

have succeeded in alienating the only relative I possess in this country, I allude to Mr. G. S. Allen, who, when I first arrived in this lawless town, gave me an asylum under his hospitable roof.

Mr. Wiman—He ought to have kept you there.

Avant! base ruffian. I scorn you. I, the last great representative of the Irish bar, the successor of Burke, Curran, and Philips, can afford to treat a reptile like you with the indifference you deserve. My character, and the unsullied mantle which has descended to me, are safe in the hands of a Jury of my countrymen, who will do justice to a forlorn orphan alone in a foreign country. I will now proceed to call witnesses to support the truth of my statements and vouch for my moral and religious character.

George Platt, was acquainted with the Plaintiff. Did not look upon him as insane. Had heard him called a *bedlamite*, which he supposed was merely an allusion to the bed Mr. Allen obtained from the burglar's wife. Plaintiff had frequently wept in his presence because the *Grumbler* sought to deprive him of his bread. Did not think this would be much of deprivation, as he lived upon beef, beer, and potatoes, though it might affect his standing with his baker, but couldn't say positively. Plaintiff was in the habit of dining at his house. Allowed him to do so because some of his boarders were fond of a roast, so he served him up to be roasted.

Cross examined by Mr. Eccles—Does the Plaintiff keep a poney at your stables, and does he poney up regularly for its board? Relate a scene which took place in your yard recently, in which the Plaintiff ran his poney against time and your old cow. Did the poney run away, and did you assert that it ran away with his wits.

Mr. Platt—He does keep a nag at my stables, in partnership with Dr. Tumblety. The doctor pays Mr. Allen's share and his own also; Mr. Allen pays the balance. He ran his nag against my cow, for which he deserves to be cowhided, but not against time. I held the time in my hand and he did not run against me; had he done so I would have brought him up for assault. Never said that the nag ran away with his wits, did not think he had any to run away with.

(To be continued.)

### Turning Things to their Legitimate Use.

The Brantford *Times'* account of the murder of the mail-carrier, states that the wadding used, which was taken from the head of poor old Adams, was a piece of the *Globe* newspaper, dated, April, 1859! I wonder if it was a piece of the "*Spicy Number*" which was placarded through the city lately as containing a variety of executions, and a grand polytechnic display of murders, these being first-rate recommendations for a "Family Paper!" The old carrier found it "*spicy*" enough in all conscience!—Quiz.

### Birds.

A man on York Street advertises *Old Country Birds*. Among some that he offers is a *Chaff Finch*. Would the Corporation not sell theirs; but as *Brunel* has sold the Corporation, and one of the other members has *Sheard* off, they have no one left to undertake the *Sale*.

### Diary of Joseph Vandyke Byron Struttwell, of the No-Something Department, in assisting to get up Private Theatricals at the Hon. Mr. Crequet's, 9, "Melville Square," Toronto.

Picked up by Mr. Poker, on King Street, on Thursday last, at 4 P. M.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

Exactly at seven sharp, Murray and Fitzmorrow dashed up to my boarding-house door in a *dog-cart*. Said that they had borrowed it from one of the office clerks, who by-the-bye had only £150 per annum; but yet could keep a horse and dog-cart, as also a *page*. What did I say, *keep a horse, keep it!* Well, I was wrong; for to judge by the sides of the poor brute, where his ribs were sticking out, every one an inch, and also to see the way the poor beast ate up all the leaves that had fell from the trees in front of the house, one would say that he kept himself. But I am wandering from my subject. Murray and Fitzmorrow occupied the front seat, the page sat behind. Murray had asked me to get up; but where was I to go. At last, with great difficulty, the page squeezed himself in a corner, and I took his seat, and away dashed the vehicle down Wellington Street, &c., and every hole we would come to, down we'd go, and up again, so that it would nearly knock me over, and to make matters worse the devilish little page had a copper cigar, at which he was puffing away with all his might.—Now, as I hate cigars, and above all a copper cigar,—one of these cinnamons,—oh, Lord! laugh, I was very sick when we arrived at Crequet's, which we did at 8 P. M. Murray and Fitzmorrow thought that the Square—Melville Square—was at the West End or East End, no further than Church Street East, or no further than Bathurst Street West; but what was their surprise to find that Melville Square was a mile past the Lunatic Asylum. That is the aforesaid Square that our Corporation geniuses talk about, and as for No. 9, Mr. Crequet's, they thought it ought to have been No. 1, as there was no other house on the Square; and as for the Square, it was no Square at all, only a field.—The Hon. Mr. Crequet was at the door. After bidding the *page*—Murray called him *his page*—to return for us at ten, and I after introducing my friends to Crequet, went in, the host leading the way. We entered the drawing-room—great introductory shaking of hands, &c.—great many ladies wanted to be introduced to Murray, as soon as they found out he kept his horse and dog-cart, and more than that, a page. There was something so very "*aristocratical*" in it, as I heard an old lady tell her *young* daughter, who if I am a living man, was as old as Dunbar Ross, and as fat as Lemieux, besides all the *other accomplishments*. Madame Crequet had the management in getting the ladies to take characters. I thought there would have to be a great many characters to give them, seeing there was at least thirty of them; but I consoled myself that we could put them in for *Witches*, or something of that sort. In a few minutes all the gentlemen were assembled that I had secured. Fopton was talking of his uncle, who was some Minister of State at home, and of the large fortune that he expected, and the income he (Fopton) received,

viz, £900 per annum. Leechfield talked of his patients, and of the great fortune he was making Albey and Loverton, of the dancing school they were at last night. Levere and Toptoe, of how they could take characters, and Bombast of the dancing girl (Mlle. Hughes) at the Theatre. Great silence; all eyes turned on the coal fire. At last I ventured to ask Crequet if we were going to do anything about Theatricals to-night. "Oh, yes," said he, "appoint a Committee to select a piece, and to cast characters; in fact, to make all arrangements. Get Fopton to do it." As Fopton was sitting next to me, I gave him the particulars, and told him if he wanted to make a hit in the fashionable world he could do it now, by making a good speech. "Ho haw, tha, his how many Laidees present rath-a-a-r difficult." "Oh, never mind, my dear fellow; the ladies, they'll be talking of your speech for a month to come; up you go," at the same moment I pulled his chair and kicked it, making a great noise, so that all eyes were turned upon poor Fopton. He got very red in the face, and rose—great coughing among the audience, in which Fopton joined.—Hem! ah, hem. Hem, hem, hem! "Laidees aun Gentlemen," began Fopton, "we (pause) aw met aw hea this evening, tua get up aw P'vitat Theatrcalls. Yes, laidees and gentlemen, P'vitat Theatrcalls; vivat Theatrcalls. Mr. Cwrequet has aw kindlee givenen up his howes for that puposs, which wath verry kind oft him. I brieve tha aw usual way is to aw appoint aw Committee, with full pawhers to select aw piece and g'vive cawacters." Of course no one objected; now it was my turn—"I beg leave to submit that Madames Crequet, Lovington, (a widow,) Miss Bluckville, and Messrs. Crequet, Leechfield, Fopton, Fitzmorrow, and myself, be that Committee"—carried, though I could see Loverton, &c., and all the *young* spinsters, were awfully mad because they were not on the list. After some refreshments, the *meeting* (though I could see nothing of a meeting in it) broke up.—On going out, Murray called for *his buggy*; but it was nowhere—the young rascal of a page had left us. After waiting for some time in hopes we determined to walk; but Dr. Leechfield (who had been attending one of the servants, who had got sick with eating too much) came out, and very kindly offered me half of the seat in his buggy, which I accepted, leaving Murray and Fitzmorrow in a towering passion to get home the best way they could.

MARCH.—Committee met to-day at 4 P. M., all present. I proposed Fitzmorrow as Chairman, to get him out of the way, so that he would have no vote. Fitzmorrow, who is a conceited puppy, was delighted; I was appointed Secretary; then arose a discussion about the piece—Mrs. Lovington and Fopton would have a comedy, the rest would have *Macbeth*.—Committee adjourned at 8 P. M., until next day.

MARCH.—Several gents—Murray, Levere, Albey, and Loverton,—called at office to see how we were getting on, and if a piece had been selected, and what characters had been given, and what character they were to have, &c., &c., so that by 4 o'clock I had hardly done anything at work. 4 o'clock.—I left the office with Crequet for the Committee; we resolved to have a vote to-night. Committee met, long discussion until 5 o'clock; vote taken, and resulted in *Macbeth* being selected. Then Crequet and I were appointed a Committee to give characters, and Committee adjourned.

(To be Continued.)