

Mr. Scratchard, M.P.F., and Law Fees.

MEMORANDUM OBE IN ANTICIPATION OF A LEGAL RAID.

"By Mr. Scratchard.—A Bill to reduce Attorneys' fees," —Parliamentary Proceedings.

Hands off, indignant lawyers, touch not a single hair, Don't strive to knock his brains out, he's woe of them to spare.

It's true that he deserted, most cowardly, your ranks, But surely small Attorneys don't leave such spacious banks:

It's true he's scratched together a comfortable sum By scratching all the clients that he could overcome; It's true he never suffered a client to go free,

Or never yet rejected a handsome counsel fee, Or never struck an item from his most extensive bill, Or failed to grind a fellow, whom he put through the mill.

Yes—yes, you've cause to grumble, but he's changed his course of life, And, like a good Reformed one, applies the scalping knife To all his old companions, and gently lifts their hair, Then empties from their pockets the cash they have to spare.

It's ever so with converts, they're never calm in mind Until themselves have scuttled the ship they've left behind:

Or like all politicians who've seized the longest for crown, They never sleep securely till they've kicked their ladder down.

But yet, hands off, you lawyers, don't strike an M.P.F., You cannot curb a patriot whose every thought is free, Such men cannot be frightened—such men cannot be bought—

The people, nor the people, is the subject of their thought, Not that they seek more plaudits for deeds of high enterprise,

But yet when men are voters, such things one can't despise, Suspend him from his functions, unroll him if you please, But don't strike worthy Scratchard for cutting down your fees.

SPEECHES EXTRAORDINARY.

"Covering discretion with a coat of folly." —KING HENRY V.

The *Globe*, in its report of the celebration of Washington's birthday in Toronto, presents us with an elaborate nomenclature which professors of the elocutionary art would do well to adopt. Our contemporary divides speeches into several classes, and attaches to each a distinct technical name which possesses, not only the merit of originality, but also of simplicity. We give a few extracts to prove our assertion:

"Mr. H. J. Morse responded in a few excellent remarks."

"Mr. Jackson closed an excellent speech."

"Mr. E. Wiman responded in an excellent speech."

"The Chairman next gave a heart-stirring speech."

"Rev. Dr. Caldicott responded in an eloquent speech."

"Mr. E. Kimball responded in a capital speech."

"Mr. Phipps responded in a neat speech."

Were we hypercritical we might quarrel with the indefiniteness of the term "excellent," but we suppose the *Globe* intended to convey different ideas while using the same word. Owing doubtless to our obtuseness, we are unable to see the full force of the expression with its various shades of meaning. We are surprised that the speech of Dr. Caldicott was the only eloquent one delivered. However, it is gratifying not only to ourselves, but must be also to our American friends, to know that their esteemed Consul made the only "heart-stirring speech" of the evening.

Strange, Supernatural, yet most Authentic Nocturnal Adventure of a Traveller.

TIME—midnight. SCENE—a plain, through which winds the road to Toronto.

Enter a tall and stout, but rather ungainly Scotchman, travelling to Toronto.

Scotsman.—This is a maist unchancy looking bit, but I dinna believe in bogies—that is, no at hame. I wish I had stayed there; but I hae gotten the worth o' my journey. Ten—na—twal years subscription to the "*Globe*,"—a' paid. But its awfu' dowie here the noo. I hae aften ca'nd the Frenchmen deils, and my faith, thought they looked sae mony a time. Noo, if an odd aine suld be really sae, and come by the noo—Help us! What's you?

Enter the fiends Cartier and Macdonald.

Fiend Cartier.—Monsieur, I am most excessive, most allegizzer please at dis pleasant meeting.

Fiend Macdonald.—Good night, George. Here do we three meet again.

Scotsman.—It is sae! I see the cloven feet and uncel the brumstane, I ken ye brawly. But I am an unworthy member o' the Scots Kirk;—I ne'er did anything intentionally vary wrang, and I renounce ye, and a' your works!

Fiend M.—Come George, don't be frightened of me. You must hae heard of my reform, I'm a strict Temperance devil, now; strong advocate of Upper Canada rights, and all that. (Aside.) Wonder if there's any brandy to be had near. We want to enter into a slight agreement with you—mere business transaction.

Scotsman.—Ye'll be wanting to buy my soul. Get ye behind me! A'vant!—But just frae curiosity, how muckle wad ye gie? But na, I'll hear na mair frae ye. A'ff wi ye at auce, in the name o' the Convention—I wad say the—

Fiend C.—Monsieur, you labore undare mistake excessive. Had we dat article you mentioning, we should be most considerable confuse vat to do vid it. We vant you to hold one leetle Conventioning vid us, for de benefit of de Upper Canadie most exclusive.

Scotsman.—A Convention is a maist sovereign remedy for a' the eels o' my deastrackit country, and fra her sake, if ye hae anything to propose—feasible—I'll haud ane even wi ye.

Fiend M.—What we wish is simply this—to secure your powerful influence to our party, which, combined with ours, will hurl from power the present disgraceful Government, whose utter disregard of truth makes them infernally obnoxious to every Temperance—I mean to every lover of moral principals, and to substitute one which shall secure to both parties equal rights, which shall exercise retrenchment—the utmost retrenchment—shall put a complete stop to the present ruinous state of things—and shall free the Upper Canadians from all the financial and representation difficulties under which they at present labour.

Scotsman.—Eh, what the deil? Anything mair?

Fiend C.—And, Monsieur, north-western extensiong, economy, educationg—all dose tings you vant so moolie, shall be to you given. De

printeing shall be given to your office, you shall possess vat place you will choose—you will do vat you like quite imperieuse—for you leetle ting.

Scotsman.—Vana fine. What wad ye wish me to do?

Fiend M.—My dearest George, help us to get in power again, and all shall be done. The present rasicals can't last long; but we want your prestige with us. Commence writing for us at once—explain that you were grossly deceived—that we are the men for the country—and that you are determined to support us in future.

Scotsman.—Ane thing I must hae. Write me a body, signed by yoursels and twal o' your freonds, promising me a' the Upper Canadain measures weethin sax weeks o' your accepting office, with suitable penality suld ye fail.

Fiend M.—(Aside to C., "He has us.")—My very dear sir, surely our honour is sufficient?

Fiend C.—(Aside to M., "De rasical")—Sae, mine sacred honour is most infinitively more precionsable to me dan my life.

Scotsman.—Nae doot, I ken your honours brawly. I want naething to do wi' ye—but if ye wad gie security—

Fiend C.—Detestable eater of poridge—horrid mousterte of barbariose hills—whom I despise more infinite dan Upper Canadians or Gaspe cod-fish—know dat we did propose your ruin most disgraceful, and dat we are now dreadfully determine to take your life! *En avant! (They rush on the Scotsman.)*

Scotsman.—I red ye weel, take care o' sknith. (Draws his knife.) See, there's a gully! (He stabs the fiends, but the knife passes through them without injuring; they are gaining the advantage.) I conjure ye begone, in the name of the MILITIA BILL! (Fiends shriek, and vanish in blue fire. Scotsman rises exhausted.)

Scotsman.—Lord be praised for a' his mercies. Suld I be spared to get hame, I shall tell my wife o' teis, wha speered at me whether was ony thing remarkable in Canada. (Exit.)

The Beauty of Carleton.—His Muddy Joke.

"He denied that Ottawa was muddy. It did not speak well for the member for East Toronto to say this, who came from a city of mud; but, perhaps he said so, because there he had found his level."—Parliamentary Proceedings.

—If Mr. Crawford found his level in Ottawa mud, it is certain he is singular in this respect, for no Ottawa man up to this date, has been able to do as much. When once in Ottawa mud you sink, and you sink, and you sink, in fact like the public money, (set apart for the erection of the Government buildings), has sunk in Ottawa sand. We advise travellers to provide themselves with innumerable pairs of Wellington boots, so that in visiting Ottawa they may be prepared to leave a pair in each street. Even then they will only reach their hotel (without wet feet) by walking on the fences.

Card of Thanks.

—Mr. Powell, M.P.P., will accept of our thanks for the first joke of the session. We trust his bump of facetiousness may grow with his bump of factiousness, and that his humor may increase in the rate of his desire to see Ottawa made the permanent capital of Canada.