

NEW NURSERY RHYMES.

The children of a country should be early induced to interest themselves in its politics.
The deeds of its great statesmen should be hymned in the nursery; thus the department of the young will be chastened; thus a nation of orators will arise.
From Dr. Ryerson's Review of John Stuart Mill.

I

Sing a song of Scandal, a Premier fond of rye,
With half-a-hundred Tories knocked into pie;
When the House was opened, quite small they had to sing,
And went back on HUNT ALLAN, the Great Pacific King,
The King was feeling mean at refunding Yankee money,
When HUNTINGTON got wind of something very funny;
He then bought up McMULLEN, quite ready to disclose,
And ruin came of HUNTINGTON sticking in his nose.

II

There was an old Humburg, and what do you think,
The *Globe* which he ran gave him victuals and drink;
Now that Government pap forms a part of his diet,
This raving Reformer is rather more quiet.

III

My dearest ALEXANDER, whither shall I wander?
Ascend, my Lully GEORGE, into the Upper Chamber,
We wish we could have shelved you in the Gubernator's chair,
But JOHN A. put in CRAWFORD, and he rather had us there.

IV

Ride a jack horse, the country across.
To see Scandal JOHNNY review his small force;
Railroad rings are demolished by bribery's foes,
One hears nothing but SCANDAL wherever he goes.

The Tomnoddy Papers.

Being the letters of DEMOS MUDGE, to ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY, Esq., late of the Civil Service, Ottawa.

NO III.

Toronto, 3rd February, 1874.

LADY PRUDENCE—

I've been for a week
Too busy to write you a line,
Committees, appointments to speak,
Have taken the whole of my time.
For ROBINSON I have been working,
And canvassing early and late,
But all efforts were useless in shirking
The common Conservative fate.
I laid by my cane and my castor,
I put a rough workingman's coat on—
I spoke of "IMENDING DISASTER."
I reminded my hearers of "PROTON."
I showed that the great Tory party
Was clearly the workingman's friend,
It's chiefs were so cheery and hearty,
So ready their money to spend.
I alluded in mournfullest strain
To the likelihood of annexation,
Urged that Moss and his clique, it was plain
Dared to preach a Canadian Nation.
But all that I tried wouldn't do,
They said PROTON was nothing but "stuff,"
Asked to hear some abuse that was new—
One fellow called ROBINSON "Muff."
They alluded in terms—which I grieve
To tell you were frightfully low,
To JOHN A., and quite seemed to believe
In the SCANDAL, and all that—you know.
One insolent, winking, said "Sartin,
He was up to the workingman cry,"
Referred to some woman named Martin,
And "guessed it was all in his eye."
For BREKIDON'S defeat I cared little,
You know he's a new man of shoddy,
But ROBINSON is every tittle,
The very ideal TOMNODDY.
A gentleman—as to his clothes—
So meek, that he ne'er gave offence;
And so able—the worst of his foes
Don't deny him a portion of sense.

A man who the purple was born in,
(*Vide Mail*—he too says so himself),
Forced to draw his political horn in,
And noiselessly laid on the shelf!
'Tis absurd! but to punish them all
For such conduct—'twas almost profane,
He says, "they may go to the wall
Before he represents them again."

No comfort there is when I pry
Around on the Country horizon,
Such a crowd of wrecked Tories I spy,
As I never before set my eyes on.
But what hurts me the most is, that
Not only have Grigs been elected,
But many a traitor and rat
Like CARTWRIGHT, has not been rejected.

A tale I have often heard told,
Of a Coon treed by our Colonel COOCKER,
Which, on hearing his name, said "Pray hold
I'll be down like the stick of a rocket."
And now an old Coon who's been treed,
In ever so many more places,
Has the order reversed—so I read;
And amply revenged his disgrace.
He treed Grigs—that respectable man
Of Norman descent—did him brown,
And Grigs as before when he ran,
Was uncommonly quick to come down.

The phalanx is broken and routed,
That voted at nod of Sir JOHN,
The Grigs have the fight—'tis undoubted,
And the day of our destiny's gone,
My advice is—burn Grig dear TOMNODDY;
If you want to get back in your place,
To rat is the fashion; nobody
Seems to think it a bit of disgrace,
From this day I am a Re-former,
I sink each Conservative grudge;
But still am, as I was in my former,
Your admirer and friend—

DEMOS MUDGE.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

Not the meanest nor least fruitful path for the seeker of innocent amusement to take, on "a long winter evening," is through the advertising columns of a morning newspaper—say the *Globe*. It will surely set one to reflecting on the fact, that one half the world knows not how the other half lives. It would seem—but let us not digress from the simple purpose of this note, which is to call attention to a few of the eccentric advertisements. Here is one under "Situations Wanted."

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, QUICK AT FIGURES, AND IN MAKING calculations and awards, is desirous of improving his spare hours of an evening, and would devote himself to any one so employing him; heat of references given, and all business strictly confidential.

Now it is natural, and very amusing, to consider this gentleman's application—to suggest, for instance, how nice it would be if some amiable and eligible young lady should be in want of a person "quick at figures" who should be willing to devote himself to "any one employing him."

Next we run across this "Want:"

TEACHER FOR S. S. NO. 1, WESTMINSTER; MUST BE ABLE TO teach second class subjects. Apply by letter, to S. P. GRAY, London, until the 7th inst.

What a scope for a display of wit and humour here, if you have a company present, who can see points and appreciate them.

It is so delightfully uncertain what "second-class subjects" may be. This will at once lead to conjectural references to the "*Pacific Scandal*," London *Free Press* editorial topics, etc. etc., affording no end of fun.

Then we encounter:

A STINSMITH—BY A YOUNG MAN; NO OBJECTIONS TO TOWN OR country.

This, of course, introduces the topic of human contentment. Here is a pattern of good nature and resignation—

A young tinsmith who has "no objections" to any place—or person we suppose. Would it make any appreciable difference to either "city or country" if he had?