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July 1 - 1896



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Review.



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89, 91 AND 93 PRINCESS STREET.

Kingston has lately been favored with three of the finest Bands in America, and the latest, "Sousa's," has many claims to being the greatest. If as a leader he does not inspire the magnetic fire that Innes & Gilmour does, he excels in choiceness and sympathetic effect, the grand music impressing the idea that it came from hundreds of strings instead of instruments of brass and wood. Under the direction of his baton, his celebrated marches were a great treat. They played Directorate, Liberty Bell and the Washington Post, the effect was doubled by six cornet and three trombone players stepping to the front of the stage. Among them was Mr. Arthur Pryor, he being not only a finished player but also a composer. His Trombone Solo by himself, secured for him outbursts of applause, to which he gave an encore. Miss Minnie Tracy, Soprano Solo Stances, by Kyier, was very sweet, and her appearance evoked much admiration. The Violin Solo, by Miss Martin Johnstone, was exquisite, her playing not having been excelled by any lady violinist that has played before a Kingston audience.

COLUMBINE.

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW



THOS. McCAMMON,  
Secretary Rockwood Bicycle Club.

Mr. Thos. McCammon, Secretary of the Rockwood Bicycle Club, was born in the classical Village of Portsmouth sometime in the Sixties, and modestly asserts that his childhood was devoid of startling incident, although a residence close to the private school of a well-known local pedagogue brought him into intimate relation with a lot of boys whose reputation for friskiness has outlived many of the lads. He is not quite so certain as his chum Mr. Davidson, that in the good old days Hatter's Bay contained all the elements necessary to establish a successful city, and he cannot remember the busy hum that filled the atmosphere of the now deserted Village, and is skeptical, but these will be proved in the biography of his friend. Mr. McCammon gave evidence of being an enthusiast at

an early age, and his companions soon learned that Thomas was of vigorous habit. He joined the staff of Rockwood employees when he was quite young, but soon made a good name for himself as one of the most active and best tempered boys about the Institution. When the North West Rebellion broke out, the martial fire flamed in the bosom of our subject, and he and his room mate joined the famous Midland Battalion. The soldiers gained more experience than glory, but we can assure our enemies that if all Canadian volunteers are like the contingent we sent out, we beide the other fellows. When "Johnny Came Marching Home Again," one of the brownest and most seasoned of the heroes who tramped under the Triumphal Arch in Portsmouth was Thomas. How they were entertained at Hatwood will be told at some other time—and it is a story worth telling. As an amateur comedian, Mr. McCammon has few superiors, and as an end man in a minstrel troupe, there are not many professionals equal to him, as his fun is so spontaneous and contagious. In athletics he is a success, and was for years a standby in the champion Rockwood Baseball Club. He was almost the first here to get the bicycle fever, and with persistent bravery rode a sixty-five pound relic for some months. He did it with a cheerfulness and enthusiasm characteristic of the man, but lived to see better days, and acquired an experience that is called into account when "any fellow's" wheel is out of order. He may almost be called consulting physician in the bicycle repair shop, which Mr. Potter claims to have instituted. When the Bicycle Club was organized, Mr. McCammon was elected as Secretary as a matter of course.

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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, JULY 1ST, 1896.

No. 5.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

DIED.—At Stratford, June 24th, Wm. Workman, eldest son of the late Joseph Workman, M. D.

The sudden death of Mr. William Workman, of Stratford, was the occasion of much sorrow to his many friends and relatives of Rockwood.

Congratulations are extended to the Rev. Jas. Ballantyne, of Ottawa, who has been appointed to a professorship in Knox College, Toronto. Mr. Ballantyne has been an occasional contributor to the columns of the REVIEW, and we hope that he will still remember the existence of this little journal.

The Iris is now in sailing trim, and the preliminary brushes with the Viola, reveal the fact that the boats are very evenly matched. There is keen rivalry in regard to the position of Skipper on the Iris, but at a secret ballot on Friday last, Mr. Davidson secured the position. The officers and attaches of the boat are as follows:—Designer and Builder, Jas. Dennison; Commodore, J. Davidson; Vice Commodore, J. Shannahan; Rear Commodore, Billy Shea; Advisory Committee and Sheet Handler, Jack Shea; Bartender and Cleaner-up, Alfred Mundy.

We have nothing to say on the elections. Our man won handsomely, that is enough.

The new addition is proceeding slowly but surely.

Mr. Gillespie is making a beautiful lawn about Beechgrove.

King Ben has placed a very fine Merry-go-Round, with barrel organ attachment, in Ontario Park. At first the organ showed a spirit of enthusiasm, and endeavoured to play its sixteen different tunes at one time. When the 14th Band added its tribute in the way of harmony to the already over-charged air, the effect can be guessed. We have no complaint to urge against the Band alone, or the organ when playing but one tune, but please your royal highness, if you have the slightest regard for our nervous systems do not let the whole outfit get into action at once.

One of our Staff had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Wm. Yates, of Hatchley, who has written so much for the REVIEW, a few days ago. Although Mr. Yates is seventy-three years of age, he is still active, a wonderfully acute observer and as enthusiastic as a boy of sixteen.

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

### HUMOROUS.

A correspondent writes:—An amusing contretemps occurred in Edinburgh last Saturday, which provided not a little entertainment to the promenaders on the sunny side of Princes Street. About noon a body of about eight sandwich men were gravely parading along the side of the gutter, each bearing a single letter of the name SARASATE, and thus announcing to the public that the great Spanish violinist would perform in the city in the afternoon. They had been parading some hours, and the air was raw and cold. About mid-day one of the "letters" lost his position. It is not known whether he had retired to a neighboring bar to satisfy the cravings of his inner man, or whether his desertion from the ranks was due to mere cussedness. But certain it is that an altercation arose between the T and the E at the end of the queue. It appears that the E insisted upon getting before the T, and that the latter's sense of orthography was thereby shocked, and he resented being put last. As a consequence the foreguard of the little band stopped, and came back to remonstrate with the disputants, and the whole of the letters got so mixed that it was impossible to set themselves right again. A scramble ensued, and shortly afterwards the passers-by began to enquire of each other the meaning of the mystic symbols—SATARAES. Some one pointed out to the leader that there was something wrong, and when last the befogged band of sandwichmen were seen they were making fast for Messrs. Patterson and Sons (who had the honor of engaging the great artist), the letters reading something like this—ETSASARA!

Sarasate has a great weakness for Camembert cheese, and the last time he was in London one of his

many lady worshippers went to great trouble to get him some of his favorite dainty from Paris. When he was leaving London, however, she presented him with a more sentimental offering in the shape of a garland of flowers in the Spanish colors, which was handed up to him just before he left the platform. "J'aurais preferé le fromage," whispered Sarasate, with a mischievous glance, as he passed by the kindly donor, who was sitting in the front row of stalls.

A violinist, Greenfield by name, was one day introduced at the "At Home" of some rich banker as "Mr. Redfield." "Are you color-blind?" asked the offended virtuoso, the friend who had taken upon himself the task of introducing him.

Extract from the diary of a musical artist: "After having slept 'dolce,' I rose from my couch 'allegro,' 'ma non troppo,' dressed 'poco,' and entered 'allegretto' the breakfast room, where I arrived 'a tempo' to see my wife pour out the coffee 'andante grazioso.' I asked her, 'con sentimento,' how she had rested: she answered 'molto vivo' with her beautiful flageolet voice and gazing at me the while 'expressivo' with her bright blue eyes. Suddenly I heard at first 'pianissimo,' then 'piano,' at last 'crescendo' knocks at the house door. The house servant opened, and in entered 'maestoso,' a man who asked 'con tutta forza' if he might speak to me. I rose 'ritardando,' opened 'adagio' the door, and beheld my tailor. He requested at first 'rallentando,' then more 'stringendo' the payment of his bill. This made me 'furioso,' and I declared 'resoluto' that I was low in cash, and threw him downstairs 'con strepito.'"

At Wade's Drug Store they give with their Soda Water a dainty Japanese Napkin.



## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

### ONTARIO SCHOOLS.

The papers contributed by Grandfather suggest some remarks on Ontario Schools, as he seems to say or imply, that a better education can be obtained in these schools than could be had in England. After reading Mr. Clarke's sketch of his schooldays, I would not hesitate to affirm that nowhere in Ontario, nor in any part of Canada to-day, could a young person obtain such an excellent education as he received. And as to Professor Boole, Canada has not produced any such man yet, nor is it likely to do so.

My wife and I lived for some years in Quebec Province, and she used to say that whenever we went to church we could always know if the officiating minister came from Ontario. If he did, there always occurred somewhere in his sermon the following sentence. "The system of education in the Province of Ontario is the finest in the world." We did not take this axiom too seriously, having previously heard a similar one enunciated with the same frequency in the United States. There is an objection to this habit of enunciation, as it tends to produce a Chinese frame of mind in the people using it. Let it be permitted to remark that the results of the Ontario system are not perfectly satisfactory. In any village or small town in Ontario you will find a dozen young men, prominent natives of the place, and graduates of the school system,

standing round with their hands in their pockets, and waiting like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up. And yet we call this a country of opportunities, and invite immigrants. Again—look at all the high graduates of the Ontario School System, now holding positions in all professions, and what do you see? A waste of mediocrity. And not only so. *but the same fault affects all Canada*, which, with a population equal to that of Scotland, has produced no such men of eminence as that country, nor is it likely to do so. If there is an assignable reason it is that Canada has a fetish, it is weighed down by Educational System.

R. S. KNIGHT.

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"Well, Mrs. Brown, how does your daughter get along on the violin?" "Splendidly, Mrs. Jones! You know I ain't no musician myself; but I did hear her teacher say only yesterday, 'Emma, my dear, you're quite ten bars ahead!' so she must be makin' some progress, mustn't she?"

Haggard Householder: "That's a rare old violin you've been playing every night at your house for the last month, is it not?" Next Door Neighbor: "Yes; been in the family over a hundred years." "Such a violin would be hard to replace, wouldn't it?" "Couldn't be replaced. If I should lose it I'd never get another." With assumed carelessness: "What will you sell it for?" "Five hundred pounds." With feverish eagerness: "Bring the infernal thing here, I'll take it."

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## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

Not long ago something was said about the Rockwood Bicyclists who rode to Gananoque and back, but the half has not been told. Of course the trip down took place by daylight, but on the return the nameless one and his companion were overtaken by darkness. The little stars twinkled dimly in the sky, and our travellers were ten miles from home when they entered a dismal swamp. Suddenly the enthusiastic little leader struck a deep rut and pitched heavily into a ditch full of water. His companion for politeness sake did the same thing. No bones broken, but the Rudge pedal crank was bent and the machine useless. A weary tramp through the swamp, and a rail from the fence was secured, with which the crank was made to work in a kind of a way once more. Lend us your oil can, said the man with the Rudge (and also of the trudge). All right, replied his companion, handing him the can. He carefully oiled the whole machine, his companion did likewise with his, and a start was made, but in a few minutes the tires gradually slowed up, and finally were converted from a Rudge into a "wouldn't budge." Our travellers tramped the weary miles to Kingston, and arrived home footsore, heartsore and tired. Next morning an examination of the refractory bikes revealed the fact that on both had been used rubber cement instead of oil, and the results can be more readily imagined than described. One of these Rudges is now doing duty on a cheese making ranch west of Portsmouth, where the owner uses it for bringing in the cows and supplying the necessary weight on the cheese presses, the other is so "stuck up" over its difference from ordinary bikes that it still refuses to move.

From time to time we see squibs in the daily papers to the effect that a bicycle tax should be placed upon bicycles. There is a grim irony in the proposition that makes the average bicyclist smile, for while it is true that the roads around Kingston are among the best in Canada, what can be said of the pavements in quaint old Frontenac. Every stone laid down in remembrance of Macadam is carefully garnished and polished by the ideal road sweeper, every crossing is fearfully and wonderfully humped in rude imitation of a camel's back, and when we reach the City Market Square, the paving is as smooth as the rocky road to Dublin. To further increase the comfort of the bicyclist, the water carts persistently fill the holes between the boulders on the streets with water, and truly the lot of the wheelsman who has to stick to the city, is not a happy one. Our scheme is not to tax the bicycle, but for the bicyclist to seek a bonus for quietly enduring the present condition of Kingston streets.

A TRUE STORY.—In a town not a hundred miles from Rockwood, a certain volunteer who had taken part in a 24th of May Review, drank Her Majesty's health so often and so heartily, that when night came, he forgot to go home and slept in the Park. He was duly run in by one of the policemen, and when the Court was called next morning, had not completely recovered from the effects of his little celebration. He was inclined to be humorous. The Magistrate who dabbles in amateur military pastimes, and who has a tender spot for those wearing a uniform, was inclined to be sympathetic with the volunteer, and in a gentle voice asked him how it was that he came to sleep in the Park? The facetious volunteer winked one eye, puckered up his

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

lips, and whistled the well-known little call, "Fee-fo—you know."

The Magistrate briefly replied, "ten dollars or thirty days."

Our volunteer immediately sobbered, and indignantly exclaimed, "ten dollars or thirty days! Great Scott, what is that for?"

Magistrate with a knowing wink and simple expression, "Fee-fo—you know."

Mr. Wm. Shea has returned from Orillia Institute for the Feeble Minded, where he decorated an Amusement Hall and Corridor. He speaks in the warmest praise of the kind treatment he received while there, and thinks the man who could not be happy in Orillia must be an idiot indeed. From the northern papers we learn that Mr. Shea gave one of his unique entertainments, and showed the northerners a wrinkle or two about living pictures. Billy received a warm reception on his return, and will lead the first run of the Bicycle Club on his new Red Bird.

For many months one of the best known and most loved of the patients in Rockwood has been missed from the Centre Building, but all knew that the good old lady so generally respected was uncompromisingly enduring an illness that must prove fatal. Mrs. McMillan was a rare combination of goodness and affection and one of nature's gentlewomen in the truest sense of the word. When her end came on the 11th June, a deep sorrow was universally felt. An impressive service was held in the Amusement Hall, by the Rev. Mr. Currie, and many of the Staff followed the remains to Cataragui.

Dr. Clarke now rides a Remington, and scours the country far and wide in search of rare birds and flowers. On one of his latest expeditions, he collided with a pug dog at one instant, and endeavored to

gather his scattered thoughts and remains at the next. His speed was forty miles an hour, and the dog received a decent burial next day.

Dr. and Mrs. Forster left on June 10th, on a bicycling tour of three weeks duration. They will visit all picturesque points between Kingston and London.

The Rockwood Bicycle Club grows apace, and now musters some twenty-five wheels. Possibly the most enthusiastic of the late additions to the names is Mr. James Dennison's, who rides a "King of Scorchers" with the grace of an Apollo. Mr. D. picked up the gentle art in one evening, and next day astonished the natives by performing some feats in the way of high and lofty tumbling that may be equalled, but never excelled. What Mr. D. does though he does well and thoroughly, and he has long ago achieved that degree of proficiency which enables him to enjoy the erratic performances of the next beginner.

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### The Rockwood Review

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A monthly publication, printed at Kingston.

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Business Manager, — Chas. M. Clarke.

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## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

### BIRD NOTES.

EDWIN BEAUPRE, JR.

Spotted Sandpipers and Greater Yellow Shanks arrived April 17th. the latter in very limited numbers.

The White Rumped Shrike is common this season, building in suitable places west of the village.

May 15th, Scarlet Tanagers were very numerous, and the Summer Tanager (*Pisanga Rubra*), was seen in Vanorder's bush on the same date; one was also observed near this bush in 1895.

May 22nd, I found the Chipping Sparrow breeding more commonly in unfrequented woods than I have ever known it before.

The Field Sparrow (*Spizella Priseilla*), is with us again; its nest is generally placed in a low bush in an open field.

I have seen the Swamp Sparrow (*Melospiza Georgiana*), on two occasions, most likely it is breeding here.

The Upland Plover, Bartram's Sandpiper, (*Actiturus Bartramius*).

The Field Plover is becoming a regular summer resident, a few pairs returning to two islands to breed.

These birds are by no means numerous, and none are shot at the shooting stations about, as they seem to live entirely in the fields, rarely visiting the shore.

I found a nest containing three eggs, partly incubated, June 1st. When alarmed the birds flew over the pasture and lit on a fence near me.

The Rose breasted Grosbeak—*Habia Ludoviciana*—June 11th. I found the nest of this bird in a sapling near a swamp. It was built of black twigs, loosely and irregularly put together, lined with dark colored fibrous rootlets, and containing two young and one egg.

[Mr. Beaupre's note regarding the Upland Plover is of great interest to us. This bird is supposed to be almost unknown of late years in Ontario, and McIlwraith gives but one instance of these birds breeding here. I accompanied Mr. Beaupre to the locality where he said these birds had been seen, and were breeding, and was able to secure all the evidence necessary to identify the Plover, and confirm the statement. On this particular morning we saw five, and it was evident that several nests were in the locality, although we saw but one. Since that date Mr. Beaupre has seen as many as eight of these Plover in one place, and I came across a beautiful specimen sitting in a field near Odessa. This particular bird lit to a fence just as described in the note.

The observation regarding the Summer Bird being in this locality only bears out the statements submitted in the last number of the "Review." C. K. CLARKE.]

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Mr. Jas. Kent, Miss M. H. Smart and Mr. Auber C. Secord, of Toronto, have visited Rockwood lately.

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

### GRANDFATHER'S CORNER. MAKING GARDEN'

Did you ever make a garden? It is one of the things every boy and girl and young woman ought to do, if chance offers. There is more real fun in it than in a circus or a cow-chase, and I pity the mortal who is old enough to do it, and yet not too old to enjoy it, who cannot find sport in the occupation. Digging, of course, isn't the highest form of amusement, but even it has its charms and compensations. There are drawbacks, certainly, as there are sorebacks, but sweets are never so attractive as after bitter. Take up your spade, and try it a spell—not a long spell, at first—but from this end of the bed to that. Thurst the spade well in, press it hard with your right foot, your Trilby foot, of course; send it down—the spade, not the foot—as far as you can, and then turn it over, gently and easily, with about ten or fifteen, or twenty pounds of earth on it. Do this a hundred times, and then take a rest. You may need it, or think that you do. Talk of monotony! You don't know what that means. You have had variety from beginning to end. Here a stone, there a thistle root going down to China or beyond, yonder a piece of hoop-iron forming a nearly complete circle, and still further along your row, an old dinner knife, a battered spoon, half a brick, a played out egg-beater, a rusty pair of curling irons, a piece of half rotted basket-work, a dozen bunches of "witch-grass," and sundry other portions of general debris conveyed surreptitiously into the ground along with last year's liberal coat of old manure. You have here a pile of Treasure Trove, which carefully picked out, would respectably start a school museum. It is probably the first crop gathered by you from the

bountiful lap of Mother Earth, and if blessed with a properly constituted mind,—and you must have that, or you wouldn't have started digging at all,—you survey it with a feeling of satisfaction, which caramels, taffy, and ratifias never imparted to the sweetest tooth. To be sure, there are certain inexpressible but distinctly marked twinges in your spinal column, and there is a sort of "giving out" feeling, somewhere in particular, and over all in general, which is at once a novelty and revelation, and a conviction is forced upon you that too much of a good thing is more than enough, but you are justly proud of the chocolate, or black, or yellow or rufous brown of the upturned soil, and you have a solemn conviction that Adam never equalled you in the extent of your exertions or appreciation of the full dignity of labor. You have been and done it. It is, however, at this point that you will be more willing to contemplate than to dig. You will be more anxious to rest upon your laurels, to modestly wipe the honest perspiration from your brow, and to quietly seek within doors that blissful content which a glass of raspberry syrup or an ice-cold lemonade or a cup of tea or coffee imparts, than to attack another row. As the chosen liquid gurgles down your willingly receptive throat, it is deliciously flavored by the firm if stern belief, that you have nobly performed a very large share of your whole duty to man and woman. You are not a bit like the great Alexander, who, having got to the end of the known earth, sat down, and in true baby-fashion, cried because he had reached the end of his digging. You are satisfied, thoroughly and completely, with well-doing. Your raspberry or other libation has been swallowed, and aching bones have been rested. What

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

next? After the spade comes the rake. You have but to smooth down the hard lumps, make even the soil, pick off the weeds and stones, the chips and old boots, and so forth, knock down the high places, and rake and rake until a fine seed-bed is formed, and you are ready to bury the little brown midgets whence fairy flowers come, with a sure and certain hope that their resurrection will, if you have patience, fully reward you for all your efforts at turning over the brown soil. A few days and many of your flower seeds will have sent up their first tiny leaves, and you must to work once more, at pulling up weeds which have had an even if no. a better start. Then wait patiently and yet expectantly, and watch the seedlings run up to plant-hood, and complete their work of flowerhood.

And there is lots of other fun in store for you. Your seeds have gone through the stage of sprout, and growth of plant, and flowers are coming. So are the cats, so are the bugs, so are the chickens—and last, not least, so are the boys. If you are around when the cats, and boys, and chickens, successively call, you give them a hearty welcome, in such earnest and significant style, that misunderstanding, they may not fully appreciate it. You receive them, probably, with open arms—upraised arms would be a better term—and shout glad tidings of great force, and become so energetic and vociferous, that your visitors are rather astonished than pleased, and fail to look upon your acts and words as truly indicative of genuineness and enthusiastic desire for their companionship. They generally retire gracefully from the scene, slowly, calmly, and with a look of sorrow, astonished, it may be, at your excitement, and wondering why you so readily lose your self-possession.

Nay, under such circumstances, I have seen them precipitately jump over the garden wall, or fence, evidently impressed with doubts of my sanity. I didn't blame them, but would gladly have been afforded opportunity for fuller explanation, and demonstration of my actual desire for company. It is likely, however, and it is more often so than otherwise, that you are not at hand to receive your well-intentioned visitors, and they do not foolishly bewail your absence. Assured of it, they set to work to make the best of the situation. Their efforts of rendering themselves at home differ somewhat, for the boy, pomologically inclined, but assured that there is no fruit tree to investigate, becomes botanical at once, and freely selects specimens of the flower stalks of the tulip, or rose, or carnation, or stock, or condescendingly bestows his admiring attentions upon the pansy or verbena bed, and gathers posies while he may. While the chicken is less scientific, he is as close an observer as the boy, and is at once a vegetarian and an entomologist. If the plants are not up, he wants to know the reason why, and, in a spirit of enquiry, scratches up the soil; if they are up, he nibbles the fresh shoots, and scratches again; if they have progressed towards seeding point, he plucks the pod, and scratches some more. As a practical gardener, he is a firm believer in a well-stirred surface, even if you do not agree with him as to its propriety at that particular time and place. Grimalkin has more peculiar tastes, and roams in the garden plot on summer nights when a bright moon reminds him of Juliet, and the perfume of the verbenaceous family arouse his luxurious instincts. Then it is that he delves with more than Adamitic ardor, in the soft garden mould,

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

and digs a grave for some rival Romeo. How often, seeing this proof of his existence, or the following summer morn, have I felt as if it would have been the height of bliss to have assisted at the obsequies of the two belligerent felines. But much as you may regret the absence of warmer intimacy with boy and cat and chick, the bug, big or little, exceeds them all in his pertinacity, his omnipresence, and his omniverous propensities. He is here, there, and everywhere, comes without invitation, sticks closer than a brother, takes no hint that his absence would be preferable to his company, and works with an interest and determination worthy even of a better cause. See a balsam levelled by a cut-worm, a rose tree decimated by thrip, a half-opened dahlia blasted by its peculiar beetle, and the thousand and one other little garden tragedies brought about by the uninvited presence of Aphides and Coleoptera, and confused as you may be as to the desirability of further intimacy and services of your voluntary bipedal and quadripedal gardeners, you may unhesitatingly strike a line at insectivoracity, and politely, yet firmly, desire no further knowledge of its practical application. And yet with these doubtful accompaniments to the pleasures of using spade and rake and hoe, look upon the growing flowers, the full blossom, the beauty even of decay, the hundred gifts to friends of bud and bloom, the numerous house bouquets, the scores of "button-holes," and conscientiously declare, if you can, whether there is more solid and lasting pleasure in life than is to be found in "Making Garden."

GRANDFATHER.

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### A TRIP TO NORWAY.

"THE ELMS." HANLEY,  
Staffordshire, Aug. 27, 1895.

Dear Friend:—

"I trust your health is fairly good, one cannot expect as perfect health as when young; I am in such a state that I have not much to complain of, when I take sufficient exertion I may say I am well, but I find unless I watch that matter (and diet), I soon go wrong. I have had my holiday at last, but not in the way I told you I should. When the time came to get tickets for the voyage round our coasts, I could not get berths at a time that would be convenient, so I turned my attention in another direction, and I saw advertised a trip to Norway from London, and I applied, but found all berths from London were taken; but the same proprietors had a steamer starting from Hull same day, Aug. 2nd, which is 30 miles nearer to Hanley, so off we went and stepped on board that night, but did not leave the harbor until 5 a. m., Aug. 3rd. Hull is about 30 hours in time nearer to Norway than London, but I stipulated that we should return by the direct to London steamer, which was assented to, and the cost was the same, £10 10s., for each one—myself and wife, £21 for the two. We landed at Christian Sand, and went about 100 miles up the country, the journey in the interior was a great treat; the country is very picturesque, mountainous and grand, as Sir W. Scott describes Scotland, a "Land of Mountain and Flood." Our journey to Byglemfr and Oser was a very great treat, the whole way the scenery was bold, partly by road and partly by steamer, on lakes. The Hotel at Byglemfr where we stayed eight days, was a wooden building of stained pine, to accommodate 100 visitors, and the name is "Som-

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

merjhen," located at the edge of a forest with a lake in front, at about half a mile distant, lofty mountains around except on the lakeside, and these covered with pines. There are millions of pines wherever you turn your eye, so far as one could see the amount of cultivatable land was small. The inhabitants seemed to us simple and primitive in their habits, and the cost of living is low, 3s. 6d. was the cost of bed and board at the hotel where we stopped, and we made our hotel a centre for little trips, sometimes by lake steamer and sometimes by road. Two of the tourists who were at the hotel while we were there, went out one day and brought home over 20 lbs. of trout; they were a splendid dish, and you may judge of their size when I state that the number of fish was only seven. They were cooked and placed before the whole company, and 28 was the number of our special party, (besides Norwegian visitors).

On the first day from Christian Sand, we drove 28 miles in carriages, and at the end of this drive, at Kile, we were given a fish dinner, mainly of trout, which to us poor islanders, who rarely see a trout, was a treat indeed. After this we took steamer, and had a very pleasant change for two hours on the Lake "Kilefjord," and then another drive of ten miles, and then two hours more on another Lake (Lovand), this made a very long journey for one day. The weather was variable, but considering the great amount of rain among the mountains, we were fairly fortunate and enjoyed it much. There are said to be but two millions of people in Norway, and yet a line drawn across the country in one direction is said to extend 1,000 miles, but the conformation of the country leaves but little to tell—only the land in the narrow valleys. One can now understand why so many

Scandinavians emigrate; there being no "elbow-room" for the increase of population, the poorest part of the population are very poor, and live in small huts built of timber, which of course is very cheap. But even in country parts there are numbers of very comfortable dwellings, the style of which indicates real well being.

One day we went to a place called Oser, and while there we were admitted to the dwelling of the chief man of the place, and to interest us his daughter put on a bridal costume, such as is worn there, this interested the ladies of our party, and a collection was made and handed to the daughter. The house is well furnished with some fine carved pieces, the owner who was present was said to be the principal land-owner about there. The next house is unique, all the front elaborately carved and the whole building massive; it has something of the appearance of a Swiss chalet, but bolder and stronger. This building was said to be one of the oldest erections in Norway, and that the present Emperor of Germany offered the owner a large sum for the house to remove to Germany. One noticeable feature was the external stairs leading to the upper floor, or open loggia; these stairs consist of two backs, irregular in shape; underneath each back, I should say 24 inches in diameter, and on the upper side, the steps are cut in the solid backs, instead of being made of separate risers and treads. I never saw anything more original, they are placed at the south side of the structure, the foot of the stairs about one-third from the front, and as you ascend you approach the front, and enter the "Loggia" or Lodge chamber! It was Sunday when we were at the place, and all the young men and maidens were clad in their best, and the sight



## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

was pleasing and certainly novel. On this trip we saw a very fine waterfall, of which there are vast numbers in Norway, but this one reminded me of a Yankee's description of one—as "a river raised endwise." The people near the coast are clad much as other Europeans; there seems scarcely a vestige of the old national costumes, and their habits are very like the Germans. Every generation go out on Sundays to enjoy themselves together, men and their wives and children, even grandfathers and grandmothers walk out together to places of pleasant resort, and the impression that I received was that there is more than the average amount of domestic comfort. In connection with the German Emperor's offer for the unique carved house, it is well known that he goes every summer on a voyage to the Norway coast in his yacht, as a bracer, and afterwards comes on a visit to his grandmother, Queen Victoria. Our return voyage to London was grand, and the weather glorious. We returned from Christian Sand on the 14th day from home, and were called up at 5 a. m., to go on board at 6 a. m., and started off to the minute. Our vessel was the steamship Domino, the one we embarked on from Hull was the S.S. Angelo. Both vessels after landing their passengers at Christian Sand, go on to Christiana, and pick up on their return the passengers going home from the former place. When we started the sun was bright and the sea smooth, and we had an extensive view of the rock bound Norway coast. The tints of the rocks were varied and beautiful, a fear had been expressed by the captain that we might have fog, this happened for a short time, between 9 and 10 o'clock, and was rather a damper to our spirits, but happily it only lasted three-quarters of an hour;

but during this interval the fog horn was frequently roaring, a very ear splitting experience, and we were all glad when it was over, and during the remainder of the voyage the weather was clear. In the North Sea there is a part known as the Dogger Bank, where thousands of tons of fish (mainly for the English ports), are caught. The method is to keep the fishing smacks on the bank, and send steamers to them to convey the fish to Hull, Grimsby, London, etc. We went through the fleet both going and returning, and a very interesting sight; one of the crew told us that 1,000 tons of a single kind of fish were landed at Hull alone during the previous week. I remember that P. Huxley said in one of his papers that at certain periods of the year, there comes down from the North Sea mountains of cod, and these vessels are engaged all the year round reaping the harvests of the sea. In mid ocean the vessels seen are few, but when we approach the eastern coast of England the number increased, and many pretty sights were seen. Both the form and color of ships as seen in bright weather are pleasing, the sails even of fishing smacks are warm colored and attractive to the eye, a clear atmosphere and distance lend enchantment to the view. As evening came on we were passing within sight of the lights on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, amongst others Lowestoft and Harwich. We now had a turn in for the night, and soon were past Aldborough, about 3 o'clock, a. m. Next morning we again heard the hoarse fog horn, and then the harsh, grating sound of the capstan, for the anchor was being dropped in the bed of the Thames. Both I and my wife got up and were on deck by 4 o'clock, being desirous of seeing all we could of the coast about the entrance of the river, but to

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

our great regret we found we had passed "Sheerness" and the mouth of the Medway, and shortly found ourselves opposite Tilbury Fort, on the left bank, and Gravesend on the right, and numerous craft about, but in the dim light of dawn all seemed rather still. An interesting incident soon after we reached the deck, for we saw a boat approaching from Gravesend, rowed by two men, and they had on board a third man, a Norwegian resident of Gravesend, whose wife was one of the passengers on our ship, and who had come to Eugland to join her husband. No doubt he had arranged to be called as soon as the ship entered the river, whatever the time. So here he was to rush into the arms of his wife in the true spirit of a lover; after their meeting they were naturally anxious to leave the ship,—but no! until the tide waters had put a man on board and examined the luggage no one is permitted to leave the ship. Considerable delay resulted. We breakfasted at 7.30, and after our luggage had been inspected, we left the ship and landed at Tilbury Fort, and arrived in London at about 10 a. m.

The last incident that happened just before we left the ship was interesting and pleasant. A large American war ship lay close by us in mid stream, and it being Sunday morning her band was playing sacred music which delighted all on board our ship.

It was an experience to us to see the Custom House officials speeding about the river in their launches, among the newly arrived vessels; each launch had about a dozen men on board, and an officer was placed on every new arrival until a general overhauling could be made. We were away just 17 days, the cost for two of us was under £30, and we could not help remarking how much may now be accomplished in

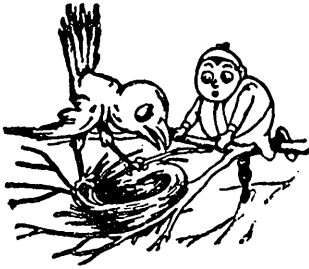
sight seeing in a very short time and at but very moderate expense.

In reference to my being on the Thames, and at its mouth, on last Sunday week, I may mention that I was at the same place fifty years ago, viz. in 1845, and have never been there in the interim. From the city to Sheerness is quite forty miles, and what a change has come over London since my first visit! The river at that time was foul with the sewage of a vast city being poured into it, and the stench was dreadful when the paddle wheels of the steamers churned up its foulness,—now all that is changed, the sewage is intercepted and carried under a vast and ornamental embankment, and this stately structure is built on the foul mud banks, which when the tide was out lay festering in the sun, tainting the air and spreading disease. If it had been permitted to remain in that state much longer there would probably have been dreadful pestilence. The sewage matter is now carried down the river banks to vast tanks, and is treated with lime, and when the residuum has settled, the mud is carried far out to sea in barges and "dumped." One gets an idea that a better use might be found for the "stuff" as manure, but the quantity is so vast that no outlet can be found for it, and water carriage to the sea is cheap as compared with any other mode of disposal.

Sincerely yours,  
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