

from a rich and influential gentleman in London, to emigrate to America, at all events to go abroad. This was, however, very significant and precious information; and very rarely indeed, was he, after I had obtained it, out of my sight or observation. At length perseverance obtained its reward. One morning I discerned my friend, much more sprucely attired than ordinarily, make his way to the railway station, and there question with eager looks every passenger that alighted from the first class carriages. At last, a gentleman whom I instantly recognised, spite of his shawl and other wrappings, arrive by the express train from London. Williams instantly accosted him, a cab was called, and away they drove. I followed in another, and saw them both alight at a hotel in New Street. I also alighted, and was mentally debating how to proceed, when Williams came out of the tavern, and proceeded in the direction of his home. I followed, overtook him, and soon contrived to ascertain that he and his wife had important business to transact in Birmingham the next morning, which would render it impossible he should meet me, as I proposed, till two or three o'clock in the afternoon at the earliest; and the next morning my esteemed friend informed me, he would leave the place probably forever. An hour after this interesting conversation, I, accompanied by the Chief of the Birmingham police, was closeted with the landlord of the Hotel in New Street, a highly respectable person, who promised us every assistance in his power. Sir Charles Malvern had, we found, engaged a private room for the transaction of important business with some persons he expected in the morning, and our plans were soon fully matured and agreed upon.

I slept little that night, and immediately after breakfast hastened with my Birmingham colleague to the hotel. The apartment assigned for Sir Charles Malvern's use had been a bedroom, and a large wardrobe, with a high wing at each end, still remained in it. We tried if it would hold us, and with very little stooping and squeezing, found it would do very well. The Landlord soon gave us the signal to be on the alert, and we jammed ourselves, locking the wing doors on the inside. A minute or two afterwards Sir Charles and Mr. and Mrs. Williams entered, and, paper, pen, and ink having been brought, business commenced in right earnest. Their conversation it is needless to detail. It will suffice to observe that it was manifest Sir Charles, by a heavy bribe, had induced the accoucher and his wife to conceal the birth of the male child, which, as I suspected, was that which Williams and his spouse were bringing up as their own. I must do the fictitious baronet the justice to say that he had from the first the utmost anxiety that no harm should befall the boy. Mr. Malvern's nervous dread lest his confederates should be questioned, had induced their hurried departure from Chester, and it now appeared that he had become aware of the suspicion entertained by Mr. Repton, and could not rest till the Williamses and the child were safe out of the country. It was now insisted, by the woman more especially, that the agreement for the large annual payment to be made by Sir Charles should be fairly written out and signed in plain "black and white," to use Mrs. Williams's expression, in order that no future misunderstandings might arise. This Mr. Malvern strongly objected to; but finding the woman would accept of no other terms, he suddenly complied, and at the same time reiterated, that if any harm should befall the boy—to whom he intended, he said, to leave a handsome fortune—he would cease, regardless of consequences to himself, to pay them a single farthing.

A silence of several minutes followed, broken only by the scratching of the pen on the paper. The time to me seemed an age, squeezed, crooked, stifled as I was in that narrow box, and so I afterwards learned it did to my fellow sufferer. At length Mr. Malvern said in the same cautious whisper in which they had all hitherto spoken, "this will do, I think;" and read what he had written. Mr. and Mrs. Williams signified their approval; and as matters were now fully ripe, I gently turned the key and very softly pushed open the door. The backs of the amiable trio were towards me, and as my boots were off, and the apartment thickly carpeted, I approached unperceived, and to the inexpressible horror and astonishment of the parties concerned, whose heads were bent eagerly over the important document, a hand, which belonged to neither of them, was thrust silently but swiftly forward, and grasped the precious instrument. A fierce exclamation from Mr. Malvern as he started from his seat, and a convulsive scream from Mrs. Williams as she fell back in hers, followed; and to add to the animation of the tableau, my friend in the opposite wing emerged at the same moment from his hiding place.

Mr. Malvern comprehended at a glance the situation of affairs, made a furious dash at the paper. I was quicker as well as stronger than he, and he failed in his object. Resistance was of course out of the question; and in less than two hours we were speeding on the rail towards London, accompanied by the child, whom we intrusted to Williams's maid servant.

Mr. Repton was still in town, and Mrs. Ashton, Lady Redwood, and her unmarried sister, in their impatience of intelligence, had arrived several days before. I had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Repton with the child and his temporary nurse to Osborne's Hotel in the Adelphi; and I really at first feared for the excited mother's reason, or that she would do the infant a mischief, so tumultuous, so frenzied, was her rapturous joy at the recovery of her lost treasure. When placed in the cot beside the female infant, the resemblance of the one to the other was certainly almost perfect. I never saw before nor since so complete a likeness. This was enough for the mother; but, fortunately, we had much more satisfactory evidence, legally viewed, to establish the identity of the child in a court of law, should the necessity arise for doing so.

Here as far as I am concerned, all positive knowledge of this curious piece of family history ends. Of subsequent transactions between the parties I had no personal cognisance. I only knew there was a failure of justice, and I can pretty well guess from what motives. The parties I arrested in Birmingham were kept in strict

custody for several days; but no inducement, no threats, could induce the instigators of the inquiry to appear against the detected criminals.

Mrs. and Miss Ashton, Lady Redwood and her children, left town the next day for Redwood Manor; and Mr. Repton coolly told the angry superintendent that "he had no instructions to prosecute." He, too, was speedily off, and the prisoners were discharged out of custody.

I saw in about three weeks afterwards in a morning paper that Mr. Malvern, "whom the birth of a posthumous heir in a direct line had necessarily deprived of all chance of succession to the Redwood estates, and the baronetcy, which the newspapers had so absurdly conferred on him, was with his amiable lady and family, about to leave England for Italy, where they intended to remain some time." The expressed, but uncompleted will of the late baronet, Sir Thomas Redwood, had been, it was further stated, carried into effect, and the legacy intended for Mr. Malvern paid over to him. The Williamses never, to my knowledge, attained to the dignity of a notice in the newspapers; but I believe they pursued their original intention of passing over to America.

Thus not only "Offence's gilded hand," but some of the best feelings of our nature, not unfrequently "shove by Justice," and place a concealing gloss over deeds which, in other circumstances, would have infallibly consigned the perpetrators to a prison, or perhaps the hulks.—Whether, however, any enactment could effectually grapple with an abuse which springs from motives so natural and so amiable, is a question which I must leave to wiser heads than mine to discuss and determine.

REMARKABLE STORY OF AN ALBATROS.—The subjoined anecdote of an Albatros is taken from a recent number of the Montreal Transcript. The writer vouches for its fidelity to truth. Persons who have seen that most restless of birds, and are familiar with its strength and habits, (says the Louisville Journal,) will have less difficulty in believing in this story than those who have not seen. It is an admirable story, and is very well told:

The following most extraordinary circumstance is furnished in a letter from an officer of the 83rd regiment, now in India, to a friend in Montreal. Whilst the division of the 83rd regiment to which the writer belonged, was on its way to India, being at the time a short distance eastward of the Cape, one of the men was severely flogged for some slight offence. Madded at the punishment the poor fellow was no sooner released than, in sight of all his comrades and the ship's crew, he sprang overboard. There was a high sea running at the time, and, as the man swept on astern, all hope of saving him seemed to vanish. Relief, however, came from a quarter where no one ever dreamt of looking for it before. During the delay incidental on lowering a boat, and whilst the crowd on deck were watching the form of the soldier struggling with the boiling waves, and growing every moment less distinct, a large albatros, such as are always found in those latitudes, coming like magic, with an almost imperceptible motion, approached and made a swoop at the man, who in the agonies of the death struggle, seized it and held it firmly in his grasp, and by this means kept afloat until assistance was rendered from the vessel.—Incredible as this story seems, the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye witness of the scene, place its authenticity beyond a doubt. But for the assistance thus afforded, the writer adds, no power on earth could have saved the soldier, as, in consequence of the tremendous sea running, a long time elapsed before the boat could be manned and got down—all this time the man clinging to the bird, whose flutterings and struggles to escape bore him up. Who after this should despair? A raging sea—a drowning man—an albatros; what eye could see safety under such circumstances; or who will dare to call this chance? Is it not rather a lesson intended to stimulate faith and hope, and teach us never to despair, since, in the darkest moment, when the waves dash, and the winds roar, and a gulf seems closing over our heads, there may be an albatros near.

I'VE DONE SMOKING.

Our friend delivered himself thus, honestly and in earnest. As he emptied his mouth of the last cigar, our mouth became full—full of blessings.

Blessed is the man himself. He is more wise, more cleanly, more savory, and more reasonable than when he went smoking and puffing about like a locomotive.

Blessed is the man's wife. She is the happier woman for the four reasons mentioned in the last sentence, and for many more. She had hoped against hope for the last puff; but it has been made at last. We seem to see her face brighten—her step is more elastic—her voice is sweeter—her welcome to her husband as he reaches home is more cordial. She has our hearty congratulations.

Blessed is the man's house. An unsavory spirit has gone out of it. More easily can it be kept neat and tidy. Old repellencies will repulse no more.

Blessed is the man's apparel. A certain fragrance has left it; but not to the sorrow of those in proximity with him. His wardrobe is minus a real annoyance, and plus the benediction of many a friend.

And blessed is the man's health. In the smoke and fire he so long kept up beneath his nostrils he fed an insidious enemy. And his whole nervous and digestive system unites in the benediction we now judge.

And blessed is the man's pocket. A leak is stopped.—As much as before will flow in, and less flow out. We seem to hear a voice from that quarter, "there will be better days in the department of our master's dominions."

And blessed be the man's resolution. May it tower aloft like a granite pillar, above all the smoke and fire that may assail it. That last puff! Be it the last! And though the smokers will not join, yet there will be enough to unite in a hearty Amen.—Traveller.

"HEAR! HEAR!"—The celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan was very much annoyed on one occasion, in the House of Commons, by a member continually interrupting him by shouting, "Hear! hear!" In course of the debate,

Sheridan took occasion to allude to a political contemporary, whom he described as one who wished to play the rogue, but only had sense enough to play the fool.—"Where?" exclaimed Sheridan, placing great emphasis on the word where,—"shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool, than this?" "Hear! hear!" was instantly bellowed by the member in question. Sheridan instantly turned round, and bowed to the gentleman, thanking him for his prompt reply to his question, and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all but the unfortunate member.

PETTING COMMITTEES.—(From Cobbett's Advice to Young Men.)—There are, in almost every considerable neighborhood, a little squadron of she-comrades, generally the youngish wives of old or weak-minded men, and generally without children. These are the tutresses of the young wives of the vicinage, they, in virtue of their experience, not only school the wives, but scold their husbands; they teach the former how to encroach, and the latter how to yield; so that if you suffer this to go quietly on, you are soon under the care of a comitee completely as if you were insane. You want no comitee: reason, law, religion, the marriage vow: all these have made you head, have given you full power to rule your family; and if you give up your right, you deserve the contempt that assuredly awaits you, and also the ruin that is, in all probability, your doom.

A POSER.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-composed and self-possessed young lady in a village "down east," received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither: "I've been asked a good many times if you was engaged to Dr. C. Now it folks inquire ag'in whether you be or not, what shall I tell them I think?" "Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them that you think you don't know, and that you are sure it is none of your business."

A GOOD ONE.—A cross grained antiquated maiden vixen, went to a physician for advice; "Madam," said the physician, "It seems to me that it would do you good to have a little sun and air." "O you abominable critter! a son and heir! oh dear! will somebody fan me! I shall go off! The outrageous brute! a son and heir!" "The old maid vanished and has not since been seen."

"Mamma," said a girl once, "Solomon must have been very poor." "Why," said her mamma, "Because it is said in the Bible Solomon slept with his fathers, and, if he had been rich, he would have had a bed to himself."

GOOD.—The conductor of a newspaper who will underwork his neighbours, and insert advertisements for half price, deserves to be kicked to death by lame grasshoppers, and trundled to the grave by his own devil.

GOT HIS ANSWER.—A sporting attorney, lately riding on the box of a coach in the Isle of Wight, inquired of the coachman if "there were any foxes in the island?" and received the following reply: "It's a very odd thing, sir, but some few years since we had neither foxes nor lawyers in this sweet place, and I'm blest if we ain't got varmin of both sorts in it now!"

LATE FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Steamers Cherokee, and Empire City arrived at New York on Saturday last, and the Georgia on Sunday—all from Chagres—with dates from San Francisco to the 1st September. The Cherokee brought \$856,000 in gold, on freight, and about \$150,000 in the hands of passengers.

The Sacramento difficulties have been settled, by the dispersion of the Squatters. The report brought by the last steamer of the burning of Sacramento proves to be unfounded.

The San Francisco Herald furnishes the following summary of events since the sailing of the last steamer:—

"At the departure of the last steamer, the Squatter troubles at Sacramento were at their height, and the intelligence will, no doubt, have produced in the United States much alarm and consternation. We are happy in being able to say that these disturbances almost wholly ceased after the first outbreak. The first accounts, as is usually the case, somewhat exaggerated the number both of the killed and of the combatants. The Squatters fled in a short time after the first difficulty in the streets. Some of the ringleaders were arrested, and they are now awaiting their trial in prison.

A few days after the fight in Sacramento, Sheriff McKinney was killed in attempting to arrest a man named Allen, one of the leaders of the Squatter party. Allen, though wounded in the affray, succeeded in making his escape, and is now in the vicinity of Placerville. Rumours prevail in Sacramento that a band of four hundred armed men are now in the vicinity of Weaversville, preparing to make a descent on Sacramento, for the purpose of rescuing the prisoners. The authorities, although not attaching much credit to this story, have sent spies out in that direction, and have redoubled their precautions."

The Hon. L. A. Wilmot, H. M. Attorney General, returned to this City last Tuesday from Toronto, and left on Wednesday evening for Fredericton. We learn that Mr. Wilmot, on his route to Canada by Lake Temiscouata, met the Hon. Hamilton Merritt, President of the Canadian Board of Works below Quebec. Mr. Merritt was proceeding down the St. Lawrence to Trois Pistoles, in the Trinity yacht, accompanied by engineers and others, with the view of settling either upon a Railway or a Canal from the St. Lawrence to the St. John, by Temiscouata. There is very little doubt that this communication will be opened at no very distant day.—St. John Courier.