



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE WORLD IS NOT SO BAD.

The world is not so bad a world,  
As some would like to make it.  
Enough whether good or whether bad  
Depends on how we take it.  
If we scold and fret all day,  
From daisy down till even,  
The world will ne'er afford to man  
Foretaste here of heaven.

The world to truth's no good a world,  
If'er was known to any,  
I have not seen another yet—  
And these are very many.  
If the men and women too,  
Are plenty of employment,  
The world's strictly must be hard to please  
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a clever world,  
In rain or pleasant weather,  
If people would but learn to live  
In harmony together.  
Nor seek to hurt the kindly boad  
By love and peace created,  
And learn the best of lesson yet,  
To always be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world,  
And pleasant folk were in it,  
The day would pass most pleasantly  
To those who thus begin it.  
And all the nameless grievers,  
Brought on by borrowed trouble,  
Would prove, as certain they are,  
A mass of empty bubbles.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Do not speak in accents tender,  
Of those friends ye loved of yore,  
Nigh perchance they may not reader  
The joys they gave before.  
There are few whose lives are blameless  
Who have nothing to regret,  
Let others' faults be nameless,  
Forgive them, and forget.

'Tis no trifle that we cherish,  
When we find and prove a friend,  
One whose fealty will not perish,  
Growing stronger to the end.  
But should dark clouds over-shade thee,  
And old friends grow cold—oh, then,  
Think how happy once they made thee,  
Then forgive—but ne'er forget.

THE STOLEN WATCH.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY RESULTING FROM INCIDENTAL EVIDENCE.

Something more than half a century ago, a person in going to Holborn, might have seen near the corner of one of the thoroughfares which diverge towards Russell Square, the respectable-looking shop of a glover and haberdasher named James Harvey, a man generally esteemed by his neighbors, and who was usually considered well to do in the world. Like many London tradesmen, Harvey was originally from the country. He came up to town when a poor lad to push his fortune, and by dint of steadiness and civility, and a small property left him by a distant relation, he had been able to get into business on his own account, and to attain that most important element of success in London—a "connection." Shortly after setting up in the city, he married a young woman from his native town, to whom he had been engaged ever since his school-days; and at the close of our narrative commences, he was the father of three children.

James Harvey's establishment was one of the best frequented in the class in the street. You could never pass without seeing customers going in or out. There was evidently not a little business going forward. But although, to all appearance, a flourishing concern, the proprietor of the establishment was surprised to find that he was continually pinched in his circumstances. No matter what was the amount of business transacted over the counter, he never got any richer.

The period referred to, shop-keeping had not attained that degree of organization, with regard to counter-men and cashiers, which now distinguishes the great houses of trade. The primary point was not yet superseded. This was the weak point in Harvey's arrangements; and not to make a needless number of clerks about it, the poor man was regularly robbed by a shop-boy whose dexterity in pitching a guinea into the drawer, so as to make it jump, unseen, with a jerk into his hand, was worthy of Dobbler, or any other master of the sublime art of juggling.

Harvey was long in discovering how he was pinched. At length the name of the person who was preying on his earnings was not a young man. He was between forty and fifty years of age, and had been in various situations, where he had given satisfaction, except on the score of being somewhat of a somewhat irritable. Privately, he was a man of loose habits, and for years his extravagances had been paid for by propitiatingly abstracted from his too-confiding master. Slowly, in the reality of such wickedness, Mr Harvey could scarcely entertain the suspicions which began to dawn on his mind. At length all doubt was at an end. He detected the thief carrying off goods to a considerable amount. The man was tried at the Old Bailey for the offence, but through a technical informality in the indictment, was acquitted.

Unable to find employment, and with a character gone, the thief did become savage, revengeful, and desperate. In attributing his fall to his own irregularities, he considered

his late employer as the cause of his ruin; and now he bent all the energies of his dark nature to destroy the reputation of the man whom he had betrayed and plundered. Of all the beings self-delivered to the rule of unscrupulous malignity, with whom it has been my fate to come professionally in contact, I never knew one so utterly fiendish as this discomfited pilferer.

Pre-occupied with his imaginary wrongs, he formed the determination to labor, even if it were for years, to ruin his victim. Nothing short of death should divert him from this, the darling object of his existence.

Animated by these diabolical passions, Cartwright proceeded to his work. Harvey, he had too good reasons to know, was indebted to persons who had made him advances; and by means of artfully-concocted anonymous letters, evidently written by some one conversant with the matter on which he wrote, he succeeded in alarming the haberdasher's creditors. The consequences were—demands of immediate payment, and, in spite of the debtor's explanations and promises, writs, heavy law expenses, ruinous sacrifices, and ultimate bankruptcy. It may seem almost too marvellous for belief, but the story of this terrible revenge and its consequences is no fiction. Every incident in my narrative is true, and the whole may be found in hard outline in the records of the courts, with which a few years ago I was familiar.

The humiliated and distressed feelings of Harvey and his family may be left to the imagination. When he found himself a ruined man, I dare say his mental sufferings were sufficiently acute. Yet he did not sit down in despair. To re-establish himself in business in England appeared hopeless; but America presented itself as a scene where industry might find a reward; and, by the kindness of some friends, he was enabled to make preparations to emigrate with his wife and children. Toward the end of February he quitted London for one of the great sea-ports, where he was to embark for Boston. On arriving there with his family, Mr. Harvey took up his abode at a principal hotel. This, in a man of straitened means, was doubtless imprudent; but he afterwards attempted to explain the circumstance, by saying that, as the ship in which he had engaged his passage was to sail on the day after his arrival, he had preferred incurring a slight additional expense rather than that his wife—who was now, with languid spirits, nursing an infant—should be exposed to coarse associations and personal discomfort. In the expectation, however, of being only one night in the hotel, Harvey was unfortunately disappointed. Ship-masters, especially those commanding emigrant vessels, were then, as now, habitual promise-breakers, and although each succeeding sun was to light them on their way, it was fully a fortnight before the ship stood out to sea. By that time a second and more dire reverse had occurred in the fortune of luckless Harvey.

Cartwright, whose appetite for vengeance was but whetted by his first success, had never lost sight of his victim; and now he had followed him to the place of his embarkation, with an eager but undefined purpose of working him some further and more deadly mischief. Stealthily he hovered about the house which sheltered the unconscious object of his malicious hate, plotting, as he afterwards confessed, the wildest schemes for satiating his revenge. Several times he made excuses for calling at the hotel, in the hope of observing the nature of the premises, taking care, however, to avoid being seen by Mr. Harvey or his family. A fortnight passed away, and the day of the departure of the emigrants arrived without the slightest opportunity occurring for the gratification of his purposes. The ship was leaving her berth; most of the passengers were on board; Mrs. Harvey and the children, with nearly the whole of their luggage, were already safely in the vessel; Mr. Harvey only remained on shore to purchase some trifling articles, and to settle his bill at the hotel on removing his last trunk. Cartwright had tracked him all day; he could not attack him in the street; and he finally followed him to the hotel, in order to wreak his vengeance on him in his private apartment, of the situation of which he had informed himself.

Harvey entered the hotel first, and before Cartwright came up he had gone down a passage into the bar to settle the bill he had incurred for the last two days. Not aware of this circumstance, Cartwright, in the bustle which prevailed, went up stairs to Mr. Harvey's bed-room and parlor, in neither of which did he find the occupant, and he turned away discomfited. Passing along towards the chief stair-case, he perceived a room of which the door was open, and that on the table there lay a gold watch and appendages. Nobody was in the apartment; the gentleman who occupied it had only a few minutes before gone to his bed-cham-

ber for a brief space. Quick as lightning a thought flashed through the brain of the villain, who had been baffled in his original intentions. He recollected that he had seen a trunk in Harvey's room, and that the keys hung in the lock. An inconceivable short space of time served for him to seize the watch, to deposit it at the bottom of Harvey's trunk, and to quit the hotel by a back stair, which led by a short cut to the harbor. The whole transaction was done unperceived, and the wretch at least departed unnoticed.

Having finished his business at the bar, Mr. Harvey repaired to his room, locked his trunk, which being of a small and handy size, he mounted on his shoulder, and proceeded to leave the back stair, in order to get as quick as possible to the vessel. Little thought he of the interruption which was to be presented to his departure. He had not got as far as the foot of the stair with his burden, when he was overtaken by a waiter, who declared that he was going to leave the house clandestinely without settling accounts. It is proper to mention that Mr. Harvey had incurred the enmity of this particular waiter, in consequence of having out of his slender resources, given him two annual gratuities on the occasion of paying a former bill, and not aware of the second bill being settled, the waiter was rather glad to have the opportunity of charging him with a fraudulent design. In vain Mr. Harvey remonstrated, saying he had paid for everything. The waiter would not believe his statement, and detained him till he should hear better about it.

"Let me go, fellow; I insist upon it!" said Mr. Harvey, burning with indignation. "I am already too late."

"Not a step, till I ask master if accounts are equated."

At this moment, while the altercation was the hottest, a terrible ringing of bells was heard, and above stairs was a loud noise of voices, and of feet running to and fro. A chambermaid came hurriedly down the stair, exclaiming that some one had stolen a gold watch from No. 17, and that nobody ought to leave the house till it was found. The landlord also, moved by the hurricane which had been raised, made his appearance at the spot where Harvey had been interrupted in his exit.

"What on earth is all this noise about, John?" inquired the landlord of the waiter.

"Why, sir, I thought it rather strange for any gentleman to leave the house by the back way, carrying his own portmanteau, and so I was making a little breeze about it, fearing he had not paid his bill, when all of a sudden Sally rushes down stairs, and says as how member No. 17 has missed his gold watch, and that no one should quit the hotel."

No. 17, an old, dry-looking military gentleman, in a particularly high passion, now showed himself on the scene, uttering terrible threats of legal proceedings against the house for the loss he had sustained.

Harvey was stupefied and indignant, yet he could hardly help smiling at the police.

"What," said he, "have I to do with all this? I have paid for everything, I am surely entitled to go if I like. Remember, that if I lose my passage to Boston, you shall answer for it."

"I very much regret detaining you, sir," said the keeper of the hotel, "but you hear there has been a robbery committed within the last few minutes, and as it will be proper to search every one in the house, surely you, who are on the point of departure, will have no objection to being searched first, and then be at liberty to go!"

There was something so perfectly reasonable in all this, that Harvey stepped into an adjoining parlor, and threw upon his trunk for inspection, never dreaming that his innocence would be immediately manifest.

The waiter whose mean rapacity had been the cause of the detention, acted as examiner. He pulled one article after another out of the trunk and at length—horror of horrors!—held up the missing watch with a look of triumph and scorn!

"Who put that there?" cried Harvey, in an agony of mind which can be better imagined than described. "Who has done me this grievous wrong? I know nothing as to how the watch came in my trunk."

No one answered this appeal. All present stood for a moment in gloomy silence.

"Sir," said the landlord to Harvey on recovering from his surprise, "I am in sorrow for you. For the sake of a miserable trifle, you have brought ruin and disgrace on yourself. This is a matter which concerns the honor of my house, and cannot stop