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MOON'S PHASES.

FEBRUARY.

- Full Moon, 4th day, 4h. 28m. morn.
- Last Quarter, 11th day, 1h. 7m. morn.
- New Moon, 18th day, 4h. 81m. morn.
- First Quarter, 26th day, 5h. 43m. morn.

THE MERRY SLEIGH.

Jingle ! jingle ! clear the way,
 'Tis the merry—merry sleigh !
 As it swiftly scuds along,
 Hear the burst of happy song,
 See the gleam of glances bright,
 Flashing o'er the pathway white,
 Jingle ! jingle ! how it whirls,
 Crowded full of laughing girls !

Jingle ! jingle ! fast it flies,
 Streaming shafts from hooded eyes,
 Ropish archers. I'll be bound,
 Little heeding who they wound ;
 See them with ecipricous pranks,
 Ploughing thro' the drifted banks ;
 Jingle ! jingle ! 'mid their glee,
 Who among them cares for me ?

Jingle ! jingle ! on they go,
 Caps and bonnets white with snow,
 At the faces swimming past,
 Nodding thro' the fleecy blast ;
 'To protect them from the cold ;
 They put their arms into the fold,
 Jingle ! jingle ! 'mid the storm,
 Fun and frolic keep them warm.

Jingle ! jingle ! down the hills—
 O'er the meadows—past the mills,
 Now 'tis slow, now 'tis fast,—
 Winter will not always last,
 Every pleasure has its time—
 Spring will come and stop the chime !
 Jingle ! jingle ! clear the way,
 'Tis the merry—merry sleigh !

MAXIMS.

- Without frugality none can be rich ;
and with it few would be poor.
- The luxurious live to eat and drink ;
the wise eat and drink to live.
- Keep aloof from quarrels ; be neither
a witness nor a party.
- Rejoice not when your enemy stumbles.
- Punctuality begets confidence, and
is the sure path to honour and respect.
- Resist a temptation till you conquer
it.
- Make good use of time, if you love
eternity.
- A wanton eye is a messenger of an
inchastrate heart.
- Prayer is the wing wherewith the
soul flies to Heaven.

COLUMN FOR LADIES.

THE WIFE, THAT WAS NEVER KNOWN TO BE ANGRY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Lady Beauclerc was esteemed by all, for one of the best of wives, but strange to tell, Lord Beauclerc had become quite wearied with her unceasing good nature. He yearned for some other expression than the serene tranquility of her dreamy blue eyes ; he would have preferred careless disorder to the faultless neatness with which her glossy auburn hair was parted from a forehead, as smooth and unfrowning, as one of Guido's Madonnas ; and her every movement seemed as regular and precise as an automaton's. In her carriage, at table, in the opera box, her countenance was never known to vary. She listened with a smile on her lips, to Mozart's first act of Don Juan ; she wore the same smile within the gloomy precincts of her ancestral chapel, at the ball and in solitude, on sunny and rainy days alike ; and in sleep she must have possessed the singular power of repressing every dismal dream, for, even in those hours, as Beauclerc often remarked, the expression of her face remained unchanged. Indeed the habit of smiling was so fixed, that people wondered whether the Duchess would not smile in her coffin.

As for the Duke, he was in despair ; his lot seemed wretched ; he felt that he would give his whole fortune to see his wife but once roused to passion, or melted to tears ; yet, although he tried every possible means, by endearments and coldness, by taunts and regular attacks, to stir up her dormant sensibilities, yet every possible way seemed fruitless. His palace was an enchanting paradise, a paradise without the serpent, and yet the tolling of a village bell, the hum of a grasshopper, the drowsy music of an old wife's spinning wheel all was less monotonous than the existence of all these, whose easy lot it was to dwell within the escutcheoned walls of Beauclerc house.—Visits, tea, ceremonious visiting, regular drives, each day tending to the same point, and taken at the same hour ; these were the lady's enjoyments, and pale, lovely, unimpassioned, she extended over her household a sort of magnetic sleep, an invisible ether of otto-of-rose repose and serenity.—The men-servants as they approached her, dropped their eyelids, and stood with folded arms ; the chatty maids became as speechless in her presence, as though they had lately vowed to form a silent sisterhood, her chariot horse always moved more regularly when she sat within ; and her playful dog was often known to sit for a whole hour in her lap, gazing

silently on the moon, without even indulging in the least howl. It seemed to the wretched husband, that ever since his marriage day, every thing about him had become calm and spiritless, down to Sidi Ali, his young African lion.

' Shall we go to the opera to-night ?' asked Beauclerc, one morning of his quiet wife.

' Certainly, Charles.'

' Or would it not be preferable to attend the Queen's theatre ?'

' I think it would, my lord.'

' By the way, that will not do, Anna, for no lady of rank appears there, now-a-days.'

' No doubt you are right, Charles.'

' Pray tell me, Anna, have you ever in your own life felt one desire ?' inquired her lord, in a querulous tone.

' Certainly I have.'

' Pray what was it ?' he asked animatedly, and striking the heel of his boot in dangerous vicinity to the lady's satin slipper.

' Your wishes are always mine,' was her despiriting reply.

' It is too bad, that I should have the trouble of wishing for you ; I, who am so occupied between the court, parliament, clubs, and races. I assure you, my lady, such despotism sways suits a lazy Turk, who has nothing to do but to sit all day with crossed legs. I have no time to play the master, and therefore I beseech you, Anna, to think for yourself, since in truth, I am weary in thinking for you.'

The lady placed her embroidery on the table, and raising her blue eyes to her husband's face, met his vexed gaze with the same eternal smile.—' Then let us go to the Opera,' she said gently.

' Ah ! well, dearest, then you are really for Opera ; what a pity ! I wish to attend the Circus, where they have just engaged an admirable rider, but as you do not wish to go there—'

' Certainly I do, since you desire it.'

' Unfortunate man that I am !' exclaimed my lord, as springing from the lounge, where he had been pulling to pieces the precise arrangements of his wife's work-box he dashed towards the door, threw it open, and then slamming it after him, reiterated : ' Unfortunate man that I am ! Who would not rather covet the house-hold of Socrates, than to be tied to a wife, who has no will of her own, and who was never known to be angry ?'

FARMING OPERATIONS.—Set your boys to thrash grain ; and if you find them bad in grain thrash the boys also. Pull out your plough to be ready for Plough Monday : look to the horns of your cows, and take care they don't get crumpled.—*Punch*.

DETRACTION.

A circle has met. List ! they are whispering low. Mark the sneer on that lady's countenance. Another is indignant. A third would never have suspected such a thing. All are excited. They talk louder and faster, until they forget entirely the object of their meeting in canvassing the character of a young friend. They are all animated about the matter, and when they part, each one goes to a different section to report what has been lisped, and before the week's end, the character of an honest woman is almost destroyed.

Why do people love to slander their neighbors ? Why circulate a report without foundation ? If a friend, has actually been guilty of an impropriety, it is far better to tell her of the fault, and persuade her not to do the like again ; but no, it must be told ; there are females who cannot keep any thing to themselves—and who has not encountered them ?—Hear how Swift describes such characters :

Nor do they trust their tongues along,
 But speak a language of their own ;
 Can read a word, a shrug, a look,
 Far better than a printed book ;
 Convey a libel in a frown,
 And sink a reputation down ;
 Or, by the taming of the fan,
 Describe the lady and the man.

If we happen to address those who cannot keep their tongues still, when a malicious report is in circulation, we pray you to suffer a word of advice. Have you ever done wrong ? Have you ever been indiscreet ? Can you justify all your conduct with the strict rules of prudence ? If not, how would you like to have your follies spread abroad and magnified ? Remember, your neighbor has feelings, and is as pained at your most foolish deeds brought to light and spread over the city.

' To good yourself, nor think another's shame
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.'

We advise those who are spoken evil of, not to notice what is said. Be strong in your virtue, and live down the lying tongue. What is whispered abroad should not bring one painful emotion to your bosom—disturb your rest a single hour, or prevent you from still discharging all the duties of life in a faithful manner.

' Whence proceeds this weight we lay,
 On what detraction people say ?
 Their utmost malice cannot make
 Your head, or tooth, or finger ache ;
 Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
 Nor put one feature out of place.'

Remember this, and pursue your warranted course, and before many months the false and malicious reports will die away.—*Por. Tribune*.

COMMERCIAL.—The bank of Upper Canada corresponds with Messrs. Glyn. But the bank of Pennsylvania corresponds with no bank in England—we hope.—*Punch*.