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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

JUNE 1ST., 1894.

No. 4

CLARKE.—At Rockwood House, on May 28th, '94, Mrs. C. K. Clarke of a son.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A poem by Bessica and a letter from McConnell will appear next month.

Miss Mary Lawson received a good send off, and carried away the best wishes of her many friends, as well as a beautiful watch chain and banquet lamp.

Why did the girl students blush, at Queen's, when Lady Aberdeen spoke of mannish attire and manners to mtach? Could'nt the dear girls see that they were so far above suspicion that the remarks could'nt hurt them, although they might reach the city girls with effect. Let us hope so at all events.

A Hospital for Turkey Gobblers and Bovines mentally afflicted will be erected in Barrifield. As long as nothing more wonderful than an occasional Cadet crossed the common, a passing irritation was easily recovered from; but now that the numerous members (male and female) of the Golf Club have taken to red coats, the result is inevitable, as far as cattle and turkeys are concerned. What the effect on the Golfes themselves will be cannot yet be estimated.

Our flag staff is erected, and is a thing of beauty. Dr. Buchan was on hand with his Kodak at the raising, and secured an excellent picture with Columbine very much to the fore. Mr. Sheaw went to the mast head, bound to be on top as usual, but a four by five plate will not take in the whole earth to say

nothing of the sky.

Kingston deserved better luck, and Portsmouth better car service on the 24th.

The Rockwood REVIEW March, a quartette for strings, by Bandmaster Madill, is receiving the earnest attention of our little Orchestra. That it is a clever production goes without saying.

WHAT A TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY?—Everything seemed to conspire against the celebration, but nothing could depress the thousand and one enthusiasts who gathered at the Fair Grounds in the afternoon to see the racing. The races started in ooze and finished in mud to the middle, and when the Snipes of the Valley came galloping in on the tired horses, they were a sight to behold. How they managed about the weighing in is a question, for each rider must have carried at least an acre of mud on his person.

We cannot go into ecstacies over the Physiog Procession. As a lager beer advertisement it was a decided success, but to call it by any other name would not be fair. The Heavenly Twins were good—the footballers with swelled heads, true to the life, as well as metaphorically correct.

It is with deep sorrow that we announce the death of our playmate and companion, Miss Flora E. Buchan. This sad event took place on the 26th of May, and it is difficult to realize that gentle Flora has left us, so sudden was the call. We shall ever cherish her memory as that of a kind hearted and loving friend, who was entitled to a warm place in the affections of all who knew her well.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE SAGUE-
NAY.

A few years ago I was a harum scarum boy, who felt that life was not worth living, unless it was full of startling adventures. My great hobby was collecting birds eggs, and in the search for rare specimens, I would take the most extraordinary risks, until I received a lesson that finished all-desire to get a specimen, no matter what the cost. By a chance I was allowed to take a trip in company with a Civil Engineer, who had some work to do in the vicinity of H-I-H-I Bay. Here were tremendous cliffs, perhaps two thousand feet in height, and before I had been two days in the neighborhood, I had exhausted the egg-collecting possibilities with one exception.

About half way down a perpendicular cliff, it was evident that a pair of White Gyrfalcons, birds that never breed in Ontario, had a nest. Here was a chance not to be missed, although it seemed impossible to get to the nest. My friend, Mr. Scott, cautioned me not to make the attempt, as he said no one could make the descent of the cliff, without losing his life. However, the scheme haunted me so much that I determined to make the attempt, and when the coast was clear, made haste to the edge of the precipice, first leaving a note to Mr. Scott, telling him where I had gone. At first sight the danger seemed appalling, and it made me dizzy to look down at the black snake-like stream beneath me. The more I looked at it the easier it seemed, and carefully I slipped from ledge to ledge, until fully two hundred feet had been accomplished. Here the difficulties seemed to increase, and I had a narrow escape, through the breaking of a loose piece of stone. It seemed to be hours before I got near the ledge on which the nest

was fixed, and when I was above the Gyrfalcons showed great irritation, flying near me screaming. It was apparently impossible to get down to the nesting place, as the rock above the ledge was quite smooth, and protruded very much. I had carried about twelve feet of rope with me, and now the thought occurred that it would be easy to fasten this to a stone and slide down depending on the swing of the rope to carry me to the ledge. Thoughtless, as usual, I did this, and so had to bring it brownish eggs, faintly speckled with darker brown, in my possession. Until now the thought of how I was to get back had not struck me. I saw at once that it would be impossible to climb up the rope, as the overhanging rock precluded every possibility of getting up by this route. Close examination showed that I was a prisoner without hope of escape, unless Mr. Scott could devise some scheme to reach me. How thankful I was that the note had been written, as Mr. S. was such a clever fellow. Some sticks three or four feet long were on the rocks, and on one of these I rigged a pocket handkerchief as a signal of distress. In two or three hours, just before sunset, I heard a shout far above me, but of course could not see any one; but bye and bye a little parcel on the end of a thin cord, came down over the ledge. This was a package of provisions, and with it a note from Scott, upbraiding me for my foolishness, and saying that a rope long enough to reach me did not exist in the vicinity, and even if it did, it would be difficult to pull me over the ledge without serious injury. He wrote that nothing could be done until the next boat came up the river. I felt very badly, but determined to make the best of it. The night was bitterly cold, and the ledge did not

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Business Manager,—Chas. M. Clarke.

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offer a soft bed, but I managed to make out, although very wretched. In the course of time a boat arrived, and by a strange chance, with it came one of these balloon fakirs, who do the parachute act at fairs. He had been "doing" a summer resort, and had his apparatus on board. Mr. Scott soon had his wits at work, and before long, down came a message on the string: "I will send down a life preserver and parachute in a short time, the parachute will be tied on a slender string that will break easily when you jump. Fasten the life preserver on well, jump clear of the rocks, when you hear a gun fire, and a boat will be in waiting to pick you up." I was fond of adventures, but this seemed too terrible even for me. However, when the life preserver came, I did exactly as instructed. Finally, the trapeze on the parachute swung to me, and I saw that all was clear above. In a minute or two a gun went off, and I felt as if my last moment had come. Grasping the bar firmly, and shutting my eyes, I jumped far

out from the rock. Down, down, down I went, with frightful velocity; and I knew that the end had come; but suddenly the big parachute opened, and soon it seemed just as if the river was coming up to meet me. The water was reached gently and quietly, just as a boat dashed up.

The eggs were not even broken in the descent of a thousand feet, and you may rest satisfied that the most valued specimens in my collection are those of the *Cyr-falcon*, but I can assure you that I do not wish to repeat the adventure.

THE FLICKER.

This bird has twenty-six different names. It is a little bigger than a Blackbird, and has a black mark around its throat. He has a yellow breast with dark spots on it and red on the back of the head. When he flies you can see a white spot above his tail. He has a pretty long neck. The nest is built in a rotten tree, and is made out of the dusty stuff he finds in the old tree. The hole going into the nest is about as big as your fist doubled and a foot deep. Eggs are white. Sometimes if the nest is robbed of all but one egg, the hen bird goes on laying, until as many as twenty or more eggs have been laid. I knew one case when a boy robbed the nest regularly, until the old bird had laid twenty-one eggs.

The flicker feeds on grubs and ants. Here are a few of the names this bird goes by: Flicker, Yellow Hammer, High-hole, High-holder, Yellow-winged Woodpecker, Golden-winged Woodpecker.

C. M. C.

The note regarding the habits of the Flicker when the nest is robbed is quite correct, and one instance is reported where a Flicker actually laid seventy-three eggs before she gave up the contest with the robber.

C. K. C.

A JUNE DAY.

The dew is on the meadow, where
 the clover blossom swings;
 The strawberry hides in the grass
 so lush and tall,
 And over it a wee little drunken
 birdie sings,
 The soul of the music and the
 gladness of it all.
 Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, dink-a-dink,
 a-dink-a-dink!
 O-dear-ic, be cheery, be cheery,
 be cheery!
 Mar-jor-ic, Mar-jor-ic, here's where
 the robins drink,
 Bob-o-link — bob-o-link — dink-a-
 da nkle, dink.

Brown bees and yellow bees mur-
 mur in the locust trees,
 The flicker takes the other side
 the hickories we pass by;
 And up on the topmost bough, a
 swinging in the breeze,
 The flame-coated oriole whistles
 wild and high.
 And the lonely white throat chants
 his plaintive monotone,—
 Chee-chee-chee-chee, Mar-jor-ic,
 Mar-jor-ic.
 Bird notes falling seemingly out
 of the blue sky,
 Pea-bod-y, pea-bod-y, pea-bod-y,
 far away and alone.

Half way over the long, low Catar-
 aquí bridges,
 That make the marsh roadway,
 curving round the bay,
 Lace winged dragon flies, and
 clouds of silver midges
 Sparkle in the sun like the starry
 Milky-Way;
 While the hoarse throated grackle,
 like a rusty hinged gate,
 Ajar in the wind, sings out of
 tune and harsh,
 His creaking love song, to his husky
 dusky mate:
 Gur-gle, gur-gle, dunk! croak
 the bull frogs in the marsh.

K. S. McL.

CARLO: THE STORY OF A DOG.

Carlo was a Spaniel; he was brought out from Ireland for a farmer in Wellington County. One day his master took him into town, and a gentleman was so attracted by his good looks, that the farmer sold the dog to him. Carlo was taken to his new home, and tied to the table leg, until he should become acquainted with his new surroundings.

He had been with the new master only a week, when he disappeared, but was soon brought back; after remaining a month, he again went back to his former home. In the meantime his master got another dog, and when Mr. Carlo was brought back for the second time, he found Mr. Collie installed in his place. Carlo was so jealous of Collie, that he decided to run away no more.

In time these two dogs became great friends, and were the mortal foes of all the dogs in the neighborhood. In a fight, Carlo did all the barking, and when Collie was fighting valiantly, he would bite the offender's tail, taking good care to keep out of the way of the other dog's teeth. Carlo's manœuvres were most comical to see, like Uncle Remus' "Brer Rabbit" at the house building. he made a great deal of noise without doing much work, and thought he ought to have all the credit.

Carlo was an educated dog, going to school regularly every day. If one told him he was an old humbug, he would sleepishly hang his head; but he would jump up and frisk about when you said he was a good old boy, so that he seemed to understand enough of the English language to know whether he was praised or made fun of.

Carlo would submit to all sorts of ridiculous treatment from the chil-

drea, many were the times he was decorated with paper collars, made from old copy books, or wore a green ribbon in honor of his patron saint, or carried a card wishing you "a happy New Year." In winter time when sleighing was good, he would quite enjoy a ride on a sled; and in summer swinging was as much to his taste. He would sit in the swing, which had a securely inclosed seat, and gently rock to and fro, without the least remonstrance. Whether he really enjoyed it, or only wished to please his human friends, we cannot say.

He was a faithful nurse, and often patiently watched the baby sleeping in her carriage. He lived to a good old age, being nearly twenty years old when he died. His "buff, buff," was missed for many a day, both at home and abroad; for he had been a pensioner on many of the neighbors, and used to make a daily round of visits, after the dinner hour, when he thought there might be a stray bone or a scrap of meat to be disposed of in their yards. His death caused universal regret in the family, for he had been the childrens' companion both in work and play.

OUR LITTLE FOREST FRIEND.

Red Squirrels are among the most interesting of Mammals. They are not uncommon in wooded districts, but seldom, if ever seen where trees are wanting. Who is not made more cheerful on some winter's day, in the absence of so many of the beauties and joys one is blessed with in the summer months, to see this hardy little animal darning among the branches, then jumping, with wonderful certainty, from the finest tapered branch of one tree to another, in quest of a stray nut, then sitting up in the most cute way,

munching it, holding it from him in its fore paws. The little fellow has been tempted out of its winter home by the bright sunshine, for they are to some extent hibernating in their habits. This winter home is generally made in a hole formed in the crotch of some large oak tree. It is a well prepared nest for cold weather. Some varieties of Squirrels have a summer nest, which is of a pensile nature, made at the end of a branch, which sways to and fro with every gust of wind. The Squirrel is remarkably fearless, he will sit up near his nest and not move away, even when disturbed by thoughtless school boys, firing sticks or stones at him; not until he or the nest is hit will he move, he will then scamper off to the tree top. Squirrels are great homers, using the same place for having their young year after year, unless interfered with, when they will seek new quarters, carrying their young in their mouth, similar to a cat with her kittens. Four or five form the family, and when first they make their exit from the nest, are easily captured, but difficult enough when full grown, seemingly being suspicious of even a well baited trap, that all is not right. One of their characteristics is the ability to make great leaps from tree to tree, with accuracy and certainty. They make good use of their paws and their teeth, in defending themselves, as well as a means of getting their sustenance. The chief point of beauty in the Red Squirrel is its fine bushy tail, which it takes great pride in keeping trim and clean. It also seriously objects to any one touching it, like the Irishman's coat. The length of its tail is about as long as its body, and the other points are its bright and intelligent eyes, small ears and color, which blends from a deep red on the ridge of its back to

a silver grey on its flank. These animals are of a very sensitive nature, and will take offence and show their annoyance by giving you phits. phits, like a cat when attacked, but at the same time when tamed, will get to know you, and are as playful as kittens.

CROCODILE AND MOUSE.

TWO LITTLE HOYS BELONGING TO
THE AFRICAN CHOIR.

- O where are the bright little African boys,
With merry dark faces and hair?
Their play and their laughter, their romps and their joys,
Untainted by time or by care.
- O they have the little brown faces so gay,
And the dark hair so close and so curled,
Where among the black locks in the prettiest way,
A downy white feather is furled.
- O they have the red lips oft parted in glee,
And showing the teeth gleaming white.
- O they have the young hearts so pure and so free,
And black eyes so sparkling and bright.
- O theirs are the voices so silvery sweet,
Like songs of the bird in the dawn,
And theirs are the active and nimble young feet,
That leap like the shy spring bok's fawn.
- I hope when your travels are ended and o'er,
That safely you'll cross the sea foam,
And spend many long hours together once more,
In your sunny South African home,

D. W. K.

LETTERS.

MADOC.

May 7th, 1894.

My Dear Editors:—

The other day I received a copy of your REVIEW, when I decided to write the first chance I got, which is now, and as about the only thing I have to tell you is what I did in the Easter Holidays, I'll sail right in.

As soon as school closed, the books were packed away for the week, and setting to work I loaded cartridges enough to last during the Holidays, and almost every day found me at the woods, after squirrels or woodchucks, or in fact, anything worth the powder and shot. Finding the woodchucks had taken to coming out to feed at night, we (my chum and I) took over a pair of traps, and had the luck to catch a pair, but they had not been out long enough, the hair being so full of dandruff that it was not worth the trouble of skinning them.

Toward the end of the Holidays, I went fishing, but I won't say anything about the fish. It was very cold on the water, only a small portion being free from ice, the wind seeming to pierce to the very marrow, and when school opened the next day, it was with no very deep regret that we returned to books and football.

Last Saturday I took my canoe down the two miles of creek which join us with the Lake, but found it a much harder task than I expected, having to get out and pull the boat over the logs which barred our passage: and I think the young lady that accompanied me must have been thoroughly tired of roosting on a log in mid-stream, while I lifted the canoe over, which happened about every few yards. But the worst is still to come, for after reaching the Lake, and disposing

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

of a good dinner, we started about four o'clock to ascend the River which feeds the Lake, (not the one we came down by.) Having gone about six miles, we stopped to get a drink from a spring near the River, and to get a view of the scenery from the ledge which rises from the River. We then started home, but about two miles from the cottage, or lodge where we intended having supper, a heavy thunder shower overtook us, and we were forced to take refuge in the cottage of a fisherman who lived near the mouth of the River.

About eight o'clock, the storm lulled long enough for us to reach the island, where after getting supper, and washing up the dishes, we sat around the fire till about eleven o'clock, when the storm ceased, and we struck through mud and water for the village, which by the aid of a lantern, we reached shortly after midnight, to sleep like logs till morning.

This morning about seven o'clock, there was a red bird in the apple trees, which I at first took for a Tanager, but it differed so much from McIlwraith's description of that bird, that I think I must have been mistaken. It had jet black wings, and all the rest was a bright fiery red, far brighter than the Oriole, from which bird it also differed much in build. If you know what it is, I would be very glad if you would send me its name.

Hoping that you will remember me to all my friends at Rockwood,
I remain,

Your sincere friend,
T. S.

STRATFORD FIELD NOTES.

April 22. *Erythronium Americanum*, *Dicentra Cucularia*, and *Dicentra Canadensis* almost in bloom. *Sanguinaria Canadensis* in blossom.

April 29. *Trilium Erectum*, *Trilium Grandiflora*, *Thalictrum Mitella*.

Yellow, white and blue Violets in blossom. House Wrens building. Golden Crowned Kinglet found dead in the woods.

April 30. Robins and Blackbirds fighting.

May 1. Wild Cherry in blossom.

May 2. Plum trees and flowering Currant in blossom. Wild Canaries undulating flight; Chipping Sparrows; Yellow Warblers. Maple blossoms falling.

"THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW."

We're only a juvenile paper,
Intended to instruct and amuse,
But e'en though a juvenile paper,
We're chock full of good things
and news.

You'll find in our later editions,
That printing's not only an art,
But can, under favored conditions,
Some good solid knowledge impart.

Think not when editors youthful,
Their bright thoughts to paper
consign.

That, in their paragraphs truthful,
You discover maturer design.

Tho' friendly assistance we ask,
And short contributions accept,
We think we will equal our task,
Be editors soon quite adept.

Our expenses are not very high,
For which we would thank a kind
friend.

Who resides at the "D. and D. L.,"
To whom we our compliments send.

So now with an excellent start,
We've launched our wee magazine
bright,

And assure to subscribers our part,
Will be newsy, instructive and trite.

We're only a juvenile paper,
Not looking for profit or fame,
But if we amuse and instruct you,
The "Review" has accomplished
its aim.

PUZZLE COLUMN.

BEHEADINGS.

1. My first is a fish.
Behead me and I am a stream of water.
Behead me again and I am indisposed.

2. A word of five letters, (sometimes six.)

A well known English sur-name.
Beheaded, a mischievous prank,
also a bird of song.

Beneaded again, a safe refuge.

SQUARE WORD.

3. The name of a Yacht, 1.

To overthrow, 2.

Kingly, 3.

A Play, 4.

A character of Mythology, 5.

4. A PUZZLE.

My first is a common article of food.

My second is the whole.

My third is a constant menace.

My whole is the name of a celebrated Scotch family.

Answers to puzzles in May Number:—

1. Trout, Rout, Out.

2. Stone, Tone, Ton, One.

3. Charm, March, Harm, Arm, Ram.

4. KING,
IDOL,
NONE,
GLEN.

5. Cataquai.

6. Harold.

7. Label.

8. Betray.

9. Because he had'nt a cent-a-board.

Successful answers to the Puzzles were received from Miss B. Workman, Stratford; Miss M. McWaters, Mr. W. Cochrane and Sir Ernest.

ARRIVALS.

May 2nd, Summer Warblers.

" 4, Baltimore Orioles.

" 4, Purple Finches.

" 5, Bobolinks.

" 7, Catbirds.

In the first days of May great numbers of the summer birds came to us, and already many nests have nestlings. On May 15th the usual remarkable migration of Warblers and Thrushes took place, and on the 19th of May a biting north wind drove these little birds into warm corners. One iron-wood tree near the house seemed to be the head centre for Warblers, and during the whole day these industrious little birds were at work. Often as many as forty could be seen at one time, and most of the varieties were represented, although the Black Throated Green (*Dendroica Virgens*) or Black Throated Blue (*Dendroica Caerulescens*), were more common than the others. Among the visitors we noticed several of the Vireos, Red Starts, Blackburnian, Bay-Breasted, Chestnut-Sided, Pine and Magnolia Warblers, Oven Birds and several other varieties of this family that could not be definitely determined. It seems probable that Rockwood grounds are in the direct line of birds passing around the end of the Lake in their migration. Certainly we receive visits from many thousands of Warblers every year, and nearly every variety has been seen here at some time or another—even the rare Wilson's Warbler.

Wood Thrushes, Hermit and Swainson's are all with us.

The capture of a veritable Barn Owl is reported in the city, a rare occurrence indeed.

(A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.—CONTINUED.)

halt, the whiffletree broke, and we got out and walked on to his place. The men carried the tongue back to the smith's for repairs, which took two hours. When the "Ark" hove in sight, our friend gave us a quantity of delicious large strawberries, and we started off again, with good wishes and good byes from our friend and our colored men. A few miles further on, we stopped to say good-bye to our Scotch friends at "Ivanhoe," the MacNichols, and drove on a most lovely country road, for fifteen miles; we camped in grove by the road side, and made tea on our coal oil stove, fed the horses, and started again after two hours rest. The children overheard two old darkeys discussing us, one said, "Certain sho deys gipseys," the other said, "Ain't yo neber gwine to have no sense, why, deys Crackers, sho as youse bawn." It took us a good while to get started again, we are all so new to this kind of life, and the harnessing was a work of time. About four o'clock, p. m., we forded Lake Samonia Slough, which was rather alarming, we have not seen or experienced anything of the kind before. The water came up to the horses breasts. Edwin on Tom took the lead, Norman on Gipsey, followed bravely, whistling to keep up his courage; his feet were in the water and got quite wet. I thought of all the stories which have been told me about Florida sinks, and did not breathe freely till we were over. We were a long time finding a suitable place to camp, there are so many settlers cabins, and the colored race are not proverbial for honesty. At last, when it was almost sundown, we came to a delightful hilly slope, near water, and after pitching the tent and making our beds, and having tea, it was quite dark. We found it quite troublesome preparing for rest in the dark, the odor of our pine beds was very pleasant, but the novelty of our surroundings kept us long awake.

Sunday, 28.—We were up early, and as our camping place was not a desirable one to linger in, after breakfast and prayers we started again, the road good and the country peaceful and lovely. After a few miles, we stopped at a darkey's house to water our horses, at the foot of a steep hill, and were told that we were on the wrong road. After climbing the hill again, we found it was the right road, and had to go down the hill, the horses were very restive and almost ran away, the wagon is so heavy to hold back. We drove, and at half-past ten, a. m., crossed the boundary, and were in the State of Georgia, the country still very lovely, and the innumerable china berry trees in full bloom, add to its beauty. In one place the ground was covered with verbenas, purple, white and red; quantities of phlox, of a purple color, and a pretty yellow flower, growing in clusters of bell shaped blossoms. We are camped near a pretty brook to rest the horses, and hope to camp for the rest of the day near Thomasville, ten miles further on. Norman is delighted, because he says, "His prophecy is correct, every one takes us for Crackers," and he was sure they would. At four o'clock we camped in a pine grove, and I wrote a short letter to Everard. We passed a tumble down darkey church in the woods. The congregation were assembling, among them a young darkey, with high white collar, cuffs and kid gloves, quite a dude. The darkeys are not nearly as polite as those in Tallahassee.

Monday, 29.—Bright and beautiful, we are just starting, at half-past eight, a. m. We slept pretty well, and feel rested, and hope nothing may occur to make it necessary to travel again on Sunday. Got into Thomasville in about an hour, and found it a very pretty, prosperous place, with

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

How the night winds gently blow,
O'er the silent hill!
Hear the murmur and the flow
Of the little rill.

Silent lashes fringe the eyes,
Hazel-hued and deep.
Sweet breath comes in gentle sighs,
Baby's fast asleep.

THE CRY OF THE LOON.

At night when I lie in bed
In a house by the river side,
With a pillow beneath my head,
And list to the dashing tide,
On the wind there comes a cry
To the hidden stars and moon,
A sound on the storm blown by,
The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the river's cold and still,
On a dismal, rainy day,
When the mist hangs on the hill,
And the sky is dull and grey,
O'er the water comes a call,
'Tis a sad and mournful tune,
While the pelting rain-drops fall,
The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the west is all aglow,
When the sky is red with light,
When the evening breezes blow,
O'er the daisies large and white,
The form of a bird goes by,
Goes by and vanishes soon,
And anon there comes a cry,
The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

UP THE RIVER.

I am rowing up the river,
Where the sunbeams dance and
quiver,
Laying out a sheet of silver
On the blue.

Past the cliffs and slopes and high
lands,
Past the green tree-covered islands,
Shutting out the skies' clear azure
From my view.

There are cliffs and there are
beaches,
With their yellow sandy reaches,
Where the river shells lie buried
In the sand.

Where the water's gently laving,
Where the plumy pines are waving,
And the strawberries are ripening
On the land.

Sweetly is the wild bird calling,
And like fairy music falling
Sounds the rushing of the water
'Neath my boat.

But when evening casts her shadows
Over pines and over meadows,
Idly down the tranquil river
I shall float.

I will watch the striped perch
sleeping,
I will watch the young chub leaping
Making rippling, eddying circles
At my side.

I will watch the moonlight shimmer,
And the misty pale stars glimmer,
Homeward down the mighty river
Will I glide.