

the case until nearly ten o'clock, when they slowly moved towards the scene of action, and a few minutes later filled the courtroom to overflowing.

At a table beside the judicial desk sat William Marshall, clerk of the court and brother of the future Chief-Justice, and near him stood Mr. Nelson, the District Attorney, with David Robertson the shorthand reporter, whose notes were to prove an invaluable exhibit in the subsequent impeachment of the judge. The attention of the audience, however, was mainly directed to the prisoner, his bondsman, Meriwether Jones and his counsel, Messrs. Hay, Wirt and Nicholas, a formidable array for any hostile judge, and a trio with whom the bar of Richmond were well content to trust their dignity and honor. Indeed, these champions had already given Chase a taste of their quality by virtually forcing him to grant adjournments on two previous occasions, and it was whispered that they intended to manoeuvre him out of the case altogether by continuing their dilatory tactics until the term expired. In fact the word passed from lip to lip across the crowded chamber that the judge had walked into a very neat trap at the last hearing by granting an adjournment to procure the attendance of a certain witness named Giles. This, it was claimed, was a fatal concession, for if the non-appearance of this witness justified a postponement on Monday, it equally demanded it on Tuesday, for he was still missing, and the case could not, therefore, be tried until he was produced, which would be the day after never. The audience chuckled approvingly as this story went the rounds, gleefully anticipating the discomfiture of the judge, and the general opinion was that, for once, at least, Chase had met his match—a result particularly agreeable to local pride. Judicial tyrants might bully and awe the Pennsylvania or Maryland bar, but the profession in Virginia knew a trick or two which would—

Now enter the judges;

The chatter and laughter suddenly ceased as the door opened, disclosing the not too heroic figure of the District Judge, Cyrus Griffin, a rather fittle, colorless and timid personage who appeared to be propelled into the room by a burly, bustling, red-faced man who strode rapidly to the bench, nodding an ungracious salutation at the assemblage, while the court crier bellowed his familiar announcement. The individual whose arrival had had the effect of a school-master entering a noisy classroom, was a man of about sixty years of age, huge of bulk, coarse of feature, masterful in manner. On his massive head sat an ill-made wig and his garments were those of the ordinary citizen with no particular regard for appearances, but there was no mistaking his authoritative bearing as he loomed up behind the judicial desk and glowered at the silent audience. To