

JEU D'ESPRIT.

When first the Royal Engineers,
Were order'd to the Rideau ;
Of it—it plainly now appears,
They knew no more than we do.

The line was full of lakes and swamps,
Which baffl'd all their power ;
They found it was as intricate,
As *Woodstock's* famous bower.

But Rosamond by means of *Clewes*;
Was reach'd in days gone past ;
So, they got through, tho' puzzled long,
Being led, by *Clewes* at last.

The *Clewes* they follow'd, spun too fine,
Soon snap't—then they were stagger'd
And found themselves quite *inutile*
'Till they got thee Mactaggart.

The Colonel swore he now had made,
One of his happy *hits*,
“ And steadily he would go along ;”
But still, he's led by *FITZ*.

Some say, (a paradox to me,
For which I'm not prepar'd)
Altho' he has a royal face,
He has a *civil BAIRD*.

Another “ *on dit*” is, he hates,
Yea ! like the very Devil
A single word of praise bestow'd
On any *thing* that's *CIVIL*.

And since an Engineer *not Royal*
Has now *ABRIDG'*n his fame,
And *Chaudier Schaufhausen* bids
To hide its head with shame.

By a design *original*,
And every way surpassing ;
Oh ! ! boasted *Chaudier* thy bridge,
Or rather thine *Schaufhausen*.

FROME ! of all I know of him,
I think that every single *BOLT-IN*
This hated bridge, he'll *POOLEY* off,
Or try, (how'ere so nail'd-on.)

And if he's *VICTOR*, he'll be glad,
As we are aye, to meet *YULE* ;
And squeeze a *LEMON* in his glass,
For getting such a good pull.

Now being warm as *A. COLE*,
His glass he'll quickly throttle-her ;
And show as often heretofore,
He's not without a *BOTTLER*.

DIGGORY.

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