

Thursday, Dec. 31, 1840.

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

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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.*