

LXXII.

And this—I wish to have well understood—
I mean in love and courtship

LXXIII.

The Bridegroom's dress—some small refinement shew'd,
His coat was black, or of a sombre hue,
Best superfine—and cut quite à la mode,—
Vest silk—and “inexpressibles” of blue,
With white cravat superbly double bowed—
A wide plain frill, left suit-as plain to view—
Finn'd with a Brooch, in which was neatly set
A little portrait of his niece Josette.

LXXIV.

The *Angelus* had toll'd—all expectation—
'Twas five—one hour—the fatal knot is tied—
Hubbub and noise succeed in preparation.....
Her bosom throbb'd—flutter'd—she smil'd—then sigh'd,
While Baptiste look'd all joy and animation—
So soon to have a “blushing, blooming Bride.”
Meantime the half officious waiting throng,
Chaunted in chorus some obstreperous song.

LXXV.

I think 'twas in the gloomy month October,
When rugged Autumn with his winter shocks,
Made nature's face look quite downcast and sober,
Like the lone desert, or rough mountain rocks,
Barren and verdureless; and did unrobe her,
Of her fair garments, and light flowing locks,—
Indeed she look'd most mournfully baldheaded,
A situation of all others to be dreaded.

LXXVI.

I would not say she wore a wig—but then
Such desolation did her looks pervade—
Such pensive stillness mid the wood and glen,
Save when the piercing blast swept thro' the glade,
And echoed from the mountains back again,—
While angry clouds their lengthen'd skirts display'd—
You'd thought—a bleak Canadian fall, or winter,—
The worst of times for—Poet or for—Printer.