

I must extol the Colonel's wit,
 For he (I think you'll all admit)
 Wrote a most able letter, a
 Good account of every feat
 That signalized our last day's meet,
 Our checks, mishaps, *et cetera*.

The band had played its sweetest airs,
 The poem's finished, and time wears—
 (Excuse my awkward metre)
 But where is Captain Halliday? ^a
 Well may his new and handsome sleigh
 Be designated "Chetah,"

For the young lady is forsaken
 That he to drive had undertaken—
 (But Cheater is too hard a word,
 'Twere better said "a gay deceiver"):
 At last he's ready to receive her,
 Away we flourish—who's afraid?

When I say *we*, I ought to add
 The slight demur that two sleighs made
 In starting from the gate;
 The Chetah caused a fresh delay,
 And being Vice, too, on that day,
 The Governor had to wait.

At a fair pace the nameless sleigh,
 With its bold driver, led the way,
 Leaving behind the Vice;
 (He overtook them just as they
 Approached the hill towards the bay,
 Which leads upon the ice).

a. Of 93^d Highlanders.