

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Up, sons of France! the hour's at hand; See laurels strew the path before us;

Then draw your swords—in, halanx in ye, On, on to death or glory go, men!

What meaneth, say, this helot-horde! These traitor-kings together sweating!

Draw, draw your swords, &c. Weep for yourselves, ye tyrants, now, And for the traitor-plots you scheme on;

Still, Frenchmen, still some mercy show, Though vengeance all your fire be waking;

Dear love of country come, we pray, Nerve, nerve our arms 'gainst base cowards!

Draw, draw your swords, &c. O! Freedom, Freedom, now's thy day, Fight side by side with thy defenders!

A translation of one of the most celebrated National Airs of France.

Random Readings.

A man in Salamanca advertises a clock for sale, which "keeps time like a tax-gatherer."

Why is a loofer in a printing office like a shade tree? Because we are always glad when he is there.

The young lady who was "lost in thought" has been found. She was "in a gig an' a'ide!"—it looked like a man.

A clergyman, who lives on the same row, says he likes a Sunday, because he is opposed to Sabbath breakers.

A GOOD TOAST.—Here's to the man who swears, steals and lies—swear off from drinking, steal as far from bad company, and lie in an honest bed.

TRAGEDY.—Atrick O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for when he married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered wid'em.

An editor in Iowa has become so bold from depending upon the printing business alone for bread, that he proposes to sell himself for stove-pipe at three cents a foot.

WHAT is it that slays the morals of youth, kills the germ of generous ambition, desolates the domestic hearth, renders families fatherless, and disorganizes graves? Drunkenness.

A SURE PROPHET.—Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Dossan takes his physic reg'l., 'sa a doctor's boy to his employer.

A STEWARD wrote to a bookseller in town for some books to fit up his master's library in the following terms:—"Sir, in the first place, I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and nearly a yard of old civil law in folio."

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.—Somebody once asked that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotsman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

THE EFFECT OF RAIN.—A medical student, under exam at being asked the different effect of heat and cold, replied: "Heat expands and cold contracts." "Quite right; can you give me an example?" "Yes, sir. In summer, which is hot, the days are longer; but in winter, which is cold, the days are shorter."

FARM WORK.—A first rate joke took place quite lately in our court-room (says the Hartford Courant) A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born. "You swear that he has worked on a farm ever since he was born?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "He milked." The lawyer eva, oated.

British

Tribune,



AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.

WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

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A THRILLING TALE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It happened several years ago, that I was traversing the Highlands, along with a much beloved, but now departed friend, one of the true men of the old school; one who was rich in classical and legendary lore, but still sterling and moral virtues.

There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command. This is by means of rope, and windlass as it were into a coal pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak.

A rough old Highlandman presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend first to go down. Ere the cradle came up for me again, a presertment of some horrid accident about to happen one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist inquiring if all was right with my friend below.

M. THIERS.

The Pays contains a long and cleverly written sketch of M. Thiers, from the pen of N. de la Guernonniere. The following extract refers to M. Thiers' powers as a speaker:—"M. Thiers is not the most eloquent of our orators; he has not the dignity of M. Guizot, nor the imagination of M. de Lamartine, nor the passionate bursts of eloquence of M. Berryer, nor the perfluous and caustic grace of M. Ledru Rolin, but he has clearness, precision, method, logical reasoning, boldness, vigour, and unexpectedness—all that seduces and fascinates; he does not make a speech, he holds a conversation, in which he is the only speaker. Never is there a moment's hesitation in what he says, never a forgetfulness, never the slightest disorder in his mind; each deduction comes at the proper moment, and each word expresses to the most delicate shade of meaning, what he desires to convey. The more confused the subject the clearer he will make it. Figures of arithmetic are as familiar as facts to his marvellous intelligence.

He takes them, separates them, classifies, and gives them a sense and value which they did not appear to possess before. He makes even arithmetic attractive. Should his auditory by change appear fatigued with such practical demonstrations, M. Thiers, whose eye is as sharp as his voice is ready, at once perceives it, and rallies the attention of the persons before him by some excursion into the domain of history or politics, awakening the passions and sympathies of his hearers, in order to preserve attention. Then his falsetto voice assumes new intonations, which display admirably emotions of various kinds, enthusiasm, indignation, and all the sentiments which he does not feel. His features become lit up, and his glance darts forth gleams of light from under the glasses of his spectacle. One would almost imagine that the dwarf had become a giant, and that the little man whose head scarcely overtopped the ledge of the tribune had suddenly been transformed into one of these ancient athletes, who fought for the gods, and who were like them invincible. But that does not last, as for M. Thiers the sublime is only a rhetorical proceeding. He soon descends to the ground, and resumes his analysis of facts and figures, where he is always true, always able, always eloquent, because he is there in his element. One day at the commencement of his Parliamentary career, M. Thiers was charged to draw up a report on the budget, a laborious and difficult work, requiring much time and study. The report having been called for several times by the Chamber before he could have expected it, M. Thiers found himself forced as it were, into a corner. He had not written a line of it, but without being in the slightest degree disconcerted, he ascended the tribune, and in an improvisation of four hours, made a statement, remarkable for its lucidity of the general state of the finances. He entered into every necessary detail, classified all the figures, and in that manner dictated his report to the official shorthand writers. Such is M. Thiers in the tribune, and his Parliamentary life is full of such prodigies and triumphs."

A TALE OF THE GREAT SARATOGA TRUNK.

Old Anthracite has a very dear wife—so dear that she costs him on her own private account about fifteen thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Anthracite always has the latest fashions, so when the great Saratoga trunk was exhibited in Broadway, Mrs. A. instantly purchased one for her summer trip.

Every one knows that the great Saratoga trunk is an exceptional trunk. It is colossal—of Titanic proportions. Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, might have found ample accommodation for her entire household in the great Saratoga trunk.

Accordingly down went Mrs. A. to the great watering place, with her great trunk. She had not been long there, however, when old Anthracite received a private telegraph from a friend to inform him that Mrs. A. was flirting desperately with young Belze-bub, the son and heir of old Belze-bub, the great soap boiler. Anthracite instantly takes the train, arrives at the hotel, and inquiring the number of his wife's room, quietly walks up stairs. His wife's door is shut. Anthracite knocks. Door opens after some delay. Mrs. A. appears flustered, which fluster increases to dismay when she sees her husband. Husband enters coolly; explains that he just came to see how she was getting on, and seats himself on the Saratoga trunk. Drops a glove, the picking up of which enables him to look under the bed. No one there. Mrs. A. looked as if some one ought to be there. Husband talks of the weather, and the pair are sitting down to a little conversation, when old Anthracite remarks quietly:—"Mrs. A., there's a rat in your trunk."

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake, decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently, too. A cat in gloves catches no mice."

Attend to your business, and never trust it to another. A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. That which will not make a pot will make a pot-lid."

Be abstemious. Who dainties love shall beggars prove. Rise early. The sleeping fox catches no poultry."

Treat every one with respect and civility. Everything is gained and nothing lost by civility. Good manners insure success."

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor. He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time barefoot. Heaven helps those who helps themselves."

If you implicitly follow these precepts, nothing will hinder you from accumulating."

The fittest character to be concerned with, is that in which are united an inviolable integrity, founded upon rational principles of virtue, a cool but daring temper, a friendly heart, a ready hand, long experience, with a solid reputation of years, standing, and easy circumstance.

THE RAT.

No other animal is placed in circumstances which tend so continually to sharpen its wits as the rat; nor does any other appear to be of a more improvable nature. He is of a most intelligent family, being related to the beaver. And in civilized countries he is not a wild creature, for he follows the progress of civilization and adapts his own habits of life to it, so as to avail himself of its benefits.

THE PRINTING OCCUPATION.

The Art of Printing was formerly a gentlemanly occupation, and naturally created high expectations—was practised in Germany, Italy, &c., as a genteel pastime in the houses of the educated and wealthy, who, however, could not entirely dispense with the aid of the artisan. From this intermixing of rank arose the privilege of the printers to wear arms (to be an armiger esquire.) In 1541, Francis I. suppressed that right relative to journeymen printers in France—Illustrated Inventor.

In Great Britain also printers were held in high repute from the days of the immortal Caxton, and comprised in their ranks some of the best educated men in the land, who, up to the close of the eighteenth century, wore swords, and were denominated "gentlemen;" but as the press extended, this distinction gradually gave way, and was succeeded by a more mechanical class. In Dublin, printers had the privilege of attending Viceregal levees in the Castle—a privilege which has ceased since the Union. An anecdote is told of one of these privileged "gentlemen" which is worth recording. In the employment of the Messrs. G. & J. G.—Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, (some fifty or sixty years ago), was a printer—a remnant of the "old school"—who sighed over the fallen greatness of his order—now, alas! swept away by the ruthless hand of Time. It so happened that Mr. G.—(who, by the way, was a very pompous personage) had occasion to speak to this gentleman about some blundering, which he did in no measured terms, to the great indignation of our old friend, who determined to be revenged. Proceeding in the evening to the nearest stand, he hired a sedan chair, (the usual means of conveyance in those days), and took his way through the then badly lighted streets of the Irish metropolis, to the splendid mansion of his employer in one of the fashionable squares. Arrived at the door, the chairman knocked loudly and intimated to the servant, who quickly appeared, that a gentleman wished to see Mr. G.—on urgent business, but could not leave the chair. Mr. G. who was seated at dinner with a party of friends, reluctantly went out, and proceeded down the steps hat in hand, wondering who his urgent visitor could be, and what his business, when our old friend, putting his head out of the chair, said to him in his blandest tones:—"Mr. G.—I have taken the liberty of calling upon you—give you a fortnight's notice!" The consternation of the aristocrat will be better imagined than described.

A GLANCE AT THE HOUSE.

The Toronto correspondent of the Kingston Herald is most complimentary in describing the personal aspect of the new House. He says:—"Supposing Jenny Lind turned pauper, don't you think she'd say her prayers on a string of Thrush's eggs? You do, most decidedly. The whole history of the woman is melodious, and why should her private christian relation be other than harmonious? A peep through the Kaleidoscope of the title page not infrequently gives you some insight regarding the character of the work to which it is prefixed; and a glimpse of the human face divine particularly, if it belongs to a member of Parliament, sometimes supplies the whole standard of the man. Mr. Hartman might travel from the Don to the Queen's Wharf and not a beggar woman on the way would ever think of asking him for a half-penny; and George Brown might preach sincerity from July to January without improving the general opinion touching his moral status. What is the reason of all this? The title page—the face, impresses you at once with the existence of an inferior nature in the one case and perverted abilities in the other. Lavater was right. The human face is the straw that tells which way the wind blows. I think I am safe in the assertion that this is the ugliest Parliament that ever assembled in this or any other country. The wedding feast never exhibited a mass so incongruous physically. The members range from ten to fifty inches round the waist, and as for noses the subject begs all description."

A WARLIKE PRESENT.

The nine-pounder brass field-piece, with limber and ammunition waggon, intended as a present from her Majesty to the Emperor Napoleon, having been completed, was recently inspected by numerous visitors. The gun itself is the most perfect specimen yet turned out from the royal gun factories, and the ironwork of the carriages is so highly polished as to have the appearance of silver. The limber is oak, grained and varnished, and the vehicles are, in every respect, beautiful specimens of workmanship. Aristotle, speaking of the subjects of imitation, observes that they must be represented either as they are, or better, or worse; and gives instances of painters, then of poets. Homer, he says, has made men better, other poets worse, others again as they are. In this very thing lies the difference between Tragedy and Comedy; for comedy endeavors to make men worse, and tragedy better than they are.

AN EMPTY SOUND.

That of a railway whistle when you are just too late for the train.

A COUNTRY LAWYER ON HAND FOR HIS CITY FRIEND.

Five and twenty years ago, when the Western region was sparsely settled—when the country bar-room was the place of common resort, and before those old fashioned bar-room stories and songs had yielded to the gossip now generally heard in every drinking saloon, there lived a certain set of good humored, free and easy individuals, whose custom it was to gather at the inn in Ellipticville. Conspicuous among this set was Counsellor Geddes, whose rough yet ready wit had spread his fame abroad throughout all that region of country. Another member was a gentleman whose name was Cowan.

These, with others, whiled away many a winter evening, telling stories, smoking the pipe, quaffing mugs of hot flip, a fluid now almost forgotten.

But time separated this jolly company, as it does others, and the subsequent history of the Counsellor and worthy Mr. Cowan was as divers as their fortunes. Geddes plodded on with his "capias" at Ellipticville. Cowan in due time became engaged in a respectable business elsewhere.

Legal business, at distant intervals, called the lawyer to Buffalo, and he was, of course, glad to see his old friend, Cowan, engrossed in business, or for reasons of his own, had not much time to talk over old times; and without intending it, probably, gave his friend the cold shoulder. The man of law noticed this indifference, and possessing in wit what the other did in wealth, determined to ascertain whether Cowan really meant to cut him or not.—Meeting him in the street next day, he said:—"Cowan, my old friend, how do you do?"

"Well, very well, how are you?" "I say, Cowan, I've noticed several times lately that you have rather avoided me than otherwise, and I ain't going to stand any such gammon."

"Why, what—?" "We used to be mighty good friends up in Ellipticville, and I don't know why we should not be here."

"But, my dear sir—" "Oh, its no use talking; just go in here, now, and treat as you used to."

"Why, I've just had my breakfast, and don't want anything; besides I'm in a hurry to get to my business; but I'll treat if you want me to."

"Well, let's go in." And they entered a small "one-horse grocery, where the "cheap and nasty" was dealt out by the small. Cowan gave a nod to the "mixer" behind the bar, and said:—"Just give my friend here some beer, and what crackers and cheese he wants, and charge it to me. Turning to Geddes he remarked, "you must excuse me now, I've a great many things to attend to, and can't stay here any longer," after which he left.

"Well, if that isn't cool then I'm no judge," says Geddes. Having dispassionately imbibed his beer, he stopped a minute or two to consider.

"I say, bar-keeper." "Yes, sir."

"You had got plenty of crackers and cheese?" "Yes, sir."

"How much will the cheese weigh?" "About sixty pounds a piece!" "Full sixty?" "Sixty, and no mistake."

"Well, just send over to the Farmers Hotel, where I stop, four of those cheese and three barrels of crackers, and charge them to Mr. Cowan. You heard him say I was to have all the crackers and cheese I wanted?" "Yes, sir."

"And send them down soon, because I expect that my team'll be there in a little time, and I shall want them all ready."

"Certainly, sir."

The four cheese and three barrels of crackers were sent down, and in the due course of time Mr. Cowan was presented with a bill for the same, which he payed, confessing at the same time that although rather expensive, the joke was nevertheless a good one. He never afterwards gave the cold shoulder to Counsellor Geddes.

A pretty woman pleases the eye; a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel, the other a treasure.