

Select Poetry.

WHAT IS NOBLE!

By Charles Swain. What is noble? Inherit Wealth, estate, and proud degree! There must be some other merit...

Choice Miscellany.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A BARRISTER.

A busy day in the assize court in Chester, chequered, as usual, by alternate victory and defeat, had just terminated, and I was walking briskly forth, when an attorney of rather low caste in his profession—being principally employed as an intermediary between needy felons and the counsel practising in the Crown Court—accompanied me, and presented a brief, at the same time tendering the fee of two guineas marked upon it.

thanks to mine host's excellent viands and generous wine, was, for a lawyer, in a very benevolent humor indeed. Our conference was long, anxious, and unsatisfactory. I was obliged to send for Barnes before it concluded, in order to thoroughly ascertain the precise nature of the case intended to be set up by the defendant, and the evidence likely to be adduced in support of it. No ray of consolation or hope came from that quarter. Still, the narrative I had just listened to, bearing as it did the impress of truth and sincerity in every sentence, strongly disposed me to believe that foul play had been practised by the other side; and I determined, at all hazards, to go into court, though with but faint hope indeed of a successful issue.

About three weeks previous to Mrs. Thornydyke's death, a sort of reconciliation was patched up through her instrumentalities, between the husband and wife; and an unreserved expression of kindness and compassion, real or simulated, sat upon Thornydyke's features every time he approached the dying woman. The hands of life ebbed swiftly with Mrs. Thornydyke. Enfolded in the gentle but deadly embrace with which consumption seizes its victims, she wasted rapidly away; and, most perplexing symptom of all, violent retching and nausea, especially after taking her medicines—which, according to Davis, the village surgeon, was invariably of a sedative character—aggravated and confirmed the fatal disease which was hurrying her to the tomb.

Mrs. Thornydyke would be attempted, had been entertained; and the woman, unaware that her testimony would be required, had left that part of the country. Every possible exertion had been put forth by the defendant to discover her abode without effect. It was believed she had gone to America, where she had relatives. The defendant had filled an affidavit setting forth these facts, and it was now prayed that secondary evidence to establish the genuineness of Elizabeth Waring's attesting signature should be admitted.

It was now, vehemently opposed this demand and boldly hinted that the witness was purposely sent out of the way. "Will my learned friend," said Mr. P., "with one of his stylish sneers, inform us what motive the defendant could possibly have to keep back a witness so necessary to him?" "Elizabeth Waring," I curtly replied, "may not upon reflection, be deemed a safe witness to subject to the ordeal of a cross examination. But to settle the matter, my lord," I exclaimed, "I have here an affidavit of the plaintiff's attorney, in which he states that he has no doubt of being able to find this important witness, if time be allowed him for the purpose; the defendant, of course, undertaking to call her when produced."

AN INCIDENT. About ten months ago, Mr. John M. Sears upon one of his usual visits to the police Court, one morning, noticed among the prisoners a youth who was poorly clad, and for some cause was weeping. The philanthropist sat down by his side, and the following conversation then ensued: "Why are you here, my son?" "I am accused of selling newspapers, sir, without a license."