

THE GARRISON POLO CLUB.

Oh! the stirrup rings out music as it meets the opposing steel,
And the merry cheer is borne upon the wind,
When the "willow" driven onward by the stirring forward stroke
Leaves the fastest horse and rider far behind.
Each day the link grows stronger, uniting horse and man.
And you feel your labour's not been spent in vain,
As the gallant steed responding to a wish but half expressed,
Gaily bends, and turns, and answers to the rein.

So search the world all over, take the pastimes one and all,
No better game than polo you can find;
For, like life, its twists and turnings teach us all to give and take,
And strengthen both the muscle and the mind.
So the "flying ball" we'll follow ever on from goal to goal,
Till minutes into hours swiftly pass;
And we vow no other pleasure in excitement can compare
To such a glorious gallop on the grass.

So sings Mr. Cumberland-Bentley anent the joys of polo, and the Garrison Polo Club are testing these joys to the utmost this season.

The Club meetings take place every Tuesday and Friday afternoons at 3.30 p. m., on the Riding Ground, the turf of which is in beautiful order this year.

The playing members are numerous, and are mostly well mounted, and no prettier sight can be seen anywhere than the fast galloping ponies flying over the green turf after the ball. As to the riders and their mounts, a word. Capt. Jenkins has altogether four ponies. Rowdy, a weedy-looking chestnut, we believe a wanderer, who under the skilful hands of his owner plays a remarkably good game. Although never such a clever one as the little gray mare Jenny, she is a wonder, and looks as though she would follow the ball herself. Galfred is another of his ponies, but unfortunately he is lamed up with rheumatism, and will not be able to play till the end of the season. The remaining pony of his string is a recent purchase, a roan named Mazeppa. He is only just learning the joys of polo.

Major MacDonnell has two ponies—Acme, a good-looking black mare, a clever player, but not very fast, and a little bay mare, also a good player.

Major Maycock plays on a large-sized, long, dark bay pony that sometimes shows wonderful play.

Mr. C. R. Barry generally plays on the well-known South American roan Boodler, who is really one of the cleverest ponies on the field, but seems sometimes inclined to be lazy. No doubt after the races he will break in his new purchase, Tipperary.

Mr. McGowan has the two well-known ponies, The Tramp and Muffin, than which two better ponies never drew breath, although The Tramp is sometimes a little troublesome.

Col. Clerke has this season a black pony not yet broken in to polo, but no doubt under his able tuition will rapidly become an expert at the game.

Capt. Yonge-Bateman plays a tall, leggy-looking bay horse that ought to show speed.

Mr. Stewart rides the well-known polo pony Jenny, who bears her age and experience well.

Col. Lea has two mounts—Traveller, a son of Wanderer, and a very handsome bay with black points, a perfect picture of a pony, but not very fast.

Major Harvey plays on a pretty little bay mare that ought in time to become a clever player.

Mr. Arlby rides a dark chestnut, hailing, I believe, from South America, but slow and not clever, and apt to be stubborn.

It is to be hoped that a visiting team from Newport will come here this summer to let the Garrison Club find out how they can play. It would not be hard work to pick an excellent team out of these playing members—one that ought to be able to compare with any on this side of the water. A pony race meeting could be arranged at the same time, which would add additional interest to the general public, and would guarantee sufficient gate money to pay all expenses.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Editors will be pleased to answer any queries under this heading, but should the answers be required by post a fee of 10 cents must accompany the inquiry. All queries must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

STRAW-HUT.—The expression, "She wears a straw in her ear," comes originally from the French, and means, "She is looking out for another husband." The reference is to the old custom of putting a straw between the ears of horses for sale.

Another peculiar use of the word *straw* is in the very common expression, "I have a straw to break with you," which is a relic of feudal times, when the possession of a fief was conveyed by giving a straw to the new tenant. If the tenant misconducted himself, the lord dispossessed him by going to the threshold of his door and breaking a straw, saying as he did so, "As I break this straw, so break I the contract between us." It is extraordinary how the impression has survived and become so general.

B. C.—What the final—if there be any final—rate of interest will be, it is very difficult to predict; but there is no doubt that it will fall considerably in this country as capital accumulates. In England, for instance, as Professor Marshall says, in spite of the low rate of interest, the capital of the country is increasing at the average rate of £200,000,000 annually, which is a little more than a thirtieth of its total amount. If this rate of increase were sustained for 400 years, the capital owned by Englishmen would be multiplied a million-fold, and in 800 years a billion-fold. But we cannot suppose that there will ever be a field for the profitable employment of as much capital as this. So that ultimately the normal rate of interest will fall.

NO EXPERIENCE.—When the Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, and General Miramon were led out to execution, the former remarked on the beautiful sunshine, and said the day looked as if it had been selected for the occasion. Suddenly he heard the clear tones of a bell, and asked Miramon: "Is that the death-knell?" The general replied: "I am unable to inform your Majesty, as this is the first time I am being taken to an execution." The Emperor smiled.—*Mémoires de Madame Miramon.*

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