THE WEEKLY MAIL: TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1873.

THE BAR-WRANGLED BANNER.

BY AN AN ENGLISH VISITOR.

[Minister Jay, writing and telegraphing to Secretary Fish, relates the commotion he had had in consequence of corruption among confidential Assistant Commissioners . . . "money paid on General Mayor for privilege of erecting receipts, bars &c. . . . "the thing charges of corruption connected with bars, &c." . . . the Special Commission recommended that the Assistant Commissioner at Vienna be authorized to advise the Imperial Manager of the Lottery Company that his agents are thieves." The names of said bars were given improperly, &c., &c.—*Morning Papers.*]

O, say, as I posted through Vat Bulkert and picked, It has generally we failed for our country's fame Whose breed f ale and bet hi jars, yarn Cincinnatus Sister's fight,
O'er the country we watched, wary so fabulous strength
And the cocktails and chers,
The mint-julips in pl
Gave p ost to the world that our drinks were mi ed above,
O, say, has some bar-wrangling monster of bears Lost the land of the free what its cyclin should serve

If Mayor's the one who has kept up the bore
Or our hotelless department's eternal confusion,
His house and his country wo d see him once more,
And his head-piece adorn with a Hancock convi tion;
No refuge should be
His safety, if he
Has verified the one thing in which great are we;
For his bar-wrangling manner must tend to degrade
In the judgment of strangers the drinks of the brave.

But then it is ever when freemen have planned
A better wire-saving machine exhibition;
Would they set up a bar, there is some one at hand
To envelop the man in a common perdition;
Yet triumph we must,
If Vienna is just;
And still, by our cocktails and julops, we trust
From the bar-wrangling manner of Mayor Jay save
The fame of the drinks of the land of the brave.

O. S. R.

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A SIMPLETON;

A Story of the Day.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Staines and Mrs. Falcon landed at Plymouth, and went up to town by the same train. They parted in London, Staines to go down to Gravesend, Mrs. Falcon to visit her husband's old haunts, and see if she could find him.

She did not find him; but she heard of him, and learned that he always went down to Gravesend from Saturday till Monday.

Notwithstanding all she had said to Staines, the actual information startled her, and gave her a turn. She was obliged to sit down, for her knees seemed to give way. It was but a momentary weakness. She was now a wife and a mother, and had learned, and said to herself, "My regime has turned that poor woman's head long before this, no doubt. But I shall go down and just bring him away by the ear."

For once her bitter indignation overpowered every other sentiment, and she lost no time, but late as it was, went down to Gravesend, ordered a private sitting-room and bedroom for the night, and took a fly to Kent Villa.

But Christopher Staines had the start of her. He had already gone to Gravesend with his carpet bag, left it at the inn, and walked to Kent Villa that lovely summer night, the happiest husband in England.

His heart had never for one instant been disturbed by Mrs. Falcon's monstrous suspicion: he looked on her as a monomaniac; a sensible woman insane on one point, her husband.

When he reached the villa, however, he thought it prudent to make sure that Pal. con had come to England at all, and discharged his commission. He would not run the risk, small as he thought it, of pronouncing unexpected on his Rosa, being taken for a ghost, and terrifying her, of exciting her by madness.

Now the presence of Kent Villa were admirably adapted to what he call in war a reconnoissance. The lawn was studded with lurestimas and other shrubs that had grown magnificently in that Kentish air.

Staines had no sooner set his foot on the lawn, than he heard voices; he crept towards them from beak to beak; and, standing in impenetrable shade, he saw in the clear moonlight two figures—Mr. Falcon and Reginald Falcon.

These two dropped out only a word or two at intervals; but what they did say stuck Staines as cold. For one thing, Lanigan remarked, "I suppose you will want to go back to the Cape. Such enormous estates as yours will want looking after."

"Enormous estates!" said Staines to himself. "Then they must have grown very fast in a few months."

"Oh yes!" said Falcon; "but I think of showing her a little of Europe first."

Staines thought this still more mysterious; he waited to hear more, but the succeeding remarks were of an ordinary kind.

He noticed, however, that Falcon spoke of his wife by her christian name, and that neither party mentioned Christopher Staines. He seemed quite out of their little world.

Staines began to feel a strange chill creep down him.

Presently Falcon went off to join Rosa; and Staines thought it was quite time to ask the old gentleman whether Falcon had executed the commission, or not.

He was only hesitating how to do it, not liking to pounce in the dark on a man who shortly afterwards, in the moonlight, when Rosa herself came flying out in great agitation.

Oh! the thrill he felt at the sight of her! With all his self-possession, he would have sprung forward and taken her in his arms with a mighty cry of love, if she had not immediately spoken words that rooted him to the spot with horror. But she came with the very words in her mouth: "Papa, I am come to tell you I cannot, and will not marry Mr. Falcon."

"Oh yes, you will, my dear."

"Never! I'll die sooner. Not that you will care for that. I tell you, I saw my Christopher last night—in a dream, of course; had a beard; but I saw him, oh so plain; and he said, 'Is this the way you keep your promise?' That is enough for me. I love prayed, again and again, to his star, for light. I was perplexed and bewildered by you all, and you make me believe what you like. Well, I have had a revelation. It is not my poor lost darling's wish I should wed again. I don't believe Mr. Falcon say more. I hear nothing but Rea by day. The truth comes to my bedside at night. I will not marry this man."

"Consider, Rosa, your credit is pledged. You must not be always jilting him heartlessly. Dreams! nonsense. There—I love peace. It is no use your storming at me; rave to the moon and the stars, if you like, and wkisn you have done, do pray come and behave like a rational creature, who has pledged her faith to an honourable man, and a man of vast estates—a man that loves your husband in his last illness, found your child, at a great expense, when you had lost him, and merits eternal gratitude, and eternal jilting. I have no patience with you."

The old gentleman retired in high dudgeon.

Staines stood in the black shade of his cedar-tree, rooted to the ground by this revelation of male villany and female credulity.

He did not know what on earth to do. He wanted to kill Falcon, but not to terrify his own wife to death. It was now too clear she thought he was dead.

Rosa watched her father's retiring figure out of sight. "Very well, said she, clenching her teeth; then suddenly she turned, and looked up to heaven. "Do you hear? said she. "My Christie's star! I am a poor perplexed creature. I asked you for a sign; and that very night I saw him in a dream. Why should I marry, out of gratitude? Why should I marry one man, when I love another? What does it matter his being dead? I love him too well to be wife to any living man. They persuade me, they compel me. I see they will make me. But I will outwitten. See—see!" and she held up a little phial in the moonlight. "This shall cut the knot for me; this shall keep me true to my Christie, and save me from breaking promises I ought never to have made. This shall unite me once more with him I killed, and loved."

She meant she would kill herself the night before the wedding, which, perhaps she would not, and "perhaps she will. Who can tell? The weak are violent. But Christopher, seeing the poison so near her lips, was perplexed, took two strides, wrenched it out of her hand, with a snarl of rage, and instantly plunged into the shade again.

Rosa uttered a shriek, and flew into the house.

The father she got the more terrified she became, and soon Christopher heard her screaming in the drawing-room to assistance. They were like the screams of the insane.

He got terribly anxious, and followed her. All the doors were open.

As he went upstairs, he heard her cry, "His ghost! his ghost! I tell you he is a ghost! No, no, I feel his hand upon my arm now. I heard! and so he had in the dream. He is alive. My darling is alive. You have deceived me. You are an impostor—a villain. Out of the house this moment, or he shall kill you."

"Are you mad?" cried Falcon. "How can he be alive, when I saw him dead?"

This was too much. Staines gave the door a blow with his arm, and stood upon the apartment, looking white and tremendous.

Falcon saw death in his face; gave a shriek, drew his revolver, and fired at him with a little aim as he leaf at the lioness, then made for the open window. Staines seized a chair, followed him and hurled it at him, and the chair and the man went through the window together, and then there was a strange blank heard outside.

Rosa gave a loud scream, and swooned away.

Staines laid his wife fast on the floor, got the women about her, and at last she began to give the usual signs of returning life.

Staines said to the oldest woman there, "If she sees me, she will go off again. Carry her to her room; and tell her, by degrees, that I am alive."

All this time Papa Lanigan had sat trembling and whimpering in a chair, moaning, "This is a painful scene—very painful." But at last an idea struck him. "Why not HAVE SOMEBODY HER OFFICE?"

Scarcely was Mrs. Staines out of the room when a fly drove up, and this was immediately followed by violent and continuous screaming close under the window.

"Oh dear! sighed Papa Lanigan. "But never mind."

They ran down, and found Falcon impaled at full length on the spikes of the villa, and Phœbe screaming over him, and trying in vain to lift him off them. He had struggled a little, in silent terror, but had then fainted from fear and loss of blood, and Phœbe, from inside the villa, which were high, he could not be extricated from the outside.

As soon as his miserable condition was discovered, the cry was, "Bring him in into the kitchen, and so up to the rails by the area steps." These rails had caught him; one had gone clean through his arm, the other had penetrated the fleshy part of the thigh, and had lacerated the skin.

They got him off; but he was insensible, and the place drenched with his blood.

Phœbe, distracted, flew to the City then "Let me know the worst," said she. "Is he dead?"

Staines examined him, and said, "No."

"Can you save him?"

"I hope so."

"Yes. Who can, if you cannot? Oh, have mercy on me!" and she went on her knees to him, and put her head on his breast.

He was touched by her simple faith; and the stoic tradition of his profession filled with his gratitude to this injured woman.

"My poor friend," said he, "I will do my best, for your sake."

He took immediate steps for stanching the blood, and the fly carried Phœbe and her villain to the inn at Gravesend.

Falcon came to on the road; but, finding himself alone with Phœbe, shammed unconsciousness of everything but pain.

Staines, being thoroughly savaged with Rosa, yet remembering his promise never to abuse her again, saw her father, and told him to tell her he should think over her conduct quietly, not wishing to be harder upon her than she deserved.

Rosa, when Staines was screaming, and crying for joy, ever since she came to her senses, was not so much afflicted at his message as he had feared. Have I killed him? He was alive, and all things else were trifles.

Staines came down to dinner day after day went by, and not even a line from Christopher, she began to fear he would cast her off entirely; but there so sad a heart he was now and then at Gravesend to visit Mrs. Falcon at the inn.

While matters were thus, Uncle Philip burst on her like a bomb. "He is alive! he is alive! he is alive!" And they had a cuddle over it.

"Oh, Uncle Philip! Have you seen him?"

"Seen him? Yes. He caught me on the hop, just as I came in from Italy. I took him one a shot."

"Oh, women's eyes frightened!"

"Nota bit. I don't mind ghosts. I'd have half a dozen to dinner every day, if I might choose 'em. I couldn't stand stupid ones. But I say, his temper isn't improved by all this dying; he is in an awful rage with you; and what for?"

"Oh, uncle, what for? Because I'm the vilest of women."

"Villest of fallacitacks! It's his fault, not yours. Shouldn't have died. It's always a dangerous experiment."

"I shall die if he will not forgive me. He keeps away from me, and from his child."

"I'll tell you. He heard, in Gravesend, your banns had been cried: that has moved the peevish fellow Sadale."

"It was done without my own set. Papa will tell you so; and oh, uncle, if you knew the arts, the forged letter in my darling's hand, the way he wrought on me. Oh, villains, villains! I hate them! I hate your poor silly niece, that the world is too wicked and too clever for her to live in it."

"Because you are too good and innocent," said Uncle Philip. "There, don't you be discouraged. I'll soon bring you to rights together. Now, then, you go to bed, and get your sleep, that the world is too clever for her to live in."

"Because you are too good and innocent," said Uncle Philip. "There, don't you be discouraged. I'll soon bring you to rights. Now, then, you go to bed, and get your sleep, that you may be fresh and fine with me. Come at once, bag and baggage. He will soon be your slave, the man for you."

Philip Staines had a large house in Cavendish Square, a country old patient, like himself, and left it him. It was his humour to live in a corner of this immense house, though he was capitally furnished by his judicious purchases at auctions.

He gave Rosa, and her boy, and his nurse, the entire first floor, and told her she was there for life. "Look here," said he, "this last affair has opened my eyes. Earth women as you are the sweetness of existence. You leave my house to me, and that house will make the same discovery. Let him run about and be miserable a bit. He will have sense enough."

"My Christopher will never say a harsh word to me. All I have done, he will quietly abandon a creature so inferior to him."

"Stuff!"

Now she was always running to the window, in hopes of Christopher, and not his uncle, and that she might see him; and one day she gave a scream so eloquent, Philip ran to the window, and saw Christopher in spectacles, you and your boy," said he, "and be as still as mice. Stop—give me that letter. I am a cousin in charge of Kensington."

This was hastily done, and Rosa out of breath and trembling, ran down to find when Christopher was announced. Philip received him very affectionately, but wasted no time in preliminaries.

"Now," said he, "I have a little business with you, and I'm a man of business. Rosa's present husband, Christopher Staines, is dead. Is not your poor mother, my darling; she mourns her faith, and will never remarry."

The same moment he thought, All Philip's logic was nothing, compared with mighty nature. Christopher gave a great sob, and took his darling to his heart, without one word; and he and Rosa clung together, and cried over each other. Philip slipped out of the room, and left the restored one together.

"I have something more to say about my hero and heroine; but must first deal with other characters, not wholly uninteresting to the reader, I hope.

Dr. Staines directed Phœbe Falcon how to treat her husband. No medicine, no stimulants; very wholesome food, in moderation, and the temperature of his body regulated by tepid water. Under these instructions the injured, but still devoted wife, was the healer. He pulled through, but was long for life, and ridiculously lame, for he went with a spring halt, a sort of hop and go one that jarred, and made the right side and vexed Adonis.

Phœbe found the diamonds, and offered them all to Staines, in expiation of his injury. "See," she said, "he has only spent one."

Staines said he was glad of it, for her sake; for he must be just to his own family, and sold them for nine thousand two hundred pounds; bit for the big diamond, he had fifty thousand pounds offered him, and I believe it was worth double the money.

Counting the two sums, and delivering six hundred for the stone Mrs. Falcon had lost, he gave her over seven thousand pounds.

He shared at him, and changed colour at so large a sum. "But I have no claim on this, sir."

"That is a good joke," said he. "Why you and I are partners in the whole thing—you and I did Dick. Why, you was with his horse and rifle I bought for his diamond. Poor, dear, honest, manly Dick. No, the money is honestly yours, Mrs. Falcon; but don't trust a penny to your husband."

"He will never see it, sir. I shall take my oath he never shall. I'd sooner the heart cut out, with this; but he will be little more than a servant in the house now, as long as Dick is single; I know that;" and she could still cry at the humiliation of her villain.

Staines made her promise to write to him; and he did write back a most respectful letter, to say that they were making an enormous fortune, and hoped to see him in days to come.

Dick assist his kind lines, and thanks.

I will add, what she only said in explanation, that she was happy after all. "She still contented to love the thing one could not respect. Once, whenever she was tired, pitied her for her husband's lameness, she said, "Had me a fame like that, I'd love the better; he can't run after the girls, like some."

Dr. Staines called on Lady Cicely Terbrene; the footman started. He left his card.

A week afterwards, she called on him. She had a pink tinge in her cheeks, a general animation, and her face full of brightness and archness.

"Bless me!" said he, blustily, "is this you? How you are improved."

"Yes," said she; "and I am come to thank you for your prescription; I followed it to the letter."

"Woe is me! I have forgotten it."

"Yes, you directed me to marry an honest man."

"Never; I hate a nice man."

"No, no—an Irishman; and I have done it."

"Good gracious! you don't mean that! I must be more cautious in my prescriptions. After all, it seems to agree."

"Admirably."

"He lives you?"

"To distraction."

"He amuses you?"

"Prodigiously. Come and see."

Dr. and Mrs. Staines lived with Uncle Philip. The insurance money is returned, but the diamond money makes them very easy. Sinbad follows his profession, and under great advantage; a noble house, rent free, the curiosity that attracts to his house, who has been carted out of a ship in mid-ocean, and loves to tell it; and then Lord Tadmanse married his another noble lord, swears by him, and talks of him; so does Lady Cicely Munster, late Treherne; and when such friends as these are warm, it makes a physician the centre of an important circle; for his fame has fired of all is his unflagging industry, and his truly wonderful diagnosis, which resembles divination. He has the ball at his feet, and above all, that without which worldly success soon palls, a happy home, a fireside warm with sympathy. Mrs. Staines is an admiring, sympathizing wife, and an admirable housekeeper. She still utters that inevitable one word, and then commits new errors at odd times, but never repeats those when exposed. Observing which duality, Uncle Philip has been heard to express a fear that, in twenty years, she will be the wisest woman in England. "But, thank heaven!" he adds, "I shall be gone before that."

He conducts and conversation affords this cynic constant food for observation; and he has delivered himself crotchetly at various stages of the study: but I cannot say that his observations, taken as a whole, present that consistency which entitles them to be regarded as a body of philosophy. Examples: In the second month after Mrs. Staines came to live with him, he delivered himself thus:—"My niece Rosa is as normally. She gives you the impression she is shallow. But wait a bit; that young creature will take you out of your depth on any man's depth. She is the true young country stream I used to fish for pike when I was young; you go along, seeing the bottom everywhere, that is perpetually rising to the corner, and is it fifteen feet deep all in a moment—and some you go over head and back: that's my niece Rosa."

In six months he had got to this—and, mind you, she never forgot, never, never, never is a loud, aggressive term, and implies oblivion of the preceding crude—"My niece Rosa, has developed a mind that, I may say how! how! how! as much as you like. You have not found out her little mind, and I have not, and I don't, and I mean to! To be beloved by an unconscionable number of people, and to be a simpleton, and so disarms all the brilliant people, and they love her. Everybody loves her. Wait a little, and you will mix with six clever women, and you will see who is the favourite. She looks as shallow as a carriage drawn up in front of the court house.

At the end of the year he threw off the mask altogether. "The great quality of a man's life," said he, "is 'a simpleton.' I shall not go abroad any more; I shall never be become relative I know the world. When I have a headache, her eyes fill with tender concern, and she hovers about me to and fro, with pillows when I am cross with her, she is afraid I am ill. When I die, she will have her a lot of money, she will howl for months, and say, 'I don't want his money; I was war-was worth his money.' Uncle Philip, to love me, and scold me. One day she told me with a sigh, I hadn't hurted her the last time. I am afraid I have offended you," says she, 'or else worn you out, dear.' When I am well, she is miserable, for fear I am laugh. When I am well give me a simpleton, to soothe me with her innocent tenderness. A simpleton and love, is the balm of Gilead, and close my eyes; and when I cross the river of death, let me be met by a band of the heavenly host, who were all simpletons here on earth, and too good for such a hole, so now they are in heaven. Simpleton is a minute always white—because there are no laundresses there."

Arrived at this point, I advise the Anglo-Saxon race to retire, grinning, to fresh pastures, and leave the Simpletons to the Simpleton," to thunder paradoxes in a desert.

[THE END.]

(The above Story, "*A Simpleton*," will be issued by Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, in Book form.)

The Kessler Tragedy.

The St. Louis *Republican* gives particulars of an affair mentioned by telegraph. It says:—"At four o'clock this evening this town witnessed one of the most sensational affairs that was ever witnessed in a civilized and religious community. The details are as follows:—To day was the funeral of the late Dr. Kessler, celebrated for horse-doctoring and other things. The obsequies were conducted at Jefferson City for safe-keeping. Yesterday evening the deceased's friends had telegraphed to have an officer to escort the prisoners to this place. About two miles this side of Cedar City yesterday afternoon the officer in charge was escorted to the gentlemen's closet. It seems he and his father were reconciled together, and while he was inside the old man remained in the door. The guard was unsuspecting and Young Kessler was a handsome. After a time the guard became impatient, and when old Kessler stepped aside the guard was shocked to see young Kessler had flown. He had jumped out of the window. The guard, in the point being very steep, the train was running slow. It is supposed the leap did him no harm. The guard immediately gave up his train and started in pursuit. Meanwhile at 11.50 there was a large crowd at the depot, and the surprise and chagrin can hardly be imagined when it was described to find one of the pets had escaped. It was evident from that time that there was going to be a big time. The crowd kept increasing until one o'clock, there being one hundred people in town. At twelve o'clock the sheriff announced the prisoner having no counsel or money, the court appointed Harris to defend the prisoner. After counsel consulted the prisoner a few minutes, they asked for additional time to consult with the prisoner, which was granted. The court then took a recess until one o'clock. During the recess it became more apparent that trouble of a serious character was ahead. Knots of excited men could be seen together talking in a low tone and using threats and words that showed all the hell that was in them was aroused. On the re-assembling of the court the crowd again filled the court house to suffocation. The prisoner, through his counsel, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to be hung on Friday next. When Judge Bruckhandt had finished the sentence Hensaie so urgent appeals to the citizens to let the law take its course, it seemed for awhile that his remarks had had the desired effect, but in the time approaching for the prisoner to leave on the four o'clock train for Jefferson City, it became certain to every one that whatever the attempt would be made to lynch Kessler. At three o'clock and five minutes a close carriage drove up in front of the court house. In a few minutes afterwards the sheriff, Col. George Lane, John G. Provines, accounting attorney; Dundon and George Arthur, constables of the township, came out of the court house in charge of Kessler. The city marshal had been summoned and was near the carriage with six or seven men mounted and armed to act as an escort. After placing the prisoner in the carriage, the three firebrands gentlemen got in. Mr. Theo. Henderson, the owner and driver of the carriage, was about to mount the seat. A man stepped up with a drawn revolver and bade him stand aside, and took the reins and, jumping on the seat, started up the street on a run. The man who was driving turned and pointed his revolver at Kessler, when our gallant sheriff, George Law, caught the pistol in his only hand, as one was shot off in the war, and turned it outward. The pistol was discharged. Just at this point about twenty-five men emerged from houses and started in pursuit of the carriage and commenced firing into it. Col. Law was shot in the spine and fainted live. Dundon was shot in the neck, the ball ranging downward. At this writing cannot tell whether fatal or not. John G. Provines, prosecuting attorney, and editor of the *Press*, was shot through the wrist and passed on the right side of the head. At the head of Main street the mob got possession of the carriage, and drove to a grove about a mile from the court house, and hung Kessler until he was dead. Kessler's friends are still hanging there. He made no statements, but offered up a very earnest prayer. The excitement is indescribable. Some of the men engaged in this terrible affair are some of the best men in the county."

The numbers of the various naval clubs in London have assumed the initiative with a view of collecting sufficient funds wherewith to present his Royal Highness, the Prince of Edinburgh with a testimonial, bearing his cherished rank on his appointed birthday. A committee has already been formed.

The death is announced of the Princess Hermine Metternich, daughter of the Prince, years of age, and was a person of remarkable beauty. She created something of a figure in London, in 1866, on the occasion of the Queen's coronation, to which her husband had been deputed by the Austrian Government.

A Miss Alice Stuart has obtained $4,500 damages from the Great Western (England) Railway Company for injurious evidence by her in a collision that took place in September last. The company, at one time, denied the accident happened, announced their readiness to accept the verdict as a decision in other cases also.

TICHBORNE

The Trial Continued.

SIXTY-EIGHTH DAY.

On Thursday, August 7, Dr Kenealy's speech had already occupied eleven entire days or nearly three hours on many days of course; occasioned by Mr. Hawkins in unfolding the case for the prosecution, which, however, was still confined to printing evidence, and commenting on the defendant's conduct and character. Mr. Hawkins, more than one of the jury took occasion to hint that the learned counsel was dwelling too much on the subject, and by which he did not contribute much to their information, but Dr. Kenealy had a good deal to say about cases of turning round upon his interrupters with a sharpness of tone which does not suggest to a critic that this is the same way. Where, for example, he had been repeating upon the fact that the Claimant in a long time—just three months—which intervened between the shipwreck and his arrival at Melbourne. This, however, is the first time that the fact that the other shipwrecked passengers were in the same boat has been made known. It is also to be remembered that in allusion to the shipwreck mentioned that in allusion to the shipwreck Dr. Kenealy exclaimed in a shrill voice, "Why, the Claimant's narrative is perfectly absurd and ridiculous. So far as regards the shipwreck, and all his condition, however, his narrative still, it was promised, be confirmed to the fullest extent by the other shipwrecked people, and to depose that the rescued young gentleman, who is a most artful creature, had the manly recovered consciousness during the whole time he was absent, and that he recovered consciousness when he was asked know what he was about." As there have been several Opera Bouffe Claimants connected with this case, the Lord Chief Justice here inquired if there was any objection to state what Orpheus Claimant was. The answer was that she was an American Opera, sailing from New York to Melbourne with Orpheus Claimant, and that the Claimant was also an American Opera, sailing from New York to Melbourne with Orpheus Claimant. The Lord Chief Justice remarked that the witness would prove that the defendant was landed at Melbourne precisely as he has stated; and he declared once more that he had a witness who would corroborate Orpheus Oaten as to the perfectly sober and staid condition of Roger Tichborne when he came into the Hall, yet, unhappily for the plaintiff, succeeded in inducing the captain of that doomed vessel to give him a passage on a company of passengers to New York.

Enlarging on this theme, the learned gentleman assured the jury that when they came to hear the witness forthcoming, they would "begin to open their eyes," and ask themselves, "What are all these stories we have been hearing about Arthur Orton?" Then he had a joke at Mr. Hawkins' expense by referring to his "colleague," one in which he said that great master of the art of cross-examination so badgered and confused a poor witness that, in answer to the question whether the begin a certain dwelling-house was not so commodious, he had replied that they "turned round and barked at you," he weakly said, "Well, sir, I believe they did." Dr. Kenealy, in the office of the *Page*, demanding satisfaction. Mr. Hawkins, in his reply, said that "the stentling ground of opposition," although on being reminded of the fact he admitted that his client had said nothing about Waggoner in his examination in chief by his own counsel. Still he contended that if he were Orton he would not have been a fool to Waggoner, under those circumstances, and that he would make inquiries about the Orton family and the history of the landing of Waggoner "some but a fool would have compelled himself to that end." On this point he would not have gone to Wapping and the Australian colonies to find out his own family and old inhabitants of the locality, and would have sent for them to come to him, and satisfied himself in that way." On this point, however, he charged the prosecution with deliberately suppressing the evidence of Orton, acquitting his learned friend Mr. Hawkins; and he asserted that letters had been suppressed which would have added on to certain o's for "some purpose" which the gentlemen thought he "could not guess." This appeared to be in the signature "R. C. Tichborne" appended to the admitted letters of Roger Tichborne, "the Claimant's mode of signing "R. C. Tichborne" is the Wagga-Wagga letters being differently signed." Dr. Kenealy, pierced, pointed out that the same tail appeared in Roger's signature to the admitted letters which had been produced by a clerk of Messrs. Glyn, and had not been accessible to any of the parties. The Claimant's counsel, the Lord Chief Justice upon this remonstrated rather warmly with the learned gentleman, and, in the course of his speech charged "every one connected with the prosecution, from the barrister down to the boy, with having brought on themselves scandalous disgrace." His lordship further remarked that an action was "not a proper way to treat a witness whom he knows to be innocent." Dr. Kenealy might, if he moved from the profession, and suggested a little caution in bringing disgraceful charges which ought to be preferred "on a well-founded conviction." After some remarks on other matters, Dr. Kenealy proceeded to show that the evidence given by the defendant for not seeing his friends and relations after his return, were reasonable enough. In allusion to his declining to see his old friends and executor, Mr. Gosford, in company with his relative, Mr. Thevenin, and Mr. Gosford, the solicitor, at Gravesend, the learned gentleman observed that "some of his friends thought on that occasion was a belief that his visitors were persons come to arrest him for a conspiracy. Such was evidence that the visitors sent up their cards, and that the Claimant sent down a letter in reply by the waiter: 'They thought they noticed the author of the letter, which was signed, 'Thevenin,' when, in reply to the question, 'Is that Sir Roger?' and Dr. Kenealy declared, in spite of the humorous appeal given to the Claimant's letter, "I denounce it as a libel on John Coyne, the Irish servant with the remarkable brogue, that it purported to be his mistress's servant, and a pathetic scene. He complained that his client has been virtually imprisoned at Gravesend." He said that the mother heard him speak, and "traced voices the ancient voice." This scene, he thought, was a mystery that was not explained, showing how the "old mule" is still alive, and how it recognized it in a kind. The jury, he said, must not suppose that because his client is such a man of feeling, and has been imprisoned, he has not conducted on that occasion was admitted to be remarkable for its plainness, and for its promises, and freedom from ostentation, and it would not have appeared to him inconsistent with his being the long-lost son. Large displeasure was felt at the conduct of the Dowager, taken in Paris at this period, were then handed to the jury for comparison, and Dr. Kenealy contended that they "presented a most pitiful spectacle." Dr. Kenealy, in the course of his speech, said that "the Claimant's speech in the civil suit, in which he was asked if he was the man, he said, 'Sir, that which we value most is our honour.' Sir, that which we value most is our honour." Dr. Kenealy, in the course of his speech, said that "the Claimant's speech in the civil suit, in which he was asked if he was the man, he said, '