

A few Simple Notes for young Members.

BY HORACE HORNEM, M. D.

"Dum vivimus vivamus."

Enticement—Take heed young man; give ear to words of wisdom! Be thou as the lamb amongst wolves, striving to escape. Let not Enticement unfurl her thralling banner!

Ambition—Pursue not Ambition, but rather perform that duty, which, as a member, it be-hoves you to do.

Pride—Young man, be not proud; this weapon is dangerous. Return not anger for anger, but smiles. Should foes surround you, bow beneath their blows, but return them not. This is true Wisdom.

Intemperance—Young man, "fire-water" truly is a deadly poison; it knaws the soul, and awakeneth slumbering passions. Yield not, but hurl the venom from you; close thy lips when it approaches. Yearly then will thy income increase, and more worthy actions be performed.

Generosity—Young man, be generous; not as a spendthrift, but kindly extend the hand of benevolence.

Fight not—Young man, this action is contemptible, and, young man, it is only resorted to by those, who, having misbehaved, endeavour, by an exhibition of ferocious conduct, to hide their evil doings: intending to strike all opponents with terror. Hear then, O youth, and profit!

Honesty—Young man, being otherwise than honest is shameful. Friends will smile on you whilst money is gained, but, young man, as chaff separates from grain, so will they flee, should riches fail.

Revelry—Young man, give not thy days to feasting, but live thou as man should. Then will thy body experience pleasure in its loveliest form, and there will be bliss.

Dress—Young man, what is dress? It is not to display a tailor's inventive faculties, or to flash with innumerable brilliants; but rather to be comfortably encased in substantial clothing.

Revenge—Young man, let not revenge enter your heart; it is dangerous, and leads to a felon grave.

Jealousy—Young man, shun jealousy; it truly earns the flesh which daily appeases its appetite. Members are prone to this, yet, forbear? Thy name will then shine preeminent, for true wisdom.

Time—Young man, let not time glide over wasted hours, be thou as a faithful sentinel—ever watchful. Then, after days being reviewed, shall produce golden visions. Thy heart will be proud.

Reading—Young man, give not thy mind to empty reading; but grasp a priceless gem. Store thy brain with precious annals.

Sundays—Young man, spend not thy Sun-

days abroad; think not this day an extra, unmarked space; weigh well each deed performed thereon, and see it be worthy.

Church—Young man, go not to this Holy Sanctuary purposely to display some despicable bauble. Be thou, when there, intent upon he who speaks; give thy thoughts, as also thine eyes.

Premier—Young man, thou may'st one day take a seat as Premier—O then let the words of wisdom be harkened to! Think not thyself higher than another. Wert thou King of England, yet ought thy heart to be the same as when a simple member. Choose not those for Ministers who long for gain, but, with a steadfast purpose, cling to humble honesty. Money, young man, will one day be nothing; then only virtue will win laurels and everlasting happiness.

Conclusion—Young man, remember these words, let nothing cause thee to swerve from a glorious path. All things connected with earth are "fleeting shows." Scorn mean actions; pity those who perform them. These short sentences are given, with heartfelt anxiety, and a sacred wish that they may do good.

London, C. W., July, 1859.

O are ye sleeping, Headie?

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Let me in, for oh, my tin,
Unlike my tongue, is seldom ready;
Long have I pleaded to be placed
With Grit, Conservative or Tory,
And many a "rousing whid" I've faced,
Amidst the fury of the foray.
O are ye sleeping, Headie? &c.

Fearfu' raged the battle's din,
And oft the contest made me cerie,
But aye the hope I'd yet get in,
Through all our battles kept me cheery,
O are ye sleeping, Headie, &c.

Long have I dreaded John A. Mac,
His sarcasm is ever ready,—
Lord! let me gi'e the loon a whack—
O let me in my bonnie Headie,
O are ye sleeping, Headie? &c.

He oped the door, he let him in,
And clappit him upon the shoulder;
George fidget, and laugh, and cried, "By jing,
Now John A. Mac shall feel my pounther!"
"Now since you've made me, Headie,
Now since you've made me, Headie,
What care I for Cartier's cry,
For the whole pack I'm primed and ready."

POSTSCRIPT.

O hear ye that pibroch sound fierce on the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with howling and wail?
It is Brown with his army, his fate he deploras,
For in three days they kicked his black squad out of doors. Quiz.

Half Dead.

The *Globe* of July 14, informs us upon good authority, that the average of deaths in all Canada is 10½, &c." After due consideration we came to the conclusion that, according to this statement, out of every thousand Canadians 10 die, and 1 becomes "half-dead;" for evidently when the half of a man is dead, he is "half-dead."

"Ye Merrie Sons of St. George take it into their heads to be merrier."

PREFACE.

Every one knows that the St. George's Society, commonly known as the *Merrie Sons*, had an Excursion to Barrie on Tuesday last. Every one has read the graphic descriptions given in the several newspapers of the singing of "God Save the Queen," by the *Count*, and not been well enough performed, was sung over again—much to the disgust of the people—by Signor Balfe Cartonia's splendid Glee Club, of the Pic-Nic, of the Dancing, of the Dinner, of the Paddock, and lastly of the *Bricks*. But have the newspapers given the adventures, the exploits, the hair-breadth escapes of Bobby Burstful, and why have they declined to publish this great man's deeds?—why? because Brown, Beaty, and even Thompson, would be jealous; they want to immortalise themselves, not others. We are not caring for anybody; not even for ourselves, (in this matter) we lay Burstful's history before the wide, wide world. But we alone are authorised to publish it.—The "copyright is secured;" so therefore, we want no one to pilfer it from us.

ADVENTURES OF MR. BOBBY BURSTFUL AT YE EXCURSION OF YE MERRIE SONS OF ST. GEORGE.

CHAPTER I.

Did arrive right early at ye Railway Depot with my Mrs. and ye three little Burstfuls, carrying sundry baskets of ye provender, with a cart following, loaded with ye same, nothing more excepting ye Pale Brandy, and ye London Porter (ye double x). Ye roses so scarce could only get one for ye self; ye Superintendent did ask ye young Burstfuls why they did not wear ye Roses, as ye notice was stuck up on ye wall "that all Englishmen were to wear ye Rose on ye breast." I did reply ryghte knowingly that it was only ye Englishmen, not ye English children that were to wear ye roses. Ye Superintendant sloped, swearing he would'nt vote for me as Vice-President at ye next election in ye Society. Did go into ye cars; did find ye same filled; ay! crammed with ye ladies' crinolines; could not find ye seats for ye family and self. Did place my luggage on ye fair lady's crinoline; ye fair lady did scream, and did bring to her assistance a gentleman, who, seeing fair lady fainting, did let fall into ye arms. Ye fair gentleman did mutter curses deep and heavy on ye "mutton-headed Englishman," (meaning me) and saying when ye lady did get better that he would *fix* me. Did slope ryght off into another car, with ye wife scolding, and children crying after ye heels. Did swear for ye first time that I would never go to any more of ye excursions with ye wife and ye children. Did get among a lot of ye jolly set of fellows, who called ye wife *Madams*,