

ALDERMAN READ AND THE FIREMEN.

"The next clause recommended that a \$1,000 be spent in purchasing an annuity at six or seven years' date, for the benefit of the widow of Frederick Leppar, lately killed at a fire. Ald. Read opposed the motion."—*See Globe*

Hark, on the midnight silence,
The dread alarm bell peals;
See, see, yon red flames flashing,
The fire-bell's haunt reveals.
Uproose them, from their slumbers,
Those gallant, fearless bands,
Hark! Firemen to the rescue,
Give way with heart and hands.

See how the fire king rove,
Wildly the bright flames soar;
Around the crackling windows,
His forked tongue hip and roar!
Hurrah! yon gallant fellow
Has reached the smoky roof;
His brave heart spurns the danger,
Heaven keep him danger proof.

But why that piercing shriek,
Which thrills upon the air?
'Tis the frantic wail of a Mother's woe,
Her child is perishing there.

Who dashed the flames aside?
Who mounted the burning stair?
A willing hand from that gallant band,
Who are prompt to do and dare.

See! see! he 'scapes unhurt—
In his haunt the fire-flood's braved,
And the labo is clasped in his strong right arm;
Hurrah! Thank God, he's saved.

Once more the scene is changed—
The fire king's wrath is spent,
To quench the spark of his flickering life,
Their energies are bent.

They work with heart and will,
Almost is the task complete—
When fly! fly! see the walls are tottering—
Ye fearless bands retreat.

Tis too late, for senseless throes,
Lies the mangled form of one
Who gave his life in the thankless strife.
Fireman! 'twas nobly done.

But what says D. B. Read,
The Donkey's bottle-washer?
Will he clothe the orphan child,
And the widow cared for so?
Will he give his paltry vote for this?
I 'faith not he.

No but his serpent tongue,
Did its little boat to 'oppose
That righteous aid which the generous heart,
Would eagerly, anxiously seek to impart,
To draw the sting from the poisoned dart,
And soothe in part
The widow and orphan's woes.
Pass him round,
With disgust profound,
D. B. Read.

Literary Intelligence.

—In order to afford amusement to the numerous French supporters of the Government, who are required to be on hand at all times to vote down all useful measures, the Speaker has kindly ordered translations of the following English works into French—"Jack the Giant Killer," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," &c. Not to be out done, the leading members of the opposition have subscribed a fund to purchase the following works, for the use of Messrs. Gould, Wright, Atkins, and other literary gentlemen—"The Bloody Darning Needle, or the Revengeful Bed Bug," and "The Snorting Sneezers, or the Murderous Magpie." It is thought that when these works are procured legislation will proceed.

The following article will appear in the *Globe* as soon as all the agony at present in hand is thoroughly worked off:—

ASTOUNDING AND ASPHYXIATING CORRUPTION!

Upper Canada Done, Dished, and Diddled!!

ELECTORS! MIND YOUR EYES!!!

Yesterday the finishing stroke was given to the withering work of corruption. The Speaker's Spittoon Bill was read a third time and passed in the very teeth of the overwhelming majority of 35 to 30 from Upper Canada. It was in vain that Mr. Brown asked a day to investigate the state of the old saliva-receptacle; it was in vain that Mr. J. S. McDonald protested against legislature being crammed down the throats of Upper Canadians: it was in vain that Mr. Foley objected to proceeding with the bill, as it had not been printed in French; it was in vain that Mr. Hogan expatiated on the evils of spitting in general, and of taxing Upper Canada to support the extravagance of a man who, "I do say" is heartily despised by nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the people of Upper Canada: it was in vain that Dr. Connor put the question in all manner of inconceivable points of view, as a lawyer who had diddled more juries than all the rest of the House put together: it was all in vain and this abominable and impolitic measure was passed by the scores of ignorant Frenchmen who rushed up from the smoking-room, with the memory of their own spittoons fresh in their minds, to fasten this unmitigated insult on Upper Canada. This infamous procedure will excite the deepest indignation through the province, for if there is one thing on which the electors have more clearly expressed their opinions than another, it is against this impolitic and corrupt outlay of money in the multiplication of spittoons. But what are the well understood wishes of the people to these unwhung traitors—these vultures who fatten on the ruined carcass of their country? What do they care how the public money of the province is wasted on every possible pretext? Nothing, so long as they can keep the paltry pickings of office by the support of the hireling hounds from Lower Canada. Even Malcolm Cameron was aroused to a sense of duty at last, and it speaks volumes for him, that though he has sanctioned many dastardly outrages in Upper Canada, he was not prepared to swallow the spittoon. We may state that Mr. McDougall intended to make his debut on this important question, but the partizan tool who now occupies the Speaker's chair, perversely persisted in not catching his eye. The obnoxious features of this bill are patent to the simmering, boiling, we may say, volcanic feelings of the country. Not only does it provide for a new spittoon, without a single petition from the almost tax-demolished community, but it is not contented with a delf-article; that would be too economical for these miserable traitors; china, do not burst your boilers, indignant electors, veritable china is required. An officer, of course, will be created in consequence to negotiate the purchase of this atrocious article; another opening for the blasting and blighting patronage of this wretched coalition; besides this, the interests of Upper Canada are to be farther sacrificed by sending this lick-spittle to

Montreal or Quebec, to please our French masters by investing the funds of the province, of which Upper Canada pays two-thirds, in the crockery-warehouses of Montreal. Zounds! have we not Patton, and Jackson, and Mulholland in Toronto, who are fully equal to those French delinquents of Montreal? But enough, the country sickens at the nauseous nastiness of the traitorous ministry; but the halcyon days will soon dawn, which will inaugurate the reign of Brown and beneficence. We annex a list of some of the hardest Upper Canadian cases who have voted for this atrocious measure,—mark them, yeoman of North Fiddlesex, Squeamington and Screechville:—

DOWE-

SNOOKS!
STYLES!!! (Aha!)
PEGTOPS!!!
TOMKINS!!!
SCROUCHER.
SAWDER.
HON. Mr. MURKEY!!!!

LYRICS BY ALEXANDER MACLAUGHLIN.

Seldom has the honey in our composition been more predominant than after the perusal of the above Lyrics. Although grumbling is our peculiar province, we love to look forward to the time when Canada shall possess a literature commensurate with its material greatness. Friend Alexander's contribution to our present stock has forced us to waive our usual growl of discontent. We award him a smile of cordial approbation.

A New Platform.

—Some of the Gallic members of Legislature unsatisfied with the present state of affairs, have established a new political platform; we give the fundamental plank—"Not to pay our board." For further information apply to Mr. Thibaudan, or any of the gentlemen who shelter themselves under the privileges of the House when required to shell out their boarding bills.

Notice to Charity Committees.

—Mr. Romain, candidate for the Legislative council, begs to intimate to Charity Committees of whatever denomination, that he is prepared to offer the use of his building on King Street, for bazaars, lotteries, and other kindred shaving schemes, free of charge. He hopes that no person will attribute any other motive to him, than that of a most disinterested desire to become useful to his fellow-man.

To the Electors of East York.

—We are preparing a statement shortly to be submitted, setting forth in detail the various Parliamentary duties of Ames Wright, Esq. It is intended to shew how many times he crossed the Speaker's Chair—the number of visits to the bar—the quantity of stationery consumed—the extent of his official and private correspondence, including the number of manuscripts yet embryonic, or that have been consigned to oblivion in the waste-basket &c. The herculean labours of the hon. gentleman, when put into this tangible shape, will, it is supposed, silence for ever the diabolical noises, that rendered this constituency dangerous at the late election.—"Hurrah for Duggan."