

And then are up and off again,
And all things seem to sigh and say
"Oh weary is the winter's day."

And in the Barn-yard, neath the shed,
Each cow'ring creature hangs its head ;
E'en chanticler's oppress'd with care,
No challenge sends he through the air,
And tho' a lover of the sex,
His shiv'ring harem he neglects ;
Scarce looks he at the draggl'd things,
With ragged tails and dripping wings,
No heart has he for love, or strife,
And musing on the ills of life,
He manages as best he may,
To pass the weary winter's day.

The Steers—and they're a stiff neck'd race,
Are fighting for the warmest place,
For here the savage and the cross,
Like men we wot of, must be boss,
'Mongst brutes or men, ah since the fall !
The weaker must go to the wall.
There's Brindle, and he's boss by right
Of many a hard contested fight ;
How like a bully, there he struts !
And shoves, and pushes, kicks, and butts,
And lords it over everything,
Like any God annointed King.

And yonder sits the Peacock vain,
Still careful of his tatter'd train,
Tries to maintain the lordly art,
And sullenly he sits apart ;
Why should a bird of blood and birth
Mix with the common fowls of earth ?
Tho' sorely he reduced at last,
The creature still believes in caste.

And there the Ox, still as a stone,
Is ruminating all alone,
Upon the life he's doom'd to lead ;
Unceasing labour, scanty feed,
While others live a life of ease,
And romp about where'er they please—
How men in youth his spirit broke,
And made him subject to the yoke—
How he of all the brute creation,
Should merit stripes and degradation,
To harder work than horses put ;
He says, as plain's an Ox can say
"Oh life is all a winter's day."

Both Tennyson and Browning have
something new in hand.

For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

THE BEST BED-ROOM.

BY DR. D. CLARK.

An excellent article in last issue of the *Journal* on "Beds," struck a key of my experience and this article is the result. I write feelingly because a damp spare bed-room, made disease my companion for months. At all times since, I approach the enemy with forebodings of catarrh, bronchitis, consumption, and a whole brood of inflammatory diseases either mediately or immediately, proximately or remotely as the occasion or cause of dire evils, when suspicion sleeps and the unconscious victim is really stretched upon the bed of death, and at the same time the bed of hospitality, spread by the kind hands of friends for an honored guest. Who knows but the following remarks may cause reflection in many who never thought of the matter before, and thus save many a valuable life? If so, I should have a medal from the *Philanbedic Society*. I, however, do not bid for the honour, and let that pass. Septimus Jinks, Esq., is wealthy and rejoices in a fine mansion. It is full of bed-rooms, of the seven feet by eight feet style. The bed is in one corner, the wash-stand occupies another, and a solitary chair is perched in one of the angles and a dressing table fills up the other angularity of the choice bed-room of the house. You creep round the foot of the bed, lest the half-opened door slyly edges itself between your outstretched arms, and infringes unceremoniously upon the end of the nose. You make a flank movement up the side of the bed, but if you are out of Scylla you are stranded high upon Charybdis, with abraded shins, or bruised toes, or cracked ribs. A beautiful dungeon it is. The window—a solitary sentinel of light—is in the first place covered with paper blinds, adorned with paintings of a high style of art in the centre. It is some lonely castle about to fall into a placid lake covered with monstrous wild fowls, second cousins to those who leave the imprint of mammoth feet upon the petrified sands of time, and surrounded by rocks of the most approved