

THE FATE OF A FLIRT.

The Lady Clare
Was passing fair—
Had a wondrous profusion of rich golden hair;
And her eyes were blue
As the bright corn-
Lean tint of the sky, when there's never a
cloud on it,
Or the ribbon that graces my lady's last loud
bonnet.

Her lips were ripe and her cheeks were red,
And the proudly defiant sharp toss of her head,
And the riotous blush that suffused her face,
And many a hidden mysterious grace,
And the tenderly tapering little hand,
Told tale that she was as thoroughbred
As any lady within the land—

But for all that, my Lady Clare
Was fair;

For all that, she ever seemed *debonair*.
Notwithstanding her richness of golden hair,
And the sunlight that ever seemed streaming
there;

Though warmly the mantling blood would skip
Through her blushing cheek and her ruby lip;
Though she seemed *all born* of Paradise,
Her heart was as cold as a lump of ice—
And to one who too fondly was gazing where
Her sweet breast heaved, or her golden hair
Fell over her shoulders, I'd say—Beware—

Within the language is no word
Of more direct import than this is.
"Beware," the startled maiden cries
To him who fain would rifle kisses.
Thus speaks the matron sage as she
Looks at her comely growing "misses,"
And groans to think how men deceive.
Thus speaks the father as his hands
Press on his soon departing son,
Who seeks for wear in other lands.

"Beware the pass," the old man loudly bellows
To that pigheaded climber of Longfellow's.
Oh! many a peril on earth I've met
By flood and by storm; but never yet
Have seen equalled the smile of a cold coquette.

'Twas evening, and the twilight hour;
That sweetest time when softened rays
Of the set sun steal gently o'er
The earth, and fold it in a haze;
When half night's darkness and half day's
Brightness are blent to make a light
That's sweeter far than day and calmer still
than night.

And in the sky one little star
Was twinkling, glimmering away,
And through a window bright blue eyes
Watched it for aye, for aye,

The Lady Clare by her window sat,
And her eyes were cast from earth afar;
She was gazing for aye and for aye where
gleamed

In its solitude evening's glimmering star.
Gazing for aye on its flicker light,
While the sighing breeze and the singing stream
(Though she heeded not their murmurous note)
Lent a charm to her waking dream.
Thus she sat in wakeful thought,
Thus she dreamt in a quiet dream,
Till a footfall struck on the floor by her side,
And my Lady Clare thought fit to scream.

"Oh! Lawrence," she cried,
"I thought I'd have died."

But he seated himself at the fair lady's side.
He calmed her fear,
And her fluttering breast

At his words of soothing fell fast to rest.
'Twere vain to tell of their words of love,
Of his burning thoughts and her tender flame;
But if you have read the melting tale
Of any old poet—'twas much the same—

There was sighing,
And crying,
And talking of dying,

And at times on my Lady Clare's part some
"fi-ying,"

As though Sir Lawrence at times o'erstept
The decorous distance chaste love demands;
But I know, with it all, that that tyrant time
crept

With amazing celerity onwards; the hands
Of the clock on the mantel shewed twelve by
the ray

Of the moon o'er Sir Lawrence said half he'd
to say;

But time's warning note bade him haste swiftly
away.

The parting was sad;
In the silvery gleam
Of the moon stood the lad,
And his strong hands between
Clung her tapering fingers
Round his tightly twining;
And still blinked the star,
Still the moon kept on shining,
And still he kept going,
While time still kept darting,
And still he'd taste more the
"Sweet sorrow of parting."

At last said he, I must really go,

And the Lady Clare said, "I fear 'tis so."

But before we part, said the gallant knight,
For a week it is till we meet again,
Let your sweet voice ring in my ear with a
song.

Then she sang the following strain—
'Tis the song, said she, of a flirt like I,
Of the Rhine mermaid

"THE LORELEY."

Where the ripples break on the craggy stone,
Where the light breeze whispers its sweetest
tone,

The Loreley sits and sings alone.

She sings, the while she binds her hair
That lies adown her bosom fair,
Or floats in the tenderly curling air.

Behind you erag the sun is set,
His heavenly glory lingers yet
To gaze on a scene he'd not forget.

But never a sunset could compare
With that golden mass of maiden hair
Tossed loosely, or trimmed with a cunning care.

Her soft blue eyes with a mournful gaze
All earnestly peer through the deep'ning haze;
For a moment a note of her song she says.

A spell has entered her sweet-tuned throat;
She sings such a ravishing mournful note
That the song has stayed you passing boat.

Away, blind boatman! grasp thy oar!
Nor ever approach this treacherous shore
If wife or child thou would'st see once more.

His oars plash wearily in the stream;
He listens entranced—"Tis a waking dream,
Thinks he, wherein heavenly beauties teem.

The circling waters have drawn him nigh
The cave of the gold haired Loreley,
But the softness has left her deep blue eye.

The mournful gaze that once was there
Is changed to a grim and cruel glare.
He grasps his oars with a last despair—

Too late! in vain! He has found a grave
In the slimy depths of the monster's cave,
And his boat goes dancing off on the wave.

She finished. As the last note died,
Slow fading on the midnight air,
Sir Lawrence quitted his place by her side.
And she stood by the window *solitaire*;
And she smiled as her lover left the room,
And she stood in the curtain's fold alone;—
But if that smile was a smile of love
The writer of this will be "blown."

A hollow echo ran through the hall—
She starts; 'tis mother man's footfall;
A figure in black o'er the chamber fits—
A figure in black by the lady sits.

How on earth could the goddess of true love
endure it?

She's forgotten Sir Lawrence, and's ogling the
curate.

(To be continued.)

SPECIAL TELEGRAMS FROM QUEBEC.

Great excitement prevails throughout the
city on account of the Bachelors' Ball. Rumour
says the Bachelors are backing out as they had
forgotten this is Leap Year. Some want one
big ball, others two little ones, some none at
all. Tickets will be sold as high as 25 cents.
The root beer and other drinkables are supplied
by the new brewery.

Mutton pies can be had on the grounds, three-
pence apiece.

Sir Narcisse Fortunatus Bello sneezed last
night! The Cathedral bell tolled "God bless
you, my lord" on the auspicious occasion.

A school of Court Etiquette is to be opened in
the city. Fortunatus Bello is its patron.

Some magnificent puppet shows are to come
off soon. Fortunatus, Fortunata, all the little
Fortunati and the Local House are to take part.
It is rumoured that since the opening of the
Local Government here, Astley's in London
and Niblo's in New-York have closed their
doors to the public for ever, and that the wan-
dering Punch and Judy shows have vanished.

Man fell through the ice and lost ten dollars
in silver. Commercial panic expected in conse-
quence.

Ship carpenters have been endeavoring to
raise a subscription to Mr. Lanetot. They
failed; only one spurious dime and a brass
button being collected. They were placed to
the credit of the Union. So in the end will
many of the carpenters themselves be.

Snow-shoe races come off here shortly. The
winners of any of the races will need to run
hard, but the winner of the crack race will need
to run "Harder"

Tomicodz are lively.

The rest of the market quotations are un-
changed.

There will be no ball.

STILL LATER.

There will be at least 10 assemblies instead,
but on economical principles. No money is to
be lavished on Root beer and Matton Pies.
Every one brings his own grub. The Bened-
dicts say it is not surprising that the Bachelors
should be so dis-united. This joke has been
told to Fortunatus and explained. It is
expected that in a week he will be able to see
through it.