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RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

FLINT JACKSON.

[continued.]

I was impressed with a belief that Jackson entertained some sinister design against his youthful and inexperienced lodgers, and I determined to acquaint them with my suspicions. For this purpose, Mr. Morgan, who had a patient living near Jackson's house, undertook to invite them to tea on some early evening, on the pretence that he had heard of a tavern that might suit them when they should receieve their fortune. Let me confess, too, that I had another design besides putting the young people on their guard against Jackson. I thought it very probable that it would not be difficult to glean from them some interesting and suggestive particulars concerning the ways, means, practices, outgoings and incomings, of their worthy landlord's household.

Four more days passed unprofitably away, and I was becoming weary of the business, when about five o'clock in the afternoon the apothecary gallopped up to his door on a borrowed horse, jumped off with surprising celerity, and, with a face as white as his own magnesia, burst out as he hurried into the room where I was sitting: "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Henry Rogers has been poisoned, and by his wife!"

"Poisoned!"

"Yes, poisoned; although, thanks to my being on the spot, I think he will recover.—But I must instantly to Dr. Edwards: I will tell you all when I return."

The promised "all" was this: Morgan was passing slowly by Jackson's house, in the hope of seeing either Mr. or Mrs. Rogers, when the servant-woman, Jane Riddet, ran out, and begged him to come in, as their lodger had been taken suddenly ill. Ill indeed! The surface of his body was as cold as death, and the apothecary quickly discovered that he had been poisoned with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol,) a quantity of which he, Morgan, had sold a few days previously to Mrs. Rogers, who, when purchasing it, said Mr. Jackson wanted it to apply to some warts that annoyed him. Morgan fortunately knew the proper remedy, and desired Jackson, who was in the room, and seemingly very anxious and flurried, to bring some soap instantly, a solution of which he proposed to give immediately to the dying man. The woman-servant was gone to find Mrs. Rogers, who had left about ten minutes before, having first made the tea in which the poison had been taken. Jackson hurried out of the apartment, but was gone so long that Morgan, becoming impatient, scraped a quantity of plaster off the wall, and administered it with the best effect. At last Jackson came back, and said there was unfortunately not a particle of soap in the house. A few minutes afterwards the young wife, alarmed at the woman-servant's tidings, flew into the room in an agony of alarm and grief. Simulated alarm, crocodile grief, Mr. Morgan said; for there could, in his opinion, be no doubt that she had attempted to destroy her husband. Mr. Jackson, on being questioned, peremptorily denied that he had ever desired Mrs. Rogers to procure sulphuric acid for him, or had received any from her—a statement which so confounded the young woman that she instantly fainted. The upshot was that Mrs. Rogers was taken into custody, and lodged in prison.

This terrible news flew through Farnham like wild-fire. In a few minutes it was upon everybody's tongue: the hints of the quarrelsome life the young couple led, artfully spread by Jackson, were recalled, and no doubt appeared to be entertained of the truth of the dreadful charge. I had no doubt either, but my conviction was not that of the Farnham folk. This, then, was the solution of the struggle I had seen going on in Jackson's mind; this the realization of the dark thought which I had imperfectly read in the sinister glances of his restless eyes. He had intended to destroy both the husband and the wife—the one by poison, and the other by law! Doubtless, then, the £1,500 had been obtained, and this was the wretched man's internal device for retaining it! I went over with Morgan early the next morning to see the patient, and found that, thanks to the prompt antidote administered, and Dr. Edward's subsequent active treatment, he was rapidly recovering. The still-suffering young man, I was glad to find, would not believe for a moment in his wife's guilt. I watched the looks and movements of Jackson attentively—a scrutiny which he, now aware of my vocation, by no means appeared to relish.

'Pray,' said I, suddenly addressing Riddett, the woman servant—'pray, how did it happen that you had no soap in such a house as this yesterday evening?'

'No soap!' echoed the woman with a stare of surprise. 'Why'——

'No—no soap,' hastily broke in her master with loud and menacing emphasis.—'There was not a morsel in the house. I bought some afterwards in Farnham.'

The cowed and bewildered woman slunk away. I was more than satisfied; and judging by Jackson's countenance, which changed beneath my look to the colour of the lime-washed wall against which he stood, he surmised what I was.

My conviction, however, was not evidence, and I felt that I should need even more than my wonted good fortune to bring the black crime to the real perpetrator. For the present, at all events, I must keep silence—a resolve I found hard to persist in at the examination of the accused wife, an hour or two afterwards, before the county magistrates—Jackson had hardened himself to iron, and gave his lying evidence with ruthless self-possession. He had *not* desired Mrs Rogers to purchase sulphuric acid; had *not* received any from her. In addition also to this testimony that she and her husband were always quarrelling, it was proved by a respectable person that high words had passed between them on the evening previous to the day the criminal offence was committed and that foolish passionate expressions had escaped about wishing to be rid of such a drunken wretch. This evidence, combined with the medical testimony, appeared so conclusive to the magistrates, that spite of the unfortunate woman's wild protestations of innocence, and the rending agony which convulsed her frame, and almost choked her utterance, she was remanded to prison till that day week, when, the magistrates informed her, she would be again brought up for the merely formal completion of the depositions, and be then fully committed on the capital charge.

I was greatly disturbed, and walked for two or three hours about the quiet neighbourhood of Farnham, resolving a hundred fragments of schemes for bringing the truth to light, without arriving at any feasible conclusion.—One only mode of procedure seemed to offer, and that but dimly, a hope of success. It was, however, the best I could hit upon, and I directed my steps towards the Farnham prison. Sarah Purday had not yet, I remembered been removed from the county jail at Clifford

"Is Sarah Purday," I asked the turnkey, "more reconciled to her position than she was?"

"She's just the same—bitter as gall, and venomous as a viper."

This woman, I should state, was a person of fierce will and strong passions, and in early life had been respectably situated.

"Just step into her cell," I continued, "upon some excuse or other, and carelessly drop a hint that if she could prevail upon Jackson to get her brought by *habeas* before a judge in London, there could be no doubt of her being bailed

The man stared, but after a few words of pretended explanation, went off to do as I requested. He was not long gone. "She's all in a twitteration at the thoughts of it," he said and must have pen, ink, paper without a moment's consequence!

These were supplied; and I was soon in possession of her letter, couched cautiously but more peremptorily than the former one. I need hardly say it did not reach its destination. She passed the next day in feverish impatience; and, no answer returning, wrote again, her words this time conveying an evident though indistinct threat. I refrained from visiting her till two days had thus passed, and found her, as I expected, eaten up with fury. She glared at me as I entered the cell like a chained tigress.

"You appear vexed," I said, "no doubt because Jackson declines to get you bailed.—He ought not to refuse you such trifling service, considering all things"

All what things? replied the woman, eyeing me fiercely.

That you know best, though I have a shrewd guess.

What do you guess? and what are you driving at?

I will deal frankly with you Sarah Purday. In the first place, you must plainly perceive that your *friend* Jackson has cast you off—abandoned you to your fate; and that fate will, there can be no doubt, be transportation!

Well, she impatiently snarled," suppose so; what then?

This—that you can help yourself in this difficulty by helping me.

As how?

In the first place, give the means of convicting Jackson of having received the stolen property.

Ha! How do you know that?

Oh, I know it very well—as well almost as you do. But this is not my chief object; there is another, far more important one, and I ran over the incidents relative to the attempt at poisoning. "Now," I resumed. "tell me if you will, your opinion on this matter."

That it was Jackson administered the poison, and certainly not the young woman," she replied with vengeful promptness.

"My own conviction! This, then, is my proposition: you are sharp-witted, and know this fellow's ways, habits, and propensities thoroughly—I, too, have heard something of them—and it strikes me that you could suggest some plan, some device grounded on that knowledge, whereby the truth might come to light."

The woman looked fixedly at me for some time without speaking. As I meant fairly and honestly by her, I could bear her gaze without shrinking.

Supposing I could assist you, she at last said, how would that help me?

It would help you greatly. You would no doubt be still convicted of the burglary, for the evidence is irresistible; but if in the meantime you should have been instrumental in saving the life of a innocent person, and of bringing a great criminal to justice, that the Queen's mercy would be extended to you, and the punishment be merely a nominal one

If I were sure of that, she murmured with a burning scrutiny in her eyes, which were still fixed upon my countenance—if I were sure of that! But you are misleading me.

Believe me, I am not. I speak in perfect sincerity. Take time to consider the matter I will look in again in about an hour; and pray do not forget that it is your sole and last chance?

I felt her, and did not return till more than three hours had passed away. Sarah Purday was pacing the cell in a frenzy of inquietude.

I thought you had forgotten me. Now, she continued with rapid vehemence tell me, on your word and honour as a man, do you truly believe that if I can effectually assist you it will avail me with Her Majesty?

I am as positive it will as I am of my own life

Well, then, I *will* assist you. First, then Jackson was a confederate with Dawkins and myself, and received the plate and jewelry, for which he paid us less than one third of the value.

Rogers and his wife were not, I hope, cognizant of this?

Certainly not; but Jackson's wife and the woman servant, Riddet, were. I have been turning the other business over in my mind, she continued, speaking with increasing emotion and rapidity; and oh, believe me, Mr. Waters, if you can, that it is not solely a selfish motive which induces me to aid in saving Mary Rogers from destruction. I was once myself—— Ah God!

Tears welled up to the fierce eyes, but they were quickly brushed away, and she continued somewhat more calmly: You have heard, I dare say, that Jackson has a strange habit of talking in his sleep?——

I have, and that he once consulted Morgan as to whether there was any cure for it. It was that which partly suggested——

It is, I believe, a mere fancy of his, she interrupted; or at any rate the habit is not so frequent, nor what he says so intelligible, as he thoroughly believes and fears it, from some former circumstance to be. His dear wife cannot undeceive him, and he takes care never even to close except in her presence only.

This is not, then, so promising as I hoped Have patience. It is full of promise, as we will manage. Every evening Jackson frequents a low gambling-house, where he almost invariably wins small sums at cards by craft, no doubt, as he never drinks there When he returns home at about ten o'clock, his constant practice is to go into the front parlour, where his wife is sure to be sitting at that hour. He carefully locks the door helps himself to brandy and water—plentifully of late—and falls asleep in his arm chair; and there they both doze away, sometimes till one or two—always till past 12.

Well; but I do not see how—

[concluded in our next]

Hints on the Treatment of Cows.

CURRYING—Cattle are well known to thrive much better where this operation is thoroughly performed; and Dr Bosh, in a lecture upon the advantages of studying the diseases of domestic animals, states that there is an improvement in the quality of the milk, and an increase in its quantity, which are obtained by currying the cow.

MILKING—Be assured by experience of the truth of the saying, that "one cow well milked is worth two badly milked."

CURWEN, from three acres of grass, cut and fed to thirty milk cows 28 lbs. each day for 200 days. Their health was excellent, and their milk superior.

MILK CLEAN.—The first drawn milk contains only 5, the second 8, and fifth 17 per cent. of cream.

KICKING.—If the milker will keep his nails short, not one cow in a hundred will kick.

DRINK.—Those who wish their cows to give large messes of milk in the winter season should give them warm drink. The extra trouble will be more than repaid by the increased quantity of milk.

IN MILKING, be kind and soothing; the cow will give down her milk more freely

CREAM.—Do not milk so far from the dairy as to let the milk cool before it is put in the creaming dishes.

DEEP SOIL AND DEEP ROOTS.

A working farmer says, 'I have seen the roots of strawberries extend five feet down into a rich deep soil, and those plants bore a crop or fruit five times, and twice as handsome and good as the common produce of the soil only one foot deep.'

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—A late number of the London Times has the following letter from Capt. Penny, which is entirely new and of much interest:

SIR,—I have lately been at Peterhead (my native place,) and have learnt a very important fact, which I am sure you will think of sufficient interest to make known to the public, from my old acquaintance, Capt. Martin, who, when commanding the whaler Enterprise, was the last person to communicate

The Enterprise was alongside the Erebus in Melville Bay, and Sir John invited Capt. Martin to dine with him, which the latter declined doing as the wind was fair to go south. Sir John, while conversing with Captain Martin, told him that he had five years' provisions, which he could make last seven, and his people were engaged salting down birds, of which they had several casks full already, and twelve men were out shooting more.

To see such determination and foresight at that early period is really wonderful, and must give us the greatest hopes.

I asked Capt. Martin why he had not mentioned this before? He said that he did not at first think it of any importance, and that, when Lady Franklin was at Peterhead about two years ago, he did not like to intrude upon her ladyship, not having the honor of knowing her, during her short stay. He is a man of the strictest integrity, whose word I can depend upon. He has an independent fortune, which he got by the fishing.

I hope you will give this a place in your columns, as I am sure it will give general satisfaction. Your most obedient servant,

Aberdeen, Dec. 20. WILLIAM PENNY.

MUNICIPAL INSTITUTIONS AND THE ROAD LAWS IN CANADA.—The "Montreal Herald" of the 11th instant, contains the subjoined article, which, as it conveys facts of general interest to New Brunswick at the present time, we transfer to our columns:—

"A subscriber in New Brunswick asks us several questions respecting our municipal & our road laws. We will endeavour to forward the U. C. Municipal Act, which is more perfect and satisfactory on the whole than that for Lower Canada, though the people complain of it being somewhat too complicated. As to the roads, we reply, that since the establishment of what is called Responsible Government, no money bill can be introduced into the House, except with the direct approbation of the Governor General, which is communicated by one of the Ministers when the measure passes its second reading in the Lower House. In other words, no money can be granted except upon a proposal made directly or indirectly (almost always directly) by a Minister of the Crown. There is, however, nothing in the understood rules, which makes up what is called our constitution to prevent Ministers bringing in grants for roads, as for any other purposes, and after the establishment of the new system, a very large part of the loan of £1,500,000 which was accorded by the Imperial Government, with a view to the completion of the canals, was expended in turnpike roads, in different parts of the country—almost in every instance by way of bribe. None of these roads have paid the interest on their cost, and many not even the expense of repairs, and last year the whole of them were sold or let on long leases, subject to the condition of maintaining them in repair, and keeping the tolls at the old rates. In one or two instances, very splendid roads, but which had been an unusual expense, have been thus disposed of for the nominal price of a dollar; not without loud accusations of favoritism, which were, perhaps, not very just against the Ministry, who had let them go on such terms into the hands of their partizans. At present, though there is no constitutional rule to prevent it, it is an understood thing that no more is to be expended on mere local roads out of the Provincial purse, and in Upper Canada no one thinks of such a thing, though there is generally a cloud of applications for such appropriations every session from Lower Canada. Under the U. C. Municipal Act, the municipalities are allowed to borrow money for such improvements, and they are almost all availing themselves of the privilege, so that a great impetus has been given to the extension of local communications.

THEORY OF MARRIAGE.—There was a merry fellow supped with Plato two thousand years ago, and the conversation turned upon love and the choice of wives. He said "he had learned from a very early tradition that man was created male and female, with a duplicate set of limbs, and performed his locomotive functions with a rotary movement as a wheel; that he became in consequence so excessively insolent that Jupiter, indignant, split him in two. Since that time each runs through the world in quest of the other half. If the original halves meet, they are a very loving couple, otherwise they are subject to a miserable, scolding, peevish, and uncongenial matrimony, The search, he said, was rendered difficult, for the reason that one man alighted upon a half that did not belong to him, another did necessarily the same, till the whole affair was thrown into irretrievable confusion.

[Correspondence of the London Times.]

VIENNA, Dec. 24.

I am unable to affirm that Louis Napoleon was assisted by the counsels of Austria before the late catastrophe, but I know that M. de Hubner was a personage near at the Elysee.—It is universally believed in diplomatic circles here that the President's confidential friend, if not his occasional counsellor, was M. de Kisseleff, the Russian Minister at Paris. As long as things were in suspense in France, the northern Powers were unable to carry out their plans for bringing the continental nations as completely under the yoke as they were before the revolution of 1848, but now that the President has succeeded in establishing a military government, and all resistance appears impossible, the long cherished plan will soon be brought to light; it is entirely to abolish so-called constitutional government on the continent. The following extract from a short article in the Lloyd of to-day, will give you a foretaste of what England has to expect:—

"Notes, complaining of the dangerous support given to political fugitives in England, were presented by the representatives of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the German Confederation at the British Foreign Office on the 12th. A similar note was also handed by the Baud to Lord Cowley at Frankfort. Austria will not hesitate to adopt measures which will make it inconvenient and difficult for Englishmen to travel in the Austrian States as long as the just complaints of the Imperial Government are not attended to in London, and an organized communication between all the continental states is carried on under the protection of the law. The English will have the less to complain, as the duration of the measure will depend on themselves."

From what I hear, I am induced to believe that the Northern Powers will not rest until the Sardinian Government has followed their example, and the Liberal Party in Switzerland has been crushed

A CHRISTENING SCENE. BEARD OR NO BEARD?—At the episcopal church, in the township of Cavan, on Sunday, June 1, a scene occurred which caused the assembled congregation a good deal of merriment, and of which the following is descriptive:—Mr. M'L—, a parishioner, brought to be christened, during the service, twin boys.—Another parishioner, Mr. T—, brought, at the same time, a little girl to receive the same ordinance. The three children and their sponsers being arranged for the ceremony, the rev rector first took up in his arms the girl, possibly deeming her entitled to precedence. However, not so the father of the boys, for he immediately objected saying, "Mr A—, that won't do: it cannot be, sir; I object to the girl being christened first." The parson, not giving much heed to this abrupt interference, was about to proceed with the subject he had possession of, when Mr. M'L—caught hold of the girl, and declared he would not submit to it, The parson then demanded his reason for objecting; to which he replied in a very determined tone, that it was held in Scotland that if a girl was christened before a boy she would be graced with a beard, while a boy would be destitute of such a masculine appendage; and he said his wife held this doctrine strongly, and therefore the boy must be done first. The rector was firm, and said that as he had the girl already in his arms he should proceed first with her; he did so, and the amused congregation seemed somewhat surprised to see the sturdy yeoman from the land of covenanters yield the point without further resistance.—Toronto Mirror.

An amusing Anecdote.—The Archbishop of Dublin tells of a horseman who having lost his way, made a complete circle: when the first round was finished, seeing the marks of a horse's hoofs and never dreaming that they were of his own beast rejoiced and said, 'This, at least, shows me he that I am in some track;' when the second circuit was finished, the signs of travel were doubled, and he said, 'Now, surely, I am in a beaten way,' and, with the conclusion of every round, the marks increased, till he was certain he must be in some frequented thoroughfare and approaching a populous town; but all the while he was riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the track of his own error. So it may be with great men who pursue their own tales in dinner circuits, newspapers and reviews, repeating the same error until they become so misguided by it, as to take the impression of their own devmations for proof that they were going right.

A British company is forming, and has applied for an act of incorporation for establishing steam communication between the west coast of Ireland and the United States. The association is to be called the European and American Steam Packet Company, and is advertised in the London Times.

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