

XI.

I miss around this Festive Board
 The once familiar face
 Of him who was a soldier born,
 Born of a soldier race,
 I mean the gallant General Strange,
 Our great progenitor
 Of permanent artillery,
 That useful arm in war :
 And in the absent hero's stead
 I note, with honest pride,
 That Colonel Montizambert has
 The vacancy supplied ;
 And with an innate zeal and love,
 Sprung from *esprit de corps*,
 He would out-Cæsar, Cæsar's self,
 And be a Strange, or more.

XII.

And then we have our city corps—
 The city volunteers—
 The Cavalry ; the Eighth ; the Ninth ;
 Whose praise one daily hears :
 For well trained horses ; practiced men ;
 And able shots ; I trow,
 No better lot of volunteers,
 Can any city shew ;
 Colonels Forsyth, and Roy, and White,
 (Amyot and Prower too.)
 Can tell us, if they wish it,
 To whom the credit's due :
 But who knows not the labour.
 The trouble, cost and pains,
 To keep up such efficient corps,
 In money, time, and brains.

XIII.

And, the Quebec Field Battery,
 An old and valued corps,
 Well up in gunnery and drill,
 And always to the fore,
 In all the evolutions,
 And shifts, and driving past,
 Is not invariably first,
 Is never, never last.
 And its commanding officer,
 A second Bonaparte,
 Is small in stature ; great in deeds ;
 And large in soul and heart :
 The gallant Colonel Lindsay.
 Or as he's better known
 To those who are more intimate
 As " Crawford," stands alone.



XIV.

The Garrison Artillery
 Next I would like to see
 Formed in a single Regiment
 And numbered " A " to " D,"
 Composed of the four Batteries,
 Québec and Levis too,
 Which now possess as goodly men
 As any at Review :
 They have their Senior-Major Roy,
 And Majors Boulanger
 And Vien and Captain Martineau,
 A Soldierly array.
 The Gaspé Battery, whose guns
 Belched forth their fire of yore
 Re-echoed from Cape Rosier's heights,
 Exists, alas ! no more.

XV.

And then we have our Rural Corps.
 Of which we number ten ;
 All stalwart, healthy, country lads,
 And strong and hardy men :—
 The 17th ; the 23rd ;
 The 55th ; I ween
 Can shew as fine a lot of men
 As ever yet were seen :
 The 61st ; the 70th ;
 The 81st one too ;
 The 87th ; 88th ;
 All splendid in Review :
 The 89th ; and 92nd ;
 Now we call a halt,
 And challenge the inspecting eye
 To point out any fault .

XVI.

The ten Lieutenant Colonels,
 In column, line or square,
 Are Massicotte, and Hudon,
 And Laurin, and Frasér ;
 Desjardins, Ward, and Landry ;
 Erst-while, the late Genest ;
 Bignell, and lastly Dussault ;
 All fit for any test :
 For these Commanding officers
 Have graduated up
 Through all the several lower ranks
 Until they reached the top ;
 And now possess the confidence
 Of all their following,
 Who yield them, voluntarily,
 Control of everything.