

cast or condemned by the said aleatory chance will, with much greater patience and more mildly and gently, endure and bear up the disastrous load of their misfortune than if they had been sentenced at their first arrival in the court."

I moved on, as poor Jo was told to do, and entered another chamber. "Here we have a collection of documents of priceless value;" remarked an expert in handwriting, "records and writings that have figured in legal history, and autographs of the great, the wise and the good, that have come within the eye of the law."

This attendant pointed towards two old scraps of paper. "Those," said he, "speak not only volumes, but the character of the writer as well; they are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment" (we saw that plainly enough at a glance); "but covert, sly, under-hand communications."

With interest we read as follows, "Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.. Chops and Tomato Sauce. Yours, Pickwick." "Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home until to-morrow. Slow Coach." Charmed was I to see the signature and caligraphy of the immortal Pickwick—the tell-tale letters in Bardell versus Pickwick—the letters with which Sergeant B... convinced the enlightened, high-minded, right feeling, conscientious, dispassionate, sympathizing, contemplative jury to give the poor widow seven hundred and fifty pounds damages. In the same case we saw the warrants issued by George Nupkings, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, and under which Gummer, the bailiff, arrested Blank Pickwick and Blank Tupman, for intending to fight a duel "against the peace of our suffering Lord, the King, statit in that case made and purwided." Here they had Antonio's bond, once held by Shylock; and the deed of gift whereby that unfortunate son of Abraham had to give all that he was possessed of at his death unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter. By itself stood the will of Adam—a monstrously long affair, and no wonder, for, as the Arabs say, when that grand old gardener was about to prepare the document, Gabriel descended from heaven with sixty-two millions of angels, each provided with a clean white sheet of parchment and a new quill pen, the archangel sealed the will as a witness. We looked in vain for the clause in Adam's testament which the first Francis of France was so anxious to see—the one whereby the vast inheritance of the Americas was given to the Spaniards, as the Pope said. Near by was another parchment, with the seal of Caesar, found by Antony in his closet, his will; giving to every Roman citizen, to every several man, seventy-five drachmas. Beside this, inscribed on a brick-bat, was the will of Sennacherib, "the Assyrian who came down like a wolf on the fold;" he gave a lot of precious things to his son Esarhaddon, a youth who, to please his father, had changed his name to Assursar-illik-pal.

The only other document that we examined in that room was an ancient Egyptian deed, on parchment, of a piece of land in hundred-gated Thebes, written one hundred years before our era, and with a certificate of registration attached. The descriptions of the parties were more minute than those now given; this is how they were mentioned, "Pamonthes, one of the male grantors