



### HONORS ARE EASY.

YOUNG CANADA—"Huh! anybody could take a degree if it was given to him, but where would you chaps be if you had to go through an exam. for it as I have?"

### JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

THE other day, while secluded in the library of Earncliffe to avoid a troublesome deputation of Orangemen, Sir John casually took down from his book-shelf a volume entitled "The Letters of Junius," and opening at random he read as follows:—

TO HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

May 30, 1769.

MY LORD,—If the measures in which you have been most successful had been supported by any tolerable appearance of argument, I should have thought my time not ill employed in continuing to examine your conduct as a minister, and stating it fairly to the public. But when I see questions of the highest national importance carried as they have been, and the first principles of the Constitution openly violated, without argument or decency, I confess I give up the cause in despair. The meanest of your predecessors had abilities sufficient to give a color to their measures. If they invaded the rights of the people, they did not dare to offer a direct insult to their understanding; and in former times, the most venal Parliaments made it a condition, in their bargain with the Minister, that he should furnish them with some plausible pretences for selling their country and themselves. You have had the merit of introducing a more compendious system of government and logic. You neither address yourself to the passions nor the understanding, but simply to the touch. You apply yourself immediately to the feelings of your friends, who, contrary to the forms of Parliament, never enter heartily into a debate until they have divided.

Relinquishing therefore all idle views of amendment to your Grace, or of benefit to the public, let me be permitted to consider your character and conduct merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you not only from all other ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or, if I

may call it the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary imputation or color of a virtue, and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never once have betrayed you into a wise or honorable action. This, I own, gives an air of singularity to your fortune, as well as to your disposition. \* \* \* Your Grace, little anxious, perhaps, either for present or future reputation, will not desire to be handed down in these colors to posterity. You have reason to flatter yourself that the memory of your administration will survive even the forms of a constitution which our ancestors vainly hoped would be immortal. The condition of the present times is desperate indeed; but there is a debt due to those who come after us, and it is the historian's office to punish though he cannot correct. I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter; and as your conduct comprehends everything that a wise or honest minister should avoid, I mean to make you a negative instruction to your successors for ever.

JUNIUS.

Sir John replaced the book upon the shelf, while a light, as of pride and pleasure, played over his features. "The next time I go to London," he mused, "I must have the Herald's College look up my lineage. I'm almost positive I must have descended straight from this Duke of Grafton."

### HOW HE EMPHASIZED HIS STATEMENT.

MEETING, the other day, my old friend and fellow-campaigner, Brown, whom I had not seen since the last general elections, when we "had been fou' for weeks taegither"—that is to say, of course, full of party enthusiasm and unbridled political oratory—reminded me of one of the most laughable of the unwritten tales of Parliamentary contest.

Brown, in the interest of the Tory party, was detailed to meet one Jones, a representative spouter for the Grits, in an Eastern constituency where the fight was a hot one, and the result not safe to bet on.

Brown was bald as a badger; Jones sported a magnificent head of curly hair, which—but stop! I must not anticipate my story.

The meeting was a large one, and the rival factions pretty evenly divided. The Grit champion took the platform first, opening his speech with a series of jokes and gibes—little things which amused the audience somewhat, but were irrelevant to the broad issues before the country. Finally, however, he loaded up for bigger game, and began statistical quotations to prove the extravagance of the Administration. Emboldened by the



### AN ALIBI.

LAWYER (to client who has been charged with stealing a ham)—"We'll have to prove an alibi, if possible. Now, where were you about eleven o'clock that night?"

CLIENT—"Leben o'clock? I was hidin' de ham, sah."