

Behind his driver, who, before him,
 Proposed to drive with due decorum
 The maiden fair who trusts her limbs
 To Mutuals and Dismal Jims.
 Assist, oh Muses! help my rhyme,
 For now I'm only losing time,
 In showing how, with one intent,
 To Buildings the ex-Parliament
 The Club had gone—precisely two—
 The President not there—a do!
 And so, that all might not await
 Without some pretext for debate,
 Some said, they thought they'd sleigh outside,
 Whilst others through the gates must ride.
 All this while, Erin out of sight,
 The ladies cold their fingers bite
 To keep them warm—he comes at last,
 The bugle blows, and blows a blast,
 Teaching to him and me and you
 That patience is a great virtue.
 Quick as the President did reach us,
 He thought, however, he would teach us
 That time was precious, and in less
 Than twenty minutes reached his mess,
 Where, as a *god*, he ruled the table,
 Of wines deciphering every label.
 The turkey carved, the soups assisted,
 And every lady's feelings listed;
 They say he nobly did his duty,
 Though rather favoring the Queen of Beauty.
 Some thought him towards her over zealous,
 Whilst gentlemen thought the ladies jealous;
 So for fear it might hurt digestion,
 'Twas left *nem. con.* an open question.
 The viands rich that filled the place,
 Were then displayed with every grace
 The greatest critic could desire;
 "The Ladies," with harmonious fire,