

Influence.

A Minister of our acquaintance was sent for to baptize a child. The family was among the most respectable in the city, and not much in the habit of attending the Church of our friend.

He repaired to the house, however, and performed the rite. A very large party had been invited, and after the administration of the ordinance the folding doors were thrown open, and a table profusely furnished with a cold collation flanked by Champaigne, Madeira, Claret & Co., was displayed. The minister was first invited to partake, but it occurred to him that his example would be pernicious, and although not a decided temperance man he excused himself from doing so. He continued in the house during the evening, and not one person present applied to the decanters. The oranges, grapes and other fruits, and pastries, with coffee and pure water, were freely used, but no Sting-O!

So much for the influence of one clergyman.

Influence Again.

Old gentleman from town accompanied by his son-in-law—a Teetotaller; cross to Point Levi opposite to Quebec; stop at the Hotel where the horse is stabled waiting for them. While it is being harnessed enter another old gentleman; exchanges compliments, then takes first old gentleman aside and whispers something which is received with a shake of the head. After leaving, first old gentleman asks—

Do you know what Mr. So and So was saying to me?

No.

Well, he remarked—"If that confounded son-in-law of yours were not here, we might have some brandy and water!"

One of our Exchanges marvels that we should have given the portrait of Kossuth, and a sketch of his career, in our last number. A glance at the prospectus will satisfy our friend—for whose otherwise very favorable notice we are very grateful—that we

have not transgressed the course marked out for the LIFE BOAT.

Items.

Col. Hurd, one of the Aides to Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, has resigned his office because of the Governor's signature to the Liquor Law.

The gallant Colonel is a distiller,—'nuff said.

A short time ago, on the Sunday afternoon, just as people were returning from Church, we saw a respectably dressed female so drunk in Great St James Street that after ineffectual attempts to proceed the Police had to take her away in a vehicle. This is not a very extraordinary occurrence.

Let the sad day carry away

Its own little burden of sorrow,

Or you may miss half of the bliss

That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

An English doctor, obliged to flee from his creditors, found himself in Berlin, and was there introduced to the old King of Prussia—"Vous devez avoir tué beaucoup de monde," said the king mirthfully. "Pas autant que votre majesté," was the candid reply.

Answer to Enigma in the last No.

1st—Eaton.

2nd—Scant.

3rd—Sea Cow.

4th—Lessons.

5th—Easy.

6th—Ass.

And my whole Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THOS. REED.

Our Correspondents.

HENRY KEMPTVILLE is received, and will have attention. A CADET's contribution will also have insertion. A SON OF RECHAB's communication—good as it is—lacks the qualities necessary to excite interest. We are therefore reluctantly compelled to decline it.