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## COULDNT THINK WHERE

We met, though before I'd never seen him,  
It seemed that I knew him quite well;  
Though why it should be so, to save me,  
I never could certainly tell.

I saw his blue eyes fixed upon me,  
With a sort of a comical stare;  
I had seen them before, as I thought me;  
Though I certainly couldn't think where.

He spoke, and his voice seemed like music,  
A familiar, still long forgot strain;

And I listened, and listened, and wondered,

Then listened to hear it again.

Then I spoke, and no answer was given,

I know that it hardly was fair,

But I knew that before I had heard it,

And I tried, but I couldn't think where.

Then we parted, and months quickly fled,

Sent to the grave of the past;

Then we met, and the moments swift flying,

Were passing away all too fast.

And I gazed and I listened, and wondered,

With a feeling of happiness rare,

For I knew that before I had known him,

But I certainly couldn't think where.

And now that again we're divided,

I muse on each action, each word,

And I live over and over our last meeting,

And I think what I saw—what I heard,

And to me has come a great blessing,

A measure of bliss that is rare,

For—come nearer—I've learned to love him,

Though I certainly couldn't think where.

## MARY KINGSFORD;

OR,

THE STORY OF A DIAMOND BROOCH.

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE.

It was toward the Christmas holidays that I was hurriedly despatched on official business from London to Liverpool, but finding my visit fruitless, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate, fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly congealing snow greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately, the rate at which we were traveling was very slow, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just at the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We traveled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had traveled in the same compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such a finely-attired, fashionable gentleman should stoop to journey by the plebian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their condescension vanished at once.

To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of "swells," they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a "Parliamentary;" but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, collars, and cuffs, were ill fitting and second hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waist-coats; while the luxuriant mustaches and whiskers and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere *pieces d'occasion*—assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that.

I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman—girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshments—all of which I observed were perceptibly declined.

She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning, and from her timid gestures and averted head whenever either of the fellows addressed her, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fire-place at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much with her singular beauty, as an instantaneous conviction that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where and when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand with a rude familiarity upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy and water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow, and looking round as if for protection caught my eagerly fixed gaze.

"Mr. Waters!" she impressively ejaculated. "Oh, I am so glad!"

"Yes," I answered, "that is certainly my name, but I scarcely remember—Stand back, fellow!" I angrily counted, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirit he had drunk, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face towards her, still tendering the brandy and water.

"Stand back!" he replied by a curse and a threat.

The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all salied forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows who had followed them, and I found, already twice visited the shop; their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed to Sophie Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Heartly and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

"Quite entirely so," I almost stammered. "You know us, then?"

"Surely I do," she replied, reassured by my manner. "But you, it seems," she presently added with a winning smile, "have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford."

"Mary Kingsford!" I exclaimed almost with a shout. "Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have affected!"

"Do you think so? Not pretty Mary Kingsford now, then I suppose?" she added with a light, pleasant laugh.

"You know what I mean, you vain puss you!" I rejoined quite glibly, for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favorite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighborhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much-revered couple. The father was a gardener to Sir Poynt Dalgell, and her mother eked out his wages by a domestic servant. The blush with which she presented the letter, was, as I told very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionery with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smirking and smiling at the consuls with rude confidence; and Sophie Clarke was grieved to see, repeat their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on, and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it was then a few years had wrought in the water, with which I had been brought up, and was consequently with a strong emotion of pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expositations of his only son, relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter, was, as I told very eloquent.

Philip and Simpson, I observed, had

not been to the shop, but the

strong tide bore us outwards, and I glared round, in an inexpressible dismay, for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved.

Happily, right in the direction the tide was drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain-bridge. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, haloed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came a passer-by had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored; guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval clasped before we were safely hauled into an adjoining tavern.

A kindly change of dress, with which the landlady kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigor to my chilled and partially benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police officers had been sent for me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered toward me, and clinging to my arm, became suddenly, ferocious, and he exclaimed: "Oh, that's your game, is it?"

"But don't try it on with me, my good girl I advise you." So violent did he become, that Mr. Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a chair, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length approached quite close, said: "You were at Covent Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week?" Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr. and Mrs. Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

"Oh, no, no! not you mistake," she said hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into a flame.

"Nay, but you were though," rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said: "And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore to me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening."

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr. Morris after that seemed inclined to believe anything of her. The gentleman persisted in his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property, and it was ultimately decided that Mary's box, as well as her person should be searched. This was done; and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were in vain. Mr. Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr. Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs. Morris, had fled the house, and hurried in a state of distraction to find me, with what result the reader already knows.

The men hesitated, but I stood too

well at head-quarters for them to do more

than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered

being just then announced, I passed with

Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again

leaving her. The air revived her some

what, and I lifted her into the cab, placing

myself up above her, and soothed her

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