



## DISENCHANTMENT,

OR BEAUTY, RICHES AND GRAMMAR.

'Twas at the fair of eighty-three; I'd gazed upon the pumpkins,  
Had listened to the converse of the jolly, rustic bumpkins;  
With the mangels and the beetroots I had satisfied each ocular,  
And had noticed many jokes about them, laughable and jocular,  
When lo! upon my eyesight burst a brilliant female vision,  
A figure, tall and stately, dressed with very great precision,  
And quite as Fashion dictates; a long white plume her hat in  
Was stuck and o'er her shapely limbs was draped a robe of satin;  
And rich and rare the gems she wore upon her ungloved fingers;  
And even yet, around my nose, the scent of moss-rose fingers;  
For fragrant odors floated round, bewildering my senses,  
And the perfume of moss-rose, I think, of all the most intense is;  
A heavy golden chain she wore; her ear-rings were enormous;  
Her eyes had that strange sleepy look we see in eyes of dormouse;  
Or owl, when in the day-light seen; those queer nocturnal creatures.  
A kind of Clara Vere de Vere expression on her features  
Proclaimed that she was gently born; her very walk was regal,  
Her head was poised with stately grace like that of royal eagle.  
Her lips were read and rosy and beautifully curving,  
To even gaze upon that mouth was really quite unnerving.  
Oh! surely nought but words of love should from those rose-buds issue;  
And, to myself, I softly said, "Oh! how I'd like to kiss you."  
I said this to myself, you know; I did not speak out loudly;  
How durst I, as that lovely girl before me stood so proudly;  
I felt, the more I gazed at her, that she must be a duchess  
Or countess at the very least, (of fancy this no touch is).  
She came to where I stood before some very large potatoes,  
And as her eyes upon them fell they opened wide like great O's.  
I saw her gaze upon those spuds; they really were colossal,  
Perhaps not quite as æsthetic in the language of th' apostle  
Of beauty and refinement, Mr. Wild; and as she halted  
In front of me my heart jumped up and down and somersaulted,  
She was so very beautiful; and then I heard her speaking.  
Yes, she was asking for some information she was seeking;  
I heard her words; I caught my breath; oh! did I hear her rightly?  
Yes; she was speaking gazing at those "murphies" so unsightly,  
And this is what that lady said, "IS THERE THERE THINGS PERTAYERS  
OR NE TRHY HREADFRTS?" Red I blushed, aye, redder than "termaters."  
My life blood in my temples surged like blows of Vulcan's hammer;  
What! such a lovely being thus to scorn the rules of grammar!  
A female, evidently rich and proud as queenly vulture,  
To be, as I could see she was, so wholly void of culture.  
Before I heard her speak, my blood for her, why, I'd have spilt it,  
But having heard her, al! I did was—well, I simply wilted.  
—Swiz.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it please the court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

## WHAT IT MEANT.

They were talking of omens, signs, and so forth, Swiggs and Jawkins were, both being somewhat superstitious.

"So spiders are lucky, are they?" enquired Swiggs, "that is, I mean it's lucky for a spider to settle on a fellow, eh?"

"First chop," was the reply, "but lady bugs are the lucky omen, *par excellence*."

"S that so? Why, as I was coming down town this morning a lady bug lit square on my nose. Good, eh? What's that a sign of?"

"H'm, well," replied Jawkins, "when a lady bug mistakes a man's nose for a geranium blossom, I should think it's a sign that either the man or the insect ought to give up the use of the leather-bottel."

"Good-day."

S.

## THE PASSING SHOW.

"The Silver King" at the Grand is a splendid play, splendidly produced and acted. Our city readers, who long for a really good thing after the trash of last week, should go and see Mr. Haverly's Company.

The new ground of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, at Rosedale, is to be opened on Saturday afternoon by a grand match between the Champions and their worthy foemen, the Shamrocks. A vast crowd will be present, as the seats in the grand stand are already selling rapidly at Suckling's. The new ground is beautifully situated and is in every way superior to the premises just vacated.

Failure in the yarn trade—Writing some unsuccessful novels.—*Punch*.



## AN INFLUENZICAL PATTERN SONG.

Oh! I wish I was dead; I've a cold id by head  
Which is heavy as lead and by dose is so red,  
Ad so sore to the touch that I hate very much  
To blow it, but how cad I help it, for such  
Is by codstaid eploybedt frob bordig till dight,  
Ad from dight until bording agaid shows its light,  
Ad I'b coughig ad wheezig, tishooig ad sdeasig  
Ad with tallow by dose I ah all the tibe greasig  
Ad by chest I bust rub, while by feet id a tub  
Of water that's boilig I keep, ad I dsuib  
All those who eddenvor forever to sever  
By thoughts frob by illdiss—a failure, however,  
Just look at by dose, it's as red as a rose  
Ad like that of a bad who too frequently goes  
To the "leather bottel"; do seddation of sbell  
Have I got ad I really ab very udwell,  
You'd thik I was cryig as wheezig ad sobbig,  
I breathe thro' by bouth whilst by dose is all throbbig,  
Ad seeb as if devils idside it were jubbig,  
Ad habberig ad bubbig ad ibishly thubbig,  
Its the ibp—idifuedza; I'b going to bed, sir;  
Place a doze of hadkerchiefs udder by head, sir;  
Put by griel doud there, ad sobe tallow doud here,  
Brig a paud of soft cotto to put id by ear,  
Dow good-dight; a very good dight I bust wish you,  
I cad't sleep bysself for ahits hoo! Ah-ti-shoo! Swiz.



## HIS LORDSHIP IN CHICAGO.

"While in Chicago Lord Chief Justice Coleridge declined to inspect the process of sausage making, saying gently 'I eat sausage myself sometimes.'"  
—*Exchange*.

His lordship's utterance, however, is here embalmed in deathless verse, *a la* Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*.

To see your pig killers I'd rather not go,  
(Says I to myself, says I)  
Though you've little besides in Chicago to show,  
(Says I to myself, says I)

And the sight, I'm afraid, might my stomach derange,  
For I sometimes eat sausage myself for a change,  
And its composite parts are exceedingly strange,  
(Says I to myself, says I)

The slaughter of pigs I regard as a bore,  
(Says I to myself, says I)  
And I'm utterly nerveless in presence of gore,  
(Says I to myself, says I)  
Through that fluid I'd very much rather not wade,  
So your stockyards to-day I decline to invade;  
And I really don't care to see sausages made;  
(Says I to myself, says I)

—Swiz.