



Her teeth was like a lot of beans, just open from de shell—  
 Or like de rice dat grows down South where Massa used to dwell ;  
 And when she cast a smile on me,—to see dem lips a partin',  
 Dey looked like *mortar 'tween two bricks*, dem teeth of Milly Martin.  
 Oh, dear Milly, &c.

Her hair curled up so natural upon her beauteous head,  
 She didn't use no curling-tongs afore she went to bed ;  
 She didn't twist no papers in, to give the curl a startin'  
 Because the twist was *natural* in de hair of Milly Martin.  
 Oh, dear Milly, &c.

Her hands dey didn't need no gloves to keep de sun from scorchin',  
 Dey were "*fast colors*" and could stand de sun however sarchin'  
 And on her fingers she wore rings, whose brilliancy impartin'  
 Dey shone like dimuns in de coal, on de hands of Milly Martin.  
 Oh, dear Milly, &c.

Her "*tout an sample*" was sublime, I never shall forget her,  
 Although she broke dis heart of mine and caused me to regret her ;  
 For when I thought I'd gained de prize and she was mine for sartin,  
 She "cut" me, and anoder niger married Milly Martin!  
 Oh, dear Milly, &c.

## MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

The good citizens of Toronto have been without musical entertainments of any description for nearly three months; and we should like to know why. There ought surely to be as much encouragement given to musical talent here as in Quebec or Montreal; yet the Quebeckers and Montrealers have had an opera troupe already amongst them, while this treat still "looms in the future with us." We believe, however, we may now safely promise that such a troupe will be here by the 11th, and that, should arrangements not be made with Mr. Nickinson, costume concerts will be given in the St. Lawrence Hall. We do not exactly see how Mr. Nickinson can spare his theatre; he has been, most deservedly, so warmly supported, that we should imagine he would be rather unwilling to give up a week while in full run of popularity; if he does, it will only be another proof that he is willing to sacrifice his own interest somewhat, for the accommodation of the Torontonians. Devrient Colletti, and several other names of note are spoken of as forming the troupe, and we predict for them, if they get the theatre, houses crowded in every corner, for at least a week.

In the present number will be found a very pretty air "Milly Martin." We give it as it was sent to us by the composer, a young Canadian, but if any of our fastidious readers should prefer other than Ethiopian words we promise, on application, to re-arrange it according to their taste.