

Jean Baptiste.

## LXVII.

In pieces, and—you know the tale no doubt—  
 I shall suppose it—and again proceed.  
 Those who have wisdom (many are without,)  
 Will own, I think, the justness of my creed,  
 Altho' it be not orthodox throughout,  
 That a good marriage contract is indeed,  
 A wise precaution—since to prove I'm able,  
 Marriage a "*rente viagere et non rachetable*,"

## LXVIII.

Of a man's patience, or at least, affections,  
 Which are, "*par privilege, hypothéqué*."  
 And of all bitter, sorry-faced reflections,  
 That come across one, in life's wintry way—  
 None are more bitter than those cursed "*ejections*,"  
 From an estate—when he has debts to pay,  
 And, has not, the "*wherewith*," to go and pay them,—  
 Nor faithful friend, with timely aid to stay them.

## LXIX.

This by the way.—The lovely blooming bride  
 Appeared in all her robes of hearty drest.—  
 Her gown was lace, figured and flounced, beside  
 A plain plush zone encircling her breast,  
 (I know not why) a burning crimson dyed :—  
 A white lace frill, her fluttering bosom prest,  
 A cap of bobbin-nett—and to complete,  
 Shoes of the whitest silk bedeck'd her feet.

## LXX.

I'd nigh forgot her downy gloves of kid,  
 And sparkling clasp that held her crimson zone,  
 Whose beauty shone resplendant and unbid,  
 Bright as the lustre of the diamond stone.  
 I would add more—but—modesty forbid—  
 Unless the ring that on her finger shone—  
 But not her bridal ring—'twas I suppose  
 A fond memento of her youthful beaux!

## LXXI.

A fancy trinket. But may Heav'n forgive me,  
 If in the course of life's short chequer'd day,  
 I give fair Lady (lest she might deceive me,)  
 Aught then a tender heart; which if she play  
 Too rudely with, or slighted—and believe me,  
 That such may n'er occur I often pray,  
 Could I retrieve it—and regain possession—  
 I'd not repent in haste a like—transgression.