

Acta Victoriana.

You 'member w'en firse we be tryin' for broke you,
 An' Joe Sauvageau bet hees two dollar bill,
 He can drive you alone by de bridge on de reever,
 An' down near de place w'ere dey got de beeg mill?

An' it's new cariole, too, is come from St. Felix—
 Jo-seph's only buyin' it week before;
 An' w'en he is passin' de road wit' hees trotter,
 Ev'ry-boddy was stan' on de outside door.

An' dere he sit sam' he don't care about not'ing,
 Hees foot on de dashboar', hees han' on de line;
 Ev'ry dog on de place is come out for barkin',
 An' all de young boy he was runnin' behin'.

Wall, sir! Joe's put on style leetle soon for hees pleasure,
 For w'en de mill w'issle, you jomp lak de cat,
 An' nex' t'ing poor Joe is commencin' get busy;
 Non! I never see fine runaway lak dat!

'Way go de pony den, 'way go de cariole,
 Poor Joe say "Good-bye" on de foot of de hill;
 An' all he can see of de sleigh de nex' morning,
 Is jus' about pay for hees two dollar bill.

Ah! your right nam' jus' den should be "Leetle Devil,"
 An' not "Leetle Mouse," de sam' you have now;
 Wall! dat's long ago, an' you're gettin' more quiet,
 Since tam you was never done kickin' de row.

But I'm not very sorry de firse day I see you
 Settle down on de trot lak your fader he get,
 W'en he beat "Sorel Boy" on de ice at T'ree Reeever,
 Bes' two on t'ree heat, an' win all de bet.

Your moder she's come off de Lachapelle stock, too,
 Ole Canayen blood from Berthier below;
 De bes' kin' of horse never look on de halter,
 So it isn't moche wonder you know how to go.