

colony as should be deemed an adequate compensation to each for the duties and inconveniences of his public position. Thus, within a distance admitting of a daily intercourse with the town, the allowance might be limited to the mere travelling expenditure; within a walking distance, a pair of water-proof boots and an umbrella might be sufficient; and to one resident in the town, there might, in like manner, be supplied a pair of Indian rubbers, to keep his feet dry when he crossed the square to attend in his place in that House. And it was to give time for the improvement of these suggestions that he viewed the disallowance of that item in the Appropriation Bill. There was absurdity stamped upon the face of the proposition; and it would be time enough to vote a compensation to their honors when they shall have fallen so low that they cannot be brought to fulfil their public duties from a higher and better motive. The item was unanimously disagreed to.

MISCELLANY.

LABOUR.

Ho! ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where, from the burning iron's breast,
The sparks fly to and fro!
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hand guides the plough,
Who bend beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now;
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil,
And labour all day through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye who plough the sea's blue field—
Who ride the restless wave—
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave;
Around whose bark the wintry winds,
Like fiends of fury rave—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil,
And labour long hours through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! ye upon whose fevered cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day,
And half the weary night—
Who labour for the souls of men,
Champions of truth and right;
Although you feel your toil is hard,
Even with this glorious view,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Ho! all who labour—all who strive—
Ye wield a lofty power:
Do with your might—do with your strength—
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do,
Is man's most noble power.
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs,
Who have no work to do.

THE GIRLS.—Not long since a marriage was to be celebrated in the village church. The minister, after making a very eloquent and touching discourse on the duties of those who were about to be united, suddenly exclaimed—"Those who wish to be married will please rise!" and, immediately after, there shot up, above the seated multitude, the heads, handsome and otherwise, of a crowd of young girls—who had understood the remark, which was addressed to the contracting parties, as a general invitation to all who were desirous to leave the selfish state of single blessedness.—*Bath (American) Tribune.*

IT'S WELL IT'S NO WORSE.—After the American revolutionary war, George III. ordered a thanksgiving to be offered up throughout the kingdom. A noble Scotch divine, addressing his Majesty on the subject, inquired—"For what are we to return thanks? That your Majesty has lost thirteen of your best provinces?" The King answered "No." "Is it then that your Majesty has lost 10,000 lives of your subjects in the contest?" "No, no," said the King. "It is then because you have lost a hundred millions of money, and for the defeat and tarnish of your Majesty's arms?" "No such thing!" said the King pleasantly. "What then is the object of the thanksgiving?" "Oh, to give thanks that it is no worse."

It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is commonly called high words, they generally use low language.

THE CHARACTER OF LAMARTINE.

On the Monday following the flight of Louis Philippe, a grand council was held of all the revolutionary leaders, assembled to dictate terms *a huis clos* to the Provisional Government. The wise and calm demeanor of Lamartine seems to have irritated in no small degree the boiling, passionate nature of Lagrange, whose excitement was so fierce, and terrible, that several of the members of the assembly prepared to withdraw, in alarm. Lamartine alone blanched not, and the *sang froid* and self-possession displayed in his replies only served to increase the savage anger of his opponent the more. At length, exasperated beyond control, the infuriated republican, drawing a pistol from his pocket, rushed towards Lamartine, and exclaiming 'Thou art no true patriot,'—pointed the weapon at the head of the minister—'What hinders me from taking thy life now—at once—upon the instant?' shrieked he with redoubled fury, as the calm glance of Lamartine met his eye. 'Your own conscience,' coolly replied the minister, 'and the utter uselessness of such an outrage; for should I fall, there will still remain my colleagues, who all to a man, have resolved to die rather than submit to violence or to return to the senseless anarchy of '93!' The words had the effect of calming for an instant the fury of Lagrange—he dropped the weapon which he held, and turning pale as death, while his eye quailed before the steady gaze of Lamartine, he muttered between his teeth, 'Thou art not a true republican, nor yet a true patriot; but I verily believe thou art an honest man!' and then sank again upon his seat at the council board, trembling in every limb, and apparently exhausted with the effort of passion to which he had given way. It was then that his neighbour, La Causidere, managed to seize the pistol which he had placed beside him, and by his presence of mind saved the Assembly from a dreadful catastrophe, for in the space of a few moments Lagrange arose, and with the most frightful yells and hollowings began to rend the clothes from his back and to tear the flesh from his bosom, until the blood spirted forth, all the while uttering the most fearful imprecations and blasphemies. In an instant the whole Assembly was in an uproar—the terror of the scene was greater than words can describe. It was evident that the fierce excitement of the last few days had turned the brain of Lagrange and produced a fit of raging madness. He was secured with difficulty, and borne to a *maison de sante* at Montmaitre, where he now remains, I believe, a raving maniac.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The selfish and heartless policy of the ex-King of the French, in the hey-day of prosperity, and the fearful retribution which has overtaken him, is thus graphically portrayed in the following passage from *Tail's Magazine*:

The game of Orleans is ended. The roofless cottages and the burning fields of Africa—the smoke of the Daharra—the groans of men, and children, dying in its accursed caverns—the treachery to Spain—the loathsome wiles to ruin a woman, and gain a crown for a child unborn—the stoical money-making indifference to the material and moral progress of France and her people—the hypocritical use of religion and the priests to secure the Tuilleries—the wretched higgling with Poland as the commodity of a dealer—the sale of Cracow—the attempt to plant and keep the Jesuits on the Swiss mountains—the transfer of the country's influence to the arbitrary powers of the North—the avowed falsehood of the Cabinet—the corruption of Justice—the bribery of Judges—the trafficking in Legislation—the murderous attack on a small Island in the Southern Seas—the robbery of Tahiti, and the slaughter of its children—gather altogether in a million of memories, in a week of retribution, when they are all avenged; and the exile of youth, having passed through every grade in life, and like the Bourbons, having learned nothing, is an outcast king and a wanderer in his old age. They are all revenged; but the stroke of retribution terribly shakes all nations, and many thrones tremble in the convulsions of this great earthquake.

A SAD PICTURE OF IRISH SUFFERING.

The following is copied verbatim from the Limerick and Clare Examiner, Ireland.

"A singular instance of maternal affection and melancholy misery occurred in this town a few days since. A widow, who, unfortunately for them, was the mother of six children, found refuge in a dilapidated dwelling in one of the lanes. The youngest of her children fell ill and died. The whole family were in a state of the utmost destitution, and the disease rapidly mastered the young orphan's energies. A coffin was begged. Coffin and corps would have been borne, perhaps without the mother's assistance, to some graveyard near. But she had lived at a distance of many miles from this city, and in the burial ground of her native place her friends were interred. The distance was far; and as few would consent to carry a coffin containing a stranger so far unnecessarily, the poor mother resolved to bear it herself. She actually did so; she had it placed upon her back, and slowly and wearily she bore it away, reached the graves of her kindred, scraped a trench, we have heard, with her own hands, and thus consigned to the earth, where she wished they should rest the remains of her offspring. She returned to her orphans.

A second took sick, died quickly, like the other was placed in a charity coffin, and conveyed in the same way, by the unfortunate mother, to the same place of burial, and buried in like manner by her own hands. She returned again. A third child took sick; died speedily also; was stretched in a coffin procured from the charitable, borne away as before by the sorrowing mother, and interred near the other two, by the helpless poor creature's almost excoriated hands. She returned a third time. A fourth child was ill; fell a victim as quickly as each of the others, was confined by charity, and carried off and laid by the mother beside her three other children. She came back to her wretched apartment. A fifth child was seized with the malady; a fifth coffin procured; a fifth wearisome journey made alone by the mother; and a fifth body consigned to the earth, there at all events no longer to feel the pangs of disease, or the slow wasting progress of unalleviated hunger. These facts were told to us by a clergyman who had them from personal knowledge. We state them, heart-rending and appalling, as they are, without the slightest exaggeration.

THE SURPLICE EMEUTE.

The following admirable *jeu d'esprit* was written during the wars of the gown and surplice:—

A very pretty public stir
Is making down at Exeter,
About the surplice fashion;
And many bitter words and rude
Have been bestowed upon the feud,
And much unchristian passion.

For me—I neither know nor care
Whether a parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress—
Filled with a trouble of my own,
A wife that preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.—The "Man in Moon" hits off some of the decrees of the French Provisional Government in the following pleasant burlesque:

In the name of the Republic, the Provisional Government decrees as follows: 1. That every citizen shall possess an income of 50,000 francs, no more or less. 2. That every citizen shall be exempt from influenza and colds in the heads. 3. That no citizen shall cook his dinner, or brush his boots, but that a paternal government shall do both for him. 4. That all citizens shall be equal in weight and height, as well as political privileges. 5. That all citizens being workmen, shall be paid by the piece, and upon the principle that he who does the least shall receive the most. 6. That any citizen who has a good coat to his back is a tyrant and ought to lose it. 7. That Citizen Dumas having made great sums of money by writing novels, and the same being an infringement of liberty and equality, that all the citizens be empowered henceforth to write as good novels as citizen Dumas. 8. That Citizens Lamaitre, Victor Hugo, and Horace Vernet, having acquired great fame respectively by their acting, dramatic writing, and painting, and that the same being an infringement on the rights of man, which are naturally and eternally equal, that all citizens be empowered to act as well, write as well, and paint as well, respectively, as Citizens Lamaitre, Victor Hugo, and Horace Vernet. 9. That in order to carry out the wholesome principle broached in the circular of Citizen Carnot, no citizen shall be eligible for a seat in the National Convention who can spell his own name. 10. That every loaf shall be as big as two loaves. 11. That every man under the republic shall be as good as three men under the monarchy. 12. That the future in general shall be in France, one long unclouded holiday. Signed by the members of the Provisional Government. Hotel de Ville.

A MODEST REQUEST.—When the Duke of Ormonde was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Queen Ann's reign, one of his friends applied to him for some preferment, adding, that he was no means particular, and was willing to accept either a Bishopric, or a Regiment of Horse—or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. This, however, is surpassed by Horace Walpole's anecdote of a humane jailor in Oxfordshire, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners. "My good friend! I have a little favour to ask you, which from your obliging disposition, I doubt not you will readily grant. You are ordered for execution on Friday week. I have a particular engagement on that day: if it makes no difference to you, would you say next Friday instead?"

BACHELORS.—A bill has been introduced into the Kentucky Legislature to levy a specific tax on bachelors over thirty, the proceeds to be applied for the support of indigent widows and orphans. An exchange paper says this is all wrong—the receipts ought to be applied to the "aid and comfort of maiden ladies who have turned the sharp corner of thirty."

BOUND TO COME OFF.—Somewhere in the West, a sable knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving a hoosier with a very dull razor—"Stop!" said the hoosier, "that won't do."—"What's de matta, boss?"—"That razor pulls."—"Well no matta for dat, cah. If de handle ob de razor don't break, de beard's bound to cum off!"—*Pittsburgh Mercury.*