

# AN EPIGRAMMUM

On the Marriage of Miss Clara Elizabeth La-  
Touche Vicars and Lord Rayleigh.

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"HAIL, WEDDED LOVE!"  
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HAIL! far-famed altar of Saint George's,  
Where so oft bright Hymen forges  
Those blest fetters that together  
Youth and beauty sweetly tether!  
Altar, where some proud patrician  
Oft appears on Cupid's mission!  
Fane, where many, with hearts elated,  
Have found their life's hope consummated!  
Exult! break forth! praise Hymen daily,  
Now VICARS fair claims noble RAYLEIGH!

Where'er the mind by Virtue deck'd is,  
Each fulsome compliment e'er check'd is;  
And, though so oft some tongue rehearses  
The charms of her named in our verses,—  
Fair, pensive CLARA e'er inclined is  
To think than *features* more *the mind* is!  
Such were the truths taught by a mother  
She'd ne'er imbibed from some other.  
Exult! break forth! laud Hymen daily,  
Who virtuous VICARS joins with RAYLEIGH!

Oh! where such qualities are blended,  
What match in promise e'er transcended?  
Virtue—fortune—youth—combined are  
(And talent, too)—in those that join'd are!—  
The happy pair!—O! ne'er may Heaven  
Withhold from them its bounteous leaven!  
But still increase their warm affection,  
Till they no more here need protection!  
Exult! break forth! praise Hymen daily,  
While VICARS fair claims gen'rous RAYLEIGH!

C. C.

GREAT TOTHAM, ESSEX.