

## OLD HORSES.

*By the Poet Low-Rate.*

I see old nags on every street  
With 20 tumors on their feet  
And half a doz'n corns;  
And forty-seven million flies  
Squat 'round the corners of their eyes,  
And every ding one spawns.  
You'll see ten thousand million eggs  
Concealed in hair about their legs,  
And if he has a sore,  
This aching spot will surely be  
The resting place for two or three  
Quadrillion skillion more.  
This noble friend of mortal man  
Will haul the biggest loads he can  
And more than earn his bread;  
Through all the chill of winter's sleet,  
Through all the broiling summer heat,  
He plods with stately tread.  
Behind him sits a slimy hog—  
Unworthy of the name of dog—  
A whip clutched in his hand;  
With brutal leer, this rotten swine  
Will swing that whip across his spine  
And leave a welted brand.  
Poor noble beast: Did you but know  
The strength that lies in you—you'd show  
This fiend a thing or two;  
You'd raise your hoofs and start to lace  
This deep-dyed villian in the face  
And kick him black and blue.  
I'd like to see these blackguards haul  
Your loads around, from Fall to Fall,  
And feel the biting thong;  
I'd like to have the power to give  
Them forty welts each day they live,  
Or goad them with a prong.  
The fiends who treat a horse that way  
Should live on oats and musty hay  
And work from dark till dawn;  
And they should get ten thousand welts  
Across their dirty callous pelts  
For every load they've drawn.  
Good patient reader—if you see  
A man ill-treating some dumb B.  
Go out and smash his head;  
Plant kicks upon his filthy frame  
And break his back with Dobbin's name—  
He's far more useful dead.