

## IMPORTANT TRIAL.

(REPORTED BY THE GRUMBLER'S OWN PHONOGRAPHER.)

We challenge the whole Reporters' Gallery to equal the wonderful feat just accomplished by Sam Strokeanddot, Esq., our short-hand reporter. The trial we are about to publish will, when it meets the eyes of our readers, have been taken down, copied out, printed and published before it has taken place. Truly this is an age of marvels. If Franklia had been told that newspaper genius could ever have reached this acme of perfection, would he have believed it?

(Before Mr. Justice Wigless.)

George Cartier, J. A. McDonald, A. T. Galt, Sidney Smith, and others, were charged with obtaining money under false pretences.

Mr. Boulton appeared for the Crown; Mr. Allen for the first three prisoners. The others were undefended.

Mr. Brown, who was trying to get on the jury, was challenged peremptorily by Allen; Mr. Gowan, who protested he was an independent man, by Mr. Boulton, and Mr. Hogan by both parties.

Mr. Boulton briefly opened the case and his snuff-box. He said that the prisoners had been pestering the province with a beggar's petition, which they called the Speech from the Throne, and had succeeded in gulling the public out of \$1,200 a-year on the pretence that they had something to their advantage to communicate. He then read the following advertisement which prisoners had inserted in the *Colonist*:—

*To Mr. and Mrs. Canada and Family*.—You are earnestly requested to call on the subscribers immediately, and you will hear of something greatly to your advantage.

Geo. E. CARTIER & Co.,  
Old Hospital.

The prosecutors had called at various periods extending over four or five years, and during that time had paid out large sums of money. The prisoners were always talking about a policy, and said they required the said sums as a premium thereon, and to pay the surrogate court expenses for proving the last will and testament of one Hincks, now politically defunct. They had also made large promises about the Federal Union and the Hudson's Bay, but as the jury would see, the prosecutor had got nothing for the money he had paid. Mr. Boulton finished in an eloquent peroration and went off in a sneeze.

The prosecutor was then examined, and stated the facts as the learned counsel had done in his speech. He was evidently a man of good temper, but occasionally gave way to irritability on being prompted by Mr. Brown, who sat near the witness-box.

Cross examined by Mr. Allen.—Now, sir, look me right in the face, and tell me, sir-r-r, upon your oath, did you never receive any value for the money? Eh, ah! (Arms a kimbo, lips like the moon in the last stage of consumption.)

Prosecutor.—(Prompted by Brown.) Yes, sir.

Allen.—I thought so. What was it? Be careful, sir.

Prosecutor.—(prompted as before.) Yes, sir; bankruptcy, sir; ruin, sir; double shuffles, sir,—

Allen:—That will do, witness; don't get excited. You may go down.

Mr. Sicotte (one of the gang who turned Queen's evidence) was next called and stated that he knew the Government had no policy, particularly on the Seat of Government question. They intended to create family disturbances in the prosecutor's family and secure his money. (Sensation from Mr. Brown and Dr. Connor.)

Allen:—Now, Mr. Sicotte, you think yourself some, don't you?

Mr. Sicotte:—Some what?

Allen:—Pumpkins, sir; don't trifle with a man in my position.

Sicotte:—I don't understand, sir; enquire of Smith; he's a Yankee.

Allen:—Don't you think no small beer of yourself? (aside, got him now.)

Sicotte:—I'm not a brewer; ask Carling or some other professional man.

Allen:—This witness is obstinate, my Lord. Go down sir.

Mr. Gowan, after a great deal of bantering from the Crown Counsel, testified that he had once been employed in cleaning out the offices of defendants, and in running with messages to Huron and other places, and that he must admit that they diddle the prisoner out of his money.

Sidney Smith:—Now old hoss, what 'a' you got agin me?

Gowan:—Nothing, sare, I assure you.

Smith:—Didn't you endorse the Guvment?

Gowan:—No, sare, I'm an independent man; you wouldn't come to *ter-runs* with me.

Smith:—You were too darned greedy, and I *wunt* have nawthing more to do with you.

Allen:—Now sir, you say you are an independent man, what is that?

Gowan:—An independent man sir, is—ah—is—ah—is a man (Ferguson what is it?) yes, is—ah—is a man that supports the Government while they pay him and Wisy Warsaw.

Allen, (*severely*): Go down sir.

For the defence the principal witness relied on was an old lady who toddled up to the box in a very shakey style, with a faded gingham umbrella in her hand.

Her lank and awkward form was invested in a print gown, uninflated by hoops. The bonnet was of the last century, and extended eight inches in front of her head. Her face was wrinkled and crabbed; her eyes resembled boiled parsnips; her nose was in close confab with her chin; her mouth, in shape, was like a rainbow, in hue like anthracite coal. She chewed tobacco copiously, and winked wickedly. She was evidently a hard old woman.

His Lordship:—Sit down old lady; what is your name?

Witness (voice like a tenor saw); Old Double, please yer worship's ludship.

Allen:—Now my dear madam, you know the prisoners?

Old Double:—Yes, bless 'em, they've been very good to me in my infirmities.

Allen:—They're very generous aint they?

Old Double:—Yes, sir. When I was laid up with the rheumatiz and like to die, and when I got the McGeophobia which nigh killed me, they nussodme

and gave me candle and pap, just as if I was their mother. And when I was a 'most dead; leastways when my last husband Sheppard left me and I was married to Mr. Atlas, they ga' me all the broken vittals they had. (Prisoners adjust their shirt collars.)

Allen:—Now what sort of men are they?

Old Double:—Oh they're the honestest and honorablest and good-naturedest and philanthropicalist mon you ever seen.

Boulton:—What do the prisoners give you for your evidences?

Old Double:—Oh nothing to mention; only a few stationery pickings. You're impertinent and ungentee, so you are, you'll make me faint, you cruel hippopotograph you.

Boulton:—Compose yourself, try this bottle,—sa! volatile.

Old Double:—I aint no Sal, and as to Volatile, she's dead three years ago. You're a discrupulous and obstropolous rhinokeroseros. Yaw! hoo! he! he! aw! (Hysterics, and is carried out.)

Allen:—Please,—Lordsbips,—Gentlemen,—Jury,—You've seen cruel conduct,—learned friend—Old lady—evidently respectable—noble sentiments—all that. In the words of Shakspeare—"Woman's a trump"—learned Counsel's not a trump. (Boulton gives Allen a touch on the left bliaker.) Lordship—commit counsel, contempt of court. About to say—interrupted by old fozzle—plead hot off. Prisoners obtained money, false pretences—so would Clear Grits if got the chance—therefore acquit clients. We hav'n't policy—ditto opposition—two blacks—one white—acquit prisoners. Clear as mud—prisoners guilty—prosecutors would be guilty if they could—therefore prisoners innocent. This is case for defence; convict if you dare. (Sinks triumphantly.)

The Judge said that the guilt of the Clear Grits had nothing to do with it. The learned Counsel could not play off the guilt of one against the other. It was no apology.

Jury, (without retiring):—Guilty, but recommended to mercy on account of their being cured with Old Double as an advocate, and Sidney Smith as a companion.

Judge:—Your verdict is a just one. The sentence of the court is a roasting from THE GRUMBLER when they deserve it.

### "The Shoe Pinches."

—The above startling announcement has lately graced the columns of several of our contemporaries. In order that we may gain a little information respecting it, we submit the following queries: Who is the owner of the unpleasantly tight article? Is it worn on the right or left foot? Is it a high or a low shoe? Has it single or double soles? How many corns is the unfortunate wearer troubled with? or, finally, is he not in the habit of being *corned* at all?

### A Whopper.

—A few days since an article in *Old Double* contained the following statement:—"We never make an assertion that we do not believe to be true." We morely wish to ask the Editor if he believes it possible to concoct a more monstrous bouncer than that single sentence puts forth?