

VALENTINES.

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day.—*Shakespeare.*

To aid our less gifted readers we present a few Valentines by our own Valentine Writer. We have only to express the hope that all our dear lady friends will meet the favour of the patron saint of the day, and that no wretched wit or coarse cynic will cause a single pang to their innocent little hearts:—

Ye Misanthrope to hys Lorryer.

Want you have me, cruel Susan?
Won't you send a soothing line?
I shall be a stark stiff corpse,
If you're not my Valentine.

Water stifles, ice is brittle,
And the bay, though frozen up,
Has sufficient water, Susan,
To overflow my bitter cup.

I have rascals, sharp and shaly,
Rodgers puffs them as his boy;
One good stroke across the jugular
Puts my weary soul at rest.

Strychnine's bitter, druggists foolish
Would a pennyworth sell to me;
Two kicks, three snuffers, a convulsion,
Are the last you'd see of me.

Ropes are bawdy, bod-poster plenty,
I have four about my house;
A tight knot, a leap, a choking,
Make one quiet as a mouse.

Green has "pistols" and bullets,
Gunpowder's as cheap as dirt,
And a leaden pill would kill me,
Ere I know that I was hurt.

Now reject me and I'll "pison,"
Hang, or shoot me out of trouble;
Or, if that is unsuccessful,
I'll subscribe to "Agod Double."

Ye Pettifogger Deth yo Prettio.

Sweet Angelina, dearest, hear me sue
And read the writ I've specially endorsed;
I'll serve thee until death; so Sunday night
Appear in person, love, or I am lost.

The plaintiff claims thy heart, oh give it him;
The costs superior court-takes are very great;
Oh! 'tis thy interest, sweet, to heed his suit,
Appear in person then, ere 'tis too late.

And then he'll treat thee to a declaration
Of all the woes which make him mourn; so be
Will to thee declare his count-ess siblings,
And court thee, dear, by Cupid his attorney.

Or I will plead to thee, do thou declare
For girls the practice deed not in this case;
So arch and bold are they in their defence,
That Archbold's learning hides his shamed face.

But if thou wilt "say nothing" to my suing,
Relieve by gentle blushing, my distress, oh!
Plead guilty and in place of declaration,
Allow me to take judgment *pro confesso*.

Do not demur or now I give thee notice
Of that and trial which doth impend o'er me;
Blest not the hope which garnish his sad heart,
But let me, darling, still be garnished.

Enlarge my time, sign not my judgment roll,
Tax me with what you will, but oh, be mine;
And let this Honourable Court a verdict give,
That she shall be my constant Valentine.

Ye Butcher Boy in ye Arcade to hys loving Sallio.

When you read these lines, dear Sally,
Smile my rosy darling duck,
Or your loving butcher laddie,
Sure as fate will lose his pluck.

Say you love me, little Sally,
With your lips so ripe and red,
Or you'll turn my upper story,
To a dish of cooked calf's head.

Sweet Sally, rosy Sally,
Chief of my fond heart's delights,
On thy smiles I'll rather feast, love,
Than on live fresh bullock's thighs.

Be my valentine, sweet Sally,
Ease your own true lover's sighs,
Then I swear I'll never cast, dear,
On no other gal, sheep's eyes.

Be my valentine, dear Sally,
And we never more will sever,
You shall be my wee pet lambkin,
And shn'll live with me forever.

A Little Cobbler Boy to his Molly.

Go, little Valentine, and tell
Sweet Molly my heart's no longer whole;
For, like an axl, her shining eyes
Have pierced right through and through my sole.

Go! ax her if she'll not consent
Her lot through life with mine to cast;
Go! tell her that as time shall wax,
I'll stick like leather to the last.

Go! bid her be my Valentine,
And then as time still onward rolls,
We'll stick together year by year,
And be a pair of double souls.

Ye Tailor's Valentine to his Darling Bot.

I send thee, Bot, this Valentine,
To ask thee if through wilt be mine,
Through life whilst I with fingers nimble
Do ply the needle and the thimble.

Be mine sweet Bot, let Bot be mine,
Fair peace shall on our future shine,
We'll cast all care and sorrow loose,
And live on Cabbage, love, and goose.

— Consent, big Bot, oh! make me blessed,
And oft thy lips shall be *not pressed*,
Till old time, with his tailor's shears,
Cuts off our thread of happy years.

OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

Now that the license law and the police question are disposed of, and nothing of very great importance presses upon the attention of the Blowers, we may expect to see some of the native peculiarities of the members displayed in the discussion of smaller matters,—subjects not too extended for their comprehension, and in consideration of which they take a great interest. This was very evident at the regular and special meeting of this week,—the greater part of the first being consumed in discussing the merits of some unhappy son of a gun who had been appointed to a petty office under the Board of Works. If ever man was beset with praise by one party, and as badly abused by another, this individual was the one. In the midst of this discussion the Council was favored with a splendid passage at arms between Messrs. Sheard and J. B. Smith, which, after a dull and dreary debate on important subjects, was delightfully refreshing, reminding one of the old Council and the scenes that so frequently characterized that body. It was amusing to see how quickly the sleepy constables in attendance picked up their ears, and how expectant the galleries were of a regular set-to. Unfortunately, however, it was only a flash in the pan, and the Council subsided into quietude. The Mayor called a special meeting on Wednesday night for the appointment of the assessors, and happily so

for the members, as the attendance was small, and they were saved from the indignation of friends of disappointed applicants, who, had the meeting been on the usual night, would have flocked in large numbers to the Council chamber.

Old Double again at her Tricks.

—After reviewing the *Globe's* platform, with its usual dullness and obscurity, *Old Double* suddenly breaks out with the following melo-dramatic quotation:

"Ha, infidel! I have thee on the hip!"

The force of such an exclamation must be at once seen. "Ha, infidel!" that is, "Ha, *Globe!* *Old Double* has got thee on its hip!" Hip, hip, hurrah! we say. Give the infidel a good fall, *Old Double*; tumble the unbelieving miscreant into bottom blazes right off. What can have produced such an unusual agitation in our ancient friend we cannot imagine, unless her last cup of tea was made too strong, and consequently got into her head.

Query?

—Did the member for South Simcoe serve an apprenticeship to the washtub? Judging from the practised manner in which the hon. gentleman shook his handkerchief, and hung it out to dry on the back of his neighbour's chair during his late stunning oration on the Address, after each occasion that he mopped his dull putty-shaped face, one would be inclined to think that he did. The hon. gentleman is certainly a loss to the washtub fraternity.

Tired of the Honor.

—The Hon. Malcolm Cameron is tired of being called "Honourable." Whether this be from the natural humility and modesty which are his only failings, or from the fact that the Postmaster General bears the title, we of course cannot tell. It is a fact, however, that Mr. Cameron has determined to be "Honorable" no longer. Mr. Sidney Smith might also dispense with the "Onabull," as he delicately pronounces it, we want say that he *done wrong* not by no means.

A Question for Pawnbrokers.

—The honor of the house is said to be pledged? How much did the pledgor raise on the article; and how much would the pledgee raise on it suppose he were to sell it by public auction? We doubt if he would raise the wind by it.

True to his Principles.

—The bitterest friend of the Senior member for Toronto cannot affirm that he ever changed or turned his coat. We do not know whether the same cannot be said of the hon. gentleman's shirt. But at all events, it is certain that the memory of man runneth not back to the time when Mr. Brown wore anything but a dress coat in his place in the House.

Important Measure.

—The Hon. M. Allan, we understand, is about to introduce a bill into the Upper House entitled "An Act to give the Hon. M. Vankoughnet three dollars and seventy-five cents to purchase a new hat." A call of the House has been ordered to discuss the bill at its second reading.