



The Rockwood Review

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE,

NATURAL HISTORY,

AND LOCAL NEWS.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

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LARITY, IN ACTUAL RE-  
SULTS.

J. T. WHITE, Special Agent.  
Office, 254 Bagot St., Kingston.  
Medical Examiner for Portsmouth,  
DR. C. K. CLARKE.

Dr. and Mrs. Forster paid a fly-  
ing visit to friends in the west at  
Easter.

Miss Nelles, Assistant Matron of  
Brockville Hospital for Insane, vis-  
ited Rockwood this month.

Mrs. C. E. Britton and Miss  
Baker, of Gananoque, and Mrs. J.  
S. Lockie, of Toronto, were guests  
at Rockwood House in April.

The Minstrel Show in the latter  
end of March, was as usual a grand  
success, and the various and num-  
erous burnt chalk artists did splen-  
didly. Messrs. Shea and McCam-  
mon, Cochrane and Davidson did  
the heavy work, and Mr. Gilmour  
and Calvert came in as the assist-  
ants, to say nothing of the others  
who made up the circle. Some of  
the jokes were fresh, others a little  
the worse for wear, and others  
again of the hard to understand  
order, but then we never expect too  
much from the average minstrel  
joke.

The Messrs. Harvey are to be  
commended for their devotion to  
the cause of good music, and the  
delightful organ recitals given by  
Mr. Robert Harvey during the win-

ter, cannot fail to prove of high  
educational value to the music lov-  
ing public of Kingston. Many have  
looked forward with pleasure to the  
restful hour in St. Andrew's every  
other week, and the immense audi-  
ences gathered to listen to the artis-  
tic rendition of selections from good  
composers, must have satisfied the  
young musicians that some prop-  
hets are not without honor in their  
own country.

To Messrs. March and the Har-  
mony Club we must also return  
thanks for the presentations of  
"Christ and His Soldiers." This  
work of Farmer's was not above  
the comprehension of the general  
public, and we may add of the per-  
formers, and the result was a decid-  
ed hit in pleasant contrast to the  
palpable failures in the way of  
oratorio that have gone before.  
The Orchestra, under the capable  
leadership of Mr. Louis Andrieux,  
did excellent work. On the whole  
we can congratulate Kingston on a  
distinct musical advance this sea-  
son.

The edict has gone forth, that all  
trespassers must be removed from  
Rockwood Grounds, and Mr. John  
Hartrick has been sworn in as  
special Constable. He has a heavy  
contract on hand, but is quite equal  
to the task, and his services are  
very necessary. While it is quite  
true that no one made serious ob-  
jection to poor people carrying off  
litter that had no value, it becomes  
a serious matter when valuable prop-  
erty is destroyed and taken away.  
The evil has become such a crying  
one that it has been decided to put  
an end to it at any cost, and in  
future Rockwood Grounds will not  
be used as a loafing place and field  
for profit by the idle ones of the  
vicinity. A welcome will be given  
as usual to those who are anxious  
and willing to behave properly.

# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, MAY 1ST, 1895.

No. 3.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

We regret to say that Mrs. C. K. Clarke has again been seriously ill.

Mrs. Woodrow, Miss Stewart and Miss Smith, and several of the Nurses, have been "under the weather," but are about again.

Mr. Marsh and Mr. W. Mullin have been appointed to positions on the Rockwood Staff.

Curling on the 1st April, at Rockwood. "What fools these mortals be!"

March 24, Song Sparrows and Lesser Redpolls. April 1st, Juncos. April 5th, Yellow-legs, Meadow Larks and Blue-birds. April 7th, Phebes and Summer Wrens. The first dandelion in bloom. April 8th, earth worms in abundance on sidewalks. April 13th, Pierreport and Walker, open navigation. April 14th, swallows, first violet, and Killdeer Plover; ice moving out of harbor.

The Bohemian Chatterers visited many parts of Ontario this winter, and we have received notes of their appearance in Stratford on the second of March. They were in Kingston during January and February, as the following clipping from the *WHIG* of April 4th shows:—"Mr. H. J. LeHup, of Barrifield, says that during the months of January and February, he saw on his farm flocks of Bohemian Chatterers or Cedar Birds. They are seldom seen in this district." We expected that they would be found among the red cedars and junipers near Barrifield.

At last the Sanitary Works are finished, and Messrs. Horetzky and Wilson are wearing happy smiles, although like Othello their occupation's gone. We have reason to believe that the contractors regard these gentlemen as thorough and painstaking officials, who know exactly what they want and how to get it.

One of the landmarks in front of Rockwood has disappeared, and the gigantic rockery no longer blocks the way. There was a difference of opinion regarding its beauty, or want of beauty, but all are agreed that the beautiful stone basin, cut last summer by Peter McLeod, will when finished be a great addition to the grounds. The basin is 46 ft. by 24 ft., and at the centre will be placed a large "jet d'eau." The stone cutting was done by Peter as a labor of love, and as his heart was in the work, the result has been an artistic and chaste production. It goes without saying that this will be called the McLeod Basin. The plants growing on the rockery will be missed, especially the fine specimens of *Celastrus Scandens*. Already the juveniles in the vicinity are making contracts to supply the Fountain with fish, as well as figuring on surreptitious piscatorial expeditions to the Basin itself.

Time waits for no man, but since Columbine played with the Harmony Club, he says the leader can beat time.

The Gerda is being prepared for the water, and will be in sailing trim early in the season.

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### THE VISION OF THE SEASONS.

#### SPRING.

I paused and waited, and a breath  
of air,  
Fresh and delightful, chased away  
the chill  
That Winter left. And then I look-  
ed, and lo!  
I saw sweet Spring, as lovely as the  
dawn.  
Her chariot was formed of willow  
twigs,  
With greenest cushions of the vel-  
vet grass,  
And drawn by the young East wind,  
Spring was fair.  
Her form was slim, and delicate  
and small,  
Her skin was like white violets;  
and her eyes  
Were like the blue ones; while her  
flowing locks  
Were dark and softer than the soft-  
est silk;  
Her lips and cheeks were rosy with  
the red  
Of wild azaleas; and her silver voice  
Filled my whole heart with wonder  
and delight.  
Around her brow Spring wore a  
garland fair,  
Of dainty ferns and sweet hepaticas,  
While blossoming upon her snowy  
breast,  
Spring-beauties waved their pinky,  
fairy bells.  
And all her robe was made of ten-  
der leaves,  
Reddish or green, and well embroi-  
dered o'er  
With columbines, culled in the for-  
est shades,  
And raindrops shone around her  
neck like beads.  
Sweet Spring had golden slippers  
on her feet,  
The yellow lady's slipper she did  
wear.  
Fairseason! ne'er can I declare her  
joys,  
Her joys which were too bright by

far to last;  
For soon her violet eyes ran o'er  
with tears,  
And her swift steed did carry her  
away.

D. W. K.

### IN THE MAY-TIME OF THE YEAR.

Toll no more, oh bells,  
Toll no more, no more,  
So slow and mournful and drear;  
For the winter is past and over,  
Ring loud and merry and clear,  
For the thrush and the swallow are  
here,  
And the leaves and the springing  
clover,  
In the May-time of the year.

Sigh no more, oh wind,  
Oh sigh no more, no more.  
The bleak gray days are behind,  
And the golden summer before.  
Breathe low in the dancing weeds,  
Your flute of the summer cheer,  
For the daffodils are here,  
And the blue, blue flags, and the  
river reeds,  
In the May-time of the year.

Weep no more sad heart,  
Oh weep no more, no more.  
Let the ghost of the sorrowful past  
depart,  
And shut and seal the door.  
For to-day the world is sweet,  
There are no sad memories here;  
Birds in the trees, and the wind in  
the wheat,  
And the old paths beckon thy ling-  
ering feet,  
In the May-time of the year.

K. S. McL.

"Dear me!" cried the nurse;  
the baby has swallowed my rail-  
way ticket. What shall I do?"  
"Go and buy another right away,"  
returned the mother. "I am not  
going to let the conductor punch  
the baby."

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

### GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

#### FIFTY YEARS AGO.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—

I desire to tell you something more of the wild mammals of Upper Canada, when the forests were broken only on the frontier, and in the old settlements game was still abundant. That was fifty years ago. Even yet, as you know, within a day's ride of the lakes of Ontario, our fauna is as varied, and nearly as well represented as in that distant time. The wolf and wildcat, the bear and beaver, the Virginia deer and moose, the porcupine and otter, the wildcat and wolverine, the fisher and marten, have gradually receded before the axe and the plough, and thousands now read of them where but scores see them. In the Forties, every settler in the Lake Counties could tell his tale of trapped fur-bearing animals, of a larder supplied pretty freely with venison, and of encounters with the fierce denizens of the forest. Snakes were subjects of every day talk, bear stories were told at every rural fireside, and hunting yarns, made more or less brilliant by a permissible and generally well understood exaggeration, occupied the place now given to politics and social scandal. To see a deer, kill a rattler, bear or howling wolf, trap a beaver, chase a catamount, secure a dozen or two of wild pigeon, or knock over a brace of partridges, were common events in even many of the fairly advanced sections of the country. In the Niagara District, within a few miles of the ever rushing Falls, and when Table Rock still overhung the chasm, I have heard wolf respond to wolf, with varying yelps, ending a long-drawn howl, which was plaintive and evil, and as demonical as lover of the horrible and blood-curdling could desire. The baby-like whine of the wildcat was

often heard, and attracted me more than once to its supposed locality, under the impression that a child had been lost in the woods. The "Bobby-white" of the quail, heard seldom now, and in but few counties outside of Kent, and Essex and Egin, was a familiar strain in our summer vocalization of bird-life, and the drum of the partridge made every clump of woods amidst the clearings mystically musical in spring. But wild life has been restricted since then, and of our numerous varieties of native animals, foxes, rabbits, groundhogs, skunks, and in the south western counties, raccoons have held their own. Wild Turkeys, once numerous in the western peninsula of Upper Canada, have almost entirely disappeared, and yet, at one period, they must have been found in all our hard-wood lands. I remember coming across a small log building, in a piece of forest in Wellington County, about five feet high, with a small aperture for entrance, and with no other outlet, evidently erected as turkey trap. A little grain scattered on the leaves, and leading to this trap, just within the opening, to which more "bait" was placed, was the simple attraction of which the "gobbler" and his family were tempted to ruin. Once within the little hut, the turkey sought egress above, and never stooped to return by the narrow road leading to capture and death.

For many years, immense flocks of Wild Pigeons passed over our fine country every spring, on their way to the hard-wood lands of the Upper Peninsula, where they built and gathered food. In the spring of 1845, I witnessed such a sight as will never be presented to the vision of any person reading these words. A cloud of rapidly flying birds extended from north to south, far as eye could see, and darkened the

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morning light. For more than an hour it passed westward in unbroken phalanx, and was succeeded until the morning was far advanced by smaller yet numerous flocks. The birds were flying high, and with the speed which distinguishes them, whither? whence? The old settlers told me that in the crops of some killed by them, they had found rice, but I doubted the correctness of their statement unless the rice was of wild variety. Digestion is too rapid to permit Carolina rice to evade Canadian customs by such methods of conveyance. For many years this annual visitation was kept up, and there were "roosts" where the birds bred, and remained the summer through, in the country north of the Grand River. I visited one of them in the County of Wellington, and found acres of elm trees blackened by numerous nests in their lofty branches. This upper world was a scene of action, life and motion, and Pigeondom was all agog with the excitement and bustle of maternal cares and paternal help and business. Old birds, feeding their young, were constantly arriving and departing, while toward evening immense flocks of the early broods returned from their visits to grain fields or beech woods. To shoot them on the wing, as they came rushing in to their leaf homes, was no great feat, and many too were the "bags" secured by those who went to the roost at night, and by the light of torches fired into the trees and carried off scores of victims. So low often was the flight of the birds, that they were knocked down with long sticks, as they flew up the gorge of the Grand and Irvine Rivers at Elora, and others were winged or killed by boys expert in stone throwing. In the Niagara district the settlers killed the pigeons in such quantities that in many households the dried breasts—the only portion preserved

—of the slaughtered birds, were often used at the tea-table, and vied in attraction with the dried venison and beef, which were common articles of diet in those now distant days. As an illustration of the fact that large numbers of the birds were easily secured by those who set about the task, I may tell you how I made a bag. Going into a wheat field, newly cut, about sunrise one morning in September, I saw clusters of pigeons upon the "stooks." Climbing a fence, and approaching under its shelter, to within fair shooting distance, I fired one barrel at the birds upon the grain, and another as they rose into the air, and twenty-four "dead and wounded" rewarded me. I don't know how a murderer feels, but can almost imagine his sensations after that experience. My last shot at a flock of pigeons was in 1866, when large roosts were formed in Western Canada and Michigan, and I secured some birds from sick soldier boys then stationed at Sarnia. Since that date I have seen no large numbers of them, although they have appeared in Michigan and all points in the far west. In addition to pigeons, partridge, quail, wild ducks, black and grey squirrels, and rabbits, afforded sport and food to the hunter. The coon and the groundhog were edible and plentiful, and the farmer's boys of half a century ago were unacquainted with the varying flavor of their flesh. The ham of the bear was a luxury, prized by nearly all who tasted it, while venison steak was a well-known dish in country parts. Wild duck, in spring and fall, were obtainable in nearly every creek and pond. Fish, from salmon to herring, abounded in lake and running stream, and there were but few rural tables upon which, at one time or other, they did not make an attractive dish. There was a roughside to all this, but food, after



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the pinch of first settlement had been felt, was plentiful, and the supply of fresh meats was as often the product of the forest or the stream, as of the field. As might be expected, nearly every farmer of Canadian birth was an expert in the use of the rifle, and there were prodiges of fine shooting in those days, even more remarkable than the big scores now made with military rifles. I remember seeing one Joe Brother fire, from a rest, across a wide roading, at a nail slightly driven into a stump, and drive it home, and at even a greater distance, snuff a candle with a bullet, although he extinguished the flame, and repeat the shot. He carried a rifle upon the stock of which he made a notch of every deer which fell before it, and it was covered with the markings. Of course that wasn't legal proof of his dexterity, but what I saw I believe. He was but one of a large class of the of Niagara District. Turkey shooting was a more common amusement in the winter of the long ago than now, and while the man who exposed them for competition, at so much a shot, generally secured, through the misses of inexpert sports, a fair price for his poultry, there were always amongst the competitors skilled shots who secured a turkey at very small outlay. The rifle was the favorite weapon, the shot gun being more generally used by boys than men. The barrel of a rifle was heavy, and it was difficult for one of tender years to handle it, but old muskets were numerous in country parts—relics of the war of 1812 and the rebellion of 1837—and in the hands of youth carried destruction in their enormous charges of shot, to pigeon, duck and quail. Much trapping was done, coon hunting was a frolic, and spearing of fish was a frequent amusement for young and old. The field is tempting, but I

must leave it. I have told you enough to convince you that, to boys at least, life was worth living fifty years ago.

GRANDFATHER.

### The Rockwood Review

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A little girl is said to have written the following bright essay:—  
"Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and bye. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam, he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again.' And He made Eve. God liked Eveso much better than Adam, that there have been more women than men. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way half the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was then made, and she has never rested since."

'SCONSET BY THE SEA.

"Come and spend your summer vacation with us in 'Sconset," wrote a friend who for more than a dozen years had regularly sought this retreat for rest and health, and who honestly believed that after his native heath-clad hills no spot in all the wide world is so fair in promise and so bountiful in fulfillment. If the air is purer anywhere else, or the bathing more invigorating, or the society more delightful, no visitor of 'Sconset has as yet heard of such a place.

But already the reader is asking, Where is 'Sconset, or more properly Siasconset? It does not argue that our school system is a failure if the boy or girl well furnished in the lore of the schools should be unable to answer the question. Let me assist you. From Boston, the "hub" of the universe, the Old Colony Railroad carried us rapidly down to the sea. The train speeds by towns and villages, made historic as the birthplace and home of some of America's greatest sons; and the greatness of the past is linked with that of the present, for the cottage of Gray Gables, where President Cleveland rests in summer time, is in clear view of the passengers as they rush past. Wood's Holl, on Buzzard's Bay, is the terminus of the railway line, and there a steamer is waiting to convey us to our chosen retreat. But the baggage must first be transferred, and while Italian porters are rushing and shouting and struggling with the heavy trunks, we have time to take a glance at the building of the United States Fish Commission. There in the summer season are gathered hundreds of scientific professors, and students from the various Colleges on the Continent, who are busy examining, studying and classifying the specimens that are caught in the deep as well as

the shallow waters of that region. Every morning the fishermen go out with their boats, and on their return the "catch" is given into the hands of these experts, who become as excited over the discovery of a rare fish of the sea as a gold digger might on finding a large nugget. If any of you saw the Aquaria at the World's Fair, you will perhaps remember that the salt water and most of the salt water fish were brought from Wood's Holl. But the boat's whistle is sounding, and we are no sooner over the gang plank than the vessel is headed for Nantucket, for on this island, 120 miles south east of Boston, and fifty miles from the nearest point on the mainland, is 'Sconset. In a little we are on the broad rolling Atlantic, and soon know what it is to be out of sight of land. There was a time, and that not very long past, when it would have been impossible to sail in these parts without sighting the great black hulls and the broad canvas of the "whalers." Many a large fortune has been built up from the sale of sperm oil, and the ambition of every young man in these parts used to be to round Cape Horn in search of whales. Coal oil, gas and electric light have made the whale industry only a memory; one almost regrets that it is so when he hears the tales of adventure from other seas that the lounging and gossiping old salts love to tell.

Nantucket is finally sighted, and soon we enter the shoal water of the harbor, where bell buoys are ceaselessly giving their solemn note of warning. About a year ago this harbor was closed up with ice for several weeks, supplies from the main land were cut off, and the pressure of a genuine famine was beginning to be felt by man and beast. On the hill that circles round the harbor is the town of Nantucket; the visitor to the island

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for the first time cannot fail to observe that on the roof of nearly every house is an outlook, a square platform protected by railing, and already from the deck of the ship he is beginning to learn something of the habits of the people. In former times there was not a family on that island but had some member or friend exposed to the perils of the sea. When storms swept the deep, and their return was eagerly looked for, perhaps over due, from these watch towers they eagerly scanned the face of the ocean, and it was not unusual to see almost the entire population of the town on the roofs of the houses. One who stands near points out the Congregational Church, to which a few worshippers are evidently wending their way. The pastor of this church is a woman, who for many years has ministered acceptably to the spiritual needs of these people. Years before when the church was without a minister, and nearly all the men were at sea, she began to conduct their meetings, and so helpful were her addresses, so pure her character, that to her own surprise men and women united in asking her to assume the permanent charge of the church.

By this time we have reached the wharf, and while from outside the gates friends are waving handkerchiefs, and hotel runners shout inviting names, the ear catches one tone higher and more intelligible than the rest, and as the eye follows the ear it reads the legend "Town Crier" on the cap of the man whose duty it is to keep the inhabitants of the town informed of the happenings of the great world outside. His is a unique distinction, and yet I never found myself any the wiser by his excited harangue.

"Scotset is still eight miles away, and a wagon needs to be engaged to carry us across the moors. Until recently the stage that conveyed the

passengers over was named the "Swiftsure," and driven by Captain Baxter. But the Captain is feeling the weight of years, and contents himself with driving tourists about the island when the weather is fine. The Captain had one failing; he could not resist a practical joke. And rarely did a newcomer pass through his hands without experiencing a decrease in his self conceit. It was a favorite trick to profess to be very deaf, and when at length the passenger had become weary and hoarse with shouting all through the eight miles' journey, to complain of the noise at the end of the trip. Surely never could a man assume a more benign and saintly expression than he while his heart was devising all kinds of mischief. Our driver is interesting mainly because he has made himself familiar with some of the Captain's doings. We take the main road which proves itself to be wider by many times than the regulation road with which we are familiar. This is "the gridiron," where the driver has the choice of perhaps a dozen pairs of ruts, each of which is so bad that he wishes he had taken the other, but for the certainty that in such a case he would wish that he had taken this one. As we leave behind us one after another of the mile stones that assure us of progress made, we are told that the Captain used to tell his inquisitive passengers that these were the burial places of Indian chiefs designated by numbers, and when finally "71" was reached, he remarked that this indicated a chief and his squaw. Soon we see the lights of the long stragling village, that crowns the bluff overlooking the ocean, and in a little we pass along "Broadway" to the cottage where friends await us with the warmest of welcomes. But I must defer the description of life in this hamlet until another issue. J. B.

again gathering, decided to move on, we can get more shelter, and also be nearer good drinking water, which seems lacking in this lonely valley. The people often give us cistern water, and tell us we must not drink river or brook water. We are all well, and its wonderful, considering all the wettings we have had, I who have never been able to get my feet even damp without getting cold and a cough, have not had the least cold since we have been out. We drove ten miles, and Camped in a small grove on the hill side, very quiet and nice, with a beautiful view over hill and dale. We dined, and were in the midst of prayers, when it began to thunder, and we had to rush and put up the tent, and settle up for the night. Bed time, and still raining. The wagon is some distance from the tent, and May is complaining of headache.

Monday, June 17.—Poured all night, with heavy thunder and vivid lightning. The wagon cover was not tight enough, and the rain came through upon us. J. and Edwin too far away up the hill-side to come to our assistance, poor May in a very high fever, and delirious, and alarmed me very much. I managed by the aid of the lightning to find the medicine basket, and got the quinine bottle, and gave her a dose every two hours; and trying to sponge her head with cold water, knocked over the water on my pillow and blanket, which did not add to my comfort. Elsie slept like a top through it all, for which I am thankful. Morning came at last, and found May better. Oh, such a relief! and how much we have to be thankful for. I tried to dry some of our wet clothing, while the breakfast was being prepared. We drove all morning through a narrow valley, rough, and rugged, and desolate, looking with two or three very high mountains close to us. The settlers are principally negroes, who are superior in every way to the whites. Yesterday all the darkeys we saw were clean and neat, and in their Sunday best, the whites horribly dirty and untidy. Towards mid-day we reached "Newburne," which consists of one long street, full of loafers as usual, who crowd around us unpleasantly. Country around rather picturesque. No running water to be seen. There are mountains on every side, blue in the distance. We had to wait three hours for our letters, as the mail was not in, so we drove out of town and Camped in a grove, and rested, while J. rode in town on Tim. It looks very cloudy still. We Camped for the night near a dilapidated school house, and such school houses as the Virginians have are a disgrace to civilization. Their barns are far, far better. There is not the slightest convenience, or shed of any kind, not even a tree near them; they always stand remote, and desolate, and lonely. Every one we have seen is like this. After we had dined, the wind changed, and the odor from a dead cow became unbearable, and we were obliged to Camp further up the road. Our drive in the afternoon was over a good hard road, hilly and picturesque. We crossed the "Green" River on a flat. The River was swollen and dangerous, and the men had much difficulty in keeping the flat from being driven against the stone piers of the old bridge, which are still perfect. We were much alarmed, but got over in safety. The bridge was burnt by the Southerners, to prevent the Yankees crossing during the civil war. We drove through a swamp for some distance, the river had covered acres with drift, and rubbish, and mud, making it very hard for the poor horses.

Tuesday, June 18.—We had a very good Camp ground, a fine night,

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

and a good rest, and had an early start, and reached "Christiansburg," a very poor, insignificant sort of place. As usual, we are much annoyed by the curiosity of all the loafers in the place, who crowd around us, while J. is laying in supplies. Our way this morning has been through a narrow valley, with a rapid rushing little brook, beside the road, most of our way, very high hills rising on each hand. We bought cherries. Cherry trees abound on the road side, mostly black ones. The scenery to-day is beautiful, roads bad. At a small village near "Shawsville" the mountain views are grand, beyond description, and have been for miles, quite repay us for all the discomforts of the last week. To-day we met two of the loveliest young quadroons I ever saw, features beautifully regular. One had very reddish brown hair, and the other black; they had clear olive skins; they were about fourteen I should think, bare legs, and scant cotton gowns appeared to be all they had on. Towards evening we passed a small log cabin among the hills, in a very rough, lonely place, the first sign of human habitation we had seen for miles. Two children, a boy and girl, were crying bitterly, and stopped to look after us with sad, sad faces. A woman came to the door, wiping her eyes with her apron. It made me feel as if death, or some terrible trouble had come to that lonely home.

After passing "Shawsville" we descended a very steep hill, both brakes and chains on, and crossed the "Roanoke" on a good bridge, and drove through the lovely Roanoke Valley, with the river on our left, which we could see now and again. We came to "Big Spring," a summer resort, which smelt horribly of sulphur. It is quite a good-sized village. About a mile further on, we forded the "Roanoke," over a very rough and rocky ford, and camped under an immense tree on its margin. We saw the most beautiful rainbow clouds over the mountain tops, as we came through this perfectly beautiful valley.

Wednesday, June 19.—Nine, a. m., the fog has been thick all morning. It shows signs of clearing, though the fog is still clinging to the mountain tops. We had a delightful bath in the river before retiring, and a man at a farm house near gave us several quarts of milk, and would not accept any payment. This is the first piece of generosity we have met in all our long journey. I measured with my tape an immense sycamore, under which we have camped. As high as I could reach, it was twenty-three feet ten inches round. We had a most delightful drive through a lovely valley to "Salem," on each side other valleys opened into view, as we drove along, and grand mountain ranges. Just before going into "Salem" we passed an immense spring, gushing up out the ground; water very blue, and tasted very well; no trace of sulphur. It seems a very pretty town, with pretty villas, and fine well-kept gardens. We have seen in profusion yuccas in bloom, all through this valley, wild and in gardens. Harvest has commenced, and we constantly see reapers and binders at work, and raspberries in great abundance. Three, p. m., we are just off again after lunch, the afternoon fine and pleasant. "Buchannan," thirty miles off, our next town. We have got a plentiful supply of everything, including cakes and candy. We were obliged to drive till after seven, p. m., and were almost in despair before we found a spot suitable for a Camp ground. We were obliged to leave the main road, and drove up some distance to a church. It proved to be a very nice

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES.—CONTINUED

place. J. and the boys slept in the Church, instead of pitching the tent. There was a platform with steps for ladies to mount their horses, and we see the convenience at every store and meeting house, people ride much. We bought cherries at 15 cents per gallon to-day. We found "Carey Breckenridge," one of the Gamble family names, written on the walls six miles from "Pineaster," is the distance marked on the mile post. We passed through "Holland Institute," a village where there is a Bible School, for boys of the better class. There is near the road, which is very good, the remains of a fine stone bridge, and traces of a railway. A high mountain range surrounds the village. J. counted fifty high mountain peaks in sight at one time.

Thursday, June 20.—One of the finest and brightest mornings we have had for some time. We drove thirty miles yesterday, and are now weary and tired. "Buchanan" is in the very heart of the mountains, and the town lies at the foot of a grand mountain called "Purgatory," which seems to consist of limestone ledges, and trees here and there, looking so lovely in the bright sunshine. At Buchanan, no good drinking water can be had, so at a small tavern J. brought me a glass of ale, which I drank in the full view of the loafers, to the intense disgust of the children. The "James," a lovely, wide, clear River, runs through the town. An awful poor place as regards shops, they have positively nothing in them. After leaving the town, we drove over frightfully rough and stony roads, and looking back at the town from a high hill, the view was perfectly magnificent. Roads very, very stony. We are two miles from the "Natural Bridge," and are camped in a fine large grove, on the hill side. The country is more cultivated, and the mountains look blue in the distance. Some fine brick farm houses are below us. Several people came and talked to J. and the boys.

Friday, June 21.—Bright and very warm. We had vivid lightning last night, but no rain. The view is delightful to the west of us, hills and mountains, in endless numbers, rising one above the other, till they appear faint and blue in the distance. The oaks under which we are camped are enormous. I am dreadfully tired to-day, more so than I've been any day since we began our journey. All the rest are well, and the boys and girls seem to enjoy their days in the saddle. One girl and boy riding every morning till lunch, the other two in the afternoon. These children have ridden from ten to fifteen miles each every day since we started. Edwin and Norman more than that, as they have had to ride in advance to see if the road was clear, then return and tell us. The drive seems short to the "Bridge," and we asked a man where it was. He said "Stranger, your thar," and so we were. It is just wide enough for a wagon and a footpath, and seems to connect two mountains by one large arch; there are trees each side of the roadway, and one can't see well. A low stone wall is on each side, the trees are red cedars. We got out of the wagon, and went down to Pulpit Rock, and saw it from different points of view. It's perfectly wonderful, and the mountain gorge through which the streams flow under the bridge is very wild and beautiful. The height is great, and some people walking under the Bridge, looked from Pulpit Rock like pilgrims. The mountains are all around, and are magnificent, Mount Jefferson the highest. They are all well wooded here and there dense masses of pine and maples, with the sun shining on their tops, lower down in deep shadow. There are several very fine, large

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

### SPRINGIANA.

Spring is coming. The small boy's pockets bulge at the corners with marbles; the small girl carries a skipping rope under her arm; the youth dons his Christy stuff and lighter clothing, while the maiden looks over her last season's millinery, and wonders if it will do to begin spring wear; the athlete hauls out his football "togs"; the editor's waste-paper basket groans under a load of sonnets and odes to Spring; the business man thinks it is time to adjust his awning; the ever-hungry school boy calculates on what number of eggs he'll eat this Easter; the tramp endures the weather enough to take his promenade leisurely from door to door asking for breakfast; the tea agent, the picture enlarger, the lamp wick vendor, the piano tuner, the cement pedlar, the sewing machine agent, and the family medicine man, ring the front door bell, and smilingly enquire for "the lady of the house." Yes, truly these signs of Spring tell us the welcome season is near.

B. W.

### CAMP AND CANOE.

#### PENETANGUISHERNE.

Georgian Bay, Oct. 30, 1894.

Dear Sam,—I was exceedingly sorry to hear that the wise old Doctor from the west had ordered you to go to bed for a month, but these Æsculapians are always better at giving advice than at acting on it, and yet it is possible they know what they are talking about occasionally. I said that I was sorry to hear it—for that sentence read "glad to hear it," for when I last saw you it seemed very evident that the ship was badly in need of repairs, and a month in dry dock may do wonders for you. Well, we have started on our camping trip, and you will be

certain to hear from me from time to time. Our party is a small one, but has some strange elements in it, and the personnel certainly boasts of variety as well as an amount of talent, if not absolute genius, that should make life endurable. Jimmy the Bachelor is of course at the head of affairs, and is a generalissimo not to be sneezed at. His fifty-five years of bachelor-hood have made him an authority on affairs domestic, and as an expert in camp cooking, he is "away up in G," or like Miss Yaw perhaps a note or two higher. We smite at Jimmy's rigid ideas of order, and yet in our hearts we know that these ideas will turn up trump when we get under canvas. Gentleman Jack is here too, and although you do not know him, I can assure you that he is simply immense. He loves ease, and candidly I admit that he can dodge a heavy portage with an easy conscience, but then if the other fellow has to shoulder the load, his burden is made easy to carry by the genial Jack, whose fund of anecdote is never exhausted, and he has a new story to fit every incident. His hearty laugh always joins the chorus when the inevitable comic point is scored. Among ourselves Jack goes by the name of Napoleon, his generalship is so striking, to say nothing of the physical get up, so thoroughly Napoleonic. Herbert L. is one of the party, and when he got off the train looked like a bundle of animated wires, but is full of enthusiasm over the prospects, and promises to keep us entertained even if his knowledge of camp life is below par. He requests that he should be allowed to answer to the name of Pompey, and with his customary whimsicality insists that he feels sure he is a poor but honest lad who is working his way through University, and has taken up the

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

waiter business for a brief season. He claims that his ambition has been greatly stimulated by one of his patrons, a Mr. Robinson, who has agreed to give him a pair of cast off pants, if he does well while with us.

Charlie G. is here too, from Buffalo. You have not met him. Fine fellow, but a little too much afraid of himself for his size, but a few weeks in the north will brace him up, and he will then get married and live happy ever afterward. He has a whole live Indian to himself, to say nothing of a birch bark canoe. My impression is that he will grow fonder of the dusky brave than of the "canoe d'ecorce," as after all to a novice the birch canoe works far better in poetry than on water. The Indian is a decent one as Indians go, and is able to read and write, to say nothing of an ability to hum a growling bass to the gospel hymns that are certain to be a daily haven of refuge for the crusty old curmudgeon called Parit, who is guide, cook, and the theoretical "courier de bois," although Jimmy can give him spades and ace, and little casino, at working out a doubtful portage, or stalking a lordly buck. However Parit is not without his virtues, and often likes to grumble, as most Englishmen do, for the solid satisfaction of grumbling.

We are waiting for the steamer Manitou, a boat rejoicing in acres of gorgeous paints, (as becoming an Indian spirit), as well as a poetic title. I remember her as the F. B. Maxwell, so many years ago that it seems an eternity, and she was an old boat then. They say she has been often rebuilt since then, and as the sail is through the countless islands, we shall be able to jump ashore if anything goes wrong.

4.30, p. m. I had to leave my letter as the Manitou made her ap-

pearance on time, and it was necessary to get our outfit on board very promptly. I was struck by the picturesqueness of Penetanguishene as we sailed down the harbor. It is very beautiful, and the autumn foliage makes the picture one not to be forgotten in a lifetime. Pompey said he thought a poem on the picture was in order, and if we did not object he would write it. He seemed to be struck by the difficulty of the metre required to adapt itself to the name Penetanguishene, but I looked over his shoulder and saw the following—it was enough:

"O Penetang, O Penetang, O Penetanguishene,  
On thee I'll hang my lute and auto-harp,  
I'll sing thy praise from here to dingy Waubaushene."

We put an end to it, and asked him to go below and take a nap. We have decided to go on to Parry Sound to-night, and come back as far as Fish Dock, in Frying Pan Harbor, to-morrow, as the paddle to Lake Kahpeekog is some twenty-four miles, and will take six hours at least, counting portages. Will write again just as soon as possible. In the meanwhile, make yourself comfortable in bed, and keep a cheerful front.

Yours sincerely,

THE COMMODORE.



## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

### LETTERS.

HATCHLEY.

April 1st. 1895.

The winter now nearly ended, seems to have afforded fewer opportunities for observation and comment, to those having naturalistic proclivities, than have several former winters, which were characterized by less severity of cold, and a greater number of more genial intercalated days.

Contrary to the generally received opinion, that the chipmunk undergoes a continuous winter sleep, (like the dormouse), the past season has afforded proof that these little rodents feel the impulse to emerge from their dark and cosy retreats, on the occasional mild sunny days that even the month of January is enlivened with in the Ontario latitudes. For it has been noted by reliable bush workers, and wood choppers, that chipmunks came out and disported themselves for an hour or so in the mild days sunshine, even when the inclement winds were fiercely blowing outside the sheltered wooded precincts; and the same facts were also recorded by other painstaking onlookers, during the extremely cold but sunshiny days at the end of the 10th of March.

The Shore Larks, (which had been absent from these parts all the first half of winter), appeared rather suddenly after one of the brief February thaws, and from the observed fact of the Shore Larks mixing and associating, on apparently the most friendly terms, with the snow Buntings, the former species have often been spoken of this winter as the black or dusky snow bird.

An occasional large Hawk has been seen about us in the woods this winter, and near the locality indicated a portion of the mangled body of a meadow Lark was found,

on the crusted snowy surface, the bones freshly picked clean, and no doubt had been entertained that the Lark had been the (observed) Hawk's victim.

The only indications of Spring, on the 19th March last, were bright skies and increasing solar altitude, with temperature only a few degrees above zero,—yet "Mr. Groundhog" thought he had had enough sleep, and emerged and tramped a few rods across the snow covered ground, to the entrance burrow of a neighbour of his own species, but "the morning call" did not seem to have been regarded as strictly opportune, as "back-tracks" to the original "hibernaculum" were plain to be seen, the "visitee" Artomax, perhaps proving of a rather more drowsy temperament than the restless and "too enterprising" turn of the rodent coadjutor.

The maple syrup making season seems several weeks in arrears of the past three seasons, and there is only faint beginnings as yet, (26th March). But a south wind on Sunday morning last, brought a thunder shower and a warmer temperature, and yet the Song Sparrow, and the shrill loud cries of bevys of the "Killdeer Plover," were the first sounds that greeted the ear on going out of doors that morning; and a pair of large Hawks, "circling" and loudly screaming in the upper air, announced effectually that "the marble sleep was broken" at last. There was a temperature of 52° in the shade, soon followed by lightning and rain, at night. The snow rapidly vanishing flooded streams; and next day a Robin appeared, and a High-holder, and small flocks of Red Wings, and also boat-tailed Grackles enliven the groves here, by their presence and musical voicings.

Yours truly,  
W. YATES.

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