage; passing a cheese factory the men on the milk wagons waved their hats. At last we came to a settlement of about twenty buildings, which we supposed must be Farrington, our destination. We found out where the Camp was by asking a bare-

footed girl, sitting on a fence rail swinging her feet contentedly, and fro; she was anything but the shy rustic one reads of in story books, and was able to give us any amount of information.

Looking towards the woods we descried two bare-legged chaps make for a tent, and re-appear in neatly tied boots and stockings, giving evidence of the wear and tear of Camp life. As we neared the tent, we saw stockings and towels decorating the laundry tree, while on the grass to our right the bedding was airing. Everything was in ship-shape, from their refrigerator, which consisted of a box sunk in a neighboring spring creek, to their cupboard, which was another box nailed to a tree.

We stretched our tired limbs on the green sward, but our reveries were doomed to have a sudden ending, for a huntsman appeared, madly rushing for his big gun, as great game was to be secured in the neighboring wood; his hat flew one way, and coat another, but the black squirrels escaped.

Then Dick and Harry got the "murphies" out, and began to pare them, but when the Emperor came in, he administered an imperial blessing, and commanded that they pare those peelings. "Wilful waste makes woeful want."

Half of the party went with us to the carriage to procure our lunch baskets. In our absence Fred and Tom went to the tent, and donned their Sunday togs, although their first appearance had been in hunting costume.

Next we had dinner all seated round upon the ground, under the broad blue canopy of heaven, close by the purling brook; we should have preferred it under the spreading beech, as the thermometer was well up in the eighties, but the Emperor informed us, and he must have been there before, that the

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mosquitoes were swarming in the shade. The dinner set was rather incomplete, but honey can covers make excellent substitutes for cups and plates, and jack-knives answer well in a pinch, and the boys were gallant enough to give up their best pieces to their visitors. As hunger is the best sauce, our repast could not have been more enjoyable than it was. Even if His Imperial Majesty did commit the crime of taking his humble subjects' tea when his back was turned, but the cup was a baking powder can, and the tea was hot, so great was the down pour thereof, and the can felt heavy if not warm.

Dinner over, the Prime Minister repaired to the creek, the scullions waited upon him whilst he performed the elaborate ceremony of washing the dishes. He strongly objected to washing dishes for the public, for on ordinary occasions it is every man for himself, and no grumbling at the quality of the work. The method employed is first to cover the plates with sods, and then to wash them off. Thrice did Fred lave his hands, thinking his hard day's task was done, and thrice did Tom bring him a fresh relay of dishes, until it finally ended with: "Look here! if you can't bring them all at once, I'll kick," and Tom in dulcet tones, replied: "Yes, madam."

Of course we must "do" the village, so we set off. Fred wouldn't play, so he stayed at home, with two assistants, to catch frogs' legs, for the evening meal. After narrow escapes from drowning, we reached the dusty granolithic pavement. Heads were to be seen at every window, as the natives tried to get a glimpse of the Avondale folk. We climbed a miniature mountain, and obtained a magnificent view of the rolling country for miles around. Then we went for a

row on the pond, and it began to rain. We pulled for the shore, and went to the store to buy some butter, which the salesman said was running oil, so George said he would drive it home with a stick.

Nearing home we discovered marauders in the Camp, namely cows seeking what they might devour, but the interlopers were put to rout without having done any damage.

We dried our shoes at the Camp fire, and for a few moments wore roomy running shoes belonging to the boys.

In a meantime a storm was brewing, and the rain began to come down in torrents, so we quickly decided to have tea in the tent, where "Alice in Wonder Land's" Queen did not cry. "Off with his head;" but the Emperor yelled: "Look where your head is!" "Haven't you any sense?" "Don't you know that wherever you touch the canvas the water will come in?" "Oh, the guns! the guns!" "Put them under the blankets, quick!"

The cedar boughs formed our table cloth; only three of the party had seats; the Emperor had to leave his throne, the berry can, quite often; while the Prime Minister reclined gracefully on a valise; and one of the scullions sat on his mortal enemy, the potato bag.

The Emperor's hearty appetite seemed to desert him. We thought it was because he was going to lose his guests so soon, but the potato bag scullion told us that after we were gone, His Majesty would cry, "I bags all that's left."

The rain did not cease to patter on the white roof of our tent, so we asked them to sing some songs, and His Majesty was about to lead off with "Home Sweet Home," when the Prime Minister, who is an only son, objected to his singing that old thing, and suggested something

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not so pathetic.

The rain at last stopped, so we prepared for our homeward drive, while the Prime Minister once more performed the dish washing act. They gave us a hearty send off, and we parted, having all enjoyed the day's experiences.

"BESSICA."

LETTERS.

HATCHLEY, ONT.,

July 16th.

"Time flies, and seasons are fleeting," and a majority of our feathered friends have become silent, and the places that once knew them, know them no more. All the Orioles suddenly left us, as if to celebrate Independence Day with our Yankee cousins across the border, for since the 3rd of July not a glint of them has been noticed in all these parts. Young and old have vanished for the year, and of the blue-eyed, yellow Warbler, the same tale must be told. The young of the Bobolinks too, have taken wing, and the white markings of the old birds are beginning to assume a yellowish tint, and their song is broken into abrupt snatches. On the 13th inst., my son, in his work of mowing our timothy meadow, passed over a Bobolink's nest containing several newly fledged young, which immediately scattered, to flutter, attended by the hovering gestures and alarmed cries of the parent birds, among the swaths of fallen grass. Since that the birds, both old and young, have moved into an adjoining thicket of berry bearing bushes, and the well known rollicking chant is frequently heard from the topmost spray of a tall pear tree that grows near. The young "Bobs" are in a brand new plumage, which, as in the case with the mother bird, is yellowish in color, and in four or five weeks

hence these birds leave us for the season.

Our dog "Nipper" had a severe tussle with a Wood-chuck, among the tall grass in the hay meadow, one day last week. The dog had descended the burrow, and drawn or driven Mr. Marmot to the surface, and the two warriors were found panting, and taking a rest spell, after a seemingly indecisive struggle; and it would have ended in a flag of truce and a mutual retreat, had not reinforcement come to the canine side, in the shape of a well handled cudgel, which terminated Marmot's career.

Last year a young man on the next farm to this, tells us that in the month of May, he plowed out a Wood-chuck's nest containing three young ones, abnormally marked with white streaks along the shoulders and sides. This must have been caused by some mysterious prenatal influence, and the young man who found them, supposed he had discovered a case of hybridizing with the American representative of the "Fournart." The youngster tried to rear the Marmots on cow's milk, but without success. Very similar instances of abnormal freaks of coloring are of frequent occurrence, both in quadruped bird and vegetable life.

W. YATES.

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

Saturday, May 18.—Three weeks to-day since we started on our journey. The wagon has gone into "Elberton" for new wheels, the old ones being unsafe. We are Camped a little outside the town. It seems a thriving place, smaller than Washington. The stores, like the other Southern towns we see, have small windows and doors; only a glimpse can be got of the goods inside. The streets are very narrow, but in good repair. The country around, hilly and rocky. We drove over a good hard road, leaving "Elberton" by way of Possum Trot," a collection of small negro huts, to "Craft's Ferry," and crossed the "Sabannah" River, on a flat boat. The River here is quite wide, but shallow in places, showing the rocks and ledges here and there. The flat grounded on a rock in the middle of the River. For a while we were in great danger, and I was awfully frightened lest the horses should move, but they remained perfectly quiet and our Ferryman jumped overboard, nearly up to his neck, and putting his shoulder to the flat, managed to shove it off. Part of the time, it had a pretty dangerous cant, and things looked badly. However, we landed at last on "South Carolina" side. The bank was very steep, and there is never the slightest attempt to make a roadway, and one has to scramble up the best way one can. This Bank was of soft sand, in which the wheels sank to the hubs. The horses got the wagon nearly to the top, when there was a crash, and the whiffletree broke short off and several men standing by rushed up and caught the wheels, and saved the wagon and horses from running back into the River. After some trouble, the wagon was got to the top of the Bank, and we Camped close to the River. The Ferryman sent a Smith to make repairs. There seems to be immense quantities of mica all through the part of "Georgia" we have come to-day, also soap-stone. A man told us of a soap mine, which the natives use instead of soap, for sundry purposes.

Sunday, May 19.—We are so glad to be out of "Georgia" at last, we are so tired of the sand and the deadly sameness of the scenery. James is quite ill, he has been all day. I think the driving and attending to the horses has been too much for him. I wish he could see a doctor. This is rather a public place, all day the Ferryman has been busy. Elsie and I went to the top of a high hill near us. The view is lovely, the river wide and very winding in its course, the banks high and well wooded, hardly a dwelling to be seen. All through this region, the family comb, and wash basin, and towel, hang by a string near the door.

Monday, May 20.—The blacksmith, after working all Sunday, finished before dark, and at seven, a. m., we left, and drove over a most lovely road, and through a well tilled country. The people we meet are better and neater looking, and evidently of a better class than those of Georgia. The negroes are also more polite, all bow to us. Since crossing the border, we have met two pretty girls. We are resting seven miles out of "Anderson." J. easier, at one, p. m. We are just starting again. "Anderson" is a fine, large town, good stores, and a very grand Court House. J. called up a doctor, who says his symptoms are caused by some poisonous insect's bite, a scorpion spider, most likely. He suffered a good deal from inflammation and irritation: if he is not better, we must stay over at "Greenville" a day or two. Edwin and I do the driving, J. lying low all the time. We got into Camp all right. The roads are most beautiful. In

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 back ground. 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 apples, 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 the all around. I am afraid we shall find it too cool when we get amongst 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 sitting at Camp. Three rough rowdies, with their dogs, came along, and sat down near us, evidently desirous of being troublesome. I got the revolver out, and sat with it in my lap. They kept sitting 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 a manline's coat you, you would not try to worry my woman as you are doing. 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 a few more poles. The road was hard and good. We Camped in some woods, on the outside. J. better.

Thursday, May 23.—Left at six, and a fine cool morning, rather too much so, in fact. We have breakfast and are just preparing to start. The girls and I had a great fright last night. They and the dog, to the wagon, 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 to-day; 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-