

At length her furions fit is o'er,  
 She forward trots again,  
 From out the gate the others pour,  
 Each following in the train.

The Ursa Minor first is seen,  
 And then the Colonel's sleigh;  
 Young Boot has left a space between  
 By making some delay:

For his two greys are strangers to  
 Each other's name and race,  
 And turn about, their airs to show  
 Right in their driver's face.

With roschnd in his button-hole  
 The Governor comes on,  
 And Captain Brook—"Poor quiet Moll"—  
 Our just applauses won.

A stranger knight came next in view,  
 A goodly man to see,  
 The name he gives is L'Inconnu,  
 He's extra A. D. C.<sup>b</sup>

Next Fague à Ballagh drives along,  
 His name is known in story,  
 He's good, and kind, and brave, and strong—  
 Enough for one man's glory.

The Vice comes next, in Howcutt's sleigh,  
 Tow to Mackenzie Fraser;<sup>c</sup>  
 His leader is a run-away,  
 A most determined racer:

His wheeler is a stately boss,  
 The Admiral by name—  
 To make a match with Pitch-and-Toss  
 A creature far too tame.

a: Of 32<sup>d</sup> Regt

b: Lieut. Demville, 85<sup>th</sup> Lt. Infy. extra. 1<sup>st</sup> Bn to M. Genl. Sir Geo. Arthur

c: Colonel Mackenzie Fraser, Asst. L. M. Genl.