

restored my elevant laundress to a state of comparative composure, when the distressed lady informed me that her daughter, her only child, had been missing for several days, and that, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of herself, her lawyer, and her friends, she had been unable to obtain the smallest intelligence respecting her beloved Mary. She had been to the police offices, had advertised in the newspapers, had personally inquired of all her friends and acquaintance, yet every exertion had resulted in disappointment.

'Every body pities me, but no one suggests a means of finding my darling, and I am almost distracted—She left me one evening—it was quite early—to carry a present to the candle-shop woman, who was so kind to us when I was left a destitute widow. My dear girl had but three streets to go, and ran out without a cloak or shawl; she made her gift to the poor woman, and instantly set out to return home—She never reached home—and, was I not to fear she never will! The magistrates at the police office said, that she had eloped with some sweetheart, my Mary loved no one but her mother—and my heart tells me that my child could not willingly abandon her widowed parent for any new affection that might have entered her young breast. She had no followers—we were never for one hour apart, and I know every thought of her innocent mind. One gentleman—he said he was a parson—called on me this morning, to administer consolation: yet he hinted that my poor girl had probably committed self destruction—that the light of grace had suddenly burst upon her soul, and the sudden knowledge of her sinful state had been too much for her to bear, and, in desperation, she hurried from the world. Alas! if my poor Mary is indeed no more, it was not by her own act that she appeared in haste before her Maker—God loved the little girl that he had made so good: the light of heavenly happiness glistened in her bright and pretty eyes; and she was too fond of this world's beauties, and the delights of life showered by the Almighty upon his children, to think of repaying Him by gloom and suicide! No, no! Upon her bended knees, mornning and night, she prayed to her Father in Heaven that His will might be done; her religion, like her life, was simple, but pure. She was not of the creed professed by him who thought to cheer a parent's broken heart by speaking of a daughter's shameful death.'

'The plain, but careful eloquence of the poor lady excited my warmest sympathy. She had called on me for advice; but I resolved to give her my personal assistance, and exert all my faculties in clearing up this mystery. She denied the probability of any one being concerned in kidnapping, or conveying away her daughter—for, as she simply expressed herself, she was too insignificant to have created an enemy of such importance.

I had a friend in the police department—a man who suffered not his intimacy with the villainy of the world to dull the humanities of nature. At the period of my tale, he was but little known, and the claims of a large family pressed hard upon him; yet his enemies have been unable to affix a stain upon his busy life.—He has since attained a height of reputation that must ensure a sufficient income; he is established as the head of the private police of London—a body of men possessing rare and wonderful attainments. To this man I went; and in a few words, excited his sympathy for the heart-stricken mother, and obtained a promise of his valuable assistance.

'The mother is rich, said I, 'and if successful in your search, I can warrant you a larger reward than the sum total of your last year's earnings.'

'A powerful inducement, I confess,' replied L.—'but my professional pride is roused; it is a case deserving attention from its apparent inexplicability—to say nothing of the mother's misery, and that is something to a father and a son.'

I mentioned every particular connected with the affair, and as he declined visiting Mrs. Lobenstein's house, invited her to a conference with the officer at my lodgings, where he was made acquainted with many a curious item that seemed to have no connexion with the subject we were in consultation upon. But this minute curiosity pleased the mother, and she went on her way rejoicing, for she was satisfied in her own mind that the officer would discover the fate of her child. Strange to say, although L. declared that he had possessed not the slightest clue, this feeling on the part of the mother daily became stronger; a presentiment of the officer's success became the leading feature of her life; and she waited for many days with a placid face and a contented mind. The prophetic fancies of her maternal heart were confirmed; and L. eventually restored the pretty Mary to her mother's arms.

About ten days after the consultation, he called on me, and reported progress—requiring my presence at the police office for the purpose of making the affidavit necessary for the procurement of a search warrant.

'I have been hard at work,' said he, 'and if I have not found out where the young lady is concealed, I

have at least made a singular discovery. My own inquiries in the mother's neighbourhood were not attended with any success, I therefore sent my wife, a shrewd woman, and well adapted for the business. She went without a shawl or bonnet, as if she had stepped out from an adjacent house, into the baker's, the grocer's, the chandler's, and the beer shop; and while making her trifling purchase, she asked in a careless gussapping way, if any intelligence of Miss Lobenstein had been obtained? every body was willing to talk of such a remarkable circumstance; and my wife listened patiently to many different versions of the story, but without obtaining any useful intelligence. One day, the last attempt that I had determined she should make, she observed that a huxter woman, who was standing in a baker's shop when the question was discussed, betrayed a violence of speech against the bereaved parent, and seemed to rejoice in her misfortunes. The womanly feeling of the rest of the gossips put down her inhuman chuckings, but my wife, with considerable tact, I must say, joined the huxter in her vituperation, rightly judging that there must be some peculiar reason for disliking a lady who seems generally esteemed, and who was then suffering under an affliction the most distressing to a female heart. The huxter invited my wife to walk down the street with her.

'I say—are you one of Joe's gang?' whispered the huxter.

'Yes,' said my wife.

'I thought so, when I saw you grinning at the fat old Dutchee's trouble. Did Joe come down with the rhino pretty well to you about this business?'

'Not to me,' said my wife at a venture.

'Nor to me neither, the shabby varmint. Where was your post?'

'This question rather bothered my wife, but she answered,

'I swore not to tell.'

'Oh, stiff! they've got the girl, and it's all over now, in course, though Sal Brown who giv'd Joe the information about the girl, says that five pounds won't stop her mouth, when there's a hundred offered for the information—so we thought of splitting upon Joe, and touching the rhino. If you knows any more nor we do, and can make your share of the work, you may join our party, and come in for your whacks.'

'Well, I know a good deal, if I liked to tell it—what do you know?'

'Why, I know that four of us were employed to watch when Miss Lobenstein went out in the evening without her mother, and to let Joe know directly; and I know that we did watch for six months and more; and when Sal Brown did let him know, that the girl was missing that same night, and na't been heard of since.'

'But do you know where she is?' said my wife in a whisper.

'Well, I can't say that I do. My stall is at the corner near the mother's house; and Sal Brown was walking past, up and down the street, a following her profession. She's of opinion that the girl has been sent over the herring pond to some place abroad; but my idea is that she a'n't far off, for Joe hasn't been away many hours together, I know.'

'My wife declared that she was acquainted with every particular, and would join them in forcing Joe to be more liberal in his disbursements, or give him up to justice and claim the reward. She regretted that she was compelled to go to Hersey to her mother for the next few days, but agreed to call at the huxter's stall immediately on her return.

There was one point more that my wife wished to obtain. 'I saw the girl alone one night when it was quite dark, but Joe was not to be found when I went after him. Where did Sal Brown meet with him when she told of the girl?'

'Why, at the Blue Lion beer shop, to be sure,' said the other.

'I was waiting in the neighbourhood, well disguised. I received my wife's valuable information, and in a few minutes was sitting in the tap room of the Blue Lion, a humble public house of inferior pretensions. I was dressed in a shooting jacket, breeches, and gaiters, with a shot belt and powder horn slung around me. A huge pair of red whiskers circled my face, and a dark red shock of hair peeped from the sides of my broad rimmed hat. I waited in the dull room, stinking of beer and tobacco till the house closed for the night, but heard nothing of my Joe, although I listened attentively to the conversation of the meekers, a very strange, uncouth set, entirely composed of the lower order of the labourer, and seemingly unacquainted with each other.

'The whole of the next day, I lounged about the sanded tap room, and smoked my pipe, and drank my beer in silent gloominess. The landlord asked me a few questions, but when his curiosity was satisfied, he left me to myself. I pretended to be a runaway game-keeper, hiding from my master's anger, for selling his game without permission. The story satisfied the

host, but I saw nothing of any stranger, nor did I hear any of the old faces called by the name I wished to hear. One of my visitors was an ill-looking, thick set fellow, and kept up a continual whispering with the landlord—I made sure that he was my man, when to my great regret I heard him hailed by the name of George.

'I was standing inside the bar, chattering with the landlord, and setting for my pipes and my beer, when a good looking, fresh coloured, smiling faced young fellow, danced into the bar, and was immediately saluted by the host, 'hallo, JOE, where have you been these two days?'

'Heavy business on hand, my buck—occupies all my time, but pays well. So give us a mug of your best, and never mind the expense.'

'I had no doubt but this was my man. I entered into conversation with him, in my assumed manner, and my knowledge of the Somersetshire dialect materially assisted my disguise. Joe was evidently a sharp witted fellow, who knew exactly what he was about. All my endeavours to draw him into talking of his own avocations completely failed; he would laugh, drink, and chatter, but not a word relative to the business that occupied his time could I induce him to utter.

'Who's going to the hop in St. John street?' said the lively Joe. 'I mean to have eighteen penny-worth of shake-a-log there to night, and have it directly too, for I must be back at my place at day-break.'

'This was enough for me. I walked with Joe to the vicinity of the dancing rooms, when, pleading a prior engagement, I quitted him, and returned home. My disguise was soon completely altered; my red wig and whiskers, drab hat and shooting dress were exchanged for a suit of black, with a small French cloak of dark cloth, and plain black hat. Thus attired I watched the entrance of the humble ball room, fearing that my man might leave it at an early period, for I knew not how far he had to journey to his place in the country, where he was compelled to be by the break of day.

'I walked the pavement of the street for six hours, and was obliged to make myself known to the watchman to prevent his interference, for he doubted the honesty of my intentions. Just before the dawn of day, my friend Joe, who seemed determined to have enough dancing for his money, appeared in the street with a lady on each arm. I had to keep him in sight till I had escorted the damsels to their domiciles; when, buttoning up his coat, and pressing his hat over his brows, he walked forward with a determined pace. I followed him at a convenient distance. I felt that he was in my power—that I was on the point of tracing the mystery of the girl's disappearance, and ascertaining the place of her detention.

'Joe walked rapidly towards Shoreditch Church. It was within a hundred feet of him, when the early Cambridge coach dashed down the Kingsland Road. Joe seized the guard's hold at the side of the back seat, placed his feet on the hind spring, and in one moment was on the top of the coach, and trundling away from me at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

'I was beaten. It was impossible for me to overtake the coach. I thought of hiring a hack, but the rapid progress of the stage defied all idea of overtaking it. I returned dejected to my home.

'My courage rose with the conception of fresh schemes. In the course of the day, I called on a friend, a stage coachman, and telling him some of the particulars of my object, asked him to introduce me to the driver of the Cambridge coach. I met him on his return to town the next day, and, by the help of my friend, overcame his repugnance to talk with strangers respecting the affairs of his passengers. I learnt at last, that Joe never travelled more than half a dozen miles, but Elliott, the coachman, was unable to say who he was, or where he went to. My plan was soon arranged, and Elliott was bribed to assist me.

[To be continued.]

#### LAND FOR SALE.

**500** ACRES of Excellent LAND, at Kempst Town, in the County of Colchester, near the head of Salmon River, westward of the road leading from Salmon River to Earl Town, about 4 miles North of Mr John Archibald's Inn. The said lot was originally granted to Robert Jerrat and Margaret Lindney. The Land is mostly covered with hardwood and spruce, and is surrounded with good soil, sufficient to make a thriving Settlement in a few years. Two families now reside within three quarters of a mile of said Lot, and others are about to settle in its vicinity. As the Land has lately been surveyed, and lines marked by Mr Alexander Miller, Deputy Surveyor, Turo, persons wishing to purchase may apply to him, or to the subscriber by whom any further information can be given.

ROBERT DAWSON.

Pictou 1st December 1837.