

were repulsed with bitter scorn, and the unhappy old man saw himself, although sinking into the very shadow of the grave, compelled to plunge into the whirl and clash of an exciting law suit. He was the more led on to this from the idea, that the defendant, when convinced of his resolution to resort to a legal examination of the affair, would yield him an apology. So far from doing so, however, was he, that he placed upon record, as the phrase is, all his charges, and announced his determination and power to prove their truth. The old man was struck with horror, and his friends with amazement and doubt. What might not be accomplished by so desperate a foe? What dark and fatal scheme must he not have engendered, that he thus confidently advanced to the conflict? What bad and licentious men, ever to be found in populous cities, might not have been summoned—for there are such who would commit perjury for hire, as carelessly as look in the face of the blue heaven? We were witness to the fear and agony of the plaintiff when the day of trial arrived. He was amiable and sensitive, and recoiled from the approaching developement. He entreated that the action might be withdrawn. He said he was a wretched and a ruined man. He would fly to some distant country, and spend the brief remnant of his life in obscurity and shame. We heard also the calm, encouraging voice of his counsel, cheering up his drooping hopes, and breathing balm into his wounded soul. The testimony was a mass of chaos. At the close of it the court appeared embarrassed and the jury bewildered. Only a powerful, gigantic, and practical mind could grasp it in all its ramifications, separate the improbable and inconsistent from the rest, and so arrange it as to demonstrate the simple truth. It was twelve at night when, after several days' investigation, it became the duty of Mr. Emmet to sum up. The trial had excited a general sensation. The very hall before the court room was crowded, and in the apartment itself, such a throng had gained entrance that the long windows, the embrasures, the columns, and indeed every object where a human foot could brace itself or a hand cling, was occupied. It was a thrilling picture in the depth of that night within the walls of the high chamber. The judges on their benches—the jury—the lawyers ranged around in various attitudes, all expressive of interest and anxiety—the dense mass of beings among whom ran the murmur of anxious expectation, the despairing and half broken hearted form of the plaintiff, his care worn forehead and few white hairs, the calm figure of the orator rising in the midst, with his time stricken head, and, with his elbow leaning on the table and his chin upon his clenched fist; the defendant—his