

Jean Baptiste.

LXXVII.

I do—whether *campagne* or *en ville*,
 They're very much like Byron's poetry—
 Now here—now there—now sideways or uphill,—
 Or in a *calot*, if there's snow d'ye see,—
 And if there's none—why have it if you will,
 In mud or ditch, as best it pleases ye,
 Both may be had, or either at your option,
 As easy, as a son or daughter—by adoption!

LXXVIII.

Now off to Church: first in the clan appear,
 The fair Bride and *filie d'honneur* in their coach;
 Follow'd by Jacques, Etienne and Casimir;—
 Each as related in the line approach—
 While Jean Baptiste "in tow" brings up the rear,
 With Bazile the groom's man, in a *Barouche*.—
 Each blade with *Demoiselle* of "note and fame,"
 Drove like old Jehu—off to *Notre Dame*.

LXXIX.

And let them go—for me, 'tis much too early,
 To go to church—let us suppose it over—
 That they are married—and return'd quite cheerly—
 Transformed to "man and wife" from "sweet and lover."

LXXX.

Assembled *chez son père* we find *Antoine*,
 The venerable father of our hero;
 An only sister the fair *Rosaline*,
 Gallanted by *Toussaint* her cavalero.
 His brothers *Hypolite*, *Ignace* and *Aqueline*,—
 Dandies of the "first water;"—*Bombardero*
 The father with the mother of the bride,
 And *Angelique*, a maiden aunt by mother's side.

LXXXI.

There was *Pierre* Catgut with his bow and rosin,
 And *Doct. ur Crispin* whom the whole world knows,—
 With nostrums and prescriptions by the dozen,
 To kill or cure—no matter how it goes—
 And there was . . . *Avocat* and *cozen*,
 With "whereas, whys and wherefores, and ergoes;"
 And lots of friends, relations, cousin german,
 Than write whose names I'd sooner write a sermon.