

Hark! hark! there's a hit, and 'tis Duchess, I fear,
 The huntsmen on 'Carey' and 'Brandy' do cheer,
 The dogs are well up and the 'welkin' doth ring,
 And soon from his cover 'old Reynard' will spring.
 Tally ho! &c.

Now mark, my old neighbor, don't wager too high,
 For Fan against Kell I can surely rely,
 If 'Bay Knight' were wagered how safe I should feel,
 As Fanny is entered against the whole field.
 Tally ho! &c.

List! list! there's a double, the pack presses nigh,
 The storm seems to gather, as clouds in the sky;
 Old Reynard, be shifty, your fate is decreed,
 Tally ho! cross yon highway and Clipper in lead.
 Tally ho! &c.

Long, long has she led them o'er woodland and mead,
 No 'cutting,' no 'dashing,' with truth and with speed,
 Loud cheered by the huntsmen, contended the strife
 'Till 'nobly with Reynard,' she yielded her life.
 Tally ho! &c.

Up rides 'Headlong' Tighman, who cares not a pin;
 He sprang at the ditch, when his horse tumbled in,
 Just as he crept out he espied the old 'Ren,'
 With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to his den.
 Tally ho! &c.

Our day's sport is over, our dangers no more;
 As to hounds and to huntsmen, our jealousies o'er,
 We'll to Bacchus and Venus our prowess rehearse,
 And celebrate 'Clip' in the magic of verse.
 Tally ho! &c.

I involuntary pause here, for I cannot refrain from singing the old "Tally ho!" song from beginning to end, which was so inspiring in my young days, so pleasantly passed in the Wright family. The sweet strains learned in our youth will ever thrill our hearts with old-time memories, and rise and wake—

"Our dying youth and set our hearts aflame
 With their old sweetness."

Music! There is "no grief" so intense that it cannot be mitigated by its "soothing power." Then let me sing "the well-known strain which memory makes endearing":

"Let me sing, for the joy of singing,
 And sing dull care away,
 And share with others the gladness
 That comes to us day by day."