

"Let us throw him on the ground,
It may stop the wolves that bound."
Now the wolves have left the sleigh
Quickly went to eat their prey.

Now the horses took a fright,
Left the wolves far out of sight,
We are through the tall pine plain,
We are near our home again.

Then the driver said to me
"I remember now," says he,
As he smiled with haggard face,
"When we had the second race,
Oh, my bonnie span of blacks,"
As he slicked them on the backs,
"How you bounded o'er the plain,
Never needed whip or rein."

Oh, my gallant steed of grey
Leaped before the smooth shod sleigh,
Eyes so dark and mane so long,
Legs so small but very strong,
Oh, my gallant short haired steed
Eighteen miles has took the lead,
Through the tall pine plain we've past,
We are landed safe at last.

HUNTING ADVENTURES IN UTOPIA.

It was upon a winter night,
When the moon was full and bright,
And my comrade did reply—
With a kind look in his eye,—
"As the night is bright and clear
Let us go and hunt for deer,"
Then I answered, soft and low,
"I am willing for to go,
Bring your shot, your axe, and gun,
And we'll go and have some fun,"
Then I went to get them all
Where they hung on to the wall,
Looking up I found them there,
Brought them down with greatest care.