

The Erin too, adorned with his fair freight,
 No wonder that he steers a gentle rate,
 The slightest harm which that sweet form befel,
 Would grieve him more than power of verse could tell.
 And Bruin bold, with robes of glossy black,
 He is our pattern whip, and his of sleighs the crack;
 His team has nothing of the vulgar hack
 In them, blood-steeds to bone of back.
 The Crede Byron, faith-proffering name,
 The next in order in the cortege came;
 But let each fair the flattering words receive
 With caution due,—man's born to deceive
 As sparks fly up; this lesson's oft time taught,
 But disregarded as a thing of naught.
 A bold dragoon, from Ireland's Emerald isle,
 Paddy from Cork, then came. Then the Hirondelle,
 Who shines triumphantly amidst our flock,
 With his companion bird, "Gallus" or "Cock".
 The modest Mutual, bearing a prize too,
 A cad with jolly red—no, *blue* surtout;
 The first they say's for neither I nor you,
 The last is at your service if he'll do:
 Something of red he had, perhaps his cravat,
 You know the first rule of our Club is that.
 Last in the train, the gazer now might see,
 Watchful of accidents, our kind M.D.;
 Still we lament, whatever has been said,
 Him unprovided with attendant maid.
 Think if some fair one chanced of a disaster,
 Beyond his reach of potion or of plaster,
 How awkward it would be to stand alone,
 Nor dare, with hand profane, to touch the sacred zone.
 The goodly train their rapid course pursued
 Through various streets and lanes in order good,
 And safe returned to honour the repast
 Set forth, and hear the tale of dangers past.
 'Midst mirth and smiles, some dame remember'd well,
 And fondly asked for news of dear Fidèle.