



Ladies' Department.

(ORIGINAL.)
CANZONETT TO L—

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Dearest why so soon away—
Tarry longer still, I pray;
Tarry till the sun be set,
And I'll sing my canzonett
Feel how mild the zephyr blows,
Laden from the balmy rose,
Sweeping o'er the hawthorn's bows,
Now with dours fans our brows.

List, dearest, list—oh hear,
My canzonett shall be,
Whilst thou art list'ning near,
To love, and there

Yonder comes the silver moon,
Milder than the blaze of noon,
See around her pathway hung,
Pearls on heaven's bosom flung;
Oh the scene is rich and bright,
O'er the pallid breast of night,
Glorious though it seems to be,
Richer far when viewed with thee.

Then dearest, list—oh hear, &c.

Pillow'd on thy gentle breast,
Let my heart a moment rest;
Only, dearest, only there,
Can I soothe the heart from care.
Let thy anuburn ringlets fall
O'er my brow, a silken pall,
And thy voice I love so well
With my harp its breathings swell.

List, dearest, &c.

Let me on thy features gaze,
While thy balmy breathing plays,
Halo sweet my brow above,
Gushing from the fount of love,
Let me breathe it with my own,
Till I feel thou'rt mine alone,
From thy lips one nectar kiss
Give me—woman's pledge of bliss.

Give, dearest, give—and here.

See the evening glories fade,
Twilight now invests the shade,
Beauty round the glowing west
Folds her softest, brightest vest,
Behn sits her couch above,
Surely 'tis the hour of love:
Haleyon hours like these are rare
With the richest sweets of life.

List, dearest, list—oh hear.

Tarry, dearest, tarry still,
Till my cup of pleasure fill,
Till thy beauty, ere we part,
Graves its likeness on my heart;
Till thy love declares its goal
Link'd forever to my soul:
By thy side I'm kneeling yet,
Till I sing my canzonett.

Then dearest, list—oh hear.

TRISTAN C. S.

The lady's hand that is unfamiliar with the needle in its most humble task, ill becomes the pen which should persuade females to become useful, kind and only great as they are good.—Mrs. Ellis.

A WHISPER TO GENTLEMEN.

BY FANNY FERNS.

Jupiter Ammon 'don't I wish I was a man, just to show the masculines how to play their part a little better' In the first place, there ain't a mother's son of you that has got as far as A B C in the art of making love, (and I've seen a few abortions in that way myself, as well as the rest of the sisters) What woman wants to be told that "her feet and hands are pretty," or "her smile and form bewitching?" Just as if she didn't know all her fine points as soon as she is tall enough to peep into a looking glass!

No, you ineffable donkey, if you must use the small coin of flattery to pay toll at the bridge of her affections, let me whisper a secret into your long ears. Compliment her upon some mental attraction she does not possess (if you can find one) and don't wear the knees of your pet pants threadbare at her feet, trying to make her believe she is your first love. We all know that is among the things that were, after you were out of your jacket and trowsers. What a splendid husband I (Fanny) would make to be sure! had Providence only ordained it! Do you suppose when the mother of my glorious boys wanted a sixpence to buy their shoe-strings I'd scowl at her like a hyena, and pull my portemonnair out of my pocket as if I was drawing a tooth? Do you suppose when her blue eyes grew lustreless, and the rose paled on her fair cheek, trotting round the domestic treadmill day after day, that I'd come home at night sulky and silent, and smoke my cigar in her face till her eyes were as red as a rabbit's? Or take myself off to a club or a game at ninepins, or any other game, and leave her to the exhalating relaxation of darning my old stockings?

Do you suppose I'd trot along like a loose pony, at her side in the street, and leave her to keep up with me or not as her strength will permit? Do you suppose I'd fly into a passion, and utter words to crush the life from out her young heart, and then insult her by offering a healing plaster in the shape of a new bonnet? And don't you suppose, when the anniversary of our wedding day came round, I'd write a dainty little note and leave it on her toilet table, to let her know I was still a married lover? Pshaw, I'm sick of you all! You don't deserve the love of a generous, high souled woman! If you want a housekeeper, hire one and be done with it. If you want a wife—but you don't.

One woman will answer as well as another, to sew on buttons, and straps, and strings, and make your puddings, and—so on and so forth.

Do you suppose we have cultivated our minds, and improved the bright and glorious gift of intellect, to the best of our capacity, to minister only to your physical wants? Not a bit of it! When that's over, we want something rational. Do you ever think of that, you selfish wretch! when you sit with your feet upon the mantelpiece, reading the newspaper all to yourself, or sit from tea time till ten o'clock, staring the fishes in the grate out of countenance!

Lord Harry, if I had such a block of a husband, I'd scare up the ghost of a lover somewhere, if there is any wit in woman.

FEMALE EQUESTRIAN—The custom of females sitting sideways upon their horses when riding is not universal, though adopted by most civilized nations. In Wales, in the remote provinces of France, in Spain and other countries, the women ride like men. The manner of riding sideways, was introduced into England by Ann of Luxembourg, consort to Richard II. whose example has caused it to be adopted as the most becoming manner of riding for women.—From History.

Bayard Taylor, in his letters from the Nile, confirms the story of men with tails being found in Africa. He says the women are in all respects human, "but the men have faces like dogs, claws to their feet, and tails like monkeys." Dr. Werne, a German traveller, gives the same account of them.

Mrs. Prigg married her second husband, not because she admired the sex, but "because he was of the size of her first protector, and would come so handy to wear his old clothes out." Considerate woman, that.

The cause of Ladies' teeth decaying at so much earlier a stage of life than those of the other sex, has been universally attributed to the friction which is produced by the constant action of the tongue. It has, however, been suggested with more gallantry, and perhaps with equal truth, that it is owing to the sweetness of their lips, as it is admitted that sweet things spoil the teeth.

'May I ask what was your maiden name, Mrs. Simmers?'

'My maiden name! I'd have ye know I never had any. Why, I was married at fifteen. Good gracious, do you spose I was born an old maid?'

PRIVATE PRESS—A lady remarked to a Printer the other day, that although he might print a kiss, he was never publish it.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE BILL BEFORE THE HOUSE.—A Committee was appointed to report on the "Prohibitory Liquor Law," now before Parliament, consisting of Messrs. Patrick, Wright, White, Sanborn and others. They have been for two months past busily engaged in obtaining information, examining witnesses, &c. in order to make a full report to the House, of the necessity of the law. The report was not ready on the adjournment of the House, but will be in February or March when the House shall resume its business. On this report coming in the bill now before the House will either be read a second time or rejected entirely. The probabilities are that it will not pass, although it may with amendments. As yet we have not seen the Bill, and know not its provisions. We applied to the Hon. Malcolm Cameron for a copy but it seems he has not been able to furnish one. The Bill we presume is similar to the law of Maine. Any Divisions or Temperance Committees who have not yet sent in their petitions, can yet do so. All who can furnish the Committee with any important facts, might do so on their meeting again in Quebec on the 14th February. It would be well for addresses or Deputations to be got up in the different counties and sent to the members, and meetings might be called in all parts of Canada in January, at which members should be invited to attend. The opposition to the Bill will come from a section of the Lower Canada members, and from the majority of the conservative members of Upper Canada as also from a small number of the reform members. Sir Alva McNab and Messrs. McDonell and Smith of Kingston, and Murney will oppose it strongly. Mr. Hincks will probably oppose it.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES—The Madrid correspondent of the Kolnische Zeitung writes under date of Oct 3, that he knows from a sure source that the American Ambassador at that Court has lately renewed the offer of \$180,000,000 made under Mr. Pelt administration for the Island of Cuba. The Ministry, after having made the matter the subject of special deliberation, replied that Spain no longer thought of parting with the island, but would employ her utmost power to keep it. As for the attempts of the filibusters to which the Ambassador had alluded in making his proposal, he no longer feared them, but was ready to suppress them as they should be made. The army of the island was strong, loyal and trustworthy, and a civil officer would prove faithful to the last. The reply concluded by requesting the Ambassador not to read the proposal. The general belief at Madrid, says the writer, is that the filibustering reports are got up by the American government, in order to induce Spain to sell the island. Accordingly, this reply of the Ministry gives general satisfaction to the public of that city.

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