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and thoughtfully, and wandered back in mind to the days of his youth, when the world seemed young, and life a dream of cats and beans and pastures green. His eyelids gently drooped, his head took an easy position, and his ears were filled with the hum of grasshopper and droning bee. Now "is that a bee," said General to himself, as the droning took on a livelier air, "methinks it may be a hornet," and he pricked his ears. At the same time an energetic hornet struck him near the tail, another on the nose, and in a moment the General had snapped the tie rein, and had gone down the road at railroad speed, and finally jumped a fence into a field full of the forbidden fruits. How the old boy must have enjoyed himself, for when we found him he had dropped eighteen of his twenty years, and when approached was as shy as a debutante, and then shaking his head gave a frightened squeal, turned tail, flung his heels in the air, and was gone in a moment. We tried everything for an hour, and then Dr. Luke in his fury finally picked up one of the farmer's ripest musk melons, and threw it with all his strength at the recreant steed. It struck him full in the forehead, ripe in all its luciousness, and before the old fellow had time to recover his surprise, I had him a prisoner. He was a sight to behold. Nose skinned and bleeding, swollen too where the wasps had stung him, knees barked, harness broken in several places, and in all respects a horse the worse for wear. The farmer saw us, and urged a bitter complaint against us, which I was forced to satisfy with the usual panacea for such ills, a GOLDEN remedy which I had to apply on a free silver basis. We started for home without a fish, dirty, wet and dispirited, and Jack and I felt that we were disgraced,

and must redeem ourselves by going fishing the next day at the Spectacles, where George Gayworthy had caught dozens of beauties a week before—at least Gayworthy said he did. Dr. Luke said he would not be one of the party, and further remarked that Collins' Lake was probably named after the immortal John Collins because it was not characterized by an excess of water—a quality he said very common among John Collinses. I draw a veil over the remarks made when we got home, because every smart Aleck in a neighborhood feels it his duty to be funny at the expense of a disappointed fisherman, and everyone knows that any joke about fishing is as old as the hills. No new joke can be made about fish, so what is the use of repeating the time honored chestnuts which were hurled at us. Next day we got a little sail boat, and after considerable trouble borrowed a skiff. All skiff owners seemed a little stiff about it, and said that nothing hurt a good skiff so much as fish kicking around in it. Finally we struck a good natured fellow, who said that he would lend us his skiff, because he knew everybody else had refused us, and anyway he did not think we would catch any fish. We got George Gayworthy and Johnny Peterson to come along instead of the Doctor, George because he knew where the big fish were to be caught, and Johnny Peterson because he could sail a boat well, in fact generally sailed in every race in the bay, and once would have won if they had not dropped the spinnaker overboard, and made a drag anchor when there was no storm on deck. Yes, there was a storm on deck too, but not in the way I mean. We had not gone far when George said we must have minnows, because the fish at the Spectacles would not bite unless they had minnows, in fact the only