

**THE POLICEMAN'S VALENTINE.**

Och! Ellen, my honey, ye'll rade,  
My love in aich bit of my lines,  
For luvie is swate in ivery thing,  
But swatest in these Valentines.

An' troth! my darlint, bear ye nu,  
Misther Cupid's inspiration,  
That fills my mind wid queer-like thoughts,  
An' my face wid perspiration.

For shrin! honey, when we mate,  
The very heart lapes is a sin,  
It swells right up like bilie paine,  
An' almost bursts elane through my skin.

An' on my sowl! whin words ye spake,  
Yis vice is swate as sermich-owl, dear,  
That in the star-lit gloom o' night,  
Sings swatest songs wid airy fear.

An' then yis breath, my Ellen, is  
Much nicer than the grass whin green,  
An', bless my boots! 'tis nice almost  
As jug of Erin's own potien.

Nu, by the head upon my neck!  
Yis odd eyes are most 'mazin' smart,  
For whin one out the windy looks,  
The 'tother stales into my heart.

An' then unto yis face is stuck,  
A partic' jewel of a nose;  
'Tis nather Roman, Greek, nor Turk,  
But what it is the Lord, faith, knows.

An' thin, the hat that howl's yis head,  
Is dressed so thick wid colours gay,  
It makes me luvie the bow! gal more,  
Who shows sich balls of Magen-ta.

An' nu by all the goods I have;  
By all the tall upon my coat;  
By drinkin' cup and 'backy pipe;  
By Adam's apple in my throat;

By police close upon my back;  
By my old boot's, my body's sowl;  
By my poor sock wid all its rints;  
By winthr nights so lone an' cowl!

I vow, my honey, darlint duck,  
The buttons off yis coat I'll take,  
An' git a shanty, pig and cow,  
If yis my bed an' board ye'll make.

**WINTER.**

The sun moves faintly through the Southern sky;  
Wan, worn and pale, as age may look when ailing;  
Like sentinels the heavy snow clouds lie,  
The cold wind moans, as childhood in its wailing;  
The ruddy fire behind the arvil gleams,  
Leaps doubly jocund on the winter's night;  
As if to mock the Frost King's ire, and seems  
As hope to man; cheering, and warm, and bright.

**St. Valentine's Week.**

— We should say the Saint was rather strong than weak, to judge by the number of hideous caricatures which desecrate, generally, the omnium gatherum shops of Toronto. It is old Jack Laff-staff, who says, "There are but three honest men extant, and one of them is fat, and grows old." Are there three men of decent taste in Toronto who sell decent valentines? We hope rather than think so. Three righteous men might save a city.

**BOOK NOTICES.**

Books for CAMP AND HOME.—James Redpath, Boston, announces a series of ten cent Books for the Camp Fires, of a much higher class than the dime publications now in the market. They will contain from 96 to 124 pages; new type, good paper—"neatly bound in greenbacks." No. 1 is—"On Picket Duty and Other Tales," by Miss L. M. Alcott, whose Hospital Sketches has been one of the most popular books of the season. No. 2 is—"Clotelle, a Tale of the South," with five fine illustrations. No. 3 is—"The Vendetta," one of Balzac's best tales, translated for the publisher. 0.4 is—"Gulliver's Travels in Lilliput." No. 5 is—"Victor Hugo's eloquent description of the Battle of Waterloo." Each number is complete in itself and unabridged. Ten cents sent to the publisher will secure a specimen copy, postage paid, to any home or camp address—or fifty cents for the list above announced. No. 1 is out, and the five will be published before the close of February. Address, Jas. Redpath, publisher, Boston.

FIRST LESSONS IN SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE,—For Schools and Private Instruction, by J. W. Dawson, L.L.B., F.R.S., pp. 208. Montreal: John Lovell, 1864; Toronto: Adam Miller, King Street, East. Mr. Lovell has added another very useful book to his series of School Books, in the shape of the above. The author goes very fully into the subject of Agriculture, showing "The Science of Agriculture and its uses;" "How Scientific Agriculture may be best taught in Schools;" "The Soil, Manures, &c., &c.," with suggestions as to Practical applications. It is well worth the perusal of the young farmer.

THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN ALMANAC,—A new annual publication, just issued from the press by Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, has been laid on our table, and it is without doubt the most useful and complete hand-book of statistical and general information concerning the British North American Continent that has ever been published. First we have an historical outline and general information touching the Inter-Colonial Railroad, and intelligence concerning all branches of the Legislature and Public Departments; Trade, Navigation, and Finance Returns; the Militia of Canada, with appointments, down to 1st December last; Statistics of the Board of Education of Upper and Lower Canada; the Railways, Banking Institutions, Clergy and Judiciary of the Canadas; together with valuable information about the sister Provinces. Rollo & Adam are Agents for the sale of the B.N.A. Almanac. Price \$1.00.

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**A Liberal if not a Liberal Translation.**

**VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.—Book I.**

*Ille ego qui quondam.*—I am he who was formerly an obscure parson in a country parish in Scotland. *Et egressis sylvis.*—And setting sail from the rural scenery of Monimail. *Vicinus cœgi.*—I thought to compel my colleagues, (two of whom were very obsequious,) to submit to my arrogant authority. *Quanois avido.*—Although I was excessively greedy and extorted from the Trustees a promise of a retiring pension. *Gratum opus agricolis.*—It being grateful to my selfish colleagues to display the laurels they had by their talents, perseverance and industry won; yet when I revisited the dear old Kingdom of Fife, I sought to clothe myself with the honour of founding the Observatory and the Botanical Society of Canada. *Arma virumque cano.*—Oh! horrible to relate, I must set my Highland Pipes to a new tune, I must sing of wars, horrid strife, and refractory Professors, Graduates and Students. *Fato profugus.*—I fear the Fates have decreed that I must flee from the University, leaving Johnny Paton, the Paisley Calf, the squeaking Oriental Professor and my dear pet baby of the Chemistry Chair behind. *Veni litora.*—I came to the shores of Scotland and applied for the Chair of Divinity at Glasgow, but got a sullen rebuff. *Tenis jactatus et alto.*—Being hissed and groaned at on land, and dreadfully sick on the deep. *Vi supremi.*—The Gods above have vowed that I shall even here be punished for my hypocrisy and double-dealing. *Mulla pasus dum conderet urbem.*—I have already suffered untold miseries and dreadful exposures in my abortive attempts to find for myself an asylum. *Inferretque Deos Latio.*—And in introducing my bye-laws into the University to scourge the self-willed Professors. *Albanque patres atque moenia.*—I have diddled by oily words the old foggy Trustees, yet their dreaded authority cannot obtain for me a mask to conceal my moral deformity, as I now find out that I am despised by every body.

**OUR DOT, alias JANUS.**

P.S.—Translated at the Divinity Hall, Queen's University by one who has lately suffered from the cutaneous affection peculiar to his countrymen.

**Novelty in Art.**

— We see by an advertisement in the *Leader*, a few days ago—headed, "original paintings by Hograth"—that the first and fifth pictures of the series of the "Rake's Progress" will be exhibited. There is also "a large *protrait* supposed to be Lord Chatham" on view. Surely the proof-reader of the *Leader* must be literally spell bound.

**A very useful Bill.**

— In the House of Representatives, at Washington, a Mr. Jenckes, on the 14th instant, reported a Bill establishing a "Uniform system of Bankruptcy," which was ordered to be printed and recommitteed. In view of a continuance of the war we think Mr. Jenckes should have proposed that the system should be universal, as well as uniform.