

Humorous Department.

FASHION AND FOLLY SKETCHES.

AU DESSOUS DU VERRE BLEU.



Tabitha Jane Matilda Longe
Was scraggy—nature was unkind—
For years beneath the old *verre blanc*
She'd vegetated, frame and mind.

“ She pined in thought ” (the ambient air
Was air of non-prismatic hue) ;
Oft did she murmur, “ Where, O where
'S the mystic haze of heavenly blue ? ”

At last she sat *en négligé*,
Pleasanton's vitreous science proving,
And bathed her in the actinic ray,
Till, lo ! she felt her shoulders moving.

Elysium for an instant dawned,
Her senses fled—O potent science !
She rubbed her eyes—she slightly
yawned,
Then faced her mirror with defiance.

