

**RADS WHA HAE.**

The following production was rapped out last night at a Syriacist conversation by the scribe of Burns.

Rads wha haout Lyon fled,  
Rads whan George's fl. has bled,  
Rads whan Hinck's chiselling fed  
Rike, and follow me I  
Now's the time and now's the hour,  
To o'erthrow rash John A's power,  
O'er bin Cayley's plunder's lover,  
Lowers the Norfolk sberity I

See what plunder waits us there,  
Wha sae base as lose his share,  
I promise all division fair,  
All, come what may,  
He, wha will not gie his vote,  
He, wha will not strain his throat,  
That I the topmost scum may float  
Shall rue the day.

By the Leader's scoffs an sneers,  
By Burton's, Powell's drunken jeers,  
Away, away wi' craven fears  
Game's on the cards,  
Lay the artful dodgers low I  
Place an' power afloat each blow  
The linn' whilk un' a' honey flow  
Our rich rewards.

**ELECTION ADDRESSES.**

To the Electors of the City of Toronto,

GENTLEMEN AND OTHERS,

Having got up a respectable requisition for myself, I accept a brief in the case of Head vs. Brown.

It is clear to me, and I have attended the Queen's levees, that Mr. Brown ought to have offered office to me in the first instance, and then have made the Governor pledge himself to take his advice before he was his adviser.

The present Parliament is as bad as had can be, in fact gross frauds have been committed, but then a majority of rogues is as good as any other majority, and Brown ought to have given in to them.

If Mr. Brown had defeated the government on a question in which he was in a minority, all right; but since he did it when he got the chance, he ought to be condemned.

If I had been in Parliament, I would have voted as a loyal man for Ottawa as the Seat of Government; but as I was not, I was clear of the scrape, and go dead for Toronto, in spite of Old Nick. You ought to reject Mr. Brown for not doing the former, and elect me because I'm going to do the latter.

On the great questions of the day, I shant tell you what I think, lock up the old Colonists and find out.

I shant support the present Government, but like Mr. Robinson, your present enlightened member, be independent and oppose the Opposition.

I believe in religious education, but if separate schools are to be maintained I think I should go for them, but I don't know till I see whether the Catholics will support me.

I go in for stopping Election frauds, and thus shutting the stable-door when the equine quadruped has absquatulated, but Fellows and Co. must not be touched.

I go against all vulgaw people, such-as-as Misaw

Brown, and aw I belong to the aristocracy, and when you've elected me you may go to Jericho.

Your obedient servant,  
*Pro tempore* (the Greek for  
"till death,")  
J. HILL CAMERON.

P. S.—I'm a Conservative, if you know what the leuce that means.

J. H. C.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto.  
ESTEEMED CONSTITUENTS,—

I should have published my address to you before, had I not deemed it right to see the probable direction of the political wind, which, at present, is exceedingly squally. To condense the six column address I delivered the other night into one, is not an easy matter, but I have at last accomplished it.

I need not tell you that I am the only honest man in Parliament, and that when I received the call of the Governor General to form a new Administration, I jumped at the chance.

The new Government, of which I was the Magna: Apollo (great gun,) was to have been the model of purity and honesty; but they ungratefully kicked me out without a hearing. How could they tell my principles, they might know what I used to profess; but everybody is aware that no minister keeps his former pledges; and yet they condemned me unheard.

I met Mr. Dorion to arrange differences; to throw Lower Canada into the arms of our section and make all serene again. Says Mr. Dorion, says he What about Representation? says he. Abem! says I. You can't have it, says he. We must, says I. Aha! says he. It's no use, Dorion mon aimi, says I, we'll give you some constitutional checks, says I. All right, says Mr. Dorion, says he.

What about Separate Schools says Mr. Dorion to me. Well, we don't like them, says I to him. I've got a jolly idea, says Dorion, says he. Out wit wit, says I; send McGee to Ireland says he, and let him spend two years in examining the school system and then we can see, says he. I spies, says I.

And so, gentlemen, we fixed everything to everybody's satisfaction. What's the man that says I've deserted my principles? Develop him, expose his hidious carcass to my righteous indignation. Nothing could be more unjust—nothing more untrue (cheers, my come in here.)

In my last address I told you what I would do, and I was going to do it, but they would not let me. Vote for Cameron, and you reject me; reject Cameron and you will return me, and I'll knock the government into the middle of next week,

I am, Gentlemen,  
Your most obsequious,  
Geo. Brown.

Church Street,  
Opposite St. Michael's Toronto,

A Wise Resolve.

Mr. Hogan, seconded by Mr. McKenzie, moves, That idioy being the natural consequence of the mind dwelling too long upon one subject, it is seriously to be apprehended that the Canadian Parliament will soon become a self-constituted Asylum for maniacs; wherefore, whilst this House has the sense to find its way home, it is most desirable that it should adjourn forthwith.

**AUNT ADELAIDE'S ADVICE—No. V.**

MY DEAR MISS LUCY,—It is some consolation to me to hear that you have not quite abandoned that prudence of conduct which I have endeavoured to instil into you; for I hear on all sides what an excellent opinion you entertain of yourself; and that with a proper pride, you never fail to make that opinion current. My dear child, there is nothing so cheering as this, for the majority of men are very obtuse, and generally accept young ladies at their own estimation. I hope that you will adhere to the proper mode of carrying out these principles, and I purpose to give you a few hints how do so.

Never fail in conversation to speak of the Government House, and the delightful evening you spent there; and if, by any chance, you are thrown in any relations whatsoever with the notabilities of the day, take every opportunity of talking about them to show what good society you keep. On the other hand, ignore every acquaintance which is not desirable, and never permit yourself to form an attachment to any body; because it may interfere with your advancement; and I should be sorry to see my dear Lucy, at any time, unduly carried away by her feelings. Whatever may be said to the contrary, my dear child, the value of a friend is just the use to which you can put him or her; and the moment the acquaintance ceases to be profitable to you, at once cease to entertain it. To carry out this principle of course you must learn to school your feelings, so that it costs you no effort to meet with a calm, quiet gaze that look which once you were proud to greet with evidences of feeling. Woman's heart, Lucy dear, we are told by poets, is an instrument from which the player is wont to draw such strains of melody as are only dreamed of by the imaginative tenderness of manhood. It may be so; but speaking for myself, my dear, I never could see the propriety of allowing oneself to be the least carried away by such nonsense. It is nourishing these romantic follies which cause so much unhappiness. Just commence as you intend to go on, and give no one the right to expect anything from you. Consider all whom you know as so many means to advance your position in life, and you will be sure to be respected and loved, and you will retain that sensibility and that purity without which women are valueless.

I am delighted to hear from your cousin Emily, that you are not so friendly with that person, with whom lately you have been so often seen. Indeed it is high time that such impropriety should cease; and I am at a loss to understand how a young woman brought up so carefully as you have been, should have been so foolish, as to compromise herself. Is it true that you have given him the *congé*? If so, on no account acknowledge that you ever had anything to do with him; and it would be just as well always to speak of him with the contempt which the person deserves; and to your intimate friends you can say, that you were amusing yourself. I am sure that my letter will be very stupid, for I feel so unwell that it is quite a labor to write.

Ever, my dearest Lucy,  
Your attached god-mother,

ADELAIDE.

St. George's Square,  
Toronto, Aug. 11.