

Reflect on this all ye who hear,
 Both eads and coachmen divers,
 That curbs are sometimes useful geer
 For leaders and their drivers.

Surpassed this danger perilous,
 Our course was onwards run,
 To luncheon at "Dunn's"^a merry house,
 Where nought was left undone.

Good lork! Oh, sure this all else tops!
 Oh goodness! Oh my eyes!
 What havoe 'midst the mutton-chops,
 'Midst turkeys, hams and pies!

Oh, cook! may every good befall
 You, and you have my benison
 For that one dish, that some folks call,
Par excellence, "Hashed Venison."

Of mull and flip we had our fill,
 And off we went, I ween, a-
 Gain, but here was brought stock-still
 The pretty Nora Creina.

A snow-drift balked the Jehu's aim,
 But with a little dash
 And some assistance, out he came,
 But he gave his shafts a crash.

Remember then, that past all doubt,
 The scrapes in life are all
 Much easier to get in than out,
 If you get out at all.

Away we went across the plain,
 And passed "The Thing-an-ometer,"^b
 A name that's too much for my brains,
 But p'rhaps may mean barometer,

a: Honble John Dunn, Receiver Genl. of Canada

*b: The gallant Officer is supposed to allude to the Anemometer
 at the Magnetic Observatory, in Lot Street.*