

The Rookwood Review.

the Seth Green flies, with numerous weeds attached, were hauled aboard, and Jack and I making brave attempts to keep dry. The Dr. saw a wrecked biscuit box near at hand, and hooked it up to the boat with an oar. Said he, "I will step out on the biscuit box, and when the boat is relieved of the extra weight, we can slide her back over the course we came, until the bow is abreast of the biscuit box, then I will step in, carry the box to the stern, and repeat until we reach deep water, and see that you jays do as I tell you." He placed the box in position, balanced himself with the oar, and boldly stepped forth. The box was not founded on a rock, and Collins' Lake mud is soft—and deep. Now if the Doctor had stepped on the centre of the box he might have settled down gracefully and steadily, but having stepped on one corner, something was bound to happen, and it did. It seems that soft slimy mud has been accumulating in this lake since the time of the Plesiosaurus, at least Dr. Luke now says that it must have been doing so for many millions of years, judging by the quantity and sliminess of it; at all events our friend went into it not like the Dr. Foster of Mother Goose fame, up the middle, but up to the neck, and so suddenly that we were quite as startled as he was. Jack began to laugh and invite him to come in out of the wet, and to ask him if he would like a little of the ice to put on his head, so that the rules of hydrotherapy and mud baths might be properly applied. Dr. Luke was grieved, not to say annoyed, and suggested that we had better help him out, so Jack asked him to hand the oar to the boat, and hang on one end. Now Jack is no weakling, but he had to brace himself very stiffly and pull—heavens how he pulled, but yet he made progress, so did the Doctor.

At first he came slowly, but finally suddenly, and as he did so Jack disappeared over the other side of the boat backwards, and we still had one of the crew decidedly "in it," as the popular slang has it. Jack is no light weight—two hundred or thereabout, and he cut a pretty figure in the mud. Dr. Luke, who had now climbed in, said as he scraped the black mud off, that as he gazed on Jack, he could easily imagine himself far off on the Upper Amazon, watching the hippopotamus play among the lotus. I suggested that the hippopotamus and lotus were more likely to be found on the Nile, but he said it made no difference that Jack would be taken for a hippopotamus either one place or the other. Jack did not find the suggestions about ice and coming in out of the wet so funny as they seemed a few minutes before, and when we got him on board, wanted to argue that we should have told him that the Dr. was coming up suddenly. There was a good deal of friction between the two, but finally when as much mud as possible was scraped off, we decided to pole the boat to shore, a hundred yards or so, and eventually succeeded in getting there. The mud larks found a place where the water was clear, if shallow, and washed themselves and clothes as well as possible. Our lunch was spoiled, the boat too leaky to use, even if we could get her back, so we decided to call it a case of wreckage, and let the farmer get her back as best he could. I began to suspect that this was his boat for leading, so did not feel worried about it. We had left our horse tied up under a tree in the farmer's lapa, with a bundle of hay with which to regale himself. Old General is twenty years of age, but on some occasions a veritable war horse. When we left, he had evidently munched his hay quietly