

At length the day arrives—new expectancy,
 Tiptoe, his better sense could scarce restrain :—
 Indeed to make a *trope* of his disease,—
 He felt like one *barefooted* on *hot peas* !

LXIII.

Baptiste had wealth, and did I think make o'er,
 Of his abundance, by notarial deed,
 Some two three thousand pounds, or more,
 To his intended spouse—lest time, indeed,
 Should, unawares, come knocking at his door,
 And prove "the best friend, is a friend in need ;"
 'Twas a good plan—but over and above,
 He wished to shew his strong impassioned—love !

LXIV.

"Precaution is a virtue"—we are told,
 I do believe it, as oft demonstrated,
 And an acknowledged maxim from of old,—
 Among the luckless, prosperous or ill fated ;
 And "*maxims*" and "*old saws*" when they unfold,
 And leave the path, plainly delineated,
 Which we should follow, nothing on earth should hinder,
 Our following them—so says Peter Pindar.

LXV.

And Peter knew—at least he should have known—
 But whether Peter knew, with all his knowledge,
 The law of *marriage contracts*—it is not shewn
 By his Biographer.—He'd been thro' College,
 But was no F. R. S. himself did own ;
 Yet might indeed have understood the tollage
 Of London-Bridge ;—nor let this shame us,
 One may know many things, yet be an *ignoramus*

LXVI.

On others,* Peter further saith. "He lies."
 Who says it? Aye, but then be told the truth,
 Of a great king, (and kings are always wise,)
 Who, famed for wisdom from his very youth,
 Knew not the "*physiology of pies*,"
 Strange though it doth appear and most uncouth.
 For when a "Dumpling" had been set before him,
 He stared, as if a Samuel was to score him

* "An honest man may be a bitter bad logician."—SWHT.