



## LITERATURE.

For the Carleton Sentinel.

## HURRAH FOR THE WINTER!

Hurrah for the Winter! though fearful be roan,  
As he comes like a king, from his far polar home,  
He speaks in his power, all nature around,  
The hills and the valleys his ravings resound;  
His wild spirits rush on their pinions of night,  
And e'en the gnarled oak bows respect to their flight.  
He speaks and the furies are hushed, and the streams  
Pay respect to his silence; nor Sol's shortened beams,  
Can redeem from the fetters of Winter's dread reign,  
Nor raise from his power nor free from his chain.  
He speaks and the clouds a fair offering bestow,  
And carpet his kingdom with pure fleecy snow.

Still I love this same Winter, yea, more than the spring,  
With its balm laden breath and its peace bearing wing,  
And more than the beauty which summer bestows,  
Or the rich golden autumn, the frost and the snows.  
Bring a gladness more healthful, a pleasure more pure,  
And many a charm to enjoyment to lure.  
The wind as it roams on the pinions of night,  
Seems an organ of nature, whose wild notes delight,  
As in soft dulcet symphony murmurs the strain,  
Or in full flowing concert it sweeps o'er the plain.  
And are there not pleasures attending the streams  
Which he freezes, see! see where the polished steel gleams  
And the skaters move swift with the sleighs of the fair,  
O'er the wide frozen water as spirits of air.

And hark! how delightful that first merry sound,  
Of the joy-waking bells which to pleasure resound,  
They e'en to the brute a new power bestow,  
How proudly, more swiftly he moves o'er the snow.  
And what though the sun o'er the hills of the east,  
Seems hardly to rise ere he sinks into rest,  
More time is allowed for the pleasure that flows  
From social endearments those beauties disclose,  
Which only may gather "where'er we roam,"  
Round the hearthstone, that altar of friendship at home.

## GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

I was once engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by homicide, which had just occurred at the residence of a Mr. Bagshawe, a gentleman of competent fortune, situated within a few miles of Kendal in Westmoreland. The particulars forwarded to the London police authorities by the local magistracy were chiefly these:—

Mr. Bagshawe, who had been for some time absent at Deunington, Warwickshire, with his entire establishment, wrote to Sarah King—a young woman left in charge of the house and property—to announce his own speedy return, and at the same time directing her to have a particular bed-room aired, and other household matters arranged for the reception of his nephew, Mr. Robert Bristowe, who, having just arrived from abroad, would, he expected, leave London immediately for Five Oaks' House. The positive arrival of this nephew had been declared to several tradesmen of Kendal by King early on the day preceding the night of the murder and robbery; and by her directions butcher-meat, poultry, fish, and so on, had been sent by them to Five Oaks, for his table. The lad who carried the fish home stated that he had seen a strange young gentleman in one of the sitting-rooms on the ground floor through the half-opened door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not indeed broken into, broken out of—this was evident from the state of the door fastenings—and the servant-woman barbarously murdered. The neighbours found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her night-gown and stockings, and with a flat chamber candlestick tightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from her sleep by some noise below, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars. Mr. Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three and four thousand pounds in gold and notes—the produce of government stock sold out about two months previously—had been carried off. The only person, except his niece, who lived with him, that knew there was this sum in the house, was his nephew Robert Bristowe, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long-contemplated purchase of Rylands, had been some time lying idle at Five Oaks, as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before finally concluding it. This Mr. Robert Bristowe was now nowhere to be seen or heard of; and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—

cion that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical letter written to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices! As he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighbourhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the fishmonger's boy, was sent to London by the authorities. They also forwarded for our use and assistance one Josiah Barnes, a sly, sharp, vagabond sort of fellow, who had been arrested on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unfortunate Sarah King, who had discarded him, it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly idle, and in other respects disreputable habits. The *abbi* he set up was, however, so clear and decisive, that he was but a few hours in custody; and he now exhibited great zeal for the discovery of the murderer of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He fiddled at the festivals of the humbler Kendalese; sang, tumbled, ventriloquised at their tavern orgies; and had he not been so very highly-gifted, might, there was little doubt, have earned a decent living as a carpenter, to which profession his father by dint of much exertion, had about half-bred him. His principal use to us was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr. Robert Bristowe; and accordingly, as soon as I had received my commission and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr. Robert Bristowe had left the hotel a week previously without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of! neither had he taken his luggage with him. This was odd, though the period stated would have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

"What dress did he wear when he left?"

"That which he usually wore; a foraging cap with a gold band, a blue military surcoat, light trousers, and Wellington boots."

The precise dress described by the fishmonger's errand boy! We next proceeded to the Bank of England, to ascertain if any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I handed in a list of the numbers, furnished by Mr. Bagshawe, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a sort of undress uniform, and wearing a foraging cap. Lieutenant James, was the name endorsed upon them; and the address, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was of course a fictitious one. The cashier doubted if he should be able to swear to the person of the gentleman who changed the notes, but he had particularly noticed his dress. I returned to Scotland yard to report no progress; and it was then determined to issue bills descriptive of Bristowe's person, and offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it; but the order had scarcely been issued, when who should we see walking deliberately down the yard towards the police office but Mr. Robert Bristowe himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barnes out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed something more than a week previously—where or by whom he knew not—and afterwards deceived, bamboozled, and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a person whom he now suspected to be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information; and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Saracen's Head, Snow-Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he looked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach. He then walked into the inn, and seating himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period at any rate; and I was about to take a turn in the street just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows—one of whom I thought I recognised, spite of his fine dress—enter the booking office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night coach to Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of turz and freeze-coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for booking three insides to Kendal on the counter was equally, or perhaps more puzzling: "Is the gentleman who entered the office just now—him with the foraging-cap I mean—to be our fellow-passenger?"

"Yes, he has booked himself; and has, I think, since gone into the house."

"Thank you; good morning."

I had barely time to slip aside into one of the passages, when the three gentlemen came out of the office, passed me, and swaggered out of the yard. Vague, undefined suspicion at once beset me relative to the connection of these worthies with the "foraging-cap," and the doings at Kendal. There was evidently something in all this more than natural, if police philosophy could but find it out. I resolved at all events to try; and in order to have a chance of doing so, I determined to be of the party, nothing doubting that I should be able, in some way or other, to make one in whatever game they intended playing. I in my turn entered the booking-office, and finding there were still two places vacant, secured them both for James Jenkins and Josiah Barnes, countrymen and friends of mine returning to the "north country."

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr. Bristowe was still seated, apparently in deep and anxious meditation,

and wrote a note with which I despatched the inn porter. I had now ample leisure for observing the suspected burglar and assassin. He was a pale, intellectual-looking, and withal handsome young man, of about six and twenty years of age, of slight but well knit frame and with a decided air—travel-stained and jaded as he appeared—of a gentleman. His look was troubled and care-worn, but I sought in vain for any indication of the startling, nervous tremor always in my experience exhibited by even old practitioners in crime when suddenly accosted. Several persons had entered the room hastily without causing him to look up. I determined to try an experiment on his nerves, which I was quite satisfied no man who had recently committed a murder, and but the day before changed part of the produce of that crime into gold at the Bank of England, could endure without wining. My object was, not to produce evidence producible in a court of law by such means, but to satisfy my own mind. I felt a growing conviction that, spite of appearance, the young man was guiltless of the deed imputed to him, and might be the victim. I could not help thinking, either of some strange combination of circumstances, or, more likely, of a diabolical plot for his destruction, essential, possibly, to the safety of the real perpetrators of the crime; very probably—so ran my suspicions—friends and acquaintances of the three gentlemen who were to be our fellow-travellers. My duty I knew, was quite as much the vindication of innocence as the detection of guilt; and if I could satisfy myself that he was not the guilty party, no effort of mine should be wanting, I determined, to extricate him from the perilous position in which he stood. I went out of the room, and remained absent for some time; then suddenly entered with a sort of bounce, walked swiftly, and with a determined air, straight up to the box where he was seated, grasped him tightly by the arm, and exclaimed roughly, "So, I have found you at last!" There was no start, no indication of fear whatever—not the slightest; the expression of his countenance, as he peevishly replied, "What the devil do you mean?" was simply one of surprise and annoyance.

"I beg your pardon," I replied: "the waiter told me a friend of mine, one Bagshawe, who had given us the slip, was here, and I mistook you for him."

He courteously accepted my apology, quietly remarking at the same time that though his own name was Bristowe, he had oddly enough an uncle in the country of the same name as the person I had mistaken him for. Surely, thought I, this man is guiltless of the crime imputed to him; and yet—At this moment the porter entered to announce the arrival of the gentleman I had sent for. I went out; and after giving the new comer instructions not to lose sight of Mr. Bristowe, hastened home to make arrangements for the journey.

Transformed, by the aid of a flaxen wig, broad brimmed hat, green spectacles, and a multiplicity of waistcoats and shawls, into a heavy and elderly, and well-to-do personage, I took my way with Josiah Barnes—whom I had previously thoroughly drilled as to speech and behaviour towards our companions—to the Saracen's head a few minutes previous to the time of starting.

We found Mr. Bristowe already seated; but the "three friends," I observed were curiously looking on, desirous no doubt of ascertaining who were to be their fellow-travellers before venturing to coop themselves up in a space so narrow, and, under certain circumstances, so difficult of egress. My appearance and that of Barnes—who, sooth to say, looked much more of a simpleton than he really was—quite reassured them, and in they jumped with confident alacrity. A few minutes afterwards the "all right" of the attending ostler gave the signal for the departure and away we started.

A more silent, less social, party I never assisted at. Whatever amount of "feast of reason" each or either of us might have silently enjoyed, not a drop of "flow of soul" welled up from one of the six insides. Every passenger seemed to have his own peculiar reasons for declining to display himself in either mental or physical prominence. Only one or two incidents—apparently unimportant, but which I carefully noted down in the tablet of my memory—occurred during the long, wearisome journey, till we stopped to dine about thirty miles from Kendal; when I ascertained, from an overheard conversation of one of the three with the coachman, that they intended to get down at a roadside tavern more than six miles on this side of that place.

"Do you know this house they intend to stop at?" I inquired of my assistant as soon as I had got him out of sight and hearing at the back of the premises.

"Quite well: it is within about two miles of Five Oaks' House."

"Indeed. Then you must stop there too. It is necessary I should go to Kendal with Mr. Bristowe; but you can remain and watch their proceedings."

"With all my heart."

"But what excuse can you make for remaining there, when they know you are booked for Kendal? Fellows of that stamp are keenly suspicious; and in order to be useful, you must be entirely unsuspected."

"Oh, leave that to me. I'll throw dust enough in their eyes to blind a hundred such as they, I warrant ye."

"Well, we shall see. And now to dinner."

Soon after, the coach had once more started. Mr. Josiah Barnes began drinking from a stone bottle which he drew from his pocket; and so potent must have been the spirit it contained, that he became rapidly intoxicated. Not only speech, but eyes, body, arms, legs, the entire animal, by the time we reached the inn where we had agreed he should stop, was thoroughly, hopelessly drunk; and so savagely quarrelsome, too, did he become, that I expected every instant to hear my real vocation pointed out for the edification of the company. Strange to say, utterly stupid and savage as he seemed, all dangerous topics were carefully avoided. When the coach stopped, he got out—how, I know not—and reeled and tumbled into the tap-room, from which he declared he would not budge an inch till next day. Vainly did the coachman remonstrate with him upon his foolish obstinacy; he might as well have argued with a bear, and he at length