

THE QUEBEC STAR

"The gravest Man is the Fool, the gravest Bird is the Goose, the gravest Beast is the Ass."

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GOLD WORKS WONDERS.

Richard of spendthrifts was the chief,
There ne'er was such another;
A barister without a brief,
No money and no bother,
'Twas hard that he, so gay and free,
Should have an elder brother.

He paid no tailor for his coat,
His duty was to wear it;
He often lacked a five-pound note,
But ne'er a friend to share it.
In bliss, his voice exclaimed, "Rejoice;"
In sorrow, "Grim and bear it."

His purse was empty, yet he spent
As though his path were sunny;
Borrowed at twenty-five per cent,
And gave away the money.
(A fellow-drone could always own
A little of the honey.)

Luck turned at last, the brother died,
For Death will not spare any;
And Dick, the lord of acres wide,
I dare not say how many—
Inherited, the gossip said,
A very pretty penny.

His friends are now left in the lurch,
His manner's dry and chilling;
He'll give a hundred to a church,
A neighbor not a shilling;
But, as they go, he'll mumble low,
"Unable, not unwilling."

Write him a tale of woe, his eye
Turns upward in the socked;
And then he lays your letters by,
With date and careful docket.
Call and I doubt you'll find him out
Of temper, town or pocket.

Can gold work wonders? Yes, it can;
The cruel exorciser
Has changed an honest, thrifless man,
Into a grasping miser—
Less foolish, true, than him we knew,
But not a whit the wiser.

JERSEY JUSTICE.

It has been the fashion to deride "Jersey justice" as something peculiarly uncertain and eccentric; but scoffers at the judiciary of President Grant's adopted state will have occasion to be ashamed of themselves when they read of the righteous verdict in the trial of Anna Connett for burglary, at Plainfield. Anna, who is described as a young girl of more than ordinary prepossessing appearance, was charged by one of her neighbors with attempting to break into his house. The case was brought into court, and Anna told her story with such an honest, earnest, and captivating way, that the jury acquitted her without leaving their seats. When the verdict was rendered there was a scene of excitement in court as has seldom been witnessed since Phryne made her celebrated argument before the judges. Hats were thrown to the ceiling and the building resounded with the shouts of the spectators. And then what did the gentle Anna do? She did not repeat exactly the performance of Phryne, but she leaped upon the bench, put her arms around the judge, and kissed him again and again. Who would not like to be marauded by such a sweet little burglar as Anna Connett?

An English journal informs us that "Mr. Joseph Arch is coming to Canada next year to treat"—wipe your mouths ye thirsty-souled and sad-hearted emigrants who have nought to do and nought to drink—"for land upon which to settle a new English colony." Philopœna!

Fashions are continually changing. Instead of the archaic phrase of our forefathers "will you take something?" or the more modern and poetic "how shall I woo thee?" and "nominate your family disturber," the latest form in use in bibulistic circles is "will you be one?"

After they had chased him four streets, across a vacant lot and up a blind alley, they seized a protruding car, dragged him out from under the barn, and discovered—oh, bitter disappointment—the editor of the Budget. They thought they had Sergeant Bates for sure.

If the organ-grinder who played fourteen tunes in front of our office this morning will call round after dark he will hear of something to his advantage. We will guarantee to get him a place where he will never have to do another day's work, and stand a good chance of becoming an angel—one of the long-tailed kind.

A merchant of Elora by the name of Somers was robbed of several articles of clotting and eight dollars in money. This is Somers' winter of discontent.—*Sun.* But what did the thief want with summer clotting at this time of the year?—*Stratford Herald.* He wanted somemore clotting at this time of the year because it is cold.

The Ottawa *Free Press* Kingston *Whig* and one or two other organs, profess to "have a hearty desire to see all causes of bad feeling between Orangemen and Catholics removed," and then they pleasantly allude to the editor of a Catholic paper in Montreal as "the late New York Fenian." Wear longer coats, gentlemen, or—steal shorter codfish!

Joseph Arch, head pueher of the Agricultural Laborers Union, of England, proposes coming to Canada next spring. The many hundred hundred disappointed emigrants whom he induced to give up a good living in the old country for the privilege of having their passage paid to Canada, to starve to death, will doubtless take him warmly by the hand on his arrival and lead him off to some sequestered nook far from the busyhuants' of men, and sit on him, and pull his hair, and make him think he has been overtaken by a large sized slice of the Day of Judgement.

The Kingston *Whig* uncharitably remarks that the only excuse for mothers-in-law, in the eyes of some, is that, nothing is made in vain. We do not refer to this remark for the purpose of saying that a mother-in-law can never be "maiden vain," but merely to mention that we have for-warded a marked copy of the paper containing the *Whig* man's remarks to the *Whig* man's mother-in-law, and shall hold ourselves in readiness to turn out to his funeral any day next week at a