

Friday, January 13, 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.