

So haul it down, or I
To shoot it down shall try
When I get a favor-able opportunity.
(Chorus of enraged St. Tomites).

Oh! Hannah,
That banner
Mussn't float in that manner;
Pull down
In our town
The Sta-har Spa-hangled Ba-hanner.
Mr. Brown
Of this town
Much objects to the manner
In which you are floating that
Star-spangled banner.

INEBRIATES.—That Bar Stangled Spanner;
that spar bangled stanner; that star spangled
panner, that floatsh o'er our town.

RECITATIVE.

JUDGE R.—Well, gentlemen, I do not doubt
you're persons in authority,
Your numbers, too, are more than ours by a
very large majority,
Yet still I fail to see what harm that flag is
doing where it is;

And I like to see it treated with respect, I do,
where'er it is:
You order us to pull it down, but that we
must object to do;
We do not think that that would be by any
means correct to do;

So if you want to tear it down bring on your
red-coat sodjery,
For force alone shall lower it, as sure as my
name's Rogery.

DR. G.—Come, alderman Brown,
They won't haul it down,
With Dutch courage these fellows are swelling

ALD. BROWN.—Just so, Doctor Gustin,
With champagne they're bustin'
Where this matter will end there's no telling.
(Duet, by Peaceable Citizen and the Doctor.)

P. C.—Come, doctor, do not be absurd,
And don't annoy the Yankee bird,
But come and join us in a glass of champagne
or Sillery!

DR. G.—Oh! no, my duty I must do;
You, gentlemen, will shortly rue
Your conduct when I come with my militia
and artillery.
(Exit Doctor and Alderman.)

Copy of Despatch from the Mayor of St.
Thomas to the U. S. Minister of War.
"St. Thomas is insulted: American flag
waving over the city. Unless hauled down
within five hours war will be declared.
E. GUSTIN,
Mayor of St. Thomas.

REPLY.

"To Mayor of St. Thomas:
Let her fly. Where is St. Thomas, anyhow?
MINISTER OF WAR,
U. S. A.

This so disheartened his Worship that the
matter was allowed to drop.

LOVELY WOMAN.

When lovely woman's feet are sevens,
And such a size her soul abhors,
What does she then? Why, gracious heavens!
She squeezes them in Number fours.
And when the years come onward pacing,
And show her waist increased in size,
What does she? Flies to tighter lacing,
And shows her suffering in her eyes.
And when her husband comes home jolly,
Declaring, "Dear, I'm (hic) a'ri!"
What charm can soothe her melancholy
Like that of having "a good cry?"
And when old age draws nigh and nigher,
What then does lovely woman do?
She makes herself a right-down l-r-r
And says, "I'll soon be thirty-two."
Thus lovely woman's e'er deceiving,
Dispelling ever lover's young dream;
And men must own, tho' sadly grieving,
That women are not what they seem.

Swiz.



ARTFUL MAUDELINE LEA.

FYTTE I.

Ponsonby Fane was a nobleman bold,
And came of a family terribly old,
In fact, if you looked at the family tree,
You'd observe what a length was his pedigree.
The young fellow, of course, could be never a churl,
For Ponsonby Fane was the son of an earl,
An earl as proud as an earl could be,
Never an earl more proud than he.
But Ponsonby Fane, though a terrible swell,
In love with a beautiful actress fell;
An actress who danced in flesh-hued tights,
And remarkably well on spectacular nights.
Oh! indeed she was beautiful—Maudeline Lea
The name of this ballet girl happened to be;
I say "happened to be," for some years before,
She had gone by the name of Lucretia Gore;
But "what's in a name? a rose" says Bill,
"Will be equally fragrant called what you will."



FYTTE II.

Barnaby Brass was a barrister cute,
Who had taught young Ponsonby's mind to shoot,
And in quite a paternal and friendly way,
The earl to the barrister wrote one day,
And desired him kindly to try if he
Could wean the young man from Maudeline Lea;
He had heard that his son intended to marry
The girl, an affair that would play old Harry.
"Whatever you do," wrote the haughty earl
"Break off this affair with that bold, bad girl;
If coaxing won't do—and I hardly think
That it will, why, make her an offer of 'chink.'"
Accordingly Barnaby called on Maud
And stated the will of the noble lord.
(Be it known, in the past this barrister
Had himself been awfully sweet on her,
And he knew, as he'd very good reason to know,
That her conduct had been just a *little* so-so.)
And he mentioned his wish to sever this match
With Ponsonby Fane, a most excellent catch;
But Maudeline Lea would none of it hear,
And she curled her lip with a feminine sneer.
As she said, "You desire to stop my game,"
"I do," quoth Barnaby Brass, "that same."
"Excuse me a minute," said Maudeline Lea,
"I'm not such a fool as I seem to be."
And she left the room, to her boudoir steep
And opened a desk where her billets she kept,
She returned with a somewhat volubrious packet
And said, "Mr. Brass, I shall stop this racket.
This package behold, 'twixt you and me
These letters once passed," said Maudeline Lea.
"And you, I believe, are about to wed

An heiress—Miss Prude,—are you not?" she said.
"I am," said the barrister, "Pray do you mean
To say that you kept all that passed between
Yourself and me, every word and line?"
"I have," said Maud, "and I rather opine
That I don't regret it, for please take note
I shall send those letters, which once you wrote
To me, where you called me 'your love,' your pet,
To Miss Prude, that'll stop your game, you bet."
By the way that she spoke the reader will see
That uncommonly slangy was Maudeline Lea.
Each separate hair on the barrister's head
Stood up like those of a man in dread,
And he begged and prayed Miss Maudeline Lea,
Not to do as she threatened; "Then let me be,"
Replied the actress, "and let me gain
My point by marrying Ponsonby Fane;
Don't try to obey that silly old earl,
If you do—good-bye to that heiress girl;
If you mind your own business, I'll give you again
Your letters when I become Maudeline Fane."
Now what could he do, poor Barnaby Brass?
He looked like a fool and he felt like an ass,
So he finally said, "Dear Maudeline Lea
I'm afraid I'm compelled to let you be;
I shall lose the earl and his business—good
Or bad, but then I shall gain Miss Prude,
Which I certainly shouldn't, I must allow,
If you did as you threatened to do just now.
So do as you please, I cannot afford
To lose an heiress to please my lord."



FYTTE III.

The wedding came off, and Ponsonby Fane
And his bride took a honeymoon trip through Spain,
But first Mrs. Fane, late Maudeline Lea,
Sent a neat little package to Barnaby B.:
With a note, "Dear sir, as I promised to do,
I send you that package I showed to you;
Though a lawyer, you really don't seem to be
Altogether" (what grammar!) "as smart as me:
For I think it is right that you ought to know
I destroyed your letters some years ago,
And this is the package you thought was them,"
(Oh! Lindley Murray!) "Yours truly, M."
With trembling fingers the barrister tore
The wrap from the package he'd seen before,
But lo! 'twas nought but a neatly tied
Bundle of paper and naught beside!
Yes, sold indeed was the lawyer, alas!
The actress had 'bluffed' poor Barnaby Brass.

Swiz.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A REGINA
EDITOR.

(After his assailant was fined \$50 and costs.)