

LAW

What a curious thing is law
Whether criminal or civil,
Causing men to stand in awe
Baffling justice through a flaw
Ofte deceitful as the devil.

If a lawyer gains his case
He may, likely, feel elated,
If he lose, he meets disgrace,
While his client's rueful face
May look rather elongated.

If you be a man of peace
Fly from law as from a fury,
Lawyers love the golden fleece,
Lawyers love to pluck their geese,
Therefore shun both judge and jury.

Law has proved a losing game,
Better suffer loss than try it,
Win or lose, your money claim
May turn out a little lame
Lawyers only profit by it.

If you meet a wicked man
Full of wrath and litigation,
Tho' he tempt, provoke and plan,
Reconcile him if you can
And retain your reputation.

The Julien Bros, Paul St. would call the attention of the public to their varied assortment of hardware, comprising all description of Iron-ware, Scap and Bolt.

Also to their splendid lot of St. Sauveur dry goods, They deserve a visit from their friends, who will receive a welcome and a warm at the stove, the smell is worth coming to feel. Come while the stove is hot.

Ed. Star.

One of our subscribers, an elderly lady, wants to know if we won't write something about tobacco, she being very much against the use of the noxious weed. Certainly we will. Everybody is aware that the use of this vile article is most injurious, destroying the vital powers, and filling lunatic asylums and graves. It is frightful to contemplate the ravages of the tobacco poison. Would that we wielded the pen of a Dickens, that we might vividly portray the evil effects of the thousands of person have—A friend has just dropped in and offered us a cigar, and it looks like a good one we won't write any more just at present.

A female servant in the family of a gentleman in the Department of the Interior, Washington, is allowed to make a yearly visit to her old home in Richmond, Va. Last Summer, when she left a substitute was employed, a mulatto girl, who had been quite well educated. She per-

formed the duties in a rather indifferent manner. When the regular servant returned, she began her tour of investigation to ascertain how her work had been done, and was disgusted at the evident want of neatness manifested everywhere. Her indignation finally found vent in the following to her mistress; "I'll tell you what it is, Miss—you can't get grammar and clean corners out of the same nigger!" Which, if true, offers a knotty problem in reference to the education of the race.—*Harper's Magazine.*

"Wanted by a young lady aged nineteen, of pleasing countenance, good figure and agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments, who has studied everything, from the creation to crochet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of the table, manage his household, scold his servant, nurse his babies (when they arrive); check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theater, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his miserable life happy. Apply in the place by letter to Louisa Caroline, Linden Grove, and afterwards to papa, upon the premises. P.S. Wedding ring No 4, small. No Irish need apply."

To Cure a Pain in the Breast.—Procure a well made woolen dress, with an equally well constructed woman inside of it, and press closely to the part affected. Repeat the application until the pain ceases. This recipe, when the directions are carefully observed, has rarely been known to fail in affecting a cure. The medicine may possibly cost a trifle.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "not transferable," on the tickets a notice was posted over the door: "No gentlemen admitted unless he comes himself."

THE PETITION.

We may, loudly boast, of free constitution of virtues untold and their wide distributions, all is but moon shine, the merest delusion, to persons who think it is so. But a great deal of Trash, you call Legislation, paid for so dear by the poor of this nation, is held in abhorrence, and deep detestation and very deservedly so.

For an army of vampires, represent us to day, as members of Par—ment drawing their pay, who waste all their hours and our time fritter away, doing what?

Increasing the taxes, I remember the day, when a pound of old hyson or best of twankay, could be bought for the third of a dollar, or, when cholera came in the dead of the night, ere the Doctor was called, you took Brandy to fight the grim king of

Terrors, the cost was, but slight, only a dollar the gallon.

I need not draw much, on my memory to state, for hosts of such data are full and complete.

(A Truce)

Honesty's gone, and by the Dogs, has been eat which leaves us in dire destitution.

Just look at us now with Governors, five, they flay off our flesh and eat us alive, all for the nonsense, of Power Pomp and Pride, and claim to be God's own anointed. But what of the Governors, only as a drop in the well, to the vile host that follow, in their wake, to—ell, but stop here to mind us, ah! well can I tell, how well they take care of our pockets. Kind heavens look down and hear a petition, relieve us. Oh! do, of such foul imposition, let the shackles be broke, the rivets be, riven that hold us to slavery so vile.

Before Saturday next week; should I feel at leisure, I'll plead my petition and to each give his measure, of Tannerus, their profits: Stock jobs and Leather, then strike a sweet balance for you.

GLEANER

up-Town

CORRESPONDENCE.

Quebec Dec. 1st 1875.

To the Editor of the Quebec Star.

DEAR SIR.—We saw in your last issue of the *Star*, an obituary notice, entitled, the death of the North Shore Rail Road, under the care of the Hon. Thomas McGreevy. It is true he has resigned his position in favor of the Local Government, but nor before he has replenished his pockets in a good substantial manner. We have no doubt the Local Government in on the same policy. After they have sufficiently duped the public, we believe they intend to deliver it into the hands of the world renowned road contractors, Messrs Piton & Co. We also heard it was their intention to start a railway under the supervision of Charlie Baillargé Esq; who intends to arrange his plans in such a manner as to place the terminus in close proximity to the Custom House, and run it in a direct line to the City Hall. Altogether regardless of house tops and chimney's for the accommodation of the City Councillors who wish to carry deputations to Ottawa we prognosticate the scheme will be a complete failure.

Yours etc.,
PRO BONS PUBLICA.