

While Pat from Cork, with joyous face,  
Seems like his horses in good ease.  
And now, I've told of all our train,  
Except one sleigh, which ne'er again  
Will join our Club, for so I've heard,  
Tho' really it seems too absurd,  
That William Boulton should'nt know  
The way to make his horses go.  
Altho' I hear it has been said  
Within the town by some wise head,  
That we are ruining the nation  
By this complete misapplication  
Of draft I hope our Club will thrive,  
And we may yet have many a drive,  
Meanwhile, I find 'tis getting time  
To finish this protracted rhyme;  
So let us drink the ladies fair,  
And put them in our sleighs with care.

THE FORLORN HOPE.