

The Rockwood Review.

poor Charley had been seething with impatience and excitement. At last the long looked for moment arrived and the Stradivarius, dated 1703, was put up. An old farmer bid what he called "a suvverin" just for fun, and an old clergyman said two; then Charley said five, a jump which surprised the company, but the clergyman said ten, and thought he had got it, but he had not, for Charley said fifteen. Some of the crowd thereat said "My eye!" The parson went another five, which made twenty, and Charley made it twenty-five, and then it hung. "Going at twenty-five, no advance on twenty-five?" Dead silence! Charley perspired freely, his heart beat like the pump of a sinking ship, for he saw Lovejoy and me coming across the lawn. "Going, gentlemen, a genuine instrument; an instrument worth five or six hundred pounds, going at twenty-five guineas! you said guineas, sir?" "Of course I did," and Charley nearly swore in his impatience, for we were coming up the stairs, "Going—going—gone! Yours, sir—thank you!" "Gone, what's gone, which lot?" "Three seven five," replied someone. "Great heavens, the Strad! and the gentleman from London smote his brow and used unparliamentary language.

"Where's the buyer?" he asked, as he grew calmer. "I'm the happy man," answered my cousin, who had just filled up a cheque for the price of the fiddle. "You—you—oh! you young rascal, but there, it's all a joke of course, I'll give you a hundred for your bargain." "What," laughed I, "a hundred for a German copy." "Don't be too hard on a fellow, take two hundred and let me have the fiddle." But he could not tempt Charley, and to quiet his despair we took him home to the Blue Swan and soaked his clay in dry champagne.

The fiddle is still the glory of my

cousin's life, and occasionally when I drop in to see him he hands me the key of the case and I take it out and wonder at its marvellous beauty.

ROSIN LE BEAUX.

THE GOOSE.

You may sing as you will of the rising lark,
And the nightingale's pensive lay—
Of the dove that gloats on its beautiful mate,
And the eagle soaring away;
But there's a bird I love better than these,
I'll toast her, I'll roast her, and dine at my ease.

The turkey is good, and the capon's fine,
The partridge is quite to my taste,
Off a couple of fowls I sometimes dine,
Or pigeons baked in a paste,
But not one of these could me induce
To forsake my favorite fat roast goose.

Stuff her with onion mixed with sage,
Nicely baste and carefully roast,
Serve with brown gravy and apple sauce,
And let me dine as guest or host;
Let me be both, it will better suit me,
For a goose and I are good company.
