

THE HURLY MATCH.

'Twas afternoon, in winter time
When "Eighty-Five" was in its prime,
The hurly match, of which I tell,
Was played, midst joyous shout and yell,
In nature's rink upon the Pond
Near where Atlantic rolls beyond.
The captain for the choice first tossed,
This done, no words or time were lost,
For Duncan, who had won first choice,
At once cried out with eager voice,
"One only partner need I pick
For he and I you all can lick;"
Then captain Jack he thus addressed,
"East goal is yours, ours is the west,
No protest must be heard from you
For you are *thirty*, we, but two."
With great eclat the game began
For Charlie seized the puck and ran,
And fast across the ice did roll—
(His captain stayed to watch his goal;)
The other side, a hapless rout,
Did vainly follow in pursuit,
But, though a number skated fast,
They never Charlie caught nor passed,
And scarcely had the game begun,
The umpire shouted number one.
The thirty truly did aspire
To score, but vain was their desire,
For surely as the game rolled on
The trick was by the winner done.