

SCENES IN COURT.

THE GARRULOUS WITNESS.

The garrulous witness is a source of terror, alike to the Court, Clerk and audience. When she appears, every one knows what to expect, and, accordingly, brace themselves for the trial. She moves with hurried gait to the box, and, without waiting for the administering of the oath, is off at railroad speed.

WITNESS—"With my own two eyes I saw the woman no longer than the day before yesterday, which, as I says to Mr. Wintertown, is——"

CLERK OF THE COURT—"Stop, stop! You must be sworn."

WITNESS—"It's a shame and a sin, so it is,—with a family to support——"

COURT—"Will you hold your tongue, woman, and take the oath?"

WITNESS—"And none to do it, but——"

CLERK—"Here, take the book. In your right hand. There now, repeat——"

WITNESS—"And I will, sir, for a burning shame and disgrace——"

CONSTABLE—"You must be quiet, and take the oath."

CLERK—"Repeat after me." (Administers oath.)

COURT—"Now, say——"

WITNESS—"Yes, sir; as I says to Mrs. Wintertown, it's not meself I care for, but the boy must be looked to——"

COURT—"Now, my good woman, let me tell you, once for all, that you must confine your evidence to what you saw, and nothing more."

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION—"Relate the facts of the case; not what you said to Mrs. Wintertown, or anybody else"

WITNESS—"And that I will, for a burning disgrace it is to have the likes of me dragged into Court, as I said to Mrs. Wintertown the other night——"

COURT—"Now, I will just tell you once again, to relate what you saw. We do not want to hear what you said or thought."

WITNESS—"As I said to Mrs. Wintertown, sirs, no longer than the day before yesterday, the boy wants lookin' to, with much care,—as my husband, now dead and gone, used to say, 'spare the rod and spoil the child'; and so it is, which should be looked to by others than the weak, forlorn mother, scarce able to put one foot before the other. Three-and-fourpence he brings home out of a week's wage of fifteen shillings and more, which is not enough to keep body and soul together, leaving out the water rates, the taxes and house-rent, and the clothes he wears,—more than enough to bring tears to the eyes——"

COURT—"Will you hold your tongue, woman. You must not say one single word but in relation to the case."

WITNESS—"Yes, sir, as I says to Mrs. Wintertown, take him to the Court of Justice to receive punishment which can't be given, for deserving he is of it, and more, to——"

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION—"This is dreadful, your Honor. We can't stand this."

COURT—"Now, my good woman, I will tell you, once for all, if you say one word more of what you said or heard, I will send you away."

WITNESS—"Yes, sir, punishment he is deserving of, and should get, which, as I says to Mrs. Win——"

COURT—"Stop! Stop!"

CONSTABLE—"Hold on, I say. Hold on."

WITNESS—"As I said, punishment he is deserving of, and should——"

COUN.—"Hold your tongue, woman; hold your tongue."

WITNESS—"As the twig is bent, so it will grow; and young boys need correction, as the good book says——"

COURT—"Take that woman away as fast as you can."

CONSTABLE—"Come away. I say, come away."

WITNESS—"Justice to them as deserves it, and punishments meted out to those that work for it."

COURT—"Will no one take that woman away?"

WITNESS—"Four new suits of clothes his hard-working mother gave the boy within no less than four weeks——"

COURT—"Take that woman away, I say. Take her out of the Court."

CONSTABLE (dragging the woman)—"Come out of the place, will you?"

WITNESS (going)—"Two pair of boots and three neckties, costing thirty shillings——"

And at last her voice is heard dying away in the distance, as she is forced out of the room, and breathing a sigh of relief, the Court calls the next witness.

STATE OF TRADE IN MONTREAL.

GRINCHUCKLE has a Special Commissioner hard at work in obtaining some valuable statistics about the various trades of the city. In a short time he hopes to lay these notes before the public. Meanwhile, he presents them with a few interesting *items*.

Bed Manufacturers.—These men complain bitterly of the hard times, and declare that they have to *bolster* up their business by getting *tick* wherever they can.

Undertakers.—These tradesmen, also, are extremely dissatisfied. They are unanimous in declaring that their trade is *dead*. They are certainly an obliging set of men, and every *body* at some time or other meets with attention at their hands. Their position is undoubtedly a *grave* one.

Cabmen.—The prospects of this civil body of men are far from bright. Enquiries that we have made all over the city only serve to confirm the fact, that the business of the cab-driver is literally *at a stand*.

We add no more at present, but purpose recurring to this question of trade at our earliest possible convenience.

VULGAR ERRORS.—That *Bohea* came originally from *Bohemia*, and that *Bomba-zine* is the principal manufacture of *Bombay*.