

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

WORK ON, AND DO YOUR BEST.

Brother, you have power to kill,
Henceforth, all that seemeth ill,
This I ask—have ye the will?

If you put forth all your nerve,
And from good things do not swerve,
You will get what you deserve.

Cast out quickly from your heart,
That which tempts to wrong, and start
Oaward like a feathered dart.

Man can do much—if you strive
Things you labor on will thrive,
Do but keep your hope alive.

Listen not with humble ear,
Some would speak of dangers near,
And would steep your souls in fear.

'Tis not hero-like to yield,
Whilst you have a sword to wield,
'Gainst your foeman in the field.

Life's not often understood,
'Tis a struggle rough and rude,
After the undying good.

Good there is, say what they will,
Good there is each heart to fill,
Corn, not chaff, for every mill.

He who would the world o'ercome,
Must not from its evils run,
But defeat them one by one.

Now we are emerged from night,
Walking in the glorious light,
Yearning after Truth and Right.

Let us not supinely rest,
Becoming to the world a jest,
But still work and do our best.

God will help with ready hand,
Those who want, yet do not stand
Waiting, till the help's at hand.

Hope, then, strive then, but rest not,
Show your manhood as you ought,
Fight until the battle's fought.

Then all wrong will scattered be,
Right exalted gloriously,
And your's the joyous victory.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

A few weeks after the lucky termination of the Sandstone affair, I was engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by homicide, which had just occurred at the residence of 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 some time absent at Leamington, 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 bedroom 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 in 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 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, but broken out of. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servant woman barbarously murdered. The neighbors found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her nightgown and stockings, and with a flat chamber candlestick tightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from 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 Hammums Hotel,

London, stating that the sum for the long contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been some time lying idle at Five Oaks, as he had wished to consult him on the 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—Mr Bagshawe and his niece—torturing, horrifying suspicion 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 neighborhood 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 apprehended 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 *alibi* he set up was 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 Kandalose; 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 Hammums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my enquiries, 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 coat, 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 enquiries, 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 booked himself for Westmoreland by the night coach. He then walked into the inn, and seating himself in the coffee room, and 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 is the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of farze and frieze 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 suspicions at once beset me relative to the connexion of these worthies with the 'foraging cap' and the doings at Kendal. There was evidently something in 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 the decided air—travel-worn and jaded as he appeared—of a gentleman. His look was troubled and careworn, but I sought in vain for any indication of the starting, 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 even to look up. I determined to try an experiment on his nerves, which I was 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 wincing. My object was, not to procure evidence producible in a court of law by such means, but to satisfy my own mind. I felt a growing conviction, that, spite of appearances, 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 want?' was simply one of surprise and annoyance.

'I beg your pardon,' I replied; the waiter told me a friend of mine, one Bagshawe, who has given me 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 loose 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 well-to-do personage, I took my way with Josiah Barnes—whom I had previously drilled as to the speech and behavior towards our fellow passengers—to the Saracen's Head a few minutes previous to the time for 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 more like 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 ostlers, gave the signal for departure, and away we started.

A more silent, less social party I never assisted at. Whatever amount of 'fest 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 at 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 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 on 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 vacation 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 until 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 determined to leave him to his drunken humor. I was out of patience with the fellow; and snatching an opportunity when the room was clear, began to upbraid him for his vexatious folly. He looked sharply round, and then, his body as evenly balanced, his eye as clear, his speech as free as my own, crowed out in a low exulting voice 'Didnt I tell you I'd manage it nicely?' The door opened, and in a twinkling, extremity of drunkenness of both limb and brain, was assumed with a perfection of acting I never before saw equalled. He had studied from nature, that was perfectly clear. I was quite satisfied, and with renewed confidence obeyed the coachman's call to take my seat. Mr Bristowe and I were now the only passengers; and as farther disguise was useless, I began stripping myself of my superabundant clothing, wig, spectacles, &c., and in a few minutes, with the help of a bundle I had with me, presented to the gaze of my astonished fellow traveller the identical person that had so rudely accosted him in the coffee room of the Saracen's Head inn.

'Why, what in the name of all that's comical, is the meaning of all this?' demanded Mr Bristowe, laughing immoderately at my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still, amazed and bewildered as he was, no sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

'I do not wish to obtrude upon your confidence, Mr Bristowe,' I remarked after a long pause; 'but you must perceive that unless the circumstances that I have related to you, are in some way explained, you stand in a perilous predicament.'

'You are right,' he replied, after some hesitation. 'It is a tangled web; still, I doubt not that some mode of vindicating my perfect innocence will present itself.'

He then relapsed into silence; and neither of us spoke again till the coach stopped, in accordance with a previous intimation I had given the coachman, in front of Kendal jail. Mr Bristowe started, and changed color, but instantly mastering his emotion, he calmly said, 'You of course but perform your duty; mine is not to distrust a just and all seeing Providence.'

We entered the jail, and the necessary search of his clothes and luggage was effected as forbearingly as possible. To my great dismay we found among the money in his purse a Spanish gold piece of a peculiar coinage, and in the lining of his portmanteau, very dexterously hidden, a cross set in brilliants, both of which I knew by the list forwarded to the London police, formed a part of the plunder carried off from Five Oaks House. The prisoner's vehement protestations that he could not conceive how such articles came into his possession, excited a derisive smile on the face of the veteran turnkey, whilst I was the roughly dumfounded by the seemingly complete demolition of the theory of innocence I had woven out of his candid open, manner, and unshaken hardihood of nerve.

'I daresay the articles came to you in your sleep!' sneered the turnkey, as we turned to leave the cell.

'Oh! I mechanically exclaimed, 'In his sleep! I had not thought of that!' The man started; but I had passed out of the prison before he could express his surprise or contempt in words.

(To be concluded.)

There is a man down East, rather a facetious chap, whose name is New. He named his first child Something, as it was something new. His next child was called Nothing, it being Nothing new.