

SNOOKS WRITES TO HIS DARLING ANTOINETTE.

Sweetest and best—my charming Antoinette,
 My heart's own love, my honey, darling pet;
 Your Snooks,—your faithful Snooks, your humble valet,
 Feels love's fierce million fires now thrill his brain;
 Now scorch his heart, now singe his leather boots,
 While still remorseless little Cupid shoots
 All tipped with flame, new phosphoric darts,
 To stick and quiver in my heart of hearts.
 Thick—black, the wicked archer's arrows fly,
 Each time he shoots he hits my heart's ball's-eye,
 Each time he hits the arrow stinks in further,
 Was ever such a regular case of murder?
 Oh, heal, sweet Notty, woudstou storely cleft,
 Before your faithful Snooks has no heart left.
 Oh! smile and heal,—the antidote apply,
 Equit but one loving glance of your gray eye;
 Smile, but don't open love, your mouth too wide,
 You might disclose what perhaps 'twere best to hide,
 Forgive me, sweet,—who cares for penny lumps?
 Smile as you please, I love those blackened stumps
 Which once were teeth, I love your one cross eye,
 Smile, glance and love, don't leave poor Snooks to die,
 Don't prove unkind, but dearest let me share
 To your sweet lips—inhale the breath you breathe,
 But lovely Notty charmer, may it be
 When you're not taken whiskey for you? (s?)
 My Notty, sweet, how oft my love has fed
 On your rapturous curls of flaming red;
 Oh! I may our locks then mingle and combine;
 Your fair cheeks rest in tenderness on mine,
 Then breathe the fond words, to ease my anxious mind,
 But dearest—don't leave too much meat behind.
 Nay love, I would not spoil one single grace,
 Paint as you please, for I can wash my face;
 Such rosy trifles shall not mar our pleasure,
 My Antoinette, my heart's own choicest treasure,
 Do kind then sweet, oh, let my willing arms
 Receive for eye, your fair transcendent charms;
 They cannot span your waist, but what of that?
 Your twoelo stone weight will stay my heart's pit pat,
 Your love shall cheer me, in my greatest need,
 And make your faithful Snooks feel blest indeed.

FIRE! FIRE!

A modern fire partakes more perhaps than any other public calamity of the character of a melodramatic comedy. When the night is far advanced, the incendiary lights his torch and then seeks the comforts of a bed after his onerous task is fulfilled. Presently the flame grows brighter and larger and shines in upon the wearied sleepers of fashionable hours. The terrible discovery is soon made—the alarm is sounded—the bells are rung, and the affrighted citizens guided to the scene of disaster by the deadly pillar of fire, flock around the burning buildings. As yet the fire is confined to the combustible outhouses and wooden sheds; and, happily relief is at hand. The citizens burning with ardour rush to save the furniture, while the firemen inflamed with heroic enthusiasm prepare to cut off the devouring element from further prey. The fire, however, is rapidly making headway. All is uproar and confusion. In the first place, the furniture must be saved. The persevering citizens swarm up the burning staircase, and penetrate the burning drawing room. That mirror! How shall that noble mirror be saved? A dozen enthusiastic men rush to the rescue regardless of their lives. It is soon displaced. There is no time to carry it down stairs,—but it must be saved at any risk. The window is soon reached, and down it goes into the street below in a thousand atoms, but it is saved, thank heaven, from the devouring element. That beautifully embroidered pillow! How is it to escape? Devoted souls rush again to the rescue;

and the precious article is carried down stairs by a dozen hands. Splendid carpets are conveyed by careful hands to places of safety, while bookcase, books, all are sent flying from the upper windows. Woe heads below! Bang it's only a picture—clear the road! and allow this precious feather bed to be carefully carried out. What caused that crash? Oh, it is only a stove thrown down from the garret. Make way for this bundle of bed clothing to be carried out.

The scene outside the house is equally animating and amusing. The courageous firemen risk their lives in a thousand ways. See that man labouring like a Hercules under that tottering wall for what purpose, to chop down a dog house. But here come the invincible Hook-and-ladders. Sixteen of them have in their arms the terrible hook and manfully struggle through the flames, like so many salamanders, to get a good grip with it in some burning shed. The feat is accomplished after a severe scorching, and the enthusiastic populace lay hold of the appendant rope with a will. Now boys, steady! Heigh! one tremendous pull, sufficient, one would think, to drag the moon from its orbit, and—a chip is suddenly displaced from the burning pile, while the energetic rope-pullers are immediately spilled into a promiscuous heap several yards in the rear.

Another attempt must be made. The unfeeling, salamanders again penetrate the flames, and after several ineffectual attempts succeed in again gripping the hook to the burning building. The appendant rope is again seized on, and the citizens go at it once more with a will. Steady's the word 'hoys. One, two, three—Heigh! ho! heigh. With a mighty wrench a latch is displaced at the last suspiration, and the pullers are instantaneously jerked about the street.

Meanwhile, the most strenuous efforts are being made elsewhere to save the building from destruction by fire. The windows must not be left to perish,—therefore, they are demolished by axes, and the pieces triumphantly carried off. The door steps and area-railings are in danger—therefore, they must be chopped to pieces, and the remains removed from the scene of the disaster. The fire-crow work on the eave of the burning house may be consumed—therefore the front walls of the house must be laid low like the walls of another Jericho. At last there is nothing left to pull down or chop down. The fire has licked up everything except the bricks and mortar; and the citizens and firemen go home to sleep after the toils of the night.

A little water promptly supplied might have saved an immense amount of property; but although there was plenty of water, it was too far off to be of any essential service. Ald. Smith, the chairman of Fire, Water, and Gas, would not erect hydrants in the district in which the fire broke out; therefore, that place was chosen by the incendiary to display his zeal for the public good. Ald. Smith is a very nice man; and those families who were burned out through his negligence should subscribe and present him with a valuable service of plate!

The Two Independent Members.

—Dr. Connor, who never votes against the opposition; and Mr. Gowan, who always votes with the Ministry.

THE DONKEY BEAYS.

We have neglected our old friend J. B. Donkey alias Robinson for some time past. We owe him amends for this, and, to make all square, will devote a little space to his performance on Tuesday night. The tariff is under discussion—Donkey starts off at a gallop—rattles over to the United States in no time,—kicks and plunges for about five minutes through the mazes of protection—suddenly hesitates—looks scared—blushes—and finally sits down refusing to move another step. Bunches of carrots are powerful stimulants to the animal, and the Government hold out their bunch in the shape of a few encouraging cheers. The bait takes—J. B. starts to his feet and scampers off helter skelter at a two-forty gallop—takes everything that comes in his way for the space of half an hour, and finally pulls up blown and heated. But though J. B. got through his gallop at a rattling pace, the first check apparently disconcerted him. We noted a few evidences of this at the time, but suppress them in order that we may hasten to take a peep at the Donkey in an irascible mood. Mr. McGoo asks J. B. a question—J. B. replied by asking another—Mr. McGoo remarks that he would have been better pleased with a straightforward answer, a direct yea or nay, not that he wished, however, to hear the Hon. member say, "neigh," (bray would have been better.)

This shy lit at the character in which J. B. generally appears was a little hard perhaps, but he did not mend his position in the least by losing his temper and calling his interrogator a monkey. Such displays look bad in Parliament, and only serve to mark the junior member's proclivities more strongly. If he wishes to demonstrate that we, and the public generally, are unjust in our estimate of the genus to which he belongs, let him in future preserve a little more dignity and speak on subjects he understands. True, his voice might then be but seldom heard within the walls of the Assembly; but at all events he would escape placing himself in the ridiculous position he occupied on Tuesday night.

THE OPPOSITION.

The *Globe* now calls Mr. Brown by the modest and unassuming name of the "opposition." On Monday we were told in that paper that that evening the "opposition" would reply to Mr. Gall's tariff. The "opposition" turned out to be composed of the Hon. Geo. Brown, the ex-Inspector General, the Premier of the Short Parliament, the Editor-in-chief of the *Globe*, and Mr. Brown, the senior member for the city. As the attention of the public was never since drawn to the fact that the "opposition" would speak on the tariff, we are forced to conclude that those gentlemen may be looked upon as forming the "opposition" of the House. We are the more confirmed in this opinion from the fact that whenever any of those gentlemen ask a question in the House—of course they never ask nonsensical ones—they are styled the "opposition" next day in the *Globe*. Notwithstanding the utility of policy inferred by the term "opposition," we are forced to admit that the gentlemen we have named above have been known to hold very opposite principles.