

evening a *myrmidon*, a jack-in-office, honoured me with his *lettre-de-cachet*, or warrant; its preamble began "You are to apprehend"---Unwilling to oppose rule, I immediately accompanied him to the rendezvous of enquiry--the hall of midnight robbery. The assembled group of "tag, rag and bob-tail" in the office of a pettyfogging attorney, honored by the presidency of a drunken magistrate or "squire," properly, of the name of Hempstead, would have presented a fine opportunity to Hogarth, Woodward, or Rowlandson. In the sanguinary days of the French Revolution, Robespierre and his associates--nor the plotting demons in the Grecian horse, could form for the painter's art so rich a subject, and Milton's sable angels would be no more remembered.---Such was this nocturnal Junto! The plaintiff, or rather prosecutor, Gold, told his tale in the posture of sitting before this *honorable menagerie of ruffians*, and when permitted to reply, custom, consistent with the rules of my country and good manners, induced me to rise, though in this instance such respect was prostituted, which was observed by an amateur in propriety, and flatteringly appreciated as a novelty, and as I felt the force and effect of a good cause, which could not, was not, confronted, the fire of indignation gave me language and eloquence to dictate to this arbitrator of the night even American laws, and such was corroborated by an ex-magistrate then present, Mr. Waring, who referring to the law-book, expressly read, that no contract was