



JANE—"Have you been invited to the Es—to meet the Prince?"
 ARAMINTA—"La! no! They're not in our set."
 CHARLOTTE—"And, besides, the Prince has refused, because they wanted him to dance only with rich old frumps."
 CHORUS—"Oh! the poor darling!"

A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Sound the loud tin-pans from mountain to wave,
 Sir Francis has triumphed,—North Renfrew's his slave!
 Twang,—for the word of a Murray is broken,—
 His speeches, addresses, all ended in froth:
 How vain was his boasting,—Sir John had but spoken,
 And Murray and half of his county is bought!
 Sound the loud tin-pans from mountain to wave,
 Sir Francis has triumphed,—North Renfrew's his slave!
 Wail for the conqueror,—groan now a dirge,—
 His word is an arrow,—his breath is a scourge;
 He was returned to repeat the old story
 Of the times when, alas! he was first in the land:—
 Let the *Newsance* now call this his pillar of glory,
 'Tis the only sound leg upon which he can stand:—
 Sound the loud tin-pans o'er mountain and wave,
 Sir Francis has triumphed,—North Renfrew's his slave!

DARIUS WINTERTOWN.

Can a person who accidentally falls into a barrel of egg-shells be said to be deep in conchology?

Insulting—Taking an oyster by the beard.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

SCENE.—*An Extensive Prairie.*

Enter KING MACDOUGALL and PROVENCHER, an Attendant, both mounted and muffled.

King. Would I could find my kingdom! Two long weeks

Have I been jolting on this bony hack;
 Each muscle of my royal person craves
 If but one moment's respite.

Prov. May it please—

King. It does not; never has royalty been brought
 So near the verge of utter degradation.
 I have a realm,—at least they told me so,—
 But where on earth it is I know not.

You have my crown all right, Provencher?

Prov. May't please your Majesty, 'tis in
 The bandbox.

King. And my sceptre?

Prov. Oui.

King. So far so good; but 'twould rejoice my soul
 To set my eyes upon a single subject:
 For—in your private ear,—my trusty friend,
 I sometimes fear my sovereignty—

(Enter INDIANS in full equipment of feathers and paint.)

Indian Chief. Come, now, you ragamuffins, pull up smart,

For I have sworn, by every shrunken scalp
 That dangles at my girdle, no pale face
 Shall leave his trail in these my hunting grounds.

I'm the great Scallawag, and here am chief.
 Now, who are you?

King. The King—

Prov. (aside) Stop! that will never do.
 He looks a rascal; please your Majesty,
 The Knave, and not the King, is the best
 card to play.

King. I can dissemble. Mighty Scallawag!
 Your Honour,—Highness,—Excellency,—or
 Whate'er you are,—speaks to no pale-face;
 I am a chief like you—chief of the Ottawas.

Chief. The plague you are! Then take a pipe, my boy:
 We'll puff the peace-cloud. Still I have my doubts

About you! Come, give the Ottawa war-whoop.

King. Hear, hear! Question! Ecoutez! Divide!

Chief. I thought so; now, you shameless rascal,
 Begone! for, if in half an hour, by my Geneva,
 You are in sight—

(The KING here sticks his heels into his steed, and scampers off the stage, exclaiming:—

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;
 Far worse the fools that goes in search of one.)

Can a business man meet his obligations and at the same time not recognize them?

Why is *Grinchuckle* liable to imposition? Because everybody's trying to *take him in*.

Cutting a Swell—Operating on a tumour.