

Friday, February 10, 1841.

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

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

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: