

THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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FORWARD.

51 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 20.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1850.

NUMBER 34.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Behold! above time's horizon,
A half century appears,
Red glowing with the deeds by-gone—
The wonders of full fifty years!
Nations against nations have fought,
And some for freedom boldly struck,
And thus have had the other luck—
The luck to wear again their chains
And "take their trouble for their pains."
"Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave,"
Who won a bloodless victory,
Then turned and trampled in her gait
The goddess of his liberty—
Who turned and trod upon the hope
That led the Roman like a star,
And bowed obedient to the "Pope!"
Stretching himself beneath his car!
Dammed in religion—given up
To drink the draught of vice's cup,
And gorge their foul and endless maws,
On dead men's bones and broken laws.
Let them be damned in politics,
Since they have crossed the river Styx.
We loved them once, and could forgive
That "love of change" by which they live,
(They aided us in freedom's cause)
And gained thereby our heart's applause,
But they have shown the cloven foot—
The barbed tail, and face of soot,
Destroyed the love we bore for them,
And reared our anger from its plume—
Poor Hungry! we weep for thee!
Thou hast our hearts and sympathy!
These shouldst have had a kinder fate—
We hope it is not yet too late!
Long didst thou struggle, nobly too,
To gain thy cause by valor true,
But gold—bright gold, at last appeared,
And doomed thee to eternal shame,
By adding treachery to his name!
Oh! Gorgey! thou didst lose thy hold,
When thou didst yield to yellow gold—
Thy hold upon the hearts of men,
Which thou canst never grasp again!
Go! hide the shame upon thy face
In some dark, isolated place,
Where thou may'st await the hard, cold gold,
For which thy country's life was sold!
Aye, go and think upon thy crimes,
And dream upon the coming times,
When "Gorgey! Gorgey!" men shall cry,
While suffering by treachery!
Thus shall thy name through all time live—
A damned remembrance of thee give!
One word of warning to that clime
Whose hydra-heads are hear with crime.
Beware! O! Russia! of the brands
Which yet shall glitter, grasped by hands
Sworn to a vengeance—sure as death,
And withered with one withering breath!
"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"
And so shall freedom on each plain
Where thou hast stretched the tyrant's rod,
And ground man's birth-right to the sod.
The spirits of the dead shall call
From out the ground—thy soul appal,
Ay, they shall rise in other forms—
And take thy citadels by storm—
Board thee within thy chosen dens,
And sink thee in destruction's fens!

SONG.

The sun of freedom hath not set,
"Th' dawning in the east,
Behold! there's hope for mortals yet!
The light will be increased.
Shon shall it scale the vaulted skies—
Out-shining fearfully,
And mankind will, with up-turned eyes,
Thank God for liberty!
There is a writing on the walls
Of Time, which all may trace,
It says that high oppressor's halls
Shall topple to the base.
Thank Heaven! let them crash and fall,
Too long hath freedom groined,
Beneath the monster's heavy thrall,
And her sad fate benighted.
There is a stillness o'er the earth,
Prepare! it is a hush,
Such as preceds a tempest's birth—
A storm-wind's mighty rush!
And now sweet land of Liberty,
With different thoughts I turn to thee,
Land of my birth—thou glorious land,
The favored of Jehovah's hand—
Not one of all your heaven's stars
Looks down on fairer clime than this;
Triumphant is she in her wars,
And, ay! successful when there's peace—
May poets sing of thee, sweet clime,
Until the very end of time.
For here the wanderer may come,
And make himself a happy home,
Aye, his wanderer here strayed,
Behold! their cot in ev'ry glade—
By ev'ry stream—on ev'ry hill—
Where'er there is land to till—
God bless the farmers! let 'em strength
Of our best clime—its breadth, its length,
They are the pilots, who do guide
The ship of state to stem the tide—
And they're the monarchs of this land,
Who wait no dotation's high command,
One day they're at the ball-box,
The next, they're driving on the ox,
(This practice they commenced, you know,
By giving Johnny Bull a blow—)
Kind friends, farewell—I must be off,
To my cap I humbly doff,
And wish you, with a right good cheer,
Aye; all of you, a glad New Year.

Mr. Weymouth, of Illinois, writing to his paper from Washington, in regard to the Hall of the House of Representatives, says:
"It is not generally known that so poorly were the principles of acoustics consulted in the construction of the hall, that two men may be whispering together so low that their next neighbor cannot hear them, and yet all they say is distinctly heard on the opposite side of the house. Men often address the speaker on one side of the house and he turns his eyes to recognize them on the opposite side, mistaking the echo for the voice itself. A gentleman who was occupying the Speaker's chair many years since, told me that he had heard in his seat, amid a warm debate below, the whispering of a young man in what is called 'the love corner' of the ladies' gallery, who was making proposals to a young lady in so low a tone that her own mother did not know what was going on. Said my informant, 'I was attending to her duties and she was attending to mine.'"

Choice Miscellany.

THE FORTUNATE ESCAPE, A LONDON POLICE SKETCH.

The following advertisement appeared in several of the London journals in the year 1839:
"If Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, who is believed to reside for many years in London as a Clerk in a large mercantile establishment, will forward his present address to X. Y. Z., Postoffice, St. Martin's-in-the-Grand, to be left till called for, he will hear something greatly to his advantage."
My attention had been attracted to this notice by its very frequent appearance in the journal which I was chiefly in the habit of reading, and, from professional habits of thinking, I had set it down in my own mind as a trap for some offender against the principles of *meum and tuum*, whose presence in a criminal court was very earnestly desired. I was confirmed in this conjecture by observing that, in despair of Owen Lloyd's voluntary disclosure of his retreat, a reward of fifty guineas, payable by a respectable solicitor of Lombury, was ultimately offered to any person who would furnish X. Y. Z. with the missing man's address. "An old bird," I mentally exclaimed, on perusing this paragraph, "and not to be caught with chaff, that is evident." Still more to excite my curiosity, and at the same time bring the matter within the scope of my own particular functions, I found on taking up the "Police Gazette," a reward of thirty guineas offered for the apprehension of Owen Lloyd, whose person and manners were minutely described. "The pursuit grows hot," thought I, throwing down the paper, and hastening to attend a summons just brought me from the superintendent; "and if Owen Lloyd is still within the four seas, his chance of escape seems but a poor one."

On waiting on the superintendent, I was directed to put myself in immediate communication with a Mr. Smith, the head of an eminent wholesale house in the City.
"In the City?"
"Yes; but your business with Mr. Smith is relative to the extensive robbery at his West-end residence a week or two ago. The necessary warrants for the apprehension of the suspected parties have been, I understand, obtained, and your return will, together with some necessary memoranda, be placed in your hands."

I at once proceeded to my destination, and on my arrival, was immediately ushered into a dingy backroom, where I was desired to wait till Mr. Smith, who was just then busily engaged, could speak to me. Casting my eyes over a table, near which the clerk had placed me a chair, I perceived a newspaper and the "Police Gazette," in both of which the advertisements for the discovery of Owen Lloyd were strongly underlined. "Oh, ho," thought I, "Mr. Smith, then, is the X. Y. Z. who is so extremely anxious to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Owen Lloyd; and I am the honored individual selected to bring about the desired interview. Well, it is in my own vocation—one which can scarcely be dispensed with, it seems, in this busy, scheming life of ours."

Mr. Smith did not keep me waiting long. He seemed a brisk, active, good-humored man, whose still wiry frame, brisk, active gait and manner, and clear, decisive eye, indicated—though the snows of more than sixty winters had passed over his head—a yet vigorous life, of which the morning and the noon had been spent in the successful pursuit of wealth and its accompaniment—social consideration and influence.

"You have, I suppose, read the advertisements marked in these papers?"
"I have, and of course conclude that you, sir, are X. Y. Z."

"Of course conclusions," rejoined Mr. Smith, with a quite perceptible sneer, "are usually very silly ones; in this instance especially so. My name, you ought to be aware, is Smith; X. Y. Z., whoever he may be, I expect in a few minutes. In just seventeen minutes," added the exact man of business; "for I, by letter, appointed him to meet me here at one o'clock precisely. My motive in seeking an interview with him, it is proper I should tell you, is the probability that he, like myself, is a sufferer by Owen Lloyd, and may not, therefore, object to defray a share of the cost likely to be incurred in unkenning the delinquent, and prosecuting him to conviction; or, which would be far better, he may be in possession of information that will enable us to obtain completely the clue I already almost grasp. But we must be cautious; X. Y. Z. may be a relative or friend of Lloyd's, and in that case, to possess him of our plans would answer no purpose but to afford him an opportunity of baffling them. Thus much promised, I had better at once proceed to read over to you a few particulars I have jotted down, which, you will perceive, throw light and color over the suspicions I have been within these few days compelled to entertain. You are doubtless acquainted with the full particulars of the robbery at my residence, Brook Street, last Thursday fortnight?"

"Yes; especially the report of the officers, that the crime must have been committed by persons rather familiar with the premises and general habits of the family."

"Precisely. Now, have you your memorandum-book ready?"
"Quite so."

"You had better write with ink," said Mr. Smith, pushing an inkstand and pens towards me. "Important memoranda should never, where there is a possibility of avoiding it, be written in pencil. Friction, rubbing, use of any kind, often partially obliterates them, creating needless confusion and mistakes. Are you ready?"
"Perfectly."

"Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and it was understood, descended from a highly respectable family there. About five feet eight; but I need not describe his person over again. Many years with us, first as junior then as clerk; during which his conduct, as regards the firm, was exemplary. A man of yielding, irresolute mind; if indeed a person can be said to really possess a mind at all who is always eluding it for some other person's incapability of saying 'No' to embarrassing, impermissible requests—one, in short, Mr. Waters, of that numerous class of individuals whom fools say are nobody's enemies but their own, as if that were possible!"

"I understand; but I really do not see how his boss upon!"
"The mission you are directed to undertake, I think it does, as you will presently see. Three years ago, Owen Lloyd having involved himself in consequence of a serious defect of character I have indicated, in large liabilities for pretended friends, left our employment and to avoid a jail, fled no one could discover whether; Edward Jones, also a native of the principality, whose description, as well as that of his wife, you will receive from the superintendent, was discharged about seven years since from our service for misconduct, and went, we understand, to America. He always appeared to possess great influence over the mind of his considerably younger countryman Lloyd. Jones and his wife were seen three evenings since by one of our clerks near Temple Bar. I am of opinion, Mr. Waters," continued Mr. Smith, removing his spectacles, and closing the note book, from which he had been reading, "that it is only the first step in crime, or criminal imprudence, which feeble-minded men especially long hesitate or boggle at; and I now more than suspect that, pressed by poverty, and very possibly yielding to the persuasions and examples of

Jones—who, by the way, was as well acquainted with the premises in Brook Street as his fellow clerk—the once honest, docile Owen Lloyd, is now a common thief and burglar."
"Indeed!"
"Yes. A more minute search led to the discovery, the day before yesterday, of a pocket-book behind some bookshelves in the library. As no property had been taken from that room—though the lock of a large iron chest, containing coins and medals, which had been evidently tampered with—the search there was not at first very rigorous. That pocket-book—here it is—belonged, I know to Owen Lloyd when in our service. See, here are his initials stamped on the cover."
"Might he not have inadvertently left it there when you were?"
"You will scarcely think so after reading the date of the five-pound note of the Hampshire County Bank, which you will find within the inner lining."
"The date is 1831."

Exactly. I have also strong reason for believing that Owen Lloyd is now, or has been lately, residing in some part of Hampshire."
"That is important."
"This letter," continued Mr. Smith; and then passing for a brief space in some embarrassment, he added—"The commissioner informed me, Mr. Waters, that you were a person upon whose good sense and discretion as well as sagacity and courage, every confidence might be placed. I therefore feel less difficulty than I otherwise should in admitting you a little behind the family screen, and entering with you upon matters one would not willingly have broached in the public ear."
I bowed, and he presently proceeded.
"Owen Lloyd, I should tell you, is married to a very amiable, superior sort of a woman, and has one child, a daughter named Caroline, an elegant, genteel, well-mannered, beautiful girl I admit, to whom my wife was much attached, and she was consequently a frequent visitor in Brook Street. This I always felt was very imprudent; and the result was, that my son Arthur Smith—only about two years her senior—she was just turned of seventeen when her father was compelled to fly from his creditors—formed a silly, boyish attachment for her. They have since, I gather from this letter, which I found yesterday in Arthur's dressing-room, carried on, at long intervals, a clandestine correspondence, waiting for the advent of more propitious times—which being interpreted," added Mr. Smith with a sardonic sneer, "means of course my death and burial."

"You are in possession, then, if Miss Caroline Lloyd is living with her father; of his precise place of abode?"
"Not exactly. The correspondence is, it seems, carried on without the knowledge of Owen Lloyd; and the girl states in answer, it should seem, to Arthur's inquiries, that her father would never forgive her, if, under present circumstances, she disclosed his place of residence—we can now very well understand that—and also intrusts Arthur not to persist, at least for the present, in his attempts to discover her. My son, you must understand, is now of age, and so far as fortune is concerned, is, thanks to a legacy from an aunt on his mother's side, independent of me."

"What post-mark does the letter bear?"
"Charing-Cross. Miss Lloyd states that it will be posted in London by a friend; that friend being, I nothing doubt, her father's confederate, Jones. But to the most important part of the epistle in the following line: 'My father met with a sad accident in the forest some time ago, but is now quite recovered.' The words in the forest, have, you see, been written over, but not so entirely as to prevent their being with a little trouble, traced. Now, coupling this expression with the Hampshire bank-note, I am of opinion that Lloyd is concealed somewhere in the New Forest."

"A shrewd guess, at all events."
"You now perceive what weighty motives I have to bring this man to justice. The property carried off I care little comparatively about; but the intercourse between the girl and my son must, at any cost, be terminated."
He was interrupted by a clerk, who entered to say that Mr. William Lloyd, the gentleman who had advertised, as 'X. Y. Z.,' desired to speak to him. Mr. Smith directed Mr. Lloyd to be shown in; and then, snatching up the "Police Gazette," and thrusting it into one of the table-drawers, said in a low voice, but marked emphasis, "A relative, no doubt, by the name; be silent, and be watchful."

A minute afterwards Mr. Lloyd was ushered into the room. He was a thin, emaciated and apparently sorrow-stricken man, on the wintery side of middle age, but of mild, courteous, gentlemanly speech and manners. He was evidently nervous and agitated, and after a word or two of customary salutation, said hastily, "I gather from this note, sir, that you can afford me tidings of my long lost brother Owen; where is he?" He looked eagerly round the apartment, gazed with curious earnestness in my face, and then again turned with tremulous anxiety upon Mr. Smith. "Is he dead? Pray do not keep me in suspense!"
"Sit down sir," said Mr. Smith, pointing to a chair. "Your brother, Owen Lloyd, was for many years a clerk in this establishment."
"Was—dead?" interrupted Mr. Lloyd with greatly increased anxiety; "not now, then—he has left you?"
"For upward of three years. A few days ago—pray do not interrupt me—I obtained intelligence of him, which, with such assistance as you may possibly be able to afford, will perhaps suffice to enable this gentleman"—pointing to me—"to discover his present residence."

I could not stand the look which Mr. Lloyd fixed upon me, and turned hastily away to gaze out of the window as attracted by the noise of a squabble between two draymen, which fortunately broke out at the moment in the narrow, choked-up street.
"For what purpose, sir, are you instituting this eager search after my brother? It cannot be that—No, no—he has left you say more than three years; besides, the bare supposition is as wicked as absurd."
"The truth is, Mr. Lloyd," rejoined Mr. Smith after a few moments' reflection, "there is great danger that my son may disadvantageously connect himself with you—your brother's family—may, in fact, marry his daughter Caroline. Now I could easily convince Owen—"

"Caroline!" interjected Mr. Lloyd with a tremulous accent, and his dim eyes suffused with tears—"Caroline!—my, truly her daughter would be named Caroline!"
An instant after he added, drawing himself up with an air of pride and some sternness; "Caroline Lloyd, sir, is a person who, by birth, and, I doubt not, character and attainments, is a fitting match for the son of the proud merchant of this proud city."
"Very likely," rejoined Mr. Smith dryly; "but you must excuse me for saying that as regards my son, it is one which I will at any cost prevent."
"How am I to know," observed Mr. Lloyd, whose glances of pride had quickly passed away, "that you are dealing fairly and candidly with me in the matter?"
In reply to this home-thrust, Mr. Smith placed the letter addressed by Miss Lloyd to his son in the hands of the questioner, at the same time explaining how he had obtained it.

Mr. Lloyd's hands trembled, and his tears fell fast over the letter as he hurriedly perused it. It seemed by his broken, involuntary exclamations, that old thoughts and memories were deeply stirred within him. "Poor girl!—so young, so gentle, and so sorely tried! Her moth-

er's very turn of thought and phrase. Owen, too, artless, honorable, just as he was ever, except when the dupes of knives and villains."
He seemed buried in thought for some time after the perusal of the letter; and Mr. Smith, whose eye it was to avoid exciting suspicion by too great eagerness of speech, was growing fidgety. At length, suddenly looking up, he said in a dejected tone, "If this is all you have ascertained, we seem as far off as ever. I can afford you no help."
"I am not sure of that," replied Mr. Smith. "Let us look calmly at the matter. Your brother is evidently not living in London, and that accounts for your advertisement not being answered."
"Truly!"
"If you look at the letter attentively, you will perceive that three important words, 'in the forest,' have been partially erased."
"Yes, it is indeed so; but what?"
"Now, is there no particular locality in the country to which your brother would be likely to betake himself in preference to another? Gentlemen of fancy and sentiment," added Mr. Smith, "usually fell back, I have heard, upon some favorite haunt of early days when pressed by adversity."

"It is natural they should," replied Mr. Lloyd, heedless of the sneer. "I have felt that longing for old haunts and old faces in its intensest force, even when I was what the world calls prospering in strange lands; and how much more—But no; he would not return to Wales—to Caermarthen—to be looked down upon by those among whom our family for so many generations stood equal with the highest. Besides, I have personally sought him there—in vain."
"But his wife—she is not a native of the principality?"
"No, Al! I remember. The forest! It must be so!—Caryllone Heyworth, whom we first met in the Isle of Wight, it is a native of Baseline, a village in the New Forest, Hampshire. A small, very small property there bequeathed by an uncle, belonging to her, and perhaps has not been disposed of since; I will set out at once—and yet pressing business requires my stay here for a day or two."
"This gentleman, Mr. Waters, can proceed to Baseline immediately."
"That must do then. You will call on me, Mr. Waters—here is my address—before you leave town. Thank you. And God bless you, sir," he added, suddenly seizing Mr. Smith's hand, "for the light you have thrown upon this wearing, and, I feared, hopeless search. You need not be so anxious, sir, to send a special messenger to release your son from his promise of marriage to my niece. None of us, be assured, will be desirous of forcing her upon a reluctant family."

He then bowed, and withdrew.
"Mr. Waters," said Mr. Smith with a good deal of sternness, as soon as we were alone, "I expect that no sentimental crochets will prevent your doing your duty in this matter?"
"What right?" I answered with some heat, "have you, sir, to make such an insinuation?"
"Because I perceived, by your manner, that you disapproved my questioning Mr. Lloyd as to the likelihood of securing his brother."
"My manner but interpreted my thoughts; still, sir, I know what belongs to my duty, and shall perform it."
"Enough! I have nothing more to say."
I drew on my gloves, took up my hat, and was leaving the room, when Mr. Smith exclaimed, "Stay one moment, Mr. Waters; you see that my great object is to break off the connection between my son and Miss Lloyd—"

"I am not anxious, you will remember, to press the prosecution, if by a frank, written confession of his guilt, Owen Lloyd places an insuperable bar between his child and mine. You understand?"
"Perfectly. But permit me to observe, that the duty you just now hinted I might hesitate to perform, will not permit me to be a party to any such transaction. Good day."
I waited on Mr. William Lloyd soon afterward, and listened with painful interest to the brief history which he, with childlike simplicity, narrated of his own and brother's fortunes. It was a sad, old-told tale. They had been early left orphans; and deprived of judicious guidance, had run—William more especially—a wild career of dissipation, till all was gone. Just before the crash came they had both fallen in love with the same woman, Caroline Heyworth, who had preferred the meeker, more gentle-hearted Owen, to his elder brother. They parted in anger. William obtained a situation as bailiff and overseer of an estate in Jamaica, where, by many years of toil, good-fortune and economy, he at length regained his health and restored his fortunes; and as he had till an hour before feared, unattended an unattended save by hirelings, I promised to write immediately I had seen his brother; and with a sorrowful heart took leave of the vainly, rejoicing, prematurely-aged man.

I arrived at Southampton by the night-coach—the railway was but just begun, I remember, and was informed that the boat made of reaching Baseline—Blewley, they pronounced it—was by crossing the Southampton river to the village of Hythe, which was but a few miles distant from Baseline. As soon as I had breakfasted, I hastened to the quay, and was soon speeding across the tranquil waters in one of the sharp-stommed wherries which plied constantly between the shores. My attention was soon attracted by two figures in the stern of the boat, a man and woman. A slight examination of their features sufficed to convince me that they were Jones and his wife. They evidently entertained no suspicion of pursuit; and as I heard them tell the boatman they were going to Blewley, I determined for the present not to disturb their fancied security. It was fortunate I did so. As soon as we had landed they passed into a mean lodging dwelling which from some note, and a boat under repair, in a small yard in front of it, I concluded to be a fisherman's. As no vehicle could be readily procured, I determined on walking on, and easily reached Baseline, which is charmingly situated just within the skirts of the New Forest, about twelve o'clock. After partaking of a slight repast at the principal inn of the place—I forgot its name; but I was I remember, within a stone's throw of the celebrated Baseline Abbey ruins—easily contrived by a few careless, indirect questions, to elicit all the information I required of the loquacious waiting-maid. Mr. Lloyd, who seemed to bear an excellent character, lived, I was informed, at a cottage about half a mile distant from the inn, and chiefly supported himself as a measurer of timber—beech and ash; a small stock—the oak was reserved for government purposes—had usually kept on hand. Miss Caroline, the girl said, did beautiful fancy work and a group of flowers painted by her, as natural as life, was framed and glazed in the parson's, if I would like to see it. Upon the right track road enough! Mr. Lloyd, there could be no longer a doubt, had unconsciously betrayed his unfortunate, guilty brother into the hands of justice, and I, an agent of his hiding-place! I felt no pleasure at the success of the scheme. To have bravely and honestly stood up against an adverse fate for so many years, to fall into crime just as fortune had grown weary of pursuing him, and along estranged brother had returned to raise him and his to their former position in society was melancholy indeed! And the young woman who, whose letter breathed so pure, so gentle, so patient a spirit—it would not bear thinking about—and I resolutely strove to look upon the affairs as one of every day routine

It would not do, however; and I was about to quit the room in no very enviable frame of mind, when my boat companions, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, entered, and seated themselves at one of the tables. The apartment was rather a large one, and as I was seated in the corner of a box at some distance from the entrance, they did not at first observe me; and several words caught my ear which awakened a strong desire to hear more. That I might do so, I instantly adopted a very common but not the less often very successful device. As soon as the newcomers perceived me, their whispered colloquy stopped abruptly; and after a minute or so, the man, said, looking hard at me, "Good-day, sir; you had rather a long walk" and he glanced at my dusty boots.
"Sir," I replied, enclosing my left ear with my hand in the manner of a natural ear-trumpet, "did you speak?"
"A dusty walk," he rejoined in a voice that might have been heard in a hurricane across Fleet street.
"One o'clock!" I replied pulling out my watch. No it was a quarter yet."
"Do as the monument," said Jones to his companion.
"All right."
The suspended dialogue was but partially resumed.
"Do you think," said the woman, after the lapse of about five minutes—"do you think Owen and his family will go with us? I hope not."
"Not he; I only asked him for the say-so of the thing. He is too chicken-hearted for that, or for anything else that requires pluck."
Finishing the spirits and water they had ordered, they soon afterwards went out. I followed.
As soon as we had gone about a hundred paces from the house, I said, "Pray can you tell me which is Mr. Lloyd, the beech-merchant's house?"
"Yes," replied the man, taking hold of my arm, and hollowing into my ear with a power sufficient to really deafen one for life: "we are going there to dine."
I nodded comprehension, and on we journeyed. We were met at the door by Owen Lloyd himself—a man in whose countenance guilelessness even to simplicity, seemed stamped by nature's own true hand. So much thought I for the reliance to be placed on physiognomy. "I have brought you a customer," said Mr. Jones; "but he is as deaf as a stone." I was courteously invited in by signs; and with much hollering and shouting, it was finally settled that after dinner, I should look over Mr. Lloyd's stock of wood. Dinner had just been placed on the table by Mrs. Lloyd and her daughter. A still very comely, interesting woman was Mrs. Lloyd, though time and sorrow had long since set their unmistakable seals upon her. Her daughter was, I thought, one of the most charming, graceful young women I had ever seen, spite of the tinge of sadness which dwelt upon her sweet face, deepening its interest if it somewhat diminished its beauty. My heart ached to think of the misery the announcement of my errand must presently bring on such gentle beings—innocent, I felt confident, even of the knowledge of the crime that had been committed. I dreaded to begin, not, Heaven knows, from any fear of the man, who compared with me, were poor feeble creatures, and I could easily have mastered half-a-dozen spears; but the females—that young girl especially—how eagerly they desired! I manly declined dinner, but accepted a glass of ale, and sat down till I could muster sufficient resolution for the performance of my task; for I felt this was an opportunity of quietly effecting the capture of both the suspected criminal which must not be neglected.

Dinner was just over when Mrs. Lloyd said—"Oh, Mr. Jones, have you seen anything of my husband's pocket-ox?" It was on a shelf in the room where you sleep—not the last time, but when you were here about three weeks ago. We can find it nowhere; and I thought you might have possibly taken it by mistake."
"A black, common-looking thing," said Jones.
"Yes."
"Did take it by mistake. I found it in one of my parcels, and put it in my pocket, intending of course to return it when I came back; but I remember, when wanting to open a lock of which I had lost the key, taking it out to see if it contained a pencil-case which I thought might answer the purpose; and finding none, tossing it away in a pet, I could not afterwards find it."
"Then it is lost!"
"Yes; but what of that? There was nothing in it."
"You are mistaken," rejoined Owen; there was a five-pound country note in it, and the loss will—What is the matter, friend?"
I had sprung upon my feet with uncontrollable emotion; Mr. Lloyd's observation recalled me to myself, and I sat down again, muttering something to myself about a sudden pain in the side.
"Oh, if that's the case," said Jones, "I'll make it up willingly. I am pretty rich, you know, just now."
"We shall be much obliged to you," said Mr. Lloyd; "the loss would be a sad blow to us."
"How came you to send those heavy boxes here, Jones?" said Owen Lloyd. "Would it not have been better to have sent them direct to Portsmouth, where the vessel calls?"
"I had not quite made up my mind to return to America then; and I knew they would be safer here than anywhere else."
"When do you mean to take them away? We are a badly off room, that they terribly hamper us."
"This evening, about nine o'clock. I have hired a smack at Hythe to take us bag and baggage, down the river to meet the liner which calls off Portsmouth to-morrow. I wish we could persuade you to go with us."
"Thank you Jones," replied Owen in a dejected tone, "I have very little to hope for here; still my heart clings to the old country."
I had heard enough; and hastily rising intimated a wish to look at the timber at once. Mr. Lloyd immediately rose, and Jones and his wife left the cottage to return to Blewley, I determined for the present not to disturb their fancied security. It was fortunate I did so. As soon as we had landed they passed into a mean lodging dwelling which from some note, and a boat under repair, in a small yard in front of it, I concluded to be a fisherman's. As no vehicle could be readily procured, I determined on walking on, and easily reached Baseline, which is charmingly situated just within the skirts of the New Forest, about twelve o'clock. After partaking of a slight repast at the principal inn of the place—I forgot its name; but I was I remember, within a stone's throw of the celebrated Baseline Abbey ruins—easily contrived by a few careless, indirect questions, to elicit all the information I required of the loquacious waiting-maid. Mr. Lloyd, who seemed to bear an excellent character, lived, I was informed, at a cottage about half a mile distant from the inn, and chiefly supported himself as a measurer of timber—beech and ash; a small stock—the oak was reserved for government purposes—had usually kept on hand. Miss Caroline, the girl said, did beautiful fancy work and a group of flowers painted by her, as natural as life, was framed and glazed in the parson's, if I would like to see it. Upon the right track road enough! Mr. Lloyd, there could be no longer a doubt, had unconsciously betrayed his unfortunate, guilty brother into the hands of justice, and I, an agent of his hiding-place! I felt no pleasure at the success of the scheme. To have bravely and honestly stood up against an adverse fate for so many years, to fall into crime just as fortune had grown weary of pursuing him, and along estranged brother had returned to raise him and his to their former position in society was melancholy indeed! And the young woman who, whose letter breathed so pure, so gentle, so patient a spirit—it would not bear thinking about—and I resolutely strove to look upon the affairs as one of every day routine

stormy discussion, it was resolved that all three should the next morning post down to Baseline, and act as circumstances might suggest. My story was soon told. It was received of course with unbounded joy by the brother and lover; and even through the father's apparent indifference I could perceive that his refusal to participate in the general joy would not be of long duration. The large fortune which Mr. William Lloyd intimated his intention to bestow upon his niece was a new and softening element in the affair.

Mr. Smith, senior, ordered his dinner; and Mr. Lloyd and Arthur Smith—but why need I attempt to relate what they did? I only knew that when, a long time afterwards, I ventured to look in at Mr. Owen Lloyd's cottage, all the five inmates—brother, uncle, lover, niece, and wife—were talking, laughing, weeping, smiling, like distracted creatures, and seemed utterly incapable of reasonable discourses. An hour after that, as I stood screened by a belt of forest-trees in wait for Mr. Jones and company, I noticed, as they all strolled past me in the clear moonlight, that the tears, the agitation had passed away, leaving only smiles and grateful joy on the glad faces so lately clouded by anxiety and sorrow. A mighty change in so brief a space.

Mr. Jones arrived with his cart and harness in due time. A man who sometimes assisted in the timber-yard was deputed in apology for the absence of Mr. Lloyd to deliver the goods. The boxes, full of plate and other valuables, were soon hoisted in, and the cart moved off. I let it proceed about a mile, and then, with the help I had placed in readiness, easily secured the astonished burglar and his assistants; and early the next morning Jones was on his road to London. He was tried at the ensuing Old Bailey sessions, convicted, and transported for life; and the discretion had exercised in not executing the warrant against Owen Lloyd was decidedly approved of by the authorities.

It was about two months after my first interview with Mr. Smith that, on returning home one evening, my wife placed before me a piece of bride-cake, and two beautifully engraved cards united with white satin ribbon, bearing the names of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. I was more gratified by this little act of courtesy for Mr. Lloyd's sake, as those who have temporarily fallen from a certain position in society will easily understand, than I should have been by the costliest present. The service I had rendered was purely accidental; it had nevertheless been always kindly remembered by all parties whom it so originally kindled.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

In the language of the Syracuse Revue, there is truth and sound sense in the article which we give below from the *Star of the North*, and we commend it to our readers. Our observation has been limited, it is true, but it has satisfied us that the credit system is the cause of the poverty, and that it has made more rich men poor, than community has ever taken thought of. It leads to excess in living almost interminable—to mismanagement and intemperance in business relations—and frequently to the complete destruction of social happiness. It taxes poverty and cheats honest toil; and it involves wives and children in the difficulties and troubles that ought to be confined to their authors—the lords of creation.

Debt is the curse of our age. It unweaves industry, and clogs the movements of business. It is a nucleus that weighs down trade—an evil spirit gnawing away at the vitals of prosperity. Debt makes the mark of man's fall from perfection. He makes debts as soon as he has a name to be charged by; and marks down credit as soon as he can write names. The old and the young—the rich and the poor are haunted eternally with debts. Individuals and states are crushed and oppressed with debts. Many and many a long and toilsome day's labor goes to pay the interests and costs upon debt. Hordes of officers for the collection of debts swarm about like the frogs and lice that in olden time plagued Egypt. Debt makes man a slave and robs him of his toil, his contentment, his independence, and too often of his integrity. It makes him to make him for his friends. It makes him a pliant tool to do the worst meanness at his master's bidding. It grids him with fetters and bonds worse than those which with a malefactor are bound.

Debt cheats Honesty and drives out Virtue. It sneers at Purity and pollutes Innocence. It betrays Friendship and bribes Fidelity. Slaves are weakened and made the prey of the money changers by debt. Countries once a fatherland of a happy, hardy and contented people, as the scenes of rapine and plunder by a horde of pampered demagogues and oppressors; while the sweat and toil of the emancipated and poverty stricken plebeians can no longer sufficiently fatten the soil to make it satisfy their hunger—and the tax gatherer.

CURING BACON WITHOUT SMOKE.

"On the trouble folks have taken To smoke and spit the bacon!"
To smoke the best bacon, fat your hogs early and fat them well. By fattening early you make a great saving of food, and well fattened pork makes better bacon than lean pork. Then kill as early as the weather will allow, and salt the carcass as the animal heat is gone, with a plenty of the purest salt, and about half an ounce of saltpetre to one hundred pounds of pork.

As soon as the meat is salted to your taste, which will generally be in about five weeks, take it out, and if any of it has become covered with brine, let it drain a little. Then take black pepper, finely ground, and dust on the flesh side, and on the hook end as much as will stick, then hang it up in a good, clean, dry, airy place. If all this is done as it should be, (it ought to be done now), you will have no further trouble with it, for by this time in the spring, your bacon is so well cured on the outside, that flies or bugs will not disturb it.

Curing bacon is like the Irishman's mode of making punch. He said: "Put in the sugar, then fill up with whiskey, and every drop of water, you put in after that spoils the punch." Just so with curing bacon; after following the directions given above, every "drop of smoke" you put upon it spoils the bacon.

"WOMEN AND THINGS."—Yes, and sometimes very dangerous things too. They are like fire-arms, and should be handled very carefully. Have a care of your words, or you may hurt somebody when you do not mean to. A man's "grub" may depend upon his neighbor's grammar, accusations of horrible sins may grow out of nothing but syntax. A worthy clergyman once came near losing his "living" in this way—and a man's living is the next thing to his life. It happened thus:—The minister's name was mentioned in the course of an oratory evening at a social gathering in the parish, of which a person present, a solemn-faced, waggish fellow, of convivial habits, observed his quiet agreed with the rest in their praise of Mr. A. "We have often drunk brandy and water together," said the *bon-nicant*, "and I consider him one of the pleasantest fellows I ever knew!"
A pretty compliment for a clergyman and a festal toast! The story got to the deacon, and the deacon brought it up in church. The parson was arraigned, and confronted his accuser, who declared what he said was strictly true, but was obviously misunderstood. "It is a solemn fact," said the witness, "that your excellent minister and I have drunk brandy and water together—then, then, I drank the brandy, and he drank the water!" And that was the whole story that had made so much disturbance in the parish, and had well nigh ruined the parson.—*Boston Paper.*