

The New Philosophy.*For use at Aurora, Kincardine, etcetera.*

BY EDWD. BL—KE.

I do believe I think what now I speak;
 But what we do determine oft' we break.
 Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth but poor validity:
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
 But fall, unshaken when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

But, orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own."
Hamlet, Act III, Scene II.

At the Speaker's Elbow.

Thursday, Dec. 22.

The House assembled at two o'clock to-day to hear the Speech from the Speaker's elbow. Precisely at that hour GRIP, accompanied by his usual retinue, including MACINTOSH BAIN (captain) entered the House, and proceeded to read the following brief speech:—

GENTLEMEN—After the arduous labors in which you have been engaged for the last few weeks, it is my pleasure that you betake yourselves, during the Christmas holidays to the bosoms of your families. Many of you who have been silent in this House, will, at home, talk politics with great unction and authority. As you cannot point to any important measure which has been dealt with by you, I would recommend that you talk largely to your constituencies of what you intend to do by and by, when this, that and the other measure come up for discussion. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Nonsense Versos.

There was a sweet spinster in Guelph,
 Who feared she might stay on the shelf,
 So she married a cad,
 Settled down in Bagdad,
 And declares she prefers it to Guelph.

A student there was of Dundas,
 Who said nothing else but "I pass,"
 But when up for his "call"
 He did not "pass" at all,
 This too sanguine youth of Dundas.

There is a young man of Rousseau
 Who is very much given to blow;
 He blows and he blows
 Till you'd hardly suppose
 There was anyone else at Rousseau.

As the Prince of Wales has recently visited the richest, and most populous country in the British Dominions, and as we have been pestered to death with all sorts of conundrums, from ignorant persons, as to the resources of India and the characteristics of its inhabitants, we have at immense expense secured the following excellent geo-graphical sketch for which we will consider ourselves amply compensated if it will prevent our being annoyed in the future with idiotic questions about

India.

BY G. O'GRAFIK.

India is a vast country, containing so many towns ending in Abad and Pore, that we might almost fancy that the natives are a bad and poor lot.

The principal bay in India is called Bom-bay. This is probably where the Bombayzee comes from. A fleet of vessels, called Cal-cutters ply between there and England. They carry principally India Rubber for which they say they always have gutta purcha-ser in England.

Bejapoor, one of the principal towns is said to have been settled 2,000 years B. C. by the Irish, which probably accounts for the Celtic expression "Be-japoors".

India abounds in rich and luxuriant vegetation. Ru-peas (see Professor Ru-beany) are grown extensively, and the Sepoys occasionally raise Cain among the Europeans. The country teems with wild animals. Behind teams driven by the native Princes, there is always a tiger. The lions however met in fashionable society are comparatively tame.

Delhi is situated a short distance—say 10,000 miles—from Calcutta.

It was besieged at the time of the Indian mutiny by the entire British Army. The Irish prisoners confined in Delhi were so delhi-ted to hear the music approaching, that one of the females named Bridget O'Shaughnessy exclaimed "Dinna ye hear it?" but Dinny, being deaf, didn't hear it. Thinking it was a conundrum she was asking they gave up—in fact they were all about to give up when the relief came. One poor fellow remarked—as he took a long pull at a bottle of Bass' East India Ale—"It's a bass relief." He was immediately banished to the Punjaub. Another chap said as he took a good swig out of a bottle of "Scotch" "Here's luck-now." As this was his first offence he was pardoned.

The Parsees are rich and powerful living in luxuriant grandeur. Their money is called Parsee money, although there is nothing parsee-monious about them.

Afghanistan adjoins India: it's a fine country with the exception of a few rainy days, and abounds in deserts, wild beasts, robbers, and revolutions. The natives of Afghanistan are called Aff-gan-ders and the females Aff-geese. The female specimens called Tartar—some of which are occasionally seen in this climate—are numerous found in Independent Tartary. Among the Tartars, horse tails are symbols of authority, as the warlike chiefs think it enhances their horse-tile appearance (see BAYARD TAILOR'S Tails of Tartary.) The natives never use milk in their tea; the reason being they prefer the "Cream of Tartar."

This is about all we know of India. We trust the perusal of the above facts will alleviate the Christmas indigestion of many of our readers.

Song of the Clerk.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 The Clerk of the House at the table sat,
 And dismally scratched his head.
 "Speak—speak—speak—
 Till I know all they say by rote;
 Speak—speak—speak—
 When it doesn't affect a vote.
 Rant—rant—rant—
 About things no one cares for a pin;
 Cant—cant—cant—
 When it's Satan rebuking sin;
 Oh! men having mothers and aunts!
 Oh! men having daughters and wives!
 Pray pay these fellows to stay at home
 And remain for the rest of their lives.
 And if an 'Assembly' you needs must have,
 For a constitutional show,
 Pray send us the women instead of such men
 Who misgovern the country so.

A Bohemian's Sentiment.

AIR—"I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY."

I'd choose to be so lazy
 If it were in my power;
 I'd rather smoke a fortnight,
 Than work for half an hour.

Croaks and Pecks.

"OURS" at the Royal Opera House was hours wasted.

NOT QUITE O. K.—The treatment of the Oka Indians by the St. Sulphurians.

THE sun entered Capricornus on Wednesday. This accounts for the capers which the weather has been cutting.

QUERY.—Which is the more objectionable. A cold snap in November or a mild snap in December? The present mild snap is an unusually severe one.

THE Stratford Herald classifies the following under the title of "Wit and Humour":—"The most dangerous of all flattery is the very common kind that we bestow upon ourselves." The sentiment strikes us MARTIN TUPPERISIT and nobody ever accused him of "wit and humour."

IN the poet's corner of the London Free Press, there are some verses beginning

"O music of my sleep, that mocks my soul"

We presume the poet alludes to a solo which he had been playing on his nasal organ.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The gentlemen mentioned in connection with the Mayoralty of Ottawa are Messrs. FEATHERSTON, SWEETLAND and BANGS. A store of feathers would produce a bulky corporation; sweet land is suggestive in connection with a city situated in the midst of the Laurentian formation; but BANGS—"slap bang, here we are again" is the phrase which crops up naturally at pantomime times.