

to have been delivered by Copland, and scheduled as an
—as property actually in the hotel,—there were in sober
delivered eighty-one beds, and no more. Not one hundred
three beds, but eighty-one beds. Twenty-two beds sh
beds and mattresses. I pass on " . . .

Thus the endless web of words is spun out. And sudden
the judge asks a question.

"Why are you labouring all these details—what is
issue?"

O my lord, surely our details are strictly relevant to
issue, which is transparently clear. We are fighting on this second
Darmstadt prospectus and the statements contained therein.
We contend that the values of the properties or assets put
forward as an inducement to us to take shares were false
exaggerated, and we therefore want our money back.

"Shall I go on, my lord?"

Dully Seymour wonders why the judge asks his question.
Is it in order to keep the jury awake, or has he himself become
tired and oblivious already?

. . . "Now I come to the end of these preposterous pictures. As I say, I shall, I think, succeed in showing that
these three pictures alleged to be from the brush of Reynolds,
Romney, and Gainsborough—worthless copies—really the
most wretched daubs—are identical with three canvases
entered at an auction sale, and knocked down amid the deri
sion of the room for seventy shillings, sixty shillings, and
thirty shillings;—how they came into Copland's possession,
were sumptuously framed by him—to find their way to the
Darmstadt Hotel, and figure as a purchase of three artistic
gems at four thousand guineas each. . . . With difficulty I
repress myself—but there is no necessity to dress forth the
facts of the transaction. . . . Shall I venture to say this
without wounding the susceptibilities of my learned friend—
or anybody else? To form a correct opinion of the value of
such pictures, it is not necessary to have an eye trained by
the personal ownership of galleries and saloons rich with the
authentic work of these very masters. . . ."

Angry protest by eminent K.C., principal defendant's
counsel; whispers in court; long-drawn breath of fashionable
ladies—This is what we have come for. The mud is flying.

At the end of the first day Seymour went away in the com-