

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

GOD CARETH FOR THE POOR.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! speak not of their homely toils, their slow
corroding cares;
Say not that dreary joyless days and anxious
nights are theirs:
Peace oft deserts the palace-gate to seek the
cottage door;
Contentment loves the lowly roof—God careth
for the poor.

Is not the wealth of Nature theirs?—the flow-
ers of varied dyes,
The silver stars, the towering rocks, the blue
and sunny skies;
The twining boughs their canopy, the mossy
turf their floor;
Say, need they pine for gilded halls?—God
careth for the poor.

They never chide Time's lagging course, nor
wish the moment's spent;
Turning from music, flowers, and books, in
peevish discontent;
Viewing past pleasures with disdain, yet cov-
etous of more;
They know not vexed satiety—God careth for
the poor.

They glide not languidly along o'er life's un-
ruffled seas;
Labour imparts enjoyment to their intervals of
ease;
Their hours of pastime swiftly fly, nor leave
them to deplore
Nameless imaginary ills—God careth for the
poor.

And deem not that dull ignorance obscures
their simple lot;
The light of knowledge penetrates the lone
sequestered cot:
None vainly need the tidings of salvation to
implore;
The Gospel cheers the humblest hearth—God
careth for the poor.

His precepts are before them, and His eye is
o'er them still;
They have earth's blessing to partake, earth's
duties to fulfil:
The heaven that smiles above them may be
theirs for evermore;
Faith tells them of the promised land—God
careth for the poor.

And never shall we scornfully their homeli-
ness deride;
And never shall we judge them by the world's
false code of pride,
If rightly we have read and prized the Book
of sacred lore,
Which shows to us how lovingly God careth
for the poor.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE
OFFICER.

X. Y. Z.

Mr Lloyd's hand 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 dops 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 earnestness of speech, was grow-
ing fidgety. At length, suddenly looking up,
he said in a dejected tone, 'If this is all you
have ascertained, we seem as far off as ever.
I can afford you no help.'

'I am not sure of that,' replied Mr Smith.
'Let us look calmly at the matter. Your
brother is evidently not living in London, and
that accounts for your advertisements not being
answered.'

'Truly.'

'If you look at the letter attentively, you
will perceive that three very 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 sentiment and fancy,' added Mr
Smith, '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 in-
tensest force, even when I was what the
world calls prospering in strange lands; and
now much more—' But no; he would not

return to Wales—to Caermarthen—to be look-
ed 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 is not a native of the princi-
pality.'

'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, Hamp-
shire. A small, very small property there,
hequeathed by an uncle, belonging 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 spe-
cial messenger to release your son from his
promise of marriage to my niece. None of us,
be assured, will be desirous of forcing her up-
on 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 you doing your duty in this matter.'

'What right, I answered with some heat,
'have you to make such an insinuation?'

'Because, I perceive by your manner, that
you disapproved my questioning Mr Lloyd
as to the likeliest mode of securing his bro-
ther.'

'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, and took up my hat,
and was leaving the room, when Mr Smith ex-
claimed, '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 frank confession
of his guilt, Owen Lloyd places an insuper-
able bar between his child and mine. You un-
derstand?'

'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
in any such transaction. Good day.'

I waited on Mr William Lloyd soon after-
wards, and listened to the painful history which
he, with childlike simplicity, narrated of his
own and 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 dis-
sipation, 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 econ-
omy, he at length ruined his health and re-
stored 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 bro-
ther; 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 just begun, I remember—
and was informed that the best way of reach-
ing Beaulieu—Bewley, they pronounced it—
was by crossing the Southampton river to the
village of Hythe, which was but a few miles
distant 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 a woman. A slight
examination of their features sufficed to con-
vince me that they were Jones and his wife.
They evidently entertained no suspicion of
pursuit; and as I heard them tell the boatman
they were going on to Bewley, I determined,
for the present not to disturb their fancied se-
curity. It was fortunate I did so. As soon
as we 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 12 o'clock.
After partaking of a slight repast at the princi-
pal 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 ques-
tions, to elicit all the information I required
of the loquacious waiting maid. Mr Lloyd, who
seemed to bear an excellent character, lived,
I was informed, at a cottage, about half a mile
distant from the inn, and chiefly supported
himself as a measurer of timber—beech and
ash: a small stock—the oak was reserved for
Government purposes—he usually kept on
hand. Miss Caroline, the girl said, did beau-
tiful fancy work; and a group of flowers paint-
ed 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 uncon-

sciously betrayed his unfortunate, guilty bro-
ther into the hands of justice, and I, an agent
of the iron law, was already upon the thresh-
old of his hiding place. I felt no pleasure at
the success of the scheme. To have bravely
and honestly stood up against an adverse for-
tune for so many years, only to fall into crime
just as fortune had grown weary of prosecuting
him, and a long estranged brother had return-
ed 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, and so patient a spirit!—it
would not bear thinking about—and I resolute-
ly 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 frame of mind, when my boat com-
panions, 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 dis-
tance from the entrance, they did not at first
observe me; and several words caught my ear
which awakened a strong desire to hear more.
That I might do so, I instantly adopted a very
common, but not the less often very successful
device. As soon as the newcomers perceiv-
ed me, their whispered colloquy stopped ab-
ruptly; 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 manner of a natural ear-
trumpet. 'Did you speak?'

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

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

'Deaf as a monument,' said Jones to his
companion. 'All right!'

The suspended dialogue was but partially
resumed.

'Do you think,' said the woman, after a
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 just for the sa-
ve of the thing. He is too chicken-hearted for
that, or for anything else that requires pluck.'

Finishing the water and spirits 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-mer-
chant's house?'

'Yes,' replied the man, taking hold of my
arm, hallooing into my ear with a power suffi-
cient to deafen one for life: 'we are to dine
there.'

I nodded comprehension, and on we jour-
neyed. 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 physiogno-
my!

'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 fi-
nally 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, inter-
esting woman was Mrs Lloyd, though time
and sorrow had long since set their 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 in-
terest if it somewhat diminished its beauty.
My heart ached to think of the misery the an-
nouncement 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 man-
aged half a dozen such; but the females—that
young girl especially—how encounter their
despair? I antily declined dinner, but ac-
cepted a glass of ale, and sat down till I
could muster sufficient resolution for the per-
formance of my task; for I felt this was an op-
portunity 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!' replied
Jones.

'Yes.'

'I did take it by mistake. I found it in one
of my parcels, and put it in my pocket, in-
tending of course to return it when I came
back; but I remember on wanting to open a
lock of which I had lost the key, taking it out
to see if it contained a pencil case which I
thought might answer the purpose; and finding
none, tossing it away in a pet, I could not af-
terwards 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 note in it, and the loss will
—' What is the matter friend?'

I had sprung upon my feet with uncontroll-
able emotion: Mr Lloyd's observation recalled

me to myself, and I sat down again, muttering
something about a sudden pain in the side.

'Oh, if that's the case,' said Jones, 'I'll
make it up willingly. I am pretty rich, you
know, just now.'

'We shall be very 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 re-
turn 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 terri-
bly hamper us.'

'This evening about five o'clock. I have
hired a smack at Hythe to take us, bag and
baggage, down the river to meet the liner
which calls off Portsmouth to-morrow. I wish
we could persuade you to go with us.'

'Thank you, Jones,' replied Owen, in a
dejected tone. 'I have very little to hope
for here; but my heart still clings to the old
country.'

I had heard enough; and hastily rising, in-
timated 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 per-
sonal deliverance. Truly a wonderful inter-
position of Providence, I thought, that has
so signally averted the fatal consequences like-
ly to have resulted from the thoughtless im-
prudence of Owen Lloyd, in allowing his house
to be made, however innocently, a receptacle
for stolen goods, at the solicitation, 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 is 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 endorsed by a magistrate of the county
of Hampshire, who happened to be in London,
so that I found no difficulty in arranging effec-
tually 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 Wil-
liam Lloyd, and Messrs Smith, father and son.
I hastened out, and briefly enjoined caution
and silence, begged them to step with me in-
to a private room. The agitation of Mr Lloyd
and Mr Arthur Smith was extreme, but Mr
Smith appeared cold and impassive as ever.
I soon ascertained that Arthur Smith, by his
mother's assistance, had early penetrated his
father's schemes and secrets, and had, in con-
sequence, caused Mr William Lloyd to be
watched home, with whom, immediately after
I had left, had a long conference. Later in
the evening an *eclaircissement* with the father
took place, and after a long and stormy dis-
cussion, it was resolved that all three should
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 indiffer-
ence, I could perceive that his refusal to par-
ticipate in the general joy would not be of long
duration. The large fortune which Mr Wil-
liam Lloyd intimated his intention to bestow
upon his niece, was a new and softening ele-
ment 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 cot-
tage, all the five inmates—brother, uncle, lo-
ver, 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 company, I noticed, as they all
strolled past me in the clear moonlight, that
the tears, the agitation had passed away, leav-
ing only smiles and grateful joy on the glad
faces so lately clouded by anxiety and sor-
row. A mighty change in so brief a space!

Mr Jones arrived with his cart and help-
ers in due time. A man who sometimes as-
sisted in the timber yard was deputed, with
an 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 as-
tonished burglar and his assistants; and early
the next morning Jones was on his road to
London. He was tried at the ensuing Old
Baillie 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 police au-
thorities.

It was about two months after my first inter-
view with Mr Smith that, on returning home
one evening, my wife placed before me a
piece of bride cake, and two beautifully en-
graved cards united with a 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 so-