

Tuesday, Dec. 31, 1839.

PRESIDENT—CAPT. ARTHUR (*THE AGE*).

VICE-PRESIDENT—MAJOR MARKHAM (*FAGUE A BALLAGH*).

THE snow was deep, the weather fair,
And brightly shone the sun;
And every one was ready there
To start at half-past one:

The President appeared anon,
Not driving his turn-out—
The cause of which phenomenon
Was subject to much doubt.

What was the cause, I cannot say,
I never could find out;
His team was driven on that day
By Norah Creina—"Young Boot."^a

Down York Street first he led the way,
Then came the Minor Bear
("Ursa" of course one ought to say,
But the rhyme would not be fair).

His sleigh, no doubt, is quite the go,
His robes of black bear's hide;
And every one must needs allow
The gentleman can "guide."

The Governor next, a neatish thing,
Was driven by Old Mac,^b
Drawn by two ponies, well broke in,
Who started in a crack.

a. Lieut. Dickson, 32^d Regt.

b. Colonel Mackean, 1st Art.