

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

with earthly authority. To curry favor with old Master Woolfit—"Wuffett" in local parlance—was a sacred duty, and a pleasant one withal, for said he, "If you'll leave the game alone, I'll leave you alone." And he did, while we boys certainly didn't. Alas! boyish humanity is weak, with a loupng hare or scudding rabbit before it, and three or four dogs at its heels. "Loo! boys, loo!" often sent the noisy pack in useless pursuit, from mid-fields to the shelter of the woods, and we tremblingly hoped that "Old Wuffett" hadn't heard the hullabaloo of yelp and bark and shout. If hares were especially tempting, because guided by their pricked-up ears above the grass, we could approach near to them squatting on their "forms," before they went away, and rabbits lead us enthusiastically astray by their rapid rush for cover, and pheasants provoked admiration by their gay covering of scarlet and green and mottled brown, and the whirring partridge gave us an enjoyable sensation as they rose in straight flight for pastures new, our solid pleasure and fierce delight were most surely aroused by an occasional hunt of an animal of different form and habits. Talk of the wondrous charms of a deer stalk as you will, dwell upon the ineffable bliss to be found in the chase of bruin, expatiate on the fascination of lying, midst slush and waving reeds, or in damp and wobbling canoe, in anxious expectancy of flying duck, or transfer yourself, if you will, to English fields and coverside, shoot pheasants by the score and follow the fox with unapproachable "mount" over a Leicester country, or go to Africa or India and "bag" elephant, lion and tiger at every hunt, and you cannot call up more than a tithe of the vivid realization of sporting fun, and genuine enthusiasm experienced by the English lad who

chases for half an hour or so, and captures at last, a single specimen of the red squirrels which abound in the woods and plantations of his native land. Even to-day, it stirs one's blood to recall the excitement of the headlong rush, of sixty years ago, under pine and larch and linden, oak or elm, in pursuit of a nimble and frightened little fugitive skipping from branch to branch, and making for his home in some veteran of the ancient forest, scarred and hollowed during centuries of growth. It was naughty, doubtless, but decidedly nice. The carefully aimed stick and stone often missed the moving mark amidst branch and leaves, and it was seldom, until the little victim of boyish cruelty, half exhausted, ventured to descend the trunk of a tree in search of a new line of retreat, that the blow was given which ended the flight, and yielded to the triumphant captor the "brush" that was the main object of the pursuit. That, worn in the hat band, or above the peak of cap, was a trophy carried as proudly as scalp by Indian warrior, and was as strong evidence of the innate brutality of man. Viewed from a moral standpoint, the average christian boy of a half century back, compared unfavorably with the heathen Hindoo. But our wickedness was full of fun, indescribable and never to be forgotten, yet very real and enjoyable while it lasted, and difficult for a participator in it, even in these more "enlightened" days, to honestly condemn. The sport of Swallowbeck was not confined to squirrel hunts. In the Peack basked huge pike, near deep water holes, in warm weather, and many of them were drawn out by snaring poacher who gently slipped the capturing wire noose at end of stout rod beneath and about them. A sudden jerk, and the quivering fish, half white, half golden green, fell upon