

VALENTINE FROM MISS C-K TO ALEX. R-E, ESQ.,  
M. P. P., FEBRUARY 14TH, 1848.

This is leap year ! old ladies this year are in hope,  
For if frosty old bachelors will not incline,  
The question important in their ears to pop—  
Why, the ladies can ask to be their Valentine !

Sixty summers, and more, have pass'd over my head,  
But no offer of marriage has ever been mine ;  
And now, tho' the bloom of my beauty is shed,  
I have charms yet in store for an old Valentine.

I have gold ! blooming gold ! —what a treasure is  
this !—

What a heap it would make if but added to thine !  
Let young minxes prate about beauty and bliss,  
But there's beauty in gold—aunt there—old  
Valentine ?

Then scorn Speaker Joe, with his humbug and  
prate,  
And the big-bellied Doctor—inflated with wine ;  
Nor suffer the cares and distractions of state  
To keep you from my arms, my old Valentine.

And then my broad acres !—pray do not say no,  
For if you should this tempting offer decline,  
You, and all you stale tribe to the mischief may go,  
And I'll ask young Paul Mabey for my Valentine.