

Now merrily, cheerily, over the street,
 Rattle the willing horse's feet,
 So gallantly, valiantly, tugging the rein,
 But straining and pulling and tugging in vain ;
 Nor half so buoyantly, brilliantly gay,
 As the couple who ride within the sleigh.

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Now in the door
 The legions pour,
 And quickly mount the lightéd stair,
 But here and there,
 We scan a pair,
 Lingering beside the flowers fair.
 So 'ev'ry one, the gay, the sage,
 With juveniles of middle age,
 Flings happy quirk and merry jest,
 Intent on adding to the zest ;
 Determined that in every sense,
 Their mirth should flow without pretence.
 Among the assembled joyous crew—
 My Certes ! they numbered not a few—
 Was one we seldom meet—a bachelor,
 Of forty years—I may say more—
 Of studious habits, prim in mien,
 So bashful that, sure ne'er was seen
 His like among the Saxon race,
 For blush would simply blush efface,
 If spoken to by quizzing maid,
 Or cornered by a spinster staid.

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How strange, the change,
 By contrast grew,
 When *Mere* and *Ange*
 Came into view ;
 So calm, content,
 In mother's pride.
 "Sweet innocent"
 Young ladies cried :