

Would that his hand still held his leader's rein,  
 And spared myself and you this task of pain,  
 Me to recount the mournful, sad event,  
 Whilst you, with sorrow moved, the ease lament.  
 A "Maiden," slighted in a morning drive,  
 Like maids neglected, mischief did contrive,  
 Resolved revenge, and to herself she said,  
 Tossing contemptuously her pretty head,  
 If with the Club I'm not to show my face,  
 At least I'll see who's gotten in my place,  
 This single harness I'll unsettle quick—  
 Then, without more ado, she gave a kick,  
 And started off, and quite unshipped the groom,  
 A man employed merely to take her home;  
 And then, with devilish purpose madly fired,  
 By rage, by female jealousy inspired,  
 She through the streets a living fury ran,  
 Nor stopped until she found the sought-for Swan;  
 Here, with the malice of a fiend possessed,  
 She aimed a shaft, 'tis said, at a fair breast,  
 But Cupid, mindful with a godlike care,  
 No shafts but his should ever enter there,  
 Quick interposed the neck of Montreal;  
 A bleeding victim she was doomed to fall,  
 A willing one no doubt; poor Montreal!  
 Suffers in beauty's cause, pitied by all!  
 The savage maiden, still quite unappeased,  
 Dashed on as fahey or as frenzy pleased,  
 Smashed a new sleigh, and then at length was caught,  
 And as such maidens should be, duly taught.  
 Ah! had the Swan been sailing in his place,  
 Who knows what might have happened in that case!  
 The distant Club, unconscious, journeyed on,  
 And tried the mazes of the Winding Don;  
 Essayed to cross over the icy plain,  
 But found it slippery, so came back again.  
 Would that our slips in life we could recall,  
 Find ready refuge safe, as then at Osgood Hall.

MUTUAL,