

Was drank 'midst sentiment and feeling,
Amen responding from the ceiling,
 Thus proving Military Lex
 Is no despiser of the sex.
 And when the verses short, disjointed,
 Excessive good, but yet not pointed,
 Were read, each said how fine!
 The President—God bless his line—
 Must be a poet; then a blast
 Told the assembled guests at last,
 Depart. The sweet *Fidèle*
 Hoists his whip, not canvas sail;
 Following the President in state,
 He boldly rushes through the gate;
 The timorous Emily cries, "Hold!
Fidèle! *Fidèle!* you are too bold!
 Pray stop! Oh stay! let Black Swan come,
 And kindly lead us safely home;
 The Forlorn Hope is just behind,
 And to perdition we 're consigned,
 Unless you 'scape from utter ruin
 By getting next to brother Bruin."
 Of lineage old a worthy seion,
 And therefore worthy of the Ryan
 Whom he drove forth, next Crede Byron,
 Who, having heart more soft than iron,
 Again drives out sweet M. A. B.
 The beauties of the town to see.
 Next after them comes Fairy Queen,
 Disgraceful 'tis that yet he 's seen
 In one-horse shay to safely ride,
 Without a helpmate by his side.
 Whilst *Hirondelle*, instead of going,
 Prefers a kick, lie down, or blowing,
 Alleging 'tis a shocking sign,
 My driver writes no valentine;
 Thus widely causing it to spread,
 Poetically, that Colville 's dead.