

out the blood of France?" asked another with clenched teeth, as he remembered Mirabeau's apostrophes, which had shaken the...

But look! Yonder is a strange sight! The King of France has sent a special messenger of noble birth, to enquire after the health of Mirabeau.

"The over-wearied giant fallen down to die," was as great in death as an Athlete in life could be. Look at this man, the victim corroded to dissolution by his own execrable vices, and...

"I would pass through a furnace heated seven times, to purify the name of Mirabeau! But for this name, so polluted, all France would be at my feet!"

Ponder that exclamation, ye corrupt libertines in high places; it is an aphorism of wisdom distilled from the experience of the greatest of such as you.

"Is this the end of my glory," said Mirabeau, "I would resign France, but life is going out forever!"

Talleyrand stood by him. Mirabeau gazed upon his face with a proud consciousness of his importance at this crisis, and yet with a mournful conviction that all was over.

"My friend," said he to Talleyrand, "I carry with me the last shreds of anarchy. In my heart I carry the death-dodge of the French monarchy; the dead remains of it will be spoils for the future."

His feet had lost feeling, and death was creeping slowly up to the seat of life. Suddenly the peal of a distant cannon was heard, and starting up he exclaimed magnificently:

"What! have we the funeral of Achilles already?" Truly as Talleyrand said:

"Mirabeau's death was a drama, the principal actor in which had never failed to act his part in the grandest style!"

His companions raised him in bed, and supported his head. His bodily anguish was forgotten a moment; as he said:

"Yes, support the head, it is the greatest in France. Would I could will it to you."

He seemed to feel that Europe would exult over his death. "I would have given Pitt some trouble, but now he will do as he lists." There was much in his self-complacent words.

A Roman Catholic Priest offered his services to Mirabeau, who declined them with a jest.

"I would gladly accept your offer, but I have been shriven by your ecclesiastical superior, my Lord Bishop of Autun!"—alluding to Talleyrand who had been with him.

Death was near, and he said to those about him, "Cope my friends, sprinkle me with perfumes and crown me with flowers that I may enter upon eternal sleep!"

His agonies of body were so great as to master even his own resolution, and looking at his physician, he said passionately:—

"I wish to sleep, give me opium to make me sleep!" A moment more he was dead. His physician said, as he felt his pulse, "he will suffer no more!"

Paris was wild with grief, and did this man's remains such honors as no Emperor ever had. A hundred thousand followed his body to the Pantheon, dedicated by "France to great men."

The gloomiest predictions of Mirabeau were fulfilled, and soon the reign of Terror began.

News.—The Courts of New York have decided that it will be a nuisance to build a railroad over Broadway, and have forbidden it by injunction. Five Russian officers had arrived at Constantinople prisoners. Admirals Dundas, of the British fleet, and Hamelin, of the French fleet, were in Constantinople. The cholera has made its appearance in New Orleans, and also in France. Byres, a man addicted to intemperance, recently murdered his wife in Kingston. Several of the Canadian papers recommend the dispensing with Grand Juries, and the appointment of public county prosecuting attorneys—a very good reform. We also approve of a change in the jury system, which is to allow nine out of twelve of the jury in all cases to carry the verdict, without the necessity of having it unanimous. The money market of New York City is becoming much more easy. The sale of lots at Berlin about ten days ago went off well. Lots generally brought \$10: each. The cost of our city government is becoming enormous. We are now taxed over 2s. in the pound on rent and income tax, besides the tax for Asylum support, and for schools and watering streets. An office paying £20 rent is taxed over \$10. Such things are alarming to men of property, and it becomes all to see that those whom we send to the Council are men of property, interested in preserving us from ruinous taxation, rather than mere office-seekers and popular demagogues, belonging to secret factions.

The Methodists of the United States have made admirable provision for the education of their pastors. They have already eight first class colleges, with property and funds amounting in the aggregate to \$494,063, and another is projected in Missouri. They have also forty-six theological academies and seminaries, in twenty-nine of which there are 4,936 students, an average of 178 students to each seminary. The oldest of their academies is at Wilbraham, Mass., and was founded in the year 1824 by the Rev. Wilbur Fisk, and is now one of the most flourishing institutions of the kind in the United States.

See what demagogue Government has brought New York City to: "The estimates of the supplies necessary for carrying on the City government of New York, in 1854, has just been made public, and the grand total is \$4,747,122 1/2! The estimated expenditure in the Almshouse for the year, is \$427,000—Cleaning streets \$140,000—Lamps and Gas \$31,000—Police \$826,515—Printing \$75,000—Salaries \$260,000—Paving streets \$250,000—Juvenile Asylum \$50,000, and so on. New York is certainly the worst and most expensively managed city in the world.

The Canada Company have given a free right of way to the Buffalo, Brantford & Goerich Railway, through their lands.

Humorous.

At the close of a now and then, I am here by the way...

A CAT-ALECTIC LAMENT.

Poor Tom—my eyes with tears are dim— My finest Cat—by far— You must I'm sure remember him— Has died of a Cat-arrh

Deep in my heart my sorrow lies, Tears for my Cat in fact, Even now are pouring from my eyes, Just like a Cat-arract.

My doctor made (unfeeling heech'), When told of the heart's chasm, Caused by my Cat's demise, this speech— "Apply a Cat-aplasm"

And when I asked the cruel man Whether I was dys-peptic, He answered "No, Miss Mary Ann, Just now you're Cat-aleptic!"

My aunt may pet her birds, and prize Her tabby and her dog, My Cat's engaging qualities Would fit a Cat-ologogue

You laugh—you have not known distress, Yours is a happy home, But I have left my happiness In my Cat's Cat-acomb,

'Tis true I've had three Cats alive, Two Toms and one old Sue, But yet I shan't, I know survive This sad Cat-astrophe!

AN EPITAPH.—The Athentum says that the following inscription is copied from a charyyard in Essex:

Here lies the man Richard, And Mary his wife; Their surname was Pritchard, They lived without strife; And the reason was plain— They abounded in riches. They had no care or pain, And the wife wore the breeches.

ACTORS AND PREACHERS.—"Pray, Mr. Betterton," asked the good Archbishop Sancroft, of the celebrated actor, "Can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage, speaking of things imaginary, affect your audience as if they were real, while we in the church speaking of things real, which our congregations receive only as if they were imaginary?" "Why, really, my lord," answered Betterton, "I don't know, unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."—Edinburgh Review.

A HINT TO GO.—"Zep," said a chap to his chum the other day, "it seems to me you didn't stay long at Squire Folger's last night?"

"No," was the reply; "I was saying a few pleasant things to the daughter, and the old man came in and gave me a hint to go."

"A hint, Zeb—what sort of a hint?"

"Why, he gave in my hat, opened the door, and just as he began to raise his heavy boot, I had a thought that I wasn't wanted and so I—I took my leave."

AWKWARD FIX.—A woman who was somewhat intoxicated, lost her way at Dundee, a short time since, and fell into the tar reservoir at the gas works. Her screams alarmed some neighbors, who found her immersed up to the neck in the tar, and speedily rescued her.

"LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY."—There is a Cockney youth, who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, cries "Fire!" directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment, she plunges her head out of the window, and inquires, "Where?" When he peevishly slaps himself on the bosom, and exclaims, "Ere, my Hangelina."

A DEFINITION.—"Bill Tompkins, what is a widdler?"

"A widdler is a married woman that hasn't got no husband, 'cause he's dead."

"Very well. What's a widdower?"

"A widdower a man that runs arter widders."

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said his lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

In the geography of Young America the following boundaries to the United States are now given: East by Sunrise, West by Sunset, North by the Arctic Expedition, and South as far as we daern please.

"Why doctor?" said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine you are giving to my husband." "All right, replied the doctor; "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander?"

"Jamie," said an honest Irishman to another the first time he saw a locomotive, "what is that snorting beast?" "Sure," replied Jamie, "I don't know at all, unless it's a stamboat plunging along to get to the wather."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." A very doubtful adage. We have just seen in a country paper the marriage of Peleg Rowlinstone to Miss Ophelia Morse.

An urchin being sent for a cent's worth of Macaboy snuff, forgot the name of the article, and asked the man for a cent's worth of make-a-boy snuff.

In St. Germain, Isle of Man, the following is to be seen over the tomb of Dr. Samuel Rutter bishop of Sodor and Man:—"In this house, which I have borrowed from my brethren the worms, lie I, Samuel, by divine permission bishop of this island. Stop reader; behold and smile at the palace of a bishop, who died May 30, 1653."



Ladies' Department.

The following lines contain some striking hints to those ladies who make late shopping a point in their nightly practice, and which, if acted upon, would prove a benefit, not to themselves alone, but also to the merchant, whose goods they damage by tossing them about, not being able to choose their color for want of a little daylight; to the clerk, whose valuable time they now impose upon, and, in some instances, to their husband's pocket, which often suffers a material depression of funds owing to the ill-timed purchases of the better half.

SOME LOVE TO GO.

AIR—"Some love to Room"

Some love to go, when the sun is low, And the gas is all' aight, Awhile to stop in the heated shop, And purcha e goods by night: They turn the store of bargains o'er, For the best and cheapest lot, And the fray and crease of the damaged piece, Which they buy is heed-ed not: Oh-ho, oh-ho! Oh-ho, oh-ho! Think of that! Is heed-ed not.

These people wise who use their eyes Like the owls, but when 'tis dark, Most often make a sad mistake, And often miss their mark; Their pretty blue has a greenish hue, When viewed by the light of day, And the bright grass green is a maze-line To the sun's all-searching ray: Oh-ho, oh-ho! Oh-ho, oh-ho! Why can't they go by day!

There's Mrs. Green, is never seen A shopping until late, And Mrs. Brown a pops up and down, Just at the stroke of eight; No time to waste, they're served in haste, And the best of all good jokes, Is that that they buy the goods pu-bly, And left by other folks. Oh-ho, oh-ho! Oh-ho, oh-ho! Rejected by other folks.

If Mrs. Brown would have a gown, Of colors good and fast; Or Mrs. Green a violteen, That w'd the season last; The broad day-light, they should not slight, But to broune and choose; 'Tis just the same, whate'er we name, Caps, handkerchiefs, or shoes. Oh-ho, oh-ho! Oh-ho, oh-ho! Your ribbons, gloves, or shoes.

The spoiled and stale, the short of take, Bad measure and light weight, Full often take the folks who make Their purchases when late; And then say for bargains they Who lose the gold a prime, And surely s'n, when keep'g in The shopman after time: Oh-ho, oh-ho! Oh-ho, oh-ho! That horrid "after time"

Then never go when the sun is low, And the closing hour is past; Let not your hand draw tight the hand That keeps the c'pore fast; To breathe fresh air, the joys to st'ace, Of converse with our kind, For 'tis we want; release we want; Why should we be confined? Oh-ho, oh-ho! Oh-ho, oh-ho! Why should we be confined?

A Clerk.

ORIENTAL WIT.—As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her. Why, said she, do you follow me? Because I have fallen in love with you. Why so? my sister, who is coming after, is much handsomer than I am—go and make love to her. The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, returned and said, why you told me a story? The woman answered, neither did you tell me the truth, for if you are in love with me, why did you look at another woman?

The following appears in the Old Countryman paper of this city, and is probably a hoax.—[Editor.

MARRIAGE.—A lady, aged 35, recently arrived in the County, is desirous of forming a suitable matrimonial connection. She thinks it desirable to state, that she has an income of £200 a year sterling, which expires at her death. Address, "Ann," box 966, Post Office, Toronto.