

beautiful contour of the bosoms and waists of most of our belles. This is a subject I shall take up with warmth, as soon as I have received a report from a committee I have appointed to collect and describe to me all the new imported female fashions by the spring ships. This committee consisting of a lively Canadian lass of sixteen, an English matron of twenty-five, a sentimental American lady, and a sprightly young Irish widow, I have no doubt but they will, by their chair-woman, the widow, give in a faithful report, accompanied by such remarks and illustrations as will enable me to expatiate on the subject *con spirito*.

In the mean time, ladies, please to accept as a testimony of my devotion, the following jeu d'esprit, or whatsoever else you may call it, occasioned by reading a long and tiresome dissertation on the probable site of the garden of Eden.

When woman first from Eden ran,  
 'Twas PARADISE no more,  
 Nor can the mind or foot of man  
 Its once famed bowers explore;

But hence our every blessing flows,  
 And all our joys arise,  
 For woman, wheresoe'er she goes,  
 CREATES A PARADISE.

L. L. M.

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