

LADY ABERDEEN.

We have a Gov'NOR-GENERAL and a LADY ABERDEEN,
They travel o'er the country are eas'ly to be seen
Such hospitality as her's, has n'er been seen before,
And now my gentle readers, could you possibly ask more?

Lady Aberdeen: we're told's a Lady democrat.
Who does not stop at little things when she wishes this or that,
In Murphy's store the other day, she sold laces herself,
But a Lady privileged as she, can do things oft pell mell.

The serious servant question now, our good Lady's attacked,
And to listen to her fine debates, the hall is often packed,
If she'll succeed as well in this, I dinna choose to tell,
But I'd rather leave what's well alone, so do our mothers tell.

I am just as big a democrat as Lady Aberdeen.
But I can tell you *plainly*, that my limit's easily seen;
When I invite my friends at home to spend some time at tea,
Can play with servants in the hall; *my* servants not *with* me.

USE AND ABUSE OF WHISKERS.

He has a pair of cheeklets where his whiskers used to sit,
And now I'm going to tell you, where and why he did get hit.
And so these trumpery verses, please consider as my song,
I'm going to rattle through them, so I wont detain you long.

His name, McStubbin, Christopher, the boys all called him
[*"Chris,"*
He drank and sang for all of them, and all his jokes were his,
But some fine day he quarrelled with a friend who did him hit,
And so he got one cheeklet, where one whisker used to sit.

He then at home all day did stay to nurse that cheeklett hit,
But time was dragging on his hands he longed for boys and fizz.
His wife though, swept the other off, and lit the stove with it,
And now he has two cheeklets where two whiskers used to sit.