

## THE BACHELOR AND THE BABE.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"And now, fair dames, methinks I see  
You listen to my minstrelsy;  
Your waving locks, ye backwards throw,  
And sidelong bend your necks of snow:  
Ye w<sup>an</sup> to hear a melting tale."



ONCE on a time, not long ago,

When Mother Earth was clad in snow;  
When jingling sleigh-bells rang full chime,  
And trotters fast, though past their prime,  
Ran neck by neck with faulty gait,  
Hurrying on their equine fate;  
And stalwart youth and merry maid,  
By etiquette nor prudence staid,  
Dashed down the street in fierce delight,  
All reckless of the waning light.  
Sharp snapp'd the whip! a smothered cry  
Betrayed the maiden's ecstasy,  
While he with manly effort tries  
To gain her love and win the prize.  
Here met the gayest of the gay,  
The dark, the fair, in fit array.  
So fashion rules the dress, the drive—  
Ten thousand on its votaries thrive—  
And Hymen foremost on the roll,  
Takes full, and frequent, fateful toll.

Old Christmas laughed a hearty laugh,  
Like ancient topers when they quaff  
A fruity wine refined by age,  
Which connoisseurs, with sapient nods,  
Declare fit tippie for the gods;  
And sipping, look most wond'rous sage.