

THE BRAZEN STAR:

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF A NEW-YORK M. P.

A TRUE TALE OF THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

"On Justice! thou has fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

BY GEORGE THOMPSON,

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"LADY'S GARTER," &c., &c., &c.

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CHAPTER I.

"INDUSTRY MUST PROSPER."

It is to a scene of *industry* that we shall first introduce the reader, whose kind indulgence we crave while we narrate the *facts* which follow.

Now, industry is at all times pleasant to behold, provided that it be applied to the accomplishment of any praiseworthy object; for a man can be industrious in the pursuit of vice and villany, and in occupations which injure his fellow-men and violate the laws of the land. Such industry, so far from being commendable, is very pernicious, and should be frowned down.

Whether the scene of industry, to which we are about to present the reader, is of a praiseworthy character or not, will soon be made apparent.

Not many years ago, in the very heart of the great city of New York, and in a street the name of which is of no consequence whatever, there stood an old and dilapidated house of considerable size, which evidently *once* had some pretensions to style and architectural beauty, but it had latterly fallen into a sad condition of decay and ruin. The bricks which had composed the once tall chimney were scattered over the roof, and the building itself looked so very likely to fall to the ground in consequence of its extreme old age, that cautious pedestrians always avoided its dangerous proximity by crossing over to the opposite side of the street.

There was another reason why timid people avoided this old house.

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The superstitious inhabitants of the neighborhood asserted that it was *haunted*. In proof of this, they declared that a hideous old man dwelt alone in the ruined mansion, and that this old man held direct communication with the infernal powers of darkness. The shutters of the house were kept constantly closed, and once every day, with unvarying regularity, the old man, whose appearance was indeed most hideous and repulsive, issued forth, bearing a large basket, which he stocked with provisions at a neighboring grocery. He would then return to his abode, and be seen no more until the next day, at about the same hour. Children fled at his approach, and even grown-up people shuddered as he passed by them.

It was remarked that the mysterious old man purchased enough provisions every day to suffice for six or eight persons, and this circumstance increased the wonder of the people in the neighborhood, who could not imagine what use the old fellow could have for such a large quantity of provender.

"He must be a terrible glutton, for there is no one in the house, excepting himself, to eat the food," said a very fat and red-faced butcher, who was in the habit of demolishing three pounds of beef-steak at a single sitting.

"You forget," remarked a lean coffin-maker—"that he has half-a-dozen devils, his nightly companions, to feed."

"Nonsense!" rejoined a wise one, with a knowing wink—"supernatural beings don't require anything to eat, you fool!"

Such were the conflicting opinions that prevailed with reference to the old man. Some rather more sensible people expressed it as their belief that he was neither more nor less than a miser, who had accumulated immense wealth, and who was a monomaniac or the subject of collecting together large quantities of provisions.

Have patience, reader, and you shall soon learn who and what this wonderful old man really was.

One stormy night, in the autumn of 18—, a tall stout man, respectably dressed, and enveloped in an ample cloak, approached the old house to which we have alluded, and carefully examined the premises, as if to satisfy himself that no one was watching around. The night, as we have said, was one of storm; the rain descended in torrents, and the wind blew almost a perfect hurricane. The hour was late, and few persons were abroad on that wild, tempestuous night—few, besides the watchman and the prowling robber.

The tall man, having apparently satisfied himself that he was unobserved, went around to the rear of the old house, and rapped in a peculiar manner upon the door. An interval of about five minutes elapsed, and then a window over the stranger's head was slowly raised, and a hideous face was protruded out into the storm and darkness.

"Who is there?" demanded the proprietor of the hideous face, in a hoarse voice that seemed to harmonize well with the muttering of the distant thunder.

"A friend," was the reply of the tall man in the cloak, speaking with a singular emphasis.

"What do you want, friend?" inquired the owner of the hideous face.

"Food and shelter, for I am a stranger," replied he of the cloak.

"I can't admit you," said the other, gruffly—"I don't keep a tavern for the accommodation of travellers, so get you gone!"

With these words, the man with the hideous face closed the window with violence, as if he meant to imply, in the most forcible manner, that he was determined not to be intruded upon by every vagabond who sought to enter his abode in the hope of partaking of his hospitality.

The man in the cloak did not betray the least sign of anger, but smiled as he said, half aloud—

"It is all right!"

After the lapse of a few minutes, a noise was heard proceeding from the inside of the door—a heavy chain was removed—a key was turned in a rusty lock, producing a harsh, discordant sound—and then the thick, heavy oaken door swung slowly open, revealing the repulsive face and tottering form of an old man, who bore in one of his trembling hands a dimly-burning lamp.

This old man was meanly dressed, and very filthy in his person. His matted gray hair fell in wild confusion over his snake-like eyes and haggard countenance. His jaws were toothless, and he exactly realized one's idea of an inveterate miser, who has made money the deity of his worship.

"Come in, Mr. Maxwell," said or rather gumbled this engaging old gentleman—"come in, sir. I knew your voice when you first spoke, but I had to go through with the usual form of our dialogue. The men are all hard at work, and everything is going on smoothly."

The stranger uttered a few words expressive of his satisfaction at the prosperous condition of affairs; and then, stepping into the house, the door was closed.

The reader will now doubtless understand that the dialogue which took place between Maxwell and the old man, was merely a series of previously arranged *pass-words* to prevent the admission into the house of unwelcome visitors.

Maxwell followed the old man through the passage and into quite a neatly furnished apartment, where, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, there sat a very beautiful woman, in the prime of life, dressed in an unpretending but tasteful manner, and engaged in reading. A cheerful fire burned upon the hearth, for the night was quite chilly, and the crackling blaze shed a ruddy glow upon the charming but melancholy face of the lady. Altogether, there was an air of comfort in the room, that contrasted strangely, yet pleasantly, with the external aspect of the house, and with the repulsive appearance of the old man, who seemed to be its proprietor.

The lady was twenty-five years of age, or thereabouts, and possessed all the glorious maturity of form—all the voluptuous fullness—which we are apt to ascribe to a perfectly developed woman. Her face was classically regular and faultlessly beautiful; and a profusion of magnificent black hair fell down in a rich shower over her neck, shoulders and bosom of polished ivory. Her presence in that strange house was certainly most remarkable, for she seemed, in every respect, qualified to adorn the highest circles of society.

"Here, Charlotte," said the old man, as he entered the room, followed by his companion, "here is our old friend, Mr. Maxwell."

"He is welcome," said Charlotte, without raising her eyes from the book which she was reading.

"Thank you, Mrs. Raynor," said Maxwell, as he threw off the heavy cloak which enveloped him, and which was saturated with the rain.

This man now presented the appearance of a powerfully built personage, dressed in a blue frock coat and black pants. He was about forty years of age, and his hair was partly gray. His countenance was handsome and manly, and expressive of determination and courage;—but a peculiar look about his eyes—a look which we scarcely know how to describe—seemed to indicate within his breast a feeling of guilt, as if he had been engaged in the perpetration of lawless acts. We shall presently see if he were really an upright man or not. No matter what physiognomists may say, the countenance is not always a faithful index of the heart.

There was one remarkable peculiarity in the appearance of Maxwell

which we must by no means omit to mention: appended to his left breast was a large

BRAZEN STAR.

Did he wear this article by way of ornament, to gratify a silly vanity, or had it been conferred on him as a badge of honor, even as crosses and ribbons are sometimes awarded to men of extraordinary merit and courage?

No; the Brazen Star that gleamed upon the breast of Maxwell, simply announced that he was a member of that useful and highly respectable body of men—with some few exceptions—who constitute the Municipal Police of the city of New York.

"Come, Sampson," said Maxwell—"let us go down into the workshop. I have some business to transact."

"Very good, sir," rejoined Sampson, which appeared to be the name of the old man; and then, addressing the lady, he said—

"Charlotte, my dear, if anybody gives the signal at the door, during my absence, do not fail to call me immediately."

"Very well, father," replied the lady, who had not as yet looked up from her book.

Maxwell and Sampson now left the room. As soon as they were gone, Charlotte threw the volume aside with a passionate air, and exclaimed—

"Will this dreadful life of mine never end! Must I be forever tied up in this miserable abode, excluded from all the joys of life, and surrounded by a gang of desperadoes who are constantly violating the laws of the land? And then to think that *my husband* is the captain and leader of these desperate villains!—Ah! little did I think, when I married the handsome and accomplished Frederick Raynor—little did I then suspect that he was—— I dare not pronounce the word! Yet he treats me with unvarying kindness, and I love him, devotedly love him, in spite of his lawless courses, which must sooner or later end in his detection and banishment from society. Oh! why cannot I persuade him to abandon his present disgraceful and dangerous mode of life, and to adopt an honest and honorable career? He keeps constantly promising me, but never fulfills his promises. I cannot desert him, and will share his fate, whatever that may be. My child is now my only consolation."

The unhappy lady arose, and entering an adjoining chamber, she approached and bent proudly over the cherub form of a beautiful child that

slumbered in a little crib. A smile parted the rosy lips of the infant sleeper, upon whose angel face the tears of the mother fell fast and thick.

And they were not *all* tears of sorrow. * * * *

Let us follow the footsteps of Maxwell and Sampson, and see how they entered the mysterious *work-shop*.

The two men repaired to a room in a remote part of the house. This apartment was scantily furnished, and its windows were defended by iron bars. The shutters were closed, and an air of profound gloom pervaded the place. The ceiling was festooned with cob-webs, and a colony of rats dwelt beneath the broken floor, and fled at the approach of the intruders.

Upon the wall of this dungeon-like room hung a rather remarkable picture. It was a painting of the size of life, and represented a man of noble presence, yet dressed in the humble garb of a workman. One of his fingers rested upon his lips, as if to enjoin *SECRECY*.

Maxwell and Sampson approached the picture, and the old man ouché a spring that was concealed in its frame. Instantly, as if by magic, the painting turned upon a pivot, revealing an aperture in the wall sufficiently large to admit a full-grown man.

The gentleman wearing the brass star, and his aged companion, stepped into this opening, and having caused the picture to resume its place, they began to descend a steep, narrow flight of stone steps. On reaching the bottom of these steps, they were confronted by a wall built apparently of solid stone. Again did the old man touch a secret spring, whereupon a portion of the wall slipped aside almost noiselessly. This moveable part of the wall was artfully constructed of wood, covered over with a sort of cement exactly resembling stone. When closed, it was next to impossible for an uninitiated person to discover the ingenious arrangement.

Passing through this strange door, Maxwell and Sampson stepped into an extensive vault, brilliantly lighted and scrupulously clean. This was the *work-shop*, and here was presented the scene of industry to which we promised to introduce the reader, at the commencement of this chapter.

But alas! it was not such industry as could be commended, for it was in direct violation of the established laws of society. Six men were busily engaged, in that subterranean work-shop, in the manufacture of counterfeit money.

But what did that member of the New York Municipal Police, in such a den of miscreants and outlaws? Perhaps, as an officer of justice, he went there to make arrests. But no, that could not be, for he was freely admitted into the house, and seemed familiar with all its arrangements and its

occupants, who received him as a friend. Besides, his appearance in the vault created no consternation among the counterfeiters, although his star, the emblem of his office, was in full view. Could it be possible, then, that he was in league with those lawless men? Yes, it was possible, and it was true, as we shall very soon see. "There are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamt of" in the philosophy of some people.

We will try to describe the vault, the workmen, and their mode of operations.

The vault, as we have said before, was extensive. It was built of stone, and had an arched ceiling which was supported in the centre by an immense column of granite. We know not for what purpose this place was originally constructed;—but it certainly was admirably adapted to the unlawful business to which we now find it appropriated.

The workmen, six in number, were all dressed in garments suitable to men who are engaged in physical toil. There was nothing in the slightest degree repulsive or villanous in their appearance. On the contrary, they were all, without a single exception, intelligent and good-looking young men who were undoubtedly capable of gaining honest and comfortable livings if they had been disposed to do so. We have neither time nor space to describe the various causes which had induced these men to embrace the unlawful and perilous business in which we find them employed.

Two of the men were engaged in engraving plates; two more were working at a press, printing spurious bank-notes, which another of the gang was carefully trimming with a pair of shears. The next man was Frederick Raynor, the captain of the gang and the husband of the beautiful woman up stairs. He was seated at a desk, with a genuine bank-bill before him, by the aid of which he was rapidly and skillfully signing the counterfeit notes as fast as they came from the press.

Raynor was a remarkably handsome man, about thirty years old. That he was far superior to his companions, in birth, in education, and in intellect, was evident at a single glance. He possessed an air that was decidedly *distingue*, notwithstanding the humility of his garments. The extreme smallness, whiteness and delicacy of his hands announced that he had never been accustomed to hard labor of any kind. Upon one of his fingers gleamed a magnificent diamond ring—the only article of ornament which he wore. A fine black moustache shaded his upper lip, and upon his chin was a luxuriant imperial. His brow was broad and high, indicating a mind of the very first order. His eyes were dark, lustrous and pene-

ting, and his form presented a rare combination of symmetry and strength. We mention these seeming trifles in order to give a good general idea of a man who is probably destined to figure rather conspicuously in this narrative.

It may be as well to remark that fire-arms, and weapons of various kinds, were placed in a sort of rack, in a corner of the vault near the desk at which Raynor was seated.

As Maxwell and Sampson entered the vault, the workmen nodded to the former by way of recognition; but they did not discontinue their labors for a single moment. The recreant M. P. advanced to the desk of Raynor and warmly shook hands with that industrious individual.

"Well, Fred," said Maxwell, in a familiar tone—"you and your men are all busy, I see. Have you been getting out something new?"

"Yes," replied Raynor, as a smile of satisfaction rested upon his handsome face—"we have just got up a splendidly executed plate, of the denomination of ten dollars, on the Suffolk Bank, Boston. Here is one of the impressions, which I have just signed. Isn't the work beautifully done? Examine the bill all over, and see if you can detect a single imperfection. It would deceive the bank officers themselves. Ah, Medway, my principal engraver, is a perfect treasure!"

"The bill is indeed beautifully executed," remarked Maxwell, with a sigh, after he had carefully examined the counterfeit note. "I will take a package of fifty of them, which will amount to five hundred dollars, for which, according to our arrangement, I pay you one hundred in good money."

"Very well," said Raynor, with a business-like air; and having made up a package of fifty of the false notes, he handed it to Maxwell, who gave him in payment one hundred dollars in good bankable money.

This little business transaction having been completed to the entire satisfaction of both parties, Maxwell and Raynor, who were evidently on the very best of terms, fell into a desultory conversation to which we shall take the liberty of listening.

"Fred," said Maxwell, sadly—"I am sick and tired of this business, and wish that I could get out of it, but it seems that I cannot, for it is impossible to give up gambling, and every day finds me deeper and deeper in debt. Detection *must* eventually take place, and then how will I feel to be placed at the bar of justice for trial—I, an officer appointed to enforce the laws! Disgrace, ruin and a long imprisonment will be my inevitable fate. My wife—my children—what will become of them!—The past

brings remorse to my soul; the present is full of unhappiness, and the future teems with horror!"

"Come, come, Jack," said Raynor, as a shade of uneasiness passed over his fine face—"don't give way to such desponding feelings. You've got the blues to-night. Believe me, you are quite secure, and so are we all. The caution and secrecy with which our business is conducted—the faithfulness and trustworthiness of our men—the skill and accuracy with which our work is invariably executed—the abundant facilities which we have at command—this capital work-shop, which it would puzzle the devil himself to discover—our extensive connection with officers of justice, with merchants, with tradesmen, with mechanics, and throughout all the ramifications of society—this formidable array of circumstances in our favor, this extraordinary combination of fortunate events, will effectually protect us from discovery. And, even if we are discovered, are there not a thousand avenues of escape open before us? Have we not ample means at our command, and are we not all as a band of brothers, bound to assist each other in cases of emergency, and united to each other by the strongest ties? Let one man be placed in jeopardy, and a thousand hands will instantly be stretched forth to extricate him from his position of peril. Dismiss your fears, therefore, my dear Jack, which are perfectly groundless, I assure you. Come, take a glass of wine with me, and let us drink success to our new issue."

Raynor, who seemed very anxious to remove the apprehensions of Maxwell, took from his desk a bottle of wine and two glasses, and the confederates in crime drank success to their enterprise—an enterprise, which, divested of its romance and to speak plainly of it, was directly calculated to rob honest men of the proceeds of their industry.

We heartily approve of the stringency and severity of the laws with reference to the manufacturing and passing of counterfeit money, for the poor are generally the losers by such villainies. The circulator of spurious money seldom attempts to impose upon the wealthy merchant or the prosperous tradesman, who are too well accustomed to the handling of money to be easily made victims. No; the sufferers are generally to be found among small store-keepers, mechanics, working-men and others who are by no means able to bear the losses, most serious to them, which are likely to result from the taking of counterfeit money.

And again. How liable is an innocent party to be thrown into trouble and danger, on account of the printed trash, purporting to be bank bills, circulated by villains! An unsuspecting man receives a bad bill; he at-

tempts to pass it, believing it to be good, and is arrested—perhaps thrown into prison. He may possibly enjoy the additional satisfaction of seeing his name paraded in all the newspapers. Even if he regains his liberty, his character is injured. But there is a possibility of his being convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. Thus the innocent man suffers while the scoundrel goes free. It is for these reasons that we advocate the infliction of the severest kind of punishment upon all utterers of base money, whether it be in the shape of coin or bills. But to resume:—

Frederick Raynor, having replaced the bottle and glasses, said to his friend and coadjutor, Maxwell—

"Jack, I shall soon be rich enough to abandon this business, which, to speak candidly, is about as distasteful to me as it is to you. My wife, whom I love with all devotion and sincerity—you know what an angel she is, Maxwell, an angel in beauty as well as in goodness—is continually imploring me to give up this occupation, on her account, and on account of our infant child. Well, give it up I will, and that very soon. God knows that I have been "more sinned against than sinning," and that I was driven into this course of life by circumstances which I could not resist. The story is too long, Jack, to tell you now; but, at some future time you shall be made acquainted with my history, and then you will acknowledge that I cannot, with justice, be severely blamed for having adopted my present unlawful means of gaining a subsistence. Society has injured me, Jack, and I have become an enemy to the world, but I am willing to be friends with it again provided that it will hereafter treat me and mine fairly and honorably."

Raynor, we fear, was but a poor logician. He should have known that the whole world cannot justly be held accountable for the wrongs committed by one or a portion of its inhabitants. The world is often too severely condemned, when it is not in fault in the slightest degree.

As the counterfeiter ceased speaking, he placed one of his fingers upon his lips—which was a favorite attitude of his—and for a few moments seemed buried in profound thought. Maxwell looked at him attentively, and for the first time noticed the striking resemblance that existed between Raynor and the picture up stairs which formed the entrance to the flight of steps leading to the vault—the picture intended to illustrate *silence and secrecy*. That painting was, in fact, a portrait of Frederick Raynor, who had caused it to be executed in order to continually remind his men of the necessity of the most rigid caution, with reference to the perilous business in which they were engaged.

After some further conversation that was not of sufficient interest to record here, Maxwell took his leave of Raynor and departed.

"Now, men," said Raynor, when the M. P. was gone—"leave your work and retire to rest. You have been very industrious, and shall be proportionately rewarded. *Industry must prosper.*"

The counterfeiter, who always yielded the most implicit obedience to their chief, immediately left their work and retired to an apartment that was separated from the main vault by a partition or screen. This room contained a number of beds, and was quite comfortably furnished. The five men retired to rest, and being fatigued with their labors, they slept as soundly as if they had been engaged in honest toil. No dreams or visions of chains and prisons disturbed their slumbers.

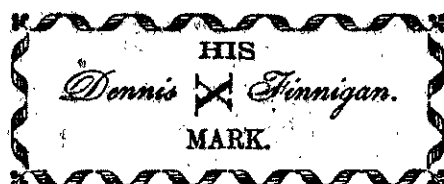
Raynor ascended to the apartment in which his wife was still seated, awaiting his coming. The counterfeiter, as he tenderly embraced that beautiful and constant woman—and as she entwined her fair arms around his manly form in all the intensity of her love for him—gently chided her for sitting up for him, saying that he feared she would injure her health. We shall not intrude upon the sacred privacy of that scene between the husband and wife. Retiring to their chamber, they seated themselves by the couch of their sleeping child, and formed plans of future amendment and happiness.

As Maxwell issued from the house, carrying beneath his cloak the packages of counterfeit money which he had purchased, he was closely observed by an individual who had concealed himself behind a pile of rubbish, evidently with the design of playing the part of a *spy*.

Maxwell, without seeing the person who was watching him, strode away and soon became invisible in the darkness. As soon as he was out of sight, the spy came forth from his place of concealment and revealed the uncouth form and ugly visage of a man who was evidently fresh from the Emerald Isle. This interesting and mysterious "Greek," like Maxwell, wore upon his left breast a *brass star*, whose glittering surface contrasted rather strikingly with the infernally shabby and filthy coat upon which it rested.

This "fine bould Irish gentleman" was a member of the New York Municipal Police, and rejoiced in the poetical name of Dennis Finnigan. He was a Corkonian by birth, and a hod-carrier by profession. In what manner he had contrived to elevate himself to the dignified and responsible position in which we find him, is one of those deep and unathomable mysteries which cannot be explained, even by a modern philosopher or a Philadelphia lawyer. It is certain that Mr. Finnigan, whenever called

upon to sign his name, grasped a pen as he would have taken hold of a shovel, and with great labor formed a hieroglyphic intended to represent an X. For the gratification of the curious, we append a *fac simile* of Mr. Finnigan's autograph, as seen upon the books of the worthy Chief of Police. We would simply say that the X is Mr. Finnigan's, while the other arrangements are of course the production of somebody else:—



In addition to his ignorance, this fellow Finnigan was about as stupid and as brutal an Irishman as was ever imported from the bogs of Ireland. Half starved in his own country, where he was compelled to subsist mainly upon buttermilk and potatoes, which vegetable he was occasionally permitted to *point* towards a leg of bacon—never *touching* the bacon, however—a surfeit of American beef had inflated this wretched Greek with importance and self-conceit until he had swelled up like the fabled frog which, in attempting to rival the ox in size, had “burst his boiler.” Since Mr. Finnigan's appointment to office, there had been no bounds to his vanity and intolerable insolence. He was one of those things, who,

“Clothed in a little brief authority,
Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As do make angels weep, and devils tremble!”

Dennis had distinguished himself for his strict performance of the duties of his official station. Those duties seemed to involve the persecution of helpless little children and infirm old women. From every disturbance of a serious nature he always modestly kept himself aloof, generously wishing to let *other* policemen have the glory of suppressing the same, and perhaps entertaining a decent respect for the safety of his own invaluable body corporate. He was valorous in arresting people—especially Americans—who had committed no offence whatever. His mode of swearing and testifying against prisoners was eccentric, and not over particular. The natives of this country he was in the habit of denominating “Yankee pups.” He was sanguine in his anticipations of the happy time when an Irish President should rule over the United States. He believed in Daniel O'Connell

and disbelieved in Daniel Webster. He never arrested a brother Irishman, if he could possibly avoid it. Armed with a cane, and generally rather more than half drunk, he lost no opportunity to display his authority, committing savage assaults upon little boys who were playing in the streets, and ordering peaceable men to “move on” with the air of a monarch. He ran in debt at Dutch groceries for his liquor, and when the landlords dunned him for their pay, he would threaten to arrest them on some pretence or other. A loafer, a vagrant and a pauper himself, he was continually applying those epithets to other people. The meat upon his carcass was not his own, it being the property of the butcher and the baker, whom he never paid. The greater part of his salary he deposited in the Savings Bank, and when he had accumulated one hundred dollars, he held up his head and considered himself a rich man. He never bought any clothes, and he looked like a beggar—which, in fact, he really was. Several brothel keepers paid him for protecting their houses, and he did not disdain a bribe, under any circumstances. Any prisoner whom he happened to arrest, no matter for what offence, had only to bestow upon Mr. Finnigan a trifle of money, and then go free. He was a convenient witness in any case; for five dollars, or less, would hire him to swear to *anything*. In short, this Irish M. P. was as thorough-paced a villain as ever wore a cravat formed by a hangman's rope.

Nature had not been kind to Mr. Dennis Finnigan, in the matter of personal appearance. His hair was like the bristles on a well-worn scrubbing-brush, his forehead was just half an inch in height, and his nose suggested the idea of an enlarged pimple. His eyes looked like two decayed oysters, and his mouth seemed to have been constructed with especial reference to the consumption of codfish on Fridays. His figure might be likened unto that of an ourang-outang, after that animal has become somewhat corpulent in consequence of high feeding. When he walked, he moved with the grace of a rheumatic lobster, and when he spoke, his voice partook of the combined melody of an aged porker's grunt and a rusty wheelbarrow's discordant squeak.

It is a burning and a lasting disgrace to our city government, that such animals as the one which we have described above—and we have portrayed Mr. Dennis Finnigan at considerable length, because he is the representative of a too numerous *class*—should be appointed to fill stations of responsibility and trust. A policeman is, by virtue of his office, supposed to be a guardian of the lives and property of the citizens. When he discharges his duty properly and efficiently, he is an absolute blessing to the

community, and he is entitled to the respect, confidence, assistance and support of every lover of law and order. But when he abuses his authority—when he takes advantage of his position to oppress the weak and persecute the helpless, according to his whim of the moment; and in obedience to the promptings of his own bad disposition—when he yields to bribery and corruption, and becomes the associate and accomplice of ruffians, thieves and villains of every stamp—when he proves himself to be a drunkard, a night-brawler and a frequenter of dirty pot-houses, to the entire neglect of his duty—when he affords evidence that he *cannot* be a gentleman, or anything else but a vagabond and a public nuisance—when he cannot even write his own name, and displays the ignorance of a heathen—when he curses the country that gives him bread, and ridicules the laws which he is sworn to enforce—when he, coward-like, slinks away from the vicinity of a riot, a row, or a popular disturbance of any kind, instead of rushing forward to assist in quelling the same—when he stands idly by, and calmly contemplates the spectacle of young and half-Irish ruffians brutally beating some defenceless American citizen—when he chats with prostitutes, shakes hands with noted thieves, and sullies the lustre of his BRAZEN STAR by a thousand low and disgraceful vices that are unworthy of any *man*, and much more unworthy of any *public officer*—when his general conduct entitles him to a residence within the walls of the penitentiary—then we say, away with him!—Kick the rascal out! Make him return to the mud of degradation from which he has been raised—compel him to resume his hod and respond to the call for “more brick!” Tear off his *star*, beneath whose rays he has too long led a life of idleness and villany, and force him to sweat in honest industry beneath the burning *sun*! Oh! why are such creatures appointed, in the first place, to be policemen? Cannot good and true men be found? For the credit of the city—for the honor of human nature—we hope so. Let this evil be reformed altogether, say we; let no man be made a policeman who has not some sympathy with our institutions, some veneration for our government, some respect for our laws, some regard for the claims of justice, some consideration for the rights of our citizens, some education, decency and self-respect. To this, we are sure that every American will heartily respond, *amen!*

When Mr. Dennis Finnigan received his appointment upon the Municipal Police—and when he received the starry emblem of his newly-acquired office—he celebrated his good fortune by giving a grand banquet to himself and a couple of his particular friends and fellow-hodmen, Mr. Phadrig

O'Rourke and Mr. Murtooh McSkalligan. By referring to our engraving, the reader will be enabled to form something like an adequate idea of the splendor of this *recherche* entertainment. Behold Mr. O'Rourke, with a glass of whiskey in one hand, while his other is thrust into his breeches pocket, in all the interesting embarrassment of a "first attempt" at public speaking; he has just arisen in order to propose the health of his distinguished friend, Mr. Dennis Finnigan. Seated in the middle, with his back towards the reader, is Mr. McSkalligan;—he is listening with attention to the eloquent remarks of the orator. On the right of the picture sits no less a personage than Mr. Finnigan himself, arrayed in the corduroy knee-breeches in which he "crossed the salt say," and holding in his left hand his trusty *skillalah*, while his right arm reposes upon the table. Near his elbow is the pipe which he has just removed from his mouth in order that he may the better listen to the remarks of the speaker, whom he is regarding with a stern and almost savage look, as if he were desirous of impressing Mr. O'Rourke with his great dignity and importance. We wish we had room for the speeches that were "got off" on that brilliant and memorable occasion—but we haven't.

Mr. Finnigan, as we said before, came forth from his place of concealment as soon as Maxwell had disappeared. The ugly countenance of the Irish M. P. wore an expression of triumph, as he flourished a big bludgeon with which he was armed, and muttered—
 "Be me sowl! Misther Maxwell, I have ye now, ye Yankee spalpeen, and I'll niver slape or ate until I fix yer flint for ye! It's meself that found out you were passin' bad money, and now I've diskiyered where the money is made, and where ye get it. This must be the counterfeiters' place, or what the devil would Maxwell be doin' here at this time o' night? Faith, it's lucky I followed him, and found out his saycrets! By constietion! Maxwell, and breakin' up this gang, I shall resave promotion. Whoop! be the powers of mud, it's yer own self, Dinnis Finnigan, that's a broth of a boy, and yer fortune's made!"

Having uttered this characteristic soliloquy, our Irish friend produced from the depths of his capacious coat pocket a flask of whiskey from which he took a prolonged and copious "pull." Apparently much refreshed, he sauntered along down the street, singing—

"Yer sowl to blazes,

We'll raise the wages

From forty shillins to two pound tin!"

"Yer sowl to blazes, and we'll raise the wages!"

"Mr. Finnigan had nearly reached the corner of the street, when he encountered a decidedly suspicious-looking gentleman who carried upon his back a large bag that was well filled with articles of considerable weight, judging from the slow and laborious movements of the suspicious-looking gentleman. Finnigan said to himself, 'that's a good oath!' said Mr. Finnigan to himself, as soon as he espied the gentleman with the bag—'here's a thafe, wid his boots on his back, or Finnigan! I'll spake to him. Halt, ye murtherer! thafe of the goods, and give an account of yerself!' The man with the bag halted, and his rather ill-favored visage wore a troubled look as he caught the glimpse of the Irish M. P.'s brazen star. 'Who are ye, what are the contents of yer bag, and where did ye get thim?' demanded the Greek officer, with the lofty air of a magistrate who is examining a prisoner. 'Is that yerself, Murther Finnigan?' asked the man with the bag, timidly. 'Ar hooose it's me—who the divil else should it be?' said Finnigan indignantly—'but surely I know the tone of yer voice. Arrah! Larry Dolan, ye blackguard, what the hell are ye at?' 'At yer service, Murther Finnigan,' said Dolan, who seemed to be gaining confidence. 'Ye could thafe—ye noted robber,' observed our Grecian M. P.—'ye have been breaking into some store, and stealing. Confess the truth, and I'll be at the better for yall.' 'Well, then,' said Dolan, as he placed his bag upon the side-walk—'I'll tell the truth, an' shame the divil, and throw meself on yer mercy. Whie-poor! Bridget and the childer were hungry and had nothing to ate the whole of the day, and I had no work to earn hopindy. I so I forced open the door of a grocery, and filled this bag wid provisions. But surely, Murther Finnigan, ye won't be hard upon me, nor take me to the station-house, because, ye know, we are from the same place in the pould country, and kem over in the same ship. Besides, poor Biddy and the gashuns are starving. Och! then, that iver I should be compelled by poverty to be a thafe!' Finnigan said to himself, 'that fellow belongs to a good old side.' The reader may laugh at the idea, but there was something really affecting in this poor fellow's appeal, and in his manner of delivering it. Tears started from his eyes and rolled down his uncouth face, as he spoke. Mr. Finnigan scratched his head reflectively, and finally asked—

"What is there in the bag, any way?"

"There is a ham, a firkin of butter, some tay, sugar, and a lot of flour," replied Larry Dolan, smacking his lips, and thinking with what delight his starving wife and children would sit down to a plentiful repast.

"Be me sowl, Larry," said Finnigan, rubbing his hands—"ye were thinkin' to live like a prince, but I'll chate ye of yer faste, for, be vartue of me office, I shall take possession of thim goods and convert thim to me own use and binifit."

"But surely, Murther Finnigan," remonstrated poor Dolan—"ye won't take the food out of the mouths of me family."

"To the divil wid yer family and yerself too!" exclaimed the Irish M. P., in a rage—"ye may thank yer lucky stars, Larry Dolan, that I don't send ye to the state prison for burglary. But, as ye are a countryman of mine—although ye are a disgrace to the ould sod—I'll have some marcy on ye. Take up that bag and follow me, and spake not a word, or I'll break yer skull wid my club and thin put ye in the station-house!"

Dolan, with a sigh, took up the bag of provisions and followed Finnigan, who led the way to his own house, which was not far off. Having deposited the goods in the entry, Dolan was dismissed by the merciful and considerate M. P., who requested the poor devil to be very thankful in view of his escape from imprisonment.

The unfortunate Dolan returned to his starving wife and children, while the fortunate Finnigan, having locked up the provisions and taken two or three horns of whiskey, resumed his prowling march through the streets in search of prey.

Reader, what think you of the manner in which we have depicted the peculiarities of the Irish policeman? Is not the portrait accurate, and true to nature? We are vain enough to believe that it is.

CHAPTER II.

"WRITE ME DOWN—AN ASS!"

"Dogberry.—You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern; this is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name."

"*Watchman*.—How if he will not stand?

"*Dogberry*.—Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. * * * You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

"*Watchman*.—We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

"*Dogberry*.—Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

"*Watchman*.—How if they will not?

"*Dogberry*.—Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

"*Watchman*.—If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

"*Dogberry*.—Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

"*Verges*.—If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

"*Watchman*.—How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

"*Dogberry*.—Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats. This is the end of the charge."

[SHAKESPEARE'S "*Much Ado about Nothing*."]

Reader, as the storm of last night has cleared away, and as the day is fine, let us take a promenade in the Park. You will please to remember that the season is autumn, and you will also be kind enough to imagine that the solemn winds are industriously engaged in stripping the trees of their yellow leaves, which fall in eddying circles to the ground. The sun, whose

ardor has cooled off considerably since August, and whose rays are now refreshingly feeble, gilds the steeple of the old City Hall—that noble, unappreciated edifice! Let us approach the fine building, and for the one hundredth time, inflict upon ourselves a view of that preposterously bad statue, in brass, of DeWitt Clinton. Ye gods! what an attitude—and what feet! Well, the sculptor doubtless *meant* well, but his *luck* was bad!—very bad! Gentlemen of the Clinton Association, in pity to us, and in justice to the illustrious dead, hasten to remove that statuesque monstrosity from its present conspicuous location, to its final and more obscure destination in Greenwood Cemetery!

Ah! what have we here? A funny, fussy, consequential little man, armed with a tremendously small cane, which he often feebly applies to the backs of noisy urchins. This little man has evidently been placed here to keep the statue from being stolen, of which there is great danger, considering the fact that it merely weighs a trifle of twenty tons or so. And, by my faith! the amusing, important little creature is an M. P.—a veritable policeman—for don't you see his star? Well, well, what *are* we coming to? Let us try and describe our diminutive official. There are very many who will recognize the portrait. He makes up in nose what he lacks in stature, his receptacle for snuff being gigantic. His face is of the *hatchet* order of architecture, and his legs may be likened unto highly-condensed pipe-stems. His hat is "shocking bad," and his *fe-for-shames*—we mean his trowsers, masculine reader—are "a world too wide for his shrunk shanks."

But his *coat*! It is a swallow-tail, and was in fashion some time during the last century. Its high collar covers up and quite extinguishes the bullet-shaped head of the small minion of the law, and its waist seems to be obstinately bent on paying a friendly visit to his shoulders. Imprisoned within that terrific garment, the sufferings of Mr. Weazle—for that is his name—must be most excruciating. Let us pity the unhappy little wretch, and pass on. Look at those children romping upon the withered grass. They may know their mothers, but we suspect that it would puzzle the very devil himself to point out their fathers. Those children might appropriately sing—

"Laughing little loves we are,
Who the deuce is our papa?"

Here, strutting and swaggering about with the air of a nabob, near the Hall of Records, is another M. P.—an old, gray-headed, big, portly fellow, whose tell-tale visage announces that he is a Greek. His hair is cropped,

close to his head, and he wears his tolerably decent "harness" awkwardly, for he is not accustomed to respectable garments, and he feels disguised. We shall call this gentleman Mr. Croppy. Ho! see him drive those little children off the grass with blows and curses. The fellow is a coward and a ruffian, that is plain. Behold him now, as he threatens to strike with his cane that poor old woman who has perpetrated the horrible enormity of sitting down under a tree in order to rest her aged and weary limbs. By heavens, the rascal *does* actually strike her! Withered be his heart and dishonored be his old gray head, for that dastardly, that cruel blow! That Irishman has struck an American woman, the widow of a patriot who fought in the Revolution and helped to achieve our national independence. She is the mother of stalwart American sons, and it is well for that ancient bog-trotter that *they* did not witness the outrage! Ah, Greek, Greek! have a care, you and others like you; for in the breasts of the American people there is a smouldering fire which may ere long break forth with terrific fury and hurl destruction upon the starved hounds that come howling with hunger from distant shores to feed and fatten upon Yankee abundance!

Now we are on Broadway. Whew! what a deafening noise, and what a rush of omnibusses, and carriages, and carts, and wagons, and other vehicles! Crowds of beautiful, voluptuous and elegantly-dressed women pass us. It is not without some show of reason that New Yorkers boast that their ladies are more charming and lovely than those of any other city in the United States.

Here we are, opposite Stewart's "Marble place," which we consider as neither more nor less than a splendid monument to the extravagance, vanity and folly of the female sex. Pardon us, ladies, we must speak our mind, even at the fearful risk of incurring your displeasure. Here comes a fine-looking, middle-aged and well-dressed man with whom we have a slight acquaintance; but do not speak to him or detain him, for his hasty walk announces that he is bent on some particular and important business. Observe him narrowly, and you will perceive that his countenance indicates agitation and uneasiness. He gazes about him, occasionally, with a quick and eager look, which seems to partake somewhat of apprehension and fear. Who is he? you ask. Reader, your memory must be treacherous, if you do not recognize John Maxwell, the M. P. whom we introduced to you in the last chapter as having dealings with Frederick Raynor, the counterfeiter. Maxwell is now evidently off duty, for he does not wear his star. Let us follow him, and see what he is about.

There is another person following him, at a considerable distance behind, on the opposite side of the street. This person is Mr. Dennis Finnigan, and he takes very good care not to lose sight of Mr. Maxwell, upon whom he seems to have some evil design. The Irish M. P. is also without his star; and, in the light of day, he looks like one of those industrious individuals who go about collecting soap-fat and ashes.

Maxwell, when opposite Barnum's Museum, accosted a ragged and barefooted youth, about fourteen years of age, who was lounging about gazing with admiration at the portrait of the "Bearded Lady," and listening with delight to the "music" played by several instrumental performers who were stationed on the lower corner of the building.

"My poor lad," said Maxwell, with the benevolent air of a true philanthropist—"the weather is chilly, and you are barefooted. Why don't you get a pair of shoes?"

"Cos vy, I arn't got no money," replied the lad, with an idiotic stare.

"That is unfortunate," remarked our friend—"but perhaps I can assist you. Here is a ten dollar bill on the Suffolk Bank, Boston. Take it go into yonder shoe-store, buy yourself a pair of shoes, and bring me back the change."

The boy eagerly seized the bill, and rushed into the store which Maxwell had pointed out.

"How I despise myself for resorting to such vile trickery!" said the M. P. to himself—"but I have gone too far to recede now, and besides, I must meet my successful antagonist to-night at the gaming-table with a full purse, and perchance the fickle dame Fortune, who has so long given me the cold shoulder, may deign to smile upon me at last. Ah! if I can but succeed in winning a good pile, I will relinquish my habit of gambling, dissolve my connection with the counterfeiters, resign my station as a policeman, and enter into some business of a respectable and lucrative character."

In a few minutes the ragged agent whom Maxwell had employed returned. A grin of delight sat upon his dirty visage, for his feet were encased in shoes, to which he was by no means accustomed. Maxwell received the change, which amounted to exactly nine dollars, and then walked away with rapid footsteps, still followed at a cautious distance by Finnigan, the Irish M. P., who muttered to himself—

"I'll see through the game that the spalpeen is playing, and I'll see that the game it is, be me sowl! He gives one of the bad bills to every poor devil that he meets, to get changed, bad luck to him! Faith, I'd like to play

the game itself, only its dangerous, although Maxwell believes it to be safe enough. The thafe of the woruld will slape in the Tomb, this blessed night, as sure as my name's Dinnis Finnigan. Maxwell, who was of course utterly unconscious of the fact that he was watched and followed, had walked but a short distance further, when he met a man whose appearance betokened extreme poverty and destitution—one of those unfortunate men who have no home, no place in which to lay their heads, no friends, and who exist from day to day, God only knows how. This poor man had no coat, and he was sunning himself upon a door-step, for the weather, although fine and clear, was quite chilly.

Maxwell accosted this poor fellow, and said to him, in a tone of kindness that was not altogether assumed, for the M. P., notwithstanding his faults, possessed a really excellent and benovolent heart—

"My friend, you are very poor, are you not?"

"I am starving," replied the man, faintly.

"I pity you from the bottom of my heart," said Maxwell, who seemed to be deeply affected—"I will do what I can to relieve you. Here, take this ten dollar bill on the Suffolk Bank, Boston, and go into yonder eating-house and call for a good meal. I will wait for you here, and receive the change."

The starving wretch seized the bill, rushed into the eating-house and breathlessly called for a sufficient quantity of provisions to satisfy half-a-dozen men. The landlord whistled, the waiters stared, and the customers laughed—but, heedless of everything with the exception of his own tormenting appetite, our hungry friend attacked and "walked into" the provender that was placed before him, with a vigor and an energy quite fearful to behold. Plate after plate of substantial food disappeared before him like magic, and still his cry was for "more!" like Oliver Twist. At last he was obliged to exclaim "hold, enough!" to the great relief of the wearied waiters, who were completely tired out. Our voracious friend handed the counterfeit ten dollar bill to the proprietor of the establishment, who stood behind the bar, and who examined the bill with some suspicion, for he wondered how such a sum as ten dollars could have come into the possession of such a poverty-stricken individual. But the bill was so admirably executed, that the acute proprietor was completely deceived, and he cheerfully handed over the change, which amounted to eight dollars and a half, for Mr. Voracity had devoured twelve shillings' worth of fodder. Well satisfied with his meal, and scarcely able to walk in consequence

quence of extreme fullness, Mr. Voracity returned to the place where Maxwell was standing, and gave him the change. The M. P. put the money in his pocket without counting it, and therefore he remained in ignorance of the extent of his new friend's appetite. It is probable that he would have been rather astonished, had he become aware of the fact that Mr. Voracity had eaten twelve shillings' worth of food in a cheap eating-house, where only six cents per plate was charged.

Mr. Voracity was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and Maxwell was about to pass on, when an idea seemed to strike him, and he paused.

"You have no coat," said he.

Mr. Voracity readily acknowledged that he had not, and eloquently did he comment upon the extreme inconvenience of a man's having no coat when his linen is in a decidedly dubious and dilapidated condition. It was very evident that Mr. Voracity did not possess the confidence of his landress, for his most intimate garment had assumed a saffron tint, but nevertheless its state of holiness seemed to afford its wearer all the advantages to be derived from a liberal ventilation.

"Yes," remarked the philanthropic Maxwell—"it's bad to be without a coat, under any circumstances. Well, as I happen to be in funds to-day, I'll do something further for you. You can repay me some time or other, if you ever get the means. Take this ten dollar bill, and go into that clothing-store opposite, and buy yourself a cheap coat. I'll wait here for you. Make haste!"

The delighted Mr. Voracity took the bill—which was another counterfeit ten on the Suffolk Bank, Boston—and crossing the street, he entered the clothing-store which Maxwell had pointed out.

All this time, be it remembered, Mr. Dennis Finnigan was on the watch, carefully keeping himself out of sight, yet failing not to witness all the proceedings we have described.

Pretty soon, Mr. Voracity issued from the clothing-store, and Maxwell observed, with some surprise and a slight degree of alarm, that his protegee was still coatless. "He could not get one cheap enough," thought the M. P.,—"or possibly, he found none that would fit him. Good God! the clerks of the store follow the man out! They have discovered that the bill is a counterfeit, and I must get out of this neighborhood as quickly as possible. Heavens! what if I should be arrested, with such a quantity of bad money in my possession! How my heart beats, and I tremble in every limb. How guilt makes a coward of a man! Ah, that infernal vagabond pursues me

—the wretch will betray me! Curse him, what *shall* I do?" Turning into a cross street, Maxwell almost ran, so anxious was he to escape from that dangerous vicinity. But Mr. Voracity ran after him, exclaiming at the top of his voice—

"Stop, sir—stop! I want to speak to you about something particular. The tailors say that the bill is a counterfeit, and I told them I got it of you, and they want to see you!"

People stared, and Maxwell, finding it impossible to escape, slackened his pace, inwardly cursing Mr. Voracity, and ardently longing to clutch that misguided individual by the wind-pipe and throttle him upon the spot.

"What the devil's the matter, you fool?" growled the M. P., as Mr. Voracity came up to him, breathless with running.

"The clerks say that the bill which you gave me is bad, and they have kept it, and I haven't got my coat," replied the man with the appetite, in a dolorous tone.

"Well, well," said Maxwell, hastily—"let them keep it, and be d—d! Don't follow me any further; get out, do you hear?"

"But, sir, about the coat—you know I *must* have the coat!" suggested Mr. Voracity with the air of an injured man.

"Leave me, rascal, or by heavens I will do you mischief!" exclaimed Maxwell, who was now deadly pale with combined rage and fear. He was not a coward; on the contrary, he was a brave man; but the danger of being arrested appalled him, and caused him to tremble with terror.

Mr. Voracity, having a proper and reasonable regard for his own personal safety, fell back, when he was instantly seized by a couple of the clerks belonging to the clothing store, who said—

"We want you, and we also want this gentleman who gave you that counterfeit bill. The affair must be investigated. Excuse us, sir, but will you please accompany us to the store?"

This last sentence was addressed to Maxwell, who felt that he would be very glad to decline the obliging invitation of the clerks to accompany them to the store; but as a mob had gathered around, and as any attempt on his part to get away would but increase the suspicions against him, he resigned himself to his fate, and with apparent cheerfulness, signified his readiness to go to the store, trusting that by good address and judicious management he would be enabled to extricate himself from the unpleasant position in which he found himself placed. Besides, Maxwell flattered himself that he bore a most excellent character in the eyes of the world, and

he fancied that few people would believe him guilty of being engaged in counterfeiting operations.

A sort of procession was now formed, which marched to the store in the following order:—First of all came Mr. Voracity, in the custody of the two clerks. Next came Maxwell, who tried to appear composed and perfectly at his ease, while his mind was full of fearful misgivings. Then followed a half-starved newspaper reporter named *Sculpin*, who hoped to earn the means of purchasing a meal by writing a paragraph in relation to the affair. After *Sculpin* walked, or rather straddled, a somewhat tall, baby-faced fellow from Boston; he was (and is) a low brothel pimp, and wore a suit of cheap but very showy clothes; his fingers were laden with rings which he had begged from harlots, his cheeks were painted, and his moustache was artificially dyed. He wore a little monkey-cap, and his whole appearance was very ludicrous, yet slightly disgusting. This thing rejoiced in the name of Bill Spikesey, and he had come to New York on a time. Leaning upon his arm was his "woman," a corpulent old bawd, quite aged enough to be his mother. Two or three Five Point negroes followed Spikesey, doubtless recognizing in him a congenial companion. After the darkies marched Mr. Dennis Finnigan himself, his repulsive face wearing a look of triumph. The rear of this imposing procession was made up of a miscellaneous assortment of niggers, Greeks, newsboys, citizens, loafers and others, including the enterprising gentleman who is continually sacrificing "twelve sheets of writing-paper for f—o—u—r cents; twenty-five self-sealing envelopes for f—o—u—r cents!"

The procession soon reached the clothing store. Mr. Voracity and Maxwell were marched in "with all the honors," and they were followed by such of the crowd as possessed sufficient "cheek" to intrude themselves. Mr. *Sculpin* went in, of course; for, to the ignorance of a heathen and the stupidity of a jackass, he united the impudence of the devil. (The fellow has frequently been kicked out of private parties into which he has had the effrontery to intrude in his capacity as a "reporter for the press.") Spikesey and his fair companion also entered—but the Boston pimp was closely watched by a clerk, who naturally took him for a thief; and, in truth, the rascal *did* seem inclined to purloin a flashy vest that lay upon the counter; but, perceiving that he was observed, he wisely "let up." (The celebrated Madam B., of Boston, once ejected him from her premises for attempting to rob her bureau-drawers of their contents!) Mr. Dennis Finnigan was among those who crowded into the establishment, but he kept himself in the back-ground until an opportunity should present it.

self for him to make his appearance with *eclat* and dramatic effect. The Irish M. P. was also narrowly watched by the vigilant clerk, for he, too, had rather the look of a petty-larceny thief; his face, form, and habiliments being decidedly against him; and no one would have imagined that he occupied a "dignified official station!"

The interior of that clothing-store now presented quite an animated appearance, and looked something like a court of justice. There were the spectators, and there the prisoners; while the judge was personated by the proprietor of the concern, Mr. Hawk, a tall, lean, lank individual, with a Jewish cast of countenance, a hooked nose, a sallow complexion, and a pair of eyes that seemed to be sufficiently penetrating to bore holes through an oaken plank. He bowed politely to Maxwell, who wore "good harness;" but he frowned darkly upon Mr. Voracity, for that individual's costume proclaimed that he was not upon intimate terms with any credulous tailor who had implicit confidence in the integrity of human nature.

"Silence!" roared the head clerk, who took upon himself the functions of crier of the court.

Some degree of order having been obtained, Mr. Hawk, who evidently enjoyed the supposed responsibility and importance of his position, straightened himself out, coughed thrice, blew his nose once, and then said, in a judicial tone of voice—

"This is a very bad business—very bad. I am grieved—deeply grieved—that my Emporium of Fashion should have been made the scene of such criminal transactions. The depravity of human nature is—is—well, to speak plainly, it's awful. Gentlemen, if any of you want clothing cheap, now's your time; every garment warranted to fit and wear well, or the money refunded. John, keep your eye on that fellow with the moustache, red cheeks and jockey cap; he *may* be honest, but his countenance lies if he is. How stands this case?—A ragged, dirty fellow comes into the store, purchases a cheap coat, and proffers in payment a bill which is discovered to be a counterfeit, finely executed; but I hope that I and my clerks are rather too sharp to be victimized in that or any other way. Ha, na! Well. To continue. The fellow who offers the bad bill is questioned; he says it was given to him by a gentleman who is waiting on the opposite side of the street for the change. So far, so good. The bill is kept, and the fellow is told to go about his business. He leaves the store, and is watched; he is seen to accost this gentleman here; he is then seized and brought back to the store, accompanied by this gentleman, who, he says, gave him the bill. Thus stands the case at present. John, make those

fellows keep their dirty paws off the goods. I will now take the liberty of asking this gentleman if he did really give this man that counterfeit bill?"

"I certainly did," replied Maxwell, calmly—"seeing the man in a destitute condition, and without a coat, I felt desirous of relieving his wants; I therefore gave him the bill, believing it, of course, to be perfectly good. Surely, sir, you do not suspect me of any evil *design* in this business. My character is, I presume, respectable, and above reproach. My name is Maxwell, and I am a member of the Municipal Police of this city."

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Mr. Hawk, with a polite bow—"no gentleman of your appearance could be guilty of intentionally passing counterfeit money. I beg your pardon for detaining you, but I wished to arrive at the truth of the matter. Here is the bad bill; I hope that you may have it redeemed. You are now of course at liberty to depart; and you, sir, (to Mr. Voracity,) can also go. John, clear the store!"

Mr. Voracity ran off as fast as his legs could carry him; and the crowd dispersed, thinking that the "fun" was all over. Maxwell, congratulating himself upon his supposed escape from so unpleasant and dangerous a position, was about to leave the store, when he was confronted by Dennis Finnigan, the Irish M. P., with whom he had some slight acquaintance, although he had always treated the "Greek" with a cold contempt that in some degree accounted for Mr. Finnigan's feelings of animosity towards him.

"Don't be in a hurry, Misther Maxwell," said Finnigan, with the most provoking insolence—"I want to have a few words of discourse wid ye."

"Well, what is it?" demanded Maxwell, with impatience, and not without a secret misgiving that something extremely unpleasant was about to transpire.

Mr. Hawk and his clerks drew near, and listened with interest to the conversation between the two M. P.'s.

"How many more of thim bad tin-dollar bills have ye in yer possession at this prisint moment?" asked Finnigan, in a loud and blustering tone.

"What do you mean to insinuate, you scoundrel?" cried Maxwell, sternly;—yet he felt that the blood had deserted his face, and he knew that he was pale as death.

"I mane to say," replied Finnigan—"that you have dalings wid counterfeiters, that you are a passer of bad money, and that you have now in yer possession a large lot of counterfeit bills. That chap wid no coat on pass-

ed one of the bills for ye in an *ating* saloon near this; and a boy passed another one for ye in a shoe-store."

"What proof have you of all this?" inquired Mr. Hawk, who did not by any means like the looks of the vagabond Irish M. P.

"Proof enough!" yelled Finnigan, who was highly excited—"I seen him wid me own eyes, last night, comin' out of a counterfeiters' den in — street. Proof! Sind for the shoe-daler, and the *ating*-house man, and see if *they* haven't resayed bills just like the one that was attempted to be passed here. Proof! Be me sowl, and if *it* proof ye want, ye can have it on the spot, mighty quick, by searchin' this Mistor Maxwell here. I'm an officer of the *polace*, and in the name of the law and Daniel O'Connell I shall search this man, commandin' all of yez to assist me, and warnin' yez not to refuse, as yez value yer lives!"

With those words, Finnigan approached Maxwell with the evident intention of thrusting his hands into the pockets of that individual; but Maxwell, whom circumstances had rendered desperate, knocked the Irishman down in the most effectual and scientific manner; and when Mr. Finnigan arose to his feet, which he did with considerable difficulty, it was discovered that his natural beauty had not been greatly enhanced by the addition of a black eye, and a damaged nose from which the claret poured in a stream.

"You served the rascal right," said Mr. Hawk, approvingly—"but, for the satisfaction of all parties, and for the complete vindication of your own character from an accusation which I believe to be unjust, I would suggest to you the propriety of displaying the contents of your pockets, merely as a matter of *form*, you know."

"I shall do no such thing; such a suggestion implies a belief that I am guilty," said Maxwell, who had very particular reasons for not wishing to exhibit the contents of his pockets. The reader will have no difficulty in comprehending those reasons.

Mr. Hawk looked serious, and his clerks whispered among themselves. Mr. Finnigan, who held a very dirty handkerchief to his nose, vociferously insisted that Maxwell *should* be searched, and offered to bet his existence (as if *that* were worth anything!) that the accused man had upon his person a large number of spurious bank-bills.

So enraged and desperate was Maxwell, that it is probable he would have slain the Irishman upon the spot, if Mr. Finnigan had not taken very good care to station himself behind a fortification of packing-boxes.

Mr. Hawk, who seemed somewhat puzzled how to act, now held a short

whispered conversation with Finnigan, whose contracted forehead and earnest gestures showed how eager he was to have Maxwell searched.

"That rascal will ruin me," thought poor Maxwell, with a sigh—"would to heaven that I were rid of those accursed bills!"

Mr. Hawk, having finished his conference with the Irish M. P., whispered to one of his clerks, who left the store and soon returned accompanied by the shoe-dealer and the eating-house proprietor, both of whom had been victimized through the agency of Mr. Voracity.

These gentlemen produced the two ten dollar bills which they had taken, and which were found to correspond exactly with the counterfeit note that had been offered in the store of Mr. Hawk.

This last-named individual was an odd, eccentric sort of a personage—but he was a *gentleman*; and he felt deeply grieved that a man of Maxwell's superior manners and appearance should be placed in such a peculiarly painful situation. Gladly would he have liberated the accused man without any examination whatever; but the presence of his clerks, and more especially the inflexible malignity displayed by Dennis Finnigan, rendered such a proceeding utterly impracticable.

"Sir," said Hawk, addressing Maxwell in a tone of commiseration—"I regret to say that circumstances render it necessary for you to be searched. You had better submit to the operation here; because, in case of your refusal, you will be subjected to the indignity of being taken by an officer to the Tombs, where you will be searched without any ceremony by those who will have no respect for your feelings whatever, and who will rejoice in your disgrace and downfall."

"Do you really believe that I have a quantity of counterfeit money in my possession?" asked Maxwell, sadly.

"Pardon me, sir, if I do not answer your question," replied Hawk mournfully.

"Ah!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, with bitterness—"I see that you *do* believe it, and so do all these persons. Gentlemen, *you are right*;—further denial is useless;—there is no avenue of escape open before me, therefore I will confess the truth, and meet the result with the fortitude of a man. There—behold! There is the evidence of my guilt; there is the damning testimony that will overwhelm and crush me! I hope, gentlemen, that you are all perfectly satisfied. Finnigan, you Irish whelp, you have triumphed; but beware! I am but one link of a mighty chain that will encompass you about and squeeze the breath from your miserable carcass!"

As Maxwell uttered these passionate words, he drew from his pocket and dashed upon the floor the greater portion of the package of counterfeit ten dollar bills on the Suffolk Bank, Boston, which he had, the night before, purchased of Frederick Raynor.

One of the men took possession of the spurious money, while Finnigan uttered a howl of delight and exclaimed—

"Be the piper that played before Moses, and that's a good oath! Are ye zatisfied now that 'twas the truth I was spakin'? Whoop! 'Tis me-self that knows a thing or two. Only for me, this murtherin' thafe of the worruld would have got off clear. Maxwell, ye blackguard, I swore be the big book that ye should slape in the Tombs this blessed night, and me oath will come true. Arrah, me friend, it's sorry I am to inform you that there's a vacant cell waiting for you in the Sing Sing state prison! Och! it's a burnin' shame and a disgrace ye are to the dacent and honorable *polace* of the city!"

The infuriated Maxwell made a sudden rush towards the Irish M. P., who crouched down behind the packing-boxes and bawled "murder!" at the top of his voice. But Mr. Hawk stepped forward and saved Finnigan from a severe chastisement.

"He is beneath your notice," said Hawk, in a low tone—"you will only make matters worse, so far as *you* are concerned, by assaulting the wretch. I advise you to go quietly to the Halls of Justice; for escape, you see, is impossible. Were it in my power to liberate you, I would do so without a moment's hesitation. I will do all I can for you, for you have my most sincere sympathy, as I honestly believe that you must have been driven into this bad business by circumstances over which you had no control.—Is it not so?"

"You do me justice," said Maxwell, much affected, as he warmly and gratefully pressed the hand of the good-hearted merchant. "Whatever may be my fate, I shall never forget your kindness. I desire you now, as a favor, to send for a respectable officer, an *American*—not an Irish vagabond like that cowardly and malignant wretch there—in order that I may be escorted to prison as becomes a man."

An officer was accordingly sent for, and one soon made his appearance in the person of a good-looking young American, whose countenance indicated intelligence, and whose garment evinced the taste, habits and feelings of a gentleman.

"Which is the accused?" asked this M. P., as he entered the store.

Maxwell was pointed out, and the countenance of the young officer

turned deadly pale as his eyes encountered those of the unhappy man, who was himself deeply agitated.

"Carlton," said Maxwell, addressing the young officer, with whom he seemed to be well acquainted—"you behold me now in a very unpleasant predicament. You and I have long been personal and intimate friends, but it is now your duty to arrest me, and you must not hesitate to perform that duty as readily as if we were total strangers to each other. Before I accompany you to the Tombs, will you favor me with a few minutes' private conversation? I wish to consult you with reference to the procurement of counsel."

Carlton made a sign of assent; and he and Maxwell retired to the back part of the store, where they could converse without being overheard.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Carlton, as he nervously grasped the hand of his friend—"this is a terrible, a ruinous business. What is to be done? How came you to be detected—you, who have always been so shrewd, so cautious and so careful?"

Maxwell replied—

"I have been detected in passing—through an *agent*, as usual—and carrying about me a lot of the most beautifully executed bills that Fred Raynor ever issued. They are *tens* on the Suffolk Bank, Boston, and I purchased fifty of them last night."

"The devil! you astonish me!" said Carlton—"I bought a lot of the same bills this morning, and fancied that no one could discover them to be counterfeit. I have, even now, those bills in my pocket. Any man is a fool to carry more than one at a time. But tell me all about this affair. The clerk who came after me merely threw out some hints which I did not clearly comprehend."

The reader will now understand that Carlton was also deeply involved in counterfeiting operations. Maxwell had initiated him into the nefarious business. We may as well here remark that Carlton was in love with Maxwell's only daughter, a beautiful young girl of sixteen, whose name was Julia. She knew nothing of the criminal proceedings in which her father and her lover were engaged. She cherished for Carlton a pure and ardent affection, and anticipated with joy the felicity of being made his wife.

Maxwell related to his friend what the reader already knows concerning the manner in which he had been detected. When he had finished his narration, Carlton observed, indignantly—

"Then it was that wretch, Finnigan, who brought you into trouble—

who prevented your departure from the store, after the proprietor had expressed his belief that you were innocent. The matter is plain enough;—the Irishman, suspecting something wrong, dogged your footsteps, and saw you issuing from Raynor's house. He has ruined you, and he will betray Raynor and his companions, unless he be summarily dealt with. A thought strikes me! Maxwell, my dear friend, your downfall shall be terribly avenged! I have hit upon a plan of effectually closing Finnigan's mouth, and, at the same time, of severely punishing him for so malignantly persecuting you. If he were actuated simply by an honest love of justice, I could excuse and pardon him; but, curses upon him! his conduct is prompted by the malignant and jealous hatred which he cherishes towards you, and therefore the wretch must *die*! Now, what can I do for you? Is there no means by which you can escape?"

"I can see none," replied Maxwell, moodily.

"Can you not contrive to knock me down in the street, and run off?" suggested Carlton with a faint smile—"I assure you that I am very easily *floored*, and that I cannot run faster than a snail."

"I understand your hint, and thank you for it," said Maxwell—"but I will not take advantage of your generous, self-sacrificing disposition. It must not be suspected that you are an accomplice of mine. You shall not, on my account, compromise yourself in the slightest degree. *My* ruin need not involve *yours*, Carlton. You must preserve your reputation, if not on your own account, for the sake of my daughter Julia, whom you love and intend to marry, provided her father's public disgrace does not prevent you."

"Maxwell, do you think me capable of——"

"Hear me out, Carlton. I regret—deeply regret—that I ever induced you to become a counterfeiter. I now implore you to give up the dangerous business at once. Marry my child, if you will, and console her for my misfortunes. Time will cure all her sorrows, and your presence will more than atone for my absence. Whatever may be my fate, I shall meet it with the fortitude and courage of a man."

"But why can't you assault me in the street, and escape?"

"The plan is a very foolish one, Carlton, and I positively refuse to adopt it. In the first place, people would suspect the existence of a private understanding between us, particularly as it is pretty generally known, among the members of the police department, that you are paying your addresses to my daughter. In the second place, what would be the result of my knocking down an officer in broad daylight, and running off? Citi-

zens, vagabonds and boys would rush after me with cries of "stop thief!" and my eventual arrest would be a matter of certainty. That attempted escape would make my position still worse. Surely, my dear Carlton, you do not wish to subject me to the disgrace of being chased through the streets like a common thief?"

"You are right," said Carlton—"I did not think of these things. Well, I suppose that you will insist upon my escorting you to the Tombs, and that I must perform a task from which my very soul shrinks. The idea of my carrying *you*, the father of my Julia, to prison!"

"Maxwell, affecting a cheerfulness which he did not feel, rejoined—

"The fact of your having arrested me will screen you from any suspicions relative to your being a participant in my crimes. Besides, I may get bailed out of prison, and a good lawyer may secure my acquittal, after all. So don't be discouraged, Carlton. Our conference has lasted long enough; we understand each other now, so let us proceed to the Tombs with as little display as possible. I suppose that Hawk and his clerks will go with us."

"I presume so," was the reply. "Before we start, I wish to say a few words to that Irishman, Finnigan. It is desirable that he should not make his appearance in the police office, to testify against you, and to proclaim his knowledge of the location of Raynor's house. I'll get him out of the way very quick."

Carlton approached Finnigan, and calling him aside, said to him—

"Dennis, between ourselves, I am glad that you have been the means of exposing Maxwell in his rascality. To be sure, I am courting his daughter; but then I never liked *him*. Now, as you know where the den of the counterfeiters is situated, suppose that you and I go into partnership in this business, and visit that den to-night, for the purpose of arresting the villains and breaking up their concern? We'll earn lots of money, and be praised in the newspapers as public benefactors."

"It's agreed," said Finnigan, who was delighted with the plan—"I'll lade ye to the house this night, Misther Carlton, and we'll divide all that we make. Yis, it's a bargain."

"Well and good. Now, Dennis, for a very particular reason which I haven't time to explain, I don't want you to go to the police office. Here is a dollar; go and drink my health, and meet me this evening, at precisely nine o'clock, in the Park, opposite the City Hall. Don't fail to be punctual, for to-night we must distinguish ourselves by the extermination of the rascally counterfeiters."

"I'll not fail ye, Misther Carlton, and many thanks for yer dacent *treatment* of me. Ye always wor a rale jintleman. I don't care about goin to the polace office, because I can testify against Maxwell when he's brought to *trial*. I'll go and drink a noggin of whiskey to yer long life and prosperity."

With these words, Finnigan sneaked out of the store, and repairing to a low groggery in Ann street, kept by a bull-headed countryman of his, he proceeded to expend his dollar as expeditiously as possible in the purchase of very bad rum.

Carlton and Maxwell now walked to the Tombs, followed by Hawk and several of his clerks. The shoe-dealer and the proprietor of the eating-saloon brought up the rear.

We pass over the excitement and astonishment that prevailed in the police office, among the officials there assembled, when Maxwell made his appearance, in the character of a prisoner, charged with the commission of a serious offence against the laws. The reader will be kind enough to imagine all that we find it necessary to omit. The presiding magistrate decided not to investigate the case until Dennis Finnigan, who was an important and principal witness, could be found; and, meanwhile, poor Maxwell was committed to one of the gloomy cells of that vast Egyptian sepulchre—THE TOMBS!

CHAPTER III.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

That evening, at nine o'clock, Carlton entered the Park and walked to the front of the City Hall. He looked about him as if he were in search of some one; and soon his eyes rested upon the form of a man who was leaning against the chain that surrounded one of the patches of grass.—Carlton approached this man, and found him to be Mr. Finnigan, who was half asleep and rather more than half drunk, for he had expended the whole of his dollar in spiritual libations at the bar of his bull-headed countryman in Ann street.

Carlton was well satisfied with the stupefied condition of Finnigan, for it aided his plans and rendered the Irishman an easy victim.

"Are ye there, Misther Carlton?" said the inebriated Greek, when he became aware of the young officer's presence—"be me sowl ye're a thrump car-r-rd, any way. I'm a little dizzy to-night, but I'm not dhrunk, by any manes. Come on, me frind; we'll root out the counterfeitin' thaves of the werruld. I'll show ye the house. Come on!"

Finnigan linked his arm within that of Carlton, who did not resent the familiarity, because he wished to propitiate the wretch upon whom he designed to wreak a terrible vengeance. The two M. P.'s—one full of bad liquor and the other full of bloody thoughts—left the Park, and proceeded towards the house of Frederick Raynor the counterfeiter. On the way, Carlton invited his companion to drink in sundry bar-rooms, and as all these invitations were invariably accepted, the consequence was that Finnigan became so helplessly intoxicated that Carlton was obliged, almost, to carry him. They reached the house of Raynor at about ten o'clock, Carlton being well acquainted with its location. He was also perfectly familiar with the *pass-words* necessary to be used in order to obtain admission into the house. He knocked at the door in the peculiar manner that was known only to the initiated, whereupon old Sampson appeared at the window above, and precisely the same dialogue passed between him and Carlton that we have described as having taken place between the old man and Maxwell, upon a former occasion. Meanwhile, Mr. Finnigan, who was completely overcome by the large quantity of liquor which he had drank, had fallen fast asleep upon the door-step, and was industriously engaged in the performance of a nasal solo that was composed of alternate snuffles, grunts and wheezes. The door having been opened, Carlton dragged the insensible Finnigan into the passage, where he lay as inanimate as a log.

"Who is this?" demanded old Sampson, in astonishment—"he is not one of us!"

"It is all right," said Carlton, with an air of authority—"shut and secure the door. I will be responsible to Captain Raynor for the admission of this man into the house. You see that the fellow is dead drunk, and can do no harm. When he becomes sober, Raynor and his men have *very particular business* with him."

Sampson wondered what business Raynor and his gang could possibly have with a drunken Irishman, yet he expressed himself as being perfectly satisfied, for he knew Carlton to be, emphatically, "one of the faithful," and a trustworthy man in whom Raynor had the most unbounded confidence. The door having been properly secured, the slumbering Fin-

nigan was dragged into a vacant room, and there left to sleep off the effects of his beastly debauch.

Carlton, having ascertained from Sampson that all the counterfeiters were at work, descended to the vault, and was warmly greeted by Raynor and his men, with whom he was a great favorite; for the young man possessed certain qualities that were eminently calculated to attract and fascinate those desperate and lawless men.

"Well, Carlton," said Raynor, who seemed to be in unusually high spirits—"how has business been to-day? How go our magnificent bills on the Suffolk Bank? I suppose that you have come for a fresh supply. We have a large quantity all ready."

"Then," said Carlton, significantly—"you had better destroy all that you have printed, and break up the plate, for the game is up, so far as *that* counterfeit is concerned."

The men all suspended work on hearing those words, and gathered around Carlton, anxious yet dreading to hear more. Raynor turned pale, and inquired, in a faltering voice—

"Are you serious? What has happened? Keep us not in suspense, but tell us all. If one of those bills has *already* been detected as a counterfeit, I shall despair of ever being able to issue a note that will defy discovery."

"In all the newspapers, to-morrow morning," said Carlton—"you will see an account of the arrest of one of our comrades for passing counterfeit tens on the Suffolk Bank, Boston. Thus the public will be put upon their guard against the bills, and it will be extremely dangerous to attempt to pass another one of them. Gentlemen, you will regret to learn that it is our friend Maxwell who has been arrested; he is now in the Tombs."

"Maxwell arrested!" exclaimed the counterfeiters, whom the announcement filled with the utmost consternation and astonishment—for Maxwell was an invaluable man in the "business," being faithful and very successful; and he was noted for his shrewdness and ingenuity in passing spurious money.

"Yes," said Carlton, sadly—"poor Maxwell, whom I hope one day to call my father-in-law, and who is one of the best fellows in the world, is in the *stone jug*, with a formidable array of circumstances against him.—The *queer money* was found in his possession, and there is great danger of his conviction, unless we, and the rest of his friends, adopt the most prompt and energetic measures in his behalf. His bail will probably be

fixed at a large amount, but we may be able to induce one of the wealthy merchants, with whom we have business connections, to furnish the required security. Not one of them will *dare* refuse, for their position is about as critical as our own. And we must not fail to employ, in Maxwell's defence, the most celebrated legal gentlemen in the city, no matter how great the expense may be. Comrades, we *must* prevent our friend's conviction. By heavens! I would sooner die a million deaths, than that the father of my Julia should become a degraded inmate of the State Prison. I am happy to say—and you will rejoice with me—that one of the principal witnesses against Maxwell, the one who caused his arrest, *will never appear in court to testify against him*, for he is in our power, to be dealt with as a majority of us may decide. I am in favor of punishing him for his unnecessary interference, and *silencing him forever!* His death, gentlemen, is our only safety, for he knows this house, and is acquainted with the nature of the business that is carried on here."

"Who is he—and *where* is he?" cried the excited counterfeiters, with their faces full of fury and impatience.

"Explain everything, Carlton," said Raynor, who was even more profoundly agitated than his men, for it will be remembered that his wife and child were in the house, both of whom would be necessarily involved in his ruin.

Carlton now proceeded to relate all the facts connected with the detection and arrest of Maxwell. To this recital the men listened with the most intense interest. When Carlton described the malignant conduct of Finigan towards their friend, the counterfeiters gnashed their teeth with rage; but when the young officer announced that the Irishman was then in the house, the men gave utterance to a shout of savage joy that boded no good to the Grecian M. P., who was then up stairs sleeping off the effects of his rather extensive "spree."

"Let the wretch be brought before us at once," exclaimed Raynor, with flaming eyes—"we'll find a way to shut his mouth and prevent him from giving evidence against our friend—we'll take very good care that he shall never betray this house, its business or its inmates. I am far from being naturally cruel, but by hell! when a wretch like that Irishman deliberately seeks to effect the ruin of a man who has never injured him, out of pure *malignity*, and in the selfish hope of securing his *own* advancement—I am *down* on the rascal, and can calmly witness his death by slow and lingering torments. Medway, go you and drag the doomed rascal down here. We'll have some rare sport soon, my lads. A while

ago, I was as merry and as good-natured as a circus clown; but now I am as savage and as thirsty for blood as a cannibal. I believe that I could sup to-night upon a *baked missionary* with as much relish and satisfaction as I could upon the finest stuffed fowl that ever graced the board of an alderman!"

Raynor, as he uttered these extravagant words, laughed loudly and wildly. His unnatural merriment was echoed by the men, for the whole gang were madly impatient to witness the dying agonies of the wretched Finnigan.

Medway, who was the engraver of the concern—and a superb workman he was, too—proceeded to obey the command of his superior. There was an expression of deep sadness upon this man's rather handsome and intellectual countenance for, in his extreme sensitiveness, he fancied that his professional reputation among his associates would suffer in consequence of the fact that a bank-bill, executed by him with particular care, had been detected as a counterfeit so soon after its having been issued.

"Confusion!" thought the engraver, as he ascended from the vault—"after lavishing all my skill upon that plate—after producing a piece of work that no engraver in the world could surpass—after flattering myself that I had established a lasting reputation among the counterfeiting fraternity—after nearly blinding myself in my strenuous efforts to be accurate and faultless—after all this, to have an impression of that beautiful plate detected as a counterfeit so soon after its being executed—why, 'tis maddening! I am almost discouraged from ever attempting to get up another plate. I've half a mind to give up the business and become an honest man—if such a transformation is possible, which I am inclined to doubt! And then, honesty is so very commonplace—so infernally vulgar! No, d—n it! I've been a counterfeiter ten years, and I'll die one! Honest labor is so inadequately remunerated, that a man has no inducement to be otherwise than a highwayman, a house breaker, a counterfeiter, or a villain of some kind or other. But what if I make an effort to be appointed on the Municipal Police? Bah! I'm not sunk quite so low as that, yet!"

Thus profoundly philosophizing, Medway entered the room where Finnigan was sleeping, and he forthwith bestowed upon the Greek a kick in the ribs that partially aroused that gentleman from his Bacchanalian slumbers. Giving utterance to a grunt like unto that of a disturbed porker, Finnigan, who had become somewhat sober, slowly opened his eyes and surveyed the contemptuous countenance of the engraver with mingled as-

tonishment and alarm, for he did not immediately comprehend where he was.

"Where the devil am I?" he enquired, as he arose with some difficulty to his feet and rubbed his head, which ached painfully—"and how came I here at all, at all?"

You are in the house of the counterfeiters," replied the engraver.

"Oh, yis, I remimber now," rejoined Finnigan, assuming an air of importance—"I kem here wid Misther Carlton, a frind of mine and a brother mimber of the polace, to break up the din of thaves and arrist all of thim. But where is Carlton—and who the devil are ye, young man?"

"Me! Oh, I'm only one of the counterfeiters," replied Medway, coolly.

"Are ye?" exclaimed the Irishman, in a tone of triumph—"thin, be vartue of me office, ye're my prisoner. Surrender, ye villain, or I'll break every bone in yer body!"

Medway was a slender young man, but he was muscular and powerful; and, as Finnigan advanced for the purpose of seizing him, he conferred upon that individual a "punch in the head" that laid him sprawling upon the floor.

Howling with rage and pain combined, the discomfited Greek picked himself up and seemed disposed to commence a hostile attack upon Medway, who, however, seized him by the throat with a grasp of iron, and dragged him, struggling and kicking, out of the room and into the apartment that communicated with the vault below.

Pulling Finnigan after him, and occasionally favoring that ill-starred official with a rap over the head as a gentle inducement for him to behave himself, Medway descended to the vault, and said to his companions—

"Here, gentlemen, is the culprit!"

Mr. Finnigan was accommodated with a chair. Raynor, with mock politeness, entreated him to make himself comfortable and perfectly at home. The counterfeiters, with smiles that imperfectly concealed the ferocity of their faces, gathered around the doomed man, assured him that he was welcome, and insisted upon shaking hands with him as a token of friendship. Finnigan held out his hand, whereupon one of the gang, a very powerful fellow, clutched and squeezed it with such tremendous force that the victim yelled with pain and writhed like an eel undergoing the agreeable process of being skinned.

Having been relieved from this affectionate demonstration of regard, the unhappy and trembling Finnigan looked about him with curiosity,—for

curiosity is a feeling which will sometimes exist under the most appalling circumstances. The condemned man upon the gallows will often examine the arrangements for his execution with a critical eye, and he will gaze about him, curious to ascertain how many of his acquaintances are among the crowd of spectators.

That gloomy vault, built of massive blocks of stone, and filled with strange-looking machinery of various kinds that gave it the appearance of one of the torture-chambers of the Inquisition—those stern-looking men, dressed in working-clothes, and whispering mysteriously among themselves—the profound and impressive silence that prevailed—the painful uncertainty of his situation—all these combined to fill the mind of Finnigan with the most terrible apprehensions. He knew that he was in the power of the counterfeiters, whom he had intended to destroy; and he feared that he had but little mercy to expect at their hands.

"Arrah, jintlemen," whimpered the wretch "why am I brought here, and what do yez'intind to do wid me? Surely yez wouldn't *harrum* a poor man like me, and a mimber of the polace?"

"Silence, dog!" cried Raynor, in a hoarse whisper—"or I'll cut out your accursed tongue!"

Mr. Finnigan, not being particularly desirous of losing his organ of speech, held his peace. He saw that Carlton was connected with the counterfeiters, and he fully comprehended that he had been led into a trap. He feared that some severe punishment was about to be inflicted upon him, but he had no idea of his *life* being in danger; for he flattered himself that Carlton would protect him from being put to death.

Frederick Raynor and his associates withdrew to a remote corner of the vault, and, in low tones that were inaudible to Finnigan, held an earnest consultation as to what disposition should be made of their Irish prisoner. The whole gang appeared to be unanimous in their opinion that he should be put to death.

"If we have any regard for our own safety, the man must die," said Carlton—"if we let him go free, we must immediately abandon this convenient retreat, or else submit to be arrested, for the Irishman will most certainly betray us. And besides, gentlemen—does he not deserve to die for having, unnecessarily and maliciously, caused our comrade Maxwell to be cast into prison?"

"Let us place the Irishman before a slow fire, and roast him to death," suggested Medway, with a calm smile.

"No," said Raynor—"I have a better plan. We'll first cut out his

tongue, then put out his eyes, and afterwards slowly cut him to pieces, avoiding all the vital parts, and causing him to die a protracted and most excruciatingly painful death."

The remainder of the men, however, seemed to be averse to this cruelty, although they, too, agreed that Finnigan ought to die. They proposed to *hang* him.

"Gentlemen," said Raynor, who wished the discussion to terminate, for he was impatient to dispose of the wretched Finnigan without delay—"we all agree that this man shall die, but we differ somewhat as to the manner in which he shall be put to death. The majority, in all cases, should rule; therefore I propose that each one of us shall write upon a slip of paper the manner in which he desires the prisoner to be killed; and the man must be disposed of as a majority of us may decide."

This proposition being approved of by the men—Carlton included—the vote was immediately taken. Seven slips of paper were written upon and placed in a hat; and, when every man had deposited his vote, Frederick Raynor, as Captain of the gang, drew forth the slips, and read them all in succession. The vote stood thus:—

In favor of hanging Finnigan—*five*, consisting of Carlton and four of the workmen.

In favor of burning him to death—*one*, Medway the engraver.

In favor of cutting out his tongue, putting out his eyes, and slowly cutting him to pieces—*one*, Raynor the Captain of the counterfeiters.

"Well, gentlemen," said Raynor, with an air of some disappointment—"it seems that the fellow must be hung, and that we must all unite in performing the dignified functions of hangmen. While I cannot but regret this decision, I bow with respect to the will of the majority. Carlton, go to the man and tell him that he must prepare to die within half an hour."

Carlton accordingly approached the prisoner, and said to him, in a voice that was tremulous with agitation—

"Finnigan, attend to what I am going to say."

"Oh, Mither Carlton," whined the poor wretch—"ye'll protect me, won't ye? For the love of God, don't let me be hurt. Let me lave this place, and I'll niver trouble it, nor any of yer frinds, again."

"Listen to me, Finnigan, and don't interrupt me until I have finished. These men have decided that you must be put to death within half an hour. So hasten to prepare your soul for an endless voyage upon the shoreless ocean of eternity. You undoubtedly know our reasons for condemning

you to death. We must terminate your worthless existence in order to secure our own safety; and we also wish to punish you for bringing ruin upon one of our comrades. Supplications, prayers, entreaties will be useless, and will only consume the small remnant of time allotted to you, without producing any good. Dennis Finnigan, I solemnly swear that your case is hopeless, and that you *must die*. Even if I wished to save you, I could not do it. Kneel down, and pray for divine mercy and for the forgiveness of your sins. No mercy or forgiveness can you receive from us!"

On hearing these dreadful words, Finnigan, with his face as pale as that of a corpse, and with the cold perspiration starting from every pore, fell upon his knees, and clasping his trembling arms around the form of Carlton, he began to howl forth prayers that his life may be spared. His language was mostly incoherent, and full of blasphemy. He was ready and willing, he said, to meet any fate, so that his death might be postponed for a week—a day—a few hours. He would gladly be immured in a loathsome dungeon and starved to death amid darkness, and horror, and crawling reptiles. He was willing to endure torments of the most agonizing description—he was ready to submit to the most refined and elaborate cruelties that the imagination of man could devise—he was anxious to show his powers of endurance under stripes, and blows, and brandings with red-hot irons. But to be hung—to be strangled and choked to death like a dog—and that, too, within half an hour—oh! anything but *that!*

Carlton, who was brave as a lion, and who, under any circumstances, would have met his death like a man, could not help feeling deeply disgusted with the doomed wretch on account of the craven spirit which he manifested. He cast Finnigan from him with some violence, as if there were pollution in the very touch of that miserable man; and rejoining his comrades at the other extremity of the vault, he found that they were actively engaged in making preparations for the approaching execution.

High up in the wall, a stout iron spike was firmly driven between two of the massive blocks of stone of which the vault was constructed. To this spike was attached one end of a slender but strong rope, of the requisite length. Under the spike and at the other end of the rope, was placed a very high counting-room stool; and the arrangements were complete.

Finnigan, who could scarcely walk, was now brought forward, and his arms were securely bound, with a cord. Seeing that his fate was inevitable, the poor wretch begged that a Catholic priest might be sent for to prepare him for the awful change which he was about to undergo; but

this request could not of course be complied with, as the counterfeiters well knew that the admission of a priest into the house to attend upon a man whom they were about to kill, would lead to their certain destruction.

Finnigan was placed upon the stool, and then the rope was fastened around his neck. He gazed about him with a vacant stare, for his senses were wandering, and his weak mind could scarcely realize the terrible situation in which he was placed. He mumbled over a few words of a prayer; then he sang a line or two of an obscene song; and afterwards he began to curse himself, his executioners and his Maker in a manner that made the blood of those men, hardened and wicked as they were, run cold in their veins.

It was an awful scene. There, in that subterranean vault, to which the light of day never penetrated, stood a band of criminals surrounding a fellow-creature whose immortal soul was on the point of being launched into eternity.

For a few minutes, a profound and death-like silence prevailed, for Finnigan had ceased his ravings and was now perfectly quiet. The counterfeiters gazed at each other with significant looks, as if to enquire which of them should remove the stool. It was evident that they all dreaded the task, and desired to avoid its performance.

Raynor at last broke the silence by saying—

"Gentlemen, I understand you, and I will relieve you from the odious office which you all naturally view with such dislike. Dennis Finnigan, are you ready?"

As he spoke, Raynor placed his hands upon the stool, ready to jerk it from beneath the feet of the unhappy man, whose last words were—

"Yis, ye villain, it's ready I am to go to glory, while ye and yer friends are doomed to the devil. Carlton, and the rest of you murtherin' blackguards, if a soul is allowed to come back to this worruld to haunt its inmates, my ghost shall visit the whole of yer!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Carlton, as he turned and walked to the other end of the vault, for he did not desire to witness the dying agonies of the wretch—"old Satan will keep your soul in too close custody to admit of its prowling about the earth."

"Now, Dennis Finnigan," said Raynor—"in the name and by the authority of the *Independent Banking Association* of which I have the honor to be the President and Captain, I do now execute upon you the

sentence of death which has been pronounced against you. May the Lord, in his infinite goodness, have mercy upon your soul!"

Having uttered these words, Raynor suddenly jerked away the stool, and Finnigan fell a distance of about three feet, the lower part of his person nearly touching the floor. The rope tightened about his neck, which was not dislocated by the fall; and he writhed in all the agonies of a death by strangulation. His contortions were frightful to behold; and most horrible was the sight of his blood-red face, protruding eye-balls, and blackened tongue projecting from his mouth. The poor wretch died very hard, for his struggles were protracted, and their violence indicated the intense agony which he suffered. At length, however, death mercifully came to his relief; his body, no longer swaying to and fro, became motionless, his limbs grew rigid, and his soul was in eternity.

After assuring themselves that the man was really dead, the counterfeiters cut down the body and prepared to bury it. Several of the large square flag-stones, that composed the floor of the vault, having been removed, a deep grave was dug, and into it was thrown the corpse of Finnigan. The grave was then filled up, the stones were replaced, and the terrible tragedy was finished. No trace remained of Dennis Finnigan, the Irish M. P.

The disappearance of this man created little or no sensation, he being a person of very small consequence. It was generally supposed that he had fled to parts unknown so as to avoid the payment of his numerous small debts. A few of the "knowing ones" whispered among themselves that Maxwell's friends had bribed the Irishman to leave the city, he being a formidable witness against the aforesaid Maxwell. But none cared to trouble themselves at all about the matter.

The kind-hearted Mr. Hawk bailed Maxwell out of prison; and affairs were so ingeniously arranged that, by the exertions of an able lawyer, when the case of the delinquent M. P. came up for trial, he was acquitted. We will not attempt to depict the joy with which this happy result filled the breasts of Maxwell, his family and friends.

Having received some substantial pecuniary aid from the benevolent Mr. Hawk—who, when he took the notion, was a perfect Howard in philanthropy, although he was proverbially "close" in matters connected with his business—Maxwell removed his family to Boston and established a store. His enterprise proved eminently successful, for he was a thoroughly reformed man, and devoted his whole attention to his business. In the

course of time, wealth crowned his honest efforts, and perfect happiness rewarded his sincere repentance.

Carlton, resigning his station as a New York M. P., followed his friend to Boston, where, through the powerful influence of a distinguished politician, he obtained an honorable and lucrative appointment under government. He, also, turned from his evil courses, and became an honest man. The fair Julia Maxwell became his wife; and the young couple enjoyed all the felicity that can spring from the union of two loving hearts.

Frederick Raynor, having amassed considerable wealth in his unlawful business, emigrated with his wife and child to the "far West," where he purchased a large tract of land and engaged in the occupation of a farmer. We have reason to believe that he never resumed his counterfeiting operations, and that he became a respectable and worthy individual.

Old Sampson refused to accompany his daughter and her husband to their new home in the West, and continued to occupy the old house beneath which was the vault of the counterfeiters, who dispersed when Raynor left them. For a long time, Sampson lived a solitary life, and when he died, the house was torn down to make room for a new building. Then the vault was discovered, and in it were found certain documents from which have been derived some of the principal facts contained in this narrative. These documents were placed in the author's possession by a respectable and well-known M. P., and we take this opportunity to thank the gentleman for his courtesy.

We never could ascertain what became of Madway the assassin, and his four companions; but we charitably hope that they relinquished the thorny paths of crime and adopted the pleasant road of honesty, which leads directly to the mansion of peace and happiness.

And now, in taking our leave of the reader, we assure him or her that in writing the foregoing pages we have been actuated by no other motive than a desire to expose some of the evils that exist in connection with our police organization. We may have been severe, but not unjustly so; our pen has not been dipped in venom; we have not written a single line with a malignant feeling, but, on the contrary, we have endeavored to

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

We now bid the reader farewell, wishing him or her an unlimited amount of health, happiness and prosperity.

THE END.

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