

Thursday, Feb. 6, 1840.

PRESIDENT—LT.-COL. WINGFIELD.

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

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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.