

OGLE AND HIS NASSAU.

There was a fine scholar in Toronto did dwell,
He had a tall son, once a clerical swell;
His name it was Nassau, some thirty years old,
With plenty of brass, but little of gold.

As Nassau was whirling his thumb one day
His patient came to him, and thus to him did say:
"Come, come, dearest Nassau, get up to an address,
For I've got you a county to gammon, I guess.

"O part me, dear patient!" young Nassau replied
To follow advice I feel well inclined;
I'll turn off an address far quicker than light,
Though like you good English you know I can write.

The address was hashed up with uncommon strong fibs,
Some standard newspapers were crammed full of squibs,
And Nassau went home devoutly to pray
For a red-cushioned seat and six dollars a day.

The contention soon set for which Nassau had wished,
But poor fellow, alas! he found himself dishd,
For the voters ungenerately pitched on another,
And rejected at once their "dear Orange Brother."

"O Nassau, dear Nassau," the patient then cries,
His voice thick with brogue, and his head full of sighs,
"Pray, give up all thought of your sitting in a year,
Or you'll be sent home with a flea in your ear."

"I won't you vulgarian," the young man replied,
"And if you're resolved not to stick to my side!
It's Paddy I'll turn, cry 'Down with King Bill,'
And wear a green neck-tie, and swear you—I will."

Much more he'd have said, but with a horrible crash,
The head of the barrel he spoke went smash,
And in tar he was shrouded from the head to the feet,
And only feathers were wanted to make him complete.

AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No. II.

MY DEAREST NIECE,—I quite admit the difficulty of your position, but I cannot flatter you on the way you have played d your cards. Surely you must see, that what immediately you have to think of, is yourself; and that the moment you lose sight of this admirable maxim, that moment you are in danger of doing something foolish. Therefore, my dear Lucy, never be carried away by feeling, for it only leads to mischief. I recollect, when a girl, reading a book which was very fashionable (or certainly I should not have read it) in those days—"The Sorrows of Werter," and it beautifully furnishes me an example of how you should act. Werter, you know, is a foolish young man, who falls in love with Lotty (why I could never well understand) and one night he determined to see her no more because she was engaged to some body else; so after a great deal of talking, he bursts out into a rhapsody, saying that they would again meet—again—"Oh yes," says Lotte, as calmly as Mr. Mathews, who made me laugh so last night in one of his farces—"Oh yes, to-morrow." "I felt that word to-morrow," says the poor gentleman. Now the anecdote is not worth much, and perhaps some people may call it stupid, but it suits my purpose to explain to you how I wish you to act, for whenever one of your admirers becomes unduly sentimental, unless you intend accepting him, just follow this young lady's example.

But it may happen that you may desire to encourage him, which of course you would not do, unless you were so told. Then you cannot have too much

devotion, excepting that you ought always to think that you may perchance quarrel with him.

Oh, my dear Lucy, this a strange world, and one cannot be too cautious. I recollect before I knew your uncle, I had an affair myself, with—well it does not matter who. But he wanted me to read, and begged of me to cultivate my mind, and tried as he said to elevate me. They were not bad days those, although he was very exacting, and often quarrelled with me, but he was after all very good, and I think now, old woman as I am, that he loved me better than anything in the world. Perhaps, now, I think I might have been happier, if I had listened to what he said, although your uncle is a very good man. Ah me, we read French together, and I never can forget what Baron Grinnon says. *Tant il est vrai que ce que nous appelons la société est ce qu'il y a de plus léger, de plus ingrat et de plus friole au monde.* But my idea after all has ever been that the best way of dealing with it, is to be as insincere as the rest of the world.—Use your friends, Lucy dear, for if not, they will make use of you. I am sure that you perceive how careless all your acquaintances are, except when their own interest is in question. So start with the great point, that all feeling is thrown away unless it is judiciously displayed for a purpose. As to truth, why it is not of much use, at least one would so judge by our public men, whom your uncle describes as worse than I can put to paper. I am afraid dearest Lucy, you will say this is a very rambling letter, but old people are allowed to gossip, but I am not in good spirits, for you know how I love you as my niece and god daughter. And your dear mamma tells me that yesterday she caught you crying. Now, I am very sorry to hear this, and I hope you will not be guilty of the folly again, and I am sure you need not cry if you will do as I tell you—and that is to care for nobody but yourself—and never to hesitate wounding other people's feelings, when your own security exacts it.

Adieu, my dear love,

ADELAIDE ALICE BROWN.

St. George's Square,
Thursday Evening.

Wood Contract.

—From the intense indignation expressed in and out of the House relative to the so-called Hogan McGuffey wood contract, we would think that the history of the present Canadian Parliament contained no such interesting event as the expelling of a Lower Canadian member for his delicate attentions to a returning officer; or the moral conviction of another of wholesale plagiarism from a Yankee dictionary on the occasion of his election; or that a third member had not been sent back to his constituents for his very equivocal hospitality on a similar occasion. Surely, in view of these trifling peccadilloes, so simple and common-place a transaction as a wood contract—even though it is alleged that the Grand Trunk were to receive therefore the most unenviable of all props, newspaper support, ought to be allowed to slumber in its own insignificance. Sanchez Panfa would say of these contracts, "the more you stir them, the more they stink."

THE THEATRE.

Although we do not desire closely to analyse an actor's idiosyncrasy, yet it may be said that whoever can take part in a badly-secured piece in which he is supposed to excel, assisting as it were at the murder of his own fame, without exhibiting the least emotion, may be said to be a model of forbearance. Therefore in addition to the laurels which already crown Charles Mathews, as our greatest light comedian, we put into his palm the palm of patience, which he has truly earned since his appearance at our boards. We by no means anticipate that every comedian should be a Mathews any more than we look to see a Macready in a scene-shifter. Nor, indeed, are we so unreasonable as to expect that our stock company should depart from their usual practice, and learn their parts, because a great actor is to throw their merits into the shade—as, very probably, there are many who think that the genius of a great man shines most under difficulties. And is it not usually a celebrated actor is said to be supported in the character he appears in, there is Mr. Posini, for instance, who, whatever criticism may exist, is always of a different opinion, as we may adduce from the manner in which he did *Sir Aramis Lech*. For instead of sustaining Mr. Mathews in his masterpiece of *Sir Charles Goldstream*, he beautifully contrived that the contempt which should fall upon the character, if well played, should go to the actor: and here we may remark that baronets are usually supposed to be dressed like gentlemen, and, however affected in their style to speak like men, not monkeys. Another thing is that although we are quite aware that *Hamlet's* ghost is, by courtesy, invisible to his Queen, yet this rule does not hold good in comedy. Therefore, when "As Dool as a Curmudgeon" is next produced, we advise Barkins junior, to bask himself behind the door, or to go and hang himself, sooner than spoil the deliciously cool interview between Mr. Plumper (Mr. Mathews) and Barkins, senior (Mr. Petrie), as his absence will obviate the very awkward action used in trying to discover him. We missed Mr. Marlowe several times during the engagement, as, on a former occasion, he acquitted himself most creditably even beside Mr. Mathews. Mrs. Marlowe was quite at home as *Mary* in "used up." Mrs. Biddle's *Lady Clutterbuck* was to the point. Miss J. Lyons is good looking. Will she allow us to beg of her to add to her attractions a little animation?

Fugh!

—For some time past the *Globe* has been filled with nothing but astounding revelations about Baby Jobs. In the House, Mr. Brown is so afraid of their being forgotten that he is always bringing them on the carpet. If he cannot treat us to something more odorous, he deserves to be treated as they do ill-mannered little kittens.

Commendable.

—The member for East York has suddenly become impressed with the opinion that something more than a Clear Grit vote is demanded of him at a crisis like the present, and has accordingly avowed his intention of advancing his education at the close of the Session, by spending a term at a Dumb Asylum.