

Tuesday, January 26, 1841.

PRESIDENT—H. HUTTON, ESQ. (*THE SQUIRE*).

VICE-PRESIDENT—J. INGLIS, ESQ. (*MUTUAL*).

An! luckless me! can I to verse aspire,
Succeeding, as I do, the sportive Squire,
Whose muse, prolific, poured the well-tuned lay
So much applauded our last Tandem day.
How can I hope one listening ear to please,
Much less the eager appetite appease
For rhyme, which now pervades our taste,
So gay, so blythe, so joyous, yet so chaste.
My hand, more skilled to wield the sounding whip
Or hold the ribbons than in ink to dip
The grey goose quill, is all unfit to trace
The mazy labyrinth of our headlong race,—
But if I must, I must, so let's begin;
In writing, the commencement, as in sin,
Costs most,—this should have been in French,
But that the Secretary's month might wrench
Aside in reading, for he's English true,
And hates your *oui, Monsieur*, or *parlez vous*.
Well then, on Tuesday last, at Osgood Hall,
We mustered punctual, eight good teams in all,
Beside our Medical attendant, he
Who at his post at all times you may see.
First came the Squire, our worthy President,
And by his side his lady fair, who lent
Her charms, unmindful of mishaps,
Which, being passed, are best forgotten p'rhaps.
Then came the Hope Forlorn, with Beauty's Queen,
Lovely as when in Paphos' isle first seen;
Blessed be this pair wherever it appears,
May she raise fondest hopes, and he no fears.