

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

## "LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

BY WILLIAM C. LODGE.

Labor! lo, from plain and mountain,  
City-world and wild-wood free,  
Ocean, river, lake and fountain,  
Rise the choral strains for thee:  
Thou that spreadest richest treasures,  
With a full and liberal hand,  
Scatt'ring forth the choicest pleasures,  
Broadcast o'er this happy land.

In thy train are Joy and Gladness,  
Virtue, Truth, and rosy Health,  
But no slave of sluggish sadness  
Gathers up thy boundless wealth.  
Those who in thy cause are banded,  
Rend the rock and till the soil;  
Men of iron nerves, hard-handed,  
Stalwart sons of honest toil.

To their work thy votaries springing,  
With the lark, at dawn of day,  
Hear the tramping, clattering, singing—  
Busy music,—labor's lay.  
Summer, Autumn, Winter dreary,  
Spring-time with its notes of glee,  
Find us ready, never weary,  
Weaving garlands bright for thee.

Thou can'st, by thy touch of power,  
Change the sterile desert's gloom,  
'Till it smile with fruits and flowers,  
Gardens of the sweetest bloom,  
And in far-off lands benighted,  
Kindle bright the glorious flame,  
'Till the heathen world, delighted,  
Learn to lip Jehovah's name.

Earth before thy tread discloses  
Hidden secrets of her womb,  
Where the precious ore reposes,  
Buried in the depths of gloom.  
Mountains, where the wild storm rages,  
Till it shake the upper world;  
Giant rocks, of countless ages,  
Low beneath thy arm are hurld.

Thou, the ocean depths o'er leaping;  
Space, no barrier builds for thee;  
Time, from thee, holds not in keeping  
One unraveled mystery.  
Polar regions, drear and icy,  
Climes of summer's burning sun,  
All proclaim thy *veni vici*,  
Glorious meed, so nobly won.

Cold complaining man of leisure,  
Beggar clothed in wretchedness,  
Disappointed child of pleasure,  
Labor can your woes redress;  
In his store-house there are treasures,  
Safe specifics for each pain,  
Antidotes and stingless pleasures—  
*Work and you will sure obtain.*

## LUCY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye—  
Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky!

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

## LORD JOHN RUSSELL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

He rises, says something confidentially to the Speaker, and sits down again; and now you hear the sonorous voice from the chair say aloud, "that the order for the day be now read." Whereupon Lord John Russell rises once more, stretches out his arm, steps up to the table, then back again, as if he had not quite made up his mind to begin; then turns round and looks at the Speaker, then turns round the other way and looks at the house, and at last comes out with a 'Sar! hevin—ar—given notice—ar—that I should take this opportunity—ar—and so on. 'Well! Is that what they call oratory in the house of commons? Why, we can show you a better specimen at our borough meetings!' Softly, good stranger, wait a little. No doubt the manner is affected; no doubt there is too much of that semi-aristocratic drawl; no doubt the style is slovenly; the language rather common-place at present; no doubt the voice seems strangely strained to talk like a big one. But listen again. You will find something better soon.

—Do you hear that sentiment? Did you ever hear political wisdom for the people put before in much fewer words, or more portable by the meanest understanding? Perhaps you do not well understand the subject he has risen to speak upon? No. Well, I'll engage that by the time you have heard the whole of his speech, you will not only thoroughly know all the facts and figures that need be known, but that you shall also get an insight into all the moral and political considerations that bear on it—in fact, that you shall know about it as much as the greatest statesman in the country. How exquisitely clear is the whole discourse! From the first small beginning down to the broad, grand peroration, where he sums up all, how it bears the subject on its bosom, how it fertilises the minds of the audience. Like some river stream, clear and pellucid at its source, that winds its devious course through various tracks, now pausing on its pebbly bed, now shooting arrow-like along, now widening and swelling into deep lake-like pools, now bearing down all obstacles, till at last it pours its full volume at its outlet. If some sentences are labored and involved, how terse and epigrammatic are others! Mark the simplicity of the diction: the powerful Saxon word! How happy the illustrations—never strained or sought after, yet always ready at the opportune moment. He no longer hems! and has! He is on the full tide of his philosophic spirit. How finely he inculcates his noble maxims of public conduct; how naturally and unaffectedly he draws the mind to contemplate the right and the just, not despising even the expedient! Observe how animated and interested the house have become. He holds them all in a chain, to which he adds new links at each new argument, each new development of his well-regulated and statesman-like mind. Review all he has been saying, and you will confess how he had impressed you with his self-possession, his coolness, his generalship, his extensive information, his insight, his wonderful faculty of making the philosophy of politics easy to the meanest understandings.—*People's Journal.*

## "IN STATU QUO."

There is in this city a petty newsmonger (well known on "Change" who loves to retail intelligence, (and especially "war news") a la Mrs. Tattle, who is an eye-sore to every body he comes in contact with. His plan is to get up early of a morning, run round to such newspaper offices as tolerate him, gather every thing he can learn, and then to bore his neighbors with the "news," which he has not calibre enough to remember, or relate, in any shape come-at-able. He is "sold" almost every day in the week, of late—but he has rarely had news like that he carried "down town" with him, yesterday!

The "late despatches from the army" were announced on Sunday, and true to his work, M— entered one of his favourite haunts yesterday morning, with his customary interrogatory. He was met by a wag near the door.

"Any news?" inquired M.

"Not much."

"What is it?"

"From the seat of war."

"Where's the Army?"

"Oh, in *Statu quo*—"

"The devil it is?"

"Yes"—

"How long has it been there?"

"Since the 27th."

"Thunder!" exclaimed M—; and away he rushed down State street, with the intelligence. M— met a friend on the corner of the street, to whom he imparted the information that "our Army had reached *Statu quo*"—whereupon the stranger opened his eyes, and advised him to call on S—. He did so, and long before early 'change hour, it was pretty well known that "our army was in *statu quo*!"

Our witty friend was congratulating himself on having circulated this delectable piece of information long "before any other journal had the news," and was boasting of the fact to a friend, who asked him if he knew where "*statu quo*" was located. Well; M— didn't exactly know what department of Mexico it was situated in, but he had the news right from the office, and it must be so.

"You're a thundering fool," said the neighbor.

"Why?"

"Why!—Don't you know that in "*statu quo*" means in the same state or condition, and that it is a very common Latin phrase?"

M— offered to bet a hat he was right, and at the last accounts he was poring over Disturnell's Map of Mexico, endeavouring, most assiduously, to discover the location of "*Statu quo*."

## MEAN MEN.

'I've known some mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach, now; he was so mean he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage license. Lawyer, he continued, addressing himself to Barclay, 'I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and, good stories, like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though

considerable older than I be; and a mean neighbor he is, too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kelp, he goes down to Parson Rogers at Digby to get a license.

'Parson, says he, 'what's the price of a license?'

'Six dollars,' says he.

'Six dollars,' says Hugo. 'That's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take less?'

'No,' says he. 'That's what they cost me to the secretary's office at Halifax.'

'Well, how much do you ax for publishing in Church, then?'

'Nothing,' says parson.

'Well,' says Hugo, 'that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?'

'Three Sundays.'

'Three Sundays!' says Hugo. 'Well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait.'

'So off he went a-jogging towards home, and a-looking about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as hard as his horse could carry him.

'Parson,' says he, 'I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars.—I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue that I can't undo with my teeth.'

'Why, what in nature is the meaning of all this?' says parson.

'Why,' says Hugo, 'I've been ciphering it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bands, after all. You see sir, it's potato-digging time; and if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night she can begin to dig our own to-morrow; and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over: for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get sarcy and lazy after a while.—*Life in a Colony, by Sam Slick.*

## GOD SAVE THE PLOUGH.

See—how the shining share  
Maketh earth's bosom fair—  
Crowning her brow,—  
Bread in its furrow springs,  
Health and repose it brings,  
Treasures unknown to kings,  
God save the plough!

Look to the warrior's blade,  
While o'er the tented glade,  
Hate breathes his vow,—  
Strife its unsheathing wakes,  
Love at its lightning quakes,  
Weeping and woe it makes.  
God save the plough!

Ships o'er the deep may ride,  
Storms wreck their banner'd pride,  
Waves whirl their prow,  
But the well-loaded wain  
Garnereth the golden grain,  
Gladdening the household-train,  
God save the plough!

Who are the truly great?  
Minions of pomp and state,  
Where the crowd bow?  
Give us hard hands and free,  
Culturers of field and tree,  
Best friends of liberty,  
God save the plough.

ROYAL CANDOR.—GEORGE II. being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious king's speech, replied that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and as far as he understood either of them he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

"I understand," said a deacon to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink more easy."

"How do you like the bustle and confusion of Boston?" asked the shopkeeper, as Mrs. Partington stood by the counter. "It gives me confusion to see 'em," said the old lady; folks didn't do so when I was a girl; and besides, what an awful sight of bran and cotton it takes, to say nothing of their awkwardness when they get slipped on one side.—"I mean," broke in the shopkeeper, "the bustle and confusion of the streets." "Oh!" said Mrs. P. "that is quite another thing!" and immediately left the store.

AN ALARMING THREAT.—A clergyman being prohibited from preaching, because he was a non conformist, said to the judges: 'The treatment which I have received from you will probably cost the lives of more than a thousand persons.' He was instantly arrested on account of this alarming threat, and an explanation demanded. Nothing is more plain, said he: 'in depriving me of a parish, you will leave me no other resource than to become a physician.'