

MYSTERIES OF

POLICE AND CRIME

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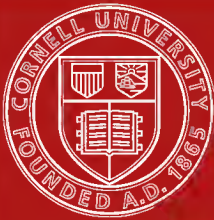
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MYSTERIES OF POLICE AND CRIME

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A GENERAL SURVEY OF WRONGDOING
AND ITS PURSUIT

BY

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF MILLBANK," "CHRONICLES OF NEWGATE,"
"SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE," ETC.

"JOHN HOWARD" GOLD MEDALLIST, AND ONE OF H. M. INSPECTORS OF PRISONS

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INTRODUCTION.

CRIME is the transgression by individuals of rules made by the community. Wrong-doing may be either intentional or accidental—a wilful revolt against law, or a lapse through ignorance of it. Both are punishable by all codes alike, but the latter is not necessarily a crime. To constitute a really criminal act the offence must be wilful, perverse, and malicious; the offender then becomes the general enemy, to be combated by all good citizens, through their chosen defenders, the police. This warfare has existed from the earliest times; it is in constant progress around us to-day, and it will continue to be waged until the advent of that Millennium in which there is to be no more evil passion to agitate mankind.

It may be said that society itself creates the crimes that chiefly beset it. If the good things of life were more evenly distributed, if everyone had his rights, if there were no fraud, no oppression, there would be no attempts to readjust an unequal balance by violent or flagitious means. This may explain much, but it does not cover the whole ground, and it cannot excuse many forms of crime. Crime is the ineradicable birthmark of fallen humanity, a fatal inheritance known to the theologians as original sin. Crime, then, must be constantly present in the community, and every son of Adam may, under certain conditions, be drawn into it. To paraphrase a great saying, some achieve crime, some have it thrust upon them; but most of us (we may make the statement without subscribing to the doctrines of the criminal anthropologists) are born to crime. The assertion

is as old as the hills; it was echoed in the fervent cry of pious John Bradford when he pointed to the man led out to execution, "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God!"

That we are all potential criminals is proved by the natural proclivities of the young. Criminal instincts, more or less strongly developed, are to be seen in all children. Anger, resentment, mendacity, destructiveness, acquisitiveness are evil traits exhibited by most of them, although in many happily eradicated by careful education. "It is the mother's part," says Dr. Nicholson, one of our best writers on criminal psychology, "to encourage the gradual growth of inhibitory processes, such as prudence, reflection, and a sense of moral duty. . . . In proportion as this development is prevented or stifled, either owing to original brain defect or by lack of proper education and training, so there is the risk of the individual lapsing into criminal-mindedness or into actual crime."

Criminals are manufactured no less by social cross-purposes than by the domestic neglect which fosters the first fatal predisposition. "Assuredly external factors and circumstances count for much in the causation of crime," says Maudsley. The preventive agencies are all the more necessary where heredity emphasises the universal natural tendency. The taint of crime is all the more potent in those whose parentage is evil. The germ is far more likely to flourish into baleful vitality if planted by congenital degeneracy. This is constantly seen with the offspring of criminals. But it is equally certain that the poison may be eradicated, the evil stamped out, if better influences supervene betimes. Even the most ardent supporters of the theory of the "born criminal" admit that this, as some think, apocryphal monster, although possessing all the fatal characteristics, need not necessarily commit crime. The bias may be checked it may lie latent through life unless called into

activity by certain unexpected conditions of time and chance. An ingenious refinement of the old adage, "Opportunity makes the thief," has been invented by an Italian scientist, Baron Garofalo, who has written that "Opportunity only reveals the thief"; it does not create the predisposition, the latent thievish spirit.✓

However it may originate, there is still little doubt of the universality, of the perennial activity of crime. We may accept the unpleasant fact without theorising further as to the genesis of crime. I propose in these pages to take criminals as I find them; to accept crime as an actual fact, and in its varied multiform manifestations; to deal with its commission, the motives that have caused it, the methods by which it has been perpetrated, the steps taken—sometimes extraordinarily ingenious and astute, sometimes foolishly forgetful and ineffective—to conceal the deed and throw the pursuers off the scent; on the other hand, I shall set forth in some detail the agencies employed for detection and exposure. The subject is comprehensive, the amount of material available is colossal, almost overwhelming.

Every country, civilised and uncivilised, the whole world at large in all ages, has been continually cursed with crime. From Cain the first murderer to the last case reported in the morning paper is a long record; between Jacob cheating Esau of his birthright to the modern swindler who robs the widow and the fatherless, there is an interminable and infinitely varied roll of frauds. To deal with but a fractional part of the evil deeds that have disgraced humanity would fill endless volumes; where "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness" have so often impelled those weak in moral sense to yield to their criminal instincts a full catalogue would be impossible. It must be remembered that crime is ever active in seeking new outlets, always keen to adopt new methods of execution; the ingenuity of criminals is infinite, their patient inventiveness is only

equalled by their reckless audacity. They will take life without a moment's hesitation, and often for a miserable gain; will prepare great *coups* a year or more in advance and wait still longer for the propitious moment to strike home; will employ address and great brain power, show fine resource in organisation, the faculty of leadership, and readiness to obey; will utilise much technical skill; will assume strange disguises and play many different parts, all in the prosecution of their nefarious schemes or in escaping penalties after the deed is done.

With material so abundant, so varied and complicated, it will be necessary to use some discretion, to follow certain clearly defined lines of choice. I propose in these pages to adopt the principle embodied in the title and to deal more particularly with the "mysteries" of crime and its incomplete, partial, or complete detection; with offences not immediately brought home to their perpetrators; offences prepared in secret, committed by offenders who have remained long perhaps entirely unknown, but who have sometimes met with their true deserts; offences that have in consequence exercised the ingenuity of pursuers, showing the highest development of the game of hide-and-seek, where the hunt is man, where one side fights for life and liberty, immunity from well-merited reprisals, the other is armed with authority to capture the human beast of prey. The voyages and vicissitudes of criminals with the police at their heels make up a chronicle of moving hair-breadth adventure unsurpassed by any ordinary books of travel and sport.

Typical cases can only be taken, one or more according to their relative interest and importance, but all more or less illustrating and embracing the many and hydra-headed varieties of crime. We shall see murders most foul, surrounded with the strangest conditions; brutal and ferocious attacks, followed by the most cold-blooded callousness in disposing of the evidences of the crime. Some will kill, as Garofalo puts it,

“for money and possessions, to succeed to property, to be rid of one wife through hatred of her or to marry another, to remove an inconvenient witness, to avenge a wrong, to show his skill or his hatred and revolt against authority.” This class of criminal was well exemplified by the French murderer Lacenaire, who boasted he would kill a man as coolly as he would drink a glass of wine. They are the deliberate murderers who kill of malice aforethought and in cold blood. There will be slow, secret poisonings, often producing confusion and difference of opinion among the most distinguished scientists; successful associations of thieves and rogues, with ledgers and bank balances, and regularly audited accounts; secret societies, some formed for purely flagitious ends with commerce and capitalists for their quarry; others for alleged political purposes, but working with fire and sword, using the forces of anarchy and disorder against all established government.

The desire to acquire wealth and possessions easily, or at least without prolonged honest exercise, has ever been a fruitful source of crime. The depredators, whose name is legion, the birds of prey ever on the alert to batten upon the property of others, have flourished always, in all ages and climes, often unchecked or with long impunity. Their methods have varied almost indefinitely with their surroundings and opportunities. Now, they have used merely violence and brute force, singly or in associated numbers, by open attack by highway and byway, by road, river, railway, or deep sea; now, they have got at their quarry by consummate patience and ingenuity, plotting, planning, undermining, or overcoming the strongest safeguards, the most vigilant precautions. Robbery has been practised in every conceivable form: by piracy, the bold adventure of the sea-rover flying his black flag in the face of the world; by brigandage in new or distracted communities, imperfectly protected by the law; by daring outrage upon the travelling public, as highwaymen,

bushrangers, road agents, "holders-up" of trains; by the forcible entry of premises or the breaking down of defences designed against attack, by burglary in banks and houses, by "winning" through the iron walls of safes and strong-rooms, so as to reach the treasure within, whether gold, or securities, or precious stones; by robberies from the person, daring garrotte robberies, and violent assaults; dexterous neat-handed pilfering, pocket-picking, counter-snatching; by insinuating approaches to simple folk, and the astute, endlessly multiplied application of the Confidence Trick.

Crime has been greatly developed by civilisation, by the numerous processes invented to add to the comforts and conveniences in the business of daily life. The adoption of a circulating medium was soon followed by the production of spurious money, the hundred and one devices for substituting false for good, by forging notes, manufacturing coin, or by clipping, sweating, and misusing that cast in precious metals. The extension of banks, of credit, of financial transactions on paper has encouraged the trade of the forger and fabricator, whose misdeeds, aimed against monetary values of all kinds, cover an extraordinarily wide range. The gigantic accumulation no less than the general diffusion of wealth, with the variety of operations that accompany its profitable manipulation, has offered temptations irresistibly strong to evil or weak-minded people, who seemed to see chances of aggrandisement, or of ease from pressing embarrassments, with the strong hope always of replacing abstractions, rectifying defalcations, or altogether evading detection. Less criminal, perhaps, but not less reprehensible, than the deliberately planned colossal frauds of a Robson, a Redpath, or a Sadleir are the victims to adverse circumstances, the Strahans, Dean-Pauls, Fauntleroy's, who succeeded to bankrupt businesses, and sought to cover up insolvency with a fight, a losing fight, against misfortune, adopting nefarious practices, wholesale

forgery, absolute misappropriation, and unpardonable breaches of trust.

Between these and the "high flyers," the artists in crime, and the lesser fry, the rogues, swindlers, and fraudulent impostors, it is only a question of degree. These last-named, too, have in many instances swept up great gains. The class of adventurer is nearly limitless; it embraces many types, often original in character and in their criminal methods, clever knaves possessed of useful qualities, indeed, of talents and natural gifts, that might have led them to assured fortune had they but chosen the straight path and followed it patiently. We shall see with what infinite labour a scheme of imposture has been built up and maintained, how nearly impossible it was to combat the fraud, how readily the swindler will avail himself of the latest inventions, the telegraph and the telephone, ere long, perchance, the Röntgen rays, of chemical appliances, of photography in counterfeiting signatures or preparing bank-note plates; we shall find the most elaborate and cleverly designed attacks on great banking corporations, whether by open force or insidious methods of forgery and falsification, attacks upon the vast stores of valuables that luxury keeps at hand in jewellers' safes and shop fronts, and on the dressing-tables of great dames. Crime can always command talent, industry also, albeit laziness is ingrained in the criminal class. The desire to win wealth easily, to grow suddenly rich by appropriating the possessions or the earnings of others, is, no doubt, a strong motive to crime; yet the depredator who will not work steadily and honestly will give infinite time and pains to compass his criminal ends.

Society, weak, gullible, and defenceless, handicapped by a thousand conventions, would soon be devoured alive by its venomous parasites; but happily it has devised the shield and buckler of the police; not an entirely effective protector, perhaps, but earnest, devoted, unhesitating in the performance of its duties. The personalities, the finer

achievements of eminent police officers are as striking as the exploits of the enemies they continually pursue. In the endless warfare, success inclines now to this side, now to that; but the forces of law and order have generally the preponderance in the end. Infinite pains, unwearied patience, abounding wit, sharp-edged intuition, promptitude in seizing the vaguest shadow of a clue, unerring sagacity in clinging to it and following it up to the substantial capture, these qualities make constantly in favour of the police. The fugitive is often equally alert, no less gifted, no less astute; his crime has been cleverly planned so as to leave few, if any, traces easily or immediately apparent, but he is constantly overmatched, and the game will in consequence go against him. Now and again, no doubt, he is inexplicably stupid and shortsighted, and will run his head straight into the noose. Yet the hunters are not always free from the same fault; they will show blindness, will overrun their quarry, sometimes indeed open a door for escape.

In measuring the means and the comparative advantages of the opponents, of hunted and hunters, it is generally believed that the police have the best of it. The machinery and organisation of modern life favours pursuit. The world's "shrinkage," the facilities of travel, the narrowing of neutral ground, of secure sanctuary for the fugitive, the universal, almost immediate, publicity that waits on startling crimes, all these are against the criminal. Electricity is his worst and bitterest foe, and next rank the post and the Press. Flight is checked by the wire, the first mail carries full particulars everywhere, and to an ubiquitous international police, brimful of *camaraderie* and willing to help each other. It is not easy to disappear nowadays, although I have heard the contrary stoutly maintained. A well-known police officer once assured me that he could easily and effectually efface himself, given certain conditions, such as the possession of sufficient funds (and not of tainted origin that might draw

down suspicion), or the knowledge of some honest wage-earning handicraft, or fluency in some foreign language, and, above all, a face and features not easily recognisable. Backed by any of these, he declared he could hide himself completely in the East-End or the Western Hebrides or South America or provincial France or some Spanish mountain town. In proof of this he declared that he had lived for many months in an obscure French village, and, being well acquainted with French, passed quite unknown, while watching for someone, and he strengthened his argument by quoting the case of the heroine of a recent robbery of pearls, who baffled pursuit for months, and gave herself up voluntarily in the end.

On the other hand, it may be questioned whether this lady was altogether hidden, or whether she was so terribly "wanted" by the police. In any case pursuit was not so keen as it would have been with more notorious criminals. Nor can the many well-established cases of men and women leading double lives be quoted in support of this view. Such people are not necessarily in request; there may be a secret reason for concealment, for dreading discovery, but it has generally been of a social, a domestic, not necessarily a criminal character. We have all heard of the crossing-sweeper who did so good a trade that he kept his brougham to bring him to business from a snug home at the other end of the town. A case was quoted in the American papers some years back where a merchant of large fortune traded under one name, and was widely known under it, "down town," yet lived under another "up town," where he had a wife and large family. This remarkable dissembler kept up the fraud for more than half a century, and when he died his eldest son was fifty-one, the rest of his children were middle-aged, and none of them had the smallest idea of their father's wealth, or of his other identity. The case is not singular, moreover. Another on all fours, and even more

romantic, was that of two youths with different names, walking side by side in the streets of New York, who saluted the same man as father; a gentleman with two distinct personalities.

Such deception may be long undetected when it is no person's business to expose it. Where crime complicates it, where the police are on the alert and have an object in hunting down, disappearance is seldom entirely successful. Dr. Jekyll could not cover Mr. Hyde altogether when his homicidal mania became ungovernable. The clergyman who lived a life of sanctity and preached admirable sermons to an appreciative congregation for five full years was run in at last and exposed as a noted burglar in private life. "Sir Granville Temple," as he called himself, when he had committed bigamy several times, was eventually uncloaked and shown up as an army deserter whose father was master of a workhouse. Criminals who seek effacement do not take into sufficient account the curiosity and inquisitiveness of mankind. At times, just after the perpetration of a great crime, when the criminal is missing, and the pursuit at fault, every gossip, landlady, "slavey," local tradesman, 'bus conductor, loungeur on the cab rank, newsboy, railway guard, becomes an active amateur agent of the police, prying, watching, wondering, looking askance at every stranger and newcomer; ready to call in the constable on the slightest suspicion, or immediately report any unusual circumstance. The rapid dissemination of news to the four quarters of the land by our far-reaching, indefatigable, and wide-awake Press has undoubtedly secured many arrests. The judicious publication of certain details, of personal descriptions of names, aliases, and the supposed movements of persons in request, has constantly borne fruit. In France police officials often deprecate the incautious utterances of the Press, but it is a common practice of theirs in Paris to give out fully prepared items to the newspapers with the express intention of deceiving their quarry; the missing man has been lulled into fancied security by

hearing that the pursuers are on a wrong scent, and, issuing from concealment, "gives himself away."

Long ago, as far back as the murder of Lord William Russell by Courvoisier, proof of the crime was greatly assisted by the publication of the story in the Press. Madame Piolaine, a hotel-keeper, read in the newspaper of the arrest of a suspected person, recognising him as a man who had been in her service as a waiter. Only a day or two after the murder he had come to her, begging her to take charge of a brown paper parcel, for which he would call. He had never returned, and now Madame Piolaine hunted up the parcel which lay at the bottom of a cupboard, where she had placed it. The fact that Courvoisier had brought it justified her in examining it, and she now found that it contained a quantity of silver plate, and other articles of value. When the police were called in, they identified the whole as part of the property abstracted from Lord William Russell's. Here was a link directly connecting Courvoisier with the murder. Hitherto the evidence had been mainly circumstantial. The discovery of Lord William's Waterloo medal, with his gold rings and a ten-pound note under the skirting-board in Courvoisier's pantry was strong suspicion, but no more. The man had a gold locket, too, in his possession, the property of Lord William Russell, but it had been lost some time antecedent to the murder. All the evidence was presumptive, and the case was not made perfectly clear until Madame Piolaine was brought into it through the publicity given by the Press.

In the murder of Mr. Briggs by the German, Franz Müller, detection was greatly facilitated by the publicity given to the facts of the crime. The hat found in the railway carriage where the deed had been done was a chief clue. It bore the maker's name inside the cover, and very soon a cabman who had read this in the newspaper came forward to say he had bought that very hat at that very maker's for a

man named Müller. Müller had been a lodger of his, and had given his little daughter a jeweller's cardboard box, bearing the name of "Death, Cheapside." Already this Mr. Death had produced the murdered man's gold chain, saying he had given another in exchange for it to a man supposed to be a German. There could be no doubt now that Müller was the murderer. His movements were easily traced. He had gone across the Atlantic in a sailing ship, and was easily forestalled in a fast Atlantic liner, which carried the detective officers, the jeweller, and the cabman.

Where identity is clear the publication of the *signalement*, if possible, of the likeness has reduced capture to a certainty; it is a mere question then of time and money. Lefroy, the murderer of Mr. Gold, was caught through the publicity given to his portrait, which was published in the columns of a London daily paper. Some eminent but highly cautious police officers nevertheless deprecate the interference of the Press, and have said that the premature or injudicious disclosure of facts obtained in the progress of investigation has led to the escape of criminals. It is to be feared that there is an increasing distrust of the official methods of detection, and the Press is more and more inclined to institute a pursuit of its own when mysterious cases continue unsolved. We may yet see this, which has sometimes been adopted by energetic reporters in Paris, more largely adopted. Without entering into the pro's and con.'s of such competition, it is but right to admit that the Press, with its powerful influence, ramifications endless and widespread, has already done great service to justice in following up crime. So convinced are the London police authorities of the value of a public organ for police purposes, that they publish a newspaper of their own, the admirably managed *Police Gazette*, which is an improved form of a journal started in 1828. This gazette, which is circulated gratis to all police forces in the United Kingdom, gives full particulars of crimes and of persons

“wanted,” with rough but often life-like woodcut portraits and sketches that help capture. Ireland has a similar organ—the Dublin *Hue and Cry*; and some of the chief constables of counties send out police reports that are highly useful at times. Through these various channels news travels quickly to all parts, and puts all interested on the alert and active in running down their prey.

Detection depends largely, of course, upon the knowledge, astuteness, ingenuity, and logical powers of police officers, although they find many independent and often unexpected aids, as we shall see. The best method of procedure is clearly laid down in police manuals; instructions for immediate systematic investigation on the theatre of a crime, the minute examination of premises, the careful search for tracks and traces, for any article left behind, however insignificant, such as the merest fragment of clothing, a scrap of paper, a harmless tool, a hat, half a button, the slow, persistent inquiry into the antecedents of suspected persons, of their friends and associates, their movements and ways, unexplained change of domicile, proved possession of substantial funds after previous indigence, all these are detailed for the guidance of the detective. It will be seen how small a thing has sufficed to establish a clue. A name chalked upon a door in tell-tale handwriting; four letters, half a word, scratched upon a chisel, has led to the identification of its guilty owner; a button dropped after a burglary has been found to correspond with those on the coat of a man in custody for another offence, and the very place from which it was torn; the cloth used to enclose human remains has been recognised as that used by tailors, and the same with the system of sewing, thus narrowing inquiry to a particular class of workmen; the position of a body has shown that death could not have been accidental; the imperishable nature of a false tooth has sufficed for proof of identity when every

other vestige has been annihilated by fire. In one clear case of murder, detection was aided by the discovery of a few half-burnt matches that the criminal had burnt in lighting candles in his victim's room to keep up the illusion that he was still alive. A dog, belonging to a murdered man, had been seen to leave the house with him on the morning of the crime, and was yet found fourteen days later alive and well, with fresh food by him, in the locked-up apartment to which the occupier had never returned. The strongest evidence against Patch, the murderer of Mr. Blight at Rotherhithe, was that the shot which did the deed could not have been fired from the road outside, and the first notion of this was suggested by the doctor called in, afterwards eminent as Sir Astley Cooper. In the Gervais case proof depended greatly upon the date when the roof of a cellar had been disturbed, and this was shown to have been necessarily some time before, for in the interval the cochineal insects had laid their eggs, and this only takes place at a particular season. We shall see in the Voirbo case how an ingenious police officer, when he found bloodstains on a floor, discovered where a body had been buried by emptying a can of water on the uneven stones and following the channels in which it ran. Finger-prints and foot-marks have been worked cleverly into undeniable evidence. The impression of the first is personal and peculiar to the individual; by the latter the police have been able to fix beyond question the direction in which criminals have moved, their character and class, and the neighbourhood that owns them. The labours of the scientist have within the last few years produced new methods of identification, which are invaluable in the pursuit and detection of criminals. The patient investigations of a medical expert, M. Bertillon, of Paris, have discovered and proved beyond all question that certain measurements of the human frame are not only constant and unchangeable, but peculiar to each subject; the width of the head, the length of

the face, of the middle finger, of the lower limbs from knee to foot, and others provide so many combinations that no two persons, speaking broadly, possess them all exactly alike. This has established the system of anthropometry, of "man measurement," which has now been adopted by every civilised nation in the world on the same lines, so that ere long criminals who are catalogued properly can be recognised and identified in any country where "Bertillonage" is in force. No less remarkable are the results obtained by Mr. Francis Galton with the human finger prints. He has also proved that these, exhibited in certain unalterable combinations, suffice to fix individual identity, and his system of notation, as now practised in England, in conjunction with the measurements above mentioned, will some day provide a general register of all known criminals in the country.

The ineffaceable odour of musk and other strong scents has more than once brought home robbery and murder to their perpetrators. A most interesting case is recorded by General Harvey,* where, in the plunder of a native banker and pawnbroker in India, an entire pod of musk, just as it had been excised from the deer, was carried off with a number of valuables. Musk is a costly commodity, for it is rare, obtained generally from far-off Thibet. The police, in following up the dacoits, invaded their *tanda*, or encampment, and were at once conscious of an unmistakable and overpowering smell of musk, which was presently dug up with a number of rupees, coins of an uncommon currency. In another instance a scent merchant's agent returning from Calcutta, brought back with him a flask of otto of "keora," or spikenard, much used in idol worship. He travelled up country by boat part of the way, then landed to complete the journey, and carried with him the spikenard. He fell among thieves, a small gang of professional poisoners, who disposed of him: killed him and his companions and

* "Records of Indian Crime," ii., 158.

threw them into the river. Long afterwards the criminals, who had appropriated all their goods, were detected by the tell-tale smell of the spikenard in their house, and the flask of keora, nearly emptied, was discovered beneath a stack of fuel in a small room. Yet again, the strong smell of opium led to the detection of a robbery in the Punjaub, where a train of bullock carts laden with that valuable drug was plundered by dacoits. After a short struggle the bullock drivers bolted, the thieves seized the opium and buried it. But, returning through a village, they were intercepted as suspicious characters, and it was found that their clothes smelt strongly of opium. Then their foot-steps were traced back to where they had committed the robbery, and thence to a spot in the dry bed of a river in which the opium was found buried.

Among the many outside aids to detection, luck, blind chance, takes a very prominent place. We shall come upon innumerable instances of this. Troppmann, the wholesale murderer, was taken up quite by accident, because his papers were not in proper form. He might still have escaped prolonged arrest had he not run for it and tried to drown himself in the harbour at Havre. The chief of a band of French burglars was arrested in a street quarrel, and was found to be carrying a great part of the stolen bonds in his pocket. When Charles Peace was taken at Blackheath in the act of burglary, and charged with wounding a policeman, no one suspected that this supposed half-caste mulatto, with his dyed skin, was a murderer much wanted in another part of the country. Every good police officer freely admits the assistance he has had from fortune. One of these—famous, not to say notorious, for he fell into bad ways—described to me how he was much thwarted and baffled in a certain case by his inability to come upon the person he was after or any trace of him, and how, meeting a strange face in the street, a sudden impulse prompted him to turn and follow it, with the satisfactory result that

he was led straight to his desired goal. The same officer confessed that the chance of seeing a letter delivered by the postman at a certain door tempted him to become possessed of the letter, and he did not hesitate to steal it. When he had opened and read it, he found the clue of which he was in search.

Criminals themselves believe strongly in luck, and in some cases are most superstitious. An Italian, whose speciality was sacrilege, never broke into a church without kneeling down before the altar to pray for good fortune and large booty. The whole system of Thuggee was based on superstition. The bands never operated without taking the omens; noting the flight of birds, the braying of a jackass to right or left and so on, interpreting them as warnings or encouragements to proceed. This superstitious belief in good and bad luck is still prevalent. A notorious bank-note forger in France carefully abstained from counterfeiting notes of two values, those for 500 francs and 2,000 francs, being convinced that they would bring him into trouble. Thieves, it has been noticed, generally follow one line of business, because a first essay in it was successful. The man who steals coats continually steals them; once a horse thief always a horse thief; the forger sticks to his line, as does the pickpocket, the burglar, and the performer of the confidence trick, who repeats the operation in the same hackneyed fashion time after time. The burglar dislikes extremely the use of any tools or instruments but his own; he generally believes that another man's false keys, jemmies, and so forth, would bring him bad luck. Only in matter-of-fact America the cracksman rises superior to superstition, and a good business is done by certain people who lend house-breaking tools on hire.

Instinct, aboriginal and animal, has helped at times. The mediæval story of the dog of Montargis may be mere fable, yet it rests on historic tradition that after Macaire had

murdered Aubry de Montdidier in the forest of Bondy, the extraordinary aversion shown by the dog to Macaire first aroused suspicion, and led to the ordeal of mortal combat, in which the dog triumphed. The strange, almost superhuman, powers of the Australian blacks in following blind, invisible tracks have been turned to good account in the pursuit of crime. Their senses of sight, smell, and touch are abnormally acute. They can distinguish the trail of lost animals one from the other, and follow it for hundreds of miles. Like the Red Indians of North America, they judge by a leaf, a blade of grass, a mere splash in the mud ; they can tell with unflinching precision whether the ground has been recently disturbed, as well as what has passed over it.

A remarkable instance occurred in the colony of Victoria in 1851, when a stockholder, travelling up to Melbourne with a considerable sum of money, disappeared. His horse had returned riderless to the station, and without saddle or bridle. A search was at once instituted, but proved fruitless. The horse's hoof-marks were followed to the very boundary of the run, near which stood a hut occupied by two shepherds. These men, when questioned, declared that neither man nor horse had passed that way. Then a native who worked on the station was pressed into the service, and starting from the house, walking with downcast eyes and occasionally putting his nose to the ground, he easily followed the horse's track to the shepherds' hut, where he at once offered some information. "Two white mans walk here," he said, pointing to indications he alone could discover on the ground. A few yards further he cried, "Here fight! here large fight!" and it was seen that the grass had been trampled down. Again, close at hand, he shouted in great excitement, "Here kill—kill!" A minute examination of the spot showed that the earth had been moved recently, and on turning it over a quantity of clotted blood was found below.

There was nobody, however, definitely to prove foul play,

and further search was necessary. The black now discovered the tracks of men by the banks of a small stream hard by, which formed the boundary of the run. The stream was shrunk to a tiny thread after the long drought, and here and there was swallowed up by sand. But it gathered occasionally into deep, stagnant pools, which marked its course. Each of these the native examined, still finding footmarks on the margin. At last they reached a pond larger than any, wide, and seemingly very deep. The tracker, after circling round and round the bank, said the trail had ceased, and bent all his attention upon the surface of the water, where a quantity of dark scum was floating. Some of this he skimmed off, tasted and smelt it, and decided positively—"White man here."

The pond was soon dragged with grappling-irons and long spears, and presently a large sack was brought up, which was found to contain the mangled remains of the missing stockholder. The sack had been weighted with many stones to prevent it from rising to the surface.

Suspicion fell upon the two shepherds who lived in the hut on the boundary of the run. One was a convict on ticket-of-leave, the other a deserter from a regiment in England. Both had taken part in the search, and both had appeared much agitated and upset as the black's marvellous discoveries were laid bare. Both, too, incautiously urged that the search had gone far enough, and protested against examining the ponds. While this was in progress, and unobserved by them, a magistrate and two constables went to their hut and searched it thoroughly. They first sent away an old woman who acted as the shepherds' servant, and then turned over the place. Nothing was found in the hut, but in an outhouse they came upon a coat and waistcoat and two pairs of trousers, all much stained with fresh blood-marks. On this the shepherds were arrested and sent down to Melbourne.

What had become of the saddle-bags in which the

murdered man had carried his cash? It was surmised that they had been put by in some safe place, and again the services of the native tracker were sought. He now made a start from the shepherds' hut, and discovered as before, by sight and smell, the tracks of two men's feet travelling northward. These took him to a gully or dry watercourse, in the centre of which was a high pile of stones. The tracks ended at a stone on the side, when the native said he smelt leather. When several stones had been taken down, the saddle-bags, saddle, and bridle were found hidden in an inner receptacle. The money, the motive of the murder, was still in the bags—no less than £2,000—and had been left there, no doubt, for removal at a more convenient time.

The shepherds were put on their trial, and the evidence thus accumulated was deemed convincing by a jury. It was also proved that the blood-stained clothes had been worn by the prisoners both on the day before and on the very day of the murder. The stains were ascertained by chemical analysis to be of human blood, not of sheep, as set up by the defence. It was also shown that the men had been absent from the hut the greater part of the morning of the murder. They were executed at Melbourne.

This extraordinary faculty of following a trail is characteristic of all the Australian blacks. These aborigines have repeatedly shown equal cleverness in this respect. It was especially remarkable in a Queensland case, where a man was missing who was supposed to have been murdered, and whose remains were discovered by the black trackers. An aged shepherd, who had long served on a certain station, was at last sent off with a considerable sum, arrears of pay. He started down country, but was never heard of again. Various suspicious reports started a belief that he had been the victim of foul play. The police were called in, and proceeded to make a thorough search, assisted by several blacks, who usually hang about the station, loafing idly. But they lost their native indolence when

there was tracking to be done. Now they were roused to keenest excitement, and entered eagerly into the work, jabbering and gesticulating, with flashing eyes. No one, to look at these eyes, generally dull and bleary, could imagine that they possessed such visual powers, or that their owners were so shrewdly observant. The search commenced at the hut lately occupied by the missing shepherd. The first discovery, lying among the ashes of the hearth, was a spade, which might have been used as a weapon of offence; spots on it, as the blacks declared, were of blood. Other similar spots were pointed out upon the hard, well-trodden ground outside, and the track led to a creek or water-hole, on the banks of which the blacks picked up among the tufts of short dried grass several locks of reddish-white hair, invisible to everyone else. The depths of the water were now probed with long poles, and the blacks presently fished up a blucher boot with an iron heel. The hair and the boot were both believed to belong to the missing shepherd. The trackers still found locks of hair, following them to a second water-hole, where all traces ceased, and it was supposed by some that the body lay there at the bottom. Not so the blacks, who asserted that it had now been lifted upon horseback for removal to a more distant spot, and in proof pointed out hoof-marks, which had escaped observation until they detected them. The hoof-marks were large and small, obviously of a mare and her foal. Yet the water-hole was searched thoroughly; the blacks stripped and dived, they smelt and tasted the water, but always shook their heads, and, as a matter of fact, nothing was found in this second creek. The pursuit returned to the hoof-marks, and they were followed to the edge of a scrub, where they were lost.

Next day, however, they were again picked up on the hard, bare ground, where there was hardly a blade of grass. They led to the far-off edge of a plain, towards where, in the distance, a small spiral column ascended into the sky. It was the

remains of an old and dilapidated sheep-yard, which had been burnt by the station overseer. This individual, it should have been premised, had all along been suspected of making away with the shepherd from interested motives, having been the depository of his savings. And it was remembered that he had paid several visits in the last few days to the burning sheep-yard. Now, when the search party reached the spot, where little but charred and smouldering embers remained, the blacks eagerly turned over the ashes. Suddenly a woman, a black "gin," screamed shrilly, and cried, "Bones sit down here," and closer examination disclosed a heap of calcined human remains. Small portions of the skull were still unconsumed, and a few teeth were found, quite perfect, having altogether escaped the action of the fire. Soon the buckle of a belt was found, and identified as having been worn by the missing shepherd, and the iron heel of a boot corresponding to that found in the first water-hole. Thus the marvellous sagacity of the black trackers had ended the mystery of the shepherd's disappearance, but, although the shepherd's fate was thereby established beyond doubt, the evidence was not sufficient to bring home the crime of murder to the overseer.

Not the least useful of the many allies found by the police are the criminals themselves. Their shortsightedness is often extraordinary; even when seemingly most careful to cover up their tracks they will neglect some small point, will drop unconsciously some slight clue, which, sooner or later, must betray them. In an American murder, at Michigan, a man killed his wife in the night by braining her with a heavy club. His story was that his bedroom had been entered through the window by some unknown murderer. This theory was at once disproved by the fact that no one could have reached from the window to the bed, but still more by the fact that this window was still nailed down on one side. The real murderer in planning the crime had extracted one nail and left the other. The detection of the thieves and murderers

of M. Delahache, a misanthrope who lived with a paralysed mother and one old servant in a ruined abbey at La Gloire Dieu, near Troyes, was much facilitated by the carelessness with which the criminals neglected to carry off a note-book from the safe. After they had slain their three victims, they forced the safe and carried off a large quantity of securities payable to bearer, for M. Delahache was a saving, well-to-do person. They took all the gold and bank-notes, but they left the title-deeds of the property and his memorandum book, in which the late owner had recorded in shorthand, illegible by the thieves, the numbers and description of the stock he held, mostly in Russian and English securities. By means of these indications it was possible to trace the stolen papers and secure the thieves who still possessed them, with the pocket-book itself and a number of other valuables that had belonged to M. Delahache.

Criminals continually "give themselves away" by their own carelessness, their stupid, incautious behaviour. It is almost an axiom in detection to watch the scene of a murder for the visit of the criminal, who seems almost irresistibly drawn thither. The same impulse attracts the French murderer to the Morgue, where his victim lies in full public view. This is so thoroughly understood in Paris that the police keep officers in plain clothes among the crowd which is always filing past the plate-glass windows separating the public from the marble slopes on which the bodies are exposed. An Indian criminal's steps generally lead him homeward to his own village, on which the Indian police set a close watch when a man is much wanted. Numerous instances might be quoted in which offenders disclose their crime by ill-advised ostentation; the reckless display of much cash by those who were, seemingly, poverty-stricken just before; self-indulgent extravagance, throwing money about wastefully, not seldom parading in the very clothes of their victims. A curious instance of the neglect of common precaution was that

of Wainwright, the murderer of Harriet Lane, who left the *corpus delicti*, the damning proof of his guilt, to the prying curiosity of an outsider, while he went off in search of a cab.

One of the most remarkable instances of the want of reticence in a great criminal and his detection through his own foolishness occurred in the case of Mullins, the Stepney murderer, who betrayed himself to the police when they were really at fault, and their want of acuteness was the subject of much caustic criticism. The victim in this case was an aged woman of eccentric character and extremely parsimonious habits, who lived entirely alone, only admitting a woman to help her in the house-work for an hour or two every day. She owned a good deal of house property, let out in tenements to the working classes. As a rule she collected the rents herself, and was believed to have considerable sums from time to time in her house. This made her timid; being naturally of a suspicious nature, she fortified herself inside with closed shutters and locked doors, never opening to a soul until she had closely scrutinised any visitor. It called for no particular remark that for several days she had not issued forth. She was last seen on the evening of the 13th August. When people came to see her on business on the 14th, 15th and 16th, she made no response to their loud knockings, but her strange habits were well known; moreover, the neighbourhood was so densely inhabited that it was thought impossible she could have been the victim of foul play.

At last, on the 17th August, a shoemaker, named Emm, whom she sometimes employed to collect rents at a distance, went to Mrs. Elmsley's lawyers and expressed his alarm at her non-appearance. The police were consulted, and decided to break into the house. Its owner was found lying dead on the floor in a lumber-room at the top of the house. Life had been extinct for some days, and death had been caused by blows on the head with a heavy plasterer's hammer. The body lay in a pool of blood, which also splashed the walls, and a bloody

footprint was impressed on the floor, pointing outwards from the room. There were no appearances of forcible entry to the house, and the conclusion was fair that whoever had done the deed had been admitted by Mrs. Elmsley in all good faith. A possible clue to the criminal was afforded by the several rolls of wall-paper lying about near the corpse. Mrs. Elmsley was in the habit of employing workmen on her own account to carry out repairs and decorations in her houses, and the indications pointed to her having been visited by one of these, who had perpetrated the crime. Yet the police made no useful deductions from these data.

While they were still at fault, a man, named Mullins, a plasterer by trade, who knew Mrs. Elmsley well and who had often worked for her, came forward voluntarily to throw some light on the mystery. A month had nearly elapsed since the murder, and during this long period Mullins's attention had been drawn to the man Emm and his suspicious conduct. Mullins had served in the Irish constabulary; his powers of observation had been quickened by this early training, and he soon saw that Emm had something to conceal. He had watched him, had frequently seen him leave his cottage and proceed stealthily to a neighbouring brickfield, laden on each occasion with a parcel he did not bring back. Mullins, after giving this information quite unsought, led the police officers to the spot, and into a ruined outbuilding, where a strict search was made. Behind a stone slab they discovered a paper parcel containing articles which were at once identified as part of the murdered woman's property. Mullins next accompanied the police to Emm's house, and saw the supposed criminal arrested. But to his utter amazement the police turned on Mullins and also took him into custody. Something in his manner had aroused suspicion, and rightly, for eventually he was convicted and hanged for the crime.

Here Mullins had only himself to thank. Whatever the

impulse—that strange restlessness that often affects the secret murderer, or the consuming fear that the scent was hot, and his guilt must be discovered unless he could shift suspicion—it is certain that but for his own act he would never have been arrested. It may be interesting to complete this case, and show how further suspicion settled around Mullins. The parcel found in the brickfield was tied up with a tag end of tape; a bit of a dirty apron string. A precisely similar piece of tape was discovered in Mullins's lodgings lying upon the mantelshelf. There was an inner parcel fastened with waxed cord. The idea with Mullins was, no doubt, to suggest that the shoemaker Emm had used cobbler's wax. But a piece of wax was also found in Mullins's possession, besides several articles belonging to the deceased.

The most conclusive evidence was the production of a plasterer's hammer, which was also found in Mullins's house. It was examined under the microscope, and proved to be stained with blood. Mullins had made away with an old boot, which had been picked up under the window of a room he occupied. This boot fitted exactly into the blood-stained footprint on the floor in Mrs. Elmsley's lumber-room; moreover, two nails protruding from the sole corresponded with two holes in the board, and, again, a hole in the middle of the sole was filled up with dried blood. So far as Emm was concerned, he was able clearly to establish an *alibi*, while witnesses were produced who swore to having seen Mullins coming across Stepney Green at dawn on the day of the crime with bulging pockets stuffed full of something, and going home; he appeared much perturbed and trembled all over.

Mullins was found guilty without hesitation, and the judge expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the verdict. The case was much discussed in legal circles and in the Press, and all opinions were unanimously hostile to Mullins. The convict steadfastly denied his guilt to the last, but left a paper exonerating Emm. It is difficult to reconcile

this with his denunciation of that innocent man, except on the grounds of his own guilty knowledge of the real murderer. In any case, it was he himself who first lifted the veil and stupidly brought justice down on himself.

There have, however, been occasions when detection has failed more or less completely. The police do not admit always that the perpetrators remain unknown; they have clues, suspicion, strong presumption, even more, but there is a gap in the evidence forthcoming, and to attempt prosecution would be to face inevitable breakdown. To this day it is held at Scotland Yard that the real murderer in the Great Coram Street case was discovered by the police, but that the case failed before an artfully planned *alibi*. Sometimes an arrest is made on grounds that afford strong *prima facie* evidence, yet the case breaks down in court. The Burdell murder in 1857, in New York, was one of these. Dr. Burdell was a wealthy and eccentric dentist, owning a house in Bond Street, the greater part of which he let out in tenements. One of his tenants was a Mrs. Cunningham, to whom he became engaged, and whom, according to one account, he married. In any case, they quarrelled furiously, and Dr. Burdell warned her she must leave the house, as he had let her rooms. Whereupon she told him significantly that he might not live to sign the agreement. Shortly afterwards he was found murdered, stabbed with fifteen wounds, and all the signs of a violent struggle. The wounds must have been inflicted by a left-handed person, and Mrs. Cunningham was proved to be left-handed. The facts were strong against her, and she was arrested, but acquitted on trial. It came out long afterwards that the detectives were absolutely right about the mysterious Road (Somerset) murder, and that Inspector Whicher, of Scotland Yard, in fixing the crime on Constance Kent, had worked out the case with singular acumen. He elicited the motive—her jealousy of the little brother, one of a second family; he built up the clever theory of the abstracted

nightdress, and obtained what he considered sufficient proof. It will be remembered that this accusation was denounced as frivolous and unjust. Mr. Whicher was overwhelmed with so much ridicule that he soon afterwards retired from the force, and died, it was said, of a broken heart. His failure, as it was called, threw suspicion upon others: Mr. Kent, the father of the murdered child, Gough, the boy's nurse, and both were apprehended and charged, but the cases were dismissed. In the end, as all the world knows, Constance Kent, who had entered an Anglican sisterhood, made full confession to the Rev. Mr. Wagner, of Brighton, and she was duly convicted of murder. Although sentence of death was passed, it was commuted, and I had her in my charge at Millbank for years.

The outside public may think that the identity of that later miscreant, "Jack the Ripper," was never revealed. So far as actual knowledge goes, this is undoubtedly true. But the police, after the last murder, had brought their investigations to the point of strongly suspecting several persons, all of them known to be homicidal lunatics, and against three of these they held very plausible and reasonable grounds of suspicion. Concerning two of them the case was weak, although it was based on certain colourable facts. One was a Polish Jew, a known lunatic, who was at large in the district of Whitechapel at the time of the murder, and who, having afterwards developed homicidal tendencies, was confined in an asylum. This man was said to resemble the murderer by the one person who got a glimpse of him—the police-constable in Mitre Court. The second possible criminal was a Russian doctor, also insane, who had been a convict both in England and Siberia. This man was in the habit of carrying about surgical knives and instruments in his pockets; his antecedents were of the very worst, and at the time of the Whitechapel murders he was in hiding, or, at least, his whereabouts were never exactly known. The third person was of the same type, but the suspicion in his case was stronger, and there was every reason to believe

that his own friends entertained grave doubts about him. He also was a doctor in the prime of life, was believed to be insane or on the borderland of insanity, and he disappeared immediately after the last murder, that in Miller's Court, on the 9th of November, 1888. On the last day of that year, seven weeks later, his body was found floating in the Thames, and was said to have been in the water a month. The theory in this case was that after his last exploit, which was the most fiendish of all, his brain entirely gave way, and he became furiously insane and committed suicide. It is at least a strong presumption that "Jack the Ripper" died or was put under restraint after the Miller's Court affair, which ended this series of crimes. It would be interesting to know whether in this third case the man was left-handed or ambidextrous, both suggestions having been advanced by medical experts after viewing the victims. Certainly other doctors disagreed on this point, which may be said to add another to the many instances in which medical evidence has been conflicting, not to say confusing.

Yet the incontestable fact remains, unsatisfactory and disquieting, that many murder mysteries have baffled all inquiry, and that the long list of undiscovered crimes continually receives many mysterious additions. An erroneous impression, however, prevails that such failures are more common in Great Britain than elsewhere. No doubt the British police are greatly handicapped by the law's limitations, which in England act always in protecting the accused. But with all their advantages, the power to make arrests on suspicion, to interrogate the accused parties and force on self-incrimination—the Continental police meet with many rebuffs. Numbers of cases are "classed," as it is officially called in Paris, that is, pigeon-holed for ever and a day, wanting sufficient proofs for trial, in the utter absence indeed of any suspected person to try. In every country, and in all times, past and present, there have been crimes that defied detection. The memory of one

or two of the older and half-forgotten cases may be revived as likely to interest, and perhaps console, people who may imagine that great criminals enjoy greater immunity from detection to-day than heretofore.

Feuerbach, in his record of criminal trials in Bavaria, tells of the unsolved murder mystery of one Rupprecht, a notorious usurer of Munich, who was killed, in 1817, at one stroke, at the doorway of a public tavern not fifty yards from his own residence. Yet his murderer was never discovered. The tavern was called the "hell"; it was a place of evil resort, for Rupprecht, a mean, parsimonious old curmudgeon, was fond of low company and spent most nights here swallowing beer and cracking jokes with his friends. One night the landlord, returning from his cellar, heard a voice in the street asking for Rupprecht, and going up to the drinking saloon conveyed the message. Rupprecht went down to see his visitor and never returned. Within a minute deep groans were heard as of a person in a fit or extreme pain. All rushed downstairs and found the old man lying in a pool of blood just inside the front door. There was a gaping wound in his head, but he was not unconscious, and kept repeating, "Wicked rogue! wicked villain! the axe! the axe!"

The wound had been inflicted by some sharp instrument, possibly a sword or sabre, wielded by a powerful hand. The victim must have been taken unawares when his back was turned. The theory constructed by the police was that the murderer had waited within the porch out of sight, standing on a stone bench in a dark corner near the street door; that Rupprecht, finding no one to explain the summons, had looked out into the street and then gone back into the house. After he had turned the blow had been struck. Thus not a scrap of a clue was left on the theatre of the crime. But Rupprecht was still alive and able to answer simple questions. A judge was summoned to interrogate him, and asked, "Who struck you?" "Schmidt," replied Rupprecht. "Which

Schmidt?" "Schmidt the woodcutter." Further inquiries elicited statements that Schmidt had used a hatchet, that he lived in the Most, that they had quarrelled some time before. Rupprecht said he had recognised his assailant, and he went on muttering "Schmidt, Schmidt, woodcutter, axe." To find Schmidt was naturally the first business of the police. The name was as common as Smith is with us, and many Schmidts were woodcutters. Three Schmidts were suspected; one was a known confederate of thieves, another had been intimate but afterwards was on bad terms with Rupprecht, this was "Big Schmidt;" the third, his brother, "Little Schmidt," also knew Rupprecht. All three, although none lived in the Most, were arrested and confronted with Rupprecht, but he recognised none of them, and he died next day, having become speechless and unconscious at the last. Only the first Schmidt seemed guilty; he was much agitated when interrogated, he contradicted himself, and could give no good account of the employment of his time when the offence was committed. Moreover, he had a hatchet; it was examined and spots were found upon it undoubtedly of blood. He was brought into the presence of the dead Rupprecht, and was greatly overcome with terror and agitation.

Yet after the first accusation he offered good rebutting evidence. He explained the stain by saying he had a chapped hand which bled, and when it was pointed out that this was the right hand, which would be at the other end of the axe shaft, he was able in reply to prove that he was left-handed; again, the wound in the head was considerably longer than the blade of the axe, and the blow from an axe cannot be drawn along after it has been struck. The murderer's cries had been heard by the landlord, inquiring for Rupprecht, but it was not Schmidt's voice. There was an *alibi*, moreover, or as good. Schmidt was at his mother-in-law's, and was to have gone home a little before the murder; soon after it, his wife found him in bed and asleep.

If he had committed the crime he must have jumped out of bed again almost at once, run more than a mile, wounded Rupprecht, returned, gone back to bed, and to sleep, in less than an hour. Further, it was shown by trustworthy evidence that this Schmidt knew nothing of the murder after it had occurred.

The police drew blank also with "Big Schmidt" and "Little Schmidt," neither of whom had left home on the night of the murder. They were no more successful with other Schmidts, although every one of the name had been examined, and it was now realised that the last delirious words of the dying man had led them astray. But while hunting up the Schmidts it was not forgotten by the police that Rupprecht had also cried out, "My daughter! my daughter!" after he had been struck down. This might have been from the desire to see her in his last moments. On the other hand, he was estranged from this daughter, and that he hated his son-in-law especially. They were no doubt a cold-blooded pair these Bieringers, as they were called. The daughter showed little emotion when she heard her father had been wounded mortally; she looked at him as he lay, without emotion, and had so little lost her appetite that she devoured a whole basin of soup in the house. It was suspicious, too, that she tried to fix the guilt on "Big Schmidt." Bieringer was a man of superior station, well bred, and well educated; and he lived on very bad terms with his wife, who was coarse, vulgar, and of violent temper like her father, and once at his instance she was imprisoned for forty-eight hours. Rupprecht sided with his daughter, and openly declared that in leaving her his money he would tie it up so tightly that Bieringer could not touch a penny. This he had said openly, and it was twisted into a motive why Bieringer should remove him before he could make such a will. But a sufficient *alibi* was proved by Bieringer; his time was accounted for satisfactorily on the night of the murder. The daughter

was absolved from guilt, for even if she, a woman, could have struck so shrewd a blow, it was not to her interest to kill a father who sided with her against her husband, and was on the point of making a will in her favour.

Other arrests were made. Rupprecht's maid reported that three trumpeters belonging to the regiment in garrison had called on her master the very day of the murder; one of them owed him money which he could not pay, and the others it was thought had joined him in trying to intimidate the usurer. But the case of these troopers, men who could handle the very weapon that did the deed, broke down on clear proof that they were elsewhere at the time of the murder. The one flaw in the otherwise acute investigation was that the sabres of all the troopers had not been examined before so much noise had been made about the murder. But from the first attention had been concentrated on axes, wielded by woodcutters, and the probable use of a sabre had been overlooked. After the trumpeters, two other callers had come, and Rupprecht had given them a secret interview. One proved to be the regimental master-tailor, who was seeking a loan and had brought a witness to the transaction with him. Their innocence was also clearly proved, and although many more people were arrested they were in all cases discharged.

The murder of this Rupprecht has remained a mystery. The only plausible suggestion was that he had been murdered by some aggrieved person, some would-be borrower whom he had rejected, or some debtor who could not pay and thought this the simplest way of clearing his obligation. The authorities could fix this on anyone, for Rupprecht made no record of his transactions; he could neither read nor write, and kept all his accounts "in his head." Only on rare occasions did he call in a confidential friend to look through his papers when there was question of arranging them or finding a note of hand. No one but Rupprecht himself could have afforded

the proper clue; and, as it was, he had led the police in the wrong direction.

Numerous murder mysteries have been contributed by American criminal records. Especial interest attaches to the case of Mary Rogers, "the pretty cigar seller" of New York, who was done to death by persons unknown in 1840, because it formed the basis of Edgar Allen Poe's famous story, "The Mystery of Marie Roget." The scene of that story is Paris, but the murder was actually committed near New York. Mary Rogers had many admirers, but her character was good, her conduct seemingly irreproachable. She was supposed to have spent her last Sunday with friends, but was seen with a single companion late that afternoon at a little restaurant near Hoboken. As she never returned home her disappearance caused much excitement, but at length her body, much maltreated, was found in the water near Sybil's Cave, Hoboken. Many arrests were made, but the crime was never brought home to anyone.

Poe's suggested solution, the jealous rage of an old lover returned from sea, was no more than ingenious fiction. Among others upon whom suspicion fell was John Anderson, the cigar merchant in whose employ Mary Rogers was, and it was encouraged by his flight after the discovery of the murder. But when arrested and brought back, he adduced what was deemed satisfactory proof of an *alibi*. Anderson lived to amass enormous wealth, and about the time of his death in Paris in 1881 the evil reports of his complicity in the murder were revived, but nothing new transpired. It was said that in his later years Anderson became an ardent spiritualist, and that the murdered Mary Rogers was one among the many spirits he communed with.

The murder of Mary Rogers was not the only unsolved mystery of its class beyond the Atlantic. It was long antedated by that known as the Manhattan Well Mystery. The murder occurred as far back as 1799, when New York was little more

than a village as compared to its present size. The Manhattan Company, now a bank, had then the privilege of supplying the city with water. The well stood in an open field and all passers-by had free access to it. One day the pretty niece of a respectable Quaker disappeared; she had left her home, it was said, to be privately married, and nothing more was seen of her till she was fished out of the Manhattan well. Some thought she had committed suicide, but articles of her dress were found at a distance from the well, including her shoes, none of which she was likely to have removed and left there before drowning herself. Her muff, moreover, was found in the water; why should she have retained that to the last? Suspicion rested upon the man whom she was to have married, and who had called for her in his sleigh after she had already left the house. This man was tried for his life, but the case broke down, and the murder has always baffled detection. There was, later, in 1830, the mystery of Sarah M. Cornell, in which suspicion fell upon a reverend gentleman of the Methodist persuasion, who was acquitted. Again, in 1836, however, there was the murder of Helen Jewitt, which was never cleared up; and recently that of the Ryans, brother and sister, while the murder of Annie Downey, commonly called "Curly Tom," a New York flower-girl, recalls many of the circumstances of the late murders in Whitechapel.

A great crime that altogether defied the New York police occurred in 1870, and is still remembered as an extraordinary mystery. It was the murder of a wealthy Jew named Nathan, in his own house in Twenty-third Street. He had come up from the country in July, for a religious ceremony, and slept at home. His two sons, who were in business, also lived in the Twenty-third Street house. The only other occupant was a housekeeper. The sons returning late one after the other looked in on their father and found him sleeping peacefully. No noise disturbed the house during the night, but early next morning Mr. Nathan was found a

shapeless mass upon the floor; he had been killed with brutal violence, and the weapon used, a ship carpenter's "dog," was lying close by the body besmeared with blood and the grey hairs. The dead man's pockets had been rifled, and all his money and jewellery were gone; a safe that stood in the corner of the bedroom had been forced and its contents abstracted.

Various theories were started, but none led to the track of the criminal. One of Mr. Nathan's sons was suspected, but his innocence was clearly proved. Another person thought to be guilty was the son of the resident housekeeper, but that supposition also fell to the ground. Some of the police were of opinion that it was the work of an ordinary burglar; others opposed this view, on the ground that the ship carpenter's "dog" was not a housebreaking tool. One ingenious solution was offered, and it may be commended to the romantic novelist; it was to the effect that Mr. Nathan held certain documents gravely compromising the character of a person with whom he had had business dealings, and this person had planned and executed the murder in order to become repossessed of them. This theory had no definite support from known fact; but Mr. Nathan was a close, secretive man, who kept all the threads of his financial affairs in his own hands, and it was said that none in his family, not even his wife, was aware what his safe held or what he carried in his pockets. It is worth noticing that this last theory resembles very closely the explanation suggested as a solution of the undiscovered murder of Rupprecht in Bavaria, already described.

Taking a general view of the case as between hunted and hunters, it may be fairly considered that the ultimate advantage is with the last-named. We hear more of one instance of failure than of ninety-nine successes. The first is proclaimed trumpet-tongued, the latter pass almost unnoticed into the great garner of criminal reports and judicial or police statistics. We are bound at least, and in common justice, to

give due credit to the ceaseless activity, the continual pains-taking effort of the guardians of the public weal. Their methods are the outcome of long patient experience, developed and improved as time passes, and they have deserved, if not always commanded, success. It may be that the ordinary detective works a little too openly, at least, in this country; that his face and, till lately, his boots were well known in the circles generally frequented by his prey. Again, there may be at times slackness in pursuit, neglect or oversight of early clues. Well-meaning but obstinate men will not keep a perfectly open mind: they may cling too long and closely to a first theory, wresting their opinions and forcing acquired facts to fit this theory, and so travel further and further along the wrong road. "Shadowing" suspected persons does not always answer, and may be carried too far; more, it may be so clumsily done as to put his quarry on his guard and altogether defeat the objects in view. But to urge such shortcomings savours of hypercriticism. It is more just and more generous to accept with gratitude the overwhelming balance in favour of the police for the results achieved.

MYSTERIES OF POLICE AND CRIME

Part I.

POLICE—PAST AND PRESENT.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY POLICE.

Origin of Police—Definitions—First Police in France—Charles V.—Louis XIV.—The Lieutenant-General of Police—His Functions and Powers—The first, La Reynie—His Measures against Crime and Disorders—As a Censor of the Press—His Steps to check Gambling and Cheating at Games of Chance—La Reynie's Successors: the D'Argensons, Hérault, D'Ombréval, Berryer—The Famous de Sartines, his Ruses and Detections—Two Instances of his Omniscience—Lenoir and Espionage—De Crosne, the last and most feeble Lieutenant-General of Police—The Story of the Bookseller Blaizot—Police under the Directory and Empire—Fouché—His Beginnings and First Chances—A born Police Officer—Has nearly *Carte Blanche* from Napoleon, but is at last Discredited and Dismissed—General Savary succeeds—His Character—How he organises his Service of Spies—His humiliating Failure in the nearly successful Conspiracy of General Malet—At the Bourbon Restoration Fouché returns to Power as Head of the Police, but soon Dies—Some Views of his Character.

WHEN men began to congregate in communities laws for the good government and protection of the whole number became a necessity, and this led to the creation of police. The word itself is derived from *πόλις* (the "city"), a collection of people within a certain area: a public body working regularly together for mutual advantage and defence. The latter was internal as well as external, for since the world began there have been dissidents and outlaws, those who declined to accept the standard of conduct deemed generally binding, and so set law at defiance. Hence the organisation of some force, taking its mandate from the many to compel good conduct in the few; some special institution whose functions were to watch over the common weal, and act for the public

both in preventing evil and preparing or securing good. From this the police deduces its claim to universal interference; its right to control every action of the citizen. In its best sense this position is defensible, although by excessive development it may become too paternal. In its worst, as seen in the great despotisms, it is a potent engine for the enslavement of a people.

These ideas, perfect enough in the abstract, are contained in the definitions of police as found in dictionaries and the best authorities. Our Imperial Dictionary calls it "a judicial and executive system in a national jurisprudence which is specially concerned with the quiet and good order of society; the means instituted by a government or community to maintain public order, liberty, property, and individual security." Littré defines *police* as: "The ordered system established in any city or state which controls all that affects the comfort and safety of the inhabitants." "Police," says a modern writer, "is that section of public authority charged to protect persons and things against every attack, every evil which can be prevented or lessened by human prudence." Again: "To maintain public order, protect property and personal liberty, to watch over public manners and the public health; such are the principal functions of the police." Although we English people were slow to adopt any police system on a large or uniform scale, the principle has ever been accepted by our legists. Jeremy Bentham considered police necessary as a method of precaution to prevent crimes and calamities as well as to correct and cure them. Blackstone in his Commentaries says: "By public police and economy I mean the due regulation and domestic order of the kingdom, whereby the individuals of the State, like members of a well-governed family, are bound to conform their general behaviour to the rules of propriety, good neighbourhood, and good manners; to be decent, industrious, and inoffensive in their respective stations."

The French kings were probably the first, in modern times, to establish a police system. As early as the fourteenth century Charles V., who was ready to administer

justice anywhere, in the open field or under the first tree, invented police "to increase the happiness and security of his people." It was a fatal gift, soon to be developed into an engine of horrible oppression. It came to be the symbol of despotism, the plain outward evidence of the king's supreme will, the bars and fetters that checked and restrained all liberty, depriving the people of the commonest rights and privileges, forbidding them to work, eat, dress, live or move from place to place without leave. Louis XIV., on his accession, systematised and enormously increased the functions and powers of the police, and with an excellent object, that of giving security to a city in which crime, disorder, and dirt flourished unchecked. But in obtaining good government all freedom and independence were crushed out of the people.

The lieutenant of police called into existence in 1667, and presently advanced to the higher rank of lieutenant-general, was an all-powerful functionary, who ruled Paris despotically henceforward to the great break-up at the Revolution. He had summary jurisdiction over beggars, vagabonds, and evil-doers of all kinds and classes; he was in return responsible for the security and general good order of the city. Crimes, great and small, were very prevalent, such as repeated acts of fraud and embezzlement; for Fouquet had but just been convicted of the malversation of public monies on a gigantic scale. There were traitors even in the highest ranks, and the Chevalier de Rohan about this period was detected in a plot to sell several strong places on the Normandy coast to the enemy. Very soon the civilised world was to be shocked beyond measure by the wholesale poisonings of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, Voisin, and other miscreants. In the very heart of Paris there was a deep gangrene, a sort of criminal Alsatia—the Cour des Miracles—where depredators and desperadoes gathered unchecked, and defied authority. The streets were made hideous by incessant bloodthirsty brawls; quarrels were fought then and there, for everyone, with or without leave, carried swords—even servants and retainers of the great noblemen—and were prompt to use them. The lieutenant-

general of police was nearly absolute in regard to offences political and general. In his office were kept long lists of suspected persons and known evil-doers, with full details of their marks and appearance, nationality and character. He could deal at once with all persons taken in the act; if penalties beyond his power were required, he passed them on to the superior courts. The prisoners of State in the royal castles—the Bastille, Vincennes, and the rest—were in his charge; he interrogated them at will, and might add to their number by arresting dangerous or suspected persons, in pursuit of whom he could enter and search private houses or take any steps however arbitrary. For all these purposes he had a large armed force at his disposal, cavalry and infantry, nearly a thousand men in all, and besides there was the city watch, the *chevaliers de guet* or “archers,” who were seventy-one in number.

The first lieutenant-general of police in Paris was Gabriel Nicholas (who assumed the name of La Reynie from his estate), a young lawyer who had been the *protégé* of the Governor of Burgundy, and afterwards was taken up by Colbert. La Reynie is described by his contemporaries as a man of great force of character, grave and silent and self-reliant, who wielded his new authority with great judgment and determination, and soon won the entire confidence of the autocratic king. He lost no time in putting matters right. To clear out the Cour des Miracles and expel all rogues was one of his first measures; his second was to enforce the regulation forbidding servants to go armed. Exemplary punishment overtook two footmen of a great house who had beaten and wounded a student upon the Pont Neuf. They were apprehended, convicted, and hanged, in spite of the strong protests of their masters. La Reynie went further and revived the ancient regulation by which servants could not come and go as they pleased, and none could be engaged who did not possess papers *en règle*. The servants did not submit kindly, and for some time evaded the new rule by carrying huge sticks or canes, of which also they were eventually deprived.

The lieutenant-general of police was the censor of the press, which was more free-spoken than was pleasing to a despotic government, and often published matter that was deemed libellous. The French were not yet entirely cowed, and sometimes dared to cry out against unjust judges and thieving financiers; there were fierce factions in the Church; Jesuit and Jansenist carried on a bitter polemical war; the Protestants, unceasingly persecuted, made open complaint which brought down on some of their exemplary clergy the penalty of the galleys. The police had complete authority over printers and publishers, and could deal sharply with all books, pamphlets, or papers containing libellous statements or improper opinions. The most stringent steps were taken to prevent the distribution of prohibited books. Philosophical works were most disliked. Books when seized were dealt with as criminals and were at once consigned to the Bastille. Twenty copies were set aside by the governor, other twelve or fifteen were at the disposal of the higher officials, the rest were handed over to the paper-makers to be torn up and sold as waste paper or destroyed by fire in the presence of the keeper of archives. Many of the books preserved in the Bastille and found at the Revolution were proved to be insignificant and inoffensive, and condemned on the vague charge of being libellous either on the queen and royal family or on the ministers of State. An edition of one work had come from London and was entitled "Malle cachetée de Lord North," another was called the "Portefeuille d'un Talon Rouge," and was a lampoon upon the whole Court. Prohibited books were not imprisoned until they had been been tried and condemned; their sentence was written on a ticket affixed to the sack containing them. Condemned engravings were scratched and defaced in the presence of the keeper of archives and the staff of the Bastille; and so wholesale was the destruction of books that one paper-maker alone carried off 3,015 pounds' weight of fragments. Seizures were often accompanied by the arrest of printers and publishers, and an order to destroy the press and distribute the bookseller's whole stock.

Although La Reynie used every effort to check improper publications, he was known as the patron and supporter of legitimate printing. Under his auspices several notable editions issued from the press, and their printers received handsome pensions from the State. He was a collector, a bibliophile who gathered together many original texts; and he will always deserve credit for having caused the chief manuscripts of the great dramatist Molière to be carefully preserved.

Society was very corrupt in those days, honeycombed with vices, especially gambling, which claimed the constant attention of a paternal police. La Reynie was most active in his pursuit of gamblers. The rapid fortunes made by dishonest means led to much reckless living and especially to an extraordinary development of play. Everyone gambled, everywhere, in and out of doors, even in their carriages while travelling to and fro. Louis XIV., as he got on in life, and more youthful pleasures palled, played tremendously. His courtiers naturally followed the example. It was not all fair play either; the temptation of winning largely attracted numbers of "Greeks" to the gaming tables, and cheating of all kinds was very common. The king gave frequent and positive orders to check it. A special functionary who had jurisdiction in the Court, the grand provost, was instructed to find some means of preventing this constant cheating at play. At the same time La Reynie sent Colbert a statement of the various kinds of fraud practised with cards, dice, or *hoca*, a game played with thirty points and thirty balls. The police lieutenant made various suggestions for checking these malpractices; the card-makers were to be subjected to stringent surveillance; it was useless to control the makers of dice, but they were instructed to denounce all who ordered loaded dice. As to *hoca*, it was far the most difficult, he said, and dangerous. The Italians, who had originated the game, so despaired of checking cheating in it that they had forbidden it in their own country. La Reynie's anxiety was such that he begged the minister to prohibit its introduction

at the Court, as the fashion would soon be followed in the city. However, this application failed; the Court would not sacrifice its amusements, and was soon devoted to *hoca*, with lansquenet, *postique*, *trou-madame*, and other games of hazard. The extent to which gambling was carried will be seen in the amounts lost and won; it was easy, in lansquenet or *hoca*, to win fifty or sixty times in a quarter of an hour. Madame de Montespan, the king's favourite, frequently lost a hundred thousand crowns. One Christmas-day she lost seven hundred thousand crowns. On another occasion she laid a hundred and fifty thousand pistoles (£300,000) upon three cards, and won. Another night, it is said, she won back five millions which she had lost. Monsieur, the king's brother, also gambled wildly. When campaigning he lost a hundred thousand francs to other officers; once he was obliged to pledge the whole of his jewels to liquidate his debts of honour.

Nevertheless the games of chance, if permitted at Court, were prohibited elsewhere. The police continually harried the keepers of gambling hells; those who offended were forced to shut up their establishments and expelled from Paris. The king was disgusted at times, and reprov'd his courtiers. He took one M. de Ventadour sharply to task for starting *hoca* in his house, and warned him that "this kind of thing must be entirely ended." The exact opposite was the result: that and other games gained steadily in popularity, and the number of players increased and multiplied. The king promised La Reynie to put gambling down with a strong hand, and called for a list of all hells and who kept them. But the simple measure of beginning with the Court was not tried. Had play been suppressed among the highest it would soon have gone out of fashion; as it was, it flourished unchecked till the collapse of the *ancien régime*.

It would be tedious to trace the succession of lieutenants-general between La Reynie and Crosne, the last, who was in office at the outbreak of the French Revolution. One or two were remarkable in their way: the elder D'Argenson, who was universally detested and feared; who cleared out the low

haunts with such ruthless severity that he was known to the thieves and criminals as Rhadamanthus, or the judge of the infernal regions; his son, D'Argenson, the younger, who is held responsible for the law of passports which made it death to go abroad without one; of Hérault, who persecuted the freemasons, and was so noted for his bigotry and intolerance, the following story is told. In one of his walks abroad he took offence at the sign at a shop door which represented a priest bargaining about goods at a counter, with this title, "L'Abbé Coquet." Returning home, he despatched an emissary to fetch him the Abbé Coquet, but gave no explanation. The agent went out and picked up a priest of the name and brought him to Hérault's house. They told him the Abbé Coquet was below. "Mettez-le dans le grenier" was Hérault's brief order. Next day the abbé, half-starved, grew furious at his detention, and Hérault's servants reported that they could do nothing with him. "Eh! Brulez-le et laissez-moi tranquille," replied the chief of police, whereupon an explanation followed, and the Abbé Coquet was released.

D'Ombréval, again, was a man of intolerant views. He especially distinguished himself by his persistent persecution of the mad fanatics called the *convulsionnaires*,* whom he ran down everywhere, pursuing them into the most private places, respecting neither age nor sex, and casting them wholesale into prison. Two of these victims were found in the Conciergerie in 1775 who had been imprisoned for thirty-eight years. The *convulsionnaires* successfully defied the police in the matter of a periodical print which they published secretly and distributed in the very teeth of authority. This rare instance of baffled detection is worth recording. The police was powerless to suppress the *Nouvelles Ecclesiastiques*, as the paper was called. A whole

* These *convulsionnaires* were a sect of the Jansenists who met at the tomb of "Francis of Paris," where they preached and prophesied the downfall of the Church and the French monarchy. Their ceremonies were wild and extravagant; they contorted their bodies violently, rolled on the ground, imitating birds, beasts and fishes, until these convulsions (hence their name) ended in a swoon and collapse. The law was very severe against these fanatics, who, however survived the most vigorous measures.

army of active and unscrupulous spies could not discover who wrote it or where it was printed. Sometimes it appeared in the town, sometimes in the country. It was printed, now in the suburbs, now among the piles of wood in the Gros Caillou, now upon barges in the River Seine, now in private houses. A thousand ingenious devices were practised to put it into circulation and get it through the barriers. One of the cleverest was by utilising a poodle dog which carried a false skin over its shaved body; between the two the sheets were carefully concealed and travelled safely into the city. So bold were the authors of this print that on one occasion when the police lieutenant was searching a house for a printing press several copies of the paper still wet from the press were thrown into his carriage.

Berryer, a later lieutenant-general, owed his appointment to Madame de Pompadour, whose creature he was, and his whole aim was to learn all that was said of her and against her, and then avenge attack by summary arrests. At her instance he sent in a daily statement of all the scandalous gossip current in the city, and he lent his willing aid to the creation of the infamous *Cabinet Noir*, in which the sanctity of all correspondence was violated and every letter read as it passed through the post. A staff of clerks was always busy; they took impressions of the seals with quicksilver, melted the wax over steam, extracted the sheets, read them, and copied all parts that were thought likely to interest the king and Madame de Pompadour. The treacherous practice was well known in Paris, and so warmly condemned that it is recorded in contemporary memoirs: "Dr. Quesnay furiously declared he would sooner dine with the hangman than with the Intendant of Posts" who countenanced such a base proceeding.

Perhaps the most famous and most successful police minister of his time was M. de Sartines, whose detective triumphs were mainly due to his extensive system and the activity of his nearly ubiquitous agents. He first gained reputation, however, by a cunning ruse. Soon after his appointment a terrible crime was committed in the

neighbourhood of the Jardin des Plantes, when five people were murdered. When de Sartines arrived he ascertained that five large boxes full of booty had been removed from the house where the five bodies still lay on the ground. He also obtained particulars which put him on the track of the murderers, who were quickly arrested and sent to gaol. Yet the whole story was a fabrication. The bodies had been secretly taken to the scene of the crime in the big boxes which had been used to carry off the plunder. It is not recorded where de Sartines obtained the bodies, and no one believed the explanation, although the accused were released without trial; so difficult is it to catch up any story, however false, if it gets the start, and de Sartines was still credited with extraordinary astuteness. No doubt he had great ability, although a man of indifferent education; a Spaniard by birth, he had come to Paris to make his way. He greatly improved the method of the police and largely increased the number of his agents, with all of whom he was in close, constant touch, and they apparently served him well.

Two good stories are preserved of de Sartines' omniscience.

One of them runs that a great officer of State wrote him from Vienna begging that a noted Austrian robber who had taken refuge in Paris might be arrested and handed over. De Sartines immediately replied that it was quite a mistake, the man wanted was not in Paris, but actually in Vienna; he gave his exact address, the hours at which he went in and out of his house, and the disguises he usually assumed. The information was absolutely correct and led to the robber's arrest.

Again, one of his friends, the president of the High Court at Lyons, ventured to deride his processes, declaring that they were of no avail and that anyone, if so disposed, could elude the police. He offered a wager, which de Sartines accepted, that he could come into Paris and conceal himself there for several days without the knowledge of the police. A month later this judge left Lyons secretly, travelled to Paris day and night, and on arrival took up his quarters in a

remote part of the city. By noon that day he received a letter, delivered at his address, from de Sartines, who invited him to dinner and claimed payment of the wager.

A great *coup* was made by this adroit officer, but the interest of the affair attaches rather to the thieves than to the police. It was on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in 1770. During the great fêtes in honour of the event an extraordinary tumult arose in the Rue Royale, where it joins the modern Champs Elysées. A gang of desperadoes had cunningly stretched cords across the street under cover of the darkness, and the crowds moving out to the fêtes fell over them in hundreds. The confusion soon grew general and a frightful catastrophe ensued. Men, women, and children, horses and carriages, were mixed up in an inextricable tangle, and hundreds were trampled to death. Some desperate men tried to hack out a passage with their swords, children were passed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd, too often to fall and be swallowed up in the struggling gulf below. No fewer than 2,470 people are said to have perished in this horrible *mêlée*. It was, of course, a time of harvest for the thieves. Apparently only one of the confraternity suffered from the crush, and on him fifty watches were found and as many chains, gold and silver. Next day de Sartines and his agents made wholesale arrests. Some three or four hundred noted thieves were taken up and sent to the Conciergerie, where they were strictly searched. Large quantities of valuables were secured—watches, bracelets, rings, collars, purses, all kinds of jewels. One robber alone had two thousand francs tied up in his handkerchief.

Yet de Sartines did not always arrest the known criminals. He kept a few on hand for the strange purpose of amusing fashionable society. It became his custom to have thieves to perform in drawing-rooms. De Sartines, when asked, would obligingly send to any great mansion a party of adroit pickpockets, who went through all their tricks before a distinguished audience, cutting watch chains, stealing purses, snuff-boxes, and jewellery.

This famous chief of police was the first to use espionage on a large scale, and to employ detectives who were old criminals. When reproached with this questionable practice, de Sartines defended it by asking, "Where should I find honest folk who would agree to do such work?" It was necessary for him to protect these unworthy agents by official safe-conducts which were worded as follows:—

"IN THE KING'S NAME.

"His Majesty having private reasons for allowing ——— to conduct his affairs without interruption, accords him safe conduct for six months, and takes him under especial protection for that period. His Majesty orders that he shall be exempt from arrests and executions during that time; all officers and sergeants are forbidden to take action against him, gaolers shall not receive him for debt, under pain of dismissal. If notwithstanding this he should be arrested he must be at once set free, provided always that the safe-conduct does not save him from condemnations pronounced in the King's favour."

Lenoir, who succeeded de Sartines, carried espionage still further, and employed a vast army of spies, paid and unpaid: servants only got their places on the condition that they kept the police informed of all that went on in the houses where they served. The hawkers who paraded the streets were in his pay; he had suborned members in the many existing associations of thieves, and they enjoyed tolerance so long as they denounced their accomplices. The gambling-houses were taken under police protection, with the proviso that they paid over a percentage of profits and reported all that occurred. People of good society who had got into trouble were forgiven on condition that they watched their friends and gave information of anything worth knowing. One fashionable agent was a lady who entertained large parties and came secretly by a private staircase to the police office with her budget of news. This woman was only paid at the rate of £80 a year.

Thiroux de Crosne was the last lieutenant-general of

police, and the revolutionary upheaval was no doubt assisted by his ineptitude, his marked want of tact or powers of observation. While the city was mined under his feet with the coming volcanic disturbances he gave all his energies to theatrical censorship and kept his agents busy reporting how often this or that phrase was applauded. He was ready to imprison anyone who dared offend a great nobleman, and was very severe upon critics and pamphleteers. The absurd misuse of the censorship was no doubt one of the contributing causes of the Revolution. The police were so anxious to save the king, Louis XVI., from the pollution of reading the many libels published that they allowed no printed matter to come near him. In this way he was prevented from gauging the tendency of the times, or the trend of public opinion. At last, wishing to learn the exact truth of the vague rumours that reached him, he ordered a bookseller, Blaizot, to send him everything that appeared. He soon surprised his ministers by the knowledge he displayed and set them to finding how it reached him. Blaizot was discovered and sent to the Bastille. When the king, wondering why he got no more pamphlets, inquired, he learnt that Blaizot had been imprisoned by his order.

The monarchical police was quickly swept away by the French Revolution. It was condemned as an instrument of tyranny; having only existed, according to the high-sounding phrases of the period, to "sow distrust, encourage perfidy, and substitute intrigue for public spirit." The open official police thus disappeared, but it was replaced by another far more noxious; a vast political engine, recklessly handled by every bloodthirsty wretch who wielded power in those disastrous times. The French republicans, from the Committee of Public Safety to the last revolutionary club, were all policemen—spying, denouncing, feeding the guillotine. Robespierre had his own private police, and after his fall numerous reports were found among his papers showing how close and active was the surveillance he maintained through his spies, and this did not mean in Paris alone, but extended all over France.

Under the Directory the office of a police minister was revived, not without stormy protest, and the newly organised police soon became a power in the republic as tyrannical and inquisitorial as that of Venice. It had its work cut out for it. Paris, the whole country, was in a state of anarchy, morals at their lowest point, corruption and crime everywhere rampant. The streets of the city, every high road, were infested with bands of robbers with such wide ramifications that a general guerilla warfare terrorised the provinces. We shall see more of this on a later page,* when describing the terrible bandits named *Chauffeurs*, from their practice of torturing people by toasting their feet before the fire until they confessed the hidden receptacles of their treasure.

Nine police ministers quickly followed each other between 1796 and 1799, men of no particular note; but at last Barras fixed upon Fouché as a person he imagined to be well qualified for the important post. He thus gave a first opening to one whose name is almost synonymous with policeman—the strong, adroit, secret, unscrupulous manipulator of the tremendous underground forces he created and controlled, who for many years practically divided with Napoleon the empire of France. The emperor had the ostensible supremacy, but his many absences on foreign wars left much of the real power in his minister's hands. Fouché's aptitudes for police work must have been instinctive, for he had no special training or experience when summoned to the post of police minister. He had begun life as a professor, and was known as *le Père Fouché*, a member of the Oratory, although he did not actually take religious orders. Born in the seaport town of Nantes, he was at first designed for his father's calling—the sea—but at school his favourite study was theology and polemics, so that his masters strongly advised he should be made a priest. Something of the suppleness, the quiet, passionless self-restraint, the patient, observant craftiness of the ecclesiastic remained to him through life.

The Revolution found him in his native town, prefect of

* See *post*, vol. ii., part viii.

his college of Nantes, married, leading an obscure and blameless life. He soon threw himself into the seething current, and was sent to the National Convention as representative for La Nièvre. It is needless to follow his political career, in which, with that readiness to change his coat which was second nature to him, he espoused many parties in turn, and long failed to please any, least of all Robespierre, who called him "a vile, despicable impostor." But the Directory was friendly to him, and appointed him its minister, first at Milan, then in Holland, whence he was recalled by Barras, whom he had obliged in various matters, to take the ministry of police. He had always been in touch with popular movements, knew men and things intimately, and it was hoped would check the more turbulent spirits.

Fouché saw his chance when Bonaparte rose above the horizon. He was no real republican; all his instincts were towards despotism and arbitrary personal government. It may well be believed that he contributed much to the success of the 18th Brumaire; this born conspirator could best handle all the secret threads that were needed to establish the new power. He has said in his memoirs that the revolution of Saint-Cloud must have failed but for him, and he was willing enough to support it. "I should have been an idiot not to prefer a future to nothing. My ideas were fixed. I deemed Bonaparte alone fitted to carry out the changes rendered imperatively necessary by our manners, our vices, our errors and excesses, our misfortunes and unhappy differences." When the Consulate was first established, Fouché was one of the most important personages in France. He had means at his disposal, and he did not hesitate to use them freely to strengthen his position; he bought assistance right and left, had his paid creatures everywhere, even at Bonaparte's elbow, it was said, and had bribed Josephine and Bourienne to betray the inmost secrets of the palace. The strength and extent of his system—created by necessity, perfected by sheer love of intrigue—was soon realised by his master, who saw that Fouché united the police and all its functions in his own person, and might easily prove a menace to his new power.

So Fouché was suppressed, but only for a couple of years, during which other nearer dangers, conspiracies, threatening the very life of Napoleon, led the emperor to recall the astute, all-powerful minister, who throughout had maintained a private police of his own. Fouché had his faithful agents abroad, and showed himself better served, better informed, than the emperor himself. He proved this by giving Napoleon an early copy of a circular by the exiled Bourbon king about to be issued in Paris, the existence of which was unknown to the official police. When Fouché returned to the Prefecture, it was to stay. For some eight years he was indispensable. The emperor seemed to rely upon him entirely, passed everything on to him. "Send it to Fouché; it is his business," was the endorsement on innumerable papers of that time. The provincial *préfets* looked only to Fouché; the police minister was the sole repository of power, the one person to please; his orders were sought and accepted with blind submission by all. He might have remained in office to the end of the imperial *régime* but that he became too active and interfering in matters quite beyond his province, and his downfall was hastened through a daring intrigue to bring about a secret compact with England and secure peace.

Fouché's successor was General Savary, one of Napoleon's most devoted and uncompromising adherents, an indifferent soldier and a conceited, self-sufficient man. He will always be stigmatised as the executioner of the Duc d'Enghien, one ready to go any lengths in blind obedience to his master's behests. His appointment as chief of the police caused universal consternation; it was dreaded as the inauguration of an epoch of brutal military discipline, the advent of the soldier-policeman, the iron hand of the soldier-emperor, which would be heavy upon all. Wholesale arrests, imprisonments, and exiles were anticipated. Savary himself, although submissively accepting his new and strange duties, shrank from executing them. He would gladly have declined the honour of becoming police minister, but the emperor would not release him, and, taking him by the hand, tried to stiffen his courage by much counsel. The advice he freely gave is

worth recording in part, as expressing the views of a monarch who was himself the best police officer of his time.

“Ill-use no one,” he told Savary as they strolled together through the park of Saint-Cloud. “You are supposed to be a severe man, and it would give a handle to my enemies if you are found harsh and reactionary. Dismiss none of your present employés; if any displease you, keep them at least six months, and then find them other situations. If you have to adopt stern measures, be sure they are justified, and it will at least be admitted that you are doing your duty. . . . Do not imitate your predecessor, who allowed me to be blamed for sharp measures and took to himself the credit of any acts of leniency. A good police officer is quite without passion. Allow yourself to hate no one; listen to all, and never commit yourself to an opinion until you have thought it well over. . . . I removed Monsieur Fouché because I could no longer rely upon him. When I no longer gave him orders, he acted on his own account and left me to bear the responsibility. He was always trying to find out what I meant to do, so as to forestall me, and, as I became more and more reserved, he accepted as true what others told him, and so got further and further astray.”

Savary, on assuming the reins of office, found himself in a serious dilemma. He could hardly have anticipated that Fouché would make his task easy for him, but the result was even worse than that. He had been weak enough to allow Fouché three weeks to clear out of the ministry, and his wily predecessor had made the best use of his time to burn and destroy every paper of consequence that he possessed. When he finally handed over his charge, he produced one meagre document alone—an abusive memorandum, two years old, inveighing against the exiled House of Bourbon. Every other paper had disappeared. He was no less malicious with regard to the secret staff of the office. The only persons he presented to the new chief were a few low-class spies whom he had never largely trusted; and although Savary raised some of them to higher functions he was still deprived of the assistance of the superior agents upon whom Fouché had so

greatly relied. Savary solved this difficulty cleverly ; he found in his office a registry of addresses for the use of the messengers who delivered letters. This registry was kept by his clerks, and, not wishing to let them into his design, he took the registry one night into his private study and copied out the whole list himself. He found many names he little expected ; names which, as he has said, he would have expected sooner to find in China than in this catalogue. Many addresses had, however, no indication but a single initial, and he guessed—no doubt rightly—that these were probably of the most important agents of all.

Having thus gained the addresses, Savary proceeded to summon each person to his presence by a letter written in the third person, and transmitted by his office messengers. He never mentioned the hour of the interview, but was careful never to send for two people on the same day. His secret agents came as requested, generally towards evening, and before they were ushered in Savary took the precaution to inquire from his groom of the chambers whether they came often to see Monsieur Fouché. The servant had almost invariably seen them before, and could give many interesting particulars about them. Thus Savary knew how to receive them ; to be warm or cold in his welcome as he heard how they had been treated by his predecessor. He dealt in much the same way with the persons known only under an initial. He wrote also to them at their addresses, and sent the letters by confidential clerks who were known personally to the *concierges* of the houses where the agents resided. The Parisian *concierge* was as much an inquisitive busybody in those days as now ; curious about his lodgers' correspondence, and knowing exactly to whom he should deliver a letter with the initial address. It required only a little adroitness to put a name to these hitherto unknown people when they called in person at his office. It sometimes happened that more than one person having the same initial resided in the same house. If the *concierge* made the mistake of handing two letters to one individual, Savary, when he called, explained that his clerks had inadvertently written to him twice. In every case

the letter of summons contained a request that the letter might be brought to the office as a passport to introduction. Savary adopted another method of making the acquaintance of the secret *personnel*. He ordered his cashier to inform him whenever a secret agent called for his salary. At first, being suspicious of the new *régime*, very few persons came, but the second and third month self-interest prevailed; people turned up, merely to inquire, as they said, and were invariably passed on to see the chief. Savary took the visit as a matter of course, discussing business, and often increasing voluntarily their rates of payment. By this means he not only re-established his connection, but greatly extended it.

Savary's system of espionage was even more searching and comprehensive than Fouché's, and before long earned him the sobriquet of the *Séide Mouchard* (the "Sheik of Spies"). He had a whole army at his disposal—the gossips and *gobe-mouches* of the clubs, the cabmen and street porters, the workmen in the suburbs. When fashionable Paris migrated to their country houses for the summer and early autumn, Savary followed them with his spies, whom he found among their servants, letter-carriers, even their guests. He reversed the process, and actually employed masters to spy on their servants, obliging every householder to transmit a report to the police of every change in their establishments, and of the conduct of the persons employed. He essayed also to make valets spy on those they served, so that a man became less than ever a hero to his valet.

It followed, naturally, that Savary was the most hated of all the tyrants who wielded the power of the police prefecture. He spared no one; he bullied the priests; he increased the rigours of the wretched prisoners of war at Bitché and Verdun; and exercised such an irritating, vexatious, ill-natured surveillance over the whole town, over every class—political, social, and criminal—that he was soon universally hated. He was a stupid man, eaten up with vanity and self-importance; extremely jealous of his authority, and ever on the look out to vindicate it if he thought it assailed. Never perhaps did more inflated, unjustifiable pride precede a more humiliating fall. Savary's

pretensions as a police officer were utterly shipwrecked by the conspiracy of General Malet, a half-madman, who succeeded in shaking Napoleon's throne to its very foundations, and making his military police minister supremely ridiculous.

This General Malet was a born conspirator. He had done little as a soldier, but had been concerned in several plots against Napoleon, for the last of which he had been cast into the prison of La Force. During his seclusion he worked out the details of a new conspiracy, based upon the most daring and yet simplest design. He meant to take advantage of the emperor's absence from Paris, and, announcing his death, declare a Provisional Government, backed by the troops, of which he would boldly take command. It all fell out as he had planned, and, but for one trifling accident, the plot would have been entirely successful. Paris at the moment he rose was weakly governed. Cambarcères represented the emperor; Savary held the police, but, in spite of his espionage, knew nothing of Malet, and little of the real state of Paris below the surface; Pasquier, prefect of police, was an admirable administrator, but not a man of action. The garrison of Paris was composed mainly of raw levies, for all the best troops were away with Napoleon in Russia, and the commandant of the place, General Hullin, was a sturdy soldier—no more: a mere child outside the profession of arms.

Malet had influence with Fouché, through which, before that minister's disgrace, he had obtained his transfer from La Force to a "Maison de Santé" in the Faubourg St. Antoine. In this half asylum, half place of detention, the inmates were suffered to come and go on parole, to associate freely with one another, and receive any visitors they pleased from outside. In this convenient retreat, which sheltered other irreconcilable spirits, Malet soon matured his plot. His chief confederate—the only one, indeed, he fully trusted—was a certain Abbé Lafone, a man of great audacity and determination, who had already been mixed up with Royalist plots against the empire. The two kept their own counsel, alive to the danger of treachery and betrayal in taking others into their full confidence, but Malet could command the services of

two generals, Guidal and Laborie, with whom he had been intimate at La Force, but who never knew the whole aim and extent of the conspiracy.

About 8 p.m. Malet and the Abbé left the Faubourg St. Antoine, and Malet, now in full uniform, appeared at the gates of the neighbouring barracks, where he announced the news, received by special courier, of the Emperor's death, produced a resolution from the Senate proclaiming a Provisional Government, and investing him with the supreme command of the troops. Under his orders, officers were despatched with strong detachments to occupy the principal parts of the city, the barriers, Quais, the Prefecture, the Place Royal, and other open squares. Another party was sent to the prison of La Force to extract Generals Laborie and Guidal, the first of whom, when he joined Malet, was despatched to the Prefecture and thence to the Ministry of Police, to seize both the *préfet* and Savary and carry them off to gaol. Guidal was to support Laborie. Malet himself with another body of troops proceeded to the Place Vendôme, the military headquarters of Paris, and proposed to make the Commandant Hullin his prisoner.

The arrest of the heads of the police was accomplished without the slightest difficulty about 8 a.m. on the 24th October, and they were transported under escort to La Force. (Savary ever afterwards was nicknamed the Duc de la Force.) Malet meanwhile had roused out General Hullin, to whom he presented his false credentials. As the general passed into an adjoining room to examine them, Malet fired a pistol at him and dropped him. Then the Adjutant-General Dorcet interposed, and, seizing his papers, instantly detected the forgery. Malet was on the point of shooting him also, when a staff-officer rushed up from behind, and, backed by a handful of his guard, easily overpowered Malet. From that moment the attempt collapsed. The police minister and the *préfet* were released from prison; the conspirators were arrested. Yet for some half-dozen hours Malet had been master of Paris.

Napoleon was furiously angry with everyone, and loaded the police in particular with abuse. He did not, however,

remove Savary from his office, for he knew he could still trust him, and this was no time to lose the services of a devoted friend. The insecurity of his whole position had been clearly manifested. One man, a prisoner, had, by his own inventive audacity, succeeded in suborning or imposing upon superior officers and securing the assistance of large bodies of troops, in forcing prison doors, arresting ministers and high officials, and securing the reins of power. No one had stood against him; the powers wielded by authority were null and void; chance alone, a mere accident, had spoilt the enterprise.

At the restoration of the Bourbons the police organisation was revised, but still left in much the same hands—ex-Napoleonists, such as Beugnot and Bourrienne, who were director-general and prefect respectively. The latter distinguished himself by a fruitless attempt to arrest his old enemy Fouché, who was living quietly in Paris, holding aloof from affairs as he had done through the closing days of the empire. Fouché escaped from the police officers by climbing over his garden wall, and then went into hiding. He was thus thrown back into the ranks of the Imperialists, and, on the return from Elba, was at once nominated to his old office of chief of police, where he made himself extremely useful to Napoleon. But he played a double part as usual; had friends in both camps, and, after giving the emperor much valuable information as to the movements of the Allies before Waterloo, went over to the victors after the battle. Fouché was extraordinarily busy in shaping events at the final downfall of Napoleon, and he was one of the first to approach Wellington with suggestions as to the emperor's disposal. He seems to have gained the duke's goodwill, and, as the person who could be best trusted to maintain public order, Wellington urged Louis XVIII. to appoint him afresh to the head of the police. Fouché had many friends in the Faubourg St. Germain, and the knack of seeming to be indispensable. It was accepted as a bitter blow by the king that Fouché should be forced on him. When the order of appointment was placed before him for signature, he glanced at it, let it lie upon the table, the pen slipped from his hand; he long sat buried in sad thought

before he could rouse himself to open relations with the man who had been hitherto an implacable foe to his family.

Fouché gained his point ; but where all knew, all watched, and none trusted him, he needed all his *sang froid*, all his tact, to hold his position. But in his long career of conspiracy and change he had learnt the lesson of dissimulation and self-restraint. Yet he was still the focus and centre of intrigue, to whom everyone flocked—his old associates, once his friends and now his hardly concealed enemies ; the men, who had been his enemies and were now on the surface his friends. His antechamber showed the most mixed assemblage. “He went among them, from one to the other, speaking with the same ease as though he had the same thing to say to all. How often have I seen him creeping away from the window where he had been talking apart with some old comrade—Thibaudeau, for example, the ancient revolutionist—on the most friendly, confidential terms, to join us, a party of royalists, about an affair concerning the king. A little later Fouché inserted Thibaudeau’s name in the list of the proscribed.”*

Fouché has been very differently judged by his contemporaries. Some thought him an acute and penetrating observer, with a profound insight into character ; knowing his epoch, the men and matters appertaining to it, intimately and by heart. Others, like Bourrienne, despised and condemned him. “I know no man, says the latter, “who has passed through such an eventful period, who has taken part in so many convulsions, who so barely escaped disgrace and was yet loaded with honours.” The keynote of his character, thought Bourrienne, was great levity and inconstancy of mind. Yet he carried out his schemes, planned with mathematical exactitude, with the utmost precision. He had an insinuating manner ; could seem to speak freely when he was only drawing others on. A retentive memory and a great grasp of facts enabled him to hold his own with many masters, and turn most things to his his own advantage. He did not long survive the Restoration, and died at Trieste in 1820, leaving behind him a very considerable fortune.

* Pasquier, Mémoires, iii. p. 311.

CHAPTER II.

POLICE IN ENGLAND.

Early Police in England—Edward I.'s Act—Elizabeth's for Westminster—George II. and III.—State of London, 1777—Depredations universal—Robberies on the River Thames—Receivers—Coiners—Low Standard of Morality—Gambling and Lottery Offices—Henry Fielding grapples with Crime—Sir John Fielding also—The Horse Patrol—Bow Street and its Runners: Townsend, Vickery, and Others—Blood Money—Tyburn Tickets—Negotiations with Thieves to recover stolen Property, and Doubts of Honesty of Police—Sayer, George Ruthven—Sergeant Ballantine on the Bow Street Runners compared with modern Detectives.

IF a century or more ago France and other Continental countries were generally over-policed, England, as a free country, long refused to surrender its liberties. Until quite recent years there was no organised provision for public safety, for the maintenance of good order, the prevention of crime, or the pursuit of law-breakers. Good citizens co-operated in self-defence; the office of constable was incumbent upon all, but evaded by many on payment of substitutes. One of the earliest efforts to establish a systematic police was the statute 13 Edward I. (1285), made for the maintenance of peace in the city of London. This ancient statute was known as that of Watch and Ward, and it recognised the above principle that the inhabitants of every district must combine for their own protection. It recites how "many evils, as murders, robberies, and manslaughters have been committed by night and by day, and people have been beaten and evilly entreated"; it is enjoined that "none be so hardy as to be found going or wandering about the streets of the city with sword or buckler after curfew tolled at St. Martin's Le Grand." It goes on to say that any such should be taken by the keepers of the peace and be put in the place of confinement appointed for such offenders, to be dealt with as the custom is, and punished if the offence is proved. This Act further prescribed that as such persons sought shelter "in taverns more than elsewhere,

lying in wait and watching their time to do mischief," no tavern might be allowed to remain open "for sale of ale or wine" after the tolling of curfew. Many smaller matters were dealt with so as to ensure the peace of the city. It was enacted that, "forasmuch as fools who delight in mischief do learn to fence with buckler," no school to teach the art of fencing was allowed within the city. Again, many pains and penalties were imposed on foreigners who sought shelter and refuge in England "by reason of banishment out of their own country, or who, for great offence, have fled therefrom." Such persons were forbidden to become innkeepers "unless they have good report from the parts whence they cometh, or find safe pledges." That these persons were a source of trouble is pretty plain from the language of the Act, which tells how "some nothing do but run up and down through the streets more by night than by day, and are well attired in clothing and array, and have their food of delicate meats and costly; neither do they use any craft or merchandise, nor have they lands and tenements whereof to live, nor any friend to find them; and through such persons many perils do often happen in the city, and many evils, and some of them are found openly offending, as in robberies, breaking of houses by night, murders, and other evil deeds."

Another police Act, as it may be called, was that of 27 Elizabeth (1585) for the good government of the city and borough of Westminster, which had been recently enlarged. "The people thereof being greatly increased, and being for the most part without trade or industry, and many of them wholly given to vice and idleness," and a power to correct them not being sufficient in law, the Dean of Westminster and the High Steward were given greater authority. They were entitled to examine and punish "all matters of incontinenances, common scolds, and common annoyances, and to commit to prison all who offended against the peace." Certain ordinances were made by this Act for regulating the domestic life of the city of Westminster; the bakers and the brewers, the colliers, wood-mongers, and bargemen were put under strict rule; no person was suffered to forestall or "regrate" the markets so

as to increase the price of victuals by buying them up beforehand; the cooks and the tavern-keepers were kept separate, no man might sell ale and keep a cookshop at the same time; the lighting of the city was imposed upon the victualers and tavern-keepers, who were ordered to keep one convenient lanthorn at their street doors from six p.m. until nine a.m. next morning, "except when the moon shall shine and give light." Rogues and sturdy beggars were forbidden to wander in the streets under pain of immediate arrest. Many other strict regulations for the health and sanitation of the burgesses, such as the scavenging and cleansing of the streets, the punishment of butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers who might sell unwholesome food, the strict segregation of persons infected with the plague. It is interesting to note that Sir William Cecil, the great Lord Burleigh, was the first High Steward of Westminster, and that the excellent regulations above quoted were introduced by him.

These Acts remained in force for many centuries, although the powers entrusted to the High Steward fell into great disuse. But in the 10 George II. (1737) the Elizabethan Act was re-enacted and its powers enlarged. This was an Act for the well-ordering and regulating a night watch in the city—"a matter of very great importance for the preservation of the persons and properties of the inhabitants, and very necessary to prevent fires, murders, burglaries, robberies, and other outrages and disorders." It had been found that all such precautions were utterly neglected, and now the Common Council of the city was authorised to create a night watch and levy rates to pay it. The instructions for this night watch were issued through the constables of wards and precincts, the old constitutional authority, who were expected to see them observed. But the night-watchmen could act in the absence of the constable when keeping watch and ward, and were enjoined to apprehend all night-walkers, malefactors, rogues, vagabonds, and disorderly persons whom they found disturbing the public peace, or suspected of evil designs.

Forty years later another Act was passed, 14 George III.

(1777), which again enlarged and, in a measure, superseded the last-mentioned Act. It is much more detailed, prescribing the actual number of watchmen, their wages, how they are to be "armed and accommodated," which meant that they were to carry rattles and staves and lanterns; it details minutely the watchman's duty: how he is to proclaim the time of the night or morning "loudly and as audibly as he can"; he is to see that all doors are safe and well secured; he is to prevent "to the utmost of his power all murders, burglaries, robberies, and affraies; he is to apprehend all loose, idle, and disorderly persons, and deliver them to the constable or headborough of the night at the watch-houses." It may be stated at once that this Act, however excellent in intention and carefully designed, greatly failed in execution. The watchmen often proved unworthy of their trust, and it is recorded by that eminent police magistrate, Mr. Colquhoun, "that no small portion of those very men who are paid for protecting the public are not only instruments of oppression in many instances, by extorting money most unwarrantably, but are frequently accessories in aiding and abetting or concealing the commission of crimes which it is their duty to detect and suppress." It is but fair to add that Sir John Fielding, who was examined in 1772 as to the numerous burglaries committed in the metropolis, stated that the watch was insufficient, "that their duty was too hard and their pay too small."

Beyond question the state of the metropolis, and, indeed, of the country at large, was deplorable at the latter end of the last century. Robbery and theft from houses and on the highway had been reduced to a regular system. Opportunities were sought, intelligence obtained, plans prepared with the utmost skill and patience. Houses to be forced were previously reconnoitred, and watched for days and weeks in advance. The modern burglar could have taught the old depredator little that he did not know. Again, the gentleman of the road—the bold highwayman—used infinite pains in seeking out his prey. He had his spies in every quarter, among all classes, and the earliest certain intelligence

of travellers worth stopping when carrying money and other valuables; he could count upon the cordial support of publicans and ostlers, who helped him in his attack and covered his retreat. The footpads who infested the streets were quite as daring; it was unsafe to cross open spaces, even in the heart of the town, after dark. These lesser thieves, so adroit in picking pockets by day, used actual violence by night. The country was continually ravaged by other depredators: horse and cattle stealers, thieves who laid hands upon every kind of agricultural produce. The farmers' fields were constantly plundered of their crops, fruit and vegetables were carried off, even the ears of wheat were cut from their stalks in the open day. It was estimated that one and a half million bushels were annually stolen in this way. The thieves boldly took their plunder to the millers to be ground, and the millers, although aware that fields and barns had been recently robbed, did not dare object, lest their mills should be burnt over their heads.

At this time the plunder of merchandise and naval stores in the river Thames had reached gigantic proportions. Previous to the establishment of the Thames river police in 1798 the commerce of the country, all the operations of merchants and shipowners, were grievously injured by these wholesale depredations, which amounted at a moderate computation to quite half a million per annum. There were, first of all, the river-pirates, who boarded unprotected ships in the stream. One gang of them actually weighed a ship's anchor, hoisted it into their boat with a complete new cable, and rowed away with their spoil. These villains hung about vessels newly arrived and cut away anything within reach—cordage, spars, bags of cargo. They generally went armed, and were prepared to fight for what they seized. There were the "heavy horsemen and the light horsemen," the "game watermen," the "game lightermen," the "mud-larks and the scuffle-hunters," each of them following a particular line of their own. Some of these, with the connivance of watchmen or without, would cut lighters adrift and lead them to remote places where they could be pillaged and their contents carried

away. Cargoes of coal, Russian tallow, hemp, and ashes were often secured in this way. The "light horseman" did a large business in the spillings, drainings and sweepings of sugar, cargoes of coffee or rum, all of which were greatly increased by fraudulent devices and carried off with the connivance of the mates, who shared in the profit. The "heavy horsemen" were smuggled on board to steal whatever they could find—coffee, cocoa, pimento, ginger, and so forth, which they carried on shore concealed about their persons in pouches and pockets under their clothes. The "game watermen" worked by quickly receiving what was handed to them when cargoes were being discharged, which they conveyed at once to some secret place; the "game lightermen" were of the same class, who used their lighters to conceal stolen parcels of goods which they could afterwards dispose of. A clever trick is told of one of these thieves, who long did a large business in purloining oil. A merchant who imported great quantities was astonished at the constant deficiency in the amounts landed, far more than could be explained by ordinary leakage. He determined to attend at the wharf when the lighters arrived, and saw that in one of them all the casks had been stowed with their bungs downwards. He waited until the lighter was unloaded, and then visiting her, found the hold full of oil. This the lightermen impudently claimed as their perquisite; but the merchant refused to entertain the idea, and, having sent for casks, filled nine of them with the leakage. Still dissatisfied, he ordered the deck to be taken up, and found between the timbers of the lighter enough to fill five casks more. No doubt this robbery had been long practised. The "mudlarks" were only small fry who hung about the stern quarters of ships at low-water to receive and carry on shore any pickings they might secure. The "scuffle-hunters" resorted in large numbers to the wharves where goods were discharged, and laid hands upon any plunder they could find, chiefly the contents of broken packets, for which they fought and scuffled.

Before leaving this branch of depredation mention must be made of the plunder levied on His Majesty's dockyards,

the Naval Victualling and Ordnance Stores, which were perpetually pillaged; thefts not from the dockyards only, but from warships, transports, and lighters in the Thames, Medway, Solent, and Dart. Over and above the peculations of employés, the frauds and embezzlements in surveys, certificates, and accounts, there was nearly wholesale pillage in such articles as cordage, canvas, hinges, bolts, nails, timber, paint, pitch, casks, beef, pork, biscuit, and all kinds of stores. No definite figures are at hand giving the amount of these robberies, but they must have reached an enormous total.

These extensive robberies were, no doubt, greatly facilitated by the many means that existed for the disposal of the stolen goods. Never did the nefarious trade of the "receiver" flourish so widely. This, the most mischievous class of criminal, without whom the thief would find his calling hazardous and unproductive, was extraordinarily numerous at this period. There were several thousands in the metropolis alone, a few of them no more than careless, asking no questions about the goods brought them for purchase, but the bulk of them distinctly criminal, who bought goods well knowing them to be stolen. Many had been thieves themselves, but had found "receiving" a less hazardous and more profitable trade; they followed ostensibly some reputable calling—kept coal-sheds, potato warehouses, and chandler's shops—some were publicans, others dealt in second-hand furniture, old clothes, old iron, rags, or were workers and the refiners of gold and silver. These were the rank and file, the retailers, so to speak, who passed on what was brought them to the wholesale "receivers," of whom at that time there were some fifty or sixty, opulent people many of them, commanding plenty of capital. These high-class operators had their crucibles and their furnaces always ready for melting down plate; they had extensive connections beyond sea for the disposal of valuables, especially of jewels, which were taken from their settings to prevent recognition.

These great "fences"—the cant name for "receivers"—worked as large and lucrative a business as do any of their

successors to-day. A wide connection was the first essential. Often enough the thieves arranged with the "receivers" before they entered upon any new job, and thus the latter kept touch with the operators, who gladly parted with their plunder at easy prices, being unable to dispose of it alone. It was a first principle with the "receiver" that the goods he purchased could not be recognised, and until all marks and means of identification were removed he would not admit them into his house. He would not even discuss terms until the thieves had taken this precaution. Various methods were employed. In linen and cloth goods the head and fag-ends were cut off, and occasionally the list and selvedge, if they were peculiar. The marks on the soles of boots and shoes were obliterated by hot irons, and the linings, if necessary, removed. Gold watches were sent off to agents in large towns or on the Continent, their outward appearance having first been changed; the works of one were placed in the case of another. Where the proceeds of the robbery were bank-notes, or property whose identity could not be destroyed, they were sent off to a distance to foreign marts, and all traces of them lost. It was essential that the "receiver" on a large scale should have an army of agents and co-partners—persons following the same nefarious traffic, who could be trusted, for their own sakes, to be cautious and secret in their proceedings.

The general crime of this period was enormously increased by the extensive fabrication of false money. Coining was extraordinarily prevalent, and a wide, far-reaching system had been created for distributing and uttering the counterfeits, not only at home but on the Continent. All England, all Europe, was literally deluged with false money, the largest proportion of which was manufactured in this country. Not only was the current coinage of the realm admirably counterfeited—guineas, half-guineas, crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, and coppers, but the coiners could turn out all kinds of foreign money—louis d'ors, Spanish dollars, sequins, pagodas, and the rest, so cleverly imitated as almost to defy detection. So prosperous was the business that as many

as forty or fifty private mints were constantly at work in London and various country towns fabricating false money; as many as 120 workpeople were engaged, and the names of some 650 known coiners were registered at the Royal Mint. There was a steady demand for it; it went off so fast that the manufacturers had seldom any stock on hand. As soon as it was finished it was sent off, here, there, and everywhere, by every kind of conveyance. Not a coach nor a carrier left London without a parcel of false money consigned to country agents. It was known that one agent alone had placed five hundred pounds' worth with country buyers in a single week. Some idea of the profits may be gathered from the fact that Indian pagodas, worth 8s., could be manufactured for 1½d. apiece; and that the middleman who bought them at 5s. a dozen retailed them at from 2s. 3d. to 5s. each. The counterfeiting of gold coins was the least common, owing to the expense of the process and the necessary admixture of at least a portion of the precious metal. It was different with silver. It was stated that two persons alone could manufacture between two and three hundred pounds' worth (nominal value) of spurious silver in six days. There were five kinds of base silver, known in the trade as flats, plated goods, plain goods, and castings and "pig things." The first were cut out of flattened plates of a material part silver, part copper; the second were of copper only, silvered over; the third were of copper, turned out of a lathe and polished; the fourth were of white metal, cast in a mould; the "pig things" were the refuse of the rest converted into sixpences. Copper coins were also manufactured largely out of base metal.

Frauds on the currency were not limited to counterfeiting the coinage. Bank-notes were systematically forged, although the penalty was death. This crime had been greatly stimulated by the suspension of specie payments and the issue of paper money. The Bank of England had been thus saved at a great financial crisis, when its reserve in cash and bullion had shrunk to little more than a million, and it had issued notes for values of less than five pounds. Note forgery at

once increased to a serious extent, and as the Bank was implacable, insisting on rigorous prosecution, great numbers of capital convictions followed; the most minute and elaborate provisions existed, prescribing the heaviest penalties not only on actual manufacture and uttering, but on the mere possession of bank-note paper, plates, or engraving tools. The infliction of the extreme sentence did not check the crime. Detection, too, was most difficult. The public could not distinguish between true and false notes. Bank officials were sometimes deceived, and clerks at the counter were known to accept bad paper, yet refuse payment of what was genuine. Some account will be given on a later page of Charles Price, commonly called "Old Patch," from his favourite disguise of a patch on one eye. He was a most extraordinarily successful forger of bank-notes, who did all but their negotiation himself; made his paper with the correct water-mark, engraved his plates, and prepared his own ink. He had several homes, many aliases, used many disguises, and employed an army of agents and assistants, some of them his reputed wives (for he was a noted bigamist), to put off the notes.

No doubt the general level of morality was low, and it was kept down by the vicious habits of the people. Gambling of all kinds had increased enormously. There were gaming-houses and lottery offices everywhere. Faro banks and E. O. tables, and places where hazard, roulette, and rouge-et-noir could be played, had multiplied exceedingly. Six gaming-houses were kept in one street near the Haymarket mostly by prize-fighters, and persons stood at the doors inviting passers-by to enter and play. Besides these, there were subscription clubs of presumably a higher class, and even ladies' gaming-houses. The public lotteries were also a fruitful source of crime, not only in the stimulus they gave to speculation, but in their direct encouragement of fraud. A special class of swindlers was created—the lottery insurers, the sharpers who pretended to help the lottery players against loss by insuring the amount of their stakes. Offices for fraudulent lottery insurance existed all over the town. It was estimated that there were four hundred of them,

supporting 2,000 agents and clerks, and 7,500 "morocco men," as they were called—the canvassers who went from door to door soliciting insurances, which they entered in a book covered with red morocco leather. It was said that these unlicensed offices obtained premiums of nearly two millions of money when the England and Irish lotteries were being drawn, on which they made a profit of from 15 to 25 per cent. It was proved by calculating the chances that there was some 33 per cent. in favour of the insurers. Even in those days the principle of profiting by the gambling spirit of the public was strongly condemned, but lotteries survived until 1826, since when the law has been severe with any specious attempts to reintroduce them under other names.

An early and commendable attempt had been made in the middle of the eighteenth century to grapple with this all-prevailing, all-consuming crime. When Henry Fielding, the immortal novelist, was appointed a Middlesex magistrate towards the close of his somewhat vicious and tempestuous career, he strove hard to check disorders, waging unceasing warfare against evil-doers and introducing a well-planned system of prevention and pursuit. Although in failing health, he laboured incessantly. He often sat on the bench for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, returning to Bow Street after a long day's work to resume it from seven p.m. till midnight. He did a great public service in devising and executing a plan for the extirpation of robbers, although the benefit was but temporary. This was in 1753, when the whole town seemed at the mercy of the depredators. The Duke of Newcastle, at that time Secretary of State, sent for Fielding, who unfolded a scheme whereby, if £600 were placed at his disposal, he engaged to effect a cure. After the first advance of the Treasury he was able to report that "the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed, seven of them were in actual custody, and the rest driven, some out of the town, the rest out of the kingdom." He had nearly killed himself in the effort. "Though my health was reduced to the last extremity . . . I had the satisfaction of finding . . . that the hellish society was almost entirely extirpated"; that,

instead of "reading about murders and street robberies in the newspapers every morning," they had altogether ceased. His plan had not cost the Government more than £300, and "had actually suppressed the evil for a time."

It was only for a brief space, however; and his brother, blind Sir John Fielding, who succeeded him at Bow Street, frankly confessed that new gangs had sprung up in place of those recently dispersed. But he bravely set himself to combat the evil and adopted his brother's methods. He first grappled with the street robbers, and in less than three months had brought nine of them to the gallows. Next he dealt with the highwaymen infesting the road near London "so that scarce one escaped." The housebreakers, lead-stealers, shoplifters, and all the small fry of pickpockets and petty larcenists, were increasingly harried and in a large measure suppressed. He organised a scheme for protecting the suburbs, by which the residents subscribed to meet the expense of transmitting immediate news to Bow Street by mounted messengers, with full particulars of articles stolen, and the description of the robber; the same messenger was to give information at the turnpikes and public-houses *en route*, and thus a hue and cry could be raised and the offender would probably be soon captured. At the same time a notice would be inserted in the *Public Advertiser* warning tavern-keepers, stable-keepers, and pawnbrokers, the first against harbouring rogues, the second against hiring out horses to the persons described, the third against purchasing goods which were the proceeds of a robbery.

Sir John Fielding (he was knighted in 1760) was a most active and energetic magistrate, and he was such a constant terror to evil-doers that his life was often threatened. There were few crimes reported in which he did not take a personal interest, promptly visiting the spot, taking information, and setting his officers on the track. When Lord Harrington's house was robbed of some three thousand pounds' worth of jewellery, Sir John repaired thither at once, remained in the house all day and the greater part of the night. It was the same in cases of highway robbery, murder,

or riot. Everyone caught red-handed was taken before him, and his court was much frequented by great people to hear the examination of persons charged with serious crimes—such as Dr. Dodd, Hackman, who murdered Miss Reay, the brother-forgers the Perreaus, Sarah Meteyard, who killed her parish apprentice by abominable cruelty. One well-known nobleman, “a great patron of the arts,” given also to visiting Newgate in disguise in order to stare at the convicts under sentence of death, would constantly take his seat on the bench.

Sir John Fielding’s appearance in court and manner of conducting business have been graphically described by the Rev. Dr. Summerville, of Jedburgh. He speaks in his diary of Sir John’s “singular adroitness. He had a bandage over his eyes, and held a little switch or rod in his hand, waving it before him as he descended from the bench. The sagacity he discovered in the questions he put to the witnesses, and the marked and successful attention, as I conceived, not only to the words but to the accents and tones of the speaker supplied the advantage which is usually rendered by the eye; and his arrangement of the questions, leading to the detection of concealed facts, impressed me with the highest respect for his singular ability as a police magistrate.”

Sir John Fielding was undoubtedly the originator of the horse patrol, which was found a most useful check on highway robbery. But it was not permanently established by him, and we find him beseeching the Secretary of State to continue it for a short time longer “as a temporary but necessary step in order to complete that which was being so happily begun.” He was satisfied from “the amazing good effects produced by this patrol that outrages would in future be put down by a little further assistance of the kind.” This patrol was, however, reintroduced by the chief magistrate of Bow Street about 1805, either by Sir Richard Ford or Sir Nathaniel Conant. It was a very efficient force, recruited entirely from old cavalry soldiers, who were dressed in uniform, well armed, and well mounted. They wore a blue coat with brass buttons, a scarlet waistcoat, blue trousers and

boots, and they carried sword and pistols. Their duties were to patrol the neighbourhood of London in a circuit of from five to ten miles out, beginning at five or seven p.m. and ending at midnight. It was their custom to call aloud to all horsemen and carriages they met, "Bow Street patrol!" They arrested all known offenders whom they might find, and promptly followed up the perpetrators of any robbery that came under their notice. Very marked and satisfactory results were obtained by this excellent institution; it almost completely ended highway robbery, and if any rare case occurred, the guilty parties were soon apprehended.

Bow Street may be called the centre of our police establishment at that time; it was served by various forces, and especially by eight officers, the famous Bow Street runners of that period, the prototype of the modern detective, whose doings are continually to be met with in the chronicles of the time. They were familiarly known as the "robin redbreasts" from the scarlet waistcoat which was practically their badge of office, although they also carried as a mark of authority a small bâton surmounted with a gilt crown. The other police-offices of London were also assisted by officers, but these were simply constables, and do not appear to have been employed beyond their own districts. The Bow Street runner, however, was at the disposal of the public if they could be spared to undertake the pursuit of private crime. Three of them were especially appropriated to the service of the Court. The attempt made by Margaret Nicholson upon George III., and other attempted outrages by mad people, called for special police protection, and two or more of these officers attended the royalties wherever they went. They were generally MacManus, Townsend, and Sayer, Townsend being the most celebrated of the three. He has left a self-painted picture in contemporary records, and his evidence, given before various police committees, shows him to have been a garrulous, self-sufficient functionary. It was his custom to foist his opinions freely on everyone, even the king himself. He boasted that George IV. imitated the cut of his hat, that the Dukes of Clarence and of York presented him with wine

from their cellars ; he mixed himself up with politics, and did not hesitate to advise the statesmen of the day on such points as Catholic Emancipation or the Reformed Parliament. It generally fell to his office to interrupt duels, and, according to his own account, he stopped that between the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox. His importance, according to his own idea, was shown in his indignant refusal to apprehend a baker who had challenged a clerk ; he protested that "it would lessen him a good deal" after forty-six years' service, during which period he had had the honour of taking earls, marquises, and dukes.

No doubt these runners were often usefully employed in the pursuit of criminals. Townsend himself when at a levée arrested the man who had boldly cut off the Star of the Garter from a nobleman's breast. The theft having been quickly discovered, word was passed to look out for the thief. It reached Townsend, who shortly afterwards noticed a person in Court dress who yet did not seem entitled to be there. Fearing to make a mistake, he followed him a few yards, and then remembered his face as that of an old thief. When taken into custody, the stolen star was found in the man's pocket. Vickery was another well-known runner, who did much good work in his time. One of his best performances was in saving the post-office from a serious robbery. The officials would not believe in the existence of the plot, but Vickery knew better, and produced the very keys that were to pass the thieves through every door. He had learnt as a fact that they had twice visited the premises, but still postponed the *coup*, waiting until an especially large amount of plunder was collected. Another case in which Vickery exhibited much acumen was in the clever robbery effected from Rundell and Bridges, the gold jewellers on Ludgate Hill. Two Jews, having selected valuables to the amount of £35,000, asked to be permitted to seal them up and leave them until they returned with the money. In the act of packing they managed to substitute other exactly similar parcels, and carried off the jewels in their pockets. As they did not return, the cases were opened and

the fraud discovered. Vickery was called in, and soon traced the thieves to the Continent, whither he followed them, accompanied by one of the firm, and tracked them through France and Holland to Frankfort, where quite half of the stolen property was recovered.

Vickery subsequently became jailer at Cold Bath Fields Prison. One of the prisoners committed to his custody was Fauntleroy, the banker; and a story has been handed down that this great forger all but escaped from custody. A clever plot had been set on foot, but timely information reached the authorities. On making a full search, a ladder of ropes and other aids to breaking out of prison were laid bare. No blame seems to have attached to Vickery in this, although some of his colleagues and contemporaries were not always above suspicion. They were no doubt subject to great temptations under the system of the time. It was the custom to reward all who contributed to the conviction of offenders. This blood-money, as it was called, was a sum of £40, distributed amongst those who had secured the conviction. No doubt the practice stimulated the police, but it was capable of great perversion; it gave the prosecutor a keen interest in securing conviction, and was proved, at times, to have led parties to seduce others in committing crime. It is established beyond question that at the commencement of this century persons were brought up charged with offences into which they had been seduced by the very officials who arrested them.

It must be admitted that the emoluments of the police officers were not extraordinarily high; a guinea a week appears to have been the regular pay, to which may be added the share of blood-money referred to above, which, according to witnesses, seldom amounted to more than £20 or £30 a year. Besides this, the officers had the privilege of selling Tyburn tickets, as they were called, which were exemptions from serving as constables or in other parish offices—an onerous duty from which people were called to buy exemption at the price of £12, £20, or even £25. Again, a runner employed by other public departments or by private

persons might be, but was not always, handsomely rewarded if successful. They had, of course, their out-of-pocket expenses and a guinea a day while actually at work; but this might not last for more than a week or a fortnight, and, according to old Townsend, people were apt to be mean in recognising the services of the runners. These officers were also the intermediaries at times between the thieves and their victims, and constantly helped in the negotiations for restoring stolen property; it could not be surprising that sometimes the money stuck to their fingers. The loss incurred by bankers, not only through the interception of their parcels, but by actual breakings into their banks, led to a practice which was no less than compounding of felony: the promise not to prosecute on the restitution of a portion of the stolen property. It was shown that the "Committee of Bankers," a society formed for mutual protection, employed a solicitor, who kept up communication with the principal "fences" and "family men." This useful employé was well acquainted with the thieves and their haunts, and when a banker's parcel—known in cant language as a "child"—was stolen, the solicitor entered into treaty with the thieves to buy back the money.

In this fashion a regular channel of communication came to be established, offers were made on both sides, and terms were negotiated which ended generally in substantial restitution. Many bankers objected to the practice, and refused to sanction it. Still it prevailed, and largely; and several specific cases were reported by the Select Committee on the Police in 1828. Thus, two banks that had each been robbed of notes to the amount of £4,000, recovered them on payment of £1,000. In another case, Spanish bonds, nominally worth £2,000, were given back on payment of £1,000. Nearly £20,000 was restored for £1,000. Where bills had been stolen that were not easily negotiable, £6,000 out of £17,000 was offered for £300; £3,000 had been restored for 19 per cent. of the whole. Sometimes after apprehension proceedings were stopped because a large amount of the plunder had been given up. The system

must have been pretty general, since the committee stated that they knew of no less than sixteen banks which had thus tried to indemnify themselves for their losses, and they knew that no less than £200,000 had been a subject of negotiation or compromise within a few years.

A strong suspicion was entertained that Sayer, a Bow Street runner already mentioned, had feathered his nest finely with a portion of the proceeds of the Paisley Bank robbery at Glasgow. He was an acquaintance of the Mackoulls,* and it was he who proposed to the bank that £20,000 should be restored on condition that all proceedings ceased. When Sayer reached the bank with Mrs. Mackoull the notes produced amounted to no more than £11,941. Whether Sayer had impounded any or not was never positively known; but he died at an advanced age and was then worth £30,000. And it has been said that shortly before his death he pointed to the fireplace and a closet above it, using some incoherent words. This was probably the receptacle of a number of notes, which were afterwards found in the possession of one of his relatives, notes that were recognised as part of the Paisley Bank plunder. He must either have got them as hush-money or have wrongfully detained them, and then found it too dangerous to pass them into circulation. Probably he desired to have them destroyed, so that the story might not come out after his death. The runners must have found it difficult to resist temptation. The guilt of one of them—Vaughan—was clearly established in open court, and he was convicted as an accessory in a burglary into which he had led others; he was also proved to have given an unsuspecting sailor several counterfeit coins to buy articles with at a chandler's shop. When the sailor came out, Vaughan arrested him and charged him with passing bad money. Vaughan absconded, but was afterwards discovered, arrested, and tried.

Townsend tells a case in his own glorification—and there is no reason to deny him the credit—where he arrested a notorious old pickpocket, one Mrs. Usher, who had done a very profitable business for many years. She was said to be worth

* See *post*, p. 106.

at least £3,000 at the time of her arrest, and when Townsend appeared against her he was asked in so many words whether he would not withdraw from the prosecution. The Surrey jailer, Ives by name, asked him, "Cannot this be 'stashed'?" Townsend virtuously refused, and still would not yield, although Mrs. Usher's relations offered him a bribe of £200. He also tells how he might have got a considerable sum from Broughton, who robbed the York mail, but steadfastly refused to abandon the prosecution. As much as a thousand pounds had been offered to get rid of a single witness.

These runners were often charged with being on much too intimate terms with criminals. It was said that they frequented low taverns and flash houses, and that thus thieves' haunts were encouraged as a sort of preserve in which the police could, at any time, lay hands on their game. The officers on their side declared that they could do little or nothing without these houses; that, being so few in number, it would be impossible for them to keep in touch with the great mass of metropolitan criminality. Vickery spoke out boldly, and said that the detection of offenders was greatly facilitated, for they knew exactly where to look for the men they wanted. Townsend repudiated the idea that the officer was contaminated by mixing with thieves. The flash houses "can do the officer no harm if he does not make harm of it." Unless he went there and acted foolishly or improperly, or got on too familiar terms with the thieves, he was safe enough. But the houses were undoubtedly an evil, and the excuse that they assisted in the apprehension of offenders was no sufficient justification for them. To this day, however, the free access to thieves' haunts is one of the most valuable aids to detection, and the police-officer who does not follow his prey into their own jungle will seldom make a large bag.

On the whole, it may be said that the old Bow Street runner was useful in his generation, although he rarely effected very phenomenal arrests. He was bold, fairly well informed, and reasonably faithful. Serjeant Ballantine, who knew some of the latest survivors personally, had a high opinion of them, and thought their methods generally superior

to those of the modern detective. We may not go quite that length—which, after all, is mere assertion—but it seems certain, as I shall presently show, that they were missed on the establishment of the “New Police,” as the existing magnificent force was long called. They mostly disappeared, taking to other callings, or living out their declining years on comparatively small pensions. George Ruthven, one of the last, died in 1844, and a contemporary record speaks of him as follows: “He was the oldest and most celebrated of the few remaining Bow Street runners, among whom death has lately made such ravages, and was considered as the most efficient police officer that existed during his long career of usefulness. He was for thirty years attached to the police force, having entered it at the age of seventeen; but in 1839 he retired with a pension of £220 from the British Government, and pensions likewise from the Russian and Prussian Governments, for his services in discovering forgeries to an immense extent, connected with those countries. Since 1839 he has been landlord of the ‘One Tun Tavern,’ Chandos Street, Covent Garden, and has visited most frequently the spot of his former associations. Among his many notorious captures may be reckoned those of Thistlewood, for the Cato Street conspiracy, in which daring enterprise Smithers was killed; the taking of Thurtell, the murderer of Mr. Weare, and the discovery of bank robberies and forgeries on Government to an enormous amount. He was a most eccentric character, and had written a history of his life, but would on no account allow it to meet the public eye. During the last three months no less than three of the old Bow Street officers—namely, Goodson, Salmon, and Ruthven—have paid the debt of nature.”

Serjeant Ballantine, as I have said, pays the Bow Street runners the high compliment of preferring their methods to those of our modern detectives. They kept their own counsel strictly, he thought, withholding all information, and being especially careful to give the criminal who was “wanted” no notion of the line of pursuit, of how and where a trap was to be laid for him, or with what it would be baited. They never let the public know all they knew, and worked out

their detection silently and secretly. The old serjeant was never friendly to the "New Police," and his criticisms were probably coloured by this dislike. That it may be often unwise to blazon forth each and every step taken in the course of an inquiry is obvious enough, and there are times when the utmost reticence is indispensable. The modern detective is surely alive to this; the complaint is more often that he is too chary of news than that he is too garrulous and outspoken.

CHAPTER III.

MODERN POLICE : LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

The "New Police" introduced by Peel, and why—Hostility at first bitter, overcome by proved Value—Brief Account of modern Metropolitan Police, its Uses and Services—River Police—City Police—Police in Extra-police Duties—Provincial Police—Modern Police of Paris—Espionage under Second Empire—*Dossiers*—Organisation in two grand Divisions, Administrative and Active—Clerical Work—*Sergents de Ville*—*Vaisseaux*—Cabmen—Lost Property—Plain-clothes Police—*Sûreté*—New York Police, Character and Organisation.

THE paramount necessity for a better police organisation in London much exercised the public mind during the early decades of this century. At length, in 1830, Sir Robert Peel introduced a new scheme, the germ of the present admirable force. In doing so he briefly recapitulated the shortcomings and defects of the system, or want of system, that still prevailed; he pointed out how many glaring evils had survived the repeated inquiries and consequent proposals for reform. Parliamentary Committees had reported year after year from 1770 to 1828, all of them unanimously of opinion that, in the public interest, to combat the steady increase of crime a better method of prevention and protection was peremptorily demanded. Yet nothing had been done. The agitation had always subsided as soon as the immediate alarm was forgotten. So this opulent city, with its teeming population and abounding wealth, was still mainly dependent upon the parochial watch; the safe-keeping of both was entrusted to a handful of feeble old men, an obsolete body without system or authority. That crime had increased by "leaps and bounds" was shown by the figures. It was out of all proportion to the growth of the people. In 1828 as compared to 1821 there had been an increase of 41 per cent. in committals, as against 15½ per cent. in population, and the ratio was one criminal

to every 822 of the population. This was in London alone. In the provinces the increase was as 26 per cent. of crime against 11½ per cent. of population.

Unquestionably the cause of all this was the inefficiency of the existing police. The necessary conditions, unity of action on the whole and direct responsibility of the parts, could never be assured under such arrangements. Each London parish worked independently, and while some made a fairly good fight, others by their apathy were subjected to continual depredation. The wealthy and populous district of Kensington, for instance, some fifteen miles in extent, depended for its protection upon three constables and three headboroughs—none of the latter very remarkable for steadiness and sobriety. It was fairly urged that three drunken beadles could effect nothing against widespread burglary and thieving. In the parish of Tottenham, equally unprotected, there had been nineteen attempts at burglary in six weeks, and sixteen had been entirely successful. In Spitalfields, at a time not long antecedent to 1829, gangs of thieves stood at the street corners and openly rifled all who dared to pass them. In some parishes, suburban and of recent growth, there was no police whatever, no protection but the voluntary exertions of individuals and the “honesty of the thieves” in those parts. Such were Fulham—with 15,000 inhabitants—Chiswick, Ealing, Acton, Edgware, Barnet, Putney, and Wandsworth. In Deptford, with 20,000, constantly reinforced by evil-doers driven out of Westminster through stricter supervision, there was no watch at all. Then the number of outrages perpetrated so increased that a subscription was raised to keep two watchmen, who were yet paid barely enough to support existence, much less insure vigilance. Even where some efforts were made, the watchmen were often chosen because they were on the parish rates. The pay of many of them was no more than twopence per hour.

The Duke of Wellington, who was the head of the Administration when Peel brought forward the measure in 1829, supported it to the full, and showed from his own experience

how largely crime might be prevented by better police regulations. He mentioned the well-known horse-patrol,* which had done so much to clear the neighbourhood of London of highwaymen and footpads. His recollection reached back into the early years of the century, and he could speak from his own experience of a time when scarcely a carriage could pass without being robbed, when travellers had to do battle for their property with the robbers who attacked them. Yet all this had been stopped summarily by the mounted patrols which guarded all the approaches to London, and highway robbery ceased to exist. The same good results might be expected from the general introduction of a better preventive system.

It is a curious fact that the Duke incurred much odium by the establishment of this new police, which came into force about the time that the struggle for Parliamentary reform had for the moment eclipsed his popularity. The scheme of an improved police was denounced as a determination to enslave, an insidious attempt to dragoon and tyrannise over the people. Police spies armed with extraordinary authority were to harass and dog the steps of peaceable citizens, to enter their houses, making domiciliary visitations, exercising the right of search on any small pretence or trumped-up story. There were idiots who actually accused the Duke of a dark design to seize supreme power and usurp the throne; it was with this base desire that he had raised this new "standing army" of drilled and uniformed policemen, under Government, and independent of local rate-payers' control. The appointment of a military officer, Colonel Rowan, of the Irish Constabulary, betrayed the intention of creating a "veritable gendarmerie." The popular aversion to the whole scheme, fanned into flame by these silly protests, burst out in abusive epithets applied to the new tyrants. Such names as "raw lobsters" from their blue coats, "bobbies" from Sir Robert Peel, and "peelers" with the same derivation, "crushers" from their heavy-footed interference with the liberty of the subject, "coppers," because they "copped" or

* See *ante*, p. 74.

captured His Majesty's lieges, survive to show contemporary feeling.

Yet the admirable regulations framed by Sir Richard Mayne, who was soon associated with Colonel Rowan, did much to reassure the public. They first enunciated the judicious principle that has ever governed police action in this country: the axiom that prevention of crime was the first object of the constable, not the punishment of offenders after the fact. The protection of person and property and the maintenance of peace and good order were the great aims of a police force. A firm but pleasant and conciliatory demeanour was earnestly recommended to all, and this has been in truth, with but few exceptions, the watchword of the police from first to last. "Perfect command of temper," as laid down by Sir Richard Mayne, was an indispensable qualification; the police officer should "never suffer himself to be moved in the slightest degree by language or threats." He is to do his duty in a "quiet and determined manner," counting on the support of bystanders if he requires it, but being careful always to take no serious step without sufficient force at his back. He was entrusted with certain powers, not of the arbitrary character alleged, but he was entitled to arrest persons charged with or suspected of offences; he might enter a house in pursuit of an offender, to interfere in an affray, to search for stolen goods.

They went their way quietly and efficiently, these new policemen, and, in spite of a few mistakes from over-zeal, soon conquered public esteem. The opposition died hard; dislike was fostered by satirical verse and the exaggerated exposure of small errors, and in 1833 the police came into collision with a mob at Coldbath Fields, when there was a serious and lamentable affray. But already the London vestries were won over. They had been most hostile to the new system, "as opposed to the free institutions of this country, which gave parish authorities the sole control in keeping and securing the peace." They had denounced the new police as importing espionage totally repugnant to the habits and feelings of the British people, and subjecting them to "a disguised military

force." These protests formed part of a resolution arrived at by a conference of parishes, which also insisted that those who paid the cost should have the control. Yet a couple of years later these same vestries agreed that "the unfavourable impression and jealousy formerly existing against the new police is rapidly diminishing . . . and that it has fully answered the purpose for which it was formed . . ." This conclusion was supported by some striking statistics. Crime appreciably diminished. The annual losses inflicted on the public by larcenies, burglaries, and highway robberies, which had been estimated at about a million of money, fell to £20,000, and at the same time a larger number of convictions were secured.

It is beyond the limits of this work to give a detailed account of the growth and gradual perfecting of the Metropolitan police, from this first germ into the splendid force that watches over every section of the great city to-day. The total strength now, according to the last official returns, is 15,326 of all ranks, so that it has about quintupled since its first creation in 1829. The population of London at that date was just one million and a half; the area controlled by the new police not half the present size. Now 6,000,000 souls are included within the London bills of mortality, and the area supervised by our present Metropolitan force is 688 square miles of territory, or some thirty miles across from any point of the circumference of a circle whose centre is at Charing Cross. How rapidly and enormously London has grown will be best seen from a few figures. Between 1849 and 1896, 615,086 new houses have been built, making 12,279 streets and 104 squares, with a total length of 2,099 miles. Throughout the whole of this vast area, which constitutes the greatest human ant-heap the world has ever known, absolutely alive, too, and ever growing, the blue-coated guardian of the peace is incessantly on patrol, the total length of police beats reaching to 830 miles. He is unceasingly engaged in duties both various and comprehensive in behalf of his fellow-citizens. By his active and intelligent watchfulness he checks and prevents the commission of crime,

and if his vigilance is unhappily sometimes eluded he is no less eager to pursue and capture offenders. He is exposed to peculiar dangers in protecting the public, but accepts them unhesitatingly, risking his life gladly, and facing brutal and often murderous violence as bravely as any soldier in the breach. In the Whitechapel division, where roughs abound, a fifth of the police contingent in that quarter are injured annually on duty; 9 per cent. of the whole force goes on the sick list during the year from the result of savage assaults. The last published return (1896) of officers injured shows a total of 3,112 cases, and these include 2,717 assaults when making arrests, 89 injuries in stopping runaway horses, 158 bites from dogs, 4 bites by horses, and many injured in disorderly crowds or when assisting to extinguish fires. The regulation of street traffic is, everybody knows, admirably performed by the police, and they ably control all public carriages. The Lost Property Office is a police institution that renders much efficient service, and, in 1896, 38,025 articles which had been dropped, forgotten, or mislaid, were received, and in most cases returned to their owners. They made up a very heterogeneous collection, and included all kinds of birds and live stock—parrots, canaries, larks, rabbits, dogs, and cats; there were books, bicycles, weapons, perambulators, mail carts, golf clubs, sewing machines, and musical instruments. In minor matters the police constable is a universal champion and knight errant. He escorts the softer sex across the crowded thoroughfare as gallantly as any squire of dames; it is a touching sight to watch the lost child walking trustfully hand in hand with the six-foot giant to some haven of safety. If in the West End the man in blue is sometimes on friendly terms with the cook, he is always alert in the silent watches of the night, trying locks and giving necessary warning; in poorer neighbourhoods he is the friend of the family, the referee in disputes, the kindly alarm clock that rouses out the early labourer. It may truly be said that London owes a deep debt of gratitude to its police.

No account, however brief and meagre, of the Metropolitan force would be complete which did not include some reference

to the river and dockyard police. I have already described on a previous page* the systematic depredateions that went on among the Thames shipping in the earlier days. This called imperatively for reform, and a marine police was established to watch our ships and cargoes and guard the wharves and quays. Regular boat patrols were always on the move about the river, and the police, who carried arms, had considerable powers. This Thames branch was not immediately taken over by Peel's new police, but it is now part and parcel of the Metropolitan force, and a very perfect system obtains. The river police has its headquarters in the well-known floating station at Waterloo Bridge, formerly a steamboat pier, with a cutter at Erith, and it also has the services of several small steam launches for rapid transit up and down the river. There is very little crime upon the great waterway, thanks to the vigilance of the Thames police, who also do good work in preventing suicides, and they have many opportunities of calling attention to possible foul play by their recovery of bodies floating on the stream.

What is true of the Metropolitan force applies equally to the City police, an *imperium in imperio*, one square mile of absolutely independent territory interpolated in the very heart and centre of London. The City police was formed when Peel's was, but the great municipality claimed the right to manage its own police affairs, declining Government subsidies as resolutely as it resisted Government control. The House of Commons in 1839 frankly acknowledged that the City was justified in its pretensions, and that it was certain to maintain a good and efficient police force. That anticipation has been fully borne out, and the City police is a first-class force, well organised and most effective, filled with fine men of a high standard both of intelligence and physique. It has lighter duties by night, when the City empties like a church after service, but during the day it has vast cares and responsibilities, the duty of regulating the congested street traffic in the narrow limits of City thoroughfares being perhaps the most onerous. Like their comrades beyond the boundary, the

* See *ante*, pp. 66, 67.

City police are largely employed by private individuals; banks, exchanges, public offices, and so forth, gladly put themselves under official protection. It should have been mentioned, when dealing with the Metropolitan police, that 1,762 police officers of all ranks, from superintendent to private constable, are regularly engaged in a thousand and one posts outside pure police duty. Every great department of State is guarded by them; the Queen's sacred person, the royal princes, royal palaces, all public buildings, the Houses of Parliament, museums and collections, parks and public gardens, the Royal Mint, the powder factories, the Post Office, are among the institutions confided to their care. Going further afield, it is interesting to note that great tradesmen, great jewellers, great pickle-makers, great drapers, great card-makers, the co-operative stores, great fruit-growing estates, the public markets—all these share police services with Coutts' and Drummond's Banks, Holland House, Hertford House, Roehampton House, and so on. The whole of our dockyards are under police surveillance; so are the Albert Hall, Brompton Cemetery, and the Imperial Institute.

It is impossible to leave this subject without adverting to the excellent provincial police now invariably established in the great cities and wide country districts, who, especially as regards the former, have an organisation and duties almost identical with those already detailed. The police forces of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birmingham, and the rest, yield nothing in demeanour, devotion, and daring to their colleagues of the metropolis. In the counties where great areas often have to be covered, great independence must be confided to officers of often junior rank, and it is not abused. These sergeants or inspectors, with their half-dozen men, are so many links in a long-drawn chain. Much depends upon them, their energy and endurance. They, too, have to prevent crime by their constant vigilance on the high roads and keeping close watch on all suspicious persons. For the same reason special qualities are needed in the county chief constable and his deputy; the task of superintending their posts at wide distances apart, and controlling the

movements of tramps and bad characters through their district, calls for the exercise of peculiar qualities, the power of command, of rapid transfer from place to place, of keen insight into character, of promptitude and decision—qualities that are most often found in military officers, who are, in fact, generally preferred for these appointments.

Some account of the present police arrangements in two other large capital cities will fitly find place here by way of contrast and comparison. That of Paris has already been dealt with in its early beginnings, and under the First Empire. After the Bourbon Restoration, and during the days of the revived monarchy, the least interesting feature of the French police had the chief prominence. Every effort was strained to check opposition to the reigning power, and prosecute political independence. But at that time the detection of crime was undertaken for the first time as a distinct branch of police business, and it will be seen in the next chapter how Vidocq did great things, although often by dishonest agents and unworthy means. In the Second Empire the secret police over-rode everything; Napoleon III. had been a conspirator in his time, and he had an army of private spies in addition to the police of the Château under Count d'Hirvoix, who watched the regular police at a cost of some fourteen millions of francs. At the fall of the Second Empire there were half a dozen different secret police services in Paris. There was the Emperor's, already mentioned; the Empress had hers; M. Rouher, the Prime Minister, and M. Pietri, the Prefect, each had a private force, so had M. Nusse and M. Lafarge. Most of these agents were unknown to each other as such, and so extensive was the system of espionage that one-half of Paris was at that time said to be employed in watching the other. This system produced the *dossiers*, the small portfolio or cover, one of which appertained to each individual, high and low, innocent or criminal, and was carefully preserved in the archives of the Prefecture. There were thousands and thousands of these, carefully catalogued and filed for easy reference, made up of confidential and calumniating reports

sent in by agents, sometimes serious charges, often the merest and most mendacious tittle-tattle. The most harmless individuals were often denounced as conspirators, and an agent, if he knew nothing positive, drew liberally on his imagination for his facts. Great numbers of these *dossiers* were destroyed in the incendiary fires of the Commune; some of its leaders were no doubt anxious that no such records should remain. The criminal classes also rejoiced, but not for long. One of the first acts of the authorities when order was re-established was to reconstitute the criminal *dossiers*, a work of immense toil necessitating reference to all the archives of prisons and tribunals. Within a couple of years some five million slips were got together and the documents filled eight thousand boxes. It is to be feared that the secret police is still active in Paris, even under a free Republic; secret funds are still produced to pay agents; among all classes of society spies may be found even to-day; in drawing-rooms and in the servants' hall, at one's elbow in the theatre, among journalists, in the army, and in the best professions. That this is no exaggeration may be gathered from the fact that the *dossiers* are still in process of manufacture. M. Andrieux, a former prefect, who has published his reminiscences, describes how on taking office the first visitor he received was his chief clerk, who, according to the regular custom, put his *dossier* into his hands. "It bore the number 14207," M. Andrieux tells us, "and I have it now in my library, bound, with all the gross calumnies and truculent denunciations that form the basis of such documents."

The regular police organisation, that which preserves order, checks evil-doing, and "runs in" malefactors, falls naturally and broadly into two grand divisions, the administrative and the active, the police "in the office" and the police "out of doors." The first attends to the clerical business, voluminous and incessant, for Frenchmen are the slaves of a routine which goes round and round like clock-work. There is an army of clerks in the numerous bureaus, hundreds of those patient Government employés, the *ronds de cuir*, as they are contemptuously called, because they sit

for choice on round leather cushions, writing and filling in forms for hours and hours, day after day. The active army of police out of doors, which constitutes the second half of the whole machine, is divided into two classes: that in uniform and that in plain clothes. Every visitor to Paris is familiar with the rather theatrical-looking policeman, in his short frock coat or cape, smart *képi* cocked on one side of his head, and with a sword by his side. This "*agent*," "*sergent de ville*," "*gardien de la paix*"—and he is known by all three titles—has many excellent qualities, is, no doubt, a very useful public servant. He is almost invariably an old soldier, a sergeant who has left the army with a first-class character, honesty and sobriety being indispensable qualifications. Our own Metropolitan Police is not thus recruited: the Scotland Yard authorities rather dislike men with military antecedents, believing that army training, with its stiff and unyielding discipline, does not develop that spirit of good-humoured conciliation so noticeable in our police when dealing with the public. Something of the same kind is seen in Paris; for it is said that it takes two or three years to turn the well-disciplined old soldier into the courteous and considerate *sergent de ville*. His instructions are, however, precise; he is strictly cautioned to use every form of persuasion before proceeding to extremities, he is told to warn but not to threaten, very necessary regulations when dealing with such a highly strung, excitable population as that of Paris. The *sergents de ville* are constantly stationed in the same quarter of the town, so they become more or less intimately acquainted with their neighbours and charges. They are thus often enabled to deal with them in a friendly way; a little scolding is found more effective than intimidation, and strong measures may be avoided by tact and forbearance.

The uniformed police are not all employed in the streets and *arrondissements*. There is a large reserve composed of the six central brigades, as they are called, a very smart body of old soldiers, well drilled, dressed, and fully equipped; armed, moreover, with rifles, with which they mount guard

when employed as sentries at the doors or entrance of the Prefecture. In Paris *argot* the men of these six central brigades are nicknamed "*vaisseaux*," (vessels), because they carry on their collars the badge of the city of Paris—an ancient ship, while the sergeants in the town districts wear only numbers; their own individual number, and that of the quarter in which they serve. These *vaisseaux* claim to be the *élite* of the force; they come in daily contact with the Gardes de Paris, horse and foot, a fine corps of city gendarmerie, and, as competing with them, take a particular pride in themselves. Their comrades in the quarters resent this pretension, and declare that when in contact with the people the *vaisseaux* make bad blood by their arrogance and want of tact. The principal business of four at least of these central brigades is to be on call when required to reinforce the out-of-doors police at special times. They are ready to turn out and preserve order at fires, and will, no doubt, be the first in the fray if Paris is ever again convulsed with revolutionary troubles.

Of the two remaining central brigades, one controls public carriages, the other the Halles, that great central market by which Paris is provided with a great part of its food. It is exceedingly well managed, and a model worthy of imitation by us. The cabmen of Paris are not easily controlled, but they are probably a much rougher lot than the London drivers, and they, no doubt, need a much tighter hand. Every cab-stand is under the charge of its own policeman, who knows the men, notes their arrival and departure, and marks their general behaviour. Other police officers of the central brigades superintend the street traffic, but not so successfully as do our police; indeed, parties of the French police have from time to time been sent to London for instruction in this difficult branch of police business, but have hardly benefited by their teaching. Parisian cabmen are forbidden to rove in search of fares, or hang about in front of cafés, and at street corners, the penalty being imprisonment without the option of a fine. Indeed, a special quarter in one of the Paris prisons is known as the "cabmen's," and is

often full of them. Yet the drivers are honest enough, possibly in spite of themselves, but many curious stories are told of the self-denial shown by these hardworked, poorly paid servants of the public. A rich Russian, who had won ten thousand francs one night at his club left the whole sum behind him in a cab in which he had driven home. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether or not it had been given up. Some time later he was again in Paris, and a friend strongly urged him at least to satisfy himself whether or not the missing money had been brought to the lost property office. He went and asked, although the limit of time allowed to claim the lost property was almost expired. "Ten thousand francs lost? Yes, there it is," and after the proper identification the money was restored to him. "What a fool that cabman must have been!" was the Russian's only remark. Again, a certain jeweller in the Palais Royal left a diamond *parure* worth 80,000 francs (£3,200) in a cab, and the police, when he reported the loss, gave him scant hope of recovery. He did not know the number of the cabman—he had picked him up in the street, not taken him from the rank; and, worse than all, he had quarrelled with the driver, the reason why he had abruptly left the cab. The case seemed quite hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quaintest part of the story is to come. When told at the Prefecture to ask the jeweller for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied: "No, not I; he was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again."

All cabmen are not so honest, however; many seek to hide their findings, even when surrendering them, by making false statements of the manner in which they were left. Thus, when the rightful owner claims, the story of the loser does not tally with the finder's. Now and again the fraudulent cabman gets caught. It was so in the case of a beautiful tortoise-shell fan, which was deposited under a wrong description and eventually, after the legal interval of one year, handed over to the cabman who had found it. Soon

afterwards a lady turned up to claim it, and as she described it exactly, and as the full time to establish the cabman's ownership had not elapsed, he was ordered to restore it to the lady, whose name was communicated to him. "But she has no right to it," protested the cabman. "She is a thief. I know the real owner. I have known her from the first. It is Mdlle. ——," and he named a popular actress, thus confessing his own misconduct. The actress was then summoned, and did in effect identify the fan as the one she had lost. But it was proved satisfactorily that the other lady had also lost a fan that was curiously similar.

The vicissitudes of treasure-trove might be greatly multiplied. The most curious chances happen, the strangest articles are brought to the police authorities. Everything found in the streets and highways, in omnibuses, theatres, cabs, railway stations, is forwarded to the Prefecture. Here come jewellery and cash to large amounts. In one case an immigrant who had made his fortune in Canada and carried it in his pocket, in the shape of fifty notes of ten thousand francs each (£20,000), dropped his purse as he climbed on to the outside of an omnibus. The conductor picked it up and restored it; certainly he was rewarded with £500, and richly deserved it for resisting so great a temptation. Beds, brooches, boots, sheets even, are brought into the Prefecture. A mummy was once among the *trouvailles*; there are umbrellas without end. Hogier Grisons, a French writer, from whom many of these incidents are taken, says that a friend of his declares that whenever he finds himself without an umbrella he goes straight to the Prefecture, describes some particular one, according to his fancy, with such and such a handle, a certain colour, and so on, when he always has the exact article handed over to him.

So much for the police in uniform. That in plain clothes, *en bourgeois*, as the French call it, is not so numerous, but it fulfils a higher, or at least a more confidential, mission. Its members are styled inspectors, not agents, and their functions fall under four principal heads. There is, first of all, the service of the *Sûreté*—in other words, of public safety—the

detective department employed entirely in the pursuit and capture of criminals, of which more anon; next comes the police, now amalgamated with the *Sûreté*, that watches over the morals of the capital in a fashion that would not be tolerated in this country, and with arbitrary powers under the existing laws of France; last of all the *brigade de garnis*, the police charged with the supervision of all lodging-houses, from the commonest "sleep-sellers' shop," as it is called, to the grandest hotels. Last of all there are the brigades for inquiries, whose business it is to act as the eyes and ears of the prefecture—in plain English, as its spies.

There are many complaints in Paris that the police are short-handed, especially in the streets. The average is 16 to a quarter inhabited by 30,000 to 40,000 people, so the beats are long and the patrol work severe, especially at night, though the numbers of the *sergents de ville* are then doubled. Some say that the streets of Paris are more unsafe in the more remote districts than those of any capital of Europe. The police are much abused, too, by the Radical and Irreconcilable press. It is not uncommon to read such headlines as the following in the daily papers: "Crimes of the Police," "Police Thieves," "Murder by a *Sergent de Ville*," gross exaggerations, of course. The truth, no doubt, is that the police of Paris taken as a whole are a hard-working, devoted, and generally estimable body of public servants.

The organisation of the New York police is elaborate, not to say cumbrous, but it works well, and till quite lately was believed in that city to rank with the best and finest in the world. Its services have been great, the bravery of some of its members conspicuous in life-saving, and yet more in quelling riot and disturbance. At times of emergency it is entrusted with great powers; a free people readily perceives that law must over-ride licence, and permits its constituted guardians to use the strong arm on occasion to an extent that would not be tolerated in sober old England. To "loose off his revolver" after the fugitive whom he cannot catch or who has slipped through his fingers, is no uncommon practice with the American policeman. I call to my mind the summary end

put to a prolonged strike of "street-car" employés during one of my visits to New York. A force of policemen in plain clothes and armed to the teeth, were sent "down town" on a street car with orders to fight their way through, which they did. The number of casualties was not reported. This reckless spirit is not unlikely to degenerate into absolute outrage, and the New York policemen have been openly accused of using unnecessary and brutal violence, not only when making justifiable arrests but towards perfectly inoffensive persons. According to a writer in the *North American Review* not long since, "the records of the Police Commissioners show that within a few years hundreds of complaints have been made by respectable citizens who have felt that their persons and self-respect have been most shamefully abused by policemen."

The supreme authority is vested in a board of commissioners, four in number, one of whom is elected President; but he, like his colleagues, has his own peculiar functions. The president deals with discipline and the charges brought against the officers of the force; one commissioner deals with purchase and supplies, another with pensions, and the fourth is the treasurer of the police funds. Under the board there is a superintendent, who is the chief of the *personnel*, and has direct control of all out-of-door police business. He is assisted by four inspectors: three being each responsible for a wide district of the city, the fourth being the head of the detective department. The final subdivision is into "thirty-four precincts," each of which is under the immediate orders and supervision of a police captain who is responsible for the public peace within its limits. The captain's daily record of duties and occurrences makes up the police history of the city.

New York, with a population of nearly two millions, has a police force which many consider inadequate to its needs. By the last statistics I have to hand the proportion of constables to citizens is as 1 to 572, while here in London the percentage is as 1 to 342, and in the city of London it is as 1 to 100. The constitution of the New York police is much affected by the political conditions of the city; "party" has perhaps too

strong a voice in appointments, and the policeman's vote, or the votes he can influence, has, it is said, affected discipline by giving the subordinate undue weight with his superiors. Not long since very grave charges were brought against the force, many of which were more or less substantiated. The existence of bribery and blackmail was proved, and to an extent sufficient to damage the reputation of several officers who stood in high place and in high favour.

NOTE.—I had written the foregoing lines before reading Mr. W. T. Stead's remarkable work, "Satan's Invisible World Displayed," and it is clear that I have understated the case against the New York Police. The appalling disclosures made before Senator Lexow's Committee show that up to the time of its appointment the police was an organised tyranny of the worst kind—that of "a body of men practically above the law, armed with powers hardly inferior to those of the police of St. Petersburg." The city was "terrorised by a band of Thugs." The most atrocious acts of oppression were of daily occurrence. The citizens were subjected to appalling outrages, "they were abused, clubbed, imprisoned, and even convicted of crimes on false testimony by policemen and their accomplices." Bribery and corruption were screened and supported by the most criminal and unblushing perjury. Blackmail was levied on all sides; certain trades and callings could not exist without paying tribute to the police. Authority, or the pretence of it, was maintained by the most brutal ill-usage of the innocent and weak, so that the station-houses were called "slaughter-houses," in which prisoners were belaboured unmercifully. The guardians of the law not only winked at crime, but participated in the illegal profits of swindling and fraud. Gambling of all kinds flourished under the protection of the police authorities, with the rank and file as patrons. The administration of the law was corrupt, there was no justice to be found in the police-court; "the blackguard lawyer, hand-in-hand with the bandit policeman, found an even more detestable scoundrel than themselves upon the bench." Last of all, the freedom of the franchise was altogether subverted by the police as agents of Tammany Hall, the supreme autocracy under which these horrors grew up and flourished. That this awful picture is not too darkly painted may be realised by a reference to the work from which the materials are obtained. Some attempt has now been made to purge the New York police of the evils that disgraced it, with what result the future alone can show.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DETECTIVE, OLD AND NEW.

The Detective in Fiction and in Fact—Early Detection—Case of Lady Ivy—Thomas Chandler—Mackoull, and clever Pursuit by Scotch Officer, Mr. Denovan—Vidocq: his Early Life, Police Services, and End—French Detectives generally—Amicable Relations between French and English Police.

THE detective, both professional and amateur, since Edgar Allan Poe invented Dupin, has been a prominent personage in fiction and on the stage. He has been made the central figure of innumerable novels and plays, the hero, the pivot on which the plot turns. Readers ever find him a favourite, whether he is called Hawkshaw or Captain Redwood, Grice or Stanhope, Van Vernet or Père Tabaret, Sherlock Holmes or Monsieur Lecocq. But imagination, however fertile, cannot outdo the reality, and it is with the detective in the flesh that I propose to deal. I propose to take him in the different stages of his evolution—from the thief domesticated and turned to pursue his former associates, down to the present honourable officer, the guardian of our lives and property, the law's chief weapon and principal vindicator.

In times past the pursuit and detection of crime were left very much to chance; but now and again shrewd agents, both public officials and private persons, contributed to the discovery of frauds and crimes. Long ago in France, as I have shown, there was an organised police force which had often resort, both for good and evil, to detective methods. Here in England the office of constable was purely local, and his duties were rather to make arrests in clear cases of flagrant wrong-doing than to follow up obscure and mysterious crime.

The ingenious piecing together of clues and the following up of light and baffling scents was generally left to the lawyers and those engaged on behalf of the parties injured or aggrieved.

LADY IVY.

One of the first cases on record of a cleverly planned fraud on a very large scale was the claim raised by a Lady Ivy, in 1684, to a large estate in Shadwell. It was based on ancient deeds produced, and purporting to be drawn more than a hundred years previously, in the "2nd and 3rd Philip and Mary of 1555-6, under which deeds the lands had been granted to Lady Ivy's ancestors." The case was tried before the famous, or, more correctly, the infamous Judge Jeffreys, and it was proved to the satisfaction of the jury that the deed put forward had been forged. It was discovered that the style and titles of the king and queen as they appeared in the deed were not those used by the sovereigns at that particular date. Always in the preambles of Acts of Parliament of 1555-6 Philip and Mary were styled "King and Queen of Naples, Princes of Spain and Sicily," not, as in the deed, "King and Queen of Spain and both the Sicilies." Again, in the deed Burgundy was put before Milan as a dukedom; in the Acts of Parliament it was just the reverse. That style did come in later, but the person drawing the deeds could not foretell it, and as a fair inference it was urged that the deeds were a forgery. Other evidence was adduced to show that Lady Ivy had forged other deeds, and it was so held by Judge Jeffreys: "If you produce deeds made in such a time when, say you, such titles were used, and they were not so used, that sheweth your deeds are counterfeit and forged and not true deeds. And there is *Digitus Dei*, the finger of God in it, so that though the design be deep laid and the contrivance sculk, yet truth and justice will appear at one time or other."

Accordingly, my Lady Ivy lost her verdict, and an information for forgery was laid against her, but with what result does not appear.

THOMAS CHANDLER.

Fifty years later a painstaking lawyer in Berkshire was able to unravel another case of fraud which had eluded the imperfect police of the day. It was an artful attempt to claim restitution from a certain locality for a highway robbery said to have been committed within its boundaries: a robbery which had never occurred.

Upon the 24th March, 1747, according to his own story, one Thomas Chandler, an attorney's clerk, was travelling on foot along the high road between London and Reading. Having passed through Maidenhead Thicket and in the neighbourhood of Hare Hatch, some thirty miles out, he was set upon by three men, bargees, who robbed him of all he possessed, his watch and cash, the latter amounting to £960, all in bank notes. After the robbery they bound him and threw him into a pit by the side of the road. He lay there some three hours, till long after dark, he said, being unable to obtain release from "his miserable situation," although the road was much frequented and he heard many carriages and people passing along. At length he got out of the pit unaided, and, still bound hand and foot, jumped rather than walked for half a mile uphill, calling out lustily for anyone to let him loose. The first passer-by was a gentleman, who gave him a wide berth, then a shepherd came and cut his bonds, and at his entreaty guided him to the constable or tything-man of the hundred of Sunning in the county of Berks.

Here he set forth in writing the evil that had happened him, with a full and minute description of the thieves, and at the same time gave notice that he would in due course sue the Hundred for the amount under the statutes. All the formalities being observed, process was duly served on the high constable of Sunning, and the people of the Hundred, alarmed at the demand, which if insisted upon would be the "utter ruin of many poor families," engaged a certain attorney, Edward Wise, of Wokingham, to defend them.

Mr. Wise had all the qualities of a good detective; he was ingenious, yet patient and painstaking, and he soon put

together the facts he had cleverly picked up about Chandler. Some of these seemed at the very outset much against the claimant. That a man should tramp along the high road with nearly £1,000 in his pockets was quite extraordinary; again, that he should not escape from the pit till after dark, or that his bonds should have been no better than tape, a length of which was found at the spot where he was untied. He seemed, moreover, to be little concerned by his great loss. After he had given the written notices to the constable, concerning which he was strangely well informed, having all the statutes at his fingers' ends, as though studied beforehand, he ordered a hot supper and a bowl at the Hare and Hounds in Hare Hatch, where he kept it up till late in the night. Nor was he in any hurry to return to town and stop payment of the lost notes at the banks, but started late and rode leisurely to London.

It was easy enough to trace him there. He had given his address in the notices, and he was soon identified as the clerk of Mr. Hill, an attorney in Clifford's Inn. It now appeared that Chandler had negotiated a mortgage for a client of his master, upon certain lands in the neighbourhood of Devizes for £509, far more, as it was proved, than their value. An old mortgage was to be paid off in favour of the new, and Chandler had set off on the day stated to complete the transaction, carrying with him the £500 and the balance of £460 supposed to be his own property, but how obtained was never known. His movements on the day previous were also verified. He had dined with the mortgagee when the deed was executed and the money handed over in notes. These notes were mostly for small sums, making up too bulky a parcel to be comfortably carried under his gaiters (the safest place for them, as he thought), and he had twice changed a portion, £440 at the Bank of England for two notes, and again at "Sir Richard Hoare's shop" for three notes, two of £100 and one of £200. With the whole of his money he then started to walk ninety miles in twenty-four hours, for he was expected next day at Devizes to release the mortgage.

Mr. Hill had kept a list of his notes in Chandler's handwriting, which Chandler was anxious to recover when he got back, in order, as he said, to stop payment of them at the banks. His real object was to alter the numbers of three notes of Hoare's, all of which he wished to cash and use, and he effected this by having a fresh list made out in which these notes were given new and false numbers. Thus the notes with the real numbers would not be stopped on presentation. He did it cleverly, changing 102 to 112, 195 to 159, 196 to 190, variations so slight as to pass unnoticed by Mr. Hill when the list as copied was returned to him. These three notes were cashed and eventually traced back to Chandler. Further, it was clearly proved that he had got those notes at Hoare's in exchange for the £200 note, for that note presently came back to Hoare's through a gentleman who had received it in part payment for a captain's commission of dragoons, and it was then seen that it had been originally received from Chandler.

While Mr. Wise was engaged in these inquiries the trial of Chandler's case against the Hundred came on at Abingdon assizes in June, and a verdict was given in his favour for £975, chiefly because Mr. Hill was associated with the mortgage, and he was held a person of good repute. But a point of law was reserved, for Chandler had omitted to give a full description of the notes, as required by statute, when advertising his loss.

But now Chandler disappeared. He thought the point of law would go against him; that the mortgagee would press for the return of the £500 which he had recovered from the Hundred; that his master, Mr. Hill, had now strong doubts of his good faith. The first proved to be the case; on argument of the point of law the Abingdon verdict was set aside. There was good cause for his other fears. News now came of the great bulk of the other notes; they reached the bank from Amsterdam through brokers named Solomons, who had bought them from one "John Smith," a person answering to the description of Chandler, who in signing the receipt "wrote his name as if it had been wrote with a

skewer." The indefatigable Mr. Wise presently found that Chandler had been in Holland with a trader named Casson, and then found Casson himself.

All this time Mr. Hill was in indirect communication with Chandler, writing letters to him by name "at Easton in Suffolk, to be left for him at the Crown at Ardley, near Colchester, in Essex." Thither Mr. Wise followed him, accompanied by the mortgagee, Mr. Winter, and the "Holland trader," Mr. Casson, who was ready to identify Chandler. They reached the Crown at Ardley, and actually saw a letter "stuck behind the plates of the dresser," awaiting Chandler, who rode in once a fortnight, from a distance, for "his mare seemed always to be very hard rid." There was nothing known of a place called Easton; but Aston and Assington were both suggested to the eastward, and in search of them Mr. Wise with his friends rode through Ipswich as far as Southwold, and there found Easton, a place washed by the sea, and he halted, "being thus pretty sure of going no further eastward." But the scent was false, and although a young man was run into, whom they proposed to arrest with the assistance of "three fellows from the Keys, who appeared to be smugglers, for they were pretty much maimed and scarred," the person was clearly not Chandler. So, finding "we had been running the wrong hare, we trailed very coolly all the way back to Ipswich."

Travelling homeward, they halted a night at Colchester, and called at an inn, the Three Crowns, or the Three Cups, where Chandler had been seen a few months before. Here, as a fact, after overrunning their game near fourscore miles, "they got back to the very form," yet even there lost their hare. This inn was kept at that very time by Chandler, in partnership with his brother-in-law Smart, who naturally would not betray him, although he was in the house when asked for.

After this Chandler thought Colchester "a very improper place for him to continue long in." There were writs out against him in Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, so he sold off his goods and moved to another inn at Coventry, where he set up

at the sign of the Golden Dragon under the name of John Smith. Now, still fearing arrest, he thought to buy off Winter, the mortgagee, by repaying him something, and sent him £130. But Winter was bitter against him, and writs were taken out for Warwickshire. Chandler had in some way secured the protection of Lord Willoughby de Broke; he had also made friends with the constables of Coventry, and it was not easy to compass his arrest. But at last he was taken and lodged in the town gaol. Two years had been occupied in this pertinacious pursuit, prolonged by trials, arguments, journeyings to and fro, and Mr. Wise was greatly complimented upon his zeal and presented with a handsome testimonial.

Chandler, who was supposed to have planned the whole affair with the idea of becoming possessed of a considerable sum in ready money, was found guilty of perjury, and was sentenced to be put in the pillory next market day at Reading from twelve to one, and afterwards to be transported for seven years.

A curious feature in the trial was the identification of Chandler as John Smith by Casson, who told how at Amsterdam he (Chandler) had received payment for his bills partly in silver—£150 worth of ducats and Spanish pistoles—which broke down both his pockets, so that the witness had to get a rice-sack and hire a wheelbarrow to convey the coin to the Delft "scout," where it was deposited in a chest and so conveyed to England.

MACKOULL.

A detailed reference has been made in previous pages to the Bow Street runners, to Vickery, Lavender, Sayer, Donaldson, and Townsend, whose exploits were often remarkable in capturing criminals. None of them did better, however, than a certain Mr. Denovan, a Scotch officer of great intelligence and unwearied patience, who was employed by the Paisley Union Bank of Glasgow to defend it against the extraordinary pretensions of a man who had robbed it and yet sued it for the restoration of property which was

clearly the bank's and not his. For the first and probably only time known in this country, an acknowledged thief was seen contending with people in open court for property he had stolen from them.

The hero of this strange episode was one James Mackoull, a hardened and, as we should say nowadays, an "habitual" criminal. He was one of the most extraordinary characters that have ever appeared in the annals of crime. His was a clear case of heredity in vice, for his mother had been a shoplifter and low-class thief, who had married, however, a respectable tradesman; all her children—three sons and two daughters—had turned out badly, becoming in due course notorious offenders. One of them, John Mackoull, was well educated, and the author of a work entitled "The Abuses of Justice," which he brought out after his acquittal on a charge of forgery; another brother, Ben Mackoull, was hanged for robbery in 1786.

James Mackoull began early, and at school stole from his companions. He studied little, but soon became an expert in the science of self-defence, and, being active and athletic, he took rank in due course as an accomplished pugilist. His first public theft was from a cat's-meat man, whom he robbed by throwing snuff in his eyes; while the man was blinded, he cut the bag of coppers fastened to the barrow and bolted. Henceforth he became a professional thief, and with two noted associates, Bill Drake and Sam Williams, did much business on a large scale.

One of his most remarkable feats was his robbery from the person of a rich undertaker, known as "The Old Raven," who was fond of parading himself in St. James's Park, dressed out in smart clothes and wearing conspicuously exposed a fine gold watch set with diamonds. Mackoull knew that "The Old Raven" entered the park from Spring Gardens most days, punctually at 4 p.m., so he timed himself to arrive a little earlier. He waited till the undertaker had passed him, then pushed on in front, when he turned round suddenly, and, clutching the watch with one hand, knocked his victim's hat over his eyes with the other. Fearing detection for this theft

which caused considerable noise, Mackoull thought it prudent to go to sea. He entered the Royal Navy, and served for two years on board H.M.S. *Apollo* as an officer's servant. His conduct was exemplary, and he was presently transferred to H.M.S. *Centurion*, on which ship he rose to be purser's steward. He was discharged with a good character after nine years' service afloat, and returned to London about 1785 with a considerable sum of money, the accumulations of prize-money and pay.

The moment he landed he resumed his evil courses. Having rapidly wasted his substance in the ring, in the cockpit, and at the gaming-table, he devoted himself to picking pockets with great success. He gave himself out as the captain of a West Indiaman, and being much improved in appearance, having a genteel address and fluent speech, he was well received in a certain class of society. At the end of a debauch he generally managed to clear out the company. He was an adept at "hocussing," and it served him well in despoiling his companions of their purses and valuables.

It was at this time that he gained the *sobriquet* of the "Heathen Philosopher" among his associates. He owed it to a trick played upon a master baker, whom he encountered at an election in Brentford. This worthy soul affected to be learned in astronomy, and Mackoull approached him, courteously advising him to have a look at the strange "alternating star" to be seen that night in the sky. As soon as the baker was placed to view the phenomenon, Mackoull deftly relieved him of his pocket-book, which he knew to be well lined. Then, as the baker could not see the star properly and went home to use his telescope, Mackoull promptly decamped, returning to town in a post-chaise.

Now Mackoull married a lodging-house keeper, and went into the business of "receiving." At first he stored his stolen goods in his mother's house, but as this became insecure he devised a receptacle in his own. He chose for the purpose a recess where had formerly been a window, but which had been blocked up to save the window-tax. It was on that account called "Pitt's picture." But the hiding-place was discovered,

and as Mackoull was "wanted," he escaped to the Continent, where he frequented the German gambling-tables and learnt the language. He visited Hamburg, the fair at Leipsic, Rotterdam, and he is said to have often played billiards with the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whom he relieved of all his superfluous cash.

Again he had to fly, but being afraid to return to London he travelled north, and landed at Leith in 1805. Thence he went to Edinburgh, and lodged in the Canongate, devoting himself to his old pursuits at taverns, when he "called himself a Hamburg merchant and made many friends." A theft at the theatre was nearly fatal to him. He was caught by a police officer in the act of picking a gentleman's pocket, and, after running for his life, was at last overtaken. Having no assistance at hand, the "town officer" struck him on the head with his "batoon." Mackoull fell with a deep groan, and the officer, fearing he had killed him, made off. As the result of this encounter Mackoull was long laid up, and he carried the scar on his forehead to his dying day.

He grew more daring and more truculent as time passed, and it is believed he was the author of the well-known murder of Begbie, the porter of the British Linen Company Bank—a crime never brought home to him, however, and the murder remained a mystery to the last. This victim, returning from Leith carrying a large parcel of bank-notes, was stabbed in the back at the entrance of Tweedale's Court. Several persons were suspected, apprehended, and discharged for want of evidence. Yet the most active measures were taken to detect the crime. "Hue-and-cry" bills were thrown off during the night, and despatched next morning by the mail-coaches to all parts of the country. It was stated in this notice that "the murder was committed with a force and dexterity more resembling that of a foreign assassin than an inhabitant of this country. The blow was directly to the heart, and the unfortunate man bled to death in a few minutes." Through Mr. Denovan's investigations many facts were obtained to implicate Mackoull, but the proof of his guilt was still insufficient.

One of the most suspicious facts against him was that later on he was often seen in the Belle Vue grounds, and here, in an old wall, many of the notes stolen from the murdered porter were presently discovered. They were those of large value, which the perpetrator of the crime would find it difficult to pass. Reports that they had been thus found, and in this particular wall, were in circulation some three weeks before they were actually unearthed, and it is believed the story was purposely put about to lead to their recovery. It is a curious fact that the stonemason who came upon the notes in pulling down the wall resided close to the spot where the murder had been committed. But for the good luck that he was able to prove clearly that he was not in Edinburgh at the time of the murder, he might be added to the sufficiently long list of victims of circumstantial evidence.

Mackoull at this time passed to and fro between Edinburgh and Dublin, and was popular in both capitals, a pleasant companion, ever ready to drink and gamble and join in any debauchery. He became very corpulent, and it was said of him that he did not care how he was jostled in a crowd. This was necessary as a matter of business sometimes, but one night at the Edinburgh theatre he got into trouble. Inledon, the famous vocalist, was singing to full houses, and Mackoull in the crowded lobby picked a gentleman's pocket. He was caught in the act, but escaped for a time; then was seized after a hot pursuit, searched with no result, for he had dropped his booty in the race. They cast him into the Tolbooth, but he was released after nine months' detention for want of proof. As the story is told, the gentleman robbed was much displeased at Mackoull's release and complained of this failure of justice. The judge before whom the thief had been arraigned admitted that he ought to have been hanged. "He went to the play-house to steal and not to hear music; and he gave a strong proof of this, Mr. P., when he preferred *your* notes to Mr. Inledon's."

Mackoull, retiring south after his liberation, lay low for a time, but he made one expedition to Scotland for the purpose of passing forged notes, when he was again arrested, but again

evaded the law. Another enterprise in Chester failed; the luck was against him for the moment. But now, having sought out efficient confederates, he laid all his plans for the robbery of some one or other of the great Scottish banks. He was well equipped for the job, had secured the best men and the finest implements.

He was assisted by two confederates, French and Huffey White,* the latter a convict at the hulks, whose escape Mackoull had compassed on purpose. They broke into the Paisley Bank of Glasgow on Sunday night, July 14, 1811, with keys carefully fitted long in advance, and soon ransacked the safe and drawers, securing in gold and notes something like £20,000. Of course, they left Glasgow at once, travelling full speed, in a postchaise and four, first to Edinburgh and then *via* Edinburgh, Haddington, Newcastle southward to London. In the division of the spoil which now took place Mackoull contrived to keep the lion's share. White was apprehended, and to save his life a certain sum was surrendered to the bank; but some of the money, as I have said elsewhere,† seems to have stuck to the fingers of a Bow Street officer, Sayer, who had negotiated between Mackoull and the bank. Mackoull himself had retained about £8,000.

In 1812, after a supposed visit to the West Indies, he reappeared in London, where he was arrested for breach of faith with the bank and sent to Glasgow for trial. He got off by a promise of further restitution, and because the bank was unable at that time to prove his complicity in the burglary. An agent who had handed over £1,000 on his account, was then sued by Mackoull for acting without proper authority, and was obliged to refund a great part of the money. Nothing could exceed his effrontery. He traded openly as a bill broker in Scotland under the name of James Martin; buying the bills with the stolen notes and having sometimes as much as £2,000 on deposit in another bank. At last he was arrested, and a quantity of notes and drafts were seized with him. He was presently discharged, but the notes were impounded, and by and by he began a suit to recover "his property"—the

* See *post*, p. 114.

† See *ante*, p. 79.

proceeds really of his theft from the bank. His demeanour in court was most impudent. Crowds filled the court when he gave his evidence, which he did with the utmost effrontery, posing always as an innocent and much injured man.

It was incumbent upon the bank to end this disgraceful parody of legal proceedings. Either they must prove Mackoull's guilt or lose their action; an action brought, it must be remembered, by a public depredator against a respectable banking company for daring to retain a part of the property of which he had robbed them. In this difficulty they appealed to Mr. Denovan, a well-known officer and agent of the Scotch courts, and sent him to collect evidence showing that Mackoull was implicated in the original robbery in 1811.

Denovan left Edinburgh on January 8, 1820, meaning to follow the exact route of the fugitives to the south. All along his road he came upon traces of them in the "post books" or in the memory of innkeepers, waiters, and ostlers. He passed through Dunbar, Berwick, and Belford, pausing at the latter place to hunt up a certain George Johnson who was said to be able to identify Mackoull. Johnson had been a waiter at the Talbot inn, Darlington, in 1811, but was now gone—to what place his parents, who lived in Belford, could not say. "Observing, however, that there was a church behind the inn," writes Mr. Denovan, "a thought struck me I might hear something in the churchyard on Sunday morning," and he was rewarded with the address of Thomas Johnson, a brother of George's, "a pedlar or travelling merchant." "I immediately set forth in a postchaise and found Thomas Johnson, who gave me news of George. He was still alive, and was a waiter either at the Bay Horse in Leeds or somewhere in Tadcaster, or at a small inn at Spittal-on-the-Moor, in Westmoreland, but his father-in-law, Thomas Cockburn, of York, would certainly know."

Pushing on, Denovan heard of his men at Alnwick. A barber there had shaved them. "I was anxious to see the barber, but found he had put an end to his existence some years ago." At Morpeth the inn at which they had stopped was shut up. At Newcastle the posting book was lost, and

when found in the bar of the Crown and Thistle was "so mutilated as to be useless." But at the Queen's Head, Durham, there was an entry, "Chaise and four to Darlington, Will and Will." The second "Will" was still alive, an ancient postboy, who remembered Mackoull as the oldest, a "stiff red-faced man," the usual description given of him. The landlady here, Mrs. Jane Escott, remembered three men arriving in a chaise who said they were pushing on to London with a quantity of Scotch bank notes. At the Talbot inn, Darlington, where George Johnson had lived, the scent failed till Denovan found him at another inn, the King's Head. He quite remembered the three fugitives coming from Durham and that he had mentioned to his master his surprise that "three such queer-looking chaps should be posting it."

At Northallerton there was evidence—that of Scotch notes changed; and at York news of George Johnson, who was found at last, a fish hawker at Tadcaster. Johnson's evidence was most valuable, and he willingly agreed to give it in court at Edinburgh. He had seen the three men at Durham, the oldest, "a stiff, stout man with a red face, seemed to take the management, and paid the postboys their hire." He had offered a £20 Scotch note in payment for two pints of sherry and some biscuits, but there was not change enough in the house, and White was asked for smaller money, when he took out his pocket stuffed full of bank notes, all too large, so the first note was changed by Johnson at the Darlington bank. Johnson was sure he would know the "stiff man" again amongst a hundred others in any dress.

There was nothing more now till the White Hart, Welwyn, where the fugitives had taken the light post-coach. At Welwyn, too, they had sent off a portmanteau to an address, and this portmanteau was afterwards recovered with the address in Mackoull's hand, the other two being unable to write. At Welwyn Mr. Denovan heard of one Cunningham, who had been a waiter at the inn in 1811, but left in 1813 for London, and who was said to know something of the matter. The search for this Cunningham was the next business, and Mr. Denovan pushed on to London hoping to find him there.

"In company with a private friend I went up and down Holborn inquiring for him at every baker's, grocer's, or public house," but heard nothing. The same at the coaching offices, until at last a guard who knew Cunnington said he was in Brighton. But the man had left Brighton, first for Horsham, then for Margate, and then gone back to London, where Mr. Denovan ran him down at last as a patient in the Middlesex Hospital.

Cunnington was quite as important a witness as Johnson. He declared he would know Mackoull among a thousand. He had seen the three men counting over notes at the White Hart; Mackoull did not seem to be a proper companion for the two; he took the lead and was the only one who used pen, ink, and paper. Cunnington expressed his willingness to go to Edinburgh if his health permitted.

Since Denovan's arrival in London he had received but little assistance at Bow Street. The runners were irritated at the way the case had been managed. One of them, Sayer, who had been concerned in the restitution, flatly refused to have anything to do with the business, or to go to Edinburgh to give evidence. This was presently explained by another runner, the famous Townsend, who hinted that Sayer's hands were not clean, and that he was on very friendly terms with Mackoull's wife, a lady of questionable character, who was living in comfort on some of her husband's ill-gotten gains. Indeed, Sayer's conduct had caused a serious quarrel between him and his colleagues, Lavender, Vickery, and Harry Adkins, because he had deceived and forestalled them. Denovan was, however, on intimate terms with Lavender, another famous runner, whom he persuaded to assist, and through him he came upon the portmanteau sent from Welwyn, which had been seized at the time of Huffey White's arrest. Huffey had been taken in the house of one Scoltop, a blacksmith in the Tottenham Court Road, also the portmanteau and a box of skeleton keys. Both were now found in a back closet in the office at Bow Street, "under a singular collection of rubbish, and were actually covered by Williams' bloody jacket, and the maul and ripping iron with which the man Williamson had

been murdered in Ratcliff Highway. The portmanteau contained many papers and notes damaging to Mackoull, and in the box were housebreaking implements, punches, files, and various "dubs" and "skrews," as well as two handkerchiefs of fawn colour, with a broad border, such as the three thieves often wore when in their lodgings in Glasgow immediately before the robbery.

How Mr. Denovan found and won over Scoltop is a chief feather in his cap. His success astonished even the oldest officers in Bow Street. Scoltop was the friend and associate of burglars, and constantly engaged in manufacturing implements for them. He had long been a friend of Mackoull's and had made many tools for him, those especially for the robbing of the Paisley Union Bank, a *coup* prepared long beforehand. The first set of keys supplied had really been tried on the bank locks and found useless, so that Scoltop had furnished others and sent them down by mail. These also were ineffective, as the bank had "simple old-fashioned locks," and Mackoull came back from Glasgow, bringing with him "a wooden model of the key hole and pike of the locks," enabled Scoltop to complete his job easily. "I wonder," said Scoltop to Mr. Denovan, "that the bank could have trusted so much money under such very simple things." Scoltop would not allow any of this evidence to be set down in writing, but he agreed to go down to Edinburgh and give it in court, and swear also to receiving the portmanteau addressed in the handwriting of Mackoull.

Denovan's greatest triumph was with Mrs. Mackoull. She kept a house furnished in an elegant manner, but was not a very reputable person. "She was extremely shy at first, and as if by chance, but to show that she was prepared for anything, she lifted up one of the cushions on her settee displaying a pair of horse pistols that lay below," on which he produced a double-barrelled pistol and a card bearing the address "at the Public Office, Bow Street." Then she gave him her hand and said "We understand each other." But still she was very reticent, acting, as Mr.

Denovan believed, under the advice of Sayer, the not incorruptible Bow Street runner. She was afraid she would be called upon to make a restitution of that part of the booty that had gone her way. Denovan strongly suspected that she had received a large sum from her husband and had refused to give it back to him—"the real cause of their misunderstanding," which was, indeed, so serious that he had no great difficulty in persuading her also to give evidence at Edinburgh.

Such was the result of an inquiry that scarcely occupied a month. It was so complete that the celebrated Lord Cockburn, who was at that time counsel for the Bank, declared "nothing could exceed Denovan's skill, and that the investigations had the great merit of being amply sustained by evidence in all its important parts." When the trial of the cause came on in February, and Denovan appeared in court with all the principal witnesses, Johnson, Cunington, Scoltop, and Mrs. Mackoull, the defendant—it was only a civil suit—was unable to conceal his emotion, and fainted away. This was, practically, the throwing up of the sponge. Soon afterwards he was indicted for the robbery of the bank, and on conviction sentenced to death. He was greatly cast down at first, but soon recovered his spirits, and while awaiting execution received a number of visitors in the condemned cell. Among them was his wife, who returned his constant ill-treatment with great generosity, providing him with the means of purchasing every luxury. She also applied for and obtained a reprieve for him. But he might escape the gallows, but not death. Within a couple of months of his sentence he fell into mental imbecility, his hitherto jet black hair grew white, and his physical faculties failed him. Before the year was ended he died.

FRENCH DETECTIVES.

The first regular organisation of detective police may be said to have been created by Vidocq, the famous French thief, who, having turned his own coat, found his best assistants in other converted criminals. Vidocq's personal

reminiscences have been read all the world over and need hardly be recounted here. It was at the end of a long career of crime, of warfare with justice, in which he had been perpetually worsted, that he elected to go over to the other side. He would cease to be the hare, and would, if permitted, in future hunt with the hounds. So he offered his services to the authorities, and they were at first bluntly refused. M. Henri, the functionary at the head of the criminal department of the Prefecture, sent him about his business without even asking his name.

This was in 1809, during the ministry of Fouché. Vidocq, rebuffed, joined a band of coiners, who betrayed him to the police, and he was arrested, nearly naked, on the roof as he was trying to escape. He was taken before M. Henri, whom he reminded of his application and renewed his offers, which were now accepted, but coldly and distrustfully. The only condition he had made was that he should not be relegated to the galleys, but held in any Parisian prison the authorities might choose. So he was committed to La Force, and the entry appears on the registry of that prison that he was nominally sentenced to eight years in chains; it was part of his compact that he should associate freely with other prisoners and secretly inform the police of all that was going on. He betrayed a number of his unsuspecting companions and seems to have been very proud of his treacherous achievements. No prisoner had the slightest suspicion that he was a police spy, and none of the officials, except the gate-keeper. In this way he earned the gratitude of the authorities, who thought he might be more useful at large. In order to give a plausible explanation of his release, it was arranged that he should be sent from the prison of La Force to Bicêtre and permitted to escape by the way. Vidocq has given his own account of his escape: "I was fetched from La Force and taken off with the most rigorous precaution, handcuffed and lodged in the prison van; but I was let out on the road." The report of this daring escape, as it was supposed, was the talk of all Paris, and the cause of great rejoicing in criminal circles, where

Vidocq's health was drunk with many wishes for his continued good fortune.

Vidocq made excellent use of his freedom. He entered freely into all the low haunts of the city and was received with absolute confidence by every miscreant abroad. Through him, although he kept carefully in the background, innumerable arrests were made; one of the most important was the head of a gang of robbers named Guenvive, whose acquaintance he made at a *cabaret*, where they exchanged some curious confidences. Guenvive was very anxious to put him on his guard against "that villain Vidocq," who had turned traitor to his old friends. But Guenvive assured Vidocq that he knew him intimately and there was nothing to be feared while he was by. Together they went to attack Vidocq, each carrying handkerchiefs loaded with two-sous pieces, and watched for him at his front door. For obvious reasons Vidocq did not come out, but his ready concurrence in the scheme made him Guenvive's most intimate friend. The robber was willing to enrol Vidocq in his band, and proposed that he should join in a grand affair in the Rue Cassette. Vidocq agreed, but took no part in the actual robbery on the pretence that he could not safely be out in the streets as he had no papers. When the party, having successfully accomplished their *coup*, carried their plunder home to Guenvive's quarters, they were surprised by a visit of the police, during which Vidocq, who was present, concealed himself under the bed. The end of this business was the condemnation of the robbers to *travaux forcés*, but they appeared to have discovered how and by whom they had been betrayed.

Vidocq made another important arrest in the person of Fossard, already a notorious criminal, but who became more famous by his celebrated theft of medals from the Bibliothèque Royale.* Fossard was a man of athletic proportions and desperately brave; he had escaped from the Bagne of Brest and was supposed to be prepared to go any lengths rather than return there; he was always armed to

the teeth, and swore he would blow out the brains of anyone who attempted to take him. He lived somewhere near the Rue Poissonnière; the neighbourhood was known, but not the house or floor; the windows were said to have yellow silk blinds, but many other windows had the same; another indication was that Fossard's servant was a little humpbacked woman, who also worked as a milliner. Vidocq found the hunchback, but not her master, who had moved into another residence over a wineshop at the corner of the Rue Duphot and the Rue St. Honoré. He at once assumed the disguise of a charcoal-seller and verified the lodging, but waited for an opportunity to take the criminal. Although he was armed and no coward, he realised that the only safe way to secure Fossard would be in his bed.

Vidocq now took the tavern-keeper into his confidence, warned him that he had under his roof a very dangerous robber, and that this lodger was only waiting a favourable chance to rob his till. The first night that the receipts had been good the ruffian would certainly lay hands upon the money. The tavern-keeper was only too glad to accept the assistance of the police, and promised to admit them whenever required. One night, when Fossard had returned home early and gone to bed, Vidocq and his comrades were let in during the small hours, and the following trick was arranged. The tavern-keeper had with him a little nephew, a child of ten, precocious and ready to earn an honest penny. Vidocq easily taught him a little tale. The child was to go upstairs to Fossard's door in the early morning, and ask Fossard's wife for some eau-de-cologne, saying his aunt was unwell. The child played his part well; he went up, closely followed by the police in stockinged feet; he knocked, gave his message, the door was opened to him, and in rushed the officers, who secured Fossard before he was well awake.

In these later days of the Empire the police were more actively engaged with political espionage than the capture of criminals, and Paris was very much at the mercy of the latter. There were whole quarters given up to malefactors—places, particularly beyond the Barrier, which offered a safe retreat

to escaped convicts, deserters, thieves, the whole fraternity of crime, into which no police-officer was bold enough to enter. Vidocq volunteered to clear out at least one of them, a tavern kept by a certain Desnoyez, always a very favourite and crowded resort. Accompanied by a couple of police officers and eight gendarmes, he started off to execute a job for which his superiors declared that he needed a battalion at least. But on reaching Desnoyez's he walked straight into the salon, where a Barrier ball was in progress, stopped the music, and coolly looked around. Loud cries were raised of "Turn him out!" but Vidocq remained imperturbable, and exhibiting his warrant, ordered the place to be cleared. His firm aspect imposed upon even the most threatening, and the whole company filed out one by one past Vidocq, who stationed himself at the door. Whenever he recognised any man as a person wanted or a dangerous criminal, he marked his back adroitly with a piece of white chalk as a sign that he should be made prisoner outside. This was effected by the gendarmes, who handcuffed each in turn, and added him to a long chain of prisoners, who were eventually conducted in triumph to the Prefecture.

Vidocq's successes gained him a very distinct reputation in Paris; he had undoubtedly diminished crime—at least he had reduced the number of notorious criminals who openly defied justice; it was decided, therefore, to give him larger powers, and in 1817 he was authorised to establish a regular body of detectives, the first "Brigade de Sûreté," which was composed of a certain number of agents devoted entirely to the pursuit of crime. They were no more than four in number at first, but the brigade was successively increased to six, twelve, twenty, and at last to twenty-eight. In the very first year, between January and December, 1817, Vidocq had only twelve assistants; yet amongst them they effected 772 arrests, many of them of the most important character. Fifteen of their captives were murderers, a hundred and eight were burglars, five robbers with violence, and there were some two hundred and fifty thieves of other descriptions. Such good work soon gained Vidocq detractors,

and the old, official, clean-handed police, not unnaturally jealous, charged him with actually preparing crime in order that he might detect it. The police authorities were privately informed by these other employés that Vidocq abused his position disgracefully, and carried on widespread depredation on his own account. In reply they were told that they could not be very skilful, or they would have caught him in the act. Having failed to implicate Vidocq himself, they fell upon his assistants, most of them ex-thieves, whom they declared now carried on their old trade with impunity. Vidocq soon heard of these insinuations, and, to give a practical denial of the charge, ordered all his people to invariably wear gloves. To appear without them, he declared, would be visited with instant dismissal. To understand this proceeding, it is necessary to remind the reader that a pocket can only be picked by a bare hand.

Certainly Vidocq and his men were neither idle nor expensive to maintain; their hours of duty were often eighteen out of the twenty-four; sometimes they were days and days consecutively employed, the chief himself was incessantly active; no one could say how he lived or when he slept. Whenever he was wanted he was found dressed and ready, with a clean-shaven face like an actor, so that he might assume any disguise—wigs, whiskers, or moustaches of any length or colour; sometimes, it is said that he changed his costume ten times a day. He was a man of extraordinarily vigorous physique, strong and squarely built, with very broad shoulders; he had fair hair, which early turned to grey, a large thick nose, blue eyes, and a constant smile on his lips. He always appeared well-dressed, except when in disguise, and was followed everywhere he went, but at a slight distance, by a cabriolet, driven by a servant on whom he could rely. He always went armed with pistols and a long knife or dagger. His worst points were his boastfulness and his insupportable conceit.

M. Canler, afterwards chief of the detective police, tells an amusing story in his *Memoirs* of how Vidocq was fooled by one of his precious assistants. In selecting among candidates,

the old thief sought the boldest and most impudent. One day a man he did not know, Jacquin, offered himself, and Vidocq, to try him, sent him to buy a couple of fowls in the market. Jacquin presently brought back the fowls and also the ten francs Vidocq had given him to pay for them. He was asked how he had managed. It was simple enough. He had gone into the market carrying a heavy hod on his shoulder, and, when he had bargained for the fowls, he asked the market woman to place them for him on the top of the stones on the hod. While she obliged him, he picked her pocket of the ten francs he had paid her. Jacquin acted the whole affair before Vidocq, whom he treated just as he had the owner of the fowls. When the *séance* was over, he had robbed Vidocq of his gold watch and chain.

After ten years of active work Vidocq resigned his post. He was at cross purposes, it was said, with his superiors; M. Delavau, the new prefect, had no sympathy with him, and was so much under priestly influence as to abhor Vidocq, who probably foresaw that he had better withdraw before he was dismissed. The real reason was that he had feathered his nest well, and was in possession of sufficient capital to start an industrial enterprise, the manufacture of paper boxes. To this he presently added a *bureau de renseignements*, the forerunner of our modern private inquiry office, for which he was peculiarly well fitted with his abundant and varied experience. He soon possessed a wide *clientèle*, and had as many as 8,000 cases registered in his office. At the same time his brain was busy with practical inventions, such as a burglar-proof door and a safety paper—one that could not be imitated and used for false documents.

His private inquiry business prospered greatly, but got him into serious trouble. There seems to have been no reason to charge him with dishonesty, yet he was arrested for fraud and "abuse of confidence" in some two hundred instances; he was mixed up in some shady transactions, among them money-lending and bill discounting. He was also accused of tampering with certain employés in the

War Office, and his papers were seized by the police. Some idea of the extent of his business may be gathered from the description of his offices, which were extensive, sumptuously furnished, and organised into first, second, and third divisions, like a great department of State, each served by a large staff of clerks. A little groom in livery, with buttons bearing Vidocq's monogram, ushered the visitor into his private cabinet, where the great "Intermediary," as he called himself, sat at a great desk, surrounded by fine pictures (for one of which, it was said, he had refused £2,800) and installed with every sign of luxury and good taste.

Nothing came of this arrest, which Vidocq took quite as a joke, although he was detained in the Conciergerie for three months and his business suffered. Yet, afterwards, the police would not leave him alone. Old animosities had never disappeared, and they were revived when Vidocq occasionally turned his hand to his old work and caught someone that the regular police could not find. He had started a sort of "trade protection society," by which, on payment of a small annual fee, any shopkeeper or business man could obtain particulars concerning the solvency of new clients. The number of subscribers soon exceeded 8,000, and Vidocq, in one of his published reports, fixed the amount he had saved his customers at several thousands of pounds. A fresh storm burst over him when he unmasked and procured the arrest of a long-firm swindler, before the police knew anything of the case.

Once more he was arrested, in 1842; his papers were impounded, there were rumours of tremendous disclosures, family scandals, crimes suppressed—all manner of villainies. No doubt he had made himself the "intermediary" in matters not quite savoury, but the worst things against him were an unauthorised arrest and a traffic in decorations very much on the Grévy-Wilson lines of later days. The prejudice against him must have been strong, and the case ended in a sentence of eight years' imprisonment, which was, however, reversed on appeal. He was much

impoverished by his lawsuits, and one of his last proceedings was to appear before a London audience dressed, first, as a French convict in chains, then in the various disguises he used in following up malefactors. Although his lecture was in French, he seems to have attracted large audiences at the Cosmorama. Sir Francis Burdett was a great patron and supporter of Vidocq, and was in the habit, whenever he visited Paris, of inviting the old thief-taker to dine with him at the Trois Frères Restaurant in the Palais Royal. Vidocq died in penury in 1857 at a very advanced age.

Vidocq's mantle, after his resignation of his official post, fell upon one of his own young men, for the fallacious idea still held that to discover thieves it was necessary to have been a thief. The choice fell upon one Coco-Latour, who had been a robber of the housebreaking class, and was much esteemed for his enterprise in that particular branch of crime. He now took over Vidocq's offices and staff, with much the same results. Arrests were constantly made, numbers of depredators were brought to justice, but again and again in court there were some discreditable scenes; fierce re-creminations between the dock and the witness-box, little to choose between the accused criminal and the man who had captured him. Public feeling was revolted by these exhibitions, and at last the authorities resolved to abolish the system. M. Gisquet, who was prefect of police broke up Coco-Latour's band of ex-brigands and ordered that in future the work should be done by persons of unblemished character. Any who had been once convicted were declared ineligible. New and respectable offices were installed under the wing of the Prefecture, replacing the old dens in low streets which had been no better than thieves' haunts infested by the worst characters.

From 1832, when this salutary change took effect, until the present day the French detective has won well-deserved credit as an honourable, faithful public servant, generally with natural aptitudes trained and developed by advice and example. "A man does not become a detective by chance; he must be born to it"; he must have the instinct, the *flair*,

the natural taste for the business—qualities which carry him on to success through many disheartening disappointments and seeming defeats. The best traditions of the Paris Prefecture have been worthily maintained by such men as Canler, Claude, Macé, Goron, and Cochefert. Their services have been conspicuous, their methods good, and they are backed by useful, if arbitrary, powers, such as the right to detain and interrogate suspected persons, which our police, under the jealous eye of the law, have never possessed. This might seem to give the French police the advantage as regards results, yet it is the fact that, with all their limitations, the English police can compare favourably with that of our French neighbours, and, as has been said, if we have at times to reproach our servants with failure, there are also many undetected crimes, of cases “*classed*,” or put by as hopeless, in France.

A few stories may be inserted here, illustrating the more prominent traits of the French detectives, their patience, courage, promptitude, and ingenuity. No pains are too great to take; a clue is followed up at all costs and all hazards. The French police are equal to any labours, any hardships, any emergency, any dangers. The words “*two pounds of butter*,” written on a scrap of paper found on the theatre of a great crime, led Canler and his officers to visit every butterman’s shop in Paris, till at last the man who had sold and the criminal who had bought the butter were found. In the same way a knife picked up was shown to every cutler until it was identified and the purchaser traced. A murdered man had been seen in company with another the day before the crime; the latter was seen and described to the police, who got on his track within twenty-four hours, checked the employment of his time, and found the tailor who had sold him his clothes; within another day his lodging was known, on the fourth he was arrested and the crime brought home to him. Two men on the watch for a criminal held on three days and nights out of doors, in December, almost without food, and, to justify their presence in the high road, pretended to be navvies working at repairs. Four detectives, in pursuit of five murderers, divided the business among

them : one played the flute at a hall frequented by their men, another sold pencils in the street, a third worked in brickfields frequented by their quarry, a fourth kept the men wanted constantly in view.

Another detective disguised himself as a floor polisher, simply to get on friendly terms with a man of the same calling, who was an assassin. The disguises assumed are various and surprising, and this may be taken as fact in spite of statements to the contrary. A detective has been seen in a blue blouse distributing leaflets in the street, and again recognised (by a friend) in correct evening dress at a diplomatic reception. There was once attached to the Prefecture a regular wardrobe of all sorts of costumes, and a dressing-room as in a theatre, with wigs and all facilities for "making up." This is now left to the individual himself, but not the less does he disguise. So clever do these detectives become in playing assumed parts, that it is told of two who were employed in a high-class case, one as master, the other as valet, that after the job was done, the master had so identified himself with his part as to check his comrade afterwards for his familiarity in addressing him.

The French detective often shows great tact and promptitude. One of them one day recognised a face without being able to put a name to it, and followed his man into a 'bus. "Don't arrest me here," said the other. "I'll come with you quietly when we leave the omnibus." It proved to be a prisoner who had escaped that very morning from the *dépôt* of the Prefecture, whom the police officer had only seen for a moment in the passage. Perpetual suspicion becomes second nature with the detective ; he has to be constantly on the alert, his imagination active ; he must readily invent tricks and dodges when the occasion demands. There is a positive order that an arrest must be made quietly, if possible unobserved, and not in any café, theatre, or public place. This obliges him to have recourse to artifice to entrap his prey. Fortunately, most criminals are simplicity itself, and readily give themselves away. It is enough to send a message for the man wanted, and he will appear at the wineshop round the corner,

bringing, say, his tools to do some imaginary job. But courage is also a quality constantly shown. It was a French detective who shared the cell with the infamous Troppmann, and got him to confess the crime when off his guard. The murderer would certainly have tried to destroy his companion on the slightest suspicion of his real character. Hand-to-hand encounters are common; bold arrests of malefactors showing fight with knife or revolver are part of the French detective's daily business, and carried out fearlessly.

It is satisfactory to know that very amicable relations exist between London and Paris detectives, and one is at all times willing to render assistance to the other. I have heard that the French greatly admire the completeness of our Metropolitan Police machine, its extensive ramifications, the "informations" or budget of facts and police circumstances issued four times daily from Scotland Yard, and the facility with which news is circulated and action started in all—even in most remote—parts. Our people have made many famous captures for the French: François, to wit, and other anarchists; Arton, the Panama scapegoat, and many more. Not long ago the French police were deeply anxious to know the exact whereabouts of a certain individual, and sent over his photograph and description by a trusted agent for distribution among our police divisions. It so happened—a little aided by good fortune, perhaps—that the French agent was enabled to put his hand on the man he wanted the very first afternoon of the search. On the other hand, Maxime du Camp tells a story of the urgent visit made to the head of the French police of three Englishmen, two of them jewellers, the third a well-known London detective, who were in hot pursuit of an employé who had "looted" the jewellers' shop to the value of some £16,000. Directly they had told their story the French official quietly said, "I know all about it; wait one moment." A message was sent downstairs to the prison cells below, and the thief in person was brought up. Then the jewel boxes with their contents were produced, and one of the jewellers, overcome with joy, fainted away on the spot. The affair seemed

miraculous, and yet it was perfectly simple. Information had reached the French police that a young Englishman, but just arrived in Paris, and staying at one of the best hotels had pawned five pieces of valuable jewellery at the Mont de Piété, the great public pawnshop, and out of curiosity they paid him a domiciliary visit. He was found in his room surrounded with portmanteaus crammed full of gems.

CHAPTER V.

ENGLISH DETECTIVES.

English Detectives—First Appointments of present Officials—Late Mr. Williamson—Inspector Melville—Sir C. Howard Vincent—Dr. Anderson—Mr. Macnaughten—Mr. McWilliam—A Country Detective's Experiences—Allan Pinkerton, his first Essay in Detection—The Private Inquiry Agent.

ALTHOUGH the old Bow Street runner either retired from business or set up what we should call now private inquiry offices, the new organisation did not include any members especially devoted to the pursuit and detection of crime. The want of them caused much inconvenience, and after fifteen years' life the Metropolitan Police was strengthened by the employment of a few constables in plain clothes, charged with the particular duty of, so to speak, secretly safeguarding the public. The plan was first adopted by Sir James Graham, when Home Secretary, and only tentatively, for the old distrust and suspicion of secret spies and underhand police processes lingered. There was something unpleasant, people said, in the idea of a disguised police; personal freedom was in danger, and it was thereupon tried on a very small scale.* No more than a round dozen were appointed at first—three inspectors and nine serjeants, but very shortly six constables were added as "auxiliaries," and gradually the total became 108, only a

* The opinion expressed by a Parliamentary Committee, in 1833, on this wearing of plain clothes is worth recording. "With respect to the occasional employment of police in plain clothes," says the report, "the system affords no just matter of complaint while strictly confined to detecting breaches of the law. . . . At the same time, the Committee would strongly urge the most cautious maintenance of these limits, and solemnly deprecate any approach to the employment of spies, in the minor acceptance of the term, as a practice most abhorrent to the feelings of the people and most alien to the spirit of the constitution."

small proportion of the total 6,000 which made up the whole force.

The real intention and uses of this "plain clothes" police was that they should be ever on the alert, ever at the heels of wrong-doers, and ready to follow up clues or track them down unperceived. They quickly overcame the first prejudice against them, and began by their substantial services to win popular esteem. Charles Dickens may be said to have discovered the modern detective. His papers in *Household Words* were a revelation to the public, and the life portraits he drew of some of the most notable men employed in this comparatively new branch of criminal pursuit were the just rewards accorded to those excellent officers.

A few words may fitly find place here concerning some of our latest developments of this most useful and not always sufficiently appreciated class. I should be glad to do justice to the memory of one who spent a lifetime at Scotland Yard, and was long the very centre and heart of the detective department, the late Mr. Williamson. Starting as a private constable and ending as chief constable, he was, from first to last, one of the most loyal, intelligent, and indefatigable of the many valuable public servants who have deserved well of their fellow-citizens. Yet to the outside world he was probably little more than a name through all his long years of arduous and uncompromising service. Few but the initiated recognised the redoubtable detective in this quiet, unpretending, middle-aged man, who walked leisurely along Whitehall, balancing a hat that was a little large for him loosely on his head, and often with a sprig of a leaf or flower between his lips. He was naturally very reticent; no outsider could win from him any details of the many big things he had put through. His talk, for choice, was about gardening, for which he had a perfect passion; and his blooms were famous in the neighbourhood where he spent his unofficial hours. Another very favourite diversion with him, until the increasing pressure of work denied him any leisure, was boating. He was very much at home on the

Thames, a powerful sculler, and very fond of it. He never missed till the very last a single Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, seeing it for choice from the police steam-launch—the very best way indeed of going to the race, but a pleasure reserved for the Home Secretary, police officials, and a few of their most intimate friends. The police boat is the last to go down the course, and the first to follow the competing eights.

One or two especially trying circumstances helped to break Williamson down rather prematurely. He took very much to heart the misconduct of his comrade detectives in the well-known and notorious de Goncourt turf frauds. He was at that time practically the head of his branch, and some of the blame—but, of course, none of the disgrace—was visited upon him, as it was argued that his men had been allowed too free a hand. This may have been the case; but he had to deal with men of uncommon astuteness, who were the more unscrupulous because he trusted them so implicitly, with the trust of a right loyal nature, true to those above him, and counting upon fidelity from his subordinates.

Mr. Williamson's active career was also chequered by the diabolical nature of the crimes which kept him most busily employed. Fenianism might have been found written on his heart, like Calais on Queen Mary's, and closely interwoven with it, anarchism and nihilism in all their phases. He knew no peace when foreign potentates were the guests of our royalties; Scotland Yard was, in fact, held responsible for the safety of Czar and Emperor, and the police authorities depended chiefly on Williamson, with his consummate knowledge and long experience in exotic crime. It was Williamson who was first on the scene when dynamite was discovered, infernal machines had exploded, or might be expected to do so at any moment.

To him the officer who is nowadays our chief mainstay and defence against these outrages, Inspector Melville, owes much of his insight into the peculiar business of the "special section," as this important branch of criminal investigation is called. The latter not long ago disposed very ingeniously of a case which might have led to very serious mischief.

Fertility of resource with great promptitude in action are among Mr. Melville's strongest and most valuable traits. On one occasion, during the visit to England of a foreign Sovereign, information was received that one of his subjects residing in this country, and by no means loyal to him, intended to do him an injury the first time he could get near him in public. It happened that at that moment the imperial visitor was on the point of joining in a great procession, which had either actually started, or would in the course of an hour or so. The malcontent was employed as cellarman to a wine and spirit merchant or publican with large wine vaults. There was no time to lose, and Melville made the best of his way to the place, saw the proprietor, and inquired for a certain brand of champagne he wished to purchase. The master called his man and sent them down together into the cellars. The cellarman went first with a light; at the bottom of the staircase he unlocked the wine cellar and went in—still first.

"What wine is that over yonder?" asked Melville carelessly, and the man crossed over to the far end of the vault to look before he answered. This was all the astute officer wanted. With a sudden inspiration he seized upon the opportunity, stepped back out of the cellar, closed the door promptly and locked it. The irreconcilable cellarman was a prisoner, and was left there perfectly unable to carry out his fell purpose. After the procession was over he was set free.

Most of the prominent detectives of to-day learnt their work under Williamson:—Butcher, now chief inspector, who is as fond of flowers as his master, and may be known by the fine rose in his buttonhole; Littlechild, who earned his first reputation in unravelling and exposing long-firm and assurance office frauds; Neald, the present curator of the Black Museum: a sturdy, self-reliant, solid detective officer, with the *esprit* of his calling strong in him; who, among other great cases, worked to a successful issue the "Orrock" murder, when the syllable "rock" scratched upon a chisel led to ultimate detection.

The exposure of the detectives' misdeeds in 1876 brought a superior official to Scotland Yard, and the first head of the newly named Criminal Investigation Department was Colonel Howard Vincent. His appointment was a surprise to many, and his fitness for the post was not immediately apparent. He was young, comparatively speaking, unknown, inexperienced in police matters, with no previous record but a brief military service, followed by a call to the Bar. But he was energetic, painstaking, a man of order, with some power of organisation; above all, a gentleman of high character and integrity. His reign at Whitehall Place may not have been marked by any phenomenal feats in detection; in the pursuit of crime he was dependent upon his most able subordinates, and it was his rule to summon the most experienced to advise on all serious cases. In the more subtle processes of analysis and deduction, of working from effect to cause, from vague, almost impalpable indices to strong presumption of guilt, Howard Vincent did not shine; nor did he always realise the value of reticence and secrecy in detective operations; but he did good work at Scotland Yard by raising the general tone and systematising the service.

Mr. Anderson, one of the Assistant Commissioners of Police, the present chief of the Investigation Department, is an ideal detective officer, with a natural bias for the work, and endowed with gifts peculiarly useful in it. He is a man of the quickest apprehension, with the power of close, rapid reasoning from facts, suggestions, or even impressions. He seizes on the essential point almost by intuition, and is marvellously ready in finding the real clue or indicating the right trail. With all this he is the most discreet, the most silent and reserved of public functionaries. Someone said he was a mystery even to himself. This, to him, inestimable quality of reticence is not unaided by a slight, but perhaps convenient, deafness, which Mr. Anderson cultivates and parades on occasions. If he is asked an embarrassing question, he quickly puts up his hand and says the inquiry has been addressed to his deaf ear. But I shrewdly suspect that he hears all that he wishes to hear;

little goes on around him that is not noted and understood; without seeming to pay much attention, he is always listening and drawing his own conclusions.

Subordinates naturally look up to such a leader, relying confidently upon his advice, and eager for his encouragement. Of course he holds his whole department in the hollow of his hand; from his desk he can communicate with all its branches. The speaking tubes hang just behind his chair. A little further off is the office telephone, which brings him into converse with Sir Edward Bradford, the Chief Commissioner, or colleagues and subordinates in more distant parts of the house. He is, and must be, perforce, an indefatigable worker, for the labours of his department are unceasing, and often of the most anxious, even disappointing, character. Although he has perhaps achieved greater success than any detective of his time, there will always be undiscovered crimes, and just now, as we know, the tale is pretty full.

Mr. Macnaughten, the Chief Constable, or second in command of the Investigation Department, is a type of man admirably adapted to supplement his chief. He is essentially a man of action, whilst Mr. Anderson is perhaps best and strongest in the closet. He is in very close touch, too, with the *personnel* of the department, who gladly recognise his authority, and are eager to second him and give effect to his views. A man of presence is Mr. Macnaughten—tall, well-built, with a military air, although his antecedents are rather those of the public school, of Indian planter life, than of the army. His room, like his chief's, is hung with speaking tubes, his table deep with reports and papers, but the walls are bright with photographs of officials, personal friends, and of some notorious criminals. Mr. Macnaughten keeps by him, as a matter of business, some other and more gruesome pictures, always under lock and key; photographs, for instance, of the victims of Jack the Ripper, and of other brutal murders, taken immediately after discovery, and reproducing with horrible fidelity the mutilated remains of a human body, but which might belong to a charnel-house or *abattoir*. It is Mr. Macnaughten's duty, no less than his earnest desire, to

be first on the scene of any such sinister catastrophe. He is therefore more intimately acquainted perhaps with the details of the most recent celebrated crimes than anyone in Scotland Yard.

Nor can the detective officers of the City Police be passed by without an acknowledgment of their skill and devotion to the public service, especially Mr. McWilliam, who has long been chief of the department. He has repeatedly shown himself a keen, clear-headed, highly intelligent official, and he has gained especial fame in the unravelling of forgeries and commercial frauds. The sixth of the so-called Whitechapel murders, that of Mitre Square, was perpetrated within the City limits and brought the additional energies and acumen of the City detectives to the solution of a mystery which still remains unsolved. Under such chiefs as these the rank and file labour, assiduously utilising the qualities which really serve them best—patience and persistence, following the hints and suggestions given them by their more thoughtful leaders. The best detective is he who has that infinite capacity for taking trouble which has been defined as the true test of genius. It is not by guesses or sensational snapshots that crimes are unearthed, but by the slow process of routine, almost commonplace inquiry, after the most minute, painstaking investigation of the traces left upon the theatre of the deed. The smallest clues, in the hands of these laborious workers will often bring them to the end of the labyrinth. Not long ago, half a horn button, picked up on the floor of a house rifled by burglars, led to the arrest of the perpetrators. The detective employed remembered that certain notorious “family men” were just then at large, and he made it his business to beat up their quarters. Fortune, that most useful adjunct in detection, helped him, for the man he wanted was in custody for some minor offence, and he was discovered in a police cell wearing the very coat with the other half of the broken button.

People whom business or chance has brought much into contact with detectives must have been struck with their ubiquity. All who have a good memory for faces or the

wit to penetrate disguises will have had many opportunities of recognising them in strange places and at unexpected times. The police officer is to be met with in railway trains, on board steamboats, in hotels, at all places of public resort. They may be seen in "the rooms" at Monte Carlo, retained by "the administration" of the casino to keep their eye on the company, or engaged on business of their own, "shadowing" some shady character. I have given my coat and hat to a detective at a great London reception in a historic house, where many of the guests were titled or celebrated people, but into which others, unbidden and extremely undesirable, had been known to insinuate themselves in the prosecution of their nefarious trade. I have met detectives at a wedding breakfast, at a big dinner, at balls during the season, and I can safely assert that these "professionals" were certainly not the least gentlemanlike in manners or costumes of the guests assembled.

There is no better company than a good detective, if he can only be persuaded to talk—no easy matter, for reticence is a first rule of conduct in their profession, and they are seldom communicative except on perfectly safe ground. It was my good fortune once to be thrown with a well-known member of a provincial force, many of whom include first-rate detective practitioners. It was some years back, and I am committing no breach of confidence in recounting some of his experiences.

"Never let go, sir: that's the only rule. I like to keep touch of 'em when once I've got 'em," he began, and he spoke pensively, as though his mind were busy with the past, and he rubbed his hand thoughtfully over his chin.

A man dressed quietly but well; his brown greatcoat was not cut in the very last fashion, perhaps, but it was of glossy cloth and in good style; he wore a pearl pin in his black silk scarf, and his boots, although thick-soled and substantial, were neatly made. His face was hard, shrewd, but not unkindly, and there was a merry twinkle in his penetrating grey eyes, which seemed to see through you in a

single glance. Although very quiet and unobtrusive in manner, he was evidently a man of much determination of character; it was to be seen in his slow, distinct way of speaking, and by the firm lines of a mouth which the clean-shaven upper lip fully showed.

“But I’ve had luck, I won’t deny that. There was that case of them sharpers down in the eastern counties. It wasn’t till all others had failed that they put me on to the job. I didn’t know the chap wanted, not even by sight; and yet I was certain that he knew me. He’d been doing the confidence trick with a young man of this town, and had robbed him of over a hundred pounds. He made tracks out of the place, no one knew where. He was a betting man, and I hunted for him high and low, at all the racecourses of the country, but couldn’t come upon him. We were in London, last of all, and it was rather a joke against me at Scotland Yard, where I had been, as usual, for help. They’d ask me if I knew my man, and I was obliged to say ‘No’; and if I thought I knew where to find him, and I had to say ‘No’ to that too; and they always laughed at me whenever I turned up. I was just about to travel homewards, when I thought I’d try one more chance. There happened to be a sporting paper on the coffee-room table, and I took it up. I saw two race meetings were on for that day—Shrewsbury and Wye. I’d go for one, but which? I shied up a shilling, and it came down Wye. Over we went. The course was very crowded as we drove on, and there was a goodish lot of roughs about, up to the usual games. A couple with a great lottery machine caught my eye; one was taking the money, the other turning the handle, which ground out mostly blanks. ‘Sergeant,’ whispers the young fellow to me all at once, ‘that’s him,’ pointing to the man who was taking the money. That was a fine stroke of luck, sir, wasn’t it? But how was I to take him among such a mob? I got down, and sent the trap to the other side of the tents, then stepped up to my man and asked him plump for change of a five-pound note. He knew me directly, and showed fight. I collared him, and moved him on towards the trap, when the roughs

raised a cry of 'Rouse, rouse!'—rescue, that is, you know—and mobbed me. I held on—never let go, sir, as I said before, that's the motto; but they broke two fingers in my right hand in the shindy, and it was all I could do to force the fellow into the trap, but I did it with my left, while I kept off the crowd with the other arm. But I nearly lost him again on the way, all through being a soft-hearted fool. His wife came after us, and at the station begged hard to be allowed to go down with us. I agreed; what's more, I took the cuffs off him, and let them talk together in the corner of the carriage. They nearly sold me. It was in the — tunnel, dark as pitch, and the train making a fine rattle, when the wife put down the window all of a sudden, and he bolted through. I caught him by the leg, in spite of my game fingers, but only just in time; and after that I handcuffed him to myself—his wrist to mine. 'Now,' says I, 'where you go, I go.' And that's the rule I've always followed since.

"The London police have no very high opinion of country talent, but we beat them sometimes, all the same—not that I want to say a word against the Metropolitans. They've such opportunities, and so much knowledge. Now there was Jim Highflyer; he'd never have been 'copped' but for a couple of London detectives. He was a first-class workman was Highflyer, and he once spent a long time in this town, not in his own name. While he was here there were no end of big burglaries, and we never could get at the rights of them. One of the worst of the lot was a plate robbery from a jeweller's in Queen Street. A man with a sack had been tracked by one of the constables a long way that night into the yard of a house, and there he was lost. The house belonged to one of the town councillors, a most respectable man, very free with his money, and popular. We searched the yard next morning, and found a lot of the plate in a dust-heap. Mr. Thicknesse—that was the town councillor's name—gave us every assistance. It was quite plain how it had come there. There was no suspicion against Mr. Thicknesse, of course; and do what we could, we couldn't pick up the man we wanted. By-and-by the town councillor went

away for a long spell; the house was shut up, not let, as he was coming back, he said, and did once or twice. After he left the burglaries dropped, and I'd have thought very little more about it all if it hadn't been that I heard a man, who had been arrested for an assault, and was in —shire Gaol, had been recognised by two London detectives as a notorious burglar, Jim Highflyer. He'd got a knife upon him, and the name of the maker was a cutler in this town; also a silver pencil-case, with the name of the jeweller in Queen Street. I went over to the gaol, and identified the man at once. It was the town councillor himself, Mr. Thicknesse. We searched his house here after that, and found it crammed full of stolen goods. You see, there it was the Metropolitans did the job. Highflyer would have got off with a few weeks for the assault, but they knew him and all about him. He was 'wanted' just then for several other affairs, and ours helped to swell the case. He got ten years, did Master Jim.

"But the neatest and about the longest job I ever was concerned in was young Mr. Burbidge's case, and that I did in London without any help from the London police. He was in the theatrical profession; a smart young chap, greatly trusted by his manager, who employed him as a confidential secretary, and allowed him to keep the accounts and all the cash. No one checked one or counted t'other. One fine morning he went off with a big sum. He'd been to the bank and drawn a cheque to pay the weekly wages; but he bolted instead, leaving the treasury empty and the whole company whistling for their 'screws.' The manager was half mad, and he came at once to the police. The chief sent for me. 'It's a bad business, thoroughly bad, and we must get him,' he said. 'Spare no pains—spend what money you like, only catch him, if you can.' In jobs of this sort, sir, time goes a long way. Burbidge had got a good start, several hours or more; it was no use my rushing off after him in a hurry, particularly as I did not know which way to rush. So I set myself to think a little before I commenced work. The 'swag' stolen was large. The thief would probably try to make tracks out of the country as soon as he could; but which

way? To Liverpool, perhaps, and by one of the ocean steamers to the States; or to Hull, and so to Sweden and Norway; or London, and so to France and Spain. I sent one of my men to the railway station to make inquiries, and another to wire to the police at the ports and to Scotland Yard to watch the Continental trains. The job I kept for myself was to find out what I could about young Burbidge's ways—who his friends were, and how he spent his time. It's the only way to get a line on a man who's made off in a hurry and left no clue. So I called at his rooms. He lived in comfortable apartments over a tobacconist's, and was a good customer to his landlord, to judge by the number of pipes I saw over the mantelpiece, all of which were as well coloured as a black-and-tan. The rooms were just as he left them—he might really have been coming back in half-an-hour, only he didn't quite intend to, not of his own accord. The chest of drawers was full of clothes; there were boots already polished; brush and comb on the dressing-table. In the sitting-room the slippers were on the hearth, books, acting-plays lying on the sofa and about the floor; a writing-desk, but not a single scrap of paper—not a letter, or an envelope, or even an unreceipted bill. He'd made up his mind to bolt, and he'd removed everything which might give us the smallest notion of which way he'd gone. It was just the same at the theatre. He'd had a sort of dressing-room there, which he'd used as an office, with a desk in it, and pigeon-holes and a nest of drawers. It was all left ship-shape enough. Files of play-bills, of accounts receipted and not, ledgers, and all that; but not a paper of the kind I looked for. I made a pretty close search, too. I took every piece of furniture bit by bit, and turned over every scrap of stuff with writing on it or without. I forced every lock, and ransacked every hiding-place, but I got nothing anywhere for my pains. The manager was with me all the time, and he didn't half like it, I can tell you. Nor more did I, although I wouldn't for worlds show that I was vexed. I tried to keep him up, saying it'd come all right—that patience in these things never failed in the long run; and I got him to talk about the young

chap, to see if I could come upon his habits that way. 'Who were his friends, now?' I asked. 'He'd none in particular—not in the company, at least, or out of it.' 'Ah! who might this be?' I said quietly, as I drew out of the blotting-paper a photograph of a young lady: a fair-haired little bit of a thing, with a pretty, rather modest, face, which I felt I should know again.

"The *carte de visite* had the photographer's name on it, and his address, that of a good street. This was my line, of course. I made up my mind to follow on to London at once. Then one of my men came in to say that Burbidge had been seen taking a ticket—to London? No; only to Shrivelsby—a long way short of it. It was some game, I felt certain. He might have gone to London, and paid excess fare; but I wired to Shrivelsby, and also to town. No one like him had been seen at Shrivelsby; he hadn't got out there, that was clear. Only one person did, and it wasn't him; at least the person did not answer to his description. It was only a man in a working-suit—a mechanic on the look-out for work. Nor had he been seen at Euston; but that was a big place, and he might easily have been missed. So I started for London at once, taking the photograph and another of Burbidge, whom I had never seen in my life. It is not difficult to hunt out who owns to a *carte de visite*, particularly when the portrait's that of a theatrical. I found the person who answered fast enough, directly I went into the photographer's place. There was a likeness of her in his album, in the very same dress, and her name to it, Miss Jessie Junniper. I soon found out more too. Before night I knew that she was playing at the Royal Roscius, and that she lived in a street of little villas down Hammersmith way. I took lodgings myself in the house just opposite, and set up a close watch. In the morning, early, Miss Jessie came out, and I followed her to the Underground Railway. She took a ticket for the Temple Station. So did I, and I tracked her down to the theatre. Rehearsal, of course. Three hours passed before she came out again. Then a man met her at the stage door, a very old gentleman, who leant on a stick, and seemed very humpty-backed and bent.

They went down the Strand together to Allen's, the great trunk-maker, and through the windows I saw them buy a couple of those big trunks, baskets covered with black leather, such as ladies take on their travels. 'Um,' thought I, 'she's on the fit.'

"I was only just in time. Then they went down to Charing Cross Station, and so back to Hammersmith. The old gentleman went into the house with Miss Junniper, and stayed an hour or two, and then took his leave. Next day Miss Junniper did not go out. The boxes arrived, and towards midday an oldish lady—a middle-aged, poorly-dressed, shabby-genteel lady—called and stayed several hours. But no Burbidge, and nobody at all like him. I began to feel disappointed. The third day Miss Junniper went out again to rehearsal; the old gentleman met her as before, and the two drove this time in a cab to the City. I followed them to Leadenhall-street, where they went into the offices of the White Star Line. I did not go upstairs with them, and somehow I lost them when they came out. I ought to have guessed then what I did not think of till late that night. Of course the old gentleman was Burbidge himself. He was an actor, and a nipper, therefore, at disguises. He'd been play-acting all along. He was the mechanic at Shrivelsby, the shabby-genteel old lady, and the old man most of all. I won't tell you how I cursed myself for not thinking of this sooner. It was almost too late when I did. My gent. had left the villa (to which they had returned), and he did not come back next day, nor yet the day after; and I was nearly wild with the chance I'd lost. He'd got 'the office,' that's what I thought, and I was up a tree. But the third day came a telegram for the young lady. I saw the boy deliver it and go off, as though there was no answer. Then she came out, and I followed her to the telegraph-office. I saw her write her message and send it off. I'd have given pounds to read it, but I couldn't manage it; the clerk—it's their duty—wouldn't let me. I was countered again, and I was almost beat, and thinking of writing home to say so, when I saw Miss Junniper's message in the compartment where she had been

writing. She'd done it with a hard pencil, which showed through. There was the address as plain as ninepence—no mystery or circumlocution—'Burbidge, King's Head Hotel, Kingston.' I was there same evening, just before his dinner. I asked if Mr. Burbridge was here. Sure enough. He wasn't a bit afraid of being took, I suppose, so far off the line of pursuit, so he'd stuck to his own name, and was not even disguised. He gave in without a word. The tickets were on him, and in his bag upstairs a lot of the cash he'd stolen; likewise a wardrobe of clothes—the old gentleman's suit, and all the rest."

Our American cousins are no doubt well served by their police, but private agents do much of the business of pursuit and detection, and of these semi-official aids to justice one firm has gained a world-wide celebrity. Some account of the chief and first of the Pinkertons may be introduced here.

Allan Pinkerton began life as a cooper, and was doing a thriving business at Dundee, some 38 miles north-west of Chicago, about 1847. The times were primitive; barter took the place of cash payments in the absence of a currency and circulating medium. To remedy this inconvenience, a bank was started in Milwaukee, which thrived and had many branches, doing such a good business that its notes passed everywhere, and were extensively counterfeited. A gang of these forgers had been discovered by Allan Pinkerton on a small island in the Fox River near Dundee. Wanting poles and staves for his trade, he had gone to cut them in the woods, when he came upon the embers of camp-fires, and signs that the island was secretly frequented by tramps and others. Pinkerton informed the sheriff, and active steps were taken by which a large confederacy of horse thieves, "cover-men," and counterfeiters were broken up.

The trade still flourished, however, and some of the reputable citizens of Dundee begged Allan Pinkerton to do further service to his town in trying to check it. A suspicious stranger had just come to Dundee, asking for "old man" Crane; this Crane was known as a "hard character," the

associate of thieves and evil-doers, and an agent, it was thought, for the distribution of bogus notes. The villagers generally gave him a wide berth, and when the counterfeit money reappeared in the shape of many forged ten-dollar bills, this old man Crane was credited with being the centre of the traffic. Any friend or acquaintance of his came equally under suspicion, and Allan Pinkerton was set to discover what he could about this new arrival. He proved to be a hale, strong man, advanced in years, who rode a splendid horse. Pinkerton found him waiting at the saddler's, where some repairs were being made to his saddle, and easily got into conversation with him. The stranger wanted to know where old man Crane lived, and when informed, casually mentioned that he had often some business with him. Pinkerton seemed to understand, and the other suddenly asked, "Do you ever deal, any?" "Yes, when I can get a first-rate article," promptly replied Pinkerton. Whereupon the stranger said he had some that were "bang up," and pulled out a bundle of notes, which he handed over to Pinkerton's inspection, believing him to be a "square man."

The stranger proved to be one John Craig, who had long been engaged with a nephew, Smith, at Elgin, in the fabrication of false notes. Pinkerton said afterwards that he had never seen anything more perfect than these spurious notes; they were exactly imitated almost without a flaw. They were indeed so good that they even passed muster at the bank on which they were counterfeited, and were received over the counter, and had been paid in and out more than once without discovery. Craig, who appears to have been a singularly confiding person, went on to tell Pinkerton, of whom he knew nothing, that old man Crane had once acted extensively for him, but was now slackening off, and that a new and more enterprising agent was much required. Then he offered Pinkerton the job to work the entire "western field," and that he could supply him with from 500 to 1,000 forged bills, for which he need only pay 25 per cent. of their face value.

Pinkerton agreed to these terms; he was to raise the necessary cash and meet Craig by appointment in Elgin, the

place of rendezvous being the basement of the Baptist chapel. Craig said that he never carried any large quantity of the notes about with him; it was too dangerous. His regular place of residence, too, was near the Canadian frontier at Fairfield, Vermont, whence he could quickly make tracks if threatened with capture. He kept two engravers of his own constantly employed in counterfeiting and printing; he showed Pinkerton other samples and seemingly gave himself quite away. After this, they parted in Dundee, but the "trade" was soon afterwards completed in Elgin town. Pinkerton proceeded on foot, taking with him the necessary cash provided by his friends in Dundee. He met his new confederates in the Baptist chapel and received the forged bills in exchange for the good money.

Allan Pinkerton, in telling this story, frankly admits that he was sorely tempted to take up the nefarious traffic. He had in his hand a thousand ten-dollar notes, representing a couple of thousand pounds—spurious money, no doubt, but so admirably counterfeited that they were almost as good as gold. He would have had no difficulty in passing them, and with this capital he might lay the foundation of his fortune. Pinkerton put aside the evil thought, but he never forgot how nearly he had yielded, and always sympathised with those who had been tempted into crime.

This was only a passing weakness successfully resisted, and Pinkerton now lent all his energies to securing the arrest of Craig. Appointing to meet him again, he offered to buy him out and take over his whole business. If Craig would only give him time to raise the necessary funds, he would carry on the concern on large lines. Craig had no objection, and promised to furnish Pinkerton with a full stock-in-trade. Another appointment was made for a few days later in a Chicago hotel, and now Pinkerton arranged for Craig's capture. A warrant was obtained and the services of a couple of officers. Craig came, and the pair entered into business at once. Craig was ready with four thousand bills and would deliver them within an hour; but Pinkerton objected, and would not hand over the cash without seeing the bills. Craig

resented this, and, becoming distrustful, broke up the conference, but on going out he told Pinkerton he would think the matter over and see him by-and-by.

Craig did in fact return, but when Pinkerton asked him if he meant to complete the bargain, he denied all knowledge of it, and, indeed, of Pinkerton. Nothing was to be gained by delay, and the officers at once arrested Craig, who was taken to a room in the hotel and searched. But not a dollar in counterfeit money was found upon him, and when taken before the magistrate he was released on bail. He appears to have used his money freely in obtaining this, and soon bolted, gladly forfeiting his recognisances rather than face a severer punishment. His disappearance cleared the neighbourhood of counterfeiters for some years.

It can hardly be said that Allan Pinkerton showed any marvellous acumen in this detection. But it was a first attempt, and it was soon followed by more startling adventures.

A special product of modern times is the private inquiry agent, so much employed nowadays, whose ingenuity, patient pertinacity, and determination to succeed have been usefully engaged in unravelling intricate problems, verging upon, if not actually included within, the realm of crime. I knew one who was employed by a famous firm of solicitors in a very delicate operation, which he terminated successfully, but in a way to show that he did not stick at trifles in securing his end. It was the sequel to a divorce case. The decree *nisi* had been granted, and against the wife, who had been refused the custody of the one child born of the marriage. The husband was anxious to secure possession of the child, but the ex-wife, like so many more of her sex, was much too sharp to be forestalled. She had a friend waiting at the court who, directly the decree was pronounced, started off in a hansom to the lady's residence, where the child was, laid hands on it, and brought it down to Victoria Station just in time for the night mail to the Continent, by which lady and child travelled together to the south of France. A detective was at once despatched in pursuit by the husband's

lawyer, and his orders were at all costs to recover possession of the child. He soon got upon the lady's track. She had not gone further than Monte Carlo. The detective found it impossible to kidnap the child, so he managed to make friends with the mother, gradually grew very intimate, paid her devoted attention, and eventually married her. When he was her husband he had no difficulty in completing his commission, and—possibly with the lady's full consent—he soon sent the child home. I never heard how his marriage—all in the way of business—turned out.

Another story is, perhaps, more dramatic. A man of considerable property, strictly entailed, who was married, died childless in India. The estates went to the next-of-kin, but he, just as he was entering into their enjoyment, was startled by a telegram from his relative's widow, preparing him for the birth of a posthumous child. He at once consulted his lawyer, who, after warning him that much time and money would probably be spent in the process, promised to expose the fraud, if fraud there was, or, at any rate, prove that it was a *bond-fide* affair.

A year passed, and yet the next-of-kin had heard nothing of the case. At last he went to his lawyers and insisted upon knowing how it stood. He was told that the matter was now ripe; the lady had arrived with her infant son. She was actually at that moment at a private hotel in the West End.

“Go and call on her, and insist upon seeing the child. If there's any difficulty about it, go out on the landing and call out ‘Bartlett!’ A man will come down and explain everything.”

The lady did not produce the child when asked; she said it was out in the park with the nurse, and tried all sorts of excuses, so Bartlett was summoned.

“I want to see the child,” says the next-of-kin.

“This lady's? She has no child. I have been with her now for six months, and she has asked me repeatedly to get her one—anywhere, in Cairo, at the Foundling in Malta, here in London.”

“Who are you, then?” both inquired, astonished beyond measure.

And “Bartlett,” having completed his mission, quietly informed the lady, whom he had been watching, and the next-of-kin, who was really his employer, that he was the detective engaged to unravel the case.

With such men as this, long-continued fraud, however astutely prepared, becomes almost impossible. The private inquiry agent is generally equal to any emergency.

I can remember another story—it shall be the last—of a detective, crossing on a Channel steamer to France, when he ran up against the very person he was intended to watch in Paris. It was of the utmost importance that this person should not realise the detective’s mission, who, by the way, was perfectly well known to him. Before the steamer reached Calais the detective had persuaded the other to give him a job in Paris, as though he had had no idea of going there, a job which would enable him, moreover, to carry out all the better the original mission on which he had been despatched.

Part II.

JUDICIAL ERRORS.

CHAPTER VI.

WRONGFUL CONVICTIONS.

Judge Cambo, of Malta, passes Sentence of Death, declining Evidence of his own Eyes—The D'Anglades, a French Marquis and his wife, wrongly convicted of Theft—The Lady Mazel murdered: Crime fixed on trusted Servant, but in Error—William Shaw executed by Mistake for murdering his Daughter—The Sailmaker of Deal and the alleged Murder of a Boatswain: latter comes to Life—Du Moulin, the Victim of a Gang of Coiners, narrowly escaped Death—The Case of Jean Calas, of Toulouse, falsely accused of Parricide, sentenced to Death, tortured, and broken on the Wheel: Indignation throughout Europe.

THE criminal annals of all countries record cases of innocent persons condemned by judicial process on grounds that seemed sufficient at the time, but that ultimately proved mistaken. Where circumstantial evidence is alone forthcoming, terrible errors have been committed, and when, later, new facts are brought to light, the mischief has been done. There is a family likeness in these causes of judicial mistake: strong personal resemblance between the real criminal and another; strangely suspicious facts confirming a first strong conjecture, such as having been seen near the scene of the crime, having let drop incautious words, being found with articles the possession of which has been misinterpreted or given a wrong impression. Often a sudden accusation has produced confusion, and consequently a strong presumption of guilt; another time, the accused, although perfectly innocent, has been weak enough to invent a false defence, as in the case quoted by Sir Edward Cope of a man charged with killing his niece. The accused put forward

another niece in place of the victim to show that the alleged murder had never taken place. The trick was discovered, his guilt was assumed, and he paid the penalty with his life. On the other hand, the deliberate cunning of the real criminal has succeeded but too often in shifting the blame with every appearance of probability upon other shoulders.

JUDGE CAMBO OF MALTA.

A curious old story of judicial murder, caused by the infatuation of a judge, is to be found in the annals of Malta, when under the Knights, early last century. This judge, Cambo by name, having risen early one morning heard an affray in the street, just under his window. Looking out, he saw one man stab another. The wounded man, who had been flying for his life, reeled and fell. At this moment the assassin's cap came off, and his face was for a moment fully exposed to the judge above. Then, picking the cap up quickly, he ran on, throwing away the sheath of his knife, and turning into another street, made off.

While still doubtful how he should act, the judge now saw a baker, carrying his loaves for distribution, approach the scene of the murder. Before he reached the place where the corpse lay, he saw the sheath of the stiletto, picked it up, and put it into his pocket. Walking on, he came next upon the corpse. Terrified at the sight, and losing all self-control, he ran and hid himself lest he should be charged with the crime. But at that moment a police patrol entered the street, and saw him disappearing just as they came upon the body of the murdered man. They naturally concluded that the fugitive was the criminal, and made close search for him. When they presently caught him, they found him confused and incoherent, a prey to misgiving at the suspicious position in which he found himself. He was searched, and the sheath of the stiletto was discovered in his pocket. When tried, it was found that the sheath exactly fitted the knife lying by the side of the corpse. He was accordingly taken into custody and carried off to prison.

All this went on under the eyes of the judge, yet he never

interposed to protect an innocent man. The police came soon, and reported both murder and arrest ; still he said nothing. He was at the time the presiding judge in the criminal court, and it was before him that the wretched baker was eventually tried. Cambo was a dull, stupid person, and he now conceived that he was forbidden to act from his own private knowledge in the matter brought before him, that he must deal with the case according to the evidence of the witnesses. So he sat on his bench to hear the circumstantial proofs against a man whom he had no sort of doubt was actually innocent. When he saw that the evidence was insufficient, amounting to no more than *semi prova*, half-proof, according to Maltese law, he used every endeavour to make the accused confess his crime. Failing in this, although there was no crime, he ordered the baker to be "put to the question," and achieved the extraordinary result that the man, under torture, confessed to what he had not done. Cambo was now perfectly satisfied ; the accused, innocent in fact, was guilty according to law, and having thus satisfied himself that his procedure was right, he carried his strange logic to the end, and sentenced the baker to death. "Horrible to relate," says the old chronicle, "the hapless wretch soon after underwent the sentence of the law."

The sad truth came out at last, when the real murderer, having been convicted and condemned for another crime, confessed that he was guilty of the murder for which the baker had wrongly suffered. He appealed to Judge Cambo himself to verify this statement. He knew that the judge had seen him, for as he was plunging his knife into his victim's body he had caught a glimpse of the one witness in the window above. He remembered, too, that his cap had fallen off and must have betrayed his features to the judge. He had no hope of escaping justice until the arrest and trial of the unfortunate baker had occurred. Why the judge had suppressed the real facts had been always incomprehensible to the true culprit.

The Grand Master of the Knights of Malta now called upon Judge Cambo to defend himself from this grave imputation. Cambo freely admitted his action, but still held that he had only done his duty, that he was really right in sending an

innocent man to an ignominious death sooner than do violence to his own scruples. There was no other witness in the prisoner's favour, and he maintained that it was not within his own province to speak for him. The Grand Master was of a more liberal mind, and condemned the judge to degradation and the forfeiture of his office, ordering him at the same time to provide handsomely for the family of his victim.

THE D'ANGLADES.

A very flagrant judicial error was committed in Paris at the latter end of last century, mainly through the obstinate persistence of the Lieutenant-General of Police in believing that he had discovered the real perpetrators of a theft. Circumstantial evidence was accepted as conclusive proof against the unblemished character and the high social position of the accused.

The Marquis d'Anglade and his wife lived in the same house with the Comte and Comtesse de Montgomerie; it was in the Rue Royale, the best quarter in Paris, and both kept good establishments. The Montgomeries were the more affluent, had many servants, and a stable full of horses and carriages. D'Anglade also kept a carriage, but his income was said to be greatly dependent upon his winnings at the gaming table. The two families were on terms of very friendly intercourse, frequently visited, and accepted each other's hospitality. When the Comte and Comtesse went to their country house, the D'Anglades often accompanied them.

It was to have been so on one occasion, but at the eleventh hour the Marquis d'Anglade begged to be excused on the score of his wife's indisposition. The Montgomeries went alone, but took most of their servants with them. When they returned to Paris, a day earlier than they were expected, they found the door of the apartment open, although it had been locked on leaving. A little later D'Anglade came in. Having been supping with other friends, and hearing that the Montgomeries were in the house, he went in to pay his respects. Madame d'Anglade joined him, and the party

did not break up till a late hour. There was no suspicion of anything wrong then.

Next morning, however, the Comte de Montgomerie discovered that he had been the victim of a great robbery. His strong box had been opened by a false key, and thirteen bags of silver, amounting to 13,000 francs, and 11,000 francs in gold, had been abstracted, also a hundred louis d'or of a new pattern coinage, and a valuable pearl necklace. The police were summoned at once, and their chief, the Lieutenant-General, declared that someone resident in the house must be the thief. Suspicion seems to have attached at once to the D'Anglades, although they readily offered to allow their premises to be searched. The search was forthwith made, and the whole of their boxes, the beds and cupboards, and all receptacles in the rooms they occupied, were thoroughly ransacked. Only the garrets remained, and D'Anglade willingly accompanied the officers thither. His wife, being ill and weak, remained downstairs.

Here, in the garret, the searchers came upon 75 louis d'or of the kind above mentioned, wrapped in a scrap of printed paper, part of a genealogical table, which Montgomerie at once identified as his. The police now wished to fix the robbery on the D'Anglades, and their suspicions were strengthened by the poor man's confusion, when desired, as a test, to count out the money before them all. He was trembling, a further symptom of guilt. However, when the basement was next examined, the part occupied by the Montgomerie servants, evidence much more incriminatory was obtained against the latter. In the room where they slept, five of the missing bags of silver were found, all full, and a sixth nearly so. None of these servants were questioned, yet they were as likely to be guilty as the accused, more so indeed, and as a matter of fact, one of them was really the thief. The police thought only of arresting the D'Anglades, one of whom was imprisoned in the *châtelet*, the other in the *Fors l'Evêque* prison.

The prosecution was of the most rancorous and pitiless kind. Justice, or rather the parody of it, prejudiced the case

in D'Anglade's disfavour, and, as he still protested his innocence, ordered him to suffer torture so as to extort confession. He remained obdurate to the last, was presently found guilty, although on this incomplete evidence, and was sentenced to the galleys for life, and his wife to be banished from Paris, with other penalties and disabilities. D'Anglade was condemned to join the *chaine*, the gang of convicts drafted to Toulon, and, having suffered inconceivably on the road, he died of exhaustion at Marseilles. His wife was consigned to an underground dungeon, where she was confined of a girl, and both would have succumbed to the rigours of their imprisonment, when suddenly the truth came out, and they were released in time to escape death.

An anonymous letter reached a friend of the D'Anglades, coming from a man who was about to turn monk, being torn by remorse, which gave him no rest. This man had been one of several confederates, and declared that he knew the chief agent to have been the Comte de Montgomerie's almoner, a priest called Gaynard, who had stolen the money, aided by accomplices, mainly by one Belestre, who, from being in great indigence, had come to be suddenly and mysteriously rich. Gaynard and Belestre were both already in custody for a street brawl, and, when interrogated, they confessed. Gaynard had given impressions of the Comte's keys to Belestre, who had had false keys manufactured which opened the strong box. Belestre was also proved to be in possession of a fine pearl necklace.

The true criminals were now taken into custody and subjected to torture, when they completely exonerated D'Anglade. The innocent marquis could not be recalled to life, but a large sum was subscribed, some £4,000, for his wife, as a slight compensation for the gross injustice done her. The Comte de Montgomerie was also ordered to make restitution to the value of the property confiscated.

LADY MAZEL.

One of the earliest of grave judicial blunders to be found in French records is commonly called the case

of Lady Mazel, who was a lady of rank, living in a large mansion, of which she occupied two floors herself: the ground floor as reception-rooms, the first floor as her bedroom and private apartments. The principal door of her bedroom shut from the inside with a spring, and when the lady retired for the night there was no access from without, except by a special key which was always left on a chair *within* the chamber. Two other doors of her room opened upon a back staircase, but these were kept constantly locked. On the second floor was lodged the family chaplain alone; above, on the third floor, were the servants.

One Sunday evening the mistress supped with the abbé, as was her general practice; then went to her bedroom, where she was attended by her waiting maids. Her valet, by name Le Brun, came to take her orders for the following day, and then, when the maids withdrew, leaving the key on the chair inside as usual, he also went away, shutting the door behind him with its spring.

Next morning there was no sign of movement from the lady, not at seven a.m. (her time for waking), nor yet at eight—she was still silent, and had not summoned her servants. Le Brun, the valet, and the maids began to be uneasy, and at last the son of the house, who was married and lived elsewhere, was called in. He expressed his fears that his mother was ill, or that worse had happened, and a locksmith was called in, by whom the door was presently broken open.

Le Brun was the first to enter, and he ran at once to the bedside. Drawing aside the curtains, he saw a sight which made him cry aloud, "My mistress has been murdered!" which he followed by an act that afterwards went against him. He opened the wardrobe and took out the strong box. "It is heavy," he said; "at least there has been no robbery." The murder had been committed with horrible violence. The poor woman had fought hard for life. She could not summon assistance, for the bell-pull had first been twisted round the mattress, but she had struggled with her murderer; her hands were all cut and lacerated, and there were quite fifty wounds on her body. A clasp knife, much discoloured, was found in the

ashes of the fire. Among the bedclothes they picked up a piece of a coarse lace cravat and a napkin bearing the family crest twisted into a nightcap. The key of the bedroom door which had been laid on the chair had disappeared. Nothing much had been stolen. The jewels were untouched, but the strong box had been opened and a portion of gold abstracted.

Suspicion fell at once upon the valet, Le Brun. The story he told was against himself. He said that after leaving his mistress he went down into the kitchen and fell asleep there. When he awoke he found, to his surprise, the street door open wide. He shut it, locked it, and went to his own bed. In the morning he did his work as usual until the alarm was given; went to market, called to see his wife who lived near by, and asked her to lock up some money, gold crowns and louis d'or, for him. This was all he had to tell, but on searching him a key was found in his pocket: a false or skeleton key, the wards of which had been newly filed, and it fitted nearly all the locks of the house, including the street door, the antechamber, and the back door of the lady's bedroom. The napkin nightcap was tried on his head and fitted him exactly. He was arrested and shortly afterwards put upon his trial.

It was not alleged that he had committed murder himself. No blood had been found on any of his clothes, although there were scratches on his person, as there might have been, seeing how fiercely the lady had struggled. A shirt much stained with blood had been discovered in the loft, but it did not fit Le Brun, nor was it like any he owned. Nor did the scrap of coarse lace correspond with any of his cravats; on the contrary, a maid-servant stated that she thought she recognised it as belonging to one she had washed for Berry, once a footman in the house. The supposition was that Le Brun had let some accomplice into the house, who had escaped after effecting his purpose. This was borne out by the state of the doors, which showed no signs of having been forced, and by the discovery of Le Brun's false key.

Le Brun was a man of exemplary character, who had served the family faithfully for twenty-nine years, and was "esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant,"

yet the prosecution seemed satisfied he was guilty and put him to the torture. In the absence of real proofs it was hoped, after the cruel custom of the time, to force self-condemnatory admissions from the accused. The "question extraordinary" was applied, and the wretched man died on the rack, protesting his innocence to the last.

A month later the real culprit was discovered. The police of Sens had arrested a horse-dealer whose name was Berry, a man who had been in Lady Mazel's service as a lacquey, but had been discharged. In his possession was a gold watch proved presently to have belonged to the murdered woman. He was carried to Paris, where he was recognised by someone who had seen him leaving Lady Mazel's house on the night she was murdered, and a barber who shaved him next morning deposed to having seen that his hands were much scratched. Berry said that he had been killing a cat. He was also put to the torture prior to being broken on the wheel, when he made full confession. At first he implicated the son and daughter-in-law of Lady Mazel, but when at the point of death he retracted the charge, and said that he had returned to the house with the full intention of committing the murder. He had crept in unperceived on the Friday evening, had gained the loft on the fourth floor, and had lain there concealed until Sunday morning, subsisting the while on apples and bread. When he knew the mistress had gone to mass he stole down into her bedroom, where he tried to conceal himself under the bed. It was too low, and he returned to the garret and slipped off his coat and waistcoat, and found now that he could creep under the bed. His hat was in his way, so he made a cap of the napkin. He lay hidden till night, then came out, and having secured the bell ropes, he roused the lady and demanded her money. She resisted bravely, and he stabbed her repeatedly until she was dead. Then he took the key of the strong box, opened it, and stole all the gold he could find; after which, using the bedroom key which lay on the chair by the door, he let himself out, resumed his clothes in the loft, and walked downstairs. As the street

door was only bolted he easily opened it, leaving it open behind him. He had meant to escape by a rope ladder which he had brought for the purpose of letting himself down from the first floor, but it was unnecessary.

It may be remarked that this confession was not inconsistent with Le Brun's complicity. But it is to be presumed that Berry would have brought in Le Brun had he been a confederate, even although it could not have lessened his own guilt.

WILLIAM SHAW.

In England we have on record the case of William Shaw, who was convicted of the murder of his daughter in Edinburgh on no more grounds than her own outcry against his ill-usage. They had been on bad terms for some time, his daughter having encouraged the addresses of a man whom he strongly disliked as a profligate and a debauchee. One evening there was a fresh quarrel between father and daughter, and bitter words passed which were overheard by a neighbour. The Shaws occupied one of the tenement houses to be seen still in Edinburgh, and their flat, the prototype of a modern popular form of residence in Paris and London, adjoined that of a man named Morrison.

The words used by Catherine Shaw startled and shocked Morrison. He heard her repeat several times, "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death." These were followed by awful groans. Shaw had been heard to go out, and the neighbours ran to his door demanding admittance. As no one opened and all was now silent within, a constable was called to force an entrance, and the girl was found weltering in blood with a knife by her side. She was questioned as to the words overheard, was asked if her father had killed her, and she was just able to nod her head in the affirmative, as it seemed.

Now William Shaw returned. All eyes were upon him; he turned pale at meeting the police and others in his apartment, then trembled violently as he saw his daughter's dead body. Such manifest signs of his guilt fully corroborated the deceased's incriminating words. Last of

all, it was noticed with horror that there was blood on his hands and on his shirt. He was taken before a magistrate at once, and committed for trial. The circumstances were all against him. He admitted in his defence the quarrel and gave the reason, but declared that he had gone out that evening, leaving his daughter unharmed; that her death could only be attributed to suicide. He explained the blood stains by showing that he had been bled some days before and that the bandage had become untied. The prosecution rested on the plain facts, mainly on the girl's words, "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death," and her implied accusation at her last moments.

Shaw was duly convicted, sentenced, and executed at Leith Walk in November, 1721, with the full approval of public opinion. Yet the innocence which he still maintained on the scaffold came out clearly the following year. The tenant who came into occupation of Shaw's flat came by accident upon a paper which slipped down in an opening near the chimney. It was a letter written by Catherine Shaw, as was positively affirmed by experts in handwriting, and it was addressed to her father, upbraiding him with his barbarity. She was so hopeless of marrying him whom she loved, so determined not to accept the man her father would have forced upon her, that she had decided to put an end to the existence which had become a burthen to her. "My death," she went on, "I lay to your charge. When you read this consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the knife into the bosom of the unhappy Catherine Shaw."

This letter, on which there was much comment, came at last into the hands of the authorities, who, having satisfied themselves it was authentic, ordered the body of Shaw to be taken down from the gibbet where it still hung in chains and to be decently interred. As a further but somewhat empty reparation of his honour, a pair of colours was waved over his grave.

THE SAILMAKER.

A still more curious story is that of the young sailmaker who went to spend Christmas with his mother near Deal.

On his way he passed a night at an inn in Deal, and shared a bed with the landlady's uncle, the boatswain of an Indian, who had just come ashore. In the morning the uncle was missing, the bed was saturated with blood, and the young sailmaker had disappeared. The bloodstains were soon traced through the house, and beyond, as far as the pier-head. It was naturally concluded that the boatswain had been murdered and his body thrown into the sea. A hue and cry was at once set up for the young man, who was arrested the same evening in his mother's house.

He was taken red-handed, with ample proofs of his guilt upon him. His clothes were stained with blood; in his pockets were a knife and a strange silver coin, both of which were sworn to most positively as the property of the missing boatswain. The evidence was so conclusive that no credence could be given to the prisoner's defence, which was ingenious but most improbable. His story was that he woke in the night and asked the boatswain the way to the garden, that he could not open the back-door, and borrowed his companion's clasp-knife to lift the latch. When he returned to bed the boatswain was gone; why or where he had no idea.

The youth was convicted and sent to the gallows, but by strange fortune he escaped death. The hanging was done so imperfectly that his feet touched the ground, and when taken down he was soon resuscitated by his friends. They made him leave as soon as he could move, and he went down to Portsmouth, where he engaged on board a man-of-war about to start for a foreign station. On his return from the West Indies three years later to be paid off, he had gained the rating of a master's mate, and gladly took service on another ship. The first person he met on board was the boatswain he was supposed to have murdered!

The explanation given was sufficiently strange. On the day of his supposed murder the boatswain had been bled by a barber for a pain in the side. During the absence of his bedfellow the bandage had come off his arm, which bled copiously, and he got up hurriedly to go in search of the barber. The moment he got into the street he was seized by a press-gang and

carried off to the pier. There a man-of-war's boat was in waiting, and he was taken off to a ship in the Downs, which sailed directly for the East Indies. He never thought of communicating with his friends; letter-writing was not much indulged in at that period.

Doubts have been thrown upon this story, which rests mainly upon local tradition, although it made much noise at the time in Kent. As no body was found it does not seem probable that there would be a conviction for murder. Of the various circumstances on which it was based, that of the possession of the knife was explained, but not of the silver coin. It has been suggested that when the sailmaker took it out of the boatswain's pocket the coin had stuck between the blades of the knife.

BRUNELL THE INNKEEPER.

The astute villainy of a criminal in covering up his tracks was never more successful than in the case of Brunell, the innkeeper at a village near Hull. A traveller was stopped upon the road and robbed of a purse containing twenty guineas. But he pursued his journey uninjured, while the highwayman rode off in another direction.

Presently he reached the Bell Inn, kept by Brunell, to whom he recounted his misadventure, adding that no doubt the thief would be caught, for the stolen gold was marked, according to his rule when travelling. Having ordered supper in a private room, the gentleman was soon joined by the landlord, who had heard the story, and now wished to learn at what hour the robbery took place.

"It was just as night fell," replied the traveller.

"Then I can perhaps find the thief," said the landlord. "I strongly suspect one of my servants, John Jennings by name, and for the following reason. The man has been very full of money of late. This afternoon I sent him out to change a guinea. He brought it saying he could not get the change, and as he was in liquor I was resolved to discharge him to-morrow. But then I was struck with the curious fact that the guinea was not the same as that which I had given, and

that it was marked. Now I hear that those you lost were all marked, and I am wondering whether this particular guinea was yours."

"May I see it?" asked the traveller.

"Unfortunately I paid it away not long since to a man who lives at a distance, and who has gone home. But my servant Jennings, if he is the culprit, will probably have others in his possession. Let us go and search him."

They went to Jennings's room and looked at his pockets. He was in a sound drunken sleep, and they came without difficulty upon a purse containing nineteen guineas. The traveller recognised his purse, and identified by the mark his guineas. The man was roused and arrested on this seemingly conclusive evidence. He stoutly denied his guilt, but he was sent for trial and convicted. The case was clearly proved. Although the prosecutor could not swear to the man himself, as the robber had been masked, he did to his guineas. Again, the prisoner's master told the story of his substitution of the marked for the other coin; while the man to whom the landlord had paid the marked guinea produced it in court. A comparison with the rest of the money left no doubt that these guineas were one and the same.

The unfortunate Jennings was duly sentenced to death, and executed at Hull. Yet, within a twelvemonth, it came out that the highwayman was Brunell himself. The landlord had been arrested on a charge of robbing one of his lodgers, and convicted; but he fell dangerously ill before execution. As he could not live, he made full confession of his crimes, including that for which Jennings had suffered.

It seemed that he had ridden sharply home after the theft, and, finding a debtor had called, gave him one of the guineas, not knowing they were marked. When his victim arrived and told his story, Brunell became greatly alarmed. Casting about for some way of escape, he decided to throw the blame on his servant, whom he had actually sent out to change a guinea, but who had failed, as we know, and had brought back the same coin. As Jennings was drunk, Brunell sent him to bed, and then easily planted the incriminating

purse in the poor man's clothes. No sort of indemnity seems to have been paid to Jennings's relations or friends.

DU MOULIN'S CASE.

Of the same class was the wrongful conviction of a French refugee, Du Moulin, who had fled to England from the religious persecutions in his own country. He brought a small capital with him, which he employed in buying goods condemned at the Custom-house and disposing of them by retail. The business was "shady" in its way, as the goods in question were mostly smuggled, but Du Moulin's honesty was not impeached until he was found to be passing false gold. He made it a frequent practice to return money paid him by his customers, declaring it was bad. The fact could not be denied, but the suspicion was that he had himself changed it after the first payment; and this happened so often that he presently got into disrepute, losing both his business and his credit. The climax came when he received a sum of £78 in guineas and Portugal gold, and "scrupled," or questioned, several of the pieces. But he took them, giving his receipt. In a few days he brought back six coins, which he insisted were of base metal. His client Harris as positively declared that they were not the same as those he had paid. Then there was a fierce dispute. Du Moulin was quite certain; he had put the whole £78 into a drawer and left the money there till he had to use it, when part of it was at once refused. Harris continued to protest, threatening Du Moulin with a charge of fraud, but presently he paid. He lost no opportunity, however, of exposing Du Moulin's conduct, doing so so often, and so libellously, that the other soon brought an action for defamation of character.

This drove Harris to set the law in motion also, on his own information, backed by the reports of others on whom Du Moulin had forced false money. A warrant was issued against the Frenchman, his house was searched, and in a secret drawer all the apparatus of a counterfeiter of coin was discovered—files, moulds, chemicals, and many implements. This evidence was damnatory; his guilt seemed all the more

clear from the impudence with which he had assailed Harris and his insistence in passing the bad money. Conviction followed, and he was sentenced to death. But for a mere accident, which brought about confession, he would certainly have suffered, innocently.

A day or two before his execution, one Williams, a seal engraver, was thrown from his horse and killed, whereupon his wife fell ill, and in poignant remorse sent for Du Moulin, to whom she told this story:—

That Williams, her husband, was one of a gang of counterfeiters, and she helped by putting off the coins. One of them hired himself as servant to Du Moulin, and, using a whole set of false keys, soon became free of all drawers and receptacles in which he planted large quantities of false money, substituting them for an equal number of good pieces.

The members of this gang were arrested and examined separately. They altogether repudiated the charge, but the servant was dumbfounded when some bad money was found on searching his quarters. On this he turned king's evidence, and his accomplices were convicted.

CALAS.

A case in which "justice" was manifestly unjust is that of the shameful prosecution and punishment of Calas, a judicial murder begun in wicked intolerance and carried out with almost inconceivable cruelty.

Bitter, implacable hatred of the Protestant or Reformed religion and all who professed it survived in the south of France till late in the last century. There was no more bigoted city than Toulouse, which had had its own massacre ten years before St. Bartholomew, and perpetuated the memory of this "deliverance," as it was called, by public fêtes on its anniversary. It was on the eve of that of 1761 that a terrible catastrophe occurred in the house of one Jean Calas, a respectable draper, who had the misfortune to be a heretic—in other words, a criminal, according to the ideas of Toulouse.

Marc Antoine Calas, the eldest son of the family, was

found in a cupboard just off the shop, hanging by the neck, and quite dead. The shocking discovery was made by the third brother, Pierre. It was then between nine and ten p.m. ; he had gone downstairs with a friend who had supped with them and had come suddenly upon the corpse.

The alarm was soon raised in the town, and the officers of the law hastened to the spot. In Toulouse the police was in the hands of the *capitouls*, functionaries akin to the sheriffs and common councillors of a corporation, and one of the leading men among them just then was a certain David de Beaudrigue, who became the evil genius of this unfortunate Calas family. He was bigoted, ambitious, self-sufficient, full of his own importance, of strong, fiercely energetic temperament, and undeviating in his pursuit of any fixed idea or belief.

Now, when called up by the watch and told of the mysterious death of Marc Antoine Calas, he jumped to the conclusion that it was a murder, and that the perpetrator was Jean Calas ; in other words, that Calas was a parricide. The motives of the crime were not far to seek, he thought. One Calas son had already abjured the Protestant for the true faith, this now dead son was said to have been anxious to go over, and the father was resolved to prevent it at all cost. It was a commonly accepted superstition in those dark times that the Huguenots would decree the death of any traitors to their own faith.

Full of this baseless prepossession, held with all the strength of his obstinate nature, de Beaudrigue thought only of what would confirm it. He utterly neglected the first duty of a police officer : to seek with an impartial, unbiassed mind for any signs or indications that might lead to the detection of the real criminals. He should have at once examined the wardrobe in which the body was found pendent ; the shop close at hand, the passage that led from it through a small courtyard into the back street. It was perfectly possible for ill-disposed people to enter the shop from the front street and escape by this passage, and possibly leave traces behind them.

De Beaudrigue thought only of securing those he already condemned as guilty, and hurrying upstairs found the Calas, husband and wife, whom he at once arrested; Pierre Calas, whom he also suspected, was given in charge of two soldiers, the maid-servant was taken and two friends of the family who happened to be in the house at the time. When another *capitoul* mildly suggested a little less precipitation de Beaudrigue replied that he would be answerable, and that he was acting in a holy cause.

The whole party was carried off to gaol. When the elder Calas asked to be allowed to put a candlestick where he might find it easily on his return, he was told sardonically, "You will not return in a hurry." The request and its answer went far to make a revulsion in his favour with the impressionable crowd. The wretched man never re-entered his house, but he passed it on his way to the scaffold and knelt down to bless the place where he had lived happily for many years and from which he had been so ruthlessly torn.

Now *en route* for prison they were hooted with yells and execrations. It was already taken for granted that they had murdered Marc Antoine. Arrived at the Hôtel de Ville there was a short halt while the accusation was prepared charging the whole party as principals or accessories. An interrogatory followed which was no more than a peremptory summons to confess. "Come," said the *capitoul* to Pierre, "confess you killed him." Denial only exasperated de Beaudrigue, who began at once to threaten Calas and the rest with the torture.

There was absolutely no evidence whatever against the accused, and in the want of it recourse was had to an ancient ecclesiastical practice, the *monitoire*, a solemn appeal made to the religious conscience of all who knew anything to come forward and declare it. This notice was affixed to the pulpits of churches and in street corners. It assumed the guilt of the Calas family quite illegally because without the smallest proof, and it warned everyone to come forward and speak whether from hearsay or of their own knowledge.

Nothing followed the *monitoire*, so these pious sons of the Church went a step further and obtained a *fulmination*; a threat to excommunicate all who could speak yet would not speak, which was duly launched, caused great alarm. Religious sentiment had reached fever pitch. The burial of Marc Antoine with all the rites of the Church was a most imposing ceremony. He lay in state. The catafalque bore a notice to the effect that he had abjured heresy. He was honoured as a martyr; a little more and he would have been canonised as a saint.

Still nothing satisfactory was forthcoming against the Calas. One or two witnesses declared that they had heard disputes, swore to piteous appeals made to the father by the dead son, to cries such as "I am being strangled," "They are murdering me," and this was all. It was all for the prosecution; not a word was heard in defence. The Protestant friends of the family were not competent to bear witness; the accused, moreover, were permitted to call no one. It would be hard to credit the disabilities still imposed upon the French Huguenots were it not that we are reminded the laws in England against Roman Catholics at that time were little less severe. In France all offices, all professions were interdicted to Protestants. They could not be ushers, *archers*, or police agents, they were forbidden to trade as printers, booksellers, watchmakers, or grocers, they must not practise as doctors, surgeons, or apothecaries.

Although there was no case, the prosecution was persisted in obstinately, not merely because the law officers were full of prejudice, but because, if they failed to secure conviction, they would be liable to a counter action for their high-handed abuse of legal powers. As has been said, no pains were taken at the first discovery of the death to examine the spot or investigate the circumstances. It was all the better for the prosecution that nothing of the kind was done. Had the police approached the matter with an open mind, judging calmly from the facts apparent, they would have been met at once by ample, nay, overwhelming explanation.

There can be no doubt that Marc Antoine Calas committed suicide. The proofs were plain. This eldest son was a trouble to his parents, ever dissatisfied with his lot, disliking his father's business, eager to take up some other line, notably that of an advocate. Here, however, he encountered the prejudice of the times, which forbade this profession to a Protestant; and it was his known dissatisfaction with this law that led to the conjecture—and there was little else—that he wished to abjure his own faith. At last Marc Antoine offered to join his father, but was told that until he learnt the business and showed more aptitude, he could not hope for a partnership. From this moment he fell away, took to evil courses, frequented the worst company, was seen at the billiard tables and tennis courts of Toulouse, and became much addicted to play. When not given to debauchery, he was known as a silent, gloomy, discontented youth, who quarrelled with his lot and complained always of his bad luck. On the very morning of his death he had lost heavily—a sum of money entrusted him by his father for exchange from silver into gold.

All this pointed to the probability of suicide. The Calas themselves, however, would not hear of any such solution. Suicide was deemed disgraceful and dishonourable. Sooner than suggest suicide, the elder Calas was prepared to accept the worst. One of the judges was strongly of opinion that it was clearly a case of *felo de se*, but he was overruled by the rest, who were equally convinced of the guilt of the Calas. Not a single witness of the 150 examined could speak positively; not one had seen the crime committed; they contradicted each other, and their statements were both improbable and opposed to common sense. Moreover, the murder was morally and physically impossible. Was it likely that a family party collected round the supper table, all good friends, should take one of their number downstairs and hang him? Could such wrong be done to a young and vigorous man without some sort of struggle that would leave its traces on himself and in the scene around?

But the bigoted and prejudiced judges of Toulouse gave

judgment against the accused, yet, although so satisfied of guilt, they ordered the torture to be applied to extort full confession. Now the prisoners, being heavily ironed for safe custody, appealed. The case was heard in the local parliament and the first decision upheld. Thirteen judges sat; of these, seven were for a sentence of death, three for preliminary torture, two voted for a new inquiry based on the supposition of suicide, one alone was for acquittal. As this was not a legal majority, one dissident was won over and sentence of death duly passed on Calas, who was to suffer first, in the hope that by his admissions on the rack—for the torture was to precede execution—the guilt of the rest might be assured.

The sentence was executed under circumstances so horrible and heartrending that humanity shudders at hearing them. Calas was taken first to the question chamber and put "upon the first button." There being warned that he had but a short time to live and must suffer torments, he was sworn and exhorted to make truthful answer to the interrogatories, to all of which, after the rack had been applied, he replied denying his guilt. He was then put "upon the second button"; the torture increased, and still he protested his innocence. Last of all, he was subjected to the question extraordinary, and being still firm, he was handed over to the reverend father to be prepared for death. He suffered on the wheel, being "broken alive"; the process lasted two whole hours, but at the end of that time the executioner put him out of his misery by strangling him. When asked for the last time, on the very brink of the grave, to make a clean breast of his crime and give up the names of his confederates, he only answered, "Where there has been no crime there can be no accomplices." His constancy won him the respect of all who witnessed his execution. "He died," said a monk, "like one of our Catholic martyrs."

This noble end caused deep chagrin to his judges; they were consumed with secret anxiety, hoping to the last that a full confession would exonerate them from their cruelty. At Toulouse there had been a fresh burst of fanaticism, in which more lives were lost; and now, the news of Calas' execution

reaching the city, open war was declared against all Huguenots. But a reaction was at hand, caused by the very excess of this religious intolerance. The terrible story began to circulate through France and beyond. The rest of the accused had been released, not without reluctance, by the authorities of Toulouse, but Pierre Calas had been condemned to banishment. Another brother had escaped to Geneva, where he met with much sympathy.

The feeling in other Protestant countries was intense, and loud protests were published. But the chief champion and vindicator of the Calas family was Voltaire, who seized eagerly at an opportunity of attacking the religious bigotry of his countrymen. He soon raised a storm through Europe, writing to all his disciples, denouncing the judges of Toulouse, who had killed an innocent man. "Everyone is up in arms. Foreign nations, who hate us and beat us, are full of indignation. Nothing since St. Bartholomew has so greatly disgraced human nature."

Voltaire bent all the powers of his great mind to collecting evidence and making out a strong case. The Encyclopædists, with d'Alembert at their head, followed suit. All Paris, all France grew excited. The widow Calas was brought forward to make a fresh appeal to the king in council. The whole case was revived in a lengthy and tedious procedure, but in the end it was decided to reverse the conviction. "There is still justice in the world!" cried Voltaire, "still some humanity left. Mankind are not all villains and scoundrels."

Three years after the judicial murder of Jean Calas all the accused were formally pronounced innocent, and it was solemnly declared that Jean Calas was illegally done to death. But the family were utterly ruined, and, although entitled to proceed against the judges for damages, they had no means to take the law. The queen said the French wits had drunk their healths, but had given them nothing to drink in return.

It is satisfactory to know, however, that some retribution overtook the principal mover in this monstrous case. The fierce fanatic, David de Beaudrigue, was dismissed from all his offices, and being threatened with so many lawsuits he

went out of his mind. He was perpetually haunted with horrors, always saw the scaffold and the executioner at his grisly task, and at last, in a fit of furious madness, he threw himself out of the window. The first time he escaped death, but he did it again, and died murmuring the word "Calas" with his last breath.

CHAPTER VII.

DISPUTED OR MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

The "Nameless Woman," or Champignelles Mystery—Claim of French Marquise disputed by her Supposed Brother—She is imprisoned—Long Litigation—Law decides she is Nameless—Judge Garrow's Story—The Imposition practised at York Assize—Hoag or Parker?—Husband claimed by Two Wives—Lesurques, and the Robbery of the Lyons Mail—A Modern Scotch Case—The Kingswood Rectory Murder: Mistaken Identification of Karl Franz.

THE CHAMPIGNELLES MYSTERY.

ONE day in October, 1791, a lady dressed in mourning appeared at the gates of the Château of Champignelles, and was refused admission. "I am the Marquise de Douhault, née de Champignelles, the daughter of your old master. Surely you know me?" she said, lifting her veil. "The Marquise de Douhault has been dead these three years," replied the *concierge*; "you cannot enter here. I have strict orders from the Sieur de Champignelles."

This same lady was seen next day at the village church, praying at the tomb of the late M. de Champignelles, and many remarked her extraordinary resemblance to the deceased marquise. But the marquise was dead; her funeral service had been performed in this very church. Some of the bystanders asked the lady's maid-servant who she was, and were told that they ought to know. Others went up to the lady herself, who said, "I am truly the Marquise de Douhault, but my brother will not acknowledge me or admit me to the château."

Then followed formal recognition. People were summoned by sound of drum to speak to her identity, and did so "to the number of ninety-six, many of them officials, soldiers, and members of the municipality." The lady gave many satisfactory proofs, too, speaking of things that "only a daughter of the house could know." Thus encouraged, she proceeded

to serve the legal notice on her brother and claim her rights—her share of the property of Champignelles as co-heir, and a sum in cash for back rents during her absence when supposed to be dead.

Where had she been all this time? Who had died, if not she? Her story, although clear, precise, and supported by evidence, was most extraordinary. To understand it we must go back and trace her history and that of the Champignelles family as given in the memoir prepared by the claimant for the courts.

Adelaide Marie had been married at twenty-three to the Marquis de Douhault, who coveted her dowry and did not prove a good husband. He was subject to epileptic fits, eventually went out of his mind, and, after wounding his wife with a sword, was shut up in Charenton. The wife led an exemplary life till his death, which was soon followed by that of her father. Her brother now became the head of the family, and is said to have been a frank blackguard, the cause really of his father's death. He proceeded to swindle his mother, who was entitled by settlement to a life interest in the Champignelles estates, paying only pensions to her children, and persuaded her to reverse that arrangement—she to surrender her property, he to pay her an annual allowance. He had gained his sister's concurrence by obtaining her signature to a blank document, which he filled up as he wished.

The son, of course, did not pay the allowances, and very often the mother was in sad straits, reduced at times to pawn her jewels for food. She appealed now to her daughter, who sided with her naturally, and wrote in indignant terms to her brother. There was an angry quarrel, with the threat of a lawsuit, if he did not mend his ways. For the purpose of conferring with her mother, whom she meant to join in the suit, the Marquise de Douhault proposed to start for Paris.

She had a strange presentiment that this journey would be unlucky, and postponed it as long as possible, but went at length the day after Christmas Day, 1787. Arrived at Orleans, she accepted the hospitality of a M. de la Roncière and

rested there some days. On January 15, 1788, she was to continue her journey, but in the morning took a carriage drive with her friends. All she remembered afterwards was that Madame de la Roncière offered her a pinch of snuff, which she took, was seized with violent pains in the head followed by great drowsiness, stupor, and the rest was a blank.

When she came to herself, she was a prisoner in the Salpêtrière. Her brain was now clear, her mind active. She protested strongly, and, saying who she was, demanded to be set at large. They laughed at her, telling her her name was Buirette, and that she was talking nonsense.

Her detention lasted for seventeen months, and she was denied all communication with outside. At last she managed to inform a friend, Madame de Polignac, of her imprisonment, and on July 13, 1789, she was released, to find herself alone in Paris in the midst of the Revolution, of the burning of barriers and the capture of the Bastille.

She was friendless. Her brother, to whom she at once applied, repudiated her as an impostor; an uncle was equally cruel; she asked for her mother, and was told she had none. Then she ran to Versailles, where many friends resided, found an asylum with Madame de Polignac, and was speedily recognised by numbers of people, princes, dukes, and the rest, all members of the French aristocracy that were so soon to be dispersed in exile or to suffer by the guillotine. They urged her not to create a scandal by suing her brother, but to trust to the king for redress. Soon the king himself was a prisoner, and presently died on the scaffold.

Her case was taken up, however, by certain lawyers, who advanced her funds at usurious rates, and planned an attack on her brother, under which, however, they contemplated certain frauds of their own. When she hesitated to entrust them with full powers one of these lawyers denounced her to the Committee of Public Safety, and she narrowly escaped execution. Bailly, the mayor of Paris, was a friend of hers, but could not save her from imprisonment in La Force, where she remained a month, then escaped into the country. Here

she learnt that her mother was not dead, and returned to Paris to see her at her last gasp. After that she wandered to and fro in hiding and in poverty till, in 1791, she reappeared at Champignelles.

Such was the case she presented to the courts.

A story is good till the other side is heard, and her brother, M. de Champignelles, clever, unscrupulous, and a friend of the republican government, had a very strong defence. His first answer was to accuse his sister, or the person claiming to be his sister, of having tried to seize his château by force of arms, declaring that she had come backed by three hundred men to claim her so-called rights, and that he had appealed to the municipality for protection.

This plea failed, and his second was to accuse the claimant of being someone else. He asserted that she was a certain Anne Buirette, who had been an inmate of the Salpêtrière from January 3, 1786. This date was a crucial point in the case. The claimant had adopted it as the date of her entry into the Salpêtrière, yet it was clearly shown that at that time the Marquise de Douhault was alive and resided on her property of Chazelet through 1786 and 1787. On other points she showed a remarkable knowledge of facts, remembered names, faces of people, circumstances in the past, all tending to prove that she was the real person. But this error in dates was serious, and it was strengthened by a mistake in the Christian names of the deceased Marquis de Douhault.

The case came on for trial before the civil tribunal of St. Fargeau, where the commissary of the republic stated it fully, and with a strong bias against the claimant. As he put it: "One side asked for the restitution of a name, a fortune, of which she had been despoiled with a cruelty that greatly added to the alleged crime; the other charged the claimant with being an impostor seeking a position to which she had no right whatever." Between these two alternatives the court must decide, and either way a crime must be laid bare.

Was it all a fraud? The defence set up was certainly strong.

It rested first on the proved death of the marquise. This was supported by the certificates of the doctors who attended her in her last illness, documents legalised by the municipality of Orleans, which testified to both illness and death. Another document bore witness that extreme unction had been administered, and that the burial had been carried out in the presence of many relatives. The family went into mourning and the memory of the marquise was revered among the honoured dead.

There was next the suspicious commencement of the claim: a letter addressed by the claimant to the curé of Champignelles, two years and a half after the death above recorded, asking for a baptismal certificate and another of marriage. This letter was full of faults of spelling and grammar, and was signed Anne Louis Adelaide, formerly Marquise de Grainville, names that were not exact. It was asserted that the real marquise was a lady of great intelligence, cultured, highly educated as became her situation, knowing several languages, a good musician, and especially well able to write prettily and correctly.

Then the identity of the claimant with Anne Buirette was strong on seemingly conclusive evidence, the strongest being her own statement of the date on which she was received at the Salpêtrière. All the story of her release through the appeal to the Duchess de Polignac was declared to be untrue. The past life of this Anne Buirette was raked up, and it was demonstrated that she was a swindler who had been sent to gaol for an ingenious fraud, which may be repeated here. It was in 1785, on the occasion of the birth of a royal prince, when the queen wished charitably to redeem a number of the pledges in the Mont de Piété, and the woman Buirette Baudin, being unauthorised, drove round in a carriage, calling herself a royal attendant, to collect pawn tickets from poor people. She recovered the sums necessary to redeem the pledges and applied the money to her own use. For this she was sent to the Salpêtrière, from which she was released in October, 1789, and not, as she stated, on the day of the barricades.

From this moment the fraud began, whether at her own instance or not could not be shown. But now she first signed herself Champignelles, and was sued on bills she gave the lawyers who would have helped her, but found she was an adventuress. Her movements were traced from place to place seeking recognition and assistance, now accepted, more often rejected, by those to whom she appealed. Finally the commissary closed the case by pointing to the physical dissimilarity between the two women, the marquise and the claimant. The first was known as a lady of quality, distinguished in her manners, clever, well-bred; the second was obviously stupid and low-born, stained with vices, given to drink. The marquise was of frail, delicate constitution, the claimant seemed strong and robust; the first had blue eyes, the second black; the first walked lame, the second showed no signs of it.

Yet the claimant persisted, and her counsel upset much that had been urged. It was shown that the death certificate was not produced; that the ill-written letters so condemnatory were copies, not originals; that the official documents purporting to set forth the past life of Anne Buirette were irregular in form and probably not authentic. The claimant showed that she was lame, that her eyes were blue; more, that she carried the scar of the sword wound made by her mad husband years before. It was all to no purpose. The tribunal refused to enter into the question of the alleged falsity of the documentary evidence, and taking its stand upon the date of entry into the Salpêtrière, declared that the claimant could not be the Marquise de Douhault.

Then followed a long course of tedious litigation. The claim was revived, carried from court to court, heard and re-heard; one decree condemned the claimant, and recommended that the case should be dropped; after five years the Supreme Court of Appeal sent it for a new trial to the Criminal Court of Bourges. The points referred were: first, to verify the death of the Marquise de Douhault; secondly, to establish whether or not the claimant was Anne Buirette, and if not, thirdly, to say whether she was the marquise.

There were now great discrepancies as to the date of death and the circumstances of it. Some said it occurred on January 17, 1788, some the 18th, some again on the 19th. Other facts were also disputed. As to the second query, 18 witnesses swore that the claimant was Anne Buirette; 14 saw no resemblance between Anne Buirette and her, and among these was Anne Buirette's own husband; as to the third, 153 out of 224 witnesses declared positively that this was the marquise herself; but 53 said either that it was not or that they had never seen her, whilst among the number were several who had been satisfied as to her identity in the first instance.

These inquiries were followed by others as to handwriting, and many new and surprising facts came out. It was asserted by experts that the letters written before her alleged death by the marquise and after it by the claimant were in one and the same hand; that the documents she was supposed to have written or signed were forgeries, and must have been concocted with fraudulent intention.

Now, too, the claimant explained away the famous date of entry into prison, and laid it to her poor memory, enfeebled by so many misfortunes.

There seemed enough in all this to reverse the decision of St. Fargeau, but the Court of Bourges upheld it. The Procureur-Général pronounced his opinion based upon the imperious demands of his conscience that the claimant was not the Marquise de Douhault; more, that "between her and that respectable lady there was as much difference as between crime and virtue."

The law was pitilessly hostile to the very end. On the revival of the case the claimant was successful in proving that she was certainly not Anne Buirette, but although she published many memoirs prepared by some of the most eminent lawyers of the day, and was continually before the courts during the Consulate and First Empire, she was always unable to establish her identity. The law denied that she was the Marquise de Douhault, but yet would not say who she was. To the last she was nameless, and had no official existence.

When she died the authorities would not permit any name to be inscribed on her tomb.

JUDGE GARROW'S STORY.

Cases of error through mistaken identity are numerous enough in the judicial records of every country. Now and again mischief that would have been most deplorable has been prevented at the eleventh hour. Thus, Samuel Male, in 1782, would certainly have gone to the gallows on the sworn evidence of his alleged victim, who had no doubt whatever of his identity, had he not been able to appeal to the books of the court, which proved plainly that he was in custody on the day of the supposed robbery.

Other extraordinary cases may be cited—that, for instance, once told by Judge Garrow on the Oxford circuit. He described how a man was being tried before him for highway robbery, and the prosecutor identified him positively. The guilt of the accused seemed clear, and the jury was about to retire to consider their verdict, when a man rode full-speed into the courthouse yard, and forced his way into the court, with loud cries to stop the case; he had ridden fifty miles to save the life of a fellow creature, the prisoner now at the bar. This strange interruption would have been resented by the judge, but the new arrival called upon all present to look at him, especially the prosecutor. It was at once apparent that he was the living image of the prisoner; he was dressed in precisely similar attire, a green coat with brass buttons, drab breeches, and top boots. The likeness in height, demeanour, and especially in countenance, was so remarkable that the prosecutor was dumbfounded, he could no longer speak positively as to the identity of the man who had robbed him. All along, the prisoner had been protesting his innocence, and now, of course, the gravest doubts arose as to his guilt. The prosecutor could not call upon the second man to criminate himself, and yet the jury had no alternative but to acquit the first prisoner. In this they were encouraged by the judge, who declared that, although a robbery had certainly been committed by one of two persons present, the prosecutor

could not distinguish between them, and there was no alternative but acquittal.

So the first man got off; but now a fresh jury was impanelled, and the second was put upon his trial; his defence was simple enough. Only the day previous the prosecutor had sworn to one man as his robber. Could he now be permitted, even if he wished, to swear away the life of another man for the same offence? All he could say was that it was his belief that it was the last comer that robbed him, but surely if the jury had acquitted one person to whom he had sworn positively, could they now convict a second whom he only believed to be guilty? The jury could not but accept the force of this reasoning, and as the second man would make no distinct confession of guilt, he was suffered to go free. But the truth came out afterwards. The two men were brothers; the first had really committed the crime, but the whole scene had been got up between them for the purpose of imposing on the court.

A CASE AT YORK.

A very similar case occurred at York. A gentleman arrived there during the assize, and having alighted at a good hotel, where he dined and slept, asked the landlord next morning if he could find anything of interest in the town. Hearing that the assizes were in progress, he entered the court, just as a man was being tried for highway robbery. The case seemed strong against the prisoner, who was much cast down, for he had been vehemently protesting his innocence. Suddenly, on the appearance of the stranger, he rose in the dock and cried, "Here, thank God, is someone who can prove my innocence." The stranger looked bewildered, but the prisoner went on to declare that he had met this very gentleman, at another very distant place, Dover, on the day of the alleged robbery, and reminded him that he had conveyed his luggage on a wheelbarrow from the Ship Inn to the packet for Calais. The stranger was now interrogated, but could not admit that he had been in Dover on that day, nor had he any distinct recollection of the prisoner. The

judge then inquired whether he was in the habit of keeping a diary, or of recording the dates of his movements. The gentleman replied that he was a merchant and made notes regularly in his pocket-book of his proceedings. This pocket-book was at that moment locked up in his trunk at the inn, but he would gladly surrender his keys and allow the book to be fetched, to be produced in court.

So a messenger was despatched for the book, and in the meantime the prisoner at the bar questioned the stranger, recalling facts and circumstances to his mind, with the result that their meeting in Dover was pretty clearly proved. The stranger had also given his name as a member of a very respectable firm of London bankers, and altogether his credibility appeared beyond question. Then came the book which fixed the date of his visit to Dover. All this remarkable testimony, arrived at so strangely, was accepted by the jury, and the prisoner was forthwith discharged. Within a fortnight, the gentleman and the ex-prisoner were committed together to York Castle, charged with a most daring act of house-breaking in the neighbourhood.

HOAG OR PARKER ?

A very remarkable case of the difficulty of identification is to be found in American records, under date 1804. A man was indicted for bigamy under the idea that he was a certain James Hoag. The man himself said that he was Thomas Parker. At the trial, Mrs. Hoag, the wife, and many relations, with other respectable witnesses, swore positively that he was James Hoag; on the other hand, Thomas Parker's wife, and an equal number of credible witnesses, swore to the other contention. Whereupon the court recalled the first set of witnesses, who maintained their opinion, being satisfied that he was James Hoag, that his stature, shape, gestures, complexion, looks, voice, and speech left them no doubt on the subject; they even described a particular scar on his forehead, underneath his hair, and when that was turned back there was the scar. Yet the Parker witnesses declared that Thomas Parker had lived among them, worked with them,

and was with them on the very day he was supposed to have contracted his alleged marriage with Mrs. Hoag. Now Mrs. Hoag played her last card, and said that her husband had a peculiar mark on the sole of his foot; Mrs. Parker admitted that her husband had no such mark. So the court ordered the prisoner to take off his shoes and stockings and show the soles of his feet; there was no mark on either of them. Mrs. Parker now claimed him with great insistency, but Mrs. Hoag would not give up her husband, and there was a very violent discussion in court. At last a justice of the peace from Parker's village entered the court, and gave his evidence to the effect that he had known him from a child, as Thomas Parker had often given him employment. So Mrs. Parker carried off her husband in triumph.

LESURQUES.

The most famous, and perhaps the most hackneyed of all cases of mistaken identity is that of Lesurques, charged with the robbery and murder of the courier of the Lyons mail, which has been so vividly brought home to us through the dramatic play based upon it and the marvellous impersonation of the dual rôle, Lesurques-Dubosq, by Sir Henry Irving.

Lesurques was positively identified as a man who had travelled by the mail coach, and was in due course convicted. Yet at the eleventh hour a woman came into court and declared his innocence, swearing that the witnesses had mistaken him for another, Dubosq, whom he greatly resembled. She was the *confidante* of one of the gang who had planned and carried out the robbery. But her testimony, although corroborated by other confederates, was rejected, and Lesurques received sentence of death. Yet there were grave doubts, and the matter was brought before the Revolutionary Legislature by the Directory, who called for a reprieve. But the Five Hundred refused, on the extraordinary ground that to annul a sentence which had been legally pronounced "would subvert all ideas of justice and equality before the law."

Lesurques now lost all hope, and he died protesting his innocence to the last. "Truth has not been heard," he wrote a friend, "I shall die the victim of a mistake." He also published a letter in the papers addressed to Dubosq as follows:—

"Man in whose place I am to die, be satisfied with the sacrifice of my life. If you are ever brought to justice, think of my three children, covered with shame, and of their mother's despair, and do not prolong the misfortunes of so fatal a resemblance." On the scaffold he said, "I pardon my judges and the witnesses whose mistake has murdered me. I die protesting my innocence."

Four years elapsed before Dubosq was captured. In the interval others of the gang had passed through the hands of the police, but the prime mover was long at large. Even when he was taken he twice escaped from prison. When finally he was put on his trial, and the judge ordered a fair wig, such as Lesurques had worn, to be placed on his head, the strange and striking likeness was immediately apparent. He denied his guilt, but he was convicted and guillotined. Thus two men suffered for the same offence.

French justice was very tardy in atoning for this grave error. The rehabilitation of Lesurques' family was not decreed till after repeated applications under several *régimes*—the Directory, Consulate, Empire, and the Restoration. In the reign of Louis XVIII. the sequestrated property was restored but there was no revision of the sentence, although the case was again and again revived until the time of Louis Philippe.

One of Lesurques' sons died in the French campaign in Algeria.

A MODERN CASE.

A comparatively recent case of mistaken identity occurred in Scotland, when a farmer's son, a respectable youth, was charged with night-poaching on the evidence of a keeper, who swore to him positively. It was a moonlight night, but cloudy, and the features of a face were not fully recognisable. Other witnesses were less certain than the keeper, but they could speak to the poacher's dress and appearance

and they saw him disappearing towards his (alleged) father's house.

An attempt to set up an *alibi* failed, and the prisoner, having been found guilty by the jury, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. On his release, feeling that he was disgraced, although an innocent man, he left the country to take up a situation at the Cape of Good Hope.

Not long afterwards the keepers, whose evidence had convicted the wrong man, met the real one in the streets of the county town. He was in custody for theft, and was being escorted to the courts. His name was Hammond. The keepers followed, and after a longer look were more than ever satisfied of the mistake they had made, and they very rightly gave information in the proper quarter. Then a witness came forward who, on the night of the trespass, had seen and spoken with this man Hammond, when he had said he was going into the woods for a shot. Now, Hammond himself, knowing he could not be tried for an offence for which another had suffered, voluntarily confessed the poaching. Great sympathy was shown the innocent victim and the gentleman whose game had been killed offered to befriend him in any possible way. But the young man had already made himself a position at the Cape of Good Hope, and would not leave the colony, where indeed he eventually amassed a fortune. On his return to Scotland, many years later, he was given a licence to shoot for the rest of his days over the estates he was supposed to have poached.

KARL FRANZ.

On the 11th June, 1861, Kingswood Rectory, in Surrey, was broken into, and the caretaker murdered; the family being absent at the time. The unfortunate woman was found in her nightdress. She was tied with cords, and had been choked by a sock used as a gag, and stuffed half down her throat. There had been no robbery; the house had been entered by a window in the basement, found open, but nothing in the house was missing, although the whole place

had been ransacked. In doing this, however, trace enough had been left to establish the identity of one at least of the murderers. A packet of papers was found lying on the floor of the room, and it had evidently dropped from the pocket of one of them.

This packet contained six documents. A passport made out in the name of Karl Franz, of Schandau, in Saxony; a certificate of birth, and another of baptism, both in the name of Franz; a begging letter with no address, but signed Krohn; and a letter from Madame Titiens, the great singer, in reply to an appeal for help. Besides these, there was a sheet of paper on which were inscribed the addresses of many prominent personages; part of the stock-in-trade of a begging-letter writer. All these papers plainly implied that one of the criminal intruders in Kingswood rectory was a German. Moreover, within the last few days, several German tramps had been seen in the neighbourhood of Kingswood, one of whom exactly answered to the description on the passport.

A few weeks later, a young German, in custody in London for a trifling offence, was recognised as Karl Franz. He himself positively denied that he was the man, but at last acknowledged that the documents found in Kingswood rectory were his property. He was, in due course, committed for trial at the Croydon assizes. The prosecution seemed to hold very convincing evidence against him. A Saxon police officer was brought over, who identified him as Karl Franz, and swore that the various certificates produced had been delivered to him on the previous 6th April. Another witness swore to Franz as one of the men seen in the neighbourhood of the rectory on the 11th June; while a third deposed to having met two strangers in a wayside public, talking a foreign language, and identified Franz as one of them. This recognition was made in Newgate, where he picked out Franz from a crowd of prisoners. Yet more; the servant of a brushmaker in Reigate deposed that two men, speaking some unknown tongue, had come into the shop the day of the crime, and had bought a hank of cord. One of

these men she firmly believed to be the accused. This was the same cord as that with which the murdered woman was bound.

What could the accused say to rebut such seemingly overwhelming evidence? He had, nevertheless, a case, and a strong case. He explained first that he had changed his name because he had been told of the Kingswood murder, and of the discovery of his papers. They were undoubtedly his papers, but they had been stolen from him. His story was that he had landed at Hull, and was on the tramp to London, when he met two other Germans by the way, seamen, Adolf Krohn and Muller, by name, and they all joined company. Muller had no papers, and was very anxious that Karl Franz should give him his. On the borders of Northamptonshire the three tramps spent the night behind a haystack. Next morning Franz awoke to find himself alone; his companions had decamped, and his papers were gone. He had been robbed also of a small bag containing a full suit of clothes.

This story was discredited. It is a very old dodge for accused persons to say that suspicious articles found on the scene of a crime had been stolen from them. Yet Franz's statement was suddenly and unexpectedly corroborated from an independent source. The day after he had told his story, two vagrants, who were wandering on the confines of Northamptonshire, came across some papers hidden in a heap of straw. They took them to the nearest police-station, when it was found that they bore upon the Kingswood case. One was a rough diary kept by the prisoner Franz from the moment of his landing at Hull to the day on which he lost his other papers. The inference was that it had been stolen from him, too, but that the thieves, on examination, found the diary useless, and got rid of it. Another of these second lot of papers was a certificate of confirmation in the name of Franz. Now, too, it was proved beyond doubt that the letter written by Madame Titiens was not intended for the accused. The recipient of that letter might no doubt have been an accomplice of the accused, but then it must have been believed that

these men kept their papers together in one lot, which was hardly likely.

Another curious point on which the prosecution relied also broke down. A piece of cord had been found in Franz's lodging, identically the same as that bought at Reigate, and used in tying the victim. But now it was shown that this cord could only have been supplied to the Reigate shop by one rope-maker; only one manufactured that quality, and this fact rested on the most positive evidence of experts. Franz had declared that he had picked up this bit of cord in a street in Whitechapel, near his lodging, and opposite to a tobacconist's shop. On further inquiry it was not only found that the rope shop which alone supplied this cord was situated within a few yards of Franz's lodging, but when his solicitor verified this, he picked up a scrap of the very same cord in front of a shop in that same street.

Justice may be excused if it fails where evidence is incomplete, and facts mysterious. There have been several instances in which it has been thus misled in the past with very regrettable consequences, but in the one more modern case of the three to be detailed in the next chapter, at least no irreparable mischief was caused.

CHAPTER VIII.

PROBLEMATICAL ERRORS.

Captain Donellan and the Poisoning of Sir Theodosius Boughton—Donellan's Suspicious Conduct—John Hunter the great Surgeon's Evidence—Sir James Stephen's View—Corroborative Story from his Father—The Lafarge Case—Husband Poisoning—Madame Lafarge and the Cakes—Question of "White Powder"—Doctors differ as to Presence of Arsenic in Remains—Possible Guilt of Denis Barbier—Madame Lafarge's Condemnation—Pardoned by Napoleon III.—The Jewels said to be stolen by Madame Lafarge from a School Friend—Defence that they were to buy a lover's Silence—Conviction of Madame Lafarge of Theft—Madeleine Smith charged with Poisoning her *Fiancé*—"Not proven."

CAPTAIN DONELLAN.

"FEW cases," says Sir James Stephen,* "have given rise to more discussion than that of the alleged poisoning of Sir Theodosius Boughton by his brother-in-law, Captain Donellan, in 1781." It was long deemed a mystery, and even now the facts are not considered conclusive against the man who actually suffered for the crime. Donellan was found guilty, and in due course executed, but to this day the justice of the sentence is questioned, and the case, in some opinions, should be classed with judicial errors. This is not the view of Sir James Stephen, who has declared that the evidence would have satisfied him of Donellan's guilt. "Why should he not have been found guilty?" asks the eminent judge. "He had the motive, he had the means, he had the opportunity; his conduct, from first to last, was that of a guilty man."

Sir Theodosius Boughton was a young baronet, who, on his majority, came into an estate of £2,000 a year. In 1780 he was living at Lawford Hall, Warwickshire, with his mother and sister, the latter having married Captain Donellan in 1777. Miss Donellan was her brother's heir; if he died,

* "Criminal Law of England."

childless everything would go to her. Donellan claimed afterwards to have been quite disinterested. He had all his wife's fortune settled on her and her children, and would not even keep a life interest in her property in case she predeceased him. This settlement extended not only to what she had but what she expected, and his conduct in this matter was one of the points made by the defence in his favour.

Boughton was suffering from a slight specific disorder, but was otherwise well; Donellan wished to make it appear otherwise. Talking of him to a friend, he described his condition as such that the friend remarked the young man's life would not be worth a couple of years' purchase. "Not one," promptly corrected Donellan. On the 29th August, 1780, a country practitioner called in, pronounced Sir Theodosius in good health and spirits, but prescribed a draught for him: jalap, lavender water, nutmeg, and so forth. The remainder of the day was spent in fishing, and the baronet went to bed, having arranged that his mother should come to him and give him his medicine at seven a.m. next morning. He had been neglectful about taking it; kept it locked up in a cupboard, and, at his brother-in-law's suggestion, left it on the shelf in another room—where, as the prosecutor declared, anyone, Captain Donellan in particular, might have access to it.

At six a.m. on the morning of the 30th a servant went in and saw Sir Theodosius about some business of mending a net. The young baronet then appeared quite well. At seven Lady Boughton came up with the medicine, which she found on the shelf. Sir Theodosius tasted and smelt it, complaining that it was very nauseous. His mother then smelt it, and noticed that it was like bitter almonds, but she persuaded her boy to drink off a whole dose. "In about two minutes or less," she afterwards deposed, "he struggled violently and appeared convulsed with a prodigious rattling in his throat and stomach." When he was a little better the mother left him, but returned in five minutes to find him with his eyes fixed, his teeth clenched, and froth running out of his mouth.

The doctor was forthwith summoned. Now Donellan

came in and Lady Boughton told him that she was afraid she had given her son something wrong instead of the medicine. Donellan asked for the bottle, took it, poured in some water, then emptied the contents into a basin. Lady Boughton protested, declaring that he ought not to have meddled with the bottle. Donellan's reply was that he wished to taste the stuff. Again, when a maid-servant came in he desired her to remove the basin and the bottles, while Lady Boughton desired her to let them alone. But now Sir Theodosius was in the death throes, and while she was engaged with him the bottles disappeared.

Donellan, after the event, wrote to the baronet's guardian, Sir William Wheler, notifying the death, but giving none of the peculiar circumstances of it. Three or four days later the guardian replied that as the death had been so sudden, and gossip was afloat concerning a possible mistake with the medicine, it was desirable to have a *post mortem*. "The country will never be satisfied else, and we shall all be very much blamed," wrote Sir William Wheler. "Although it is late now it will appear from the stomach whether there is anything corrosive in it. . . . I assure you it is reported all over the country that he was killed either by medicine or by poison." The step was all the more necessary in the interest of the doctor who prescribed the draught. Donellan replied that Lady Boughton and he agreed "cheerfully" to the suggestion. Sir William wrote again, saying he was glad they approved, and gave the names of the doctors who should perform the autopsy.

When they came, Donellan showed them the second letter, not the first; the mere desire for a *post mortem*, not the grounds for it, as set forth in the first, that poison was suspected. Decomposition was far advanced, the doctors were not pleased with the business, and, knowing no special reason for inquiry, made none. After this Donellan wrote to Sir William Wheler, conveying the impression that the *post mortem* had actually taken place. Later, another surgeon offered to open the body, but Donellan refused on the plea that it would be disrespectful to the two first doctors. Sir

William, too, having learnt that nothing had been done, reiterated his desire for a *post mortem*, and two more doctors arrived at Lawford Hall on the very day of the funeral. Donellan took advantage of a misconception of a message, and the body was buried without being opened.

Three days afterwards it was exhumed in deference to growing suspicions of poison, but it was too late to verify foul play. But the doctors formed a strong opinion of the cause of death, and later, when it came to the trial, they agreed that the draught, after swallowing which Boughton died, was poison, and the immediate cause of death. One said that the nature of the poison was sufficiently clear from Lady Boughton's description of the smell. But the great surgeon, John Hunter, would not admit that the appearance of the body gave the least suspicion of poison. As to the smell, a mixture of the very same ingredients, but with laurel water added was made up for Lady Boughton at the trial, and she declared it smelt of bitter almonds exactly like the draught.

The introduction of the laurel water followed the important discovery that Donellan had a private still in a room which he called his own, and that he distilled roses in it. A curious bit of evidence not mentioned in the report of the trial is preserved,* which shows how a single number of the "Philosophical Transactions" was found in Donellan's library, and the only leaves in the book that had been cut were those that gave an account of the making of laurel water by distillation. Donellan's still figured further in the case, for it was proved that he had taken it into the kitchen, and asked the cook to dry it in the oven. This was two or three days after the baronet's death, and the presumption was that he had desired to take the smell of laurel water off the still. It also appeared that Donellan was in the habit of keeping large quantities of arsenic in his room, which he used, seemingly with but little caution, for poisoning fish.

Donellan's defence did not help him greatly. It was written, after the custom of those days, and did not attempt

* Townsend's "Life of Justice Buller."

to explain why he had washed or made away with the bottles. He submitted that he had urged the doctors to the *post mortem* by producing Sir William Wheler's letter; but it was the second, not the first letter. On other points he maintained a significant silence. What went against him also were unguarded confidences made to a fellow-prisoner while he was awaiting trial. He said openly that he believed his brother-in-law had been poisoned, and that it lay among themselves: Lady Boughton, himself, the footman, and the doctor. Another curious story is preserved by Sir James Stephen, whose grandfather had long retained a strong belief in Donellan's innocence, having written a pamphlet against the verdict which attracted much notice at the time. Mr. Stephen changed his opinion when he had been introduced to Donellan's attorney, who told him that he also had firmly believed in Donellan's innocence until one day he proposed to his client to retain Dunning, the eminent counsel, for his defence. Donellan agreed, and referred the attorney to Mrs. Donellan for authority to incur the expense of the heavy fee required. Mrs. Donellan demurred, thinking the outlay unnecessary, and when this was reported to the prisoner Donellan burst into a rage, crying, "And who got it for her?" Then, seeing that he had committed himself, he stopped abruptly, and said no more.

Donellan was convicted and executed, and to those who aver that the verdict was wrong, Sir James Stephen replies that every item of evidence pointed to Donellan's guilt, and did, in fact, satisfy the jury. The want of complete proof is the chief base of the argument in Donellan's favour, backed by the opinion of so eminent a scientist as Hunter. He deposed that he did not see the slightest suspicion of poison, while he admitted that death following so soon after the draught had been swallowed was a curious fact, yet he could see no necessary connection between the two circumstances. The symptoms, as described to him, and the state of the internal organs, were perfectly compatible with death from epilepsy or apoplexy. Public opinion at the time was, no doubt, adverse to Donellan, and the jury may have been prejudiced

against him. He was deemed an adventurer, a fortune-hunter, who had gained a footing into a good family by somewhat discreditable means, and it was assumed that he was prepared to go any length to feather his nest further.

This was rather an exaggerated view. Donellan was a gentleman. He had borne the king's commission, and was a son of a colonel in the army. To haunt fashionable society in London and the chief pleasure resorts in search of a rich *partie* was a common enough proceeding, and implied self-seeking, but not necessarily criminal tendencies. He got his chance at Bath, and made the most of it, by doing a civil thing. Lady Boughton was unable to find accommodation in the best hotel, and Donellan, who was there, promptly gave up his rooms. The acquaintance thus pleasantly begun grew into intimacy, and ended in his marrying Miss Boughton. So far the circumstances were not very strong against him. It was his conduct after the event that told, and it is hardly possible, when reviewing the facts as stated above, not to follow on the same side as Sir James Stephen.

MADAME LAFARGE.

One of the greatest poisoning trials on record in any country is that of Madame Lafarge, and its interest is undying, for to this day the case is surrounded in mystery. Although the guilt of the accused was proved to the satisfaction of the jury at the time of trial, strong doubts were then entertained, and still possess acute legal minds, as to the justice of her conviction. Long after the event, two eminent Prussian jurists, councillors of the criminal court of Berlin, closely studied the proceedings, and gave it as their unqualified opinion that, according to Prussian law, there was absence of proof. They published a report on the case, in which they gave their reasons for this opinion, but it will be best to give some account of the alleged poisoning before quoting the arguments of these independent authorities.

In the month of January, 1840, an iron-master, residing at Glandier, in the Limousin, died suddenly of an unknown malady. His family, friends, and immediate neighbours at

once accused his wife of having poisoned him. This wife differed greatly in disposition and breeding from the deceased. Marie Fortunée Capelle was the daughter of a French artillery colonel, who had served in Napoleon's Guard. She was well connected, her grandmother having been a fellow-pupil of the Duchess of Orleans under Madame de Genlis; her aunts were well married, one to a Prussian diplomat, the other to M. Garat, the well-known general secretary of the Bank of France. She had been delicately nurtured; her father held good military commands, and was intimate with the best people about, many of them nobles of the First Empire, and the child was petted by the Duchess of Dalmatia (Madame Soult), the Princess of Echmuhl (Madame Ney), Madame de Cambacères, and so forth.

Colonel Capelle died early, and Marie's mother, having married again, also died. Marie was left to the care of distant relations; she had a small fortune of her own, which was applied to her education, and she was sent to one of the best schools in Paris. Here she made bosom friends, as school-girls do, and with one of them became involved in a foolish intrigue, which, in the days of her trouble, brought upon her another serious charge, that of theft. Marie grew up distinguished-looking if not absolutely pretty; tall, slim, with dead-white complexion, jet-black hair worn in straight shining pleats, fine dark eyes, and a sweet but somewhat sad smile. These are the chief features of contemporary portraits.

To marry her was now the wish of her people, and she was willing enough to become independent. Some say that a suitor was sought through the matrimonial agents, others deny it positively. In any case, a proposal came from a certain Charles Pouch Lafarge, a man of decent family but inferior to the Capelles, not much to look at, about thirty, and supposed to be prosperous in his business. The marriage was hastily arranged, and as quickly solemnised—in no more than five days. Lafarge drew a rosy picture of his house: a large mansion in a wide park, with beautiful views, where all were eager to welcome the bride and make her happy. As they travelled thither the scales quickly fell from

Marie's eyes. Her new husband changed in tone; from beseeching he became rudely dictatorial, and he seems to have soon wounded the delicate susceptibilities of his wife.

The climax was reached on arrival at Glandier, a dirty, squalid place. Threading its dark, narrow streets, they reached the mansion—only a poor place, after all, surrounded with smoking chimneys: a cold, damp, dark house, dull without, bare within. The shock was terrible, and Madame Lafarge declared she had been cruelly deceived. Life in such surroundings, tied to such a man, seemed utterly impossible. She fled to her own room, and there indited a strange letter to her husband, a letter that was the starting-point of suspicion against her, and which she afterwards explained away as merely a first mad outburst of disappointment and despair. Her object was to get free at all costs from this hateful and unbearable marriage.

This letter, dated 25th August, 1839, began thus:—

“CHARLES,—I am about to implore pardon on my knees. I have betrayed you culpably. I love not you, but another. . . .” And it continued in the same tone for several sheets. Then she implored her husband to release her and let her go that very evening. “Get two horses ready, I will ride to Bordeaux and then take ship to Smyrna. I will leave you all my possessions. May God turn them to your advantage, you deserve it. As for me, I will live by my own exertions. Let no one know that I ever existed. . . . If this does not satisfy you I will take arsenic, *I have some*. . . . spare me, be the guardian angel of a poor orphan girl, or, if you choose, slay me, and say I have killed myself.

“MARIE.”

This strange effusion was read with consternation not only by Lafarge, but by his mother, his sister, and her husband. A stormy scene followed between Lafarge and his wife, but he won her over at length. She withdrew her letter, declaring that she did not mean what she wrote, and that she would do her best to make him happy. “I have accepted my position,” she wrote to M. Garat, “although it is difficult. But with a little strength of mind, with patience, and my husband's love, I may grow contented. Charles adores me and I cannot but be touched by the caresses lavished on me.” To another she

wrote that she struggled hard to be satisfied with her life. Her husband under a rough shell possessed a noble heart ; her mother-in-law and sister-in-law overwhelmed her with attentions. Now she gradually settled down into domesticity, and busied herself with household affairs.

M. Lafarge made no secret of his wish to employ part of his wife's fortune in developing his works. He had come upon an important discovery in iron smelting, and only needed capital to make it highly profitable. His wife was so persuaded of the value of this invention that she lent him money, and used her influence with her relatives to secure a loan for him in addition. Husband and wife now made wills whereby they bequeathed their separate estates to each other. Lafarge, however, made a second will, almost immediately, in favour of his mother and sister, an underhand proceeding, of which his wife was not told. Then he started for Paris, to secure a patent for his new invention, taking with him a general power of attorney to raise money on his wife's property. During their separation many affectionate letters passed between them.

The first attempt to poison, according to the prosecution, was made at the time of this visit to Paris. Madame Lafarge now conceived the tender idea of having her portrait painted, and sending it to console her absent spouse. At the same time she asked her mother-in-law to make some small cakes to accompany the picture. They were made and sent, with a letter, written by the mother, at Marie Lafarge's request, begging Lafarge to eat *one* of the cakes at a particular hour on a particular day. She would eat one also at Glandier at the same moment, and thus a mysterious affinity might be set up between them.

A great deal turned on this incident. The case containing the picture and the rest was despatched on the 16th December, by *diligence*, and reached Paris on the 18th. But on opening the box, one large cake was found, not several small ones. How and when had the change been effected? The prosecution declared it was Marie's doing. The box had undoubtedly been tampered with ; it left, or was

supposed to leave, Glandier fastened down with small screws. On reaching Paris it was secured with long nails, and the articles inside were not placed as they had been on departure. But the object of the change was evidently evil. For now Lafarge tore off a corner of the large cake, ate it, and the same night was seized with violent convulsions. It was presumably a poisoned cake, although the fact was never verified, but Marie Lafarge was held responsible for it, and eventually charged with an attempt to murder her husband.

In support of this grave charge it was found that on the 12th December, two days before the box left, she had purchased a quantity of arsenic from a chemist in the neighbouring town. Her letter asking for it was produced at the trial, and it is worth reproducing. "Sir," she wrote, "I am overrun with rats. I have tried nux vomica quite without effect. Will you, and can you, trust me with a little arsenic? You may count upon my being most careful, and I shall only use it in a linen closet." At the same time she asked for other harmless drugs.

Further suspicious circumstances were adduced against her. It was urged that after the case had been despatched to Paris she was strangely agitated, her excitement increasing on the arrival of news that her husband was taken ill, that she expressed the gravest fears of a bad ending, and took it almost for granted that he must die. Yet, as the defence presently showed, there were points also in her favour. Would Marie have made her mother-in-law write referring to the small cakes, one of which the son was to eat, if she knew that no small cakes but one large one would be found within? How could she have substituted the large for the small? There was as much evidence to show that she could not have effected the exchange as that she had done so. Might not someone else have made the change? Here was the first importation of another possible agency in the murder, which never seems to have been investigated at the time, but to which I shall return presently to explain how Marie Lafarge may have borne the brunt of another person's crime. Again,

if she wanted thus to poison her husband, it would have been at the risk of injuring her favourite sister also. For this sister lived in Paris, and Lafarge had written that she often called to see him. She might then have been present when the case was opened, and might have been poisoned too.

Lafarge so far recovered that he was able to return to Glandier, which he reached on the 5th January, 1840. That same day Madame Lafarge wrote to the same chemist's for more arsenic. It was a curious letter, and certainly calculated to prejudice people against her. She told the chemist that her servants had made the first lot into a clever paste which her doctor had seen, and had given her a prescription for it; she said this "so as to quiet the chemist's conscience, and lest he should think she meant to poison the whole province of Limoges." She also informed the chemist that her husband was indisposed, but that this same doctor attributed it to the shaking of the journey, and that with rest he would soon be better.

But he got worse, rapidly worse. His symptoms were alarming, and pointed undoubtedly to arsenical poisoning, judged by our modern knowledge. Madame Lafarge, senior, now became strongly suspicious of her daughter-in-law, and she insisted on remaining always by her son's bedside. Marie opposed this, and wished to be her husband's sole nurse, and, according to the prosecution, would have kept everyone else from him. She does not seem to have succeeded, for the relatives and servants were constantly in the sick-room. Some of the latter were very much on the mother's side, and one, a lady companion, Anna Brun, afterwards deposed that she had seen Marie go to a cupboard and take a white powder from it, which she mixed with the medicine and food given to Lafarge. Madame Lafarge, senior, again, and her daughter, showed the medical attendant a cup of chicken broth on the surface of which white powder was floating. The doctor said it was probably lime from the white-washed wall. The ladies tried the experiment of mixing lime with broth, and did not obtain the same appearance. Yet more, Anna Brun, having seen Marie Lafarge mix powder as before in her husband's

drink, heard him cry out, "What have you given me? It burns like fire." "I am not surprised," replied Marie quietly. "They let you have wine, although you are suffering from inflammation of the stomach."

Yet Marie Lafarge made no mystery of her having arsenic. Not only did she speak of it in the early days, but during the illness she received a quantity openly before them all. It was brought her to Lafarge's bedside by one of his clerks, Denis Barbier (of whom more directly), and she put it into her pocket. She told her husband she had it. He had been complaining of the rats that disturbed him overhead, and the arsenic was to kill them. Lafarge took the poison from his wife, handed it over to a maid-servant, and desired her to use it in a paste as a vermin-killer. Here the facts were scarcely against Marie Lafarge.

Matters did not improve, however, and on the 13th Madame Lafarge, senior, sent a special messenger to fetch a new doctor from a more distant town. On their way back to Glandier, this messenger, the above-mentioned Denis Barbier, confided to the doctor that he had often bought arsenic for Marie Lafarge, but that she had begged him to say nothing about it. The doctor, Lespinasse by name, saw the patient, immediately ordered antidotes, while some of the white powder was sent for examination to the chemist who had originally supplied the arsenic. He does not seem to have detected poison, but he (the chemist) replied that nothing more should be given Lafarge unless it had been prepared by a sure hand.

On this the mother denounced Marie to the now dying Lafarge as his murderess. The wife, who stood there with white face and streaming eyes, heard the terrible accusation, but made no protest. From that till his last moments he could not bear the sight of his wife. Once, when she offered him a drink, he motioned, horror stricken, for her to leave him, and she was not present at his death on the 14th of January. A painful scene followed between the mother and Marie by the side of the still warm corpse. High words, upbraidings, threats on the one side, indignant denials on the

other. Then Marie's private letters were seized, the lock of her strong box having been forced, and next day, the whole matter having been reported to the officers of the law, a *post mortem* was ordered, on suspicion of poisoning. "Impossible," cried the doctor who had regularly attended the deceased. "You must all be wrong. It would be abominable to suspect a crime without more to go upon." The *post mortem* was, however, made, yet with such strange carelessness that the result was valueless.

It may be stated at once that the presence of arsenic was never satisfactorily proved. There were several early examinations of the remains, but the experts never fully agreed. Orfila, the most eminent French toxicologist of his day, was called in to correct the first autopsy, and his opinion was accepted as final. He was convinced that there were traces of arsenic in the body. They were, however, infinitesimal; Orfila put it at half a milligramme. Raspail, another distinguished French doctor, called it the hundredth part of a milligramme, and for that reason declared against Orfila. His conclusion, arrived at long after her conviction, was in favour of the accused. The jury, he maintained, ought not to have found her guilty, because no definite proof was shown of the presence of arsenic in the corpse.

This point was not the only one in the poor woman's favour. Even supposing that Lafarge had been poisoned—which, in truth, is highly probable—the evidence against her was never conclusive, and there were many suspicious circumstances to incriminate another person. This was Denis Barbier, Lafarge's clerk, who lived in the house under a false name, and whose character was decidedly bad. Lafarge was not a man above suspicion himself, and he long used this Barbier to assist him in shady financial transactions—the manufacture of forged bills of exchange which were negotiated for advances. Barbier had conceived a strong dislike to Marie Lafarge from the first; it was he who originated the adverse reports. At the trial he frequently contradicted himself, as when he said at one time that he had volunteered the information that he had been buying arsenic for Marie,

and at another, a few minutes later, that he only confessed this when pressed.

Barbier then was Lafarge's confederate in forgery; had these frauds been discovered he would have shared Lafarge's fate. It came out that he had been in Paris when Lafarge was there, but secretly. Why? When the illness of the iron-master proved mortal, Barbier was heard to say, "Now I shall be master here!" All through that illness he had access to the sick-room, and he could easily have added the poison to the various drinks and nutriment given to Lafarge. Again, when the possibilities of murder were first discussed, he was suspiciously ready to declare that it was not *he* who gave the poison. Finally, the German jurists, already quoted, wound up their argument against him by saying, "We do not actually accuse Barbier, but had we been the public prosecutors we would rather have formulated charges against him than against Madame Lafarge."

Summing up the whole question, they were of opinion that the case was full of mystery. There were suspicions that Lafarge had been poisoned, but so vague and uncertain that no conviction was justified. The proofs against the person accused were altogether insufficient. On the other hand there were many conjectures favourable to her. Moreover, there was the very gravest circumstantial evidence against another person. The verdict should decidedly have been "not proven." But public opinion, hastily formed, condemned Madame Lafarge in advance, and the well-known machinery of the French criminal law helped to create a new judicial error, through obstinate reliance on a preconceived opinion, following the mistaken public view.

Marie Lafarge was sentenced to hard labour for life, after exposure in the public pillory. The latter was remitted, but she went into the Montpellier prison and remained there many years. Not long after her conviction there was a strong revulsion of feeling, and during her seclusion she received some six thousand letters from outside. Six thousand in all, a few of them, half a dozen at most, harsh and vindictive, but the bulk sympathetic and kindly. Many in prose or verse,

and in several languages, were signed by persons of the highest respectability. A large number offered marriage, some the opportunities for escape, and the promise of happiness in another country. She replied to almost all with her own hand. Her pen was her chief solace during her long imprisonment, and several volumes of her work were eventually published, including her memoirs and prison thoughts. At last, having suffered seriously in health, she appealed to Napoleon III., the head of the Second Empire, and obtained a full pardon in 1852.

THE STOLEN JEWELS.

The sad story of Madame Lafarge would be incomplete without some account of another mysterious charge brought against her shortly after her arrest for murder. When her mother-in-law accused her of poisoning her husband, one of her old schoolmates declared that she had stolen her jewels. This second allegation raised the public interest to fever pitch. All France, from court to cottage, all classes, high and low, were concerned in this great *cause célèbre*, in which the supposed criminal, both thief and murderess, belonged to the best society, and was a young, engaging woman. The question of her guilt or innocence was keenly discussed. Each new fact or statement was taken as clear proof of one or the other, and the public press warmly espoused either side.

The charge of theft, although the lesser, took precedence of that of murder, and Madame Lafarge was tried by the Correctional Tribunal of Tulle before she appeared at the assizes to answer for her life. She was prosecuted by a certain Vicomte de Leautaud on behalf of his wife. This accusation was clear and precise. Madame de Leautaud's diamonds had disappeared for more than a year; the Vicomte believed that Madame Lafarge, when Marie Capelle, had stolen them when on a visit to his house, the Château de Busagny, and he prayed the court to authorise a search to be made at Glandier, Madame Lafarge's residence until her recent arrest.

When arraigned and interrogated, Marie at once admitted that the diamonds were in her possession. She readily

indicated the place where they would be found at Glandier, and made no difficulty as to their restitution. But she long refused positively to explain how she had come by them, declaring it to be a secret she was bound in honour to keep inviolate. At last, under the urgent entreaties of her friends, she confided the secret to her two counsel, Maître Bac and Maître Lachaud (at that time on the threshold of his great and enduring renown), and sent them to Madame Leautaud beseeching her to allow a full revelation of the facts. The letters she then wrote her school friend have been preserved. The first was brief, and merely introduced Maître Bac as a noble and conscientious person, who had her full confidence and on whom Madame de Leautaud might rely in discussing an affair that concerned them both so closely. The second was a pathetic appeal to tell the whole truth about the diamonds, and it is not easy to say on reading it whether it was inspired by extraordinary astuteness or genuine emotion. It ran :

“MARIE (DE LEAUTAUD),—May God never visit upon you the evil you have done me. Alas, I know you to be really good but weak. You have told yourself that as I am likely to be convicted of an atrocious crime I may as well take the blame of one only infamous. I kept our secret. I left my honour in your hands, and you have not chosen to absolve me.

“The time has arrived for doing me justice. Marie, for your conscience’ sake, for the sake of your past, save me ! . . . Remember the facts, you cannot deny them. From the moment I knew you I was deep in your confidence, and I heard the story of that intrigue, begun at school and continued at Busagny, by letters that passed through my hands.

“You soon discovered that this handsome Spaniard had neither fortune nor family. You forbade him to love although you had first sought his love, and then you entered into another love affair with M. de Leautaud.

“. . . The man you flouted cried for vengeance. . . . The situation became intolerable, but money alone could end it. I came to Busagny, and it was arranged between us that you should entrust your diamonds to me, so that I might raise money on them, with which you could pay the price he demanded.”

The letter continues in these terms, and need not be reproduced at length. Marie Lafarge continues to implore her old

friend to save her, reminding her that only thus can she save herself. Otherwise all the facts must come out.

“Remember”—and here seems to protrude one glimpse of the cloven foot—“I have all the proofs in my hands. Your letters to him and his to you, your letters to me. . . . Your letter, in which you tell me that he is singing in the chorus at the opera, and is of the stamp of man to extort blackmail. . . . There is one thing for you to do now. Acknowledge in writing under your own hand, dated June, that you consigned the diamonds to my care with authority to sell them if I thought it advisable. This will end the affair.”

As Madame de Leautaud still positively denied the truth of these statements, Marie, in self-defence, made them to the judge. She told the whole story of how the diamonds had been given her to sell, that she might remit the amount to a young man in poor circumstances, and of humble condition, whose indiscretions might prove inconvenient. Madame de Leautaud had assisted Marie to take the jewels out of their settings, so as to facilitate their sale. If they had not as yet been sold, it was because she had found it very difficult to dispose of them, both before and after her marriage. She still had them; and they were, in fact, found at Glandier, in the place she indicated. There was never any question as to the identity of the stones, which were recognised in court by the jeweller who had supplied them, and who spoke to their value, some £300, independently of certain pearls which were missing.

The prosecution certainly made out a strong case against Marie Lafarge. The jewels, it was stated, were first missed after a discussion between the two ladies on the difference between paste and real stones. At first Madame de Leautaud made little of her loss. She was careless of her things, and thought her husband or her mother had hidden her jewels somewhere to give her a fright. But they both denied having played her any such trick, and as the jewels were undoubtedly gone, the police were informed, and many of the servants suspected. Suspicion against Madame Lafarge had always rankled in Madame de Leautaud's mind, and it was soon strengthened by her strange antics with regard to the jewels. On one occasion she defended a servant who had been suspected,

promising to find him a place if he were dismissed, as she knew he was innocent. One of her servants told the de Leautauds that her mistress said laughingly she had stolen the jewels and swallowed them. Again, Madame Lafarge had submitted to be mesmerised by Madame de Montbreton, Madame de Leautaud's sister, and had fallen into an evidently simulated magnetic trance; when, being questioned about the missing jewels, she said they had been removed by a Jew, who had sold them. Other circumstances were adduced as strongly indicating Marie's guilt. It was observed in Paris, before her marriage, that she had a quantity of fine stones, loose, and she explained that they had been given her at Busagny. Once after her marriage M. Lafarge had asked her for a diamond to cut a pane of glass, and, to his surprise, she produced a number, saying she had owned them from childhood, but that they had only been handed over to her lately by an old servant.

These contradictory explanations told greatly against Madame Lafarge. She made other statements also that were at variance. When first taxed with the theft she pretended that the diamonds had been sent her by an uncle in Toulouse, whose name and address she was, however, unable to give. Next she brought up the story contained in her appealing letter to Madame de Leautaud. It was the story of the young man, Felix Clavé, son of a schoolmaster, with whom the girls had made acquaintance. Having frequently met him when attending mass, they rashly wrote him an anonymous letter, giving him a rendezvous in the garden of the Tuileries. Marie Lafarge declared that the encouragement came from Madame de Leautaud, which the latter denied, and retorted that it was Marie Lafarge who had been the object of the young man's devotion.

Then Clavé disappeared to Algeria, so Marie declared, as he had written to her from Algiers. Madame de Leautaud said this was impossible, as she had seen him on the stage of the opera. A few months later, when her friend was with her at Busagny, Madame de Leautaud brought out the diamonds and implored Marie to sell them for her, as she must

“absolutely” have money to buy Clavé’s silence. What followed, according to Marie Lafarge, has already been told, except that Madame de Leautaud went through a number of devices to make it appear that the diamonds had been stolen from her, and that then M. de Leautaud was informed of the supposed theft. The gendarmes actually came to search the château and to investigate the robbery next day, although at that time the diamonds were safe in her possession, entrusted to her by Madame de Leautaud.

According to the prosecution, these statements were quite untrue. There had been a theft, and it was soon discovered. The chief of the Paris detective police, M. Allard, had been summoned to Busagny to investigate, and he was satisfied that the robbery had been committed by someone in the château; and, as the servants all bore unimpeachable characters, M. Allard had asked about the other inmates, and the guests. Then M. de Leautaud mentioned Marie Cappelle (Lafarge), and hinted that there were several sinister rumours current concerning her, but would not make any distinct charge then. M. Allard now remembered that there had been another mysterious robbery at Madame Garat’s, Marie Lafarge’s aunt’s house, in Paris, a couple of years before, when a 500 franc note had been stolen, and he had been called in to investigate, but without any result. What if Marie Cappelle Lafarge had had something to say to this theft?

It must be admitted that these charges, if substantiated made the case look black against Marie Lafarge. But one, at least, fell entirely to the ground when she was on her defence. It was clearly shown that she could not have stolen the bank note at her aunt’s, Madame Garat’s, for she was in Paris at the time. As regards the diamonds, her story, if she had stuck to one account only, that of the blackmail, would have been plausible, nay probable, enough. It was positively contradicted on oath by the lady most nearly concerned, Madame de Leautaud, and it was not believed by the court; and Marie Lafarge was finally convicted of having stolen the diamonds, and sentenced to two years’ imprisonment. She appealed against this finding, and appeared no

less than four times to seek redress, always without success. Meanwhile the graver charge of murder had been gone into, and decided against her ; so that the shorter sentence for theft was merged into that of life.

There were many who believed in Marie's innocence to the very last.. Her own maid elected to go with her to prison, and remained by her side for a year. A young girl, cousin of the deceased M. Lafarge, was equally devoted, and also accompanied her to Montpelier gaol. Her advocate, the eminent Maître Lachaud, steadfastly denied her guilt, and years later, when the unfortunate woman died, he regularly sent flowers for her grave.

MADELEINE SMITH.

The eldest daughter of a Glasgow architect, Madeleine Smith was a girl of great beauty, bright, attractive, and much courted. But from all her suitors she singled out a certain Jersey man, Pierre Émile l'Angelier, an *employé* in the firm of Huggins, in Glasgow—a small, insignificant creature, altogether unworthy of her in looks or position. The acquaintance ripened, and Madeleine seems to have become devotedly attached to her lover, whom she often addressed as her “own darling husband.” They kept up a clandestine correspondence, and had many stolen interviews at a friend's house. In the spring of 1856 Madeleine's parents discovered the intimacy, and peremptorily insisted that it should end forthwith. But the lovers continued to meet secretly, and Madeleine threw off all restraint, and was ready to elope with her lover. The time was indeed fixed, but she suddenly changed her mind.

Then a rich Glasgow merchant, Mr. Minnock, saw Madeleine, and was greatly enamoured of her. Early in January, 1857, he offered her marriage, and she became engaged to him. It was necessary, now, to break with L'Angelier, and, mindful of the old adage to be off with the old love before she took on with the new, she wrote to him, begging him to return her letters and her portrait. L'Angelier positively refused to give them or her up. He had told many friends of his connection

with Madeleine Smith, and some of them had now advised him to let her go. "No; I will never surrender the letters, nor, so long as I live, shall she marry another man." On the 9th February he wrote her a letter, which must have been full of upbraiding, and probably of threats, but it has not been preserved. Madeleine must have been greatly terrified by it, too, for her reply was a frantic appeal for mercy, for a chivalrous silence as to their past relations which he was evidently incapable of preserving. She was in despair, entirely in the hands of this mean ruffian, who was determined not to spare her; she saw all hope of a good marriage fading away, and nothing but ignominious exposure before her.

As the result of the trial, when by-and-by she was arraigned for the murder of L'Angelier, was a verdict of "Not Proven," it is hardly right to say that she now resolved to rid herself of the man who possessed her guilty secret. But that was the case for the prosecution, the basis of the charge brought against her. She had made up her mind, as it seemed, to extreme measures. She appeared to be reconciled with L'Angelier, and had several interviews with him. What passed at these meetings of the 11th and 12th February was never positively known, but on the 19th he was seized with a mysterious and terrible illness, being found lying on the floor of his bedroom writhing in pain, and likely to die. He did, in fact, recover, but those who knew him said he was never the same man again. He seems to have had some suspicion of Madeleine, for he told a friend that a cup of chocolate had made him sick, but said he was so much fascinated by her that he would forgive her even if she poisoned him, and that he would never willingly give her up.

Rumours of the engagement and approaching marriage now reached his ears, and called forth fresh protests and remonstrances. Madeleine replied, denying the rumours, and declaring that she loved him alone. About this time the Smith family went on a visit to Bridge of Allan, where Mr. Minnock followed, and, at his urgent request, the day of marriage was fixed. Then they all returned to Glasgow, and missed L'Angelier, who had also followed Madeleine to Bridge

of Allan. He remained at Stirling, but, on receiving a letter from her, he went on to Glasgow, being in good health at the time. This was the 22nd February, a Sunday, on which night, about eight p.m., he reached his lodgings, had tea, and went out. As he left, he asked for a latchkey, saying he "might be late." He expressed his intention of going back to Stirling the following day.

That same night, or rather in the small hours of the morning, the landlady was roused by a violent ringing of the bell; and, going down to the front door, found L'Angelier there, half doubled up with pain. He described himself as exceedingly ill. A doctor was sent for, who put him to bed, prescribed remedies, but did not anticipate immediate danger. The patient, however, persisted in repeating that he was "worse than the doctor thought;" but he hoped if the curtains were drawn round his bed, and he were left in peace for five minutes, he would be better. These were his last words. When the doctor presently reappeared, L'Angelier was dead. He had passed away without giving a sign; without uttering one word to explain how he had spent his time during the evening.

A search was made in his pockets, but nothing of importance was found; but a letter addressed to him signed "M'eine," couched in passionate language, imploring him "to return." "Are you ill, my beloved? Adieu! with tender embraces." The handwriting of this letter was not identified, but a friend of L'Angelier's, a M. de Mean, hearing of his sudden death, went at once to warn Madeleine Smith's father that L'Angelier had letters in his possession which should not be allowed to fall into strange hands. It was too late: the friends of the deceased had sealed up his effects and refused to surrender the letters.

Later M. de Mean plainly told Madeleine Smith, whom he saw in her mother's presence, that grave suspicion began to overshadow her. It was known that L'Angelier had come up from the Bridge of Allan at her request, and he implored her to say whether or not he had been in her company that night. Her answer was a decided negative, and she stated positively

that she had seen nothing of him for three weeks. She went further and asserted that she had neither seen nor wanted to see him on the Sunday evening; she had given him an appointment for Saturday, but he had never appeared, although she had waited for him some time. This appointment had been made that she might recover her letters. All through this painful interview with de Mean Madeleine appeared in the greatest distress. It must have preyed greatly on her mind, for next morning she took to flight.

Madeleine was pursued, but by her family, not the police, and overtaken on board a steamer bound for Rowallan. Soon after her return to Glasgow the contents of her letters to L'Angelier were made public, and a *post mortem* had been made on the deceased. The body had been exhumed, and the suspicious appearance of the mucous membrane of the stomach, together with the history of the case, pointed to death by poison. The various organs carefully sealed were handed over to experts for analysis, and it may be well to state here the result of the medical examination.

Dr. Penny stated in evidence that the quantity of arsenic found in the deceased amounted to eighty-eight grains, or about half a teaspoonful, some of it in hard gritty colourless crystalline particles. It was probable that this was no more than half the whole amount the deceased had swallowed, for under the peculiar action of arsenic a quantity, quite half a teaspoonful, must have been ejected.

The chief difficulties in the case were whether anyone could have taken so much as a whole teaspoonful of arsenic unknowingly, and how this amount could have been administered. The question was keenly debated, and it was generally admitted that the poison could have been given in chocolate, cocoa, gruel, or some thick liquid, or mixed with solid food in the shape of a cake. This was not inconsistent with the conjectures formed that L'Angelier had met Madeleine Smith on the Sunday night.

The case against her became more decided when it was ascertained that she had been in the habit of buying arsenic, but with the alleged intention of taking it herself for her

complexion. She was now arrested and sent for trial at Edinburgh, on a charge of poisoning L'Angelier. Her purchases of arsenic were proved by the chemist's books under date of the 21st February, four days before the murder, and again on the 6th and 18th March.

It was also proved that she wanted to buy prussic acid a few weeks before her arrest. There was nothing to show that she had obtained or possessed any arsenic at the time of L'Angelier's first illness on February the 19th. But it was proved in evidence that, on the night of his death, Sunday 22nd March, L'Angelier had been seen in the neighbourhood of Blythswood Square, where the Smiths lived; again, that he had himself bought no arsenic in Glasgow.

Madeleine's plucky demeanour in court gained her much sympathy; she never once gave way; only when her impassioned letters were being read aloud did she really lose her composure. She stepped into the dock as though she was entering a ball-room, and although she was under grave suspicion of having committed a dastardly crime, the conduct of L'Angelier had set the public strongly against him, so that a vague feeling of "served him right" was present in the large crowd assembled to witness the trial. The case for the prosecution was strong, but it failed to prove the actual administration of poison, or, indeed, that the accused had met the deceased on the Sunday night.

On acquittal, the judge, in summing up, pointed out the grave doubts that surrounded the case, and the verdict of the jury was "Not Proven," by a majority of votes.

This result was received with much applause in court, and generally throughout Glasgow, although a dispassionate review of all the facts in this somewhat mysterious case must surely point clearly to a failure of justice. However, Madeleine triumphed and won great favour with the crowd. The money for her defence was subscribed in Glasgow twice over, and even before she left the court she received several offers of marriage.

CHAPTER IX.

POLICE MISTAKES.

The Saffron Hill Murder—Narrow Escape of Pellizioni—Two Men in Newgate for Same Offence—Murder of Constable Cock—Habron and Peace—The Edlingham Burglary—Arrest, Trial, and Conviction of Brannagan and Murphy, on Evidence said to be Manufactured—Severity of Judge Manisty—Rev. Mr. Percy Intervenes and Guesses at Guilt of Edgell and Another Man, Richardson—New Trial—Second Convictions for Same Burglary—Brannagan and Murphy Pardoned and Compensated—Survivors of Police Prosecutors put on their Trial, but Acquitted—Lord Cochrane's Case—No Doubt the Victim of Government Persecution—Alleged Facts and their Explanation—Great Lawyers' Opinions—Tardy Rehabilitation of Lord Cochrane.

No human institution is perfect, and the police are fallible like the rest. They have in truth made mistakes, all of them regrettable, many glaring, many tending to bring discredit upon a generally useful and deserving body. If they would freely confess their error they might, in most cases, be forgiven when they go wrong; but there have been occasions when even the pressure of new and positive facts, put forward in protest by still dissatisfied people, have hardly elicited a reluctant admission that they have gone wrong. One or two instances of this will now be adduced.

PELLIZIONI.

IN the Pellizioni case, 1863-4, there might have been a terrible failure of justice, as terrible as any hitherto recorded in criminal annals. This was a supposed murder in a public-house at Saffron Hill, Clerkenwell. The district then, as now, was much frequented by immigrant Italians mostly of a low class, and they were often at variance with their English neighbours. A fierce quarrel arose in this tavern, and was followed by a deadly fight, in which a man named Harrington was killed, and another, Rebbeck, was

mortally wounded. The police were speedily summoned, and, on arrival, they found an Italian, Pellizioni by name, lying across Harrington's prostrate body, in which life was not yet extinct. Pellizioni was at once seized as the almost obvious perpetrator of the foul deed. He stoutly proclaimed his innocence, declaring that he had only come in to quell the disturbance, that the murdered man and Rebbeck were already on the ground, and that in the scuffle he had been thrown on the top of them. But the facts were seemingly against him, and he was duly committed for trial.

The case was tried before Mr. Baron Martin, and although the evidence was extremely conflicting, the learned judge said that he thought it quite correct and conclusive. He summed up dead against the prisoner, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, whereon Pellizioni was sentenced to be hanged. This result was not accepted as satisfactory by many thoughtful people, and the matter was taken up by the press, notably by the *Daily Telegraph*. Some of the condemned convict's compatriots became deeply interested in him. It was known that in the locality of Saffron Hill he bore good repute as a singularly quiet and inoffensive man. Ultimately, a priest, who laboured among these poor Italians, saved justice from official murder by bringing one of his flock to confess that he and not Pellizioni had struck the fatal blows. This was one Gregorio Mogni, but he protested that he had acted only in self-defence.

Mogni was forthwith arrested, tried, and convicted of the crime, with the strange result that now two men lay in Newgate, both condemned, singly not jointly, of one and the same crime. If Mogni had struck the blows, clearly Pellizioni could not have done so. Moreover, a new fact was elicited at Mogni's trial, and this was the production—for the first time—of the weapon used. It was a knives and this knife had been found some distance from the scene of the crime, where Pellizioni could not have thrown it. And again, it was known and sworn to as Mogni's knife, which, after stabbing the others, he had handed to a friend to convey away.

The gravamen of the charge against the police was that they had found the knife before Pellizioni was tried. It was at once recognised all through Saffron Hill that it was Mogni's knife, and with so much current gossip it was hardly credible that the police were not also informed of this fact. Yet, fearing to damage their case (a surely permissible inference), they kept back the knife at the first trial. It was afterwards said to have been in court, but it certainly was not produced, while it is equally certain that its identification would have quite altered the issue, and that Pellizioni would not have been condemned. The defence, in his case, went the length of declaring that to this questionable proceeding the police added cross swearing, and that some should have been indicted for perjury. No doubt they stuck manfully to their chief and to each other, but they hardly displayed the open and impartial mind that should characterise all officers of justice. In any case it was not their fault that an innocent man was not hanged.

WILLIAM HABRON.

The strange circumstances which led to the righting of this judicial wrong must give the Habron case pre-eminence among others of the kind. The mistake arose from the ungovernable temper of the accused, who threatened to shoot a certain police officer, under the impression that he had injured him.

In July, 1875, two brothers, William and John Habron, were taken before the magistrates of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester, charged with drunkenness. Grave doubts, were, however, expressed in court as to the identity of William Habron. The chief witness, constable Cock, was very positive; he knew the man, he said, because he had so often threatened reprisals if interfered with. But the magistrates gave William the benefit of the doubt, and discharged him. As he left the court he passed Cock and said, "I'll do for you yet. I shall shoot you before the night is out."

Others heard the threat, but thought little of it, among them Superintendent Bent of the Manchester police. That

same night Bent was roused out with the news that Cock had been shot. He ran round to West Point, where the unfortunate officer lay dying, and although unable to obtain from him any distinct indication of the murderer, decided at once that John Habron must be the man. He knew where the brothers lodged, and taking with him a force of police, he surrounded the house. "If it is anyone," said the master of the house and employer of the accused, "it is William, he has such an abominable temper." All three brothers—William, John, and Frank Habron—were arrested in their beds and taken to the police-station. In the morning a strict examination of the ground where Cock had been shot revealed a number of footmarks. The Habrons' boots were brought to the spot and found to fit these marks exactly.

The evidence now centred against William Habron particularly, who was identified as the man who had bought some cartridges in a shop in Manchester. Both William and John brought witnesses to prove an *alibi*, which failed on cross-examination. Again they sought to prove that they had gone home to bed at nine o'clock on the night of the murder, while others swore to seeing them drinking in a public-house at eleven p.m. which Cock must have passed soon after that hour on his way to West Point, the spot where he was found murdered. The fact of William Habron's animus against the constable was elicited from several witnesses, but what told most against the prisoners was the contradictory character of the defence. William Habron alone was convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude.

Years afterwards the notorious Charles Peace, when lying under sentence of death in Leeds prison, made full confession to the writer of these pages that it was he who had killed constable Cock on the night in question.

THE EDLINGHAM BURGLARY, 1879.

Almost at the very time that William Habron was receiving tardy justice a new and still more grievous error was being perpetrated in the west of England. The Edlingham burglary case will always be remembered as a grave failure of

justice, and not alone because the circumstantial evidence did not appear sufficient, but because the police, in their anxiety to secure conviction, went too far. As the survivors of the Northumberland police force concerned in this case were afterwards put upon their trial for conspiracy and acquitted, they cannot be actually charged with manufacturing false evidence, but it is pretty clear that facts were distorted, and even suppressed, to support the police view.

The vicarage at Edlingham, a small village near Alnwick, was broken into on the 7th February, 1879. The only occupants of the house were Mr. Buckle, the vicar, his wife, an invalid, his daughter, and four female servants. The daughter gave the alarm about one a.m. that burglars were in the house, and roused her father, a still sturdy old gentleman although seventy-seven years of age, who slipped on a dressing-gown, and seizing a sword he had by him, rushed downstairs, candle in hand, to do battle for his possessions. He found two men rifling the drawing-room, and thrust at them; one rushed past him and made his escape, the other fired at the vicar and wounded him. The same shot (it was a scatter gun) also wounded Miss Buckle. This second burglar then jumped out of the drawing-room window on to the soft mould of a garden bed.

The alarm was given, the police and doctor summoned. The latter attended to the wounds, which were serious, and the police, under the orders of Superintendent Harkes, an energetic officer, immediately took the necessary steps. Officers were despatched to visit the domiciles of all the poachers and other bad characters in Alnwick, while a watch was set upon the roads into the town so that any suspicious persons arriving might be stopped and searched. Then Mr. Harkes drove over to Edlingham to view the premises. He found the still open window in the drawing-room through which the burglars had entered, and the room, all in confusion, ransacked and rifled. One of the servants gave him a chisel which she had found in an adjoining room, another handed over a piece of newspaper picked up just outside the dining-room door. The police-officer soon saw from the

marks made that the chisel had been used to prize open the doors, and so soon as daylight came he found outside in the garden the print of feet and the impress of hands and knees upon the mould.

Meanwhile, the officers in Alnwick had ascertained that two men, both of them known poachers, had been absent from home during the night. Their names were Michael Brannagan and Peter Murphy; both were stopped on the outskirts of the town about seven o'clock on the morning of the 8th. There was nothing more against them at the moment than their absence during the night, and after having searched them the police let them go home. Brannagan was quickly followed, and arrested as he was taking off his dirty clogs. Murphy, who lodged with his sister, had time to change his wet clothes and boots before the officers appeared to take him. A girl to whom he was engaged, fearing something was wrong, quickly examined the pockets of his coat, and, finding some blood and fur, tore these pockets out, and hid the coat. When the police returned and asked for the clothes he had been wearing, she gave them a jacket belonging to Peter's brother-in-law, an old man named Redpath.

At the police-station, the prisoners were stripped and examined. There was no sign of a sword wound on either of them, nor any hole or rent that might have been made by a sword thrust through their clothes. That same day the prisoners were taken to Edlingham, and everything arranged as during the burglary. But Mr. Buckle could not identify either of them, nor could Miss Buckle. The case against the prisoners was certainly not strong at this stage. Moreover, there was this strong presumption in their favour—that people engaged in such an outrage as burglary and wounding with intent would not have returned openly to their homes within a few hours of their commission of the crime. When brought before the magistrates for preliminary inquiry, the prisoners found fresh evidence adduced against them. The police, in the person of Mr. Harkes, had traced foot-marks going through the grounds of the vicarage, and out on to the

Alnwick road. Plaster casts were produced of these foot-marks, also the boots and clogs of the prisoners, and all were found to correspond. The chisel found in the vicarage had been traced to Murphy. His brother-in-law, old Redpath, had been induced to identify it as his property. This admission had been obtained from Redpath by a clever ruse, as the police called it, although they had really set a trap for him, and he had owned to the chisel although it was not his at all. Another damning fact had been elicited in the discovery of a scrap of newspaper in the lining of Murphy's coat (which, as we know, was not Murphy's, but Redpath's), which fragment fitted exactly into the newspaper picked up in the vicarage. This scrap of paper was unearthed from the coat on the 16th February, by an altogether independent and unimpeachable witness, Dr. Wilson, the medical gentleman who attended the Buckles. It may be observed that the coat itself had been in the possession of the police for just nine days ; so had the original newspaper.

The evidence was deemed sufficient, and both prisoners were fully committed for trial at the Newcastle spring assizes of 1879. It is now known that certain facts, damaging to the prosecution, had been brought to the notice of the police. One was positive information that other persons had been abroad from Alnwick that night ; another was a statement, made with much force by one who had good reason to know, that the wrong men had been arrested ; while there were witnesses who had met the prisoners soon after the burglary, on the opposite side of Alnwick. On the other hand, fresh evidence against them was forthcoming at the trial, This was the discovery of a piece of fustian cloth with a button attached, which had been picked up by a zealous police-officer under the drawing-room window, a month after the burglary. Here again was damaging evidence, for this scrap of cloth was found to fit exactly into a gap in Brannagan's trousers. It was said afterwards, at the trial of the police, that they had purposely cut out the piece ; and it was proved in evidence that a tailor of Alnwick, to whom the trousers and piece were submitted, expressed his doubts that the

accident could have happened in jumping out of the window. The tear would have been more irregular, the fitting-in less exact. Moreover, the piece of cloth was perfectly fresh and clean when found, whereas, if it had lain out for nearly a month in the mud and snow, it must have become dark and dirty, and hard at the edges, as corduroy goes when exposed to the weather. As, however, the judge would not allow the cloth and button to be put in evidence, they played no important part in the case until the subsequent prosecution of the police, except possibly in prejudicing the minds of the jury against Brannagan and Murphy.

The prisoners were ably defended by Mr. Milvain, afterwards a Q.C. His case was that Mr. Buckle (who had corrected his first denial, and, later, had identified the men) was mistaken by the confusion and excitement of the burglarious attack; and that the police had actually conspired to prove the case with manufactured evidence, so as to avoid the reproach of another undetected crime. In support of this grave charge he argued that even if the footprints had not been made deliberately with the boots and clogs in their possession, there had been a great crowd of curious folk all around the house after the crime, any of whom might have made the marks. But a still stronger disproof was that there were no distinct footmarks under the drawing-room window, only vague and blurred impressions; a statement borne out long afterwards, when it was found that the real burglars had taken the precaution to cover their feet with sacking. Again, the evidence of the newspaper was altogether repudiated on the grounds that it had not been sooner detected, and had been put where it was found with malicious intention. Lastly, several witnesses swore that they had never seen any chisel such as that produced in the possession of old Redpath; while as to the gun, it was denied that either prisoner had ever possessed any firearms. Their poaching was for rabbits, and they always used a clever terrier.

The judge (Manisty) summed up strongly against the prisoners, but the jury did not so easily agree as to their verdict. They deliberated for three hours, and at last

delivered a verdict of guilty, whereupon the judge commended them, and proceeded to pass the heaviest sentence in his power, short of death. He sought in vain, he said, "for any redeeming circumstance" that would justify him in reducing the sentence; feeling it his duty to deter others from committing so grave a crime. Had Mr. or Miss Buckle succumbed to their wounds, he must have condemned the prisoners to death. It is clear, then, that Judge Manisty was only saved by mere accident from making as grievous a mistake as that into which any of his predecessors had fallen.

Brannagan and Murphy were removed from court protesting their innocence. They went into penal servitude with the same disclaimer.

Seven years dragged themselves along, and there seemed no near prospect of release, "life" convicts being detained as a rule for at least twenty years. But now, by some unseen working of Providence, a light was about to be let in on the case. It came to the knowledge of a young solicitor in Alnwick that a certain George Edgell had been "out" on the night of the Edlingham burglary, and that when he came in, a little before the general alarm, his wife had begged their fellow-lodgers to say nothing about his absence. Mr. Percy, Vicar of St. Paul's, Alnwick, through whose unstinting exertions justice at last was done, knew Edgell and questioned him, openly taxing him with complicity in the now nearly forgotten crime. Edgell at first stoutly denied the imputation, but seemed greatly agitated and upset. Added to this, it was stated authoritatively that Harkes, the police superintendent, who was now dead, admitted that he had been wrong, but that it was too late to recall the mistake.

There was some strong counter influence at work, and Mr. Percy found presently that another man, named Charles Richardson, was constantly hanging about Edgell. The reason came out when at last Edgell made full confession of the burglary, and it was seen that this Richardson was his accomplice. They had been out on a poaching expedition, but had had little success. Then Richardson

proposed to try the vicarage, and they forced their way in. Richardson used a chisel which he had picked up in an out-house to prize open the windows and doors. All through he had been the leader and moving spirit. He it was who had first thought of the burglary, who had carried off the only bit of spoil worth having, Miss Buckle's gold watch, and this, by a curious Nemesis, afforded one of the best proofs of his guilt. A seal or trinket had been attached to the chain, and years after, the jeweller to whom he had sold it came forward as a witness against him. The watch itself he had been unable to dispose of, he said, and he threw it into the Tyne. Richardson was a great burly ruffian of great height, broad shoulders, and possessed of enormous strength; a quarrelsome desperado, who had already been tried for the murder of a policeman but acquitted for want of sufficient legal proof.

The matter was now taken up by Mr. Milvain, Q.C., who, it will be remembered, defended Brannagan and Murphy, and who had become recorder of Durham. At his earnest request, backed by strong local representations, the Home Secretary at length ordered a commission of inquiry, admitting that the circumstances of the case were "most singular and unprecedented." A solicitor of Newcastle was appointed to investigate the whole matter, and the fresh facts, with Edgell's confession, were set before him. On his report the conviction was quashed. It was now seen that the evidence which had condemned those innocent men to a life sentence was flimsy, and much of it open to doubt. All the weak points have been already set forth, and it is enough to state that Brannagan and Murphy were forthwith released and returned in triumph to Northumberland. The Treasury adjudged them the sum of £800 each, as some slight compensation for their seven years spent in durance vile. The money was safely invested for them in the hands of trustees. Brannagan at once obtained employment as a wheelwright, the handicraft he had acquired in prison, and Murphy, who was a prison-taught baker, adopted that

trade when he married the girl Agnes Simm, who had tried to befriend him in regard to the coat on the morning after the burglary.

The real offenders were in due course put upon their trial at Newcastle, before Mr. Baron Pollock, found guilty, and sentenced each to five years' penal servitude. A petition, with upwards of three thousand signatures, had been presented to the Home Secretary, praying for a mitigation of sentence on the ground that Edgell's voluntary confession had righted a grievous wrong. The reply was in the negative, and this decision can no doubt be justified. But it is impossible to leave this question of sentence without commenting upon the extraordinary difference in the views of two of her Majesty's judges in dealing with precisely the same offence. There is no more glaring instance on record of the inequality in the sentences that may be passed than that of Mr. Justice Manisty inflicting "life," where Mr. Baron Pollock thought five years sufficient.

Another trial was inevitable before this unfortunate affair came to an end. The conduct of the police had been so strongly impugned that nothing less than a judicial investigation would satisfy the public mind. A Scotland Yard detective, the well-known and highly intelligent Inspector Butcher, had been sent down to Northumberland to verify, if possible, strong suspicions, and hunt up all the facts. He worked upon the problem for a couple of months, and a criminal prosecution was ordered on his report. Harkes was now dead, but four other constables, Harrison, Sprott, Gair, and Chambers, were charged with deliberately plotting the conviction of two innocent men. They were accused of having made false plaster casts of footprints; of having entrapped Redpath into a mistaken recognition of the chisel; of tearing a piece of the newspaper found in the vicarage and feloniously placing it in the lining of what they believed to be Murphy's coat, and lastly, of tearing or cutting out a piece of fustian from Brannagan's trousers, which they placed in the vicarage garden, to show that Brannagan had been there

and had jumped through the window. The real burglars, Edgell and Richardson, were brought in their convict garb to give evidence against the policemen by detailing their proceedings on the night of the crime. Their story was received with respect, coming as it did from men who were suffering imprisonment on their own confession. It was credibly believed that Richardson had picked up the chisel, all the probabilities corroborated their statement that they had covered up their feet with sacking. The defence was that the confession was all a lie, and that the men who made it were worthless characters. In summing up, Mr. Justice Denman showed that the evidence of deliberate conspiracy was wanting, and that the police might be believed to have been honestly endeavouring to do their duty in securing a conviction.

The verdict was "Not Guilty," and was generally approved, more perhaps on negative grounds of want of proofs than of positive innocence. But the result was no doubt influenced by the fact that the principal person in the plot, if plot there was, had passed beyond human justice. The chief mover in the prosecution was Superintendent Harkes, and the rest were acting at his instigation.

LORD COCHRANE.

The prosecution and conviction of Lord Cochrane in 1814 may well be classed under this head, for it was distinctly an error of *la haute police*, of the Government, which as the head of all police, authorises the pursuit of all wrong-doing, and sets the criminal law in motion against all supposed offenders. It has now been generally accepted that the trial and prosecution of Lord Cochrane (afterwards the Earl of Dundonald) was a gross case of judicial error. He was charged with having conspired to cause a rise in the public Funds by disseminating false news. There were, no doubt, suspicious circumstances connecting him with the frauds of which he was wrongfully convicted, but he had a good answer to all. His conviction and severe sentence after a trial that showed the bitter animosity of the judge (Ellenborough)

against a political foe, caused a strong revulsion of feeling in the public mind, and it was generally believed that he had not had fair play. The law, indeed, fell upon him heavily. He was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of £500, to stand in the pillory, and to be imprisoned for twelve months. These penalties involved the forfeiture of his naval rank, and he had risen by many deeds of conspicuous gallantry to be one of the foremost officers in the British navy. His name was erased from the list of Knights of the Bath, and he was socially disgraced. How he lived to be rehabilitated and restored to his rank and dignities is the best proof of his wrongful conviction.

The story as told by Lord Cochrane himself in his affidavits will best describe what happened. Having just put a new ship in commission, *H.M.S. Tonnant*, he was preparing her for sea with a convoy. He was an inventive genius, and he had recently patented certain lamps for the use of the ships sailing with him. He had gone into the city one morning, the 21st February, 1814, to supervise their manufacture, when a servant followed him with a note. It had been brought to his house by a military officer in uniform, whose name was not known, nor could it be deciphered from the illegible scrawl of the letter. Lord Cochrane was expecting news from the Peninsula, where a brother of his lay desperately wounded, and he sent back word to his house that he would come to see the officer at the earliest possible moment. When he returned he found a person he barely knew, who gave the name of Raudon de Berenger, and told a strange tale.

He was a prisoner for debt, he said, within the rules of the King's Bench, and he had come to Lord Cochrane to implore him to release him from his difficulties and carry him to America in his ship. His request was refused—it could not be granted, indeed, according to naval rules; and de Berenger was dismissed. But before he left he urged piteously that to return to the King's Bench prison in full uniform would attract suspicion. It was not stated how he had left it, but he no doubt implied that he had escaped and changed into uniform somewhere. Why he did not go back to the same place to

resume his plain clothes did not appear. Lord Cochrane only knew that in answer to his urgent entreaty he lent him some clothes. The room was at that moment littered with clothes, which were to be sent on board the *Tonnant*, and he unsuspectingly gave de Berenger a "civilian's hat and coat." This was a capital part of the charge against Lord Cochrane.

De Berenger had altogether lied about himself. He had not come from within the rules of the King's Bench but from Dover, where he had been seen the previous night at the Ship hotel. He was then in uniform, and pretended to be an aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart, the bearer of important despatches. He made no secret of the transcendent news he brought. Bonaparte had been killed by the Cossacks, Louis XVIII. proclaimed, and the allied armies were on the point of occupying Paris. To give greater publicity to the intelligence, he sent it by letter to the port-admiral at Deal, to be forwarded to the government in London by means of the semaphore telegraph. The effect of this startling news was to send up stocks ten per cent., and many speculators who sold on the rise realised enormous sums.

De Berenger, still in uniform, followed in a post-chaise, but on reaching London he dismissed it, took a hackney coach, and drove straight to Lord Cochrane's. He had some slight acquaintance with his lordship, and had already petitioned him for a passage to America, an application which had been refused. There was nothing extraordinary, then, in de Berenger's visit. His lordship, again, claimed that de Berenger's call on him, instead of going straight to the Stock Exchange to commence operations, indicated that he had weakened in his plot, and did not see how to carry it through. "Had I been his confederate," says Lord Cochrane, in his affidavit, "it is not within the bounds of credibility that he would have come in the first instance to my house, and waited two hours for my return home, in place of carrying out the plot he had undertaken, or that I should have been occupied in perfecting my lamp invention for the use of the convoy, of which I was in a few days to take charge, instead of being on *the only spot*

where any advantage to be derived from the Stock Exchange hoax could be realised, had I been a participator in it. Such advantage must have been immediate, before the truth came out; and to have reaped it, had I been guilty, it was necessary that I should not lose a moment. It is still more improbable that being aware of the hoax, I should not have speculated largely for the special risk of that day."

We may take Lord Cochrane's word, as an officer and a gentleman, that he had no guilty knowledge of de Berenger's scheme; but here again the luck was against him, for it came out in evidence that his brokers had sold stock for him on the day of the fraud. Yet the operation was not an isolated one made on that occasion only. Lord Cochrane declared that he had for some time past anticipated a favourable conclusion to the war. "I had held shares for the rise," he said, "and had made money by sales. The stock I held on the day of the fraud was less than I usually had, and it was sold under an old order given to my brokers to sell at a certain price. It had necessarily to be sold." It was clear to Lord Cochrane's friends—who, indeed, and rightly, held him to be incapable of stooping to fraud—that had he contemplated it he would have been a larger holder of stock on the day in question, when he actually held less than usual. On these grounds alone they were of opinion he should have been absolved from the charge.

Great lawyers like Lords Campbell, Brougham, and Erskine have commented on this case, all of them expressing their belief in Lord Cochrane's innocence. The late Chief Baron, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, in criticising the trial, ends by expressing his regret that "we cannot blot out this dark page from our legal and judicial history." These are the opinions of legal luminaries in the fullest mental vigour and acumen at the time of the trial. They were intimately acquainted with all the facts, and we may accept their judgment that a great and grievous wrong had been done to a nobleman of high character, who had not spared himself in the service of the State. Their view was tardily supported by the Government in restoring Lord Cochrane to his rightful position.

Part III.

CAPTAINS OF CRIME.

CHAPTER X.

SOME FAMOUS SWINDLERS.

Recurrence of Criminal Types—Heredity and Congenital Instinct—The Jukes Family—Criminal Tendencies Transmitted—Sharpers and Swindlers Work on Much the Same Lines—Hatfield—Anthelme Collet, a product of French Revolutionary Epoch—Unparalleled Career of Fraud—Exposed at Length and Sent to Galleys—Always Possessed of Funds to the Last—Cognard in Spain—Count Pontis de St. Hélène, who Fought in Spain with French Armies, and Gained High Rank—Betrayed by Old Convict Comrade—Relapses into Crime, and Sent to Galleys for Life—Major Semple, an English Officer, who served in American War—His many Vicissitudes in Foreign Armies, Thief and Begging-Letter Writer—Transported to Botany Bay.

THE regular recurrence of certain crimes and the re-appearance of particular types of criminals has been often remarked upon by those who deal with judicial records; the fact is established by general experience and is capable of abundant proof. It is to be explained in part by heredity. The child follows the father, and on a stronger influence than that of mere imitativeness; and these transmitted tendencies to crime can be illustrated by many well-authenticated cases, where whole families have been criminals generation after generation. There is the famous, or infamous, family of the Jukes, a prolific race of criminals, starting from a vagabond father and five of his disreputable daughters. The Jukes descendants in less than a hundred years numbered twelve hundred individuals, all of them more or less evincing the criminal taint. These facts have been

brought out by the patient investigation of Mr. Dugdale, an American scientist. An old case is recorded of a Yorkshire family, the Dunhills, the head of which spread terror through the East Riding as the chief of a band of burglars. This Snowdon Dunhill, by name, was convicted in 1813 for robbing a granary, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. He returned from the Antipodes to earn a second sentence of exile, and his son was at the same time sentenced to transportation. One of his sisters, Rose Dunhill, was twice imprisoned for larceny; another, Sarah, had been repeatedly convicted for picking pockets, and was finally sent across the water for seven years. It may be incidentally stated as showing the contamination of evil that nearly all who came into association with the Dunhills felt the baneful influence of the family. Dunhill's wife was transported; so were Rose Dunhill's two husbands and Sarah's three.

In 1821 a wide district of Northern France known as that of Santerre, between Peronne and Montdidier, was the scene of numerous and repeated crimes. There was no mystery about their perpetrators; the thieves and their victims lived side by side, yet the latter only spoke of them with bated breath, and shrank from denouncing them to the police. At last the authorities interposed and arrested the malefactors, who were tried and disposed of in due course of law. It was found that they were all of one family, which had started originally in one village and ramified gradually into neighbouring districts. Eleven years later, in 1832, a second generation had come to manhood, and these true sons of their fathers perpetrated exactly the same offences. Yet again, in 1852, a fresh wave of depredation passed over the district, and again the same families were responsible for the crimes. The last manifestation was perhaps the worst of all. Thefts, arson, and murder had been of repeated occurrence, but no arrests were made until a knife found in the possession of a villager was identified as one of a lot stolen from a travelling cheap-Jack. The man who had it was a Hugot. Through him others were implicated, a Villet and a Lemaire. These three names, Hugot, Villet, and Lemaire, were full of sinister significance in the

neighbourhood, and recalled a long series of dark deeds, perpetrated by the ancestors of these very criminals.

Lombroso has collected a number of cases showing how the criminal tendency has reappeared in successive generations. Dumollard, the wholesale murderer of women, was the son of a murderer; Patetot, another murderer, was the grandson and great-grandson of a criminal. There was a family named Nathan, who on one particular day united fourteen members in the same goal. These Nathans were a band of thieves entirely made up of relations, parents, and children, brothers and cousins. It has been observed that the most notorious Italian brigands regularly inherited the business from their parents; we shall see presently how the Coles and Youngers of the Western States of America were all closely related; many of the most desperate members of the Neapolitan Camorra were brothers. There is a village in the south of Italy which has been a nest and focus of criminals for centuries. The natives are mostly related to each other by intermarriage, and all seem bound by tradition to prey upon their fellows. Again, in the Madras Presidency, at Trichinopoly, a whole caste of thieves existed, one and all vowed to various kinds of crime, and the practice of crime by certain Indian tribes generation after generation is well known to Indian police officers.

That the criminal virus is widely disseminated is proved by its unfailing reappearance in all times and places. The same sort of crimes have been and are being continually committed, with no greater difference than is due to surroundings, opportunities, individual idiosyncrasies, the changing circumstances that accompany the varying conditions of life. I propose to show now from a number of selected cases how thieves, swindlers, depredators, murderers, and all kinds and classes of criminals who make mankind their prey, have been reproduced again and again. Men and women have been found under the same baleful impulse, showing greater or less ingenuity, but working on the same lines. The sharper follows out his long career of successful fraud and imposture century after century. Such men as Hatfield, Collet, Coster, Sheridan,

Benson, Shinburn, Allmeyer, are the seemingly inevitable recurrence of one and the same type. Jenny Diver and the German Princess have had their later manifestations in Mrs. Gordon Baillie, La "Comtesse," Sandor, and Bertha Heyman. Cain has innumerable descendants; nothing stops the murderer when the savage instinct is in the ascendant; he feels no remorse when the deed is done. I shall close this part with a short account of one or two of those miscreants who might otherwise escape classification, and whose very names are synonymous with great crimes—Troppmann, Bichel, Dumollard, De Tourville, and Peace.

HATFIELD.

One of the earliest swindlers on record was John Hatfield, a youth of low origin, who was yet so gifted by nature, had such mother wit and such a persuasive tongue, that he succeeded in passing himself off as a man of rank and fortune without detection or punishment for a long series of years. He was born of poor parents in Cheshire, in 1769, and on reaching manhood became the commercial traveller of a linen-draper, working the north of England. On one of his rounds he met with a young lady, a distant connection of the ducal house of Rutland, who had a small fortune of her own, and, using his honeyed tongue, for the first time apparently, succeeded in inducing her to marry him. The happy pair proceeded then to London, where they lived on their capital, the wife's dowry, some £1,500, which was quickly squandered in extravagance and riotous living. It was impossible to keep this up, and Hatfield again retired to the country, where he presently deserted his wife, leaving her with her children in complete destitution. He made his way once more to London, and, boasting much of his relationship with the Manners family, got credit from confiding tradesmen, until the bubble burst, and he was sent to a debtors' prison. About this time his wife died in great penury. Hatfield soon afterwards, by a series of artful misrepresentations, obtained money from the Duke of Rutland, who secured his release.

In 1735 the Duke was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Hatfield, hoping to find fresh openings for exercising his ingenuity, determined to follow him to Dublin. Here he gave the landlord of a good hotel a plausible excuse for his arriving without servants, carriages, or horses, and for some time lived very pleasantly, being treated with much deference as a relation of the Viceroy. At the end of the month the landlord presented his bill, and was referred to Hatfield's agent, who, strangely enough, was "out of town." When the bill was again presented, Hatfield gave the address of a gentleman living in the castle; this gentleman, however, declined to be answerable, whereupon Hatfield was served with a writ, and conveyed at once to the Marshalsea, in Dublin. He was there able to win the commiseration of the gaoler and his wife by the old story of his high connections, and his deep anxiety that his Excellency should hear of his temporary embarrassments. By means of these lies he was lodged in most comfortable quarters, and was treated with every respect; and upon his making further application to the Duke of Rutland, his Grace again weakly agreed to pay his debts if he would promise to leave Ireland immediately.

Hatfield, on his return to England, visited Scarborough and renewed his fraudulent operations, but he was discovered and thrown into prison, where he remained for eight and a half years. At the end of that time he was released through the intervention of a Miss Nation, a Devonshire lady, who paid his debts for him, and afterwards gave him her hand in marriage. He now posed as a reformed character, and lived an honest life for just three years, during which he became partner in a firm at Tiverton. Then he offered himself as parliamentary candidate for Queenborough, but his past misdeeds had been too notorious, and the constituency would not elect him. Disappointed and balked in his attempt, he straightway left his home and family, and once more disappeared.

In 1802 he came to the surface under the assumed name of Colonel the Hon. Alexander Augustus Hope, brother to

Lord Hopetoun, and member for Linlithgow. Hatfield was staying in the Lake district, at the Queen's Hotel, Keswick, and near here, at Buttermere, he met a village beauty, Mary Robinson, whose parents owned a public-house on the shores of the lake. He was not long in winning her affections. But the double-faced scoundrel at this moment was paying attention to another young lady, the rich ward of an Irish gentleman, Mr. Murphy, who, with his family, was resident in the same hotel. This suit prospered. Hatfield's proposal was accepted, and communications were opened with Lord Hopetoun. The villain allowed none of the letters to reach their destination. The day was even fixed for the marriage. At the last moment the bridegroom did not appear, but Mr. Murphy received a letter from him at Buttermere, under his name of Colonel Hope, asking him to cash a cheque or draft which he enclosed, drawn on a Liverpool banker. The money was obtained, and sent to Buttermere, but Colonel Hope continued to be missing, until the news arrived that he had run off with Mary Robinson. It never transpired why he preferred this sweet girl, whose charms were afterwards sung by Wordsworth, to his other well-dowered *partie*. Some do him the justice to say that he really loved Mary Robinson; others that, already fearing detection and exposure, he thought it wise to disappear.

The exposure was indeed close at hand. Mr. Murphy wrote direct to Lord Hopetoun, and soon heard that the supposed Colonel Hope was an impostor. The draft on the Liverpool bankers also proved to be a forgery, and many letters fraudulently franked by Hatfield as an M.P. were brought up against him. After his marriage with Mary Robinson he had gone to Scotland, but had cut short his wedding trip to return to Buttermere, where he was arrested on several charges. Hatfield dexterously made his escape from the constable who took him, and was long lost sight of. At last, after many wanderings, he was captured in the neighbourhood of Swansea, and sent to the gaol of Brecon. He tried to pass off as one Tudor Henry, but was easily identified, and on his removal to Carlisle was tried for his life. Sentence

of death was passed upon him, and he suffered on the 3rd September, 1803. "Notwithstanding his various and complicated enormities," says a contemporary chronicle, "his untimely end excited considerable commiseration. His manners were extremely polished and insinuating, and he was possessed of qualities which might have rendered him an ornament to society."

COLLET.

Anthelme Collet stands out in the long list of swindlers as one of the most insinuating and accomplished scoundrels that ever took to criminal ways. A number of curious stories have survived of his ingenuity, his daring, and his long, almost unbroken, successes. He is a product of the French revolutionary epoch, and found his account in the general dislocation of society that prevailed in France and her subject countries in the commencement of the present century.

Collet's parents lived in the department of the Aisne, where he was born in 1785. From his childhood up he was noted as a consummate liar and cunning thief, and to cure him of his evil propensities he was sent to an uncle in Italy, a priest, who kept him by his side for three years, but made nothing of him. Young Collet then returned to France, and entered the military school at Fontainebleau, from which he graduated as sous-lieutenant, and passed on to a regiment in garrison at Brescia. Here he soon made friends with the monks of a neighbouring Capuchin monastery, and, preferring their society to that of his comrades, became the subject of constant gibes. Exasperated by this, and chafing at the restraints of military discipline, he resolved to desert. A wound received in a duel strengthened him in this determination. He was sent for cure to hospital, that of San Giacomo, in Naples, and there met a Dominican monk chaplain of the order, who persuaded him to take the cowl. Collet also earned the gratitude of a sick mate, a major in the French army, whom he seems to have nursed, but who was so seriously wounded he did not recover. At his death

the major left Collet all his possessions—3,000 francs in money, a gold watch, and two very valuable rings.

Collet, in due course, entered as a novice with the brothers of St. Pierre, and was soon so high in the good graces of his companions that the prior appointed him *quôteur*, the brother selected to seek alms and subscriptions for his convent. The young man's greed could not resist the handling of money; he quickly succumbed to temptation, misappropriated the funds he collected, and returned to the convent from his first mission several thousand francs short in his accounts. Fearing detection, he made up his mind to disappear. One day, talking with his friend the syndic of the town, he succeeded in securing a number of passports signed in blank. Then he went to the prior, and informed him that he had come into a large fortune, but had hesitated to claim it as he was a deserter from his regiment. If the prior would protect him he would now do so, and on this he was permitted to go to Naples, armed with introductions to a bank, and other credentials from the convent.

At Naples, Collet's first act was to obtain 22,000 francs from the bankers by false pretences, and, being in funds, he threw off his monkish garb, assumed those of a high-born gentleman, and, filling up one of his passports in the name of the Marquis de Dada, started *viâ* Capua for Rome. *En route* he again changed his identity, having become possessed of the papers of one Tolosan, a sea captain, and native of Lyons, who had been wrecked on the Italian coast. Some say that Collet had picked up Tolosan's pocket-book, others that he had stolen it. In any case, he called himself by that name on arrival at Rome, and, as a Lyonnais, sought the protection of a venerable French priest also from Lyons, who was acquainted with the Tolosan family, and through whom he was presented to the Cardinal Archbishop Fesch, the uncle of the Emperor Napoleon.

He now became an inmate of the cardinal's palace, and was introduced by his patron everywhere, even to the Pope. Under such good auspices he soon began to prey upon his new friends, before whom he put the many

schemes that filled his inventive mind, and from most of whom he extracted considerable sums. He persuaded a rich merchant clothier to endorse a bill for 60,000 francs; he borrowed another sum of 30,000 francs from the cardinal archbishop's bankers; he bought jewellery on credit to the value of 60,000 francs from one tradesman and defrauded many others; even the cardinal's personal servants were laid under contribution. A more daring theft was a number of blank appointments to the priesthood which he abstracted from the cardinal's bureau, and with them a bull to create a bishop *in partibus*. Then he decamped from Rome.

His thefts and frauds were soon discovered, and the papal police put upon his track. He had left Rome on an ecclesiastical mission, and in company with other priests, one of whom was informed of his real character, and desired to secure him. But Collet, having some suspicion, forestalled him by making off before he could be arrested. The place to which he fled was Mondovi, where he set up as a young man of fashion, and was soon a centre of the pleasure-loving, with whom he spent his money freely. His next idea was to organise amateur theatricals, and he forthwith constituted himself the wardrobe-keeper of the company. A number of fine costumes were ordered, among them the robes of a bishop and other ecclesiastical garments, the uniforms of a French general officer and of French diplomatists, with all the accessories, ribbons, medals, decorations, feathers, and gold lace. On the night preceding the first dress rehearsal he again decamped, carrying off most of the "properties" and clothes.

Now he assumed the garb of a Neapolitan priest who was flying into Switzerland from French oppression. He fabricated the necessary papers and was fully accepted by the Bishop of Sion, who appointed him to a cure of souls in a parish close by. Here he discharged all the clerical functions, confessing, marrying, baptizing, burying the dead, teaching youth, visiting the sick, consoling the poor and needy. He also started a scheme for restoring the parish

church, and collected 30,000 francs for the good work, promising to make up any balance required from his own purse. The building was set on foot, an architect engaged, and many purchases made by the false *curé*, who was, of course, treasurer of the fund. Collet finished up by paying a visit to a neighbouring town, where he bought religious pictures, candelabra, and church plate, all on credit, and despatched them to his parish. But he proceeded himself with the building money to Strasburg, driving post.

Using many different disguises, and playing many parts, he travelled from Strasburg into Germany, and then by a circuitous route through the Tyrol into Italy, making for Turin, where he forged a bill of exchange for 10,000 francs, and got the money. But the fraud was detected, and he had to fly, this time towards Nice. Now he filled in the bull appointing to a bishopric (which he had stolen from Cardinal Fesch), and created himself Bishop of Monardan, by name Dominic Pasqualini. This gained him a cordial welcome from the Bishop of Nice, who invited him to his summer palace, where all the clergy were assembled to be presented to him. His eminence wished the sham bishop to examine his deacons, but Collet avoided the danger by saying there could be no need, he was sure that his brother of Nice had not ordained "ignorant asses." Yet the other was not to be entirely put off, and at his earnest request Collet put on his episcopal robes, stolen from the amateurs of Mondovi, and ordained thirty deacons, after which he preached a sermon, one, fortunately, he had by heart of Bourdaloue's.

The rôle of bishop was a little too dangerous, so Collet abandoned the violet apron and went on to Paris as a private person. On arrival he came across the friend who had helped to his first appointment in the army, and being well provided with funds, he renewed his acquaintance by giving this friend a sumptuous dinner. Through this friend's good offices he was reappointed to the army, this time to the 47th of the line in garrison at Brest, and Collet started for the west to join his regiment. But he does not seem

to have got further than L'Orient. He, however, perpetrated a number of robberies by the way, and now resolved to break ground in an entirely new and distant quarter. Bringing his inventiveness to bear, he fabricated papers appointing himself inspector-general and general administrator of the army of Catalonia; his new name and title being Charles Alexander, Count of Borromeo.

He took the road to Fréjus on the Riviera, not the most direct to Catalonia, and was everywhere received with great honour on presenting his credentials. Thence, with an imposing escort, he passed on to Draguignan, and appeared in full uniform, covered with decorations, before the astonished war commissaries, explaining that he had the Emperor's express commands to undertake an inquiry into their accounts. At the same time he appointed a staff, aides-de-camp, secretaries, and attendants, and soon had a suite of some twenty people. Amongst the papers he had forged was one which empowered him to draw upon the military chest for the equipment of his army of Catalonia. At Marseilles he had made use of this to secure 130,000 francs, and at Nismes he laid hands on 300,000 more. Whenever he arrived in a garrison he reviewed the troops, and conducted himself as a grand personage.

At Montpellier his luck turned. He had begun well; a crowd of suppliants fell at his feet, including the *prefet*, to whom Collet promised his influence and a strong recommendation for the grand cross of the Legion of Honour. But at this moment the bubble burst. The prefecture was suddenly surrounded by the *gendarmes*, a police officer entered the *salle-à-manger* and arrested Collet as he sat at table with the *prefet* and his staff. No fault could well be found with those whom Collet had duped, but the swindler himself was in momentary fear of being shot. He was, however, kept in confinement awaiting superior orders.

One day the *prefet*, still chafing at the trick played upon him, told his guests at dinner that he would allow them to see this bold and unscrupulous person, whose name was on every tongue. He accordingly sent for Collet, who was

brought from the prison to the prefecture, escorted by the gendarmes. While waiting to be exhibited he was lodged in the serving-room next the dining-room, the two sentries on the door outside. Here he found, to his surprise and delight, a full suit of white, the costume of a *marmiton*, a cook's assistant. He quickly assumed the disguise, and taking up the nearest dish, walked into the dining-room, through it, and out of the prefecture. He was soon missed, and a great hue and cry was raised through the country, but Collet all the time had found a hiding-place close by the house.

When the alarm had ceased, he slipped away, and leaving Montpellier, made his way to Toulouse, where he cashed another forged bill of exchange, now for 5,000 francs. With the funds obtained he travelled northward, but was followed from Toulouse, for the forgery was quickly discovered. When arrested they carried him to Grenoble, and there he was tried for the forgery. His sentence was to five years' *travaux forcés*, and exposure in the pillory (*carcan*). Before long he was recognised at Grenoble by one of those whom he had nominated to his staff at Fréjus, and being tried again he was now sent to the Bagne of Brest. Collet passed five years in this prison, and somehow contrived to live more or less comfortably as a galley slave. He was always in funds, but how he obtained them, or where he kept them, was a profound mystery to the very last. With the money thus at his disposal he purchased extra food, he bought the assistance of his fellows to relieve him of the severer toils, and no doubt bribed his keepers. He became so fat and round-faced, and generally so benignant and smiling, that he was nicknamed by his comrades of the chain, "Monsieur l'évêque." Numberless attempts were made to discover the sources of his wealth; he was supposed to have secreted a private store of precious stones, but, although he was watched and frequently searched himself, they were never found. He was free-handed, too, with his money, gave freely to other convicts, and was much respected and esteemed by them. It is told of one who

committed a murder in the Bagne that, when permitted to address his comrades before execution, after acknowledging their general kindness to himself, he added, "I wish especially to thank Monsieur Collet." He did not live to return to liberty, and died, only a few days before the end of his term, consumed with despair at ending his days at the Bagne, but carried with him the secret of his wealth. Nine louis d'or only were found in the collar of his waistcoat; what had become of the rest no one could tell. He never had money in the hands of the prison paymaster, he was never found in the possession of more money than he was entitled to receive as prison earnings, and, yet, when he wanted it to gratify any expensive taste, to buy white shirts, snuff, books, wine, and toothsome food, the gold flowed from his hand as if by legerdemain.

COGNARD.

Collet's adventures are outdone by those of Cognard, an ex-convict, who, in the topsy-turvy times of the First Empire, came to be colonel of a regiment, wearing many decorations and having a good record of service in the field.

Pierre Cognard, when serving a sentence of fourteen years in the Bagne of Brest, made his escape, and passed into Spain, where he joined an irregular corps under the Guerilla Nina, when he gained the cross of Alcantara. While in garrison in one of the towns of Calatonia, he made the acquaintance of a person who had been a servant to Count Pontis de Ste. Hélène, recently deceased. This servant had, by some means or other, laid hands upon the Count's titles of nobility, and handed them over to Cognard, who forthwith adopted the name and title without question. Despite his antecedents, he appears to have displayed great strictness in dealing with public money, and on one occasion denounced two French officers whom he caught in malpractices. They turned on him, and accused him of complicity. General Wimpfen ordered all in arrest, but Cognard resisted, and was only taken by force. He was relegated to a military prison in the island of Majorca, from which, with a party of prisoners, he

escaped, and, having seized a Spanish brig in the harbour, sailed in it to Algiers. There they sold their prize, and Cognard crossed into Spain, which the French occupied, and where the pretended Comte was appointed to Soult's staff. He took part in the later operations in the Pyrenees, and was in command of a flying column at the battle of Toulouse. After the abdication of Napoleon, he disappeared from sight, but he was with the Emperor at Waterloo, where he behaved well.

At the Restoration Cognard passed himself off as a grandee of Spain, who had served Napoleon under pressure. Having demanded an audience of the king, Louis XVIII., he seems to have had no difficulty in persuading Louis that he was what he pretended; he was well received at Court, and treated with distinction. During the Hundred Days Cognard accompanied the king to Ghent, and made himself conspicuous everywhere as a member of the Court. On the second Restoration he was nominated lieutenant-colonel of the 72nd regiment, and formed part of the garrison of Paris. He was now seemingly at the height of prosperity, but his downfall was near at hand.

There was a review one day in the Place Vendôme, and Cognard was present at the head of his regiment. In the crowd of bystanders was a recently liberated convict, named Darius, who had been at Brest with Cognard. The old convict was struck by Cognard's likeness to an old comrade, and asked the colonel's name. He was told it was the Count Pontis de Ste. Hélène, a distinguished officer, much appreciated at the Court. Darius was not satisfied, still holding to the idea that he had seen this face at Brest. So when the parade broke up he followed the pretended count home to his house, and then asked if he might speak to him. After some parleying, he was admitted to the presence of Cognard, whom he at once addressed with the familiarity of an old friend. "Of course you know me," said Darius. "I am glad to find you so well off. Do not think I wish to harm you, but you are rich and I am needy. Pay me properly, and I will leave you alone." Cognard indignantly

repudiated the acquaintance, and sent his visitor to the right-about. Darius was furious, and would not let the matter rest there. He went straight to the Ministry of the Interior, who sent him on to the War Office, where he was received by General Despinois. "What proof can you give me," asked the War Minister, "of this extraordinary statement?" "Only confront us," replied Darius, "and see what happens." Cognard was forthwith summoned by an aide-de-camp, and promptly appeared at head-quarters. General Despinois treated him with scant ceremony, charging him at once as an impostor. "But this can go on no longer," said the general. "You cannot humbug me or the Government; we know that you are Cognard, the escaped convict." Cognard kept his countenance, and merely asked to be allowed to fetch his credentials and other papers from home. The general made no difficulty, but would not suffer Cognard to go alone, and before he started he called in Darius.

Cognard was unable to control a slight movement of surprise, which did not escape the quick eye of General Despinois. But now a fierce war of words ensued between the pretended count and the other convict, to end which Despinois sent Cognard, accompanied by an officer of gendarmes, to seek his papers. On the way Cognard inveighed against the cowardly lies that were being told, and had no difficulty in gaining the sympathy of his escort. Arrived at home, Cognard called for wine, and begged the officer to help himself, while he passed into an adjoining room to change his clothes. The other agreed readily enough, and Cognard, finding his brother, who acted as his servant, close by, changed into livery, and in a striped waistcoat, with an apron round his waist, and a feather brush in his hand, he quietly walked down the back staircase, straight out of the house. The gendarmes, who were on sentry below, did not attempt to interfere with this man-servant, and the escape was not discovered until the officer above grew tired of waiting. Now he knocked at the door of the next room, and peremptorily ordered the count to come out. There

was, of course, no Cognard, and the officer returned to the War Office without his prisoner.

Meanwhile Cognard returned at once to his old ways. He found a hiding-place with a comrade, and remained there a couple of days, when he left for Toulouse. The records do not say what he did in the provinces, but within a fortnight he was back in Paris, and, having joined himself to other thieves, he made a nearly successful attempt to rob the bank at Poissy. Laying a sum of two thousand francs in gold upon the counter, he asked for a bill on Toulouse, and adroitly seized the key of the safe. Cognard's demeanour did not please the cashier, and the bill was refused. Then Cognard brusquely repocketed his money, and, still keeping the key, made off. He was followed by cries of "Stop, thief!" but he got away with all his comrades but one. This was the man with whom he lodged, and the police, having obliged him to lead them to his domicile, forced an entrance into Cognard's room, where they found a whole armoury of weapons, a number of disguises, wigs, false whiskers and moustachios. It was generally believed that these were to be worn in a grand attack about to be made upon the *diligence* from Toulouse. Cognard remained at large for some little time, but a close watch was set upon his movements, and he was eventually arrested by Vidocq, although he stoutly defended himself, and wounded one of the police-officers with his pistol. When brought to trial he was in due course condemned, and sentenced to *travaux forcés* for life.

At that time the French *bagnes* were honoured by the presence of many supposititious men of title. The so-called Marquis de Chambreuil was at Rochefort; a nobleman with easy and distinguished manners, who could write verses as was then the fashion, with much fluency, and of whose antecedents many doubts were entertained. Another convict nobleman was the Comte d'Arnheim, who carried his coat-of-arms worked in silk upon his convict's cap, the well-known *bonnet vert*, and who always held himself aloof from his felon associates.

SEMPLE.

Among our own compatriots Major Semple, *alias* Lisle, has been handed down as a champion swindler in his time, which was at the close of the last century, and he was convicted of frauds and thefts often enough to entitle him to a foremost place in criminal records. But he could not have been wholly bad, for his offences may be largely traced to ill luck. The man was wanting in perseverance, steadiness, moral sense ; he succeeded in nothing, stuck to nothing long, and in the end became a frank *vaurien*, a low-class adventurer, put to any shifts to live. In his early days he had served, not without distinction ; had borne a commission, and taken part in the American War of Independence, when he was wounded and made prisoner. When, after his release, he was retired on a pension, he married a lady of good family and with some means. What afterwards befell him we do not know, but he was a widower, or separated, when he became associated with Miss Chudleigh, afterwards famous as the Duchess of Kingston, in her expedition to St. Petersburg, where she set up a brandy distillery. It was probably through her good offices that he was introduced to Prince Potemkin, through whom he was appointed captain in a Russian regiment, with which he made several campaigns. He was on the high road to rank and honour ; but in 1784 his roving disposition, and a certain discontent at his prolonged exile, led him to resign his place and return to England, where he was soon without resources, and lapsed into crime.

The first offence with which he was charged was the theft of a postchaise which he hired and appropriated. His defence was that he had only committed a breach of contract, but, as he had sold the article, it was called felony, and he was convicted of a crime. His sentence was seven years' transportation, but at this time he had still friends, and some influential personages obtained a commutation of his punishment. After a short stay in the hulks at Woolwich, awaiting transfer to Botany Bay,

he was pardoned on condition that he left the country forthwith. This took him again to France, just then in the throes of the Revolution, and he became actively concerned with Pétion, Roland, and others in passing events. He was present at the king's trial, but was soon afterwards denounced to the Committee of Public Safety as a spy, and with difficulty escaped from France and the guillotine. Once more this soldier of fortune returned to his old profession, and joined the allied armies now operating on the frontier against the French republic. He was engaged in several well-fought actions, and always distinguished himself in the field.

Yet within a year or two the waters had again closed over him. He left the Austrian army in a hurry, having been placed under arrest at Augsburg; why, exactly, we do not know, presumably for some shady conduct, the consequences of which he must have evaded, for he got back to London, and was soon in serious trouble. He must have fallen into great destitution, or he would not have been taken into custody for so sorry an offence as obtaining a shirt and a few yards of calico on false pretences. In Angelo's memoirs about this date (1795) a side-light is thrown upon him and the petty devices he practised to get a meal. He had become a confirmed cadger, and had introduced himself to Angelo on the pretence of learning to fence. "Semple always stuck close to us," writes Angelo, "took care to follow us home to our door and, walking in, stopped till dinner was placed on the table, when I said, 'Captain' (no assumed major then) 'will you take your dinner with us?' Though he always pretended to have an engagement, he obligingly put it off, and did us the honour to stop. In the evening, if we were going to Vauxhall, or elsewhere, he was sure to make one, and would have made our house his lodging if I had not told him that all our beds were engaged except my father's, and that room was always kept locked in his absence. Our spunging companion continued these intrusions for about three months, when suddenly he disappeared without paying

for his instruction or anything else. To write of his various swindling cheats, so well known, would be needless."

The calico fraud ended in another sentence of transportation for seven years, and again interest was made to spare him this penalty, but without avail. He was shipped off, but on the voyage out escaped convict life for a time. He was concerned with some of his felon comrades in a mutiny on board the convict ship, and the authorities, to be well rid of them, sent them, twenty-eight in number, adrift in the Pacific in an open boat. They, however, reached South America in safety, and, passing themselves off as a shipwrecked crew, were well received by the Spaniards. Semple was put forward as the leader, and described as a Dutch officer of rank, thus gaining courteous treatment. He must have been assisted to return to Europe, for he was next met with in Lisbon, where his real character and condition came out, and he was arrested at the request of the British minister, who had him conveyed to Gibraltar. He was still seemingly a free agent on the Rock, and misused his liberty to enter into some mutinous conspiracy afoot in the garrison, for which he was arrested and sent off to Tangier. Next year an order was issued to capture and send him home to England, whence he was passed on a second time to the antipodes.

Semple survived to again return to England and to his old ways. For some time he made a precarious living as a begging-letter writer, and the same diarist, Angelo, preserves two specimens of Semple's correspondence. One letter, however, is an impudent attempt to take Angelo to task for daring first to cut him, then to expose him to the ridicule of others. "This is not the sort of conduct I expect," said Semple, "from a man bred in the first societies, and to which, however innocent you think it, I cannot, must not submit. . . . Dò not, I request you, again expose yourself. . . ." The outrage and the protest were both forgotten when, nine years later, he wrote to Angelo, pleading that the "sad urgency" of his situation "cannot be described. I am at this hour without a fire (in February) and without

a shirt. . . . Let me pray you to accord me a little assistance, a few shillings." Angelo records that he "sent the poor devil a crown in answer to his letter, most probably falsehoods to create sympathy. He took care never to appear himself, but had boys in different parts of the town to deliver his begging letters, and, judging from the number of letters he would send in one day, if they made any sort of impression, I should think he could never be in want of a fire or a shirt. At all events, though, perhaps he was obliged to forego his former luxurious style of living." Mr. Angelo may have had special knowledge, but certainly the records do not show Semple as at any time in comfortable circumstances.

CHAPTER XI.

SWINDLERS OF MORE MODERN TYPE.

Richard Coster, his extensive Operations—Sheridan, a high-class American Bank Thief—His Detection by the Pinkerton Agency—After Release carries out enormous Depredations—Gathers his Assets and crosses to Europe, and takes up Residence in Brussels—Returns to United States, caught in Speculative Mania, and again arrested—The Frenchman Allmayer, a typical Nineteenth Century Swindler—Great Gifts, mental and personal—Ingenious Schemes—Clever Escape from Mazas by forging Judge's Order—Pursues adventurous Career, and commits many great Frauds—Police long at fault, but at last capture him, and he is transported to the Antipodes—Paraf—An expert Chemist—Discovers Aniline Dyes, but swindles Manufacturers wholesale—The Tammany Frauds, outward Symptom of widespread Depredation—Burton *alias* Count von Havard—Mr. Vivian, bogus Millionaire Bridegroom—Mock Clergymen—Dr. Berrington—Dr. Keatinge—Harry Benson, a Prince of Swindlers—Early Career—Associated with Kurr, plans Turf Frauds—Misguided Comtesse de Goncourt—The Scotland Yard Detectives suborned—Meiklejohn, Druscovitch, and Palmer—Benson arrested and does Time—His Adventures after Release at Brussels, in Switzerland, and beyond the Atlantic—Caught in City of Mexico—Commits Suicide in the Tombs—Max Shinburn; achieves a fine Fortune by great Thefts and Frauds—Retires to Belgium and lives respectably.

It might be inferred from the previous chapter that mankind has been easily duped in the past, and that a great superstructure of fraud has often been raised upon rather a narrow basis. The swindler to-day certainly works on larger, bolder lines; he is aided by the greater complexity of modern life, he has more openings, and his operations are of a wider, more varied, more interesting description, as will now be seen.

RICHARD COSTER.

In the long list of remarkable swindlers this man, who was perhaps the most accomplished, and long the most successful of all, seldom finds place. He first attracted notice in Bristol as a general agent and bill discounter on a large scale, but nothing very positive is known as

to his antecedents except that at one time he drove a carrier's cart between Oxford and London. He appears to have been industrious and saving, so that he secured sufficient funds to start as a costermonger with a horse and cart of his own. He presently established himself in London, where he acquired a very large acquaintance among people that were afterwards of immense use to him; horse copers, thieves, coiners, and swindlers of all sorts. He was next heard of at Bristol, where, however, his business did not prosper, and his reputation was bad. Within the year he was committed to prison on a charge of obtaining goods by false pretences. Immediately after his release he again started under the name of Coster & Co., but moved back shortly to London.

Here his movements were erratic, and no doubt unavowable. He changed his quarters continually as well as his way of life. At one time he kept an eating-house, at another he was an outside broker, again he was clerk to a provision merchant. Soon afterwards he was the principal partner in the firm of Coates & Smith, and also of Smith & Martin, general merchants, acting apparently as financial agents. After two or three years he blossomed out on a still larger scale in two places, as Young & Co., in Little Winchester Street, and as Casey & Coster, near Upper Thames Street. During these many changes and chances he did not entirely escape the attention of the law. In 1825 he was indicted, with a confederate, Frederick Wilson, for a conspiracy to defraud. At the following sessions he was charged with obtaining bills of exchange under false pretences. Coster escaped conviction by paying on the bills which he was supposed to have illegally obtained.

During these operations he attracted the notice of the Society for the Suppression of Swindling, which had its eye constantly upon him, and published his names and *aliases* and innumerable addresses. It would be tedious to catalogue them all: Hatton Garden, Queen's Arms Yard, Parliament Street, under the name of Davies & Co., feather-bed manufacturers; as Wright & Co., of Little Winchester Street, engaged in the glove trade, and so on. The secretary to the

Society for the Protection of Trade reported in a circular that "Young, Richards & Co., of Upper Thames Street; Young & Co., of Little Winchester Street; Brown & Co., of the same address, are firms belonging to Richard Coster, so often noticed."

At last, having tried all kinds of business — broker, bullion dealer, coral dealer, he came out finally as a money-lender on a large scale in New Street, Bishopsgate, whence he issued circulars headed "Accommodation" in large type, and supported by the emblems of Freemasonry, into which honourable craft he had entered under a feigned name. The circular was addressed to "merchants, manufacturers, farmers, graziers, tradesmen, and persons of respectability," at home or abroad, and offered to accept and endorse any bills at any dates, and for any amounts, or they might draw bills on any responsible houses in London which should be regularly accepted from them when presented, provided they enclosed a commission of eightpence in the pound when sending advice of having drawn them. If they could not take up the bills when due, they need only apply afresh (enclosing a fresh commission), when the bills would be renewed, or fresh bills sent which they could discount, and so pay the first set, and continue the same until their own property or produce turned to advantage, and such temporary accommodation was no longer required. "By this mode money to any amount may be raised, according to the circumstances and situation of the borrower, at about seven per cent. He must be a bad merchant," went on this circular, "who cannot always make from 15 to 20 per cent. of money. Some persons for want of knowing this system of raising money are obliged to sacrifice their property by locking it up in mortgages for one half its value, and spend the other half in paying solicitors' enormous bills and expenses of mortgage deeds." All expenses were to be borne by the borrower—postage, bill stamps, and the commission of eightpence in the pound—which must be transmitted before the bills could be accepted. References were also required, but the "strictest secrecy and

delicacy" would be observed in taking them up. The borrower might send money or goods at any time to redeem bills, and the advertiser was ready always to guarantee his own respectability.

Coster was long enabled to carry on his trade with great plausibility and success. He worked mainly on the number and variety of the firms of which he was the sole proprietor. His was, indeed, one of the earliest instances of "Long Firm frauds." When a transaction was to be carried through by Young & Co. of Little Winchester Street, Brown & Co. of Cushion Court answered all inquiries, declaring Young & Co. to be persons of the highest credit. And this system he multiplied almost indefinitely. The bills of exchange were freely accepted, the goods delivered when ordered without hesitation. Thus Coster secured a consignment of the entire stock of a German wine-grower who was selling off; on another occasion he got a large quantity of Dublin stout into his hands; on a third a cargo of valuable timber. In none of these cases did he pay out one single shilling as purchase money. The innumerable *aliases* under which he carried on his transactions, and the care he took never to appear in person, saved him from all danger of arrest. He was represented by his agents, all of them creatures of his own, whom he had bound to himself by some strong tie. They dared not call their souls their own, and carried out his instructions, acting now as principal, now as agent, just as he required. They were mostly decayed tradesmen and persons in straitened circumstances, whom he "sweated" and paid starvation wages, salaries of from ten to twenty shillings per week. One man only he trusted as his right hand, Smith, whose name so frequently figured in the firms he invented, and who was eventually involved in his downfall.

Coster's frauds became known to Alderman Sir Peter Laurie, who set himself to unmask and convict him. It might have been more difficult had not the villain added forgery to his lesser swindles. He began to circulate bogus bank-notes, and in February, 1833, sent to Honiton an order

for lace, enclosing three ten-pound notes in payment, all of which were forged. Clark, the lacemaker, discovered the fraud, and forwarded the notes to Freshfield's, the solicitors of the Bank of England. A plan was laid for the transmission of fictitious parcels to the address given by Coster, "W. Jackson, at the Four Swans, Bishopsgate Street," and when Smith, the assistant, applied for them, he was arrested. Coster's complicity was next ascertained, and he was secured. The letter ordering the lace proved to be in his handwriting. The strongest evidence against the prisoner was that of two of his former instruments, who gladly turned on him. Coster was transported for life, Smith for a shorter term.

WALTER SHERIDAN.

One of the most successful of modern criminal adventurers has been the American, Walter Sheridan, who was said to be the originator of the Great Bank of England forgeries for which the Bidwells were afterwards punished. Some say that he was the moving spirit in the whole business, but whether he did more than plan it may be doubted, and his name was never mixed up with the affair. An eminent police officer of New York, Mr. George W. Walling, states in his reminiscences that Sheridan became disgusted with the way the job was being worked, and declined to be further associated with such unsatisfactory partners. It is possible that, had he been allowed to carry out "the job" his own way, it might have been accomplished without detection and to the more serious discomfiture of the bank.

Sheridan is a typical modern criminal, having great natural gifts, unerring instincts in divining profitable operations, uncommon quickness and astuteness in planning details and executing them. No one has better utilised to his own advantage the numberless chances offered by the intricate machinery of modern trade and finance. He began in the lower lines of fraud. Full of an evil, adventurous spirit, he ran away from his home, a small farm in Ohio, when only a boy, resolved to seek fortune by any means in the busy centres of life. St. Louis was his first point; here

he at once fell into bad company, and became associated with desperadoes, especially those engaged in the confidence trick. But in 1858, when just twenty, he was caught and tried for horse-stealing, and just before sentence escaped to Chicago, where he became the pupil of a certain Joe Moran, a noted hotel thief, with whom he worked the hotels around very profitably for two or three years, but was at last arrested and "did time."

On his release, Moran being dead, Sheridan took up a higher line of business and became a "bank sneak," the clever thief who robs banks by bounce or stratagem, being greatly aided in the business by a fine presence and insinuating address. He was the life and soul of the gang he joined, the brains and leader of his associates, and his successes were many in this direction. With two confederates he robbed the First National Bank of Springfield, Illinois, obtaining some 35,000 dollars from the vaults. Next he secured 50,000 dollars from a fire insurance company. Again 37,000 dollars from the Mechanics' Bank of Scranton. A very few years of this made him a rich man, and he was supposed to be worth some £15,000 to £20,000 by 1867. He had gone latterly into partnership with the notorious George Williams, commonly called "English George," a well-known depredator and bank thief. About this time he participated in the plunder of the Maryland Fire Insurance Company of Baltimore, and fingered a large part of the 75,000 dollars taken, in money and negotiable bonds, not one cent of which was ever recovered. One of his neatest thefts was the relieving of Judge Blatchford, of New York, of a wallet containing 75,000 dollars' worth of bonds.

Misfortune overtook him at last, and he failed in his attempt to rob the First National Bank of Cleveland, Ohio, in 1870. One of his confederates had laid hands on 32,000 dollars, but was caught in the act of carrying off the packages of notes, and Sheridan was arrested as an accomplice. He was very virtuously indignant at this shameful imputation, and his bail was accordingly accepted

for 7,000 dollars, which he at once sacrificed and fled. But now the famous Pinkerton detectives were put upon his track. Allan Pinkerton, who was assisted by his son William, soon ascertained that Sheridan owned a prosperous hotel at Hudson, Michigan, in which State he also possessed much landed property. The Pinkertons took up their quarters at this hotel, which was under the management of Sheridan's brother-in-law. Chiefly anxious, while cautiously prosecuting inquiries, to secure a photograph of the man so much wanted—for nothing of the kind was as yet in the hands of the police authorities—young Pinkerton stuck at nothing to obtain this valuable clue, and having ascertained where the family rooms were located in the hotel, he broke in and captured an excellent likeness of Sheridan, which was speedily copied and distributed through the various Pinkerton agencies in the United States and beyond the Atlantic.

Sheridan about this time came in person to his hotel to visit his relatives. The Pinkertons did not lay hands on him here among his friends, but they shadowed him closely when he moved on, and by-and-by captured him at Sandusky, Ohio. He was taken to Chicago, but made a desperate attempt to escape, which was foiled, and he was eventually put upon his trial. He retained the very best legal advice, paid large sums—no less than £4,000—in fees, and was eventually acquitted through the clever use of technicalities in the law.

Sheridan, after this narrow escape from well-merited retribution, went "East," and organised fresh depredations in new localities. They were often on the most gigantic scale, thanks to his wonderful genius for evil. The robbery of the Falls City Tobacco Bank realised plunder to the value of £60,000 to his gang, and Sheridan, now at the very pinnacle of his criminal career, must have himself been worth quite £50,000. In these days he made a great external show of respectability, and cultivated good business and social relations. They aided him in the still larger schemes of forgery on which he now entered, the largest ever known in the United

States, and which comprised the most gigantic creation of false securities and bonds. It was an extraordinary undertaking, slowly and elaborately prepared. Taking the name of Ralston, he passed himself off as a rich Californian. He began to speculate largely in grain, becoming a member of the Produce Exchange, and obtaining large advances on cargoes of grain. At the same time he kept a desk in a broker's office in Broadway as a basis of operations. His next move was to gain the confidence of the President of the New York Indemnity Company, to whom he represented that his mother held a great number of railway bonds, on which he sought a large loan to cover the purchase of real estate. Sheridan offered £25,000 worth of these securities, and readily obtained an advance to a third of their value. These bonds were all forgeries, but so faultless in execution that they deceived the keenest eyes. It was not the only fraud of the kind, although details of the rest are wanting. But it is generally believed that the total losses incurred by the companies and institutions on whom Sheridan forged amounted to nearly a million of money. Many Wall Street brokers and a number of private investors were ruined utterly by these wholesale frauds.

A little before the discovery Sheridan quietly gathered all his assets together, divided the spoil, and crossed to Europe, carrying with him £40,000 worth of the forged bonds, some of which he put upon the European markets. A portion were, however, stolen from him in Switzerland by a girl who said she had burned them, believing the police were about to search the house for them. She had, however, given them secretly to her father, who also realised on them. Sheridan at last took up his residence in Brussels, where he lived like a prince, having foresworn his own country, to which he never meant to return.

But he could not keep away from America, and he presently went back to his fate, which was the entire loss of his ill-gotten gains. Under the name of Walter A. Stewart, he turned up at Denver as a florist and market gardener

doing a large business. He presently established a bank of his own and was caught by the speculative mania; he took to the wildest gambling in mining stock, and by degrees lost every penny he possessed. After this it was believed that he intended to organise a fresh series of forgeries, and he was closely watched by the Pinkertons. They arrested him as he landed from the Pennsylvania ferry-boat. He was brought to trial on no less than eighty-two indictments, including the New York forgeries, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Sing Sing. After that he was again arrested for stealing a box of diamonds, and yet again, as John Holcom, for being in possession of counterfeit United States bills. He received two fresh sentences, following one close on the other, and, as his health was already failing when last apprehended, it is probable that he did not long survive. Now, at any rate, the curtain has fallen upon him and his criminal career.

JACK CANTER.

Another born American who, between 1870 and 1880, achieved much evil fame and high fortune, varied by long periods of eclipse, was Canter, a criminal who, like Sheridan, was backed by many natural gifts. Although at forty-five he had spent more than half his life in gaol, he was still, when at large, a man of distinguished appearance, with good looks and pleasant manners, an accomplished linguist and expert penman. More, he held a diploma as a physician, and had taken high honours in the medical schools, while he sometimes contributed articles to the press written with judgment and vigour. While in Sing Sing he was treated more like an honoured guest than a felon doing time, and had the pick of the many snug billets provided in that easy-going prison for its most favoured inmates. At one time he kept the gaol records, and thus had access to the particulars of all other inmates, their antecedents, crimes, sentences, and so forth. He turned this knowledge to good account, and invented a system of tampering with the

discharge book so as to reduce the term of imprisonment of anyone for a stipulated sum. By the agency of certain chemicals he erased entries and substituted others, all in favour of the prisoner. He was not subjected to any prison rule save detention for the allotted term, and this must have oppressed him little, for he went in and out through the prison gates much as he liked, drove a smart team of horses, and paid frequent visits to New York to see his friends. It was greatly suspected that some of the prison officials who winked at his escapades were also implicated in his frauds.

After one of his releases from Sing Sing, in the beginning of 1873, he created a Central Fire Insurance Company in Philadelphia, with a capital of £40,000. The stock was long in good repute and held by many respectable business men. Suspicion was, however, aroused, and the reality of its sound condition was doubted. The Pinkertons were called in to investigate, and they soon ascertained that the assets of the company consisted of forged railway securities. The fraud had been cunningly devised. A certain quantity of real stock had been purchased, but of shares representing small amounts, and the figures had been altered by the same chemical process to others much larger. A ten-dollar share was converted into one for three or five hundred dollars, and the whole assets of the company were practically nil.

ALLMAYER.

Among swindlers of the 'eighties, the Frenchman Allmayer fills a prominent place, and may be taken as a type of the nineteenth century criminal; one who, although fairly well born, undeniably well educated, happy at home, where he was a favourite child, fell into evil courses early in his teens. He had been placed on a stool in his father's offices, and one day came across the cheque-book, which he forthwith appropriated. There was a hue and cry for it, and it was soon recovered. But one cheque was missing, which in due course was presented at the bank with the forged signature

of Allmayer's father, and duly paid. By-and-by the fraud was discovered, the author of it exposed and sharply reprimanded, but he suffered no more. Soon afterwards he again swindled his father. He stole a registered letter containing notes, and laid the blame on a perfect stranger. Now Monsieur Allmayer *père* ordered his incorrigible son to enlist, and the young man joined a regiment of dragoons, where he soon made many friends by squandering money he did not possess. To pay his debts he robbed his captain. Although he managed to defer his trial by a clever escape from the military cells, he was eventually sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Cherche Midi Military Prison of Paris, and passed thence to a discipline battalion in Algeria.

On the expiration of his term he returned to Paris, and gained his father's forgiveness. They took him into the bosom of the family, where for some time he lived a steady, respectable life, and might have done well, for he had undoubted talents, and his friends were on the point of securing him a good situation. The Allmayers lived at Chatou, and going up and down the line to and from St. Lazare, he renewed his acquaintance with an old school-friend, Edmond K., who gave him the run of his offices in Paris. Monsieur K. about this time missed several letters which lay about his table, and which disappeared always after Allmayer's visits. But he had no reason to suspect his young friend, till one day something serious occurred. Another Parisian banker, C., was asked through the telephone by Monsieur K. at what price he would discount a bill for £1,600, drawn on a London house and endorsed by K. The banker C. thought he recognised K.'s voice; at any rate, he was pleased to do the business, for he had often asked K. to open relations with him. C. accordingly quoted his price, and was told by K. that the bill should be sent by a messenger, to whom he could pay over its value in cash. Twenty minutes later the bill was brought, and the money handed over. Next day, however, C.'s London correspondent, to whom the bill had been transmitted for collection, returned it so that some

small irregularity in the endorsement might be corrected. It was passed on to K., who declared at once that he knew nothing of the endorsement, but that the bill itself was one he had lost two months before. As for the cash paid by C., it had not come into K.'s hands. Clearly there had been a crime, but who were the guilty parties? Two clerks in K.'s office were suspected, and as these young gentlemen had been imprudent enough occasionally to imitate their employer's signature, merely as a matter of amusement they were arrested, and the case looked black against them. Allmayer, however, obtained their release in the following manner.

From the first discovery of the fraud, Allmayer had taken a great interest in the affair. Being K.'s intimate friend, he accompanied him to the prefecture of police, and was called as a witness by the juge d'instruction when dealing with the clerks. Taking the judge aside, he privately told him a story, with that air of perfect frankness and plausibility which he found so useful in his later career. He would confide to the judge the exact truth, he said; the fact was that M. K., being in pressing need of money for his personal use, had himself abstracted the bill belonging to his firm. M. K. was then called in, and taxed by the judge with the deed. K., utterly taken aback, protested, but in vain. Allmayer, who was present, implored him to confess. The unfortunate man, still quite bewildered, stammered and stuttered, and gave so many evidences of his guilt, that the judge committed him to Mazas. But as he was not quite satisfied with Allmayer, who, moreover, had a "history," he sent him also to prison. Now the K. family intervened, and, strongly suspecting that their son was really guilty, were glad to compromise the affair. Both the prisoners were then released, and Allmayer thought it prudent to cross the frontier. It was well he did so, for now the true inwardness of the story was revealed. Allmayer had secured the assistance of an old comrade in the Algerian discipline corps, whom he had taken with him first to a public telephone office, where the

communication was made with the banker C. as though coming from K.'s offices. Then Allmayer sent this old soldier to collect the money on the bill, which he had appropriated some time previously. He pocketed the proceeds, and kept the lion's share, for his comrade only got £200 and a suit of new clothes. Next morning he warned him to make himself scarce, declaring that all was discovered, and that he had better fly to Algeria. When Allmayer's guilt was fully established, and he had been arrested and brought back to Paris, a search was made for the soldier, who was found in Algeria. In his pocket was a telegram from Allmayer to the effect "Joseph is after you, is at Oran to-day, will be at Tlemcen to-morrow, proceed to New York." Joseph, it must be understood, meant the detective-officer in pursuit.

It seemed unlikely that Allmayer would leave Mazas as easily now as on his first visit. But he made one of the most daring and successful escapes on record, and passed through the gates of that gloomy stronghold openly. As he was being interrogated day after day by the judge in his cabinet, and taken to the prefecture for that purpose, he managed, while seated at the table facing the judge, to abstract, almost from under his nose, a sheet of official paper and an official envelope. This he accomplished by scattering his own papers, which were very numerous, upon the table, and mixing the official sheets unperceived with his own. He had already observed that the judge, in transmitting an order of release for some prisoner in Mazas, had not used a printed form, but had simply written a letter on a sheet of official paper. This was enough for Allmayer, who, when once again in the privacy of his cell, concocted the necessary order to the governor of Mazas, signed by the judge. This was the first step gained, but such a letter must be stamped with the judge's seal to carry the proper weight. One morning, as he sat before the judge, he entered into an animated conversation with him, and suddenly, with a violent gesture, upset the ink-bottle over the uniform of the Garde de Paris who stood by his side. Allmayer, full of apology, pointed to the

water-bottle on the mantelpiece, the Guard rushed towards it, the judge and the clerk followed him with their eyes, and at that moment Allmayer, who had already the seal in his hand, stamped his letter. This was the second step. The third was to get his letter conveyed by some official hand to Mazas. For this he devised a fresh stratagem. On leaving the cabinet with his escort, he paused outside the door and said he had forgotten something. He re-entered the cabinet, and came out with his letter in his hand, saying indignantly, "The judge thinks I am one of his servants. Here, you, Monsieur le Garde, you had better carry this, or see it sent to Mazas." Allmayer had barely returned to his cell in Mazas before a warder arrived with the welcome news that the judge had ordered him to be set free. That same evening he reached Brussels. As soon as his escape was discovered, the French authorities demanded his extradition; but the legal forms had not been strictly observed, and Allmayer was not surrendered. Only Belgium refused to give him hospitality, and he was conducted to the German frontier, whence he gained the nearest port and embarked for Morocco.

At that time Allmayer was a gentlemanly, good-looking youth, with fair complexion and rosy cheeks, a heavy light moustache, and rather bald; his manners were so good, he was always so irreproachably dressed, that he easily passed himself off for a man of the highest fashion. He assumed many aliases, mostly with titles, the Vicomte de Bonneville, the Comte de Motteville, the Comte de Maupas, and so on. Sometimes he was satisfied with plain "Monsieur," and was then generally Meyer or Mayer, and these were his business names. For his swindling was on a large scale. He bought and sold sheep and wool, and it was admitted by those whom he victimised that he had a natural talent for business affairs. One wool merchant whom he defrauded declared his surprise at finding this smart young gentleman so fully at home in the quality and character of the wools of the world. All this time he moved freely to and fro, returning frequently to France

from Morocco, passing boldly through the capitals of Europe, staying even in Paris. The police knew he was there, but could not lay hands upon him. It was at Paris, under the name of Eugène Meyer, that he carried out one of his largest and most successful frauds. He was arranging for a large supply of arms to the Sultan of Morocco, when he mentioned casually that he was owed a sum of £30,000 by one of the largest bankers in Paris, and held his acceptance for the sum. The people present were willing enough to discount this acceptance, but the amount was too large to deal with as a whole. Meyer solved the difficulty by saying he would have it broken up into bills for smaller amounts, which, in effect, he produced, and which were willingly discounted. By and by it came out that the bills were forged, and those who held them were arrested; but Allmayer was gone. All he did was to write to the papers exonerating his unconscious accomplices, and offering to appear at their trial if the police would guarantee him a safe-conduct. But the police refused, and his unfortunate confederates were condemned.

Much astonishment and no little indignation were expressed in Paris at the carelessness of the police in allowing Allmayer to remain at large. Yet all the time the detectives were at his heels, and followed him all over Europe—to Belgrade, to Genoa, back to Paris. At Marseilles he robbed a merchant, Monsieur R., of 20,000 francs by pretending to secure for him a contract for the French Government for sheep. It would be necessary, however, as he plausibly put it, to remit the above-mentioned sum anonymously to a certain high functionary. Allmayer attended at Monsieur R.'s office to give the address, which he himself wrote upon an envelope at Monsieur R.'s table. This done, Monsieur R. inserted the notes, and the letter was left there upon the blotting-pad—at least, so M. R. believed, but Allmayer by a dexterous sleight of hand had substituted another exactly similar, while that with the notes was safely concealed in his pocket. It is said that the high functionary received a letter containing nothing but

a number of pieces of old newspaper carefully cut to the size of bank notes, and did not understand it until, later on, M. R. wrote him a letter of sorrowful reproach at not having kept his word by giving the contract in exchange for the notes.

Still Allmayer pursued his adventurous career without interference, and the police were always a little too late to catch him. They heard of him at Lyons, where he passed as a cavalry officer and gave a grand banquet to his old comrades in the garrison; again, at Aix they were told of a sham Vicomte de Malville, who had played high at the casino, and unfairly, but he was gone before they could catch him. At Biarritz he signalled his stay by cheating, borrowing, and swindling on every side. The commissary of police at Bordeaux was warned to keep his eye upon this person, who passed as Monsieur Mario Magnan, but the commissary imprudently summoned the suspected person to his presence, and blurting out the story, gave Allmayer the chance of escape before the Parisian police arrived to arrest him. He had gone ostensibly to Paris, but his baggage was registered to Coutrai. The detective followed to Coutrai, and found that his quarry had gone on to Havre with several hours' start. The man wanted was hunted for through Havre, and in the pleasant suburb of St. Adresse, but the covert was drawn blank till all at once, by that strange interposition of mere chance that so often tells against the criminal, the detectives came upon him upon the Boulevard Strasbourg, a perfect gentleman, fashionably dressed, with a lady on his arm in an elegant toilette. They laid hands on him a little doubtfully at first, but it proved to be Allmayer, although he vigorously denied his identity. This was practically the end of his criminal career, for he was speedily transferred to Paris and committed for trial, being located this time in the Conciergerie, under the constant surveillance of two police officers. Even there his mind was actively employed in planning escape; the *truc* he tried was by confiding to the head of police the secret of a hidden receptacle of certain thieves, who had collected a quantity

of plunder. If the officers would take him there, he would show them the place; it was in the Rue St. Maur, at Ménilmontant. But the authorities were not to be imposed upon, and, by inquiring elsewhere, learnt that the whole story was a fabrication. Allmayer had arranged that on arrival at the ground he should be rescued by a number of friends assembled for the purpose.

The secret of his many successes was that he was a consummate actor, and could play any part. Now an officer, he was cordially welcomed by his brothers in arms; at the watering-places and health resorts he posed and was accepted as a gentleman of rank and fashion; in commercial circles he appeared a quick and intelligent man of business. He practised the same art, but in quite a different direction, at his trial. A great interest was excited in Paris at the arrest of this notorious swindler, so clever at disguises, so bold in his schemes, who had so long set the police at defiance. Yet when he appeared in court he disappointed everyone, and showed up as a poor, timid, broken-backed creature, half imbecile, surely incapable of the daring crimes attributed to him. He told a rambling disconnected story of how he was wrongfully accused, that the chief agent in all these affairs was an old prison-bird whose acquaintance he had unhappily made, and who had bolted, leaving him to bear all the blame. His abject appearance and his poor, weak defence gained him the pity of his judges, and, instead of the heaviest, the lightest sentence was imposed upon him. All this was a clever piece of acting; he had assumed the part for the purpose which he had achieved.

Allmayer was sentenced to twelve years' transportation, and he was last heard of in the Safety Islands, where he was employed as a hospital nurse, and had made himself very popular with his keepers. Someone who met him lately describes him as still prepossessing, but with a singularly false face, bright, intelligent eyes, fluent as ever in speech. By-and-by he may reappear to despoil his more confiding fellows, and be the despair of the police.

PARAF.

This was an extraordinary swindler who amassed considerable sums by his frauds. He came of a really good stock, and might have earned fame and fortune had he not been afflicted with incurably low tastes. Paraf was born about 1840 of a respectable family in Alsace; he was highly educated, and became a brilliant and expert chemist. The elder Paraf, his father, was a calico manufacturer, and he gladly placed his son at the head of his print works, where the young man's knowledge and intelligence were most valuable. But once, while making a tour through Scotland, his funds ran short, and his father would not supply him with more money. So he carried an alleged newly discovered dye to a Glasgow manufacturer, and sold it for several thousand pounds, which sum, passing over to Paris, he quickly squandered in dissipation. This dye was worthless, but Paraf was not really an impostor, for, when once more penniless, he joined forces with his old professor in Paris, and together they discovered the famous aniline dyes. Paraf brought this invention to England, patented it, and sold it for a considerable sum. No doubt he would have made a great deal of money had he run straight, but he was an absolute spendthrift, and parted speedily with all he got. When utterly destitute, he stole the patent for another dye from a friend, and sold it to his uncle in Paris for a couple of thousand pounds. With what was left of this sum he started for America, and landed in New York, where he was well received. Of engaging person and frank manners, he gained the friendship and confidence of several capitalists, to one of whom he sold an aniline black dye for £12,000. He now launched out into a career of wild extravagance; he occupied magnificent rooms at a first-class hotel, bathed in sweet-scented waters, and gave sumptuous dinners at Delmonico's. His money did not last long, and he had recourse to fresh swindles. His next transaction was the sale of an alleged cloverine dye to a damask manufacturer, and he persuaded Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, to invest

£100,000 in a madder dye, which proved a failure. Then he became acquainted with a Frenchman, Monsieur Mourier, who invented oleo-margarine, which Paraf stole from him and fraudulently sold to a New York firm. Mourier established his first claim to the invention, and the firm had to buy their rights afresh.

After this Paraf found New York too hot for him. He went south to Chili, and promoted a company to extract gold from copper, but found it easier to extract it from other people's pockets. This last escapade finished him, for he was pursued and cast into prison, where he died.

TAMMANY FRAUDS.

The fact has often been noticed that crime takes larger developments to-day than heretofore. Schemes are larger, plunder greater, the depredator travels over wider areas. He is often cosmopolitan; his transactions include the capitals of Europe, the great cities beyond the Atlantic, in India, and the Antipodes. The immensity of the hauls made by daring swindlers misusing their powers as the guardians of public funds was well shown in the Tammany frauds, when, in 1872, "Boss" Tweed and his accomplices stole millions from the taxpayers of New York. The frauds which they successfully accomplished amounted, it was said, to twenty million dollars. They had an annual income of about that sum to play with, and they ran up as well a city debt of about a hundred million dollars. At that time the municipal administration of New York was abominably bad; the city was wretchedly lighted, badly paved, and the police protection not only imperfect but untrustworthy. The Tammany frauds were exposed, as we know, by an Englishman, Mr. Louis Jennings, the representative of the *Times* in New York, who, coming by chance upon the fringe of the frauds, pursued his clue, despite many disheartening failures, until he obtained full success. He found that a most elaborate system of fraudulent entry in the city books covered the misappropriation of enormous sums. It was the custom to pay over hundreds of thousands of dollars, for work that was

never accomplished, to persons who were either men of straw or had no corporeal existence. Thus £120,000 was charged for carpets in the Court House, and on inspection it was found that this Court House floor was covered with a common matting barely worth £20. In another building the plastering figured at £366,000, and the furniture, which consisted of a few stools and desks, ran up to a million and a half sterling of money. No wonder that in these glorious times "Boss" Tweed and his merry men became millionaires, having been penniless adventurers before. They kept steam yachts, drove fast trotters, their wives wore priceless diamonds, and they gave princely entertainments in brownstone mansions on Fifth Avenue and Madison Square. When fate at last overtook them, and landed most of them in the State prison, the ample funds at their disposal enabled them still to make life tolerable, and I myself have seen one or two of these most notorious swindlers smoking large cigars and lounging over novels in their snug cells at Sing Sing.

BURTON, *ALIAS* THE COUNT VON HAVARD.

Compared to these top-sawyers and high-flyers in crime we have little to show on this side; but I may mention one or two notorious swindlers of these latter days, remarkable in their way for their dexterity and the pertinacity with which they pursue their nefarious trade. Every now and again the police lay their hands on some fine gentleman who is well received in society, like Benson, bearing some borrowed aristocratic name, but who is really an ex-convict repeating the game that originally got him into trouble. There was the man Burton, as he was generally called, but who rejoiced in many *aliases*, such as Temple, Bouverie, Wilmot, St. Maur, Erskine, and many more, and whose career was summarily ended in 1876, when, as Count von Havard, he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for obtaining money by fraud. This man's character may be gathered from the police description of him when he was once more at large. He was described as a native of Virginia, in the United States; was supposed to be a gentleman by birth and education, and

speaking English with a slightly foreign accent. The police notice went on to say that he was "an accomplished swindler, an adept in every description of subterfuge and artifice; he tells lies with such a specious resemblance to truth that numerous persons have been deceived by him to their cost. He is highly educated, an excellent linguist, and also skilled in the dead languages, and his good address has obtained him an entrance into the very highest society abroad. By the adroit use of secret information of which he has become possessed he has extorted large sums as blackmail. One of his devices is to enter into a correspondence with relatives of deceased persons, leading them to suppose they are *beneficiaires* under wills, and thus obtain money to carry on preliminary inquiries. He frequently makes his claim through a respectable solicitor, whom he first dupes with an account of his brilliant connections and prospects. He represents himself as the son of a foreign nobleman, De Somerset St. Maur Wilmot, and claims relationship with several distinguished persons."

He was in reality a very old offender, who had done more than one sentence in this country, and had probably known the interior of many foreign prisons. His operations extended throughout Europe, and he had visited the principal health resorts and holiday places of the Continent; now at Biarritz, now Homburg, now Ostend, and this constant movement to and fro no doubt helped him to elude the police.

DR. VIVIAN.

Another man of the same stamp called himself Dr. Vivian, of New York, and burst upon the world of Birmingham, about 1884, as a man of vast wealth, which he spent with a most lavish hand. He stopped at the best hotel in the town, the "Queen's," and got into society. One day, at a flower-show, he was introduced to a Miss Wilkes, to whom he at once paid his addresses, and made such rapid progress in her good graces that they were married by special license a week or two later. The wedding was of the most splendid description; the happy bridegroom had presented his wife

with quantities of valuable jewellery, and he was so well satisfied with the arrangements at the church that he gave the officiating clergyman a fee of £500. After a magnificent wedding breakfast at the "Queen's" hotel, the newly married couple proceeded to London, and were next heard of at the "Langham" hotel, living in the most expensive style. The bridegroom spent large sums amongst the London tradesmen, and, strange to say, invariably paid cash. All this time a man who had much the appearance of Dr. Vivian was greatly wanted by the police; the person in question had been down in Warwickshire a few months previous to the arrival of Dr. Vivian at the "Queen's" hotel, Birmingham. This person was strongly suspected of a theft at a hotel at Whitchurch. A visitor at the hotel had been robbed one night of a certain sum in cash and a number of very valuable old coins. Now the police became satisfied that the man wanted for this theft and Dr. Vivian were one and the same person, and the authorities of Scotland Yard took the decided step of arresting him. They went farther, and had the audacity to declare that the so-called Dr. Vivian was one James Barnet, otherwise George Percy, otherwise George Guelph, a notorious convict, but recently released after a term of ten years' penal servitude.

When arrested, Vivian, as we will still call him, was found to be in possession of a large amount of money, much more than could have come from the hotel robbery at Whitchurch; he had a roll of notes to the value of some two thousand pounds, and a great deal of gold. The impression was that a part of this was the proceeds of another hotel robbery from a bookmaker at Manchester. The notes, however, when examined, were found to be all of one date, some ten or twelve years back, antecedent to his last conviction, and it seemed most improbable that he could have come upon these in the ordinary way of robbery. It was far more likely that they were forged notes (although this was never proved) which had been planted somewhere safely while he was at large, and that on his release he had drawn upon the deposit. At the same time there had

been some serious thefts at the "Langham" hotel during the prisoner's honeymoon residence, and there is very little doubt that Vivian, *alias* Barnet, was an accomplished hotel thief. Many curious facts came out while he was in custody. He was identified as a man who had wandered from hotel to hotel in the Midlands, changing his appearance continually, but not enough to defy detection. He carried with him a large wardrobe as his stock-in-trade, and was seldom seen in the same suit of clothes two days together. He had had several narrow escapes, and before his final escapade had been arrested in Derby by a detective, who was pretty certain that he had "passed through his hands." The accumulated evidence was strongly against him, and when put upon his trial for the particular theft at the Whitchurch hotel, he was found guilty and sentenced to another ten years' seclusion.

MOCK CLERGYMEN.

The convict swindler when at large has many lines of operation, and a favourite one is the assumption of the clerical garb. This is generally done by criminals who at one time or other had been in holy orders, and unfrocked for their misdeeds. Dr. Berrington was a notable instance of this. Although he was repeatedly convicted of performing clerical functions, for which he was altogether disqualified, he kept up the game to the last. In one of his short periods of freedom he had the effrontery to take the duties of a country rector, and, as such, accepted an invitation to dine at a neighbouring squire's. Strange to say, the carriage which he hired from the livery stables of the nearest town was driven by a man who, like himself, was a license-holder, and who had last seen his clerical fare when they were both inmates of Dartmoor prison. Berrington had no doubt been in the church at one time, and was a ripe scholar. The story goes that during one of his imprisonments at the school hour he was amusing himself with a Hebrew grammar. "What! Do you know Hebrew?" said a visitor to the gaol who was passing through

the ward. "Yes," replied Berrington, "and I daresay a great deal better than you do."

There was another reverend gentleman, who was an ordained priest in the Church of England, and had once held an Irish living worth £400 a year. But he lost every shilling he was worth on the turf, and one day, when seized with the old gambling mania, he made an improper use of a friend's cheque-book. He was staying at this friend's house, and forged his name, having found the cheque-book accessible. He was soon afterwards arrested on Manchester racecourse, and, after trial, sentenced to transportation for life.

In December, 1886, another clerical impostor caused some noise, and there is some reason to suppose from his own story that he had actually been ordained a priest in the Church of Rome. This rests on his own statement, no doubt, made when on his trial in Dublin for obtaining money under false pretences, the latest of a long series of similar crimes. At that time he rejoiced in several aliases, Keatinge being the commonest, but he was also known as Moreton, with many variations of Christian names. His offence was that he had received frequent help from the Priests' Protection Society, on the pretence that he had left the Church of Rome and that his abjuration of the old faith had left him in great distress. The society on these grounds had made him an allowance, and he had often preached and performed clerical duty in Dublin churches. He was charged with having falsely represented himself to be a clergyman in holy orders, but his own story was very precise and circumstantial. Keatinge made out that he had studied at Stonyhurst and then at St. Michael's College, Brussels; thence he went to Rome, was admitted to orders, and for some time held the post of Latin translator and general secretary to Cardinal Pecci of Perugia, the present Pope Leo XIII. After that, he said that he became chaplain and secretary to Cardinal d'Andrea, and was soon afterwards given the degree of Doctor of Divinity and made a Monsignore. He declared that he had become

involved in the political struggle between Cardinal d'Andrea and Cardinal Antonelli, and was imprisoned with the former in the latter Cardinal's palace. From that time forth Dr. Keatinge was the victim of constant persecution, but at last escaped from Rome, by the assistance of a lady, who afterwards became his wife, when he seceded from the Romish Church. After that he appears to have lapsed into a life of vagabondage and questionable adventure. He suffered many convictions, mostly for false pretences, and the Dublin affair relegated him once more to gaol.

HARRY BENSON.

One of the most daring and successful of modern swindlers was Harry Benson, who came into especial prominence in connection with the Goncourt frauds and the disloyalty of certain London detectives. His was a brief and strangely romantic career of crime; he was not much more than forty when it terminated with his death, yet he had netted vast sums by his ingenious frauds, and had long lived a life of cultured ease, respected and outwardly most respectable. He came of very decent folk; his father was a prosperous merchant, established in Paris, with offices in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and a person of undeniably good repute. Young Benson was well and carefully educated: he spoke several languages with ease and correctness; he was a good musician, was well read, had charming manners, a suave and polished address. But from the earliest days his moral sense was perverted; he could not and would not run straight. Benson belonged by nature to the criminal class, and if we are to believe Lombroso and the Italian school, he was a born criminal. All his tastes and predilections were towards fraud and foul play.

Young Benson seems to have first made his appearance in Brussels in 1870-71, when he was prominent among the French refugees who left France at the time of the Franco-German war. He had assumed the name and title of the Comte de Montague, pretending to be the son of a General de Montague an old Bonapartist. He lived in fine style, had

carriages and horses, a sumptuous *appartement*, gave many entertainments, and was generally a very popular fashionable personage, much esteemed for his great courtliness and his pleasant, insinuating address. Nothing is known of the sources of his wealth at this period, but his first trouble with the law came of a nefarious attempt to add to them. One day the Comte de Montague called at the Mansion House, in London, and besought the Lord Mayor's charitable aid for the town of Châteaudun, which had suffered much from the ravages of the war. Money was being very freely subscribed to relieve French distress at the time, and the Comte had no difficulty in obtaining a grant of a thousand pounds for Châteaudun. This he at once proceeded to apply to his own needs, for the Comte was no other than Benson. His imposture was presently discovered, and he paid a second visit to the Mansion House, but this time as a prisoner. The escapade ended in a sentence of a year's imprisonment, during which he appears to have set his cell on fire and burned himself badly. He was ever afterwards lame, and obliged to use crutches; an unmistakable addition to his *signalement* which would have seriously handicapped any less audacious offender.

The more extensive operations in which Benson was engaged followed upon his release from gaol. He was estranged from his family in Paris, and, being obliged to earn his own living, he advertised himself as seeking the place of secretary, giving his knowledge of several languages as one of his qualifications. This brought him into connection with a man who was to be his confederate and partner in many nefarious schemes. A certain William Kurr engaged him, and they soon came to an understanding, becoming associated on equal terms. Kurr was a very shady character, who had tried several lines of life. From clerk in a railway office he passed into the service of a West-End money lender, and then became interested in turf speculations. The business of illegitimate betting attracted him as offering great opportunities for acquiring fortune, and he was the originator of several sham firms and bogus offices, none of which prospered greatly until he fell in with Benson. From that

time forth their operations were on a much bolder and more successful scale. Benson's ready wit and inventive genius struck out new lines of procedure, and there is little doubt that quite early in the partnership he conceived the happy idea of suborning the police. Kurr, under the name of Gardner & Co., of Edinburgh, had come under suspicion, and was being hotly pursued by a detective-officer, Meiklejohn, who had been chosen from among the Scotland Yard officers to act for the Midland Railway in the north. When the scent was hottest, Kurr, by Benson's advice, approached Meiklejohn and bought him over. This was the first step in the great conspiracy which presently involved other officers, who weakly sacrificed their honour to the specious temptations of these scoundrels.

Benson, being half a Frenchman, and intimately acquainted with French ways, saw a great opening for carrying on turf frauds in France. The firm accordingly moved over to French soil, and elaborated with great skill and patience a vast scheme for entrapping the unwary. They first worked carefully through the directories, Bottin and others, in order to obtain the names and addresses of likely victims; when eventually they were brought to justice some of these books were found in Benson's quarters much marked and annotated. At the same time they prepared an attractive circular, setting forth in specious terms the extraordinary advantages of their system of betting. These were distributed broadcast through the country, accompanied by a copy of a sporting paper specially prepared for this particular purpose. It was the only copy of the paper that ever appeared, although it was numbered 1,713. It had been printed on purpose in Edinburgh, and was in every respect a complete journal, containing news up to date, advertisements, leading articles, columns of paragraphs and notices, several of which referred in the most complimentary language to an imaginary Mr. Montgomery—Benson's *alias* in this fraud—and the excellence of his system of betting investment. It was stated that this Mr. Hugh Montgomery, who had invented the system, had already netted nearly half a million of money by following its

principles, and it was open to anyone to reap the same handsome profit. They had only to remit funds to the firm at any of their numerous offices, and these were established in London, or rather persons to receive letters at the addresses given, Cleveland Road, Duke Street, St. James's, and elsewhere.

This brilliant scheme soon brought in a rich harvest. Many simple-minded French people swallowed the bait, and none more readily than a certain Comtesse de Goncourt, a lady of good estate, but with an unfortunate taste for speculation. The comtesse threw herself eagerly into the arrangement, and forwarded several substantial sums to London, which were duly invested for her with good results; for the old trick was followed of at first allowing her to win. Presently her transactions grew larger, till at last they reached the sum of £10,000. Several bogus cheques were sent her, purporting to be her winnings, but she was desired to hold them over until a certain date, in accordance with the English law. Yet these rapacious scoundrels were not satisfied with such large profits. They wrote to the poor comtesse that another £1,200 was necessary to complete certain formalities. As she was now nearly cleaned out, she tried to raise the money in Paris through her notary, and this led to the discovery of the whole fraud.

Meanwhile the conspirators had been living in comfort, pulling the wires from London. Benson had made himself safe, as he thought, by extending his system of suborning the police. Through Meiklejohn, a second officer, Druscovitch, who was especially charged with the Continental business of Scotland Yard, was approached and tempted. He was a well-meaning man, with a good record, but in very straitened circumstances, and he fell before the tempting offers of the insidious Benson. All this time Benson was living in good style at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight. He had a charming house, named Rose Bank, a good cook, numbers of other servants, he drove a good carriage, and constantly entertained his friends. One of his accomplishments was music; he composed and sang charming French *chansonnettes* with so

much feeling that they were always loudly encored. Benson soon tried to inveigle another fly from Scotland Yard into his web. Scenting danger from the news that Inspector Clarke was hunting up certain sham betting offices, he invited him down to his little place at Shanklin. Benson did not succeed with Clarke, who, when placed on his trial with the other inspectors, was acquitted. He must have been sorely tried, for Benson showed consummate tact, and cleverly acted upon Clarke's fears by seeming to incriminate him. Then he offered a substantial bribe, which, however, Clarke was honest enough to refuse.

When the storm broke Benson had early notice of the danger from his allies in the police. Druscovitch warned them that a big swindle had come in from Paris; it was theirs. Already the French police had begun to act against the firm. They had requested the Scotland Yard authorities, by telegraph, to intercept letters from Paris which, it was believed, contained large remittances. But Benson contrived to secure this telegram before it was delivered. Knowing that he had good friends, Benson held his ground; Druscovitch, on the other hand, became more and more uneasy, thinking that he could not shield his paymasters much longer. He had many secret interviews with them, and pleaded desperately that he must ere long arrest somebody, and he warned Benson to look out for himself. It was time for the conspirators to think about their means of retreat. So far they seemed to have held the bulk of their booty in Bank of England notes, a very tell-tale commodity which could always be traced through the numbers. Benson solved this difficulty by deciding to change the Bank of England notes into Scotch notes, the numbers of which were not invariably taken on issue. Through Meiklejohn Benson got rid of £13,000 worth, travelling down to Alloa on purpose and getting Clydesdale Bank notes in exchange. To cover this operation, Benson had deposited £3,000 good money in the Alloa Bank. He was on very friendly terms with its manager, and was actually at dinner with him when a telegram was

put into his hands warning him to decamp, for Druscovitch was on his way down with the warrant to arrest him. Benson bolted, but was, of course, obliged to forfeit his deposit of £3,000.

When Druscovitch arrived his game, of course, was gone. He still attempted to linger over the job, but the authorities were more in earnest than he was, and England became too hot for Benson. The exchange of Bank of England into Clydesdale notes was known, and some of the numbers of the latter. A watch was therefore set upon the holders of these notes, and Benson thought it wiser to escape to Holland. Soon after his arrival at Rotterdam he and his friends were arrested. But here, at the closing scene, while extradition was being demanded, another confederate, Froggatt, a low-class attorney, nearly succeeded in obtaining their release. He sent a forged telegram to the Dutch police, purporting to come from Scotland Yard, and to the effect that the men they had got were the wrong people. The imposition was discovered just in time, and the prisoners were handed over to a party of London police, headed, strange to say, by Druscovitch in person. His complicity with the swindlers was not yet suspected, and he was compelled to carry out his orders. What passed between him and his friends is not exactly known, but Kurr and Benson, after the manner of their class, had no idea of suffering alone. That they should turn on their complacent police assistants was a matter of course, and one of their first acts in Millbank Prison, where they were beginning their long terms of penal servitude, was to make a clean breast of it and implicate the detectives.

When Clarke, Druscovitch, Meiklejohn, Palmer (and Froggatt) were put upon their trial, the facts, as already stated, were elicited, and it was found that the swindlers had long secured the connivance and support of all these leading policemen, except Clarke. A letter, which was impounded, written by Meiklejohn to Kurr as far back as 1874, shows how eager Meiklejohn was to earn his money.

It was an early notification of the issue of a warrant, and warned his friends to keep a sharp look out:—

“DEAR BILL,” it ran, “Rather important news from the North. Tell H. S. and the Young One to keep themselves quiet. In the event of a smell stronger than now they must be ready to scamper out of the way.”

It was said that for this important service Meiklejohn received a *douceur* of £500. All these misguided men were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and the discovery of their faithlessness led to very important changes in police constitution, and the creation of the now well-known department for Criminal Investigation.

I can remember Benson while he was a convict at Portsmouth, where he was employed at light labour and might be seen hobbling on his crutches at the tail end of the gangs as they marched in and out of prison. He bore an exemplary prison character and was released on ticket-of-leave in 1887, having fully earned his remission. He was not long in seeking new pastures, and soon used his versatile talents and many accomplishments in fresh schemes of fraud. It was his duty to report himself as a licenseholder to the metropolitan police, but this did not suit so erratic a genius as Benson, and within a few months he was advertised for in the *Police Gazette*, accompanied by a woodcut engraving of his features with the following description of the man “wanted”—

“Age 39, height 5 ft. 4 in., complexion sallow, hair, whiskers, beard, and moustache black (may have shaved) turning slightly grey, eyes brown, small scar under right eye, frequently pretends lameness, has a slouching gait, stoops slightly, head thrown forward, invariably smoking cigarettes.”

It will be seen from this that the use of crutches was not indispensable to him, but was probably assumed as a means of confusing his *signalement*. His many aliases were published with the description; some of the more remarkable were George Marlowe, George Washington Morton, Andrew Montgomery, Henry Younger (the name he

went under at Rose Bank Cottage, Shanklin, Isle of Wight), Montague Posno, and the Comte de Montague.

Benson's first act after release appears to have been to ascertain whether he had inherited anything from his father, whose death occurred while he was in prison. Nothing had come to him, but his family did not quite disown him, for a brother offered to find him a situation. This Benson contemptuously refused, and took the first opportunity of reopening his relations with Kurr, who had been released a little earlier. Soon after this the police missed them, and they appeared to have crossed the Atlantic and started in a new line as company promoters, mainly in connection with mines of a sham character. Benson appears to have done well in this nefarious business, and returned to Europe, making Brussels his headquarters and carrying on the same business, the exploitation of mines. He appears to have gained the attention of the police, and the Belgian authorities communicated with those of Scotland Yard. Benson was now identified and arrested. At his lodgings were found a great quantity of letters containing Post Office orders and cheques, which seem to have been sent to him for investment in his bogus companies. Benson next did a couple of years' imprisonment in a Belgian prison, and on his release transferred himself to Switzerland, setting up at Geneva as an American banker with large means. He stopped at the best hotels and displayed all his old fondness for ostentation. Here he received many telegrams from his confederates, who were still "working" the United States, all of them connected with stocks and shares and the fluctuations of the market. He was in the habit of leaving these telegrams—which invariably dealt with high figures—about the hotel, throwing them down carelessly in the billiard-room, smoking-room, and other apartments, where they were read by others, and greatly enhanced his reputation.

At this hotel he became acquainted with a retired surgeon-general of the Indian army, with an only daughter, to whom he made desperate love. He lavished presents of jewellery,

upon her, and so won upon the father that he consented to the marriage. The old man was no less willing to entrust his savings to this specious scoundrel, and on Benson's advice sold out all his property, some £7,000 invested in India stock. The money was transmitted to Geneva, and handed over to Benson in exchange for certain worthless scrip which was to double the doctor's income. Now, however, a telegram summoned Benson to New York, and he left hurriedly. His *fiancée* followed to the port at which he had said he would embark, but missed him. Mr. Churchward—Benson's *alias*—had gone to another place, Bremen, to take passage by the North German Lloyd. The surgeon-general, trembling for his earnings, applied for a warrant, and Benson was arrested as he was on the point of embarkation. He was taken back to Geneva, but on refunding five out of the seven thousand pounds he was liberated. It was now discovered that his presents to his *fiancée* were all in sham jewellery, and that the scrip he had given in exchange for the £7,000 were really worth only a few pounds. After this most brilliant *coup* Benson abandoned Europe, re-crossed the Atlantic, and resumed operations in America. He became the hero of many fraudulent adventures, the last of which led to his arrest. In the city of Mexico he impudently passed himself off as Mr. Abbey, Madame Patti's agent, and sold tickets on her behalf to the amount of 25,000 dollars. This fraud was discovered; he was arrested and taken to New York, where he was lodged in the Tombs. While awaiting trial, wearied apparently by the law's delay, he committed suicide in gaol by throwing himself over the railings from the top storey, thus fracturing his spine.

MAX SHINBURN.

The career of Max Shinburn cannot be cited in proof of the old saying that honesty is the best policy. This notorious criminal won a fine fortune, as well as much evil fame, by his dishonest proceedings between 1860 and 1880, and after sundry vicissitudes, ended in Belgium as a millionaire, enjoying every luxury amidst the pleasantest surroundings.

According to one account, Shinburn was a German Jew, who emigrated to the United States rather hurriedly to evade police pursuit. He found his way, it is said, to St. Louis, and soon got into trouble there as a burglar; his intimate knowledge of the locksmith trade was useful to the new friends he made, but did not save him from capture and imprisonment. Another story is that he was born in Pennsylvania of decent parents, was well educated, and in due course became a bank clerk. His criminal tendencies were soon displayed by his defalcations; he stole a number of greenbacks, and covered the theft by fraudulent entries in the books. This ended his career of humdrum respectability, and he was next heard of at Boston, where he robbed a bank by burglariously entering the vaults, through his skill as a locksmith. We have here some corroboration of the first account of his origin; if he had begun life as a clerk he could not well have acquired skill as a locksmith. It is strengthened by the fact that his largest and most remunerative "affairs" were accomplished by forcing doors and opening safes. It was said of him that he could walk into any bank, for he could counterfeit any key; and that no safe, combination or other, could resist his attack. The number of banks he plundered was extraordinary; the New Windsor Bank of Maryland, a bank in Connecticut, and many more, yielded before him; and in New England alone he amassed great sums.

Shinburn spent all he earned thus guiltily in wasteful excess. He lived most extravagantly, at the best hotels, consorting with the showiest people; he was to be seen on all racecourses, plunging wildly, and at the faro tables, where he played high. This continued for years. He escaped all retribution until a confederate betrayed him, in connection with the wrecking of the Concord Bank, when at least 200,000 dollars were secured and divided among the gang. He was taken at Saratoga, the fashionable watering-place, and his arrest caused much sensation in the fast society of which he was so prominent a member. His consignment to gaol checked his baleful activity, but not for long. His fame as a high-class gentleman criminal secured him considerate treatment, which

on the free-and-easy system of many American gaols, meant that his warders and he were on very familiar terms. One evening Shinburn called an officer to his cell, and after a short gossip at the door, invited him inside. Next moment he had throttled the warder, overpowered him, and seized his keys. Then, making his victim fast, he walked straight out of the prison.

Once more re-captured and re-incarcerated, he once more escaped. This time, by suborning his warders, he obtained the necessary tools for sawing through the prison bars, and thus regained freedom. He soon resumed his old practices, and on a much larger and more brilliant scale. One of the chief feats was the forcing of the vaults of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, at Whitehaven, Pennsylvania, from which he abstracted 56,000 dollars. He somehow contrived to obtain impressions of the locks, and manufactured the keys. The famous detective Pinkerton was called in, and soon guessed that Shinburn had been at work. Some of the confederates were arrested, and presently Shinburn was taken, but only after a desperate encounter. Now, to ensure safe custody, the prisoner was handcuffed to one of Pinkerton's assistants, and both were locked up in a room at the hotel. Yet Shinburn, during the night, contrived to pick the lock of the handcuff by means of the shank of his scarf-pin, and shaking himself free, slipped quietly away. He fled to Europe, and paid a first visit to Belgium, but went back to the States to make one last grand *coup*. This was the robbery of the Ocean Bank in New York, from which he took £50,000 in securities, notes, and gold. With this fine booty he returned to Belgium, bought himself a title, and—at least outwardly—lived out his life an honest and respectable citizen. We have seen that Sheridan, another American "crook," spent some years in Brussels, and it is strongly suspected that he and Shinburn were concerned in the famous mail train robbery and other great Belgian crimes.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME FEMALE CRIMINALS.

Criminal Women worse than Criminal Men—Some Rise to first Rank of Offenders—Bell Star—Comtesse Sandor—Mother Mandelbaum, famous female Receiver of stolen Goods—The "German Princess"—Jenny Diver—Mrs. Gordon Baillie, began as Miss Bruce, then Miss Ogilvie White—Her dashing Career—Becomes Mrs. Percival Frost—The Crofter's Friend—Triumphal Visit to Antipodes—On return Home embarks on extensive Frauds on Tradesmen—Run in at last, and sentenced to Penal Servitude—Since Release has been again in Trouble—Big Bertha, the "Confidence Queen"—Confidence Extraordinary—The Halliotts, husband and wife, and Mrs. Willett.

It has been universally agreed that criminal women are the worst of all criminals. "A woman is rarely wicked," runs the Italian proverb, "but when she is so, she is worse than the man." We must leave psychologists to explain a fact which is well known to all who have dealings with the criminal classes. No doubt, as a rule, women have a weaker moral sense; they come more under the influence of passion, and when once they stray from the right path they wander far, and recovery is extremely difficult. Many succumb altogether, and are merged in the general ruck of commonplace, habitual crime. Now and again a woman rises into the first rank of offenders, and some female criminals may be counted amongst the most remarkable of any depredators known. One of these appeared in Texas not many years ago, and, as a female outlaw, the head and chief controlling spirit of a great gang, she long spread terror through the State. Bell Star was the daughter of a guerilla soldier, who had fought on the side of the South, and she was nursed among scenes of bloodshed. When little more than a child she learnt to handle the lasso, revolver, carbine, and bowie knife with extraordinary skill. As she grew up

she developed great strength, and became a fearless horse-woman, riding wild, untamed brutes that no one else would mount. It is told of her that she rode twice and won races at a country meeting, dressed once as a man and once as a woman, having changed her attire so rapidly that the trick was never discovered. She was barely eighteen when she was chosen to lead the band, which she ruled with great firmness and courage, dominating her associates by her superior intelligence, her audacity, and her personal charm. Her exploits were of the most daring description; she led organised attacks on populous cities, entering them fearlessly, both before and after the event, disguised in male attire. On one occasion she sat at the *table d'hôte* beside the judge of the district, and heard him boast that he knew Bell Star by sight, and would arrest her wherever he met her. Next day, having mounted her horse at the door of the hotel—still in man's clothes—she summoned the judge to come out, told him who she was, slashed him across the face with her riding-whip, and galloped away. Bell Star's band was constantly pursued by Government troops; many pitched battles were fought between them, in one of which this masculine heroine was slain. Another woman of the same class was of French extraction, and known in the Western States under the *sobriquet* of "Zelie." She also commanded a band of outlaws, and was ever foremost in acts of daring brigandage, fighting, revolver in hand, always in the first rank. She was a woman of great intellectual gifts and many accomplishments, spoke three languages fluently, and was of very attractive appearance. She is said to have died of hysteria in a French lunatic asylum.

Many other instances of this latter-day development of the criminal woman may be quoted. There was at Lyons an American adventuress and wholesale thief who, having enriched herself by robbery in the United States, crossed to Europe and continued her depredations until arrested in Paris. La Comtesse Sandor, as she was called, was another of this type, who went about Europe disguised as a man, and as such gained the affections of the daughter of a wealthy

Austrian, whom she actually married. Theodosia W. made a large fortune in St. Petersburg as a receiver of stolen goods, and managed her felonious business with remarkable astuteness. Another notorious female receiver was Mother Mandelbaum of New York, who, with her husband, William Mandelbaum, kept a haberdashery shop in that city towards the end of the 'Seventies. They were Jews and keen traders. Their shop in Clinton Street was a perfectly respectable establishment on the surface. The proper assortment of goods was on hand to supply the needs of regular customers. She served in the shop herself, assisted by her two daughters, and did so good a business that they might have honestly acquired a competence. But Mother Mandelbaum was in a hurry to grow rich and had no conscientious scruples. She soon opened relations with thieves of all descriptions, and was prepared to buy all kinds of stolen goods. Her dealings were said to be enormous; they extended throughout the United States and beyond—to Canada, Mexico, even to Europe.

As time went on she developed into the champion and banker of her criminal customers. Under cover of her shop she ran a "Bureau for the prevention of detection," and was always ready to bribe police officers who were corruptible, or throw them off the scent, and, on due consideration, she arranged for the defence of the accused. It was said that she had secured in advance the services of certain celebrated criminal lawyers of New York by paying them a retaining fee of 5,000 dollars a year. When any of her clients were laid by the heels, she acted as their banker, providing funds if required, and helping to support their wives and families while they were in custody. She was extremely cautious in her methods. No one was admitted to the office behind the shop, where the real business was done, without introduction and voucher. Mother Mandelbaum allowed none of the swag to come to Clinton Street. The bulk of the proceeds of any robbery was first stored, and the receiver invited to send an agent to examine and report upon it. Having estimated its value, she then

proceeded to haggle over the price, which eventually she paid in cash, taking over the whole of the property and accepting all the risks for its disposal. As a general rule, she secreted it or shipped it off, and generally succeeded in escaping detection. Once or twice, however, she came to grief. The proceeds of a great silk robbery were found in her possession, but on arrest and trial she was acquitted. At last, in 1884, New York became too hot to hold her, and she crossed the frontier into Canada, where she took up her residence at Toronto, and is said to be still there, living a quiet, respectable life. Report goes that she regrets New York and the large circle of friends and acquaintances she had gathered round her. In the days of her great activity she kept open house to thieves of both sexes, gave handsome entertainments, employed a good cook, and had a full cellar of choice wines. On the surface, too, she enjoyed an excellent reputation as a liberal supporter of the Synagogue and Jewish charities, and was generally esteemed.

THE "GERMAN PRINCESS."

Female sharpers have abounded in every age and country. The feminine mind is so full of resource, a woman can be so inventive, so clever in disguising frauds and keeping up specious appearances, that we come upon the female adventuress continually. As far back as the seventeenth century there was the celebrated "German Princess," who took in everyone right and left. Although she was nothing more than a common thief, the daughter of a chorister in Canterbury Cathedral, and the wife of a shoemaker, she passed herself off at Continental watering-places as the ill-used child of a sovereign prince of the German Empire. At Spa she became engaged to a foolish old gentleman of large estate, and absconded with all her presents before the wedding-day. Then she established herself at a London tavern and, as an act of great condescension, married the landlord's brother, who suddenly found that she was a bigamist and a cheat. Her committal to Newgate followed, but on her release she resumed her title as the "German Princess"

and went on the stage to play in a piece named after her, and the plot of which was founded on the strange ill-usage of this high-born lady. After this she resumed her robberies and led a life of vagabondage, in which she swindled tradesmen, especially jewellers, out of much valuable property. Fate overtook her, and landed her at the plantations as a convict; but even in Jamaica her impudent effrontery gained her the friendship of the governor, and she soon returned to England to resume her career as a rich heiress, whereby she duped many foolish people and committed numbers of fresh robberies. One day, however, the keeper of the Marshalsea prison, who was on the look-out for some stolen goods, called at the lodging which she occupied, recognised her, and carried her off to gaol. She was soon identified as a convict who had returned from transportation, and her adventurous career presently ended at the gallows.

JENNY DIVER.

Mary Young, *alias* Jenny Diver, was of the same stamp as the "German Princess," but in a somewhat lower grade and of a later date. Her business was pocket-picking chiefly, her adroitness in which gained her the *sobriquet* as one who "dived" deep into other people's pockets. She was an Irish girl in service, who formed an acquaintance with a thief, and accompanied him to London. The man was arrested on the way, and Mary Young, arriving alone and helpless, soon joined a countrywoman, Ann Murphy, and tried to earn her livelihood by her needle. Murphy told her of a more lucrative way of life, and introduced her to a club near St. Giles's, where thieves of both sexes assembled to practise their business, and she was taught how to pick pockets, steal watches, and cut off reticules. She soon displayed great dexterity. An early feat, which gained her great renown, was stealing a diamond ring from the finger of a young gentleman who helped her to alight from a coach. Another clever trick of hers was to wear false arms and hands, while her own were concealed beneath

her cloak, to be used as occasion offered. It was her custom to attend churches, and, when seated in a crowded pew, make play on either side. Another clever device was to join the crowd assembled to see the king on his way to the House of Lords. She was attended by a footman and several accomplices. Seizing a favourable opportunity, between the Park and Spring Gardens, she pretended to be taken seriously ill, and while the crowd pressed round her with kindly help, her confederates took advantage of the confusion to lay hands on all they could lift; jewels, watches, snuffboxes of great value were thus secured. Yet again, accompanied by her footman, she pretended to be taken ill at the door of a fine house and sent her servant in to know if she might be admitted until she recovered. While the occupants, who willingly acceded to her request, were seeking medicines she snapped up all the cash and valuables she could find. But she was at last arrested in the very act of picking a gentleman's pocket and was transported to Virginia, from which she returned before the completion of her sentence and resumed her malpractices at home. Having made a successful tour through the provinces, she returned to London, frequented the Royal Exchange, the theatres, the Park, London Bridge, and other places of the sort, where she preyed continually on the public and with continued immunity from arrest, till she was caught picking a pocket on London Bridge and was again sentenced to transportation. Again she returned within a year, and was finally arrested, tried a third time, and now was sentenced to death.

Before passing on to more modern developments, it may be interesting to mention briefly one or two other female criminals well known between 1850 and 1870. Emily Lawrence, a dashing adventuress and adroit, daring thief, had few equals. She is described as a most ladylike and fascinating person, who was received with effusion when she descended from her brougham at a shop door, and entered to give her orders. Her line was jewel robbery, which she effected on a large scale, and long went scot free. At one time she was

"wanted" for stealing "loose" diamonds in Paris to the value of £10,000, and was soon afterwards arrested for other jewel robberies at Emmanuel's, and Hunt & Roskell's, in London. An imprisonment for seven years followed, after which she resumed her operations, choosing Brighton now, where she stole jewels worth £1,000 while she engaged the shopman with her fascinating conversation. Apprehended as she was leaving Brighton, she asserted that she was a lady of rank, but a London detective who came down soon proved the contrary, and she again got seven years. It was always said that this extraordinary woman carried a number of valuable diamonds with her to Millbank penitentiary, and succeeded in hiding them there. A tradition obtains that the jewels were never unearthed, and that the secret of the hiding-place long survived among the fraternity of thieves. Women, it was said, came as prisoners almost voluntarily, in order to carry out their search for the treasure, and a thousand devices were tried to secure a lodging in the cell where the valuables were said to be concealed. Whether they were found and taken safely out of Millbank we shall never know. Probably the whole story is a fable, and it is at least certain that no jewels were secured when Millbank was destroyed, root and branch, a few years ago (1895) to make room for the Tate picture gallery.

Louisa Miles was another of the Emily Lawrence class, who kept her own carriage for purposes of fraud, and called herself by several fine names. One day she drove up to Hunt & Roskell's as Miss Constance Browne, to select jewels for her sick friend, Lady Campbell. Giving a good West-end address, and a banker's reference, she asked that the valuables might be sent home on approbation. When an assistant brought them, he was told Lady Campbell was too ill to leave her room, and they must be taken in to her. He demurred at first, then yielded, and never saw the jewels again. After waiting nervously for half an hour the assistant found he was locked in. When the police arrived to release him the house was empty. The ladies had disappeared with the jewels. The house had been hired furnished,

the carriage was also hired, and the footman in livery Pursuit was quickly organised in this case of Hunt & Roskell's, and Miss Constance Browne was captured in a second-class carriage on the Great Western Railway, with a quantity of the stolen jewels in her possession.

MRS. GORDON BAILLIE.

The modern female sharper is generally more inventive and works on more ambitious lines than the foregoing, although in criminality there is little to choose between the old and the new practitioner. If the "German Princess" had had the same scope, the same large theatre of operations, she would probably have outdone even the famous Mrs. Gordon Baillie, whose extensive frauds were exposed some ten years ago, and gained her a sentence of five years' penal servitude. This ingenious person long turned the credulity of the British public to her own advantage, and, posing as a lady of rank and fashion, she became noted for her heartfelt philanthropy, her eager desire to help the distressed. It was in 1886 that a certain Mrs. Gordon Baillie appeared before the world as the champion and friend of the crofters of Skye; a dashing and attractive lady, in the possession of ample funds, which she freely lavished in the interests of her *protégés*. No one knew who she was or where she came from, but she was accepted at her own price, and much appreciated, not only in the island of Skye, when she was "on the stump," but also in the West-End of London, and by the best society. She made a sensation wherever she went. She was a tall, light-haired, fresh-complexioned woman, much given to gorgeous apparel, and her fine presence and engaging ways gained her admission to many good houses. Her movements were chronicled in society papers; she was often interviewed by the reporters, and she had a bank balance and a cheque-book as a client of one of the oldest banks in London.

All this time the popular Mrs. Gordon Baillie was a swindler and a thief, whose chequered career had commenced by a term of imprisonment in the general prison of Perth, who indulged in several aliases, had been twice married, and

was so deeply engaged in shady transactions that she had been very much "wanted," until she changed her identity and thus evaded pursuit. She was born of humble parents at Peterhead—her mother having been a servant, her father a small farmer—and first became known to criminal fame about 1872 as a pretty engaging young person who had swindled the tradesmen of Dundee. She was there convicted of obtaining goods under false pretences, having hired and furnished a smart villa, where she lived in luxurious comfort until arrested for not paying the bills. She was at this time Miss Mary Ann Sutherland Bruce, her own name and she retained it after her release, when she returned to her swindling courses, this time in Edinburgh, from which she was obliged to bolt. Her movements were now erratic; she passed rapidly from London to Paris, from Paris to Rome, Florence, Vienna, visiting all the principal cities of Europe, and leaving behind her unpaid tradesmen and disappointed landlords, but turning up smiling in new places, and soon securing new friends. As a proof of her audacity, about this time she made overtures to buy a London newspaper, and start in the management of a London theatre. She was now resident in a pretty house near the Regent's Park, with a lady companion, a brougham, and a well-mounted establishment. Once again fate checked her career, in the shape of warrants for fraudulent pretences, and she found it advisable to disappear. When next she rose above the surface it was, phoenix-like, in a new aspect, with a new name. She was now Miss Ogilvie White, sometimes Mrs. White. During this period she was summoned at the Mansion House by a cabman, and was described as of York Terrace, Regent's Park.

Her first appearance as Mrs. Gordon Baillie was in 1885, when she had the good fortune to become intimately acquainted with an old baronet, a gentleman on the other side of eighty, and already inclining to dotage. Under his auspices she launched out again, had a charming house in the West-End, and money was plentiful for a time. It was a costly acquaintance for him; when the supplies ran short (and she seems to have extracted quite £18,000 from him)

she easily persuaded him to accept bills for large amounts, which were readily discounted in the City until it was found there were "no effects" to meet them. The aged baronet was sued on all sides, and although his friends interposed declaring he was unable to manage his own affairs, having signed these acceptances under undue influence, a petition in bankruptcy was filed against him, so that the claims, which ran to thousands of pounds, might be thoroughly investigated. Mrs. Gordon Baillie was much "wanted" in connection with these transactions. But she was not to be found, and it was reported that she had gone to Australia, although her visit to the Antipodes was really made at a later date.

It was about this time that she married privately—for she retained her more aristocratic surname—a certain Richard Percival Bodeley Frost. Her husband was fairly well born and had good connections, but he was put to hard shifts for a living, and found his account in floating the bills which his future wife was obtaining from the baronet above mentioned. The manipulation of these considerable sums gave him status as a man of substance, and he became largely engaged in company promoting, entering into contracts and other speculations. It was proved that he was at this time entirely without means, yet he contrived to get good backing from bankers in Lombard Street, and one city solicitor lent him a thousand pounds for a week or two on his note of hand. The money was never repaid, and when Mr. Frost was finally exposed he appeared in the bankruptcy court with liabilities to the tune of £130,000.

Meanwhile his wife had espoused the cause of the crofters of Skye. She appeared there in the depths of a severe winter, but, nothing daunted, went on stump through the island, received everywhere with enthusiasm by the agitators, whom she harangued on every possible occasion. Her charity was profuse, it was said, although the source of the funds she distributed was somewhat tainted. At the end of her tour she collected £70 towards the defence of the crofters about to be tried at Inverness, and for this notable service she was presented with an address signed

by the members for Skye and others. Now she went out to Australia, partly on private business, partly to seek assistance for her crofters and acquire lands on which they might settle in the New World. Her visit was one long triumph. She was warmly greeted wherever she appeared. Colonial statesmen gladly fell in with her views, and when she returned to England, it was with a grant of 70,000 acres from the Government of Victoria.

Frost, to whom she was no doubt married, joined her in Australia, and the couple returned to England as Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. She, however, resumed the name of Gordon Baillie, and as such embarked upon a new career of swindling, which was neither profitable nor very successful. Her system argued that she was no longer backed by any capital, and that she was reduced to rather commonplace frauds to gain a livelihood. Her usual practice, about which there is little novelty, was to order goods from confiding tradesmen, pay for them with a cheque above the value, and get the change in cash. The cheques were presently dishonoured, but Mrs. Gordon Baillie had scored twice, having both ready money and the goods themselves, which she promptly re-sold. Frost was concerned in these transactions, for the counterfoils of the cheque-book were in his handwriting. The Frosts constantly changed their address, moving from furnished house to furnished house, adding to their precarious means by plundering and pawning all articles on which they could safely lay their hands.

In all this she was no doubt greatly aided by her fashionable appearance and winning ways. Not only did shopmen bow down before her, but she imposed upon the shrewd pressmen who interviewed her, and towards the end of her career, when funds were low, she persuaded a firm of West-End bankers, hard-headed, experienced men of business, to give her a cheque-book and allow her to open an account. She soon had drawn no less than thirty-nine cheques on their bank, not one of which was honoured. When at last fate overtook her, and the police were set on her track by the duped and defrauded tradesmen, she

brazened it out in court, declaring that her engagements were no more than debts, and that she was no worse than dozens of fashionable ladies who did not pay their bills. The prompt disposal of the goods she had obtained was, however, held to be felonious. Nor would the judge allow her plea that she always meant to replace the furniture she had pawned. Severe punishment was her righteous portion, and all who were associated with her suffered. As Annie Frost she was sentenced to five years' penal servitude; her husband, Frost, to eighteen months. Since her release, she has been reconvicted for the same class of fraud, but she is, I believe, now at large.

BIG BERTHA.

America has produced a rival to Mrs. Gordon Baillie in Bertha Heyman, sometimes known as "Big Bertha," sometimes as the "Confidence Queen," a lady of the same smart appearance and engaging manners, who reaped a fine harvest from the simpletons who were only too willing to believe in her. One of her first exploits was to wheedle a palace car conductor out of a thousand dollars when travelling between New York and Chicago. Soon after that, with a confederate calling himself Dr. Cooms, she was arrested for despoiling a commercial traveller from Montreal of several hundred thousand dollars by the confidence game. Her schemes were extraordinarily bold and ingenious, and they were covered by much ostentatious parade. It was her plan to lodge at the best hotels, such as the "Windsor," the "Brunswick," and "Höffman House," New York, the "Palmer House" in Chicago, or "Parker's" in Boston, and to have both a lady's-maid and a man-servant in her train. She talked big of her influential friends, and was always taken at her own price. Yet she was constantly in trouble, and saw the inside of many gaols and penitentiaries, but she came out ready to begin again with new projects, often on a bolder scale. One of her last feats was in Wall Street operations in stocks and shares. With her specious tongue she persuaded one broker that she

was enormously rich, worth at least eight million dollars, and by this means won a great deal of money. The fraud was only discovered when the securities she had deposited were examined and found to be quite worthless. Big Bertha was gifted with insight into human nature, and is said to have succeeded in deceiving the shrewdest business people. Of late nothing has been heard of her.

CONFIDENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

One of the most extraordinary stories of a successful confidence trick is told by Allan Pinkerton as having come within his own knowledge at Baltimore.

In 1868 a rich old man named Willett died and left behind a young and pretty widow. Mrs. Willett, after the first year of mourning, was living at a Baltimore hotel, and there became acquainted with a fascinating little Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Villiers, who was supposed to have just arrived in the United States. After some time Mademoiselle Villiers introduced Mrs. Willett to a certain Henry Halliott, the reputed son of a Federal officer; handsome, of good connections, rich, and pleasant in manner. Soon Mrs. Willett took Mademoiselle Villiers to live with her, and Halliott became a frequent visitor at the house. Mrs. Willett lost her heart to him, and the Frenchwoman, to all appearance, favoured the suit. She had quite wormed herself into the confidence of the widow, managed her house, guided her in all matters, and advised her in regard to the disposition of her real estate. Mrs. Willett in 1869 sold property valued at 40,000 dollars and received the money; this, of course, was known to Mademoiselle Villiers.

Ere long Halliott became the widow's *fiancé*, and matters seemed approaching a successful *dénouement*. But after the sale of the property above mentioned, Halliott was taken suddenly ill and was visited at his hotel by Mrs. Willett, who was disconsolate. Day after day the illness ran its course and the sick man was said to be getting worse and worse, until at last a message summoned her to her dying lover's bedside. She went, and in a seeming

agony of remorse, whilst in the widow's arms, Halliott confessed that the Frenchwoman was his wife, and, more than that, she would soon become a mother. He appealed to her to protect his wife and child when he was gone, and the duped woman consented. Returning home, there was a scene, but the Frenchwoman was forgiven, and Mrs. Willett promised to carry out all Halliott's wishes. The next day the man "died." Mrs. Willett did not attend the funeral, but Jeannette Villiers or Halliott did.

There was no breach between the two women, no interruption to their friendship; they continued to live together. Within a month Mrs. Willett consulted an attorney, thence went to the executor of her husband's estate, received from him 10,000 dollars, and in the presence of witnesses at an hotel handed the money to the Frenchwoman as a free gift. Three months passed and a boy was born to Mrs. Halliott at the Willett mansion. Mrs. Willett's heart was touched, and when Jeannette was sufficiently recovered, she was again taken to the hotel and presented before witnesses with 40,000 dollars in Government bonds, the proceeds of a further sale of Mrs. Willett's real estate. One week from the day the last gift had been made Mrs. Halliott and the child mysteriously disappeared.

Time went by, and Mrs. Willett was inconsolable; but her eyes were not opened until she had consulted her executor. He had made no objection when Mrs. Willett had given the 10,000 dollars, but he knew nothing of the gift of 40,000, and, spite of the protests of the widow, he applied to Pinkerton to unravel the mystery. Little could be done; Mrs. Willett would give no information, Villiers had removed the photographs and every clue before leaving the mansion. Failing this, Pinkerton turned his attention to Halliott's rather mysterious death. He found out a certain hotel clerk who had been discharged for irregularities, and who confessed that he had helped Halliott to "die." It was further disclosed that Halliott was living in luxurious comfort at St. Louis, had married a French widow who had a young child, and that they now went under the assumed name of Hilliers,

an easy conversion of Villiers. Putting things together, Pinkerton was convinced that he had found a clue to the smart pair who had victimised Mrs. Willett. The executor was determined to probe the matter to the bottom, whether any of the 50,000 dollars was discovered or not. The strange thing was that Mrs. Willett, who was now convinced that she had been swindled, persisted in her determination to let the couple live in peace. One of Pinkerton's detectives, who was a dashing man of the world, found Halliott out at St. Louis, got into his confidence, and extracted from him everything in connection with his deeply laid scheme to rob Mrs. Willett. Halliott and his partner were living in affluence at St. Louis, and the man was now in a lucrative business. Piece by piece the whole plot was divulged, and this is the story.

Halliott had exhausted his means; had in the meantime married Jeannette Villiers, but pretended to be single for the purposes of plunder, so a conspiracy was formed to relieve Mrs. Willett of her surplus wealth. Villiers won her confidence and esteem, and then introduced her confederate, who, as we know, succeeded in gaining the affection of the widow. Halliott then pretended to die, after making a dying confession and extracting an oath from Mrs. Willett that she would never desert Villiers, and hence the first gift of the 10,000 dollar cheque; that afterwards Halliott suddenly came to life in Mrs. Willett's presence. Mrs. Willett nearly died of fright, but was so overjoyed at his being alive that she forgave him, refused to prosecute, and the swindlers were suffered to go unpunished.

There is a strange *finale* to all this. Mrs. Willett presently married again, and with her husband remained on the best terms with the Halliotts, whom they often met in society.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHOLESALE HOMICIDES.

Murderers on a large Scale: Throw-back to the aboriginal Savage—Bichel a German “Jack the Ripper”—As a pretended Fortune-teller lures Women to their Death—Detected by a Dog—Dumollard a similar type in France—Burke and Hare—Body Snatchers and Resurrectionists—The Murder of the Italian Boy leads to Execution of Bishop and Williams—Williams supposed Author of wholesale Murders in East-End—Two Families, the Marrs and Williamsons, butchered—Williams commits Suicide before Trial—Doubts of his being the Criminal—Troppmann and the Crime of Pantin—His Plot against the Kinck Family and their Possessions—Destroys first Wife and five Children, then one remaining Son—Inveigles the Father into Alsatian Forest, and poisons him—Troppmann's Arrest Accidental as Kinck *père*—Identity at last Ascertained—De Tourville: only four known Murders proved against him—Marries Money to secure it by Assassination—For the last Case in Tyrol sentenced to Imprisonment for Life in a Fortress—Charles Peace: all his Murders not known: only those of Mr. Dyson and Constable Cock—Certainly many more—His Career and extraordinary Character—My personal Dealings with him.

I PROPOSE to deal next with the murderer on a large scale. I mean the miscreant who “takes life as coolly as he drinks a glass of water,” and is no better than the unreasoning wild beast that springs by mere instinct on his prey. This is the blackest specimen of the born criminal, the “throw-back” and survival of the savage, the brainless brute who is impelled to destroy life as a matter of course if the fancy takes him, or to satisfy the smallest needs, to secure the pettiest gains. Such an one is made up of negative qualities. He has no feeling for others, is quite callous to the pain he inflicts, performs his task with ferocious yet mechanical insensibility, suffers no remorse for his crimes. This type has often appeared; its latest manifestation was in Jack the Ripper. But he had many prototypes who happily did not escape retribution, and some

reference will now be made to this class—the wholesale murderer.

ANDREW BICHEL.

One of the earliest cases recorded is that of Andrew Bichel, who lived at Regendorf, in Bavaria. His character was strangely contradictory. Until his terrible misdeeds were finally brought home to him, he did not enjoy a bad reputation. He was not a drunkard, nor a gambler, nor quarrelsome; he was married to a wife with whom he lived on good terms, had children, and was esteemed for his piety. But below the surface he was a pilferer and petty thief; suspected of robbing his neighbours' gardens, he was caught by the master he served, an inn-keeper of Regendorf, stealing hay from his loft. His nature really was abjectly and inordinately covetous; he was a coward who persisted in his crimes because he seemed to have secured perfect immunity from detection. They were committed on the defenceless; his victims were helpless, credulous women, who trusted him and made no attempt to defend themselves. Cunning in him was allied to great cruelty, and both were backed by such extraordinary greed that he thought the pettiest plunder worth the greatest crime. "A man thus constituted will commit no crimes requiring energy or courage," writes the judge who tried him. "He will never venture to rob on the highway, or break into a house; but he would commit arson, administer poison, murder a man in his sleep, or, like Bichel, cunningly induce young girls to go to him, and then murder them in cold blood for the sake of their clothes or a few pence."

No suspicion was roused against Bichel for years. Girls went to Regendorf, and were never heard of again. One, Barbara Reisinger, disappeared in 1807, and another, Catherine Seidel, the year after. In both cases no report was made to the police until a long time had elapsed, and a first clue to the disappearance of the last-named was obtained by a sister, who found a tailor making up a waistcoat from a piece of dimity which she recognised as having formed part of a petticoat worn by Catherine when she was last seen. The

waistcoat was for a certain Andrew Bichel, who lived in the town, and who now followed the curious profession of fortune-teller.

Catherine Seidel had been attracted by his promises to show her fortune in a glass. She was to come to him in her best clothes, the best she had, and with three changes, for this was part of the performance. She went as directed, and was never heard of again. Bichel, when asked, declared she had eloped with a man she met at his house.

Now that suspicion was aroused against Bichel, his house in Regendorf was searched, and a chest full of women's clothes was found in his room. Among them were many garments identified as belonging to the missing Catherine Seidel. One of her handkerchiefs, moreover, was taken out of his pocket when he was apprehended.

Still there was no direct proof of murder. The disappearance of Seidel was undoubted, Reisinger's also, and the presumption of foul play was strong. Some crime had been committed, but whether abduction, manslaughter, or murder was still a hidden mystery. Repeated searchings of Bichel's house were fruitless; no dead bodies were found, no stains of blood, no traces of violence.

The dog of a police sergeant first ran the crime to ground. He pointed so constantly to a wood-shed in the yard, and when called off so persistently returned to the same spot, that the officer determined to explore the shed thoroughly. In one corner lay a great heap of straw and litter, and on digging deep below this they turned up a quantity of human bones. They went a foot deeper, and found more remains. Near at hand, underneath a pile of logs by a chalk pit, a human head was found. Not far off was a second body, which, like the first, had been cut in half. One was believed to be the corpse of Barbara Reisinger, the other was actually identified, through a pair of pinchbeck earrings, as that of Catherine Seidel.

Bichel stood defiant before the searching questions of the judge; he lied continually, and was proved to have lied. Still he would make no avowal. Even when confronted with

the corpses of his alleged victims, as was then the custom in Bavaria, he would not yield. Although so greatly agitated that he all but fainted on the spot, he had yet the strength of will to master his emotions, and when again asked if he recognised his handiwork, he protested that he had never seen the corpses before. "I only trembled," he protested, when taxed with the weakness, "I only trembled at the sight. Who would not tremble on such an occasion?" But he could not stand; he sank into a chair. All his muscles quivered, his face was horribly contorted.

Yet a deep impression had been left on his mind, and when relegated to prison "his imagination," as Feuerbach says, "overcame his obstinacy." He made full confession of these two particular crimes. Reisinger he had killed when she came seeking a situation as maid-servant. He was tempted by her clothes. To murder he had recourse to his trade of fortune-telling, saying he would show her in a magic mirror her future fate, and producing a board and a small magnifying glass, placed them on a table in front of her. She must not touch these sacred objects; her eyes must be bandaged, her hands tied behind her back. No sooner had she consented than he stabbed her in the neck, and it was all over with her.

This success emboldened him to repeat the operation. He sought to entrap other girls, choosing always the best dressed, and putting forward the bait of the magic mirror. But he failed with three, and then caught Catherine Seidel in the toils. The process was exactly the same as with Barbara Reisinger, but this victim was not killed so easily. The after part was the same.

Bichel now resolved to adopt murder as a trade, and looked about him for fresh victims. But although the motive was strong and his cunning great, he does not seem to have enticed many more within reach of his knife. The police heard of several cases in which he had used the same lure of the magic glass upon girls who promised to go to him dressed in their best, but who, fortunately for themselves, thought better of it. They escaped, some by

want of faith in the mirror, others by a secret aversion to Bichel, a few by mere accident.

Bichel was found guilty and condemned to be broken on the wheel, but the sentence was commuted to beheading.

DUMOLLARD.

Fifty years later the crimes of Bichel were almost exactly repeated in France by Dumollard, a criminal who pursued his dreadful calling for a dozen years, unknown as a murderer, undetected at least, although long suspected of mysteriously secret crimes, and a terror to his neighbourhood, one of the Eastern departments, L'Ain, not far from the city of Lyons. Dumollard came of a criminal family; his wife, who was his accomplice, had been a beggar on the highway. Up to the age of forty he was a labouring man in the little village of Mollard, from which he took his name. The exact date of his first crime was not proved, but once embarked he continued his murders for twelve years. The method was simple. Man and wife repaired to Lyons; the woman called at a servants' registry office, engaged some female servant, and gave her a country address. When the girl travelled thither she was met somewhere by the man Dumollard, who led her to a wood or lonely place, then murdered her and took possession of her effects. Then he proceeded to his cottage, knocked, using a watchword "Haidi!" His wife, who was waiting, took over the plunder, while Dumollard proceeded to bury the body of his victim.

This horrible pair lived in comfort on the proceeds of these dastardly crimes. They saved money, bought land and a slice of vineyard. Madame Dumollard wore the clothes of the murdered girls, and at the time of arrest a large wardrobe of such garments was found in the cottage. On the woman's back was a shawl identified as the property of their latest victim. Retribution came tardily, but it came through Dumollard's failure to complete his crime on one occasion; his victim escaped and described the would-be murderer. Soon afterwards a body was found, dead, in the depths of a lonely wood, but the police could

gain no positive information. The neighbours were afraid to speak, being in deadly fear of Dumollard. Several more murders followed. There was truce then for three years, after which they recommenced under the same circumstances, arousing the same suspicions.

The chief witness against Dumollard was his wife, who made full confession and pointed out the places where the victims had been disposed of. It was found that one at least had been buried alive. So deep was the indignation when these miscreants were put upon their trial that the crowd would have torn them to pieces on entering the court. The man Dumollard is described as a rough-looking, stolid, but seemingly inoffensive peasant. He had a shock head of jet-black hair and a thick, short beard. His dark eyes were sleepy and stupid until his evil passions were roused, when they lighted up with tiger-like ferocity. His face was made hideous by a great scar just over his mouth, which gained him the *sobriquet* of "Hare Lip." His wife was a very little thin woman, with small, cunning eyes, a reddish face, and an air of great effrontery. Dumollard was guillotined, but the jury found extenuating circumstances for his wife, chiefly on account of her evidence. On the very scaffold the man's cupidity was shown. His last words to his wife, who accompanied him, were to remind her that a villager owed them twenty-seven francs.

BURKE AND HARE.

The curious honour of having added a word to the English language must be accorded to the principal actor in the series of atrocious crimes that devastated Edinburgh about 1828. To "burke" means to suppress or destroy, although not necessarily by such atrocious criminal methods as those who invented the practice. There had been many suspicious disappearances, but the police were at fault until chance laid bare one particular case, and the revelations of a "king's witness" did the rest. It now came out that murder had long been rampant in the city. It was

proved that there had been sixteen murders in a few months, and many more suspected but not brought home to their perpetrators. The high price paid for bodies at the medical schools for anatomical purposes had created this dreadful trade. The gang, of which Burke and Hare were the most prominent members, numbered sixteen, and the deeds were done in the various dens and houses occupied by these miscreants. The sale of the body of a dead lodger who had owed Hare rent was the origin, it is said, of the traffic, which was remunerative, for the price paid was from eight to ten guineas per subject.

The first discovery was made when certain lodgers in Burke's house missed a woman to whom he had given shelter the night before. They came, however, upon a human arm under some straw, and at once informed the police, who resolved to make strict search through the medical dissecting-rooms of Edinburgh. At the school and museum of Dr. Knox they heard that a subject had been brought the previous night, and following the porter into an underground cellar they found the body of the missing woman in an old tea chest. It had been brought by Burke and Hare in this same box. "Something for the doctor," Burke said, as he had often said before, and it was purchased for five guineas.

The two men were forthwith arrested, but clear proof of the murder was wanting, and conviction seemed hardly probable, when Hare was admitted "king's evidence," with a promise of pardon in return for his disclosures. He unfolded a tale of horror, which I will not transcribe, and gave a long list of the victims who had suffered by the hands of this gang. The plan was to first decoy, then drug with laudanum in drink, then suffocate, so that the "subject" might be handed over intact to the scientific purchasers. Many of the murders had been committed in Hare's house, among others a pretty young girl named Mary Pater-son had been killed there, and Daft Jamie, a half-witted boy. Burke before execution confessed, but maintained that Hare was the more guilty. He had originated the deadly practice,

had committed the first murder, and had persuaded the others to join in.

Hare survived, it is said, for forty years after the execution of his chief confederate, but as a pitiable blind mendicant in the London streets. Soon after the trial he had been seized by some workmen, who threw him into a lime pit, where he lost his eyesight, but not his life.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

It is difficult to say whether Bishop, May, and Williams found their inspiration in Edinburgh, or whether the same scientific needs created the same demand. It is a fact that about the same date, 1831, the supply of anatomical subjects encouraged the same ghastly crimes. Bishop, the notorious body-snatcher, made a confession in Newgate before execution, in which he owned to having disposed of between 500 to 1,000 bodies, but "declared before God," that they were all obtained after death, save in the one case, that of the Italian boy, for which he suffered. But Bishop began a second confession, which was unfortunately interrupted, in which he acknowledged to sixty murders, but gave no details.

The known victim was one of the itinerant minstrel class, who showed white mice about the streets in a squirrel cage. The three murderers had decoyed him into Bishop's house in Shoreditch on the pretence of finding him work. There he was given food and drink, the latter a cupful of rum and laudanum, which sent him into a profound sleep in less than ten minutes. They took him, as he was asleep and insensible, and, having attached a rope to his feet, let him slide head first into a well in the garden. After some three quarters of a hour, passed by the murderers in strolling about Shoreditch "to occupy the time," they drew up the body, now quite dead, stripped it, buried the clothes, and leaving "it" in an outhouse, went off to trade it away. At one place, Mr. Tuson's, in Windmill Street, they were too late; he had waited so long that he had been obliged to buy what he wanted elsewhere. At Dr. Carpul's, in

Dean Street, they were not more successful, haggling long over the price, which for such things varied between eight guineas and twelve. Next day they hawked their subject all over London; to school after school, to Guy's Hospital, and to King's College, where at last they agreed with Mr. Pentridge, the demonstrator, for nine guineas. The body was then delivered, but some question arose as to a cut on the forehead, and this seems to have first started suspicion, which was confirmed on closer examination. Mr. Pentridge asked what had been the cause of death, but the medical experts soon decided for themselves, having found, beyond doubt, that blows had been inflicted and had caused the death of an otherwise healthy person. So with one excuse and another they delayed the body-snatchers until the police could be called in.

The case against them was very cleverly put together. The Italian boy and his white mice were identified by two of his compatriots; it was proved that he had been seen in the neighbourhood of Bishop's house. An innkeeper swore to the purchase of rum, several chemists to that of laudanum in small quantities. All three prisoners were convicted and sentenced to death. Bishop and Williams were hanged, but May, the third prisoner, was respited. His own story, that he knew nothing of the crime, that he had never seen the boy or the body until he was asked to help in carrying it out for sale, was generally believed.

WILLIAMS.

There have been man-slayers as blood-thirsty as any of the foregoing, as eager to kill on the slightest provocation, at sign of danger or interference, to gain their ends, whether great or small. They are ready to destroy any human being that crosses their path or their plans, to destroy every actual or potential enemy. Among the most prominent of this type of murderer were Williams, Troppmann, Peace, and de Tourville. Their black deeds shall be now briefly described.

The first case, that of Williams, was never actually proved

against him, for he committed suicide before the trial, and doubts of his guilt have been freely expressed in later years. It was fully believed at the time, and the murders of those two whole families, the Marrs and the Williamsons, caused an immense sensation. They, in fact, inspired the remarkable monograph of De Quincey entitled "Murder as One of the Fine Arts."

The Marrs lived in the East End; the head of the family kept a draper's shop and did a good trade. At the close of one busy day he sent off his maid-servant to buy oysters for supper. She was absent for half an hour, spent in fruitless search for the oysters, then returned to the shop and found it closed and silent. No one answered her bell although she rang several times. A watchman on his round, who had already remarked that the shutters of the man's house were not quite closed, came to help the maid in obtaining admission. So did a neighbour who had been disturbed, and who suggested forcing an entrance by the back yard. The last-named came himself, armed with a poker, and climbing the wall entered the house, where he found a lighted candle in the hall but no signs of life.

On the contrary, the first object he clearly made out was the corpse of Mr. Marr, lying behind the counter, with the brains dashed out of it. At a little distance, near the door, was Mrs. Marr, also dead and showing terrible wounds in the head. The floor of the shop was inundated with blood.

There was still the child of the Marrs to be accounted for. The neighbours, hardly thinking that it would be injured, still searched for it, and at last found its cradle in a corner of the kitchen. Inside was the poor little thing barely a few months old, with its throat cut so cruelly that the head was nearly separated from the body. There was no apparent reason for this needless crime. The child could never have been a witness, nor could it well have given the alarm. It argued that the murderer was in a state of homicidal mania, ready to go any length sooner than be betrayed by an infant's cries. The violence of the attack bore out this supposition, and the murder was in consequence attributed to some lunatic at large.

Very general consternation prevailed in the East End. No traces of the murderer could be discovered. He had gained very little by his slaughter of the Marrs ; what was to prevent him from sweeping out of existence some other family which promised more profitable results ?

In less than a fortnight another massacre occurred in the same district. The victims were the landlord of a popular little tavern in Gravel Lane, and his wife. The first knowledge of foul play was afforded by a man who was seen escaping from the inn by a rope of sheets hanging from the second floor. As he dropped to the ground, he cried, “Murder ! they are killing everybody in the house !”

The first corpse found was that of Mr. Williamson, the landlord. He lay on the stairs of the cellar horribly wounded about the head, which was nearly severed from his body. Close by lay a pair of tongs stained with blood, which had no doubt been used in the foul attack.

Search was now made for Mrs. Williamson. She also had been killed, so had her maid-servant. The two lay side by side in the parlour on the ground floor. The brains of both had been dashed out, and their throats were cut. The one person who had escaped was the fugitive who had used the sheets ; a lodger on the second floor. His story was that he had been roused from his first sleep by loud cries of murder ; that he had crept downstairs and come upon the murderer, who was rifling Mrs. Williamson’s pockets as she lay upon the ground. He distinctly saw the man, dressed in a long, loose great-coat, very dark in colour, and “looking like a gentleman.” His was the only direct evidence of the appearance of the murderer : “A tall man, six feet high, well-dressed, and looking like a gentleman.”

Yet four days later quite a different person was arrested on suspicion of the Williamson murder. The facts against him were not strong, but they sufficed for the police. He was an Irish sailor who lived in a seamen’s lodging-house ; his name was Williams, and the suspicious circumstances that led to his arrest were :—

1. His return to his lodging about midnight on the

evening of the crime, and the belief that he had been drinking at Williamson's.

2. His anxiety that his room mate should extinguish his candle.

3. His being in possession of a £1 note and some silver, although previously he was without funds.

4. That a pair of muddy stockings, supposed to be his, were found in the dormitory; and,

5. That he had shaved off his whiskers.

To each and all of these Williams had a perfectly good answer.

His lingering at the tavern was nothing strange; others did the same sometimes, and the whole of the quarter was given to late hours. Williams had asked his comrade to extinguish the light because he was reading in bed and there was a danger of fire; that his stockings were muddy proved little, the whole neighbourhood was muddy, and, besides, there was nothing to show that these were Williams's. The last fact, that he had shaved his whiskers, was the most suspicious, but it was scarcely enough to substantiate a criminal charge.

It was a weak case with many points in favour of the defence. Williamson, the landlord, had remarked a stranger loafing about the premises that evening and had desired the watchman to take him up. This could not have been Williams, who was an *habitué* of the inn. The lodger, who had seen the murderer at his work, did not recognise him; yet he knew Williams well.

On the other hand fresh evidence was collected against the accused. The weapons employed in the murder of the Marrs had been a ship carpenter's maul, broken at the point, and a long ripping chisel. Both were found in the house, and the former was covered with marks of fresh blood. It was now identified as the property of a young Swedish sailor, by name John Peterson, who, on going to sea, had left his tool-chest with his landlord to keep till his return. This landlord kept the "Pear Tree" inn, and it was there that the accused, Williams, lodged. The maul, which was marked "J. P.," as were the other tools, had been lying in

the very room where Williams slept, near his "sea-bed." This broken-pointed maul was not very safely kept, however, for a witness described how her children often played with it in the square near the "Pear Tree" inn.

Another piece of damaging evidence was given by a laundress who washed the prisoner's linen, and who stated that Williams had given her a shirt to wash which was much torn and stained with blood. This was just before the murder of the Marrs, but he gave her a second shirt in the same condition a few days after the crime. To this the prisoner replied that he had got into a quarrel with some Irish coal-heavers, and the shirt was torn and stained with blood during the fight.

Such was the case against Williams, backed mainly by circumstantial evidence, and there it ended. For while the magisterial inquiry was still in progress the prisoner hanged himself in his cell at Coldbath Fields prison. Thus the murders must be classed with other mysterious crimes; their perpetrator was never positively known nor the motive that inspired them. It was not greed, for no robberies followed. In the house of Mr. Marr £160 in notes and cash was found, nor was anything abstracted from Williamson's public-house. There were, no doubt, many suspicious points against Williams, most of which have been set forth. Yet another has not been mentioned: that he had been an old shipmate of Marr's. Both had sailed in the *Dover Castle* East Indiaman, Marr as captain's servant, Williams before the mast. Marr had been "sober, peaceable, diligent, and obliging," and so won upon his master that on the ship's return home he helped him to establish a shop in Ratcliff Highway. Williams, on the other hand, was idle, dissolute, and quarrelsome, and dismissed the ship. Here were the secret motives of envy and hatred; but nothing to show that they had impelled Williams to the bloody deed. Moreover, if the previous acquaintance afforded suspicion with regard to the Marrs, no such suggestion accompanied the case of Mr. Williamson; while it was quite clear that the only witnesses who had

set eyes upon the actual murderer described him as very different in appearance from Williams.

Can it have been an early case of "Jack the Ripper," or "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"?

TROPPMANN.

This later specimen of the class under consideration must always hold a foremost place in the ranks of atrocious murderers. Troppmann was little more than a lad when he destroyed his eight victims. The motive in his case was perfectly clear.

He desired, by removing every member of the Kinck family, to appropriate their small fortune and secure a provision for his own guilty self. It is terrible to think how every step in this homicidal scheme was planned carefully, precisely, and with extreme deliberation; when all was prepared the crime was consummated with brutal completeness and unshaken nerve. He was then not more than nineteen, a smooth-faced, beardless boy, with an open countenance, and soft sensuous eyes that sometimes flashed fire; something of the beauty of youth and innocence still hung about his face, and his short slight figure seemed at first sight weak and immature. He was endowed really with great muscular strength and great activity. He could jump his own height and run like a hare. On closer inspection it was seen that his hands were almost gigantic, great broad, bony, hairy hands with very long fingers and enormous, really deformed, thumbs. Taken unawares, he had an air of ferocity, heightened by a sneer.

Of German extraction, he resided in Paris with his father, an ingenious old rascal with a turn for chemistry, who was engaged in coining and in passing false money, which was manufactured in the Vosges for distribution in and about Paris. Young Troppmann had made the acquaintance of a Frenchman named Kinck, a manufacturer in easy circumstances, who resided at Roubaix, and who showed the lad much kindness. Kinck was of a credulous nature and quickly entered into a scheme which was propounded by

Troppmann for securing him great wealth. From the first Troppmann had marked his friend down as his prey and slowly matured a plan for acquiring his possessions.

The crime of Pantin was the result. It was only discovered by accident, Troppmann himself only arrested by chance. One day a workman in the open ground beyond the Butte de Chaumont, near Paris, was shocked to find traces of blood upon the ground; and at one point, where the earth had been recently moved, he picked up a blood-stained handkerchief. With the assistance of this, and under the eyes of the police, he presently dug up six bodies which had been recently buried, the bodies of a woman and five children. On examination of the garments worn by the children, it was found that the buttons bore the name of a tailor of Roubaix, and it was soon ascertained that the murdered family were named Kinck, and that they had been summoned to Paris by the father, Jean Kinck, where they arrived on the 19th of September, 1869. Further investigation told the police that a certain Jean Kinck had lodged on that date at an hotel near the Northern railway station, who registered himself as a resident of Roubaix, in the Rue d'Alouette. On the afternoon of the 19th a woman with five children had come to this hotel and asked for Jean Kinck, but he was out. She took bedrooms for herself and children, left her baggage, and the whole family went out again. She never returned, nor did Jean Kinck until the following morning, when he went up to his room, quickly changed his clothes, came downstairs and disappeared. Everything now pointed to Kinck's being the murderer of his wife and children. Further evidence against him was afforded by a cabman, who had actually driven a party of seven—a man, woman, and five children—across to Pantin, where they had alighted, and he had seen no more of them, but thought he had heard the distant cries of children. On being taken to the Morgue, he identified the bodies of the persons he had carried. All this fixed the crime more and more strongly upon Jean Kinck. It was not difficult to obtain his *signalement* from Roubaix, and this was presently circulated through France. The horrible

nature of the crime had greatly excited public opinion, and everyone was on the alert to catch this merciless murderer.

Suddenly the news came that he had been arrested at Havre, and under strange and dramatic circumstances. It appeared that a young man, so young indeed that on the face of it he could not be the man wanted—the father of six children—was inquiring, in a *café* on the quay side at Havre, as to the formalities to be observed in taking a passage to America. The man was overheard by a gendarme, who was seated at a neighbouring table, and the officer of the law remarked that it was first necessary to produce papers in order: “Where are yours?” The would-be traveller was compelled to admit that he had none; on which the gendarme, with an eye to business, promptly took him into custody. The prisoner was searched at the nearest police office, and on him were found a number of documents connecting him with the Pantin murder and the family of Kinck. These were mostly receipts for money, a certain amount of stock, memoranda concerning the purchase of houses and other property, a pocket-book with more papers, two watches, and various other articles. It was concluded that the man seized was Jean Kinck himself, although there was an absolute difference between the appearance of the prisoner and the description of Jean Kinck circulated through France. Among other papers found on him were letters addressed to Jean Baptiste Troppmann, and when he was presently interrogated by the magistrates, he admitted that that was his real name.

The method of interrogating a suspected criminal in France is well known, and although it may bear hardly upon really innocent persons, it has often undoubtedly the effect of bringing real guilt to light. Troppmann, after the first interview with the instructing magistrate, stated that he had been associated with Jean Kinck and his son Gustave in the murder of Madame Kinck and the children, but he stoutly maintained that he had taken no part in the actual crime. But now a seventh body was discovered very near the spot where the other six had been unearthed, and, after some difficulty, this was identified as another member of the Kinck

family, Gustave, the eldest boy, about sixteen years of age. This satisfactorily disproved his connection with the other murders. It was still possible, however, that Jean Kinck might be the guilty person, but he was still not to be found. The last heard of him was that he had left Roubaix on the 24th of August, nearly a month before the discovery at Pantin, saying that he would be only absent a few days; and inquiries made from this point brought out that he had arrived at a place called Bollwiller, in Alsace, where he was met by Troppmann, and the two together travelled by omnibus to a distant point named Soultz. Jean Kinck had not been seen since, although letters purporting to be from him, but not in his handwriting, had reached Madame Kinck at Roubaix, one of them being to the effect that Gustave Kinck, the son, should go to his father in Paris. The lad went to his death; because he was met by Troppmann, who took him to an hotel, which they were seen to leave together.

At last definite news was received concerning Jean Kinck. A thorough search of the neighbourhood in which he had been last seen resulted in the discovery of his body, not far from Watteweller, in the depths of a forest, and at the foot of the ruins of the old castle of Herrenflung. It had been roughly buried there, and a heap of stones had been piled on the top of the grave the better to conceal the body. It was not easy to see, at first, what had been the cause of death, but presently the evidence of the medical experts discovered that Kinck had been poisoned, and by prussic acid. Kinck had been persuaded to accompany Troppmann to this lonely spot by a very specious tale. He must have been of a singularly credulous nature to have believed what Troppmann told him; namely, that he had discovered a gold-mine in the Vosges mountains. Kinck was delighted, and entered fully into a scheme for the establishment of a pretended factory at Guebwiller, which was to cover mining operations to get out the gold. For this purpose Kinck foolishly gave Troppmann a power of attorney—in other words, the complete control of his property—and this power was amongst the

papers found upon Troppmann at Havre. The most profound secrecy was to be observed, lest others should work the goldmine, and Kinck readily joined Troppmann, as has been described, in order to verify the store of precious metal in the mountains. It is supposed that on the road to the château in the forest, Troppmann handed his companion a flask which contained the prussic acid, and thus accomplished the first murder. The second crime was the disposal of the eldest son, Gustave; who, following the supposed instructions of his father, proceeded to Paris, as has been said. The morning after his arrival he went out with Troppmann, and never returned. The exact method by which Troppmann made away with this second victim was never known, but he certainly buried him in the plain of Pantin, and took possession of all his effects. Several articles belonging to Gustave were found on Troppmann's person when arrested, and at his lodgings.

It is unnecessary to follow this atrocious drama further. The evidence against Troppmann was overwhelming; and, notwithstanding the magnificent speech in his defence from the eloquent Maitre Lachaud, he was sentenced to death, and died on the guillotine.

DE TOURVILLE.

There was only one murder proved against the criminal who went by this name, and his right to it was never established. He was undoubtedly guilty of others, but was never called to account for them, and if the whole of his life could be fully exposed it would be certainly that he had not rested satisfied with these occasional crimes. He was (is, it might be said, for a year or two back he was still alive in an Austrian prison) of the class of the unscrupulous, unhesitating man-slayer, one of the same type as Troppmann and the rest.

De Tourville was a Frenchman. His full name was Henri Dieudonné Pineau de Tourville, but the aristocratic suffix was probably assumed. He was first met with in Paris, where he was a waiter in a restaurant in the early seventies.

A pleasant, ingratiating fellow, no doubt, then and afterwards, if he chose, and this won him the protection of a travelling Englishman, whom he accompanied to various places abroad. It was on these tours, probably, that he picked up English. His master, or patron, was his first victim, although exactly how he made away with him never transpired.

We next come across de Tourville at Scarborough, where he was provided with ample funds, cutting a dash as a French count and quite a great personage. There he made the acquaintance and won the affections of a lady of good fortune, who presently became his first wife. De Tourville's money by this time had run low, and he was clever enough to get a considerable sum out of his mother-in-law, his excuse being that cheques or remittances he had expected from abroad had not arrived. The advance thus made, which covered the expenses of his honeymoon trip, he could not pay on his return, and this brought him to the commission of his second great crime.

He called one day to see his mother-in-law and, strange to say, he brought a pair of pistols in his pockets. When he was alone with her a pistol shot was heard, and de Tourville ran out shouting that she had killed herself. His explanation was almost ludicrously improbable, and was to the effect that the poor woman had been looking down the barrel of one of the pistols, which was loaded, and it had gone off in her hands. Even then, when there was nothing known of de Tourville's real character, this story was not exactly believed, and a Scotland Yard detective was sent down to report upon the case.

The report of the officer—he was one of the detectives afterwards involved in the "great turf frauds" case—was, strange to say, favourable to de Tourville. The inquest was hurried over without proper examination of the body, which was buried, and no more said about the case. But by-and-by—it will be best to complete this criminal episode here—when de Tourville was awaiting extradition for his last murder, the mother-in-law's mysterious death was

remembered, and her body was exhumed and examined. It was found that the wound that had caused death was in the head, but at the back of the skull. So she could not possibly have shot herself there while looking down the barrel, and beyond all question she had been murdered from behind. This fact was fully established by an examination of the skull by that eminent medico-legist, Mr. Thomas Bond, who has so often rendered valuable service to the police authorities.

De Tourville, freed of his mother-in-law, proceeded next to rid himself of his wife—his first wife, remember, who now began to pine and fade away. She was so constantly ill-used, so constantly ailing, that one friend of the family, who had access to the house, had his doubts about this illness. He strongly suspected that the invalid, who was invariably attended by the husband, and by him alone, taking her medicines and everything from his hands, was being done away with—neither more nor less. But again the matter was hushed up when this third victim died, whether of poison or of a broken heart, or both, will never probably be known.

She left de Tourville two children and some property, including a house which was secured to the infants. De Tourville saw a fresh chance of acquiring a fortune, and, having insured the house and its contents for a large amount, burned it down. The crime of incendiarism was never fully proved, but suspicion was so strong that the insurance office refused to pay the policy. De Tourville's own children narrowly escaped death in the conflagration. He had by this time become naturalised as an Englishman. To give himself a better position he entered the Temple as a student, and in due course was called to the Bar. Now he met the lady who was to become his fourth, so far as known, and, at any rate, his last victim. This murder was destined to bring down well-merited retribution upon him.

He was, of course, a systematic fortune-hunter, and, needless to say, his second wife was rich. She had a separate estate worth £40,000 to £50,000, the whole of which de Tourville arranged should come to him after her death. She, poor

infatuated creature, in thus yielding to his greed, practically signed her own death warrant. He did not wait long to effect his fell purpose, for he only married in November, 1875, and in July, 1876, he had compassed her destruction. There was a simplicity in this last crime which amounted almost to genius, and it was only unsuccessful because his explanations were not sufficiently plausible to satisfy the Austrian officers of justice.

One fine morning Mr. and Mrs. de Tourville, who were making a tour in the Austrian Tyrol, left a little town, called Trafoj, in order to visit the Stelvio Pass. They drove in a carriage and pair as far as Francishöhe, meaning to go on still further to Ferdinandshöhe, but as time ran short and they could not complete the whole journey in the day, the party returned to Trafoj for the night.

On the way back the de Tourvilles left the carriage, meaning, as they said, to do the rest of the journey on foot. It was a pleasant evening for a walk. The scenery of the Pass was very beautiful, high cliffs above, long slopes below the road, falling to where a mountain river rushed noisily in the hollow—a romantic but lonely spot, with a deep ravine, just suited to the accomplishment of de Tourville's murderous plans. All through this journey both man and wife appeared to be on the most excellent terms, according to the coachman's evidence. No cause of quarrel, no difference between them, yet de Tourville had made up his mind to kill the poor confiding creature in the Pass.

When, late in the evening, he reached the hotel at Trafoj, he was *alone*. His wife, he said, had fallen over some rocks; he feared she had intended suicide; would some of the people at the inn go back with him, and either rescue or recover her? A search party was organised, and went, accompanied by the head of the local gendarmes, to the spot indicated by de Tourville. The searchers went down the slope, and presently came upon a woman's body quite at the bottom, near the stream, already dead.

De Tourville, who had remained upon the road above, in the carriage, when he heard of its recovery, called out to the

searchers to bring it up. But the stolid yet shrewd gendarme refused, saying it must remain where it lay until full investigation had been made of the causes of death. There were some suspicious facts about the case which counselled him to be cautious. It seemed quite impossible for Mrs. de Tourville to have rolled down so far. Great boulders and rocks intervened, which would certainly have checked her downward progress. Besides, a body falling from such a height would have followed an irregular course; whereas the marks on the undergrowth all showed that it had moved one way, lengthwise, as if it had been dragged along.

So the chief gendarme bade de Tourville to consider himself under arrest. The case must be cleared up before he could be allowed to leave Trafoj. Suspicion was so strong against de Tourville, in this worthy man's mind, that he would not suffer him to go to a neighbouring village to telegraph a message to England.

Nevertheless, after a detention of some days, followed by a magisterial inquiry, the accused was discharged from custody, and presently returned to England.

Yet the Austrian police were not quite satisfied. A further and closer examination of the corpse revived suspicion. The idea of accident, and still more of suicide, was found to be untenable. The body could not have rolled down the slope as it did, by pure force of gravity. It must have been dragged down. There were numerous indications, bruises, and torn and ragged clothes, to prove that there had been a sharp encounter, a fierce struggle between the unfortunate victim fighting for very life, and the ruthless miscreant resolved on slaughter. These evidences were so convincing that the Austrian Government, having traced de Tourville to London, demanded his arrest and extradition on the capital charge.

It was in the early days of extradition. De Tourville was now rich with his murdered wife's inheritance, and he could pay handsomely for legal assistance. The case was hotly contested in the courts, and there was a long delay, but in the end de Tourville was surrendered to the Austrian authorities.

He was eventually tried for his life, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in a fortress.

CHARLES PEACE.

I will close this list with some account of a famous criminal of this class, one with whom I had some personal acquaintance in the closing scenes of his desperate career. Charles Peace might be classed under another head, as a most daring and successful burglar, but he was guilty of the still greater offence of murder, and on a wholesale scale. Only two murders were definitely brought home to him, that of Mr. Dyson, at Banner Cross, near Sheffield, for which he was executed, and the earlier one at Whalley Range, near Manchester, for which William Habron was wrongly convicted, as has already been told.* But it is well known that when Peace was "at work" he always carried weapons, and was ever ready to use them. It is probable, therefore, that in his long career of crime, he frequently took life, and with as much cool recklessness as any of the murderers I have just described.

Peace long escaped retribution, and was in fact only captured by accident at last. A constable, named Robinson, who was on duty on Blackheath Common on the night of November 17th, 1878, came upon a burglar in a house in St. John's Park, and proceeded to apprehend him. The burglar at once defended himself, and fired five shots from his revolver at the constable, who although desperately wounded, secured him. They had a desperate hand-to-hand encounter, but the burglar, who was a small man, was at length thrown to the ground. Even there he continued to struggle, and endeavoured to stab his captor with a sheath knife. When the prisoner was got to the station it was found that he had a revolver strapped to his wrist. It was a brand-new weapon of first-class American make. He refused to give any name or address, and, as his face was stained dark with walnut juice, he was mistaken at first for a mulatto or half-caste. When pressed he said he was

* See *ante*, page 215.

a half-caste from the United States, named John Ward, but after a fortnight of search and investigation, the detectives ascertained that he was called Johnson, and that he resided in a comfortable house in the most respectable part of Peckham. This house was closely searched and in it were found a number of pawn-tickets, referring to gold and silver plate, and a quantity of jewellery, soon verified as the proceeds of recent burglaries. The inquiries did not end there, and it was at last elicited that Ward, *alias* Johnson, was really a professional burglar, named Charles Peace, who was, at that very time, much wanted for a murder near Sheffield, committed on the night of November 22nd, 1876. It had been put about after that affair that Peace had made away with himself, but, as a matter of fact, he had only removed to a new neighbourhood, and, resuming operations as a burglar, had gathered up a quantity of spoil in the East Riding of Yorkshire, especially at Hull. Thence he moved to Nottingham and took up his quarters with a near relative, who continued to give him shelter, although a large reward was being offered for his apprehension. He made Nottingham a centre for warehouse robberies, in which he got large quantities of silk goods. A hue and cry was now raised for him, but he was not to be found. It was reported that he had gone to the Continent, but, although he really left Nottingham for a time, he doubled back there, and continued his depredations in the Midland counties.

At last he moved to London, and, some six months after the Banner Cross murder, settled in Lambeth. The time of his residence in that district was signalised by a series of great burglaries; they succeeded each other so fast and were so mischievous, that it was thought they were the work of a large gang. But Peace acted then, as always, single-handed. This was a cardinal principle with him, to work always alone. He said he would have no pals or partners, they only interfered at the wrong time, or betrayed and gave him away when there was danger. After he had devastated Lambeth, he went to

Greenwich, took a good house and became known there as a gentleman of independent means. Greenwich was next the scene of his innumerable burglaries. Night after night the houses of the leading residents were broken into, quantities of plate, jewellery, and furniture were carried off. Peace was furnishing, in fact, and when he went on to Peckham, to a still larger house, it was beautifully mounted. In the drawing-room was a fine suite of walnut wood, worth fifty or sixty guineas; there were mirrors on the walls, a Turkey carpet on the floor, at one end a bijou piano, and near it an inlaid Spanish guitar, which was afterwards known to be the property of a lady of title. Peace was fond of music, and when the time came to overhaul his ill-gotten possessions, quite a fine collection of Cremona fiddles was found, the proceeds of various burglaries. The plunder he obtained was indeed immense; this house at Peckham was crammed full of stolen goods, and when space was wanting, he took other houses, which he put in charge of some respectable servant or matron, and filled with valuables. These lady assistants he employed to dispose of his stolen property, by sending them round to the pawnshops, at points remote from the scene of the burglary.

It was not until he had been tried and sentenced to penal servitude for life for the murderous assault on the policeman at Blackheath that the truth came out about the Dyson murder.

Sufficient evidence was soon obtained to warrant his trial on the capital charge, and he was removed from Pentonville to appear at the Leeds assizes. It was during this removal under escort that he made his historical and phenomenal leap through the window of a railway carriage, while the train was travelling at express speed.

This desperate and really hopeless venture showed the daring, reckless character of the man. It failed, as all such foolhardy enterprises must fail, and he was picked up very near where he had fallen, a place called Shire Oaks, very much smashed and battered, and with a broken leg. He gave no reason for his attempted escape, but it was believed

that he knew the game was up, that the net was closing around him, and that he must inevitably be convicted and hanged. Some six or eight weeks elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered from his injuries to be arraigned. Then it was, and afterwards, that I obtained some account of his extraordinary and long-successful criminal career. I had many opportunities of talking with him, and learning his methods. He was a criminal genius in his way. He struck out so many original lines of action, and his combinations, both before and after the deed, were cleverly designed and astutely carried through.

Then he was an artist in the way of disguising himself, and he was a very different personage in every locality he favoured. At Peckham, it will be remembered, he was a one-armed man; he had "faked up" his left hand, and always carried an old-fashioned hook instead.

It was at this period, while residing at Peckham, of which parish he was a churchwarden, much respected and esteemed, that the following incident occurred, which he quoted to me once in proof of his own line of argument.

We had been discussing questions of general morality and conduct, more especially the advantages of veracity. He maintained the opposite. "What is the good of telling the truth?" he asked. "No one believes you when you do."

"Now listen to this. When I was Mr. Johnson, of Peckham, I went into the chemist's one morning, smoking an excellent cigar.

"The chemist observed, 'That is very good tobacco, Mr. Johnson. Where do you get your cigars?'

"'Steal them,' I replied, perfectly frankly and truthfully. It was the absolute fact. I had stolen those cigars. But my friend the chemist thought it an excellent joke. He roared with laughter, and, of course, did not believe me in the least.

"'I wish you'd steal me a few of the same kind,' he said, and I very generously promised to do so.

"Some weeks afterwards I came across a very fine lot of

Havanas in a house I visited rather late at night, and I secured them. The chemist got a box of them.

“‘There, Mr. So-and-so,’ I said, ‘I have stolen you these. I hope you will like them.’ Again he laughed loudly, and he no more believed me than before. Still I had only told him what was perfectly true.”

In the long period that had elapsed before his trial his beard had been allowed to grow, and it was a snow-white appendage that gave him a very venerable appearance. He wagged this great beard gravely as he harangued his relatives and friends, who came and visited him constantly, showing much respectful and pitying affection. Possibly he was thought to be rich, and have large hoards put by, the secret of which would be divulged to his heirs.

They listened attentively to his counsels and admonitions; for he was fond of preaching to them, and pointed his lessons by his own dreadful example. He was good enough to remind me also of the reprisals that inevitably overtake the evil-doer, and he warned me to be careful of my ways. I am happy to think that this excellent advice has not been lost on me.

But the old Adam was still strong in him. So seared was his conscience, so garbled the sense of right and wrong in this convicted murderer, that within a few hours of his death he tried to make a barter of an act of justice he was bound by every consideration to carry out. He had hinted of another crime of which he alone was guilty, but for which another innocent man was suffering penal servitude, and he had expressed some intention of confessing. But there had been some little difficulty with the magistrates as to his visits from his friends; Peace loudly declared that if he was not granted what he asked he would say nothing at all.

In other words, as I told him, when pretending to make his peace, and preparing to go out of the world in a proper frame of mind, he was willing to make a small question of prison discipline come between him and a sacred duty. Fortunately for Habron, the convict in question, then serving

in the Portland quarries, Charles Peace thought better of it, withdrew his pretensions, and took upon himself his own crime.

To the last Peace exhibited half-hypocritical, half-defiant demeanour, and it is very doubtful whether he died really penitent. The story goes that there was a grim jest upon his lips just before he suffered. He is said to have complained to Marwood, just as he was turned off, that the halter was too tight, and that it hurt him ; but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this.

Part IV.

CRIMES OF THE HIGHWAY.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIGHWAYMEN AND MAIL COACH ROBBERS.

Causes of Highway Crime—Insecurity of the English Roads in the Seventeenth Century—Earliest Recorded Highway Robbery near York—Highwaymen of the Commonwealth—"Captains" Hind and Stafford—"Mulled Sack"—Nevison, or "Swift Nick" (and not Turpin) rides from London to York in the day—Claude Duval—Dick Turpin—John Rann—William Page—William Parsons—James Maclean—Galloping Dick—Mail Coach Robberies: Bristol Mail, Leeds Mail, Hertford Mail, Glasgow Coach.

CRIMES of the highway have been ever prevalent in unsettled times when the organised protection of the law was absent or insufficient. The insecurity of the road continues to this day in new countries without police or where recent turmoil has upset the community and withdrawn the proper safeguards. The traveller has in consequence been exposed to many dangers from brigands and banditti in unsettled lands; the lonely resident of outlying stations has been at the mercy of the daring robber; pirates and buccaneers have infested the wilderness of the sea and laid their embargo on all defenceless shipping. Whenever the old conditions reappear there is a recrudescence of these crimes. The gentleman highwayman of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the prototype of the "road agent" who still at times "holds up" the passengers of a modern railway train. None of his villainous exploits outdid the ravages of the Australian bushrangers. The isolation of the railway carriage has developed an entirely new form of railway crime, and we shall see in the many

railway murders how the new facilities of rapid transit are saddled with peculiar dangers of their own. There are still pirates in the far-off Chinese seas, wreckers on lonely shores; ships' companies mutiny still and murder their officers, seize ships and cargoes, as recklessly as any who sailed under the Black Flag; an old crime, that of feloniously casting away vessels with intent to defraud shipowners and underwriters, has been practised till quite a late day.

I propose first to deal with the highwaymen of old, taking some of the more prominent cases in times when these desperadoes were a terror to all wayfarers. All through the seventeenth century there was little or no security for the traveller. In this country none of the great roads were safe; all were infested with banditti. The mails, high officials, foreigners of distinction, noblemen, merchants, private persons, all were constantly stopped upon the highway. The diaries of the period contain such entries as these:—

“His Majesty’s mails from Holland robbed near Ilford, in Essex, and £5,000 taken, belonging to some Jews in London.” “The Worcester waggon, wherein was £4,000 of the King’s money, was set upon and robbed at Gerard’s Cross, near Uxbridge, by sixteen highwaymen. The convoy, being near their inn, went on ahead, thinking all secure, and leaving only two persons on foot to guard it, who, having laid their blunderbusses in the waggon, were on a sudden surprised by the sixteen highwaymen, who took away £2,500, and left the rest for want of convenience to carry it.” Two French officers (on their way to the coast) were robbed by nine highwaymen of one hundred and ten guineas, and bidden to go home to their own country. Another batch of French officers was similarly dealt with on the Portsmouth road. Fifteen butchers going to market were robbed by highwaymen, who carried them over a hedge and made them drink King James’s health. The Portsmouth mail was robbed, but only of private letters; and the same men robbed a captain going to Portsmouth with £5,000 to pay his regiment with. Three highwaymen robbed the receiver-general of Bucks of a thousand guineas, which he was sending up by the carrier in a pack; the

thieves acted on excellent information, for although there were seventeen horses, they went directly to that which was laden with the gold. Seven on the St. Albans road, near Pinner, robbed the Manchester carrier of £15,000 king's money, and killed and wounded eighteen horses to prevent pursuit. The purser of a ship landed at Plymouth and rode to London on horseback, with £6,000 worth of rough diamonds belonging to some London merchants which had been saved out of a shipwreck. Crossing Hounslow Heath, the purser was robbed by highwaymen. "Oath was thereupon made before a justice of the peace," says Luttrell, "in order to sue the Hundred for the same." The Bath coach was stopped in the Maidenhead thicket, and a footman, who had fired at them, was shot through the head. The Dover stage coach, with foreign passengers, was robbed near Shooter's Hill, but making resistance, one was killed. The Western mail was robbed by the two Arthurs, who were captured and committed to Newgate. They soon escaped therefrom, but were again arrested at a tavern by Doctors' Commons, being betrayed by a companion. They confessed that they had gone publicly about the streets disguised in "Grecian habits," and that one Ellis, a tobacconist, assisted them in their escape, for which he was himself committed to Newgate. John Arthur was soon afterwards condemned and executed. Henry Arthur was acquitted, but soon after quarrelling about a tavern bill in Covent Garden, he was killed in the *mêlée*.

One of the earliest recorded cases of highway robbery was that of Henry William Genyembre, who was executed at York, Castle in 1585 for robbery on the Queen's highway. He was a man advanced in years and he had long done business in horse-stealing. Five years later two others suffered for the same offence, highway robbery on the road between York and Hull. About this date the Earl of Dumfries was stopped on the great north road between Lincoln and Bawtrey; he deposed that he was "sett upon by Nicholas Spavild and Richard Drew who took from him one bay mare and a black nagg with a great lether mail full of goods. Thereupon hee was forced to go to Bawtrey on foot and there raysed the hue

and cry after them." When captured and tried their defence was that the gentleman was riding off the road and over the corn; that when they complained he dismounted and taking his servant with him left his horses, which the prisoners carried to the pinfold or pound. Highway robbery was much practised in Yorkshire and the north at that time, when Amos Lawson and Ebenezer Moor were noted gentlemen of the road.

Many notorious road robbers flourished in the time of the Commonwealth. Captain Hind (highwaymen were always dubbed "captain") did not take entirely to the road until after the execution of Charles I., and according to his own showing he was driven to it chiefly by horror of that crime, having been ever a staunch royalist. So his victims, for choice, were sought among the regicides and Cromwell's supporters. With one comrade he attacked the Protector himself, but Oliver had seven men in his train, and Hind escaped with difficulty while his companion was captured. With Hugh Peters he had more luck, and emptied his pocket of thirty broad pieces after chopping texts with the old preacher for more than an hour. Hind also stopped Bradshaw between Sherburn and Shaftesbury, but only got some silver out of him until he swore to take his life, when Bradshaw produced "a purseful of Jacobuses." Colonel Hamson was another of his victims, whom he robbed of £70 on Maidenhead thicket when crossing it in a coach-and-six.

Hind, like many of his fellows, was generous and kind to the poor and distressed. Once when the luck was against him he met an old man on his way to buy a cow with forty shillings it had taken him two years to save. Hind was loth to rob him, but he was in sore straits at the moment, so he merely borrowed it, promising to restore double the amount on a certain date. This he punctually performed, and the man was thus enabled to buy two cows instead of one. On another occasion he met between Petersfield and Portsmouth a coach full of ladies and ascertained that one of them carried £3,000 with her, her dowry, as she was on the point of marriage.

Hind pretended that he was travelling the country like Don Quixote in order to win the favour of a hard-hearted mistress, and said he required assistance to pursue his adventures. "My name is Captain Hind, and I must make bold to borrow one out of the three thousand pounds." The ladies, now greatly terrified, thankfully gave up the portion demanded and went on without further hindrance from the gallant highwayman. Hind took service with Charles II. and joined his army in the west, with which he was engaged at the battle of Worcester. After the defeat he escaped from the field and came to London, where he lay concealed at a barber's in Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's church. But a friend informed against him and he was taken, first before the Speaker of the House of Commons and then to Newgate. There being nothing against him in London that could touch his life, he was removed to Reading and arraigned there for a murder committed in Berkshire. Again he was like to escape, for an act of amnesty was published for all offences but those against the State; but Hind was now sent to Worcester, where he was "wanted" badly, and here he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered as a traitor to the Commonwealth.

Another outlaw of the same class and nearly the same date was Captain Philip Stafford, who had served for some time in the royalist ranks, and having had his small estate sequestrated, took to the road. Stafford's early adventures were in jewel robberies and swindling devices, by which he extorted blackmail from women. When at length he turned highwayman he soon secured several rich prizes by luck and boldness, and having amassed a considerable sum he withdrew to a little village in the far north. His way of life was now so simple and edifying that he was chosen by the simple villagers to fill the place of minister of their congregation and, he became a noted preacher, highly esteemed, until he bolted with the church plate. After this Stafford affair he travelled south and set up at his old business on the Reading road. But in his very first adventure he was overtaken, after robbing a wealthy farmer of the price of his

wheat, captured, and lodged in gaol. He was quickly tried and condemned.

Jack Cottington, *alias* "Mulled Sack," was another highwayman of widespread notoriety in the days of the Commonwealth who long terrorised the country. His robberies were very varied in character. He began as a pickpocket, being given to frequenting the churches and meeting-houses of London dressed in black and with demure, devout demeanour. He purloined a good watch, set with diamonds, and a gold chain from Lady Fairfax during prayers, and carried out other robberies of the same kind. Another hunting-ground was Westminster, and he was caught in the act of picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell himself as he came out of the Parliament House, but could not be proceeded against for want of legal proof. After this he took to the road. One of his first exploits, disguised as a Cavalier in rich apparel, was to stop the carriage of the same Lady Fairfax on Ludgate Hill. He accomplished this by a trick. Having first removed the linchpin, the coach came down, when he offered his services to my lady and then robbed her. Hounslow Heath was his favourite scene of action, and here, alone or in company, he took many purses. With one Horne, who had been a captain in Downe's regiment, he stopped Oliver Cromwell, but was beaten off. Horne was taken out of hand, Cottington escaped and his next feat was to rob a Government waggon carrying money to the army. At the head of half a dozen desperadoes he attacked and dispersed the escort of twenty troopers about dusk when they were dismounted and watering their horses. The plunder thus obtained was very great, but it was soon dissipated in riotous living.

His operations were conducted on a very wide scale. He was served by a legion of spies who kept him supplied with the best information, especially where rich booty was to be secured. On one occasion he secured the whole of a jeweller's stock as it was being transferred from Reading to London, and afterwards appeared publicly wearing some of the most valuable gems. Again, at Reading, he robbed the receiver's office of £6,000 in hard cash, which

he carried off on horseback. The magnitude of this robbery and his now notorious character, led to his arrest on suspicion, and he was brought to trial at Abingdon assizes, but was acquitted, it was said, through bribery. After this he left England, but continued his depredations on the continent. One of his greatest exploits was at Cologne, where he robbed Charles II., then in exile, of a quantity of silver plate, valued at about £1,500. He now returned to England, and sought to make his peace with Cromwell by offering to hand over a mass of secret correspondence which he had got from Charles II., but he failed in his promises, and having been recognised as the author of many robberies, he was sent to Newgate, where he suffered the extreme penalty of the law in 1659.

Cottington's mantle fell upon Nevison, commonly called "Swift Nick" a famous highwayman in the time of Charles II. Nevison actually performed the great feat in horsemanship with which the notorious Dick Turpin was afterwards credited. Tradition has preserved Nevison as rather an interesting figure; a man of pleasing address, gentlemanly demeanour, of large stature, and unparalleled courage. He was never charged with murder, and only once took life in resisting capture by a butcher with half a dozen others, when he killed the butcher in self-defence. According to Dr. Raine, of the Surtees Society, a great Yorkshire antiquary, he might have been called the Claude Duval of the North. Contemporary chronicles are full of stories of his daring and of his charity. Much of what he levied from the rich he gave to the poor. The story goes that once at a village alehouse he heard that a poor farmer had been sold out by the bailiffs. That same night he lay in wait for the bailiffs on the high road as they were going home with the proceeds of the sale, eased them of the money, and restored it to the farmer. Nevison was an especial terror to the carriers and cattle drovers of the north, who regularly paid him blackmail, a certain sum quarterly, for which he contracted to keep them from the attacks of other highwaymen.

Nevison was arrested on suspicion in 1674, and although the evidence was incomplete, condemned to death, but subsequently reprieved, when he was drafted into Kirk's Lambs and served for a time at Tangier. From this he soon deserted to resume his old calling in England. Again he came within the grip of the law for robberies near Wakefield, and was again cast for death. This time he escaped prison just before execution, but was once more and finally captured in the town of Milford for a trifling robbery at a public-house. He was hanged on the gallows at Knavesmire, just outside York.

Nevison, whose real name was Brace or Bracy, was a native of Burton Agnes, in the East Riding, and belonged to a gang variously stated at from six to twenty in number. The "Bloody News from York," is a quarto pamphlet, published in London, 1764, concerning twenty highwaymen who set upon fifteen butchers coming from Northallerton fair. The robbers had no fixed abode, but made their headquarters often at the Talbot inn at Newark, where they kept ten rooms by the year, and divided the spoil. Mary Burton, their house-keeper, deposed that she knew of ten robberies by which they had realised some £1,500. "She thinks the master of the Talbott is privy to their carriages, for that she hath often seen them whisper together, as also one William Anwood, the ostler there, she having often seen the said parties give him good sums of money, and order him to keep their horses close, and never to water them but in the night time." These thieves were in the habit of frequenting fairs and markets and race meetings all over the country, and they had many spies as well as receivers everywhere.

Brace, Bracy, or Nevison "worked" mostly in Yorkshire, and often single-handed, for the gang was only summoned to execute some great *coup*. Nevison was the leader and the most famous, being celebrated in ballads and doggerel still extant, as a "bold hero" who maintained himself "like a gentleman," and besides was good to the poor. The date of his ride from London to York cannot be fixed exactly.

It must have been in summer when the daylight hours were long, and it was probably just previous to his last arrest and trial in 1674. According to the best accounts he committed a robbery in London about dawn, and being recognised, jumped on his horse and started for the north. Another account says that the robbery was committed at Gadshill, that he rode thence to Gravesend, crossed the Thames, reached Chelmsford, and baiting there rode on through Cambridge and Godmanchester to Huntingdon, where he again baited and rested an hour, then remounting, rode on at even pace until sunset, when he entered York, having ridden the distance, two hundred miles, in fifteen hours. When he was captured in York a few days later, he set up an *alibi* which was unanswerable. People had actually seen him between seven and eight p.m. on the bowling-green at York the very evening of the day the robbery was committed in London. This satisfied the jury, and Nevison was acquitted. He got his *sobriquet* of "Swift Nick" from Charles II.

CLAUDE DUVAL.

To this period belongs the celebrated Claude Duval, a highwayman of French extraction, who was born at Domfront, in Normandy, of humble parents, and brought up with the idea of entering service. When about thirteen he was turned adrift in the world, and started for Paris to seek his fortune. On his way he fell in with a number of post horses at Rouen, and was allowed to ride one of them to Paris. Some English gentlemen, exiled royalists, took a fancy to him, and, at the Restoration, he crossed to England as a footman to one of them, a gentleman of quality. Young Duval soon fell into dissolute ways; the times were vicious, the national rejoicings at Charles's return had degenerated into the worst extravagance, and drunkenness and debauchery prevailed on every side. Duval had no money but what he could earn, and it was easier to fill his pockets on the highway than with his wages as a footman. He must have been expressly adapted to the

business, for he soon made himself an extraordinary reputation. So much so that within a very short time his name became notorious and stood first in a proclamation issued for the arrest of certain dangerous highwaymen. Many of the stories told of him are probably apocryphal, but a few may be mentioned to show the sort of man he was.

There is the somewhat threadbare legend of the dance upon Hampstead Heath, when he stopped a coach carrying an aged knight and his young wife, as well as a considerable sum in gold. As the highwayman approached, the lady pulled out a flageolet and played a tune upon it charmingly. Duval rode up to the carriage door, and, suggesting that she probably danced as well as she played, invited her to tread a "corranto" with him on the heath. The knight consented, the lady stepped out, and it is recorded that no London dancing-master could have done better than Duval although he was weighted with a pair of heavy French riding boots. When the knight would have ridden away, Duval, protested that he had forgotten to pay for the music, whereupon the victim produced £100 from under the seat of his coach. Duval accepted this sum, declaring that a generous gift was worth ten times the amount taken by force, adding that the knight's noble behaviour had saved him the other three hundred pounds that the highwayman knew were in the carriage.

There are other stories of the same kind, all illustrating Duval's courtesy, especially to ladies. Whenever he was on the road and came across any country festivities, he joined gladly in the dance and song, using his vigilance, notwithstanding, in observing any among the company whom he could afterwards stop on the road. On one occasion he met Roper, the master of the king's buckhounds, in Windsor Forest; it was a lonely spot, and the highwayman ordered the huntsman to stand and deliver, then bound him neck and heels, and, leaving the horse by his side, rode out of the forest. His depredations were not limited to England, and when his life was proclaimed he crossed to France, and pursued his trade in and about Paris. One exploit is

remembered to his credit: that of his robbing a learned Jesuit, who was a notable miser, and whom Duval swindled under pretence of imparting the secret of the philosopher's stone. Both in Paris and in England, Duval was no less famous for his successes at the gaming-table than on the road. He seemed to play fair, but he was one of the most skilful cheats and manipulators of cards in that time; he was fond of laying bets, having astutely prepared to win them by studying all the facts and intricacies of the case on which he betted. He had gained a considerable smattering of learning, was an adept in mathematical quibbles and scientific tricks, and often put forward a seeming paradox which won him substantial wagers.

Fate seems to have overtaken him soon after his return from France. How long he went scot free is not recorded, but he was carried in Chandos Street, at the "Hole in the Wall," committed to Newgate, condemned, and executed on the 21st January, 1670. A great concourse witnessed the ceremony, and after his execution he lay in state at the Tangier Tavern, St. Giles's, where numbers of outwardly respectable people came to pay their last respect; and among them were many ladies of quality, masked.

DICK TURPIN.

A certain halo of romance has been cast around the name of Dick Turpin, whom the novelist has portrayed as a man of chivalrous courage and of many remarkable adventures. As a matter of fact, he was a very low-class robber and pilferer. By trade a butcher, he simplified his business transactions by stealing his neighbours' cattle instead of buying carcasses of his own. He was caught at this, and fled into Essex marshes (Turpin was an Essex man), where he joined a gang of smugglers, and did well for a time. Checked by the activity of the Custom-house officers, he took next to stealing deer in Epping Forest and the neighbouring parks. Finding this unprofitable, he adopted housebreaking, with several confederates. The story appears to be authentic of his having seated an old woman on the fire until she confessed where

she concealed her treasure. This was at Loughton, in Essex, where the poor old creature had the imprudence to keep a store of some seven or eight hundred pounds, the whole of which the robbers secured. Turpin was thus the forerunner of the famous band of *chauffeurs* who terrorised provincial France during the revolutionary epoch.

The depredations of Turpin and his gang were numerous and extensive. They robbed right and left, attacking for choice lonely farmhouses or detached country residences, where they secured cash, plate, and other valuables. Presently the hue and cry was raised for their apprehension, and the gang broke up. Turpin determined now to work alone, and, riding down into Cambridgeshire, turned highwayman. Near Cambridge he fell in with a young gentleman, well dressed and well mounted, whom he stopped, demanding his money or his life. The would-be victim laughed in his face, and cried, "What! dog eat dog? Come, brother Turpin, I know you if you do not know me." It was Tom King, the famous gentleman highwayman, and the pair went into partnership on the spot. They resolved to seek out some quiet retreat as a base of operations, and a refuge when danger threatened. Somewhere between the King's Oak and the Loughton Road, in Epping Forest, they found a sort of cave, large enough to receive them and their horses. The place was close set with bushes and brambles, which effectually concealed its occupants from passers-by, although they could see out. Here they lurked in wait, and regularly issued forth to rob and plunder all who seemed worth it. They went far afield, too, and rode into Suffolk in search of plunder, returning always to their forest hiding-place. But even this became too hot for them, and they agreed to separate. King rode away, but Turpin still used the retreat from time to time. He was nearly captured once by a gentleman's servant, who had come out to capture him, tempted by the great reward offered. Turpin saw him approaching, and shouted out, warning him that he would find no hares in the forest. "No, but I have found a Turpin," replied the man, presenting his gun. Whereupon Turpin promptly shot him dead. This

murder raised the country against him, and Turpin was forced to seek another place of concealment. He retired into Hertfordshire, where King rejoined him, and they resumed their highway robberies. Riding together towards London, they overtook a Mr. Major, near the "Green Man," Epping, who was mounted on a fine horse, which Turpin coveted, and forced him to exchange. After the robbery, handbills were issued advertising for the lost horse, and it was found at The Red Lion, Whitechapel. A person came to claim it, who proved to be King's brother, and who was seen to be carrying a whip with Major's name on the handle. His story was that he had been sent to fetch the horse by a man who was waiting hard by, and a *posse* of people started forthwith to seize him. It was King, who resisted capture for some time, but finding the fight going against him, he called out to Turpin, who hovered near, "Shoot, Dick, shoot, or we are done." Turpin fired his pistol, but to his dismay he mortally wounded King.

Turpin was driven now to wander from place to place seeking concealment. He resolved at last to go down into Yorkshire, where, being unknown, he hoped to evade the officers of justice. His last danger had been close, for he had been hunted by Mr. Ives, the king's huntsman, who took out two hounds to track him, and Turpin only escaped by climbing into an oak tree, when the hounds ran past their quarry. On his way northward he paused at Long Sutton, in Lincolnshire, where he stole several horses; and, finding that business safe and profitable, he adopted it on reaching Yorkshire. Taking the name of John Palmer, he became ostensibly a dealer in horses, which he bought and sold at various fairs. He became well known in these parts, and popular, joining with the gentry and farmers in the pursuit of sport. One day he had words with a neighbour about the shooting of a cock in the farmyard. Turpin, forgetting himself, angrily answered, "Wait till I can reload, and I will shoot you too." Some inquiry followed into Turpin's real character and way of life. It was rumoured that instead of buying horses he stole them; and about this time, some

people coming from Lincolnshire claimed a mare and foal in his possession as their property. Turpin was unable to rebut this charge, nor could he give any satisfactory account of himself, so he was committed to York Castle on suspicion.

Possibly Turpin would never have been identified but for his own imprudence, and the strange action of chance. He wrote a letter to a brother in Essex, telling him he was laid by the heels on a charge of horse-stealing, and imploring him to come down to York and give him a character. As the postage had not been prepaid this letter was returned unopened to the local post-office. Here the schoolmaster who had taught Turpin to write saw it by mere chance, and, marvellous to relate, recognised the hand. It may be remarked parenthetically that Turpin's brother should have known the writing; still, the letter may have been returned without his having seen it. In any case, the schoolmaster carried the letter to a magistrate, who broke it open, and guessing what had happened, sent the schoolmaster down to York. There was no hope for Turpin after this. He was fully committed for trial, and eventually executed. His detection in York caused considerable sensation at the time, for his evil character was now very generally known. Reference has been already made* to his apocryphal ride to York, an exploit belonging rightly to Nevison.

JOHN RANN.

"Sixteen-string Jack" was the *sobriquet* of a famous highwayman, named John Rann, who flourished in the latter end of last century. He had begun life in a stable, was then advanced to post-boy, and became in due course a gentleman's coachman. This training gave him a sound knowledge of horseflesh, and greatly helped him when he took to the highway. Having lost his place he was driven to thieving, and from picking pockets rose to be a highwayman. One of his first exploits was to rob a traveller near the nine-mile stone on the Hounslow road, from whom he took money and a watch. The latter was soon afterwards seen in the

* See page 332.

possession of a woman, who said she had got it from Rann. His arrest followed, and he was sent for trial at the Old Bailey. Here he first appeared in the brave apparel he afterwards affected: he appeared with an enormous bouquet in the breast of his coat, his irons were tied up with blue ribbons, and he had eight strings at each knee of his breeches, and thus gained his appellation of “Sixteen-string Jack.”

The first trial ended in acquittal, but not many weeks afterwards he was again arraigned for burglary, and again acquitted. His career was brief, however, and he would hardly be remembered but for his bravado in showing himself in his peculiar attire at many public places, attracting much attention, and openly proclaiming himself “Sixteen-string Jack.” His last affair was in this same year, 1774, when he “worked” the Uxbridge road in association with one William Collier. In company they robbed Dr. William Bell, chaplain to the Princess Amelia. As the reverend doctor was riding near Ealing he was overtaken by two men of suspicious appearance, one of whom suddenly rode across his front and demanded his money with the usual threats. Dr. Bell gave all he had: 1s. 6d. and a common watch in a tortoiseshell case. Watches were fatal to Rann, and this second time-keeper led to Rann’s arrest. It was offered the same evening for sale at a pawnbroker’s in the Oxford road, who impounded it, and finding the maker’s name traced it to Dr. Bell. It was proved that Rann had been seen at Acton within twenty minutes of the time of the robbery. This evidence sufficed to hang him. He showed the utmost unconcern during his trial, and appeared at the bar dressed out, as usual, in an extravagant manner. He wore a brand-new suit of pea-green cloth, a ruffled shirt, and a hat bound round with silver strings. He appears to have counted a little too confidently upon acquittal, for he had actually ordered supper for a large party to celebrate his release.

WILLIAM PAGE.

This notorious highwayman was the son of a farmer in Hampton, who sent him to London to complete his education

with a cousin, a haberdasher, who soon grew sick of him. Vanity was Page's consuming passion; he was a coxcomb, inordinately fond of fine clothes. When his cousin stopped his credit with the tailors, Page sat up at nights with a dark lantern, continuing to alter his garments into the prevailing fashion. To provide himself with funds he proceeded to rob the till in the shop, thus securing £15, for which the servants were blamed. The haberdasher, anxious to bring home the theft, put a number of marked guineas in the till, and when it was again robbed he insisted on searching every pocket in the house. The marked money or part of it was found with William Page, whereupon he was turned out of doors, and could never obtain forgiveness.

Neither his kinsman nor his parents, to whom he applied, would supply him with funds, and as he was sadly in want he took service with a gentleman, whom he accompanied to London by the road. They were stopped by a highwayman, and it was now that Page first conceived the idea of adopting this profitable profession. Yet he lived on with his master for quite a year without taking to evil courses. It was not till he was reduced again to destitution, after a long illness, that he followed his bent towards highway robbery.

His first expedition was on the Kentish road. He stopped the Canterbury coach at Shooter's Hill, and eased the passengers of their watches and money to the value of forty pounds. After that he rode through Kent reconnoitring the roads and approaches to London, gaining knowledge that was of much service to him. He followed up this first observation by others more extensive, and gradually prepared a good map for his private use of the roads twenty miles around London. His operations were extensive, and he soon acquired considerable sums. When thus in funds he took good lodgings near Grosvenor Square, frequented the billiard and gaming tables, and, being fortunate, added largely to his store, without needing to go on the road. When the luck changed, he rode towards Hampton Court, stopped a post chaise, and secured watches, money, and a diamond ring. After this he grew more and more bold, and had soon gathered up some

£200. His ambition was still to cut a dash, and he now set up as a law student in Lincoln's Inn, where he made many genteel acquaintances, and became popular in society. He learnt to dance, he sported the smartest apparel, he read the fashionable novels of the day, and became a great ladies' man. He paid devoted court to one in particular at Hampstead whom he might have married; the wedding clothes had indeed been bought, and the day fixed, when someone recognised him as having been in service, and the match was broken off abruptly.

Page after this disappointment became more systematic and more daring in his robberies. His map gave him the most intimate knowledge of the environs of London for twenty miles around, with all the roads and bypaths and places of resort. He travelled always, at the outset, in a phaeton and pair driven by a confederate, and in this respectable conveyance his real character was not suspected. He used to dress in a lace or embroidered frock and wear his hair tied behind. When he had been driven a distance from London he would turn into some unfrequented place, and having disguised himself in other clothes, with a grizzle or black wig, he would saddle one of the carriage horses, and riding to the main road, commit a robbery. This done, he hastened back to the carriage, resumed his usual dress, and drove back to London. He was frequently cautioned to be on his guard against one particularly daring highwayman (himself) who might meet and rob him. "No, no," Page would reply, "he cannot do it a second time, unless he robs me of my coat and shirt, for he has taken all my money already."

He had once an escape of a very remarkable kind. Having just robbed a gentleman near Putney, he was surprised by certain persons, who pursued him so closely that he was obliged to seek safety by crossing the Thames. In the interim some haymakers crossing the field where Page had left his carriage, found and carried off his gay apparel, and the persons who had pursued him meeting them, charged them with being accomplices in the robbery. A report of

this affair being soon spread, Page heard of it, and throwing his clothes into a well, he went back almost naked, claimed the carriage as his own, declaring that the men had stripped him and thrown him into a ditch. All the parties now went before a justice of the peace; and the maker of the carriage having been called testified that it was the property of Mr. Page. The poor haymakers were committed for trial, but obtained their liberty after the next assizes, as Page did not appear to prosecute.

These cases sufficiently show the ingenuity and daring with which Page carried out his depredations. All, however, that he made by pillage he lost at play. He frequented the gaming-tables of all the fashionable provincial resorts—Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, and Newmarket—where he was thought to be a man of fortune addicted to heavy gambling. At length he joined forces with an old schoolfellow, Darwell; and these two within three years committed over three hundred robberies. About this time Page heard of the serious illness of a relative who had promised to make him his heir. Taking passage by boat to Scotland so as to be near him on his deathbed, Page was shipwrecked and landed in a destitute condition only to find that his relative had already died without making any provision for him. Foiled thus of his hopes of a settled income, he and Darwell recommenced operations, and in the course of six weeks committed between twenty and thirty new robberies on the high roads round and about London. At length information was given that Darwell might be met with on the Tunbridge road, and he was eventually apprehended near Sevenoaks. Brought before the magistrate he begged to be admitted as evidence for the Crown, and his request being granted he made a full confession of all the outrages perpetrated by him and Page, particularly mentioning the chief houses of entertainment used by the latter on the road. The officers, acting on the information, soon apprehended Page with all his arms and paraphernalia upon him. He was remanded to Newgate and remained there for some months. He was acquitted on the first indictment for want of evidence; but being tried again

at Rochester for a second robbery he was convicted, received sentence of death, and was executed at Maidstone on the 6th April, 1758.

WILLIAM PARSONS.

The "road" was a favourite resource for impecunious gentlemen willing to hazard their necks for a little ready cash and a generally short-lived, rollicking career. The criminal records of the latter end of last century contain many instances of this: of youths of good birth, with reputable connections, who became highwaymen, and died in most cases upon the gallows.

Prominent among these is that youngest son of a Nottinghamshire baronet, who is honoured in all contemporary accounts with the title of William Parsons, Esquire. He was sent to Eton at fourteen, where he was soon noted for his petty thefts from his schoolfellows, and especially for a trick he played on his own brother. Their aunt, the Duchess of Northumberland, had given them each a five-guinea piece which they were to show her when she met them. William Parsons soon changed his and then stole his brother's. The poor victim (who afterwards became a clergyman) was greatly distressed when he next faced his aunt, not having the coin, while William triumphed over him. The Duchess was inclined to believe the elder brother's story to the effect that he had the coin in his pocket on going to bed, but that in the morning it was gone, and she begged Mr. Bland, the head master of Eton, to make diligent inquiry into the case. Not many five-guinea pieces were in circulation in the small town of Eton, and the shop at which William Parsons had changed his was soon found. For this disgraceful offence he was "whipped," says the chronicle, "till the skin was flea'd off his back and afterwards rubbed with pickle; yet not all the punishments he suffered, tho' ever so severe, could ever reclaim this unhappy man or eradicate that natural propensity for wickedness."

Parsons was soon afterwards removed from Eton and sent to live with an uncle, Captain Dutton, at Epsom, from whom

he had fine expectations, but his profligacy ruined his chances, and he was soon expelled from his uncle's house. Another relative took him in, but "here playing several slippery tricks, his friends were at last determined to send him to sea, the general resource for such sort of sparks." He sailed on board H.M.S. *Drake* to the West Indies, where he was out of mischief for a time, but returning to England was cleaned out at the gambling-tables; he levied contributions on his aunt, the Duchess of Northumberland, from whose dressing-room he stole a miniature set in gold that hung to her watch chain. The Duchess offered a large reward for its recovery and Parsons would gladly have given it up, but could find no means of restoring it without drawing down suspicion, and he soon sold it for a quarter of the sum advertised as a reward.

Another theft that might have landed him in gaol was that of a pair of gold shoe-buckles which he secured in the assembly rooms at Buxton—the property of a Mr. Graham. Having appropriated them unperceived, Parsons broke them up and sold them next day to a goldsmith in Nottingham. Mr. Graham having advertised his loss, the goldsmith reported that he had bought the pieces of a pair of buckles from Parsons, and they were immediately identified. Had not Sir William Parsons interposed and made up the matter with Mr. Graham, rather than have his son publicly disgraced, it would have gone hard with the thief.

Once more, after certain gallant adventures in town, where he shamelessly robbed a too confiding lady, Parsons went to sea, now on board H.M.S. *Romney*, Captain Medley, R.N. During this cruise his habits did not improve; he played continually and with false dice or marked cards, and became so discredited that none of his brother officers would keep him company. He had an ingenious way, too, of misappropriating ladies' jewellery, snuff-boxes, rings, and so forth, which he pretended to admire, and which "he had no sooner in his hand than, with a genteel air, he put them in his pocket, saying they were mighty pretty things, and he would keep them for their sakes, and so laughing the ladies out of them, he used afterwards to convert them into cash."

Parsons did not stay long in the navy, and on his discharge resumed his dissolute, extravagant life in London, where he played high, and losing much was put to many fraudulent shifts to make up his income. Being overburdened with debts and "pretty near exhausted as to cash," his friends importuned him to go out as a writer in the African Company, but not liking the climate he passed on to Jamaica, where he stayed some time. Here he forged a letter purporting to be from his aunt, in which the Duchess agreed to be answerable for any sum he raised as far as £70. He got the whole amount from a merchant, and returned to England very much about the time that the draft arrived, when the Duchess repudiated it, and declared she had never written any letter to Parsons. This fraud so much incensed her that she disinherited him, and left £25,000 she had meant for him to his sister. The defrauded merchant would have arrested him, but he climbed out upon the roof of a house, and so escaped.

The next move was a fortunate marriage with a young lady who had £12,000. He married her in 1740, and received £4,000, the balance, £8,000, being invested by his wife's friends in "Exchequer tallies," or annuities. Now, too, he joined the army, purchasing a commission in Cholmondeley's regiment, and making "a very gay appearance." He lived "in a genteel manner in Poland Street, but still following the pernicious practice of gaming," he lost his £4,000, and persuaded his wife to sell a part of her annuities. In effecting this sale he took in a Jew broker, and disposed of a part of the annuities twice over.

Within three years Parsons, now a lieutenant, was ordered to Flanders with his regiment, and found new openings for his villainy. One was to contract for the whole of the soldiers' clothing, and when he got it to abscond to England, where he sold the lot. This finished his military career, for the Duke of Cumberland dismissed him summarily, and applied the price of his commission to the making good of his frauds. Now, being separated from his wife, who had gone back to her friends, he set up in Panton Square, having furnished the house "genteely" from the best tradesmen, including goldsmiths,

who supplied a quantity of silver plate, but when they came to be paid they found the place shut up as if uninhabited. Yet Parsons was there, and remained in it the best part of a year, entering and leaving the house by a private door through the stable yard. The landlord broke in at last, and found the house all but empty; Parsons had sold off everything.

He next devised "a big base design" of raising funds by agreeing with one who had been a footman to run off with his sister. She had £25,000 to her fortune, and the man when he secured it was to pay Parsons a handsome commission. Miss Parsons, who lodged in Spring Gardens, was to be waylaid, seized and carried off by force; her maid having been bought over to assist at the price of £500. The future husband was, however, indiscreet; he went to a milliner's to bespeak some "fine Dresden ruffled shirts," and openly announced his coming marriage with the wealthy Miss Parsons, niece and heiress of the Duchess of Northumberland. But a lady came in, and overhearing this, exposed the trick, for the fellow had once been her footman. Miss Parsons was warned to be on her guard, and she moved her lodging, having learnt what was in the wind from her maid, who confessed the whole affair.

It would be tedious to follow this unprincipled swindler through all the nefarious schemes and devices he invented to obtain money from the confiding—bills forged, goods fraudulently obtained, innocent girls deceived with pretended marriages; when he was committed to Maidstone for passing a spurious note he imposed upon a fellow prisoner, whom he persuaded, after receiving a bribe, to dig for jewels in the garden of an empty house in Chelsea, where, of course, nothing was found. His last offence condemned Parsons to be sent to the Plantations, and he was taken to Maryland with other transports. On the voyage out he so ingratiated himself with the captain as to be allowed to eat at his table, and Lord Fairfax, the Governor, on his arrival, took him into his own house and treated him like a son. This kindness he repaid by theft, and having laid hands on £70, he stole off to England, landing at Whitehaven, "at which place he again began his old pranks."

None were sufficiently remunerative; his losses at play were very high, and being nearly cleaned out he resolved to take to robbery on the highway. The country he worked was between Turnham Green and Hounslow Heath, and here he met his fate. Information had reached him of a large sum going to London by this road, and he laid in wait for it. Presently two gentlemen came across the heath in a post chaise, one of whom knew him, and bade him keep his distance. Parsons did not dare to attack, but only hovered around hoping to take the two at a disadvantage, but having no opportunity. At last he unwarily entered the town of Hounslow with them, when these gentlemen called upon him to surrender. They took him to the Rose and Crown, where he was disarmed and searched; in his pockets a quantity of powder and ball was discovered. The landlord also bore witness that Parsons answered the description of the highwayman who had long infested the neighbouring roads.

He was soon committed to Newgate, and from the first there was no hope for him. He lay there five months, during which he wrote many letters and petitions, one of the latter to the king himself, others were to his wife, his relations, and influential friends, all to no purpose; he was thought too deserving of death to be reprieved, and he suffered on the 11th of February, 1750.

JAMES MACLEAN.

This was another "gentleman" highwayman who achieved great notoriety about the same time as Parsons, and who, although not high born, came of decent, respectable folk; his father, Laughlin Maclean, was a Presbyterian minister at Monaghan, in the north of Ireland, and his eldest brother was also in orders, and became pastor to the English congregation at the Hague. James was brought up for a merchant, was taught Latin, and became "a perfect master of writing and accompts," but his father died as he was on the point of putting him with a Scotch merchant at Rotterdam. Mr. Maclean left no great store, but there was enough to establish James in business; the youth, however, enchanted at becoming

his own master at eighteen, "forgot all thoughts of a Dutch Compting House, equipped himself in the gayest dress he could procure, bought a fine gelding and set up as a man of fashion."

The little town of Monaghan was too narrow for his ambition, and he soon moved to Dublin, where he designed to assure his fortune by a rich marriage. But he only ran through his money, making no better acquaintances but lacqueys, ostlers, and some raw boys at the university, and in eleven months he was quite penniless. He returned on foot to Monaghan to be the laughing-stock of the place; his relatives would have nothing to say to him: he was even refused credit for a dinner, and must have starved had not a gentleman passing through offered him the place of servant, his man having just died.

He was ill-fitted for a footman, with a saucy tongue and high notions of his gentility, and was soon discharged. But failing to get any help beyond a few pounds from his brother at the Hague, he again took service, now as butler to a family in Cork, which place he also lost through misconduct. His first master now generously helped him to return to London, where he thought of joining the army, but would accept nothing but a pair of colours, which he had no money to buy. He would have gone to France as a soldier in the Irish legion, but had Protestant scruples as to serving a Catholic king. He would assuredly have starved but for his marriage with the daughter of an innkeeper and horse-dealer, with whom he received £500. With this capital he started as a grocer and chandler, and might have done well but for his love of pleasure and weak desire to appear as a gentleman.

Then his wife died, and selling off all he possessed, he sought to replace her by resuming his laced clothes and seeking another and a better fortune. He hoped to win an heiress by "the gracefulness of his person and the elegance of his appearance." He went to Tunbridge Wells, passed off as a fashionable beau, and had almost succeeded, when an unfortunate quarrel with an apothecary led to the exposure of his early vicissitudes as a footman and a grocer. He was

everywhere given the cold shoulder, and returned to London with no more than five guineas in his pocket. His friends now got enough money together to send him to Jamaica, but when they rashly entrusted it to his own keeping he promptly lost the whole at the gaming-tables.

An Irish doctor, one Plunkett, "who had lived all his lifetime on the sharp," with whom he had had dealings, now suggested that Maclean should take to the road. "They agreed upon a kind of co-partnership, and hired two horses." Plunkett provided pistols, for he was not new to the business, and then lay in wait for graziers returning from Smithfield Market, one of whom they robbed without resistance of sixty or seventy pounds. Maclean did not take kindly to the work; although they both wore "Venetian masques." "This thin covering," says the chronicler, "could not stifle conscience in Maclean, nor animate him to courage." He was with Plunkett, but had no hand in it, for his fear was so great he had no power to utter a word, nor to draw his pistol. "After the robbery he rode for miles without speaking; when they reached an inn he hid himself, and seemed afraid of his very shadow."

Their next attempt was against the St. Alban's coach, and Maclean engaged in it with marked reluctance. At last, goaded by his companion's taunts, he said, "needs must when the devil drives; I am out of shoes and must don boots." In the attack he behaved "in so distracted a manner" that it almost failed. Afterwards, at Richmond, where they took refuge, he "had as much the horrors as at London;" "no rest, no peace of mind, was sullen, sulky, and perplexed what course to pursue."

Yet Plunkett kept him busy, and during the next six months they had committed alone or together some sixteen robberies, in Hyde Park, near Marylebone, or within twenty miles of London, and got some large prizes. They rode down towards Chester, too, and waylaid several parties between Stony Stratford and Whitchurch, but their greatest haul was after their return to town, where they learnt that an officer of the East India Company's service was bringing

a large sum of money to London, and stopped him near Greenwich. After this Maclean paid a short visit to his brother at the Hague, while Plunkett looked about and prepared for fresh enterprises.

The pair were now pretty well known about St. James's, "as well as any gentlemen that lived in that quarter," wrote Horace Walpole, "who perhaps go upon the road too." Walpole himself had been robbed by them of a watch, and a pistol having gone off in the encounter the bullet had grazed his cheekbone. They had, however, nearly come to the end of their tether. On the 26th June, 1750, riding by Turnham Green, they came up with the Salisbury coach with five male passengers and one female. They obliged the men to descend one by one and robbed them of all they had, the lady was not ill-treated, and they only took what she chose to offer. After this Maclean was foolish enough to return for the cloak bags which were in the boot of the coach, and these led to his arrest. For that same day (on which they also robbed the Earl of Eglington of only seven guineas) Maclean sent to a Jew salesman to call and look at some clothes he had to sell. These were part of the contents of the cloak bag, and they were presently identified with certain effects for which one of the victims had advertised. Maclean was yet more unlucky, for he had stripped the gold lace off a coat and offered it for sale to the very lace man who had supplied it.

When apprehended he strongly denied his guilt, then made full confession, hoping to be accepted as king's evidence against Plunkett, and when this was refused, behaved "in a most dastardly and pusillanimous manner, whimpering and crying like a whipt schoolboy." He tried to retract his confession when brought to trial, but the jury found him guilty without leaving the court. He was sentenced to death and suffered at Tyburn.

GALLOPING DICK.

Richard Ferguson, who gained this *sobriquet*, was of the same stamp as Sixteen-string Jack. The son of a

gentleman's valet, he was taken as helper, and being a smart, active lad, was soon advanced to the rank of postillion, which in due course took him to London. But here he fell into bad ways, and lost both his place and his character. After frequenting public-houses and low haunts, making many vicious acquaintances, and falling, as it seemed, beyond hope of recovery, he was rescued for a time by obtaining a billet with a livery-stable keeper in Piccadilly. By degrees he rehabilitated himself, and so pleased his master that at the latter's death he found that he had inherited a legacy of £50.

This proved his ruin. It seemed untold wealth, but it was soon squandered in riotous living. Again Ferguson sought service, and found it in his old line as postillion. The roads he travelled were in and about the metropolis, and one night he fell in with the famous Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Abershaw knew that his life was in Ferguson's hands, and set some of his companions to corrupt him. He was invited to supper and induced, after a night spent in revelry, to become one of their number. At first, however, it was considered best to employ him only as an informer and spy; he knew all the neighbouring roads well, and, still working as a postillion, he could give early news of any profitable business. In this way he led many of those he drove straight into the mouth of the highwaymen, who thus secured considerable booty. But Ferguson's collusion was suspected, and he presently lost his place as postillion.

Now he threw himself eagerly into the more daring business, and took to the road himself. His courage was remarkable, his knowledge of horses invaluable, and as he was always well mounted and rode at top speed, he gained the title of "Gallop^{ing} Dick." Again and again he escaped when the pursuers were close on his heels, and once in an affair off Edgware Road, while two of his companions were captured, he galloped clear away. It was supposed that he was concerned in almost every important highway robbery for many years. He was highly

esteemed by his confederates, and his name was a terror to the travelling public. He was frequently arrested and brought to trial, but, strange to say, as often acquitted. At last he was taken red-handed, near Aylesbury, having just committed a very daring robbery. There was no question now of his guilt; he was arraigned, and, on convincing evidence, sentenced to death.

ROBBING THE MAIL.

When improved communications and the establishment of mounted patrols along the highways checked the proceedings of the gentlemen of the road, another class of depredators came into fashion. As overt force was no longer possible, artifice and stratagem were employed. It was still necessary in banking and commercial transactions to transmit considerable sums in cash to the provinces from the capital, and *vice versa*, so that there was much tempting spoil constantly in transit along the road. Some very clever robberies were effected from coaches, but before describing them it will be interesting to note that the mails were often stopped in the earlier days and some very daring robberies effected. Thus as far back as 1781 the Bristol mail cart, when being driven between Maidenhead and Cranford Bridge on its way to the London General Post Office, in Lombard Street, was stopped and rifled by a single highwayman. The robber, at the pistol's point, desired the post-boy to alight and go back whence he came, but not to turn his head or he would be shot. On reaching Hounslow, however, the boy gave the alarm, and the whole village rose to go in pursuit of the thief. The wheels of the cart were tracked along the Uxbridge road as far as Ealing Common, near which, in a field, lying on its side, the cart itself was found. The mail bags from Bristol and Bath had been cut open and ransacked, their contents lay mostly strewn about the ground, but all letters with valuables had been abstracted. Twenty-eight other bags had been carried off bodily, although one or two had been picked up at other points, all of them rifled.

News of the robbery was sent post-haste to London, and handbills, giving an account of the transaction, with a promised reward for the arrest of the unknown thief, were circulated throughout the country. The very day after the robbery, on the 30th January, a gentleman arrived at Nottingham, a hundred miles from Maidenhead, travelling post with well-paid postillions. He was a naval officer in uniform, and he desired the waiter of the Black Moor's Head, where he put up, to go with certain bills drawn in Bristol and obtain cash for them at Smith's bank. Messrs. Smith refused to accept them without knowing more of the holder; but another long-established bank of Nottingham, Wright's, made no difficulty when the naval officer in his uniform came and presented one himself at their counter. He endorsed it "James Jackson," in a scrawling hand, got his cash, returned to the inn, and ordered a post-chaise to take him on his road. That was through Mansfield and Chesterfield, northward to Leeds, York, Northallerton, Darlington and Durham, to Newcastle, and thence to Carlisle, and his track was followed by the bank bills he cashed along the route wherever he could. From Carlisle, having got rid of much of his paper, he turned once more southward, taking the direct road to London.

One of the handbills advertising the robbery fell into the hands of Mr. Wright, the banker of Nottingham, who at once concluded that his naval officer was the man who had stopped the mail cart near Maidenhead. He caused the notice to be immediately reprinted, and distributed copies in his own neighbourhood. Thus the joint post-master and keeper of the Saracen's Head, Newark, learnt what had happened, and remembered that on the 2nd February a naval officer had come to his house in a chaise and four, had changed horses and a £25 note, then posted on to Grantham. Keen pursuit was started at once, but the man wanted reached London three hours before those who followed him. He had been heard of at Enfield, whence four fresh horses had carried him to Bishopsgate Street the same night. There he changed into a hackney coach, taking with him his portmanteau and

his pistols. The post-boys saw him drive off, but did not hear the address he gave the coachman or mark the number of the coach.

The Bow Street officers were now put upon the track of this masquerading naval officer, and a reward was offered for the hackney coachman which soon brought him out. He proved to be an old friend and fellow lodger of his fare, whom he knew as George Weston, and whom he had driven that night to a court off Newgate Street. Weston had alighted here, and disappeared through the court, with his portmanteau and pistols under his arm, and that was the last seen of him. But a naval officer's uniform coat and waistcoat had been picked up in the Pimlico sewer, near Chelsea waterworks, and identified as his, and his continued presence in London was surmised from the large number of the stolen bills and bank notes that were being put off at various banks in the town.

The missing man was at last run into by chance, although he had strengthened the scent by another misdeed. A man had swindled several London tradesmen out of furniture and other goods for a house near Winchelsea. He had also victimised a jeweller, and the whole of them, combining, went down to Winchelsea, accompanied by a sheriff's officer. The swindler and a friend were encountered riding on the high road, when a sharp affray ensued. The villains beat off their assailants, then galloped home, packed up their plate and valuables, and disappeared, travelling towards London. A conference followed between the Londoners and the local authorities at a public-house, and the description of the man wanted was given out aloud. It was overheard by a frequenter of the place. This fellow produced one of the handbills first published from Bow Street, advertising for the mail cart robber, and it was seen that the swindler and George Weston were one and the same.

Report of this was made forthwith to Bow Street, and a fresh hue and cry was raised for Weston and his companion. They were traced from place to place, and at last to an hotel near Wardour Street, Soho, where the landlord took their

part, and warned them of coming danger. They ran for it, producing pistols when the officers came up; many shots were exchanged, and a sharp fight followed, but they were captured after all. The prisoners were two brothers Weston; one a noted highwayman, the other a receiver, and both were soon afterwards tried and hanged.

We come later on (1812) to the robbery of the Leeds mail at Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire, under the following circumstances. The money (to what amount is not stated in the records) was carried in the boot of the coach, under the special charge of the guard. But during his momentary absence the thieves opened the lock, and carried off the bags. Two persons had been seen that afternoon in a gig near Higham Ferrers, the only gig that had passed that way during the evening. The same two men were seen at a public-house hard by late that night. They were tracked all the way to London, where one of them, a notorious robber named Huffey White, who was concerned in the robbery of the Paisley Bank, at Glasgow, was found to have negotiated some of the bills and notes which had been abstracted from the bags. Huffey White and his associate were forthwith arrested, and tried for their lives at Northampton, where eventually they suffered death.

THE HERTFORD MAIL ROBBED.

These mail coach robberies were often perpetrated by men who had been officials or *employés*, and thus had special knowledge of the machinery and method of transmitting valuable parcels. Two remarkable cases occurred in 1813-14, in which the thieves were, or had been, guards. One was a clever theft from the Hertford coach, which by arrangement carried notes and bullion from Christie's bank, in Hertford, to the Bull inn, Holborn, where they were handed over to the bankers' representatives in London. The system was to enclose parcels of notes and bills in an iron-bound box, which was carefully locked, the keys in duplicate being held by the bankers at each end. When remittances were to be made, the box was always taken to the coach office and securely

screwed into a small receptacle inside and at the back of the coach, the vehicle then standing in the street, opposite the inn door. On the evening of the 14th May, Messrs. Christie's clerk brought the box, and was seen by a witness to put it in its place. Immediately after the clerk had left, another man, who had been hanging about the market-place and street, got into the coach, and remained inside for five minutes, very much in the same attitude as the clerk had been when fastening down the box. He presently walked off, and was not seen again. Certainly he did not travel by the coach. During this brief space the robbery had been effected. On the arrival of the coach at the Bull inn, Holborn, the receptacle was opened by the bank clerk who attended on purpose, but it was found empty. The iron box was gone. From the evidence of the person in Hertford who had seen what happened, suspicion was attracted to a man named Cooke, who had once been guard to the Monmouth mail coach, and who was believed to be living in Lazenby Court, Long Acre. He was not found there, his wife declaring him to be at Brighton, although, as a fact, he had gone over to Dieppe. Before going he had called on a woman named Porter, whom he had asked to take charge of a small parcel of notes, £200 worth, and she had noticed that he had a great many more.

Vickery, the Bow Street runner, so often mentioned already in these pages, was charged with the pursuit of Cooke, whom he knew well, and whom, after a long search, he came upon quite unexpectedly, travelling up to town by the Yarmouth coach. Cooke was apprehended at the Whalebone turnpike, on the Romford road, and suffered the extreme penalty.

A couple of years before, in October, 1813, another robbery had been successfully accomplished from the Swansea mail on its journey between Newport and Bristol. Certain Newport bankers had transmitted a number of notes and cash to their London agents, enclosed in a box which for greater security was placed in a canvas bag with another address on it, to give it the appearance of an ordinary parcel. The bag

and box reached London, but the valuables within had disappeared. Vickery was again employed, and at Bristol, a long time afterwards, he met the man Weller, who had been guard to the Swansea coach on the day of the robbery. From him he elicited the fact that he (the guard) had seen the bag *en route*, but this was all he would say, although Vickery was certain he knew more. The next day, feeling, no doubt, that the scent was warm, Weller absconded, was picked up in London, and apprehended. When committed to the House of Correction, at Coldbath Fields, he voluntarily confessed that he had opened the canvas bag, also the box within, had abstracted the parcel of valuables, and then, making all right on the surface, had left the coach at Bristol with his plunder.

The notes had been in part changed into coin at Bristol, through the intermediary of a woman named Hickman, a friend of the thief. She had changed nearly £400 in this way at various shops in Bristol, but, growing alarmed, had buried the rest—£700 worth—in a hole in her garden, where they remained for fifteen months. When dug up they were in a very damaged condition.

ROBBING THE CALAIS-DOVER MAIL.

In the early morning of the 29th January, 1827, when the mail portmanteau was taken from the Dover coach into the General Post Office, Lombard Street, it was seen that it had been cut open with a knife. The hole was large enough to admit of the abstraction of the inner bags, and when they were counted over and compared with the way-bill the Italian bag was found to be missing. The solicitor to the Post Office went down to Dover forthwith and soon ascertained that the robbery must have been effected on this side of the Channel. The great mail bag had been landed intact from the French packet, for it had been impounded by the Custom House authorities on account of its suspicious weight and closely examined for contraband. The inquiry was therefore narrowed to the Dover coach and what might have happened along the Dover road. There were four inside passengers booked

through to London, and three outside, one of the latter going no further than Canterbury, while another was booked as far as he pleased along the road. These two had got down at Canterbury and were joined by a third man who was waiting for them. The party presently entered the Rose Inn, where they ordered a post chaise for London. Refreshments were served in a private room, and the waiter, entering suddenly, found them busy with an open bag, from which they were drawing a number of letters and packets, feeling them and examining them minutely by the light of a candle.

These travellers, after they started for London, were easily traced along the road. Many people met them, and joined the innkeeper and waiter of the "Rose" in furnishing particulars of appearance. The description given was like print to the Bow Street officers, who read it at once, in one case at least, as indicating a certain Tom Partridge, a man often in trouble, and always on account of mail-coach robberies. He was soon hunted down, and when captured easily identified as one of the outside passengers by the Dover coach on the night of the crime. A conviction seemed certain, yet when tried at the next Maidstone assizes he was able to put in an undeniable *alibi*, and was necessarily acquitted. It was proved by witnesses that on the night of the 29th January, and for many days before, he was travelling in the far west of England, from Exeter to Tiverton; he had been seen at Glastonbury, Bridgewater, and other places. The defence was supported by facts that admitted of no sort of doubt, and the jury could not but conclude that Partridge was guiltless of the Dover affair.

Two years later the same solicitor to the Post Office was walking along Bishopsgate, when he met Tom Partridge, whom he had not forgotten, nor the still unexplained *alibi*. Tom went into a public-house, came out again, and, as he stood in the street, was hailed from a window above by another Tom, his exact facsimile. The man had a double, his elder brother Sam, "as like him as two peas." From

inquiries set on foot it came out that Sam Partridge had been long absent in America, and on his return the plot was laid against the French mail. As a leading part of it the *alibi* was prepared. Sam was the brother in the west of England, travelling there ostentatiously, seen and spoken to by many; Tom meanwhile was despoiling the foreign mail bags. But the robbery had not been effected on the high road, as was supposed. Tom Partridge and his confederates (one of whom gave away the whole story after the likeness of the two brothers had been disclosed) had watched the mail portmanteau into the agent's office at Dover, where it lay unprotected the whole of that Sunday afternoon. Then Tom, with a skeleton key, opened the office door, and the thieves walked in to work their wicked will on the mail bags. How the gash, made in the leather side of the portmanteau, had passed unnoticed when the coach was loaded did not transpire.

ROBBING THE GLASGOW COACH.

One of the most dexterous coach robberies on record was effected in 1831, on the Prince Regent coach, which plied between Glasgow and Edinburgh. A bank parcel containing notes and gold to the value of £5,700 had been sent by the branch of the Commercial Bank in Glasgow to its headquarters at Edinburgh. The parcel was contained in a tin box and placed in the coach with the usual precautions. On arrival at Edinburgh, the coachman who drove the last stage, on opening the boot, found that the valuable contents had been abstracted from the box. They must have been secured from the inside, for the stuffing had been cut and an entrance made into the boot of the coach by first piercing the woodwork with a brace bit, then cutting out a piece with a saw. The thieves had thus got at the box from the interior of the coach, and rifled it, leaving the paper in which the parcel had been packed and part of one of the notes. All that was known at first was that the whole of the inside seats had been secured in Glasgow, four in the name of a Mrs. Gordon,

two in that of a Mr. Johnstone. Yet the coach had really started without any inside passengers. Beyond the town a man and a woman were taken up and travelled inside to within three miles of Airdrie, where they left the coach. There was at this time one outside passenger only, and he appears to have got down to help the others out of the coach.

A long and searching inquiry was at once set on foot, which, through the arduous and persevering efforts of a police officer named Nish, brought about the arrest of the thieves. They seem to have been discovered in the first instance through the notes which they had stolen. All had been issued by the Commercial Bank, and had blue borders of a peculiar kind, differing from the notes generally in circulation. They were to the value of £20, £5, and £1 respectively. The moving spirit in the robbery was a coach proprietor named George Gilchrist, who lived on the road between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and who was well aware of the precious burden often carried by the Prince Regent coach. He laid his plans accordingly to rob the coach, and worked it with several assistants, principally his brother, William Gilchrist, and one James Brown. On the day of the robbery William Gilchrist and Brown travelled from Glasgow on the outside. Three miles out, George Gilchrist, who was disguised in female apparel, met the coach, accompanied by another assistant and from the precaution taken to secure the whole of the inside seats the thieves had now the interior to themselves. George Gilchrist set to work at once, and, having ripped up the cloth lining, attacked the body of the coach with brace and bit; they soon had access sufficient to allow them to prize open the tin box with a chisel. Then they got out two parcels of notes and a heavy package which was supposed to be gold. After that the lid was shut down and the box put back seemingly untouched. The two thieves then concealed the notes and gold in their pockets; Gilchrist put on his shawl and bonnet. On a signal from Brown above that the coast was clear, George Gilchrist and

his companion walked rapidly away till they came to a plantation, where Gilchrist took off his disguise and resumed men's clothes.

All the thieves were put upon their trial, and only George Gilchrist was convicted. He was sentenced to death, but, on making important disclosures to the police of the whereabouts of a great portion of the booty, the capital sentence was commuted to transportation for life.

Here is one more story on all fours with those preceding, in which another clever coach robbery was committed in the town of Bury (Lancashire), on 17th February, 1842. Messrs. Cunliffes, Brooks and Co., bankers, of Manchester, had been in the habit of forwarding fortnightly large quantities of cash and notes to their bank at Blackburn. On the above-mentioned evening the usual messenger took down to the coach a box containing 1,500 sovereigns and £500 in Bank of England notes, and deposited it in the fore-boot, as was his custom. The messenger remained standing by the coach, and whilst there a man named Skerrett, who had formerly been employed at the inn whence the coach started, came up in a hurried manner with a drab-coloured carpet bag in his hand, stating it belonged to a gentleman who was going by the coach. The carpet bag seemed light, and the job of depositing it should not have occupied a minute; but it was remarked that Skerrett remained standing, mounted on the coach, one foot on the splinter-bar and the other on the fore-wheel, fumbling about in the boot for some time. The horse-keeper at the horses' heads also noticed Skerrett's peculiar conduct, and called to him to come down. Skerrett not doing as he was told, the man let go the horses' heads, the animals became restive, and Skerrett was thrown off. Now the passengers, four in number, mounted to their seats; three were known, but the fourth was a stranger, and understood to be the owner of the carpet bag. There was also a man muffled up who sat on the box-seat with the driver, and from his looks excited the latter's attention. On arrival at a turnpike gate, two miles from Bury, the man who sat with the

coachman alighted and inquired his way to Radcliff; he was, no doubt, an accomplice, for on inquiries no such man had been seen at Radcliff. On the arrival of the coach at the "White Horse," Bury, the strange man—the supposed owner of the carpet bag—stood on the coach-wheel after the other passengers had alighted, as if endeavouring to get his bag out of the boot. He was observed to pull at the bag, as though it contained something heavy; he struggled with it while on the coach wheel, and seemed to have great difficulty in getting it down on to the flagway. Finally he succeeded, and, entering the bar of the inn, placed the carpet bag on the floor beside him. The landlady's attention was drawn to him as he appeared agitated, but he was not interfered with. When the coachman came in, the man with the bag offered him a glass of brandy and they drank together, after which the coach went on, leaving the passenger behind.

It was evident that the fore-boot containing the cash-box was not examined at Bury; equally certain that the box would then have been missed, and that had it been searched for at once it must have been found in the carpet bag. As it was, the man who had brought in the bag no doubt passed it on to others—one or more accomplices already in the house—who must have conveyed it away surreptitiously from the bar. It was never seen again. Soon afterwards the man who had brought it was seen to leave the inn a short time after the coach had started; he walked down the street at a rapid pace and presently broke into a run. That was the last of him.

CHAPTER XV.

CRIMES OF THE HIGHWAYS.

Early Pirates and Sea Robbers—Piracy Focussed in the West Indies—Some Famous Rovers : Captain Teach, Major Bonnet, &c.—Later Piracies—A Modern Instance of Attempted Piracy—The *Ferret*, of Glasgow—Other Forms of Piracy—Mutiny at Sea : *Jefferson Borden*, *Flowery Land*, and the *Lennie*—Marine Insurance Frauds—Early Cases—The *Rachette*—The *Adventure* cast away by Captain Codling—Frequency of these Frauds—The *Hannah Mary*, and others—Methods Employed—The *Dryad*, *Severn*, *Amora Clipper*.

PIRACY AND ROBBERY AFLOAT.

THE great highway of the sea has always offered peculiar facilities to the adventurous spirit. Piracy is as old as the hills. "There be land-rats and water-rats, water thieves and land thieves, I mean pirates," says Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice*. The old sea rovers were no better than banditti ; the modern buccaneer was foreshadowed by the Greek pirates of the *Ægean Seas* ; the pirates of the Mediterranean were a standing menace to Rome. These last issued from the coast of Africa, where they had their arsenals and commodious harbours holding mighty fleets, "well equipped and furnished, with galliots of oars, manned not only with men of desperate courage, but also with expert pirates and mariners" ; they were not contented with "committing piracies and insolencies by sea," but they made conquests by land ; "they took and sacked no less than four hundred cities" in the time of *Cæsar*, "plundered the temples of the gods, enriched themselves with the offerings deposited in them, plundered the villages along the seacoast, ransacked the fine houses of the noblemen along the *Tiber*." It is quite possible, according to the historian, that when *Pompey* attacked the pirates and beat them they might have overthrown him, if they had concentrated, and "Rome, which had conquered the whole world, might have been subdued by a parcel of pirates." It was they

who first invented the practice of walking the plank. When they took a ship they hung out the ladder, and, telling each person he had his liberty, "desired him to walk out of the ship, and this in the middle of the sea, all with mighty shouts of laughter, so wanton were they in their cruelty." The Scandinavians and Norsemen were all pure pirates. Later on, the Barbary corsairs were the masters of the Mediterranean, and levied blackmail upon the world's commerce. Barbarossa defied the whole strength of Charles V., and his great exploits were imitated by generations of petty pirates issuing from Tunis and Algiers. Nor they alone. In mediæval days vessels richly freighted were ever liable to attack, and when robbed, restitution or redress could never be obtained from the government or country to which the pirates belonged. The Hanseatic League was formed for common protection against the rovers of the Baltic. Pirates in the sixteenth century infested the narrow seas, the English, French, and Dutch waters, and were a perpetual scourge to the shipping of all nations at that period.

The discovery of the New World opened up new seas peculiarly well adapted to the trade of pirates, whose noxious business was long focussed, so to speak, in the West Indian Islands. The first filibusters were English and French settlers, who would have disputed the Spanish supremacy in the West Indies. These freebooters, who came to be known as buccaneers, prospered greatly by preying upon the ships of every flag, long resisting every attempt at suppression, and were a continual pest upon the high seas. As I have said, the pirates affected the West Indies, because they found here "so many uninhabited little islands and quays, with harbours convenient and secure for cleansing their vessels, and abounding with what they often want, provision: water, seafowl, turtle, shell and other fish." It was a fine cruising ground, moreover, for there was much commerce between those parts and Europe: "they are sure in the latitude of these trading islands to meet with prizes, booties of provision, clothing and naval stores, and sometimes money, there being great sums remitted this way to England . . . and, in short, by some

one or other, all the riches of Potosi." Yet again, the traffic was encouraged by the difficulty of pursuit among the many small islands, lagoons and harbours, which afforded many natural refuges for the pirates. At the commencement of the eighteenth century a very determined effort was made to suppress piracy in the West Indies. "The pirates are grown so numerous that they infest, not only the seas near Jamaica, but even those of the Northern Continent of America, and, unless some effectual means be used, the whole trade from Great Britain to those parts will not only be obstructed but in imminent danger of being lost." A general combination of the European nations was formed against them. The rover and sea-robber was held to be *hostis humani generis*, the enemy of the whole human race. The offence was international felony, and might be punished by any competent authority in any country on the coasts of which there had been pillage or in the waters of which violence had been perpetrated.

England took the lead in this league, and a whole fleet of king's ships was ordered to cruise along the West India Islands. No doubt they did much to clear the seas of such pests. They disposed of such depredators as Captain Teach, the notorious "Black Beard," who gained his name from "that large quantity of hair," which, according to a contemporary chronicle, "covered his whole face like a frightful meteor, and frightened America more than any comet that has appeared there for a long time." "This beard was black," goes on the same account; "he suffered it to grow to an extravagant length; as to breadth, it came up to his eyes; he was accustomed to twist it with ribbons and in small tails, after the manner of our Ramilies wigs, and turn them about his ears; in time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders, with three brace of pistols, hanging in holsters with bandoliers; and stuck lighted matches under his hat, which appearing on each side of his face, his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure, that imagination cannot form an idea of a Fury, from Hell, to look more frightful."

Another pirate then suppressed was Major Stede Bonnet, who had been bred a gentleman and was the "master of a plentiful fortune," who took to piracy, it was supposed, from a disordered mind, and who, after many vicissitudes, was hanged at Charlestown, South Carolina, with all his crew. There was Captain Edward England, again, the scene of whose depredations was rather East than West, and who, after ravaging South Africa and Madagascar, returned to the Spanish West Indies and surrendered to the Spanish governor of Porto Bello. There were Captain Charles Vane, hanged at Jamaica; Captain Racham, who also suffered there with his crew; there was Anne Bonney, the female pirate, who became Racham's wife, and who was present at his execution, where she reproached him, saying, "If he had fought like a man, he need not have been hanged like a dog." Mary Read was another female pirate who sailed in several pirate ships and was eventually hanged. There was Captain Bartho Roberts, once an honest shipmaster, afterwards one of the boldest and most systematic of the West Indian pirates. On one occasion he plundered, sank or burned twenty-two sail in a harbour of Newfoundland, and soon afterwards a number of others, making a total of 400 captures. He extended his depredations to Whydah, in Calabar, and he was eventually killed in an engagement with a king's ship. He made a gallant figure throughout the fight, "being dressed in a rich crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck, with a diamond cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand, and two pair of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling, flung over his shoulders (according to the fashion of the pirates), and is said to have given his orders with boldness and spirit."

The list is long, and the story always much the same. Captain Anstis, Captain Worley, Captain George Lowther, all hanged on the gallows; Captain John Phillips, Captain Smith, *alias* Gow, also hanged; Captain Phillip Roche, who was one of the first to invent the fraud of insuring ships to a great value and then destroying them, of whom it was said that "his black and savage nature did nowise answer to the

comeliness of his person, his life being almost one continued scene of villany."

The West Indies continued to be a nest of pirates far into the present century, and warships, both English and American, were constantly engaged with these modern freebooters. Their depredations extended into the Gulf of Mexico, and a United States cruiser captured a pirate vessel off the mouth of the Mississippi in 1819. During that year there were no fewer than forty-four cases of piracy in these parts, and sixteen pirates were executed at New Orleans. The New York insurance offices at length petitioned the President to take more active measures against the growing evil. There were some 15,000 to 20,000 seamen engaged in piracy, but under cover of commissions issued by the South American States. The pirates boldly sent their prizes into the neighbouring ports for sale; the booty was openly disposed of at Matanzas and the Havannah; houses were filled with them, there was a regular price current; Russian sheeting was six dollars per piece, gin one and a half dollars per case, nails four dollars per can, a doubloon (16 dollars) would purchase a horse-load of merchandise.

The combined efforts of the cruisers made no impression for some years. It was reported in an American newspaper that "piracy gains strength daily, and must be put down, or it will acquire force of appalling character. Spain is powerless to control it; other nations must do so." There was a great conflict in July, 1823, with Diablero's piratical schooner. Next year, June, 1824, H.M.S. *Hussar*, pursuing pirates about the Isle of Pines, destroyed a whole fleet of pirates, "Pepe's" falucha with two schooners and three piratical canoes. In the same neighbourhood the British cutter *Grecian* engaged a force double its strength, and killed the famous pirate La Cata. Another sloop of war captured a pirate schooner off St. Domingo, with a crew of sixty, and plunder on board to the value of 20,000 dollars, all in specie. Again, "Old Tom," an ex-convict captain, was captured off New Providence, and another, Lafitte, a notorious pirate who refused quarter. Spain now began to wake up, and eleven pirates were hanged

in 1825 at Porto Rico. The merchants of St. Domingo fitted out a ship of their own, commanded, strange to say, by a colonel, who, after a twelve days' cruise, secured twenty-two pirates, and returned with much goods and treasure. Gradually order and security were re-established.

An extraordinary case of proposed piracy was laid bare in 1881, but the details of this clever scheme show that it is difficult nowadays to escape the network of modern marine police.

In September, 1880, a stranger arrived in Glasgow, giving the name of Walker. Professing to act as broker on behalf of a principal named Smith, he chartered the *Ferret*, a steamer of 346 tons, from the Highland Railway Company, stating that Smith intended to take a six months' yachting cruise for the benefit of his wife's health. Stores were obtained, including wine to the value of £1,490, the goods being paid for by a three months' bill, which was afterwards dishonoured. The steamer was taken down to Cardiff by a temporary crew; at Cardiff the new crew was shipped, coal was taken on board, and there "Smith" and his invalid wife made their appearance. The *Ferret* started on the first of November, ostensibly for Marseilles. She passed through the Straits of Gibraltar with Smith, or Henderson, as he afterwards called himself, as owner, and Walker as purser. After passing Gibraltar the steamer's funnel, previously white, was painted black; and her boats, before blue, became white. The ship's course was turned round in the night, and she steered back past Gibraltar with lights obscured. Then, when nearly out of the Straits, boats, buoys, casks, and other articles bearing upon them the name of the *Ferret* were thrown overboard. When the crew became inquisitive, they were answered with threats; secrecy was imposed on pain of death. On the other hand, handsome remuneration was promised to all who would co-operate in the venture, which was frankly stated to be piracy.

The steamer reached the Cape Verd Islands on November 21st, where fresh stores were shipped, and a bill—fraudulent, of course—was given in payment. Leaving Cape

Verd, the name of the ship was changed to the *Benton*, and the confederates steered for Santos, where, after some delay, they obtained by false pretences a cargo of coffee for Marseilles. They then steamed off a straight course for Cape Town, and on the way the name of the ship was again changed to the *India*. At Cape Town the coffee from Santos was sold for between £13,000 and £15,000.

Eventually the *Ferret*, alias *Benton*, alias *India*, arrived out at Melbourne. Already the real owners, the Highland Railway Company, had become anxious for their property; no news had reached Lloyd's of the vessel's movements. She had not been sighted or reported, and a watch was accordingly set for her at all maritime stations. There might have been no suspicion of the *India* had not the would-be pirates, a little sick of their enterprise, sought to sell their borrowed steamer. Walker, now calling himself Wallace, applied to a shipping agent, Mr. Duthie, of Melbourne, to find a purchaser but would not permit the sale to be advertised until all other methods had failed. Meanwhile, Mr. Duthie had searched Lloyd's Register, and could find no steamer *India* of the *Ferret's* tonnage. He mentioned this, and was assured that the vessel had been sent as a trader to the West Indies before registration; that she had been purchased there by her present owners, and that full particulars of her would no doubt be found in the next supplement to Lloyd's list.

But this was not thought satisfactory, and there were other suspicious circumstances. Neither captain nor crew put foot ashore; it was observed that the steamer's fires were always banked, and that she was kept ready to go to sea at a moment's notice. After some hesitation, the Commissioner of Customs decided to seize the ship. Very condemnatory evidence was at once secured. The changes in the steamer's name and number were discovered. In the cabin was found an advance note which had been issued for the steamer *Ferret*. In a box were found the articles of the *Ferret*, a log book purporting to be that of the *Benton*, and another purporting to be that of the *India*. In a small tin box were found duty stamps of all nations, Customs seals of all ports

where a steamer was likely to call. The sale or contract note of the cargo of coffee also was found on board, and a secret code of telegrams, which contained provision for the following messages in cipher:—"Sell ship for most you can get, and come home." "Accept charter referred to, and lose vessel before you arrive in port." "Ship is fully insured. Destroy her some way." "Ship is fully insured against fire. Burn her." "Game is up; all discovered. Destroy or hide everything, and make yourself scarce. Communicate through the arranged channel." The officers and crew, when questioned, spoke to the efforts made to win them over. The chief engineer, who had been much dissatisfied, had inquired the reason for the strange proceedings of the steamer in passing and re-passing through the Straits of Gibraltar. "Smith," having first sworn him to secrecy, told him that he was colonel of an American regiment, and had held high official positions in the United States, but having been exiled for political reasons, he dared not be seen in America. He was now travelling *incognito*, and was desirous of destroying all traces of his whereabouts.

Henderson, *alias* Smith, Wallace or Walker, and the captain, Wright, were apprehended, when the first-named made the following statement: "I hold the ship for £275 or £276 a month for six months, and I paid one month in advance. I had the right to purchase the vessel for £7,000, and anything I paid on account of the hire was to be deducted from the purchase money. The charter party is in a box on board the vessel. If I had been let alone I should have taken the ship back. You see the six months are only just expired. There is plenty of money to pay."

The prisoners made a desperate attempt to escape from gaol while awaiting trial, but it failed, and they were eventually convicted of various other frauds, that of ship-stealing included.

The organised efforts of the pirates became impossible when the police of the high seas was more and more perfected, and the black flag, when raised, inevitably drew down the vengeance of all the nations. But other classes of crime

constitute piracy, and these have never disappeared. According to the old law, "masters of ships, seamen or mariners who ran away with any ship, barge, or boat were deemed pirates, and also any who revolted, or mutinied, or committed any capital or felonious crimes at sea." Some terrible tales of the sea are on record, many of them within the memory of the present generation. There was the mutiny of the *Jefferson Borden*, an American ship, in which the mates were killed and thrown overboard. It was preceded in point of time by the murderous mutiny of the *Flowery Land*, a ship which sailed for Singapore with a polyglot crew—Spaniards, Greeks, Turks, a Frenchman, a Norwegian, three Chinamen, and a black. Discipline had to be maintained with a high hand among such truculent scoundrels, who at last turned on their officers and took their revenge in blood. The captain was killed in the dead of night, and the first mate, the captain's brother, was thrown overboard; the second mate was spared, in true Clark Russell style, in order to navigate the ship. He took it to the River Plate, but while on board went constantly in danger of his life. The crew ransacked the ship, broached the cases of champagne which constituted the cargo, and sailed on and on for weeks, continually drunk and dangerous. On sighting land they scuttled the ship and took to the boats, but on landing at a place north of Maldonado, at the mouth of the River Plate, the mate managed to give secret information to the Brazilian authorities. The mutineers were arrested and sent home to England for trial. Two of seven were reprieved, but the other five were executed in one batch.

The case of the *Lennie*, twelve years later (1876), was another sea massacre on much the same lines as the *Flowery Land*. The ship was manned with a foreign crew, all Greeks save one Frenchman, known as "French Peter," who eventually became the ringleader. The *Lennie* sailed from the Scheldt for New Orleans, and the captain, Hatfield, soon found that he had an indifferent, unseamanlike crew. He was greatly vexed, and often spoke to them roughly, although no real acts of harshness occurred. But the ship

had not been a week at sea before the crew rose, butchered the captain and the mates, and compelled the steward, who had some knowledge of navigation, to shape the vessel's course towards the Mediterranean. He brought her, however, into port, and secured the arrest of the mutineers, who were, mainly on his evidence, convicted and hanged.

MARINE INSURANCE FRAUDS.

A whole class of seafaring crimes, destructive to property, and calculated to endanger many lives, is comprised under the head of marine insurance frauds. Many more or less successful attempts to impose upon the underwriters of Lloyd's and all those who take sea-risks have been perpetrated from the earliest times. There was, no doubt, strong temptation to the dishonest person to insure a vessel, valuable in herself and laden with still more valuable freight; then, taking advantage of the uncertainties of the sea, to cause her to be purposely shipwrecked or cast away. The crime was greatly stimulated by the long-prevailing vagueness and inefficiency of the law. The courts constantly varied in their decisions as to this class of fraud, demanding very distinct proofs, often most difficult to obtain. The accused thus escaped conviction frequently, and the offence greatly multiplied; it was asserted that towards the close of last century no less than one-third of the claims for losses made upon the underwriters were "mixed with fraud"; some were "gross frauds," frauds of the most daring and reckless character. Hence the underwriters banded themselves together to prosecute vigorously, and use every effort to obtain evidence that would be found valid in the courts. Their action was strengthened by fresh penal enactments, but the private enterprise of the insurance brokers was still the most efficacious method of checking the crime.

One of the earliest cases on record was that of a French vessel, the *Rchette*, which, in 1786, sailed from London to Rochelle. Both ship and cargo had been insured at Lloyd's, the cargo being the property of a Mr. Hague. The *Rchette* herself was owned by a Frenchman and sailed by a French

captain, so that the two combined to scuttle her. This having failed, the cargo was sold on false bills of lading; but before the conspirators could divide the spoil they were arrested by the French police and sent to the galleys. Mr. Hague now sued the underwriters for the value of his policy on the cargo, but they refused to pay. As it could not be shown that he had any share in the fraud he got a verdict from a Guildhall jury. The underwriters now appealed, and the case was heard by Lord Mansfield, who made a famous ruling. The great judge was of opinion that although a gross fraud had undoubtedly been committed, for which the owner and captain of the *Rachette* had been justly punished, their condemnation did not affect the English policy, and that the underwriters, not Mr. Hague, must suffer the loss.

THE "ADVENTURE."

Another case a few years later was the casting away of the brig *Adventure* by the noted 'Captain Codling,' a purely English case, and very discreditable, for it showed that the wilful sinking of ships had become a sort of business carried on in the most barefaced manner as an ordinary mercantile transaction. The owners of the *Adventure* were two London merchants, Mr. George Easterby and Mr. William Macfarlane, who insured their ship and her cargo for £5,000 at Lloyd's. She was bound for Gibraltar and Leghorn, and was said to carry a freight of cutlery, plated goods, watches and musical instruments. Captain Codling, leaving the Thames on the 8th of July, 1802, took the brig first to Yarmouth, where he laid in a further assortment of goods of the same class, and on the strength of this the first insurances were doubled in value. He was in no hurry to reach his destination; he lay with his ship for a week at Yarmouth, then sailed south as far as Deal, after which he returned to Aldborough on the Suffolk coast, then finally got to the Downs and anchored, waiting a favourable wind. Some misgiving as to the fate in store for her must have got abroad, for the super-cargo left the *Adventure* at Yarmouth, and the mate went ashore at Deal. Captain Codling replaced the latter by Thomas Cooper,

an ordinary seaman from before the mast, although he protested that he knew nothing of navigation.

At last, on the 7th of August, just a month after leaving the Thames, the *Adventure* proceeded on her voyage, and next morning, about 7 a.m., she was abreast of Brighton. Here the captain and his crew suddenly took to their boat. Soon afterwards it was seen that the deserted *Adventure* was in a sinking condition; but she still remained afloat, and was towed in towards the shore by a revenue cruiser. Two days later Lloyd's agent arrived at Brighton, a Captain Robert Douglas, "a discreet person, and of experience in matters of navigation." Captain Douglas found Codling and his men comfortably settled at the Old Ship Inn, where he desired them to stay, so that they might help in the salvage of the brig. Next day the owners, Messrs. Easterby and Macfarlane, also appeared on the scene, and by their actions showed their guilty complicity in the fraud, for they gave Codling money, and hurried him away under an assumed name to London. Meanwhile Captain Douglas, assisted by the Brighton hobblers, had beached the brig, and then it was plainly seen how clumsily she had been cast away. There was a large opening in the planks on the port side, caused by a number of bored holes; while a further examination inside exposed the very instruments with which the holes had been made—a large gimlet and a hatchet lying near the breach at the bottom of the ship.

Lloyd's decided at once to commence a criminal prosecution. The owners, who had concealed themselves, were discovered and arrested. Captain Codling had disappeared, no one knew whither. Lloyd's agent, however, this same Captain Douglas, was very clear sighted, very pertinacious in pursuit—evidently a born detective. He had found amongst Easterby's papers a letter from Codling, dated August 12th, from London, in which the skipper said he was on the point of starting for Harwich, where he hoped to get passage to the Continent in packet, "bye-boat, or collier." Lloyd's agent hurried to Harwich, and on arrival found

two packets on the point of departure. Captain Codling's name was on the list of passengers of neither, but the agent, proceeding on board with his warrant of arrest, made diligent search through both ships, and at last found Codling, tied up in a bundle of bedclothes, in one of the berths. Cooper, the acting mate, was still wanted, but the promise of a large reward, and the offer of pardon as king's evidence, brought him out of hiding to be the chief instrument in securing conviction. He had, in fact, been the chief agent in the scuttling, and he told the story plainly and simply: how Codling had desired him to go down to the hold, "take up the scuttle hatch and bore holes with an auger, close in the run, as near the bottom as possible." These holes did not appear to be sufficient, and they were enlarged, first with a spiked gimlet, and then with a hatchet, and the brig was soon waterlogged.

This testimony sufficed to hang Captain Codling; but the promoters of the whole fraud, Easterby and Macfarlane, escaped on technical grounds. It was ruled that as they had not been actually on board the *Adventure*, or anywhere at sea when the crime was committed, the Court had no jurisdiction over them, and they were eventually set free. Yet it was well known that they had deliberately contrived the whole plot, having bought the *Adventure* on purpose only a couple of months before she sailed, and it was proved that they had already owned a brig called the *William*, which was strangely liable to accidents—in other words, was often shipwrecked with the loss of her cargo.

The frauds upon underwriters were very numerous in those times. One of the leading underwriters, Mr. Throckmorton, in giving evidence before a Parliamentary Committee in 1810, spoke of several. . . . The first he remembered was on a ship called the *Eagle*. The instructions for insurance came from Philadelphia, and the policy was taken out by an American; but it was fully proved afterwards that he knew that the ship was already lost when he wrote the order for the insurance. The next case was that of the *Adventure* (just described). A third was that of a sloop proceeding

from Dieppe, in France, to an English port which she never reached ; she was supposed to carry a large freight of specie, which was heavily insured, but was never put on board. She was reported lost on the French coast, yet the very morning after she had sailed the captain and crew were seen at breakfast near Dieppe. A grave case was that of a ship leaving Leghorn, said to be freighted with valuable silks, but really loaded with brimstone. "In this case the ship, insured against sea risk only, went to sea on a fine morning, and was destroyed in the evening, the captain and crew coming quietly on shore in their boats. Insurances had been effected at a number of places—London, Liverpool, Marseilles, and, I believe, Manchester ; and, a claim for total loss being made, the witnesses actually came here to substantiate their claim, but they took wing the day before the trial was to come on. There was another insurance by the same parties, at nearly the same time, on another risk of a similar kind, but against capture only. In this instance the ship was taken and carried to Corsica in the course of a few hours after she had left Leghorn, and, though it was found to be a fraud, the discovery of it came too late, as the money had been paid by the underwriters." *

Extraordinary cleverness and no little daring were shown in some of these insurance frauds. A ship from Boston, the *Hannah Mary*, was purposely sunk after being insured not only at Lloyd's in London, but in Bristol and at Liverpool. The culprit was detected and taken up, when he confessed that he had forged the bills of lading, the invoices, and other documents, all of which were regularly legalised by American stamps obtained for the purpose. A most audacious case was that of a ship proceeding from Gibraltar to Lisbon, during the French war, when she became a prize to a cruiser just outside Gibraltar Bay, and in full sight of the fortress. Special couriers were at once dispatched to Lisbon, carrying four or five duplicate orders for insurance, and these found their way to London

* Martin's "History of Lloyd's."

before the news of the capture of the ship. However, the fraud was discovered in good time, and the policy was not paid. Mr. Throckmorton quoted many other cases:—The *Aurora*, bound to the Brazils from Lisbon, and burnt by design in Madeira Roads; the *Philippa Harben*, destroyed at sea between New York and Belfast; the *Merry Andrew*, sunk in the King's Road, Bristol; the *Bordeaux Trader*, which sailed from Portsmouth on a Saturday morning and was immediately captured just off the Isle of Wight. The captain escaped, and, joining the owner at Portsmouth, orders for insurance were sent up to London that Sunday afternoon.

The improved laws and the unfailing activity of Lloyd's no doubt helped to check insurance frauds in this country. But they still flourished in the United States, and were carried out in the most systematic manner. In 1840 a fraternity of plunderers existed in New York who did a very extensive business in such frauds. According to a writer in *Hunt's Mercantile Magazine*, about that date, "their usual plan has been to buy a vessel, part cash, part credit, and then to get a merchant to advance money upon her, and procure in his own name a policy of insurance for a valuation exceeding by at least 50 per cent. her real cost. Having got the advance, and with it another stretch of credit, a cargo is procured, and this generally secures a second advance of cash upon the cargo and freight, covered by further policies of insurance. The advance on these last policies pays the vessel's outfit, and repays the amount of cash which they have advanced on her purchase. The rest of the adventure is easily described. The vessel sails, is burnt, scuttled, or otherwise cast away. Sometimes she is dismasted by cutting the 'lee laniards of the lower standing rigging,' so that when they 'back ship' she may lose her masts without any apparent act of the master; and to effect this, a dark night, and squally or rough weather, are most convenient. In another case she is run ashore, and, if she do not bilge, holes are bored to destroy her cargo and make the vessel appear to be worthless. As an auxiliary

to the bilging by boring, the masts are often cut away under the pretence of making her 'lie easy,' or to prevent 'thumping.' Cutting away the masts, when no holes are bored, is practised where the stranding takes place within the reach of wreckers who might save the vessel, and it is done for the purpose of securing the right of condemnation, or with the desire to make any attempt at saving useless, and not worth the expense.

"Holes have been bored in vessels and plugs fitted and inserted, to be taken out at sea; and arrangements have been made with the captains of other vessels to keep company and take off the captain and men when this was done. A ship bound to New Orleans was purposely run in among the Florida reefs, and, owing to the ignorance of the captain, she became so situated as to require much perseverance on his part to keep her in a dangerous situation, two good channels being so open to him as to make it necessary to get help from the wreckers, who came in sight, to find a bad one. He went on board one of the wrecking vessels, and agreed that they should give him one thousand dollars for the job of running her ashore. The day was too bright and the wind too fair to insure success, and the ship remained at anchor until a dark night and a head wind afforded a more favourable opportunity. But, with these and all their combined skill, she came so near going through the channel safely as to render it necessary to make her toss about for the space of two hours to find a reef which was hard enough and sharp enough; and when they had with much patience selected the place, and got a cable and anchor to heave her harder ashore, she would not stay stranded with their best efforts, but floated over the reef. As daylight came they had to take her to Key West, where, as the fraud was apparent, the judge of the Admiralty Court refused to decree any salvage. The captain being thus about to lose his 1,000 dollars, he consummated his villainy by swearing for the wreckers that they 'acted in good faith.' He then procured the condemnation and sale of the ship." None of the stories which follow show greater ingenuity or recklessness.

LOSS OF THE "DRYAD."

Frauds upon underwriters and marine insurance offices cannot be said to have ceased to this day. A story of the sea that would serve as the foundation of an exciting sea romance is to be found in the loss of the brig *Dryad*, in 1840. The plot was cleverly laid, and proved perfectly successful for a time. The ship was lost, the insurances paid; the delinquents—two brothers named Wallace, one a merchant, the other a sea captain—might have enjoyed their ill-gotten gains to the end but for the inconvenient return of some of the crew. Then suspicions that had been only vague became certainty, and one brother, Patrick Wallace, was forthwith arrested. The other, Michael, who had been living in the Commercial Road, absconded, abandoning his house and furniture. He was traced, in due course, to Lancaster, where he was taken.

Michael Wallace, on his own behalf, pleaded that he had been led into the crime by the evil advice and example of a City friend, who had made a very profitable business of such frauds. Patrick Wallace put forward the same defence; he had become acquainted with a gentleman in Liverpool who had made a fortune by buying old ships on purpose to lose them when fully insured. The brothers set about their fraud with all the skill of old hands. Michael purchased the preponderating share in the brig *Dryad*—three-fourths, in fact, £1,600 in all—and had expended another £600 in making her "a first-class ship." Patrick Wallace took the part of securing a complaisant ship-master, and found him in Edmund Loose, who was appointed to the *Dryad* with the clear understanding he should lose her somewhere, somehow, the sooner the better.

While these essential preliminaries were being settled, Michael Wallace sought out a merchant to ship a cargo, and the Messrs. Zulueta chartered the *Dryad* to carry goods to the value of £300 to Santa Cruz, in the West Indies. Heavy insurances were next effected on the ship and the freight. The owners got a policy for £2,200 from the Marine Insurance on the first, and £300 on the latter. But the Wallaces

insured the *Dryad* and her cargo further in other offices, and these policies standing in their names amounted to £6,617, a sum far exceeding their actual holding in the ship and what she carried.

The chief testimony against the Wallaces was that of the mate of the *Dryad*, who escaped the shipwreck, and who described the whole proceeding. He described the lading of the ship at Liverpool, and how, when Messrs. Zulueta's goods were all on board, quite one-third of the hold remained unfilled. Michael Wallace was to have shipped a consignment of flannels, cloths, beef, pork, butter, and earthenware, but never did so, although Captain Loose had signed bills of lading as having received them. A suspicious circumstance was the insufficient quantity of provisions sent for the crew. It was usual to send enough for both outward and homeward voyages, but barely enough for the first was provided. The ship was also badly found. There was no proper log-line on board; the pump was never made to suck; the long-boat was fitted with tackle, and ready to launch at a moment's notice. Nothing happened, as the weather continued "set fair;" but they steered a strange course, northward, deviating from the customary track, and first sighted land at Virgin Gorda, and, holding on, ran close to the breakers off Anagada, both of them rocky reefs on the outer fringe of the West Indies.

The captain was called up from below, while the mate put the ship's head about. But the captain, coming on deck, seized the helm and ran her straight for the breakers. Now the crew interposed, swearing they did not mean to lose their lives for the captain's pleasure, whereupon he left the wheel, and one of the crew taking it, put the ship's head round. Two days the course was between the Silver Keys and the north of St. Domingo, but so much too near the former, which are dangerous rocks, that the *Dryad* struck upon one of them, but again she escaped, this time with the loss of her rudder. They then coasted along the coast of St. Domingo, close in shore, and after passing Cape Hayti struck on a reef at Cape Cruz. She might have been got off, for

she was making no water, but no efforts were made. The crew with the captain deserted her, but not before one of them had detected a large hole under her stern which could not have been made by a rock, but was, no doubt, the captain's work from one of the state-rooms. He was never brought to trial, however, for he died before proceedings were taken. Both the Wallaces were found guilty and sentenced "for life."

THE "SEVERN."

Five-and-twenty years later, Charles Webb, mate, with Thomas Berwick and Lionel Holdsworth, owners, and Joseph Dean, agent, were charged with the scuttling of the *Severn*. She was a ship of 1,200 tons burden, Layland master, and she sailed from Newport on the 15th May, 1866, on a voyage to Shanghai, her cargo consisting principally of coals. On the 14th of June following she was found to have sprung a leak, and was making water so fast that the crew found it necessary to abandon her, and to take to their boats, all of which were picked up. Webb's boat was taken in to Pernambuco, the other boat to Rio de Janeiro, and all hands were eventually sent to England. The case against Holdsworth and Berwick was that they had originally purchased the *Severn* for about £5,000 from one Sweet, but that, wishing to conceal the fact of their ownership, they procured a person named Ward to act as the registered owner, giving him £50 for so doing. This was part of a deeply-laid scheme of fraud, the consummation of which was to be the destruction of the vessel, so as to obtain the value of the insurances at Lloyd's. The total amount for which policies were effected was £17,000, whereas the ship and all the cargo she contained were not worth more than £7,000 or £8,000. At the time the vessel sprang the leak the weather was perfectly calm, and there was nothing to account for such an accident. Positive evidence was given by several of the crew that after they had taken to the boats they distinctly saw two large holes in the stern of the vessel; these had evidently been bored from the inside, as the splinters were forced outwards. There was also evidence that Webb was in his cabin,

where he would have an opportunity of making these holes, immediately before the leak was discovered.

Layland, the captain of the ship, said that he dined with Berwick and Holdsworth at Newport before starting, and they told him that Webb was put on board for a particular purpose, and that he must not be interfered with; at the same time they expressed their opinion that the *Severn* would never reach her destination, and that if this were realised it would be £700 in the pocket of the captain. At the time that the leak was sprung it was so evident that Webb had a hand in it that the captain remonstrated with him; but Webb said it would be all right; he had done the same to the *Jane Brown*, another vessel in which he had formerly sailed, and which had sunk at sea.

The ship left England in May; they encountered a gale after passing Cape St. Vincent. A first leak was discovered. It was not the only one. The crew were continually at the pumps, even until within half an hour of their leaving her. They were then in the "Trades," with perfect weather, yet the ship filled fast, and the pumps made no impression. About eight o'clock in the evening Webb said they had better get the boats ready. Then the captain accused Webb of tampering with the ship, and he admitted he had bored a hole in the skin, which he had tried to plug, but found it impossible to stop the hole. The next morning the boats were got out and the ship abandoned.

Holdsworth had packed twelve large cases with salt (worth about £4) and sent them down to the ship at Newport before she sailed, pretending that they were a valuable consignment of firearms and swords, and this apparently was the only cargo the *Severn* carried.

The log-book of the ship was kept by Webb. It was taken to the British Consul at Pernambuco, but the captain next saw it at Holdsworth's office in Fenchurch Street. A few days afterwards, when Layland was again at Holdsworth's office, Holdsworth took out the log-book and asked the captain if it would do. It was a new one. Holdsworth had said that the log-book would not do, as it had been tampered with, and

Webb said he would get a new one and copy it out. And the captain afterwards saw Webb turning down and soiling the leaves. Holdsworth gave the captain £10 per month until the policies should be settled.

The chief actor in this fraud was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and I remember well that when he was undergoing his term in the convict prison of Gibraltar (he was coxswain of my gig) he never admitted, always positively denied his guilt to me ; but it seems to have been very clearly proved.

THE "AURORA."

One of the most flagrant frauds against underwriters was perpetrated in the burning of the ship *Aurora*, which left Bombay in June, 1870, laden with a cargo of cotton heavily insured. Rumours of foul play had got abroad before the ship weighed anchor, and the underwriters would have had her stopped, but the police were just too late to catch her. Within a few miles of port she was utterly destroyed by fire. Suspicion now grew into certainty but still there were no positive proofs. The Bombay police were actively pursuing inquiries, when one Soonderji Shamji, a native broker who had chartered the ship, came forward and volunteered to tell all he knew. The captain of the *Aurora*, who with his crew had been saved from the burning ship, also confessed that he had been engaged to scuttle the ship, but found it easier to have her burnt.

Two Bombay brokers were the authors of this plot, Messrs. Elmstone and Whitewell, Englishmen, who, when tried and sentenced, were severely censured by the judge for having disgraced their race and name before the whole East by their criminal conspiracy. The plan was simple enough ; it was to get advances from the banks on bills of lading signed, contrary to law, by the captain before the goods were shipped. A certain amount of cargo was, however, to be put on board, 100 bales, purporting to be of good sound cotton, whereas the stuff was the bazaar refuse known as "droppings." On this spurious cargo, and on the ship itself, the brokers effected large insurances with the underwriters, so that on the whole

a vast profit was expected from the destruction of the *Aurora*, if it could be accomplished.

For this it was first necessary to seduce the captain, Harriott, which does not appear to have been a very difficult task. He was bought for the sum of £1,000, and as he could not work alone, £600 was also promised to Marks, the carpenter, who readily fell in with the scheme. As Mr. Whitewell, the tempter, put it, "This was a chance that happens but once in a man's life." There was a fortune in it, he said, and the weak fools readily agreed. Marks was to follow the usual methods in such frauds—to bore holes in the bottom; but, as he afterwards confessed, "the idea suddenly occurred to me that I could set fire to the ship. On the impulse of the moment I struck a match, lighted a bit of oakum, and threw it inside the lazarette, where some turpentine had been spilt, purposely, on the deck." Marks then shut the door of the lazarette and an explosion was heard within, and the whole ship was soon in flames.

When brought to trial all the prisoners were convicted; the two brokers got "life," Harriott fifteen, and Marks ten years.

This *Aurora* case is not the only one of its kind recorded in the criminal annals of Bombay. A wealthy native merchant, Aloo Paroo, was in 1844 sentenced to transportation for life for having conspired to cast away the ship *Belvedere* on the voyage between Bombay and China. Other frauds on underwriters had also been perpetrated about the time of the loss of the *Aurora*. A well-known and prominent Bombay merchant, Karsondas Madhowdas, was detected in conspiring to defraud a bank by producing bills of lading for 1,000 bales of cotton shipped on board the *Theresa*, when as a fact not a single bale had been put on board. There was a cargo in the hold of the *Theresa*, but only of putrefying rubbish, which "stank so horribly" that the surveyors, sent by the underwriters to verify the cotton, could not remain below. Suspicion also fell upon another ship, the *Greyhound*, but the captain absconded before any fraud could be proved. Again, three Bhattiahs were arrested for having shipped rubbish instead of cotton, and defrauding certain merchants of £1,380 by this means.

THE "CLIPPER."

The loss of the *Clipper* was as clumsily contrived as that of the old *Adventure*, nearly a century earlier. On the 9th March, 1858, she sailed from London for Newport to take in a cargo of coal, but when anchored off Dungeness one morning she was found to be in a sinking condition, and soon afterwards foundered. The captain, Lakey by name, and crew took to the long-boat and got safely ashore, and by-and-by the former put in his claim for the policies. He had insured his own effects for £150, an unusually large amount for a man in his position, and the vessel had been insured for £800. Suspicion was aroused and the agent from Lloyd's was sent to raise her. When they got her into port and laid her up partly dry, it was discovered that the ballast port, which should have been secured, had been left open; more, a hole two inches square had been cut with a chisel in the starboard quarter of the ship's run; yet again there were two auger holes about an inch in diameter in her side, and a third not quite cut through. Otherwise the *Clipper* was water-tight, and when the holes were plugged she was towed in to Dover.

Lakey, it was proved, had bored the holes himself with the assistance of the cook. The mate saw them at work and heard the skipper give orders to knock out the ballast port, saying the ship was bound to be a coffin some day, and it was better she should sink at once. He was part owner, having succeeded the last skipper and brought the ship home on her previous voyage, when he bought an eighth share. An independent witness, master of a lugger at Dungeness, deposed that he had gone on board the *Clipper* the evening before she sank, thinking there was something amiss with her. He saw that she was heeled over, chiefly because the chain-cable was lumped in a heap upon her starboard quarter; the main hold was half full of water, yet the pumps were not rigged, and the crew stood idle about the deck. Lakey declined the skipper's help.

The case was brought home to the culprit, who was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROBBERIES BY THE WAY AND RAILWAY CRIMES.

The Gold-Dust Robbery from the London Docks—The Caspers and "Money" Moses—Bullion Robbery on South Eastern Railway—Belgian Mail Robbery—McCalla's Clever Robbery of the Union Express Company on the Alleghany Railroad—The St. Louis Express Robbery—Extraordinary Story of Detection—Railway Murders: of Mr. Briggs by Müller—Jud—of Mr. Gould by Lefroy—of M. Barême.

THE GREAT GOLD-DUST ROBBERY.

THE transmission of bullion was at one time a constant temptation to the dishonest, just as nowadays the transmission of diamonds and other precious stones has called into existence a new class of robbery. One of the most daring, and for a time thoroughly successful, cases of stealing gold was in the abstraction of two boxes of gold-dust from the London Docks in March, 1839. This precious consignment had reached England from South America on the 18th of that month; it had been brought home by H.M.S. *Seagull*, from which it had been landed at Falmouth, to be forwarded to London by sea. The two boxes were put on board the *City of Limerick* steamer and landed at St. Katherine's Dock, London, on the 25th of March. That morning the agents of the Dublin Steam Navigation Company received a letter from Messrs. Carne and Co., of Falmouth, informing them that a quantity of gold-dust would be landed at their wharf from the *City of Limerick*, and begging them to hand the same over to a person who would call at their office, armed with the necessary credentials. That same afternoon a man drove up to the door to claim the boxes; he described the marks upon them and gave other seemingly satisfactory proofs of his good faith. His right to the boxes was not contested, and, when he had paid the wharfage dues, he was permitted to load them upon a cab and drive away.

Not long afterwards a representative of the real owners,

to whom, in fact, the boxes had been consigned, arrived at the Dublin Navigation Office and demanded the boxes. He also produced vouchers which were obviously authentic, and the fraud was thus discovered. It was a serious matter for the Dublin Company, upon whom, of course, the loss would fall, and two special police officers, Messrs. Lea and Roe, were commissioned to follow up the thieves. They soon discovered the cab in which the gold had been removed, and questioned its driver, who remembered no more of the circumstance than that he had been hired in Cheapside, had proceeded to the wharf, and then to Wood Street, where his employer changed cabs and drove off in the other towards Holborn. This was but vague information; but the police continued their search, and at last traced the thief to New Street, London Hospital. Again there was a break, for the man had left New Street and moved to Mansel Street, Goodman's Fields, and again had left that address, going no one knew whither. But now it was ascertained that the man in question was one Moss a watchmaker, who was on intimate terms with a clerk in the office of the Dublin Steam Navigation Company, by name Casper. This Casper had a confidential post, and it was he who had opened the letter from Messrs. Carne & Co., of Falmouth, which had brought about the mistaken surrender of the gold. Moss was also on friendly terms with Casper's father, and had been seen in close conversation with him on the morning of the robbery. Other suspicious facts came out against Moss. He had left home on the morning of the robbery dressed in his best clothes, an unusual thing with him; he had come home in the evening in a cab, bringing two boxes with him very similar to those which had contained the gold dust; his servant had found in the grate of his room the burnt fragments of the boxes, and the next morning Moss and his wife had disappeared. The Caspers were taken into custody, but Moss as yet could not be found.

Meanwhile other useful information had been obtained. Certain bullion dealers in Cheapside had purchased a quantity of bar gold from a gold refiner named Solomons,

soon after the robbery. Solomons was brought up at the police office, when he admitted that he had sold £1,200 worth of gold as stated, but he pretended that it was the product of a number of old snuff-boxes and other gold plate which he had melted down in the usual way of business. When further pressed he declined to answer, and left court under considerable suspicion. Next time he appeared it was as a prisoner, charged as a confederate of the Caspers, and the case began to look black against them all. For Moss had given himself up, and was now brought into court as a witness and approver. Solomons was anxious to do the same, and later was also admitted as a witness. On the joint testimony of Solomons and Moss two new prisoners were arrested—a man, Emmanuel Moses, commonly known as “Money” Moses, a notorious “fence,” or receiver of stolen goods, and with him his daughter, Alice Abrahams, a widow. The case against the two last named was that they had sold a quantity of gold dust to Solomons, who must have been aware that it had been improperly obtained, for he promised in melting it down to throw in a portion of copper and silver so as to change its character and prevent identification.

The case was clearly proved against the Caspers, with whom the scheme no doubt originated. They had approached Moss and begged him, as a favour, to remove the boxes from the wharf when landed. Moss appears to have been well aware that he was engaged in a robbery, and he detailed at considerable length the precautions he had taken to get the boxes home without being observed. Moss seems also to have been quite ready to appropriate the whole of the gold dust to himself, but the Caspers hung about him and prevented any foul play; indeed, a point most clear in the whole of this nefarious transaction was the effort made by all parties to “jew” each other. Moss was to have been paid a percentage, and he was defrauded by Moses and his daughter declaring that they had got a much smaller price than was expected; Mrs. Abrahams had cheated her father by keeping for herself a lot of loose dust deposited in her pockets when she carried the gold to Solomons; Solomons

defrauded them all by retaining £1,800 worth of dust in his own possession and refusing to surrender it on account of the stir made about the robbery.

At the end of the trial, when all the parties were convicted, Ellis Casper and Moses were sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, Lewin Casper to seven years, and Alice Abrahams to four months. Solomons seems to have escaped, and Moss was let off with twenty-four hours' imprisonment at Newgate in consideration of his testimony.

A few words here as to this "Money" Moses, a man at one time well known in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. He was the landlord of the Black Lion public-house in Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane, where he carried on a most extensive and almost unblushing business of fence. It rami-fied through every class, including the purchase of every kind of stolen goods, and, when he was finally convicted, great surprise was expressed that he should have carried on his trade so long unchecked. He appears to have been closely concerned with Ikey Solomons, another notorious receiver of stolen goods.

BULLION ROBBERY ON SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

Years afterwards the regular transmission of bullion by rail from London to the Continent tempted certain professional thieves to make a bold stroke for a fortune by robbing the gold van on a South Eastern train. The idea was first conceived by one Pierce, who had been mixed up with several frauds, and was at the moment clerk in a betting office. He put the matter before a "professional" friend, Agar, a noted and successful thief, who saw that the scheme contained the elements of success if they could suborn some of the employés of the line. They therefore sounded one of the guards, Burgess, who was often in charge of trains conveying bullion. He soon fell in with the plot and detailed the method of transmission. The gold was sent in the guard's van, packed in one or more iron-bound boxes, each of which was deposited in a safe with a Chubb lock. The safes had two locks, and of course two keys, common to all. These two keys

were in triplicate, and were held by the confidential officers of the Company—one pair by the traffic superintendent in London, another by the head of the Folkestone railway office, a third by the skipper of the Folkestone-Boulogne boat. Beyond the Channel the French railway authorities became responsible.

As the booty was carried in the guard's van it was clear that the robbery might easily be effected when Burgess was on duty as guard, if only the safes could be opened. This pointed to the necessity for obtaining false keys, and first of all of getting wax impressions of the real keys. The assistance of another railway official was indispensable, and he was found by Burgess in one Tester, a clerk in the traffic department at London Bridge. There were occasions, Tester reported, when the safes were sent to Chubb's for repair, and then one key was sent with them. This key might be impounded for a few moments, enough to take an impression in wax, and this Tester adroitly managed without detection. But the safes had each the second key which was not sent to Chubb's (they had their own), and this second key was never within Tester's reach. One of these second keys was, however, kept in the Folkestone office rather carelessly, as the conspirators—Agar and Pierce—ascertained, after hanging about this office for weeks on the watch. It hung in a cupboard not always locked, and one day Pierce stepped boldly in when the office was empty, seized the key, passed it to Agar, who took the impression, returned the key to Pierce, who put it back in its place, and left the office altogether unobserved.

All was ready for the *coup*. The thieves only awaited the news that a consignment of bullion was to be despatched, and it was the business of Tester, who had the run of the Company's books, to obtain this information. Meanwhile the others completed their preparations with the utmost care. A weight of shot was brought and stowed in carpet bags, ready to replace exactly the abstracted gold. Courier bags were bought to carry the "stuff," slung over the shoulders; and, last, but not least, Agar frequently travelled up and down the line to test the false keys he had manufactured with Pierce's assistance—they were common to all the safes.

Burgess admitted him into the guard's van, where he fitted and filed the keys till they worked easily and satisfactorily in the locks of the safe. One night Tester whispered to Agar and Pierce, "All right," as they cautiously lounged about London Bridge. The thieves took first-class tickets, handed their bags full of shot to the porters, who placed them in the guard's van. Just as the train was starting Agar slipped into the van with Burgess, while Pierce got into a first-class carriage. Agar at once got to work on the first safe, opened it, took out and broke into the bullion box, removed the gold, substituted the shot from the carpet bag, refastened and resealed the bullion box, and replaced it in the safe. At Redhill, Tester met the train and relieved the thieves of a portion of the stolen gold. At the same station Pierce joined Agar in the guard's van, and there were now three to carry on the robbery. The two remaining safes were attacked and nearly entirely despoiled in the same way as the first, and the contents transferred to the courier bags. The train was now approaching Folkestone, and Agar and Pierce hid themselves in a dark part of the van. At that station the safes were given out, heavy with shot, not gold; the thieves went on to Dover, with Ostend tickets previously procured, returned to London without mishap, and by degrees disposed of much of the stolen gold.

The theft was discovered at Boulogne, when the boxes were not found to weigh exactly what they ought. But no clue was obtained to the thieves, and the theft might have remained a mystery but for the subsequent bad faith of Pierce to his accomplice Agar. The latter was ere long arrested on a charge of uttering forged cheques, convicted and sentenced to transportation for life. When he knew that he could not escape his fate, he handed over to Pierce a sum of £3,000, his own, whether rightly or wrongly acquired never came out, together with the unrealised part of the bullion, amounting in all to some £15,000, and begged his accomplice to invest it as a settlement on a woman named Kay, by whom he had had a child. Pierce made Kay only a few small payments, then appropriated the rest of the money. Kay, who had

been living with Agar at the time of the bullion robbery, went to the police in great fury and distress and disclosed all she knew of the affair. Agar, too, in Newgate, heard how Pierce had treated him, and at once readily turned approver. As the evidence he gave incriminated Pierce, Burgess, and Tester, all three were arrested and committed to Newgate for trial. The whole strange story, the long incubation and elaborate accomplishment of the plot, came out at the Old Bailey, and was acknowledged to be one of the most extraordinary on record.

BELGIAN MAIL ROBBERY.

One of the most serious of recent mail-train robberies occurred between Ostend and Brussels in November, 1886. When the express carrying the English mails for Germany reached Verviers on Saturday morning, the 27th of November, it was found that the post-office van had been rifled. This van had left Ostend at half-past three that morning; it was locked with a padlock and chain—a new method of security which had replaced the old practice of merely sealing the doors. When the train passed through Brussels an official had noticed, from the platform, that this padlock and chain were not of the regulation pattern, but had said nothing. When the train reached Verviers, the frontier, the post-office authorities, who were charged with the transfer of the mail bags from the Belgian to the German line, made the same discovery. The proper chain and padlock had been removed during the night and another similar in appearance substituted. They then entered the van and found that it had been ransacked. Out of a total of ninety leathern mail-bags twenty-two had been cut open, evidently with a sharp knife, and their contents rifled. The interior of the van was in a state of extraordinary confusion; letters and parcels were thrown about pell-mell, no doubt just as they had been examined by the thieves, who were in search only of the registered letters and parcels. The mail was a particularly heavy one. The night of the robbery had been, no doubt, specially chosen as that on which the New York bags passed

from England on their way to Germany. Moreover, on this occasion, as, no doubt, the thieves were aware, a rich consignment of diamonds, forty-one parcels of them, were in transit from New York to Alexandrovst, in Russia; while a large amount of letters of credit and sums in cash were being forwarded by English bankers to their representatives abroad. It was calculated that the whole value of the booty abstracted amounted to forty or fifty thousand pounds.

The police were of course set in motion at once, and their inquiries were concentrated in particular upon three individuals who took tickets at Dover for Malines the previous night. One of these was a tall man of about forty, wearing a grey overcoat and a felt wide-awake. He was fair and had a short light beard, spoke French badly, and travelled second class. The second was a man of fifty, also tall and growing grey; the third, dark and short. It was remarked at Ostend that these three travellers showed extreme eagerness to take their seats in the composite carriage, which was last but one in the train, the last being the mail van. One of the guards declared that they ran like hares from the steamboat to the platform and jumped straight into the carriage. There were, however, five travellers in that compartment in all—confederates, no doubt—one of whom, it was ascertained beyond doubt, was travelling without a ticket and had only joined the train at Ostend. These confederates had, of course, been charged with the business of ascertaining the exact position of the mail van. There was very little doubt that the five passengers left the train at Brussels, and this fixed the place of robbery as somewhere between Ostend and Brussels. Two of the thieves left the Brussels station by the door opening on to the Rue de Brabant, and the remaining three by that on the Place Rogier. It was supposed that all had left Brussels the same day, three for Calais and two for Paris and the South.

The credit of picking up these thieves rests with the London police, who soon traced their movements. Three of them had gone straight to Calais—two crossed to Dover at

once, the third followed next day. The two others, who had left the Gare du Nord at Brussels by the door leading into the Rue de Brabant, remained in that city a couple of days, then proceeded also to London. The thieves now devoted themselves to getting rid of some of their plunder, and three of them were found to have visited the more important receivers of stolen goods, offering rough diamonds for sale. There could be no doubt of their identity, for they were well-known criminals, all Englishmen, whose photographs were at Scotland Yard, and these portraits, when sent over to Belgium, were immediately recognised by the guards and ticket-collectors who had seen the thieves on the line. There was, however, a technical difficulty regarding their arrest, and although they were constantly shadowed they were never taken into custody, or brought to account for their crime. It was generally supposed that the notorious American bank robbers, Sheridan and Max Shinburn, were associated with, if not the prime movers in, this crime.

MCCALLA'S FRAUD.

Ingenuity was adopted by railway thieves when open force was no longer possible, or likely to fail. A clever robbery was effected in 1877 by one McCalla, from the Union Express Company, of which he pretended to be an employé. His astuteness was no less remarkable than the patient skill with which his discovery and capture was brought about by the detectives.

McCalla began his fraud at a lonely point upon the Alleghany railroad, somewhere between Kittanning and Cowanshannock. The line ran there beneath high banks where landslides were frequent and boulders often rolled on to the permanent way. To prevent accidents and give needful warning, watchmen were stationed at regular intervals along the route, and were housed against the elements in small box-sheds. McCalla selected one of these, and told the watchman he was an inspector examining the wires. No objection was made to his mounting one of the telegraph poles, and he soon cut the wire he wanted, that from Pittsburg, dropped

the end to the ground, and connected it with a pocket instrument he had brought with him. He was now in command of the whole line, having the power to wire down it, as from Pittsburg, and to intercept all messages to Pittsburg going up.

His first message was to a station called Brady's Bend, inquiring the name of the express messenger in charge of the safe and valuables on the up train. He signed this in the name of the express superintendent, George Bingham, at Pittsburg. The answer came that it was another Bingham, brother to the superintendent. McCalla then flashed an order to this second Bingham to look out for a new messenger, by name J. C. Brooks, who would meet him at Templeton, *en route*, to whom he was to turn over his cash and valuables, taking a receipt for the same, and return whence he came, Parkersburg, where he was to report to a superior who "wished to see him on an important matter." Messenger Bingham replied to his brother acknowledging his instructions, but that answer never got beyond McCalla, who, having thus laid his plans, left the place, to walk across country to Templeton. He was, however, incautious enough to leave his pocket instrument on the line, where it was afterwards found, and became a most damaging clue to his identity.

Bingham with his train duly reached Templeton, and there handed over his charge to the man purporting to be Brooks, who was, of course, McCalla. The latter, on assuming the duty of expressman, proceeded to act as though he had long been used to the business, delivering and receiving parcels and boxes all along the road with great precision. On arriving at Pittsburg his safe, as usual, was hoisted on to the express waggon, to be conveyed through the streets to headquarters. McCalla sat on top of the safe and was driven with it as far as the City Hall. There, to the surprise of the hackman, he jumped off and quickly disappeared. The safe was lodged in the office, but, in the absence of the new messenger with the keys, was left unopened till eleven p.m. Then it was forced by

the superintendent Bingham, and was found to have been rifled.

So much for the crime. Now for the pursuit, which was entrusted to the chief of the Missouri-Pacific Railway Secret Service, a Mr. Thomas Furlong. Accompanied by an assistant named Cupples, he took up the trail at Templeton. Here there had been once some active business owing to the blast furnaces, latterly shut down, but now few passengers got in and out of the train. Strange to say, no one had been seen to board it on the day that the bogus messenger supplanted the real one. The stationmaster and his wife could give no information, but a child of theirs had seen a man on a log hard by, who was engaged in tearing up a piece of paper and scattering the fragments around. On examining the spot a number of these were found and picked up by the detectives, who took them to Pittsburg and spent a night in joining them together. They also obtained from the child a description of the man's appearance, enough to secure identification.

The torn paper proved to be a blank cheque on the bank of Carlisle. Its attempted destruction was, no doubt to sever all connection with that town, to which place the detectives at once guessed their man belonged. They proceeded thither, and went first to the telegraph office to inquire for him, entering into talk with the operator, to whom they gave his description. "You must mean McCalla," the youth answered readily. "Will McCalla, who used to live over yonder with his brother George. Will has gone down Texas way, where he is doing right well as an operator and express agent." "Ha!" said the detective, "is that so? Then if Will McCalla has taken to telegraphy he would like to have a pocket instrument. I've been wishing to make him a present." This was one of those lucky shots that so often befriend the successful detective. "The very thing," answered the telegraph clerk. "I know Will McCalla wants just such a thing. He asked me not long ago to recommend a good maker, and I gave him an address. Here it is."

The address was identically the same as that on the instrument which McCalla had left on the line when he had tapped the Pittsburg wire. Here was sufficient evidence to connect him with the robbery, and the case would be complete if only he could be found. The detectives proceeded with all speed to Palmer, Texas, where McCalla was reported to be in a good position. But he had falsified his accounts, and had bolted to Atlanta City. The pursuers followed and would have run into him there, but he was warned in time and again escaped. From Atlanta the chase proceeded first to Savannah, then to Lake City, then Key West, and at last to Havannah in Cuba. But he again made off and sailed for Rio Janeiro. The detectives would have still followed, but were recalled to Pittsburg by the great railroad riots of July, 1877. Will McCalla was thus left to his own devices, and, as a matter of fact, was never arrested. His brother George was, however, taken, but died before trial.

THE ST. LOUIS EXPRESS ROBBERY.

A great robbery, on the lines of McCalla's, just described, was committed on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway on the night of October 25th, 1884. When the train reached Pacific Junction, thirty-six miles from St. Louis, it was found that the safes in the Adams Express coach had been forced and rifled. The robbery amounted to £16,000 in cash, with valuables and papers. The express agent, Fotheringham by name, was discovered in a corner of the coach, gagged and bound. The story he gave was that just before their departure from St. Louis a man appeared with a letter of introduction. This letter was written on the Adams Express Company's official paper, and was sent by the head agent at St. Louis; it was to the effect that the bearer was to be shortly taken into the service of the Company, and that they had sent him to Fotheringham to have an opportunity of learning his business. On this, Fotheringham admitted him into the coach, and the train started. But it was barely outside the city before the

stranger drew a revolver and overawed the agent, whom he secured and made fast as he was found. Then he took the safe keys from the agent's pocket and thus got possession of the contents of the safe. Shortly before reaching Pacific Junction, the robber left the train.

A number of detectives belonging to Pinkerton's agency were at once put upon the case. They began their search at Pacific Junction and closely examined all the waggon roads leaving that place, seeking some clue of the robber. At the same time they went through the Express Company's records to find if any agents had been recently discharged from their service. The first suspicious fact elicited was that some nine months previously a man named Haight had been dismissed on suspicion of theft, and that he had been at one time on the same road as Fotheringham. Haight was now traced from place to place, and was found ultimately at Chicago, where he had been employed as a waggon driver by one Frederick Witrock, who kept a coal yard. About this time, barely a week since the robbery, the first of a series of letters appeared in a St. Louis paper, the *Globe Democrat*. The first letter had been posted at St. Joseph, not far from Kansas City, on the western border of Missouri. The object of this letter was to exonerate Fotheringham, and in proof thereof the writer said that a package lying at the left property office of the St. Louis railway station contained things bearing on the case. The parcel was seized and examined, but was found to contain no more than a few shirts, some manuscript songs not in the handwriting of the letter, and a printed ballad. All these articles were carefully inspected, the songs and the ballad under the microscope. By this means the detectives came upon another important clue; it was found that, in the corner of the ballad, an address had been written, apparently in the same handwriting as the letter. This address was number 2,108, Chestnut Street, St. Louis, and the detectives at once called there to prosecute inquiries. The woman of the house met them frankly, and from her they learned that two men had lodged with her from the 18th October, but

that, three nights before the robbery on the line, one of them had gone by train to Kansas City, and the night following the second had also left; he was carrying a valise at the time. The woman gave a full description of the personal appearance of both men.

Another clue was found in this house in Chestnut Street: a medicine bottle, bearing the label of a chemist's shop hard by, and the name of a prominent physician in St. Louis. Both the chemist and the doctor were visited, and both described their patients in terms exactly corresponding to those of the landlady. Moreover, it was found that one of the shirts in the package above-mentioned was stained with marks from the substance which the medicine bottle had contained. The inquiry had now reached a stage when it was seen that the two men who had lodged in Chestnut Street were the persons described in the anonymous letter, and that their movements immediately antecedent to the railway robbery were very suspicious. It went a step further now, for an engine driver on that line, having seen the letter in the *Globe Democrat*, came forward with information—a fact that had come under his own observation on the very night of the robbery. This man had been standing on the track, close by Fotheringham's train, and he saw someone, just as it was starting, hurry along the line and jump into the Express coach. The messenger—Fotheringham, that is to say—was there awaiting him, seemingly; in any case, he helped him to climb into the coach. This pointed clearly to Fotheringham's complicity, and the story became more significant when it was known that the new-comer carried a valise precisely similar to that described by the landlady. To these items another of value was soon added—namely, that on the Friday night, three nights before the robbery, a man had travelled with Fotheringham in his Express coach, who answered to the description of one of the men in Chestnut Street, and the inference was that he had made the journey in order to become acquainted with the road.

Another party of detectives had meanwhile been on the track of Haight, the discharged expressman working in

Chicago. It was ascertained that he had been in very poor circumstances, earning small wages, until two or three days after the robbery. Then about October 27th he appeared very flush of money, and left almost immediately for Florida, in the south, whither his wife soon followed him.

As everything connected with Haight was of importance, the character and history of his employer, Witrock, were now investigated, and it was found that he had come from Leavenworth, in Kansas, to which place Haight had also belonged. Witrock was absent from Chicago at this time, but his description was obtained, and it was very much that of the man with the valise, of whom the St. Louis landlady had spoken. Specimens of Witrock's handwriting were obtained, which was pronounced by an expert to be very similar to that of the letter sent to the *Globe Democrat*. By this time other letters of similar import had been received by that newspaper, posted from various parts of the country, all of them tending to exonerate Fotheringham. These letters were obviously from the pen of one conversant with all the details, but it was difficult to believe that the writer could be so stupid as to attract attention to himself if he were really one of the guilty parties. Nevertheless, it came out afterwards that they were written by Witrock in the vain hope of covering his tracks, although they had the very contrary effect. Thus Witrock went out of his way to say that after the robbery the thief had gained the Missouri river, not far from Pacific Junction, and had floated down it on a skiff which he had obtained at St. Charles. Inquiries made at St. Charles showed that two men had embarked there in a boat, with provisions, but that they had gone up stream, and that, of the two men, one answered to the description of Witrock and the other of a man named Weaver, who kept a laundry close by Witrock's colliery. But for the information thus afforded, nothing of this would have been known.

A still more damaging clue was obtained. It should have been stated above that when the lodging in Chestnut Street, St. Louis, was searched, an Express tag had been found on which was a small green waxen seal. The seal

was the same as that on the letter sent to the *Globe Democrat*, and the tag, after much difficulty, was deciphered as one which had been attached to a valise sent by express to St. Louis from St. Charles. This valise had been in the possession of one of the men who had gone up the river in a boat.

The case was now pretty complete, and the police were in a position to lay their hands upon all the conspirators except Witrock. Weaver had been identified by the St. Louis landlady as one of the men who had stopped at her house. Haight had been traced to Kansas City, and was under surveillance there; the detectives had ascertained beyond question that he had planned the robbery and had greatly helped its execution. It was he who had had the bogus letter-paper of the Company prepared, and he had written to the superintending agent at St. Louis on some pretext, so as to obtain this official's signature. Another man connected with the case was found in Kansas City, one Oscar Cooke, an old friend and fellow-townsmen of Witrock's, who appeared to be very flush of money in the latter end of October, and who had made many journeys to and fro between Chicago and Kansas. All this time a watch was kept upon Witrock's house, and upon Kinney, his brother-in-law, who was managing his coal business for him during his absence. But for weeks Witrock remained absent. At last, the man Kinney, having left Chicago for Quincy, Illinois, there received a telegram signed Rose Witrock, which came into the detective's hands, and which announced Witrock's return to Chicago. The house there was still kept closed, with blinds carefully drawn, but there were lights within, and the watch was never relaxed until one morning a party of four came cautiously out and made for a neighbouring restaurant. All of them were promptly arrested, and one proved to be Witrock. He fought hard against arrest, using his revolver, but the whole party was overpowered and carried off to the police-station. Considerable sums of money were found on all of them, and when Mrs. Witrock was also taken, money and valuables, including a fine diamond, were found sewn up in her dress.

It appeared, on the trial, that Haight had first conceived

the idea of the robbery, and had then persuaded Witrock to join. It was Witrock who had boarded the train and had actually secured the plunder. Cooke was employed as the go-between, to divide the shares amongst the conspirators; he had been charged also with the distribution of the letters for the *Globe Democrat*. Fotheringham's complicity, although strongly suspected, does not seem to have been proved.

RAILWAY MURDERS.

Peculiar dangers have surrounded the newest method of locomotion, some inseparable from rapid travelling, such as collisions and other railway catastrophes. More particularly the isolation of a passenger in the old-fashioned railway carriage, the difficulty of obtaining assistance, and the want of proper communication with others, have led to terrible crimes on the line. It may be hoped that newer methods may reduce these, perhaps entirely end them; the more extended use of the corridor train and connected carriages, with its free access from end to end, has added enormously to the safety of the person, if not of property; and, as I write, I hear of a new application of electricity to give immediate alarms. Before we forget what passengers have suffered in railway travelling, I will now describe one or two of the most remarkable cases recorded of railway crimes.

MÜLLER.

One of the first was the killing of Mr. Briggs on the North London line—a notorious murder, memorable also for the ingenuity and promptitude with which its perpetrator was detected. Mr. Briggs, a gentleman advanced in years, was chief clerk in Robartes' bank, and after business hours he had gone down to Peckham to dine with his daughter, and had then returned *via* Fenchurch Street to Hackney, where he lived. When the train by which he travelled reached Hackney and pulled up at the platform, a passenger who was about to enter one of the carriages found the cushions soaked with blood. There was no occupant, nothing in the compartment but a walking-stick and a small black leather bag. A strict search

was made along the line, and a body was discovered near the railway bridge by Victoria Park. It was that of an aged man whose head had been battered in by a life-preserver. There was a deep wound just over the ear, the skull was fractured, and there were several other blows and wounds on the head. Strange to say, the unfortunate man was not yet dead, and he actually survived more than four-and-twenty hours. His identity was established by a bundle of letters in his pocket, which bore his full address: "T. Briggs, Esq., Roberts & Co., Lombard Street."

The friends of Mr. Briggs were communicated with, and it was ascertained that when he left home on the morning of the murderous attack he wore gold-rimmed eye-glasses and a gold watch and chain. The stick and bag were his, but not the hat. A desperate and deadly struggle must have taken place in the carriage, and the stain of a bloody hand marked the door. The fact of the murder and its object—robbery—were thus conclusively proved. It was also easily established that the hat found in the carriage had been bought at Walker's, a hatter's in Crawford Street, Marylebone; while within a few days Mr. Briggs's gold chain was traced to a jeweller's in Cheapside, Mr. Death, who had given another in exchange for it to a man supposed to be a foreigner. More precise clues to the murderer were not long wanting; indeed, the readiness with which they were produced and followed up showed how greatly the publicity and wide dissemination of the news regarding murder facilitate the detection of crime. In little more than a week a cabman came forward and voluntarily made a statement which at once drew suspicion to a German, Franz Müller, who had been a lodger of his. Müller had given the cabman's little daughter a jeweller's cardboard box bearing the name of Mr. Death. A photograph of Müller shown to the jeweller was identified as the likeness of the man who had exchanged Mr. Briggs's chain. Last of all, the cabman swore that he had bought the very hat found in the carriage for Müller at the hatter's, Walker's, of Crawford Street.

This fixed the crime pretty certainly upon Müller, who had already left the country, thus increasing the suspicion

under which he lay. There was no mystery about his departure; he had gone to Canada by the *Victoria* sailing ship, starting from the London Docks and bound for New York. Directly the foregoing facts were established, a couple of detective officers, armed with a warrant to arrest Müller, and accompanied by Mr. Death, the jeweller, and the cabman, went down to Liverpool and took the first steamer across the Atlantic. This was the *City of Manchester*, which was expected to arrive some days before the *Victoria*, and did so. The officers went on board the *Victoria* at once, Müller was identified by Mr. Death, and the arrest was made. In searching the prisoner's box, Mr. Briggs's watch was found wrapped up in a piece of leather, and Müller at the time of his capture was actually wearing Mr. Briggs's hat, cut down and somewhat altered.

JUD.

A double railway crime was committed in France, or in what was then France, by a notorious criminal named Jud, who was never brought to account. He was an adventurer who had long preyed upon Paris, but who had fallen from the rank of false count to that of private soldier in the corps of Equipages Militaires. It was said that in this capacity he acted as a Prussian spy, and supplied much useful information to the War Office in Berlin. In any case, in 1860, he deserted, and passing through Alsace into Germany, somewhere between Tillisheim and Ilfurth, found himself alone in a train with another passenger. This was a Russian army doctor. At one of the halts the latter was found shot dead. There were two fatal wounds, both inflicted by a revolver. At first it was believed to be suicide, but was soon seen to be murder. His companion in the train was identified as Jud, and he was presently arrested, but as quickly escaped from custody.

Three months later another train murder was committed, this time between Troyes and Paris. The victim was a judge of high rank—a M. Poincot, President of the Imperial Court. Again suicide was imagined, but murder was soon proved, and against this same Jud, who was recognised by a cotton com-
forter, dark red in colour, which was found in the railway

carriage, and known to be his property. A mysterious reason was given for both these murders. Orders, it was said, had been issued from Berlin to remove the Russian doctor, who was on a secret mission from the Czar to Napoleon III. M. Poinso, it has been supposed, had become possessed of certain documents incriminating Jud as in the pay of the Prussians, and the villain was determined to recover these papers at all costs. The murderer had watched his victim enter the train, effected his purpose somewhere near Nogent, and escaped before the murder was discovered.

His identity was clearly established, and his description was forthwith circulated throughout France, with orders for his arrest, wherever found. But Jud was never captured, although the search was keen and continuous through all the eastern provinces. Dozens of suspected Juds were taken, his own brother among them, but the man himself always evaded the police. M. Claude, the chief of the Paris detectives, undertook the pursuit himself, and, disguised, visited Nogent and Fenette, Jud's native place, then travelled into Alsace and across the frontier. The story, as reported by French writers at the time, was that when in Germany he was recognised by the Prussian police and warned that he would never be permitted to find or arrest Jud.

LEFROY.

The memory of the Gold-Lefroy case on the Brighton line is still fresh, although the murder is now nearly eighteen years old. The victim was a retired merchant, residing at Preston Park, Brighton, who, in 1881, met his death between Merstham and Balcombe tunnels whilst travelling in a first-class carriage of the afternoon express train. Shots were heard by the other occupants of the train as it was entering the first-named tunnel, a struggle between two passengers was witnessed by cottagers at Horley, and the body of the murdered man was found on the line within the Balcombe tunnel. Medical evidence showed that Mr. Gold was not disabled by the pistol wound, and that the actual cause of death was fracture of the skull when falling from the train. The other occupant of

the carriage, who gave the name of Lefroy, attempted to leave the train at Preston Park, asserting that he had been the victim of a murderous assault, and had been insensible till just before the train stopped. His story was that there had been two other passengers in the carriage, one by appearance a countryman, and that on entering the Merstham tunnel he (Lefroy) had heard a pistol shot, and next moment became senseless from a violent blow on the head.

The story was not implicitly believed ; suspicion was aroused against Lefroy. It was not sufficiently strong to justify detention, but the detectives kept him in view. When searched, two Hanoverian coins had been found upon him, similar to others picked up in the railway carriage. The ticket-collector at Preston Park station noticed that he was covered with blood, that he had lost his collar and tie ; from the look of his shirt, they had been torn off. Moreover, an end of a watch-chain was hanging out from his boot.

The police now accompanied him to Croydon, where he was supposed to reside, and they called at a ladies' boarding-school kept by relatives of Lefroy's. Here he asked permission to make some change in his clothes, and the officers allowed him to enter the house alone. That was the last they saw of him. He had quickly changed his clothes, and on the excuse that he was going to see a doctor, he decamped through the back door.

The case now looked black against him, and fresh evidence was forthcoming. Lefroy had a watch in his possession at Brighton, the number of which was identical with Mr. Gold's ; and when Mr. Gold's body was picked up his watch had disappeared, as well as some £40 in cash—an amount he had collected, dividends and takings, at several shops he owned in London. With regard also to the Hanoverian coins, of which Lefroy had denied all knowledge, although two had been found on him, new evidence was obtained. It was also proved that a day or two after the murder he had passed two of them at a grocer's in payment for goods. The shop-boy had taken them for gold and given 13s. 6d. change.

Lefroy was eventually run down by the police and captured in a lodging in Stepney. It had been noticed by his landlady that he kept his blinds constantly down and wished to escape observation, going by the name of Park, and passing for an engraver who needed rest and quiet for his work.

MURDER OF A FRENCH PREFECT.

A murder which reproduces most of the features of the foregoing was that of a M. Barême, Prefect of the Eure, who was killed on the line between Paris and Cherbourg. His body was found by the conductor of a goods train, some five hundred yards from Maison Lafitte; he was lying between the two lines of rails, dead from a wound caused by a small revolver ball, which had evidently penetrated the brain. Another wound was found at the back of the head, a cut made by a sharp instrument, or possibly in a fall against broken glass. There was every appearance of a struggle, as the deceased's overcoat and clothing were much torn. A little further along the line the hat and cane of the murdered man were also picked up, and it was supposed that his murderer must have thrown them out of the carriage after committing the crime. The prefect's portfolio and hat were missing, but a purse containing money, and an envelope with five hundred francs in notes, had been left untouched. It was supposed that the guard's whistle, giving notice as the train approached Maison Lafitte, had disturbed the murderer, who thought it was about to stop, and was thus impelled to throw the body out of the window.

The first real halt of the train was at Mantes, just an hour's run from Paris, and on its arrival a tall, thin man was seen to get out of the wrong side of the carriage; he was checked for this, and apologised, then walked away. Robbery was therefore scarcely the motive of the crime, which was rather attributed to revenge. M. Barême had been active in pursuing a gang of card-sharpers who had infested the Western Railway, and they were said to have sworn revenge against him.

CHAPTER XVII.

BRIGANDS, BUSHRANGERS, OUTLAWS, AND ROAD AGENTS.

Brigandages generally—Italian, Greek, and Spanish Brigands—The Sicilians Carnusso and Esposito—The latter arrested in the United States—Bush-rangers : Their Origin in the System of Transportation to New South Wales—Davis the Jew—A Black Bushranger—Latter-day Bushrangers—Gardiner and the Robbery from the Lachlan Gold Escort—Captain Thunderbolt—Tasmanian Bushrangers—American Border Outlaws—The Youngers and the James brothers.

THE expression brigandage may be said to cover the whole class of highway crimes on *terra firma*. They have their origin, as has been already observed, in times and places where there is but little organised protection for the community. In new countries, with wide areas, sparsely inhabited, in more settled lands weakly governed, and given over to turbulence and disorder, the Ishmaelite, whose hand is turned against his fellows, may long pursue his desperate calling unchecked. We have had brigands everywhere under such conditions, under different names, but following always the same trade, now reproducing the exploits of the highwayman of old, now adopting new methods favoured by new facilities, adding to pillage, robbery, arson, murder, the more ingenious, and often more profitable, business of making prisoners and keeping them for ransom. This last, indeed, is one of the latest developments of brigandage, and innumerable cases might be quoted that have been seen in recent years. Now that Italy has advanced to the forefront among civilised nations, it is hard to believe that Englishmen were held captive by brigands of Southern Italy for three months and more, in constant terror

of their lives, and only released on payment of £5,000. Barely twenty years ago an English clergyman, Mr. Rose, was captured by a Sicilian brigand not a mile from the railway station of Leccera. He was accompanied by two Italian gentlemen whom the brigands soon set free, but they held Mr. Rose to ransom, and carried him into the mountains. As his friends delayed in paying up the £5,000 demanded, the brigands proceeded to cut off one of his ears, which was sent to his wife. A second ear was sent in the same way, with a threat that, unless ransom was paid, he would be destroyed piecemeal. The British Government now interposed and advanced the money, which was peremptorily demanded from the Italian authorities. The brigands in this case had already signalised themselves by another daring feat—the carrying off of a gentleman, Signor Fasci, from his country seat, just outside Palermo. Their prisoner was old, helpless, deaf, almost blind, and enormously fat. Having obliged his servants to dress him, they mounted him on one of his own mules and took him off to the mountains. He was thrown there into a cave near the summit of Mount Calogero. Both entrances to this cave, one above and the other at the flank of the hill, were hermetically closed by the miscreants, and the old man was held there in danger of his life, until the ransom demanded was paid. Fortunately for Signor Fasci, the authorities had promptly pursued the brigands and found out the cave through the information of one of the band; the cave was reopened just in time to save Signor Fasci as he lay dying on the bare earth.

In 1865, and again in 1870, Greek brigands, the direct descendants of About's "*Roi des Montagnes*," terrorised all Greece. On the latter occasion, when Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. Vyner, Mr. Lloyd, and others, were captured, not a dozen miles from Athens, the ransom demanded was £50,000. Before it was paid, four of the prisoners were murdered. In 1869 Mexican brigands, always prominent in their nefarious profession, slew a victim out of hand when he refused to pay ransom. The Spanish brigand has driven a fine trade until

quite recently. There was the capture of the Bonnells, near Gibraltar, in 1870, when £27,000 was demanded and paid for their release; again, Mr. Arthur Haseldin was taken in the Sierra Morena and held for £10,000, but released on payment of a little more than half; and Mr. Edward Rouse, in the same neighbourhood, who, fortunately for himself, was released on payment of £1,000. The Turkish brigand is still active; bands composed of many nationalities, Turks, Albanians, Armenians, most of them old soldiers, good marksmen, inured to great fatigue, have raised brigandage into a lucrative calling.

An attempt has been made to defend brigandage as a sort of rough-and-ready though savage protest against tyrannical rulers. The Russian serf sometimes rose against his masters and perpetrated thefts and murders in remote districts. The Italian brigand, too, has been excused on the grounds that he only warred against oppression. Brigandage was greatly fostered in Calabria by Bourbon misrule, and was more than mere robbery. It was the war of the poor against the rich; but in its progress the country was devastated, and murder, with lesser crimes, was rampant. Between 1860 and 1868 there were four distinct bands of brigands committing the worst excesses, remorselessly cruel in their acts. One was led by Carnusso, a noted chief who had some fifty followers under his command. One of his crimes vies with any in history. Believing that certain villages had given information against him, he made a descent upon them and seized a party of harvesters—forty men, women, and children—in the fields, all of whom he murdered. He ordered them to kneel down and say a prayer, then passed along the ranks, cutting throat after throat. After 1868, when the new Italian Government assumed power, a large reward was offered for Carnusso, and bodies of troops were sent out after him. Still he remained at large. No one dared earn the reward, and the soldiers were led astray by the peasantry, to be waylaid and killed in small parties among the hills. Carnusso was at last betrayed by the mother of his child, to revenge an atrocious act of barbarity. Pretending that the baby's cries endangered the safety of his band, he had stabbed

it to the heart. The mother had escaped, and then headed the troops which attacked his hiding-place.

Sicily was long the home—the peculiar home—of the brigand. It may be doubted whether brigandage has been entirely stamped out even now. All through the 'sixties and the 'seventies men gained evil reputations for their persistent hostility to society; such names as those of Di Pasquale, Leone, Rinaldi, Capraro, Alfano, Plaja, Calabrese and Sajevo, are still remembered with terror in the country. One of the latest and most successful of Sicilian brigands was Esposito, *alias* Randazzo, who was long at the head of a great association of malefactors. It was he who organised the above-mentioned captures of Signor Fasci and Mr. Rose; he came and went as he pleased, imposing his will upon the country-folk, on whom he visited the sternest reprisals if they attempted to betray him. He was guilty of innumerable murders, some in self-defence, but many more in revenge. So great were the enormities committed by Esposito and his people that the Italian Government employed a small army of regular troops to pursue them into their lairs. Still, several years passed before the band was entirely broken up. Esposito was at last taken and carried to gaol in Palermo; but on the road the prison van was attacked and he was rescued. He fled across the Atlantic and took refuge in the United States. A large reward was offered for his apprehension, and the Italian Ambassador at Washington, hearing that he was peacefully engaged as a fruit-seller in New Orleans, obtained a warrant for his arrest. Pinkerton's, the famous private detectives, were charged with the execution of the warrant. One of their agents accordingly secured a man supposed to be Esposito-Randazzo, and carried him back in irons to New York, where he was safely lodged in gaol pending the arrival of witnesses from Sicily to identify him; for he stoutly denied that he was the person supposed, and there seems to have been a conflict of evidence when the witnesses arrived. Feeling ran high in the Italian colony, and there was a strong party for and against the prisoner; indeed, it is believed that the dispute led to fierce blood feuds which are not yet extin-

guished. So far as the prisoner was concerned, the American Court held that the case had been made out against him ; he was duly extradited and sent back to his own country for trial.

BUSHRANGERS.

Having taken this general review of modern brigandage, I propose to describe now various manifestations of it in detail. It was never more actively and daringly practised than in the Antipodes. The Australian bushrangers were, to all intents and purposes, brigands ; and some of the most notorious have never been outdone in reckless cruelty or in the extent of their depredations. They were the direct product of the system so long pursued by this country of transporting felons beyond the sea. The philanthropic theorists, who hoped great things from giving them a fresh start in a new land, never realised what might follow from the accumulation of so much rascality in one territory, however wide, and with few of the safeguards of a well-organised society. The result soon proved that it was a dangerous experiment. In the early decades of this century Sydney, the chief Australian town, was known as the wickedest place in the world. "There is more immorality in Sydney than in any English town of the same size," wrote a careful observer at this time. Never in the history of man was crime more prevalent than in the Antipodes. Not only were heinous offences of frequent occurrence, but the moral tone of the colony was low in the extreme, and drunkenness was nearly universal. At that period the number of convictions for highway robbery in New South Wales alone was equal to the whole of the convictions for all crimes in the United Kingdom. Murders and criminal assaults were as common as petty larcenies at home. Sydney was a den of thieves ; the leaders of the whole fraternity were concentrated and collected there ; every class of criminal came to the colonies.

The system, or, more exactly, the absence of system, tended to foster crime. The colony was one prison, yet without walls or warders, proper discipline, or reformatory processes. The care of the convict, his correction and coercion, his deterioration or improvement, were entirely in the hands of the

employer or master to whom he was assigned. Many of these had been convicts once themselves; the rest were free settlers, who could not be expected to know or do their duty by the convicts. Although, to their credit, be it said, some tried to make their men forget that they were convicts, as a rule only one process was understood or practised to secure good order; that was the free infliction of the lash. Any magistrate could order it on the mere request of the master, and for the most trifling offences. Men were flogged cruelly, brutally, and repeatedly for simple drunkenness, disobedience, idleness, and neglect of work. Cases were known of men on whom, in the aggregate, two and three thousand lashes had been inflicted. There was little or no alleviation of their hard lot; to drink and drink again, to gamble, quarrel, fight, were the only relaxations within their reach.

As time passed, and the convict population increased dangerously, growing more and more unmanageable, other methods of coercion were devised. These were the road parties, the chain gangs, and the penal settlements, to which the worst characters were consigned, to labour, not severely, and in association, so as further to corrupt and contaminate each other. The chain gangs were kept mostly in the interior, lodged in stockades, under a military commandant, with soldier guards, while fairly watchful discipline was maintained. Lastly, the penal settlements, such as Norfolk Island, and latterly Port Arthur, Moreton Bay, and Tasman's Peninsula, became the receptacle of the absolutely irreclaimable; these were foul dens of iniquity, filled with the very dregs of convictdom, where, in the words of an eminent colonial judge, "the heart of a man was taken from him, and he was given the heart of a beast."

The *régime* in all these places of durance was much the same where it could be enforced: plentiful coarse food, the obligation to daily labour, with harsh discipline, and the prolonged loss of freedom. But with the utmost precautions, with the severest penalties, it was found impossible to prevent escapes. The more daring spirits constantly got away and took to the "bush," to develop speedily into that awful curse

to the community, the bushrangers, the notorious highwaymen of Australia.

I propose now to deal with some of the most prominent of these desperate offenders. Many of them were men of great courage, with the power to command and organise, so that they soon became the nucleus for other bandits to gather round. In other remarkable cases the desperado worked singly, and often more safely and profitably for himself.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

In the old colony, one of the most notorious bushrangers was the "bold Donohue," who ravaged the Hunter district about 1830-5, and whose greatest crime was the cold-blooded murder of a much-esteemed gentleman named Clements. Donohue had confederates; two, Webber and Walmsley, were, like himself, runaway convicts; so was a third, Underwood, who long "worked" with him, but who was afterwards shot deliberately by his leader, on the plea that he had played him false. This small party of four met Mr. Clements on his way to Sydney from the Hunter River, when he was carrying on him a considerable sum of money. He was accompanied by two armed attendants, and as he was crossing the Bulga road, leading to the river, Donohue rode up and asked for some tobacco. Mr. Clements recognised his man instantly, and would have drawn his pistol. Unfortunately, it was fastened to his belt through the trigger cover, and before he could call up his men to his assistance, Donohue discharged both barrels of his gun, and killed the poor fellow on the spot. Donohue was shortly afterwards hunted down and shot red-handed, having first wounded one of the policemen sent to arrest him. Webber and Walmsley were ultimately captured. Donohue was a popular hero; songs were composed in his honour, and his name was on every tongue. He moved to and fro with almost supernatural rapidity, he seemed ubiquitous, and his exploits sometimes read like a romance.

In 1837 the Port Phillip district of New South Wales was harassed by a gang of bushrangers, who were headed by one Dignum, a convict who had escaped from assigned service,

and who was soon joined by five others, among them a stripling named Cornerford. When they had made the neighbourhood too hot to hold them, they rode southward, seeking some seaport where they might take ship and quit the country. But on reaching Mount Alexander, a spot which became subsequently a famous goldfield, their provisions ran short in the bush, and they were threatened with death from starvation. In this extremity Dignum conceived the base idea of murdering his eight companions, one by one; then, having secured the whole of the provisions left, of continuing his journey alone. He was about to carry out his design in the dead of night, when young Cornerford awoke unexpectedly, and Dignum had no alternative but to take him into the plot.

They were only two against seven, yet they contrived to complete the deed of blood. Dignum is supposed to have shot six of his companions with his own hand, and Cornerford brained the last with an axe. The murderers now took counsel together and decided to work towards Melbourne, which they reached safely, and there hired themselves out as free labourers. Service did not suit them, and they quickly abandoned it, only to be rearrested and handed back to their employer, who handcuffed them in a room hard by, to wait till he had dined and could take them on to the nearest police-station. Dignum soon possessed himself of the key to the cuffs, and set himself and his partner, Cornerford, free. Once more, having stolen firearms, they took to the bush. They were pursued, but got off, to resume their robberies in the neighbourhood of Adelaide. There was no loyalty or attachment between them; each distrusted the other, and once Dignum anticipated a quarrel by firing at Cornerford while he rode a little in advance. The victim, who had so narrowly escaped, galloped on to Melbourne and gave himself up. On his information Dignum was run down. Cornerford had confessed to the wholesale murders in the bush, and to test the truth of his statement a search party visited Mount Alexander, where unmistakable traces of the tragedy were found — human remains, bones, skulls, and fragments of clothing.

Cornerford had accompanied the police so as to point out the exact spot. By some unaccountable carelessness he was left with a single guard; unhandcuffed, and watching his chance, he shot the policeman and bolted into the bush. After this Cornerford, the boy bushranger, ranged the neighbourhood alone, a terror to all; but he was at length seized by a station hand and secured. They now carried him on a dray, bound hand and foot, to Melbourne, where he was soon afterwards hanged. His evidence was thus lost against Dignum, who escaped capital punishment, but was sent to Norfolk Island for life.

DAVIS THE JEW.

This man escaped from a chain gang near Sydney in 1840, and ranged the country between the Humber and Brisbane Water, where he was joined by an Irishman, named Ruggy, and five others, all runaways. Their operations were very extensive. They stopped travellers, broke into inns and storehouses, pillaged private stations, and promptly carried off their plunder on pack-horses to some new scene of action. Their rapid transit from point to point—levying blackmail everywhere—long saved them from capture; but at last their depredations became intolerable, and a strong force of police was sent out to hunt them down. The gang, so far, had only robbed; murder had not been committed, but Ruggy, in an encounter with their pursuers, being hard pressed, shot a young colonist who had volunteered his aid to the police. This raised the whole country, and the bushrangers fled before the outraged people and took refuge in the Liverpool Range.

A Mr. Day, magistrate of Muswell Brook, and formerly an officer of the 17th Regiment, headed a pursuing party, which followed the hoof-marks of the fugitives' horses for forty-three miles, and all but caught them at Atkinson's Inn, on the Page river. Next day, however, they came upon the gang encamped at Doughboy Hollow, in the bush below the hills. Riding to the edge of the hollow, Mr. Day dismounted and, gun in hand, rushed the camp. The gang

seized their arms and a fierce skirmish ensued, in which Davis fired repeatedly at Mr. Day, but without effect, and the energetic magistrate, eager to take the miscreant alive, closed with him and captured him. Ruggy was also taken, and the rest laid down their arms. All the gang were carried to Sydney, tried, condemned, and executed. The Jewish community, however, made strenuous but unavailing efforts to save Davis's life.

A BLACK BUSHRANGER.

I have by me a detailed account, from one who knew him personally,* of a more modern bushranger who was as remarkable in his way as any of his predecessors. He was an Australian black who, when a child, had been taken into the service of an up-country station holder, by name Loder. The boy was bright and intelligent, and benefited quickly by such education as was at hand. He soon learned English, not only to speak, but also to read and write fluently. He was kept away from his own people, and became in habit and appearance, if not in thought and inclination, a civilised being. As he grew up he repaid his patron's kindness by giving good service as a skilful stockman, and showed great aptitude in every detail of bush station work. Then all at once Mr. Loder died, and the new owner of the property turned the young black adrift upon the world.

Charlie Loder, as he was called after his old master, was now about five-and-twenty years of age. He wandered from station to station, taking what employment he could get, and in 1867 was at Coolatai, where he was taken on to help in the wool-scouring, which was then in full swing. "Charlie" was tall, muscular, well-proportioned; all trace of savagery had disappeared from his face; he was a general favourite; willing, good-tempered, industrious, and trustworthy, he punctually carried out any work entrusted to him without question or supervision. But he did not like wool-washing; the constant wetting to which he

* My brother, Captain Griffiths, formerly of the 61st Regiment.

was subjected affected his health, he said, and after a month he left the station. Nothing was heard of him for months and months, and when strange rumours were rife of a black bushranger who was at large in a neighbouring district, no one dreamt of connecting him with Charlie Loder, the re-claimed aboriginal.

Yet so it was. Charlie's identity was presently established beyond all doubt. Travellers turned up who had seen and recognised him on the roads, mounted, and armed with gun and pistols. Precise stories were told, too, of his depredations, which were always stained with merciless cruelty. The innate barbarity of his nature had reasserted itself through the thin veneer of civilising processes, and he had relapsed into the brutal aboriginal savage. He was quite unsparing in his attacks, made always on defenceless women, for he was too cowardly to interfere with men. He preferred to "stick up" the distant hut of the shepherd when the shepherd was far away and his wife was alone and at his mercy; he demanded toll in drink and food from the lonely taverns by the wayside, or robbed the isolated bush tenements, occupied mostly by peace-loving, inoffensive women-folk. His atrocities were everywhere of the most barbarous and revolting character.

The district of Warialda, in New South Wales, was "Charlie's" favourite sphere of action, and so great was the terror he inspired that no one dared to interfere with him. The work of tracking him down was left to the mounted police, who did nothing, and fresh instances of the bushranger's daring exploits cropped up continually. His cool effrontery was matchless. On one occasion, about Christmastide, he quartered himself upon a shepherd, who, with his wife, occupied a hut not a hundred yards from the high road. By menace and intimidation he swore them to secrecy, then, extorting money, he rode to a neighbouring public-house to lay in liquor, so that he might keep the Christmas festival properly. He was seen, although not identified, on the road, in company with two others, labouring men from Coolatai, who, when encountered later,

seemed much flurried, and it transpired that he had threatened them with terrible vengeance if they betrayed him. At the tavern he was at once recognised as he swaggered into the bar with his pistols at his belt and demanded drink. The landlord supplied him obsequiously, and the bystanders, many of whom knew him well, accepted his offer to play pitch and toss, a game which went without intermission for a couple of hours. All were abashed at his presence, even the tavern-keeper, a tall, stalwart "cornstalk," and no attempt was made to secure the desperado, though this might have been easily accomplished. As he was riding away from the tavern, however, a black native policeman and tracker of a neighbouring township called out to him to stop. As the bushranger made no reply, the policeman, by name "Kangaroo," unbuckled his carbine and prepared to shoot, whereupon Charlie galloped for his life, followed by several shots, none of which took effect. "Kangaroo" afterwards condemned the cowardice of the innkeeper and the rest in very forcible and contemptuous terms.

Now, however, there was a general hue and cry for Charlie, and the local constabulary were always hot on his track. He kept mostly out of sight in the thick scrub, but was put to great straits for food. At last, faint with hunger, he ventured forth one day and, approaching the river Macintyre, found a German trader's encampment. Charlie had now degenerated into the true savage, hideous and unkempt, like the hunted beast that he had become. He was entirely naked but for a waist-cloth, his body shone with oil, and his woolly hair was cropped close to his head. Walking up to Schneider, the German trader, he demanded food, tea, sugar, and the rest. Schneider guessed immediately with whom he had to deal, and pretended to comply. He climbed on to his dray to open one of the boxes, Charlie standing expectant below. In an open conflict the naked, slippery savage would have an undoubted advantage. So Schneider tried a stratagem, which was to fall on him bodily from above. This strange and novel method of attack quite disconcerted the villain, and although he

struggled violently, the combatants rolling over and over upon the ground, he was vanquished in the end. The German now produced a strong rope and made his prisoner fast to the wheel of his dray. Charlie, convulsed with rage, cursed him like a demon, and made the air hideous with his yells. Presently the police came up, and he was conveyed, under strong escort, to Warialda gaol.

Charlie Loder was indicted on several counts: robbery under arms, bushranging, criminal assaults, crimes enough to hang the wretch a dozen times over. But no capital charge could be brought home to him, and although he was found guilty of the first-named offence, the heaviest punishment that could be inflicted was hard labour for ten years. He did not long survive his imprisonment; the gaol, after a life in the open, under the free air of heaven, soon proved fatal, and he died within three years.

LATTER-DAY BUSHRANGERS.

The early bushrangers were mostly escaped convicts, as has been described. When this class had nearly disappeared, others of a different stamp took to the desperate profession. They were for the most part native-born Australians, who, weary of an idle, dissolute life, had taken to bush enterprise out of pure devilry and a superabundance of animal spirits. Many of these latter-day bushrangers began the business for fun, almost as a "lark," but followed up some first wild adventure by more criminal and determined performances. They were better educated, and worked on wider lines. When a leader of this kind appeared, he soon became a centre and focus for the evilly disposed, and the gangs thus reached formidable proportions. There was still a strong criminal element in those Australian colonies where transportation had flourished. Heredity showed itself, and the descendants of the old convicts were drawn almost irresistibly—by congenital instinct, it may be said—to the malpractices of their forefathers. The latest development of the bushrangers was far worse than the first. Their organised "robberies under arms" were bolder and more extensive. The growth of the

colonies, the adoption of the banking system, above all the enormous increase in wealth due to the gold discoveries, and the consequent temptation to secure the precious metal, stored or in transit, encouraged them to the most daring exploits, which were long continued with impunity. The police, although well-intentioned, were often feeble in pursuit, and unequal to the task of suppression. The robbers had many friends among the settlers, gained partly by terrorism, partly by sympathy, engendered by admiration, and a certain halo of false glory that hung around them. Spies gave them the earliest intimation of police movements; of the opportunities that offered for fresh robberies. The result was that for years the whole country was unsafe. "Robberies have now become so frequent," says a newspaper, in 1862, "that it is dangerous to travel or move about. . . . A representation should be made to Government showing the unprotected state of life and property." But the authorities remained powerless even to check these unnumbered outrages. The bushrangers were ubiquitous, and defied pursuit or capture.

GARDINER.

One of the most remarkable of these latter-day bushrangers was Frank Gardiner, who, all through the western and southern districts of New South Wales, enjoyed the *sobriquet* of the King of the Road. He had several aliases, but whether as Gardiner, Christie, or Clarke, he may claim to be the father of the robberies that harassed the colonies for some ten or twelve years, beginning in 1860.

Gardiner was at first no more than a horse thief. His first exploit, at twenty years of age, was that of "lifting" a horse on the border of Victoria, in 1850. That district was infested then with bands of men well mounted, who systematically robbed out-stations of horses and cattle. Gardiner soon became prominent among these, and when he was captured with others, after a sweeping raid on a station at Salisbury Plains, he was riding a magnificent thoroughbred chestnut, which he had acquired by theft. In that robbery every horse on the station but four had been carried off. The thieves

were sentenced to long imprisonment, but Gardiner, with ten more, soon escaped. His next exploits were in and about the goldfields of Bendigo, whence he returned to his own country, Goulburn, in New South Wales, where he was again sentenced for horse stealing, and sent to the penal settlement on the Paramatta river. It was not until his release from Cockatoo Island on ticket-of-leave, in 1861, that he adopted bush-ranging as a business, and developed into the notorious knight of the road he soon became—"a terror to every settler, and the boldest and greatest breaker of the law that then troubled the colony."

The chief scene of his depredations was the mountainous country of the Murrumbidgee and the district of Goulburn as far as Abercrombie. He was associated with other old gaol comrades, notably by one Jack Piesley, and together they "bailed up" many persons, single travellers and mail coaches, and "stuck up" stations continually. They had many narrow escapes. Gardiner was actually captured near the Fish river by a police sergeant and one trooper, in 1861, having been first badly wounded in a fierce affray. But he was rescued, by Piesley and another, as he was being carried off. A good picture is given of this Piesley in the proclamation of a reward for his apprehension. ". . . About twenty-eight years of age, five feet ten inches high, stout and well made, fresh complexion, very small light whiskers, quite bald on the top of head and forehead . . . puffed and dissipated-looking from hard drinking; invariably wears fashionable Napoleon boots, dark cloth breeches, dark vest buttoned up to the front, large albert gold guard, cabbage tree hat and duck coat. Sometimes wears a dark wig, and always carries a brace of revolvers."

While Gardiner went into hiding till his wounds were healed, Piesley kept the road—to so much purpose that again the Bathurst newspaper declares:—"We live in troublous times, and unless some steps are taken to arrest these daylight marauders, and put a stop to their proceedings, it will shortly be unsafe to travel any distance from the town." Piesley about this time committed a murder, the result of a

drunken quarrel, and there was a fierce hue and cry for him, but with no result, until he was at last met with in the Wagga-Wagga district and “stuck up” himself by a plucky settler. He was riding “a remarkably fine and fast animal,” and had a good pack-horse which carried his “swag.” He was tried and duly hanged at Bathurst.

Meanwhile Gardiner, now fully recovered, was ravaging the district of Bunagong. He “stuck up” everyone he met. In one case a gold digger and storekeeper named Horsington was robbed of about £1,000 in cash and gold dust. The gold digger was driving in a spring cart and was escorted by one or two friends, but the bushrangers relieved them of everything, going about their business quietly and methodically, so that they deprived their victims of a nice little fortune in about fifteen minutes. This, so far, was one of the biggest hauls made; but it whetted the robbers’ appetites, and their next robbery was one of the most remarkable of their many daring exploits. This was the plundering of the Lachlan gold escort, by which they secured some £14,000, although they might have got twice that sum. Owing to imperfect information—the want of more exact knowledge of the movement of gold—they missed that which had been sent down by the escort of the previous week, and which had amounted to £34,000.

The “gold escort” had been instituted for the safe conveyance of the precious metal from the goldfields to the bank at Sydney, and so to the markets of the world. The digger, when he had won his treasure from his claim, disposed of it at once to travelling buyers, who paid cash and passed it on, when collected, to the sea-coast. When a sufficient freight had accumulated, the gold was carefully packed in strong boxes, sealed, and sent down country by mail coach, under a police escort. On this occasion, the 14th June, 1862, when leaving the town, then the chief centre of the Lachlan goldfields, the escort was small. There were only five constables, including the sergeant in command, and on the box of the mail coach was a stalwart and experienced driver. The treasure was in three boxes, addressed to various

banks in Sydney, and the aggregate value, as has been said, was £14,000. There was also a heavy mail containing a number of registered letters with valuable effects.

Five hours after departure, at Toogong, eight-and-twenty miles from Forbes, the coach came upon an obstacle in the roadway. Three bullock teams were drawn across it, leaving only a small passage between them, while some high rocks overhung on one side. To pilot his horses through this the driver pulled them up to a walk, when suddenly six men appeared from behind a sort of breastwork of rocks and poured in a well-directed fire. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the escort, two of whom were wounded, could make no reply. Then, with military precision, the first six robbers, who had emptied their revolvers, retired, and gave place to another six, who in their turn opened fire. Now the constables made some reply, but the coach horses, becoming terrified, bolted and upset the coach, and the assailants with a loud cheer rushed forward and secured it.

The survivors of the escort made all haste to a neighbouring station to give the alarm and seek help, leaving the bushrangers to rifle the coach. They quickly seized the gold, broke open the boxes, and transferred the treasure to their saddle-bags; then taking some of the registered letters, they galloped away. The whole of this daring outrage had, no doubt, been planned by Gardiner, although he was not positively identified. The robbers were carefully disguised. All had their faces blackened and wore red shirts and red night-caps. The police sergeant, who survived, believed that he had recognised Gardiner's face, but that was the only clue, and it remained a mystery where he had collected his gang, which numbered at least a dozen.

A very vigorous pursuit was at once set on foot, headed by Sir Frederick Pottinger, the Commissioner of Police. The robbers were tracked along the route towards Narrandera and the frontier of Victoria, and three of them were captured with a portion of the gold; but the bulk made good their escape into the topmost recesses of the Wheogo mountain, where the booty was divided—some twenty pounds of

gold for each man, not counting the bank-notes—and the party broke up. Apparently the police came up with several of the robbers, and in the heat of the chase many dropped their share. What exactly became of Gardiner was not known till long afterwards, when he was discovered in Queensland leading a peaceable life and doing good business as a bush publican. He was forthwith arrested, tried, condemned, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. After ten years he was recommended for pardon and, much to the surprise and disgust of law-abiding citizens, released. According to general belief, the ex-bushranger removed himself to California with his ill-gotten gains and set up as a publican in a mining township, where he did remarkably well. His reputation as a desperate and successful law-breaker gained him much custom and the respectful admiration of many men as lawless as himself.

Others took up Gardiner's mantle in New South Wales. Dunn and the Clarkes may be mentioned as ferocious criminals with an insatiable craving for bloodshed. But Morgan the murderer was worst of all. He worked invariably single-handed, ranging the country alone, always without a companion. His robberies, which were wholesale, his "sticking ups" innumerable, ended generally in murder, for he was afflicted with blood madness, and pitilessly slew all his victims. A widespread sense of relief was felt throughout the colony at the news of his death. The police came upon him unawares and must have shot him down at once, for his body was found riddled with bullets.

CAPTAIN THUNDERBOLT.

The adventurous exploits of "Thunderbolt," the *sobriquet* of a stockman named Ward who became a bushranger, might make a romance; but its hero was in reality a low, thieving scoundrel, with no redeeming qualities but that of brute courage and great tenacity of purpose. Ward, who, like most Australians, was a fearless rider, infested the north-western part of New South Wales. He had been a well-conducted man, but was ruined by a sentence of imprisonment

for some minor offence. The gaol was near Sydney, on Cockatoo Island. The Paramatta river encompassed it with deep water on every side, and the chances of breaking prison seemed small, yet Ward contrived to escape. Eluding the vigilance of the sentries one dark and stormy night, he scaled the ramparts, let himself down into the river by a rope, and swam to the far shore.

He was scarcely at large before he started as a bushranger, and for the following eight years gave more trouble to the police than any man of his stamp mentioned in the criminal records of the colony. He assumed the name of Captain Thunderbolt, and gave out that his hand would be for ever against his fellows, and that he meant to wage undying war against society in revenge for his wrongful conviction on perjured evidence.

Ward's first encounter was with the manager of a station on which he had been employed for years. This gentleman, a Mr. Ross, was driving a lady in his buggy along a bush high road, when two men rode up with pointed pistols and in bushranging parlance ordered him to "bail up." Mr. Ross immediately recognised his former stockman and said, "Why, Ward, I am astonished to see you take to this shameful course of life. You will surely not rob your old master?"

The lady fainted, and Mr. Ross added: "See, this is the wife of our doctor, a gentleman whom you know well." This appeal was too much for the bushranger, in whom the traces of kindly feeling and gratitude still remained. On his companion demanding Mr. Ross's watch and purse, Ward bade him desist, saying, "He was a good master and shall not be robbed." Then, raising his hat, Thunderbolt rode away with his mate. This story is in the style of Claude Duval; nor was it the only instance in which Ward showed signs of a generous disposition. Indeed he ere long earned the reputation so often enjoyed by the gentlemen of the road, that of robbing the rich to give to the poor. From that time forward to the close of his life, the bushranger never stood in need of a

friend. When hard pressed by the police, his knowledge of the country enabled him to give them the slip, while in the mountainous districts it was impossible to follow one who was so conversant with every nook and cranny. Many were the efforts of the police to capture the ubiquitous Thunderbolt. They were ever at fault, nor were they ever able to elicit any information from the small settlers, all of whom gladly gave the fugitive robber shelter and food.

Ward knew intimately all the good horses on the stations around, either by personal inspection or through his friends. He thus laid hands on the very best animals, and often covered great distances in one day, as much as fifty or sixty miles and more. The manager of Coolootai station owned a fine racer named Talleyrand, a great favourite, and worth at least £150. Talleyrand, however, one night disappeared from the paddock, and though a reward of fifty pounds was offered for his recovery, no result followed. His master gave him up for lost, when one day an old shearer arrived at Coolootai, leading Talleyrand. The man's story was that when travelling along the main road between Armidale and Glen Innes he was met by Thunderbolt, who was riding one horse and leading another. The shearer was an old friend of the bushranger, and the latter asked him if he would like to earn £50. "Yes," said the man, "that would keep me on the spree for a month." "Then," answered Ward, "you see this horse I am leading; his name is Talleyrand, and he belongs to the manager of Coolootai. I have ridden him, but he is of no further service to me; take him to Coolootai and you will receive the reward for his recovery." The shearer immediately took the horse home and was paid the reward. Talleyrand was in bad condition and suffered from leg-weariness after many months' incessant use, but was in other respects sound in wind and limb. A short rest in the paddock completely restored the horse.

The stony and rugged nature of most of the country over which the bushranger travelled on his marauding

expeditions obliged him to have his horses constantly reshod. Accordingly he always carried shoeing implements in his saddle-bags, and was thus independent of the blacksmiths. His knowledge of the capabilities of any animal which he rode enabled him to husband its strength till occasion arose to put its full powers of endurance to the test. Travellers who came across Ward in the bush, stockmen and others patrolling the runs, reported that the bushranger met them without showing the least sign of fear; that he entered into conversation with them like any ordinary acquaintance. His spies and well-wishers, and their number was legion, kept him well acquainted with the movements of the police, so that when any search was afoot Thunderbolt had early notice, and speedily removed himself to another section of the country, many miles from the scene of his last robbery.

For most of the constables he had a profound contempt, calling them bad riders and indifferent bushmen. One alone, named Dalton, a policeman stationed at the small township of Bingera, gave Thunderbolt any trouble. This Dalton was an accomplished horseman and experienced in bush-tracking, who on one occasion followed the trail for three days and nights, running Ward so close that they often came within sight of each other. At last, when nearly exhausted by fatigue and constant exposure, the bushranger got clear away and found a safe refuge in one of the wildest parts of the district. Here he created a retreat only known to a few, in which he concealed himself when hard pressed by the police. It was situated at the extreme boundary of a run named Wellington Vale, amidst mountainous country so rough and inaccessible that parts were known by such names as the Gulf, Land's End, and Hell-hole. One who was led to the spot long after Thunderbolt had passed away describes how he made a toilsome ascent up high granite ridges, and also stony, grassless valleys with no track, and the going much impeded by stones and boulders, until he reached a high altitude, where, however, the country opened on to a table-

land with grass and clumps of low timber. All at once, and without the slightest preparation for it, the earth opened at their feet, and they stood on the brink of a gorge that might have been the crater of an extinct volcano. It was nearly circular, half a mile in circumference, with sides covered with tangled brushwood, sloping precipitously deep into the mountain. To ride down was like riding down the side of a house, but there was a fairly marked smooth track which led down into the base of the cavity. The opening was like an inverted cone narrowing to the bottom, where the brushwood ended in a small flat sylvan glade, and here and there were still the ashes of old fires, charred embers and fragments of bark, with other signs of human occupancy in the past: two ancient pint pots, an old "billy," saddles, straps, worn-out horseshoes, and pieces of untanned hide. This was the sole vestige of the outlaw, who when hunted for his life had found shelter in this wild and secluded spot.

Thunderbolt had other hiding-places beside that described above. He was fond of a hole on the banks of the Macintyre river, some six miles from Wallangra station. This was comparatively open country, and there was good pasturage for horses. There were no habitations for miles around, and no one came that way but the stockmen engaged on their yearly musters.

Ward's operations would fill a volume. Besides the simpler process of stopping single travellers, he several times "stuck up" Her Majesty's mails, whether carried by coach or rider. The summons to "bail up," given at the pistol point, was followed by an order to throw the mailbags into the roadway and ride or drive on. Thunderbolt then ripped open the covers at his leisure, the bags disgorged their contents, letters were torn open, cheques, bank notes, and other valuables abstracted. The booty often reached a high amount, and sometimes included cheques for £1,000, although these were of little use to Thunderbolt. Such mail robberies, with thefts from private persons, were his favourite crimes. He was never known, throughout his career, to have "stuck

up" a station or robbed a bank, nor did he injure poor people. This gained him many friends and sympathisers among small farmers and "selectors," who were always ready to shelter and screen him. Eventually a law was especially passed making this a penal offence. Yet the police could never learn his whereabouts from the settlers, who always denied all knowledge, although they may have seen him a few hours before.

For years Thunderbolt went scot free. A companion, the son of a New England shepherd, who often rode with him, was captured by the police, but the bushranger never. The youth was put on his trial at Armidale and sentenced to detention in a reformatory, his friend Thunderbolt having been present in court, it was said, during the proceedings. After this a large reward, some hundreds of pounds, was offered for his capture alive or dead. This stimulated the police to renewed exertions, and at last Ward was killed. It came to pass in this fashion. He had stolen a fine horse, and, having become reckless, he rode it boldly into the town of Uralla, near Armidale. He was seen leaving it, and followed by two policemen, one of whom soon gave up the pursuit. The other, Walker, stuck to Thunderbolt's heels, riding many miles in a seemingly hopeless chase. At last the policeman caught up his quarry on the banks of a small lagoon, into which the bushranger plunged fearlessly on horseback. Fearing he would lose his prey, Walker fired at the horse and shot it. Thunderbolt fell into the water, but touching bottom he stood up to his opponent, asking him impudently if he was a married man and had provided for his wife and children. A sharp revolver duel ensued, and Walker was obliged, in self-defence, to shoot his man dead. This ended the career of Thunderbolt.

TASMANIAN BUSHRANGERS.

Among the earliest bushrangers were those of Van Diemen's Land, or Tasmania, as it is now called. The territory was first occupied in 1803 as a penal settlement, and within five years many bands of runaway convicts ravaged the district. In 1815 a notorious leader, Mark Lemon, was

captured with the whole of his gang; but next year Michael Howe renewed the terror, waylaid travellers, "stuck up" stations and carried off the cattle. These depredations were ended at length by the free colonists, to whom they had become intolerable, and who joined forces to put them down. Howe was the last to remain at large, and he also was tracked to his lair and killed. Brady, in 1823, was very evilly known in the district of Macquarie Harbour. He had been a gentleman's servant, and was transported when still quite a youth. Ill-usage drove him to escape, and he was accompanied by one McCabe, a seafaring man. The two quickly recruited their numbers, and became a strong, much-dreaded gang. They were not apprehended for years, although many parties pursued them. Brady was eventually hanged, and seems to have won much sympathy from emotional people, who wept at the story of his sufferings in the bush. About this time forty-three bushrangers had been captured, and eighteen suffered capital punishment. It may be observed that the same causes were at work in this as in the old colony, and that the convicts were driven into the bush by the severity, the brutality of the penal discipline. Every commandant of a station had the power to flog, and the lash was administered freely for the most trifling offence.

Henry Hunt was a most noted bushranger of a later date (1836). His character had hitherto stood high in the colony, but he was convicted of stealing a gun and sent to one of the road parties for fourteen years, but effected his escape and became a bushranger. He murdered a Captain Serjeantson but met his end by the hands of a woman, who, coming upon him and her husband during a struggle, fractured Hunt's skull with the butt end of a musket. Beaven, Britton, Jefkins and Brown were perfect fiends who roamed the colony and murdered people right and left. Their depredations became so atrocious that large rewards were offered for their apprehension dead or alive. Beaven was at last shot, and the others were taken and hanged.

"Jeffries the Monster" will long be remembered as one of the most truculent and horrible ruffians who cursed Van

Diemen's Land with their presence. He had been the hangman in Edinburgh before his transportation, and had acted as "finisher" in the colony, where he was also the official flogger. His barbarous cruelty to a poor drunken wretch who came within his grip, and whose toes were burnt off by Jeffries' throwing him on a bed of hot ashes when drunk forced him to fly to the bush, where he became a terror to all the north of the island. He was guilty of many murders, most of them from lust of blood, for he afterwards confessed that he had been prompted by neither fear, revenge, nor avarice. One was a comrade, whom he slew in cowardly fashion and afterwards ate, so goes the horrible story. His last crime was the most atrocious. He dashed out the brains of a little child whose mother he had compelled to accompany him into the bush. This roused the neighbourhood, and every effort was made to capture him. The convicts were permitted to assist in the pursuit, and free pardon was promised to any who apprehended him. He was at last secured as he was resting by a fire in the scrub. When being carried into Launceston, the young woman whose child he had murdered sprang upon him and all but tore him to pieces.

The list is long, and the cases mostly present similar features. Ward, Newman, Buchan and Dawson absconded from a road party, driven to despair by a frightful exhibition of cruelty, the infliction of 3,000 lashes on an offending comrade. They suffered terrible privations as they passed through the unlocated country on the east coast. Two lads Jeffs and Conway, who absconded from a road party, shot a constable at Avoca who had tried to capture them, and pursued their robberies for some time. When arrested and condemned to death, Conway was only twenty-three and Jeffs twenty-one. All through these dread years, down to 1845, the bushrangers flourished in Van Diemen's Land, but generally met their deserts, although often tardily. Many were hanged, others sent to the penal settlement of Norfolk Island. Three men who gave the police unceasing and nearly unending trouble were Cash, Kavanagh, and Jones, who made their escape from Port Arthur in December, 1843.

These three comrades had implicit confidence in each other, and worked in such union that they never feared to encounter an equal number of assailants. They fought continually with settlers and police, but Kavanagh was at last wounded and taken. From Launceston assizes he passed on to Norfolk Island. Cash was taken at the bar of a public-house, but not before he had shot one constable dead. Cash also was sent to Norfolk Island, but reached it after the murder of Captain Price, and, escaping that stern official's rigorous discipline, became so noted for his exemplary conduct that on the breaking up of the establishment he was given a small Government appointment, and married a respectable woman. In the end he migrated to New Zealand, obtained a grant of land, and lived out this days peaceably as a prosperous farmer. Jones, the third of this small gang, was not captured until some years later, and his bushranging career was marked by many atrocities.

THE BORDER OUTLAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The American civil war naturally produced great unrest throughout the territories where it was waged, and peace between the belligerents did not mean the general pacification of the country. Irregular and unauthorised warfare long continued, carried on by desperadoes who had been guerillas, and who were now thrown out of employment. Pillage and rapine, robbery and murder, had become second nature with many; outlaws banded themselves together and terrorised the sparsely settled districts where the State-marshal's warrant did not run, and there was not even a shadow of police protection. Two families, the Youngers and the James brothers, earned an extraordinarily evil reputation in these disturbed times, and their misdeeds, long unchecked, call for particular mention among latter-day crimes of the highway.

Cole Younger had served in the Confederate ranks under Quantrell, a famous guerilla chief, who inflicted great losses upon the Federals by his knowledge of the country and his skill in contriving pitfalls and ambuscades. Younger took a leading part as a trusted lieutenant. Although often in

peril, his luck brought him always safely through. In the great fight at Independence, he rendered great service to his side by his boldness in reconnoitring. Again, in the battle of Lone Jack, which the Confederates gained, after inflicting severe loss on the enemy, he was well in the forefront. About this time his hostility to the Federals deepened into vindictive hate, for a band of their irregulars, commonly known as Dennison's Redlegs, had waylaid and murdered his aged father on his farm. He vowed vengeance, and ruthlessly massacred all who fell into his hands. He was further exasperated by the deaths of three sisters, who had been arrested on a charge of aiding and abetting their brother, and who had been killed by the falling in of the roof of a guard-house where they were imprisoned. Yet again, his mother was forced to fly from her home, being constantly harassed by the enemy; she could find no resting place; and once, when called upon to betray the hiding-place of her son Cole, the troops, irritated at her steadfast refusal, burnt her house over her head.

Towards the close of this bitter internecine war terrors accumulated; the ranks of the guerillas were joined by crowds of reckless desperadoes. Billy Anderson, Frank and Jesse James, of whom more presently, were guilty of frightful excesses. Rapine and death ravaged the land; wholesale massacres took place; men and women were executed by both sides with no trial and short shrift; and the Kansas States Government, goaded beyond bearing by a terrible deed of blood in Lawrence City, at last concentrated their forces to make an end of Quantrell and the guerilla bands. Great numbers of the miscreants were captured and shot; the small remnant hastily dispersed. Cole Younger, however, continued in the field, and was on the point of raising a new regiment in California, when General Lee's surrender at Richmond ended the secession struggle.

Now the Youngers, Cole and his brother Jim, resolved to levy war on their own account. They had taken the Black Oath, a terrible vow to slaughter everyone who came within their power and appropriate their belongings. Some of the

depredateions committed by the Youngers and the Jameses may be briefly mentioned. One of the first was the robbery of the Clay County Savings Association, at Liberty, Missouri. This was in 1866, and a number of the old guerilla hands were implicated in it. An immense amount of booty was secured, and the robbers eluded all pursuit. In this year the same band made a desperate attempt to release one of their associates, a notorious criminal, from the gaol at Independence. This enterprise failed, but the unfortunate gaoler was shot dead by the outlaws. Many successful and unsuccessful bank robberies followed. No doubt the Russelville Bank was robbed by Cole Younger and his brother Jim. After this the band broke up, and the Youngers made their way into Louisiana. Here Cole became the hero of a desperate outrage at a race meeting. Believing he had been defrauded of money he had fairly won, he opened fire on the crowd from horseback, killed the stockholder, two of the judges, and wounded five other men. Then, riding swiftly away, he made for Missouri, and eventually reached California.

For some eighteen months Missouri was now relieved from bank robberies, but, at the end of that period, the Youngers, again joining forces with the James brothers, returned to their old haunts and plundered the Gallatin Bank. This robbery was effected with the utmost coolness, but the cashier was killed. A posse of people was hastily collected to pursue the bandits, but it was fruitless, and the robbers got clear away with their money. The band was presently strengthened by other bandits, but nothing serious occurred until 1871, when a descent was made upon the Corydon Bank, in the State of Iowa. This seems to have been accomplished quite easily, and a haul of 40,000 dollars was made. Again the robbers evaded pursuit, although competent detectives from Kansas City were put upon their trail. At this time they organised a safe retreat in a remote cavern in Jackson County, and here, surrounded by every comfort supplied by their ill-gotten gains, they lived a life of luxurious dissipation for many months. Tired at last of their idleness they sallied forth in search of fresh

adventures. They now selected Columbia City for attack. Five men entered it by different roads and met at a central point; then they dashed down the streets, firing right and left until they reached the principal bank. Dismounting, they rushed in with levelled revolvers and demanded the keys of the safe. The cashier bravely refused to surrender them, and was shot dead on the spot. The robbers were foiled, and, having failed to open the safe, they had to put up with such plunder as could be found in the drawers, no more than 2,000 dollars. Again a hasty, but fruitless, search was set on foot by the townsfolk, but the outlaws found a hiding-place in the rugged recesses of the Cumberland Mountains.

We next hear of the gang at the Kansas City fair, where the treasure-box of takings was seized (10,000 dollars' worth) as it was being conveyed to the National Bank for deposit. This daring raid was carried out in broad daylight, and in the presence of hundreds. Once more the robbers escaped; their tracks were closely followed, but lost at last at the entrance of their mysterious cave, where they divided their plunder at leisure. Their audacity redoubled with their continued immunity from capture, and their success sharpened their appetite for plunder. After another bank robbery at St. Geneviève, they struck out a new line of depredation and perfected a plan for railway robbery. They knew that a large sum in cash was to be conveyed along the Union Pacific line in July, 1871. At a point named Adair, on the Omaha and Jackson branch, they loosened one of the rails, and the train, on crossing it, was hopelessly wrecked, the engineer being killed and many of the passengers wounded. The robbers then boarded the cars and terrified the express messenger into opening the safe, which, to their bitter disappointment, contained no more than 3,000 dollars, where they had expected to find 50,000 in gold. But they obliged all the travellers to give up their valuables. This daring outrage aroused the whole country, and hundreds volunteered to assist in capturing the criminals, who were followed into Jackson County, where the trail came to a dead stop.

Now for three years there was another lull. The robbers remained inactive until 1874, when they stopped the Hot Springs stage coach. The passengers were obliged to descend after the manner of old-time highway robbery, and forced to give up their possessions. Some 4,000 dollars were thus secured, and at the end of the operation Cole Younger addressed his victims, in an eloquent speech detailing wrongs from which he and his family had suffered and which had driven him into a life of crime. This outrage seems to have passed unnoticed, and the outlaws were encouraged to undertake others of the same kind. The next robbery was at Galshill Station, which was "stuck up," to use the Australian phrase, securing the officials and stopping the next incoming train. The robbers, who were all masked, passed slowly through the cars, revolver in hand, and looted everything; the passengers were deprived of money and valuables, the express car was forced, the mail bags cut open and rifled. It was estimated that the plunder in this raid amounted to 12,000 dollars. The Railroad and Express Companies offered large rewards for the apprehension of the robbers, to gain which many armed parties hunted through the country, and Pinkerton's employed some of their best detectives to beat up the quarters of the bandits. A sharp encounter ended this chase. One of the Youngers—Jim—was shot, but he and his brother Bob had first killed one detective and mortally wounded another. Not long after this a stage coach running between Austin and San Antonio, Texas, was stopped, with the loss of 3,000 dollars.

Positive evidence is not forthcoming that the Youngers and the Jameses were connected with all these robberies. Cole Younger repudiated several of them. No doubt he was more cautious, and less bloodthirsty, perhaps, than his brethren, but he was a determined desperado and a noted leader among his fellows. What they did he probably initiated, and pretty certainly joined in. There were more train robberies, one at Muncie, Kansas; and in September, 1875, they committed a bank robbery at Huntingdon, Virginia, which equalled any of their previous exploits in audacity. Having ridden openly

into the town, two of their party opened fire upon the crowd in the streets while the rest forced the bank cashier, at the revolver point, to open his safe, from which they abstracted 10,000 dollars. Then they galloped away, but were closely pursued by a number of mounted citizens, with whom they had several fierce skirmishes, resulting in many deaths. Perhaps the most remarkable outrage of all was an attack on a train at Rocky Cut, on the Missouri Pacific Railway. The engine was stopped by placing ties on the track, the engine-driver and his assistants were made prisoners and locked up in the baggage car. Meanwhile the passengers were held prisoners in the cars while the bandits, masked and revolver in hand, slowly passed through and laid their victims under contribution. An hour and ten minutes was occupied in all, at the end of which, booty to the value of 15,000 dollars was secured. One point is worth noting here, that, during this operation, the Youngers were distinctly recognised, while one of the party, by name Kerry, was captured. Kerry, when in custody, confessed and named many of his confederates.

A short period of inactivity followed, and, when the robberies were resumed, the tide began to turn. At the breaking open of the Northfield Bank the robbers' exit was nearly prevented by a crowd of citizens who had quickly collected around the door; shots were freely exchanged, by which one outlaw was killed and Bob Younger wounded, while two more of the robbers were shot dead on the outskirts of the town.

A very vigorous pursuit followed, and now Jim Younger was wounded, and the blood flowing from his wounds left a trail by which the chase was continued for several days. A hundred and fifty armed men were now at the heels of the bandits, who were finally run into among some brushwood on a riverside. There was a fierce fight, which soon went against the outlaws. One, named Charlie Pitts, was shot dead by the sheriff. The three Youngers, after wounding several of their assailants, were themselves frequently hit, and at last, when nearly exhausted from loss of blood, they were all secured. The James brothers had escaped, having separated a little previously and gone a different road; there had been a quarrel.

As has been said above, Jim Younger's wounds had left a trail of blood easily distinguishable, and Jesse James, alive to the danger, coolly proposed that Jim should be murdered then and there. Exasperated at this cold-blooded proposal, the Youngers bade the Jameses go their own road, which they did, securing thus their own safety for a longer time.

Something of the old spirit which gained widespread popularity for highwaymen in this country prevailed in the Border land at the time of the Youngers' capture. Crowds came to see them in gaol at Medalia, and openly expressed sympathy and admiration for their so-called heroism. A halo of romance was cast around Reta Younger, one of the sisters, described as a beautiful girl of seventeen, who came, overpowered with grief, to share their captivity. When the prisoners were tried at Faribault, the county seat, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, Reta rushed to her brother's side and fell, half fainting and crying bitterly, on his neck. No doubt the sympathy for the Youngers was altogether misplaced; yet they seem to have possessed some fine qualities, and some excuse may be made for their persistent evil-doing. The three brothers are said to have been very fine-looking men. Cole stood six feet three inches in height, Jim and Bob were nearly as tall; all had gentlemanly manners and were esteemed as kindly and charitable, after the manner of other brigands. Cole Younger was noted during the war for his tenderness to women and children, all of whom he shielded and befriended, whatever their political opinions.

One more case of organised robbery in the United States may be added, yet not the latest and last, for there have been crimes still more recent of the same class, but it would be impossible to bring the subject quite "up to date," and I will only mention the attack upon the Adams' Express Company, two of whose officials, the clerk and the assistant, were found one night, lying in a state of stupor, in the rooms of the agency at Columbus, Ohio. The place had obviously been ransacked, papers and packages lay strewn about the floor, the safes had been forced and robbed of

their contents. The two men had been chloroformed, and the matter was at once placed in the hands of Pinkerton's detectives. An immediate examination was made of the premises, and this, with other inquiries, satisfied Mr. Allan Pinkerton that the two employes knew something about the robbery, even if they had not effected it themselves. The Express clerk, John Barker by name, had a brother Henry, a notoriously bad character, who had been recently seen in Columbus. It was hoped that by arresting the clerk he would confess and so implicate this brother, but he steadily refused to speak. The brother, as well as the assistant in the agency, were placed under close surveillance, the effect of which was entirely to exonerate the latter. Henry Barker was, however, still "shadowed," and it was found that he suddenly left Columbus for Chicago. The detectives followed and tracked him to his wife's house. A watch was set upon it, and he was seen, one morning, to leave the house, carrying a valise in his hand. He now proceeded to the railway station and took a ticket for Canada; so did the detectives, and, when the train had started, William Pinkerton, one of the brothers, went up to him and accused him, then and there, of having robbed the Adams Express. Barker was now secured and searched, when only 50,000 dollars were found upon him, but on examining the valise 14,000 dollars in notes was discovered between the lining and the cover. After this, Henry Barker made a clean breast of it, and confessed that 25,000 dollars would be found buried in a vacant lot near his mother's house at Chicago. Henry Barker also confessed how he had committed the crime. He had first won over his brother, the clerk, and arranged that they should drug the assistant, then that a small dose should be administered to John Barker to give the impression that he also had been a victim. The affair succeeded as we have seen, but the detectives were cleverer than the criminals.

Part C.

MURDER MYSTERIES.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCEALMENT.

Murder will Out—Criminal Astuteness often at Fault—Difficult to Explain away the Evidence—Suicide as a suggested Cause will not always Serve—Flight not Easy nor Concealment Possible—Methods Employed to get rid of Corpse—Solution of Murder Problems—Processes of Detection—French said to be More Generally Successful than English Police—Some Early Cases of Mystery Long Unravalled: Eugene Aram—Theodore Gardelle—Hemmings—Huntley—Miss Hacker and Hannah Dobbs.

“**M**ORDRE wol out that see we day by day,” so wrote old Geoffrey Chaucer five centuries ago. He was satisfied that a just God would not suffer such loathsome and abominable deeds to lie hidden.

“’Tho’ it abide a yere or two or three,
Mordre will out, this is my conclusion.”

Shakespeare was of the same opinion. “Murder,” says Hamlet, “tho’ it have no tongue will speak with most miraculous organ.”

As time passes, the fine fancies of the ancient poets are no doubt largely corroborated by the records of crime. In the more complex conditions of modern life, in the greater facilities it affords for the commission of crime and the evasion of responsibility for it, the murderer may sometimes escape prompt retribution. Yet often enough inevitable Nemesis pursues and overtakes him; something more, let us believe, than the action of blind Chance interposes to reveal his motives and methods, to lay bare incriminating facts and

bring home his offence. There are Murder Mysteries still unsolved, perhaps unsolvable for ever. Fortunately, many that were at first sight secret, and for a long time unexplained, have come to be unravelled in the end.

I propose to set forth here some typical cases of various dates, and collected from various countries. Cases of murders most mysterious, the work of unknown hands; murders that have left some traces and have still defied detection and still remain a sealed page; murders that seemed unaccountable and inexplicable and that have yet stood self-confessed by the unexpected, perhaps automatic, action of fortuitous circumstances, or, yet again, that have yielded their innermost meaning to the professional sleuth-hound working with natural instinct backed by highly-trained intelligence.

We know that in the great sport of man-hunting the quarry is generally at a disadvantage: the hunted are handicapped by their own shortcomings, the hunter has the best of the game because he has the best weapons, and things continually play into his hands. It is a common tradition that great criminals are gifted with unbounded astuteness. This is surely an error, or at least an exaggeration. They will show ingenuity, inventiveness, elaborate and patient skill in planning a murderous *coup*, will strike their blow with cool promptitude and great boldness, will seem carefully to cover up their tracks and evade pursuit; yet they will fail somewhere. Somehow their work will either be redundant or lack completeness.

Following out this line of reasoning, it is now very generally agreed that in detection the simplest hypothesis is the best, the most straightforward explanation will give the most satisfactory results. Many murderers are really persons of inferior brain power; they are too often creatures of mere impulse to be capable of any elaborate or *Machiavellian* combination. It is pretty certain that if true genius were applied to homicide, life would become very cheap indeed. We are often reminded of the many ingenious processes that might be utilised by an artist in

crime so as to produce the appearance of death from natural causes and thus solve the supreme difficulty in all murders.

No doubt murderers before now have sought to leave the impression that death has been from natural causes, or a suicidal act. The suggestion of suicide has been put forward, and might have passed but for the acumen of the investigator. Self-evident facts have contradicted it and given the lie to the ingenious suggestion. Yet this tempting method of referring death to suicide or natural causes does not appear to be very largely practised, and seldom successfully. Either the average homicide is too slow-witted, as so many pretend, or the idea comes to him too late, or if he tries to carry it out he acts so clumsily, his work is so incomplete, there are so many tell-tale gaps in his scheme that his artifice is presently laid bare. Sometimes, often, indeed, any such suggestion is forbidden by the manner of the murder, its suddenness, the circumstances of time and place, the nature of the instruments used. Murderers must then face the consequences of their act or seek to evade them as best they can by taking one or other of the two principal avenues of escape offered—namely, flight, or the concealment of the corpse.

The first is sometimes out of the question. Unless he can stand his ground the murderer would lose all recompense; he has risked his neck for nothing unless he can stay to reap the reward of his crime. It has been prompted, as a great Italian *savant* has said when writing on the so-called born criminal, by various ignoble passions: the greed for money or possessions, the desire to be avenged, to be rid of a material witness against him, and all these motives imply the necessity for remaining on the spot. Again, flight is, in its way, confession, an acknowledgment of guilt, a strong presumption against him, when doubt still surrounds the crime and the actual perpetrator is still unknown. Nor can flight be very easily effected nowadays, when electricity and newspapers quickly disseminate broadcast the news that a missing murderer is "wanted," and millions of people become the unconscious assistants of the police; when, moreover, the nations are banded together in self-defence, and are for the

most part agreed to surrender the evildoer wherever and whenever he is encountered. A Tynan may perhaps escape just retribution, but only on some legal excuse, and, as a matter of fact, there is no certain sanctuary anywhere for the modern Cain.

Concealment of the *corpus delicti*, the chance of suppressing all knowledge of the offence, these offer the best security, the best hope of immunity, and we accordingly find that criminal records teem with efforts made in this direction. The first and simplest plan is to make away with the victim so that all traces of him are absolutely lost—a plan, happily for honest, peaceable folk, most difficult of accomplishment. This may be associated with plausible explanation of disappearance, for there can be no sufficient proof without the production of the corpse. In every case a murderer's first care is to get rid of the plain, incontestible evidence of his guilt. His only chance of safety is to conceal, make away with the *corpus delicti* at once, to hide and abolish the silent and the terribly eloquent witness against him. Hence a whole series of crimes may be grouped under this one head. They all exhibit in varying methods and in different degrees the same overmastering desire to dispose of the incriminating remains. The plan pursued varies from the simplest forms: that of burial, of casting out in wild and remote localities, of immersion, sinking in deep wells, rapid rivers, or the open sea, to the most intricate and most elaborate processes of disarticulation and dismemberment, performed often with the utmost cunning and precaution, and aided, but more rarely, by profound scientific knowledge and skill.

The solution of the criminal problems offered by these fell deeds is one of the most interesting features in modern police methods. In some cases the most remarkable intelligence has been displayed: great gifts have been used—of quick wit to seize almost imperceptible clues, the faculty of analysis, the power of inductive reasoning. I shall describe in detail presently the whole process of investigation as conducted from the merest surmise to final proof, and especially by French detectives.

In England, strange to say, our otherwise excellent and

admirably effective police have been far less successful than those of other countries in the unravelling of such mysteries. No doubt under the British judicial system, with its extreme tenderness for accused persons, officers of the law possess smaller powers and are greatly handicapped when in pursuit of crime. The liberty of the person and the great principle that no one can be compelled to incriminate himself are precious birthrights, not to be lightly surrendered, but they often tell in favour of the criminal. Many police triumphs on the Continent are gained by methods abhorrent to English law. Before blaming our police we should remember the disadvantages under which they act, and be grateful that, notwithstanding, they have done and are doing so much.

Yet the fact remains that in several remarkable instances English murder mysteries continue unexplained, and that if daylight has been let into others it has been the result of mere accident. This was intelligible enough, and, indeed, excusable, in times past, before the police system was developed, but the same cannot be said for the more recent cases of Harley Street, Waterloo Bridge, Battersea, and Whitechapel. These were mysteries of murder, followed by mutilation, that will probably continue to be mysteries to the end of time. If the police showed great patience in unravelling the Euston Square case, they were still unable to bring the crime so clearly home to Hannah Dobbs as to secure her conviction. They are not, perhaps, to be blamed if the first suspicion of Henry Wainwright's crime arose from the inquisitiveness of a youth he himself employed; we need not discuss the point whether or not the original disappearance of Harriet Lane should have been followed up from the first, and it is at least certain that the chain of evidence by which she was identified and Wainwright's guilt established was well worked out by the police.

EUGENE ARAM.

Old criminal records contain many curious instances of the immunity long enjoyed by murderers, terminated at last by merest accident. The story of Eugene Aram is one of the

oldest and most famous. Great poets and novelists have thrown a halo of romance around the principal personage in the drama: the gentle, amiable character, and seemingly blameless life of Eugene Aram appeared to raise him above all suspicion. There are those who still maintain that he was convicted upon evidence that would scarcely have been deemed all-sufficing to-day. It was to a great extent circumstantial, but it was also supported by the testimony of an accomplice who turned "King's witness." Still, there were several damaging facts clearly connecting Aram with the murder, and the sympathy felt for him is rather due to the genius of Hood and Bulwer Lytton than to any strong belief in the man's innocence.

The story is too familiar to need more than a passing reference, and that shall be chiefly to its legal aspect.

In 1758 some workmen digging for stone in the near neighbourhood of Knaresborough found the bones of a human body buried deep in the ground. The discovery was soon bruited about, and it was then remembered that a certain Daniel Clark had mysteriously disappeared some fifteen years before. Others also remembered that a woman had said that she could hang her husband if she was so minded. The talk then turned on a man who was a known associate of Clark's, Houseman by name, who had been in the company of Clark when last seen.

Houseman was soon found and forthwith arrested. He was shown the skeleton, but on taking up one of the bones scouted the idea that it was Clark's. "It is no more his," he declared, "than it is mine." Being pressed further, and yielding no doubt to the secret promptings of guilt, he admitted that Clark had been murdered, but said that his body would be found elsewhere. The spot he indicated was searched and there were the bones. Nothing further appears to have occurred with regard to the first skeleton, although there was *prima facie* evidence that another murder mystery was contained therein.

The second skeleton plainly indicated foul play. The skull showed traces of fracture and there was indentation of a

temporal bone. Medical evidence declared that this wound had been made by a blunt instrument driving in the bone, that no such breach could have been produced by natural decay, and that it appeared to be of many years' standing.

Up to this point the general belief had been that Clark had absconded. He had been engaged in certain fraudulent transactions, had obtained quantities of valuables from local tradesmen by false pretences—plate, jewellery, watches, and clothing—and had disposed of them. His flight would have been a natural effort to evade justice, but there was no suspicion of him until the time of his disappearance.

Houseman was now implicated in the frauds and confessed to them. But he also denounced Aram as an accomplice in the frauds and principal in the murder, describing with great minuteness and precision the whole of the circumstances of the crime. He was eventually arraigned on his own indictment, acquitted, and admitted as evidence against Aram, who had been meanwhile pursued and traced to King's Lynn, where he was peacefully employed as usher in a school.

Houseman's evidence went to show that he had entered into a conspiracy with Aram and Clark to fraudulently obtain goods on credit and secretly dispose of them. One evening after the division of the proceeds, the three being together at Aram's house, the latter proposed a stroll into the country and they walked towards St. Robert's Cave. Aram and Clark climbed a hedge and entered a field; a few yards away from the cave they began to quarrel, and Aram having struck Clark several times, Clark fell. The part then taken by Houseman does not exactly appear. Clearly he did not assist Clark; probably he made off at a run, anxious to be well quit of the job. Only he went next day to Aram's house to ask what had become of Clark, when Aram threatened him, vowing revenge if Houseman spoke of the incident at St. Robert's Cave, or of Clark being last seen in his (Aram's) company.

It was also put in evidence that Aram when arrested by a constable from Knaresborough denied that he knew the place or that he had ever heard of a Daniel Clark, but he

subsequently admitted these facts. He rested his defence, which was most ingenious and delivered with much eloquence, first upon his general character and conduct. He defied "malignity to charge immorality upon him." "I concerted no schemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's person or property. My days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious."

Next he protested against the theory that Clark's disappearance implied that he was dead. Others had got away unseen, among them a prisoner double-ironed and well secured. Why not Clark? Again, the mere discovery of bones was no proof of murder. Bones had been exhumed frequently, on the site of old hermitages even there, within easy reach of Knaresborough. The bones of this particular skeleton were fractured, no doubt; but so were those of the Archbishop of York, exhumed in 1723, and yet it was certain that he had not died from violence.

Aram's great argument was that it was impossible to identify a skeleton after thirteen years, and on this point no definite testimony appears to have been adduced. Except the evidence of Houseman, a not entirely trustworthy witness, there was nothing to connect Daniel Clark with the bones found in St. Robert's Cave. Aram denied also the conclusions as to the sex of the skeleton, but this objection was entirely set aside by the medical evidence.

Notwithstanding the doubtful points, the jury found a verdict of guilty. Aram never explicitly confessed the crime, but before the execution he admitted the justice of his sentence. He also tried to commit suicide by opening a vein with a razor on the morning on which he was hanged.

THEODORE GARDELLE.

This was only a shortlived mystery, and it is a good instance of the difficulty of concealing the crime of murder. Ten days elapsed between the crime and the discovery, but during that time the victim's disappearance was noted and she was asked for constantly. Again the same frantic desire to dispose

of the corpse drove the murderer to try dismemberment and burning in the manner of many later offenders.

On the 19th February, 1761, a Swiss miniature-painter, named Theodore Gardelle, was lodging with a Mrs. King in a small house in Leicester Fields (now Leicester Square), not many doors from the residence of Sir Joshua Reynolds. At that moment there were only three persons in the house: the painter, Mrs. King, and her maid-of-all-work. Early in the morning Gardelle sent the maid out on a message. When she returned she met him coming down from the attics, his own room being on the second floor. There was no landlady; Gardelle explained that someone had called for Mrs. King and she had gone out. He now seemed most anxious to get the maid out of the way, sent her on more messages, and at last said he was commissioned to pay her her wages and dismiss her.

After this Gardelle remained alone in the house. But other people came and went, the valet of another (but absent) lodger, and some, asking for Mrs. King, who were told she was unwell and keeping her own room. No one saw Mrs. King.

Four whole days elapsed, and on the 23rd a friend came to take Mrs. King to the opera. Gardelle said she had gone out of town, to Bath or Bristol, and the answer was accepted in all good faith; but the visitor remarked that Gardelle looked greatly perturbed. Now a woman came and took up her residence with Gardelle, and presently, at her request, a servant was engaged to do the housework by day. All this time the valet already mentioned continued to make inquiries for Mrs. King. This man stated afterwards that at the end of a week—on the 26th, that is to say—he noticed a curious smell in the house, that of burning flesh.

But no suspicion of foul play arose until the charwoman, going to the cistern for water, found it choked with some soft substance like rotting liver. With the help of the valet she drew out a pair of sheets, blankets, and bedding. The matter began to look ugly, and after a further fruitless inquiry for Mrs. King, the police (Bow Street runners) were called in. On gaining an entrance into Mrs. King's bedroom by the

window—it was on the ground floor—they found the bed and carpet soaked in blood. Gardelle was forthwith arrested, and a minute search was made throughout the house. A number of small morsels of human flesh were discovered under the rafters of the roof, more in other parts, and a quantity of calcined bones. The body had evidently been dismembered, and in part subjected to the action of fire; the head in particular, for no traces of it could be found.

The evidence went far, but it was unnecessary to strengthen it, for Gardelle at once confessed. His story was that he had quarrelled with the deceased, who had assailed him with bitter invective, and that at last he had stabbed her in the throat with the sharp-pointed handle of a comb. It was a sudden impulse, an unpremeditated crime. This defence was marred by the fact that, a few days before the discovery of the crime, he had sent off a sealed box to a friend which was found to contain the watch, jewels, and other valuables of his victim.

Gardelle was tried, condemned, and executed in the Haymarket, near Leicester Fields. The crime caused intense excitement, and was so long remembered that seventy years later Theodore Hook makes one of his characters say, “as dead as Theodore Gardelle.”

HEMMINGS.

The murder of one Hemmings, done to death at Oddingley in Worcestershire, in 1806, was not discovered for nearly a quarter of a century, and then only by accident. The mystery would have remained unsolved indefinitely but for the chance demolition of a ruined barn in 1830, during which a number of human bones were unearthed. These remains were not immediately recognised, but they soon afforded strong presumptive evidence of identity. Several articles were found with the body, a carpenter's rule and a pair of shoes with the bones of the feet still inside them. Both the rule and the shoes had been preserved intact by the stiff, marly clay soil in which they had been buried. The skull was forthcoming, and spoke plainly both as to foul play and as to the man who had owned it. Hemmings had been an old resident in the

locality, but was long missing; he had been a carpenter, and many things combined to prove that these were his remains.

His widow still survived and swore to the skull, which had been smashed and battered in by some heavy implement; the jaw was peculiar, the mouth of curious shape, and the front teeth projected prominently. Then the shoes were unmistakable. Hemmings was a man who walked in a particular way; he trod very heavily on his heels, and that part of the sole of his shoes was more worn than the toes. The carpenter's rule, again, was immediately recognised by the widow; she knew it and could swear to it by a crack in the wood near the rivet of the hinge. There could be no mistake whatever as to the corpse. It was that of Hemmings.

When this had been established the circumstances of the man's disappearance were brought to recollection. Hemmings himself had been a murderer, and there were thus plausible reasons for his leaving the neighbourhood. He had been hired to kill the rector of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Parker, a masterful, much-hated personage, known in his time as the Bonaparte of Oddingley. People—afterwards arrested—had been heard to say they would pay £50 to have Mr. Parker killed. One man went so far as to express a wish that he might find a dead parson that night before he got home. Soon afterwards Mr. Parker was shot, and the crime was fixed upon Hemmings, who was supposed, thereupon, to have fled the country.

His readiness to commit the crime was his own ruin. It came out from the confession of one concerned, and arrested after the discovery of the remains, that those who had hired Hemmings began to fear he might betray them, and were resolved to put him out of the way of doing them harm. Hemmings, who was in hiding among the straw of a barn, was forced to come out before his accomplices, when one of them promptly slew him by battering in his brains with a "blood-stick."

After that the murderers sought about how to conceal his body, thinking, and rightly, that if there was no trace of him

it would be supposed he had absconded. A secure and secret grave was found within the limits of the barn; in one corner was a hole "scratched by dogs and rats," which was easily deepened by the murderers' spades, and here the corpse was interred. Additional precautions were taken; several cart-loads of earth were brought into the barn and laid above the grave, so as to raise the level of the floor. But there was no hue and cry for Hemmings; his disappearance seemed natural, and it removed suspicion from those concerned in the clergyman's death.

Then the farm at Oddingley changed hands; the removal of the barn was an improvement made by the new tenant, and the murder came out. In spite of the long interval that had elapsed, several of the participators in the crime were still living and in decent circumstances. Three of them were arrested and tried for their lives. Their guilt seemed clear enough, yet the case for the prosecution rested mainly on the confession of one of them, and there was no conviction.

HUNTLEY.

The Yarm murder, perpetrated in 1830, discovered in 1842, belongs to this class. Here again it was by pure accident that the half-forgotten crime was revealed. Huntley, a well-to-do person, was last seen in company with one Goldsborough on the road between Yarm and Stokesley. Huntley had "come into his fortune," as he told many people that day. The lawyers had at last paid him over a legacy about which there had been some litigation, and he was carrying in his pockets a large sum in gold and notes. Then he and Goldsborough went off on a poaching adventure, from which he never returned. A few days later much blood was seen on the road near Crathorne Wood. Goldsborough was seen to be flush of money, he was proved to be in possession of a silver watch with the initials "W. H.," and had six new shirts marked in the same manner. But no steps were taken to arrest him, and presently he moved from Yarm to Barnsley, where he was residing in 1842.

At that date it was resolved to do some work in clearing

the stream known as Stokesley Beck, which flowed past the Crathorne Wood. In the process of excavation a human body was discovered in a hollow under one of the banks of the river. It had been thrust in doubled up, and now nothing but the skeleton remained. The skull was intact and was plainly recognised as Huntley's; it was identified beyond doubt mainly by a projecting molar or dog tooth, and various features: flat forehead, wide nose and face. Goldsborough was hunted up at Barnsley and brought to trial, but was acquitted for want of definite proof.

HANNAH DOBBS.

A comparatively recent concealment that proved all but successful was the so-called Euston Square mystery in 1879, when proofs that a murder had been committed were come upon by mere chance. It was first reported in the morning papers on the 10th of May in that year that "a shocking discovery was made yesterday in No. 4, Euston Square." The body of a woman had been found in a coal cellar. The house was a lodging-house, and the cellar after having been long disused had been re-opened to take in a ton of coals for a new lodger. The man whose business it was to go below and shovel the coal into the recesses of the cellar suddenly struck against something that seemed like a sack of clothes. Looking closer he saw a small mound, and this proved to contain a mass of human remains. These were soon examined by medical experts, who pronounced without doubt as to the sex, and verified the age as between fifty and sixty, judging by the remaining grey hairs. They were of opinion also that the remains had lain there for two, perhaps three years.

There were evident signs of foul play. A rope tightened round the throat pointed to death by strangulation or hanging. The theory of suicide was not tenable, first from the concealment of the body, and then from the evident wish to destroy it by the use of quicklime. This had done its work, for the features were gone beyond recognition, while several of the members had become separated from the trunk. There was

nothing at first to assist identification ; the only fact established was that the woman had worn a black silk dress.

Another fact was, however, soon proved by the doctors—that the deceased was afflicted with curvature of the spine. Even with allowance for this, the body must have been from 5 feet 7 inches to 5 feet 8 inches. It was further seen that it must have been placed just where it was found, and when fully dressed. All crumbled away to the touch, but not only was the silk gown plainly made out but also a jacket of the same material, covering which was a lace shawl, and outside this another wrapper with some sort of hood. There was a bonnet, too, of the fashion of two or three years back. Evidently the deceased when done to death was on the point of going out of doors. A brooch of very common material dropped from the shawl, and a plain ring was picked out of the *débris* when they had been carefully sifted.

There was no present clue to the identity of the individual. The lodging-house was kept by a certain Severin Bastendorff, who could throw no light on the mystery. No one was missing in the house ; everyone, lodgers and all, who had come in and out for the previous two years could be accounted for. Then came news from the far west, from Bideford, where lived the parents of a maidservant, who had had a place in this very house, and of whom they had heard nothing for six months. Her name was Hannah Dobbs ; could it be her corpse that had been found ? Her description answered in many respects to the mysterious body—fair hair worn in curls, one front tooth missing, another decayed. Then the police learnt that Hannah Dobbs was alive and doing six months in Tothill Fields for theft.

This Hannah Dobbs was now closely examined by the detective inspector who had charge of the inquiry. She was asked how long she had lived in 4, Euston Square, if she remembered any of the lodgers, any ladies, any lady with light curls ? Hannah Dobbs spoke at once of one who had had the second floor front a couple of years before, and who after only six weeks' occupancy had left in October, 1877. She was an elderly lady, between fifty and sixty, with

grey hair—"decidedly grey," said Dobbs—and this did not quite correspond with the discovery, for the hair in the body found, although very light in colour, was only turning grey.

Something was thus gained, and the detective—Inspector Hagen—went on to Euston Square, where he called upon Mrs. Bastendorff to state all she knew of her lady lodger. A reference to the rent book showed that some time in August, 1877, the second floor front was let to a "Miss Huish," so called. Miss Huish left the house at an uncertain date; indeed, it was not known positively when she had arrived, for the arrangements had all been made by Hannah Dobbs, to whom, on leaving, Miss Huish had paid the rent. Hannah had brought the money downstairs, a £5 note, which Mrs. Bastendorff changed and sent up the balance.

Next day the detective carried Dobbs to the St. Pancras mortuary to view the remains. On the way in the cab he questioned Dobbs as to the exact date of Miss Huish's departure. Dobbs could not say; she had been out on Hampstead Heath with the Bastendorff children, and when she got back the lodger—who had left a shilling for her—was gone. Was Huish her right name? Dobbs thought not, but at last remembered that it was Hacker, and that Miss Hacker came up from Canterbury to collect her rents. "She had plenty of money, then?" suggested the detective. "I don't know," replied Hannah; "but she had a gold watch and chain which she only wore on Sunday."

This watch and chain now became an important link in the evidence. Through inquiries of the pawnbrokers, the police traced them without difficulty, and found them at a pawnshop adjoining Euston Square. The assistant identified Hannah Dobbs among a number of women, as the person who had pawned them. She had been seen wearing them, too, openly, in the house of No. 4, Euston Square, even when doing her work, and had been checked for it as not proper to her place. Dobbs had given out that the watch was a legacy from an uncle, as also the gold chain. These valuables were, however, clearly proved to have belonged to Miss Hacker of Canterbury. The watch bore the number and mark of certain

Canterbury makers; it was recognised and sworn to by the deceased's brother and others. Dobbs had also been seen with a cash-box which was known to have been Miss Hacker's.

The inquiry had now got down to something like firm ground. There was the identification of the deceased, and the commencement of strong suspicion against Hannah Dobbs.

It was not difficult to learn all about Miss Hacker, and the story was an odd one. She was one of those eccentric characters who verge on the borderland of weakmindedness, without family ties, full of strange prejudices, and eaten up with vanity, who find a outlet in an excessive love for dress and personal adornment of the most absurd and most extravagant kind. Those who knew her well, under the many aliases she assumed, for it was another craze of hers to hide her identity, spoke of her smart costumes, which were always in the latest and most *outré* fashion. She left one lodging in blue silk, with a Mother Shipton bonnet trimmed with white satin and a long blue feather. Sometimes she appeared in a white lace shawl and a red skirt; under her white felt hat her flaxen curls were arranged in short corkscrew ringlets. Although she stooped, and had a bent, twisted back, she walked with a mincing, sprightly step, assuming an air of girlishness and juvenility. She still believed herself attractive, and would often talk of the days when she and her sister were known and greatly admired as the "Canterbury Belles" and the "Winship Dolls."

When not crossed she was pleasant-mannered and lady-like, but she could break out into violent abuse if opposed. The police knew her, those of Canterbury in particular, and the officers of the county court, for one of Miss Hacker's eccentricities was a strong objection to paying rates and taxes, and writs had been often issued against her. The watch and chain already mentioned had been seized in this way, and thus gave further corroboration of its ownership. The trouble she brought upon herself by this litigiousness was the reason of her moving her residence continually, and always assuming new names. In Bedford Place, Russell Square, she was known

as Miss Bell; in Mornington Crescent she was Miss Sycamore; at Ramsgate, Miss Huish—the last name that this poor ill-fated creature assumed.

As the inquiry proceeded, it was ascertained that she must have been alive on the 10th of October, 1877. A letter from her to her rent collector at Canterbury, in her own undoubted handwriting, bore that date. After that, letters sent by her agent to her address—at a post office—were returned through the dead letter office. A neighbour on the afternoon of the 14th of October, a Sunday, declared she heard a loud scream from the direction of No. 4, Euston Square. At that time it was averred that Miss Hacker and Hannah Dobbs were alone together in the house. Bastendorff was away shooting—and had to answer for it at the police court—Mrs. Bastendorff and the one other lodger were out. It was believed by the police that the murder was committed at that time.

The theory held was that Miss Hacker was struck down by some heavy instrument, causing great effusion of blood. A great stain, proved by medical experts to be a blood stain, was found upon the carpet. Then the body was probably dragged downstairs into the cellar, where it must have appeared that life was not quite extinct, and strangulation followed. This was effected by a thick cord or line, a clothes-line found deeply imbedded in the flesh of the neck and sufficient in itself, according to the doctors, to have caused death. Some acid or chemical had been used to accelerate decomposition; the rope was found stained red and very brittle under its action.

Hannah Dobbs was in due course arraigned and tried for her life. The facts above stated were proved; her possession of Miss Hacker's property, and that she was the last who had seen her alive. The prosecution was well conducted, the evidence seemed strong and conclusive. Yet Dobbs was acquitted. The defence set up for her was that there was no distinct proof of killing. It was urged that the body found might have met a natural death, although Mr. Justice Hawkins recalled the medical experts to repeat that the strangulation would have caused it. There was no certainty,

went on Hannah Dobbs's counsel, that she and the murdered woman were alone together in the house. The other lodger and the landlady both had latchkeys, and might have come in. This alone—the chance of meeting them on the stairs—would have prevented anyone from running the risk of dragging the body all the way down to the cellar. Yet more, Hannah Dobbs had held her ground in the house for a whole year. Would she have done so with the constant terror that her victim lay there in the basement, and might be discovered at any time? She—Dobbs—had also the run of the house. Why did she make no attempt to remove the remains? As a last argument, the identity of the body with Miss Hacker, the owner of the watch and cash-box, was by no means made out. In a word, if there had been a murder, and whoever had done it, there was not enough evidence to convict Hannah Dobbs, and she was eventually acquitted.

The obvious aim of the defence was to throw suspicion on the Bastendorffs. One of them, Joseph, who was on very intimate terms with Hannah Dobbs, was subsequently put upon his trial for perjury and found guilty, but it was on the face of it impossible that either Severin Bastendorff or his wife were cognisant of the murder, or could have taken any part in it. For the man himself, in all innocence of what would be laid bare therein, had ordered the cellar to be cleared out, and the woman was well aware that this was going to be done.

CHAPTER XIX.

DISPOSAL OF THE *CORPUS DELICTI*.

Lacassagne on *Dépêchage*—How Dismemberment has been effected—In skilled and unskilled hand—Generally in six fragments, although sometimes many more—Methods of Disposal—Dismemberment more common in France than in England—English cases—Jack the Ripper—The Waterloo Bridge Mystery—The Battersea Mystery—Kate Webster and the Barnes Mystery—Catherine Hayes—The French Case of Madame Henri—Disposal by Combustion—Indian Experience—Countess von Goerlitz in Silesia—Daniel Good and his Victim—Cook and Mr. Paas—Bolam of Newcastle—Pel, the Watchmaker of Montreuil—Dubois de Bianco, an intricate case and well worked out Detection—Distribution after Dismemberment—Greenacre—Rauschmeier.

WE come next to the more ingenious and elaborate methods employed for the effectual concealment of remains. There are so many common features about these processes, and the practice has been so often adopted, that an eminent French medico-legalist, Dr. Lacassagne, of Lyons, has drawn attention to it in a monograph, styled "*Dépêchage*," or dismemberment.

As fragments are easier of carriage than the entire corpse, and are at the same time less recognisable, many murderers have fondly sought safety in this method of concealment. The most incriminating parts of the whole body, because the most easily identified, are the head, hands, and feet, and the disposal of these, when separated and in small compass, seems to present no great difficulty. In the typical cases that will be given presently, it will be seen that various steps were taken to make away with the head, but few equalled the ingenuity of the Frenchman Voirbo, who poured molten lead into the orifices, mouth and ears, and then threw the head thus heavily weighted into the Seine, with the comfortable assurance that it would never rise to betray him.

Dr. Lacassagne above quoted, whose experience is mostly French, has established certain general principles in the

process of dismemberment. He has shown first of all that the skilled can be easily distinguished from the unskilled hand. The first uses finer weapons to separate and disarticulate—bistoury, razors, saws, and scissors; the latter only bungles and hacks with brutal, blind force. Thus Avinain, who had been an assistant at a hospital, and attended many post-mortems, exhibited great skill and neatness in dismembering his victim; his cuts were clean and even, he was proud of his work, and in speaking of it said, "I did not chop up, I disarticulated." Liebiez, another French murderer whose handiwork was intentionally less clean and precise, had been a medical student. Prévost, although a police officer at the time of his arrest, had been a butcher, and Vitalis was a collector of old books and prints, from which he had learnt many useful lessons in anatomy.

Lacassagne has pointed out that in dismemberment there are generally six fragments or pieces: first the head, then the two lower limbs, after that the two arms, last of all the body, this sometimes in two parts. But murderers have gone much farther, and have almost made mincemeat of the pieces, both to evade detection and to facilitate disposal. Menesclou, who murdered a child of five, divided the head alone into forty-three portions; Prévost, above mentioned, made eighty pieces; Mestag, the Belgian, chopped up his wife so small that there seemed no clue left, and yet identity was established beyond doubt by the colour of the victim's hair and the plain fact that during life the lobe of one ear had been torn in a certain peculiar fashion. To go farther into the horrifying details of dismemberment is unnecessary.

Lacassagne next refers to the methods of disposal, which, as he points out, have generally followed the same lines. This is either by burying or casting the fragments away: the first in gardens, cellars, secluded places, and aiding decomposition by artificial means that often prove very disappointing, quite defeating the object in view by preserving instead of destroying; the second by throwing them down wells, over precipices, into sewers and drains, or out upon the deep sea. The plan of enclosing them in boxes or chests, and treating them as

railway parcels or merchandise for removal, has also been repeatedly tried. We have had many such cases in England—notably that of Dr. Watson.

It may be observed as a curious fact with regard to dismemberment that the practice seems to be more common in France than elsewhere—more common, certainly, than in Great Britain. Some will say that English people are not much given to the use of the knife either as a weapon of offence or defence, and that therefore it is not near at hand and immediately available after the fact; or, again, that they will generally shrink from the hideous task, even although their safety depends on it. Others may offer the psychological reason that the intelligence of English criminals is not so keen, that their brains are less active than those of other races. But the fact remains that there are fewer cases of dismemberment recorded in English criminal annals. It is equally true that among these few several, affording a clear *prima facie* proof of crime committed, have remained, and still remain, a mystery unsolved. The whole series of White-chapel murders attributed to the still unknown hand of "Jack the Ripper" are supposed to have effectually puzzled the police—supposed, for, as I have already pointed out in the Introduction, strong suspicion attaches to three men, homicidal lunatics for the time being, who, when the fit had passed, perhaps forgot their offences. These, as we know, carried the destruction of identity as far as it could go; the mutilation was more or less complete; recognition of the individual seemed impossible. Yet in every instance the victim was actually identified, although this, the usual preliminary to the detection of the perpetrator, bore no fruit. The crimes were never brought home to anyone, and failing authority for the statement just made, we are left to adopt any of the plausible hypotheses suggested to explain away police failure.

WATERLOO BRIDGE MYSTERY.

While on this branch of the subject it may be interesting to refer here to one or two other remarkable cases of dismemberment which were a mystery at the time, and which

have since defied all efforts at elucidation. Two are especially remarkable in this respect—the notorious Waterloo Bridge case in 1857 and the Battersea case in 1873.

The first murder was brought to light soon after daybreak on an October morning, when two lads, rowing a boat up stream, came upon a carpet bag lying caught upon one of the buttresses of Waterloo Bridge. It was hanging just above the water, and either had been placed there overnight, or someone from above had thrown the bag down and it had lodged on the projection.

The boys got possession of it, believing they had picked up a prize. It was locked and corded, the rope having been trailing in the water when first seen. The cord was cut, the lock forced, and the contents laid bare. These were the mutilated fragments of a human body, chopped up into a number of pieces, and mixed up with them were unmistakable shreds of male clothing.

To carry the hideous *trouvaille* straight to the police was the boys' first and immediate act. Medical men were called in—the divisional police-surgeon and Dr. Taylor, the medicologist, who had no difficulty in reporting as follows:—

“That the parts belonged, all of them, to the same body, and were twenty-three in number, mostly bones with flesh adhering to them; that they had been sawn up or chopped up so as to go into a small compass; and that the mutilation was obviously intended to destroy identity.”

The parts most likely to help recognition—hands, feet, and head—were missing. There was nothing left that could well assist identification, no marks or peculiarities—nothing beyond the fact that the deceased was a dark and hairy man, with one other ominous indication, that of a knife-stab between the third and fourth ribs, which was, nearly certainly, the cause of death, its direction plainly showing that it must have entered the heart.

It was further proved by their appearance that the remains had been partially boiled, and subsequently salted or placed in brine. Some parts of the interior of the bones had escaped the action of the salt, and from these it was possible to arrive

at an approximation to the date of death, which must have taken place three or four weeks antecedent to the discovery of the bag.

There were a few other indications that might have constituted clues. The clothes were those of a foreigner and a male, they were much cut and torn, and were all more or less blood stained. Most of these stains were on the inside, and in the neighbourhood of the knife-stab, showing thus that the wound had been inflicted while the clothes were on the body. The cut had also penetrated them.

A reward of £300 was offered for the discovery of the supposed murderer, but it was quite without effect. The crime was never brought home to anyone. The police had reason to believe that the man murdered was a Swedish sailor belonging to some ship then lying in the Thames. That he had died of the stab was a self-evident conclusion. Nothing that could lead to identification was forthcoming, and failing this, the first essential in detection, the mystery was never solved.

A theory was started that it was a hoax by medical students, an explanation commonly offered, but in this case, as in many others, erroneously. As Dr. Taylor has sagely observed, such a suggestion only tends to favour the escape of the real criminal. In the Waterloo Bridge affair there was no foundation for the belief. It was utterly impossible from the appearance of the remains that any parts could have been subjected to anatomical dissection. In the first place, medical students do not, as part of their anatomical exercises, hack and mangle a body so as to destroy muscles, vessels, nerves, and spinal marrow; nor do they need to make away with the parts that would lead to recognition, still less to boil and salt the remainder. Corpses are not brought to them for dissection with their clothes still on them. Moreover, there is no conceivable reason why medical students should inflict cuts and stabs upon the clothing, or mark the inside with blood stains exactly corresponding with the situation of the wounds that have unmistakably produced death. It was murder, and the mystery is still unsolved.

THE BATTERSEA CASE.

The second case I shall quote here, known as the Battersea case, arose from the discovery in September, 1873, of human remains upon the mud banks below Battersea waterworks. It was pronounced by the doctors, to whom it was first submitted, to be the mutilated trunk of a female corpse, and to have been barely twelve hours in the water. More discoveries rapidly followed. Another part of the body was picked up near Nine Elms station, just off Brunswick wharf; then portions of the lungs were found, one under the old Battersea Bridge, the other near the Battersea railway pier. These all corresponded, and were easily pieced together as parts of the same body. The head had been severed with a sharp knife, but a saw had also been used. The face half of the head had floated down below Limehouse and was there picked up, but mutilated beyond all recognition. Other fragments, limbs and parts of limbs, were found at Woolwich Greenwich, Rotherhithe, and near the Albert Embankment. It was a curious fact that the pieces below the bridge had all been picked up on the ebb tide, each piece lower and lower down the river.

The body was reconstituted by Mr. Hayden, the medical officer of the Battersea Union, and was proved to be that of a female. The face, although much battered, bore the trace of a wound on the right temple, which crushed in the skull and no doubt caused instantaneous death. The dismemberment had been effected subsequently and only a short time before the pieces were thrown into the river. Attention was at once drawn to the reported cases of persons missing, and for some time it was believed to be those of a Mrs. Cailey, of Chelsea. As Mrs. Cailey was soon afterwards encountered alive and in the flesh walking in the King's Road, Chelsea, this theory fell to the ground. No other hypothesis offered, and up to the present time no one has been suspected, much less arrested, for this most undoubted crime.

Other cases strongly resembling the foregoing have been so recently reported that they need not be inserted here.

KATE WEBSTER.

A murder belonging to this group, and with many similar features, was that known as the "Barnes Mystery," or the Richmond murder of 1879. This crime would probably have remained unsolved had the police been unassisted by outsiders, and had the criminal been a little more circumspect. In the first instance, the fact of foul play was made plain by the discovery of mutilated remains, as in the Waterloo Bridge, Battersea, and the more recent Whitechapel murders. Like them, the story ended there. It would have had no sequel but for the circumstances above mentioned.

The first suspicion of a crime arose on the 5th of March, when a man, walking along the towing-path at Barnes, saw a box floating on the surface of the water as the tide was running up stream. He managed to get the box ashore, cut the ropes that secured it, and looking inside found several fragments of a human body neatly and closely packed in brown paper parcels. The box was about one foot cube.

This was a first clue to some new murder mystery, and the discovery was followed within a few days by others. More human fragments were found buried or planted at various points on the river side. The police were, of course, active in their inquiries, but the mystery remained a mystery until the 18th of March, when certain suspicious facts were first communicated to the police.

A lady was missing at Richmond, and it was suspected that she had been the victim of foul play. On the 19th of March the police were warned that this was probable, and the story told them was as follows:—

A Mrs. Thomas, residing at Park Road, Richmond, had not been seen or heard of since the 2nd of March. On that night, as she returned home from the Presbyterian church, a friend had accosted her and had received a reply. She did not show next day, nor on the succeeding days. It was at first supposed that she was ill and confined to the house. This was the answer given abruptly, even rudely, to inquiring friends by her servant, the only one she kept. Everything

went on in the house as usual; tradesmen came for orders, delivered meat and groceries; the house washing was done, scrubbing-brushes were heard at work, fires were poked, clothes were seen hanging upon the lines to dry.

The neighbours, as might be expected in a narrow suburban street, grew more and more curious; but nothing was said until the 18th of March, when the owner of the house which Mrs. Thomas occupied was roused to protest. A van appeared brought by two men, who began to move out the furniture. One of them was a publican who had purchased them. These goods were the landlady's security for rent, and she came at once to ask for Mrs. Thomas. Then a tradesman to whom a small debt was owing turned up, and was strongly opposed to the removal of the household effects. Where was Mrs. Thomas? What had she to say?

But there was no need to wait for Mrs. Thomas to justify her deed of sale, for the purchaser of the furniture now refused to go any farther into the business. He saw that there might be mischief, that Mrs. Thomas's goods might be claimed, and that he might be called upon to restore them if he carried them off. The van withdrew, and as it was leaving Mrs. Thomas—so the men believed—came running out of the house with a couple of dresses and a bonnet box.

"Here, take these, anyway," she cried, throwing them into the van; "they can't be distrained for rent." And the men drove away.

"What do you know of that Mrs. Thomas?" the publican, Church, now asked his companion, Porter, by whom he had been introduced to the lady.

"Not much. She used to live down our way, at Hammersmith, a year or two back. Didn't know her by the name of Thomas then; she was only called 'Kate.' She came round the other night and asked me to do her a good turn."

"As how?"

"Help her to the train at Hammersmith and carry a parcel. She's been in once or twice since—says she's a widow now, name of Thomas; got a comfortable independence."

Church was only half satisfied, and when he reached home

he had a look through the things he had got from Mrs. Thomas. In the pocket of one dress was a letter addressed to Mrs. Thomas, dated from another part of London, and signed "Mehennick." It was a very friendly sort of letter, for Church presumed to read it, and afterwards he called at the address to ask about Mrs. Thomas. He was not received very cordially at first by the Mehennicks, but the warmth passed off, especially when he had described the Mrs. Thomas he knew—a tall, stalwart, black-browed, deep-voiced Irish-woman, not at all resembling the Mehennicks' friend. Their Mrs. Thomas was a spare little woman, bright, active, and fair.

"There's something curious about all this," said Mr. Mehennick. "I shall write to-night to Mrs. Thomas's solicitors. I know where to find them."

Next day one of the partners came down to Richmond and, after hearing the facts, communicated with the police, demanding a thorough search of the premises in Park Road. Were there two Mrs. Thomases?—or none? Was someone falsely masquerading as such, for purposes of her own?

The house in Park Road was empty—not a soul was to be seen, nothing living found; only a heap of charred bones under the kitchen copper and more charred bones under the kitchen grate. The woman, whoever she might be—but of this there was soon no doubt at all—had absconded. It was "Kate," Mr. Porter's "Kate," but really Kate Webster, Mrs. Thomas's "general" servant.

Fortunately for justice, although she had flown she had left traces by which she could be followed. In the hanging cupboard of her bedroom was a dress, and in its pocket her photograph; also a letter, addressed to her by name, from her native place in Ireland.

A smart police officer started at once for Dublin, and, thence to the place named in the letter—Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford. Kate Webster was easily found, captured, and brought back in custody to London. She was very communicative on the journey. Although duly warned, she would talk about the case, and tried hard to throw the blame upon others, especially on the publican Church. "It is not right

that the innocent should suffer for the guilty," she declared, going on to say that Church had often come to the house in Park Road, urging her to put the old woman out of the way. She asked "How?" "Poison her," said Church. But later he stabbed her with a carving-knife, after which (Webster described the operation minutely), he cut up and disposed of the body, seized the effects, and tried to carry off his victim's furniture.

That Webster was lying might be guessed from the simple fact that she had never met Church till Porter had introduced him as an honest broker to buy the effects. But the chain of circumstance was soon woven tightly around her. Porter's story was quite condemnatory. He told how she had come to his house in Hammersmith on the evening of the 4th of March, and asked him to see her to the train. He had gone, accompanied by his son, a lad of sixteen, and the two of them carried a black bag for her as far as the bridge. She had left them at a public-house, and had gone alone with the bag across the bridge, where she was to meet a friend. When she came back she had no bag, and said she had handed it over to her friend.

Now she asked Porter to let her take his boy home with her. Porter agreed, and the lad said afterwards that she plied him with rum, and then made him help her carry a box; this time as far as Richmond Bridge. Arrived there, she made him walk on ahead, and he did so, but not too far to hear the splash of something—no doubt the box—as it fell into the water. As a matter of fact, the box was gone when the woman rejoined him. The boy readily recognised it as the one picked out of the Thames by Barnes towing-path. It was a bonnet-box of foreign make, about one foot square.

Webster's movements to and from the house in Park Road were disclosed by a cabman who had frequently driven her and her parcels to the station. She was accompanied by a fair-haired man of about five-and-thirty, and this implicated Church. He was apprehended and eventually tried, but was able to prove an alibi, and altogether clear himself of complicity, and was acquitted.

Highly incriminating evidence was given by the next-door neighbours in Park Road. In the early morning of the 8th of March, the day after the supposed murder, the kitchen fires had been alight, and the boiler at work. The boilers in the two houses were back to back, with only a thin wall between. When the boiler in one house was used, it was plainly heard in the other. That portions of the body had been boiled was proved when the fragments had been found, and it was clear that they had been subjected to the action of fire.

Webster was in due course found guilty and executed. She persisted in her denials to the last, and still sought to incriminate others. This case has something more than a passing interest to me, as the woman Webster was actually engaged by me as cook, only a few months before the tragedy in Richmond. I was at that time governor of the prison then in process of construction upon Wormwood Scrubs, and lived with my mother in the Uxbridge Road. Returning home one evening, I was told that a suitable cook had been seen and engaged, subject to satisfactory replies to references. My warder-messenger happened to be with me that evening, as he had called for the letter-bag. No doubt the sight of the blue uniform aroused Webster's suspicions, and she must have learnt my official position. In any case, she never came to take up the place that was waiting for her!

CATHERINE HAYES.

It is right to revert here to one of the earliest cases of dismemberment recorded in England, as it exhibited many of the features that are seen nearly always in this class of crime. These old-time murderers were the fore-runners of many, and did their best to remove the *corpus delicti* piecemeal, beginning with the head.

It was in 1725, on the 2nd of March, that a watchman, one of the "Charlies" of olden days, patrolling the river bank at Westminster, found a human head lying on the muddy foreshore. The place was a lime wharf near Millbank, not many hundred yards from the spot where the great Penitentiary

was erected about a century later—the old prison that has now given place to the handsome edifice in which the Tate collection of pictures is now housed. This lime wharf was at the Horse Ferry, a passage way across the Thames, that preceded the present Lambeth bridge.

The news soon spread through the neighbourhood, and many people flocked to view the head, which had been carried to St. Margaret's churchyard, where it was laid reverently upon a tombstone. As it was much besmeared with blood and dirt, the churchwardens ordered the features to be washed and the hair combed. Then it was impaled upon a high pole, and set up in full public view "to the end that some discovery might be made." At the same time, the chief constable of Westminster ordered the petty constables to keep close guard upon all the avenues to the river side, examine all passing carts and coaches, and thus detect any attempt to make away with the body in the same way as the head.

"Thousands," says a contemporary chronicle, "went to witness this extraordinary spectacle, and there were not wanting those among the crowd who openly expressed their belief that the head belonged to one Hayes."

A youth named Bennett, apprenticed to the "king's organ builder," went to the lodgings of this Hayes, saw his wife, and forthwith told her. She at first ridiculed the suggestion, then grew angry, declaring that her husband was alive and well, and that it might do great mischief to "start such a vain tale." The lad was warned seriously that his wild talk might get him into trouble, and accordingly he said no more.

Others, however, had the same opinion. Patrick Campbell spoke it aloud at a public-house in the presence of a certain Billings, who lodged with the Hayes, and was, indeed, reputed to be Mrs. Hayes' son. Billings swore it was all a mistake; he had left Hayes that morning in bed, alive and well.

As positive recognition was delayed, steps were taken to preserve the head, which was put into a glass case filled with spirit of wine. It was presently seen by others, who knew it instantly. The continued absence of Hayes induced a

friend, Ashby, to call at his house and inquire for him. Ashby was told as a profound secret by Mrs. Hayes that her husband had got into trouble and was keeping out of the way. He had had a quarrel with another man, and had, unfortunately, killed him. Being unable to make up the blood-money demanded by the deceased's widow, Hayes had absconded to Portugal, as she believed.

This seemed a very improbable story, and Ashby went on to King's Street to consult with a publican named Longmore, who kept the "Green Dragon," and was nearly related to Hayes. Longmore also inquired of Mrs. Hayes, and heard a different story from that told to Ashby; so the pair of them resolved to examine the head picked up in the Thames, about which there was so much excitement.

They verified it at once, and thereupon applied to the nearest magistrate, "Justice" Lambert, for a warrant to arrest Mrs. Hayes and all who occupied the house in Tyburn Road. In those days every good citizen was an amateur policeman and eager to further the ends of justice.

Mrs. Hayes was taken up, and with her the man Billings, also a woman, Mrs. Springate, who lived above. They were all committed to gaol on suspicion.

Next day, when called upon for examination, Catherine Hayes expressed an earnest desire to see the head, and was carried to the surgeon's where the glass case was kept. "It is my dear husband's head!" cried this infamous woman, with the idea, no doubt, of diverting suspicion. Next she took the glass into her arms and embraced it, shedding many tears. It was then opened for her and the head extracted. She kissed it several times and asked for a lock of her husband's hair. But when the surgeon suggested that she had had enough of his blood already she fainted away. The part she played was difficult to sustain.

Further evidence of the crime was at this moment stumbled upon. Fragments of the body wrapped in rags of blanket were discovered in Marylebone Fields, where they had been thrown into a pond. The case looked black against Catherine Hayes and Billings, but no definite proof was

forthcoming until the third party to the murder was apprehended. One Wood, a friend of the Hayes', who had been lodging with them at the time of the disappearance, was caught riding up to the house. After some demur, but on learning that the head and body had been found, he made full confession of the crime.

Hayes and his wife lived together on bad terms. She was a woman of low origin and not irreproachable character; he was an avowed freethinker, and therefore "not fit to live," as Mrs. Hayes put it, adding that she would think it no more sin to kill him than a dog. The idea of murdering him gained strength with her; she proposed it to Billings, and afterwards to Wood, using the further argument that Hayes was himself a murderer, having killed two of his own children, whom he had buried, one under a pear tree, the other under an apple tree.

The deed was at last agreed upon and accomplished after a long drinking bout. Hayes had boasted that he could consume half a dozen bottles of "mountain wine" without feeling the effects, but became stupidly intoxicated before he had finished them. Then, as he lay drunk upon the bed, Billings fractured his skull with a hatchet, and Wood completed the business by two more strokes. Then followed the dismemberment. The head was severed over a pail to catch the blood. The latter was poured into a sink, followed by several buckets of water. The head Mrs. Hayes proposed to boil, so as to destroy all identity, but her accomplices feared the operation would take too much time, and the head was thrown into the Thames. It was not carried down stream as the murderers hoped for; the tide was on the ebb and the rising water washed it again ashore.

There was no evidence against the woman Springate, but the other three were sentenced to death. Wood died in Newgate before execution, Billings was hanged, and Mrs. Hayes, under the existing law, as a husband-murderer and so guilty of petty treason, was burnt at the gallows. In such cases it was the rule that strangulation should precede combustion, but the executioner let go the rope too soon, and the

unhappy creature Hayes was literally burnt alive. This was not the only case in which such a horrible catastrophe had occurred, but the law that made it possible continued in force until 1793. The last woman convicted of petty treason and sentenced to be burnt was Phœbe Harris, in 1788.

MADAME HENRI.

History repeats itself. More than a hundred years after Catherine Hayes, another wife slaughtered her husband under somewhat similar conditions. She was a woman of Brittany, Henri by name, a hard-working, well-disposed peasant, but avaricious, hating all waste and wild living. Her husband's ways exasperated her. He was not a bad sort of creature, so the neighbours said, only his own worst enemy—an absolutely hopeless drunkard.

When he returned home in his cups his wife gave him the cold shoulder, put him on a bread-and-water diet, and abused him furiously.

The crisis came when she inherited a small legacy, and saw this provision for her old age threatened by her husband's propensities. A night or two afterwards he came home drunk as usual, sneered at his wife with maudlin contempt, and met his fate.

Madame Henri possessed herculean strength, and with one blow of a bludgeon she struck him down, as she thought, dead. Finding he still moved, she repeated her blows on his head and chest until she had beaten in the first and his body was black and blue. Not satisfied with this savage treatment, she stabbed him several times with a stable fork.

The deed done, she dragged the corpse down into the cellar, covered it up with straw, went to bed, and slept soundly. At daylight she borrowed a hatchet from her neighbour and proceeded to dismember the body. Afterwards, when arrested and under examination, she explained how she had separated the limbs from the body, how she had cut off the head and disfigured it. To get rid of the remains, she filled three sacks with fragments, and carried them one by one to the river. The distance was nearly five miles, but she made the journey

with her ghastly burthen night after night on three successive nights, weighted each parcel with heavy stones, and threw them into the running stream.

One of the sacks betrayed her. It was caught in the bars of a water-wheel, and hung there till the miller's man came and disengaged it. "It is the hand of Providence," cried his master, when they examined it and found the traces of a crime.

This sack furnished a clue, at least, as to the sex of the murderer, which was quickly seized upon by the instructing judge. The mouth of the sack had been *sewn up*. A man would have tied it: only a woman sews—she has her needle and thread always handy.

The discovery of the remains was followed by their exposure for identification. At first several mistakes were made; this commonly happens. At last, positive evidence was offered that the body was Henri's, and suspicion at once fell upon his wife. The judge went straight to her house, and she fainted at the sight of him. Blood stains, clothes newly washed, the borrowed hatchet, silly excuses for her husband's absence, all helped to incriminate the wife. At last a *gendarme* insinuated himself into her confidence, and she confessed that she had killed him for coming home drunk. "Next morning I got a hatchet and cut him up into small pieces, so that he should be less in my way." She waited till the following day, as she told the judge, because she believed that less blood would flow in cutting up from a corpse that was quite cold.

Madame Henri was found guilty, and sentenced to *travaux forcés* for twenty years.

DISPOSAL BY COMBUSTION.

It is recorded that the body of Catherine Hayes was not entirely consumed for three hours. This statement is not based upon any exact evidence, so far as I can find, and it does not tally with later experience. The fact is interesting in its way, and I have called attention to it, as it brings up the question of disposing of murdered remains by the action

of fire. This has been tried not infrequently, and seldom with success. It is, in fact, extremely difficult to get rid of a corpse by combustion. Dr. Chevers, an eminent medico-legist, who during a long period of service in India collected materials for a valuable work on "Medical Jurisprudence," gives figures to show the enormous amount of fuel required to consume an adult body entirely. He found that in a funeral pyre at Patna, twenty *maunds* (1,600 lb.) of wood, as well as two large bottles of oil were used, and the combustion lasted for eight hours and a half, without completely destroying the remains.

The attempt is often made to produce the appearance of death from fire. We shall come presently to the celebrated case in Belgium, that of Dubois de Bianco, whose charred body was found in his bed, and the police were at first satisfied that he had burnt himself to death by carelessly igniting the bed hangings. This was shown on closer investigation to be quite a mistake, and as the steps by which detection of the crime was effected constitute one of the most interesting of police stories, I shall deal with the facts on another page. In this case it was satisfactorily proved that combustion took place most unmistakably after death.

COUNTESS VON GOERLITZ.

The time taken in combustion and the circumstances in which the burnt body was found, brought about the detection of the murderer of the Countess von Goerlitz in Silesia. It afterwards came out from his own confession that a servant in the family, one Stauff, the Count's valet, was detected in the act of stealing in the Countess's bedroom. The thief turned on his mistress, and after a fierce struggle, strangled her. He was then faced with the problem so often presented to the murderer: How was he to conceal his crime? He decided upon burning the body, but leaving it so as to appear that the Countess had been accidentally destroyed by fire. He piled combustible pieces of furniture around her, and then ignited them. The fire must have been slow in its effects. The Countess was known to have gone to her room between three

and four in the afternoon ; the Count came and knocked at her door at seven, but on receiving no reply, went away, to return at nine, when the fire was discovered. During the previous two hours a bright light had been seen at one of the bedroom windows, and a thick smoke issuing from the chimney.

The conclusion arrived at, almost without question, was that the Countess had been burnt to death. The doctor called in could give no other explanation than spontaneous combustion, and there was no further inquiry at the time. The funeral took place in due course, and it was not till a year later that suspicion first attached to Stauff. He made an attempt to poison his master, and it was thought possible that he might have also murdered his mistress. The body of the Countess was exhumed, and submitted for the opinion of the Medical College at Neisse. They decided that there had been no spontaneous combustion ; the Countess at the time of her death was in excellent health. Other and more precise evidence showed, moreover, that when the room was first broken into flames burst out simultaneously from the hangings, the writing-desk, and the floor beneath. It was assumed, therefore, that the body had undergone slow combustion until it had reached full red heat ; it then ignited its surroundings, a process the very opposite to that which happens when people are burnt to death. Then it is found that the lighted surroundings set fire to the body. Expert evidence at the trial convicted Stauff of having burnt the body after death. Strangulation had preceded burning, and was the actual cause of death, the tongue having been found greatly protruding, as in the case of violent strangulation.

DANIEL GOOD.

The difficulty of disposing of the remains by fire was shown also in the case of Daniel Good, who murdered his wife in 1842 in the stables of Granard Lodge, Roehampton. The discovery of the crime was another instance of the helpful action of mere chance. There would probably have been no detection but for the stupid attempt made by Good to steal

a pair of trousers from a pawnbroker's shop in Wandsworth. A policeman was called in to arrest the thief, who made off and was followed to the stables he occupied at Roehampton. Close search for the stolen trousers was made in the larger part of these premises, the policeman visiting the carriages, the coach-house, the stalls of one stable. But there was another stable, locked, and Good refused point blank to give up the key. At last the bailiff who served the same master came and insisted that Good should open the stable door. Inside were several corn bins and a number of trusses of hay.

The policeman began to turn these over, Good evincing marked uneasiness the while. Presently, without the slightest warning, he bolted out of the stable, slammed the door behind him, and turned the key in the lock. The imprisoned policeman had come upon something much more significant than the missing trousers. Under a truss of hay was the trunk of a woman's body, from which the head and limbs had been severed. The medical experts who were called in bore testimony to the sex and age, those of a woman between twenty-four and twenty-five. Other ghastly remains were discovered in the fireplace of the harness-room. Here was a large heap of wood ashes, and amongst them the nearly calcined bones of head, arms, and legs. Good, it was now remembered, had kept large fires constantly burning in the harness-room.

Good's escape from justice was only temporary, although he eluded pursuit for nearly a fortnight. At last he was recognised quite accidentally by an ex-policeman who had known him at Wandsworth. Good had got as far as Tunbridge, where he was working as a bricklayer's labourer. He denied his identity, but when taken before the nearest magistrate was seen to take a comb from his pocket and use it to bring the hair back over a bald place on his crown, a constant trick with the fugitive murderer. Further evidence against him was afforded by his use of a part of the blood stained clothing as a pad to protect his shoulder from the bricklayer's hod.

COOK.

The cases where the annihilation of the remains by fire has been attempted might be multiplied. This process figured in the murder of Mr. Paas by Cook, the bookbinder of Leicester. It was contemplated by Bolam, the bank manager of Newcastle, who sought, by setting fire to the bank, to give such a complexion to facts that he would be himself exonerated. Menesclou, the young miscreant in Paris who murdered a little child of five and then cut her up, tried combustion to rid himself of the remains. Pel, the watchmaker of Montreuil, a wholesale murderer and poisoner, who, in one case at least, found the *corpus delicti* lie heavy on his hands, had recourse to the same expedient.*

Cook was a rather commonplace murderer. He was in debt to Mr. Paas, a manufacturer who supplied him with the tools for his trade. Paas came down from London to Leicester to collect accounts, and was seen to enter Cook's workshop. A large fire was blazing that same evening (Wednesday) in this workshop, and Cook showed at a public-house that he was in the possession of a large sum in cash. Through the night the same strong light was seen on his premises, and he was heard continually moving about. Next morning at daylight his landlord, who was a milkman, found Cook busily engaged at his trade.

All Thursday the light blazed in the bookbinder's workshop, and towards evening had so increased that the neighbours thought the premises had taken fire. Cook himself was absent, and a forcible entrance was made. An enormous fire was roaring in the grate, and on top were large pieces of flesh roasting. Cook, when fetched, declared that it was horseflesh which he was cooking for his dog.

Medical evidence soon gave the lie to this statement, and found speedy corroboration in the discovery of human remains, a mutilated body partly consumed, and hidden about

* An interesting case will be found in vol. ii., p. 83—the murder of one doctor by another in Boston, U.S.A., which was detected through a false tooth having resisted the action of fire.

in various parts of the workshop. Evidence fixing his identity was also forthcoming : the leg of a pair of black trousers, such as Mr. Paas had worn ; a snuff-box, eyeglass, and pencil-case with the initial "P," and some scraps of black cloth were found in the workshop ; also a gaiter recognised as belonging to Mr. Paas. The floor of the workshop had been recently washed and scoured, but was still stained with the marks of some dark fluid. On the table was a receipt from Paas incompletely signed, and it was surmised that he had been struck down, probably by a bookbinder's mallet, as he was seated writing.

The chief interest attaching to this ghastly story is in the obvious difficulties encountered by Cook in burning the body. The fireplace had been enlarged by the removal of a couple of bricks, and two large iron bars had been fixed on top to serve as a gridiron. The remains, although they presented a charred, misshapen, and most unsightly mass, were only partially consumed.

Cook had been arrested on suspicion, but then released on bail, and now he had absconded. It is a curious illustration of the incomplete methods of those days (1832) that the pursuit of the supposed criminal was left to the relatives of the deceased. The solicitors of the Paas family applied to Bow Street for the assistance of a couple of runners, and a warrant was entrusted to one of them for execution. Cook was traced on the road to Liverpool ; he had been met on the tramp, trying to dispose of a watch and chain, to get change for five-pound notes. At Liverpool he was on the point of taking ship for America, but was cleverly and boldly arrested by a Leicester officer in an open boat, just as he had put out to sea.

Cook was duly executed in front of the gaol at Leicester, and his body was afterwards hung in chains on the outskirts of the town, one of the last occasions of this barbarous custom of exposing the bodies of great criminals.

BOLAM.

Much mystery surrounded another case, that of Bolam, in Newcastle. Murder was committed beyond all doubt ; it is

equally certain that there was an attempt to conceal the crime by conflagration. In the middle of the night of the 7th of December, 1839, the alarm was raised that the Newcastle Savings Bank was on fire. Help was sent instantly, and with the prompt use of engines the fire was extinguished. When all danger had passed, the premises were entered to ascertain the extent of the mischief. One of the first sights that met the eye was the body of the clerk of the bank, extended lifeless on the floor of his office. His skull had been smashed in, his brains lay scattered about the floor, and—plain evidence of foul play—his pockets were filled with coal. The body, obviously, was to have been burnt with the house, and the coals were so placed to assist consumption.

Another strange discovery was made in the very next room. There lay the actuary of the bank, Mr. Bolam, insensible, and bleeding from wounds in his throat. The latter were but trifling, however, and he was soon sufficiently recovered to give his account of the catastrophe.

Bolam declared that he had received several threatening letters warning him of danger impending. He had returned home in the evening to take his tea, and on looking into the office had seen the clerk, as he thought, lying asleep on the hearthrug. Next minute he was himself attacked by a man with a blackened face, who struck him down and applied a knife to his throat. He remembered no more.

Bolam's story was not believed. There had been no robbery of the bank. Only a few of the books were missing, but the key of the safe had disappeared, also a large sum in gold, and both were subsequently found in Bolam's private residence. The wounds upon his person were only slight, there was no blood on the spot where he had been found lying, and that which stained his clothes had flowed down them, indicating a wound inflicted while he was in an upright or sitting posture. Further suspicion was thrown upon him by the disappearance of three of his account books.

At the inquest, a verdict of wilful murder was brought against Bolam, and he was tried for his life. It was brought in

manslaughter, and the only plausible theory of the crime was that expounded by the judge, who suggested to the jury that some quarrel had arisen between Bolam and the clerk, and that the former, in a fit of fury, had assaulted the latter with a poker, and killed him. "This view," said Mr. Baron Maule, "furnishes motives quite sufficient for the fire, as well as for the other facts." It was then explained how Bolam, if he really started the fire, meant to escape from its effects. He clearly did not think it would be only a partial fire, or he would not have filled his victim's pockets with coals. The only hypothesis is that he hoped to be rescued in an early stage of the burning.

MENESCLOU.

Menesclou's name is still remembered with horror in France, for not only was his crime of the most atrocious character, but his conduct before and after marks him as one of the vilest miscreants that ever disgraced human nature. The date of his offence is 1880, somewhat anterior to the development of the science of criminal anthropology, but he might have been adduced by Lombroso as a complete type of the "born criminal." He exhibited all the physical traits attributed to that strange phenomenon of our race, the low, receding forehead, protruding chin, thin beard, shifting eye; it might have been said he was half an idiot, and this was set up in his defence, but the medical evidence distinctly credited him with full mental responsibility.

Yet it is perfectly obvious that there was arrested mental development. From his early childhood he had been a curse to his parents. He was persistently, wickedly ill-conducted, expelled from school after school. He robbed his father, beat his mother; at sixteen he was packed off into the naval service, and he had but just returned after three years' service when he committed the stupid, useless crime.

The small child of five who was his victim, he cajoled with sweetmeats and a bunch of fresh violets. She was last seen entering his room, but he denied all knowledge of what had become of her. The poor mother, a prey to increasing

anxiety as the hours passed, repeatedly asked Menesclou if he had seen her, and his answer was always a most self-possessed negative. At that moment she was lying murdered in his room, the room where he spent much of his time in making extracts from books of poetry, choosing such harmless morsels as "Good-day!" "Spring," or "At the time of the cherries." He had concealed the small corpse in a cavity made in his mattress, and had actually slept on the bed.

The discovery came next day, led up to by the usual horrible indications; overpowering nauseous odours that filled the whole house, a strong smell of burning. When the police were summoned, the commissary sent a workman up a ladder on to the roof. Menesclou's lodging was a garret with a dormer window. Through this the workman saw him at his stove, with the tongs in his hand, feeding a fierce fire with very suspicious-looking fuel. The miscreant seemed perfectly self-possessed, and was quietly smoking a cigarette.

On his trial he preserved the same terrible *sangfroid*, until the indignation of the public broke forth so fiercely that he responded furiously, "Well, you can do just the same to me!" He was executed after conviction.

PEL AND DUBOIS DE BIANCO.

Pel, the watchmaker of Montreuil, is another miscreant that looms large in recent French criminal records. His crimes do not exactly fall within this branch of my subject, as he was a poisoner, and the deeds of the poisoners will demand a section to themselves. But in the disposal of at least one of his victims, he sought the assistance of fire, and he found the difficulty I have mentioned in other cases. He used an ordinary stove, and experiments were made by eminent French doctors with a stove of similar pattern. They affirmed that complete combustion was not effected for forty hours. The evidence against Pel was chiefly circumstantial, but it was supported by the usual suspicious indications. A blazing fire kept up continuously in the dog days, strong odours, the discovery of a large heap of ashes in the grate.

I have already referred to the Chevalier Dubois de Bianco's

case, as one of the most interesting of police stories, and will now give it at some length.

It was on the 2nd of December, 1871, in the morning about half-past seven, that the large mansion in Brussels, occupied by M. Dubois de Bianco alone, was seen to be on fire. He was an old gentleman of miserly habits but large means, and his house stood at the angle of the two streets, Brederode and Thérésienne. The fire was got under; it had never extended beyond the chevalier's bedroom, but therein its effects had been fatal. M. Dubois de Bianco was found dead in his bed; the body much charred by fire, but in the opinion of the doctors called in, his death had been due to asphyxiation from the smoke.

When the police arrived, their inquiries elicited the fact that the deceased was given to the bad habit of smoking in bed. He had been known, moreover, occasionally to exceed in drink. This was the evidence of his own servants, Germans, one a most confidential person who had served his master for more than twenty years.

The explanation was accepted as perfectly satisfactory. The report of the police was "death from natural causes." Seals were attached to the safe and wardrobes containing personal effects, pending the arrival of the heirs, who were not in Brussels at the time; the funeral took place, and the whole incident was seemingly at an end.

Ten days after the accident, M. Dubois de Bianco's daughter—who inherited his fortune—his notary, and another executor attended to witness the removal of the seals, and take over all property and valuables in the house. These were kept, as the notary well knew, in the deceased's dressing-room in a fireproof safe. This safe was a "combination" safe, and as the deceased chevalier trusted no one with the secret of the letters that worked the lock, the assistance of a smith to break it open would no doubt be necessary.

But at the first inspection it was seen that the safe was not securely closed. A single turn of the key sufficed to open the door. Moreover, when the interior was laid bare, it was found that the safe was almost empty. There were only a

couple of hundred odd shares and 165 francs in cash remaining in this secure receptacle, where M. Dubois de Bianco was known to keep the great bulk of his securities.

Here was substantial ground for suspicion. Closer examination afforded more distinct evidence. In one corner of the safe, concealed by a slight projection of the iron wall, lay a small parcel of coupons, twenty-three in number, of the Company Marcinielle at Couillet, which were due for payment on the 1st of October, the day preceding the chevalier's decease. This 1st of October was a Sunday, and payment would therefore be delayed to the 2nd. But the shares to which these coupons had belonged, and from which they had undoubtedly been detached by the deceased, had disappeared. They must have been stolen: that was plain and obvious. The chevalier could not have sold them before the 1st of October; if so he would have sold the coupons with them, and they would also have disappeared. The shares were still his property on the day preceding his death; he had merely cut off the coupons to cash them next day. Meanwhile he had met his death, and some one—his murderer?—had carried off the shares but overlooked the coupons.

Another small document was also found in the safe, a precious scrap of paper for the detection, a dangerous clue unconsciously left by the criminal.

M. Dubois de Bianco was a man of method. He kept an exact record of the whole of his securities, their description, value, the dates on which interest fell due, and the amounts actually received for many years. The whole of these stocks and shares had disappeared, also a large quantity of Prussian bank-notes, with a considerable sum in gold and silver thalers, the whole of which he had recently received from Germany.

The fact of robbery was now established beyond dispute. There was strong presumption, too, that foul play had accompanied the crime. An inquiry was forthwith ordered, and a high judicial functionary proceeded to conduct it on the scene of the supposed crime.

The fire, as has been said, had been limited to the bedroom, and it had raged most fiercely around the bed. Close

by this bed hung the remains of a bell-rope communicating with the room above, in which slept the valet. Could the asphyxiation have been so rapid as to have quite prevented the deceased from summoning assistance? A brass candlestick almost completely melted was found in the bed. How could it have got there? Had it not been used to ignite the curtains? Was not this a more probable explanation of the fire than the cigar ash of the careless chevalier? Besides, the proper place for this candlestick would be on the pedestal table by the bedside. This table was intact; it had been almost spared by the fire.

The chief piece of furniture in the bedroom was a large wardrobe with mirrors on the doors. These glasses were cracked. Inside the wardrobe it was found that the smoke and the greasy constituents of the flame had deposited a thick black powder which lay on every object. When anything was lifted, it left beneath a clear, clean impression—white on a black ground. One article in particular had lain upon a pocket-handkerchief stained black by the smoke-dust. This was the key of the iron safe.

On taking up this key it was found to be without its sheath. It had not been covered with its sheath before or during the fire. This was proved plainly, because the imprint of the key upon the handkerchief showed distinctly the two small slits seen so often near the orifice of a safety key. It was a natural *sequitur* then that the key had been lying in the wardrobe during the progress of the fire. The inference was obvious: someone before the fire had taken the key from the wardrobe, had used it without its sheath, and, still without it, had replaced the key in the wardrobe.

Where then was the sheath? It was remembered now that at the time of placing the seals, on the day of the first discovery—the 2nd of October, that is to say—this sheath had been found lying outside on the top of the safe. Another fact was remembered of this date: that the authorities, wishing to seal up the effects, had been given the safe-key by one of the servants—the valet, Louis Grohen, who had been the chevalier's servant for twenty years.

Furthermore, Grohen had produced a bunch of keys, his master's keys, from his own pocket, and with one of them had unlocked the wardrobe already described. It was Grohen who got the safe-key out and handed it over. It was Grohen, again, who, when the key was applied to the safe to see if it really belonged to it, declared that it could not be used without a knowledge of the combination. Some one certainly had tampered with the lock, some one having a certain but not complete knowledge of its action.

The last combination used by M. Dubois de Bianco had been displaced, a new set of letters substituted, but the interlopers had forgotten to give a double turn to the lock. This proved that they thought it sufficient to disarrange the letters, not knowing that the key would open the lock if "on the single" without the combination.

Grave suspicion now began to rest upon the two servants who alone resided with the deceased. Various remarks made by them were now remembered to their discredit. One had declared that M. Dubois de Bianco was capable of burning his securities sooner than let his fortune pass to his daughter, whom he hated. Another hinted darkly that that daughter's husband, M. Duval de Beaulieu, had been the first to open the safe, and that he had stolen the securities as well as a will which the servants believed had been made in their favour. One of them told two stories as to the events of the night. It was he who slept above the deceased who at first declared he had heard nothing, and then admitted that the bell had rung and a pistol-shot had been fired.

Another suspicious fact was the disappearance of a pocket-book from the safe, in which the deceased entered the details of his property. Grohen, the servant, knew of the existence of this pocket-book and what it contained; indeed, he had spoken of it to the police. But its removal—if by design, as was nearly certain—was nullified by the discovery of the scrap of paper containing the very same information.

These suspicions were not, however, deemed sufficient to arrest the two servants, and both presently left Brussels. Viander returned to his native place in Germany; Grohen

stayed for a time in Brussels, then went, about December, to Sielsdorf, in Prussia. While there he received a letter from a friend warning him to be on his guard; that inquiries were being made for him, and for *Stupp*.

This was the first mention of the name *Stupp*, the first reference to an individual who was now to fill a large space in the mystery.

Stupp was an intimate friend of both Grohen and Viander. He was known also to M. Dubois de Bianco, having married the daughter of one of the chevalier's tenants in Germany, and taken over the farm on his own account. *Stupp* was a wastrel, who had spent his wife's portion, had failed to pay his rent, and had been ejected from the farm. M. Dubois had forbidden his servants to have any dealings with him. Yet this *Stupp*, when he came to Brussels, had been made secretly welcome in M. Dubois de Bianco's house, kept there for a week, altogether unknown to its master.

Stupp's movements in Brussels were subsequently traced with exactitude. He lodged at various places, always miserably poor, trying various kinds of work and succeeding in none. He spoke often of M. Dubois de Bianco and always in the bitterest terms. Towards the end of September he talked of leaving for England; he only awaited funds which he expected to a considerable amount from Germany. On the night of the 1st of October he left his lodgings suddenly, abandoning his baggage, such as it was. That was the night of the fire in the Rue Brederode.

Now *Stupp* was lost sight of for a time. The inquiry languished; it was only revived by the good news that some of the stolen securities had come into the market. The names and numbers had been industriously circulated by the police, and all the bankers and brokers were on the *qui vive*. Early in February, several coupons belonging to certain of the missing shares were presented for payment in Brussels, and traced back through Antwerp to London, and then to New York. Other correspondence and the shares themselves were presently seized in New York, and it was

clearly seen that a portion at least of the stolen property was being realised in the United States.

Instructions were despatched at once to New York to trace, if possible, the person who had been concerned in this transaction, and arrest him. He was taken, and although he was under another name, his description tallied exactly with that of the missing Stupp.

Grohen was soon afterwards arrested in Brussels, and steps were taken to secure the extradition of Stupp. The case seemed black against the accused. Stupp had no doubt committed the robbery, and was cognisant of, if not the actual author of the murder. He could not have got into the house without the connivance of the servants; to have climbed the walls or entered surreptitiously was proved impossible. He could not have opened the safe except by force. This was unnecessary, as both the servants, according to clear testimony, were in possession of the letters that worked the combination.

Had Stupp worked alone, he would have forced the safe and laid his hands on the whole of the contents. He would hardly have been suspected, for his presence in Brussels at that time was not known, nor for many weeks later. If he, and he alone, had been the thief and murderer, all the precautions taken to re-arrange the combination, put the safe-key back into the wardrobe would have been unnecessary; nor would it have been necessary to set fire to the bed hangings so as to suggest the chevalier's accidental death.

In due course, Grohen, the only one in custody, was sent before the assize court charged with the triple crime of theft, incendiarism and murder. But the evidence against him was not deemed conclusive; the fact that death was due to foul play and not to misadventure was not proved to the satisfaction of the jury, and Grohen was acquitted.

Two years later, after many tedious formalities, Strupp was extradited and sent back to Belgium. He had been in custody for three years in the United States, but was now surrendered to stand his trial. His defence when arraigned was to throw the crime upon Viander, who had brought him the stolen

securities with sufficient money to take him across the Atlantic, where he was to dispose of them. In order to test this allegation, the presiding judge issued a safe-conduct for Viander, who was in Germany beyond pursuit, if he would consent to appear in court.

So Viander, who was now serving in the German army, came and was confronted with Stupp. As he also was an accused, he could not be sworn, but his testimony was taken and apparently believed. He indignantly denied the statements made by Stupp, whose guilt was presently made clear; he was convicted and sentenced to death, but did not suffer the extreme penalty.

DISTRIBUTION AFTER DISMEMBERMENT.

A common belief with the murderer who has had recourse to dismemberment is that he will evade detection by distributing the fragments at wide intervals apart. This was clearly in the mind of Greenacre, who murdered Hannah Brown in 1836, a mysterious crime which startled all London, and remained undiscovered for nearly three months. On the 28th of December a bricklayer found a package, enveloped in coarse cloth or sacking, concealed behind a paving-stone, on the road to Kilburn, and lying in a pool of frozen blood. The place was close to the Pine Apple toll-bar. The contents of the package proved to be the trunk of a female, the arms still intact, the head and legs dissevered. This was wrapped up in a piece of blue-printed cotton, part of a child's frock, much worn. There was nothing likely to lead to identification, except a peculiar malformation, with signs in the hands and arms, that indicated that deceased had led a laborious life. Ten days later a head was picked up in the Regent's Canal, Stepney, at the lock known as "Ben Johnson's." The lockman had met with an obstruction in letting a barge through the gates, and using his "hitcher" or boat-hook, had brought up a human head.

It was subjected to medical examination, when in addition to the bruises and lacerations probably caused by the lockman in recovering it, a severe bruise was found over one eye, that

must have been inflicted during life. It further appeared that the head had been very rudely severed from the body, the cervical vertebræ had been sawn through quite roughly, and it was thus connected with the mutilated trunk already found in the Edgware Road. The saw-marks fitted in exactly, and the head and body were evidently parts of the same individual in life. Still, no one came forward to identify the head which, as in the Hayes case, was handed over to the surgeon, to be preserved in spirits of wine.

Two months more elapsed before the rest of the body was unearthed. A labourer cutting osiers in the neighbourhood of Cold Harbour Lane, Camberwell, saw a large bundle lying half immersed in the water of a ditch. On raising it, he found a human toe protruding, and calling assistance, the package was opened, and exhibited a pair of human legs. When applied to the parts already discovered, they proved to belong to the human frame discovered in the Edgware Road. These three discoveries had entirely falsified the murderer's calculation; he had lodged them purposely at points far distant from one another, and yet they had been picked up, compared without difficulty, pieced together, and constituted unmistakable evidence of heinous crime against persons unknown.

Yet three more weeks passed before the remains were identified. A man named Gay, of Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, asked for permission to view the remains. He had lost sight of a sister, whose married name was Brown, for several months. She had not been seen or heard of since the day before Christmas Day. When he examined the severed head, he pronounced it at once and unhesitatingly to be that of Hannah Brown. Several people corroborated this declaration, and thus at last the first step was made towards detection.

The police soon ascertained that the woman Brown had been last seen in company with a man named Greenacre, to whom she was about to be married. She had gone to dine with him on Christmas Eve at his house in Carpenter's Buildings, Camberwell, and never returned. That same night Greenacre came to her old lodgings to ask for her, saying the

marriage was broken off, that she had deceived him about the value of her property. He appeared angry and agitated. Three days later he went to the brother and told him he had quarrelled with Hannah, that she had left his house, and that he did not know what had become of her.

Greenacre was arrested with his supposed accomplice, a woman named Gale, and not a moment too soon. His boxes were corded up, some had already gone on board ship, and he was on the point of embarking for America. The trunks seized were examined, and many incriminating articles found; among them the remnants of an old cotton dress, corresponding in pattern and condition with the pieces in which the body was wrapped, when found in Edgware Road.

Several circumstances told against Greenacre. Noises of scuffling and fighting were heard in his room on Christmas Eve. On Boxing Day Mrs. Gale came, and the place was thoroughly washed out. Two days later Greenacre was seen leaving the premises carrying a blue merino bag, and the following week he moved house altogether. The rooms he vacated smelt strongly of brimstone, and had evidently been fumigated. It was sworn that the outer covering of the Edgware Road parcel was a sack stolen by Greenacre from a shop in Tottenham Court Road, the shopman having identified it by the shavings still inside, and the cord with which the mouth was closed.

Greenacre was eventually found guilty, and he made a strenuous effort to exonerate the woman Gale, but she was also convicted. Greenacre's first story was that he had killed Hannah Brown by inadvertence, having playfully tilted over a chair in which she was rocking herself. But before execution he confessed that he became furious at her false statements in regard to her property, that he seized a rolling-pin and struck her with it over the eye. To his horror he found that he had killed her, and then knowing he would be charged with the murder, he began to consider how he might screen himself from the consequences. A variety of methods suggested themselves, but he at last decided on dismemberment and the distribution of the pieces. The head he carried out first,

wrapped in a silk handkerchief, and with this ghastly bundle on his knees he travelled by omnibus from Camberwell to Gracechurch Street. Then changing into a Mile End 'bus he reached Stepney, and following the course of the Regent's Canal on foot, he "shot the head from the handkerchief into the water," at the lock. Early on the morning of the 26th of December, he again applied himself to his loathsome task, and, having severed the legs, packed them in a sack and took them to the osier-bed in Cold Harbour Lane. There remained the trunk, and this he wrapped up as best he could, then shouldering the heavy bundle, he went out, still uncertain where he should deposit this last vestige of his crime. A carrier's cart passed, and the driver gave him a lift as far as Newington, where Greenacre, thinking the progress made too slow, took a hackney cab, and was driven to the Edgware Road. The bundle he hid under the seat until they reached the Pine Apple toll-gate, where he alighted and walked on towards Kilburn, till he found a suitable place of concealment for the sack. All this he did in broad daylight, feeling in his own mind more safe in working thus openly than under cover of the night. At the end of all he was careful to destroy his handkerchief and all other possible clues. But, as we have seen, he could not escape his fate.

Greenacre wrote his autobiography while in the condemned cell, after the manner of more fashionable murderers. His chief object was to show that he had always been an industrious, respectable person, temperate in his habits, abhorring the public-house, a kindly master, long-suffering to his debtors, esteemed in his locality, and elected by an overwhelming majority to the office of overseer of his parish. His business was that of a grocer, and he had so prospered that he owned a fair amount of house property in Camberwell. He was a man of strong, even violent political bias, and was said to have been concerned in the famous Cato Street conspiracy. He may not have deliberately premeditated the murder, but his cold-blooded atrocity in dealing with the remains betrayed his truculent character, which was further illustrated by his strange conduct in endeavouring to

enter into another marriage soon after the murder. He had advertised in the *Times*, of the 23rd of January, for a partner with £300 to join him in patenting a newly-invented washing machine, and amongst the replies was one from a lady of undoubted respectability. A correspondence followed, in which Greenacre made "propositions of honourable nature to one whom he might prefer as a companion for life." The proposal was not accepted, happily for the lady in question. Greenacre had an eye to business, and his victim, Hannah Brown, was supposed to have amassed considerable savings. The woman Gale, Greenacre's accomplice, was sentenced to transportation for life.

RAUSCHMEIER.

Let me diverge for a moment to Germany. The criminal records of Bavaria record dismemberment at a still earlier date. A murder was perpetrated in Augsburg in 1821 which exhibits many of the usual details of short-sighted brutality. It is to be included, too, among those which might not have been brought home but for the over-ruling action of Chance.

Maria Anna Holzmann lived in the house of a shoemaker of Augsburg, and sublet part of her lodging to two ne'er-dowells named Rauschmeier and Stiener. She was an old char-woman, a careful and industrious body, who was supposed to have saved money. One day she disappeared, so did her two lodgers. The date was the 12th of April, yet the landlord gave no notice to the police until the 17th of May that the woman was missing.

Holzmann's relatives, accompanied by a magistrate, went to secure her effects, but found that the best part of her property was missing. Moreover, the lodging was filled with overpoweringly nauseous odours.

Yet no further search was made then. It was supposed that Holzmann had committed suicide, her rooms remained unoccupied and nothing more transpired till the following January. Then another lodger, who had gone up to the loft adjoining Holzmann's rooms to hang up linen, discovered parts of a human body. The alarm was given, and other

portions were found—some among the heap of rubbish in the corner of the loft; more, six yards distant, wedged in between the chimney and the roof. Near at hand were an old gown, a petticoat, and a red neckerchief, all much stained with blood.

The strangest discovery of all was made in taking up the floor of the room Rauschmeier had occupied. Here were more remains, among them the left arm, bent double and wrapped up in an old shift. When later the doctors, in their efforts to reconstitute the body, tried to straighten this arm, a brass ring fell out of the bend of the elbow, where it had been held tight hitherto by the muscular contraction.

This ring was a tell-tale—a silent but still convincing witness to the crime. It was assumed, and rightly, that it belonged to one of the murderers, and that it had slipped off his finger while he was engaged in cutting up the body.

There was no difficulty in identifying the corpse as that of Holzmann. The head was not in the possession of the police, although it was supposed that it had been seen in the weir of a factory adjoining the house in which Holzmann lived. The factory inspector had fished it out, shown it to his brother, and then thrown it back into the running water, by which it had been carried off. From his description and the scanty number of teeth it was believed to be Holzmann's head. More positive evidence was afforded by the remains. The deceased exhibited the peculiarity that one foot, the right, was thicker than the left, and that one of her toes had been removed.

Suspicion at once rested upon the men Stiener and Rauschmeier. The fact that both had continued to reside for some days in the house without giving notice of Holzmann's disappearance, and that they had then absconded, went very much against them. Rauschmeier, too, was detected in disposing of much of Holzmann's property. He admitted the theft, and the astute judge did not press the accusation of murder. So, when various articles of Holzmann's dress were exhibited, Rauschmeier admitted that he had stolen them. When he saw certain ear-rings, gold rings, and a brass ring, he

admitted to having taken the first, but declared that the last was his own property.

“ See ! ” he cried, “ it fits my little finger, easily, too easily. It must have slipt off, somehow, somewhere. ”

This naïve acknowledgment ruined him. He was convicted by the tell-tale ring.

Stiener, who was half-witted, made a long rambling confession charging Rauschmeier with the crime, and admitting his own complicity. The confession was proved to be a tissue of lies, and eventually Stiener was held to be exonerated by Rauschmeier's statements and was acquitted.

Rauschmeier was convicted and duly executed.

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