

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A BARRISTER

Ye Barrister goeth to serve ye Editor of yo GRUMBLER with yo subpoena; is searching for yo GRUMBLER office (someth lops way and fallth into the hands of divers persons unknown and is maltreated.

Oh bless me, oh dear, what a terrible fright,
My nerves are so sickon I scarcely can wile,
Though I feel that my heart is so bursting with spite,
That I know that it wouldn't pray to be right
To trouble myself with my exacers for to-night,
For the insults and blows I have borne to-day,
The mishaps and misfortunes which stood in my way
Were sufficient to drive any saint astray,
Much more an unfortunate lump of clay.

To-day when the clock was striking one,
When the Mechanics their mid-day meal had done,
From the Sheriff's T.D. paper procurer,
A subpoena to wit, to have secured
A party who shall nameless be,
As his name is at present unknown to me;
'Twas the GRUMBLER I sought,
The summons was bought
To summon him,
Up Nordheimer's stair,
At least seven pairs,
I rushed in haste;
Through lobbies and halls,
And holes in the walls,
I rambled and wrought;
But the room that I sought
I could find it not,
There was no 21.
Then I thought of Aladdin
And the wonderful lamp,
And the Palace the had one,
Caused to decamp.

How it flew through air at the word of command,
And took up nor lodgings on African sand;
And might not one now, though the age is more civil,
Carry on a small contraband trade with the devil.

May not this person
Be now releasing;
Some terrible rite of the old witch of Endor.
And taken his room
On the back of a broom,
And off to the devil to go on a leander.

And I pondered in fear,
For, soon exceedingly queer
Thoughts came up in my mind,
About this same Grumbler
Natural magic,
Cutting throats with a lumbric,
And other things tragic
Might it not be; Ah! what's that I see,
The magical letters O. V. D.
Yea, plain as the floor,
They were there on a door,
(Twas the centre of four)
In unbol'd red paint.
Then trembled each limb,
I tried humming a hymn,
Twas no go. I fell in a faint.
As I recovered,
I disconcerted,
At least I thought I did, that voices were near,
I rose to my feet,
No very small feat,
Considering how I trembled with fear.

As they approached
By one 'twas broached,
The question of the Crisis; another carried it,
'Since it arrived
We've never thrived;

In fact, said he, the whole catooon has bursted.
But bless my stars, who's this hero come;
What, documents in his hand, eh?
The chap's a Philistine, by Jove
We'll water boys, his brandy,
Then water-jugs, and other mugs
Were put in requisition;
They drenched my clothes, and treaked my nose,
And spoilt my whole condition,
And one the magic words pronounced,

In tones that made me start;
He kicked, while he did yell at me,
Off, Vermont, Depart.
Quick as the words pronounced,
Out through the door I flew;
And now I'm out, I trust I'll meet
No more such devilish crew.

PATTER VS. CLATTER.

The action in this case was brought by Mr. Patter, an eminent lawyer,—who lived by his wits, against Mr. Clatter, the publisher of the *Windfall*,—a sheet addicted to plain speaking, and given to wit. The plaintiff sought to recover damages for a certain statement that appeared in the defendant's paper, to the effect, that he (plaintiff) was not a gentleman. Damages were laid at thousands of dollars. Plaintiff defended his own case. Messrs. Sneezer and Queezer appeared for defendant. Plaintiff opened the case in person.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, said he, you see before you an injured man. The defendant, some time ago, had the audacity to speak the truth in connection with my name. It may be true that I was a nuisance and a pest, and that I was told so by judges on the Bench, and judges off the Bench, and perhaps I believed it myself. May be, it is equally true, that all my public and professional actions have not been such as a gentleman and a professional man would like to own; but, nevertheless, I maintain that I am a British subject. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, I am a British subject. I pay the taxes, therefore I have a right to live, do what I like, and say what I like.

Look at me, gentlemen! Examine my countenance; I'm not handsome to be sure—but, gentlemen, I am an orphaning. I have no one to take my part but myself; and I come to you, gentlemen, trusting in your honor,—as you value your liberly, as you revere your wives and little ones, as you honor your grand uncles and great aunts, to see me righted. Give me a verdict, gentlemen, and may all good angels be about your beds this night.

After this feeling address, the jury shed tears, and asked leave to go out of court for a few minutes, which was granted. The first witness called was

James Liehard,—he deposed to the effect, that Patter was a gentleman, on the ground that he had given him a York shilling to say so.

Mr. Sneezer,—What's your definition of a gentleman?

Liehard—Vy, as Shakspeare says, "a gentleman is a cove not keeps a von horse shey."

Mr. Sneezer,—Does Mr. Patter keep a chaise?

Liehard—Vell yes, he keeps un—but it aint hisn.

Mr. Patter—Now, by the eternal

Judge—I'll commit you, Sir, if you dare to speak in that manner.

Mr. Patter—I'll not do so again, my lord.

John Fairface deposed—Defendant is a very bad man. He has an awkward knack of pitching into every one that does wrong.

Mr. Patter—Now, Sir, as you have a soul to be saved, and as you would wish to escape damnation—

Judge—Hold your tongue, Sir. You are a disgrace to your profession, and I will strip you of your gown.

The case for the Plaintiff ended, Mr. Queezer addressed the jury for the Defendant. His address was brief, and to the point:

GENTLEMEN—Go and consult your verdict.
Verdict for Defendant—in three minutes more.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

Englishmen are not naturally very demonstrative, but they yield to none in ardent attachment to the dear old land beyond the sea. And who has greater reason to be proud of his country than he of merry England? The Englishmen of Toronto propose to observe the day of England's patron saint by a choral service in the Cathedral Church of St. James. The chaplains of the Society will conduct the service, and the choir is to consist of Mr. Carter and over 100 vocalists. At the close of the service a collection will be taken in favour of the funds of the St. George's Society, which, owing to the many calls made upon them, are extremely low. We trust that apart from the mere curiosity, many may have to hear a full cathedral service, every honest Englishman or Englishman's son and daughter in Toronto will be there to show a real attachment to his or her country by a tangible offering to her destitute children. The service will commence at half-past three this afternoon.

To pass from this subject to another connected with the day, we cannot help expressing our surprise that though St. George's day is the anniversary of both the birth and death of the greatest man England ever produced, his name, so seldom invoked on that day or a toast drank to his memory. William Shakspeare was born on St. George's day, three hundred years ago, all but five, and he died on the 23rd April, 52 years afterwards.

If Burns has his centenary celebrations and Handel his, why do we every year forget the anniversary of his birth-day, whose words are on every lip, and whose fame fills the world. Let our English friends look to this matter.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Does the Hon. Member mean to confound bailiffs and blessedness? Or, is his bill an insidious attempt to legislate away some of the horrors dispensed in another world by the Prince of Darkness? Does he by his bill give expression to a hitherto carefully concealed idea that some terrible fate awaits him hereafter? And, further, has he the audacity to ask the Upper House, by assenting to this measure, to express a similar fear. Out upon you, McMicken. It can't be did!

Legislating for Hereafter:

—We blush to say it, but we must express it as our decided opinion, that the hon. member for Wolland, is not well "posted up" in Theology, or, that if he is, he must be a very prince of knaves. Here is the contents of one of his little bills:—"Whereas, &c, be it therefore enacted that hereafter after all imprisonment for debt shall be abolished."

Utterly Unfounded.
—It is not true that the Bill introduced by the Attorney General "to amend the law relating to False Pretences" has a clause protecting his own government from its operation.