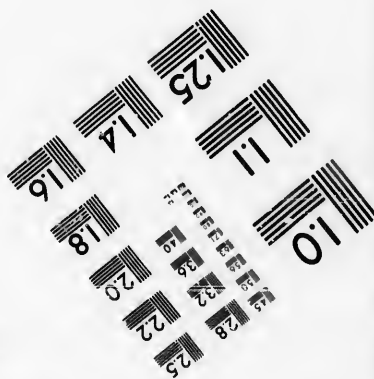
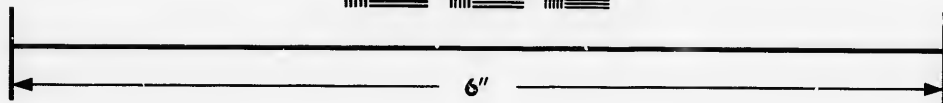
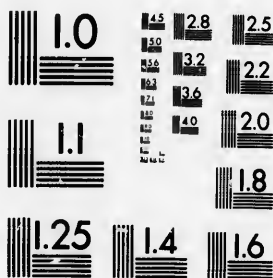


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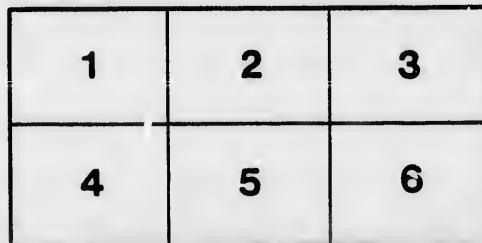
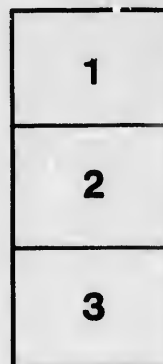
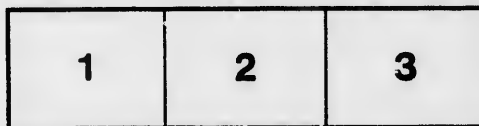
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2258 Toronto Tandem Club.

Mr. Hedrick J. Weston

10/24/34

*bon*

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

TORONTO TANDEM CLUB.

1839, 40, & 41.

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TORONTO:

H. & W. ROWSELL, PRINTERS,

KING STREET.

1841.

LT.-  
MA  
CAP  
CAP  
LIE  
LT.  
CAP  
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LIE  
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L

## Members of the Tandem Club.

1840.

LT.-COL. WINGFIELD, 32d Regt. ....	
MAJOR MARKHAM,           ,,       .....	<i>Faugh a Ballagh.</i>
CAPT. BROOKE,               ,,       .....	<i>Erin go bragh.</i>
CAPT. OSBORNE MARKHAM, ,,       .....	<i>Ursa Minor.</i>
LIEUT. DICKSON,           ,,       .....	<i>Nora Creina.</i>
LT.-COL. McBEAN, Royal Artillery .....	<i>The Governor.</i>
CAPT. ARTHUR, A. D. C. ....	<i>The Age.</i>
LIEUT. DOMVILLE, A. D. C. ....	<i>L'Inconnu.</i>
CAPT. HALLIDAY, 93d Highlanders .....	<i>The Cobra.</i>
LIEUT. COLVILLE, 85th Light Infantry .....	<i>Hirondelle.</i>
CAPT. STRACHAN .....	<i>The Rivals.</i>
LIEUT. BAMFORD, 73d Regt. ....	<i>Tally-ho.</i>



*u. Lio*  
*h. Colo*

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."<sup>a</sup>

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,<sup>b</sup>  
Drawn by two ponies, well broke in,  
Who started in a crack.

*a. Lieut. Dickson, 32<sup>d</sup> Regt.*

*b. Colonel Mackean, 1<sup>st</sup> Art.*

"All hat and choker" next appeared,  
 Commonly called the Tow; "  
 His bran-new sleigh, I think I've heard,  
 Is christen'd "Tally-ho."

A trifling check occurred just now,  
 A leader would not pull;  
 He was ably driven, I allow,  
 By a genuine John Bull, <sup>o</sup>

To judge by a great coat, at least,  
 Quite in the English style;  
 (The temper of the bumptious beast  
 Was overcome meanwhile).

A stranger next drove Nora Crein -  
 A Which was not ~~quite~~ correct,  
 For to a Club like ours, I ween,  
 "Money is no object."

The last (I'm modest, as you know)  
 Beats you, I think, all hollow;  
 I will not further praise it now—  
 Its name is Fague a Ballagh.

During the drive no corpse was made,  
 And nought occurred particular;  
 The leader in the Age, they said,  
 Had damaged his navicular:

And, feeling hungry when they set  
 A load of hay so nigh him,  
 Another horse pulled up and ate  
 The hay as it went by him.

The day was very cold, and we  
 Of hunger most susceptible,  
 Found Mr. James's lunch to be  
 Of all things most acceptable.

a: Lin  
 b: Col  
 c: Lic  
 d: ut  
 e: Fla  
 lease

And though I must confess by rights  
 We took too long to eat,  
 We gave no end of sleepless nights  
 Returning into King Street.

We then adjourned to Osgood Hall,<sup>t</sup>  
 And parted in a trice:  
 And now I think I've told you all—  
 The Governor's my Wice.

Success attend us, and conduce  
 To make our winter gay,  
 And may our Club the seeds produce  
 Of many a happy day.

## FAGUE A BALLAGH.

a: Lieut. Bamford. 73<sup>d</sup>. 'Tow' means a seri <sup>to</sup> comp.

b: Colonel Wingfield. 32<sup>d</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup>.

c: Lieut. E. Honey, d<sup>o</sup> d<sup>o</sup>.

d: at the Race Course Inn.

e. A large building in Toronto meant originally for the Lawyers, but  
 leased to Gov<sup>t</sup>. as a Barrack.

Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1840.

PRESIDENT—MR. BAMFORD 73<sup>d</sup> REGT. (TALLY-HO).  
VICE-PRESIDENT—MR. COLVILLE, 85<sup>TH</sup> LT. INFANTRY (HIRONDELLE).

---

THE Tandem Club on former days  
Made muffins stand aghast,  
But lofty rhyme must sound their praise  
For the deeds of Tuesday last.

The day was fair, and not too cold,  
The wind was from the west;  
Each charioteer of courage bold  
Put on his Sunday's best.

The steeds were harnessed, sleighs brought out,  
And formed at Osgoode Hall,  
With gaping mouths the rabble rout  
Stand by both great and small.

The President, one Mr. Tow,  
Ten minutes late is found,  
His chesnut team is ready now—  
"All ready" echoes round—

"Off!"—off he goes, but at the gate  
A sudden "halt!" he cries,  
While Halkett's<sup>a</sup> mare in rampant state  
Kicks at the wheeler's eyes;

Above the traces high in air  
She lashes left and right—  
The cads and grocers in mute despair  
Behold her wilful spite:

a. Late Capt. F. Halkett, Coldstream Guards, 115<sup>th</sup> Hvy. Regt.

a: Of  
b: Lieut  
c: Col

At length her furions fit is o'er,  
 She forward trots again,  
 From out the gate the others pour,  
 Each following in the train.

The Ursa Minor first is seen,  
 And then the Colonel's sleigh;  
 Young Boot has left a space between  
 By making some delay:

For his two greys are strangers to  
 Each other's name and race,  
 And turn about, their airs to show  
 Right in their driver's face.

With roschud in his button-hole  
 The Governor comes on,  
 And Captain Brook<sup>a</sup>—"Poor quiet Moll"—  
 Our just applauses won.

A stranger knight came next in view,  
 A goodly man to see,  
 The name he gives is L'Inconnu,  
 He's extra A. D. C.<sup>b</sup>

Next Fague à Ballagh drives along,  
 His name is known in story,  
 He's good, and kind, and brave, and strong—  
 Enough for one man's glory.

The Vice comes next, in Howcutt's sleigh,  
 Tow to Mackenzie Fraser;<sup>c</sup>  
 His leader is a run-away,  
 A most determined racer:

His wheeler is a stately boss,  
 The Admiral by name—  
 To make a match with Pitch-and-Toss  
 A creature far too tame.

*a: Of 32<sup>d</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup>*

*b: Lieut. Demville, 85<sup>th</sup> Lt. Infy extra, 1<sup>st</sup> B<sup>co</sup> to M. Genl. Sir Geo. Arthur*

*c: Colonel Mackenzie Fraser, Aft. 2. M. Genl.*

Away they go, and in and out,  
 Through street and lane, they wander;  
 Like snakes, they twine and twist about,  
 In wonderful meander.

At last they think it time to feed,  
 And into King Street enter;  
 But here the Vice's horses see'd  
 Some sight which made them canter.

This canter soon a gallop grew,—  
 The driver pulls in vain,—  
 And Money helps, in hopes that two  
 Might pull up horses twain.

But useless is the pains they take,  
 The horses will not stop;  
 Across the road their way they make  
 To visit Rowsell's shop.

Poor Colonel Wells's sleigh was there,  
 Just in the road it stood;  
 So he must their diversion share,  
 Or cut in haste his wood.

The Colonel stands, and into he  
 The furious horses dash;  
 Right seldom do spectators see  
 So elegant a smash.

The mull and pies were very hot,  
 And every one was feeding,  
 When some one said, the Tow's forgot  
 The last Club day's proceeding.

The dence he has! "Oh, what a sin!"  
 Reproaches on him rain,  
 While Osborne Markham<sup>a</sup> fined him in  
 A dozen of clampaign.

*a. Capt. in 32<sup>d</sup> Regt.*

*a: lay*

*b: of.*

The lunch was o'er, their spirits high,  
 They quaff full many a toast,  
 When Hopeful joins in haste, to try  
 His skill against a post.

But sleighs are made of timber frail,  
 Nor brass nor iron they;  
 The post was strong, so he must trail  
 To Mills' his broken sleigh.

Now wending home, we thought that all  
 Adventures were past over,  
 When Major Markham had a fall,  
 The Club's retreat to eover.

And so long live our noble Queen,  
 And send her children twenty;  
 To flourish on old England's scene,  
 In constant peace and plenty.

And may we have another time  
 A drive as rich in frolics;  
 And laugh, and joke, and spin a rhyme,  
 To keep off melancholies.

## HIRONDELLE.

*a: Capt Arthur, 4<sup>th</sup> Regt. A.D.C. commonly called, "Young Hopeful."*

*b: (of 32<sup>d</sup> Regt., D<sup>y</sup> Asst. L. A. Genl.*



Tuesday, February 4, 1840.

PRESIDENT—CAPT. HALLIDAY, 93<sup>d</sup> HIGHLANDERS (*THE CHETAU*).  
VICE-PRESIDENT—LT.-COL. WINGFIELD.

ON Tuesday last, I beg to state,  
Our Tandem Club met here;  
Our President, tho' rather late,  
Was welcomed with a cheer.

“Off, off!” was cried, “Away!” was heard,  
“Don't make our horses stand;”  
Away we went, but nought occurred,  
The nags were well in hand,

And rounded King Street corner well,  
Till,—the deuce is in that colt,—  
The leader of the Hirondelle  
Made a determined bolt;

But, like a coachman clever,  
Who's up to hold his hoss,  
His master did endeavour  
To bring up Pitch-and-Toss.

Howe'er it was, I cannot say,  
But he set the folks a-staring,  
For he near ran down, in his run away,  
The Governo<sup>r</sup> and Baring.<sup>z</sup>

Had it not been for ready skill,  
Which for all else atones,  
He had paid off the Union Bill,  
With disunited bones.

a. H. E. Lord Sydenham, Governor General of Canada.  
b. A. D. C. to Lord Sydenham.

a. Ho  
b. The  
at the

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"<sup>a</sup> merry house,  
 Where nought was left undone.

Good lork! Oh, sure this all else tops!  
 Oh goodness! Oh my eyes!  
 What havoc '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,"<sup>b</sup>  
 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 St. Street.

Or weathercock, or both; I only guess.  
 Along through learning's seat we sweep,  
 But must I the truth confess?  
 The pace declined to something like a creep,

Which caused, I think, his sleigh to run,  
 (That pink of coaching knowledge,  
 The Ursa Minor, is the one,)  
 Slap bang against the College.

'Gainst want of head-room who can guard,  
 The choice is bad at most,  
 'Twixt running at a comrade hard,  
 Or else against a post.

So pray push on, and never teach  
 Your nags to walk a turn;  
 But of this, no more, lest while I preach,  
 You say I ought to learn.

So forward again went the jolly crew,  
 At a steady sporting rate,  
 Till the Chetah's leader sought L'Inconnu,  
 By stopping at his gate.

Ill-natured folks said, this whip, to save  
 His name and coaching credit,  
 A drive proposed, and convoy gave  
 To a friend, to the River Credit.

Erin go bragh came safe to land,  
 We missed our absent Tow,  
 The Governor, a steady hand,  
 Passed all the dangers through.

Fruitful of incidents, the Age  
 Appeared not in our train,  
 By sad experience grown more sage,  
 He would not try again.

To Chetah then our thanks let's pay  
For the merry drive he led;  
Our thanks are due, we all must say,  
And then I think all's said.

My tale I've told, and whilst I crave  
Pardon and grace from you,  
Believe me, hearers fair and brave,  
Your humble servant,

W.

Thursday, Feb. 6, 1840.

PRESIDENT—LT.-COL. WINGFIELD.  
VICE-PRESIDENT—LT. COL. McBEAN (*THE GOVERNOR*).

---

A change, both wonderful and great,  
Has taken place with us of late,  
The Club's become a college.  
Not driving only is our forte,  
Another object we support,  
Promoting useful knowledge.

When first we met, we thought it well  
In humble prose our deeds to tell,  
And reap an author's glory;  
But now, whenc'er we drive our teams,  
Our driving and our sleighs, it seems,  
Become a poet's story.

Therefore, though humble is my wit,  
Yet as before I thought it fit  
In prose to write my letter,  
I will, for once, indulgence pray,  
My hand at doggerel to essay,  
In hopes you'll find it better.

I cannot sing our Preses' fame,  
'Cause why? his sleigh has got no name;  
Our hearty thanks we owe him,  
For while we were engaged in feeding,  
We heard the Secretary reading  
A splendid epic poem.

a. t

I must extol the Colonel's wit,  
 For he (I think you'll all admit)  
 Wrote a most able letter, a  
 Good account of every feat  
 That signalized our last day's meet,  
 Our checks, mishaps, *et cetera*.

The band had played its sweetest airs,  
 The poem's finished, and time wears—  
 (Excuse my awkward metre)  
 But where is Captain Halliday? <sup>a</sup>  
 Well may his new and handsome sleigh  
 Be designated "Chetah,"

For the young lady is forsaken  
 That he to drive had undertaken—  
 (But Cheater is too hard a word,  
 'Twere better said "a gay deceiver"):  
 At last he's ready to receive her,  
 Away we flourish—who's afraid?

When I say *we*, I ought to add  
 The slight demur that two sleighs made  
 In starting from the gate;  
 The Chetah caused a fresh delay,  
 And being Vice, too, on that day,  
 The Governor had to wait.

At a fair pace the nameless sleigh,  
 With its bold driver, led the way,  
 Leaving behind the Vice;  
 (He overtook them just as they  
 Approached the hill towards the bay,  
 Which leads upon the ice).

a. Of 93<sup>d</sup> Highlanders.

The Colonel, who's a steady whip,  
 Without the slightest slue or slip  
 The awkward slope descended,  
 And Nora Creina, I'll allow,  
 Drove down the hill in style; but now  
 Our movements were suspended:

For Brook came on, and turning round  
 The corner, a most fatal mound  
 His progress stopped—the sleigh  
 Tipped up, slued round, and overturned;  
 Alas! "Poor Moll," how sadly earned  
 Thy laurels on that day.

The upset was a gentle one,  
 And therefore was abundant fun  
 Caused by this sad disaster;  
 The drivers joked,—the ladies laughed,—  
 Oh! what a shame! he's broke his shaft!  
 At this they laughed the faster.

A crowd had soon collected by,  
 Fague a Ballagh and Ursa Mi-  
 Nor came following after;  
 They quietly pulled up to see  
 An incident so full of glee,  
 And to indulge their laughter.

The Chetah, in this awful pause,  
 Not liking much to wet his claws,  
 (None of the cat tribe do so—  
 Or e'en, perchance his lady fair  
 Declined the icy steep to dare,  
 I do not mind tell you so)

a. M.  
 and M.  
 26  
 1.

Thru'd back to drive about the town,  
 And spread "poor quiet Moll's" renown,  
 As a most sure upsetter.  
 'Twere well to tell you, by the bye,  
 That the ladies, for their upset, I  
 Heard were all the better.

To shew that they were not at all  
 The worse for their distressing fall,  
 I also must make mention  
 That a little later in the day  
 We met them driving in a sleigh,  
 Which calmed our apprehension.

Whilst we were out nought else went wrong;  
 The drive, perhaps, was rather long,  
 For heavy was the sleighing;  
 Enough 's as good as any feast—  
 Which, in the present case at least,  
 Is a very good old saying.

The day was fine and mild; the snow  
 I'm very much afraid will go,  
 If it continue thawing.  
 The driver of the Hironnelle  
 Could not turn out (but he was well  
 Employed with Frazer drawing).

The Extra Aide, although he knew  
 That we should miss the Inconnu,  
 Did not appear at all;  
 The Rivals and the Age failed too  
 To meet us at the rendezvous  
 In front of Osgood Hall.

*a. Mrs. Ryan, wife of Dr. Ryan, Med. Staff, since of 56<sup>th</sup> Reg.  
 and Miss Moodie (alias "Crooked Nosed Bobbie") daughter of the  
 Col. Moodie.*

*1. Capt. Quarter Master Genl.*



And we had also to lament  
 The absence of the Tow, who went  
 To London—and I find  
 He travelled in his tandem sleigh;  
 Fred. Markham too has gone away,  
 But left his sleigh behind;

Soon may he return—his Cad,  
 Whose guiding is by no means bad  
 (I own he does not drive well),  
 Turn'd out the sleigh, and safely bore  
 His fair companion to her door.  
 —I've now no more to tell,

And therefore must my poor narration  
 Draw to its final termination:  
 My ample compensation  
 And most sanguine expectation  
 Lie in this humble dissertation  
 Meeting your approbation.

THE GOVERNOR.

*a. Lieut. Bamford, 73<sup>d</sup>*





Thursday, Dec. 31, 1840.

PRESIDENT—LT.-COL. AIREY (*THE BLACK SWAN*).  
VICE-PRESIDENT—CAPT. MARKHAM (*URSA MINOR*).

---

Good gentlemen and ladies fair,  
Pray listen to the Minor Bear;  
Heed not his visage, sour and grave,  
But lend your ears to this his stave.

Before he further would proceed,  
And having had his forenoon feed,  
The Bear thinks he has every reason  
To wish his friends a happy season.

At two o'clock, on Thursday last,  
The last day of the year that's past,  
Our rendezvous was Osgood Hall,  
A meet familiar to us all.

At very nearly half-past two  
Our punctual Preses came in view,  
And having taken up his place,  
Led off the Club with coaching grace.

Thirteen sleighs composed our band,  
With D'Arcy Boulton's four-in-hand,  
(Heath, by the bye, 's the rightful owner,  
I beg his pardon, "Pon my honor").

With elbows square and ties so neat,  
Each driver, now upon his seat,  
Successively moves off his sleigh,  
And boldly dashes to the fray.

a. *Of Coubourg.*

b. *Cornet in 1<sup>st</sup> Troop Ancients' Mil: Dragons.*

Among the Members of our Club  
 We now comit Heath and brother sub,  
 The Major<sup>a</sup>, with a pair of prancers,  
 Makes up the coterie of lancers.

The Major follows in the track,  
 His sleigh is christened Paddy Whack,  
 His brother James's<sup>b</sup> Pat from Cork,  
 A city far renowned for pork.

Among the new turns-out that day  
 There was a most amphibious sleigh,  
 In winter sleigh, in summer coach,  
 'Twas drive : by Paymaster Roche.<sup>c</sup>

The Hirondelle did not appear,  
 The driver's over-worked I fear;  
 Perhaps he may have gone a skating,  
 Or else been A. D. C. in waiting.

The first adventure of the day  
 Was, Boulton jumping from his sleigh,  
 And madly shouting to his groom,  
 "The lazy brutes! Oh, take them home!"

His team, altho' they were not slow,  
 Were not the least inclined to go,  
 And having put their driver out,  
 Were sent themselves to right-about.

Our course now lay down King Street wide,  
 And coasting by Ontario's tide;  
 The leader, at a steady rate,  
 Next took us through the General's<sup>d</sup> gate.

Behold the Mutual, late Bluenose,  
 How madly at you post it goes,  
 I guess as how they'll have a smash,  
 By Jove! I'm right; Oh, what a crash!

a. Major Magrath, comm<sup>d</sup>: 1<sup>st</sup> Troop Incom<sup>d</sup> Mil. Dragoons.

b. Lieut: James Magrath, " " " " "

c. Of 34<sup>th</sup> Regt. e. Mr. W. Boulton, alias "Brick-top".

f. M. Gen<sup>l</sup>: Sir George Arthur, Bart: A. C. H. Lieut: Govr, W. Canada.

a. Lieut

b. Wife

c. Lieut

d. Capt.

There's poor Bob Campbell on his head,<sup>a</sup>  
 He's only stunned and not quite dead;  
 The driver too has got a fall,  
 The shafts are broke, and that is all.

The luncheon it was grateful, very,  
 For which we must thank Mrs. Airey;<sup>b</sup>  
 The company seemed very chatty,  
 Each with his mull and oyster patty.

The Forlorn Hope once, for a wonder,  
 Got through the day without a blunder,  
 The steady Squire,<sup>c</sup> with wonted skill,  
 Preserved his cargo from a spill.

The Crede<sup>d</sup> Byron's driver bold,  
 (Perhaps he found his fingers cold),  
 To a passenger resigned his reins,  
 And got his sleigh broke for his pains.

I almost had forgot to add,  
 The Erin (was it not too bad)  
 Had heavy damages to pay  
 For driving o'er a snobbish sleigh.

At length the evening getting coolish,  
 Our leader thought it would be foolish  
 To keep the ladies out too late,  
 So shaped his course for Osgood gate.

Now drawn up at the mess-house door,  
 The day's proceedings being o'er,  
 I named Le Fidèle as my Vice,  
 And trotted home as cold as ice.

Though little competent, God knows,  
 To write in any shape but prose,  
 I've whipped my powers to their test,  
 And hope you'll say I've done my best.

URSA MINOR.

a. Lieut. of 32<sup>d</sup> Regt.

b. Wife of Colonel Airey, 34<sup>th</sup> Regt.

c. Lieut. Hutton, 34<sup>th</sup> Regt.

d. Capt. Byron, 34<sup>th</sup> Regt. (motto "Crede Byron")

Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1841.

PRESIDENT—CAPT. MARKHAM (*URSA MINOR*).  
VICE-PRESIDENT—E. TALBOT, ESQ. (*LE FIDELE*).

---

COME, ladies fair and gentles brave,  
Give ear unto my song,  
And as I wish your time to save,  
I shan't be very long.

But yet, as Vice, I'm bound to say  
And tell you all about  
What happened to each Member's sleigh  
When last the Club turned out.

The Province Building was our meet,  
A place where members sit,  
And, spouting with unbridled heat,  
Expend more words than wit.

Our leader was the Minor Bear,  
With skins so black and neat,  
Whilst the fair Emily was there  
To grace his shaggy seat.

When to the meet I drove my team  
Some missing ones I found,  
No Hope Forlorn or Squire, 'twould seem,  
Was yet upon the ground.

No longer would our leader wait  
Congealing in his seat,  
But driving through the opened gate,  
Proceeded tow'rds King Street.

*a. Miss Robinson, Secy of the Chf. Justice of Up. Canada.*

*a. M.*

And now I seize the time to tell—  
 Whilst thus they wend their way,  
 The accident that there befel  
 The Squire's luckless sleigh.

Steady and slow the cautious gent,  
 With lady by his side,  
 As to the meet full late he went,  
 The starting Club espied;

Eager to take his proper place,  
 He cracked his whip amain,  
 And hastened thus his horses' pace  
 To reach the gallant train.

As thus he drove with reckless speed,  
 Alas! he little knew  
 That round street corners one must heed  
 The dangers of a slue,

The sleigh upset, as round they dashed,  
 Out flew the fated pair,  
 —But here my muse is too abashed  
 To name the unhappy fair:<sup>a</sup>

Her fairy form was all too light  
 To come to any harm;  
 The glow occasioned by her fright  
 Enhanced her face's charm.

But all persuasion was in vain,  
 Tho' pleaded much the Squire,  
 To make her try her luck again—  
 "A burnt child dreads the fire."

At last the Hope Forlorn appeared  
 At Erskine's<sup>b</sup> well-known gate,  
 And found he was not (as he feared)  
 For luncheon much too late:

D

a. Mr. Crighton.

b. Keeper of the Racket Court Inn.



Where had he been, the stupid elf!  
 What could he be about?  
 'Till now, his lady and himself  
 Entirely were thrown out.

He told us all a drift of snow  
 Opposed his onward way—  
 Before this time I did not know  
 That snow would stop a sleigh.

The luncheon by the Bear prepared  
 Was of superior sort;  
 No luxuries of the season spared,  
 And lots of hot mulled Port.

He also read from well filled sheet,  
 In his emphatic way,  
 Some verses telling ev'ry feat  
 Performed last Tandem day.

Our pockets full of gingerbread,  
 Ourselves with mull and flip,  
 We next into the town were led  
 By our experienced whip.

The market place we did invade  
 In style most wondrous bold;  
 Some stopped, I think, and queries made  
 How much per pound beef sold—

Or else they bungled sadly through  
 The gates with carts blocked up,  
 Or else perhaps it might be true  
 Their horses were knocked up.

Here Sleepy Mary<sup>a</sup> earned her name,  
 For sleepy was the pace;  
 Perhaps she had enough of fame  
 Last summer at the race.

*a. One of Capt. O. Markham's horses.*

And now a curious maze was run  
Through streets most intricate,  
And prodigies of skill were done  
Till it was getting late.

Once more assembled by that pile  
For legislature famed,  
We only waited there the while  
The new day's Vice I named.

Then might be seen the various sleighs  
Dispersing through the town,  
Pursuing each their separate ways  
To put their ladies down.

And here it hardly need be told  
How many thanks were given  
By ladies fair to gentles bold,  
For having so well driven.

I.E. FIDELE.

Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1840.

PRESIDENT—E. TALBOT. ESQ. (*LE FIDÈLE*)  
VICE-PRESIDENT—CAPT. BYRON (*CREDE BYRON*).

Now that you've all your luncheon eat,  
Alas! I must rehearse  
(As 'twas agreed when last we met)  
Our 'Tuesday's deeds in verse.

But should my muse, as p'rhaps it may,  
Fail in good rhyme to talk,  
Then tell me what, good sirs, I pray,  
You'll do to Pat from Cork.

Le Fidèle was the President,  
We met at Osgood Hall;  
And here occurred an accident,  
The first that did befall:

We circled round the dangerous square,  
All followed in the track,  
But notwithstanding all his care,  
—Alas! for Paddy Whack—

His shaft horse fell; for you must know,  
Like snake beneath the grass  
The ice was hidden 'neath the snow,  
And slippery as glass.

Le Fidèle then drove through the gate,  
Whilst by his side was seen  
The lady who was named of late  
Of Love and Beauty Queen.<sup>a</sup>

a. Miss Foote,

a. S.  
b. a  
and h  
c. O.

Eager through various streets to turn,  
 And show his driving skill,  
 Unhappy wight! he 'd yet to learn  
 A Fairy has a will:

And though perhaps *his* Fairy might  
 Through keyholes nimbly glide,  
 She 'd no idea of going right  
 Through gates when opened wide.

Thus Fairy-led, as might be feared,  
 A wonder did befall,  
 A second Paddy Whack<sup>b</sup> appeared  
 Before the eyes of all.

With spectacles upon his nose,  
 And horses' collars white,  
 Along our wandering ranks he goes,  
 Driving with all his might.

In King Street an unwelcome foe,  
 In shape of little boys,  
 Attacked the Club with balls of snow,  
 And frightened us with noise.

Laughing with glee as each sleigh passed,  
 They thought the whips had missed 'em,  
 But no,—the Vice, who came the last,  
 Pulled up, got out, and whipped 'em.

And now, within the General's gate,  
 Whipcord<sup>c</sup>, the wicked scamp,  
 Reared himself up in rampant state,  
 And broke the Governor's lamp.

Our drive was short, and so of course  
 More song you must excuse;  
 The fault was all Le Fidèle's horse,  
 Who turning did refuse.

CREDE BYRON.

- a. St. Brien's, 34<sup>th</sup>, horse.*  
*b. A serjeant, formerly of Major Magra's troop, who dressed himself  
 and horses in imitation of his late com<sup>d</sup>. Officer. A very good guy.*  
*c. One of Capt. Arthur's horses.*

Friday, January 15, 1841.

PRESIDENT—CAPT. BYRON (*CREDE BYRON*).

VICE-PRESIDENT—C. COLVILLE, ESQ. (*HIRONDELLE*)

---

It's really almost quite a farce  
Attempting to compose  
The Tandem Club's report in verse,  
It's hard enough in prose.

Besides, the subject's growing stale—  
Oh! hang the muse divine!  
I wish that verses were for sale  
By stanza or by line.

This horrid system of abuse  
Commenced with Colonel Airey,  
Who ought to publish for our use  
A rhyming dictionary.

But, doubtless, hard as is my fate,  
The time is flying fast,  
And 'tis my duty to relate  
The deeds of Friday last.

The meet, to which I sallied forth,  
Again was Osgood Hall;  
'Twas here the gallant Thirty-fourth,  
On Twelfth-night, gave their ball.

By dint of luck and ready cads  
The sleighs all reached the street,  
The drivers urged their fiery prads  
Towards the fox-hounds' meet.

About the safety of the bay  
 I heard a few misgivings,  
 But Crede Byron dashed away  
 Upon it with Miss Billings.

The fine old fox they talked about  
 Proved not a very fleet un,  
 For long before the Club went out  
 He had been killed and eaten.

The lunch was good, (confound my pen,  
 The ink it will not run),  
 Each gallant helped his dame, and then  
 Took care of number one.

With silvery voice the Secret'ry  
 Perused the last report;  
 He's famed for reading poetry  
 Of this superior sort.

Most powerful orators next rise,  
 To make some dark allusion  
 About rosettes and erimson ties,  
 And sport their elocution;

And that each member might obtain  
 Professional advice,  
 'Twas voted that our good friend Bain  
 Should fellow next the Vice.

Now mark yon whip in furs arrayed,  
 Whose handkerchief is green,  
 He ought to be sent off parade,  
 As not fit to be seen.

He's always finding fault with me  
 On some such trifling head,  
 By reference to the rules he'll see  
 His choker should be red.

Heath met with, near the market place,  
 A sad catastrophe,  
 For his off-leader shoved his head  
 Right in a load of hay.

The driver boldly tried his best  
 To urge him to a trot;  
 His cargo screamed,—among the rest,  
 Miss Arnold and Miss Scott.

The leaders kicked most viciously  
 Their legs the traces o'er,  
 The market mob soon gathered by,  
 Some helped, while others swore;

The ladies showed they were alert,  
 By jumping from the sleigh;  
 So finding that they were not hurt  
 I then pursued my way.

Perhaps to please some lady fair  
 Whom he might have been wooing,  
 That thriving eub, the Minor Bear,  
 Has changed his name to Bruin.

The Erin's greys seemed rather done,  
 A very common failing;  
 The Black Swan, at a nasty turn,  
 Knocked down some yards of paling.

The pace, throughout the drive, was good,  
 Altho' some thought it long;  
 And now its time I should conclude  
 This long protracted song.

I hope no whip will take offence  
 At all that I have said,  
 But buy new ties, and shew their sense  
 By changing green for red.

Besides 'he ladies' healths, I ween  
We'll drink health and success  
And long life to our noble Queen,  
Prince Albert and Princess.

MORONDELLE.



Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1841.

PRESIDENT—C. COLVILLE, ESQ. (*HIRONDELLE*).

VICE-PRESIDENT—F. H. LANG, ESQ. (*THE FORLORN HOPE*).

---

REALLY, good gents, I can't contrive  
From our last President's short drive  
To make a versified report  
Of our proceedings as I ought—  
This being the case, I find I must  
To your well-known good nature trust,  
Whilst that I tell, as best I may,  
The merits of each member's sleigh.  
*Three* lofty sleighs, then, first appear.  
The fashion, it would seem, last year;  
Good ones to drive in, I've no doubt,  
But *rather* high for tumbling out.  
The Erin go bragh first displays  
Itself, with steady pair of greys:  
Its owner now no lady drives,  
Fearing to risk their precious lives.  
The Mutual, carrying the Show-man,  
Who as to beauty yields to no man,  
Of course is always graced by woman.  
The Bruin's next, the best turn-out  
In all the club, there's little doubt.  
And now I come to members new,  
Who different principles pursue,  
Upon another plan they go,  
For they have all their runners low.  
A long black sleigh, of graceful form,  
Thus from the rude winds keeping warm  
Its charioteer, has for its name  
The Black Swan, at least so says fame.

But though I've looked, I cannot find  
 It written, like the rest, behind.  
 The Crede Byron next appears,  
 His leader little harness wears,  
 No blinkers dark obscure its sight,  
 The effect is good, airy, and light.  
 The modest Fidèle next comes by,  
 His motto constancy,—then why  
 Does he not wear the blue rosette?  
 I hope to see it altered yet;  
 His runners low, like all the rest,  
 For driving worst, for comfort best.  
 The Forlorn Hope's a little higher,  
 And so 's the new sleigh of the Squire.  
 The first appears a pretty sleigh,  
 With wheeler chesnut, leader grey;  
 The Squire himself is rather stout,  
 And famed for throwing ladies out.  
 At first, of sleighs another one,  
 A waggon upon runners shone;  
 Paymaster Roche had turned it out,  
 But it was sent to right-about  
 By witty pen of Hirondelle,  
 Who cuts up people very well.  
 The Hirondelle boasts a strong team,  
 His leader pulleth it would seem,  
 A circumstance by no means nice,  
 Making one's fingers cold as ice.  
 The Laneers too, t' increase our band,  
 Come out sometimes with four-in-hand:  
 The Taglioni it is named,  
 And like that dancer justly famed;  
 Its leaders will their legs upraise  
 In them by no means worthy praise,  
 What'er it be in t'other case.  
 Besides, of Tandems they've no lack,—  
 There's Pat from Cork, and Paddy Whack:  
 The one with collars white or buff,  
 No doubt 'tis made of strongish stuff,

While Pat from Cork, with joyous face,  
 Seems like his horses in good ease.  
 And now, I've told of all our train,  
 Except one sleigh, which ne'er again  
 Will join our Club, for so I've heard,  
 Tho' really it seems too absurd,  
 That William Boulton should'nt know  
 The way to make his horses go.  
 Altho' I hear it has been said  
 Within the town by some wise head,  
 That we are ruining the nation  
 By this complete misapplication  
 Of draft I hope our Club will thrive,  
 And we may yet have many a drive,  
 Meanwhile, I find 'tis getting time  
 To finish this protracted rhyme;  
 So let us drink the ladies fair,  
 And put them in our sleighs with care.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

Friday, January 23, 1841.

PRESIDENT—F. H. LANG, ESQ. (*THE FORLORN HOPE*).

VICE-PRESIDENT.—H. HUTTON, ESQ. (*THE SQUIRE*).

---

Last night I racked and tortured my brain  
To write in rhyme, but 'twas all in vain,  
And I thought it was a pity,  
That amongst my friends, so fair and so brave,  
Unfortunate Squire! not one I should have  
To help me out with my ditty.

So this morning I looked in a sporting review,  
And some verses I found, that I fancied might do—  
Some verses they were upon coaching.  
But I afterwards thought, and I think you'll agree,  
That a scandalous shame and pity 'twould be,  
For a Squire to be guilty of poaching.

Now the Squire's *manor* is rude and bare  
Some say, and that little *game* is there,  
Is whispered by more than a few;  
So I don't see why, fair dames, you should pout,  
Or your drivers appear so much put out,  
If the Squire makes *game* of you.

'Then list while I tell, how on Friday last  
Our club at two, or a little past,  
At the Parliament House collected,  
How the Hope Forlorn at a dangerous rate  
Led out our train at the *very* gate  
Not that *he*, but his *horses* selected.

Now flattering tales, I've heard of old,  
 This Hope to many fair maids has told,  
 And I think it is only my duty  
 To tell you this much, that once of yore  
 This identical Hope threw a lady o'er—  
 So trust him not, Queen of Beauty.

The Hope passed on, and not very far  
 Behind him followed the Erin go bragh,  
 His horses scarce out of an amble,  
 And with him there sat, with a smile so bright,  
 And with eyes that might darken the sunbeam's light,  
 The beauteous Mrs. Campbell.



Well, next in the train there glided along  
 That fortunate bird yeapt the Black Swan,  
 For with him he's wout to bring  
 Two ladies; but why, I should like to know,  
 Can two with this Swan at all times go?  
 Perhaps 'tis the size of his wing.

Next on there came at a dashing rate  
 A driver bold and his pretty mate,  
 And his motto (perhaps you'll know it)  
 Would try, sweet lady, to make you believe  
 That a Byron could never—oh, never deceive;  
 But remember his namesake the poet.

In his seat so happy and fat came next  
 One who looks as if seldom he ever was vexed,  
 It was Paddy from Cork, you might guess:  
 And Mutual followed—but where, oh where!  
 I heard exclaimed, is his lady fair?  
 The driver was loath to confess.

Now last in this small but gallant train,  
 With his chosen one and horses twain,  
 The Squire took up his station;  
 He drove with care—but I'll stop, for of old  
 In my youthful days I often was told  
 Self-praise is no recommendation.

But touching his lady, I think I may dare  
 To say, that were she as brave as fair,  
 She 'd have not called so often "Oh, dear!"  
 Nor have seemed so happy, and so consoled,  
 When often the Squire in whisper told  
 That a medical man was near.

Now it grieves me sore that I must again  
 Of this talented medical man complain,  
 But still I think I've reason,  
 An assistant to choose he will delay  
 Till it is too late, and I hear some say,  
 That e'en now it's too late in the season.

The Hope and his Queen, so merry and gay,  
 Thro' streets and thro' alleys led the way,  
 Each to lead or mislead so able,  
 And in York Street, Hope thought of lunch, tho' a few  
 There were of his friends who very well knew  
 'Twas his horses that thought of their stable.

Intent then on feeding, the horses and all,  
 Their drivers pulled up at the Lawyer's Hall,  
 And each with his fair one struts  
 To a sumptuous lunch, where the gents did regale  
 Themselves with patties, and port, and ale,  
 And the ladies eat gingerbread nuts.

With sorrow we mourn the absent Fidèle,  
 With sorrow we look for the Hirondelle,—  
 Oh! what can the latter be doing.  
 Thro' such absentees much pleasure is lost,  
 But I must confess what surprised us most,  
 Was the absence of Mr. Bruin.

His brothers in arms intend to delight  
 Their friends with a brilliant ball to-night,  
 And so I think, perchance,  
 For the sake of the many ladies fair  
 Who'll grace the scene, this frolicksome Bear,  
 Egad! must be learning to dance.

But I'll stop, for I know I've said enough,  
 To put you all in a mighty huff,  
 So now we'll drink the fair,—  
 Those ladies fair who, with many a smile,  
 Thus help us our bachelor hours to beguile,  
 And drive away dull care.

THE SQUIRE.

Tuesday, January 26, 1841.

PRESIDENT—H. HUTTON, ESQ. (*THE SQUIRE*).  
VICE-PRESIDENT—J. INGLIS, ESQ. (*MUTUAL*).

---

Ah! luckless me! can I to verse aspire,  
Succeeding, as I do, the sportive Squire,  
Whose muse, prolific, poured the well-tuned lay  
So much applauded our last Tandem day.  
How can I hope one listening ear to please,  
Much less the eager appetite appease  
For rhyme, which now pervades our taste,  
So gay, so blythe, so joyous, yet so chaste.  
My hand, more skilled to wield the sounding whip  
Or hold the ribbons than in ink to dip  
The grey goose quill, is all unfit to trace  
The mazy labyrinth of our headlong race,—  
But if I must, I must, so let's begin;  
In writing, the commencement, as in sin,  
Costs most,—this should have been in French,  
But that the Secretary's mouth might wrench  
Aside in reading, for he's English true,  
And hates your *oui, Monsieur, or parlez vous.*  
Well then, on Tuesday last, at Osgood Hall,  
We mustered punctual, eight good teams in all,  
Beside our Medical attendant, he  
Who at his post at all times you may see.  
First came the Squire, our worthy President,  
And by his side his lady fair, who lent  
Her charms, unmindful of mishaps,  
Which, being passed, are best forgotten p'rhaps.  
Then came the Hope Forlorn, with Beauty's Queen,  
Lovely as when in Paphos' isle first seen;  
Blessed be this pair wherever it appears,  
May she raise fondest hopes, and he no fears.



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 Byrou, 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.

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 fancy 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, jounied 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,

*Friday, Jan. 29, 1841.*

PRESIDENT—J. INGLIS, ESQ. (*MUTUAL*).

VICE-PRESIDENT—JAMES MAGRATH, ESQ. (*PADDY FROM COBK*).

'Twas on Friday, our last day, with Mutual consent  
At once to the garrison each his course bent,  
Where luncheon prepared by our Preses so grand,  
We were greeted and cheered by the sound of the band.  
'Ere the luncheon was over the clock had struck three,  
When each mounted his box, and all seemed in high glee.  
The order in which we by rights should have been,  
Could not be kept up, as will shortly be seen:  
First the "Mutual," who sported a bay and a grey,  
And in truth showed his taste in his lady that day;  
But strange 'tis reversing the order of things,  
For instead of the "Showman" a tiger he brings.  
Next the Erin go bragh is seen creeping along,  
His two greys like the cow that once died of a song;  
The second he is, number two's not his place,  
When we say slow and steady in time wins the race;  
There is one thing which fully accounts for his rate,  
He was not as usual supplied with his mate.  
But the Colonel in truth we may safely deride,  
For in lieu of the fair gave a Griffin a ride.  
Next the 34th Colonel for upsets is famed,  
Who drives his own sleigh which has never been named;  
Some call it the Swan,—this we doubt when we find  
No name half so long is placarded behind.  
Nigroque simillima cygno, some say,  
This in conscience is too long a name for a sleigh.  
The first corner we turned we all looked with suspense,  
When we saw the brave Colonel attacking a fence;

But seeing no danger and no cause for fear,  
 Drove on, left the Colonel to bring up the rear.  
 Next is Bruin, seen pawing and taking the place  
 Which the Colonel has left with a very bad grace ;  
 With a sharp eye on Erin, and one on the Don,  
 He is secretly urging the slow greys along.  
 Thus Erin go bragh, who is true to a mile,  
 Is hard pressed by Shamrock, the flower of her isle ;  
 Soon after the Bruin is seen the grave Squire,  
 If his ponies be small, his good taste we admire ;  
 Suffice it to say he is steady and sure,  
 And those whom he drives are from upset secure.  
 Forlorn Hope is hard pressing the Squire 'tis true,  
 But this is the way they say forlorn hopes do ;  
 From his head to the Foote he seems pleased with the scene,  
 And absent by nature, thinks all is a dream.  
 Then next Crede Byron, to comfort not blind,  
 Most snugly and wisely takes his seat behind.  
 I need not reiterate what has been said,  
 Suffice it remember what last week was read ;  
 Variety's pleasing, is a saying of fame,  
 But Byron's variety's taking the same.  
 Next Sober-side James, who is broad as he's long,  
 Ten times out of nine when he speaks he is wrong,  
 But as droll a shaped being as you'll ever find,  
 Is Paddy from Cork, his coat buttoned behind.  
 The Vice of the last and the Preses to-day,  
 Faith but he is the boy that can show you the way ;  
 His true-blue companion, his own " Pattent" right,  
 With himself filled the seat, and they fitted it tight.  
 Though the last, not the least to abolish all fear,  
 Drives the Doctor, who cautiously brings up the rear ;  
 And led by the Fairy, we safely may say,  
 Needs no other leader to show her the way ;  
 The Doctor, thus having no leader nor lash,  
 Of course to his partner dispenses with trash,  
 And trusting to Fairy to keep her own rate,  
 Of course he enjoys a select tête-à-tête ;

Not one of the club but admired his choice,  
 For who is there here who has not heard her voice?  
 One member in haste laid his reins on the shelf,  
 'Cause the horse in the lead would not go by himself;  
 Now we all must allow he's still one of our Club,  
 Soon the day will arrive to invite us to grub,  
 When the time will arrive to address us in rhyme,  
 And the cutting we all shall get will be sublime,  
 For each in his turn has said something severe,  
 But that all is most true is most certainly clear.  
 He shows prudence in driving—there's reason for care,  
 For he goes on the principle "good folks are rare."  
 Thus in line we proceeded to Sugar-loaf hill,  
 And strange to record that there was not a spill.  
 The only occurrence we here might relate  
 Is that Paddy from Cork lost his strike-measure weight;  
 He sheepishly stopped to give Nanny a trip,  
 At the same time, wool-gathering, let fall his whip;  
 And one other—the toll-man poor Paddy did goad,  
 For he forked out the pike for just crossing the road;  
 Thus the tandems proceeded through Judge M'Lean's gate  
 And round the house drove at a furious rate;  
 Then next through the General's gate we all past,  
 And one turn through King Street completed the last,  
 Then Hironnelle, driving like Paymaster Roche,  
 Was driving a sleigh from the box of a coach,  
 And with him the Infant, or half-penny hatch,  
 During all our drive we did not see his match.  
 One word for Fidèle, ere I finish my rhyme,  
 I hope we shall not be without her next time;  
 The owner, of course you all know him by name,  
 We trust that he shortly will join us again.

PADDY FROM CORK.

Tuesday, February 2, 1841

PRELIMINARY—JAMES MAGRATH, ESQ. (*PADDY FROM CORK*).  
VICE-PRESIDENT—CAPT. MARKHAM (*BRUIN*).

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Now ladies fair and jehus bold,  
'Tis said I must write verses,  
Of course the law once being told,  
I cannot find excuses.

The Bruin, sartain, is my name,  
Old Albion too 's my nation;  
Yet, while at school, I got less fame  
For verses than bastation.

But since the rule is of our Club  
The Vice should spin a ditty,  
Pray, whips and fair ones, don't me snub,  
If I can't now be witty,

But give me the allowance fair;  
I hope I shall not shock,  
If metre I can't bring to bear  
Like Mary and Shanrock.

On Tuesday last, I bent my way,  
With team, to Lawyers' Hall,  
For there 'twas told that every sleigh  
Should hear the Preses' call.

Now Paddy from Cork 's the first in the throng,  
Who doth always a lady bring;  
But I think that if sharper he used his thong,  
He would not so often sing.

With Radical-named horse at wheel,  
 And Rocket always staring,  
 The sleigh bells sound a merry peal  
 For Dick or Crede Byron.

On come two scribes, I fear them much,  
 Sharp is their ready pen,  
 So if I get a hardish touch,  
 I'll cry *peccavi* then.

The Forlorn Hope of my old corps  
 Has got a smart turn out;  
 Still, oft he 's put *de combat hors*,  
 When his nags turn wrong about.

His rhyme gives many a merry laugh,  
 His verbs too are all in good tense;  
 But by a great one on our staff  
 He's called "A public nuisance."

The Hironnelle 's a tearing team,  
 His leader pulleth awful;  
 But Whippy's bit, to me 'twould seem,  
 Soon giveth him a mouthful.

The Erin next toward us whipped  
 Bold Jock and Grenadier—  
 The former had an off-shoe slipped,  
 His groom's neglect I fear;

His sleigh, this year, you've oft-times met,  
 With Love and Beauty's Queen;  
 Safe from all peril or upset  
 Her graceful form is seen.

And now, dear Jack, Oh, where! oh, where!  
 The Mutual's praise to sing,  
 To-day I see no showman's there,  
 What's come of Tiger Tim!

From out the square, soon after two,  
 Seven Tandems sallied forth,  
 And passed down York and King Street too,  
 No spill occasioning mirth,

And feeling cold, as wind was high,  
 By our Preses it was chosen,  
 His followers the lunch should try  
 Before their hands were frozen.

The luncheon it was elegant,  
 The mull from well-stocked cells;  
 As said by some the merry chaunt  
 Was drawn from classic Wells.

Now here we found the Commandant,  
 The first time on that day,—  
 Poets of late give many a chaunt  
 To his ill-fated sleigh.

His leader is a good brown mare,  
 Whom well he can control,  
 His wheeler's master, so I hear,  
 Will soon go to the poll.

Now Pat rolled on through Riddell Hall,  
 To try each skilful whip;  
 But being last, I saw not all  
 Did clean through gate-posts skip.

Within the yard Jim did a ronte  
 Attempt 'twixt cords of wood,  
 And planks and drains to turn about,  
 While still the whole Club stood.

And now a gate stops our procession,—  
 But wherefore this delay?  
 Why sure, says Pat, the very reason  
 'S that I can't find the key!



We next Ontario's ice did try,  
 And then the winding Don;  
 But here allow me, as Club's spy,  
 Some advice thereupon:

If Swan would keep his proper place,  
 Nor trot abreast with Swallow,  
 The latter's leader would not race,  
 Nor cause his driver sorrow.

Returned through King Street, all came up,  
 To call at Osgood Hall;  
 But Boreas here is very tough,  
 And had near frozen all.

The Squire, who I'm much afraid  
 Of conscience has no qualms,  
 Was found one Sunday, it was said,  
 A poaching from the Psalms!

The Fiddle has not yet been seen  
 Since Bain gave him a lancing;  
 But now let's drink to our noble Queen,  
 And then commence the dancing.

BRUIN.

Friday, February 5, 1841.

PRESIDENT—CAPTAIN MARKHAM, (*BRUIN*).  
VICE-PRESIDENT—LT.-COL. AIREY, (*THE BLACK SWAN*).

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Ah, Ladies Fair! no easy task is mine,  
Who never yet invoked the tuneful nine;  
No Poet I! yet still I must essay  
To write in verse about last Tandem day.  
But yet I must agree with those who deem  
Th' eventful day a most prolific theme;  
For our kind President, the Bruin bold,  
(Or Minor Bear, as he was called of old.)  
Gave to his friends a pic-nic on that day,  
And did it in his usual sumptuous way.  
At Osgood Hall just at the hour of three,  
A goodly sight I ween it was to see  
The many sleighs assembled in the square,  
Tandems the most, whilst many double were,  
Containing all Toronto's loveliest fair.  
As near the town there was but little snow,  
Along the usual road we could not go;  
But up the avenue and through a back  
Path in the woods pursued our narrow track,  
And then emerging on the Youge Street road,  
All reached in safety Shepard's grand abode;  
Here Osborne Markham, with his usual thought,  
Had every thing provided as he ought.  
Ourselves well housed, and horses in the stall,  
The day then lowered, and snow began to fall;  
Thus nature kindly did us a good turn,  
And made the sleighing good for our return.  
The ladies having curled their hair at last,  
We all were ushered to a grand repast,

But as I do not boast a Homer's muse,  
 A long detail of dishes pray excuse ;  
 — One slight remark I'll make—no harm is meant,—  
 So do not think so, Mr. President :  
 On Fridays there should be at least one dish  
 Containing something in the shape of fish.  
 The dinner o'er, the circling wine gave birth  
 To many sparkling jokes, and lots of mirth ;  
 Whilst I observed the many happy pairs  
 That round the table occupied the chairs,  
 And to a lady sitting by my side  
 Made the remark. She wickedly replied :  
 "I see a Doctor, an invited guest,  
 But think myself a Clergyman were best."  
 And when I sought her meaning in her face,  
 She said, "Of course I mean, to say the grace."  
 Now Dismal Jemmy, rendered bold by mull,  
 Sang with most rare effect "The Great Mogul ;"  
 And when the Dismal's merry song was sung,  
 The house with joyous mirth and laughter rung,  
 Not one grave face was seen amongst us all,  
 The very "sides of bacon" shook upon the wall.  
 But 'tis high time this clamorous glee shall end,  
 And we our footsteps to the Ball room bend ;  
 And there the lights arranged with studied care  
 Enhanced the beauty of th' assembled Fair ;  
 I do not say (but that you'll take for granted)  
 That there was any such addition wanted.  
 To grace the scene too, some kind friend had lent  
 A Bear, the picture of the President ;  
 And now the Band begins, the beaux advance,  
 And smiling, lead their partners to the dance.  
 Each lady too, as 'cross the room she trips  
 Has quite forgotten, 'tis the moon's eclipse ;  
 No wonder ! before eyes so dazzling bright  
 The gentle moon should hide her head that night.  
 Alas ! amongst the gay and festive scene,  
 The gazer sought in vain for Beauty's Queen ;

Although perchance some neat and pretty feet  
 Light tripping o'er the floor my gaze might meet,  
 No beaux Foote could I, alas, desery,  
 Although I scanned the crowd with anxious eye.  
 A Mrs. Proudfoote certainly was there,  
 By some of us considered just as fair,  
 But all allow that pride is not the forte  
 Of the fair girl whose beaux face I sought,  
 For I was told the unpretending maid  
 Was heard with gentle meekness to have said,  
 She did not dare, she could not even hope  
 With fairer Proudfoote's boasted charms to cope,  
 So thought for once she'd better stay away,  
 And sent *Le Fidèle* her excuse to-day.  
 Pleased with the dance, none thought of horse or sleigh,  
 'Twas nearly twelve before we came away.  
 Just at that time the kind good-natured moon  
 Shone out in lustre bright to light us home ;  
 Unlucky wight ! alas, poor Hope Forlorn  
 His fair one's cruel absence had to mourn ;  
 In vain he urged her not to feel alarm,  
 And guaranteed her from all chance of harm.  
 The fact is this ; she did not think it right  
 To travel with such gents by moonbeam's light ;  
 Or else she thought that sitting by his side,  
 All his attention she'd have occupied,  
 And made him thus forget his nags to guide.

THE BLACK SWAN.

Wednesday, February 10, 1841.

PRESIDENT—LT.-COL. AIREY (*THE BLACK SWAN*).

VICE-PRESIDENT—LT.-COL. WINGFIELD (*ERIN*).

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HAIL February tenth! auspicious day,  
The harbinger of joys of great account,  
On you our Maiden Queen was given away,  
Our Royal Princess taken to the Font.

The cannon's roar proclaimed the Union Law  
At noon of you; and then, as I'm a sinner,  
Together the good folks at eve you draw,  
By acclamation, to a civic dinner.

Here people show their love by mastication,  
A mode not new, and we amongst the rest,  
Follow this method, and our approbation  
Testify, when patties, cakes of ginger nicely dressed,

Or other delicacies come before us,  
So that the puzzle has not yet been guessed,  
(Tho' at our luncheons we are most decorous,)  
Whether we eat and drink, or drive the best.

Both we do well. Hail! happy day selected,  
For gallant exploits by the Jetty Swan,  
Not like your predecessor, who was rejected,  
As cold, and raw, and sad, and set a-one-

Side altogether. Well, we met at two,  
At least all those who mind what they are bid,  
For that is what we all were told to do,  
Some came at half-past, and were slightly chid.

Should have been more so, for the trick tho' knowing,  
 Was on their comrades surely rather hard,  
 As with the wind at nor-west keenly blowing,  
 They sat with patience for its own reward.

Something was wanting, and the omission seen,  
 And several voices asked with one accord,  
 Where is the absent one? where's Beauty's Queen?  
 Unless with her, we cannot go a yard.

The favourite Fair was quickly sought and found:  
 The Swan next tried his native element,  
 But boisterous breezes drove us to dry ground,  
 From off—not water say you? Well, I meant

Ice, the same thing, only congealed,  
 And then we onward held our course,  
 To where a handsome luncheon was revealed,  
 "Good entertainment for both man and horse."

'Tis true the bipeds had the advantage there,  
 But time, as usual, made all matters equal,  
 If at that moment we the warmer were,  
 Surely the horses were so in the sequel.

Many were missing; some for public weal;  
 Some coining verses, p'rhaps of cows or calves,  
 Or stale impromptus for an evening meal,  
 Both better left undone, than done by halves.

One making sketches of ourselves and sleighs,—  
 Clever no doubt, as fancy can contrive,—  
 Still 'twould be better if he'd mend his ways,  
 And let his horses draw and himself drive.

At lunch I counted coachmen's noses seven,  
 Blue, white, and party colored, ditto red;—  
 I wish a certain person were in heaven,—  
 One cad is gone to glance soft looks, instead

Of being here to mind his own affairs.  
 Now whilst the Swau on delicacies pressed  
 Us all to feast with hospitable cares,  
 The ladies sought the downy cygnet's nest;

They took their mode of feasting,—we took ours;  
 Let not the accusation raise your qualms;  
 A fair one ever greedily devours—  
 But with her eyes, an infant's helpless charms.

The well-told tale of deeds last done was read,  
 The sex was toasted as became us best,  
 Our boxes mounted, and the train then led  
 By our facetious President, due west.

Safely we reached a house that's called the Bell,  
 But here arose a scene of rack and ruin,—  
 How it occurred I can't just now well tell,—  
 But 'twas an accident to brother Bruin.

What is impossible cannot be done,  
 And never comes to pass,  
 And if his sleigh would not move on,  
 It must stay where it was.

Altho' this truth was plain to see,  
 The horses seemed to doubt it,  
 So pulled and broke the whiffle-tree,  
 And then walked off without it.

I mean, undoubtedly, without the sleigh;  
 This only proves what each one always knew,  
 That every dog must have his day,  
 Puppy or Pompey,—Fidèle, I or you.

The gaudy Peacock next we pass'd,—  
 At least all did but one,—  
 The Mutual made a homeward cast,  
 As if enough he'd done;

Some said, to seek his other half;  
 Others, more enuning far,  
 Could scarce suppress a tittering laugh,  
 Thinking of King Street and of Godnamma.

Men's avocations differ here below,  
 Nor let the grave to any one's object,  
 Because their vast importance they mayn't know,  
 But rather let them powder and reflect—

Does fair Augusta curl her silken hair?  
 Or the Skrick trip the boards with Emily?  
 Does Henrietta green or purple wear?  
 Does Emmie laugh, or stoop her shoe to tie?

Or Helen frown, or Mary Anne in passing  
 Raise but one inch her petticoat too high,  
 And may be quite unconscious—as in  
 Her heart she 'd no suspicious of those nigh.

It finds some heroes total occupation,—  
 These are discoveries upon the whole,  
 Useful at least in my imagination,  
 As those of Parry at the northern pole.

Or if by chance some Fair her kerchief wave,  
 Rub her soft hands, or cough, or raise her glove,  
 This is a happiness too great to have,  
 And the affair assumes the garb of love.

Turned to the right we sought the sylvan shade,  
 The startled wood-nymphs hiding as we passed,  
 Fearful lest harsh comparisons were made—  
 Her charms each felt so very far surpassed.

The envious Satyrs strove our path to clog,  
 So that the trot at times became an amble,  
 They interposed full many a stump and log,  
 Hoping—sly rogues—to profit in the scramble,



If haply either we upset or smashed;  
Logs, stumps, and satyrs, we escaped them all.  
Safe through these dangers fearlessly we dashed,  
And our sweet burthens brought again to Osgood Hall.

ERIN.

*Tuesday, February 16, 1841.*

PRESIDENT—LT.-COL. WINGFIELD (*ERIN*).  
VICE-PRESIDENT—W. H. BOULTON, ESQ. (*HUMBUG*).

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LADIES and Gemmen, Humbug comes  
'Mid sounds of bugle, not of drums,  
To state before each sylph and don  
He's been humbugged by the Black Swan,  
Who with his usual courtesy said  
He 'd freely furnish every head  
That could, in terms of course decorous,  
Tuesday's proceedings lay before us.  
All yesterday he sighed in vain;  
When moon arose he sighed again,  
And 'twas not till long after nine  
Last night, his Cad, not Valentine,  
Meekly pulled from his pocket long  
The headings of a Tandem song.  
So be it known, on Tuesday last  
Erin go bragh, not first but last,  
Came dashing forward at a pace  
As if his life must save his place;  
For he was President, you know,  
On that same day, when if a blow  
From Borcas bleak could state  
How sad it is to be too late,  
He 'd ne'er commit the sin again,  
Nor cause my most good-natured pen  
To blame the Queen of Beauty's graces  
For keeping all the merry faces  
At what in terms is called the meet.  
Each natty Cad had ta'en his seat

Behind his driver, who, before him,  
 Proposed to drive with due decorum  
 The maiden fair who trusts her limbs  
 To Mutuals and Dismal Jims.  
 Assist, oh Muses! help my rhyme,  
 For now I'm only losing time,  
 In showing how, with one intent,  
 To Buildings the ex-Parliament  
 The Club had gone—precisely two—  
 The President not there—a do!  
 And so, that all might not await  
 Without some pretext for debate,  
 Some said, they thought they'd sleigh outside,  
 Whilst others through the gates must ride.  
 All this while, Erin out of sight,  
 The ladies cold their fingers bite  
 To keep them warm—he comes at last,  
 The bugle blows, and blows a blast,  
 Teaching to him and me and you  
 That patience is a great virtue.  
 Quick as the President did reach us,  
 He thought, however, he would teach us  
 That time was precious, and in less  
 Than twenty minutes reached his mess,  
 Where, as a *god*, he ruled the table,  
 Of wines deciphering every label.  
 The turkey carved, the soups assisted,  
 And every lady's feelings listed;  
 They say he nobly did his duty,  
 Though rather favoring the Queen of Beauty.  
 Some thought him towards her over zealous,  
 Whilst gentlemen thought the ladies jealous;  
 So for fear it might hurt digestion,  
 'Twas left *nem. con.* an open question.  
 The viands rich that filled the place,  
 Were then displayed with every grace  
 The greatest critic could desire;  
 "The Ladies," with harmonious fire,

Was drank 'midst sentiment and feeling,  
*Amen* responding from the ceiling,  
 Thus proving Military Lex  
 Is no despiser of the sex.  
 And when the verses short, disjointed,  
 Excessive good, but yet not pointed,  
 Were read, each said how fine!  
 The President—God bless his line—  
 Must be a poet; then a blast  
 Told the assembled guests at last,  
 Depart. The sweet *Fidèle*  
 Hoists his whip, not canvas sail;  
 Following the President in state,  
 He boldly rushes through the gate;  
 The timorous Emily cries, "Hold!  
*Fidèle!* *Fidèle!* you are too bold!  
 Pray stop! Oh stay! let Black Swan come,  
 And kindly lead us safely home;  
 The Forlorn Hope is just behind,  
 And to perdition we 're consigned,  
 Unless you 'scape from utter ruin  
 By getting next to brother Bruin."  
 Of lineage old a worthy seion,  
 And therefore worthy of the Ryan  
 Whom he drove forth, next Crede Byron,  
 Who, having heart more soft than iron,  
 Again drives ont sweet M. A. B.  
 The beauties of the town to see.  
 Next after them comes Fairy Queen,  
 Disgraceful 'tis that yet he 's seen  
 In one-horse shay to safely ride,  
 Without a helpmate by his side.  
 Whilst *Hirondelle*, instead of going,  
 Prefers a kick, lie down, or blowing,  
 Alleging 'tis a shocking sign,  
 My driver writes no valentine;  
 Thus widely causing it to spread,  
 Poetically, that Colville 's dead.

And now, my fair ones, Humbug 's done,  
This, his first race, is badly run;  
When he reflects within his breast  
That but a few months at the best  
Can pass before the navigation  
Hurries each corps far from its station,  
He feels that this may be the last  
Of all the happy days we've past  
Among the gallant military,  
Erin go bragh, Fidèle, and Airey,  
And that ere April 's gone we're left  
Of all that 's dear on earth bereft.

HUMBUG.

Friday, February 19, 1841.

PRESIDENT—W. H. BOULTON, ESQ. (*HUMBUG*).

VICE-PRESIDENT—E. TALBOT, ESQ. (*LE FIDELE*).

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THE wiseaeres were all deceived,  
Who deemed so soon the winter past,  
And so were we, when we believed  
Our Humbug's drive to be the last.

The pure white snow again is seen  
To spread its mantle all around,  
A deeper fall than yet hath been  
Now covers o'er the frozen ground.

No more the waggon's lumbering wheel  
Rattling o'er stony streets we hear;  
Again the sleigh-belis' merry peal  
Makes grateful music to the ear.

It will not last— it can't remain,  
This late and unexpected fall,  
Yet glad I am to see again  
The Tandem Club at Osgood Hall.

For me alone 'tis rather hard,  
And so I think you 'll all agree,  
For I discharged, last month, the bard  
Whom I had hired to write for me.

I wish that Humbug would assist  
My flagging muse's tardy flight,  
And that his pen I could enlist,  
Last Tandem-day's report to write:

For of our train I'm sure there 's none  
 With readier wit or pen than he,  
 Whilst modest Fidèle 's forced to own  
 His utter incapacity.

At this he's grieved, for he would fain  
 Make proper mention, in his lay,  
 Of the superlative champagne  
 Of brother Humbug 's *djeuné*.

No humbug this! you all exclaim,  
 The sumptuous treat remembering well;  
 That he had power to do the same  
 Is all that 's wished by poor Fidèle:

And that he could in flowing rhyme  
 Describe those younger maidens fair,  
 Who graced our Club for the first time  
 That Humbug showed his presence there.

These flowers yet budding soon will be  
 (Their mothers say they 're not full-blown)  
 The prettiest blossoms on the tree  
 That e'en Toronto yet has shown.

Ah! may no Humbug e'er appear  
 To mar their present happiness,  
 To change their smile into a tear,  
 Or cause their gentle hearts distress.

—But no! before so much of grace,  
 Humbug would ever be abashed;  
 The specious mask from off his face  
 By innocence would soon be dashed.

When that we met at Boulton Grange,  
 Some missing ones we grieved there were—  
 The Squire has gone to try the change  
 Of colder Kingston's bracing air:

And Crede Byron, where is he?  
 Whom daily sameness ever palls;  
 With Hope Forlorn he 's gone to see  
 Ice-girt Niagara's frozen falls.

Our train was small, as you may guess,  
 From various causes such as these;  
 There ought to be, I must confess,  
 A heavy fine for absentees.

Although some members thus were lost,  
 Who used to cause our club some fun,  
 Humbug was in himself a host  
 (Perchance in senses more than one).

The *dejeuné* he had prepared  
 By all was voted very fine,  
 With it must never be compared  
 This paltry wretched lunch of mine.

His verses too (confound my ink!  
 It splutters blots all o'er the page)  
 With certain ladies fair, I think,  
 Seem really to be quite the rage.

And then so feelingly he speaks  
 Of our long looked for, dreaded parting—  
 For true it is, 'ere many weeks  
 From hence in haste we shall be starting.

Ah, Humbug can but little guess,  
 And few there are will ever know,  
 Our deep-felt grief and wretchedness,  
 Our utter misery and woe,

When we are forced to leave this place  
 To sail for England's milder shore,  
 Regretting many a pretty face  
 Whom we perhaps shall see no more.



Ah! may the bright-eyed laughing dames  
 (This is no Humbug, not a bit),  
 Extinguish 'ere we go the flames  
 That in our tender hearts they 've lit;

For else before our gallant barks  
 Can bring us to our destination,  
 The ocean breeze will fan the sparks  
 Into an awful conflagration.

I see my English letters say,  
 Our Sovereign Queen is very fond  
 Of going out in Albert's sleigh  
 On Royal Frogmore's frozen pond.

Although no royalty we boast,  
 I think it now becomes my duty,  
 To beg you all to join my toast,  
 To our fair Queen of Love and Beauty.

LE FIDELE.



