

New Music.

Mr. R. Morgan has been kind enough to send us several pieces of music, of which the following are specimens.

"Maggee (McGee) by my side," by *Wm. McDougall*.
 "Call me pet names, dearest," (new version as sung by Messrs. *McGee and John S. Macdonald*.)

"WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER," (new) by Messrs. *Galt and Brown*.

"LANGANS BALL," (new version) by the Editor of the Daily News.

"Fatherland," as sung by the "Canadian Family."
 "IF WE HAD BUT FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR," by Messrs. *Darion and Holton*.

"WE'RE A BAND OF BROTHERS," composed and sung by twelve celebrated gentlemen of Canada.

"NO ONE TO LOVE," as sung by *Mr. L. H. Holton*.

"MYSELF," by *J. H. Cameron*, as sung by himself.

A choice selection of (h)airs by Messrs. *Chambers and Ecanturel*.

"Would I were with thee," by the Ministers now in Canada, and dedicated to Messrs. *Macdonald, Galt, Cartier and Brown*.

New Works.

We have received the following new books, &c., from our friend *Holiwell*, they are worthy of perusal by our readers:—

"CONFEDERATION," a farce in several acts, by *John A. Macdonald*.

"THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION," as seen by "*D'Arcy*."

"MY INTERCOURSE WITH NOBILITY," by the Honorable *John Rose*.

"FEDERATION, AS APPLIED TO CANADA," a burlesque, by *Mr. George Brown*.

N. B.—The above is intended as a sequel to "Confederation," but we doubt whether it will be more successful.

"Mr. Howland's Speeches in Parliament," edited by *Mr. H. J. Morgan*.

"Parliamentary Joe Miller," by "*Joc*" *Rymal*.

"Manual of Military Tactics," by *John Scoble, Esquire*.

"Essay on Common Sense," by *Mr. McFarlane*, of Perth.

"Poems," by *James Cowan, Esquire*.

From an absent-minded Contributor.

Dear Mr. *Sprite*,—

Can you tell me what I can do to rid myself of a very embarrassing affliction. I am greatly troubled with absent-mindedness—combined with mild symptoms of Kleptomania. I know you are all-wise, and it is for that reason that I bore you, by relating my misadventures. I am in the constant habit of putting my hands into other people's pockets, under the impression that they are my own. Only yesterday morning having occasion to visit a lady friend, I took up her jockey hat, adorned with Marabout feathers, and wore it home; during my conversation with another Hebe, I took up an ante-macassa, blew my nose with it, and finally carried it away in my pocket. At dinner I often attempt to eat my soup with my fork, and my fish with the soup ladle. Last week, when shaving, I lathered my head instead of my chin, and combed my hair with the tooth-brush. My wife has repeatedly stopped me from wearing her shawl in the streets; and but for her I should have gone to Snuffins' dinner party in the natural garb of a Highlander, which, to say the least of it, would have been anything but becoming. I could give you hundreds of

incidents of the like nature, but it is my disposition to be compassionate—can you suggest a remedy, if you can, you will confer an everlasting boon on

Yours affectionately,

MARY DE MENS.

P. S.—Pon my word, I have actually signed my wife's name without meaning it.

(REMEDY.—(Infallible.)—Plentiful doses of *Sprite*.—*Lid.*)

The Disappointed One.

I was struck with Kitty Whimple,
 And—she was struck with me;
 In her chin she had a dimple,
 And her voice was light and free.

Her eye was bright and sparkling
 As a fire-fly in the dark,
 Like a diamond—tw'as so brilliant:
 On her form—I'll not remark;

But 'twas airy; sylphlike; fairy;
 Swelling softly, and the rest;
 And I roundly vowed that nary
 Man since Adam was so blest.

Kitty Whimple and I buckled
 In the holy bonds of love,
 And in silent glee I chuckled
 As I gazed upon my dove.

So plump she looked and pretty,
 And we started on a tour,
 Myself and my bride Kitty
 With our love so warm and pure.

I know my face was longer
 When we settled down at home,
 When I took to something stronger
 Than the love of wife and home.

I know my nose is reddened
 And my face is purple-blue,
 But I've cause—for love is deaden'd,
 And 'tis too late now to rue.

Kitty Whimple, you have sold me,
 I'm a duped, a cheated man;
 Kitty Whimple! had you told me
 That you were no better than

A Milliner's deception,
 And a subterfuge—I vow
 I'd have cut the whole connection,
 I'd have sought another *vrouw*.

A Beauty stuffed with cotton,
 A scraggy stick without!
 Curs'd the day I cast my lot on
 You cheat of a turn out.

Oh, the hour that undecieved me!
 I'm a broken-hearted man!
 Yes, instead of plump, believe me
 She was—only pad and bran.

And that is why my nose is red
 And why my cheek is blue,
 For I squeeze my bottle without dread
 Of breaking it in two.

It drown's my cares, it cheers me up,
 For in it there's no *chaff*,
 And it's only stuffed with what I sup
 When I drink and try to laugh.