

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 bitters. 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