



LITERATURE.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

On a green mossy knoll, by the banks of the brook,
That so long and so often has watered his flock,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep;
While the waters a low, lulling lullaby keep;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labour again.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

The records of police courts afford but imperfect evidence of the business really affected by the officers attached to them. The machinery of English criminal law is, in practice, so subservient to the caprice of individual prosecutors, that instances are constantly occurring in which flagrant violations of natural justice are, from various motives, corrupt and otherwise, withdrawn not only from the cognizance of judicial authorities, but from the reprobation of public opinion.

person, about sixty years of age, just in the act of going out, had a pressing engagement for this evening. Mr. Watters, said he, after glancing at the introductory note I had brought, "and cannot, possibly, go into the business with the attention and minuteness it requires, till the morning. But I'll tell you what: one of the parties concerned, and one too with whom you will have especially to deal, is, I know, to be at Convent Garden Theatre this evening. It is of course necessary, that you should be thoroughly acquainted with his person; and if you will go with me in the cab that is waiting outside, I will step with you into the theatre and point him out." I assented, and on entering Convent Garden pit, Mr. Repton who kept behind me to avoid observation, directed my attention to a group of persons occupying the front seats of the third box in the lower tier from the stage, on the right-hand side of the house. They were—a gentleman, at about thirty years of age, his wife, a very elegant person a year or two younger; and three children, the eldest of whom a boy, could not have been more than six or seven years old. This done, Mr. Repton left the theatre, and about two or three hours afterwards, I did the same. The next morning I breakfasted with the Lancashire solicitor by appointment. As soon as it was concluded business was at once entered upon.

in a direct line. The family estates, I should tell you, being strictly entailed on heirs male, devolved if no son of Mr. Archibald Redwood should bar his claim, upon Charles Malvern, the son of a cousin of the late Sir Thomas Redwood. The baronet had always felt partially towards Malvern, and had assisted him pecuniarily a hundred times. Sir Thomas also directed me to draw as quickly as I could a short will, bequeathing Mr. Charles Malvern twenty thousands out of the personal. I wrote as expeditiously as I could, and by the time the paper was ready for his signature, Sir Thomas was no longer conscious. I placed the pen in his hand, and I fancied he understood the purpose, but his fingers closed faintly upon it; but the power to guide was utterly gone, and only a slight scrambling stroke marked the paper as the pen slid across it in the direction of the falling arm.