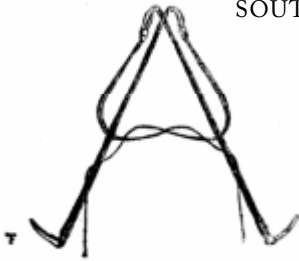




THE BRITISH FOX'S LAMENT.



SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky,
So runs a line of the hunting song ;
But a bleak nor'-caster is what suits me,
Driving and whirling the snow along.

“ From the times of yore has the fox been sung
As a sly old rogue and merry wight,
Who loves the gay sound of the horn and hound
And gobbles chickens the livelong night.

“ Such things may have been, but the times are changed ;
Chickens are scarce, and the farmers keen,
And with all the hunting that's going on,
I'm quite played out and am growing lean.

“ Now, a neighbor was lately telling me
Of a land that sounds like Paradise,
Where instead of a fox they hunt a bag,
Where chickens are cheap and very nice.

“ And I wonder much if such things can be ;
Egad ! how I'd laugh to see that sport ;
But they 'break us up' when they catch us here—
What do they do when the bag is caught?

“ I have half a mind to speak to my wife
And take the cubs to these promised lands :
As I go back home, I'll call at the bank
And see how much to my credit stands.

“But, hark ! I'll be hanged if it ain't that horn—
I guess I'll skip ere the hounds catch on.”
A few minutes after, the pack came up
And found the old “ varmint ” home had gone.

Sporting Tramp.

