

GOWAN to J. A. McD.

Act—*"Hidden Machine."*

John A. McD., "Is no wonder you're down,
Och hone! John A. McD!
Faith! he ruins your peace that same troublesome Brown,
Och hone! John A. McD.
How amazingly glum
Your sweet plit has become,
And your tongue's all but dumb,
That once wagged so free,
And you shift in your chair,
As if pins were stuck there,
Och hone! John A. McD.

John A. McD., now the Serjeon's near past,
Och hone! John A. McD!
And just whisper, my boy, it's your government's test,
Och hone! John A. McD.
It's no use that you baste
Your poor brains in debate,
To put off a defeat,
That's no sure way to be;
So just make up your mind,
To resign be resigned,
Och hone! John A. McD.

John A. McD. when your power dole end,
Och hone! John A. McD!
You'll quick find that you're scarcely a single good friend,
Och hone! John A. McD!
For though all the sunbeams
To your side now belongs,
And Bill P.—it sings songs
For to keep you in gloom,
You'll soon see they're green,
When you're studying nothing to give,
Och hone! John A. McD.

They tell me, you're dull, my dear John A. McD.
Och hone! John A. McD!
And faith I expect that it's duller you'll be,
Och hone! John A. McD!
Since you've followed the Coon,
That great temperance gossamer,
And declared you'd as soon
Take physic for tea,
As tangle in a drink,
When you and spirits may sink,
Och hone! John A. McD.

Then take my advice, darling John A. McD.,
Och hone! John A. McD,
Resign and advise Sir H. to take me,
Och hone! John A. McD.;
For I'll keep out the Grits,
Give the Rougers all fits,
And the place which I gits,
They shall ne'er take from me;
And when your in disgrace,
Sure I'll get you a place,
Och hone! John A. McD.

AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No 1.

My DEAR LUCY—

Your excellent mamma has paid me the compliment of asking my advice, in the present delicate position in which you are placed. But my dear child, although your Godmother and theoretically responsible for your peccadilloes to a certain age, I do not know all the workings of your innocent mind. Hence I cannot be so precise, as I would wish. I take it however, that if I deal in what your uncle calls first principles, I shall not fail much to convey my meaning.

Your mamma tells me that you have two suitors, and that you are undecided which to accept, altho' you care for one more than the other. Foolish people would tell you to follow the bent of your mind, and that is all very well as far as it goes. Not so, however, ought a young lady brought up as you have been to throw her chances away. In fact a woman has no business to possess, that aggregation of whims and fancies, delectations and dislikes known by the term feeling; and as you grow older you will perceive that those people succeed best in the world who shew that they have none of it. Gratitude, a sentiment of sympathy, a thought of the past, should just be like the figures that a school girl (and an idle one you were dear Lucy) you put on a slate in your arithmetic—to be rubbed out at

once the moment they interfere with another calculation. And this happy simile—happy for me you know, because at my age, it is so hard to think—brings me back to the one principle which it is my object to instil into you, and that is, calculate your chance. Develop this idea to its fullest, and you have a succession of rules, which it is only necessary to observe to obtain success. No matter at what price; what you have to do, is the tangible hard matter of fact of pushing your interests, at the cost of every one else. Now it seems to me the dilemma in which you are in is easy of solution, for it is a dilemma not to know whom to accept, and whom to refuse. It is true that when in the course of human events, your dear papa ceases to be of humanity, and I am sure you wish that the day is far distant—you will have some little trifle; but that will not be enough for you and your wants. Hence some little prudent considerations should be cast as to the amount of your admirer's means. For after all, it is but a poor business to take a man who has to work and drudge,—who turns twice over a piece of gold before he gives it you—and who sighs in January and July over the bills of your milliner. It is true that the poor man may do his best, and in his devotion to you he may be untainted by vice, and cheerfully labor at his calling to place you in a respectable position. My dear, that is only what a man ought to do. What business have men with wives at all, unless they can sustain them properly? Luxuries are not within the reach of all, and I am sure that a wife like my dear little, good, unselfish, generous Lucy, is a luxury. I only hope that you have not gone so far to compromise yourself—and although there is some vulgar prejudice to the effect that however delicate or nice the position in which you may be, there is always means to get out of it, like a lady or gentleman, I would myself recommend that your prodor course is only to consult your own ideas, and your own mind, and leave every body in the lurch, putting a good face on the business, and keeping up your spirits by telling yourself how well you have acted. The latter proceeding let me diligently enforce upon you, for I am certain that you will not hear it from anybody else.

I think dear Lucy that I have now made myself pretty well understood, for I leave it to your own good sense to make out my meaning,

And with love to your dear Mamma,
I am your affectionate Aunt and Godmother,
ADELAIDE ALICE BROWN.

St. George's Square,
Wednesday evening.

Parliament of Lawyers.

—Charles Lever, the Novelist, after describing how much principle is sapped, and how much truthfulness of character is sacrificed in the continual struggle between fiction and reality by those following the practice at the Bar in Great Britain, remarks:—"The Bar is the nursery of the Senate, and it would not be a very fanciful speculation were we to ascribe the laxity of purpose, the deficient earnestness and the insincerity of principle, we often deplore in our public men to this same legal training." Does not this apply with tenfold force to our numerous Canadian Barristers in the House of Assembly.

ADVICE TO THE PREMIER.

(Private and confidential.)

DEAR JACK—Don't imagine first of all that "though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;" for our policy is pretty much like what the *Colanist*—you remember the animal—says your own is, that is "no policy." But bamboozling apart, as P. M. Smith says when you are mystifying him, don't you think that you have got into a precious mess. You can't stand against public opinion—Heaven save the mark—you know. You must do something. Do you remember how the man with the bald pate mentioned in classical history was killed? an eagle let a large crab fall upon his head, mistaking its shining surface for a stone. Has Cayley a thick head? If not, we know several fellows who would not care a — hem, not Parliamentary this time—pinch of snuff to let an inkstand or half-hundred weight, or something of that sort, accidentally fall upon his head from the reporters' gallery some night as he is slumbering, while George is denouncing the Budget. Never hollar!

Yours, till death,

GRUMBLED.

P. S.—You don't suppose that Galt would do it for a consideration, eh?

"Down with the Orange, etc."

—On the evening of the 12th of July last, Mr. McGee was observed to enter the House with an Orange in his hand. The reporters who, oppressed by the dulness of the debate, had been leaning listlessly over their desks, became intensely excited, and expected, as a matter of course, that the howling Celt would project the obnoxious emblem at Brother Macdonald, or perhaps Brother Ferguson. But no. Our friend's humour was far too delicate and poignant for such a rough joke. In the midst of an epileptic convulsion of laughter, in which joined Mr. Speaker, members, irrespective of creeds and parties, spectators and reporters, Mr. McGee swallowed the fruit in two gulps. The bitter smile which immediately overspread his features, gave the House to understand that he had just enigmatised the watchword of the seventeenth of March—DOWN WITH THE ORANGE.

Loquacity.

—If there is anything more disagreeable than another to gentlemen of the long robe, it is the loquacity displayed by some of our Judges; of course we mean while sitting on the Bench.

The frequent complaints made of the annoyance occasioned by this fault, have called our attention to the fact. Lord Campbell in commenting on the rules laid down by Sir Matthew Hale for his own guidance while on the bench, says:—

"He (Lord C.) wishes there had been given a caution against interrupting Counsel and against loquacity on the Bench, with a repetition of Lord Bacon's maxim "a much speaking Judge is no well tuned cymbal!"

We hope the Judges will take this to heart and act accordingly.