The Oxford Democrat.

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Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Oxford Democrat.

DYING PRAYER.

O shining angel, wait awhile!
Bear me not yet away,
But let me on this lonely Earth
A little longer stay.
I see the dearly loved of life;
There's sadness on each brow:
They loved me! They loved me!
I cannot leave them now!

O let me look again on Earth!
The morning's blessed beam
Is on the hill-side, on the plain,
And on the sleeping stream.
I see the autumn leaves glow bright;
The falling waters hear:
O must I, must I leave the Earth,
So beautiful, so dear!

And gathered close around my bed
The faces dear I see,
Of those whose tenderness and truth
Have made life dear to me.
Their tears and prayers they hold me back,
So bitterly they grieve:
They love me! They love me!
O say not I must leave!

O shining angel, well I see
That prayers are all in vain;
To realms of joy thou leadest me
From out a world of pain.
E'en now I see the fields of life
Where fadeless flowers bloom,
Lit by the radience that flows
From the Eternal Throne.

O shining angel, lead me on!
My Saviour's face I see!
I go, I go, beloved ones
Yet will be still with thee.
Thy guardian spirit will I be.
On viewless wings I'll come,
To love thee, and guard thee,
And guide thee safely home.

S.

January, 1850.

SELECTED TALE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

BY X. Y. Z.

The following advertisement appeared in several of the London journals of the year 1832. "If Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and who, it is believed, resided for many years in London as clerk in a large mercantile establishment, will forward his present address to X. Y. Z., Post-Office St. Martin's le-Grand, to be left till called for, he will hear of 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 arson and *rasure*, 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 Lothbury, 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 superintendant; "and if Owen Lloyd is within the four seas, his chance of escape seems but a poor one.

On waiting on the superintendant, I was directed to put myself in immediate personal 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 on 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 back room, 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 new 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 hard, shrewd, business 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 accompaniments—social consideration and influence.

"You have I suppose, read the advertisements marked on 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 fair share of the cost likely to be incurred in unkennelling 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 afford him an opportunity of baffling them. Thus much premised, 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 familiar with the premises and the 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 with pens towards me. "Important memoranda should never, where there is a possibility of avoiding it, be written in pencil. Friction thumbing, use of any kind, often partially obliterates them, creating endless 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 as *junior*, then as head 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 changing it for some other person's—incapable of saying 'No' to embarrassing, impoverishing 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 this bears 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 the 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 whither. 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 understood 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 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, ductile 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 book-shelves in the library. As no property had been taken from that room—though the lock of a large iron chest, containing coins and medals, 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 with you?"

"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 pausing 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 bruited 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, gentle-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 to be 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—so can now very well understand that—and she intreats 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 us the most important part of the epistle is 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 wintry 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 around the apartment, gazed with curious earnestness in my face, and then again turned with tremulous anxiety to 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 the establishment——"

"*Was—was!*" interrupted Mr. Lloyd with greatly-increased agitation; "not now, then—he has left you?"

"For upwards of three years. A few days ago—pray do not interrupt me—I obtained intelligence of him, which, with such assistance as you may be able to afford, will perhaps suffice to enable this gentlemen—" 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 if 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, 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 moment's reflection, "there is great danger that my son may disadvantageously connect himself with your—with your brother's family—may, in fact, marry his daughter Caroline. Now I could convince Owen'——

'Caroline!' interjected Mr. Lloyd with a tremulous accent, and his eyes suffused with tears—'Caroline!—ay 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 proudest 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 glance of pride had quickly passed away, "that you are dealing fairly and candidly with me in the matter?"

In the 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 ejaculations, that old thoughts and memories were deeply stirred within him.—"Poor girl!—so young, so gentle, and so sorely tried! Her mother's very turn of thought and phrase. Owen, too, artless, honorable, just as he was ever, except when the dupe of knaves and villains."

He seemed buried in thought for some time after the perusal of the letter; and Mr. Smith, whose cue it was to avoid exciting suspicion by too great eagerness of speech, was growing fidgetty. 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 advertisements 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, "I usually fall 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 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 amongst 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. Ah! I remember. The forest! It must be so! Caroline Heyworth, whom we first met in the Isle of Wight, is a native of Beaulieu, a village in the New Forest, Hampshire. A small, very small property there, bequeathed by an uncle, belonged to her, and perhaps has not been disposed of.—How came I not to think of this before! 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 Beaulieu 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 wearying, 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 crotchet 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 likeliest mode 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 do."

"I am not anxious, you will remember, to press the prosecution *if by a freak, written confession of his guilt*, Owen Lloyd places an inseparable 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 afterwards, and listened with painful interest to the brief history which he with child-like simplicity, narrated of his own and his brother's fortunes. It was a sad, oft-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 ruined his health and restored his fortunes; and was now returned to die rich in his native country; and as he had till an hour before feared, unlamented and untended save by hirelings. I promised to write immediately after 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 best mode of reaching Beaulieu—Bewley, they pronounced it—was by crossing the Southampton river to the village of Hythe, which was but a few miles distance from Beaulieu. As soon as I had breakfasted, I hastened to the quay, and was soon speeding across the tranquil waters in one of the sharp-stemmed wherries which plied constantly between the shores. My attention was soon arrested 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 boatmen they were going on to *Bewley*, I determined for the present not to disturb their fancied security. It was fortunate that I did so. As soon as they had landed, they passed into a mean looking dwelling, which, from some nets, 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 Beaulieu, 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 forget its name; but it was, I remember, within a stone's throw of the celebrated Beaulieu Abbey ruins—I 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, as 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—he 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 bar, if I would like to see it. Upon the right track, sure 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 the iron law, was already upon the threshold 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, only to fall into crime just as fortune had grown weary of persecuting him, and a long estranged brother had returned to raise him and his to their former position in society, was melancholy indeed! And the young woman, too, 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 affair as one of every day routine. It would not do, however, and I was about to quit the room in no very enviable state 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 on 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 new-comers, perceived me, their whispered colloquy stopped abruptly; and after a minute or so, the man said, looking hard at me—"Good-day, sir; you have had rather a long walk!" and he glanced at my dusty boots.

"Sir," I replied, enclosing my left ear with my hand in the matter of a natural ear-trumpet, "did you speak!"

"A dusty walk," he rejoined in a voice that might have been heard in a hurricane, or across Fleet Street.

"One o'clock!" I replied, pulling out my watch. "No, it wants a quarter yet."

"Deaf 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's the beech-merchant's house!"

"Yes," replied the man, taking hold of my arm, and hallooing into my ear with a power really sufficient to 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 hallooing 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 looking woman was Mrs. Lloyd, though time and sorrow had long since set their unmistakeable 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 men, who, compared with me, were poor, feeble creatures, and I could easily have mastered half-a-dozen such; but the females—that young girl especially—how encounter their despair! I mutely 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 criminals 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-book? It was on a shelf in the room where you slept—not the last time, but when you were here about three weeks ago. We can find it nowhere; and I thought you might possibly have taken it by mistake."

"A black, common looking thing!" said Jones.

"Yes."

"I *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 going 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 about a sudden pain in my 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 Mrs. Lloyd; "its 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 so badly off for room, that they terribly hamper us."

"This evening, about nine o'clock. I have hired a smack at Hythe to take us, luggage 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 Hythe at the same time that we did. I marked a few pieces of timber, and promising to send for them in the morning, hastened away.

A mountain seemed removed from off my breast; I felt as if I had achieved a great personal deliverance. Truly a wonderful interposition of Providence, I thought, that has so signally averted the fatal consequences likely to have resulted from the thoughtless imprudence of Owen Lloyd, in allowing his house to be made, however innocently, a receptacle for stolen goods, at the solicitations, too, of a man whose character he knew to be none of the purest. He had had a narrow escape, and might with perfect truth exclaim

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

The warrants of which I was the bearer, the London police authorities had taken care to get indorsed by a magistrate of the county of Hampshire, who happened to be in London, so that I found no difficulty in arranging effectually for the capture and safe custody of Jones and his assistants when he came to fetch his booty.

I had just returned to the Beaulieu inn, after completing my arrangements, when a carriage drove furiously up to the door, and who should to my utter astonishment, alight, but Mr. William Lloyd and Messrs Smith, father and son. I hastened out, and briefly enjoining caution and silence, begged them to step with me into a private room. The agitation of Mr. Lloyd and of Mr. Arthur Smith was extreme, but Mr. Smith appeared as cold and impassive as ever. I soon ascertained that Arthur Smith, by his mother's assistance, I suspect, had early penetrated his father's schemes and secrets, and had, in consequence, caused Mr. William Lloyd to be watched home, with whom, immediately after I had left, he had a long conference. Later in the evening an *eclaircissement* with the father took place; and after a long and stormy discussion, it was resolved that all three should the next morning post down to Beaulieu, and act as circumstances might suggest. My story was soon told. It was received of course with unbounded joy by the brother and the 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 on 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 know 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 discourse. An hour after that, as I stood screened by a belt of forest trees in wait for Mr. Jones and his 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 helpers in due time. A man who sometimes assisted in the timber yard was deputed, with 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 astounded burglar and his assistants; and early the next morning Jones was on the road to London. He was tried at the ensuing Old Bailey sessions, convicted, and transported for life; and the discretion I 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. Arthur Smith. I was more gratified by this little act of courtesy for Emily'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 accident; it has nevertheless been always kindly remembered by all parties whom it so critically served.—*Chamber's Journal.*

WISH.

BY CHARLES MACAY.

Tell me ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The load wind sighed to a whisper low
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"

Tell me thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st some favored spot,
Some Eden far away,
Where winter never lowers,
And friendship never dies?
The long waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while and murmured—"No!"

And thou serenest moon,
That with meek holy face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miseries cease,
Mirth find a happy lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet but sad responded—"No!"

Tell me my secret soul,
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place,
From sorrow, sin, and death,
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may be forgot,
And weary souls find rest?
Faith, Hope and Love best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"Yes, in Heaven!"

Side Saddles.

THE LAST OUT.—One of the fresh comers from the "Atlantic side," who had brought with him into this country, among other notions, a lot of American side saddles, was recently sent packing into the Plains after the following curious fashion:

Making up to a bunkum-ried patch of the pukaree and seeds, "just in from the States," he addressed him first upon the prospect of the diggings he had visited; next, as to the nearest and best route thither; and finally, "What kind of a speculation would his side-saddles turn out?" "Best rate, splendid! just the thing for the mines," was the strongly emphasized reply of the old sinner to the old new comer. "You don't say so!" in a voice betraying how nearly he had yielded to despair, "and what'll buy them, and how will they use them?" "Never see anything else if they once get to see them. Why, stranger, I've send *some* canons in my day, but never was obleeged to sit woman-like on a man's saddle before, to save my neck in going up the hill-side." "I see I have it," joyfully returned the last out, "and so they ride along the canion side with one leg thrown over the saddle to?"—"Yes, and *as that for*. I took out between three and four hundred dollars one for-noon; it was desperate tiresome work, I tell you! A man with a woman's saddle, close by, doubled that heap, but then he worked while I rested. Nothing like a side-saddle, stranger, for digging the side canions out with!"

The above incident occurred in San Francisco. Two hours after the narration of this exciting story a launch hauled out from Clay street wharf, bound for the Stanwalus, the captain of which probably invoked a curse upon the "traps" with which the last passenger had strewn his decks, and that last, reader, was the *last out*—the man with the side-saddles!—*Pilgrim Times.*

Going Through the Motions.

We were amused with an affair (says a New York paper) which happened a few weeks since in this city.

A young gentleman called upon the leader of a cotillion band, and ordered five musicians for a certain evening. There were but four in the band, including the leader, who informed the applicant that he could not comply with his request.

"We must have five," said the young gentleman.

"But there are only four of us," replied Joe.

"Not one less than five," persisted the other.

The gentleman was about leaving, when a barber, well known to our citizens, volunteered his services, making the number complete.

"What are you going to play?" asked Joe, when the gentleman left.

"The flute," replied the barber.

"The flute! why you don't know one note from another."

"Yes, but I can put a cork in the mouth hole *and go through the motions.*"

The plan succeeded, and the barber was praised for his remarkable softness in blowing.