

The Rockwood Review.

and drawn. What music was in the "Tally-ho," what a rush in the track of horsemen after the fox was away, what glory in the fact, that by a short cut across well-known fields, we kept up, even for how-ever short a time, with the hunt. And how doubly superlative was the intensity of our pleasure, when Reynard turned back upon his tracks, and made for the grounds from which he started! Once the brush was won by the tenant of Swallowbeck, and ever after that, the horse "Taffy," upon which he rode, was counted amongst the classic Deities.

The death of a fox, every now and then, was hailed with delight by the mistress of Swallowbeck, for it meant better preservation of poultry. The death of numberless heads of game—there were no bat-tues then—would have been of greater benefit to the master of Swallowbeck, but he willingly or or quietly submitted to the depredations of rabbit, hare, partridge and pheasant, and regarded the poacher with holy horror, and we were made to believe it to be the cardinal sin to put down a snare, steal a partridge's egg, or set a dog upon ground game.

But I must bring these memories to a close. To me they are precious, but to the reader they may seem juvenile. They deal largely with a past gone forever. The farmer of to-day differs widely from him of the early quarter of the century, but I doubt whether England has gained from the change. Let that be as it may, she owes much of her glories and prosperity to the class who tilled her lands in the days when I knew Swallowbeck.

GRANDFATHER.

MUSIC AT THE PARK.

All day long in the neighboring park

I hear the droning sound,
From the matin song of the meadow lark
Till his vesper notes in the gather-ing dark,
While the merry-go-round goes round.

The noise it beats the Fourteenth band,
The proud steeds spurn the ground,
And the children ride in the chariots grand,
To the stirring strains of "Dixie
"Land,"
While the merry-go-round goes round.

The "Swanee River" drones amain,
It's measure has no bound,
And "Yankee Doodle" addles the brain,
And then they all begin over again,
While the merry-go-round goes round.

I wish the man that wrote the songs,
Were shot, or hanged, or drowned,
With all his tiresome ding-dongs;
I'd rather hear six brazen gongs,
Or even the clatter of hammer and tongs,
While the merry-go-round goes round.