

ham came down here, he brought his son with him, and it was my duty of course to attend them over the Cathedral. As we came to this side of it, he led his son up to this very spot, and said to him—Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny. This is the proudest reflection of my life. Whil' you live never forget that, my dear Charles.' And this man, the son of a poor barber, was the Lord Chief Justice of England. For the very reason, therefore, that such great success is rare, we should say, spare no pains in improving the condition of those whom accident may depress, or fortune may not befriend.<sup>31</sup>

#### ITEMS.

In a recent letter to the *Free-man's Journal*, Mr. James Hughton, of Dublin, says;—"I believe the working-classes desire such Maine-law legislation for the protection of themselves and their families, and that, so far from thinking it would deprive them of happiness, they would hail it as the greatest blessing which parliament could confer upon them. When examined before the parliamentary committee on public-houses in July last, I was asked if I thought the prohibitory law would ever be popular in Ireland. My reply was,—“Give us universal suffrage, and we'll carry it in a year.” I am not afraid to go before the working men with the question. Whenever it has been fairly put before them, they have responded to it with acclamation.”

It has been shrewdly observed, that those who go to law for damages generally get them. Yes, and with costs.

Good manners are the blossoms

of good sense, it may be added, of good feeling, too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to disinterestedness in little as well as great things,—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

It was a fine touch of native humour in certain practical jokers, to pull down the sign “Our House” from its place before the grog-shop, and set it up over the graveyard.

An eminent painter was once asked what he mixed his colors with, in order to produce so extraordinary an effect. “I mix it with brains, sir!” was his answer.

A YOUNG gentleman having occasion to write a letter to a friend in the country, sent it to the office by a German lad in his employ. Having no postage stamp, he gave him three cents to pay the postage. The other day the gentleman received a reply to his letter, and in it he requested that when he wrote again, if he had no stamps, to send the letter without prepaying, as he had no idea of paying fifteen cents postage on three coppers. The truth was, that the lad on his way to the office had slipped the cents into the envelope, and dropped it into the box.

AN inn-keeper observed a postilion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. “Why, what would be the use of another?” said the postilion. “If one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still.”

HE who receives a good turn should never forget it—he who does one should never remember it.

WE can neither evade the responsibilities, nor escape the consequences of our individual acts.

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