

Among the Members of our Club
We now comit Heath and brother sub,
The Major^a, with a pair of prancers,
Makes up the coterie of lancers.

The Major follows in the track,
His sleigh is christened Paddy Whack,
His brother James's^b Pat from Cork,
A city far renowned for pork.

Among the new turns-out that day
There was a most amphibious sleigh,
In winter sleigh, in summer coach,
'Twas drive : by Paymaster Roche.^c

The Hirondelle did not appear,
The driver's over-worked I fear;
Perhaps he may have gone a skating,
Or else been A. D. C. in waiting.

The first adventure of the day
Was, Boulton jumping from his sleigh,
And madly shouting to his groom,
"The lazy brutes! Oh, take them home!"

His team, altho' they were not slow,
Were not the least inclined to go,
And having put their driver out,
Were sent themselves to right-about.

Our course now lay down King Street wide,
And coasting by Ontario's tide;
The leader, at a steady rate,
Next took us through the General's gate.

Behold the Mutual, late Bluenose,
How madly at yon post it goes,
I guess as how they'll have a smash,
By Jove! I'm right; Oh, what a crash!

a. Major Magrath, comm^d: 1st Troop Incom^d Mil: Dragoons.

b. Lieut: James Magrath, " " " " "

c. Of 34th Regt. e. Mr. W. Boulton, alias "Brick-top".

f. M. Gen^l: Sir George Arthur, Bart: A.C.H. Lieut: Govr, W^h: Canada.

a. Lieut

b. Wife

c. Lieut

d. Capt