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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 4, 1856.

Selected Poetry.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

AUTUMN.

The Autumn light is sleeping
Upon the yellow plain;
The harvest men are resting,
The swarms of golden grain;
The merry maids the furrows throng,
And hand the sheaves with cheerful song,
While children stoop the ears to glean,
That fall the maiden's hands between.
At length, with day's declining,
The evening sun sinks bright;
The harvest moon, now shining,
Floods heaven with mellow light;
Upon the green sword merrily,
To notes of rustic minstrelsy,
Young men and maidens, free from care,
Dance in the evening Autumn air.
Now see the leaves are growing
With many a russet tinge,
Just like the death bloom glowing
On a dying maiden's cheek.
Now hark! I hear the Autumn breeze,
And sweep the leaves from moaning trees,
And run by day and frost by night
O'er-spread the flowers and fields with light.
But though the leaves are dying,
And flowers have lost their bloom—
Though light on earth is dying,
And heaven is filled with gloom,
O, fearful heart! be of good cheer,
For when winter round the rolling year,
When Winter and Spring and Summer are o'er,
The golden Autumn will come once more.

Selected Tale.

[From Putnam's Magazine.]

THE COUNTERFEIT COIN.

CHAPTER I.

Late one Saturday afternoon, in a certain town, I sat by a good sea coal fire in my office, trying to master counsel enough for a comatose with the cold winds and driving storm outside. Half ashamed to confess my cowardice to myself, I had done every unnecessary thing I could think of to kill time, at last I was reduced to the necessity of counting over the contents of my purse. This, however, was but a brief resource. "A short lease," as the proverb hath it, "is soon ended." The only coin worth lingering on was a bright, new half-eagle, given me that morning by some chance customer, as my recompense for "being a fool."

Limited as my practice and my fees had always been, half-eagles were not entirely a novelty to me; and yet, from a prolonged attention with which, in my procrastinating frame of mind, I regarded it, a looker-on might have supposed I was studying some rare antique. Instead of its ordinary specimen of Uncle Sam's daily spending money I examined it chronologically, with reference to the date, and geographically, in respect to the mark of the mint where it issued. I compared the eagle, on the one side, with my remembrance of some geological specimens as I had seen in traveling museums, and of the eagle—then solemnly believed to be of solid gold—which, in my childish days, kept watch and ward over Tom's Townsend's coffee-house. I scrutinized the head of liberty with the eyes of a physiognomist; and in attempting, with a sharp-pointed penknife, to give the hybrid profile a more feminine mouth, I accomplished sundry scratches which might well have passed for a moustache, besides cutting my fingers, and breaking at once, the knife blade and the third commandment.

A knock at the door checked the half-uttered meditation, and was only repeated when I cried "Come in." Had spiritual rappings been invented, I might have thought that Satan's patience exhausted by this new development of wickedness, was about to foreclose the mortgage he is popularly supposed to hold on every member of our profession; as it was, I only rose and opened the door. The ruddy, freckled streamer of the dark entry, and fell upon a slight figure that seemed almost the embodiment of its coldness and gloom. The figure, however, was too familiar to me to inspire any supernatural fears, being that of a young woman who earned a scanty livelihood by writing for lawyers. Why need I describe her? An employment requiring easy penmanship, and some acquaintance with commas and periods, if not with the more essential parts of composition, falls almost, as a matter of course, to those who, at some period, have greater attainments; to those who, in that common but more touching phrase, "have known better days." The result is easily guessed. It might be said in many a tale of patient suffering and labor; of bright cheeks blanched to the hue of the paper before them; of young hopes withered and shrunk, till they are as lifeless and void of meaning to the weary heart, as the dry legal phrases of the copy to the tired hand that transcribes them!

And while I had been lingering idly by my fire, endeavoring to face the stately, scantily-dressed girl had walked all the way from her distant garret. She did not tell me that she was chilled and chilled to the very heart; but I read it in her pinched face, in the frozen sheet that covered her dress of faded morning, and in the eagerness with which she drew toward me, as a starving man would approach bread.

She protected as she was from the storm, she had managed to cover the papers she brought from its drizzling, with a care which I could more strongly than any words, the impudence to her of the trifling sum she was to receive for the copying. This was the first time I had ever employed her. In fact, I did not often find it necessary to obtain such expensive aid in getting through my business; and the present occasion was due less

to the pressure of my own occupations than to the whims of one of my best clients, who had declared that he would see me in a still worse place than Wall street, before he would spend time in deciphering my legal chirography, or the school-boy pot-hooks and hangings of my only and very juvenile clerk.

I took the package and ran my eye over its contents. They were written in a neat plain hand, just stiff enough to show that the conscientiousness of copying for a lawyer had marred the writer's case. As copies they were scrupulously correct, and finished even to the numbering of the folios in the margin. I silently reckoned the price, and, as I did, it occurred to me that I could only pay it that evening by the sacrifice of my half-eagle. It was in vain that I once more opened my purse, which, certainly, was not Fortunatus', for I found nothing more there than I had seen in it an hour before—small change of the very smallest variety. Could I put her off until Monday?—Without that half-eagle, my Saturday night's marketing would be a very small affair.

"But what will he be without it?" said my conscience. "If you feel the inconvenience of an empty pocket so much, what must it be to those who earn food and shelter from day to day? Daily bread is something more than a mere form of speech to them!"

Perhaps a little will serve her immediate wants. Selfishness received this suggestion very approvingly; and I turned, from my papers to the copyist, to make the suggestion.

She stood, on the other side of the fire-place, as motionless as if she had been a carved pillar, placed there to support the mantle, against which her shoulder rested. One foot—a neat one, even in its worn, wet shoe—peeped from beneath her dress, as if drawn irresistibly toward the grateful warmth. Indeed, her whole attitude seemed to express the same feeling.—She did not bend and crouch over the fire as a beggar would have done. She did not sit before it and court its cheerful heat as if it had blazed on her own hearth-stone. Scarcely averting from the most erect position as she leaned against the marble, her clasped hands hanging before her, she seemed to be bracing herself against an attraction that would draw her completely into the flame. I could almost fancy that, if left to itself, her slender form would be drawn closer and closer, till finally, it mingled with the flickering blaze, and, with it, passed into viewless air.

But, when I lifted my eyes to her face, I saw that she was, at least, unconscious of the fancied impulse. Her fixed eyes, and a faint smile on her lip, told that some pleasant thought had beguiled her, even there, in that day-dream. Following the direction of her gaze, I saw that it rested on the same solitary coin which had been the subject of my own meditations, and which lay just where I had dropped it, on the table, when startled by her knock.

Modern critics are very fond of talking about the *suggestive* in art and literature. To my own mind (because it is hackneyed and worldly, I suppose they would say,) there is no word in the language so suggestive as *money*—to work of art that brings up so varied thoughts as those very remarkable profiles and dainties which adorn our current coin. Dross in itself, if the philosophers will have it so; yet, as a means, a tool, a path, it is not wonderful in the versatility of its power? What magician ever worked such wonders in the material world? What spirit works so universally, so unfailingly, so unceasingly, in the moral? Even that single coin on my table—that infinitesimal drop in the great ocean of wealth—how much lies within the circumference of such a small piece of metal? To my own mind—worldly and hackneyed as I have before observed—it had been suggestive of a great many things. Compressed within its disc, I had seen my Sunday dinner, ample, done to a turn, rich with dripping gravy, and smoking hot from the roasting jack. From its metallic rim I had already sipped, in imagination, the rare old Amontillado. A fragment of the gold had curled my lips in fragrant wreaths of smoke. And if I, to whom even half-eagles were not infrequent visitors, and who, if I had known poverty at all, had known him only as a neighbor to be shunned, and not as an inmate to be fought; who, even in my worst estate, had been spared the pain of seeing him enter at my own door, and sit down with my dear ones at their scanty meal; if I could see so much in a half-eagle, what a world-wide prospect of happiness might it not open to that poor girl's eyes? I dared not dwell on the things she might see there, lest I should loath myself and the well-fed Christian man around me, who so rarely grant such visions to the starved eyesight; but I immediately gave up all thoughts of sending the girl away without her money.

Yes, her money! For hers it was, by all that can make good title in law or equity; earned by the fragment of her young life she had given for it; earned with the very flesh from her wasted frame, and the blood from her pale cheeks.

What business had I to be speculating and sentimentalizing thus about the affairs of a young lady with whom I had only a little business transaction? I might have known that such an unprofessional train of thought would lead to some blunder; the earthen pot and the iron one can never swim safely together, in fact or fancy. Consequently, I broke in upon the poor girl's reverie with the most awkward question in the world:—

"Have you any change, miss?" The scarlet blood rushed to her face, as she shook her head; and mine was already on its way there, when I tried to mend the matter by hurrying out:—

"No, no, of course you haven't?" And there I stuck; and if ever a middle-aged counselor-at-law felt like a fool, in his own office, I did.

Her eyes were filled with tears at what must have seemed the rudeness of my remark. I could have gone on my knees to ask her pardon, if I had only known in what words to phrase the entreaty. The scene was so embarrassing, that I cut it short by pressing the coin into her hand, and telling her that she would make it all right, if she would come for

more work on Monday. Very likely she would have said something in reply; but, not feeling inclined to test my conversational powers further, after such an unlucky beginning, I hastily bade her good-night, and opened the door.

When her back was fairly turned, I took my candle and held it to the stair-head, till she had reached the bottom of the last long flight; and then going back to my arm chair, wondered what Mrs. Quidam would say to a cold Sunday dinner.

CHAPTER II.

"If that rascally boy of mine has not made a good fire," said I to myself, as I walked down town, the Monday morning following, "I shall certainly give him the thrashing in which I have stood indebted him so long."

From this novel species of accord and satisfaction, however, the much-therof-deserving youth was saved by an unexpected incident.—Seated by the cheerless and neglected grate, as I entered, I beheld my visitor of the preceding Saturday night. Her pale sad face was even paler and sadder than before, and I thought there were tears in her eyes, and traces of many that had preceded them. But, perhaps, this was owing to the smoke now pouring from the mass of paper and wet wood, with which Tom, as usual, greeted my arrival.

"I am sorry to tell you, sir," she said, after answering my salutation, "that the coin you gave me was a bad one."

A bad one—my beautiful half-eagle a counterfeit! In what of earth can confidence, then, be placed? I took it in my hand; it certainly had every appearance of being genuine.

"Positively, you must be mistaken, my dear. I could not be deceived so easily." And feeling that I undoubtedly appeared to her as a gentleman, whom the daily inspection of unnumbered gold coin had made a perfect Sir Oracle upon the subject, I drew myself up before her.

"As who should say, 'Let no dog bark.'" Her lip quivered as she replied:—

"Indeed, sir, I am very, very sorry; but it must be so, for—you know I had no other but that."

"And pray how did you learn it to be a counterfeit?"

"When I left here, sir, I went directly up to a place where some of our things were. I went to pay the little sum we had borrowed of them when the mother was taken sick, and the man took my half-eagle, and said it was a counterfeit, and gave it back to me."

"Nonsense, child, the man was mistaken." She did not argue the point; but made a brief apology for the trouble she had given me, and hesitated.

"I trust," said I, still somewhat grandiloquent and condescending, as a man whose resources have unjustly been suspected, "that the fellow's stupidity has caused you no inconvenience."

A bright hectic flush crossed her pale cheek as an instinctive denial rose to her lips. Farther than that falsehood could not come; her head sunk between her hands, and the poor girl, weak and cold, and starving, as I afterwards knew, sobbed violently.

Little by little, I learned her sad story. It need not be repeated here; it lacks, alas! the charm of novelty. Years of still deepening poverty—and yesterday, when Mrs. Quidam and I were grubbing at our leg of cold mutton, this poor child and her sick mother passed the long cold day without food or fire; even the warm clothes and bedding, which this money was to have redeemed from the pawnbroker's denied to their shivering limbs.

I put on my hat, and stepped over to Bullion's to get change for the half-eagle. The clerk threw it carelessly on a balance, and had already handed me the change, when he saw that the delicate arm, after vibrating a little, did not decline with weight. He took it up, and handed it to the head of the firm, and, after a short consultation between them, I was asked into the inner office. A chemical test soon proved the worthless character of the coin. Bullion asked me if I knew where I had received it?

"Certainly." "I have seen two or three, of late, precisely like it. The counterfeit is a dextrous one, and we have in vain tried to trace its origin. If you can assist us in this, it will be a great service to the community."

I took up the deceptive coin, and scrutinized it curiously. The workmanship was perfect; the thought at once flashed across my mind, too perfect; where was the knife mark I myself had made? I could not be deceived—the coin had certainly been changed. And this was the end of all my fine sentiment about the interesting young girl!

In a few words, I communicated the circumstances connected with it, to Mr. Bullion, who jumped at once to the conclusion.

"I thought so," said he, "I thought so! I knew that some fresh and unsuspected parties must be made use of in this matter. The old hands we know too well," he added, with a chuckle.

It was soon agreed between us that the girl should be detained, and no time lost in extracting from her a confession, and to the persons whose tool she undoubtedly was. We accordingly repaired together to my office, where we found her patiently waiting. In answer to my questions, she repeated her story with much apparent frankness, until I asked the name of the person to whom she offered the coin. After some hesitation, she named a very respectable pawnbroker, in C— street, to whom, as well as to the police office a messenger was immediately dispatched.

Mr. Forceps soon came, and we received him in another apartment. His answers to the inquiries we made completely confirmed our suspicions. Such a coin as we showed him, (the counterfeit,) had been offered to him on the previous Saturday night, by a young woman; and on being confronted with her prisoner, (for such we now considered her,) he at once recognized her as the same. Her own

frightened, pallid face would have satisfied us of the fact. Half-sitting, as if to speak, she caught sight of a police officer, just entering the door, and she fainted.

I went home that night ill-pleased with my day's work. That the girl was guilty, seemed but too clear. But I could not believe that she was anything more than an instrument, and my experience in criminal law, slight as it was, taught me how slender the chances were of arresting the guilty parties. Had we obtained a confession before she fainted, something might have been done; but, now the matter had got into the hands of the police, such shrewd rascals as they evidently were, would pretty surely get wind of it in time to escape.

"And so the whole upshot of the matter," said I, to myself, "will be the ruin of the young woman, and an article in to-morrow's paper, which for the effect it will have, might as well be inserted under the head 'Personal,' and read thus:—"

"If the gentlemen who have been in the habit of employing a young person, in fading mourning, to disseminate fallacious half-eagles in this community, do not find it convenient to remove their business, for the present, to some other place, they will incur the danger of being involved in the unfortunate disaster which has befallen her."

"And this, Leguleius Quidam," I concluded, "is the great service to the community which you and Mrs. Quidam have rendered!"

An officer had called in the afternoon to tell me that the prisoner's residence had been found and searched, but that no further discoveries had been made. This, however, enabled me to find the unfortunate mother, and provide some scanty comforts for her in her terrible affliction. In doing this, I felt that I was but performing a duty. Society, I reasoned with myself, finds it needful for its own protection, to take the guilty delinquent, and shut her up in jail; but the daughter is the innocent mother's only support; ergo, society must take that daughter's place. And as I felt that society, in the abstract, might be somewhat remiss in the performance of its duty, I ordered some fuel and groceries, and went home, feeling myself to be an embodiment of the whole social economy.

That night I dreamed that I was playing in a very poor and very tiresome tragedy, called Life, and that I was suddenly called on to take the part of Brutus, the Roman father.

CHAPTER III.

The course of retributive justice, as administered here on earth, has more different paces than Rosalind has attributed to time; but, "those with whom it lags withal" are not often the poor and friendless. A few days only elapsed before I was summoned as a witness to attend the trial of Alice Sumner. In the meantime, both Mr. Bullion and myself made great, but fruitless efforts, to obtain a further insight into the true facts of the case. The prisoner herself made no confession, but constantly asserted her innocence, to the great discomfiture of the broker, and the unutterable perplexity of myself. I sought in vain, for a flaw in the chain of evidence against her, or a chance to establish her innocence by other facts. Even the general testimony of good character, the last frail reed on which she leaned, seemed to bend beneath her. She and her mother had but lately come to the city, and to all our inquiries, as to their former home and friends, we received only courteous, but evasive answers. It was evident that some dark cloud of sorrow; if not of crime, hung over their past history; and this, while it did not diminish the interest I felt in her, sadly weakened my confidence in her defense.

It was the day before the trial, and I sat in my office musing painfully on the dark features of the case, when a stranger entered. The first glance assured me, that he was one of a class of clients with which most of our city lawyers are familiar. A seely, decrepit old man, lumbered yet querulous, dejected, and yet visionary, bearing about a fattened and worn collection of papers, and pitifully urging his tale of wrong and suffering, from which the patient listener gleams at the same time, a belief that the sad tale is true, and a melancholy conviction, that knavery has so cunningly hidden, or time so long obliterated the evidences of the wrong, that no court save that of the Omnipotent, can ever set it right.

I turned from the man more pettishly than I should have done but for the subject that engrossed my thoughts. The poor old man's spirits were too much broken to take offense at my rudeness. Respectfully he added:—

"I did not mean to give you trouble for nothing, sir. I have but little to offer you now, but I will pay you liberally when I gain my case. You shall have—you see I mean to be generous—let me see—I cannot recover less than twenty thousand dollars—it may be thirty, or even forty—and you shall have a quarter of it all. Think of that, sir! Ten thousand dollars for one case! And my client threw himself back in his chair, feeling for the thousand time, poor fellow! that his trouble were almost over, and the phantom, in pursuit of which his life had been wasted, at least within his grasp. No doubt in his blissful vision, he already began to look on me as a recipient of his bounty and to wonder at the coolness with which I regarded the glittering prize before me. But I had been dazzled more than once in the same way.

"How much can you afford me as a retainer?"

"Now?" He seemed to be engaged in an abstract calculation as it over the resources of a nation. "Ten thousand dollars when the case is finished, say, six months or a year hence. Suppose we say five dollars, sir, on account."

There was something so painfully eager in the look that accompanied these words, that I suppressed the smile which had been prompted by the pathos in his offer, and signified my acceptance. My client drew from his pocket a lank purse, and from the purse a solitary coin. Poor dreamer! he was paying his bill for this one more ticket in the lottery.

I had opened my lips to bid him leave his papers and take back the coin when my eye fell on it. One scrutinizing glance, and I jumped

from my seat as if electrified by the little piece of gold.

"Where did you get this money, sir?" A transient gleam of former fire shone in the old man's eye.

"I do not see, sir, what that has to do with my case."

"By heavens!" I shouted, collaring the old man and fairly lifting him out of his seat: "if you do not tell me this instant—"

Just at this moment my office door opened to admit my learned and eloquent brother Flourish.

What that eminent counsel, thought of the scene, I do not care to guess. The personal appearance of my client was not suggestive of any temptation to a felonious assault, nor did his manner indicate any provocation which could have called for chastisement; and those two suppositions being impossible, Flourish stared with unaltered amazement at my unprofessional conduct. His presence brought me to myself, and, with many apologies, I explained that this coin, which, as my hearers would notice, was peculiarly marked and formerly been in my own possession and that I was anxious, for particular reasons, to trace its subsequent history. The old man hesitated, and stammered, and cast so many side glances at the door, that I began to think we had fallen upon one of the chief conspirators.—Here Mr. Flourish came to my assistance, with his bland smile, and most mellifluous tone, and in five minutes had drawn from my client all that he knew about it. Assuring myself that he would attend and testify to the same facts on the following day, I dismissed him, and then rapidly recounted to Flourish the facts of the case. The hard old lawyer listened complacently, and when I had finished, dryly expressed an opinion, that the young woman should be acquitted.

I had conceived a hope, while telling the story, of interesting Mr. Flourish sufficiently in the case to induce him to undertake the management of the defense. For that task I felt myself disqualified by other causes beside my want of experience in criminal law. I was liable to be called as a witness for the prosecution, and was a most important one in the defense; and above all, I felt that my own personal sympathies were too strongly excited for the prisoner to manage the affair with requisite coolness and skill. Flourish, however, who saw in the case nothing but a very commonplace incident of criminal practice, was not easily to be persuaded. The sensibilities of an elderly lawyer, in large practice, lie very far down, and are covered by a thick rind of worldly wisdom.

"Consider, my dear sir," said he, "how many cases of this kind are occurring every day, and how precious my time is to me. 'Pon my word, my clients would be in a pretty mess if I spent my time on petty affairs like this.'"

"Petty affair to you, Mr. Flourish, I know, but not to that young girl, the fate of whose whole life here, and perhaps hereafter, hangs on that trial. One hour of such assistance as yours may save her."

"Really, Quidam,—" "If such a fee as I could offer out of my own pocket would tempt you,—"

"It would tempt me, sir, if you offered it. It would tempt me to kick you out of your own office, and then go home, feeling that I had broken friendship with the softest-hearted, simplest-headed fool at the bar. Why, man, you would turn the whole fraternity into a gang of knight-errants roaming up and down Wall street seeking to set this crooked world straight again."

"And so they ought to be, Mr. Flourish."

"Hum! I can't say I'm ready to give an opinion on that matter. But the girl, I see, is fairly on my hands. I'll just step down and tell my young men to put one or two things off till next day, and come back to go over the case again with you."

Glorious old Flourish! The sensibilities are there, after all, hard as it is to find them. Beneath all his rich clients, and worldly wisdom, and long briefs, there is a true man's heart beating, still, as there is in the bosom of many a hard faced, wrinkled old lawyer beside. Fraud, and wrong, and heartlessness there are among us, God knows! But He and He only knows, also the deeds that have been done by his secret in those dingy, dusty offices, which shall stand forth effulgently when the great book is opened at the Judgment day!

CHAPTER IV.

I was busy with the police authorities that evening, and had no time to communicate with Alice; but the next morning when I saw her brought into court, looking so broken-hearted and helpless, I blamed myself for having left her thus to drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. In a few whispered words I bade her be of good cheer; but she scarcely seemed to heed me at all, so oppressed was she by the sight of the crowd, and the keen sense of her forlorn condition. Save her poor mother, who had risen from a sick bed to accompany her, she did not know that she had a friend there. Even I though she knew I meant her kindly, had been the unwilling means of placing her there. I looked eagerly around the courtroom. On a front bench sat Mr. Forceps, the pawnbroker, chief witness for the prosecution; and some distance behind was my old client, true to his promise, and pleased to have a part to take in court. It seemed to him like a little rehearsal for the great drama of his own case.

The district attorney opened the case, and was about to call me as the first witness. Mr. Flourish had not yet made his appearance.—Greatly to my relief, the pawnbroker came forward, and whispered into the attorney's ear, who immediately called him to the stand.

"I believe I must give Mr. Forceps the precedence," he said to me.

"I think you had better, brother Rowland," answered Flourish, over my shoulder, at the same time divesting himself of his overcoat, and distributing good-humored though somewhat patronizing recognitions among the smaller fry of lawyers around him.

Mr. Forceps testified to the attempt made to pass the counterfeit coin on him, a previous

defence. His direct examination was soon over, and he turned to Mr. Flourish with a smile of confidence, which to me seemed not altogether natural. It looked as if he were bracing himself up for a contest of nerve with the counsel for the defense. I have seen a great many very honest witnesses do the same thing.

"But if Mr. Forceps looked for a grand display of inquisitorial tactics, he was destined to be mistaken. Mr. Flourish simply turned one moment towards him remarking:—"

"I only want to know if I have understood you aright, Mr. Forceps; I think you said this was your only transaction with the prisoner.—I mean the only occasion on which you received money from her?"

"I never received any money at all from her, unless you call that thing money," pointing to the coin. "Perhaps you call that money; but I don't, sir." And Mr. Forceps smiled approvingly at his own retort.

"How long did I understand that you had this coin in your possession?" blandly rejoined the counsel.

"No time at all; I knew it was bad the minute it touched the drawer, and took it out and returned it."

"You took it out, and returned it," replied Flourish, as if mechanically repeating the words. "That will do, sir."

Mr. Bullion then testified to the character of the coin, and to the prisoner's admission in my office that it was the same one she had offered to the pawnbroker. The prosecution rested.

Without any formal opening of the defense, Mr. Flourish nodded to me, and I took the stand. The district attorney threw himself back in his chair, and listened carelessly while I detailed the particulars of my interview with Alice on the eventful Saturday night. But when I mentioned the knife-marks on the coin I had given her, his practiced mind foresaw at once one line of defense. It was, doubtless, the first intimation he had received that any substantial defense would be attempted; and in his surprise he started to his feet, and directed a searching glance, first at me, and then in rapid succession at the prisoner, her counsel, and his own witnesses.

"Have you ever seen that marked coin since, Mr. Quidam?"

"I have."

"When and where?"

"It is here, said I, producing it; 'I received it back, about ten days ago, from a client, Mr. Richard Grosvenor.'"

Having satisfied myself that I was positive as to the identity of the coin, the district attorney allowed me to stand aside, and Mr. Flourish called Grosvenor, who, of course, confirmed my statement, as to the receipt of the coin from him, at the time of its reappearance.

"Will you state, Mr. Grosvenor, if you can, how that coin came into your hands?"

"I received it," said the old man—a slight color coming into his bloodless face—"on the evening of Saturday, the—th of December, from Mr. Forceps, the pawnbroker."

"How can you be so positive as to the precise date, Mr. Grosvenor, and the identity of coin?" asked the district attorney.

"The date, sir, I fix by this," producing one of Mr. Forceps's tickets; "and the coin—ah me, sir, it is the only gold piece I have had for many a long day. I have spent my money in the law, sir; but I am going to get it all back soon. You know I must have a case, sir."

From the details of Mr. Grosvenor's case, we were saved by the district attorney. His hawklike eye had caught a glimpse of his chief witness gliding softly through the crowd, toward the door.

"Mr. Forceps! Mr. Forceps! officer, close that door, and let no man pass," he thundered. "Bring 't at witness back here!"

Fleeting with excitement, his fine form drawn up to its utmost height, and his glorious eyes flashing with indignation at the foul wrong which had been attempted and almost effected in the sacred name of justice, he stood, surrounded by an astonished group, the only one that seemed to retain any self-possession. Even we who had been in the secret, and planned the surprise, were less masters of the scene.—He looked, indeed, all that he was—a faithful minister of retributive justice, manifesting his office by a love of right, before which all petty ambitions sank into nothingness.

Alas! that form and face live only in the memory of us who loved him. A sad, sad day it was when we heard that the lustre of those eyes was dimmed in untimely death, and heavy hearts, mourning as but few sorrows can make strong men mourn, had we, the funeral train, when the bar followed their chief to the tomb. In the midst of his years and his labors, as a great spirit goes down in the van of the battle, so went he down into the depths of the grave.

It scarcely need be added, that the jury acquitted Alice, without leaving their box, and that the pawnbroker, charged both with uttering counterfeit coin, and with perjury, slept that night in the cells she had left. Perhaps sometime I may tell of what afterwards happened to her, as well as to my old client, and his interminable case. But now there is sadness on my heart, as I think of that scene in court, and I am garrulous no longer.

A brother of the distinguished Edmund Burke was found in a reverie after listening to one of his most eloquent speeches in Parliament, and being asked the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family;—but then I remember, when we were at play he was always at work."

The following equivocal notice is said to swing out on a sign-board somewhere in the Western country: "Smith & Huggs—Select School—Smith teaches the boys and Huggs the girls." Huggs needs correction.

"My eyes, Jack," exclaimed a tar, on seeing a soldier chained to a ball for punishment, "if there ain't a soldier at anchor!"