

Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1841.

PRESIDENT—C. COLVILLE, ESQ. (*HIRONDELLE*).

VICE-PRESIDENT—F. H. LANG, ESQ. (*THE FORLORN HOPE*).

REALLY, good gents, I can't contrive
From our last President's short drive
To make a versified report
Of our proceedings as I ought—
This being the case, I find I must
To your well-known good nature trust,
Whilst that I tell, as best I may,
The merits of each member's sleigh.
Three lofty sleighs, then, first appear.
The fashion, it would seem, last year;
Good ones to drive in, I've no doubt,
But *rather* high for tumbling out.
The Erin go bragh first displays
Itself, with steady pair of greys:
Its owner now no lady drives,
Fearing to risk their precious lives.
The Mutual, carrying the Show-man,
Who as to beauty yields to no man,
Of course is always graced by woman.
The Bruin's next, the best turn-out
In all the club, there's little doubt.
And now I come to members new,
Who different principles pursue,
Upon another plan they go,
For they have all their runners low.
A long black sleigh, of graceful form,
Thus from the rude winds keeping warm
Its charioteer, has for its name
The Black Swan, at least so says fame.