

The beaux at church think more of you
 Than of the pray'r or sermon,
 You are the first ask'd for a waltz,
 The last one at the German.
 Yet though you've lovers by the score,
 Can some one tell the reason
 The plainest girl is wed before
 The beauty of the season?
 The beauty of the season.

You're witching, there's no doubt of that,
 Your very smile is winning,
 One glance from those bewitching eyes
 Sets hearts and heads a spinning;
 But when a suitor comes for life,
 You flirt beyond all reason,
 And so you'll die an old maid yet,
 Mybeauty of the season,
 My beauty of the season.

Oh! Golly, Aint She Style.

BY ROLLIN HOWARD.

Oh! you may talk of Lizzie Ann,
 And the charming, gay quadroom,
 They cannot beat the girl I met
 The other afternoon.
 Her guish eyes threw such a glance,
 And she gave a killing smile,
 Her jocky hat tipp'd on her nose,
 Oh! golly, aint she style.