

## A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

BY MISS E. L. SPROAT.

The glorious day is dawning, girls,  
When women shall be free—  
When gowns and bonnets, caps and shawls,  
No longer we shall see!  
Miss Weber—bless her heart, sweet girls!  
Has put the scheme on foot.  
She leads the trump of male attire,  
And we must follow suit.

We'll dress in real "bifurcates," girls,  
With glossy beaver hats,  
And don the most bewitching coats,  
And Brummel-tied cravats.  
We'll wear superb gilt buttons, girls,  
Upon our vests of buff—  
Bright, extra, rich, plain, treble gilt,  
Flat surfaced that's enough!

Oh! won't we look bewitching, girls,  
When we're so trimly dressed!  
No mortal man can brave our charms,  
Though he may strive his best,  
Bewhiskered folks may envy, girls,  
Our manly garb and airs.  
But let them fret until they tire—  
Poor fellows! no one cares.

Perhaps a few may "cut" us, girls,  
And lay us on the shelves;  
But, what of that? we'll crook our arms,  
And act as beaux ourselves!  
And if they won't say marry, girls,  
We'll call them sad gallants,  
But come what will!—float, sink or swim—  
We'll never yield our pants!

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.—I. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.

2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl, to bow down to her and serve her; for I am a jealous wife, visiting, &c.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.

4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectable.

5. Honour thy wife's father and mother.

6. Thou shalt not fret.

7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner.

8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.

9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbour.

10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern, thou shalt not covet the tavern keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the tavern keeper.

And the 11th commandment is, Thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

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The Montreal Courier contains the following paragraph:—

**BLOOMER DRESS.**—This new and graceful dress has at last reached Montreal, and may be seen worn by one of the assistants of Mr. John Aitken, 150 Notre Dame Street, West. This dress appears to us both modest and becoming, and capable of being adapted to all weathers. It has the undeniable advantage of being less cumbersome than the flowing street-sweeping dresses at present worn by the ladies.

It should, however, only be worn, particularly at present, by the young, as it requires time and custom to reconcile it to modern ideas of matronly propriety.

There cannot be a doubt, however, that the convenience of easy locomotion enjoyed by those who wear this dress is greatly increased.

## INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

A NOBLE HORSE.—Grant Thorburn, says:—"I once saw a horse in the neighbourhood of New York, dragging a load of coal, (twelve hundred weight,) in a cart. The land was very narrow—the driver, some distance behind, was conversing with a neighbor. The horse on a slow walk, came up to a child, sitting on his hind-quarters in the middle of the road, gathering up the dust with its little hands, and making 'mountains out of mole hills.' The horse stopped—he smelt of the child—there was no room to turn off. With his thick lips he gathered the frock between his teeth, lifted the child, laid him gently on the outside of the wheel-track, and 'went on his way rejoicing,' and well he might rejoice—he had done a noble deed."

AFFECTION IN A BRUTE.—The Woodville (Alabama) Republican states that on Pittsbar's plantation, two little negro boys were recently riding an old pony, in pursuit of cattle, when, all on a sudden, a wild cat leaped from a fence upon the pony, and seized one of the children. The pony, in a fright, jumped away. The older boy seized the cat to rescue the other from his claws and teeth, when the pony returned to their rescue, and actually stamped the wild cat to death! The pony is a pet, some twenty-five years old—lives in the yard and eats slops—is a great favorite—walks among the cradles with the utmost care; and, in gratitude for kindness, has exhibited a trait of his character that would honor man.

REMARKABLE SAGACITY OF A DOG.—Some years since in the town of New Boston, New Hampshire, there was in a family a woman who was insane, a confirmed maniac. A partition was made of upright slabs secured in the floor of the room, which was the common living room of the family, and a piece of timber overhead. Here she was constantly confined. A shower coming up, all of the family, women as well as men, went out into the field adjoining the house to assist in making and getting in hay. A window was left open, the dog was in the house—I believe a full, or cross of the shepherd's dog.

The family had been baking, and had thrown a large quantity of coals from the oven into the large fire place. The people in the field heard the dog barking and howling, and saw him jumping up to the window in such apparent distress and want of assistance, that they concluded something was wrong at the house; they accordingly dispatched one of their number to see what the trouble was with their dog. The person came up and looking in at the window, witnessed the dog's operations.

This mad woman had got out of her pen and thrown coals about the room. They set fire to the floor. The dog would get hold of the woman and pull her away from the fire place; he would then brush the coals with his paws, and put out the blaze on the floor; while he was doing this the woman would get to the fire place, and scatter out the coals again. Again he would pull her away, and then go to work to brush up the coals and put out the fire. But finding he had more work to accomplish than he could perform, the fire kindling in so many places, he gave notice at the window, and called for assistance. The person entered the house, secured the woman, swept up the coals, put out the fire, and returned to haying.

Now instinct would have taught the dog to make his escape from a burning building; but knowing that this woman was crazy—knowing that she would burn the house—and finding he

could not manage the affair, but thinking that the sane folks could—calling for their assistance, and giving them notice of the danger, looks very much like what wise folks call reasoning, or would look like it if it had been done by a human being.—*Undercurrent*

A ROBIN STORY.—We heard a story of the performance of a robin in the garden of one of our citizens on Friday last, which interested us not a little, inasmuch, as the little creature and his mate exhibited a sagacity amounting to human reason. The incident occurred in the garden of Mr. John Bromham, which is a large one, reaching from his house in Olive street over to Warren Street. While he was attending to some part of it near his house, a robin flew about him apparently in great excitement. He took but little notice of it at first; but the bird persevered in every effort to attract his attention, and was successful.

Mr. Bromham remembered that there was a robin's nest in a tree at the end of the garden, and thought that there might be some trouble there, and started in that direction. The bird accompanied him, keeping close by his side, chattering violently all the way. On approaching the nest he found the female bird equally agitated, and on taking deliberate observation, discovered a very young robin sitting on the high fence, and a cat below, intently watching it, and ready to pounce upon it on the failure of its attempt to reach the tree. He drove away the cat, when the two birds instantly came to the assistance of their young one, encouraged it to try its new fledged wings for the tree which it did, and safely reached its nest to the great apparent delight of the whole feathered family. The bird had seen enough of Mr Bromham to know that he would not injure it or its progeny; it knew that he could protect them, and knew how to attract his attention and lead him to the scene of danger, and it knew that it would not be safe for it to encourage its young one to make any effort to reach the tree while the dreaded enemy was below, ready to spring upon it in case of its failure. Is not all this very near akin to human reason.—*New Haven Palladium.*

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.—A singular circumstance occurred last week in Pelham, which is worthy of notice. A farmer named Adam Spencer has a cat with two kittens, and his son having discovered a black squirrel's nest, brought home four young squirrels to the cat to eat, but instead of doing so, she placed them with her kittens, and is now suckling them as if they were her own offspring! A remarkable instance of maternal affection in the feline race, to such strangely adopted progeny.—*St Catherine's Constitution.*

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to some change of wind and weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them the most hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to those afloat. Much time had been spent, and danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time evidently aware of their being great cause of anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no, he would not come within their reach, but continued swimming about a