

It slightly bothers us to account for the fact that while our daily papers give sketches of the evidence in the most insignificant of petit larceny cases, they think it worth while to ignore the existence of the bar of Toronto, and their lofty flights of eloquence in our courts of justice. The high and noble estimate many of them have formed of the profession cannot be too often brought before the public, and in order to illustrate by example the style of reports we should like to see introduced, we give a faithful account of a case which has been entirely unnoticed by the journals:

REGINA vs. McSCROUCHER et al.

Matthew McScroucher and Tim Terrapin, were placed at the bar charged with stealing 35 onions, the property of Artaxerxes Artichoke.

Hon. J. H. Comealong, appeared for the Crown; Mr. Jacobus Bowlytn for McScroucher, and Mr. R. M. Awlyn for Terrapin.

Mr. Comealong opened the case.—May it please your Lordship, gentlemen of the Jchry, this—aw—is a case of petit larceny—aw—an offence—aw—which you are doubtless awayaw is—aw—punishable—aw—by—aw—the law of the land. It would appear that—aw—the prisonaw at the bar passed the—aw stow, or—aw place of business of Artaxerxes Artw—aw—choke, and while the—aw—man was attending to some other—aw pawties, purloined—aw—the articles mentioned.

They were recovered from the—aw prison—aw—McScrouchaw, and hence the present trial. If—aw you, gentlemen of the Jchry think that the prison—aw stole the vegetables, you may safely find a vaddict of guilty, but—aw—if not, you had pawpaws betaw acquit them—aw.

Artichoke was called and testified to be disappearance of the onions.

Cross-examined by Mr. Awlyn—Now, Sir, where did you buy these onions?

Witness—I didn't buy them, I raised them.

Awlyn—You raised the price, you mean, ha! ha! well, he! he! now on your solemn oath, were these onions English or Spanish onions?

(Puts his arms a-kimbo and squints towards the Judge, compressing his lips as who should say "I've got him now.")

Witness—They were pickled onions.

Awlyn—Now, Sir, look me straight in the face [witness laughs outright] you dare to laugh, sir, again, and I'll annihilate you. Will you swear that there were 35 onions in that bag? Some little boy may have hooked 2 or 3 as he went to school; take care, sir—No provarication.

Witness—Well, I know there was 35, because I put them there only a minute before they were stolen.

Awlyn—Ah! well who was in the shop with you?

Witness—My wife and two customers.

Awlyn—Your wife? well is she the daughter of your father-in-law?

Witness—Generally speaking.

Awlyn—Did you see my client, my client you understand, Terrapin, at your door?

Witness—Yes!

Awlyn—Your wife's pretty good looking, isn't she? ha! ha!

Witness—Sir!

Awlyn—She is, I believe; now, will you swear that Terrapin, that is, my client, was'at casting sheep's eyes at your wife?

Witness—If you had been there I should have said some one was casting calf's eyes in that direction.

Awlyn—Answer my question, sir, was not Terrapin looking at your wife, and not stealing your onions?

Witness—Can't say, but when he had done looking at my wife, the onions were gone.

Mr. Bowlytn—Mr. Artichoke, of course, you are well known in the city, no one would doubt your word, in fact you are a jewel of a citizen, now, did you see McScroucher at the door?

Witness—No.

Bowlytn—Ah! I thought not; now, sir, please tell the jury if you ever saw him before to-day?

Witness—Not since I took the onions out of his coat pocket.

Bowlytn—Eh! oh! you took the onions out of his pocket; now, sir, don't you know that he bought those onions that morning? Speak out, sir, if you must perjure yourself, let us have plenty of witnesses. [Snuffs violently.]

Witness—I might have sold him 35 onions, but I didn't give him a bag with my name on it to hold them in.

Bowlytn—Now, didn't Terrapin steal some potatoes before?

Awlyn—I demur to the taters. The learned counsel ought to know better.

Bowlytn—The learned counsel, the knight of the red bag, is a fool.

After a brisk skirmish, the tater "element" was got rid of by mutual consent.

Mr. Awlyn—I have one question to ask. Where the potatoes pink eyes?

Witness—No.

Awlyn—Then you're out, for here's one of the potatoes, and it's a pink-eye.

After several other witnesses had been introduced and mangled by these foolish counsel who seemed determined to give the latest instance of a fall-out among rogues.

Mr. Awlyn rose and addressed the Jury:—

May it please your Lordship, &c.—The learned counsel has attempted to peach on my client; was ever anything more dishonourable than his exposition of conduct? The introduction of the tater element was unprecedented in the annals of forensic eloquence. I may say so fearlessly, for I do not care for the learned counsel. Innocence and my client are in danger; put them in one scale, and the other prisoner and 35 onions in the other, and I need not predict the result. Onions, gentlemen, that delightful vegetable whose savory flakes float through our soup, or garnish the gravy of our roast beefsteak. Onions of which Shakspeare has spoken in these memorable words:—

Onion, I'll try to write a verse about thee,
What were our juicy steaks without thee;
Cucumbers and onions are delicious,
But without onions they are not nutritious;
When brought too near to tender smollers,
Thou bringst the tears into the eyes of fellers.

Can you think, Gentlemen, that my client was so lost to poetry as to deprive that inckstering creature of his onions. Never. Look into his face, and, with the exception of a black eye got in doading his country, did you ever see such an honest face? (Aside, Hold up your head, you fool.) The other prisoner was the wretch, was the knave who purloined the pickleables, he is the miscreant, deal with him accordingly. If you convict my client, he will lose all his hair, and those bewitching locks which now woo the zephyrs of the East, will, with the leaves of autumn, like Vilkins and his poisoned inamorata, "lie in one grave." Acquit the prisoner, and I shall get \$6 more, to say nothing of the triumph of justice; convict the other fellow, and in the words of Milton, "Nix cum arouse, we don't care." But witness thou genius of British liberty, witness thou shaggy lion, the emblem of British power; witness thou shades of Erskino and of Curran; witness the starry firmament, and thou resplendent sun, that my client never took those onions.

Mr. Awlyn then called Sam Spikey.
Awlyn—You were in Toronto on the day Artichoke lost his onions?

Spikey—Yes.

Awlyn—Did you see Terrapin take these onions?

Spikey—No.

Awlyn—Ha! that will do.

Bowlytn—Did you see McScroucher steal them?

Spikey—No.

Bowlytn—Ha! again.

Mr. Comealong—Were you near—aw—Artichoke's stowaw?

Spikey—No, about a mile off. (Great laughter.)

Awlyn—Gentlemen, think of the sanctity of justice, and don't laugh, I beseech you; Witness, you saw my client have three onions, now will you tell me what sort they were?

Spikey—Spanish onions.

Awlyn—That settles the question, Artichoke's were pickled.

Mr. Bowlytn addressed the jury, but in a voice so loud and disagreeable that our reporter retired.

We understand, however, that he brought up the vexed tater question again, and that a fight ensued between him and Awlyn, both were committed for contempt of Court, their clients both convicted and sent to meditate for six months on the glorious profession of the Law, as represented in the two worthy gentlemen they had engaged to defend them.

The Races.

—We have received several communications complaining of the manner in which the Fall Races were carried on. One correspondent says—that the races did not commence till half-past three instead of one o'clock, as advertised, and accuses the stewards of lying and deceiving the public. Another is indignant that but two or three races were run on each of the three days, whereas they could all have run in the one day. Another protests that the only thing worth paying attention to on the ground, was the band of the R. O. R. Altogether it seems to us, that our sporting friends do not manage things well; and until they do, they cannot look for public support.