



NATURE AND ART.

MARY—"Here, you artificial creature, is something for you to make a chignon of,—better, I fancy, than wearing other people's hair!"

MATILDA—"Good gracious! it's a horse's tail!"

JEMIMA'S CHIGNON.

Jemima Makewig was a maiden fair,
And a maiden of high degree;
And she would not wear that horrible hair,
That came from a foreign countree, countree!
That came from a foreign countree.

She said,—and the saying was wise of course,
As wise as wise could be,—
That her wig should be made from the tail of a horse.
As from strangers it then would be free, free, free,
As from strangers it then would be free.

She went to a horse-race—the sport to view,
And she thought her chignon she would wear;
But when the nags started the tails started too,
And Jemima was 'reft of her hair, hair, hair!
And Jemima was 'reft of her hair.

Jemima stared with a vacant stare,
While the boys enjoyed the spree;
And now she sports only her own auburn hair,
Though it's brighter than it should be, be, be!
Though it's brighter than it should be.

Fair maidens! from this pray a lesson learn,
For Grinchukle's teaching is true;
If you the respect of the world would earn,
False hair and pretences eschew, chew, chew!
False hair and pretences eschew.

MEDLEY.

By Scott and one another.

Hail to Frank Hincks, who to triumph advances,—
Honored and blessed by the doting Sir John!
Long may he live,—but God grant our finances
May not all be expended before he is gone!

Francis Hincks is come agen!
Francis Hincks come agen!
Do ye our misfortune ken?—
Francis Hincks is come agen!

Francis Hincks can write and sing,
Paper bullets at ye fling,—
Drink at dinners till he's blind!
And his homeward way can't find!
Give a lecture,—that he can,—
Crack a pow wi' ony man;
Do ye our misfortune ken?
Francis Hincks is come agen!

From the Windward Isles they've brought him,
From a land both dark and drear;
To replace a Rose, they've sought him,
So a surplus dinna fear!

Blow! organs, blow! for the king of those islands
That extend to the windward, has come to our shore;
Oh! that the Rose bud,—removed by some vile hands,—
Might flourish and bloom 'mong our statesmen once
more!

DARIUS WINTERTOWN.