

They were all met now,—but I fain must mention
 Beau Beamish, and two sisters, but the elder
 Said a bad cold prevented her intention
 Of being there,—the fact is, what withheld her
 Was the dislike of finding her declension
 Into the list of old maids, when age quell'd her
 Bright dreams of hope, and therefore direly hated
 To go, where she saw others elevated,

Beyond her rank of Miss ;—for at the age
 Of forty, and beyond, when younger Misses
 Who were not born, when she first trod the stage
 Of life, at dances, dinners, routs, (for this is
 The *entree* of a belle's first pilgrimage
 To Love's young shrine.) had long receiv'd the blisses
 Which marriage showers.—no wonder, that the bi
 Arose, to jaundice o'er her looks, and smile.

Then, there was nuntty Margaret—lac'd and capp'd
 With a rich satin, which had been in vogue
 About the time, when first, the Fronde, enwrapt
 All France in it,—from Lyons to La Hogue ;—
 Not to forget, gay Captain Casey,—strapp'd
 From head to heel in gold,—who spoke the brogue
 In all its elegance,—and as to cousins
 And their connexions,—they came by the dozens.

You know what sort of thing a wedding is,—
 Therefore I need not occupy your leisure
 In recapitulating every kiss
 Relations gave each other,—when the pleasure
 Of seeing two united in one bliss
 Was consummated by the priest, (a measure
 Which must be done,) and the affair was over,
 And wife and husband transform'd from the lover.

They feasted, frolick'd now ;—all sorts of funning
 Went on with spirit,—dancing for the young—
 Cards for the old, (who had giv'n over running)
 Were the convivial sports,—whilst raillery's tongue
 Jok'd the new pair,—and Casey, fond of punning
 When he could get a listener, among
 Those who surrounded,—set his wits to fret,
 And said Baptisto had got in *a net*.

But Annette took all frolic in good part,
 Even the Captain's pun, altho' so bad,—
 For she was all good nature to the heart,
 And rarely knew, what *it* was to be sad ;—
 All had throughout been merry, save the tart
 Words, between Sam and Shark,—but they had had
 So many onsets with such like offences,
 That both knew how to parry consequences.

The clock struck twelve ;—it was the hour for rest,
 Particularly for a new-match'd pair,—
 The doves of Venus, lay upon her breast
 Nestled in tenderness,—all softly there,—
 It was the time for those who being blest
 With Love's return, seek its enchanting lair,
 And court sweet Nature's languishing desire,
 To woo soft sleep, and to its couch retire.