

time, and that the two reductions had been made by mutual consent.

The lawyer, who drew up the deed of sale, was Mr. Nibbs, a wretched half starved attorney, who was put into the witness box to swear to the original price to be paid for the land, which he did very promptly and clearly. The judge asked O'Brady whether he desired to cross examine the witness, and O'Brady replied in a meek manner, as though butter would not melt in his mouth, that he would like to put one or two questions, to which he did not desire to apply the harsh term of "cross examination," especially as Mr. Nibbs was an old friend of his. Then the heart of Mr. Nibbs sank within him, for neither he, the judge, nor I imagine anyone in the room was deceived by O'Brady's soft answer. He began by complimenting Mr. Nibbs upon the straightforward way he had given his evidence, showing that in spite of arduous toil, his (Mr. Nibbs') memory was still unimpaired, so that no doubt, having recollected the original price of the land, he would also be able to tell the jury what was the original measurement. Here O'Brady paused, and Mr. Nibbs paused too, before answering, feeling that he was in for a castigation whatever his reply was.

"Come Mr. Nibbs," said O'Brady slightly raising his voice, and ominously shaking his gown, "you drew up that deed, and like a careful attorney you naturally remember the terms, at least you have stated the price, and of course can just as easily name the measurement."

"I fear I have forgotten," stammered Mr. Nibbs glancing at the judge, as though seeking protection from what must follow.

"Forgotten!" roared O'Brady turning like a tiger on his prey, and metaphorically seizing Mr. Nibbs he ripped him to ribands, making him say first that he remembered the price but not the measurement, then that he thought the latter had been "so much" in order to correspond with the former, that he supposed the amounts had been both altered at the same time, but that he knew nothing for certain, and that the transaction had occurred so many years ago that he had upon second thoughts forgotten all about it. At this admission Mr. Nibbs was allowed to leave the box, feeling that he had fully expected to receive a castigation, and that those expectations had been realized. Mr. Burgess cast a look of withering scorn at his wretched witness, but O'Brady had on his blindest smile as he prepared to address the jury. It was really edifying to listen to Cornelius after having turned Mr. Nibbs so completely inside out, and made him contradict himself so many times, praise the said Mr. Nibbs up to the jury, how he (O'Brady) had been acquainted with him

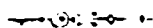
for years and had always found him a man of the strictest honor.

"And what do we find gentlemen this honorable witness (upon whose word you may place implicit confidence) telling you? Simply that he had clean forgotten all about those figures and their alterations. And we cannot wonder at this honest admission, considering the lapse of time since the deed was drawn up, for how long gentlemen has it been do you think?"

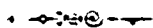
Here O'Brady completely altered his tone and wheeling round upon the Mahar-atti seated beside his counsel, the hitherto mild manner being instantaneously changed into one of absolute ferocity—"how long has it been since this essence of malignity, this personification of vengeance, has been pursuing that wretched individual in the dock? Seven years gentlemen, seven long years! Why gentlemen, in seven years I will undertake to prove that the Queen of England is not the Queen of England, or that my learned friend Mr. L. H. Burgess is not six feet two in his stockings."

"They might both be dead," he remarked to me after the jury had given in their verdict of "not guilty," and we were strolling to the Bombay Club (formerly the "Indian Navy," upon Rampart Row). But I am happy to say that L. H. Burgess is now a Judge and Her Majesty is still referred to in the National Anthem, while O'Brady has long since been gathered to his fathers. The last time I saw him was in the Strand, London, when he jumped out of a hansom and almost embraced me so glad he was to meet with one from the far East.

Dear Cornelius O'Brady, he was a terrible old humbug and full of bombast, but I liked him better than many a better man. He was full of kindly impulses, and has helped to amuse me during hours which would otherwise have been very tedious. He was not a great lawyer nor yet a saint, but heaven help us if we set up too high a standard in this world! He was excellent company, could sing "Widow Machree" in good falsetto voice, and would help a friend in need so I will say "Peace to his ashes," and I do not think any the worse of him because in recalling him I can scarcely do so without a smile.



FANNY, St. Annes.—The duett in the play "If I were you," given by Mr. and Mrs. Mason and their excellent assistants at the Academy of Music in Montreal lately, is from the writings of Austin Dobson and may be found under the title "Tu quoque" in his "London Lyrics." We suppose it may be termed an "adaptation."



AT the Queen's next week, CHAS. T. Ellis in "Count Caspar."

## MRS. GRUNDY.

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There cannot be any doubt about it, that in nine cases out of ten—or more likely ninety-nine out of a hundred—Mrs. Grundy's golden rule is the best for us all. To refuse to do as others do, is to put ourselves in the position of the clown who, for want of keeping to the right-hand side and following the stream, jostles and is jostled at every step on the sidewalk. It is to insist on treading down for ourselves a way by the guide of our pocket-compass to where we need go, instead of accepting the evidence of signposts and using the ready-made highway. No doubt it would be dull never to be allowed to strike into a by-path, or lane on our holiday walks, but for use the highway is the thing. We cannot create each of us, his own life; our days are not enough; death would overtake us while we were each botching at our earliest abortions. We cannot wait for our habits, our tastes, our opinions, until we have originated them; before we begin to think about them, they are already there. For the most of them we have no better reason than that they are the habits, tastes, and opinions of other people; and for the most of them that reason is sufficient. Probably we could find, if we cared to find, good matter-of-fact grounds for the common practice or sentiment. For instance, we could urge a score of admirable arguments for using forks rather than fingers, or for preferring monogamy to polygamy; but the true motive principle of our own individual conduct in these matters is that, being civilized Christians, we follow civilized Christian customs. The experience of others was our inheritance, and we entered upon it, as it were, unconsciously; in other words, Mrs. Grundy led us by the hand and we went whither she would with a child's wisdom, obedience. The older we become we may, if we choose, discover why she led us in one direction rather than the other, and approve her wisdom.

And if we do not approve, if not from waywardness, and not from a zeal for being noted as eccentric, but in dull earnest we dis-believe the precept; we suffer in the practice. Why then, perturbed soul—

"Let thee and me go our own way,  
And we let she go shls'n."

The danger is not really so terrific as it is represented. Mrs. Grundy, as known to us in her serene maturity, has little of the bloodhound in her; she does not care to pursue and maul us, if unattacked. Do your will and let her be; it will be strange if she does not let you be; but if you cannot take leave to do as you please without shouting it into her ears, like a teasing schoolboy defying his school-teacher before all the other pupils, what can the good lady do?