

Away they go, and in and out,  
 Through street and lane, they wander;  
 Like snakes, they twine and twist about,  
 In wonderful meander.

At last they think it time to feed,  
 And into King Street enter;  
 But here the Vice's horses seed  
 Some sight which made them canter.

This canter soon a gallop grew,—  
 The driver pulls in vain,—  
 And Money helps, in hopes that two  
 Might pull up horses twain.

But useless is the pains they take,  
 The horses will not stop;  
 Across the road their way they make  
 To visit Rowsell's shop.

Poor Colonel Wells's sleigh was there,  
 Just in the road it stood;  
 So he must their diversion share,  
 Or cut in haste his wood.

The Colonel stands, and into he  
 The furious horses dash;  
 Right seldom do spectators see  
 So elegant a smash.

The mull and pies were very hot,  
 And every one was feeding,  
 When some one said, the Tow's forgot  
 The last Chub day's proceeding.

The dence he has! "Oh, what a sin!"  
 Reproaches on him rain,  
 While Osborne Markham<sup>a</sup> fined him in  
 A dozen of clampaign.

*a. Capt in 32<sup>d</sup> Regt.*

*a: lay*

*b: of*