

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Correspondence.

For the Republican.
GLENWOOD TO CLIFFORD.

VIEWS AFOOT.

No. 2.

My friend, whom I met at Glenwood, is an employee of Mr. Kinney, a brother-in-law of the Grows, and we had quite an interesting conversation in regard to the fortunes of the founders and almost sole owners of Glenwood. There are four brothers now in the firm, and one brother-in-law, (Mr. Kinney.) G. A. Grow received into the firm last fall and attends to all the legal and various other business of the Company. Edwin manages the mercantile business in Glenwood; also superintends the buying and selling of stocks, produce, &c. Mr. Kinney attends to the farming interests, while Frederick carries on a large mercantile establishment in Carbonate. They last fall, disposed of their large and commodious hotel to a Mr. Sworer, and Samuel, who had charge of it, removed to Connecticut, and is now engaged in an extensive Cotton Manufactory. Thus all these various interests are carried on by this family firm. They also in addition to the above, do a heavy lumber business, running large quantities every spring. Glenwood is one of the most pleasantly situated villages in all the Tunkhannock valley. Beautiful and fertile flats recede from the creek on either side; the monotony is frequently and happily broken by the dark green foliage of the wide spreading Butternuts, and the proud majestic Elm. The hills on both sides of the valley are one continuous range, occasionally broken by deep ravines, running nearly at right angles with the main valley, and along which course rearing, tumbling mountain brooks which find their support far back in the country. The hills to the East of Glenwood mounts up in calm sublimity to the height of several hundred feet, and sullenly thrusts its rocky, jagged form between the light of the morning sun and the inhabitants in the valley below.

The Hon. G. A. Grow started for Europe the day I was there, (May 12,) having returned the day previous from accompanying his youngest sister a portion of the journey she was making towards her new Western home, she having the Tuesday before, given up the bliss of single blessedness, and united her fortune with the Hon. J. F. Streeter, the present Mayor of Joliet, Illinois, and the second son of Dr. Streeter of Hartford, this country. J. E. Streeter was formerly a clerk in the store of the Grows at Glenwood, finally went west, built up his own fortune, and returned this spring to claim the object of his affection.

But I must linger no longer in Glenwood. I had begun to my friends at half past six and had to go. I noticed in Mr. Kinney's door yard some most beautiful ornaments and shade trees which displayed a well cultivated taste and added much to the homelike appearance of the residence. A tastefully arranged arbor-house near the corner of the yard, which is undoubtedly to be covered with vines and shrubbery, (it having but just been completed,) will add a new charm to the wholesome and farm-like appearance of all the surrounding scenery of the dwelling. The homes are capacious and comfortable and several in number. A few rods below the store lives C. W. Conrad, an intelligent and enterprising blacksmith. He occupies a nice, tidy little cottage, and has erected one of the finest blacksmith shops in the country—probably the most commodious and costly. A small residence intervening and I came to a large building on which I read, in large letters, "Glenwood Mill"—a grist-mill which does all the custom work of the country around, and in common seasons, some flouring for its owners.

The next is a small, rickety house on the edge of the road, at the door of which stood two bright-eyed little girls of about eight and ten years. I gave them a smile and they returned the compliment—why not? I like to be liked, and I had rather see a smile than a frown; or does a frown impress the young with a serious conception of your dignity? Some think so, but they know little of the child-like perceptions, which instinctively penetrate such flimsy gossamer, the shield of the arrogant and conceited. But I was suddenly arrested in my cogitations by casting my eye to the right a few rods North of the Hotel. O! Glenwood, for shame! what a dark spot on this bright picture on the map of creation! Can it be possible, Glenwood, that you are willing to see your Penates, your idols, your household gods, your children, huddled together in such a wretched, ungenial and unhealthy pen as this for the discipline of mind and body? Better by far that they never see the inside of an institution of learning than to waste their youthful vitality in such an unwholesome apartment as the walls of this school house bound. 'But why berate this one so, and let the other back on the hill pass so easily? Why? because this one is in Glenwood and that is not. Glenwood should have learned better things ere this—in fact, I believe she knows better already. But here's my hand, I must go and leave you—you've got a pretty place here—all except two school houses—you will certainly allow me to file my exceptions as I pass along. I turned to the left and North of the Hotel, crossed the bridge which spans the Tunkhannock, and proceeded along towards Clifford. My road now lay up the

valley of the East branch of the Tunkhannock which meets the West branch nearly half a mile below Glenwood, and has its source some distance to the North-East of the Elk mountains.

A few rods from the bridge I found the residence of Wm. Hartley, Esq., Ex-Sheriff of this county, and now an extensive farmer, lumberman, &c. I am told he runs, or had on hand to run, early in the Spring, about 1,000,000 feet of good lumber. The farm looked thrifty and well attended. I saw twelve or fifteen cows, in not a very nice yard, but they were in excellent condition and very prolific of milk, as I learned from the dairyman who had just finished milking them. I think it would pay him well to have a good cow barn and other conveniences in accordance. I discovered nothing of the kind about the premises. Such things are almost indispensable to the successful conducting of a large dairy, and are too often neglected by those abundantly able to have them. There are three dwellings a few rods further on, in which I presume live tenants, or hands in his employ. Half a mile further from the Hotel a road branches off and leads towards Benton Centre, Abington, &c. At Benton Mr. Hartley has a store kept by his son-in-law, Mr. Roberts. Just above where this road turns off there is a large saw-mill which is owned by Mr. Hartley; it is well stocked with logs, and does an excellent business. Near here I saw a small lot on which all the old logs and stumps were cleanly picked and nicely piled, exhibiting much taste for tidiness; but the soil here is not very good, being of a cold, wet, clayey nature. I now passed through a short space of woodland and issued from there on to a pretty little flat on the bank of the creek some sixty rods in length and twenty in width; and what is most remarkable is, that it was not enclosed. The soil is a rich sandy loam with hardly a stone upon it; and it really seemed to me wasteful, when thousands were suffering for food, that this should lie unenclosed, producing nothing but a pitiful quantity of grass to feed the common herd that flock the road. At the East end of this flat the road crosses the creek by a substantial bridge. To the left hand, far up the side-hill, I saw a most excellent field of winter grain—wheat, I should judge. The hills along here are rocky in the extreme, while the greater portion of the tillable land between the hills is not yet cleared of timber. This portion is decidedly new and capable of being greatly improved. As night drew in I grew weary and frequently cast my eye over my shoulder to catch a glimpse of the Stage which I knew could not be far back on my track, as it started from Hopbottan at five, and arrived in Carbonate at eleven. It was now two hours and a half out of Hopbottan, and I watched for its appearance with much eagerness. In the meantime I passed a piece of road which winds along a high bank of the creek—a kind of dike-way—which was in a very dangerous condition for teams of any kind to pass, part of the road having sloughed off into the creek, and the high bank above the road having tumbled into the remaining portion, rendering it exceedingly narrow, uneven and dangerous of passage. It would seem to be almost impassable in the night. I kept moving slowly on, the country being new and sparsely populated, with but little to attract attention; now and then a small house appeared with a little clearing around it. At last I saw the Stage approaching, and I at once resolved to hail the driver for a little aid on my weary pilgrimage. I felt like making but few more views on foot that night, and I mounted the driver's seat with a hearty good will—my favorite place on a stage in pleasant weather. The stage contained four passengers, Mr. Elisha Phinney of Dundaff, a native Spaniard just from New York, and two ladies—their company. The Spaniard about the people along this route must imagine the visual line that girds them round, the world's extreme, or they would leave this portion of creation as soon as possible. We soon came to the Postoffice at Lenoxville where we waited for the mail to be overhauled. (Waiting here for a passage to Carbonate was E. P. Farrim, Esq., but we could not accommodate him, for there were two on every seat already and the Squire weighed full two hundred. I must tell you a little anecdote of the Squire. Two men had a personal difficulty—came to blows, and could not settle the matter to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, so they agreed to abide by the conditions of settlement the Squire should impose. Thinking both to blame, he fined them five dollars each, and sentenced them to work it out with their own hands on the public highway as so much road tax.

Lenoxville contains a grist-mill, a saw-mill, and a foundry. We passed rapidly along, and nothing of note transpired till on the left beyond the Lawdsdale House (notes of which and the country around I have preserved for No. 3) we met nearly a dozen young ladies, which furnished data for gossip inside the coach. They bowed gracefully—I recognized some of their faces, but was in no, so on we went. I left the coach at Farmersville at nine o'clock in the evening, but I can see nothing how the place looks to-night, and therefore must wait till I view it by the morning light of the thirteenth of May ere I say more.

A Census of Cincinnati, just completed, shows that city to contain a total of 25,698 white male inhabitants of the age of twenty years and upwards.

For the Republican.

"Pop goes the weasel," was the strain I heard a strolling organ grinder performing in the Bar Room a few nights ago. I dropped my pen and went down to hear the music: his instrument proved to be one of superior merit, and aided by a girl, a fair burnetto of a dozen years, we had a pleasing entertainment. But the idea, (if there is any idea about it,) "pop goes the weasel," has very often occurred to my mind since then. The evening was wearing away, and the musician closing his Organ carefully placed it in the corner of the room—the little girl sat down beside it, and was soon nodding—fast asleep, weary with the day's travel.

"Pop goes the weasel!"—Some one proposes choosing up for a Bird hunt—but who will choose that's the rub, for no one is anxious to incur the risk of getting beaten. After a protracted discussion that matter is settled, for Dan agrees to choose with Jim, if he can have the first choice, and that is agreed to. So they proceed to choose on their respective sides, agree upon the conditions of the hunt and time of meeting to count off the game.

"Pop goes the weasel!"—I mean the shot guns, long guns, short guns, muskets, rifles, and shooting irons of a variety of descriptions, from mortar till night, go pop, pop, bang, bang, to the infernal roar and immense destruction of Crows, Hawks, Blue Jays, Owls, King birds, Squirrels and Woodpeckers. The boys are all at it, cleaning up their guns, running bullets, and the like, with as much zeal as if their well-being depended upon it. Every moment that can be spared from their tasks is spent in pursuit of game. We go to the Squirrel or Woodpecker that comes in their way, for the boys are all wide awake to the tune of "pop goes the weasel." It isn't all in shooting and trapping either; there is sometimes a good deal done in the way of stealing from each other, and smuggling in game from other hunts. It may happen as the poet says, that

"The race is not forever
For him who fastest runs,
Nor the battle for those persons
Who shoot the longest guns."

Well, to day the parties met at this place to count the game. It fell to my lot to keep the tally, (being disinterested and thought honest withal) and I am sorry to say that the party of my friend Jim was badly beaten, but he insists upon it, that if his men had hunted faithfully and brought in game enough, the victory would certainly have been in his favor. The vanquished bore their defeat with the best possible grace, and promptly footed the bills.

"Pop goes the weasel!"—The marks-men are all at it, testing their skill in target exercise. Many very close shots are made, and it would be difficult in all this wide world to find better marks-men than some who have this day displayed their skill.

"Pop goes the weasel!"—The bell rings for dinner—the firing ceases, and half a hundred rush for the well spread board; a good dinner, as all the guests declared, not so much in word as in action. In its preparation and serving, mine host did his house great credit.

"Pop goes the weasel!"—The boys have chosen up for a game of Ball, and all hands are going out on the Green for that purpose. I follow out to witness the sport. It is an old-fashioned, time-honored game, and when played with spirit is a noble, manly exercise. I don't know that there was any thing at stake, but the games were sharply contested. When the players quit, it was only to renew their skill in firing at a mark, and they continued as long as a bit of white paper was discernible in the twilight.

"Pop goes the weasel!"—A violin is uttering its enchanting music down stairs in the spacious Dining room, which has been cleared for a dances. A merry company there is, and until long past the noon of night, they "trip the light fantastic toe." I never could understand this dancing; one moment they seem in inextricable confusion and presently all is in order again; plain enough, no doubt, to those who know how, and those who share in it appear to enjoy it immensely.

Once more, "pop goes the weasel!"—Some one has broken a pane of glass, and on the platform, but no noise and confusion on the part. A couple of young fellows, evidently instigated by evil spirits, are trying to whip each other for some real or imaginary insult. The combatants don't progress far, however, before the Constable interferes, and pulling them apart, order is partially restored. But the noise and confusion continues to such an extent that I have given up the idea of getting much sleep to-night.

I think the schoolmaster is above and has written a letter to some of his friends here. This is the superscription of a letter which lately came to our P. O.

James McGill
Yome County
Duncanville teapot
Nicholless township
State of Pennsylvania.
3 3 8.

Nicholson, Pa., June 1, 1855.

BOLD GROUND.—Orestes A. Brownson, the noted Roman Catholic writer, recently lectured in New Orleans. The *Crescent* reports him as follows, on the destiny of the Romish Church:—"It must become the arbiter between the State and the subject. It must guard the man by interposing the flaming sword as a defence. It must continue contentions and expound laws, deciding where is the limit of centralized power, and what is its absolute duty to perform."

Select Tale.

THE BLUE DRAGON.

In the Dutch town of M—— there resided at the close of the last century, an aged widow, known by the name of Madame Andrecht. The only occupants of the house, which was the widow's property, was herself and a maid servant of about the same age. As the widow was in a precarious state of health, she kept no society, and did not leave her room for weeks together. Her only recreation was, that she went in spring, when the weather was settled, to visit her son, who resided in a neighboring village, and on these occasions she was always accompanied by her servant, who was accustomed to her tenor, and was the only nurse she would have about her. During these absences from town the house was uninhabited, and though carefully looked up, not guarded with any special attention.

The widow returned from her annual excursion on the 30th of June, 17—, and found that during her absence the house had been broken into, and all her valuables, all her plate, and jewels carried off. The burglar and police began making a diligent inquiry. It was not difficult to discover the top of a back room looked on the garden and had been secured within by a brass screw on either side. A pane of glass had been broken on each side, the screws had been taken out, and they had carried off their plunder by the back door, which was found unfastened. All the other windows were still securely bolted, and several rooms had not even been entered. It was evident that the thieves had set to work in great security, had taken their time, and had not been apprehended by being disturbed. They had removed the top of a heavy old escritoire, which had been carefully locked, and had lifted out the contents. This operation had been effected so cleverly that there was not the slightest trace of violence. Out of this escritoire the jewels and other valuables had been taken. Two chests had also been broken open, and gold, silver, and apparel carried off. The value of the stolen goods amounted to about 2,000 Dutch dollars.

It was conjectured that the robbery had been effected by more than one person; it was equally probable that the plan had been matured long before. It was also apparent that the robbery had been committed by persons not unacquainted with the house and the neighborhood. The circumstances of the robbery were situated in an outlying street, and was the only respectable one in the neighborhood. Persons in inferior circumstances, and among them several suspicious characters, occupied the adjacent houses. At the end of the garden behind the house, from which the thieves must have come, ran the inner town ditch which was navigable, and only divided from it by a quickset hedge. The ditch was crossed by a wooden bridge, and the thieves must have crossed it, and the garden hedge to a plank laid across the ditch. It was not supposed, however, that the thieves had climbed over the bridges of the two gardens, but it was much more likely that he had come in a boat to the hedge and climbed over it. No suspicious footsteps could be noticed in the garden walks or flower beds.

The discovery immediately caused great excitement among the neighborhood, and among the police were compelled to use their utmost efforts to prevent them entering; still one of them, a baker, who lived in the house right opposite to the widow, had succeeded in finding his way in with the officers, and satisfying his curiosity. His acquaintances who had seen him enter awaited his return with impatience, to learn from him all that the police would not impart to them. His hopes were deceived, however, for he maintained an obstinate silence, or only gave equivocal replies. A wool-spinner, Leendert van N——, who lived in the corner house, was far more talkative. Wherever people put their heads together he hurried up to them, listened to their conjectures, and favored them with his own; he spoke too, in a very decided manner, and hinted at certain points which his wife hid at the same moment, though her neighbors in a louder key. She shook her head at one thing, nodded at another, and repeatedly said she would not be surprised if the thieves were carried to prison before night. Among the mob which her husband was honoring with his remarks was a Jew pedlar, who was constantly visible in the streets with his wares. An acquaintance (twisted) the wool-spinner by the sleeve, and when he eventually married the widow, for the Jew was a spy. The warning came too late. The same morning the wool-spinner was summoned to the town-house, to give the burgomaster an explanation of his suspicious remarks. He hesitated, denied, and tried to evade the questions, but when the burgomaster pressed him, he determined on speaking, though he would gladly have saved the persons, who had never done him any injury.

At the end of the street in which the wool-spinner lived, a public house had been open for several years, kept by a certain Nicholas D——. The people of the town, however, rarely called him by his name, but only spoke of him as the "Blue Dragon," as he had formerly served in Col. Von Wackerbarth's regiment, whose uniform was of this color. When garrisoned in the town some years before, he had made the acquaintance of Madame Andrecht's former lover, Hans, who had been six years in the widow's service, and possessed her entire confidence. As far as was known, the old lady had given them the means to open the public house, for neither of them had anything. It was also known that Hans and his Blue Dragon, as long as they were unmarried, had had few opportunities of meeting. Consequently Hans waited, when his mistress had gone to bed, at the house door, in the form of a dog, the night he eventually married the widow. If the weather was fair they would remain talking there; if bad, Hans took the liberty of inviting her lover into the house. This did not long remain hidden from the old lady, and she did not approve of it; she therefore had the street door locked each night before going to bed, and took the key with her. The lovers, however, were not balked at this; the Blue Dragon sought a road through the wool-spinner's garden. One evening the latter heard the clank of spurs; he went to the

back door hurriedly with a light, and saw Nicholas climbing over the fence of Madame Andrecht's garden. He did not make any disturbance, for he knew of the love affair, and the Blue Dragon told him laughing, that he was going to bid his Hans good night. When, however, the thing went on, and the Blue Dragon climbed over night after night, he put a stop to it.

The Blue Dragon did not climb over any more, yet the wool-spinner saw him in the garden with his Hans. The enigma was solved one evening when he came home very late and went to bed in a room close to Madame Andrecht's garden. It was one of those in which the dragons usually fetched their fodder from the stores, and Nicholas was at that time servant to one of the officers, and attended to his horse. Hans and wife laughed heartily at the idea that love will always find a way; and they frequently saw the boat under the hedge. Such was the wool-spinner's explanation of the motives which formed the foundation of his suspicions. He found, however, more nourishment for them in facts that had recently come to his knowledge. Some ten days before the discovery of the robbery, while the widow was still in the house, he had found a colored pocket-handkerchief at the side of the town ditch, close to his neighbor's garden. He put it in his pocket without thinking anything about it. At dinner he told the housekeeper to his wife, and showed her the handkerchief, remarking innocently at the same time, "If Madame Andrecht were in town and Hans still with her, we should know what it meant. The 'Blue Dragon' had been courting again, and lost his handkerchief." His wife took it, looked at it, and pointed to one corner, in which the letters N. D. were marked. Neither of them thought of the circumstance during the following days, till the discovery of the robbery recalled it to mind.

Suspicion, consequently, rested on the Blue Dragon, and another circumstance materially confirmed it. On the first examination of the house, a partly-burnt spill had been found on the ground near the escritoire. It seemed as if the thief or thieves had used the paper to light a candle; it would not have been thrown on the ground, for their cleanliness was notorious. No other persons had entered the house lately, and he it was, who would not have dared to transgress in such a way. The police had not smoked, and therefore, the thieves could be the only persons who had thrown the spill in this spot. On unfolding the rest of the paper it was found to be a declaration or receipt for the town dues on spirits that had been imported. When the spirits had been once carried home, this receipt was of no further use, and the papers were not generally preserved by the landlors. The greater portion of the receipt found in the house was burnt, the name of the landlord was gone, but the lower part was in good condition, and upon it was the signature of the excise man and the date. It was easy with these *indicia* to find out what landlord had declared spirits for that day. The books showed that Nicholas D—— had received several kegs of Geneva. This, in connection with the wool-spinner's statement, determined the police to arrest the Blue Dragon, as well as his Hans, consisting of his wife, her father and brother, who lived with him. An examination of the house led to the discovery of a "secret" behind the shutter of the tap-room window, which undoubtedly belonged to Madame Andrecht, for two letters addressed to her were found in it.

While the whole town was busy itself in forming conjectures on the subject, a respectable tradesman made his appearance before the police and gave in the following statement: "He was a wood-merchant, and among his customers was a carpenter, Isaac van C——, who was always in arrears with his payments. The merchant pressed him, and at length commenced legal proceedings. A few days before the discovery of the robbery, the carpenter came to his house and begged him not to proceed further, or he should be a ruined man. 'See how I am paid!' he exclaimed, as he placed a basket on the table and produced from it a pair of silver candlesticks and a coffee-pot. 'I had sixty florins to receive of a party, but he begged me to take his silver in part payment, and I did so, as I saw I should not get my money in any other way. I did not like to sell it to the silversmiths here, as I should not get half the value, but waited till I went to Amsterdam, where I could dispose of them. I will leave the silver in pledge with you till I receive my first pay at length consented.' The silver was in my hands. When he heard of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's, and read the list of things stolen, he had no doubt that these objects formed part of them. He did not wish to throw any suspicion on the carpenter; he could not doubt explain whence he obtained them, and he was surprised he had not done so already. The police immediately set out for the silver and the carpenter, Isaac van C——.

The carpenter arrived breathlessly. He seemed perfectly prepared, and before they proceeded to question him he volunteered the following statement:—He had been pressed by the wood-merchant, and was consequently forced to press his debtors. Among them was Nicholas D——, who owed him sixty florins for work done in his house. Nicholas had come to him some twelve days before, and begged him to wait a little longer. When the carpenter declared it was impossible, he had offered him some old silver in part payment. The carpenter suspected nothing wrong, but asked him accidentally how it belonged to his father-in-law, to whom it had been left by an old lady, whose name he had been for several years. They agreed that it should be taken for a carpenter's first statement was correct, that he had helped the bankrupt to remove his furniture clandestinely. In considerable anger at it, he put the forks in his pocket and went straight to Isaac van C——. The carpenter, his housekeeper, and the apprentice were in the workshop. He held out the forks to them, saying,—"You left them in my boat, I suppose you used them to eat the fat you caught. I hope the next morning you'll be there, they were evidently confounded. The housekeeper first collected herself. She stammered that her master had really helped some people to move." This was in itself no very creditable action, and he presumed that their confusion arose from their feelings of shame. When he asked the name of the person, the carpenter said that he could not tell him then, but he would explain to him afterwards. He was silent, but inquired cautiously who had recently visited the town, without receiving any satisfactory information. His journey to Germany had caused him to forget the matter, but now he had not the least doubt that Isaac van C—— was the guilty party.

intended for the carpenter. Blue Dragon, on further examination, confessed that this was a fact, but he had used the money to pay some old gambling debts, and that he had told his wife he intended them for the carpenter. This was the first instance in which any of the accused had been convicted of a falsehood; and although it referred to an immaterial circumstance, it threw an unfavorable light on their statements, and his assurance that he had paid the carpenter no part of the debt by means of the silver, found no credence. The carpenter, moreover, did not rest in his endeavor to convict the landlord of falsehood; he produced a species of ledger, in which an entry was made that, on the 23d June, the landlord, Nicholas D——, had paid thirty florins on account in old silver. The carpenter's housekeeper and apprentice both gave their testimony that they were present when the Blue Dragon had spoken with their master on the subject, and swore to the truth of the statement. In consideration of all this, and as the landlord persisted in asserting his innocence, the authorities determined on bringing him to confess by means of torture. All preparations were made, and the torture would be applied the following day, when a letter reached the authorities by the Rotterdam Post.

Before I quit this country, and reach a spot where neither the authorities of M—— nor the court-martial can touch me, I will save four innocent persons who are now imprisoned in M——. Care must be taken not to punish them for a crime of which they cannot be guilty. How the carpenter is connected with them I cannot conjecture, and I heard of it with great surprise. However, the carpenter may not be perfectly innocent. May the judges pay due attention to this hint. They may afterwards bitterly regret neglecting it. They need not attempt to follow me. If the wind remains in the present quarter, I shall be in England before this letter is received.

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN RUTHER.

Ex-Corporal in the Company Le Long. The authorities gladly availed themselves of this opportunity to delay the torture. It seemed at first sight, no mere invention of the prisoner's friends. A company commanded by Captain Le Long was really in garrison; a corporal of that name had served in it, but had disappeared or deserted four weeks back. Till then, all inquiries after him had been useless. The police also found that the corporal had disappeared on the very night before the robbery was made known. A connection between the two facts appeared evident. A new discovery, however, destroyed this conclusion. The letter from Rotterdam was laid before the commanding officer, and he declared it at first sight a forgery. The hand writing was not Ruther's; all his comrades asserted it, and several old companions' lists, which Ruther was known to have written, proved it to the satisfaction of the judges. Consequently, the letter was nothing more than a trick of some friend or neighbor of the matter, who only intended to obscure it more obscure.

A tradesman of the town, who was a general dealer, and lived in the neighborhood of the widow Andrecht, had been absent in the south of Germany during the whole of the trial. He had but just returned and heard of the affair, when he voluntarily appeared before the police, and made the following very important statement:—About the time when the robbery must have taken place, he was still in the town. The carpenter, Isaac van C——, called upon him and begged him to lend him his boat, in which he usually transported his bales and heavier goods. This boat was generally fastened behind the town ditch. He had a large quantity of casks to deliver at that time, and could not spare the boat, consisting of 25 about the moon. The owner was indignant, and refused the use of his boat. The carpenter, however, quickly said that he had been in just, and his intention was to go fishing with his apprentice during the night. He had not told him his real object, for fear he might not like his boat dirtied. He at length yielded to the carpenter's pressing entreaties, and lent him the boat on condition that he returned it again the next morning. The carpenter kept his word faithfully. When he went to his warehouse the next morning at an early hour, he saw the carpenter, and his apprentice just fastening the boat. It struck him directly that they had no nets or fishing implements. He examined the boat, and was still more surprised at finding it dry and clean inside. He had therefore, detected the carpenter in a falsehood. In the boat he picked up a parcel, consisting of two silver forks wrapped in paper. The carpenter's first statement was correct, that he had helped the bankrupt to remove his furniture clandestinely. In considerable anger at it, he put the forks in his pocket and went straight to Isaac van C——. The carpenter, his housekeeper, and the apprentice were in the workshop. He held out the forks to them, saying,—"You left them in my boat, I suppose you used them to eat the fat you caught. I hope the next morning you'll be there, they were evidently confounded. The housekeeper first collected herself. She stammered that her master had really helped some people to move." This was in itself no very creditable action, and he presumed that their confusion arose from their feelings of shame. When he asked the name of the person, the carpenter said that he could not tell him then, but he would explain to him afterwards. He was silent, but inquired cautiously who had recently visited the town, without receiving any satisfactory information. His journey to Germany had caused him to forget the matter, but now he had not the least doubt that Isaac van C—— was the guilty party.

The carpenter and his family were immediately arrested, and his house searched. They found in it, with the exception of a few trifling matters, that was missed from Madame Andrecht's. They were threatened with the torture, and at last confessed that they had committed the robbery. On the morning when the discovery was made, master and apprentice were among the crowd, to hear what reports were spread. The apprentice heard the wool-spinner's wife openly state that she suspected the Blue Dragon. He told his master of it, and they determined on increasing their suspicions by all the means in their power. The apprentice soon after went to the Blue Dragon's to drink a glass of spirits. He asked for a coal to light his pipe. While he was gone to fetch it, he employed his absence to slip the soubriev behind the shutters. Their unanimous confession entirely exonerated the dragon and his family from the charge of having committed the robbery, but there was much yet to be explained. How had Nicholas D——'s handkerchief been lost at the hedge? how did the spill, made of one of his receipts, find its way into the house? The carpenter and his accomplices declared that they knew nothing about it. Even when threatened with the torture they asserted their ignorance. The suspicion was excited that other accomplices still remained undetected. They returned to the corporal's letter. If not his handwriting, he might have had it written by some one else, and was mixed up some way in the affair, and his desertion was evidently in close connection with the robbery. During the carpenter's trial, however, a new witness voluntarily came forward, the schoolmaster of a village about two miles from the town. He showed the judge a piece of paper, on which only the words "Joseph Christian Ruther" were written, and inquired whether a letter in the same handwriting had not been lately received by the authorities? On comparing it with the letter from Rotterdam it was found that they were written by the same person, and the schoolmaster gave the following explanation, which materially altered the whole affair.

In his village there was a deaf and dumb boy, whom the parish had given him as a boarder. He had succeeded in teaching the unfortunate to write, and he had brought it to such perfection that he was employed by many persons, even the burgomaster of the village, in preparing documents. A short time back, an unknown person came to the village during the schoolmaster's absence, and asked for the deaf and dumb boy, as frequently happened, and taken him with him to the inn. There he ordered a private room and a bottle of wine. He then begged the lad to copy him a letter which he wrote on his slate. "The boy did so at first without suspicion; still the contents of the letter appeared singular, and the demeanor of the unknown revealed fear and anxiety."

But when he was directed to write the address, "To the Burgomaster of M——," he refused to comply at first, and was only induced to do so by the pressing entreaties of the stranger, who gave a florin, and recommended him to preserve strict silence. The boy was at first inclined to do so; for he knew he had done something wrong; but he at length confessed to his master, who immediately perceived that this mysterious affair was in close connection with the universally-spoken-of trial. He went to the landlord of the inn, and asked him if he remembered a stranger, who had brought the deaf and dumb boy to his house? The landlord related the circumstance perfectly, but did not know the man; his wife, however, called to mind that she had seen him speaking familiarly with another well-known man from the town, the miller Overblink, who had just stopped with his wagon before the door. They shook hands on parting, and called one another by name. The schoolmaster inquired further. He went directly to Overblink and asked the name of the man. The miller remembered the circumstance perfectly, and said the man was no other than his old acquaintance, the baker H——, of that very town. The schoolmaster, after recovering to his mind to observe the strictest secrecy, had then come straight to the police.

The baker was immediately arrested and examined. He must have given some information, for the wool-spinner Leendert van N—— and his wife were also imprisoned during the course of the day. Those were the persons who had first raised suspicion against the Blue Dragon, and had made such a well-founded denunciation against him before the authorities. The crime of which they were accused was quite a different one from the preceding, and had a little connection with the carpenter and his accomplices, as the latter with the Blue Dragon and his relatives. Without the robbery, however, in which the last persons arrested were no participators, this dark crime would hardly have been detected.

We find in the dirty room of the wool-spinner Leendert van N—— on the evening of the 29th June, a company of card-players who, as regarded their antecedents, had not much to reproach each other with. The players were Corporal Ruther, the baker H——, and Leendert van N——. They were well acquainted, though they hated and interested each other, but a common criminal interest connected them together. The baker and corporal were old allies; the former baked the bread for the garrison, and the latter had the duty of receiving it from him. The baker employed the common trick of rendering the bread the proper weight by mixing deleterious ingredients in the dough. The corporal detected it, and gave the baker the choice of being denounced or bribing him. He chose the latter. The corporal, however, treated him harshly and he, consequently, hated him. The enmity between the corporal and the wool-spinner was still more violent. The latter had formerly all the privilege of supplying the garrison for the bakers, but the corporal had lately deprived him of it. He had lost considerably by it, and he was furious. The corporal, however, had some power in his hands, and could deprive them both of other advantages which they derived from the garrison. They were, therefore, forced to suppress their passion, suffer his arbitrary treatment, and feel honored when he visited them.

They were playing cards together. With out such deeply-rooted enmity, cards in such places, and with people of this class, are often the provocative of violent disputes. They began quarreling on this evening. The corporal employed threats. "From words," they proceeded to blows; and the result was