

bewildered by his verbosity and flamboyancy as to distract and deceive you into a total misconception of the truth. This, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, is his great achievement to-day.

**BUZFUZ** (*again springing to his feet*) : My lord, again I protest, most indignantly protest, and place myself under the protection of the Court.

**JUDGE** : Brother Snubbin, your remark is very ill-timed, sir. You must withdraw the word "achievement." Nothing can be said to be achieved until it is finished, and this case will not be finished until the verdict is rendered and judgment passed.

**SNUBBIN** (*bowing*) : I am proud to be corrected by your lordship. I will withdraw the word "achievement."

I will now ask you to look a little closer at this picture which my learned friend has with such masterly skill presented to your view. Let us first notice the background of the picture. This has been treated in a hasty, sketchy manner, and toned down so as to act rather as a foil to enhance the brilliancy of the foreground. In this background we find just a passing and rather slighting reference to Mr. Pickwick's career as a philanthropist. His philanthropy is referred to in a mere word, as if philanthropy were not quite respectable, and it were better not to speak it too loud. But even my learned friend cannot deny the fact that my client is a philanthropist. Then too, his great archeological discoveries were made little of, and so kept in the shade of the background. But on what has the artist concentrated his high lights? What is that which fairly sizzles in the centre of the picture? "Chops," gentlemen! And where has he placed his most brilliant colors? What is that blaze of red and gold in the very foreground of the canvas? "Tomato sauce," gentlemen!

Gentlemen of the jury, you are no longer young men, some of you are nearing the sere and yellow leaf, and your pulses no longer beat with the ardent fire of youthful passion, but each of you can recall the days of your youth when, in the dim shades of the soft and tender twilight, you whispered endearing terms to the one you loved; when, in the still silence of the dewy eve you called her by names intended to express the deep emotions of your soul; but did you ever hear of any lover who, even in the delirium of the most ardent affection, addressed his love as "chops"—my tenderest "Chops," or my sweetest "Tomato sauce"? Impossible! But we must not dwell upon such things. It makes one hungry to think of them.