

Yes, take me away to the court-land,
 With text-books and precedents packed,
 To assumpsit and trover and tort-land,
 Where wives both expand and contract.

There I'll choose me a widow *discoverte*,
 With a house and an ample rent-roll,
 Or at large in the gay market *overt*
 Trip it lightly with the tender *feme sole*.

Then be she as fat as a porpoise,
 Or be she but *cutis* and bone,
 I will issue a *habeas corpus*,
 And have the dear dame for my own.

Her *wasts* will no more be a common,
 I shall hold her affections in fee ;
 Though at one time affianced to some one,
 She'll be *levant* and *couchant* with me.

To the feast I'll invite every Fiction,
 Every lay-figure known to the Court,
 But my fancy outruns all the diction
 That would give an idea of sport.

Possession makes love to Reversion,
 Defeasance is friendly with Bond,
 While Cruelty calls on Desertion
 To Marriage's toast to respond.

There is Larceny winking at Trover,
 And Fraud arm-in-arm with Trustee,
 And the Legal Estate is won over,
 And drinks with the third Mortgagee.

Onus twirls in the waltz with Presumption,
 And Fiction is flirting with Fact,
 While both give the *pas* to Assumption,
 And Argument's rights are intact.

Estoppel to Waiver makes overture,
 Due Diligence waits on *Lachesse*,
 Gentle Infancy's setting to Coverture,
 And Lunacy romps with Duresse.

Then Divorce bids them all fill their glasses,
 And dilates on the soul-stirring theme ;
 Co-respondent invites all the lasses
 To drink deep to the *Baron* and *Feme*.

—*Australian Law Times.*