

Yo ho! Would that The Critic had lived in "ye olden days" that he, too, might join the expectant throng along the highway watching for "The Royal Mail."

THE ROYAL MAIL.

Quick! ho, ye honest gentle-folk!  
Fling up your windows wide!  
Let fall your knives, ye busy wives!  
Lads, to the highway side!  
Come, tapster of the Bull and Boar,  
Put by that mug of ale!  
Let high and low enjoy the show.  
Here comes the Royal Mail!

With clang of hoof, and ring of horn,  
And blaze of kingly blue,  
In mighty swerve she rounds the curve  
And bursts upon the view!  
The postboy's whips are whistling high,  
Their mounts are panting free,  
From red to roan all dashed with foam,  
And racing gloriously!

A merry company on top,  
A glimpse of more within,  
A brave array of kerchiefs gay  
That flutter 'mid the din;  
A hearty cheer that echoes long,  
A dust-cloud rising fast,  
—And now it's o'er. To work once more.  
The Royal Mail is past.

—*Yale Courant.*