

GREAT LIBEL CASE.

**A SCREAMING FAROE,
PLAYED OUT AT THE TORONTO POLICE COURT.**

Specially reported for the Grumbler.

Present, Cadi Garnett, Reporters, and miscellaneous crowd.—
Enter R. M. Allen, breathless and hatless.

R. M. Allen (to Cadi Garnett.)

I want a warrant, heavens! I'll have it, too,
Against that black and demonic Grumbling crew;
Fill me a warrant, oh! your worship, they
Have stolen my all, my more than life away.

Cadi Garnett.

You bring a serious charge; who are the men?
What have they pilfered from you—how—and when?

R. M. Allen, (putting himself into a theatrical attitude)
What have they pilfered? Sir, the whole world rings
With Allen's wrongs; yea, through its vastly borders sings
No other theme; sir, fire, and water about
Of outraged Allen all their realms throughout.

Nick, (The Grumbler's devil who happened to be present.)

The more fools they; I never heard them though.

Allen (to Cadi Garnett.)

Your Worship, you! above, around, below,
The trombling universe, sir, stands aghast.

Nick (aside.)

My eye, that chap there's coming it too fast;
I hope the universe, poor thing, won't faint,
To such a beauty, misous wit and patuit.

Cadi Garnett (to Allen.)

Well, Mr. Allen, when you're had enough
Of this absurd and bifalutin stuff,
Perhaps if you've wit sufficient you will deign
To state the case in terms concise and plain;
Proceed at once, for heaven's sake let us know
What this romancing nonsense 'mounteth to.

Nick (aside.)

Cadi, my hearty, you're a jolly brick.

Allen (sticking a thumb in each arm-hole of his vest.)

To text Shakespearean I profoundly stick,—
"Who steals my purse, steals trash," 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

(Loud laughter from the crowd.)

Nick (aside.)

May I be lynched and get a Yankee mobbing,
If he o'er had a good name worth a robbing.

Cadi Garnett (severely, to Allen.)

Once more I warn you I will not permit
This wretched trifling. State, in terms more fit,
Your strange complaint, or I dismiss you hence.

Nick (aside.)

And send him home to sigh for common sense.

Allen (clearing his eye-brows.)

Dismiss the case! your worship must be mad.

Nick (aside.)

And if he ain't, I know who is, bedad.

Cadi Garnett (to Allen.)

Bold, sir, you've said enough, (to clerk) call the next case.

Allen.

Nay, pray your worship, I do crave your grace,
Pardon your worship, let me now be heard,
I will a tale unfold whose lightest word—

Nick (aside.)

Will prove the speaker well knows how to brag,
And that his ears should both be longer, eh?

Allen.

Will make thy two eyes from their spheres to start,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand in fine,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Nick (aside.)

List! list! oh list!

Cadi Garnett.

My patience is exhausted, sir,—proceed.

Allen.

How shall I dare this monstrous wrong unfold,
How must this libel villainage be told?

'A sheet most vile has dared to call me—aw—

Me R. M. Allen, Barrister at law,
Knight of the red bag, bully of the bar,

Has basely dared to call me, sir, by far—
(How shall I speak this vile disgraceful slur?)
The greatest FOOL on this side Bedlam, sir.
(Loud bursts of laughter from the crowd.)

Cadi Garnett.

And is that all?

Allen.

Is't not enough forthwith?

Must I stand tamely by—

Nick (aside.)

And bear (the truth,

Allen.

And let them write what'er they choose to write.

No, sir! I no! I no! I claim in black and white

At once a warrant 'gainst the Publisher.

Cadi Garnett.

I cannot grant it; 'tis no libel, sir.

Allen.

Ye glittering stars, ye glowing orbs that rule

The silent night—speak out—am I a fool?

Nick (aside.)

Let him ask me and leave the stars alone;

I'll answer him in a much plainer tone.

Allen.

And you, your worship—bid reverse all flee—

Am I a fool? I charge you answer me.

Cadi Garnett.

The truth might not be palatable, sir;

But still I'll give it you without demur:

No person in his senses, I should say,

Would act as you have acted here to-day.
(Loud laughter.)

Allen.

Ye gods! I bear a right!

Nick (aside.)

Yes, yes, sir red bag quite!

Allen (to Garnett, fiercely.)

Am I to understand then,—sir, you won't

Fill out the warrant?

Nick (placing his thumb to the tip of his nose, and playfully extending his fingers towards Allen.)

No, old boy, you don't.

Cadi Garnett.

Most certainly, I cannot grant it, sir.

Allen.

I'll have it, then, in spite of you, that's all;

I'll have it, sir, I'll shake this solid ball

To its foundation but I'll be revenged:

Revenged I revenged I my red bag for revenge.

(Exit Allen, and amid loud shouts of laughter the scene closes.)

A BIT OF HER MIND.

WILLIAMINA PEACE, Friday.

MY DEAR GOOD GRUMBLER.—I wish you would take to task your excellent paper—which I always read—a set of impertinent youths, who, having been permitted to wear stand up collars, and succeeded in stealing one of Pa's razors to scrape their odious chins with—arrogate to themselves all the importance and dignity of grown up men. And they do so abuse the ladies, and talk about taking wives who shall do everything that they wish, and only attend to their comforts—which is arrant nonsense. I know I would as soon think of giving up crinolines as to think a pin about such fellows—no young lady of proper spirit would. There is that odious fellow Charley Squire, who actually said to me the other evening, that the women ought always to honor and obey their husbands, because man was so much our superior in intellect and intelligence—of course I was shocked at such an opinion. It is a great pity that there is no punishment for such offenders. I think you might prevent our sex being traduced in that way, if you were to try.

Yours, affectionately,

ANGELINA.

P.S.—You are, of course, too sensible to entertain such horrid opinions, therefore I make you a confidant.

THE MURDER.

It must be highly gratifying to the lovers of the horrible, and to the greedy Coroners, to know that the custom of carrying bowie-knives, revolvers, and similar innocent and instinctive toys, is so prevalent among our young men now, that we really confidently look for a murder at least once a month. We need not allude to the neatness and mystery with which the unfortunate Cunningham was despatched on a late occasion, or the certainty and promptness with which young Reardon was sent to his last account this week, as instances of the utility of carrying arms. Examples, if they were wanting, could be had by the thousand from the New York papers alone.

Our young men are fast. In older communities the perpetration of an oath is confined to bearded men; but here, beardless boys and piping children revel in drawing down eternal curses on their own and their friends, heads, in order merely to show their regard for them, and to assert their own position in society! Of course there are many old fogies and antiquated moralists who demur against this sort of thing. But it is comforting to know that such men are held in merited ridicule, and are looked upon as decidedly "slow" and "behind the age." What would become of the gaoler and the hangman if our young men were to leave off swearing and drinking, and put their precious lives in danger by leaving their dirks and seven shooters at home? The precious innocents know they need look for no protection from the police; therefore they carry arms merely, however, for self defence. A murder now and then is the consequence, but that is a matter of course. Let us all arm the, and murder one another.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE at the CORONER'S INQUEST

One would think that the fearful nature of the tragedy which Coroner Hallowell has been investigating for the past few days, would lead all persons present, in whatever capacity engaged, to evince some regard for propriety. Surely the foolish bickering, which too frequently disgrace our Police Court, should not be imported into a court, who a proposed object is to prosecute a solemn enquiry into the causes which led to the murder of a fellow creature. Mr. James Boulton, however, appears to think differently. We have seldom read of a more disgraceful scene than that enacted on Thursday evening, at the City Hall. How far Coroner Hallowell may have been wrong, we do not attempt to determine, but there can be no excuse for the course pursued by Boulton. If Coroner Hallowell be not a lawyer, he (Boulton) has been a member of the bar long enough to be ashamed (were he in the least bit sensitive) of the figure he cut. A violent altercation with the Coroner, almost a fight with a constable, and detection in a flagrant falsehood, may be trifles in the eyes of Mr. Boulton, and quite in keeping with the occasion, but thank heavens, there are not more than two men in the city of Toronto who would so far disgrace themselves

Persons who have no reputation to loose can afford to set decency at defiance; whether Mr. Boulton belongs to this class we leave our readers to determine.