

number of rooms in her house, and the different descriptions of dress she will then wear. And thus, while her day thoughts are wasted on "trifles light as air," and her evening hours passed amid the frantic glare of life's frivolities, time flies on, and fails not to imprint his foot marks on her appearance; and, despite her desperate opposition, years are added to her already wan countenance; she is left without friends, and fortune, and compelled to glean a precarious subsistence by means she once thought "vulgar." So the Modern Young Lady lives, without ever tasting one of the blessed realities of life, and dies an old maid in a garret, to be buried,

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

REVIEWS.

THE B. A. JOURNAL OF MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Our contemporary is peppering away at the Repeal Doctors in grand style. His blood is up and Dr. Codre is *saved* out to an immense number of words, sentences, and paragraphs. Their meaning will be undoubtedly explained to any person who will take the trouble to call upon the Editor. Dr. Mackelcan defends himself very meekly from a charge which Dr. Hall had made against him, but Dr. H. is not disposed to let him off so. His blood is evidently up and he tickles him in great style. After much professional twaddle about bending a man's leg (the poor subject of the dispute being of course dead) the Doctor thunders out an anathema against Dr. M. for a breach of professional etiquette. Poor Dr. M. was so obtuse as not to see the necessity for crooking the man's leg and was ingenious enough to say so. *O tempora! O Mores!* Was there ever such a *spalpeen* in the profession before. Dr. Hall remarks thereupon. "This is the ground of offence." "The conventionalities of professional intercourse prescribe certain rules in these cases." "Were these obligations faithfully and honorably discharged, actions for damages for malpractice" would be recognised "among the things that appertained to a cruder state of society." That is to say, if no Dr. would be evidence against his brother practitioner, these actions would become a thing of the olden time! Really this is, (to use a vulgar phrase) "coming it a little too strong." We should sigh under these circumstances for the "good old times" with some reason. Can Hamnet Hill, Esq. M. R. C. S. L. Bytown, inform us in what manner he managed to cut "from the tibia towards the fibula, from *without inwards*?" He will please post pay the answer. We remark a case reported, of "Paralysis of the tongue from Passion." This will be undoubtedly useful to the profession generally, who really seem the most quarrelsome set of people we know of. If they would take their own medicine, we would prescribe antibilious Pills for the whole race of them. We are sorry to see by reference to our contemporary's meteorological table that he has been unable to raise the wind. We can say ditto with a vengeance. All our tin seems but a meteor's glare, so soon passes it away and it is gone.

LITERARY GARLAND.—As usual.

LAY OF THE LATE MINISTER.

His day was gone, no longer bold,
The Ex-Minister, from Power had roll'd,
His silken gown and Robes now gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
And Place, his sole remaining joy,
Was now held by an Irish boy,
The last of Tories then was he,
Who sung of English liberty,
For well aday! his day was fled,
His party now no longer led,
No seat on Bench, where he might rest,
No Judgeship was he yet with bless'd,
No longer courted; and caress'd,
He yet essay'd to do his best,
And sang, to please a Student's ear,
When him, his country would not hear.
And thus the late Minister sung.

The Session was over, in good old St. Ann's,
And each Member had gone to his home,
The House was prorogu'd, mid the waving of faus,
For the Ministry had seen their doom;
An appeal alone, to the country could save
The Conservative Party, from the grave.

The writs were issued, our cause to sustain,
And every effort was made
To defeat the Rads, and return us again
To the Benches right, and paid;
And East, and West, and North, and South,
Dispersed were we, the Land to scout,
To cheer our supporters and allies,
And oppose our coming enemies.

Nought, of the Contest will I tell,
Of the Defeat, that us befell,
Suffice to say, that we were beat,
We leave the Benches, and retreat.
Alas! My hope of the Judgeship is gone.
And thus concludes the late Minister's song.

NURSES HOME.

Little Brat square.

Most Dread Magician.

It is notorious that children from the time that they cut their little "tooty tooties" till long after they are able to "walky palky" in the "Muddy puddy" are the most tiresome, noisy dear little pets as are called bipeds, and various are the freaks and dodges to which nurses and guardians of the young idea have resort for the accomplishment of their object; coaxing and intimidating by turns, and too often applying physical force when patience, temper and eloquence have been exhausted. Now most dreadful magician I am about to relate one of the most marvellous and thrilling incidents that ever occurred since "Jonah swallowed the whale." Nurse came down to the shop (I'm a barber) and told me Baby would not go to sleep and that it beat cock fighting; so up I steps and just cries "out go to sleep, or I'll call Gubbeec," and the effect was instantaneous, before the echo of the last *e* had ceased to vibrate the Babby was asleep.

You may give this Publicity
Your &c.

"BARBERISM."