

The lunch was o'er, their spirits high,
 They quaff full many a toast,
 When Hopeful joins in haste, to try
 His skill against a post.

But sleighs are made of timber frail,
 Nor brass nor iron they;
 The post was strong, so he must trail
 To Mills' his broken sleigh.

Now wending home, we thought that all
 Adventures were past over,
 When Major Markham had a fall,
 The Club's retreat to cover.

And so long live our noble Queen,
 And send her children twenty;
 To flourish on old England's scene,
 In constant peace and plenty.

And may we have another time
 A drive as rich in frolics;
 And laugh, and joke, and spin a rhyme,
 To keep off melancholics.

HIRONDELLE.

a: Capt Arthur, 4th Regt. A.D.C. commonly called, "Young Hopeful".

b: 1st 32^d Regt., 2^d Asst. L. A. Genl.