

Mossat, who felt a suspicion, amounting to almost a conviction, that the saddle was on the wrong horse, said as little. He naturally wished his son well. The misfortune, therefore, of him who should have been Johnny Brown, junior, was apparently now without remedy. He must be content with the four-loom shop, instead of the eight hundred pounds. It was a hard case.

In the meantime, Tommy the Misnamed's nose grew apace, and carried, in its length and breadth, undeniable warranty of his lineage. But of what avail to him were its noble proportions? They developed themselves in vain. In vain the bridge rose with a curve like a leather cutter's knife—in vain the ample nostrils distended—in vain, in short, did nature now labour at that important feature on Tommy's face. It was toil and material quite thrown away. There had been a time when it might have done him good service; but not now. The nose of the unwitting usurper of his rights also got on, too, in the meantime, and equally faithful to its prototype, began to take a decided direction upwards. It first shot straight out, and then took the heavenward bend with a graceful curl; and was thus as distinct and undeniable a testimony to its originator as Tommy's was to his.

Thus, however, time passed on, and the *ads* both grew up; but as they did so, the mistake with regard to their allotment at their birth became so palpable to those concerned in that affair—we mean the midwife and her two assistants—and their consciences smote them, and urged them so strongly with a sense of the injustice to which their attention had exposed the son of the departed Deacon, that they resolved to keep the secret no longer, but to give him a hint of the affair. This was accordingly done. The young man was greatly surprised at the story, and said, to those who gave him the information, he had often, indeed, been told his strong resemblance to Deacon Brown, but had never been aware or had suspected that there was such good reason for it.

Losing no time in communicating to his

friends the history of his real paternity, of which he had thus so unexpectedly obtained possession, he was advised by them all to try what the law could do for him in reinstating him in his own; each adding, that they had no doubt his nose alone would insure him success.

Encouraged by these assurances, the young man did finally determine on bringing the question and his nose together into a judicial court. He, in short, resolved, mainly on the strength of this organ, in which he was over and over again told he might have every confidence, to have his identity decided by the laws of his country, and of course his claims along with it: the opposite party, he of the cock nose, naturally resisted this attempt to oust him; and the consequence was, that the matter did actually go into court.

It was a new and curious case: the midwife and her assistants swore to the facts of the disputed identity of the infants at their birth, and to the mode finally adopted of adjusting it; adding their firm belief that an erroneous distinction had been made. All the other witnesses for the plaintiff swore to his nose, stating it to be an exact copy of the late Deacon's very remarkable proboscis: the learned counsel for the plaintiff expatiated on his client's nose, and pressed it, in an eloquent and energetic speech, on the notice of the judge and jury; *wiping*, at the same time, the cocked-up stump of the defendant with successful irony: the judge, in summing up, dwelt on the plaintiff's nose, calling on the jury to observe that it was an important and prominent feature in the case; and, finally, the jury found the nose, collaterally supported as it was by other circumstances, as a good and sufficient ground for finding a verdict in favour of the plaintiff which they accordingly did, when the latter and his nose left the court in great triumph, amidst the acclamations of a crowd of sympathising friends.

Young Brown was in due time served heir to his father, and succeeded to possessions amounting altogether, in money and property, to somewhere about a thousand pounds; which sum he always afterwards maintained was the value of his nose.