

OUR OWN AND ONLY BRIBERY.

LUCID AND ELOQUENT ARGUMENTS ON THE EVIDENCE *pro* AND *con*.

A SYMPATHETIC CROWD SHOW THEIR INTEREST AND INTELLIGENCE.

Only Authorized Account.

GRIP wants no gold medal for his enterprise in presenting this, the only true and full and free and endorsed account of the argument in the Bribery Business. GRIP's disinclination for more gold medals is due to reasons that must be obvious:—

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

"I submit, your worship, that the prosecution has utterly failed in making out a *prima facie* case, and I ask for the honorable discharge of the defendants, and the costs—including a guarantee for payment of the bill at the nearest saloon. That, I suppose, is all I need say to your worship who, in view of your familiarity with crime and criminals of the very worst type, are pretty well able to appreciate the position of the defendants in this matter and to feel an admiration which words really fail to convey at the capitally conducted defence which they have been so fortunate as to enjoy—under the circumstances, the peculiar circumstances. I refer to the defence at this juncture, your honor, in order to spare your feelings while delivering judgment—not to mention *our* feelings. I would sit down now, quite satisfied that your Lordship is anxiously waiting to make out the order of acquittal, and then warmly congratulate those gentlemen, my esteemed clients, on the—aw!—the—the—"

ONE OF THE PRISONERS (*sotto voce*)—"Mighty-close-call."

COUNSEL—"Complete collapse of the cunningly constructed structure that was designed to corral them—"

A VOICE—"You mean collar 'em?"

COUNSEL—"I say the artfully arranged artifice which was intended to ensnare them like so many—aw!—so many—"

VOX BASSO PROFUNDO—"Rats!"

[Loud laughter and cries of "'Rah for GRIP!"]

COUNSEL—"Me Lord, I ask in the name of my innocent and righteously indignant clients, the pris—that is to say, the gentlemen at the bar—or rather before you, me Lord, that this unseemly interruption be prevented for the future, before I am obliged, in vindication of my Professional Dignity—ahem!—to—to—Withdraw From this Court Room!"

THE BENCH, (anxiously)—"No, no, Sir! for Heaven's sake be calm and do nothing so desperate!"

COUNSEL (resuming, with a threatening look at the audience)—"As I was remarking, I feel so sure of our dismissal that I shall say no more, but address to you a few words in anticipation of what my learned friend may feel himself in common decency bound to urge in behalf of the Government—to say nothing of the excuse for his fees—in this extraordinary proceeding. Briefly, then, me Lord, I go through the formality of submitting the few indisputable facts, as established by—by—or—by the incontrovertible—aw!—"

FROM A BACK BENCH—"Evidence of McKim!"

CONSTABLE—"Ardher!"

COUNSEL—"established by the duly published *Statements*—yes, I repeat, STATEMENTS—of the accused in the *Mail* newspaper!"

[Profound sensation in court, with several instances of people falling off their seats through emotion.]

COUNSEL WARMING UP—"Yes, me Lord! There is our defence in a nutshell! Mr. Bunting is charged with complicating in this alleged Bribery. Mr. Bunting writes a letter in the *Mail* and declares, over his own signa-

ture, that it is a base plot to ruin his reputation! What more satisfactory explanation, I ask, can be required by any Court of Justice in the wide world? Do you know what Mr. Bunting is? Mr. Bunting, me Lord, is An Editor. Need I say more, after this, as to his character? Do you know what the *Mail* is?"

AN ASTHMATIC VOICE—"Well, we should just say so! Haw! haw! haw!"

COUNSEL—"I scorn the author of that satirical observation! The *Mail*, me Lord, is the Gentlemen's Organ! The Honest and Truthful and Pureminded and Independent people of Canada reverse its every utterance. It is a mighty power for good in the land! No well-regulated family should be without it! As a Gentleman, it must be quite clear, Mr. Bunting would not be found associating with Reform members of Parliament, much less making any overture to them! On the contrary, I say, these men and their masters were making oversure—"

[The rest of the sentence was drowned in groans and cries of "put him out!" "Oh, come off!" "We are paralyzed at the pun!"]

COUNSEL—"I ask the court if this brawling—"

AUDIENCE IN CHORUS—"Brood of Bribers, hatched out under the eaves of the *Mail* building!"

[Renewed uproar! Two policemen forcibly eject a boy who had sneaked in! Quiet restored only by the Court threatening to read the Riot Act.]

COUNSEL—"As to Mr. Meek, another interesting defendant, why, his very name, synonymous as it is for what is lowly and gentle and innocent, ought to secure his instant acquittal, even had he not written a convincing statement in the *Mail*!"

A VOICE—"What about his give-away-mug?"

COUNSEL—"The discourteous and vulgar reference to my client's physiognomy is of course suggested by the testimony of the abandoned McKim. I decline to notice it! Now as to defendant Wilkinson, Mr. Wilkinson's position at this time is a particularly trying one, I must say."

A VOICE—"So was his little job!"

COUNSEL—"By a series of unfortunate circumstances his career as a brilliant journalist and prospective successful statesman has been blasted."

THAT VOICE—"Maybe his picture wasn't, too, when Sir John got the news!"

CONSTABLE—"Soy-lince!"

COUNSEL—"A man of strictly honorable feeling and excessive good nature, I am sure the court will entirely agree with me when I say that, in whatever light the mere evidence may place him, the sincerity of his intentions and the singleness of his purpose cannot for one instant be doubted. (Prolonged applause) His fault has been over-confidence in human nature—"

FROM SEVERAL QUARTERS—"Just so!"

COUNSEL—"He fancied all men were constituted like him—"

A BASS VOICE, WITH DEEP FERVENCY—"Lord forbid!"

COUNSEL—"I hold that he is worthy of all sympathy at this time, and when he is discharged I trust that no violence will be done the court furniture through the anxiety of people to come forward and grasp him by the hand."

[The cheering at this juncture was truly terrific. But the roof nobly stood it.]

COUNSEL CONTINUING—"The fourth and last defendant—O'Kirkland by name, I believe—is a stranger to me. By some inexplicable means he appears to have got mixed up in this vile plot—"

A VOICE—"Good enough."

COUNSEL—"This vile plot against the reputation of three honest men. This being his position, notwithstanding that there might be

something elicited if he would be prevailed on to—But no matter! I say let him go!"

SOME ONE—"That settles it!"

COUNSEL—"Now, me Lord, what am I to say against these abominable artifices to which these conscienceless conspirators—"

A VOICE—"No, the Braw—"

THE CONSTABLE—"Ardher, I say!"

COUNSEL—"resorted? Would you, would any sane person, believe hired informers, paid spies?"

THE COURT—"No, candidly I would not! I find it the safest plan in cases of this kind to trust to the opinions and impressions of right-thinking persons who don't know anything about the facts but would really like to, rather than place confidence in the sworn testimony of witnesses who have made it their business to post themselves fully on the facts." [Counsel now sits down amidst tumultuous applause—all intended for *him*.]

FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"May it please your worship: The address of my learned friend, the counsel for the prisoners at the Bar—"

A VOICE—"Give it to 'em like that every time!"

COUNSEL—"has certainly not surprised me either in the line of his defence or the style of his diction."

A VOICE—"Lying of his defence' is good!"

ANOTHER VOICE—"So is 'style of his dictionary'!"

COUNSEL—"I shall have very little to say in reply to his discussion of the characteristics and status of the prisoners. One of them he refers to as 'interesting.' Now, we look on this same one in the light of a *principal* as well as with 'interest.'" [Hear! hear!] And he is an editor, eh?"

[An ironical laugh is promptly stopped by four policemen who are, however, unable to find the party who raised it.]

COUNSEL—"And as such he cannot lie, eh?"

A VOICE—"He don't have to! There's Griffin!"

COUNSEL—"My unknown friend has just taken the words out of my mouth! [Deafening applause.] When the plea was put up for Wilkinson, why did not my learned friend add that the young man was the main support—"

A VOICE—"And a mighty manae wan, too!"

COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE, with a smile—"Of a widowed mother, I presume?"

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION—"No, but rather of an Aged Chieftain! [Wild yells and hoots.] As to the *merits* of the case, I submit—the *evidence*!" [Uproarious screeches in forty different keys.]

THE COURT—"Gentlemen, your able arguments knock me cold. I must retire and dream over this for a few days."

MANGLED METAPHOR.

There is one man who helps to write the political articles in the *Globe*, and who might pass pretty well—that is to say as a *Globe* writer—if he only confined himself to plain, matter-of-fact, unornamented, unfigurative English. But his weakness is a love for metaphor, with the use of which he is about as familiar as an old cow would be. Generally when he essays a metaphorical flight he gets woefully muddled; at all other times his metaphor is shockingly mangled. It positively pains us to have to record another instance of his metaphor mangling propensities—the theme was "Tupper." You would imagine a *Globe* editor could discuss Tupper by the column in the very commonest language: But our *Globe* editor on this occasion sandwiched in a metaphor, thus:—

"Some birds fancy themselves safe and invisible because their heads are in very small bushes."