

"CHARLIE AND BESSIE."

A TRUE BALLAD.

"I am fair and good looking, and five feet nine,
But yet at one thing I must repine,
Of a girl with a fortune, I don't see a sign,
And 'tis, Oh! what a damnable luck is mine."
And thus sung the fool, St. K. D.

So he sauntered home on that fine Spring day,
When forth came briskly his landlady gay,
And says she, "Oh! Mister St. K. D., I say,
There's a note for you from some lady gay,"
Which delighted the fool, St. K. D.

He tore open the note, and what did he see?
Why, a true *lonier's* billet, from "pretty Bessie;"
And "Oh! Sir," it said, "you don't think of me,
Although I've a nice little property."
"Won't I?" chuckled the fool St. K. D.

"I've two hundred acres in dirty lands,
And of dollars, six thousand in banker's hands;
But, Oh! if on me you laid your hands,
Sure, 'tis I would be proud to obey your commands."
"Aye, aye!" said the poor fool, St. K. D.

So he wrote her a letter to meet at some trees,
And St. K. D. was punctual as pigeons to peas;
But the devil a bit came any "Bessies,"
But some loafing young villians did St. D. K. tease.
Which bothered this fool, St. K. D.

Well, at last they met, did these lovers twain,
And he kissed her once, and twice, and again;
Says he, "of your feet you ought to be vain,
Small threes are too big for you that much is plain."
"Oh, sir!" said "pretty Bessie."

Now she wasn't any young woman you see,
But a spirited lad they call "Charlie,"
Who had planted this thundering fool, St. K. D.,
And served our flapdoodle famously,
To that hungry fool, St. K. D.

The very next night, behold, "Charlie" got
A letter from St. K. D., all fierce and hot;
'My Bess, if a hundred dollars you've got,
Pray lend 'em at once, or I go to pot."
So he wrote, did the fool St. K. D.

"Charlie," acted "sweet Bessie," as good as gold,
And sent him a bill about forty years old,
With a note: "Oh! my dear one, I don't think it
strange,
Keep a hundred dollars, and send me the change."
And he did, did this fool, St. K. D.

The bill wasn't worth a d—n, you see,
But the change was capital currency;
And I hope its all spent, for our brave Charlie,
I hear, has been treating most furiously.
And so much for the fool, St. K. D.

"Patti cake, patti cake, baker's man!"
— The old nursery song is pleasant in the ear
of infancy, it opens the *ore rotundo* of childhood;
but, ah! how inferior to the cake of Middle Patti,
who has, in Paris, netted \$3000 dollars by one
benefit. Fortunate Martha! and yet more fortun-
ate Parisians!

GRITS AND CONSERVATIVES.

So the Grit Party, according to our big brother
over the way, has never held the place it *should*
have occupied in public estimation, because
the Hon. George Brown is an impracticable man.
This is admission with a vengeance, as flattering
to Mr. Brown as it is incorrect in reality; for it
represents the Great Ontario as the Atlas of the
whole party, the axle on which the Grit fabric
moves, and for want of grease (or oil, shall we
say?) the progress of the vehicle is arrested. This
is not so. George Brown may be the Achilles of
the Grit army, as the true Achilles was of the Gre-
cian; but Achilles sulked for a long time, and the
Grecians did without him. One man is not of so
much consequence after all. The place the Grit
party holds in public estimation, is due to its deeds.
Men see, with tolerable distinctness, that neither
Grit or Conservative party serve God so continuo-
usly; but that the service of Mammon occasion-
ally interrupts the worship of the political devotee.
The Circian blindestments of office throw their
soft charms alike around the Ministerial tyro, the
political old stager, and the men who, as opposi-
tionists, rivalled Aristides—as Ministerialists take
a more modern ensample—and adopt the Sir Robert
Walpole style of reasoning (that famous Minister
of George the Second,) who averred that, "all
men could be bought over, but some were so dam-
nably high-priced that they never were bought, and
so were considered politically virtuous." That
the acute Minister was wrong, and that his view
of the matter is a very debasing one, of course we
admit; but he was a tolerable judge of the weak-
nesses of mankind, and, as they say of surgeons,
"had seen a good deal of practice," and he wasn't
far wrong. It is mortifying to be compelled to
admit thus much; but truth is better than bosh.
Men in office should be narrowly watched, and
compelled to give an account of their stewardships.

We keep a sharp look out enough on our clerks,
on our servants, and our dependents in general;
but so stupidly bigoted are we in a case of *parti-
zanship*, that our man may do what seemeth him
good, and we still support him. One man swears
by John A., another by Isaac of Hamilton, a third
by George Brown, and each man's king "can do
no wrong," and we become tempters of these men,
for they know they can sin with impunity. Our
folly is childish, and should be amended. We re-
peat: Watch carefully the men in power, and see
whether they be just stewards or no. If they are
not, let them share the fate of the unjust steward
in the parable.

Plasterer's Hair for sale.

— We notice an advertisement, "Plasterer's
hair for sale, put up to suit persons wishing a
small quantity at a time." Why a plasterer's hair
should be in request for lockets, more than the
curvies of any other artificer, is a marvel to us;
but so it is, or why the advertisement? A plaster-
er is all very well in his way; but if we were to
present a locket to the mistress of our affections,
we certainly should not plaster her with hair which,
from the very avocation of a plasterer, must be of
a clear grit, or, at least, gritty character.

Suffer Little Children &c.

The Chief Magistrate of this fair City was hard-
ly correct in his views as regards the Crystal
Palace affair. A crusade against little children,
for such the refusal to grant the use of the build-
ing would have been, had the worthy but some-
what muddle-headed Mayor's views been adopted;
would be both ridiculous and cruel. Such a
course, too, would elevate the treasonable trash
talked on St. Patrick's Day, (with the trash-talk-
ers,) into some degree of importance.

The Protestant party may surely rest well con-
tent with Bishop Lynch's rebuke to the intolerant
and stupid bigots who will not leave well alone;
and who still persist in lugging Irish grievances into
Canada. If Ireland is wronged, these zealous talkers
have, at all events, fled the pit; and are safely
enough harboured here. What do they complain
of? The oppression of the Saxon? Why shelter
themselves under the British flag? Why not go
over the lines? They will be received with open
arms, (perhaps made to carry them,) and would
serve admirably to fill up the ranks of the decim-
ated Irish Brigades.

Matrimony.

— A decent despicable young man, by pro-
fession a shoemaker, wd like to hear from some
nice young lady who is well to do, with a voo to
entering the bonds of matrimony. I is 23 years
old, stans 5 feet 9 inches in my stokkin souls, and
ways 160 pounds, besides which I has the reputa-
tion of becin a first class workman. Please ad-
dress, A. Brown, Adelaide Street.

P.S.—No letters from Yorkville takin from the
post-offis.

Surplusage.

— A fashionable widow in the West End
advertises for a good cook with good referenc-
es, who can bake bread and milk a cow. We opine
that any good cook, especially with good referenc-
es, if she can bake at all, could bake bread.
And surely no one would suppose that she would
be called upon to milk a bull—unless, indeed, that
seductive beverage, commonly called bull's milk—
i. e., rum and milk—should be in great request at
the buxom widow's establishment.

To Collectors of Old Coins.

— The Board of Trade of this City desire
to purchase an English Shilling and Sixpence of
the present reign—the action taken by them in the
first place, to depreciate their value, having driven
them out of circulation in Upper Canada.

— Joe Rymal, the celebrated Country Clown,
has recently been creating great amusement at
the Quebec Circus, with one of his "stump
speeches." We are not surprised at the success
of the worthy member in raising the risible propen-
sities of the assembled wisdom—time was, not
many years ago, when Joe was quite an expert at
making a horse-laugh.

— It is rumoured A. W. Smith, M.P., is
about to commence his literary career by publish-
ing a treatise on "the best means of curing pork."