

from the President, as conversation usurped the place of the printed page; these things would be but the skeleton of our meetings, the bone and sinew, needing the filling up, the rounded outline, the delicate colouring, which could only be obtained by catching the *spirit*, which has been the chief charm of our club. The spirit of love and good will, which has brought us together, week after week, ever harmoniously, with no annoyings and strife, with no bitter words, but with smiling faces, and hearts full of love, kindness and social feeling. This has been the life of the club.

THE CLUB!—What different associations arise to our mind as we write or speak the word, from what was attached to it three years ago. Then at its sound, a vision of Crockford's, with its lounging, homeless men, drinking and gambling, to kill the time, which, unwinged by intellect, hangs so heavy on their hands. Or perhaps a more refined association would bring up before us the club of "Auld Reekie," where the strippling "Ariosto of the North" mounted his "cocked hat and cane," for the amusement of the little circle of boon companions, who gathered round the bowl of smoking punch, or quaffed the mountain dew, while the welkin rang with their wild, joyous and innocent mirth, and border ballads, and lowland tales, which have made more than one among them immortal, passed from lip to lip.

Another club, too, claimed its share in our memory:—the gifted twelve, who met at the "Turk's Head," in Soho, with the leviathan Lexicographer at their head—the sparkling Goldsmith, the noble Reynolds, the brilliant Burke, who formed a nucleus of the most distinguished wits and scholars of the time, while seated round the social board, they pledged each other in—

"Colvert's butt, and Porson's black champagne,"

which flowed not more smoothly, or bubbled more brightly than the ready repartee, or the play of fancy; while the learning and research of many of its members, gave a depth and character to its meetings, which few such could boast.

Such *have been* our associations with Clubs. What are they now? What will they be from this time forward? Treasured memories of pleasant hours, over which Iris has thrown her rainbow tints of memory and hope. A few undimmed links in the chain of our existence. *Our club! Ours!* how much is contained in these little words! They conjure up a whole train of remembrances; the first meeting of the new associates, the shy reserve, the fear of coming out with one's own opinions, the gradual unfolding of the

character, the strengthening the bond of sympathy, till each member seemed to become identified with, and a part of the others, and "Love me, love my Club!" became almost the motto of our hearts.

While thinking of the individual traits which had been developed by this friendly intercourse, I fell asleep, and a singular vision presented itself to my dreaming mind; the impression of it was so vivid and apropos to my previous train of thought, that I will e'en give it to you, first seating myself on Pegasus, who, being all unused to my guidance, will, I doubt not, give me many a plunge, uneven step, and fall:—

In visions of the night, methought I saw  
A table set, and as I glanced it o'er,  
A sweet low voice, just whispered in my ear,  
Behold the members of thy *Club* are here,  
Not with their laurelled brows, and hose "*bas bleu*,"  
But as a twilight feast prepared for you.

Confin'd in hissing urn, thy Marion see,  
The grateful tonic green, and hot Bohea,  
Sweeten'd with bright content, born of the sky,  
With cream of quietest humor, arch and sly.  
She can our Latin, Greek and French construe,  
And Hebrew texts explain, at bird's eye view,  
'Tis her, the *key stone* of our arch we call,  
And should she leave us, it would surely fall.

Our Temple, next as plate of tongue I spy,  
Season'd with Attic salt. Who e'er can vie  
With her in graceful speech, that gives a zest,  
To legends staid or wild, and doth invest,  
With new and varied charm, the oft told tale,  
Which flies from Highland glen, to lowly vale,  
And though sometimes, the *guardian of our laws*,  
Waits for the call to "*order*," but *her* pause,  
With ill concealed regret, from fluent tones,  
We turn to printed page, as dry as stones;  
For such our reckless fate too oft has fixed on,  
Dull historic tomes, in lieu of fiction.

A pile of spicy cheesecakes rears its head,  
From out the midst of board so amply spread,  
Of condiments not rare but delicate,  
Which varied still, ne'er tire, or satiate;  
An emblem fit of her, the playful elf,  
Who, charming all, ne'er thinks a thought of self,  
Ah! who can doubt? we mean our Mary Long,  
Who's ever ready for a joke or song;  
She plays, she sings, and with her merry wiles,  
She wins from all the circle, gleeful smiles.

It needs no prompter's aid, to tell the face,  
Whose lineaments within the loaf I trace;  
She who the hungry feeds, the naked clothes,  
Whose constant charity forever flows,  
To whom her friends in trouble all apply,  
And find most ready aid and sympathy.  
Well may our Wering, as her signet, wear  
"*The staff of life*" which she with watchful care,  
Gives ever to the shiv'ring, houseless poor,  
Who ne'er are turned unanswered from *her* door.

In dish most exquisitely cut, I see,  
A sweetmeat rare, our Messenger shall be;  
Not melon crisp and green, not tropic pine,  
Not fragrant lime, or aught beyond the line,