

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

in the way of an occasional table of grass was requisite. Jack instructed the faithful caretaker to lead Sir Reginald to some overgrown bailevards in a neighboring street every morning at daybreak. This was a capital idea, and a suitable collar and chain were provided. Michael, Sir Reginald's satellite, was a hand next morning, at an early hour, and the calf was led forth to graze. The ordinary Calf of every day life can kick up his heels and ask about vigorously when occasion requires, but when it comes to an American Holstein Calf—fully aware of the liberty clauses embodied in the Declaration of Independence—and a Bull Calf at that—one can easily imagine what occurred. Sir Reginald sniffed the "air of freedom," gave a mighty snort, kicked up his heels, and went down the street with Michael in tow at a two-forty clip. Michael did his best to hold on to the chain, but soon found the truth of the adage that tells us "it is not the miles we travel but the pace that kills." The result was never in doubt, Sir Reginald soon ranged, a Calf as free as the mountain air, and for some time disported himself as only a Holstein Bull Calf can, finally settling down to graze before one of the stately mansions on Delaware Avenue. He had not been there very long before Michael, reinforced by "two of the finest," began a stealthy stalk of his lordship. Sir Reginald sensed danger, and was on the "qui vive," and although he allowed a near approach of the attacking party, beat a masterly retreat at the proper moment, and began a gentle trot down the Avenue. A couple of stray dogs joined in the pursuit, the retreat became a panic, and Sir Reginald fled as if he had wings, furiously rushing into a small crockery store on a side street. He was a Ball in a china shop with a record

to keep up, and before he got through had run up a bill that took a \$100 note to pay. Sir Reginald was more frightened than hurt, and having enjoyed his outing, returned very meekly with Michael to his outhouse. After this great care had to be exercised in taking the Calf for a walk, and a clever harness maker devised a sort of a Spanish halter, that gave Michael the necessary control. Some of Scott's friends suggested an Oriental costume for the attendant, but this idea was not seriously entertained. In the meanwhile, the pleuro-pneumonia scare kept up, and it was not until the fall that the embargo was lifted. Then the Calf was sent into quarantine, at Sandwich, for six weeks, at a cost of \$2.00 per diem. Finally it was shipped in triumph to the farm, but on the way from the station Sir Reginald cut up a few capers, slipped and succeeded in breaking a hind leg. The injury was so serious that the Holstein had to be destroyed, and although the people at the farm were willing to give the fatted calf as warm a reception as the fatted calf gave the Prodigal of old, it was not to be. Neatly framed in Scott's library may be found a document that reads as follows:—

COST OF THE HOLSTEIN CALF, SIR REGINALD.

Trip to herdsman.....	\$ 2.00
Freight charges for Bing-	
hampton.....	17.50
1840 quarts of milk @ 6c.....	110.40
Michael, for 92 days @ \$1.50.....	138.00
Breakage in china shop.....	100.00
Freight to quarantine.....	8.26
6 weeks quarantine @ \$2.00	
per day.....	84.00
Freight to farm.....	3.14
Total.....	\$463.20