

The Rockwood Review.

bass caught this year had been on minnows. He had heard of one man who tried every kind of bait at the Spectacles for six weeks, and never thought of minnows until the end of that time. He did not even get a bite, but when he tried minnows he caught the bass so fast that the boat filled and sank. The man was drowned, and the fish had been caught so quickly that they all swam away unhurt. George said he knew where this spot was, and if we could get minnows, he would take us to it, and these fish would be pretty apt to bite again. We had a minnow net and pails, and George knew a likely spot to catch them. There was a head wind on, and Peterson said that was always his luck. If he had a race on, it was invariably a beat to windward, a change of wind and a beat to windward to return. If the spinaker had not gone overboard in that one race when he had a chance he would have won, but as it was he would yet strike the right breeze. Jack was pretty quiet and not very good natured over the previous day's adventures. By noon we had caught our minnows, and had worked up to the Spectacles. George said he would soon show us where to catch fish, but seemed worried, and finally said that some jays had shifted his marks, and he could not get the bearings. We now discovered that we had misunderstood George, (about his having been there recently,) who was looking for his marks, the buoys used by the Canoe Association at their meet some years before, and taken away then. George was very mad, and said there was no chance for a fisherman now a days, everybody tried to put a stop to true sport, however he knew a good spot for fish even without his marks. He told us how to manage it, and Peterson got the boat on the spot, and the anchor was dropped. We

fished for an hour or so, and caught three little perch. Jack got Gayworthy very mad by saying that the whole fish story was a fake, and Peterson and I went out trolling for an hour or so. When we came back (we didn't catch anything), Gayworthy and Jack were sitting at different ends of the boat, but we made them shake hands and be friendly, and George began to brighten up a little, and said that he had forgotten about it, but the bass at the Spectacles could only be caught in the evening, so we had better lunch and have a snooze until the dark. We lunched and snoozed, and in the evening caught two small bass, one of which was a rock-bass, and at dark thought of starting for home, but the wind had gone down, and it was fully nine miles to the dock. Peterson said he would have to get back that night, so we agreed to take turns in rowing the skiff and towing the boat. Peterson said to give her plenty of line, and each would take an hour at it, George to be time-keeper, and one to sit on the bow with a lighted cigar as a mark to keep the skiff straight. He would take the first hour. It was very dark now, and we could scarcely see him as he tugged away at the oars—but we heard him. John was working hard, and we could tell by the strain on the line that he was not funking. We could hear him talking to himself, and several times he seemed to say that if this was not the dogondest heaviest brute of a boat he ever towed. He seemed warm when he came in, but for that matter so did everyone else when he had put in an hour. When each fellow had done his watch, Jack said that Cedar Island should have been passed long ago, and Knapp's Point did not seem an inch further away than when we started. This caused a spirit of enquiry to start up, and Peterson asked if