

And my theory's sustained by a very old book,
 Any reference to which some may deem misplaced here,
 But I open its page with due reverence (not fear).
 You will read of a king whose dominions were great,
 One that lived in much splendour, supported great state;
 But like some you all know in our own modern times,
 Was brought down in his follies, his errors and crimes;
 Was expelled, driven forth, from the presence of men,
 Even herded with beasts of the field or the pen,
 Till in time, by exposure to rain in all weathers,
 All the hair of his flesh became changed into feathers.

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If the forenamed invention produce richest curls,
 On the pates of bald bipeds, old ladies or churls;
 Why should not the same application be tried
 On the shoulders, for instance, both east and west side;
 The said parts must be bare to the sun, wind and rain,
 Do not wince if this treatment cause some little pain;
 It will not be for long; note the highlander's shanks,
 As he tramps through the heather, o'er hill sides and banks;
 The fair cuticle hardens; in time the rough hair
 Grows as thick as you see on the foal of a mare.
 If this climate don't answer just try the Red River—
 It is only in fancy you feel yourselves shiver—
 Just try it, and sure as John A. is a wizard,
 You'll find that a thorough good Nor-nor-West blizzard,
 Is complete as a charm in promoting the crop
 Of the healthy young feathers you'll see springing up;
 Persevere, we all know what that virtue oft brings—
 Your reward shall be seen in a fine pair of wings.

When Darwin, with his grand philosophie,
 Provides these feathered helps for you and me,
 And all and singular every he and she,
 Then his and our opinions may agree.

