

The Leisure Hour.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWS JOURNAL.

VOLUME I.

OXFORD, N. C. AUGUST 5, 1858.

NUMBER 26.

From Dickens's Household Words.

The Leaf.

Thou art curled and tender and smooth, young leaf,
With a creamy fringe of down,
As thou alightest at touch of the light, young leaf,
From thy cradling case of brown.

Thou art soft as an infant's hand, young leaf,
When it fondles a mother's cheek;
And thy elders are clustered around, young leaf,
To shelter the fair and weak.

To welcome thee out from the bud, young leaf,
There are airs from the east and the west;
And the rich dew glides from the clouds, young leaf,
To nestle within thy breast.

The great wide heaven, and the earth, young leaf,
Are around, and thy place for thee.
Come forth for a thread art thou, young leaf,
In the web-work of mystery!

Thou art full and firmly set, green leaf,
Like a strong man upon the earth;
And thou showest a sturdy front, green leaf,
As a shield to thy place of birth.

There is pleasant rest in thy shade, green leaf,
And thou makest a harp for the breeze;
And the blossom that bends from thy base,
Is loved by the summer bees.

The small bird's nest, on the bough, green leaf,
Has thee for an ample roof;
And the butterflies cool their wings, green leaf,
On thy branching, braided roof.

Thou art doing thy part of good, green leaf,
And shedding thy ray of grace;
There's a lesson written in thee, green leaf,
For the eye of man to trace.

Thou art rough, and shriveled, and dry, old leaf,
And hast lost the fringe of down;
And the green of thy youth is gone, old leaf,
And turned to yellow and brown.

There are sisters of thine trod in clay, old leaf,
And in swollen rivers drowned;
Ah! but thou treadest much, old leaf,
Looking down to the greedy ground.

The autumn blast, with thy doom, old leaf,
Cometh quickly, and will not spare;
Thou art kin to the dust to-day, old leaf,
And to-morrow thou liest there.

For thy work of life is done, old leaf,
And now there is need of thy death.
Be content! 'Twill be all for the best, old leaf,
There is love in the slaying breath.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

The Noble-Hearted Woman; or, Peace Making.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Mr. Wareham left the room as he spoke, and was seen from the window in amicable communication with the gardener.

Mrs. Hawdon was a close observer; she noted that Mr. Wareham had not come into the room to get a book or a paper, he had come into it for the express purpose of letting Hester know that he had discovered her to be in the right.

"I must acknowledge, dear Hester," she said, "that you know the proper way of managing Mr. Wareham; you have displayed great tact and address in this business."

"Dear Mrs. Hawdon," said Hester, "I am as undeserving of your present praise as I was of your recent blame; it seems to me that you are affixing unnecessary importance to a very trifling occurrence."

"Not at all, my love," replied Mrs. Hawdon; "I have so true a regard for you that I should be sincerely sorry if any want of due consideration on your part should interfere with the disposal of Mr. Wareham's property in your favor."

"I have no claim on Mr. Wareham's property," said Hester, "or the slightest expectation that he will bestow any of it upon me. He gives me his protection and the shelter of his roof, and I believe that my residence with him conduces to his comfort; I am desirous of remaining with him as long as he wishes for my society; but I have no interested views, and I am sorry to hear them ascribed to me."

Mrs. Hawdon responded by some phrases of unmeaning flattery, and the conversation did not make any deep impression on the mind of Hester. She had heard Mrs. Hawdon denominated "a woman of the world;" and although her experience of women of the world had been very limited, she justly thought that a somewhat overweening desire for the goods of fortune would be likely to form a portion of such a character. Hester and Mr. Wareham did not pass the whole of the evenings in reading. Hester was a good listener; and while she sat at work, Mr. Wareham would recount many anecdotes of his early years, especially those connected with his marriage—an event which Hester had quite forgotten, even if she had never heard of it from her mother, and indeed had fancied that she detected in Mr. Wareham divers of the peculiarities generally ascribed to an old bachelor. Perhaps, however, Mr. Wareham might be considered justly entitled to the peculiarities of an old bachelor, for his wife had died a year after their marriage, and five-and-forty years had elapsed since her death. He described her as a paragon of perfection; and although a woman of the world, like Mrs. Hawdon, might have surmised that "distance lent enchantment to the view," and that the short period of wedded life might not have been sufficient to bring forth its shadows as well as its sunshine, Hester was quite content to believe that the late Mrs. Wareham had been

all that woman ought to be, and to pity the widower for the loss of such a treasure.

About this time, Mr. Wareham had an attack of illness; it soon passed off, owing, he said, to Hester's good nursing; but he deemed it right to send for his solicitor, and gave instructions for a new will to be prepared. The solicitor dined with the Hawdons the same day, and certainly Edward Hawdon's attentions to Hester became decidedly marked about that period, and his mother was eloquent to every one whom she knew concerning the attractions and the excellence of "that sweet girl, Hester Beville."

Mr. Wareham seemed pleased with the attentions that Edward Hawdon paid to his young relative. "I may not be long spared to you, my love," he said, "and you will need some one to take care of you."

Innocent Hester! she thought the expression, "You will need some one to take care of you," clearly denoted that Mr. Wareham had bequeathed nothing to her in his will, and she made it a point of conscience to tell Mrs. Hawdon that she had reason to think that she would have no provision at Mr. Wareham's death.

"All I can say, my love, is that you well deserve to have it," replied the lady; and poor Hester blamed herself for ever having considered the Hawdons to be worldly people.

"If they were so," she thought, "would they wish me for a connection, when, according to their opinion of the declining health of Mr. Wareham, they must imagine me to be just hovering over the advertisement column of the Times?"

Edward Hawdon did not feel any preference for Hester Beville; like most shy, silent young men, he admired showy dashing women. But as he had a due regard for the main chance, and a high opinion of the diplomatic talents of his mother, he graciously gave her permission to call on Hester, and try to ascertain from her if she should be accepted, supposing he prevailed on himself to make proposals for her.

Mrs. Hawdon found Hester in the act of arranging in due order the contents of a small ebony cabinet at the desire of Mr. Wareham, who said that it had not been opened for many years. Hester had amused herself with the inspection of divers antique trinkets, scent-bottles, and bookin-cases, and was just admiring the miniature of a very pretty woman, when Mrs. Hawdon was announced.

"Who could be the original of this charming miniature, I wonder?" said Hester. "It can not be the likeness of the late Mrs. Wareham, for I have heard Mr. Wareham regret that he possessed no resemblance of her."

"I never saw the original," said Mrs. Hawdon, carelessly glancing at it; "but I have no doubt that it is the likeness of Mr. Wareham's daughter."

"Is it possible that Mr. Wareham had a grown-up daughter?" exclaimed Hester. "I am indeed surprised; he told me that his wife had died in her confinement, and I never asked any questions about the child, because I concluded from his silence that it had not survived."

"It was evidently a distressing subject to him," said Mrs. Hawdon.

"And so he lost this charming creature in her early womanhood," said Hester, continuing to admire the miniature; "no wonder that he can not bear to talk about her."

"He lost her," said Mrs. Hawdon, "but not as you surmise; by death; the young lady was very clever, too clever to be satisfied with the frivolities of fancy-work, flower-painting, and French novels. She wished to study the classics; her father engaged a young and handsome tutor for her, and according to many an ancient and modern precedent, the tutor and pupil became enamored of each other; the attachment was discovered by the father, he was enraged, the lovers were rebellious, and the fair Elizabeth eloped."

"And did she live happily with her husband?" asked Hester.

"I believe so," said Mrs. Hawdon; "but in a few years she became a widow, and wrote to her father, imploring him to receive her to the home of her childhood."

"And he consented," said Hester, "and she returned home to die. I can not be surprised that he has never alluded to this painful subject."

"You come to premature conclusions, my love," said Mrs. Hawdon; "she is alive at the present moment, for anything I know to the contrary. Her father resolutely refused to give her any sanction, either as a wife or as a widow, and she seems to have faded from the memory of every-body. I only wonder that I remember so much concerning her; for I never saw her; she was married seven-and-twenty years ago, and it was not till two years afterwards that I came to this neighborhood as a bride."

"And she may yet be living?" said Hester, sorrowfully; "living in poverty, in sickness, and sorrow?"

"The fitting result of her disobedience," remarked Mrs. Hawdon sentimentally.

"While I," pursued Hester, "am fostered and caressed in the home which she is prohibited to enter!"

"That can make no possible difference to her, even if she knew it," replied Mrs. Hawdon; "but depend upon it, she does not know it. I will come and see you again, my love, to-morrow, and hope that this little annoyance will then have passed away from your mind. I detect the sight of an old cabinet; people who open one after a long lapse of time are sure to find something in it to worry them." And Mrs. Hawdon took her departure; she felt that the

present would not be a favorable period for interesting Hester in the impending proposals of her son.

Hester thought of nothing but the miniature and its unfortunate original during the day, and in the evening addressed herself on the subject to Mr. Wareham, without a particle of the tact and address formerly ascribed to her by Mrs. Hawdon.

"I found this very charming miniature in the ebony cabinet, dear Mr. Wareham," she said, "and I have been thinking about it ever since."

Mr. Wareham looked on the miniature first in surprise, and secondly with aversion; "I had thought it was destroyed long ago," he said; "I suppose you are curious to know for whom it was intended."

"I am not curious," replied Hester, "because I heard the story soon after I discovered the miniature, and it gave me deep trouble and pain."

"Then, I conclude," said Mr. Wareham, knitting his brows, "that you heard a garbled account of the wrongs endured by one person, and the injuries inflicted by another."

"Far from it," said Hester; "I heard the account from Mrs. Hawdon, and she seemed disposed to blame your daughter's conduct rather than your own."

"Mrs. Hawdon is a sensible woman," said Mr. Wareham, relaxing his countenance; "and I would advise you, Hester, to forbear from meddling with matters that do not concern you. There is a Blue Chamber in every house."

"There need not be one in yours," said Hester; "it is never too late to forgive. Dear Mr. Wareham, your daughter has been sufficiently punished by her long exile from your house and heart; let me implore you to receive her again to them."

"And do you actually dare to make this request of me, Hester?" asked Mr. Wareham.

"I dare to do so," replied Hester, "because I am sure that you would be both a happier and a better man if you would have the kindness to comply with it."

"And has it never occurred to you," said Mr. Wareham, "that if I granted your presuming request, your own position in my family might be greatly changed by the entrance of Mrs. Atwood into my house?"

"I think it could only be changed for the better," replied Hester. "Judging of others by myself, I imagine that Mrs. Atwood would feel so much obliged to me for having exercised my poor services in her behalf, that I should have two kind friends in the family instead of one."

"If you judge of other people by yourself, Hester," said Mr. Wareham, slightly smiling, "you must conceive the world to be very full of simpletons."

"Perhaps I may be right in so conceiving," said Hester, returning his smile; "but mine is not now a question of wisdom and justice, but one of mercy and kindness. For your own sake, for mine, and for your daughter's sake, I conjure you to forgive her."

"Enough, Hester, and more than enough on this subject," said Mr. Wareham; "you are going too far, even for a privileged favorite."

"Let me ask you one question," said Hester; "am I the only person who has endeavored to persuade you to take compassion on your daughter?"

"I will answer your question," said Mr. Wareham, "because I hope my answer may serve as a lesson to you. My old, trusty, and esteemed friend, John Grayson, has repeatedly tried to bring about a reconciliation between Mrs. Atwood and myself, and was only induced to desist from his endeavors when I assured him that another word from him would terminate our long friendship, and compel me to consider him as a stranger."

Hester made no reply to this speech, wisely relinquishing the privilege of her sex to have the last word, and after a short pause, proposed to read aloud; but Mr. Wareham refused her offer, muttering, somewhat un courteously, that "he much preferred reading to himself."

Hester remarked, however, that he never turned over a leaf of his book, and that he retired half an hour earlier than usual.

Many a speech works an effect quite different from that which was intended by the speaker. Mr. Wareham's brief account of his own spirited repudiation of John Grayson's interference was meant to serve as an awful warning to Hester of the danger that would accrue to herself from any obstinate perseverance in the course which she had undertaken to plead; but it conveyed a piece of information to her which she had almost despaired of obtaining.

During the whole of the morning, Hester had been anxiously longing to get a letter conveyed to Mrs. Atwood, but had felt the impossibility of ascertaining her place of residence; doubtless it had been many times changed in the course of seven-and-twenty years. Hester's determination was now taken; she would write to Mrs. Atwood, and she would inclose her letter in one to Mr. Grayson; since he had befriended the poor deserted widow so perseveringly and kindly, it was not likely that he should subsequently lose sight of her.

Hester knew Mr. Grayson's address; she had gradually taken the office of Mr. Wareham's amanuensis, and had only recently written to him. She fulfilled her intention that very evening; duties, she felt, were not to be delayed; and she was thoroughly aware that she was performing a duty. It seemed to her that she was usurping the place of poor Elizabeth Atwood; she felt as if she had no claim to be partaking of the comforts that surrounded her,

while the daughter of the house was living far from the home of her youth, and living, perhaps, scantily provided even with the necessities of life. She briefly and kindly expressed to Mrs. Atwood her anxiety to be of use to her in any way she could point out; she offered to convey a letter or message to Mr. Wareham, or to bring about an interview should it appear desirable; and this letter she inclosed in one to Mr. Grayson, telling him how earnestly she wished that it might reach Mrs. Atwood, and that it might prove the means of reconciling her with her father.

Hester felt thus sanguine of success, because she could not be blind to the fact that she had obtained wonderful influence over the mind of Mr. Wareham. Since her residence with him he had gradually become more charitable to the poor, more kind to his servants, and more courteous to his equals; and although the ground on which she was now treading was almost as dangerous as a quicksand, she had faith in her own powers of peace-making; in fact, in her late place of residence, she had been the general peace-maker of the neighborhood, and had often succeeded in her benevolent ministrations when older and more experienced persons had given up the point in despair. Hester escaped the infliction of Mrs. Hawdon's threatened visit, that lady having on the preceding evening received an invitation from a titled dowager in the neighborhood to spend, accompanied by her son, a few days at her house. It is true that this invitation was couched in the most cold and curt terms; it is true that Mrs. Hawdon was perfectly sensible that she had only been invited because some other persons had sent refusals, and because her son could dance well and could take a second in a duet; but she had no more idea of refusing it than if it had been a royal command; and Edward was not so deeply enamored of Hester, that the prospect of being separated from her for a few days gave him any overwhelming anxiety.

Mr. Wareham soon fell into his former kind ways towards Hester, the evening readings were resumed, and the passing storm seemed lulled into a calm; but, like many other calms, it was destined in a few days to be disturbed by the sound of the postman's knock. Hester received a letter from Mrs. Atwood, full of gratitude for her kind interest, but fearing that her father was too sternly resolute in his determination of casting her off, to render any hope of a reconciliation probable. She was happily raised above want, she said; Providence had been very kind to her. Mr. Grayson, the friend of her early childhood, had not only insisted on defraying the expenses of her son's education, but had, very soon after the death of her husband, obtained for her an asylum under the roof of an invalid relative of his own, whose declining days, she trusted, were rendered more easy by her attentions. Of that home she had recently been deprived by the death of the lady, but she was still comfortably supported by the liberal assistance of her son, who was now tutor in a family of distinction. To receive the forgiveness and blessing of her father would be the greatest of joys to her; she did not ask for any portion of the wealth which she had justly forfeited by her disobedience.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the New Orleans Sunday Delta.

The House of Cabarrus.

Although it is an undeniable fact that the people of the United States are, in the mass, descended from what are called the middle and lower orders in Europe—and for all that, not inferior in energy, in enterprise, or intellectual capacity—yet among those who, by accident or misfortune were thrown upon our shores, or who sought them through choice, have been the scions of many of the noblest houses of Europe. Many a name illustrious by genius, or valor, or historic fame, re-appear in the United States. Many a family which has stood conspicuous among the aristocracies of the Old World, is represented among the democracy of the New.

Numerous instances, establishing the truth of this statement, will occur to almost every one. Among the crowds of unostentatious Smiths, and Joneses, and Johnsons, we find Bonapartes and Lafayettes, and Washingtons, names distinguished in Europe, before they were transplanted to America.

In North Carolina there is a county called Cabarrus. The history of the name and of its naturalization in North Carolina is curious and interesting. The family of Cabarrus is an Aquitanian house of great antiquity. By its own account it is the oldest family in Europe. Caesar, in his commentaries, when relating his campaign in Southern Gaul, mentions, one of his lieutenants, by name Cabarrus. From him the Aquitanian family claims descent. Since that time the page of history has not until a comparatively recent period, been adorned with the name. The glories and the genius of the house slumbered for eighteen hundred years, till they were revived in the person of one of the most famous and most beautiful women of the last century.

Mademoiselle Cabarrus became the celebrated Madame Tallien—a woman remarkable for her personal attractions, her brilliant intellect, and the conspicuous part which she played in the bloody drama of the fall of Robespierre. Mr. Cabarrus, her brother, went to Spain, and found employment under the Government of that country. He obtained the confidence of the Ministry, and was entrusted with various important missions and offices. When the American revolution broke out, Cabarrus was employed to take a cargo of arms and ammunition to the straggling colonies. He landed in

Wilmington, N. C., and after discharging the duty imposed on him, concluded to remain in America. He engaged in business in North Carolina, and made a large fortune; and was at one time Speaker of the House of Commons of that State. It is from him that Cabarrus county takes its name.

Madame Tallien, after the death of her husband, became the *chère amie* of the great banker Ouvrard. Subsequently she married a Belgian Prince, whose name has for the moment escaped our memory. When Cabarrus died in North Carolina, he left an immense fortune, which, we believe reverted to the heirs of his sister, Madame Tallien.

From the "Irish Abroad and at Home." Costelloe and the Old Baily Practice.

In the middle and towards the end of the last century there figured at the Irish bar another Mayo man, a passage in whose life will relieve the tragic tale I have just been telling. He was a descendant of the ancient and honorable Norman house of Costelloe—(your Nagle and your Nangle are varieties of the Costelloe, be it known.) He had received an excellent education and possessed considerable logical knowledge. He was shrewd, of much serious gravity, but was playful as a kitten, cunning as a fox, mischievous as a monkey. "A fellow of infinite jest"—a living joke; witty himself, and the cause of wit in other men. He was, although his family had resided during six centuries in Ireland, a true Norman.

He had been in the year 1845, and subsequently, a student of the Middle Temple, London, and had not denied himself any of the pleasures, or indeed any of the adventures of which the English metropolis afforded, that is, to the utmost extent of the means supplied by his family. He thus acquired a vast reputation of a peculiar kind among his contemporaries, and even became the hero of a tale in which he was made to appear a staunch Jacobite, guilty of high treason in short, in harboring the Pretender in his chambers.

In justice to the councillor's character for loyalty, it must be stated, however, that he was maligned in that respect. I had heard and laughed at the story myself, and had even told it once or twice with much success. I had occasion to refer one day, however, to some of the old chronicles of France, and found in Brantome the adventure which had been ascribed to Costelloe, relating to the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI. Continuing my investigation, I hit upon it also in the "Essais Historiques de St. Foix," and in an English version of it by Dr. Gilbert, in his "View of Society in Europe."

This story was a specimen of a hundred anecdotes of "The Councillor," which I refrain giving here, not, however, because there is any doubt of their correctness. Fortunately there is one which is not liable to the objection that imposes silence on me respecting the others, and which will serve to portray my hero in his proper colors.

His terms served, Costelloe was called to the bar in Dublin, where he gave unquestionable proofs of talent; but whether through indolence or taste, eschewing equity or common law, he devoted himself to what is termed Old Baily Practice, and in which he was unrivaled.

One morning, at the time when Costelloe was in the height of his reputation, the city of Dublin was frightened from its propriety by the announcement that Gleadowe's bank had been plundered of a large sum of gold, by the chief cashier, to whom its charge had been intrusted. The alleged culprit was immediately taken into custody, brought before the sitting magistrate, interrogated, and the proofs of his guilt being held manifest, committed to Newgate. The whole process was terminated by eleven o'clock A. M.

Before the prisoner had reached his destination, Costelloe was made aware of all the circumstances of the case, by one of the committing magistrate's clerks, whom he kept constantly in pay. This man had hardly left Costelloe's house, after acquitting himself of this duty, when the councillor received a letter inviting him to repair forthwith to Newgate to see Mr. ———, just brought in, who desires his advice.

Costelloe proceeded at once to Newgate, for such a course was not then interdicted to practitioners by private resolutions of the bar; but even had it been, he was not a man to be turned from his purpose by any rule that interfered, however slightly, with the indulgence of his humor. He was there introduced to the cashier of Gleadowe's, a man of serious, sarcastic disposition, and some fifty years of age. The usual salutations over, and the door carefully closed, Costelloe, with that wonderful *coup d'œil* for which he was celebrated, saw at once the kind of person he had to deal with, and begged to be informed why his presence had been requested.

"You have heard, probably, sir," said the man, "that I have been the cashier of Gleadowe's bank, and that it is said that a large deficit has been discovered in my accounts!"

"That you had been a clerk of old Gleadowe I was ignorant," replied Costelloe; "but I have just been informed that his cashier has appropriated to himself one of his money-bags, in fact that the bank has been robbed by the rascal of a whole heap of gold."

"Rascal! That is a harsh word, sir," "Not if applicable."

"Well, sir, I shall not dispute terms, however painful to an honest, conscientious man to bear them. I am the party in question."

"And you done the trick?" "Sir!"

"You sacked the swag?" "I don't understand you!" "You've gotten the money?" "Really, sir, I cannot comprehend you."

"You robbed the bank?" "Do you mean to insult me. I rob the bank? I cheat my employer! I plunder my benefactor, and preserve the fruits of it! No, sir, no, I have not a shilling in the world."

"Then, by—, you'll be hanged." "What can you mean?" "I'll make it as clear to you as that those fetters are of iron. If you have robbed the bank, you must have some of the money, and can afford to pay me well for saving your life. If you are innocent, and consequently penniless, you will be weighed, as sure as was *Catherine gappul*."

"Weighed?" "In the City Justice scales. The scale is spoken of everywhere, with this addition, that proofs against you are irrefutable."

"Then there is no hope." "None, if you be what you say yourself—guiltless! for you can not afford to retain me, who probably of all the bar, could alone give you a chance."

Overwhelmed and horrified, the hypocrite, after some hesitation, admitted that he was in a condition to remunerate the councillor for undertaking his defence. "What is your fee, sir?" he asked.

"Ten per cent." "Ten per cent? Why that is a thousand pounds!"

"So much the better for both of us." After many futile attempts to beat down the councillor's demand, the prisoner acceded to it and gave him an order upon his wife for the enormous sum of a thousand pounds, on an understanding that if the councillor's exertions should fail he would return nine hundred and fifty pounds of it to—the widow!

Immediately upon receiving this draft, Costelloe left the prison, and without waiting to present it, proceeded to the Crown Office, situated in South Cope street, on the site of the rear or courtyard of the present Commercial Buildings, which at that resembled in its functions the head police office of modern times. The sitting magistrate had risen, but the chief clerk was at his desk when Costelloe entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson," said he. The clerk returned the salute. "Anything in my way to-day Mr. Johnson?" he asked with the most perfect *nonchalance*.

"What, Councillor! Have you not heard of the robbery at Gleadowe's?" "Gleadowe's? The bank? Not a word of it."

"Yes, the cashier, who was deemed the most trustworthy of men, has plundered the chest." "Plundered the chest?" "Extracted from it ten thousand guineas in gold made up in rouleaux, and has substituted for them as many farthings."

"And got clear off?" "No. He is safe in Newgate." "What a scoundrel!" "A consummate one; but he will suffer for it. The evidence against him is conclusive; for part of the stolen property was found in a secret drawer of his desk at home."

"Did you not say that the money abstracted was in gold?" "Yes; but those pieces have been identified."

"How! One guinea is so like another." "True; but mark the finger of Providence. Along with the guineas the villain carried off ten foreign gold coins, Dutch ducats, which were also in the safe, and these have been sworn to by his deputy, and will hang him. See here."

The clerk opened his desk, and took from it a small box, committed to his custody for production at the trial of the accused, and poured its contents into the hands of the apparently wondering Councillor.

Costelloe examined them piece by piece with the most intense interest; turned and returned them in his hand, again regarded them with the concentrated attention of a Jew money changer. The scrutiny lasted so long that the clerk manifested impatience. At length Costelloe restored them by observing, "The fellow has undone himself."

"What a fortunate oversight! was it not Councillor?" "Providential, as you just now properly remarked. Never was proof more clear."

After a few words further on general subjects, the councillor left the office with a mind seemingly deranged. That evening his confidential clerk and secretary was seen to go on board a Liverpool packet, which lay at Sir John Roger's Quay, and sailed half an hour afterwards.

Some weeks later the prisoner was brought to trial at the Commission Court, Green street; and in the presence of as numerous an auditory as had ever been congregated in it. As usual the counsel for the accused sat immediately before him. On one side of Costelloe was placed the clerk, with whom in the course of the proceedings he frequently conversed, and whose hat was on the table before him; on the other hand of Costelloe was the attorney of the prisoner. When called upon to plead, the unfortunate man at the bar, with much feeling and deep emotion exclaimed: "Not Guilty!"

With a solemn assertion, he added, that the rouleaux of coin (farthings) found in the safe were those which had existed there for years, and formed part of the rest as he had been given to understand; and he had received them from his predecessor at the value indicated by

the ticket attached to each packet. He had never opened them.

Costelloe cross-examined, but only slightly the witnesses who deposed to the preliminary facts.

At length came the turn of the deputy cashier, who swore that he had frequently seen in the chest the identical ten Dutch pieces of gold which the Councillor had so curiously examined at the Crown Office, and which the witness now again identified.

At this testimony Costelloe looked serious. The examination in chief of the deputy cashier being over, and no movement made by Costelloe, who seemed deeply absorbed in thought, the counsel for the Crown was led to believe that no cross examination was intended, and accordingly told the witness that he might go down.

"Stop a moment, young man," said the Councillor, rising, and with an abstracted and vacant gaze; "stop a moment. I have a question of two to ask you on behalf of my unhappy client"—who now, feeling the peril in which his life was placed, began to weep bitterly. The witness re-seated himself, and Costelloe went on: "And so, sir, you accuse your friend of robbery?"

"I am sorry that my duty compels me to give criminatory evidence against him."

"No doubt—no doubt. His conviction will gain you a step, eh?" "Sir, do you think it was under such an impression, and with such a view, that I gave my testimony?"

"Certainly I do." A murmur of disapprobation ran through the court at this insult to the witness. The councillor, for the prosecution looked towards the Bench for protection. The Judge, however, did not interfere, nor did he reprove the witness with whom they exclaimed the "indecent insinuation of Costelloe towards a witness whose testimony, from all that appeared could not be impugned;" but his Lordship evidently looked with interest to the development of Costelloe's motive, knowing well that he would not have committed an imbecility so powerful without some powerful secret reason. The witness himself, disappointed at the failure of the counsel for the Crown to interest the Court in his feelings, became red with indignation. Of these circumstances Costelloe took no notice, but proceeded:

"And so you swear, sir, that those identical pieces of gold in your hands at this moment—where are they?" he asked rudely of the solicitor for the prosecution. They were again handed to the witness, and Costelloe resumed: "And so you swear, sir, that these identical pieces of gold in your hand were in the prisoner's keeping?—now mind, you are on your oath!"

"I do swear it." "Hand me those coins," and Costelloe in a tone that expressed rage and fury. The witness complied, and handed them to the councillor, who looked upon them with dismay. The witness was triumphant. The prisoner trembled. The Court was hushed. Costelloe sighed.

"You have sworn positively, sir," said he; "and it will be well for you, if truly. Here, sir, take your blood-money." He stretched out his hand, with a countenance half averted, as if with disgust; and missing that of the witness, let fall the mass into the hat before him, by the sheers cast accident in the world. "I beg your pardon, sir for my awkwardness," said Costelloe to the witness; the only approach to civility he had as yet manifested towards him. Then, putting his hand into the hat, and taking up a single piece, he said: "You persist in swearing, sir, that this piece of money, the property of Mr. Gleadowe, was in the prisoner's custody? Now, mind, sir—none of your assumed contempt!"

"I mean nothing of the kind, sir."

"Then why look it? Recollect that you are swearing away this poor man's life. Do you still say, fellow, that this piece of money was in the keeping of the prisoner?"

The witness, brow beaten and buffed, became once more irritated. He took the dust into his hand, and scarcely deigning to glance at it said, "I swear it!"

"And this, also," said Costelloe, taking up another and presenting it to him.