

Poetry.

THE OLD GRAY MARE.

THE HON. H. LEON, IN "TURF, FIELD AND FARM."

The day o' the Hornville race had arriv'  
And the sight war one fur to see;  
The talk run high, the dust changed hands,  
Three to one and one to three;  
The critter war so chummed about,  
You'd a thought they war made o' gold,  
But layin' all aside, stranger,  
And not a blinkin' hold!  
There war some pesky good 'uns there,  
As fine as ever split the air;  
Why, three minutes warn't nowheres there,  
Wouldn't a stop the ghost o' a shew.  
'Twar n't chas stock, and no mistake,  
And some on 'em war goin' to make or break  
The boys, as they staked all on 'em;  
I ken tell you 'twar a serious thing,  
The credles that day didn't sayin',  
You'd a thought every claim it war for sale,  
But the tap-room told a different tale,  
For atween the rounds o' beer and ale  
The talk it war all horse.  
Long Tom Fields had his three-year entered,  
And we all allowed he stood a good show;  
Crow Bill had his little bay mare  
Backed by more than any could show.  
The Major's horse war in good trim,  
And the pile he staked on 'um, stranger,  
Would a kept you and me from gettin' thin,  
You ken bet your bottom dollar,  
But the critter as give the heaviest odds  
War Cap. Stewart's big iron gray.  
(You see 'twar allus the Captain's brag,  
He could put 'im seventy mile a day,  
Fetch 'um in as dry as toast,  
And as fresh as new cut hay.)  
Wal, the time war up and the track war cleared  
And the judges took the stand,  
Old Johnson had his specks on,  
And the bell-ropes in his hand;  
And as he stood thar, stranger,  
Looked the proudest in the land;  
He war jest about to give the word,  
When a noise outside the ring war heard,  
And in come troitin' the queerest old rig  
As ever war in Hornville driv.  
'Twar fust of all an old gray mare,  
(As a buzzard wouldn't a picked),  
And arter her a two wheeled thing,  
As must a been built in '76.  
A gray-haired oon as none on us knowed  
(But as might a been dad to any there),  
War all that went to make the load  
Ahind that old, queer-lookin' mare.  
Ses he, "L kinder understand  
There's to be a race to-day,  
And bein' bound for Horseshoe Ledge,  
I thought I'd stop this way,  
And of none of you gents here object,  
And ken anyway spare the time,  
Why I'll settle up make a bet or two,  
And then come up to time."  
Well, the lark as followed that ere speech  
War a caution for to hear,  
Though from the looks o' the old man  
You'd a thought he couldn't hear,  
'Cept for the queer look in his eyes  
When his ten-inch bowie did appear.  
Ses he, "I hope yer all improved  
By the lark that you've jest hed,  
And of it don't turn my way soon  
Yo can put me down for dead.  
I allus try and be peaceful like,  
And I allus pay as I go;  
You see dust air dust the world over,  
And I happen to be well primed  
I'm willin to stake it all on the mare  
Ef I ken takers find.  
It's merely the whim o' a very old man  
As ain't got long for to stay,  
But n'r allus ready, win or lose,  
To stand up and to pay;  
Ef that ain't fair jest say so,  
And I'll take the road for him;  
Ef you 'low 'tis, let's fix things,  
And go on with ther fun."  
The boys all 'lowed the deal war fair,  
And the mare war entered then and there;  
Wal, of all queer-looking horse-flesh  
That critter war the wust.  
She stood full seventeen hand high,  
Her mane and tail they were clean gone;  
She'd a spavin on her nigh hind leg,  
And around the ribs she looked forlorn;  
Her teeth war down to hard-pan  
And her off eye warn't there.  
Wal, time, war called for the two-mile dash,  
And eight on 'em came to time,  
And the finest stock in Hornville  
War a-goin' to cut a shine;  
The old gray mare war put outside,  
And you'd a larked till you'd a-died  
To see the old man in his pride,  
As he sat perched up ahind her.  
When the work war g'n they started fair

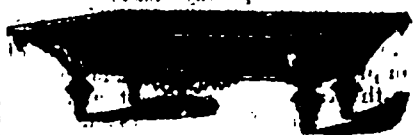
And she seemed to say in a humble way,  
"I ken do it every time."  
The old man didn't say much  
As he pocketed his pile,  
But around the corners o' his mouth  
Thar got a pleasant smile.  
He rubbed the critter down  
While the boys drank on his treat,  
Then he slowly took a chaw  
And climbed up in his seat;  
He started as quiet as he'd come,  
But the smile it still war there;  
Ses he: "Sa'll wonder what's become  
O' me and old March Hare!"  
It struck the boys he'd named her right  
And they gave him three cheers with main and  
might,  
And a tiger fur the old gray mare.  
It's nigh on twenty years now  
Since this ere thing took place,  
But the story's as fresh to-day  
As the day jest arter the race.  
And now perhaps you'll understand  
Why I told Bill, when he held that hand  
O' the ten spot and two pair,  
To stake it light or he might get caught  
In the style o' the old gray mare.

Miscellaneous.

A Chinese gambling firm runs games in  
sixty different places in San Francisco.  
A man who has been studying Biblical his-  
tory says he believes green apples were the  
forbidden fruit.  
An exchange wants to know if Will Carle-  
ton was thinking of a base ball double play  
when he wrote "Betsy and I are out."  
Mr. David Rao, of Wrexeter, shot a bald-  
headed eagle last week, measuring seven  
feet and four inches from tip to tip.  
A Michigan tathex writes to the Faculty of  
Yale:—"What are your terms for a year?  
And does it cost anything extra if my son  
wants to learn to read and write as well as  
row a boat?"  
The Minerve states that the disease known as  
charbon is raging among the cattle in the town  
common near Three Rivers, and that within the  
past fortnight about twenty milch cows have  
died of the plague. The guardian of the com-  
mon in removing the dead animals also took the  
terrible disease and is in a very precarious con-  
dition.  
In some parts of North Orillia, bears are  
so troublesome that farmers are not only  
obliged to secure their sheep at night, but  
also their calves. It used to be said that a  
beech-nut year was also a bear year, and  
certainly the rule holds good in the present  
instance, as we have seldom known the  
beech trees better furnished with seed.  
The Champion Canadian ox was exhibited  
by Mr. Reeves to the Prince and Princess of  
Wales in London. Its weight is put down  
at 5,603 pounds, and it has won 40 prizes.  
If it does weigh that much it will be an ar-  
gument of immense weight in England in  
favor of a continued connection between  
Canada and Great Britain. No genuine  
Englishman would consent to lose a colony  
that can produce such a mass of beef in a  
single carcass. They will rather fight for us  
to the death.  
Eels feed, says a naturalist, on almost all  
animals substances, whether dead or living.  
It is well known that they devour the young  
of all water fowl that are not too large for  
them. Mr. Bingley states that he saw ex-  
posed for sale at Retford, in Nottinghamshire,  
a quantity of eels that would have filled a  
couple of wheelbarrows, the whole of which  
had been taken out of the dead body of a  
horse, thrown into a ditch near one of the  
adjacent villages; and a friend of mine saw  
the body of a man taken out of the Serpen-  
tine river in Hyde park, where it had been  
for some time, and from which a large eel  
crawled out.  
A CONVICT'S ODD PET.—A convict in the  
penitentiary has a rat which he had tamed  
and domesticated until it will come to him  
when he whistles, and follows its master  
about like a dog. The little animal sleeps  
by the prisoner's side at night, and will  
never be away from him longer than he can  
help. When the man goes to his work in  
the morning, it matters not what portion of  
the prison lot it may be, this faithful little pet

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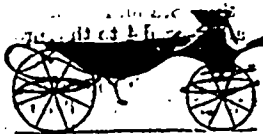
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