

LAW COURTS IN OHIO.

Court of Common Pleas, but at present it was unoccupied. An elderly gentleman was sitting on a cane-bottomed chair, facing the wrong way, and warming his back at the open fire. His chin was resting on the chair-back, and he was meditating profoundly. He occasionally rose, traversed the room, his hands in his pockets, and expectorated thoughtfully. This was the judge. To those accustomed to the English or Colonial judge, presiding in robes and white cravat, in frigid reserve upon the bench, distant and dignified, the unconstrained manners and graceful ease of this Republican magistrate would seem refreshing in the extreme.

The prisoner sat by his counsel at a small table, in front of the jury. We looked in vain for a dock. We are very harsh to accused persons in this respect. We have absolutely no respect for their feelings, and cruelly exhibit them to the gaze of their fellow-citizens, between two minions of the law, in durance vile, unmindful of the theory that every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. They have more delicacy about these matters in the States.

There was another gentleman at this counsel's table who attracted observation. His chair was tilted back against a pillar; his feet rested on the back of another chair before him. He was so placed that the judge was seated directly opposite him, and was forced to contemplate the soles of his boots. This gentleman was dressed in the seediest apparel: he picked his teeth with a pen-knife: he expectorated continuously: he was lean and sallow: he looked like a clock-peddler: he was in outward appearance one of Dickens' typical Yankees. We thought he might be a crier of the court or a personal friend of the burglar. What was our surprise when, on the defendant's counsel drawing his tedious oration to a close, he lowered his feet from their ele-

vation, brought his chair to the horizontal, and rose with the obvious intention of haranguing the jury. He was, in truth, the State Prosecutor.

He first took from the table a dirk, which, with other murderous and damning articles, had been found upon the prisoner. He examined it deliberately, felt its edge, held it up for the jury to observe, and commenced his address with the calmness and self-possession of the practised speaker.

The opening of his speech was almost word for word as follows: "You have heard tell, gentlemen of the jury, of the Gordian knot. Alexander, gentlemen, Alexander the Great, wanted to untie that Gordian knot, but he could not do it, nohow. So what did he do? He just whipped out his sword and cut that knot right square through. Now, gentlemen, we have a Gordian knot to untie, and a tough one too. But I won't trouble you to untie it. I'll just slither it, right clean through, with this dagger. You have likely seen instruments of this sort before. They are only found on two classes of men—Texan Rangers and Italians; and when you find one of these on a man, you know he's a *rascal and a scoundrel, like this fellow here*. I'll tell you what this dirk reminds me of. It reminds me of a cheese-taster. They just let it into a man, you know, and draw it out again, and see what sort of stuff he's made of. And I tell you, these fellows just whip out one of these articles and let it into a man as much quicker than they could draw a pistol and fire into him, as a streak of lightning is quicker 'n the growth of a tree. Now it does just make me sick to see a man toil and labour in defence of a scoundrel like this burglar here, the way my friend Wilson has laboured for his client. His effort was splendid: it was desperate: it was noble: and while his labours, his moral courage, and his fearlessness challenge