

FAIR SUFFERERS.

By fair sufferers, we mean about ninety-nine out of every hundred of those poor dear young ladies, condemned, through the accident of their birth, to languish beneath the load of a do-nothing existence.

Ah! little think the wicked hard-working people, who have no evening parties to be forced to go to, no vehicles to be obliged to ride about in, of the miseries which are endured by the daughters of affluence.

It is a well-ascertained fact, that scarcely one of these tender creatures can be in a room ten minutes without being seized with a violent-head ache, which, more frequently than not, obliges her to leave the party, and drag a brother, a husband, a lover, or an attentive young man, away with her. If spared the head-ache, how often is she threatened with a fainting-fit (nay now and then seized with it), to the alarm and disturbance of her company! Not happening to feel faint exactly, still there is a sensation, "a something," as she describes it, "she doesn't know what," which she is almost sure to be troubled with. Unvisited by these afflictions, nevertheless, either the cold, or the heat, or the light, a sensation in her shoe-string, or some other source of pain, oppresses or excruciates her susceptible nerves. And when we take one such young lady, and put together all the parties she must either go to—or die—in the course of the year; and when we add up all the head-aches and swoons, and the somethings she doesn't know what; the shiverings, burnings, and other agonizing sensations which she has undergone by the end of it—the result is an aggregate of torture truly frightful to contemplate.

Suppose she is obliged to walk; this is sometimes actually the case; happy is she if she can go twenty yards without some pain or other, in the side, the back, the shoulder or the great toe. Thus the pleasure of shopping, promenading, or a picnic is embittered; thus is colocynth infused into the cordial of her existence.

If she reads a chapter of a novel, the chances are that her temples throb for it. She tries to embroider an Indian; doing more than a leg of him at a time, and strains her eyes. Employ herself in what way she will, she feels fatigued afterwards, and thinks herself well off that it is no worse.

Nine days out of ten she has no appetite; on the tenth she eats a sponge cake or a nut and is taken ill. Then comes that horrid physis. She cannot take pills; she objects to powders; and draughts are insufferable; she always takes cold after them. Poor thing! What is she to do?

Without a care to vex her, save, perhaps, some slight misgivings about the Captain, she is unable to rest, though on a bed of down. Exercise would procure her slumber; but oh! she cannot take it.

Whether earlier hours, plainer luncheons, more frequent airings in the green fields, and mental and bodily exertion generally, than what, in these respects, is the fashionable usage, would in any way alleviate the miseries of our fair sufferers, may be questioned. It may also be enquired how far such miseries are imaginary, and to what extent a trifling exercise of resolution would tend to mitigate them? Otherwise, supposing them to be ills that woman is necessarily heir to—unavoidable, irremediable. Gracious powers! What torments, what anguish must washerwomen and servants of all work, and even ladies'-maids, endure every day of their lives.

DREADFUL OUTRAGES.

On the best authority we give notice of the following daring outrages:

The Ministers have been dreadfully beaten, in Halton, by a gang of "clear grits."

The Honorable Malcolm Cameron has been treated with barbarous inhumanity by a notorious bruiser, nicknamed the *Provincialist*. He is so much injured that the right use of *his speech* is despaired of.

The Honorable Mr. Chabot has been struck in the dark by an original idea, from the effects of which he has not yet recovered.

A NEW SONG,

TO BE SET TO MUSIC, AND ACCOMPANIED BY A SCOTCH PIPER.

Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub
Bachelors come to our dipping;
Tenets like ours—suit the sulks and the sours,
Don on our mantle and step in;
We are the saints—all others are feints;
We are the royal nation.
Look to our lives—bats, maids, men, and wives,—
The salt of this sad generation.

Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub
Damsels hither come tripping;
Contemplative Tabbies—who scowl upon babbies;
We are the jewels for dipping,
Husbands and wives—whose houses and lives
Are plagued by no infantile squallers.
Look to our tenet—your comfort is it;
All of us hate catterwaulers.

Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub,
You of saturnine complexion,
You yellow with bile, who never could smile,
Save when babies were under correction.
Hillo-ho-ho!—oh! where would you go,
Sinners, we've something to lure ye,
When angels are stript—and lovingly dipt,
The sight is a sight I assure ye.

Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub
Damsels, weakly are dipping;
Handsome and slim—moderate and thin,
And exquisite when dripping.
Oh! of a night—what crowds for the sight;
Young men and old ever in noddies,
When the dearies dip in—the mantle's so thin
They really are natural studies.

Rub-a-dub-dub—oh! come to our tub,
Slick as eels you may slip in
Without any price—be recovered in a trice,
And Christians made by dipping.
Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub,
No questions we'll ask to spite ye;
Rub-a-dub-dub—ho! come to our tub
One and all, we invite ye.

HOW TO TELL FINE WEATHER FOR 1,000 YEARS.

If you desire to know whether the day will be fine, take a walk of a few miles into the country, until you come to a field where cows are grazing, and if the animals turn their tails to the wind, be sure it will be stormy; if they turn their faces it will be fine; but if some stand one way and some another, you had better toss up and accordingly as the coin gives you heads or tails, you will be able to solve the problem.

There is an admirable plan for ascertaining the state of the wind, which may be discovered even in neighbourhoods where there are no weathercocks. Take a pocket-handkerchief and wave it in the air, at the same time looking at a pocket-compass. The compass will give you the north, and the action of the breeze upon the handkerchief will give you the point from which the wind blows, and then you get at a very important fact by a short and simple process. The experiment is very successful on stormy days, but we have seen it succeed in moderate weather.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

H. B. Wilson, Esq., the proprietor of the *Independent* newspaper, has invented a new method of producing artificial cold. He now manufactures the unsold numbers of his paper into ice-pails and refrigerators: and has opened spacious premises, adjoining the office, for subjecting his patrons to the cold water cure, which precious liquid he has an unreserved power of throwing upon everything, in any quantity.