

Mr. Septimus Snooks sings the Praises of his Lady Love.

No common beauty is my love;  
No fashionable flirt  
With crinoline begirt;  
Oh no! I guess she ain't  
A damsel who would faint,  
Should she chance to meet a spider,  
Or a fumbler of good cider;  
(Stay! I'll change that into beer—  
Cider's seen but seldom here.)  
Should she stumble on a mouse,  
Sporting dimbly in the house;  
Should she catch a heasy gleam  
Of tabby licking at the cream,  
Oh! I guess she wouldn't scream:  
She's an angel is my love.

She's a woman of strong mind;  
But I musn't loase behind  
By a very "longthy" chalk"  
Her body—in my talk.  
That's strong and bulky too  
In every point of view.  
Some people nonsense write  
"Dout hands, soft and lily-white."  
My love's are rosy red,  
Hard as humps of Cornwall lead,  
Thick as patent hot-pressed bricks,  
(Heaven help—what jolly "licks"  
Snooks' juvenile will get  
From my lovely Antoinette.)

Did you ever see a foot  
Fit recipient for a boot?  
Or an ankle fit to bear  
Eighteen stone up in the air.  
Guess not—unless you mean  
T' listlousie you're soon  
My bulky little queen,  
My charming Antoinette.

Slim waists, each doctor tells,  
Are unnatural, though belles,  
In these modern ages, strive  
To be slimmest things alive.  
My love is wieser far  
Than these modern pinched ones are.  
Her waist!—no pair of arms  
Could encircle her fair charms;  
It takes just twice three feet  
Round that lovely waist to meet;  
Oh! charming Antoinette.

Who cares for beauties tall?  
Oh! fairer than them all  
Is my dumphy Antoinette.  
No gaintess is she,  
But exactly four feet three;  
All my readers must agree  
That's a very pretty height.  
I detest the modern taste  
Which expects a lady's waist  
To measure—wrong or right—  
By dint of lacing tight,  
Less than half the lady's height.  
Truer model is my love,  
My charming little dove,  
My own sweet Antoinette.

"Fair cheeks where beauties toom,  
And the lilly-reigns supreme."  
What stuff! my Notty's nose;  
Is redder than the rose.  
Her cheeks,—oh, no! they ain't  
Reddened with nasty paint;  
But they rival her snub nose,  
So they're redder than the rose.  
Naptre blushed there generously,  
And 'twid her, *can de die*,  
Took my charming Antoinette.

Her smile, my Notty's smile,  
It beats the modern style;  
What winning sweets appear  
As she, from ear to ear,  
Opens wide her rosy lips,

Disclosing far and near  
The beautiful black chips,  
Which once—its likely quite—  
Were tooth of pearly white.  
What mortal could stand that  
Without a "pit a pat"  
About his heart of heartie.  
Oh! charming Antoinette.

She's a woman of strong mind,  
Yet of temper sweetly kind,  
For she'd scorn to use her claws,  
If she thought she hadn't cause  
Turlico only—truth to speak—  
Has she left upon my cheek,  
Five furrows deep and broad;  
Could I stronger proof afford,  
That an angel is my love—  
My charming little dove,  
My own sweet Antoinette.

BEAUTIES OF SIDNEY SMITH.

Won't some enterprising individual get up a compilation of the "beauties of Sidney Smith?" Let him get them engrossed on sheep-skin and bound in calf, and we promise him a swinging sale for the work. Did not our arduous editorial labours render it an impossibility, we would willingly undertake the pleasing task ourselves. We should expect to be cheered by the gratitude of an intelligent public; and more—perhaps—only perhaps—our humble names might be handed down to posterity in connection with that of the illustrious statesman. We sigh, that we are already fully pledged to the public, and turn reluctantly from the tempting pathway to fame. But if we cannot undertake the work in *extenso*, we may at least be allowed to throw out a few hints for the future compiler. For instance, how easy to discourse by the hour upon the classic elegance of "wunt," and "du," and "tu," and to contrast their nervous expressiveness with the commonplace "won't," and "do," and "to." How easy to discover evidences of a truly great mind in the numberless instances in which Mr. Smith has risen superior to the arbitrary rules of an antiquated syntax. How delightful to dwell upon his vast geographical knowledge as evinced in his magnificent orations. We cannot forbear quoting an exemplin this connection. "We have Ocean Sea postage on American letters." Won- obtained," said he, on Tuesday last, "the dorfal! Some faint recollection we have of the Red Sea, the White Sea, the Black Sea, but never until informed of its existence by this illustrious Smith, did we hear the faintest whisper of the Ocean Sea. Our school Atlas must have been in fault. The more need then that this and kindred discoveries should be blazoned forth to the world. Who wishes to immortalize himself? Who will compile "The Beauties of Sidney Smith?"

Railroad Guide.

—We have received from Mr. Tunis a copy of his neat and valuable "International Railroad Guide of the United States and Canada." It is published monthly, and contains the time tables of all the American and Canadian railroads corrected to the latest moment. The price (15 cents) is so reasonable that no one who is travelling, and desires to keep pace with the most changeable of human things—a railway time table—should be without it.

TWO IN A BED.

The following letter was found unsealed in the Parliament House. It evidently is from one of those honourable members of Parliament who, to their eternal disgrace, sleep two in a bed:—

Toronto, Feb. 22nd, 1850.

DEAR WIFE,—

If the present state of things lasts much longer, I'll certainly have to launch into the extravagance of a separate room and two clean shirts in a week. Since I arrived here, I have had a run of ill luck that can scarcely be credited. In the first place the hon. member from ———, whom I have secured as a room-mate and of course bed-fellow, is a most extravagant man; and if I do not get away from him soon, he will ruin me. The worst of it is, that all the other members of Parliament who would be willing to sleep "two in a bed," are all engaged. So that if I break with my present chum, I shall have to take a separate room—an extravagance not to be thought of—while, if I remain with him, he is so monstrously extravagant that I shall be ruined also.

It was only yesterday that he borrowed one of the three clean collars that you yourself washed for me, before I came down to be present at the opening. Last week he unfortunately spilled the ink over the table-cloth, and in his anxiety to wipe it up, used one of my two remaining handkerchiefs. Luckily it is not white, therefore it will do for a few weeks longer on a pinch. The woman I board with has raised the board from three and a half to four dollars a week, which you know would cause Crossus himself to cry "hold, enough!"

Another source of anxiety to me is that this bed-fellow of mine is abominably restless, and he also has a disagreeable habit of monopolizing all the bed-clothes himself—so that I am forced to lie in the cold half the night. This is a habit which, I am sorry to say, you frequently indulge in—but one learns to bear that after a while. Mr. ——— also occasionally comes to bed with his boots on. He says they keep him warm, and that besides they never need cleaning in the morning afterwards. I have a great many other misfortunes to relate, but I shall lose my dinner if I delay. On an average, I save \$37 a week—but you know that the extravagant manner of living in Toronto precludes the possibility of my saving more.

Yours, &c.,

NOVEL RETURN:

On Monday last Mr. Cimon moved for a return of the number of employes in the various Government Departments; also a statement of the number of Sessional Clerks employed by the House. Mr. Turcotte suggested that the return should state whether each individual speaks the English, or French language, or either. Does Mr. Turcotte expect to find a number of newly imported Japanese, or John Chinamen amongst the Government employes, that he is skeptical of their ability to speak either English or French? Or does he suppose that the clerks in the various offices are all on a par with the illustrious head of the Postal Department, Sidney Smith, to wit: "Freights is down," "We want to know?"