SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday week a close carriage drove up to the Coates street entrance of the Eastern Penitentiary. The door of the vehicle opened, and a man with a big diamond on his bosom alighted. He helped from the carriage another man, in citizens' dress. The latter wore a slouch hat, a brown overcoat, and black necktie. He had a moustache and small chin whiskers, and his face was very pale. Then another man, also with a big diamond in his shirt, emerged from the carriage. He was followed by a younger man in citizens' dress. The men with big diamonds were deputy sheriffs.

The four advanced to the huge stone entrance and stopped before a massive iron door. One of the deputy sheriffs pulled a little brass knob. Soon a harsh, grating noise was heard and a small wicket in the huge iron door opened. The deputy sheriffs, accompanied by the two persons in citizens' dress, walked in.

THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

"Straight ahead to the warden's office," said Mr. Ogden, the gate-keeper. The deputies nodded, but said nothing. As the little wicket closed again with a clang, the man in the brown overcoat gave a start and his face turned ashy pale. He glanced at the solid masonry and then looked furtively at the great iron door through which he had just entered. Then a sigh escaped him, and, dropping his eyes on the stone pavement, he tottered off with the officer.

To the warden's office was but a step.

The deputy Sheriffs opened the door and walked in. They were evidently expected. The prison clerk, Mr. A. L. Ourt, sat on a high stool behind a desk. He got down a great book, and opening it picked up a pen. He looked at the warden, who was standing by. The deputy Sheriffs approached the latter and handed him some papers. Meanwhile the gentleman in the brown overcoat half faintingly, dropped into a seat.

The warden read the papers and handed them to the clerk. He then looked at the two prisoners in citizens' dress and bowled coldly to the man in the brown overcoat.

THE EXAMINATION

The clerk glanced over the papers, and then gave a little cough. He nervously picked up the pen and inclined to the fainting figure in the chair. The man in the brown overcoat tottered over toward the desk.

"What is your name, sir?" asked Joseph F. Marcer, was the answer in a faltering voice.

"What is your age?"

"Fifty-seven."

This was added to a deputy keeper. The clerk approached with a pen in his market in fist and [illegible] signed it upon the prisoner's back and took a good look at the top of his head.

"What is your occupation?" continued the clerk.

"Merchant, Philadelphia," was the answer in a faltering voice.

"Married?"

"Yes