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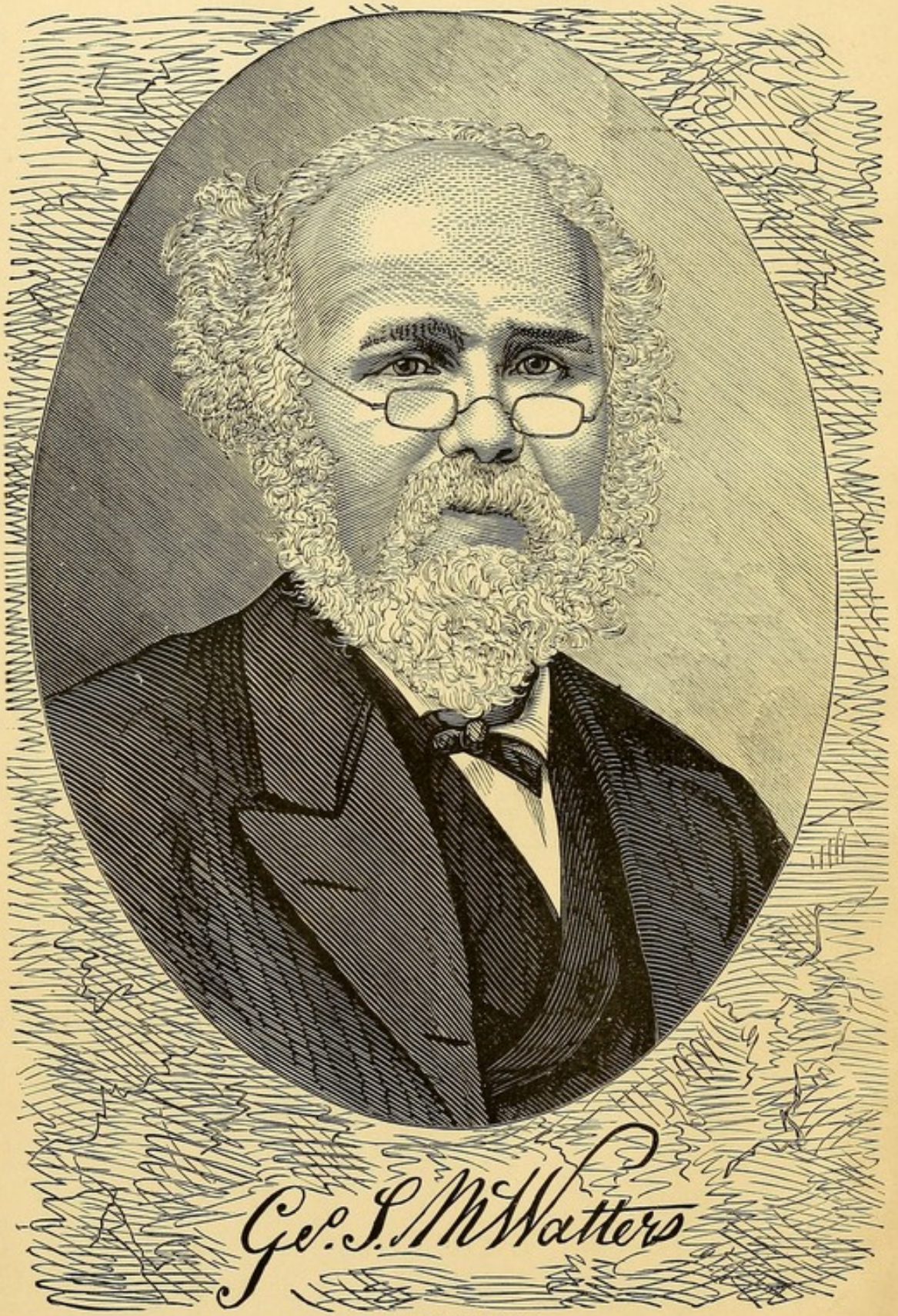
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KNOTS UNTIED:

OR,

WAYS AND BY-WAYS

IN THE

HIDDEN LIFE

OF

AMERICAN DETECTIVES.

BY

OFFICER GEORGE S. McWATTERS,

LATE OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE,
NEW YORK.

A NARRATIVE OF MARVELLOUS EXPERIENCES AMONG ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY,—CRIMINALS IN HIGH LIFE, SWINDLERS, BANK ROBBERS, THIEVES, LOTTERY AGENTS, GAMBLERS, NECROMANCERS, COUNTERFEITERS, BURGLARS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

HARTFORD:
J. B. BURR AND HYDE.
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PREFACE.

I AM aware that the preface of a book is usually the last portion of it which is read—if read it is—and, therefore, of little import; and I have, consequently, deliberated somewhat whether I would encumber the following tales with a prefix or not; but perhaps it is due to the reader to say (what, however, is apparent enough in some of the tales themselves) that the experiences and observations therein narrated, are not all personally mine; that some of them have, at different times, been detailed to me by old and tried personal friends, of deep knowledge of the world, and of extreme sagacity, and that I have presented them here, together with my own, in special instances, as being equally illustrative with mine of subtle human nature.

What is specifically my own in these tales, and what little I am indebted for to my good friends, I leave to such as may be curious, to determine for themselves. It must now suffice them (for in the experiment of "book-making" I have nearly lost my best patience—amidst its multiplicity of perplexities; its "proof-reading," the awful blunders of the printers, the "bungling" of the mails, the calls for "more copy" at inopportune moments, etc., etc.)—it must suffice them, I repeat, simply to know, that whatever experiences here recited are not my own, are equally authentic with mine, and, in my judgment, add to the merits of "Knots Untied" (if merits it has) rather than detract therefrom. So, since it cannot be that the reader will peruse my book for my sake, but for the book's sake and for his own, let him thank me for whatever "clearer light" I have accepted from others for his benefit.

It was only at the instance—I might properly say by the repeated importunity—of certain partial friends of mine, that I was first induced to put into readable form some of the notes of my experiences and observations, particularly those running through a period of a dozen years of official life, preceded by a dozen more of a quasi-official character. I would remark here, that no chronological order has been observed in the collation of the tales composing "Knots Untied."

Having, from my early days, been interested with various sociological problems, it has been my wont to fix in memoranda, of one form or another, such data as I conceived worthy, as simple statistics or eccentric facts, bearing upon the great general question of human suffering

and crime, and their causes, and the means of their depletion, and final extinction also (as I firmly believe) in "the good time coming," when Science shall have ripened the paltry and distracted civilization of the present into that enlightenment in which alone the race should be contented to live,—in which only, in truth, they can be fully content with existence,—and which the now subject classes could, if they were wise enough to know their rights and their power, command in concert, for themselves, and the ruling classes as well.

And these partial friends of mine have thought I might do some good, and that I ought to, however little it may prove, to the cause of human happiness,—in the intent thereby of enlarging the security of the innocent from the machinations of the depraved,—by the detail of certain wily "offences against the law and good order of society," while demonstrating therein how sure of final discovery and punishment are the criminally vicious, however crafty and subtle, in these days, when the art of police detection has become almost an exact science.

Authors are sometimes sensitive (I believe), about the reception which they, "by their works," may meet with at the hands of the public; and not seldom do they, in more or less ingenious ways, attempt to cajole their readers, through well-studied prefaces, into a prejudicedly favorable mood regarding the body of their books. Perhaps mine is a singularly good fortune, in that my partial and importuning friends before alluded to, have given me consoling courage to "go forward" and publish what they are so kind as to be pleased with, by the assurance that they will take upon themselves, and patiently bear, all the severe criticism, the curses, the wanton blows, etc., which may be aimed at me by "hypercritical critics," or by vexed and wrathful readers; while I shall be left to enjoy, unalloyed, all the "blessings" with which the rest of the public may be pleased to favor me.

I regarded this as so excellent an expression of human [e] goodness upon the part of these my friends, that I consented to honor it, by submission to their will. Hence these tales, in their printed form,—designed at first to beguile an hour for particular friends in the reading, as the same had beguiled many long hours for me in the writing,—and not primarily intended to be put into the form of a book. If any good to the world accrues from their publication, through the instruction which they may afford to some, perhaps; or by their possibly enlarging the scope of the reader's charity for the erring, or in any way, I shall be gratified; and so (it *is* but fair in me to add this, for they are human, and sensitive to the joys which "a good done" brings)—and so, to repeat, will also be my aforesaid partial, good friends.

GEORGE S. MCWATTERS.

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("Man's inhumanity to man
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PUBLISHERS' INTRODUCTION.

DEEMING that the public would be deeply interested to know, indeed had a right to know, something more of the author of the following work than gleams through the series of entertaining, instructive, and in many respects unparalleled articles which constitute "Knots Untied," we applied to him for his Autobiography, in details covering other portions of, and facts in his life, than are revealed in the wonderful experiences of his professional career, as brought to light in these articles.

But we were met by a reply, characteristic of most men of deeds rather than of words, that it would be wholly against his taste to furnish his own personal history: he was in 'no wise desirous to vaunt himself,' he said; 'he had not sought,' he continued, by the articles in question, to illustrate himself, or to play the part of a hero in any measure, but merely to contribute to the current literature and the history of the times a narration of sundry interesting facts, which, in their hidden and secret nature, are usually withheld from the general public.

Throughout this book Officer McWatters has shown the modesty of a retiring and unassuming man; making no further allusion to himself, and his deeds and experiences, than necessary to sustain the thread of the narratives. He desired that the book should stand upon its own merits, without any adventitious aid from the high indorsements of his own daily life and personal character, such as will be found in what follows. He would, so far as the book is concerned, be judged as an officer and an author, rather than by the merits of his own private life, be they great or small. In this he evinced a commendable pride and a good sense which we could not question.

Nevertheless we considered it fitting that we add to the book such facts as we might possess ourselves of regarding the career of a man whose life has been given, in so great part, to deeds of good, heartfully and freely done, and to humanitary reforms, as has Officer McWatters'.

For it is not strictly and merely in the capacity of a successful officer or as a spirited and graceful writer that "the Literary Policeman" (as the journals of New York are wont to distinguish Officer McWatters) has done his best works. Officer McWatters is, *par excellence*, a humanitarian, a gentleman of the widest tolerance and liberality of opinions, as is evinced in various parts of the narratives, which exhibit nothing of that cruel and tyrannical spirit so common to men who have much to do with the criminal classes. It is rather by kindness than severity that he would deal with the erring.

Officer McWatters, being unwilling to supply his Autobiography; and being ourselves without sufficient notes to furnish the public with the biographical comments which we considered so desirable concerning him, we intrusted the matter of writing his personal history to a well known literary gentleman of New York, with directions to him to put into form whatever he could authentically gather of a nature interesting to the reading public in general, concerning the author of "Knots Untied."

How well he fulfilled his arduous duty, under the circumstances, the reader of the Biographical Notes which follow will judge for himself. But we regard it as not improper for us to say, that in our opinion the Biographical Notes will be found a very interesting addition to "Knots Untied," not only by the insight they give the reader into the career of a man, who, filling an unpretentious sphere in life, so far as technical vocations are concerned, has made himself illustrious by deeds of good will; but also by their style, peculiar in some respects, and here and there marked by the utterance of brave thoughts regarding matters of so much vital interest to the laboring classes, the poor, who are the "chief constituency," in a humanitary sense, of Officer McWatters himself,—by his benefactions to whom he has mostly won that high popular esteem, which is so well recorded in the Biographical Notes.

It is due to the writer of the Biographical Notes to remark here that, in view of the very short period that was given him in which to prepare the same, he accomplished in their production, a task which would be notable, even without consideration of the peculiar difficulties which lay in his path. It is not an easy thing to search hurriedly through a thousand newspapers, for example, for mate-

rial, and select and arrange the same acceptably. But upon this point, perhaps, we cannot do better than to append to this, our Introduction, a copy of the letter which accompanied the Biographical Notes, from the gentleman in question.

THE PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, February 10, 1871.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF "KNOTS UNTIED":

GENTLEMEN: Concerning the biography of Officer McWatters, which you requested me to supply, I am compelled to say that I am unable to give you anything in the "form and order" which a biography should — that it may be whole and symmetrical — present to the reader. Officer McWatters belongs to the class of men who *make* history, — the actors and workers in life, — rather than those who merely write history, or who so order their lives, and keep diaries, that their biographers can readily follow them from the cradle to the tomb.

Officer McWatters is widely known in New York. Everybody recognizes him as an active philanthropist, of the practical school; yet but a few of all, if any, if called upon as I am, to make detail of the deeds of his life, could place his hand upon this or that, and say, "This is McWatters' work," without some investigation; and for the most part of what I have collected, I have been obliged to search the public journals.

I am indebted, also, for sundry facts, to several of Officer McWatters's personal acquaintances, and have also drawn upon my own memory somewhat for facts which have come to my knowledge during an acquaintanceship with Mr. McWatters of about sixteen years. But I have not attempted to put things in their order, to any great extent; for there is no such thing as a "*course* of events" (the "Declaration of Independence" to the contrary notwithstanding). Events are individuate, each a completion in itself, and the great deeds of any man's life are usually individual, and not dependently connected with each other.

But in the accompanying papers I send you such a hurriedly executed biographical sketch of Officer McWatters as the short time you have allowed me would permit, trusting that, notwithstanding all its literary imperfections, it will not, so far as it goes, be found wanting in due appreciation, at least, of the noble career of a faithful, true man, who has done, earnestly and with loving spirit, his share of good deeds; and who merits both the respect and affection of all who prize what is gentle, brave, honorable, and honest in life.

Very respectfully yours,

S.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

OFFICER GEORGE S. McWATTERS.

THE subject of these Notes is now about fifty-seven years of age, — a hale, hearty, rosy-faced man, agile, lithe of limb, in the full vigor of life; and were it not for his gray beard and hair, might easily pass as not over forty years of age. Always temperate in his habits, he has, notwithstanding the many hardships of his life, some of which would have broken down less vigorous constitutions than his, preserved to himself the blessing of health and the hues of youth in a remarkable degree. He is of a medium height, with a countenance not only always fresh and rosy, but beaming with benevolence — "a good face to look into," to quote Carlyle. Judging from Officer McWatters' physiognomy, and from his style of speech, it would be difficult to declare him to be either Scotch, Irish, or English; he might, by many, be considered an American by birth and education, especially if he were to assume the name "Hudson," "Clark," or "Hyde," for example.

WHERE HE WAS BORN AND REARED.

It matters not in what country a man may have been born, whatever the institutions under which one is reared

may have to do with the formation of his character; and as to Officer McWatters' place of birth, we are not absolutely certain, but believe he was born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, and was taken thence by his parents, at an early age, to the north of Ireland, where he was reared.

It is easy to conjecture that a man like Mr. McWatters must have had a more or less ambitious boyhood; and his friends have sometimes heard him recite the wakeful dreams he as a youth indulged in, of "the beautiful land beyond the western waters." Officer McWatters was evidently born out of place, for he is intensely democratic in his sentiments, more so than most native-born Americans, and manifests an appreciation of free institutions, which not unfrequently rises to the sublime, or intensifies to the pathetic. It is doubtful, for example, that during the late civil war there could have been found in all the land a man who took a deeper, soul-felt interest in the integrity of the republic than he. But of this farther on.

Mr. McWatters after receiving a very respectable education in the schools of the north of Ireland, became a mechanic; but the monotonous life of a working-man there, was ill suited to an ardent nature like his; and while yet a young man, full of the spirit of adventure, he left his Irish home, and proceeded to London, where he pursued his trade, and eventually married a most estimable lady, who has ever been to him a helpmeet indeed. By this lady Mr. McWatters is the father of a very interesting family of some six children, who have been carefully reared, and have enjoyed excellent opportunities of education. Miss Charlotte, the eldest daughter of Mr. McWatters, a lady of refined culture, as well as extreme personal graces and attractions, was married in October, 1860, to Signor Errani, then the distinguished tenor of the Academy of Music, and who not only occupies a first class position in his profession, but is a gentleman of marked intel lectuality and extensive literary acquirements.

London is a world-school in itself. What a man cannot learn there of arts, sciences, and literature and of all the various phases of humanity, from the worse or lower than the barbarian, up to the highest type which "Natural Selection," according to the Darwinian theory, has developed, he would be unable to learn in any other spot of Earth. Though young yet mature, and with an active, inquiring brain it cannot be supposed that Mr. McWatters allowed the grand opportunity for observation which life in London gave him, to pass profitlessly. Going from among the stiff Presbyterian forms of life in the north of Ireland, which must have been galling to a spirit like his, directly to London with all its social freedoms, the change was a great one for him, and must have piqued his intelligence to the keenest examination and scrutiny of his new surroundings.

In London dwell the best as well as the worst people to be found in the world. The advanced spirits, philosophers and reformers, whom the civilization of other European countries is not sufficiently developed to tolerate, seek the asylum of England and make London their home; so, too, of the criminal classes. The most murderous thieves and burglars find in London a hiding place and theatre of operations. London, which was too large even fifty years ago, and was then emphatically one of those accursed "vampires upon the public weal," as Jefferson declared all cities to be, has grown marvelously since, and continues to grow to the wonder of all political economists, who are at a loss to determine wherefore. But such is the fact, and into this great seething sea of human life was it that Mr. McWatters plunged in his first essay at "studying human nature" away from the narrow field of his boyhood's observations. Whoever resides in London, and acquaints himself with what is about him, and mingles in the city's strifes, and comes out unscathed need not fear to trust himself anywhere in the world.

Migrates to the United States.

Mr. McWatters, after sojourning in London for a while after his marriage, betook himself, with his estimable wife, to this Land of Promise. In London he had made the acquaintance of many of the leading men most interested in questions bearing upon sociology, humane reforms, and philanthropic efforts at the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes. His warm heart became greatly aroused in seconding the needed reforms which his keen intellect demonstrated were urgent for the good of not only the laborers of London, but of the working classes everywhere; and he brought with him to this country what may properly be termed an intense general anti-slavery spirit, embracing in its sympathy not only chattel-slaves, but wages-slaves, of every kind and color. And this may properly be said to be the chief characteristic of Mr. McWatters; and that he has made this felt for the good of his fellow-men as effectively, perhaps, as any other man living, considering his means and the sphere in which he has operated, cannot be questioned by any one who has attentively read our city journals of the last ten years especially.

The writer has gathered, and has before him, not less than two hundred and twenty different extracts from the papers of New York, in all of which Mr. McWatters is complimentarily spoken of in reference to his benevolent action, his humanitary deeds to the poor and suffering, or his active coöperation with some great public charity.

Mr. McWatters, though gifted with that untiring industry, clear, native intelligence, and wide understanding of men and things, which conquer fortunes in money for their possessors, has never achieved fortune for himself, so busily has he been engaged in deeds of benevolence. At the expense of his heart he could never afford the time to make a fortune. The like fact has marked the history of many other philanthropic spirits, and should redound as much to

their credit, as does the same to that of certain great scholars whose devotion to science would never allow them the opportunity for turning their great talents to money-making. It is reported of Professor Agassiz, the great scientist, that being asked by some admirer of his vast talents (and who knew that he rejoiced not in a large share of "this world's goods" in the shape of money), why he did not turn his attention to money-making, and get rich, as he would be sure to do soon, he replied, "I cannot afford the time."

Settles in Philadelphia, and studies Law.

Soon after arriving in this country, Mr. McWatters made his way to Philadelphia, where he took up his residence. After various vicissitudes, he gave his time (1848–9) for a year to the study of the law, under William R. Dickerson, Esq., a Philadelphia lawyer of large practice, but a man of that stamp of character which made him of peculiar value as a collector of debts, especially in doubtful cases. He was rigid, exacting, and uncompromising with debtors. Mr. McWatters reveled in the study of Blackstone, Kent, Chitty, etc., and looked forward with eagerness to the time when he should be prepared to enter the "glorious lists" of the Knights of the Bar.

A Heart too soft for a Lawyer.

But a change was to come suddenly over the spirit of his beautiful dream, and which he foresaw not. Eventually Mr. Dickerson intrusted Mr. McWatters with sundry collections. He found this branch of the business unpleasant in its performance. His soft heart ached for the poor debtors. He could not nerve himself to act the part of an extortioner. When a poor widow, or orphans, or some discouraged man just arisen from a sick bed, and in arrears for rent, etc., shed tears in reciting his sufferings, Mr. McWatters forgot the lawyer in the humanitarian.

Finally, one day he was sent to collect a debt of a poor

shoemaker, who was barely able to get bread enough for himself and his family to subsist upon. The laws of Pennsylvania exempt from civil process certain portions of a housekeeper's furniture; but when contracting for rent, the housekeeper may waive his right to such exemption, if he likes. The poor shoemaker in question had done so; but in order to distrain his goods for the debt, — in other words, to take away his very bed, and other necessary furniture, — it was incumbent upon the officer to get peaceable admittance into the house; and that he might do so in this case, Mr. McWatters was sent forward to effect entrance as a person seeking the shoemaker's service, while the constable had his post at a corner near by, and was to rush in when the door should be opened.

The whole thing was sickening to Mr. McWatters. He went, however, as ordered, and rapped at the door, the officer watching at his post. For a reason most creditable to Mr. McWatters' heart, but which may be left here only to the reader's surmise, that door, which was unlocked when he rapped, became duly locked, without the officer's being any the wiser as to *how* it was done, and entrance was not then effected.

This was the crowning grief to Mr. McWatters' disgust with the practice of the law, and he quitted the further study of the "science" thereof, feeling that he could never harden his heart to the practice of a profession which often requires much of unscrupulousness of conscience and such mercilessness. But his year's study became of great service to him later in life, when called upon as a detective officer, or member of the Metropolitan Police force, in sudden emergencies, when a knowledge of the law in this or that particular was necessary for judicious action.

Departs for California.

About this time the great exodus from the United States, in fact from all parts of the world, to the California gold diggings, began. Mr. McWatters arranged his affairs,

and migrated, with tens of thousands more, to the new El Dorado. But he was not happy there. The mad strife for gold overwhelmed all other things there. Men, in general, lost whatever of conscience they carried there, and the whole population was plunged in vices or crimes of one kind or another. Mr. McWatters found that he was not constituted to engage in such reckless warfare at the expense of all that was manly and good, and after nine months came to New York, which has since been his home.

Back in New York.

Soon after his return from California, Mr. McWatters became associated with Laura Keene, the actress, as her agent in New York and Buffalo; and it was while he was at this time associated with her (for he was connected with her in subsequent engagements) that Mr. McWatters was first called upon to enact the part of a detective.

To his success in this instance referred to may be attributed the series of wonderful articles which constitute "Knots Untied;" for had he failed on that occasion, it is probable that he would never have had confidence to attempt again the critical *rôle* which the successful detective must necessarily play; and the literature of the age would therefore have lacked the charming contribution of the mysterious revelations of hidden life which Mr. McWatters has made in these spirited tales.

It would be pleasing to the writer to make allusion here in detail, somewhat, to that incident, and other affairs in which Mr. McWatters became engaged, and which have come to the writer's knowledge, but which Mr. McWatters has not seen fit to reveal in "Knots Untied;" but it would, perhaps, be an unwarranted act to do so. He has conceived the design of the book to suit his own tastes, of course; and while he has in these articles struck a chord which cannot but awaken in the popular mind a rich responsive appreciation of his book, yet he cannot expect to suit everybody's taste in every respect.

Mr. McWatters as Agent and Lecturer.

It is not attempted here to give the current of Mr. McWatters' life as it occurred, in successive steps; indeed, the writer is not sure in respect to dates in all cases, possessing only the facts in substance. But not long after Mr. McWatters' first engagement with Miss Keene was determined, he became the exhibiting lecturer accompanying a grand panorama of a "Journey to California by Water and back by Land," and it is not difficult to conceive that with his experiences as a traveller, his residence in California, and his gifts as a public speaker, he made the "Journey" a matter of great delight to his audiences. The panorama was exhibited in the chief cities and towns of various States.

Subsequently Mr. McWatters became the agent of the late Countess of Lansfeldt, more generally known as Lola Montez, which he continued to be until nearly the time of her death. Much has been written about Lola, — much which is false, as well as much which is true. She was, in some respects, particularly social ones, a great woman, but had her weaknesses, like other mortals. Lola, like many, was inclined to occasional religious fits; and this fact suggests an incident worthy of recital, since it illustrates something of the life of persons of much public note.

Anecdote of Lola Montez and Laura Keene.

Reference has been made to Mr. McWatters' association with Laura Keene. At a certain time Lola Montez became very religious, and continued so for a while. During her pious enthusiasm she determined to sell her theatrical wardrobe, consisting of splendid dresses, and dress-patterns (unmade-up), stage jewelry, of magnificent description, etc. She requested Mr. McWatters to offer them for sale to Laura Keene. He took some of the "goods" to Laura, whose purse at that time was rather limited. She could

not gratify herself with the purchase of all, but selected a very heavy, rich dress-pattern, for which she paid in part, but on which Mr. McWatters trusted her for the sum of twenty-five dollars. When Mr. McWatters reported the sale to Lola, she was angry that he had trusted Laura.

Miss Keene was then running the Olympic Theatre. John Duff was her manager, together with Leutz, her husband. Laura wished to surprise them with the story of her new purchase, and had sent it off privately to have it made up gorgeously. When she heard that Lola was angry at Mr. McWatters' having trusted her, she sent for the dress; found it finished; declared that she had already paid for it all it was worth, but sent Mr. McWatters to some merchant's to have the goods appraised; whereupon he found that it was not dress-goods at all, but stuff for covering furniture, — known by all ladies now as "rep." Mr. McWatters reporting the discovery, Laura became angry, and sent the dress, with all its costly trimmings on, to Lola. Lola got angry again in turn, and tore off the trimming (which she sent back to Laura), and burned up the dress.

Mr. McWatters solving Social Problems.

Mr. McWatters was busily occupied in connection with theatres, etc., for a long period, more or less interspersed with his enterprises as a detective officer, and his busy life was richly freighted with interesting experiences.

Mr. McWatters has ever been greatly interested in social problems, having in view the emancipation of the laboring classes from their more grievous burdens, and belongs, in his sympathies, to that class of humanitarians who see in Association something like a realization of the teachings of the Founder of Christianism; and at one time was practically engaged with several other philanthropists, in an experiment partaking considerably of Coöperation, but which unhappily failed of its desired success for want of more, and better disciplined coöperatives therein. It would be interesting to the reader, but out of place here

to present something particular of the history of the experiment alluded to.

Our Subject and the Public Press.

The writer has before him, clipped from the public journals, the record of remarkable incidents enough in Mr. McWatters' life to fill a small volume of themselves, only a few of which can properly be alluded to in a cursory biography. Such men's lives are often illustrated by "hairbreadth escapes," or signal good fortune under trying circumstances; but it is doubtful that a more singular and happily ending affair has ever occurred in any man's experience than one, the record of which was made at the time in the New York Dispatch of June 20, 1858, and which is here copied in full.

"Pusillanimous Highwaymen. — Two Knights of the Road Frightened by a Spectacle Case. — At a few minutes to one o'clock yesterday morning, Mr. G. S. McWatters, late door-keeper at Laura Keene's theatre, was passing through Bleecker Street, near Mott. Suddenly two men sprang at him from behind a tree, one catching him around the waist, and the other making a grab at his throat. With a quick and powerful effort, turning himself around, he managed to fling from him the one who had hold of his waist; and quickly taking from his side coat-pocket a silver spectacle case, he drew his hand back with great emphasis, cautioning the other fellow not to advance a step, or he would stab him to the heart. The second fellow evidently mistook the glistening of the spectacle case in the moonlight as the gleaming of steel, for in double-quick time he took to his heels, followed by his companion, whose fall, as the result proved, had not detracted from his nimble-footedness. Mr. McWatters let the fellows run, very prudently avoiding imposing a task upon his lungs by calling for the police. It is thought they followed him for his money, of which he had a considerable amount about him."



McWATTERS' SPECTACLE CASE.

Mr. McWatters enters the Metropolitan Police Force.

Passing over a period in Mr. McWatters' busy life, checkered with incidents and exploits of a marvellous kind in his career as a private detective, as well as much that is interesting of his active participation in many measures of a politico-reformatory and socialistic nature, we find that Mr. McWatters entered the Metropolitan Police force in 1858, wherein he distinguished himself, for the period of twelve years, up to October 17, 1870, when he resigned his post,—not only as a most effective and reliable officer in routine duties, but also by many suggestions and plans of enlarging the utility of the force to the community in general. For instance, we find in the New York World, of date November 22, 1860, an article under the head "Information to Railroad and Steamboat Passengers," which dilates, to some considerable extent, and most complimentarily, upon the beneficent results to the public of the operations of a detachment of the police force, "called the Railroad and Steamboat Squad," by which travellers visiting New York, and passing through, were saved from the impositions and robberies of ticket swindlers, hotel runners, unprincipled boarding-house keepers, etc., by encountering the travellers before they leave the cars and steamboats, and giving them all requisite information in regard both to the swindlers, and how best, most safely and economically to conduct their sojourn in the city. The World's article concludes with stating, that "this plan originated with Officer McWatters, who, we know, was for a long time an efficient, and one of the most popular officers attached to this section of the force."

How well Officer McWatters performed his individual duties in connection with this squad, might be illustrated by the quotation of an article entitled "Personal," in the Daily Tribune of July 7, 1860, which is most highly complimentary of Officer McWatters, but is too long to be incorporated here.

Mr. McWatters' onerous vocation as a policeman did not forbid his finding time for earnest participation in many matters not pertaining to his special duties as an officer. Indeed, it would seem that, with all his labors, he found more time to devote to good causes outside of his police duties than many men of leisure and benevolent spirit think themselves able to bestow. It is said that none find so little leisure time to do anything as the wholly indolent and unoccupied, and the more a man has to do of daily labor, the more time can he find to attend to extra calls upon his services. Officer McWatters seems to have practicalized this "doctrine," for, judging from the several hundred extracts before us, taken from the New York journals for the last ten years, one would be led to think that Officer McWatters possessed the attribute or faculty of ubiquity, for we find him "here, and there, and everywhere" in the city, and without it, in attendance upon reform meetings; or advocating humanitary measures from the rostrum, for Officer McWatters is a forcible public speaker. The suffering and starving people of Kansas (1861) we find elicited his warm sympathies and active exertions in their behalf, expressed by the practical mode of raising contributions for their aid. In the Evening Post of October 2, 1861, we find allusion to Officer McWatters as the Secretary of the Patriotic Association of Metropolitan Police (of which, in conjunction with the late Inspector Carpenter, if the writer is not mistaken, Officer McWatters was the originator), which was organized to afford support to the families of policemen who joined the Metropolitan Brigade in the war for the Union.

Personal Incidents.

Chancing to turn at this moment to the New York World of March 14, 1861, the writer finds that on the day before Officer McWatters "immersed" himself in the North River, plunging in to rescue a six-years-old boy, who had fallen off the dock. In the Sunday Mercury of April 7, five weeks

after the occurrence last mentioned, we find Officer McWatters aiding in the rescue of another boy from a watery grave; and in the Daily Tribune of March 11, 1861, appears the statement of still another rescue from drowning by Officer McWatters, this time of a man, one Captain William Vanname. We might extend, indefinitely, the list of kindred good deeds by Officer McWatters, as gathered from the public journals; but these will serve to show the fact that he was always to be found in the line of his duty. He was frequently saving life, or performing other noble acts. — But we do not intend to dwell in detail upon the professional life of Officer McWatters in his connection with the Metropolitan Police. It is enough, perhaps, to say in general terms, that he fulfilled his duties nobly well; that from Superintendent Kennedy, under whom, for the most part, he served, his official career received the very warmest praise, and that the public press made frequent complimentary mention of him all along the period of about twelve years during which he was a member of the Metropolitan Police force.

We might also refer for further evidence of Officer McWatters' honorable performance of his official duties and high standing in the force to the expressed opinion of the late Superintendent Jourdan. This gentleman's judgment of the merit of an officer's services was, of course, to a great degree worthy of respect. But though the Latin maxim is, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum" (say only good of the dead), we are constrained to feel, that although Superintendent Jourdan's praise had a certain professional merit, yet his moral character was so questionable, that his commendation of Officer McWatters could hardly add to the merit of the latter, while his taste as a gentleman, and his reverence for the honest and the true, would probably induce him to prefer the non-production here of the former's testimony.

Officer McWatters in the late Civil War: His Foresight.

Officer McWatters' earnest love of, and reverence for the free institutions of the United States, are something extraordinary, it would seem. Reared in the north of Ireland, and having resided in London long enough to thoroughly understand the miseries of the subject-classes of that great metropolis and of England, Officer McWatters was prepared, when he landed on our shores, to render at least due appreciation to republican institutions; and when the late civil war broke out, he entered into the conflict against secession with all his soul. His anxiety to go to the front at the breaking out of the rebellion, and take a soldier's place in the struggle, was only equalled by the bitter regret that he was prevented doing so by untoward circumstances. But what service to the country he was thus forbidden to do upon the field, he fully rendered, in various forms, in his capacity as a most active and enthusiastic patriot at home. Officer McWatters was not of that "noble home guard," so justly and severely ridiculed at the time, who urged others on to the war, and felt satisfied with their achievements in so doing; but he was ever alert in the discovery of ways and means to serve the government, perhaps more effectively than if he had been in the ranks on the field, or had headed a regiment in battle; for if Officer McWatters had gone to the field, such are his temperament, popularity, and capacity, that he could not long have held a position second to that of many men who gained distinction and led New York regiments and brigades —to say nothing of superior leaders.

He was of the number of those (few, indeed, they may operly be said to have been), who, in the early part of e rebellion, took anything like an adequate preview f its results. It appears that, early in the war, he wrote a letter to the press, in which is clearly stated his opinion, that the war "can have no less result than the abolition of

negro slavery." He was prepared for this: implicitly believing in it, he ordered his conduct thereby, and throughout the contest manifested an enthusiasm proportionate to the mighty victory for humanity which he so clearly foresaw was to be won.

First Seizure of Guns at the North.

Always vigilant, and, everywhere that he was able, ready and prompt to serve the government, it must have been a matter of proud satisfaction to Officer McWatters when he made the first seizure of guns which occurred at the North during the war, and which guns were intended by their Northern consignors — sympathizers with the rebellion — to be used by their Southern consignees to shoot down the patriot forces. This seizure is thus recorded in the Tribune of May 12, 1861: —

"The vigilance of the police was yesterday evinced by the seizure of four nine-pound Dahlgren guns by Officer McWatters, of the Steamboat and Railroad Police, on Pier No. 3, North River."

It will be recollected by all who watched the current affairs of the war, that it was in regard to this seizure by Officer McWatters, that Fernando Wood, then Mayor of New York, so infamously and cowardly made an unasked apology to Robert Toombs of Georgia. Communication with the South was not at that time suspended, and he telegraphed to the secessionist his regrets at the seizure, and added assurance that if he had had control of the police the guns should be restored, or that he would have forbidden the seizure. Such was the substance of his telegram. But fortunately for the honor of the nation, as well as of the city of New York, the control of the police had, before that time, been taken from Mayor Wood. But his telegram sent a thrill of shame through all patriotic hearts, and added a new lustre to the merit of Officer McWatters' deed, by the contrast in which it placed the two men, — the dutiful, freedom-loving police officer, and the poor

creature who, having escaped the issues of a criminal trial by pleading the statute of limitations, had been borne on the shoulders of a "Sixth Ward brigade" of repeating voters to the questionable height of the Mayoralty of New York.

It is, perhaps, worthy of note here that the virtues of Fernando Wood have since been duly rewarded by an appreciative constituency in New York, who have sent him for several terms as their fit representative to the Congress of the nation. It is seldom that the historiographer has the opportunity of recording such a lofty expression of the "gratitude of republics;" and the writer hereof takes especial pleasure in fixing it here "in eternal types." Officer McWatters' due reproof for the seizure is fitly found in the fact, that a noble constituency like Wood's, would, if they could, have annihilated him for the deed.

Officer McWatters' Services through the Public Press.

Not only at his post of official duty was it that Officer McWatters rendered efficient service to the government, but throughout the war we find him frequently making noble appeals for aid to the Union in one form or another, or setting forth some judicious plan of operations to secure the same, in able and spirited letters to the Evening Post, the Tribune, etc. It would give the writer pleasure to copy some of these letters herein, especially one which appeared in the Evening Post of October 2, 1861, but the limits of these biographical notes forbid.

In the Tribune of August 5, 1864, appeared a letter from Officer McWatters, from which, notwithstanding our narrow limits, we cannot forbear to make a short quotation, since it so well evinces his spirit, both as a man and a writer, as well as his lofty appreciation of the honor and glory of his adopted country's institutions. A portion of the letter is addressed to working-men, urging them to loan to the nation, in its hour of peril, such sums of money as they could

save; and the letter concludes with these noble words: "Fellow Working-men: I have, by hard scraping, saved one hundred dollars. I am going to lend it to the government. I ask you, in the name of humanity and patriotism, to 'go and do likewise.' Your country demands your assistance; respond generously, quickly; think of the proud eminence on which you stand before the working-men of the world, — *as American citizens!* — and acquit yourselves as though you felt your dignity."

Kindly and Wise Providence.

Often is it, perhaps, that little deeds of gentle and silent charity, care for the suffering, and unostentatious benevolence, speak more eloquently for the heart of a true man, than those of valor on the field of battle in the noblest cause. In the Tribune of June 1, 1863, is copied a certain appeal made a day or two before, and which we recopy below: —

"To the Police of New York: Thousands of soldiers — your fellow-countrymen — are now lying in the hospitals about Washington, suffering from wounds received in battle. Their chief torment is a craving thirst; water is unwholesome, and cannot be given in quantities sufficient to satisfy the craving. The only safe and effectual remedy is found in the juice of lemons, and for a supply of this fruit the kindness of individuals must be appealed to. Twenty-five cents from each member of the force would afford incalculable relief to those who now pine for the want of this simple luxury. Will you help? All money paid over to Inspector Carpenter for this purpose will reach its destination immediately."

This appeal, effectively "displayed" (in the job-printer's parlance), and printed upon small handbills, was secretly circulated among the police, and soon resulted in a contribution by them of the unexpectedly large sum of over six hundred dollars, for lemons for the sick soldiers. Though a small affair in the matter of money, it proved a great one

in other considerations. It was not only a beneficent act, but a very judicious one. From whom the appeal emanated was a profound secret among the police, until, on the 8th of June, 1863, there appeared in the Tribune a notice of a "report" by the late Inspector Carpenter, in which, referring to this matter, he says: "To Patrolman McWatters, of the Twenty-Sixth Precinct, is due the credit of projecting this trifling donation from this department to relieve the sufferings of our sick and wounded soldiers."

In many other quiet and effective ways Officer McWatters administered to the comfort of our soldiers and their families during the war, but we have not space to recall them here. Some of them became known, from time to time, and were recorded in the public journals of the day.

"Riot Week," July, 1863: Officer McWatters in the Thick of the Fight.

During the whole war nothing of a more fearful nature to the cause of the Union occurred than the great riot in New York city, which commenced on Monday, the 13th of July, 1863, and was not subdued until the following Friday. The people of the North were, to a considerable extent, becoming weary of the war, and thousands, if not tens of thousands, who had previously exhibited a good degree of sturdy patriotism, began to wane in their vigor and firmness of purpose, and were ready to "let the rebels go in peace hereafter." But the facts of those perilous days are too fresh in the memory of all to need recital here. The rioters were exultant, and the people stood aghast for a while; but finally the Metropolitan Police force obtained ascendency over the surging elements of the local rebellion, and brought back peace to the city again. But this was not done without more severe effort and a greater destruction of life than was generally understood by the country at large at that time.

Before us is a book, entitled "Record of the Police during the July Riots, 1863," by David M. Barnes, in the

preface of which the author, speaking of the slaughters during those days, says, "The number killed by the police and military in the different conflicts, when alone and united, can never be ascertained; it is estimated by those who witnessed the scenes, and had the best opportunity of judging, at fourteen hundred. The bodies of those killed on the spot were hurriedly taken off, and in many cases conveyed out of the city, or secreted here, and privately buried. Cases of subsequent deaths from wounds, it is known, were attributed to other causes. Eighteen persons are known to have been killed by the rioters, eleven of whom were colored."

We confess ourselves somewhat astonished at so large an estimate of the number killed during the riot; but those were horrible days, indeed, and the estimate is, we think, quite probably within the limits of the truth. The book was published in September, 1863, it appears, — a date a sufficiently long time after the riots to have allowed much careful investigation to have been made. Among the other heroes of those days, whom the author signalizes by especial mention by name, — Commissioner Acton, Superintendent Kennedy, Commissioner Bergen, Chief Clerk Hawley, Inspectors Carpenter, Dilks, and Leonard, etc., — is found our chief subject, as brave, active, earnest, and efficient in the midst of a deathly struggle, as he is ever gentle, kind, and tender in his silent ministrations to the sick, sore, and suffering in the days of peace. On page eighty-two of the book referred to, and where the special history of the conduct of the police of the Twenty-Sixth Precinct is detailed in regard to their conflicts with the mob in the City Hall Park, Printing House Square, and the Tribune Office, the author says, —

"No mercy was shown, and over a hundred lay in the square and park, the well-punished victims of their own folly and crime. While the mob were being thus terribly handled in the street, some of the force turned their attention to the Tribune Building, fighting their way to, and

entering it. The fire had just been lighted, and was readily extinguished. Officer McWatters, on entering the door, was assaulted by a burly ruffian, armed with a hay-rung, who, by a powerful blow on the shoulder, knocked him down; instantly on his feet again, he more than repaid, on the heads of the rioters, the blow. The building was cleared speedily, and not a man in it escaped without severe punishment."

But it is unnecessary to extend comment upon the career of Officer McWatters, as related to the active operations of the war. As a patriot, his name is not only "without spot or blemish," but is one of which the best of citizens might be proud, and of which only such could have made themselves worthy.

Officer McWatters and his Literary Associates.

Before passing on, in direct course, to the most interesting portion of Officer McWatters' life, in which the character of the man, in his intensely benevolent nature, is most beautifully and nobly illustrated in a thousand ways, we pause here to revert to him as a gentleman of general literary tastes, and to his friendly and genial associations with men of letters. Mr. McWatters, in his almost countless letters, and other contributions to the public press, has ever seemed to avoid anything like notoriety, — to be, in short, quite unambitious to secure to himself anything like popular distinction by his pen; for nearly all his contributions to the press have been unaccompanied by his name, and when not literally anonymous, published over various *sobriquets*, known only to a few of his friends at most. Not a few of his most intimate acquaintances will doubtless be surprised when the spirited and elegant series of articles which he now gives to the world in "Knots Untied" reveal to them the man in his higher literary estate, so unostentatious has he been, and so little merit did his modesty permit him to attach to the articles in question, until diffidently submitted by him to the inspection of a few of his

critical literary friends, who, delighted with their engaging style, and appreciating their practical worth, urged the half-astonished author to give them to the public, as a duty he owed to his fellow-citizens.

His course has been altogether a too modest one (if we be permitted to speak in criticism thereof). But, for his own private happiness, Mr. McWatters has never failed to appreciate the society of literary men, and notwithstanding his multiplied duties, official and humanitary, has always managed to find time to cultivate the acquaintance of the most gifted and distinguished literateurs, artists, and so forth, who, during the last fifteen years especially, have given lustre to the great metropolis. A genial man, a good story-teller, courteous under all circumstances, full of sparkling intelligence, generous to an extreme degree, a man of excellent habits as well as refined sentiments, he has always been welcomed by these men of lettered distinction, to whom we refer above.

And here we should be pleased to introduce the names of the most remarkable of Mr. McWatters' literary associates, up to the year 1871, as illustrative of the good taste of our subject. But the record would be too long for place here; besides, we might, while reciting the names of some, fail, through fault of memory, in this hasty writing, to recall those equally worthy of record here. But we have at hand an article clipped from the New York Illustrated News of August 2, 1862, in which is arrayed a list of many of those who at that time were distinguished lights in the literary world, and some of whom have achieved imperishable honors since, while others of the number have been gathered to their fathers — borne to their tombs in the "laureate hearse," after having won and borne upon their brows the bays of many a literary victory.

The article in question descants upon "Pfaff's;" and its literary, artistic, and other distinguished *habitues*. But we will quote it entire for the reader's pleasure, and information, possibly, as well: —

"As so much has been said in the papers, from time to time, about 'Pfaff's,' it may be well to state that the name is descriptive, simply, of a 'restaurant and lager bier saloon,' kept at No. 647 Broadway, by a Teuton of that name, and which, partly from its central position, and partly from the excellence of its fare, has been such a favorite resort, for several years, for artists, literateurs, actors, managers, editors, critics, politicians, and other public characters, as to have become quite famous. It is not, as has been often reported, the rendezvous of a particular clique or club of Bohemians (whatever they may be), but simply a general and convenient meeting-place for cultivated men, and one where, almost any evening, you may meet representatives of nearly every branch of literature and art, assembled, not by appointment, nor from habit even, but 'met by chance, the usual way.' Among the literary men whom we have met there from time to time, during the last three or four years, may be mentioned Walt Whitman, Aldrich, Winter, Stoddard, Bayard Taylor, W. Ross Wallace, W. D. Howells, Frank Otterson, Charles Dawson Shanly, W. H. Fry, Edward Howland, Charles Seymour, 'Doesticks,' 'Artemus Ward,' 'Figaro,' T. C. Evans, E. C. Stedman, Charles F. Briggs, E. G. P. Wilkins, Charles Gayler, J. V. Sears, Harry Neill, E. H. House, Frank Wood, C. Burkhardt, Rosenberg, A. F. Banks, 'Walter Barret,' George Arnold, Charles D. Gardette, 'Howard of the Times,' and Thad. Glover; among artists, Stillman, Palmer, Launt, Thompson, Cafferty, G. H. Hall, Shattuck, Innis, Sewell, Henessy, Loop, Avery, Frank Howland, Homer Martin, Eastman Johnson, Bierstadt, Van Beest, Hitchings, Bellew, Mullen, Anthony, Eytinge, Nast, Baker, Sontag, Boughton, Rowse; and of other well-known characters, Ullman, Strakosch, Maretzek, Grau, Stigelli, Mollenbaur, H. L. Bateman, Nixon, Dolly Davenport, Davidge, Young, Fisher, Floyd, Reynolds, Stuart, Moss, Chanfrau, Mason, the Hanlons, Officer McWatters, J. Augustus Page, Gill Davis, Schauss, Seitz, Brisbane, Dr. Wainwright, etc., etc., including a good number of politicians, and that large class of people, called Germans, without end."

Of this goodly host, the gifted Wilkins; Fry, the erudite, then so distinguished in the editorial and musical world; Arnold, the genial young essayist, poet, and humorist; "Artemus Ward," and perhaps others, long since made their last visit to Pfaff's — their lights of life going out in the peaceful darkness of death, while "their literary torches burn on," — "stars which gleam forever."

And other of these, — Whitman, Stedman, Howells, Aldrich, and Edward Howland, for especial example — (the last four being, in 1862, of the very youngest of the above array), and Bierstadt, Shattuck, etc., have climbed to the

top of Parnassian heights, won bright and solid victories in the field of prose as essayists, historians, etc., or transferred nature to the canvas with that beauty and sublimity of artistic truthfulness which have commanded for them the admiration of the world.

It is with these men, and others of equal order of intellectual and social gifts, that Officer McWatters has passed most of his leisure hours for many years; thus keeping his genial nature and bright intelligence free from the corrosion and canker which eat into the moral and intellectual vitals of the mere business man; and preserving himself physically, too, fresh and buoyant as youth itself. The great number of personal souvenirs which Officer McWatters' author friends have presented him, in the shape of copies of their respective works, constitute quite a "library" in themselves, — a pleasing recognition, grateful to himself and his family, of the excellent social merits, intellect, and moral worth of the man and the officer.

Officer McWatters as the Good Samaritan.

Whatever are our subject's merits otherwise, as a man and an officer, and extreme though was his patriotic zeal during the late civil war, and to which he gave practical expression in the wisest and noblest ways, all these has he eclipsed, and rendered comparatively unworthy of note, by his career since the war as a Good Samaritan, a practical "Home Missionary" (if it be not derogatory to apply to him a designation, however kindly, which usually signifies but little more than a sectarian proselyter of one school or another). Always interested in social problems, Officer McWatters is too intelligent not to fully understand that the fragmentary reforms and the ordinary great charities of the times can never subdue the evils which his heart would abate and banish from society forever. Indeed, it is the opinion of the writer, (however little this may accord with Officer McWatters' views, or however opposed he may

be to so radical sentiments, for herein the writer speaks for himself and no one else), that the availability of charity towards abolishing evil is but pitiable at best. Giving the beggar an old coat, only to be called on by some other beggar for a like coat, and never seeking to abolish beggary and its attendant sufferings by some judicious means of abolishing beggars themselves, by destroying the causes which create them, is unscientific, paltry, and in every way unwise at best.

It is only about nineteen hundred years since the advent of Christianity; and perhaps not over two hundred and fifty millions of people at the present time profess to be Christians, and belong to some of the symbolized divisions of the church, while may be not over three hundred millions more profess to be Christians in spirit; and not much of good could well be expected to grow up in so short a time, and with so few advocates to encourage it; yet the writer confesses that, in some of his weaker moods, he is astonished after all that something has not been done by Christian people to abolish the proximate and fruitful cause of nearly all the crimes and sufferings, namely, poverty. The sufferings of the poor in New York, for example, are terrible to contemplate; and the much-boasted great charities of the metropolis are directed only to temporary relief of the sufferers. This is their highest aspiration even. They proclaim no desire to do more, at best, than to smooth the bed of the sick, and procure "places" for children (to grow up and work for others in), or situations for this woman or that poor man out of employment.

The right of these children and these poor men and women to live at all, and the duty of society to guarantee to the individual the enjoyment of that right, are wholly ignored by them. Year after year they perform their patchwork charities with a patience which would be commendable in the pursuit of science, and which, while it

astonishes the writer at its stupidity, nevertheless commands from him, as he cheerfully confesses, a sort of respect, if not admiration; for many of these charity-doers are really the best of people at heart, and would doubtless, if they knew how, do better, act more wisely. But they are ignorant of better means than they use; and, in fact, it has never occurred to them that better and wiser means ought to be, or could be taken than those they employ, to assuage human suffering.

With his study and understanding of sociology, Officer McWatters must necessarily see, we think, and painfully feel, how meagre and pitiful are the amends which charity makes to those victims whom society has robbed of their rights; and his sense of this must constantly operate to weaken his courage and chill his enthusiasm in the cause of petty or "patchwork" charities. Yet withal so abundant is his good nature, so sensitive his sympathies, that years do not seem to abate his zeal therein at all; and here is the wonder. He keeps on in his good works, though the institutions of society multiply the sufferings he would abate, and bring to his door ten new sufferers *because* he has just aided one old one. As long as such souls as McWatters' continue doing their good deeds, so long will the rapacious and extortionate thank them, and continue to create victims for them to practise their humanity upon. The landlord, whose tenant is poor and sick, is very grateful, of course, to the "charitable society" which helps his tenant to pay the rent; and it is a question with the writer, sometimes, if it were not better that the kind and tender-hearted benefactors of the poor were less numerous; for if the poor were goaded on by suffering a little further, they might, dispelling the mists of ever-fallacious "hope" from before their eyes, come to see their rights, and demand them.

It is to the advantage of the master to feed his chattel-slave sufficiently well to keep him in good strength for work. Charity, under direction of the masters in society,

feeds the working classes only up to the point of usefulness as wages-slaves. It is cheaper for a given present time to keep a poor man in a working condition than it is to let him starve to death, and so incur the expense of burying him. That expresses the *morale* of the master-classes' "consideration" of the subject-classes; and here in the United States the "tender love" of the strong for the weak is just as marked as in other lands, perhaps; but, alas! no more so, notwithstanding our boasted love of "liberty and right."

But we remarked that Officer McWatters must understand all this, and yet pursues his constant course of charities. Not for the wisdom (or the lack of it, as the case may be) which prompts or permits him to do the thousand acts of benevolence for which he is noted, is it that he commands so much of our admiration, but for that tireless sympathy and wondrous vitality of benevolence (so to characterize it) which ever bestir him, notwithstanding his clear understanding that he will, and can alone, only mitigate effects, and not cure causes; that he is "carrying coals to Newcastle" all the while, or is putting one brick on a pile, only to see a dozen fall therefrom; and this, though he repeats it day after day.

As we have before remarked, Officer McWatters is not a rich man, save in his own good nature and the affection of his multitudinous friends; and *his* charities mean something to his purse, drawing from it constantly whatever he can find time or opportunity to place there; for, if the writer is correctly informed, Officer McWatters has never received a cent for his multifarious labors in connection with any of the several organized charities to which he is attached. As a member of the Metropolitan Police he received his salary, rendering therefor his full duty; and this was all he had to support himself and family upon; and that was constantly depleted by his benevolence, as we have remarked before. In view of these facts, Officer McWatters is elevated, in our esteem, to the rank of the

Howards, and the other marked philanthropists of the world.

McWatters and the Soldiers.

During the late civil war, as we have said, Officer McWatters took a deep and patriotic interest in the conflict. This was manifested in many ways, particularly towards the soldiers and their families; and he has not forgotten them since. Whatever the reader may think of a man who in this age allows himself to go deliberately into a contest, the avowed purpose of which is to maim and kill his fellow-men, for any cause; or what he may think of that order of society which compels a man to enlist in a cause of cruelty and blood (as hosts of men were driven into the rebel ranks at the point of the bayonet, or by conscription, or want of something else to do, however remonstrating), ought to have but little bearing upon the case of the veteran soldier now.

Our Northern soldiers went to the war with the assurance of the public press, and the declaration of hundreds of thousands of those who remained at home, but who gathered in crowds ("to see the soldiers *off*") at the places of departure, that they should, on their return, receive the gratitude of those for whom they fought. Promises were abundant, and the poor, confiding fellows for the most part believed them, and on the battle-field found consolation for their hardships and dangers in the love of those they had left behind, and which, poured forth in unstinted measure on their return, was to be their "good and abundant reward." Poor fellows! they have learned, for the most part, the value of their countrymen's love; they have learned how priceless is the glory of an arm or a leg lost, since it secures for them, who only had precarious homes before, a permanent home in the poor-house, or has led them to the due consideration of the virtue of economy; the estimable and superior value of rags over the whole coats they used to wear; of temperance in eating, and other like virtues. Very few care for the "veter-

an soldier" now, and his family is left to starve with those of other paupers, or with those of the imprisoned criminal. This is the sad truth; and were another civil war to arise to-day, probably but very few of the old rank and file, who are still strong and able, would muster around the standard again, but would generously suggest to those who remained at home before, that they might now win all the victories, and enjoy all the glory.

But there are a few in the community who have not forgotten the maimed veterans and their suffering families; and chief among these few is Officer McWatters; for we hazard nothing in saying, that, all things considered, there cannot be found another person, male or female, in the whole land, who has done more for the poor soldiers and their families than he. He seems to be impelled in his constant care for them by what amounts to almost a generous frenzy, and which might so be denominated were it not that his deeds in their behalf are always directed by wisdom; it is a passion, at least, with him; the poetry of his current life.

Ladies' Union Relief Association.

Officer McWatters is an active member of several charitable organizations; but that under which the greater share of his benevolent deeds have been done for the last five or six years during which he has been connected with it, is the Ladies' Union Relief Association. This is an organization, under the directorship of several benevolent ladies of distinguished social position in New York, such as the wives of Messrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Ex-Mayor Havemeyer, Dr. Joseph Worster, Henry Dwight, J. A. Kennedy (President), William E. Churchill, etc., with Miss Evelina S. Hamilton, as Corresponding Secretary, Miss Madeline McKibben, Recording Secretary, and Miss Marianna Hale, Treasurer of the Association. This organization has an advisory board, composed of Generals Dix, Van Vliet, Butler, Rev. Drs. Chapin and Thompson,

Hon. W. F. Havemeyer, Drs. Herrick and Worster, Messrs. Theodore Roosevelt, George Bliss, Jr., William E. Dodge, Jr., and many other distinguished gentlemen. But the chief and most active man of the board is our subject, Officer George S. McWatters, with whom, and his constant aid, this benevolent Association would not willingly part.

The Ladies' Union Relief Association undertake to assist the sick and disabled veteran soldiers and their families, and the families of deceased soldiers; and their self-imposed duties are very onerous, and a vast amount of charitable work do they, visiting the sick and taking to them the necessaries of life, paying their rents, clothing the children; finding places of employment for the ex-soldier, or his widow, or family; furnishing this or that one means of transportation to the far West, for example, when offered a home there with some relative, etc., etc. These duties are constant. The field is always a large one; and in a season like that of 1870–71, when business is dull, and employment is scarce, the poor of New York suffer extremely. It is in such a season that the relations of poverty to the wealth which its labors have created (for the workers are ever the poor), is seen in painful relief upon the face of society.

In the performance of his voluntarily assumed duties under this Association, Officer McWatters found nearly all his time, aside from that strictly required by his official duties, occupied, nights as well as days. At the police headquarters, where he held a detailed position, the poor and suffering flocked to him during the day for advice and succor; and when off duty as a policeman, he gave his time to visiting and aiding them in their squalid homes.

The Ex-Superintendent Kennedy cordially seconded Officer McWatters in his benevolent work, and gave him every facility for receiving the poor at the police office. In this way he was enabled, while fulfilling his duties as

a policeman, to gratify his heart with kindly attention to the poor. But eventually Superintendent Kennedy was superseded by Mr. Jourdan. Jourdan was, it would appear, an unfeeling man. He refused to let the soldiers visit the headquarters in search of Officer McWatters, and declared that they were "dirty, and smelled bad," and that he would no longer suffer them to come. Thus Officer McWatters' mendicant clientage was prohibited consulting with him during the hours of police duty, and he felt that his dearest, most cherished "occupation," was almost "gone." His sphere of pleasant, though onerous duties, was limited, and he fretted under the restraint of the rule which prevented the poor to approach him — a man whom the Rev. Dr. Bellows declares, when referring to the poor soldiers, to be "one of their few steady, laborious, and judicious benefactors."

But death came, and laid Superintendent Jourdan in the grave — the common earth — as lowly as the graves of the "dirty," poor soldiers whom he despised. It is a significant fact that this man Jourdan's remains were followed to the tomb by many distinguished citizens of New York, — politicians, men of wealth and professional good standing, and others. But perhaps it is not so strange after all that he should have been so honored in New York, for Fernando Wood has been mayor of the city; and many who have grown rich by political thieving are kept in office, and Jim Fisk, Jr., is not only suffered to live within the city limits, but has been elected to the post of colonel of the Ninth Regiment, and is actually extolled by great numbers of the people. Crime is no great stain to any man in New York if he but have money, or is in the "line" of making it fast. The city's moral worth reposes, for the most part now, with the few members of the churches who are what they profess to be, and with the benevolent and Christian women, — comparatively few in number, — like those of the Ladies' Union Relief Association, and the few Howards, whose best representative is officer McWatters.

Jourdan's death, however, did not abate the unjust rule he had made, forbidding the poor to seek their friends at the headquarters of the police, and Officer McWatters, unwilling longer to follow for a livelihood a calling by which he was prevented from honoring the dictates of his heart by doing all which he might do in some other vocation for the poor soldiers and their families, determined on resigning his post. While he was casting about for such a position, some of his friends, among whom were Rev. Dr. Bellows, President of the United States Sanitary Commission (and who cheerfully says of Officer McWatters, "The evidence is overwhelming that few private persons have given so much time and effectual aid to the friendless class as he"), Wm. Cullen Bryant, and other gentlemen of high character; and the ladies of the Relief Association, who were unwilling to part with his invaluable coöperation, sought, for Officer McWatters, a place in the custom-house, where the lingering sway of no heartless Jourdan would oppress him. Officer McWatters' desire being made known to Collector Murphy, he, be it said to his honor, immediately and generously offered him a situation which would enable him to earn his living, and continue his benevolent work; and on the 17th of October, 1870, Officer McWatters tendered the resignation of his place as policeman to the Commissioners, by the following letter, a copy of which we take from the New York Dispatch of the 23d of that month:—

"New York, October 17, 1870.

"*To the Hon. Board of Police Commissioners of New York.*

"Gentlemen: I beg respectfully to offer my resignation as a patrol policeman, the same to take effect on Tuesday, October 18, 1870.

"This step has been rendered necessary for the following reasons: I have been prohibited by your representative, the late Superintendent, from employing my spare time in the fulfilment of a duty which, in common with all good citizens, I owe to the defenders of our country, the sick and disabled soldiers, and to the widows and orphans of those who perished in the late war; and being determined to fulfil that duty, I have obtained em-

ployment elsewhere, under circumstances that will enable me to continue to assist and advise these poor people.

"Respectfully asking your acceptance of my resignation, I remain, gentlemen, yours, &c.,

"GEORGE S. MCWATTERS."

The public journals of the times made most complimentary allusion to Officer McWatters when noticing his withdrawal from the police force and acceptance of a post in the custom-house. They spoke of him — but perhaps it were well to let some of them "speak for themselves." We reproduce here the following (all we have space for in this article) from the New York Evening Post and the Daily Times. The former remarked thus: —

"The resignation of George S. McWatters deprives the police force of one of its most faithful and efficient members; but, on the other hand, it enables Mr. McWatters to continue his benevolent and gratuitous services in behalf of the wounded soldiers, and the widows and orphans of those who fell during the late war. Mr. McWatters proposes to open an office, under the auspices of the Ladies' Union Relief Association, and of General Butler, in his capacity of President of the Board of Managers of the National Homes for Disabled Soldiers, where, at certain hours each day, he can be consulted, and will offer relief and assistance. There is now no place in this city where this class of persons can get advice without paying roundly for it, and running the danger of falling into the hands of unprincipled claim agents. Mr. McWatters intends to give his service gratuitously in this good cause, as he has been doing for the last five or six years. He is now filling an office in the custom-house, and Collector Murphy has shown his discriminating good sense in making the appointment."

The Times said: —

"The appointment of Mr. George S. McWatters to the position of storekeeper, under the New York custom-house, was most judicious, and will be heartily approved by those who are familiar with the man and his good deeds. He has been connected with the police department of the city for the past twelve years, and never had a charge preferred against him in all that time. Since the war, in addition to his police duties, he has been an indefatigable worker for the interests of sick and disabled soldiers, and the families of those who died in battle. Hundreds of cases have been investigated by him, and relief obtained for the unfortunate in scores of instances. For these services Mr. McWatters received no remuneration whatever, save the gratitude of those who were the object of his beneficence. His merits were recognized by the collector, and hence the offer of an appointment, which was accepted a few days after."

Thus it was that Officer McWatters ended his connection with the Metropolitan Police, with the honor of the public for his faithfulness and efficiency as an officer, and the applause of all good people for his benevolence and laborious services in the cause of philanthropy. This brings us to the month of October, 1870; since which time Officer McWatters has been attending to his duties as an officer in the custom-house, and pursuing his career as a "Good Samaritan" as usual.

The Swindling Bounty Claim Agents.

In these biographical notes it has not been attempted to preserve chronological order throughout, as the reader has observed, and we now revert to sundry important facts in Officer McWatters' history, which have been passed over by us without allusion. Perhaps the chief service which McWatters has rendered to the soldiers is the successful war he waged against the Bounty Claim Agents in 1868–69. As the law regarding bounties then stood, the agents were able to grossly swindle the soldiers. And many of these agents, all over the land, and probably the most of them, did swindle them. To appreciate the full merit of Officer McWatters in circumventing the swindling agents, it is necessary to understand how they operated with poor soldiers; and as we find in the New York Times of March 21, 1869, a succint explanation of their mode of operations, we transfer a portion of the article containing it to these pages. It will be found interesting as an item in the history of the times (as well as a comment upon the beauties of civilization in general). The article is headed "Bounty Swindlers," and goes on to say: —

"Herman, who is well known as a former claim agent in this city, is now at large, under forfeited bail of ten thousand dollars, for swindling discharged soldiers, who were credulous enough to trust him, out of their well-deserved bounties. It is estimated by the authorities that he made nearly twenty thousand dollars by these operations, which he has so carefully disposed of that it cannot be recovered by his unfortunate victims.

There are, perhaps, fifty others of the same stripe in this city, who have gathered small fortunes by thus defrauding the soldier or his widow and orphans.

"To protect the soldiers from these sharks, Mr. French, Second Auditor of the Treasury Department at Washington, has, from time to time, suspended all business transactions with them. This had the effect of stopping the frauds for a while, but the swindlers soon found a method of overcoming the obstruction. This they did by procuring willing tools through whom they operated as successfully as ever.

"There are said to be thousands of dishonest agents all over the United States, who are continually engaged in this nefarious business. They are principally lawyers who have no reputation to lose, and who, therefore, are indifferent to public opinion.

"The *modus operandi* by which these swindles are carried on is as follows: A. is a discharged soldier, B. the claim agent. A. calls on B., and requests him to procure his bounty money for him. A. is informed that, in order to enforce his claim, it will be necessary for him to intrust B. with his certificate of honorable discharge, to be forwarded to Washington as a voucher. Thus far the transaction is legitimate; but now comes the trickery. B. further informs A. that there is another paper to be forwarded with the discharge, a blank, which he (A.) must sign. It is merely a matter of form, B. says, which the government requires, for some reason best known to itself. The signature is given, and the soldier goes away, assured that within a few days his check will be ready for him. The paper to which, in his ignorance, A. signed his name, turns out to be an absolute power of attorney conferred upon B., not only to enforce the claim, but also to indorse the draft when it is received, and to collect the money therefor at the bank. Thus authorized, B. draws the cash at the proper time, puts it into his own pocket, and keeps it there. A. calls for his money at the appointed time, but is put off with the excuse that the return has not yet been made by the department at Washington. This explanation is repeated each time that A. calls, until, finally, he becomes suspicious of unfair dealing, and peremptorily demands either his certificate or the bounty. As a rule, this demand leads to the speedy unfolding of the base villany. B. acknowledges that he has collected the money, and adds that he has spent it, but that he will refund it as soon as he is able to do so. The claim agent having acted by full power of attorney in the matter, cannot be prosecuted criminally, and the only remedy open to the victimized soldier is a civil suit for the recovery of the amount of his claim. The remedy is ineffectual, however, by reason of the fact that the swindler has no property out of which to satisfy judgment, and the soldier being too poor to prosecute the case, the affair ends at this point.

"There are now in the Second Auditor's office as many as sixty-five thousand unsettled bounty claims, representing about four millions five hundred thousand dollars, and by the recent passage of another bounty act, that sum will soon be augmented by nearly five hundred thousand dollars. It will thus be seen that, unless some measures are taken by

government to prevent it, five million dollars more will pass into the hands of swindling agents, to the great loss of those for whose benefit it was intended."

But long before this article appeared in the Times, Officer McWatters had been reflecting upon a measure for rescuing the poor soldiers from the despoiling grasp of the agents. He had laid his plans before the Ladies' Union Relief Association, and the good ladies, at once appreciating it, commissioned him to go, in the name of the Association, to Washington, and procure, if possible, the immediate carrying out of his plan, which consisted of certain changes in the law. He went at once to the Capital, and called upon President Grant, who kindly received him, and to whom he unfolded his plan. The Military Committee of the Senate were also visited, and they, as the President had likewise done, gave Mr. McWatters assurances of their sympathy with his designs, which they proceeded to directly express, by a proposed change in the law, which was in due time made. Messrs. Wilson and Howe of the Senate, General Butler and General Logan of the House, were particularly earnest and active in aiding Officer McWatters to accomplish his great aim in this matter. A resolution "for the protection of soldiers and their heirs," according to Officer McWatters' plan, after passing both Houses of Congress, received the approval of the President, and became a law on the 10th of April, 1869, and thousands of soldiers have since blessed their ever warm and judicious friend, McWatters, for one of the very best deeds that has been done in their behalf since the war. Lodges of the Grand Army of the Republic, in all parts of the country, passed votes of compliment and gratitude to him; and the press, also, was everywhere laudatory of him.

The new law forbids the Treasury and Pay Departments paying bounties due the soldiers to any claim agent, or upon "any power of attorney, transfer, or assignment whatever;" but provides that the money due shall be sent directly to the soldier or his heirs, by draft, on their order,

or through the Freedman's Bureau, or state agents appointed specially for that purpose, etc., at no cost to the soldier or his heirs. The law also provides, that the government shall retain in its hands such proper fees as may be due to the claim agents for their services in procuring bounties, which fees are subject to the agents' order; thus securing to them all that is justly their due, while also, in a truly Christian or motherly way, shielding them from the temptation to rob the poor soldier or his heirs of everything. (One object of governments, we are told by sundry "great writers on Law," is to protect the morals of the people; which we are very glad to be assured of—sometimes. It is refreshing to be told that a divine power has a hand in the governmental institutions of the world; for if we were not so informed by the great writers, we might not always be able to discover the fact.)

But this victory over the claim agents was not won without much hard fighting on Officer McWatters' part. The rascally agents harassed him, threatened him, and attempted to bribe him, etc. But without going into details, we will content ourselves with transferring to these pages an article which we find in The Sun, of April 10, 1869: —

"The thanks of hundreds of soldiers who have been defrauded by the bounty thieves, are due to General John A. Logan, for pushing through Metropolitan Policeman McWatters' bill, requiring that all moneys due them shall be paid to the soldiers direct, the government reserving to itself the fees. While Officer McWatters was in Washington, the bounty thieves pretending to enjoy influence with the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, threatened him, and tried to buy him off, one of the fellows offering him five hundred dollars to 'go home and mind his own business.' We reproduce two of their threatening letters, as follows: —

"'MR. MCWATTERS. Dear Sir: You are in a business that don't suit you — something you have no right in. The men you are working against are a large and influential class; have power where you least expect it. You have a good position on the police. As you value it, quit your present action. Let the *soldiers* take care of themselves; it don't pay *you*, nor will it. You can't afford to play philanthropist. Leave that to men of means, and women, if you like. A word to the wise.

"'Yours, a friend,

"'NEW YORK, March 27, 1869. H. B. L.'

"'MR. MCWATTERS. Dear Sir: Your visit to Washington will do you no good, but may possibly result in great harm to yourself. You have a good position now, and I think you had better let the soldiers' matters alone, as you are interfering with the business of those whose power and influence can be used against you to disadvantage. If you think anything at all of your own welfare, leave Washington immediately, and pursue the matter no further. Yours, etc., P. G. W.

"'NEW YORK, March 29, 1869.'"

But Officer McWatters' labor for the soldier and his family, in regard to the laws regulating payments thereto, did not stop here. In 1870, in conjunction with others (he being the proposer of the same, we believe, as he was surely the most active mover thereto), obtained a change to be made in the time and frequency of the payment of pensions; the same theretofore being paid only semi-annually. There were evils attending these semi-annual payments. Some recipients getting so much of their dues at a time, were led to improvidence, spending the same more freely than they would have done smaller sums; and their families often complained about the matter. Officer McWatters urged the proposition of monthly payments, but was unable to secure his object; but the law was changed, making the pensions payable in quarterly instalments. This was a great improvement over the old law. Officer McWatters received numerous letters of gratitude on the passage of the law. We clip the following in relation thereto, from the Tribune of December 9, 1870:—

"The first payment of pensions under the new law making the payments quarterly instead of semi-annual, began last Monday, and many grateful letters, illustrating the beneficial working of the new plan, have already been received by Mr. G. S. McWatters, who was instrumental, in conjunction with the Ladies' Union Relief Association, in procuring the passage of the bill."

The payments were made formerly in March and September; and how the pensioner welcomed a quarterly payment coming on the first Monday of December, is perhaps as feelingly told, in its own homely way, as it well could be, in the following extract from one of those letters to which the Tribune refers. A pensioner, writing to

McWatters, says: "Nobody but a poor man can appreciate the feelings a poor man enjoys in the consciousness of having a clean rent bill, a ton of coal, and a barrel of flour, in the first month of winter."

Ay! there *is* an eloquence in those words — an eloquence which touches the softer chords of the heart,— "The poor man enjoys"! Nobody more than Officer McWatters, the philanthropist, could appreciate the poor pensioner's letter. But is there not in that letter that which touches other chords than those of sympathy — the chords of justice in all decent souls? a sense of justice which regards with horror, and burns with indignation over, the wretched order of things, or disorder the rather, which creates these suffering poor? Very likely that pensioner, who tells us so touchingly of "a poor man's feelings," has done more for the world, created more for the good of his fellow-men, through his labor, in the form of agricultural products, necessary work of one kind or another, etc., etc., than all the millionnaires of New York together, — the mere cormorants, who fatten upon the toil of the laboring classes. Is it not a shame to our common humanity that a barrel of flour should, in any family, become a subject for their rejoicing? "How a poor man feels!" — in this world of wealth! in this age of Christian teaching! in this era of churches! Bah! it is enough, one would think, to make the apostles of the Nazarene arise from their graves, and seize the sword of Peter, to put an end to the villany which still enslaves the masses and keeps them poor. But we do not hear that they are disturbed, nor do we learn that there is pity anywhere in the universe for the poor, save in the souls of the poor themselves, and in those of a few philanthropists here and there. But that is well, for it is not pity which is to work the good reformation which must some time be wrought; it is justice, the justice which shall yet demand *rights*, and banish even the name of *privileges;* justice, with science as its means. All else has signally failed to achieve any great good.

Froude and other great writers admit that but little real progress has been made under our social institutions. Changes have come along the line of the centuries, it is true, but the "poor man" (and the term generically comprehends the vast majority of the race), the poor man suffers as much in these days as in those of Moses, or in Caligula's, or in the dark ages, or any period of feudal times; and yet we boast of "progress." In no period of the world's history has anything more reprehensible than the suffering of the Irish people at home, in these days, occurred; and there is no reason found in the organic structure of our government why our own poor suffer less, or shall suffer less in the future, than the Irish people now, save that there is a little more mercy in the laws which the tyrant or governing classes of this country make for the laboring classes, in the matter of certain household goods, for example, exempt from levy of attachment or execution; (but this is true only of the laws of certain States, not of the national laws). And this very hour, as we write, the National Congress is contemplating putting millions of acres of the public domain into the hands of the tyrant forces, thus robbing the future millions who will need the soil to live upon.

"The poor man's feelings"! But we dismiss the subject here, with the simple words,— eloquent enough to stir every decent soul to indignation over the wrongs of the laboring classes,— "The feelings of a poor man"!

But more work for the soldier and his family remained for McWatters to do, and he is at this writing (February, 1871) attempting, with the support of the ever noble and active Ladies' Union Relief Association, to get an act passed by Congress, by which an honorably discharged soldier, too poor to buy his own grave, may console himself, in his last moments, that his family will not be obliged to follow him to a pauper's last resting-place. Now, only such soldiers as die in actual service have a right to be buried in the National Cemeteries. The veriest villain may

have enlisted in the service yesterday, and died, and be buried to-day in the National Cemeteries. But the honorably discharged soldier, who served through the war bravely and nobly, is not entitled to be buried therein, and if he dies poor, goes to the potter's field. Such is the nation's gratitude!

There's an awful sarcasm in this last work of McWatters. We do not know whether, in the overflowing kindness of his soul, he sees it or not. Memorializing "The Honorable the Senators and Members of the House of Representatives in Congress assembled" to provide a place to bury the nation's heroes in, by a sort of legal fiction, which, while they do fill paupers' graves, technically, obscures a little the fact of their abject poverty, by giving them graves "free of cost." Poor fellows! After death they get more rights than they had when living! The government takes away the soil from the living man, robs him of his right to it, — a right, the true title to which is in the fact of his existence, — his being born, if you please, — and makes restitution with six feet of subsoil to the dead man!

But the merit of Officer McWatters' work is not decreased by this consideration. He does the very best thing he can do under the circumstances. But the nation — the community — civilization — what of them?

Honorable Testimonials to Officer McWatters.

We have somewhere said that Officer McWatters has received not a dollar for his years of constant, active benevolence. This is literally true: but it is not exactly true in the interpretation which some readers might give it; for Officer McWatters has not been wholly without substantial rewards other than those of the joys of his own happiness in well doing. But we have not space to notice all of these. The one which we presume is most dear to the gallant heart of Officer McWatters, is a testimonial of his benevolent services given him by the Ladies' Union Relief Association, in July, 1868. We copy the fol-

lowing article regarding it from the New York Times of July 31, 1868: —

"TESTIMONIAL. — The well-known services of Officer George S. McWatters on behalf of disabled soldiers and of the widows and orphans of fallen ones, received a handsome acknowledgment, a few days since, at the hands of the Ladies' Union Relief Association, with whose invaluable labors he has closely identified himself since the organization of the institution. Mrs. John A. Kennedy, who is President of the Association, presented Mr. McWatters with a very valuable gold watch, purchased for him with private contributions of the ladies of the Association, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his energetic labors in the work they have so much at heart. The watch is richly chased and bears on one side of the outer case the monogram 'G. S. McW.,' and on the other, also in monogram, '1868.' The inner case has the following inscription: —

"'*Presented to George S. McWatters by the members of the Ladies' Union Relief Association, in appreciation of his services to the families of Union Soldiers.* 1868.'

"It is pleasing to note this handsome recognition of the quiet energy and modest worth of Officer McWatters, who has in many ways and frequently, during the war and since, given remarkable evidence of how much good work, in a humble and unpretending way, is within the compass of a single individual, impelled by a spirit of true philanthropy."

We also append a notice of the same testimonial, taken from The Sun of the same date, since it very succinctly sets forth Officer McWatters' great worth as a philanthropist.

"HANDSOME AND WELL-DESERVED COMPLIMENT. — A few days ago Officer G. S. McWatters was surprised by a request to attend at the residence of Mrs. John A. Kennedy, the President of the Ladies' Union Relief Association. There he was presented with a beautiful gold watch, as a token of recognition of the valuable work done by him in assisting the objects of the society. Ever since the war Officer McWatters has devoted all his spare hours to the benefit of Union soldiers and their families. *We could fill columns with stories of his work and its good results, but have only room to say that no man of equal means has worked so hard and so successfully.* To the assistance and encouragement of that noble institution, the Ladies' Union Aid Society, he has given every moment that could be spared from his official duties. It is a fitting and graceful compliment, when such ladies as Mrs. Wm. F. Havemeyer, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. Kennedy, and others of similar standing, so generously recognize the faithful services of their co-laborer. Of course Mr. McWatters has official permission to accept his well-earned present, and long may he live to wear it."

We also subjoin the following from the Tribune, inasmuch as it makes allusion to certain benevolent acts and plans of Officer McWatters, to which we have not referred in these biographical notes, but which are most worthy of record. So good a summary is the Tribune's article of Officer McWatters' claims upon the public esteem as an active philanthropist up to the period of its date, that we copy it entire, though it embraces several matters upon which we have descanted more or less extendedly in these Notes: —

"It is always gratifying to see genuine and unpretending merit recognized and honored. We are therefore specially glad to record the fact that the Ladies' Union Relief Association of this city have recently, by the presentation of a valuable and appropriate gift, so recognized and honored the services rendered by Officer G. S. McWatters to the peculiar cause of benevolence to which they are devoted. The gift is a handsome gold watch, and the presentation was made on Thursday evening, the 23d inst., by the President of the Association, Mrs. John A. Kennedy, at her residence, No. 135 West Twenty-Second Street. The Ladies' Union Relief has been established two years. It was instituted with a view to the relief of sick and disabled soldiers, their families, widows, or orphans, from the evils of extreme poverty. Great good has been accomplished by the Association; and, in its peculiar charity, it has had no ally more efficient and indefatigable than Officer McWatters. Indeed, from the very beginning of the late civil war, this officer has consistently and faithfully devoted himself to the cause of the Union soldiers. In 1861 he was associated with the late Daniel Carpenter in the mission of raising money from the police force for the support of the families of policemen who had gone to the war. In 1862 — an assessment having been levied on the police force for the purpose of raising and equipping the Metropolitan Brigade — Officer McWatters subscribed more money to this fund than any other patrolman on the force. In 1863, when our military hospitals around Washington and elsewhere were in great need of lemons for the wounded and suffering victims of battle, Officer McWatters collected six hundred dollars from among the police towards supplying this want; and the lemons so procured were gratuitously forwarded to the hospitals South and West by Adams Express Company. A letter of thanks from Dr. Bellows, representative of the Sanitary Commission, was, on this occasion, addressed to the Police Commissioners. In 1863, also, Officer McWatters was a member of the little band of police officers that rescued and defended our building from the miscreants who attacked it during the July riots, and in that affray he was badly wounded. In 1864 he was one of the originators of the New York Sanitary Fair, and he served as one of its committees, with so much devotion and success that he won a letter

of thanks from Mrs. Lane, the President of the Fair, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, and Colonel Le Grand Cannon. Officer McWatters, it should also be mentioned, is the originator of the Police Mutual Aid Society, a very useful institution, founded on the principle of fraternal benevolence. The society has served as a model for similar societies — of firemen, post-office clerks, and other bodies of men all over the country. A plan of practical benevolence has likewise been formed and matured by Officer McWatters in the Masonic Fraternity, and has won the commendation of some of the highest officials in that organization. These facts strongly attest the humane spirit, active intelligence, and earnest devotion to duty which have characterized Officer McWatters in a highly creditable career of practical benevolence. The ladies of the Union Relief Society have no less justly than gracefully acknowledged the worth of his character and services, in making the gift we have recorded. Every lover of this country, we may add, and every friend of mankind, will naturally wish the amplest success to all these workers in the good cause of charity."

The Bellevue Hospital Iniquity.

Charity, holy though the poets sing her, and beautiful the painters picture her lineaments, is, after all, a hag, if real; or only an ideal being, at best, if we are to judge her by her precious, favored children, the almoners she sometimes employs to dispense her bounties. In New York a great many vulgar wretches are, from time to time, officially connected with the charitable institutions under control of the city government. Bellevue Hospital was, in 1869, the theatre of some of these base fellows' operations.

These men were protected by the "Citizens Association," so called, — a self-constituted body of very respectable gentlemen, whose business it is to see that everything in the city is properly conducted; gentlemen of high moral tone, the hems of whose phylacteries (made of invisible or abstract "great moral worth," "solid character," "piety," "good standing in society," and visible and real amounts of greenbacks, all interwoven in some mysterious way, and which together constitute "dignity," we believe), are broad enough to out-Pharisee those marvelous gentlemen in Christ's time who made Jerusalem such a genial place of residence, with their "long prayers."

In July, 1869, the Citizens' Association published, through the newspapers of the city, what they called the result of an investigation of the several institutions under the control of the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, in which they assured the public that these institutions were all properly and well conducted, and felicitated the said public that the said institutions were in charge of such high-toned and efficient gentlemen as they named.

But there was a man in New York, who, when he read the Citizens' Association's manifesto, thought it a most astonishing falsehood, either of the kind known as a lie, or of that kind which people tell sometimes when they are talking of things about which they know nothing; for his duties had called him to Bellevue Hospital on sundry occasions, and he had there witnessed, with his own eyes, sundry things which made his blood boil with indignation; and when he read the manifesto of the Citizens' Association, he determined to correct it.

Of what this man had seen at Bellevue Hospital, some faint conception may be formed from the following facts: There was scarcely a bed there, in any of the wards, which was free from vermin; patients who took most care of the beds, were always liable to get lousy in the water closets; only a single clean sheet a week was allowed, no matter how filthy a bed might become through the poor patient's weak misfortunes; the blankets were dirty; to keep the coverlets clean, for "whited-sepulchre" purposes, when visitors called, they were taken off nights; the cooking of the institution was done by a drunken, filthy cook, and was served to the patients on what had once been tin dishes, but had been so often polished "clean" that they had became rusty sheet-iron plates; the "orderlies," who were paid to attend to the sick, were tyrannical, and little or no attention was paid to the complaints of the sufferers. The only thing a poor sick man had to sit on was a stool, with a seat of about twelve inches by fourteen inches in size, without a back (and most of the sick had

weak backs). The sick poor, picked up in the streets, for example, and carried there, had their outer garments taken off, and were put to bed without washing, with their under clothes on, and had no "change of raiment" till they died! The wards were cold in winter, and the poor were glad of even their filty rags to keep them warm. Generally the bed in which a poor fellow died remained as he left it, unchanged, for the comfort of the next occupant and corpse! But this is quite enough, we opine, for the reader's entire satisfaction.

Of course this "Augean stable" needed cleansing, and the Citizens' Association needed enlightening, or reforming, whichever is the proper term in the case, and that man to whom we have alluded knew how to do it. The Tribune and Evening Post, when informed of the true state of affairs, cheerfully gave space in their columns for the facts, and appealed to the Citizens' Association to revise their work of voluntary report-making. We have before us a copy of the Evening Post of date September 1, 1869, containing a long editorial article on "Bellevue Hospital," mostly made up of a letter (which was written by a poor, disabled soldier, then "confined" in Bellevue Hospital), setting forth some of the luxuries, conveniences, the neatness, etc., enjoyed at Bellevue Hospital. (It appears that the only decent thing connected with the hospital then, was the medical care which was pronounced excellent.)

The article alluded to, called on the Citizens' Association "which, by a recent publication, has made itself in some sort responsible for the good management of the city charities," to "investigate" the matter (out of courtesy it ought to have said, "*re*-investigate," but it didn't).

The secretary of the Citizens' Association visited one of the editors of a city paper, and stated that Bellevue Hospital was the only institution under the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections which he had *not* personally visited! and after two weeks' delay, the Citizens' Associa-

tion sent a committee of investigation to the hospital, and found everything all right, of course, and drew up a report, which, however, was never published; for when they presented the same for publication, the wary editors required that the report, if it were to appear in their columns, should be followed by affidavits of proper parties, showing that the iniquities complained of existed at Bellevue Hospital when the complaints were made.

The result was, that reforms so much needed at Bellevue Hospital were made there; for which hosts of patients have since been grateful. It is said that the authorities of the hospital offered a hundred dollars reward for the person who wrote, or instigated the writing, of the various letters to the press, exposing the state of things there, and which wrought the reform. But they were not successful at the time in discovering their enemy, and the poor patients' friend; for the bringing to light, and subjecting of these outrages at Bellevue Hospital to public condemnation, was one of Officer McWatters' many silent Good Samaritan deeds, and he did not intend to have them or the public know who wrought it. Besides, the officials were powerful, and might do him great harm, in their indignation at his exposure of their wickedness, and it would not have been wise in him to act too openly. But time enough has passed now, we presume, to calm their animosity; and having possessed ourselves of the facts without Officer McWatters' knowledge, we think it proper that the credit due him in this matter be acknowledged here.

Conclusion.

In these meagre Biographical Notes we have done but partial justice to Officer McWatters. Our readers were duly assured that no attempt would be made by us to write a fitting biography of the man; and we have only, in a hasty way, and in a manner wholly unsatisfactory to ourselves, alluded to certain incidents in our subject's life, which serve to stamp him as a man far above the average

of even good souls, in his active, practical benevolence. But it is often in little things that the generous soul demonstrates itself most eloquently — in the usually unremarked, quiet acts of a man; and, in our judgment, a letter from Officer McWatters, which, in our search of the public journals for most of the material of these Notes, we found in the Evening Mail of October 23, 1869, bespeaks for him as much respect from the good and charitably inclined as anything he ever did.

We judge from the opening sentence of the letter, that some "good enough" fellow, "S. W. H. C.," soft of heart, perhaps, but limited in judgment, had found fault, through the columns of the Mail, with the poor organ-grinders' "plying their vocation" on the public streets. Of course there was nobody in all the great metropolis to come to their defence, except some man like Officer McWatters. And so he came, it seems, seasonably. The letter shows not only the tender, generous spirit of the man, but his ripe good judgment and comprehensive view of things as well, and is worthy of preservation here in these pages, along with the masterly efforts of his pen, which, in "Knots Untied," have not only given us, — his present readers, — the liveliest gratification by the mysteries they unfold in a lucid style, but have made one of the best possible records of certain phases of now current life, for the information of the future historian.

The old Romans (as well as other peoples) had their secret police service; and how interesting it would be to us, in these far off centuries, to read of their deeds in the empire, or during the kingdom of Rome. History, for the most part, is made up of the deeds of great conquerors, etc. We know too little of the domestic and "hidden life" of the past. But the future historian of these times will have all the *materiel* his ambition can desire for weaving the thread of his story. And what a *resumé* of crimes and outrages of all kinds will that of the 19th century be for the historian of the 40th century to make!

The letter to which we refer above, regarding the organ-grinders, will be found appended hereto, together with some other matters of interest regarding Officer McWatters, which we have collected in our examination of the public journals. We place them in connection with these biographical notes, as in some respects presenting our subject in a more graphic manner than we are able in this hurried writing, to make him known to the great reading public of his adopted country.

The concluding paragraph of the letter referred to regarding the organ-grinders, as will be seen by reference to it, is, "Until the country has reached out her helping hand to all to whom she owes assistance as a right, it is in bad taste to find fault with the mode in which the disabled soldier tries to earn a living for his family." In these words, so just and wise, is embraced more than the casual reader will be apt to perceive. They are, in our opinion, very remarkable, and involve a great principle, one which Officer McWatters, as a student of social science, as we have remarked him, must clearly understand.

"To all to whom she owes assistance as a right," are words eloquent with the great truth of social statesmanship which they suggest; which is, that a country, a government, should recognize the right of its subjects (or component parts, to speak more decently, for there is a hateful sound in that word "subjects") to life; and the great moral duty of all these parts to assist each other; a duty which is clear and imperative in the nature of things (but we cannot here go into the subtleties of the matter, and show why); a duty, however, which can never be fitly performed till some nation or people are so organized, politically and socially, that each shall receive all he merits therein; till the labor forces, the creators, the only really worthy, are honored and protected; and not, as now, when the chief villains and the worthless tyrants live upon the fat of the land, enjoy all the honors, and are

shielded by the laws in robbing from and exploiting upon the poor, the laboring classes.

Healthful and buoyant of spirit, Officer McWatters doubtless has many years of active life yet to enjoy. The record of his past is abundant assurance that his future will be just, generous, brave in good deeds, sternly and patiently laborious, and benevolent to all mankind; and when he ceases to be, when the organized atoms which make what we call the man, and are discriminated by us from all other organized atoms as "McWatters," shall have been resolved into their original conditions, and his individuality is lost forever in the ceaseless processes of continuing creation, his good deeds shall live on still, and make for him a place in the reverence of those who honor good works far above that of most men; above that of all the talkers, the self-elected teachers, who heed not their own doctrines, however noble these be. One such man as Officer McWatters is worth more than an army of self proclaimed saints, who do nothing but prattle about virtue, and preach, to use their own figure of speech, but live not out in their lives, nor exemplify in their deaths, "Christ and Him crucified;" but who think more of Christ *on* the Cross, in the "triumph of faith," than of the nobler Christ-come-down-from-the-Cross, and still battling, with untiring spirit, against the wrongs which men do to one another.

With this hasty sketch, and the appendices which we may see fit to make (as before indicated), we leave Officer George S. McWatters,—the kind of heart, the merciful, the dutiful, the intelligent and honest man; the patriot of the true type; the practical and great philanthropist,—in the hands of our readers, trusting that some able biographer will yet write his history, in a style and with a particularity commensurate with Officer McWatters' nobility of character and multifold great good works in the cause of humanity.

THE ORGAN-GRINDERS.

A WORD IN THEIR BEHALF — LETTER FROM OFFICER MCWATTERS (REFERRED TO IN THE BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES) — A SAD STORY — WHY THE ASYLUMS CANNOT BE HOMES FOR ALL THE DISABLED.

To the Editor of the Evening Mail: The communication signed "S. W. H. C.," in your issue of the 19th, breathes a good spirit towards our sick and disabled soldiers, but evidently was not written understandingly. By far the greater number of the street organ-grinders, clad in soldiers' garb, have been true and honest soldiers, but being husbands and fathers, they cannot take advantage of the asylums. The article on this subject was in all respects correct. Until the nation furnishes homes for this class of our disabled soldiers, — homes which will not necessitate their parting from their little families, dearer to them by far than their own personal comfort, — we must look for such street exhibitions as we see, and which are not disgraceful to the soldier, whatever they may be to his country. That some of these are impostors, I do not doubt; but it is the duty of the police to satisfy themselves who are and who are not, and to treat them accordingly. On the other hand, there are no more deserving objects of charity in the world than some of these are.

In evidence of the reluctance which those who have family ties feel in entering any of the asylums, I now narrate you an incident. Some six months ago I found a poor fellow in this city who had lost his health in the army, in which he had served four years. He had just been sent out of hospital incurable — a consumptive. He had a wife and four children, the eldest a boy of twelve, a cripple, and three little girls. Some one of the customary blunders at Washington had hitherto delayed his pension. The sole income of the family, when I called, was what the mother earned by scrubbing. The father had evidently not long

to live, and poverty was hastening him to the grave. When I called, and saw how things were, I advised him to go to the Home, to which I would find means to send him. He said he would consult his wife. He did so, and then said that he had resolved to go; that he was only eating the bread his poor wife earned, and which his little ones needed. I took the necessary steps, and received from General Butler the coupons for his transportation. By this time I had had several interviews with his family; and seeing how much misery the threatened separation was likely to entail, — for they were deeply attached — father, mother, and children — to each other, — I resolved to try and prevent it. To this end I consulted Mrs. J. A. Kennedy, President of the Ladies' Union Relief Association, who, having heard the pitiable case, consented to extend the aid of the institution to the family, that they might stay together as long as the father lived. Freighted with this news, I went to the miserable home. They were waiting for me; had been sitting, weeping in company for hours, expecting the separation. I cannot describe to you the joy that filled that poor home when I told them that the father was not to go. Their joy was more touching than even the preceding grief.

Had "S. W. H. C." been with me then, or had he seen so many of just such cases as I have seen, he would be much slower in coming to judgment of the poor organ-grinder. For it is this love of wife and children, which we honor, or ought to honor, which sends the married soldier on the street to beg in this way, rather than take life easy, and "fight his battles o'er and o'er again" in an asylum. The soldier above referred to is still alive, thanks to the assistance given him by General Butler and the good ladies of the Association.

The asylums, as they are at present ordered, cannot meet cases like these; but they merit help, and should have it in some fashion. The Ladies' Union Relief Association does much to keep a great number off the street

who would otherwise present much more disagreeable pictures than the organ-grinders to the eyes of your sensitive correspondent; but their means are limited. They cannot reach all who need. Until the country has reached out her helping hand to all to whom she owes assistance as a right, it is in bad taste to find fault with the mode in which the disabled soldier tries to earn a living for his family.

McWatters.

TEN DOLLARS A MONTH: A STORY OF GRIEF AND JOY.

It is a painful comment upon the state of society, or the character of our civilization, that our most cherished literature, both of poetry and prose, has its origin in human woes and wrongs. "Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn." Dickens, with all his wealth of genius, so much prized, would have found no use for it in a decent world, unless, perchance, it might have shone as brightly upon the face of Joy, as it beamed pathetically upon the tortured visage of Misery. Hood, in his immortal "Song of the Shirt," and the "Bridge of Sighs," and in many other of his verse; Tennyson, in the best of his poems; Mrs. Browning, with her vast power of thought and feeling, to say nothing of many other great writers of the past and present; our own blessed poet Whittier, etc., have given us their noblest works with pens dipped in human tears, or sharpened by human sufferings. So, too, of the great good deeds of the other philanthropists — the Howards, the Nightingales, the McWatterses. They could only have had their origin in the wrongs which man does to his fellow-man; in the outrages which the tyrant classes do to the weaker; in the riot of wars for governmental supremacy; in the sufferings of the outraged, trampled into the dust by the powerful robbers

of society in their mad greed for wealth, or cheated by pious and talented hypocrites out of their moral as well as physical rights.

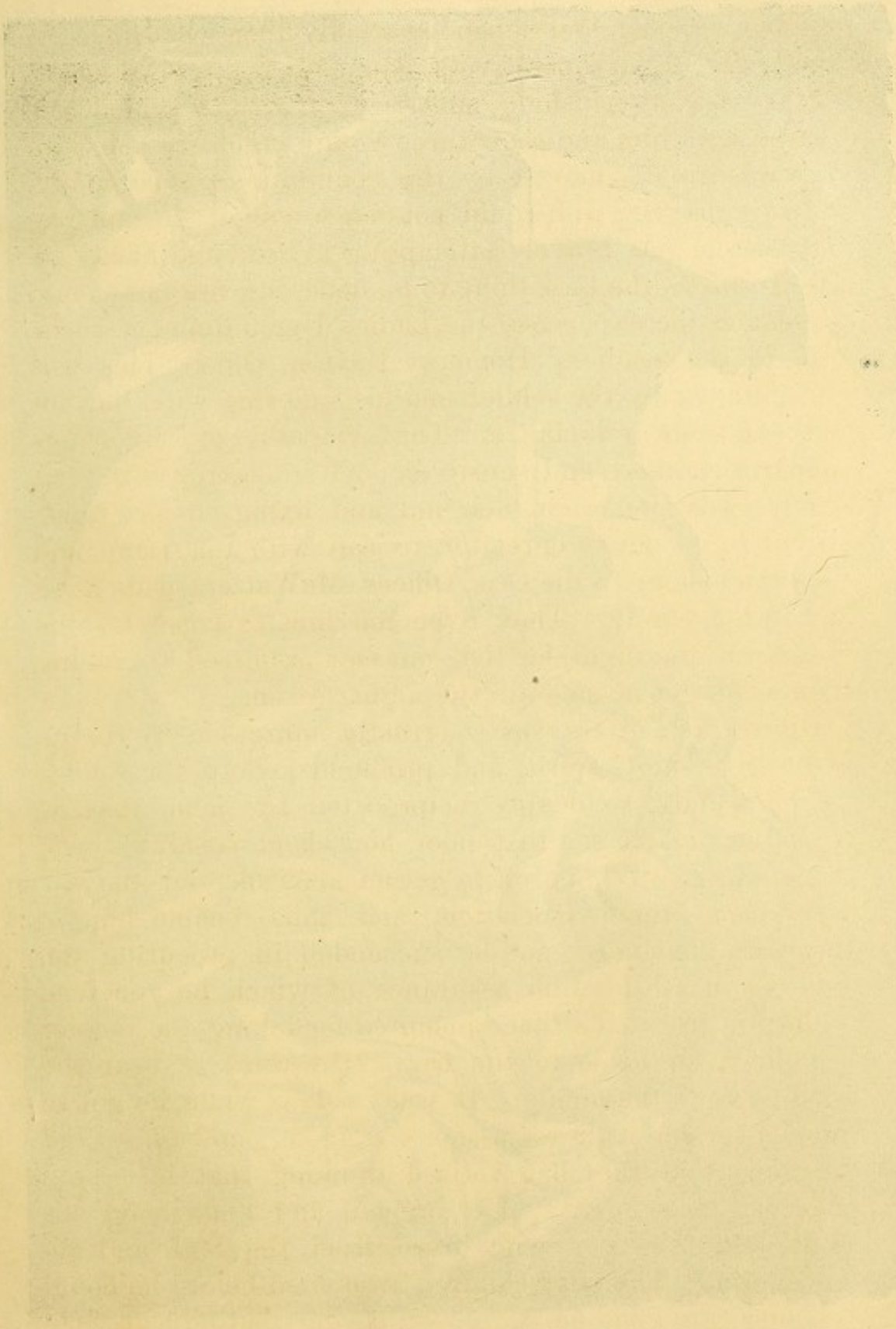
Society should be so ordered, as it might readily be, that all the pathetic literature now so much cherished, would be obnoxious to us, as belonging to a state of things which once existed, but which all were anxious to forget; when only the songs of joy should find birth, and when the basilar principles of Christianity should be practically recognized, and everywhere expressed in our institutions, or organic social life. But this we cannot hope for till superstition shall be done away with, the "money-changers" driven from the porches of our "temples;" the poor and ignorant made aware of their rights, and earnest in claiming them; and the tyrant classes come to learn the falsity of their chief "motto," namely, that 'tis "better to rule in hell than serve in heaven."

We had thought to give in the foregoing Biographical Notes some touching instances of the experiences of the good women of the "Ladies' Union Relief Association" and Officer McWatters, in their noble work of succoring the needy, and binding up the wounds of the suffering. We have before us, furnished by the kindness of a friend, a partial record of the Association's deeds (never intended for publication), freighted with notes of bitter sorrows which they have assuaged, and which, written out, would fill pathetic volumes; but we have no space for them here. One, however, so enchains our interest that we cannot forbid ourselves to recite it here, as an exemplary instance, which, if multiplied in his mind by hundreds and thousands, will give the reader something like an adequate understanding of the vast work of kind and tender ministrations which these philanthropists have done, and are constantly doing.

Officer McWatters had two or three times visited a poor, sick, emaciated veteran soldier, by the name of Patrick O'Brien. Of course Patrick could earn nothing for

his own support, and depended wholly upon what little his good wife (a comparatively young and fragile woman) could earn by washing and scrubbing, and which she shared with him and their three young children. McWatters was greatly moved by the condition of this family. He saw that the wife could not much longer sustain the burden she was bravely attempting to bear, and finally advised that, as the best thing to be done, the veteran should be sent, at the expense of the Ladies' Union Relief Association, to the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio. This was consented to by the soldier and his suffering wife, but not without great reluctance. The sympathy of sorrows is tenderly cohesive and sensitive. After leaving with the family some money for their aid, and fixing upon a time, two or three days thereafter, to call with a carriage, and take the soldier to the cars, Officer McWatters bade good day to the family. They expected him to come for the veteran in the night, for the poor man preferred travelling then, as he got no sleep in the night season.

Officer McWatters was so greatly impressed by the innate pride, high spirit, and profound love of the soldier for his family, so deeply reciprocated by them, that he could not bear to see that poor household separated, and at once interested himself to get an allowance for the soldier from the Association, and thus enable him to stay with his family; and he succeeded in procuring ten dollars a month for him, assurance of which he received by letter, just at the time appointed for taking the soldier from his poor home to the cars. He went to bear the good news to the family. It was so late when he got to their miserable little room (for one room, one bed, served them all), that they had retired, thinking that he would not come that night. He rapped, and announced his name, and the poor wife arose from the bed, and admitted him. The poor children awakened before he could announce the good news, and supposing that he had come to take away their father, rushed off from their couch, and





"TEN DOLLARS A MONTH!"

sobbing and weeping, implored him not to take their father off, the violence of their and their mother's grief preventing Officer McWatters explaining his present errand for the space of a full minute or two. The poor soldier, moved by his family's grief, had risen from that one bed, and added his prayer to the rest, for something else possible to be done than the sending of him away.

At last Officer McWatters succeeded in quelling the passionate storm of wailing and grief for an instant, which he seized to tell them his errand in. It is not probable that pen or pencil could ever do faintest justice to the picture of the gleeful, tearful gratitude which that family exhibited in their sudden revulsion from broken-hearted grief to wild joy, as McWatters finished reading the letter he had received assuring the monthly allowance.

"Ten dollars a month!" A pitiable sum, yet it brought joy to that whole household at that dead hour of night, in the city of mingled sorrows, and vanities, and debaucheries, when hundreds and thousands of the pampered sons and daughters of luxury (worthless members of society) were wasting each more than ten dollars an hour in worse than useless ways, — in riot and "ribald revelry."

The poor man remained with his family nearly two years; when he died, and was buried by the Association. Upon his death his grateful widow wrote to the ladies a letter (a copy of which was taken from the archives of the Association without their special knowledge, it must be confessed, but by "no robbery" after all), and which we think most worthy a place here, in honor of the good ladies whose charities it acknowledges.

"NEW YORK, May 3, 1870.

"*To the Ladies Union Relief Association:*

"LADIES: It is my painful duty to inform you of the death of my husband, Patrick O'Brien. Allow me to express the deep sense of gratitude that I and my children feel towards your Association for the assistance you have generously extended to us during the last two years of his illness. The value of that assistance has been enhanced by the manner of its be-

stowal. Mr. McWatters, the kind dispenser of your bounty, has smoothed to the grave the pilgrimage of a proud spirit; but for the many delicate assurances he gave my husband that your generous assistance was not charity, but the poor soldier's rightful due, the last years of his life would have been embittered by a sad sense of destitution and dependence.

"My husband served the republic for nearly four years, during which service he was maimed in its defence, and died at last of disease contracted in the service. He could not have borne the thought that he and his little ones were subsisting on the cold charity of the world, and thanks to the delicate tact with which your aid was bestowed his mind was smoothed, and his last days on earth made peaceable.

"Please accept the sincere gratitude and blessings of a soldier's widow and three children. MARY O'BRIEN."

This scene of the poor family, with their single bed, and as they stood in their night-clothes before Officer McWatters, as, choked with mingled feelings of sympathy and a sense of the joy he was about to give them, he read, with tears, the welcome news, ought to be put upon canvas, and hung upon the walls of all the haunts of sin, the gold-room of the Exchange, the brokers' offices, bankers', princely merchants' ware-rooms, sectarian churches, and the other meeting-places of pride and robbery throughout the city, and underneath it should be written, "A chapter of our civilization in the 19th century." S.

MACK AND THE VETERAN.

A TOUCHING TALE — THE POETRY AND PATHOS OF BARE FEET.

THE following, taken from the New York Dispatch of October 16, 1870, is not only to the point as illustrating the noble traits of Officer McWatters' character, but is too well told not to be preserved here. We think best to make no substitution of "McWatters" in the place of the familiar *sobriquet* by which the genial writer was pleased to designate him.

"In one of the big public institutions set apart for a branch of the Municipal Government of this big, overgrown city of ours, there is one, among the many departments of this, that, and the other thing, presided over by our friend Mr. Mack.

Mr. Mack is a gentleman, who, though old in years, is not old in infirmity, and he walks about with a vim and spirit that might be profitably imitated by many listless young men of the period.

Besides devoting his time and talents to his official position, he takes an active interest in everything of a philanthropic nature. We are ignorant of the number of societies which have these objects to attain, of which Mr. Mack is a member; but in all of them he is among the most active.

Among the charitable societies, is one composed of ladies, who attend the wants of disabled soldiers, their widows and orphans. The ladies have selected our friend Mr. Mack as their almoner, and his office is visited every day by scores of poor people.

On a late visit to the good man, we found a poor veteran just approaching his desk.

"Mr. Mack, sir," said the man.

"That's my name sir. Take a seat."

The man stepped forward briskly, but with a limp. He was sixty years of age, with gray hair, shabbily attired, lame in the leg and arm, and, as it afterwards appeared, one half of his right foot gone; a wreck of the human form divine, but with much manliness left about him.

"What is your business, friend?"

"That's it, sir; and I'll thank you if you can do it," he replied cheerily, as he handed a letter.

"You want to go to New London?" said Mr. Mack, after reading the missive.

"That's it, sir; my darter lives there. I've walked all the way from Philadelphia, and my legs have kinder give

out. One of them ain't of much account anyway, but I've got to make the best of it."

Mr. Mack. "Were you a soldier? You know my business is principally with soldiers, although I should be glad to assist you if it is in my power."

Veteran. "Well, I guess so, sir. I got knocked up in this kind of shape doing service for Uncle Sam."

He raised his arm with difficulty, and pointed to his leg.

Mr. Mack. "Have you your discharge papers?"

Veteran. "I'm sorry to say that I haven't got them with me. I had them framed, and after the old woman died (tearfully), I sent them to Mollie for safe-keeping. But they're honorable, sir — they are, indeed."

Mr. Mack. "I might give you a letter that would insure you an entrance to the Soldiers' Home. Would you like to go there?"

Veteran. "O, dear! no, sir; although it may be a good enough sort of a place. I've got a home with my darter Mollie, who is well married, and settled in the place that I am making for; and I know that she will never go back on the old man, for she used to think too much of me, and be too delighted to see me when I came home from a long voyage in happier days. O, no, sir! (brushing the tears from his eyes with his coat sleeve), Mollie will make room for me."

During the colloquy, Mr. Mack was busily engaged in writing a note, and after finishing it, went into an adjoining room to obtain a necessary signature. He returned without getting it, and was obliged to delay the veteran until the official, whose name to the letter was wanted, came in.

Mr. Mack. "You will have to wait a little while until I can get this note signed."

Veteran. "All right, sir; never mind me — I'm used to waiting. I learned that some time ago, when I waited through the long watch at sea, till my turn came to climb into my bunk, and when I was on post in the army, till the relief guard came around; and when I've been away from

home, — in times past, you know, I had a home of my own once, sir, — I've waited for the day to roll around when I would see my wife and Mollie (who was a little bit of a thing then) again. And all I'm waiting for now is the time when my shattered old hulk shall be laid aside as used-up timber; and all I hope for, when that time comes, is, that my darter Mollie may be alongside, and I shan't mind it much."

Mr. Mack. "Are you a native of Connecticut?"

Veteran. "No, sir; I'm a Baltimorean. I was born opposite the old Independent engine-house, in Gay Street, and my father and mother before me were born in the city, too, for that matter."

Mr. Mack. "A great many from your State fought in the Southern army."

Veteran. "That's so, sir; they did. But how do you think it was possible for me to do so, after having followed the old Stars and Stripes through the Mexican war, and having sailed under its protection for going on thirty years? O, no, sir! I had too much love for it. Why, sir, every port I ever entered respected that flag. They couldn't help it; besides, they knew they had to!" (Drawing himself up proudly.)

Mr. Mack. "Did you enlist in a Maryland regiment?"

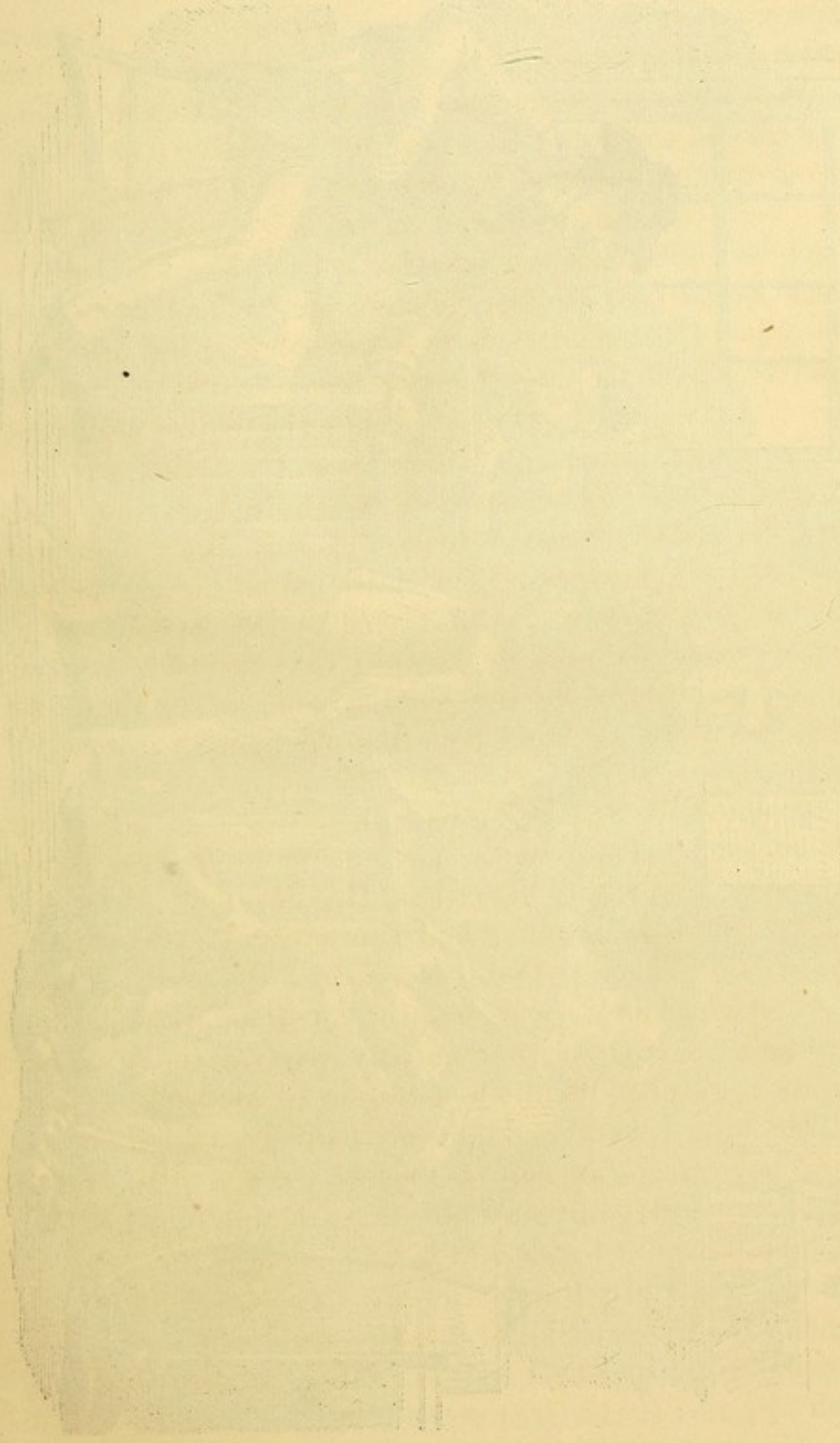
Veteran. "No, sir. I'll tell you all about it. You see when the Massachusetts regiments passed through Baltimore, the brig that I sailed on had just returned from a voyage to Rio, and we were unloading in Smith's dock, near Centre Market. The soldiers had disembarked from the cars at the Philadelphia depot, and were marching along Pratt Street, towards the Washington station, when the attack was made on them. As I looked from the deck of the brig I saw the old flag pushing and dodging along the street, with a shower of stones and bricks flying around it, and I heard the sound of pistol-shots and the hissing and hooting of the mob. I happened to turn around, and I saw the same colors proudly flapping in the wind from

the mast head, and I tell you it was too much for me — I couldn't stand it. I went to the captain, almost choking, and I told him I wanted an order for my pay; I was going home. I was the second mate of the brig; and the captain was a little wrathy at the idea, for he wanted me to stay and help him superintend the unloading of that part of the cargo that was to be left on the dock, before dropping down to Fell's Point the next day. I told him I must leave; and as he had no further hold on me, he had to give me the order. The owners were surprised, too; but after some talk they paid me, and I went home to the old woman. She said, 'You look excited; what's the matter with you?' 'Well,' said I, 'I am going to enlist in the Union army, and try and help to pay these fellows that fired on the American colors in Pratt Street to-day, back in their own coin.' 'That's right,' said she; 'I wish they'd let me carry a gun, and I'd go with you.' And I wished for once in my life that Mollie was a boy; for I might have made a drummer out of her, anyway, for she was too small for anything else. Well, you know; — but I hope I'm not tiring you with my long yarn, sir?"

Mr. Mack. "No; go on with it."

Veteran. "They were not raising any regiments in Maryland; and I fell in with a Hoosier, who was going home to Madison to enlist, and I promised him ten dollars if he would get me past the surgeons. I'm sixty-six years old; and you know I was too old for them, because they were more particular in the early part of the war than they were later. Well, when we got to Madison, to make matters sure, I went and got my hair dyed; and as luck would have it, the recruiting officers were a little drunk, and I passed without any difficulty, though one of them asked me how old I was, and I told them a lie, God forgive me, that I was thirty-nine years old! I went into the Army of the Cumberland, and at Chickamauga a shell burst near me, and I was knocked up in the way you see."

Mr. Mack. "You have served with General Howard?"





McWATTERS AND THE VETERAN.

Veteran. "Yes, sir; and a good, noble-hearted man he was, too, sir. There was no airs about him. He was just like one of the boys, — moving around among the men in a blue army blouse and the regulation cap, with a kind word for everybody; and when there was a battle, wherever there was the most danger you were sure to find him."

Mr. Mack stepped out, and returned with the letter, which he handed to the old veteran, with some money, which he took with some hesitation, saying, that all he wanted was to get a passage to New London, and Mollie would attend to his wants.

"When I get there," said he, "Mollie will find me some clothes to wear, for these are getting rather soiled; and I'm kind of ashamed to be seen in them, for I've been used to wearing a little better."

Mr. Mack told him that he only gave him the money to buy some food on the way, and keep him strong enough to look for his Mollie when he arrived at his destination.

"That's so, sir," said he; "I ain't got as much as will buy me a good supper. When I left Philadelphia, I didn't have enough to pay my passage, and I have made many a longer march. I didn't think it was much to walk a hundred miles, so, sooner than beg my passage, I thought I'd walk it. My lame leg made it rather harder than I expected, and I made slow work of it. I soon spent what money I had for meals, and I was obliged to part with a bull's-eye watch, that cost me twelve dollars a good many years ago. It was pretty old, and I only got a dollar and a half for it. Bull's-eye watches ain't worth as much as they used to be. I sold my old pocket-book, too; but as it didn't have anything in it, it was no good to me. I got my breakfast this morning, and have a small balance in my pocket, off of my spectacles, that I sold to an old fellow that they suited exactly; and I tell you I missed them this morning when I tried to read a newspaper with an account of the war in Europe. I think that war is going to do our

people some good. They'll want some of our corn and wheat, and I tell you the crops did look amazing fine in the country that I passed through. I'm getting interested in the way things are going on on the other side of the water, and I think I'll buy a pair of specs with some of this money you gave me, and read to-day's news about it."

"Do you know," said Mr. Mack, "that you are entitled to seventy-five dollars for the loss of your foot, under the law to supply soldiers with cork legs, when they have sustained the injury in the line of duty?"

"Well, sir," said he, "I didn't know it, but you can see whether I am entitled to it;" and he pulled off his boot, and showed the stump of his foot, with the same pride that we remember to have seen a general officer display the stump of his arm lost in action.

The exposure showed that he was without socks, his foot being wrapped up in a handkerchief.

While he was exhibiting his stump, we observed Mr. Mack pulling his shoes off, and we expected to see him display a wounded foot also, when he hastily pulled off his socks; but instead of so surprising us, he handed the socks, which he had evidently but just put on that day, to the veteran, and against that individual's earnest protestations, forced him to take them to wear.

We are certain that the same angel who dropped a tear on the record of Uncle Toby's oath, will enter those socks to the credit side of Mr. Mack's account, at a large increase on their market value.

Shaking hands with the battered old veteran, and wishing him good speed on his journey to Mollie, we left Mr. Mack in his office in a meditative mood."

LOST IN THE STREETS.

OPERATIONS OF THE BUREAU FOR THE RECOVERY OF LOST PERSONS, ETC. — OFFICER McWATTERS IN CHARGE.

During a considerable portion of his connection with the Metropolitan Police, Officer McWatters had charge of the department denominated "Bureau for the Recovery of Lost Persons;" a position which both his experience and active sympathies with sorrow peculiarly fitted him to fill. Its duties were very onerous, as will be seen by the following article copied from the World newspaper of December 12, 1868, and which cannot fail to greatly interest such of our readers as are not conversant with life and its mysteries in the great Babylon of America.

In a side room of the main hall of the Central Police Headquarters, on the second story, in Mulberry Street, is a desk, at which sits an old rosy-cheeked, white-headed police officer, named McWatters. Officer McWatters is famous in New York. He is a theatrical critic, and his opinions on music and the drama are greatly esteemed by artists; but, like most critics, he is a little dogmatic at times, perhaps.

Officer McWatters is detailed by Inspector George Dilks to take charge of a department organized in November, 1867, to supply a great want, and which is now in successful operation. This department is known as the "Bureau for the Recovery of Lost Persons." Officer McWatters was formerly in the City Hall Precinct, under Captains Thorne and Brackett, and is very well acquainted with the city, so his services have been made available in his new bureau.

Missing Men and Women.

The manner of investigation in regard to a missing relative or friend is as follows: As soon as a person disappears

from home, the nearest relative, on learning of the missing person, goes to police headquarters and makes application to the "Missing Bureau" for information. The age, height, build; whiskers, if any; color of eyes, dress, hair; the place where last seen, the habits and disposition of the person, are given to the inspectors, and Officer McWatters makes proper entries on his register, which he keeps for that purpose, of all these facts. The personal description of the missing one is compared with the returns made by the Morgue every twenty-four hours to the police inspectors. Should the description answer to the person and clothing of any one found at the Morgue, word is at once sent to the relatives of the joyful news. Besides this, another very necessary precaution is taken to find the person or persons missing. Cards are printed, five or six hundred in number, and sent to all the police offices on special duty in the different metropolitan precincts, with instructions to the captains to have his men make active and energetic search for the person.

Troubles about Lost People.

Over seven hundred people have been reported as missing, to police headquarters during the past twelve months. Of this number the majority have been found, it is believed, as no record can be kept of those who are not reported when found, by their relatives or friends, to headquarters. Occasionally, a person who reports some one missing belonging to them, will give all the details about him, but if found, will fail to notify the authorities, from a sense of shame where domestic difficulties have occurred in families, or from laziness, or a sense of forgetfulness. Thus all track is lost of those who have been found unknown to the police, and accurate statistics are baffled in the matter of inquiry.

Where and how People are lost.

The manner in which missing men are advertised, is as

follows: A card, of which the following are fair examples, is circulated among the police.

"MISSING. — Morton D. Gifford, about twenty-five years of age, light hazel eyes, brown hair, full beard and mustache same color, five feet six and three quarters inches; has lost two first joints of the middle fingers of right hand. Had on a light brown cloth suit bound with black, the vest cut without a collar, a black cloth overcoat made sack fashion, with black velvet buttons. Was last seen on board the steamer City of Norfolk, running between Norfolk and Crisfield, in connection with the Crisfield, Wilmington, and Philadelphia Railroad Annameric line, on the 3d of February, 1868. Had with him a black leather satchel, containing a full suit of black clothes, hat, linen, &c. Was a soldier in the Union army, and has recently been in business in Plymouth, North Carolina. Any person having any information regarding him will please communicate with Inspector Dilks, 300 Mulberry Street, New York."

"OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF METROPOLITAN POLICE,
300 MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK, January 11, 1868.

"MISSING — since Thursday evening last, Mary Agnes Walsh, 23 years of age, residing at 281½ Elizabeth Street, five feet high, medium size, slim built, dark complexion, dark-brown hair, dark eyes, had on a black alpaca dress, black plush coat (or cloak), black velvet hat. It is supposed she is wandering about the city in a temporary state of insanity, as she has just returned from the Lunatic Asylum, where she has been temporarily confined for the last three weeks. Any information of the above to be sent to her brother, Andrew Walsh, 281½ Elizabeth Street, or to Inspector Dilks, 300 Mulberry Street."

"MISSING, since Thursday, November 14, John F. McCormick. When last seen, he was on board the steamtug Yankee, at the foot of Charlton Street; age 24 years, eyes and hair dark brown, height five feet four inches, heavy eyebrows. He was dressed in a brown sack coat and brown vest, black pants, flat-crowned black hat. Any person knowing his whereabouts, or having seen him since the above date, will please call at the residence of his uncle, Robert McCormick, No. 12 Talman Street, Brooklyn, or to Inspector Dilks, Police Headquarters, 300 Mulberry Street. November 30, 1867."

"FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD. — Missing from Bay Street, Stapleton, Staten Island, since Wednesday, November 25, 1868, Willy Hardgrove, a boy eight years of age, medium size, dark hair, dark, clear complexion, blue eyes; has a recent scar on his cheek, made by the scratch of a pin; dressed in a dark striped jacket and pants; the pants button on the jacket with light bone buttons; old, strong boots, no hat. He is rather an attractive boy, and very familiar with strangers. It is feared he has been abducted, from the fact of his musical abilities. He can sing, in a good tenor voice, any tune he may hear once played, but can't speak plain.

The above reward will be paid by his father, Terence M. Hardgrove, Stapleton, for such information as will lead to his recovery. Information may be sent to Inspector Dilks, Police Headquarters, 300 Mulberry Street.

"MISSING. — Annie Hearn left her home on Monday last. She is ten years of age, dark blue eyes, black hair cut short; has a slight scar on her left temple. Was dressed in a dark alpaca frock, black woollen sontag with white border; black velvet hat, no trimming, high laced boots, striped stockings. Any information relative to her will be gratefully received by Richard Burk, 217 Madison Street, or Inspector Dilks, 300 Mulberry Street."

"LEFT her home, at Hyde Park, Scranton City, Pa., on Monday, June 14, Sarah Hannaghan, aged 15, tall for her age, short brown hair, light eyes, and fair complexion. Had on a tan-colored dress, light cape, drab hat, trimmed with ribbon of the same color. Had with her a dress with a yellow stripe, made short. Information to be sent to Inspector Dilks, 300 Mulberry Street, New York, or to James Hannaghan, 152 Leonard Street."

"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest or recovery of Henrietta Voss, aged 16 years. She left Secausus, Hudson county, New Jersey, Tuesday, July 21, about 7 A. M. She is tall, slim built, and a little stooped; brown hair, blue eyes, long, thin, pale face. Dressed in a full suit of black. The gratitude of a father, who desires to save his daughter, will be added to the above reward. JOHN VOSS."

"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD. — Missing, an insane man, named Frederick Liebrich, native of Germany, speaks English, German, and French. Supposed to lodge at night in the police station houses about the lower part of the city; is very stupid looking, and clothed in rags. Was last seen in Washington Market, about the middle of last November. He is about 38 years of age, eyes and hair black, large, regular features, and very dark complexion; about five feet ten inches high, stout built, straight and well made. The above reward will be paid for his recovery, or direct evidence of his death, by Frederick Kummich, 82 Washington Street, Brooklyn. Information to be sent to Inspector Dilks, Police Headquarters, 300 Mulberry Street."

LOST CHILDREN.

Hundreds of "lost children" bear testimony to the carelessness of mothers and nurses, who are more intent on other business, when their charges stray off, to be found afterwards, in out-of-the-way places, by stray policemen. Quite often a pedestrian will notice, on going along one

of our side streets, a young child, its eyes bubbling over with tears, and red from irritation and inflammation, who has strayed from its parents' residence. Sometimes it will have a stick of candy in its infantile fist, or else an apple, or a slice of bread, butter, and molasses, to console it in its wanderings. It is very seldom, however, that these children do not find their way back to their parents, unless that there is foul play, in such instances where a child may be kidnapped by people who are childless, or through their agency, for the purpose of adoption in barren families. The practice of baby-farming has not as yet attained, in America, the height that it has reached in England, and therefore the lives of children are not yet so endangered as they are across the water. It is calculated that at least one thousand children are missing every year in this city, but they are nearly all returned before the close of the day on which they are first missed.

The Dens of Midnight.

If the thousand and one noisome crannies, nooks, and dens of this great city could be exposed to view, day after day, the body of many a missing man and woman might be found festering and rotting, or their bones bleaching, for want of decent burial. Where do the bodies come from that are fished up, bloated and disfigured, night after night, by the Water Police, in haunts of the docks, and from the slimes of the Hudson? It is fearful to think of men, influenced by liquor, who, with their gold watches, pocket-books, and other valuables, exposed in the most foolish manner, are to be seen, night after night, in the dens and hells of this great, sinful city. Many of these men are from far-off country villages and happy homes, and when thrown into our streets at night, under the flare of the gas lamps, and among crowds of showily dressed women, whose feet are ever downward into the abyss, it becomes almost impossible for them to resist the thousand and one meretricious temptations that are placed before them.

The Horror of a Breaking Dawn.

Instances may be related of how men disappear, and are never heard of to be recognized. A well-to-do person from Ohio, who had never visited New York before, pays a visit to this city, and stopping at a down-town hotel, sallies out in the evening in search of what he has been taught, by his limited course of reading to call "adventures." He believes, in his Ohio simplicity, that he will meet with a beautiful and rich young lady in New York, who, struck with his rural graces and charms, will at once accept his hand and farm. Well, he takes a look at the "Black Crook," or "White Fawn," or "Genevieve de Brabant," and, returning late to his down-town hotel, is struck by the beauty and grace of a female form that glides before him on his way thither. Pretty soon she makes a signal to him that cannot be mistaken, and our Ohio friend, rather astonished at the freedom of the aristocratic and well-bred ladies of the metropolis, but nothing loath, hastens to her side, and accompanies her to her richly voluptuous mansion in Bleecker, Green, Mercer, or Crosby Streets. In the watches of the night he awakens to find the aristocratic lady fastened on his throat, and a male friend of hers, with a villanous countenance, poising a knife for a plunge in his neck. The work is done quickly; a barrel well packed, or a furniture chest, placed in a carriage at night, can be taken up the Hudson River road, and there dropped in the river, and after a day or so the head of another dead man will be found eddying and floating around the rolling piers near the battery, his face a pulp, and no longer recognizable. The sun shines down on the plashing waters, but the eyes are sightless, and never another sun can dim their brilliancy or splendor. It is only another missing man, without watch, pocket-book, or money on his person.

Misery, Shame, and Death.

Another missing instance. A beautiful girl, born in a village on the Sound, where the waters of that inland sea

beat, and play around the sandy pebbles of a land-locked inlet, is reared in innocence and virtue, until she reaches her seventeenth year. She is as lovely as the dawn, has had no excitement — but the Sunday prayer-meeting, and her life, peaceful and happy, has never been tainted by the novelty of desire. At seventeen she visits New York for the first eventful time in her life. She is dazzled with its theatres, its balls, its Central Park; the Broadway confuses and intoxicates her, but opera has divine charms for her musical ear, and she is escorted, night after night, by a man with a pleasing face and a ready tongue. She is yet white as the unstained snow. One night they take a midnight sleigh ride on the road, and stop at a fashionable-looking restaurant in Harlem Lane. She is persuaded to take a glass of champagne, and finally to drink an entire bottle of champagne. That night the world is torn from under her feet. She has tasted of the Apples of Death. She returns to her peaceful home, by the silken waves of the Sound, a dishonored woman. To hide her shame, she returns to New York; but her destroyer has gone — she knows not whither. Then the struggle begins for existence and bread. She is a seamstress, a dry-goods clerk, but her shame finds her out when an infant is born to her unnamed. One night, hungry, and torn with the struggle of a lost hope, she rushes into the streets and seeks the river. On a lone pier she seeks refuge from her "lost life." The night-watchman, anxious about the cotton and rosin confided to his charge, does not hear the cry of "Mother" from a despairing girl, or the plunge into the gloomy, silent river below. She is not found for days after, and then her once fair face is knawed threadbare with the incisors of crabs, and the once white neck, rounded as a pillar of glory, is a mere greenish mass of festering corruption. She is not recognized, and thus fills the page devoted to missing people.

FINIS.

Then there are the cases of girls who disappear from their homes outside of New York, and descend into her brothels, where they find rich raiment, rich food, a merry and unceasing round of gayety, champagne and lovers, which they could never hope for where they came from. These girls leave home very often through sensuality or laziness, — for girls are lazy as well as boys, — and when missing, are generally found in brothels, which, as a general thing, they will not leave for their parents. Then there are husbands and wives who quarrel foolishly, and separate to vex each other, and are missing for years, to finally be forced into other illegal ties. And there is a case of a young man, twenty, married and rich, who leaves his wife ; is gone for twelve months, and is found in New Orleans, when he tells those who find him that he has been very sick, and was forced to leave his happy home.

There is also, as it is well known, a great number of infamous houses in this city where abortion is openly practised, and where whole hecatombs of innocent children are slaughtered, to hide the shame of their guilty mothers. How many wealthy and refined girls are to be found in these slaughter-houses, concealed there to hide the evidences of their indiscretion, by their parents or relatives, whose social position would be lost did the consequences of such indiscretion show themselves? The mothers are left to die in agony, again and again; and there is no coroner's inquest or public burial; for are there not scores of obliging physicians to hush the matter up?

And then, again, our private lunatic asylums. How many men and women are spirited away to those tombs of living men, where remonstrance or clamor is useless unless the public press tracks the injury, as in the case of a well-known naval officer, who was most unjustly confined, as the investigation proved, and was only released by the agitation made by The World newspaper.

AMONG THE "SHARKS."

ADVENTURES OF A FALL RIVER WANDERER — HIS VALUABLE EXPERIENCE IN NEW YORK — THE BOND OPERATOR.

A PART of Officer McWatters' duty, when connected with the Railroad and Steamboat Squad, was to advise and protect strangers in the city. He, of course, encountered many a curious country chap, making his *debut* in the great Metropolis. One of the most comical, if not the most valuable things Officer McWatters could possibly do for the delectation of readers in general, would be to write out his multifold experiences with strangers in the city, and put the whole into book form, entitled, for example, "Afloat in the Sea of Iniquity, Waifs Gathered There." The following is taken from the New York Mercury of some years ago.

Officer McWatters, whose urbanity and politeness is proverbial, was accosted yesterday forenoon, by a young man who had just stepped off of the Fall River boat, who inquired of him to know the way to the Park.

"What park?" politely queried the officer.

"O, I don't know, — any park where I can sit down a while, and see something of New York!"

"Better take a stage and go to Union Park. Everything clean, quiet, and orderly."

The officer assisted the young man into the stage, which soon sat him down in Union Park. The Park never looked lovelier. Children and drums, nurses and baby-wagons, small boys and fire-crackers, lovely maidens with books of poesy, the water-basin and the flowing fountain, the green trees and the luxuriant shade, all were but parts of a perfect whole, which Mr. Jasper Gray, the young man in question, enjoyed hugely.

Mr. Gray is a native of that enterprising village known as Fall River, and he had come to New York to see the

sights. The senior Gray had warned him to look out for the "sharks;" and with a promise that he would do so, and about one hundred and sixty dollars in his pocket, the young man left his home, to sojourn several weeks in and about the Metropolis. Mr. Gray's idea of "sharks" was, that of some huge braggadocio, who would fiercely assault him late at night, demand his money or his life, or assume some other equally disagreeable mode of placing him in a dilemma. He had no idea that under the bright sun of midday, and in the grateful shade of the trees of a public square, the shark was looking and watching for a victim; but so it was.

As he cast his eye towards the fountain, his gaze rested upon a little child playing on the greensward, now rolling on the grass, and again approaching dangerously near the water's edge. Once thinking that the child might fall in, he sprang from his seat, and caught the little fellow by the arm, and delivered him into the hands of his nurse. A few moments after this occurrence an elegantly-dressed young lady came up to the seat upon which he was sitting, and begged leave to thank him for having so kindly cared for her little brother, whom, she declared, he had saved from falling into the water.

"Nurse has gone home with the darling, now; but I could not feel to leave you without expressing my gratitude for your kindness," said the lady, whose eyes shone with brilliancy through the thin gauze veil, filling Mr. Jasper Gray with the most undefinable feelings.

He replied awkwardly to her many complimentary expressions, but finally became animated, and began, as all slightly verdant people are apt to do, to speak of himself, his connections, the town he came from, how he came to leave, what his father told him, how much money he had, and a hundred other equally as interesting matters. The lady was interested. She grew animated as Mr. Jasper Gray proceeded; and as he alluded to the one hundred and sixty dollars with which he had been provided on leaving

home, her interest seemed to have reached its height. She declared he must accompany her home to see pa and ma, and receive their thanks for having saved little Charlie's life.

Really, this was too much; but the young lady insisted, and Mr. Gray at length yielded to her solicitations, happy in the thought that he had not only escaped the "sharks," but had fallen into the most pleasant of experiences with the most respectable of people. The mansion into which our hero was inveigled was one of the first class. The furniture was of rosewood and brocatelle, and the lace curtains swept the floor with their magnificent dimensions. Elaborately carved chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, costly mirrors and valuable paintings decorated the walls, and marble-top tables and a splendid piano lent their attractions to the room. Bouquets of choice flowers shed a rich fragrance about the place, giving it an air of elegance and enchantment. Here Mr. Gray spent the afternoon. An elderly-looking personage played mother, and thanked him a thousand times for saving Charlie. Pa would soon be home, and he would be equally grateful. Cake and wine were served. The youth was in a perfect sea of delights. The wine raised his spirits, and evil thoughts entered his heart. He cast longing and loving glances upon the fair Florine of the mansion, and the elderly matron adroitly withdrew. More wine was served, and the young man was in a fit condition to sing with Burns,

"Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,"

so bravely did the ruddy fluid lift him up.

What followed must be left to the imagination of the reader. Suffice it to say, that the Fall River wanderer, when in the full flush of the Paradise of which the wine had led him to believe he was the sole master, was suddenly confronted by an enraged father, who desired simply to know who he was before he killed him on the spot, and by a sobbing mother, who declared he had betrayed the

confidence she had reposed in him; and last, but not the least important, the beautiful being, whose dishevelled hair and disarranged toilet told a woful story, standing before him, a mute upbraider of his crime. Such a combination of revenge, despair, and injured innocence, as the trio presented, very nearly, but not effectually, sobered Mr. Gray, and left him in a peculiarly muddled condition, in which, with true Yankee simplicity, he felt for his pocket-book, as the most available and only method of settling the accumulated difficulties under which he found himself laboring.

It is a credit to his instinct, that the production of the pocket-book aforesaid produced the desired result. The mother was compromised by the payment of one hundred dollars, and Mr. Gray was allowed to depart. He of course sought for his new-made friend, Officer McWatters, for consolation and advice in his emergency, and seventy dollars of the amount was recovered last evening, and Mr. Gray was admonished to expect the "sharks" in any and every possible garb, from the rollicking gutter-man of the Five Points to the extensively got-up denizens of the Fifth Avenue or the Astor.

But we ought, perhaps, to add here an incident of Mr. Gray's experience among the "sharks" of another kind than that alluded to in the foregoing portion of his history. Not willing to trust himself further alone in the city, and wishing to make his visit to New York as profitable as possible to himself in the sight-seeing way, he begged Officer McWatters to permit him to go around with him on his business tours. The complacent McWatters, who was never known to deny any one anything proper to be asked, and which he could give, permitted the bore to accompany him for a day or two. Among the early sights thereafter seen by the young man, was one, which frightened him so thoroughly, that the wonder is his hair did not turn white on the spot. He declared, after he recovered his self-possession, that he "wouldn't be hired to live a week in New York for all Old Vanderbilt's pile."



THE BOND OPERATOR.

Officer McWatters had occasion to cross Wall Street, on a hasty errand of business down into Beaver Street, accompanied by his *attaché*, Mr. Gray, when they came suddenly into the midst of a great excitement. A dandily-dressed, rakish-looking young man was just breaking out of a crowd, and running with hands full of papers and a bag. Officer McWatters instantly "twigged" the nature of the trouble, and put chase after the fellow, unceremoniously leaving Mr. Gray in the midst of the turbulent and excited crowd. The fleeing young scamp, who had just snatched a package of United States bonds and a money bag from an old messenger of some house, who was on his way to make a deposit, was a little too fleet for Officer McWatters, and gained on him a little; but, turning a corner, was fortunately impeded in his flight by another policeman, who chanced to have his pistol about him, and brought it to bear on him. The bold "Bond Operator" (as such villains, who were quite plenty in those days, were called) thought discretion the better part of valor, surrendered, and got his dues, we believe, at last.

Mr. Gray was in fearful plight over losing Officer McWatters, and it was some time before he found him again, meanwhile getting jostled about among the large and fierce crowd of excited Wall Streeters, whom the interesting occasion hurriedly brought together. He quite lost heart for sight-seeing in that adventure, and was, at last, only too glad to "get out of the infernal city," and went home a wiser man, we presume, than when he first landed in the city from the Fall River boat.

A SMART YOUNG MAN.

AN AFTER-DINNER COLLOQUY — AND ITS RESULT.

From one of the public journals we clipped the accompanying spicy article; we have lost our notes, and have forgotten from which, or we should duly credit it to the proper source. We discover that we have "pencilled" it "1862," and presume that it first appeared in that year. Our readers will pardon its somewhat "swelling" style in sundry places, but it exemplifies Officer McWatters' quick and acute perceptions, and his character as a detective, and we therefore give it place.

Young Man of large Appetite and small Conscience. — The necessity of eating is a strong one; the demands of appetite are peculiarly and pertinaciously potent. There are many fleshy-looking young men in New York whose appetital demands are largely ahead of their pecuniary resources, the latter being of a limited nature, like their consciences. Our leading hotel diners are appreciatively affected by these unconscionably-stomached and conscienceless individuals; and it requires all the devices of the proprietors, and ingenious watching of sharp-sighted detectives, to guard against their stealthful appropriation of dinners. In the multiplicity of guests daily arriving at first-class hotels, and multiplied disguises assumed by the unpaying diners, it is easy to conceive that the labor of watchfulness is no light one, and the guarantee of detectives by no means sure. There is no keener man in the Police Department to scent out a rogue than Officer McWatters. He can tell a rascal by a sort of instinct. A stranger to him is like a piece of coin in the hand of the skilful medallist, who tells the spurious from the genuine by the feeling — by a glance even.

Officer McWatters measures a man at a glance. He sees the latent roguery peering out of the corner of the eyes,

lurking in the smile, hiding itself in the cultivated mustache and careful whiskers, strongly and unconsciously developing even in the gorgeous watch-chain, flashy vest, showy cravat, elaborately-checked pants, and brilliantly shining patents, or, *vice versa*, suit of puritanical plainness. His penetrative optics permeated, yesterday afternoon, the disguise of that most notable and audacious of non-paying hotel diners, Jack Vinton. Jack had taken dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel. His brassy impudence had enabled him to pass muster, as a guest of the hotel, the Cerberus at the dining-room door. Not to betray a dangerous haste in leaving, he sank back leisurely into a soft-cushioned chair in the gentlemen's parlor, and read a newspaper for a while. He was going out of the hall door, when Officer McWatters spotted him.

"Are you stopping at this hotel?" asked the officer (who, by the way, was in citizen's dress), in that tone of politeness, for which he is remarkable.

"I am, sir."

"How long have you been stopping here?"

"Ever since I came here."

"Is your name registered?"

"Registered? I never heard of such a name. Mine begins with an initial letter of higher alphabetical rank."

"You misunderstand me. Is your name on the hotel books?"

"The bookkeeper is the proper informant."

"Have you a suit of rooms here?"

"Am suited perfectly — all the rooms I want."

"What is the number of your room?"

"A No. 1 — first-class, sir. First-class hotel has first-class rooms, you see, sir. This is a first-class hotel — the *ergo* as to the rooms is conclusive."

"You are evasive."

"Only logical, sir!"

"You took dinner just now up stairs?"

"Ask your pardon. I took no dinner up stairs. I went

up with an empty stomach. An excruciating stomachical void. 'Nature abhors a vacuum,' says philosophy; and, to borrow the apothegmatic utterance of that philosopher, Dan Brown, 'Dat's what's de matter.'"

"I must be plain, I see. You are Jack Vinton, and are up to your old tricks. You have come here, eaten a tip-top dinner, and were coolly walking away, with no thought of paying for it."

Jack saw he was in for it. He offered to pay for his dinner, and attempted by bribery to effect what he had hoped to effect by colossal cheekiness of action and tongue; but his antecedental history was self-crushing, like the mad ambition of the great Cæsar. He was conveyed to the Second District Police Court, and committed to answer this and other graver offences of swindling, of which he is supposed to be guilty.

Jack is only twenty-three years old, and is a master-swindler. Of good family, he has been well educated, and to fine looks adds the manners of a polished gentleman; while in artistic culture and familiarity with the classics, scientific studies and polite and poetical literature, he has few equals of his years. His dashing form is often seen on Broadway — the envied of his own sex and the admired of the opposite sex. His career betrays a wonderful and perverse mingling of the finest intellectual endowments and culture with the meanest and most pitiable traits of low and dishonest natures. He is a sort of Lord Bacon, on a vastly reduced scale of brilliancy. As philosophy delves the mysterious problem, she finds only "darkness to shadow round about it."

A SUSPECTED CALIFORNIA MURDERER.

ARRESTED — CHARGED WITH KILLING FOUR MEN; A GERMAN, FOR HIS MONEY, AND TWO SHERIFFS AND A DRIVER, WHO WERE CONVEYING HIM TO PRISON.

THE following article is taken from the New York Dispatch (1861), and serves to illustrate the sagacity of Officer McWatters in "picking out his man" in a crowd.

A young man named Velge, lately from California, was arrested at the pier of the Ocean Mail Steamship Company by Officers McWatters and Hartz, of the Steamboat Squad, and taken to Police Headquarters, where he has been since detained, till the matter can undergo examination before a magistrate. The report, as obtained from an officer at the central office, is substantially as follows: —

About eighteen months since, a German, residing in Sacramento, was murdered under circumstances of extraordinary brutality. He was mild and inoffensive, said no extenuation appeared to exist for the atrocious crime. He had saved some money, which the assassin had taken, but the amount was hardly sufficient to induce an ordinary bravo to attempt his life, or otherwise disturb him.

The suspected murderer was known to the police. Extraordinary measures were adopted to bring him to justice. His likeness was obtained somehow, and photographs of it were multiplied and distributed all over California and Oregon.

After some time, intelligence was received at Sacramento that the suspected murderer was at Carson City. There was a resemblance, certainly. The sheriff of Sacramento and a deputy repaired thither, and arrested him. A conveyance was obtained, and the legal formularies having all been attended to, the officers set out for Sacramento.

The journey was tedious, as may well be expected. The party finally neared Sacramento. Already the officers

began to dream of home and rest from their fatiguing journey. The driver was in an equally listless mood. Velge, the prisoner, was not slow to perceive their half-somnolent condition, and take advantage of the circumstances.

Quietly but adroitly taking hold of the revolver which one of the officers was carrying in one pocket, he cocked it so as not to arouse attention, and a moment after sent a bullet through the brain of the unfortunate sheriff. The other sprang to his feet, just in time to receive the contents of another barrel in his body. He fell from the vehicle, while the assassin hastened to despatch the driver. Having thoroughly completed the work of death he fled.

The excitement produced by this triple murder was terrible. Rewards were offered, and the State was thoroughly searched for the felon. But it was of no avail.

Among the passengers on the North Star was a young man of singular mien, whose appearance attracted comment. One of the passengers had a portrait of the murderer of the sheriffs, and found it to agree remarkably with that of the strange passenger. He made no effort to call attention to the matter, but took the opportunity, as soon as he came on shore, to place the authorities in possession of the facts. The first man whom he observed was the busy McWatters, of the Steamboat Squad, who was making himself ubiquitous and useful in the way of superintending the landing of baggage, protecting passengers from runners and pick-pockets, and enabling them to come and go as best suited their convenience.

Approaching the indomitable McWatters, Rev. Mr. Peck addressed him.

Peck. — "Are you an officer?"

McWatters. — "Yes, sir; I hold that position, and am proud of it."

Peck. — "I have an important matter to call your attention to. Please examine this likeness."

McWatters. — "I see it. I would know that face in a thousand. I could pick it out in a crowd."

Peck. — "He is a passenger on the North Star, and I think is guilty of murder."

Calling his comrade to his help, McWatters carefully noted each passenger as he was leaving the steamer. As Velge came up, Mac recognized and arrested him. He was thunderstruck at the occurrence, and protested his innocence. The officers conveyed him to the central office, and laid the case before the superintendent. The prisoner showed that he was an old resident of this city, though only twenty years old. Several of his relatives were at headquarters yesterday pleading his innocence. The clergyman who had caused his arrest made his statement to the superintendent, who finally decided to retain the young man in custody till he could be brought before a magistrate.

There was certainly a striking resemblance between the portrait and the countenance of the prisoner. If the suspicions now entertained should prove to be well founded, this is another instance of the perpetration of crime followed by its speedy detection.

EXTENSIVE COUNTERFEITING.

SEIZURE OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SPURIOUS POSTAL CURRENCY — ARREST OF THE COUNTERFEITER — HIS CONFESSION.

In the New York Times of November 20, 1865, we find an article with the above caption, and which we copy as below. The arrest therein spoken of created much sensation at the time, as well it might. Officer McWatters acted in the matter, not only as an ordinary member of the police force, but in the capacity of a detective, and won great credit by his sagacity.

"An important arrest was effected in Brooklyn last Tuesday, the particulars of which have been suppressed up to the present time. The Treasury Department at Washington have long been aware that the business of

counterfeiting greenbacks and postal currency has been carried on to an alarming extent at different points throughout the country, but their endeavors to arrest the guilty parties have, with a few exceptions, been attended with failure, or only partial success. One exceedingly skilful engraver of bogus postal currency has been especially marked as the most dangerous operator, inasmuch as his execution was so perfect as frequently to deceive even the Government officials; and the boldness of the counterfeiter was almost as great as his skill. The man in question is an English engraver, by the name of Charles J. Roberts. The best Government detectives have been on his track for six months, without succeeding in finding him, until last Tuesday, when his arrest was effected in Brooklyn, by Messrs. R. R. Lowell and A. J. Otto, detectives in the service of the Treasury Department, with the assistance of Officer McWatters, of the Twenty-Sixth Metropolitan Precinct.

"The operations of Roberts have been mainly confined to Philadelphia, in the suburbs of which city his "money mill" was situated. The last counterfeit pieces which he made, and which, in an indirect manner, led to his arrest, were copies of the latest issue of fifty cent postal currency. They are of steel, and the impression from them is so beautiful and perfect, as to be entirely undistinguishable from that of the genuine plates. Upon this counterfeit the criminal artist had exerted his skill with the most elaborate patience and precision, intending to make it, in every sense, a *perfect* resemblance, which would even escape the suspicion of the Government detectives.

"But though an engraver, Roberts was not a printer. His plate was perfection, but unaided, or assisted only by mediocre printers, he could not produce an impression equally perfect. He therefore left Philadelphia a short time ago to seek the services of a Brooklyn printer, whom he understood to have been in the counterfeiting business, and who was well known to be a mechanic of extraordinary skill. Unluckily for the English operator, this printer

was in the service of the Government detectives, who were, therefore, promptly informed of the whereabouts of the game for which they had so long been in pursuit.

"Messrs. Lowell and Otto, McWatters and others, accordingly surprised Roberts in his Brooklyn retreat, on Tuesday morning last, at 9-30. The counterfeiter made a desperate resistance, swearing that he would die sooner than be taken; but the detectives were too many for him. He was knocked down, disarmed, and speedily lodged in the Raymond Street jail.

"The arrest was kept a profound secret, to allow the detectives time to effect the seizure of the plates and counterfeit money already manufactured in Philadelphia, which they were unable to do prior to the arrest. They also knew of twenty thousand dollars in the fraudulent currency, which the manufacturer had brought with him to Brooklyn, and which they hoped to procure. After lodging their prisoner in confinement, they immediately set out for Philadelphia, found the mill, and seized its contents, comprising the plates, tools, presses, fifty thousand dollars' worth of the fraudulent currency, all in fifty cent postage stamps. Some of it was in an unfinished state, but the detectives declare that the completed issues would have deceived them instantly; that they would never have doubted their genuineness. But they were outwitted by the prisoner, so far as the counterfeits in Brooklyn were concerned. During the absence of his captors, Roberts managed to have the following letter conveyed to his mistress and confederate: —

"'BROOKLYN, November —, 1865.

"'MARY: Please go at once, when you receive this, and tell Louisa to come and see me at once. *Tell her to clean things away.* I am at Raymond Street jail. Please go some roundabout way, and take care nobody follows you. Tell Louisa to keep cool. I am all right. Do this right away, please, to-night, and oblige,

"'Yours, CHARLES J. ROBERTS.

"'MRS. LLOYD, corner North First Street and
Third Street, Brooklyn, E. D.'

"This note was conveyed to the above address by the brother of the sheriff who had the prisoner in charge, whence it reached 'Louisa,' who, of course, 'cleaned things away,' much to the disappointment of the detectives, when they called for the purpose of making the seizure. The guilty brother of the sheriff has fled, and has thus far effected his escape.

"The detectives are now in pursuit of a confederate of Roberts, and they are quite confident of soon capturing him. Since his incarceration Roberts has confessed everything. He says that the plate which has been seized was intended for his final and greatest effort. If the detectives had only held off for another week he would have made one hundred thousand dollars, and been in Europe enjoying it. We understand that Roberts's new counterfeits, to the extent of twenty thousand dollars, are already afloat.

"Overton, the counterfeiter of twenty-five cent stamps, who was arrested some time ago, pleaded guilty on Friday last. Roberts will also probably be speedily convicted, and, as he is not so fortunate as to have 'a wife and nine children,' there is no likelihood of his receiving the hasty pardon which was recently granted to Antonio Rosa, a similar criminal."

KNOTS UNTIED

THE GAMBLER'S WAX FINGER.

CHARLES LEGATE — A FORGER — STUDYING HIM UP — FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, HIS "PRIZE" — DESCRIPTION OF LEGATE — NO TWO PERSONS EVER AGREE IN DESCRIBING ANOTHER — A MARK HIT UPON — START FOR ST. LOUIS — MUSINGS — CURIOUS INCIDENTS OF MY JOURNEY — A GENEALOGICAL "DODGE" — ON LEGATE'S TRACK AT LAST — ST. LOUIS REACHED — OF MY STAY THERE — LEAVE FOR NEW ORLEANS PER STEAMER — A GENIAL CROWD OF MEN AND WOMEN ON BOARD — CHARACTERISTICS OF A MISSISSIPPI "VOYAGE" — NAPOLEON, ARKANSAS — SOME "CHARACTERS" COME ON BOARD THERE — A GAMBLING SCENE ON BOARD — ONE JACOBS TAKES A PART — A PRIVATE CONFERENCE WITH JACOB'S NEGRO SERVANT — A TERRIFIC FIGHT ON BOARD AMONG THE GAMBLERS — JACOBS SET UPON, AND MAKES A BRAVE DEFENCE — HOW I DISCOVERED "JACOBS" TO BE PROBABLY LEGATE, IN THE MELEE — HE IS BADLY BRUISED — HIS LIFE DESPAIRED OF — WE ARRIVE IN NEW ORLEANS — JACOBS' IDENTIFICATION AS LEGATE — LEGATE PROVES TO BE VERY RICH — A CURIOUS VISIT TO AN ITALIAN ARTIST'S STUDIO — A NOVEL MEDICINE ADMINISTERED TO SIGNORE CANCEMI, THE SICK ARTIST — HE GETS WELL AT ONCE.

EARLY in my detective life, when I was more ready than now to accept business which might lead me far from home, I was commissioned by a New York mercantile house to go to St. Louis first, and "anywhere else thereafter on the two continents" (as the senior member of the house *fervently* defined my latitude) where my thread might lead, to work up a subtle case of forgery to the amount of about fifty thousand dollars, out of which the house had been defrauded by one Charles Legate, a Canadian by birth, but combining in himself all the craft of an Italian, with the address of the politest Frenchman, and the bold perseverance and self-complacency of a London "speculator." The task before me was a difficult one, and at that time more than now I craved "desperate

jobs," entering into them with an enthusiasm proportioned to the trials and dangers they involved.

After a thorough study in every particular of the correspondence between Legate and the house, which covered a long period of time, and in which was disclosed to me, as I thought, a pretty clear understanding of the man in all his various moods and systems of fraudulent pursuit, and having gathered from the members of the house every particular in regard to the personal appearance of Legate, of which they could possess me, I started on my mission. The house had been unable for some time to get any word from Legate, or any tidings of his recent whereabouts from others; so we felt certain that I should not find him at St. Louis, the point from which they had last heard from him, and where they had evidence he had for some weeks resided; so I was even unusually particular in my inquiries of the firm as to Legate's mode of dress, the peculiarities of his manner, and all possible personal indices. Legate was one of those men whom it is difficult to describe, being of medium height, having black eyes and black hair, a nose neither large nor small, mouth of medium size, teeth the same, nothing peculiar about his cast, and his complexion sometimes quite light, at others "reddish." There's nothing more difficult to determine by inquiry from others than a man's complexion, no two persons seeing it alike. He dressed neither gaudily nor carelessly, and though my informants all agreed that he was a man of consummate address, yet none of them could by imitation give me any definite representation of his manner.

Almost in despair of learning anything at all definite about his personnel, which might enable me to identify Legate, I finally said, "Gentlemen, almost everybody is in some way deformed or ill-formed — nose a little to one side — one foot larger than the other, leading to a habit of standing on it more firmly than on the other — one shoulder higher than the other — an arm a little out of shape — hand stiff — fingers gone, or something of the sort."

"See here," exclaimed Mr. Harris, a junior member of the firm, interrupting me, and resting his face pensively for a half minute on his hand, the elbow of which was pressed upon the table at which we sat. "Ah, yes; I have it. You've hit the nail on the head. I remember noticing once, when Legate dined with me at Delmonico's, that the end, or about half, of his little finger of the left hand was gone. He doesn't show it much. I remember I looked a second time before I fully assured myself that what I first thought I discovered was so. He is as adroit about concealing that, as he is in his general proceedings." I felt great relief to learn so much, and bidding my employers good day, found myself, as speedily as I well could, on the way to St. Louis, taking my course up the river, and on viâ the New York Central Railroad. I suppose that it is the fact with every business man when travelling in the pursuit of his occupation, either as a merchant going to the big cities to buy goods, the speculator hunting out a good investment somewhere in real estate, — no matter what the business, — to be more or less occupied in thought regarding it. But no man has half or a tenth part so much occasion for constant weariness about his business as has the detective officer, whether he be in pursuit of an escaped villain, working up a civil case, searching for testimony in a given cause, or what not; for however deep his theories, or well laid his plans, some accident or incident, apparently trifling in itself, may occur to give him in a moment more light than he might otherwise obtain in a month's searching and study — a fact which is ever uppermost in my mind when in the pursuit of my calling, and I endeavor to turn everything possible to account. It so happened, that when along about Syracuse on the cars, I overheard some men, who were evidently enjoying each other's society greatly in the narration of stories and experiences, saying something about "home" and St. Louis; and I fancied they were, as proved to be the case, residents of that city; and I became consequently quite

interested in them, hoping that something would occur on their way to allow me, without obtrusion, to make their acquaintance; for they were both men who apparently know "what is going on around them," and very possibly might know Legate, or something about him, which might serve me. Indeed, I half fancied that one of them might be Legate himself; for he would answer the description given me of that person as well as anybody I should be apt to find in a day's travel; and I was more than half confirmed in my suspicions, as you can readily surmise, when I discovered that the traveller was lacking the little finger, or nearly all of it, on the left hand! Of course, thus aroused, I became very watchful, and devised various plans of getting into the acquaintance of the gentlemen as soon as might be. But the cars rolled on and on, and no chance occurred to place myself in their immediate presence, although I walked up and down the aisle of the cars, occasionally lingering by this or that seat, and passing a word with the occupants; but somehow I could not get at the men in question in this or any other like way; but I kept myself as much as possible within hearing of their ludicrous, comical, or exciting stories, over which, at times, they laughed immoderately.

Eventually, as the cars were starting on from a station at which we stopped for a moment, there came on board a fine, brusque, jolly, but courtly-looking man, of that class who bear about them the unmistakable evidences of good breeding, frankness, and honor, and whose associates are never less than respectable people, and who, as he brushed down the aisle of the car in search of a seat, accosted the man upon whom in particular I had my eye, —

"Ah, Mr. Hendricks! I am very glad to meet you," extending his hand and giving him a cordial grasp and "shake" which assured me that the man Hendricks was a very different character from the Mr. Legate in search of whom I was making my journey; and so my "air castles," founded upon suspicion, came to the ground. I know not

why, but I really felt a relief to find that it was not Legate, after all, notwithstanding it would have been a happy circumstance for me, had Mr. Hendricks really been he.

But I listened still to the St. Lousians' story-telling, which grew more and more loud as we moved on, in consequence, I suppose, of their occasional attention to a little flask of wine which each gentleman carried; but they did not become boisterous. Mr. Hendricks was narrating to his friend, — whose name by this time I had discovered to be Phelps, — what was evidently an intensely interesting story to the latter, when he, striking his hand very heavily upon his leg, exclaimed, "That Legate was one of the most accomplished villains — no softer word will do — that I ever heard of."

"Ah, ha!" I thought to myself, "now I am in the right company to get a clew to the fellow. But stop; he said "was," not *is*. I wonder if Legate is dead: perhaps he is; and I became quite fearful that he might be, and so my mission prove entirely fruitless. But I could see no chance to break in upon their conversation here, or make their acquaintance. "*That* Legate," too, might also be another than the Charles Legate, whom I was seeking. What shall I do? and I pondered over the matter. Finally I made the bold resolution to interrupt the gentlemen at the first half-favorable opportunity, my seat being one back of theirs, on the other side of the car, and so near that I might do so quite readily. While talking of this man Legate, their conversation was, in the main, more subdued, and as if half confidential, than upon other topics, which made it the more difficult for me to interpolate a query, for I had by this time resolved upon my plan.

Presently I heard Mr. Hendricks say, "The last I heard of him, he'd gone to Mexico." I fancied this must relate to Legate, and began to think that my journey might indeed extend "over the two continents," according to my conditional orders on starting. Presently I heard the name Legate, and as Messrs. Hendricks and Phelps were at this

time in the height of their jolly humor, I fancied they wouldn't mind the obtrusion. I stepped from my seat to theirs, and said, "Gentlemen, you'll pardon me, but I am somewhat interested in the genealogy of the Legate family both at the west and east; and just hearing you speak the name Legate, it occurred to me that perhaps I could get a new name to add to my list. Is it a gentleman of the western branch of whom you were speaking?"

"O, no, sir," replied Mr. Hendricks; "the man we were speaking of doesn't belong to the United States at all. He was (and is, if alive) a Canadian, who lived for a while at St. Louis. Are you a Legate, sir, or a relative of the family? allow me to ask."

"No, sir; simply a general genealogist. You know all men have their weaknesses: genealogical studies are among mine."

"I asked," said he, "because, if your name was Legate, you might have been offended, if I had told you that the Legate we were talking about wouldn't add any grace to your family list."

"Ah, ha! then I infer that he might have been at least a man of bad habits — perhaps a dishonest one."

"Well, the public opinion in St. Louis is, that this man Legate wasn't very honest, however good his general habits may have been."

"I am sorry," said I, "that any member of the Legate family anywhere should bring disgrace upon the name; but we can't always help these things — a pretty good family generally throughout the country, I find. Permit me to ask, what was this Legate's first name? perhaps I have heard of him before."

"Charles," said Mr. Hendricks; "or familiarly, among his old acquaintances, 'Charley Black Eyes Legate,' to distinguish him from a blue-eyed gentleman by the same name. His French friends, too, — there are a great many French-speaking people in St. Louis, — called him 'Charley *Noir* (Black — short for black eyes.')"

Having learned so much, I was not anxious to press my inquiries, at that time, beyond simply asking if he was still residing in St. Louis, and was assured that he had departed—nobody knew to what point — nine months before. I managed, before we arrived in St. Louis, to make the further acquaintance of these gentlemen, without letting them at all into my business; indeed, so cordial had they become as to insist on calling on me the next day after my arrival at the Planter's Hotel, and giving me a long ride about the city.

During the ride I referred to Legate, and learned from them that he was a swindler and a gambler; that for a while he moved in the best society in St. Louis, and was thought a "pink of a man," possessing good manners, and being an unusually interesting colloquist and story-teller. He was considerable of a "romancer among the ladies," said Hendricks.

"Better say necromancer; that would be nearer the truth," suggested Mr. Phelps.

"O," said I, "a man given, in short, to wine, women, and cards, you mean?"

"Yes, exactly; but a man might be all that, and not be a Legate," responded Hendricks. "The fact is, sir, this Legate is a most unscrupulous villain — a man who would hesitate at nothing. If I am rightly informed, he made a murderous assault in New Orleans once upon an old friend who happened to cross him in some way. It was in that encounter, Phelps, that he lost his finger, I've heard."

I could no longer have any doubt that I was on the right track, and I felt that there could be no danger in confiding my special business in St. Louis to these men, who might be able to give me great assistance, possibly. So I told them that I was hunting this same Charles Legate, of the frauds he had perpetrated upon the New York house, and that I wished to find him within a given time in order to secure a certain amount of property in Canada, which, after a certain period, would be so disposed of as to be of no

avail to my employers, and that I was willing to give any reasonable amount for information which might enable me to reach him.

My friends told me that they thought my case an almost hopeless one, that Legate's sagacity could outwit the very d—l, and that he was the most uncertain man to "track" in the world; but they would do all in their power to find out who were his principal associates, during the last of his stay in St. Louis, the time, as near as might be determined, when he left, and what course he took. They had heard that he had gone to Mexico; but that was probably only a "blinder."

I staid in St. Louis five days, prosecuting my inquiries; but all I could learn of any import was, that the last which was known of Legate in St. Louis, he was constantly with a certain pack of gamblers, of rather a desperate order, and that, with his quick temper, it was possible that he had got into a fight (as some had suspected), and been made way with — possibly thrown into the Mississippi. This was not decidedly encouraging, and I was on the point of writing back to my employers that it was useless to search for Legate longer at that time; that they would have to trust to some future accident to reveal him, if still alive, indeed. But having another affair on hand at the same time, which necessarily called me to New Orleans before returning to New York, I thought better of the matter, and merely wrote to my New York friends, that having gotten all possible clew to Legate in St. Louis, I should take boat next day for New Orleans, from which point they would hear from me duly.

The next afternoon I took the steamer "Continental," after having made all arrangements with my new friends in St. Louis to apprise me if ever Legate "turned up" in that city; and down the mighty Mississippi the proud boat bore me and a large number of the most cheerful, genial, and hearty men and women I ever travelled with. There's a certain frankness and generosity about th- -

southern people which captivated me, when I first went among them, at once; but though I had often been in the west, I had never encountered a finer class of travellers than departed with me that day from St. Louis, on board the well-tried steamer Continental.

Nothing special, save the usual jollity, mirth, good living, copious drinking, and lively card-playing, which characterized a "voyage down the Mississippi," especially in those days, occurred, and being not over-well, I kept my berth considerably — until our arrival at Napoleon, Arkansas, where we stopped to "wood up" and take on passengers, accessions of whom we had had all along our course, at every stopping-place. At Napoleon quite a concourse came on, mainly of not well-to-do people, mostly migrating to Texas in order to better their worldly condition, as they thought. Poor fellows! I fear many of them found themselves doomed to disappointment. But to my story. Among the on-comers at Napoleon were three men of marked individualities. They came aboard separately. One of them was quite large and comely, neatly dressed, in the style then prevailing at the North; nothing about him but certain provincialisms of speech to indicate that he might not be a northern man. The other two wore long hair, and beards, and slouched hats, and had the air of well-to-do planters of middle age. One of them was accompanied by a negro, the most obsequious of all his race, and who, whenever ordered by his master to do anything, always took great care to indicate his willingness to obey by saying, very obsequiously, "Yes, Massa Colonel," or "Yes, Massa Jacobs;" by which fact I of course learned what the negro supposed, at least, his master's name to be; but there was something about this man's appearance which excited my suspicion, at first, that he might not be a planter, after all.

It was near nightfall when we departed from Napoleon and it was not long after the cabin was lighted up that the usual card-playing was resumed; and these three men

crowded, with others, round the tables, to look on at first, and of course to take part when occasion might offer. Jacobs was particularly observant of the games as they proceeded. Although I saw that he had peculiar talents for the gaming-table, I wondered why he lingered so long before taking a hand. But he was biding his time. The bar, of course, was pretty well patronized, and the finest looking of the three men in question grew apparently more and more mellow. The stakes at this time were not large, but the players were waxing more and more earnest, when this man — assuming to be slightly intoxicated — exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I say, I say — do you hear me? — that this fun is rather slow. Is there anybody here that wants to play for something worth while? See here," said he, "strangers, please let me draw up my seat," pushing his chair up between those of two players; "see here; there's a cool two thousand, that I want to double or lose to-night," and poured from a red bag a heap of gold, over a portion of which he clapped his large hand. "I am in for it. Is there anybody that wants to make this money?"

"Well, stranger," said Jacobs, "when these players can give us room, I'm your man; that is, till my pile's gone. 'Tain't so big as yours, and it ought to go for a new nigger down to Orleans. I must have another hand; but your challenge is rather provoking, I must confess, and I don't care if I try you."

The players, moved by that curiosity which such a proceeding between "strangers" would be apt to excite, politely made room for the combatants, and in their turn became lookers on. The large man played well, but he was (apparently) intoxicated, and now and then "bungled," giving the game into Jacobs' hands at times. My curiosity about Jacobs was, I know not really why, constantly increasing, and when the third of that trio had entered the lists with a partner, I managed to slip out down to the

lower deck, where Jacobs had ordered his servant, and fall into conversation with him.

"Are you Mr. Jacobs' nigger?"

"Yes, massa; I'se Massa Jacobs' body sarvant."

"Your master's a jolly fellow — isn't he? He's a planter, I suppose — has a great number of "hands" — hasn't he?"

"No, Massa Jacobs don't plant. He's a banker, or a specumater, as they call um up there."

"Up where?"

"Little Rock — we lives about five miles wess of Little Rock."

"O, then he don't plant. What do those speculators do? I never heard of them before."

"O, massa, you's quare — ain't you? You never knows about the specumaters? That's quare."

"But tell me what they do;" and the darky, turning up the whites of his eyes in a most inimitable manner, and cocking his head to one side, while he put his big hands into the attitude of one about to shuffle cards, went through the motions of dealing off cards with a celerity that indicated that he, too, might be a "specumater," as he doubtless was, among the darkies, having taken lessons in his master's office.

When he had finished this exhibition, he whirled about on his heel in true negro style, and with great glee shuffled a half dozen steps, and ended with an air of triumph, which indicated to me that he thought his master a great man. The slaves used, despite all they might suffer from a cruel master, to take great pride in him if he excelled in anything, or was a noted man.

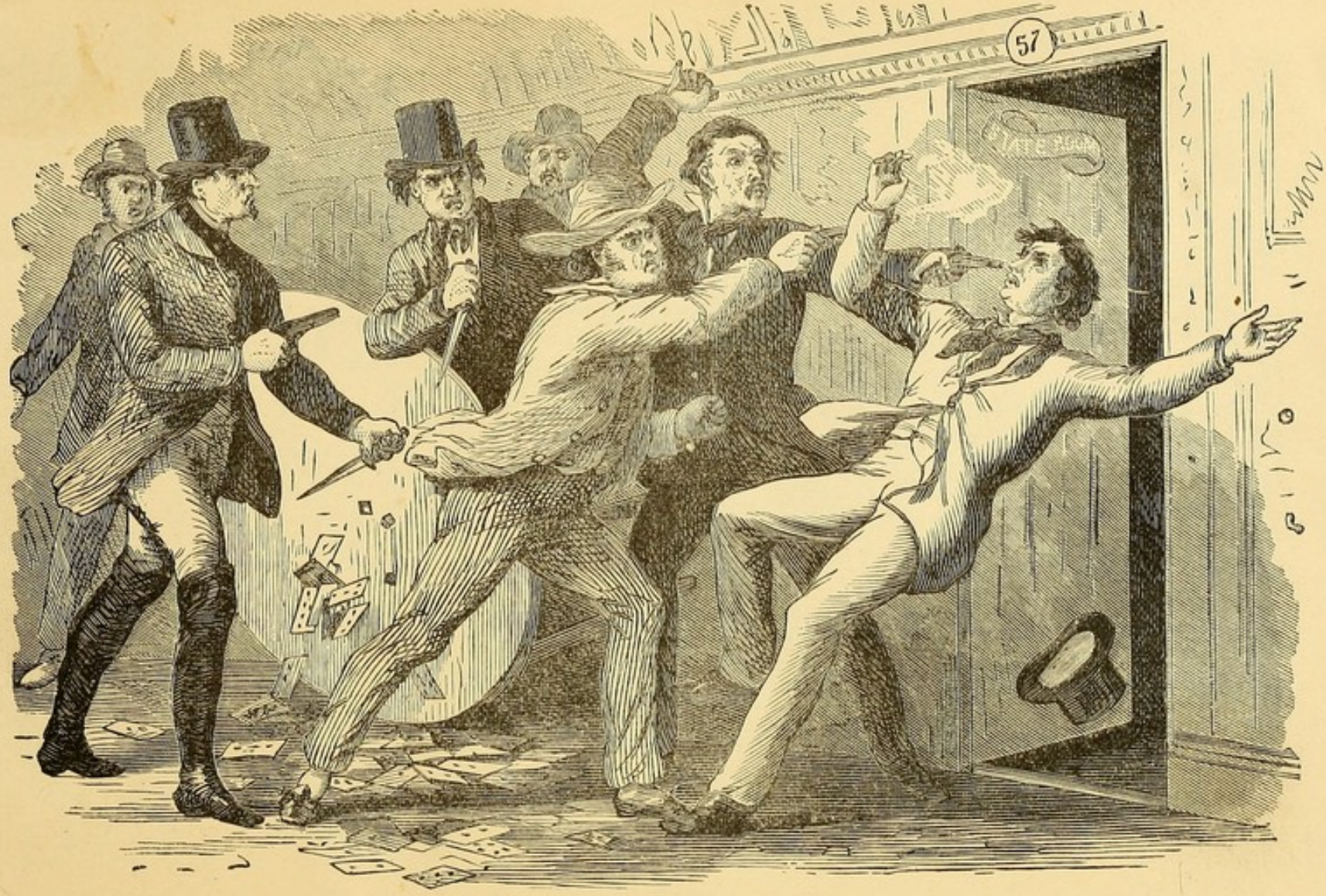
"Your master's a great speculator, then? I reckon I had not better try him, eh?"

"Tell troof, massa, I reckon dare's nobody on dis heah boat that can beat massa;" and he looked very serious, and spoke low, as if kindly warning me.

I had learned enough, and proceeded to the cabin, and

watched the play. For a while Jacobs played with the large "stranger," sometimes losing a little, sometimes winning more, and at last gave up the play, having won quite a sum.

Noting Jacobs' success, and the "stranger," too, having ordered on sundry glasses of liquor during the play, and having become apparently more heedless, others anxiously sought his place. A party of four was made up, and the large "stranger" and the third one formed two as partners. Jacobs posted himself where he could signal to the large "stranger," who, with his partner, went on now winning great successes. Frequent charges of "cheating" were indulged in by the losers, and Jacobs was appealed to to decide the points in issue, which he always did favorably for the large "stranger." But as the losses grew heavier, the suffering parties became incensed, and charged Jacobs as coöperator with the large "stranger" and his partner; and finally some one on board declared that he knew Jacobs and the large "stranger" to be chums; that they travelled together up and down the river, swindling everybody they could "rope in" to play. This, being whispered about at first, became finally talked aloud; and then commenced fearful criminations and recriminations among the parties. Pistols and knives were freely brandished, and a grand melee seemed on the point of breaking out; and it did break at last, fearfully. All the while my eye was upon Jacobs. I could not, for some reason, avert it. Somehow he seemed to me to wonderfully resemble the description I had had of Legate; but there was this difficulty in the way of my suspicions. Jacobs wore upon the little finger of his left hand a large seal-ring, and there was unmistakably a full-formed finger, which articulated at the joints properly, and I must be mistaken. During the earlier part of the disturbance, which the officers of the boat tried in vain to quell, the big "stranger" had been the chief centre of abuse and attack; but suddenly some one exclaimed, "That black-muzzled wretch is worse



THE WAX FINGER DISCOVERED.

than the big one," and the whole party of sufferers turned instantly upon him. Jacobs was a brave fellow, and with cocked revolver in hand breasted the whole, and swore he would kill the first man who laid hands on him, standing then on one side of the cabin with his back to the door of a state-room. Suddenly a passenger, who had retired for the night, opened the door behind him, and Jacobs, being stiffly braced against it, "lurched" for an instant, when an agile, wiry fellow of the angry crowd suddenly jumped forward and grasped his revolver, turning its muzzle upwards, when off went the pistol — the first shot, which was a signal for a desperate conflict, in which Jacobs struggled hard for the possession of his revolver, but was overpowered, and most severely beaten, so much so, that he had finally to be carried to his berth; and I followed the crowd that bore him there. He was speechless and nearly dead, I thought, and they laid him in his bunk. I noticed that the ring had gone from his finger, and with it, lo! the end of the finger also, leaving only the first joint and part of the second. I examined the stump, and saw that it was old. No further doubt rested on my mind that Jacobs and Legate were one and the same, and I immediately called the attention of the passengers to the loss of the ring and the finger, and caused search to be made for the same, which we found evidently unharmed, having somehow fallen into the state-room, the opening of the door of which first threw Jacobs off from his balance. I took charge of the finger, which was made of hardened wax, as my trophy, and some one, I knew not who, took the ring.

The big "stranger," who was badly bruised too, was not so much wounded that he could not be about next day, but kept aloof from poor Jacobs, probably because he had protested utter unacquaintance with him, and the next night, with the third "stranger," got off the boat, it was supposed, at the point where the boat stopped to wood, for the next day they were nowhere to be found on the boat; but poor Jacobs was so severly handled that his life was

despaired of by a doctor on board, and we took him along to New Orleans. Meanwhile I had made my suspicions and business known to the captain of the boat, and we took means for Jacobs' detention on board after the rest of the passengers should leave. But, poor fellow! there was hardly need in his case for so much caution or prevision, for when we arrived in the city, Jacobs could not have left the boat had he tried, so weak and sick was he. I left him on board, and hastened to the office of a friend of mine, once a detective in New York, and told him the story, asking his counsel how best to proceed.

"Why," said he, "this is a strange affair; but I think I can put you in the way at once of identifying this Jacobs as the very Legate whom you are after. Indeed, rest assured that he *is* your man, without doubt." Going to his drawer, he produced and showed to me an advertisement of a year before, offering a reward of two thousand dollars for the arrest of one "Charles Legate, alias Charles L. Montford," giving a description of his person, but pointing especially to the fact that he was wanting a portion of the little finger of the left hand. "You see," said my friend, "that *we* have an interest in the fellow as well as you. If he is our man, we are all 'hunky-dory,'" said he, "for he is very rich, as we have found out — know where his money is."

"Rich?" asked I. "Why, then, does he continue to lead the life he does?"

"Why? Why, indeed, such a question from an old detective like you astonishes me: it wouldn't, though, if a woman, or a fool, asked it," said he, giving me a curious wink. Don't you know yet that the Mississippi is infested with old gamblers rich as Jews, and who can't give up their pious trade to save their lives? Come along." And he took me down St. Louis Street a ways, and stepped into a side street, and standing before a door a moment, said, "Give me the finger, and follow me." We mounted a couple of flights of dirty stairs, and my friend opened a door into

a sort of anatomical museum of old gypsum and wax casts, and all sorts of small sculptural devices.

"Mr. Cancemi at home?" asked my friend of a weird-looking lad, whose hands were besmeared with the plaster he was working. "Si signore," (yes, sir), was the reply; "but my fader is much sick, questo giorno" (to-day).

"But I must see him a moment. Won't you go ask him to come down?"

The family, it seemed, occupied rooms in the loft above. The boy hurried off, and presently the father came down with him, almost too feeble to walk.

"Cancemi," said my friend, "you are sick; but I've brought you some medicine that will cheer you up at once."

"Ah, Dio," exclaimed the old Italian, "I vish it be so. I am much ammalato (sick). What have you brought?—Tell quick."

"See here!" said my friend; "did you ever see that before?" producing the finger. The old Italian seemed a new man as his eyes dilated at the sight with wonder, and he went into raptures over the matter, the reason for which I could not understand, and in his broken English muttered a thousand exclamations of surprise and joy. Of course he identified the finger as the one he had made for the "villain-scoundrel Legate." Legate, I found, had never paid the Italian for his skillful handiwork, and he had been promised a portion of the reward, if my friend should succeed in earning it—hence his joy.

We left the old Italian soon, and proceeded to the boat, where we confronted Jacobs, and made him acknowledge his identity with Legate. My business was made known to him. He lay on the boat for two days, until her return trip, when we had him carefully taken to a private hospital, where he could, beyond possibility of escape, be confined, and awaited his slow recovery under the best medical and other attendance we could procure. I telegraphed to my parties in New York, one of whom came on directly,

reaching New Orleans within ten days from that time; and before two weeks had passed from the time of his arrival, we had settled matters with the now penitent, because caged, Legate; and the New Orleans parties who had offered the reward were now called in by my detective friend, and settled their affairs with him by accepting a mortgage he held for twenty-five thousand dollars on a sugar plantation in the Opelousas country, paying the reward to my friend, and losing nothing in the result.

Only for the advertisement in the New Orleans paper, probably Legate would never have thought to procure a false finger; but for which I should never have been able to satisfy myself that Jacobs, in his bruised and battered state, was the identical Legate, and might have left him without further investigation on the boat.

The old Italian recovered his health speedily in his joy over Legate's capture, and was not forgotten by my friend, who, by the way, but for this old artist, would of course have never known of Legate's attempt at disguising the only peculiar mark about him, and would not, therefore, have been so sure of his identity when I told him my story. "Straws show which way the wind blows," and "fingers," though they be inanimate and waxen, may "point," you see, unmistakably to a villain.

LOTTERY TICKET, No. 1710.

A DIGNIFIED REAL-ESTATE HOLDER, VERY WEALTHY, LOSES SEVEN THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS — OUR FIRST COUNCIL AT THE HOWARD HOUSE — VISIT TO HIS HOUSE TO EXAMINE HIS SAFE AND SERVANTS — A LOTTERY TICKET, NO. 1710, FOUND IN THE SAFE — HOW CAME THIS MYSTERIOUS PAPER THERE? — CONCLUSIONS THEREON — VISIT TO BALTIMORE, AND PLANS LAID IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE LOTTERY AGENT TO CATCH THE THIEF — THE TICKET "DRAWS" — THE NEW YORK AGENCY "MANAGED" — TRAP TO IDENTIFY THE THIEF — THE SECURITY AND "SOLITUDE" OF A GREAT CITY — A NEW YORK BANKER — MR. LATIMER VISITS A GAMBLING-HOUSE IN DISGUISE. — IDENTIFIES THE SUSPECTED YOUNG MAN — THE AGENT AT BALTIMORE WAXES GLEEFUL — HIS PLAN OF OPERATIONS OVERRULED — MEETING OF "INTERESTED PARTIES" AT THE OFFICE IN BALTIMORE — A LITTLE GAME PLAYED UPON THE NEW YORK AGENT — MR. WORDEN, THE THIEF, IDENTIFIES THE TICKET, AND FALLS INTO THE TRAP OF A PRE-ARRANGED "DRAFT" — DISCLOSES SOME OF THE IDENTICAL MONEY STOLEN — WE ARREST HIM — EXCITING SCRAMBLE — THE MONEY RECOVERED — WORDEN'S AFTER LIFE.

"YOUR name is ——, I believe, sir?" asked a tall, gray-haired gentleman of me one evening, as I was stepping out of the Carleton House, a hotel then on the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.

"Yes, that's my name," offering my hand to receive the already extended hand of the gentleman.

"I have sought you," said he, "at the suggestion of my friend and lawyer, James T. Brady; who tells me that you are able, if anybody is, to help me in my loss."

"You've had a loss? Well, sir, you wish to tell me about it. Shall we go in here, or where shall we go to talk it over."

"Can we not walk up Broadway, and I tell you during our walk?"

"Probably that would not be the best way," I replied, "for it is doubtless as a detective that you need me, and we might meet somebody who knows me as such, and who might be the very last person whom I should like to have see us together," I replied.

"You are right, sir," said he, smiling. "Your caution shows me that you understand your business; but it is too late to go far up town to my house. — I have it. I'll call at the Howard House, take a private room, and you follow, in half an hour, say, and finding this name on the register with my room, come up. Here's my card. Come directly to the room, and say nothing."

"That's a good plan, sir. I will be there;" and he left, and I, having finished my business at the Carleton, wandered slowly up Broadway to kill time, wondering what such a stately, dignified, cool-headed sort of a looking man as he — a real estate holder, to large amount, a man whom everybody knew by reputation as one of the most quiet in the city — could have for me to do. I suspected forgery, arson, or some attempt at it, and a dozen other things. But I drove them all out of mind in a few minutes, for it is never well for a detective to indulge in anticipations in such a juncture of affairs; and meeting just then an old friend, beguiled a few minutes with him along Broadway, and finally taking out my watch, saw I had only ample time to get to the Howard at the time appointed, and so "suddenly recollected" an appointment, excused myself to my friend, sought the Howard and the gentleman there, whom I readily found in waiting for me.

"You are here on the moment," said he, as he closed and locked the door on my entry. "Take this seat, if you please, and I'll try to be short with my story."

"Go on, sir," said I; but please don't be in too much haste. I have plenty of time; but tell me all your story as you would, and probably did, to Mr. Brady."

"Well, sir, day before yesterday morning I missed from my safe, at my house, seven thousand two hundred and

fifty-five dollars, which I placed there the night before, having received most of it that day, at an hour too late to make deposit of it in bank;" and here he paused.

"Well, sir," said I, "who took it? That's the question, I presume, which you wish to solve."

"Yes, that, of course, is the point; but I can't fix my suspicions upon anybody."

"You say that most of this money was received after banking hours. Suppose you tell me next where and of whom you received it, and in what amounts, for I infer that you did not receive it in a lump."

"No; I collected it partly from rentals due, and some came to me from the country, — notes due, — and some from the sale of a cargo of pressed hay over at Jersey City, and I did not get around in time to put it in bank, such as I had, before closing hours," looking at memoranda.

"Well, I am glad you have memoranda of the amounts. Now tell me where you received these, each one;" and he went on to tell me, in detail, where, and who was near by, if anybody, in each case where a tenant or other debtor paid him money. I listened intently, and could get at nothing worthy of note till he came to the hay transaction at Jersey City. It appeared that there were several persons standing about at the time of the payment of the money to my client (call him Latimer, for further convenience), mostly working-men, some dealers, loafers, and two or three well-dressed, but rather dashily-dressed, young men. Mr. Latimer had been obliged to take out considerable money from his own purse, in order the better to arrange it to put in the amount then received; and feeling that he had quite an amount of money, even at that time, and he added some before he reached home, put his purse in his inner vest pocket, thinking of nothing worse than possibly encountering pickpockets, or losing his money by accident on the way. In his vest pocket he thought it

secure, and secure it was to take home, but not secure for keeping.

The result of our conference was that evening, that I should be obliged to go with Mr. Latimer to his home the next morning, when he would call at my office for me. I could not go that night, and perhaps it was as well; for I had a business appointment which led me, not an hour after parting with Mr. Latimer, into certain haunts where I fancied, — it was mere imagination, if it were not instinctive perception, in which I do not much believe, although many mysterious things have occurred in my life which seemed to be governed or directed by some subtle law, which the human brain is not yet strong enough to discover, — where I fancied, I say, that I saw some of the money which Mr. Latimer had lost, displayed, and distributed in dissipation. In short, I imagined that I had stumbled upon the thief, and had I known the character of the bills, which Mr. Latimer, however, could not tell me much about, I might have seized my man then and there.

But the next morning I visited Mr. Latimer's house in an up-town street, which was not then, as now, compactly builded; at least, in the portion of it where he dwelt. I examined everything about the premises, concluded where a thief might have gotten into the house without much trouble, and finally commenced questioning Mr. Latimer about his family, the servants, etc. None of Mr. L.'s family, except his wife, were at home. Two boys, or young men, were at school, rather at college one of them, and both far away, and the daughters were at the female seminary in Cazenovia. As to the servants, in whose honesty Mr. Latimer had the utmost confidence, I had them called into my presence, and questioned them about the condition of the house on the night of the robbery. One of them heard some slight noise, at some time between twelve o'clock and four in the morning; was not definite. The others slept soundly; heard nothing. They did not seem to me likely to be connected with anybody, or to have

lovers who would be apt to be of the class who might have robbed the safe. Besides, nobody, not even Mrs. Latimer, knew that Mr. L. had deposited any amount of money in his safe that night. He was of the order of men who attend strictly to "their own business," too strictly, sometimes, when evidence is wanted especially. His bedroom adjoined the room in which the safe stood, and was so situated in regard to a pair of "back stairs," that if the robber had come in from the back (on the theory of his possible complicity with the servants), he could have hardly gotten into the room without disturbing Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, unless on that night, which was probably the case, they slept with unusual soundness. I concluded that the robber must be an expert one, and somehow I constantly referred in mind to the fellow whom I have alluded to before as having been seen liberally dispensing money. He seemed to me competent for the business; but there was one thing which I left to the last, which arose in my mind at first on my interview with Mr. Latimer at the Howard; but I said nothing of it then, for I had learned that the best way is to approach the most serious troubles softly; as often the "course of things," as they take shape in an interview, will better point out how this or that mystery occurred than all the attempted solutions which one might, *a priori*, project for a week, and that one thing which perplexed me was, How did the robber unlock that safe? He must either have been familiar with the house and the safe, and perhaps had a key to it, or he must have carried about him, probably, several safe keys, one of which happened to fit (and the key to this safe was a small one, fifty of the like size of which would not much trouble a burglar to carry), or he must have gotten possession of Mr. Latimer's key. But his key was in his vest pocket, and his clothes were on a chair at the head of his bed, he said, on my inquiring, — there's where he left them, and there was where he found them in the morning, — and he was sure he locked his safe securely

after putting the money in. I finally, as the concluding portion of my examination, asked Mr. Latimer to let me see the inside of his safe, and to show me where he deposited the money. He unlocked and opened the safe, — a simple lock concern, proof really against nothing but fire, perhaps; for although it was supposed that the keyhole was so small, and the safe so constructed, that burglars could not get sufficient powder into it to blow it up, yet it would not have stood a minute against the skill and power of professional burglars; but to open it, as they would have done, would have necessitated noise enough to have awakened Mr. Latimer, especially as the bedroom door was open. Mr. Latimer had put the money into a little drawer in the safe, and turned the key of that, which key, however, remained in the drawer lock. But the drawer was tight, and we tried a dozen times to pull it out without making a creaking noise, without avail; so I concluded that, on the whole, Mr. Latimer and his wife *had* slept that night pretty soundly.

We were about closing the safe again, — I having made due examination, and asked all necessary questions, — when Mr. Latimer, thinking to arrange a half dozen or so papers which had been thrown loosely upon the bottom of the safe, took them up in one grasp of the hand, and commenced to put them in file, when out of his hand dropped a little white card with figures on it, which arrested his attention. He picked it up, looked at it with astonishment, and said, "That's a curious thing to be here," handing it to me. "You will perhaps think me a sporting man, a devotee of the Goddess of Luck; but I don't know who put that here." "Who has access to your safe besides yourself?" "My wife; she has a key." "O," said I, "perhaps she's put it here then." "Not she," said he. "She'd turn pale with horror if she had found that here, in fear that I might be trifling with lotteries. A brother of hers spent a good-sized fortune in lottery tickets, and died of disappointment and chagrin over his

course. Not she!" "Yes, I know," said I; "still she may have put it there, if not for herself, for one of the servants, perhaps; for you know many servants have a mania for 'trying their luck.'" So Mrs. Latimer was called, and asked about the lottery ticket. There was no mistaking her seriousness when she said that if one of the servants had asked her to lock up the ticket for safety, she would have taken it and torn it to pieces before her eyes. I was satisfied. But how came the ticket there. "No. 1710, Great Havana Consolidated Lottery," to be drawn on such a day, through the house of Henry Colton & Co., Baltimore. This is as near as the notes of my diary of those days, much worn, permit me to recount the words and figures of the ticket as I took them down in pencil. I studied the ticket, and saw from a note at the bottom that some days would elapse before the drawing was to come off. It was a fresh ticket then, evidently. But how did it get there? Mr. and Mrs. Latimer knew nothing about it — that was clear. It had not been there long — that was equally clear. I questioned Mr. Latimer about the condition of the loose papers in the bottom of the safe. It appeared he did not observe much order in them, so I could learn nothing by that query. Finally, I concluded that perhaps in pulling out the drawer the robber experienced considerable trouble, and that if he had the ticket in his vest pocket at the time, in bending over, and exerting some force to pull out the drawer, he might have dropped it on the floor, and perhaps his curiosity led him to pull out the papers too, some of which fell from his hand, and he picked them up, the ticket along with them. I settled upon this, and there was a clew to the robber, if nothing more. But how did he unlock the safe? This question remained unanswered. Perhaps with a false key, as I have before suggested; but this lock was one supposed to need a special key, none other exactly like it in the whole world. After we had finished our examination, Mr. Latimer closed the safe door, gave a turn to the knob, and

jerked out the key. I do not know what led me to think of it, but I asked, "Have you locked it?" "Yes," said he, "that's all you have to do to lock one of these safes," at the same time taking hold of the knob, and pulling it, to show me how securely and simply it was fastened; when, lo, open came the door! Mr. Latimer was confounded, and I confess I was greatly surprised. It might have been that the robber that night found as easy access to the drawer as Mr. Latimer then. We examined the working of the lock as well as we could, and found that something must be deranged, for although it would, on turning the knob, give a "thud," as if the bolts were driven home, it did not always put them in place. Mr. Latimer had his safe repaired after that, and found some "slide" in the lock-work a little out of place.

But I had gotten the ticket, and I told Mr. Latimer that we must work out the problem with that, or fail; and I sent Mr. Latimer about to his debtors, who had paid him the stolen money, to see if any of them could remember the denominations of the bills, and by what banks issued, which they had given him. He found something in his search which seemed likely to serve me. I gave Mr. Latimer my theory of the case, and pointed out to him the course I should pursue, and we concluded that a week would probably bring us to the determination to try longer, or would put us on the clear track of the robber or robbers, for there might have been more than one. Mr. Latimer authorized me, in case I saw fit, to offer a reward of five hundred or a thousand dollars for the robbers, or double these sums for the robbers and the money.

My first step was to go to Baltimore, where I learned that the ticket was genuine, but I could not learn the name of the person to whom it was issued. I had obtained it, I represented, of a man who never bought tickets, and was curious to know of whom he got it: but it was of no use to inquire. They kept faith with their customers. I could have inquired, with perhaps more success, of

the agent in New York, but I dared not venture to see him. Some special friend of his might have bought that number, — "1710," — and he would tell him of the inquiry, and the robber might suspect that he had lost it on Mr. Latimer's premises. The New York agent had fortunately made his report to the "general office" in Baltimore a day or two before. I left the lottery office, baffled for a moment, but I soon laid a plan. If this ticket wins, — and I shall know by the drawn numbers as published in the papers immediately after the drawing, — then I will "lay in" with the ticket agent, with the bribe or "reward" of five hundred or a thousand dollars, to help me detect the robber; and if the ticket fails to win, I will make the ticket agent my confidant, and have him despatch a note to the person to whom this ticket was sold, saying that "1710" has drawn a prize, to be paid on presentation of the ticket; and in this way get the man into my clutches. So thinking to myself, I concluded to stop in Baltimore till after the drawing, which occurred three days from that time.

As fortune had it, the ticket — "1710" — was lucky, and drew a prize of three thousand dollars. I went to the agent, and putting him under the seal of secrecy, with the prospect of five hundred dollars, and one half of the money drawn by the ticket besides, we arranged to catch the robber, if possible. The New York agency would claim the privilege of paying the three thousand dollars itself, for this would help to give it the reputation of selling lucky numbers, and increase its sales, and consequently its profits. Of course the New York agency was alive to its interests; but where was the ticket? The man to whom it was sold was expected to present it at once at the New York agency; but it didn't come, and he was advised of its having drawn a prize. But it was lost, he said; and the New York agency, desirous of making capital for itself, ordered the payment of the prize money through it, advised with the home office. It was finally

concluded that the buyer might make affidavit, before a notary public, of the fact that he purchased the ticket No. 1710; that he had not transferred it to anybody else; that he had lost it, and when. And it was suggested that, as possibly the ticket might yet be presented by somebody who might have found it, it would be well for the buyer to state whether he had given it any private mark — his initials, or something else, — which is often done. This was done to excite the robber's memory about it, and drew forth from him a statement that he had not marked the ticket, but remembered that it was "clipped" in a certain way, cutting into the terminal letter of a line across the end; which was just what we wanted, as it identified him, beyond a doubt, as the real purchaser. He swore he had not transferred the ticket, but had lost it somewhere, as he alleged that he believed, on such a day (which chanced to be the very day on the night of which the robbery occurred), somewhere between the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway (where was located then a day gambling-saloon) and Union Square. This was indefinite enough for his conscience, I presume. Of course a name was signed to the affidavit, but how could we know that it was correct? Together with this came the agent's affidavit that he sold to such a person the ticket. We arranged that payment should be made to the affiant if the ticket was not presented by somebody else within a month; and if it were presented before that time, he should be informed, and the proper steps taken to secure him his money. This was communicated to the New York agency, and I left for New York to find out who was this "Charles F. Worden," the purported purchaser of the ticket; and the Baltimore agent came on to see the New York agent, and adroitly draw out of him a personal description of this "Worden," for we suspected that the agent and he were special friends. The Baltimore agent had no difficulty in executing his part of the work, and indeed effected an interview with Worden, whom, with the New York agent, he

treated to a superb supper at the Astor House. When he came to give me a detailed account of the fellow's personal appearance, I recognized him, especially by a curious bald spot on the left side of the head, and which he took some pains to cover by pulling his long hair over it, — which, however, did not incline to stay there, — as the young man whom I had seen in the gambling saloon on the night that Mr. Latimer first consulted me at the Howard.

I now felt quite sure of my game; but was confident enough that I should find that the young man bore some other name than "Worden." Suffice it that it was the work of a couple of days only before I had my man in tow, knew all about him, his antecedents, etc. His family was good. He had been prepared for college, at the Columbia College Grammar School; was a young man of fair average capacity, but by his dissipations managed to make himself an eyesore to his family. His father, who was a well-to-do, if not rich merchant, doing business in Maiden Lane, had, in order to "reform" him, "given him up," and ordered him to shirk for himself, something like a year before this. He went into a grocery store, being unable to get work elsewhere, and had done very well for three or four months; but there was a private room in the back of the store where liquor was sold by the glass — one of those places which are now known by the felicitous name, "Sample Rooms," the disgusting frequency of which all over New York, and in many other cities, is so remarkable; places which are really worse than the open bars of hotels, or the regular "gin mills" (if I may be permitted to use the vulgar phrase), because in these sly, half-private places is it that most young men learn to drink, and here it is, too, where many a man, too respectable to be seen frequenting the open liquor stores of his vicinity, steals in and guzzles his potations, on the sure road to a drunkard's fate — failure in business, ruined constitution, and final poverty and disgrace. Here the young man, "Worden," as he now called himself, had fallen in with genial

company, who came to his employers to "buy groceries," and to drink, and among them had made the acquaintance, in particular, of a down-town "banker," who boarded in the vicinity of the grocery, which was on the corner of Bleecker Street and ——. This banker was a fascinating fellow, and young Worden soon fell in love with him. By and by he found out what sort of a "banker" was his new-made friend — the same who kept the day gambling-rooms on the corner of Fulton and Broadway. It is astonishing how little one may know of the business of his neighbors whom he meets every day in New York, unless he takes special pains to find out. The "solitude of a great city" is no mere Byronic fancy. One could hardly be more solitary in the dense woods than a man may be in the midst of the throngs of men and women he may meet in New York. He sees them — that is all. His heart is closed to them, and theirs to him, as much as if they were in China, and he the "lone man" on some island of the West Indies. So that "banker" passed for a rich, active, business man, in the vicinity of Bleecker Street and ——, within less than a mile, perhaps, of this nefarious den. Young Worden was easily led on till he got to neglecting his business when sent out on errands, or down town to the wholesale grocers; and finally the grocer discharged him for neglect of business; and how he had lived since then was a mystery to his old companions, who found him afterwards always better dressed. The secrets of his history, from the time of his discharge up to the time of the robbery, as I finally learned them, would form an interesting chapter by themselves, but are out of place here. An incident in his career, however, may yet find place in these papers, because it was interlinked with an extraordinary case which at another time I worked up, and of which I have made note, in order, if my space permit, to recite it in this work. It must suffice now, that despair, resulting from the loss of money at the gambling-table, and which he was not for some days able to win

back, though he hazarded his last dollar, drove the young man to commit a small robbery, or theft, from the purse of one of his fellow-boarders, when the latter was asleep one night. The full success of this hardened him, and led him on. If detection could always follow the first offence, the number of criminals would be far less. But few will "persevere" beyond a detection, if it comes early enough in their career.

I had made sure of my man. But he was not caught yet, by any means; besides, the Baltimore agent and I had something further to do together. Upon him depended much. I had the ticket in my possession, and the young man had sworn to it — identified it in his affidavit, to be sure; but he would insist that he lost it, and that somebody who found it must have robbed the safe, if we should pounce upon him now. So I went to Mr. Latimer, and managed to take him, in proper disguise, to a gambling saloon, which this young man frequented, and he thought he recognized him as one of the persons standing near him on the day the money for the hay was paid him in Jersey City; and before we left the saloon, — staid half an hour perhaps, — Mr. Latimer was quite willing to swear to the young man's identity as one of those present at the hay transaction. But this would not be enough to convict the young man, unless we could find some of the stolen money upon him, or among his effects, which I felt sure we should do, for I saw that he was gambling those days sparely, like one who means to win, and keep what he wins. I reasoned that the robbery had given him a snug little capital; that he felt his importance as a "financial man," and that perhaps he was resolving to gamble but little more, give up his old associates, and with what he had, and what he would obtain from the lottery, go into business, and perhaps win his way back into his father's favor. And I reasoned rightly, as a subsequent confession of the young man proved.

In his investigations among the creditors who had paid him the sum stolen, Mr. Latimer had found out a fact on

which I was relying for aid in the course of the work, as I have intimated before; and resting on that becoming important in the line of evidence, I repaired to Baltimore, and told the general agent that I thought it time now to draw matters to a close. We arranged our plans. The New York agent was informed that the ticket had been presented at the general office, and the prize demanded; that it would be necessary for the young man and himself to come on to Baltimore to meet the presenter of the ticket, and that he was to call again in three days. The general agent was in great glee over the matter; for I had arranged with him that he should have the whole of the three thousand dollar prize as his own, if he would not demand the five hundred dollars reward of me, in case the matter worked out rightly, and we managed to get back a good share of the money stolen from the young man. He was for attacking the young man at once, as soon as we could get him into the private office, and charging him with the robbery of Mr. Latimer's safe; overwhelming him with the history of his being that day in Jersey City, and showing him the trap we had set to get him to identify the ticket so minutely, etc.; but I feared that the young man might not be so easily taken aback, and we agreed to wait for something else which might, in the negotiation, turn up. I had not informed the agent yet of what Mr. Latimer had discovered in his investigations about the kind of money paid him, but had arranged with the agent that if things came to the proper point he should offer to pay the young man by a draft on New York, and should say to him, that if it would be convenient he would rather make the draft for three thousand and five hundred dollars, and let the young man pay him five hundred dollars, as that amount would draw out all his deposit, and close account with the bank in question, he having determined to do his business with another bank. So much I had asked which he said he would do; and duly the young man and the agent came on. We had a private conference; I be-

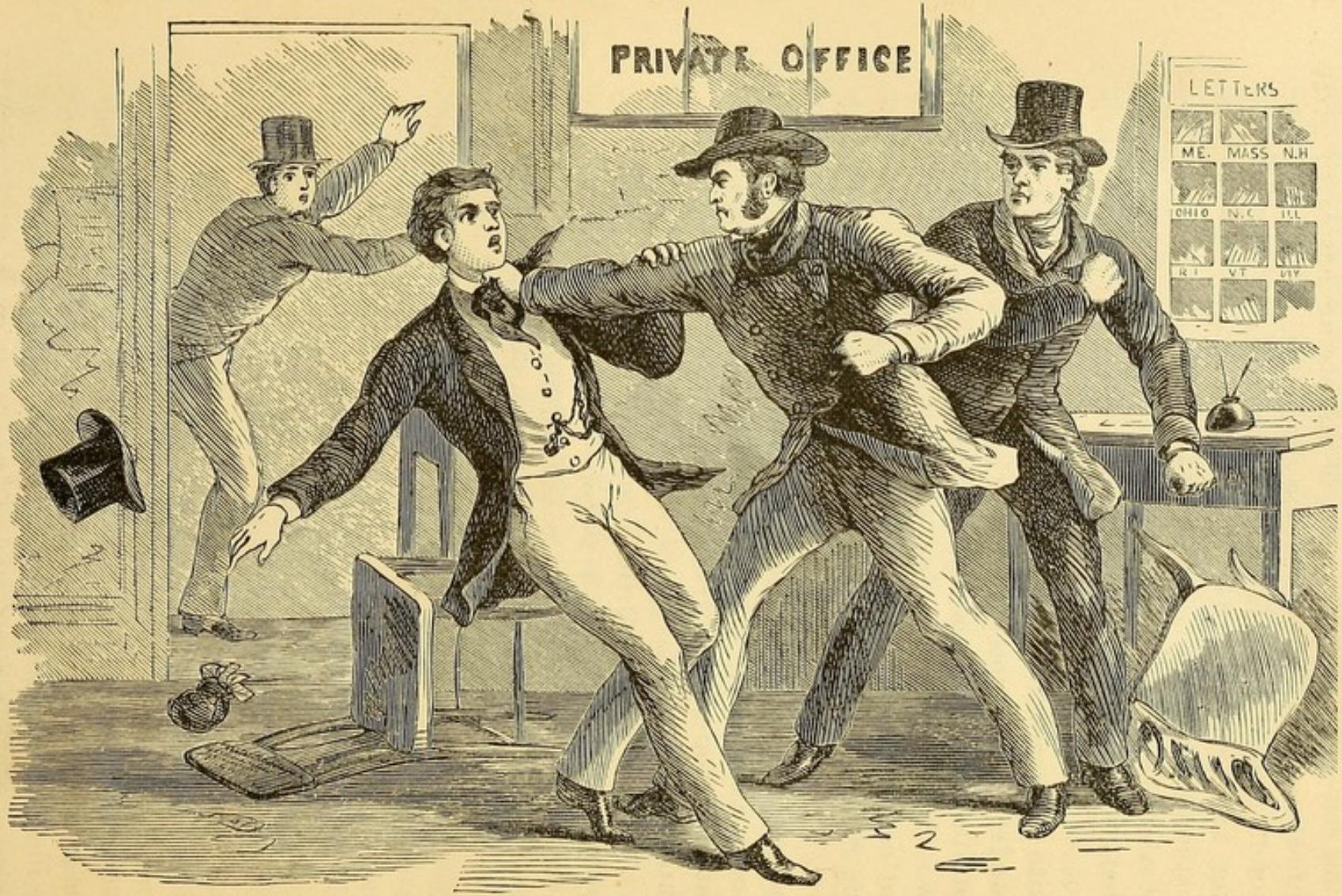
ing disguised, with spectacles and all, as the legal counsellor of the lottery men. The agent from New York was present. I had asked the young man many questions about the ticket, heard the New York agent's story, and given my advice to the Baltimore man to pay it to him, but to send for the "other man" who held the ticket, and who was said to be waiting the result of things. So the New York agent was politely asked to take a note to a man quite a distance off from the lottery office, and whom the agent had informed that he might receive a note that day, and instructed what to do in such case. The man was a store-keeper; was very polite to the New York agent; bade him be seated in the counting-room, and he would send his boy out to bring in the man indicated in the note. The New York agent was told to be sure to get the man, wait till he could bring him along with him, "if it takes three hours," said the Baltimore agent, as the New York man went off.

"Yes, yes; depend on my doing the business right," responded the New York agent, as he went off on his tom-fool's errand.

Papers were given the young man to read, and we chatted together a little; the lottery agent having gone to work at his business desk in the next room. A half hour passed, and then—"This is dull business. I must go to my office, and come back if needed," said I to the lottery agent, as I opened the door into his room. "When shall I return?" "Stay; he'll be back soon." "No," said I; "I'll go, and return." "Well, please don't be long away,"—and he gave me a significant look, which the young man, of course, did not see. I went off, and returning in about a quarter of an hour, called the agent into the private room, and said, "See here! a new phase in affairs. I found that man waiting at my office to consult me about the ticket. He said he knew I was your attorney, and would advise him what was best; he didn't want any fuss about it. This was after I told him I was quite sure that the ticket was the property of young Mr. Worden here; and

the matter is left entirely with me. See! I have the ticket here; do you recognize it?" asked I of Worden, presenting it to him. He started up, looked at it, and with a face full of joy, exclaimed, "The very same: don't you remember how I described this slip here in my affidavit?" "Well, Mr. Worden, as the matter is left with me, I have no doubt the ticket is yours; and of course the agent will pay you the prize. "Yes, of course," said the agent; "stay here, since you are here, and I'll make the due entries, etc., get the money, and be back." He closed the door behind him; and as it was a late hour, drawing near closing-time, told the clerks he'd give them a part of a holiday; and bade them to be on hand early next morning. "A good deal of work to do to-morrow, you know," said he, as he smilingly bowed them out.

Presently, after a delay, however, which I was fearful would excite the young man's curiosity, if nothing more, the agent came into the room, and told Worden that he found it would be inconvenient to pay the three thousand dollars that afternoon in money, and then proposed to him to take the draft on New York, of which I have before spoken. Worden compliantly fell in with the suggestion; said he would cash the draft for the balance. He was anxious, he said, to get on to New York as soon as might be; and, "by the way," said he, "where's my friend, Mr. ——?"—(the New York agent.) "Ah," replied the Baltimore agent, "he's waiting at the place to which I sent him for the man." "Well," turning to his watch, "there'll be time to send for him before the next train north, after we have settled the matter." He went to his desk, drew the check, came in and handed it to Worden, who, laying it on the table, proceeded to take out his wallet, which I noticed was heavily loaded. He selected five one hundred dollar bills and handed them to the agent, who stepped into the next room, as if to deposit them in his safe, saying, "I'll be back in a moment, Mr. Worden. Step in here, 'Counsellor,'" said he to me, "and tell me how I am to make



SEIZURE OF YOUNG WORDEN IN BALTIMORE.

this entry" — for the want of something better to say. I followed, and he showed me the notes. We "had" the young man! Four of the notes bore on their back, in writing, the business card of one of the men who had paid Mr. Latimer money on that day; the notes were of the Bank of America, such as he had told Mr. Latimer he had drawn that day from bank, and he had indorsed his card on them not an hour before he paid him. His account was new with that bank. He had no other than *six* of those one hundred dollar notes, so I saw our game was sure, and I said instantly, "Go in and ask Worden if he can't give you two fifties, or five twenties for this note," taking up the one not bearing the business card. He did so, and I followed, and instantly that Worden drew his purse to accommodate him, I suddenly knocked the purse from his hand, and caught Worden by the throat — "No noise, you villain! You are caught! You are the scoundrel who robbed Mr. Latimer's safe. I've traced you, and you are splendidly trapped!" I exclaimed.

He made some exertions to get from my grasp, but I held him firmly; waited a moment or two that the first flush of excitement might pass from him, and led him to a chair; gave him his history in brief; and in a short manner showed him how he was caught. Meanwhile the agent, at my request, was searching and counting the money in the purse which he picked up as I knocked it out of Worden's hands. "Here's another one hundred dollar bill with Bordell's card on it," said he. (The card was "Rufus Bordell, Optician, and Mathematical Instrument Maker, 173 Bowery, N. Y.," as my notes read. It was not an unusual thing in those days, though I always thought it a foolish one, for men to indorse all the new bills that came into their possession with their business addresses, as a mode of advertisement. Poor Mr. Bordell! He was an Englishman, and was making a trip to England to visit his relatives on board the ill-fated Pacific steamer in her last trip out, which went to sea, and was never heard of after.) Well, Worden saw

that he was caught, and there was no escape for him. We found he had over three thousand dollars in money with him, and he agreed to go to New York with us and get what remained of the rest, which he said was all he had taken except six or eight hundred dollars, and he thought he could manage to raise that amount too, if I would not prosecute him. The vision of State Prison was too much for his nerves. He wanted to go unmanacled; and so I insisted on the agent's accompanying me to help watch him. However, he could never have got away from me alone, for I should have felled him at once to the ground had he tried, and I was sure he had not been in the business long enough, or done enough at it, to have "pals" to assist him. In fact, he said he never had any comrades in crime.

The agent arranged his affairs; sent word to the New York agent that he was suddenly called to New York, and would see him there the next day, and we left Baltimore for New York by the next train. The young man kept his promise to us; not only got the money left out of his robbery, but raised of a "friend," whom we all visited, seven hundred and ten dollars, which we found was the deficit; gave up the lottery ticket to the agent (who had the honor, however, to pay him back the sum he paid for the ticket), and we let him go.

I hardly know whether I ought to state what I am about to or not; but it may encourage some reader of this who may be inclined to a life like that which young "Worden" was then leading, to reform. "Worden" saw the situation of things, thanked us for our kindness, and begged me to never mention his real name. (I had not communicated it to the agent or to Mr. Latimer, and have never since told it to either or to anybody). He promised to reform at once, and go to work, however humble the situation. He did so, and in two or three years won his way back into his father's smiles, conducted business in New York for a while after that, and is now a prominent and wealthy man of Chicago. I met him not over ten months

ago from this writing, and enjoyed his hospitality. "You saved me," said he. And that was all that was said between us about the robbery.

The Baltimore agent drew the prize for No. 1710, and it was none of the Lottery Company's business that he pocketed it.

When I carried the money back to Mr. Latimer, he was astonished, and insisted that I take the reward of one thousand dollars, which, as he was rich, I did accept. I never told him *how* we let the fellow escape, but satisfied him on that point.

"But," said he, "you haven't told me what you learned about how he got into the safe."

"No, for the scamp was in as much doubt about it as we; he thought that the lock turned easily, if it turned at all. He pulled, and the door came open, and afterwards, on looking at the key he tried it with, thought it curious that it could have raised the spring. Probably the safe was not locked."

"But how did he get in, and do it so secretly, my wife and I lying right there?" pointing to the adjoining bedroom.

"O, he says you were both snoring away so that nobody in the house could have heard him if he'd made ten times the noise he did."

"I — do — not — believe — it," said Mr. Latimer, with an emphatic drawl, and more seriousness of face than I had seen him exhibit over his loss even. "I never caught her snoring in my life. She says I snore sometimes. I'll call her, and tell her the story."

Mrs. Latimer came in; the snoring matter was settled in a joke, and I was made to stay and take a private supper with them, which, in due time, was served in superb order; and I left that house to go home at last with a firm friend in Mr. Latimer, who has never failed to send me business, when he could command it, from that day.

He is ignorant of the young robber's real name to this

day; and, indeed, said he did not care to know it; when, four years after the occurrence, as he was one day badgering me to satisfy his curiosity on that point, I told him the man had reformed, and was made a good citizen of, indirectly through the facts that the safe was probably unlocked that night, and that he and his wife snored so loudly.

LEWELLYN PAYNE AND THE COUNTERFEITERS.

AN IDLE TIME — A CALL FROM MY OLD "CHIEF" — THE CASE IN HAND OUTLINED — I DISCOVER AN OLD ENEMY IN THE LIST OF COUNTERFEITERS, AND LAY MY PLANS — TAKE BOARD IN NINETEENTH STREET, AND OPEN A LAW OFFICE IN JAUNCEY COURT — MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MRS. PAYNE, LEWELLYN'S MOTHER, AND FINALLY GET ACQUAINTED WITH HIM — HE VISITS MY LAW OFFICE — I AM INGRATIATED IN HIS FAVOR — I TRACK HIM INTO MY ENEMY'S COMPANY, AND FEEL SURE OF SUCCESS — LEWELLYN FINALLY CONFESSES TO ME HIS TERRIBLE SITUATION — CERTAIN PLANS LAID — I MAKE "COLLINS'" ACQUAINTANCE — VISIT A GAMBLING SALOON WITH HIM — A HEAVY WAGER — FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AT HAZARD, PAYNE'S ALL — THE COUNTERFEITING GAMBLERS CAUGHT TOGETHER — A SEVERE STRUGGLE — PAYNE SAVED AT LAST, AND HIS MONEY TOO — A REFORMED SON AND A HAPPY MOTHER — TWO "BIRDS" SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

THERE had been a lull in business for a time with me soon after I had left an organized force of private detectives, and with the promised assistance of some friends, mercantile and otherwise, whom I had served more or less, under the direction of the chief of the corps to which I belonged, had taken a private office, and was beginning to wish that I was not so much "my own master," and had more to do.

During those days I tried to divert my mind with much reading, and one day, poring over De Quincey's "Opium Eater," I was half buried in oblivion to all particular things around me, though wonderfully aroused to a sweet sensuousness of all things material, when my old chief entered my office. I was not a little surprised to see him, for it had been weeks since I had met him, and that casual

meeting was the first time I had seen him since my resignation from the corps.

"Good day, my boy," said he, giving me a hearty grasp of the hand. He looked weary and worn. I thought he looked vexed, too, about something, and I asked, "Well, what's up? What ails you? Are you unwell?" "No," said he, "not unwell; in fact, never in better health; but business annoys me. I've been on a scent for some parties for quite a while, and I can get nobody to do what I want done. Report of failure to find out what I want has just been rendered an hour ago, and I have come down to see if you can't help me out."

"Tell me your story," said I. "But I don't suppose I can accomplish anything for you if Wilson, Baldwin, or Harry Hunt" (detectives of rare ability on his corps) "have failed."

"They have," said he, "signally; but I believe the matter can be worked out readily, though you will have to take your time at it. The case is this: There's a lot of blacklegs and counterfeiters, some of whom you know, whose den I want to find out. That's all. They are passing more or less counterfeit money these days. What I want is not to detect any one of these by himself, but to capture the whole of them in their den — gobble them all up at once, and break up their gang; and now I think I have a key to their hiding-place, which, if I can get anybody to work it well, will open in upon them."

"Well, give me the particulars, and your general instructions, and I'll try it."

"You know," said he, "that some of it may be desperate work, and that's one reason why I want you — steady hand, and cool head, and time enough, must succeed in this business. Here is a minute description of five of the gang. Look it over," pulling from his side pocket a paper. "There, you know this first one, Harry Le Beau. We dealt with him, you know, two years ago; and the

next I guess you don't know. In fact, I reckon you don't know any of the rest."

I was studying over the personal descriptions; meanwhile the chief went talking on, I paying little heed further to what he was saying. Coming to the last on the list, "Mont Collins!"—"Mont Collins?"—I don't know the name, but the description just suits another person; rather, just suits the character himself, for I knew, of course, that "Collins" was one of any number of aliases. "This is a particular friend of mine," said I. "His name used to be Bill Blanchard, and — and — well," without saying any more, "I'll undertake the job; and, by Heavens!" said I, "I'll succeed," for I had been warming up out of my opium reverie from the instant my eye fell upon the description of "Collins," with an indignation and a hope of revengeful triumph over this villain, who had now taken a step in counterfeiting, or in passing counterfeit money, where I could, if successful, get him confined within the walls of a prison, and pay him for his vile iniquities.

"You have encountered this scoundrel before, it seems," said the chief, noticing the glow upon my face.

"No, not I; but a relative of mine. I can't tell you the story now. I'll follow him to the death. No stone shall remain unmoved in this business."

"I am glad you have a peculiar incentive, and I feel that you are sure to succeed; but I have not given you the key yet. May be it will serve you. Perhaps you can get a better one, and won't need to use it," said the chief.

"Give it me," said I, "by all means. A straw, even, might serve to point the way; and if the rest are as desperate and cunning as 'Collins,' I shall need all the help and advice possible to work up the job," said I.

So the chief went on to say, "It is very evident that these fellows have an important victim in a young man, by the name of Lewellyn Payne, from Kentucky, who came to New York some months ago, reputed to be very

rich, and had always at first about him money enough; but he has become reckless. He's a fine-looking fellow, of good address, and how he allowed such a vile gang to get hold of him, I don't see" —

"But I do," said I, interposing. "Collins is as keen and genteel a villain as the city holds," said I.

"May be," said the chief; "but the rest of them are only cutthroats, without a particle of grace to save them."

"But they cannot be worse at heart than he," I responded. "He has chosen his crew for his own purposes — fit instruments for his style of villany."

"Well, you think you know him. I hope you do, and can manage him; but I'll tell you about this Payne. They have drained his purse, I think; in fact, I've had him watched, and have found out that he is greatly in their debt. They hold his notes, and he is about to sell property in Kentucky to meet them. At least this is my translation of Hunt's report from him. Hunt "cultivated" him for a while, but we couldn't find out anything from him in regard to the gang's rendezvous."

"Well, what am I to do? Where does he live, this Payne?"

"In West 19th Street, No. —, corner Sixth Avenue. He and his mother board there."

"O, ho," said I; "his mother! Does she know anything about her son's dissipations?"

"Yes; it was she who came to me first about him, — says her heart is broken, and that something must be done to save her son. She can learn but little from him; but says he's away a great deal all night, and sleeps mostly during the day; that she fears he's gambled away most of his property, etc."

"Then she can be approached upon the subject. Well, I see the way clear. I must make his acquaintance without his knowing why. I may make such use of your name as I please?"

"Certainly."

Before night that day I was fortunate enough to secure board at the house in 19th Street, though I did have to accept a room a little farther up toward the sky than I desired, with the assurance that I should have the first vacant room below. My first business was to effect a meeting with the lady, Mrs. Payne, which I found but little difficulty in doing. The poor woman, who was a model of elegance and matronly character, was greatly moved when she came to tell me of her son's wanderings from the strict path of morality in which she had tried to rear him. Young Payne's father had died some twelve years before, and she had taken her son Lewellyn to Europe to finish his education. Being of Scotch origin herself, and most of her relations residing in and about Edinboro', she had taken him to the university there, whence, after leaving college, she went to the Continent with him. Finally, spending a season at Baden Baden, young Payne caught there the fashionable mania for gambling, which was proving his ruin. She was ready to spend liberally of her means in order to reform him, and wished me to spare no expense necessary in the course which I pointed out to her. I found it necessary to take an office or desk as a lawyer in Jauncey Court, out of Wall Street, and had some cards struck off, announcing myself as an attorney at law. Three or four days passed before I thought best to make the acquaintance of the young man, the mother having stated to me, meanwhile, a legal matter of hers in Kentucky, on which I had taken advice, so as to be able to talk learnedly to the son.

All being arranged, the mother told the son that she found they had a lawyer in the house, and had thought best to consult him regarding the matter in Kentucky, and was pleased with his advice, but would like him (young Payne) to talk with the lawyer also. Through this means I made the acquaintance of young Payne next day, and invited him down to my office. He said he should have

occasion to go into Wall Street that very day, and would call about three P. M. Of course I was there, received him, spoke of the library, which was quite large, as mine, and played the lawyer to the best of my abilities. We went out to a restaurant together, and I allowed myself to accept his treat to a little wine; and, in short, before reaching home that evening, for we went up town together, I felt very certain that I had properly impressed young Payne with my consequence, and with the notion, too, that I was no "blue-skin," but ready always for a little "fun."

Mrs. Payne looked a degree or two improved that evening when she saw how swimmingly her son and I were getting on in our acquaintance.

After supper, young Payne said he had an engagement out, and would bid me good evening. But I said, "I am going out too; perhaps our paths may lie along together for a while. I am going down town."

"So am I," said he, "and I should be pleased with your company as far as you may go."

I left the house with him, and we proceeded to Broadway, and turned down, talking over many things, and managing to agree pretty well upon them all. At last, as we neared 8th Street, I thought I saw that young Payne was a little uneasy, as if wishing to shake me off; and I said to him, "Well, good evening, Mr. Payne," offering him my hand. "My course leads this way," pointing to the left, and turning in that direction. "I suppose you keep down farther."

"Yes," said he, "I am going on farther," and bowing me an "adieu, for the while," he passed on, and I kept a good look out for him, for I "scented" that he expected to meet somebody not far from that point. Dropping into a saloon near by, where a friend of mine was engaged, I left my "stove-pipe" hat, and pulled from my pocket a thin "slouched" hat, which I carried for occasion, and taking the opposite side of the street from Payne, kept him in

sight till he passed into the New York Hotel, when I crossed over, and entered. I had hardly done so before he, returning from the back portion of the hall in company with another, passed by me. His companion was evidently telling him a funny story, for he laughed quite loudly, and was hitting Payne, as if in glee, upon his shoulder. I knew my man, both by his voice and face, which was partly concealed by the manner in which he, at this moment, had fixed his hat upon his head. He was unmistakably Blanchard, alias "Collins," and my blood was up. Blanchard, the villain, had ruined the husband of my cousin Elizabeth ——. "Bettie," as we familiarly called her, was one of the sweetest women I ever saw, — my most cherished cousin, of whom I was proud in every sense, — and the griefs which bore her down, in the ruin of her husband, pierced my heart, and I resolved to be avenged, if possible, upon this villain Blanchard, who had worked her husband's downfall, and robbed him of every dollar. The husband had been at one time in the enjoyment of a lucrative trade, as a merchant of woollen goods, and had a fine standing with some of the best manufacturers in Rhode Island and elsewhere, and was on what seemed the sure road to a great fortune, when he unluckily fell into the clutches of Blanchard. Indeed, I too had suffered by Blanchard, to no small extent for me, having been indorser of some of my cousin's paper, which went to protest, and which I had at last to pay. I do not allow myself to cherish enmity against my fellow-man. The detective soon learns to not be surprised at finding the man of the best reputation frequently involved in crime, and he comes to look with charity upon the faults, and even the crimes, of his fellow-men. Comparatively, men do not, in society, differ at heart so greatly as the uninitiated might imagine. But few men are proof against the wiles of "circumstances." No man can really tell what he would have done, or would not have done, had he been placed in these or those circumstances by which some other man

has been led on to a career of crime, or to some dark deed. But I could never wholly suppress my longing for vengeance whenever Blanchard came into my mind, and on this occasion my temper was quite as intense as I could well control.

I turned when Payne and his friend had passed a proper distance on, and taking the sidewalk, followed them near to a house in Houston Street, which I saw them enter. I did not know the character of the house then, but was satisfied that it was a "hell" of some sort — a genteel one, for its outward appearances indicated as much; but I made myself acquainted with the probable character of the place before I returned to my boarding-house that night.

The next day Payne was not up till two o'clock in the afternoon, and I feigned illness enough to delay me at home that day, in order to make further study of him. When he came into the general parlor, I saw that there was a peculiar haggardness about his countenance, not such as over-drinking or ordinary mere dissipation gives. To me it was a tell-tale haggardness, and I felt I knew full well that he was on the last plank, and just about to be submerged beneath the waves of irretrievable ruin. So he looked, so he felt, too, of course. I entered into conversation with him, drew out some of his experiences in New York, and gradually led him on to the disclosure of some pretty serious confessions. At last he told me that he had run a wild career, but had made up his mind to reform, and find some useful employment. "But," said he, "I've promised myself to do so a thousand times before, and have failed as often to make a beginning."

"I know your case," said I. "I've known a great many such. There's always ground for hope, I assure you, so long as the desire to escape exists. But each case has its peculiarities. One case is never an exact representation of another, of course."

We carried on the conversation for a while longer, till we came to a point where Mr. Payne, in giving me a

description of some friends whom he had made since he came to New York, spoke of his friend "Collins" as a very "brilliant, dashing fellow," who was a nondescript for him, otherwise, in character. I was, of course, more interested at this point than at any other, which must have been manifest at once to young Payne. He told me of some of his and Collins' adventures. In all these I could clearly see the workings of the villain Blanchard, and I was several times on the point of uttering my full views to Mr. Payne, but I thought it an hour too early in our acquaintance to do so, and so delayed to do it.

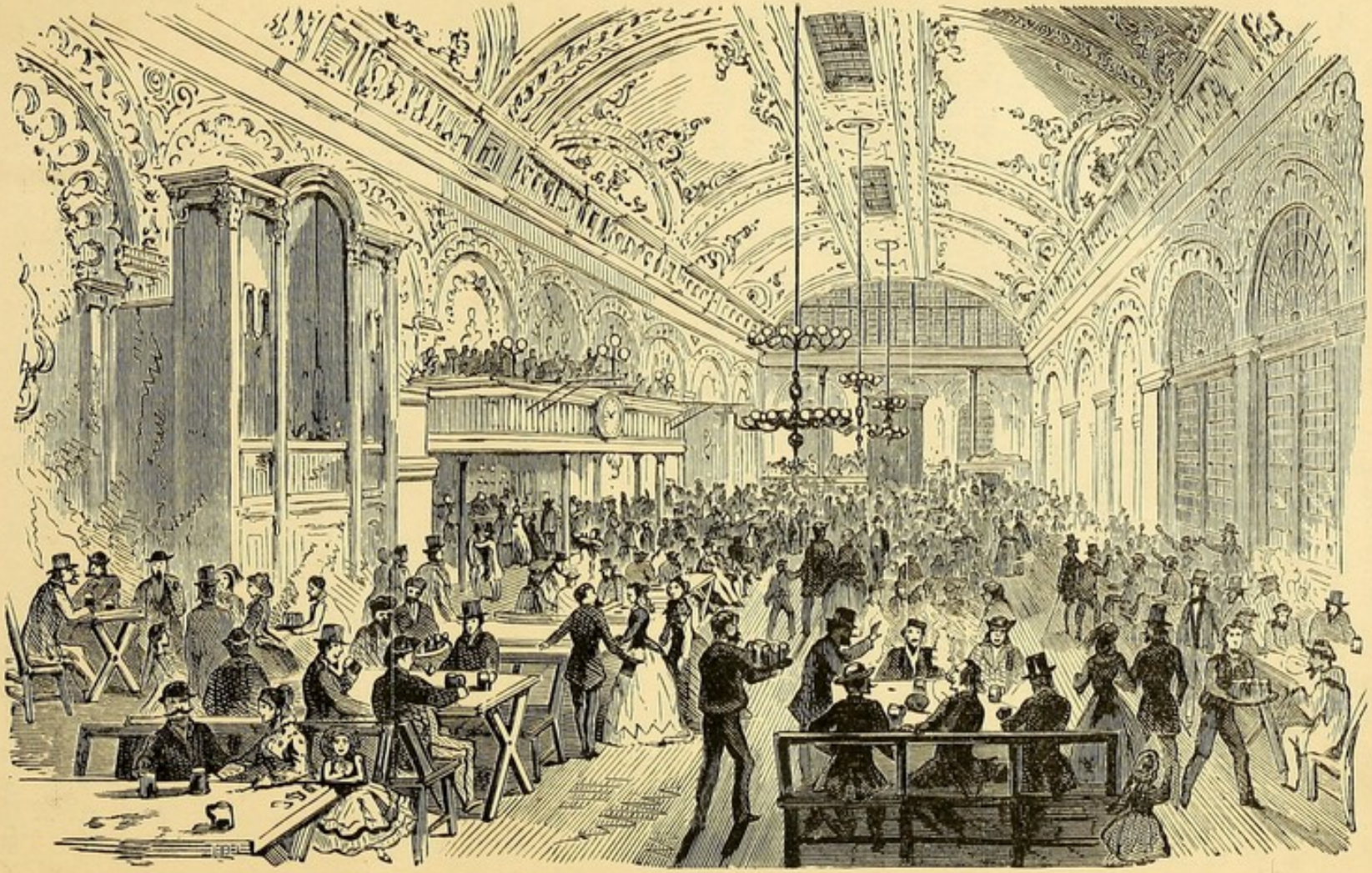
Another day came. I was out all day away from the house, but not idle, for I managed to learn more of "Collins'" or Blanchard's proceedings for the last few months before, of his places of resort, etc.; but when I returned at evening, before Mr. Payne's usual hour for going abroad, I found him in great dejection; and having opportunity to converse with him, approached him, and was soon invited to his room. It was not long before our conversation took such shape that I was able to breathe to him some of my suspicions. Payne listened with surprise; but I drew Blanchard's modes of proceeding, his general character, etc., so accurately, that Payne became more than half convinced that "Collins" and Blanchard were one. In short, I got down into Payne's heart before our conversation concluded that evening. It was necessary for him to go forth again that night, or, I think, he would have held me in his room all night, reciting his adventures and running over his mistakes. I saw that he was utterly ruined, beyond all hope, unless I could manage to get out of the hands of his captors a large number of collaterals, which he had for the space of three months past left in their hands, as security for promissory notes to a large amount which he had given them, and to pay which he was looking to the sale of some property in Kentucky, and for some dividends on stock in a manufactory in Cincinnati, which, however, was itself pledged. These were debts of honor, as

he, up to that moment, had regarded them, and must be paid, no matter if paying them more than bankrupted him. Indeed, he had played and lost far beyond the sum of his actual property, so desperate had he become in the matter; and the gamblers, his elegant friends, were willing to show their gentlemanly confidence in him, and trusted him more, — the well-bred scoundrels. But I pointed out to him the fact that he had (which was evident enough to me) been victimized by villains who never play an honorable game of hazard; indeed, who never play a game of hazard at all, since all is in their hands and under their perfect control. When he came to see this, and reflect upon each step, and saw how the thing had been done, and also that, as his memory, now excited, called all vividly before him, when he had lost heavily with the gang they had, without doubt, in every instance played a false game, the dark shades deepened in his face.

Mr. Payne became at first very serious, but at the close of our conversation I saw that his mind had become quite calm: he was very deliberate. The muscles about his mouth assumed a firmer expression. I could easily see that he was meditating some way of revenge on the scoundrels who would have gladly ruined him in all respects, as they had already done in some. Finally he said to me, "You seem to understand all about these villains. How came you to know them so well? Have you ever been victimized by them?"

"No, not victimized; but I came to learn these characters through my profession. Professional men are compelled to know more or less of them, and it has been my lot to be greatly interested; in fact, somewhat involved in a matter in which Blanchard, or, as you know him, 'Collins,' was the principal actor; and I'll say to you here, that it would give me the keenest pleasure to give you any aid in my power as against that wretch."

Mr. Payne's time for going out that evening had come, and I left the house at the same time with him, hoping



ATLANTIC BEER GARDEN.—PAYNE AND COLLINS' RENDEZVOUS.

that he would do something, or that something would occur on my walk with him, to further my projects. But we parted that evening with nothing done. But next day Payne came to me at my office in Wall Street about twelve o'clock. He was uneasy, and did not wish to sit down to talk, and asked me if I would walk with him. We sallied out up to Broadway, and along it; got to Courtlandt Street, when he said, "Somehow I feel a great inclination to go down to the water. Suppose we go over in the ferry to Jersey City."

Of course I was ready to humor him, for I well knew the agitated state of his mind; and down to the dock and over the river we went, and arriving in Jersey City, Payne having no special point of destination, we wandered the streets and talked. He told me his whole story over, as of the night before, and added to it many touching incidents. "Help me now, I beg you, if you can." I asked him if this gang dealt in counterfeit money at all, and found that he knew nothing about it. This was a relief, in one sense, to me, and a surprise in another; and I thought, "Perhaps I may be mistaken after all." But we planned, as the result of our day's conversation, that, as a first step, he should take "Collins" that evening into the "Atlantic Beer Garden," in the Bowery, to take beer (of which he said Collins was very fond, not drinking anything else intoxicating), to treat him, and I should come in carelessly, but unexpectedly, upon him. And he should present me at once to "Collins" as Mr. "Wilson," the name I had assumed on my legal card, but which I did not explain the reason for at that time to Mr. Payne.

That night I came upon the twain at the place proposed, where they were sitting at a table over pots of beer, and smoking, when I, darting in, called for a pot of beer; and seeing Payne, pushed up to his table, extending my hand. "Ah, here, eh? Mr. Payne; very glad to meet you?" "Take a seat with us," said he. "This is my friend, Mr. Collins, Mr. Wilson."

I looked into "Collins'" eyes; gave him a wink, as much as to say, "Mr. Payne thinks my name is Wilson; you know better; keep still." Of course "Collins" was as anxious that I should not call him Blanchard, as I was that he should address me as Wilson. "And," he said, "Mr. Wilson — I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Wilson. Let's fill up, Mr. Payne," for their mugs were dry, "and invite Mr. Wilson to take what he likes with us." "Thank you, gentlemen, but here comes my beer. I'll wait for you to fill up again." I put "Collins" quite at ease, and we drank, and told stories, and sang a song or two. So well did Collins and I disguise the fact that we had ever heard of each other that Payne, as he afterwards told me, made up his mind soon that I had been utterly mistaken in the man.

We had nearly finished our cups at the table, when Payne, spying a southern friend coming into the saloon, with a number of others, asked to be excused for a moment, and left us.

"The devil!" said Blanchard; "how did you come to know Payne?"

"O, he is one of the acquaintances one picks up in the city, he hardly knows how."

"Yes, yes; but as I happened, by the mistake of a partial acquaintance, to be introduced to him as 'Collins,' I have let it go so. I hope you'll be as careful the rest of the evening to not call me Blanchard, as you have."

"O, we are in the same boat, 'Collins,' you see! He calls me 'Wilson,' and I let it go at that."

"But," said Blanchard, "I must say, 'Wilson,' you are very complaisant, and I hardly thought you would speak to me at all."

"O, well, Blanchard, we grow wiser as we grow older. We don't see things, generally, in the same light we used to."

"True," said he; "and I am glad to find you not unkindly disposed," — and I doubt not that he was, for he

well knew how I loved my cousin, and that I knew he was the cause of her husband's downfall, and her greatest griefs.

"What are you doing these days?" asked B.

"I've turned lawyer," said I, "and have an office on Wall Street. Here's my card. Don't like my profession over much, and so find time to speculate more or less." (Blanchard had never known that I had become a detective, fortunately. Though living in the same city we had been, practically, as wide apart as the poles.)

"What are *you* doing?" I asked in turn.

"Well, I am speculating, too, a little," said he, with a half-inquiring wink in his eyes.

"I see you misinterpret me a little," said I. "Not so much either," I continued, "for I speculate in Wall Street some, and elsewhere some."

"The fact is," said 'Collins,' "I am getting to be very much attracted by sundry speculations, though I lose money as fast as I make it. I was on my way to-night on a little speculation. Perhaps you'd like to go along." In paying for my beer I had purposely made display of all the money I had, — quite a pile, — and doubtless Collins' gambling avarice was a little whetted, or he might not have invited me along.

Payne returned to us; and Collins telling him that he had invited me to accompany them "for a little fun to-night," we sallied forth, and were not long in crossing Broadway, and finding ourselves in a suite of rooms, which, as soon as I set my eyes on them, I understood as one of the worst of the second-class of gambling hells in the city.

Roulette, dice, and the latter loaded, and every other appurtenance of such a place, as well as cards and a faro bank, were there. The whole air of the place, the men at play and about the boards, were assurance to me that I was on the right track of the counterfeiters; but I felt at once that the game I had to play was a desperate one; that these fellows were the worst sort of cutthroats.

We both played a little, Payne and I; but Collins played not at all that night, except the part of a particular "friend" to Payne in various ways. I lost considerable, Payne lost more, and his note was received on demand; but still with the understanding that he was not to be asked to cash it till his Kentucky remittance came on. It was a part of my plan to play and lose a little that night, to furnish occasion to come again; and when we parted to go home, the "gentleman" of the establishment, to whom Collins had introduced me as Wilson, said, "Mr. Wilson, now you've learned the way, drop in occasionally. Poor luck don't run always."

"Ha, ha!" said I, "gentlemen," taking the matter good-humoredly. "I'm not feeling very well to-night; but you can expect me around some time to break your bank when I am in good spirits."

"That's right, come along any time. We like bold players, if they do clean us out sometimes; nothing like spirit," — and we bowed ourselves out.

It was arranged by me and Payne, as we betook ourselves home, that he should continue to go there and play a little every night till his money came; that then he should offer to play all his pile against his indebtedness to the concern, his notes of hand, and all the collaterals he had pledged. I knew the gamblers would catch at that, and count him a bigger fool than ever. I was to be there, and play too. Payne continued to visit the place, played less and less each night, and at last declared to them that he would not be in again till his money came. "And," said he "I'm going to take Wilson in, as my partner — he has a pile." Meanwhile I reported to my old chief, and had all things arranged for a descent upon the place if I should be able to work the matter up to the proper point by the time Payne's money came. The money came. Payne's fifteen thousand dollars, in good money, I knew would be a temptation to the villains, although his indebtedness to them had increased to over twenty-five thousand

dollars, and we went to the den; I having my force of policemen in training, and ready for my call. It was a wet night. There was quite a number of visitors in early in the evening; but they straggled home, as the rain increased, some not having umbrellas with them, and for various reasons, and we were left, eventually, almost alone with the regular keepers of the place; and Payne was asked if his money had come? "Yes, gentlemen, fifteen thousand dollars of it; all I shall get for more than a year to come, and I'm going to hazard it all against my notes and the collaterals you hold."

"All right," said the leading genius of the place. "All right," said "Collins," aloud; but he stepped up to Payne, and kindly whispered in his ear, "But would you do it? I wouldn't hazard it now. Play half for half, say; for if you should lose all, you know — well, do as you like."

"Yes, I will do as I like — I'll play all." There was a smile of fiendish triumph then on Collins' face, which Payne did not see, but *I* did, and I couldn't help feeling a pulse of vengeance beating in my heart as I contemplated how soon the scoundrel's face might change its expression. Payne's money was put up; one game was to decide the whole. His notes were put up on the table, by the other side, to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars.

"But where are the rest?" said he. "No trifling; and where are the collaterals?" and there was bickering about the understanding, and I was appealed to. "I did not wish to interfere," I said; but that "I understood it was to be a clean sweep. But as there was a misunderstanding, perhaps 'twasn't best to play at all to-night; wait for another occasion, and Payne take his money and go."

The gamblers saw it was of no use to pretend further misunderstanding, and that Payne's money was likely to be more readily "gobbled up" then than if they were to wait, and consented to put all on the table, though as the collaterals were packed away and locked in the safe, they proposed to put money up instead — ten thousand dollars.

"No, no," said Payne, "I want to see the whole on the table. I want to look at 'em once more. There's my Harry Clay watch" (a very fine five hundred dollar watch); "I want to look her in the face again — play better, I tell you, gentlemen, in her smiles;" and so he went on. I was at the instant disposed to favor him; but on second thought I suspected that that money would be mostly, if not wholly counterfeit, and I saw if it was, how I would trap the scoundrels, and save Payne's fifteen thousand too, as well as get up his notes and all his collaterals; and I interposed. "No need, Mr. Payne, of troubling to get out the collaterals. The money at hand's just as good, and if you win you can buy back the collaterals."

"Yes, yes, that's it," said Collins, eager now to see the foolish Payne slaughtered. The money was produced. "Here, count it if you please, Mr. Wilson," said Payne, as the first bundle of a thousand dollars was thrown upon the table.

I caught it up carelessly, and ran it over rapidly. "One thousand," said I, all right; and so with the next, and the next, till the fifth had been counted, when I said, "Mr. Payne, there's no use counting the rest; I guarantee it all right." It is not easy to deceive me with a counterfeit bill at any time; but that night, alert and watchful, I could have sworn that more than nine tenths of the money I counted was counterfeit. The play came. I declined to join as "partner" of Payne, as he had called me. He played tremblingly. I began to fear that he would not hold out till the proper time for me to expect my men; but he did, and just as the game was about concluding, disastrously to him, there came a ring at the door-bell. The servant hurried down, and the excited gamblers bade Payne "play, play." Up came a dandy-looking chap, apparently intoxicated. He was my man. He blundered around, took a little wine from the side-board, and said maudlin things; staggered on to the board, made the gamblers angry, one of whom drew a light cane over him. I



DESCENT UPON BLANCHARD AND THE GAMBLERS.

interposed, took his part, said that they should excuse him; if he was a fool, he was drunk; should be pardoned if he asked pardon; and, taking advantage of the black boy's absence in the exterior room, said, "I'll show him down, and get him out of the way." "Wilson, you are always *so* polite and obliging," said Blanchard, facetiously, as I led out the stranger, who was very loath to go, and needed some encouragement.

"Just so," said I. "Don't you think I'd make an excellent waiter here?"

"Yes, we must employ you. What do you want by the month?"

"Talk about that when I come up," said I.

We went down the stairs — two flights — but to return. I opened the door, the "stranger" gave the signal he had arranged with the rest of the men, and eight stalwart, well-armed policemen were in the house, and silently on their way up those stairs; the stranger fighting me, and pulling me along up, making some noise, and more drunk than ever. "Our friend won't go out," said I; "insists on staying."

"D—n him! *I'll put* him out," said one. "No you won't," said the stranger, drawing a pistol, and calling out to our followers, who were just at our heels, "Come on, boys!" and there was a rush into that room which startled every gambler to his feet, only to be throttled by a policeman. There were six of the villains, including Collins, and the policemen had no little trouble to silence them. The drunken stranger immediately seized all the money on the table, notes and all, and ordered the gamblers manacled on the spot, which was done. Payne then told them his story (as I narrated before only in short), asked to have his collaterals delivered up. In short, the gamblers were ready for anything. The counterfeit money was in our hands, and the evidence complete. Payne got all his notes back, which were at once put in the grate and burned, and all his collaterals, his fifteen thousand dollars of money, and was satisfied. But I was not; and a compromise was made

that on the delivering up of all the counterfeit money they had about them the gang should give up the rooms and disperse, all but two of them, one of whom was my man Blanchard, and another desperate scamp whom the police wanted to answer to a charge of burglary in Philadelphia. The safe was searched; all its counterfeit money given up, and all the collaterals, with the names of parties who had pledged them for gambling debts, were delivered into the police's hands. The rest were then allowed to escape; but Blanchard, and Johnson (the Philadelphia burglar), were ironed and taken to the tombs.

"Blanchard" was tried before the United States Court in due time, but under another name, which, unfortunately for his respectable relatives, became known as his proper one before the trial came on, and was sent for five years to Sing Sing.

Johnson was, after due process of requisition by the governor of Pennsylvania, on the governor of New York, taken to Philadelphia, tried, and sent up for ten years.

In a short time after the breaking up of this gang proceedings were taken to find the parties to whom the collaterals, other than Payne's, belonged, in order to deliver them up. It took a good while to find and surely identify them; and this delivery led to information regarding various matters which needed the keenest detectives to unravel. I was overrun with business, in consequence, for months after, incidents of which I may think best to relate in other papers.

Mr. Payne was the happiest of men over his good fortune, and insisted on deeding to me some very valuable real estate in Kentucky, besides giving me more money than I had the face to ask. He became my fast friend, as he remains to-day.

But there was a happier mortal than he in those days, in New York, when all came to be disclosed, and that was the beautiful, noble old lady, his mother, Mrs. Payne. She could hardly contain herself in her joy, when Lewellyn

made clean confession of all his misdeeds, all his great sins, and pledged her that he would not only never play cards again for a cent, not even for fun — a pledge which he sacredly keeps to this day. His experiences were too great, his sufferings had been too severe, to be forgotten; and Mr. Payne, in due course of time, went into legitimate business, in which he has proven himself a very capable man.

Good old Mrs. Payne lived happily with her reformed son for about four years and a half, and at last died of a fever, which followed a cold contracted one wet day, on Mount Washington, New Hampshire, where she and her son were passing a summer vacation, and her remains were taken back to Kentucky. I had the honor of accompanying Mr. Payne on his mournful journey there.

THE GENEALOGICAL SWINDLERS.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY IN THE UNITED STATES — IT IS SOMETIMES MORE PROFITABLE TO OTHERS THAN TO THOSE WHO INDULGE IT — "PROPERTY IN CHANCERY" — A WESTERN MERCHANT, HIS STORY, AND HOW HE TOLD IT — A FAMILY MEETING AT NEW HAVEN, AND WHAT A MEMBER LEARNED THERE — THE GREAT "LORD, KING, & GRAHAM" SWINDLE — THE WAY IN WHICH THE FRAUD WAS ACCOMPLISHED — A CUNNING LETTER FROM "WILLIS KING," OF THE FIRM OF "LORD, KING, & GRAHAM," TO ONE OF HIS RELATIVES — THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THIS NOTED FIRM — THE SEARCH — THE TRAP LAID — THE SHARPERS CAUGHT, AND FOUND TO BE EDUCATED YOUNG MEN OF THE HIGHEST SOCIAL STATUS — THEY ARE MADE TO DISGORGE — A PARADOX, WITH A MORAL IN IT.

THE pride of ancestry is usually great among those whose ancestors possessed any traits of character worthy to be remembered, or did deeds of which history has made emblazoned record, or who held large estates, or were in other respects distinguished, — and justly great is this pride, perhaps. However, it is not to be overlooked that, as a general thing, how great soever the pride of the progeny may justly be, that of the ancestors would probably not have been extreme, in most cases, could they have looked forward for a few generations, and seen what their successors in time were to be. It is not certain that some of them would have refused to have successors at all, and might not in very shame have betaken themselves to the cloister, in celibacy, or forsworn their mistresses altogether. And could their ancestors have foreseen that even their greatness would be overshadowed by the large or small estates which they might leave,

what would have been their disgust or displeasure, is left to us to conjecture.

But a "pride of ancestry" has developed itself in this country, which, if it is not altogether profitable to those exercising it, is sometimes made so to others; to lawyers who seek fortunes for others, and who, for due fees, are ready to hunt up "estates in chancery" in England, and find them, too, *if* they are there, — which is the only requisite for the finding, except the fees. At sundry times many families get it into their heads that there ought to be property of their ancestors preserved somewhere for them, and talking up the matter among themselves, get feverish over it, and finally assure themselves that such property exists, and that it is their first duty to procure it. Such people become an easy prey to speculating lawyers and others, who find it an easy thing to whet their hopes, and procure money from them to make "primary investigations." A shrewd lawyer, wishing to make the tour of Europe, for example, can readily play upon the credulity of some such family, and induce them to advance him a few hundred dollars to go to England with to examine records, and so forth; and when there, can send home such a "statement of the case," so full of hope, as to evoke a few hundred, or a thousand or two more dollars, in order to retain and pay first-class counsel. It is a shame to our people that so many of them fall victims to the greed for money in this line.

I hardly knew whether the more to be vexed at the stupidity of the sufferers, or amused by the skill of the intriguing scamps who perpetrated the swindle *I* am about to disclose, when I first heard of it; and I confess I haven't yet come to a decision on that point after the lapse of a dozen years or so.

I was called on one day by a Western merchant, an old man, by the name of King. He was a New Yorker by birth, he said, born in a place called Janesville, in Saratoga County, where he had lived to maturity, had then done

business in New York City till he had reached beyond middle age, when, failing in business, he had retired to some land he had, in the course of business, acquired in Illinois; but finding farming irksome, had managed to open a little country store, which had grown upon his hands until he had, in the process of time, become rich, and was in the habit of visiting his old home in Saratoga County every year, and also coming on to the city, sometimes to select goods, though his junior partners came down at the same time, and did the principal business. The old man had learned to drink whiskey at the West, in order to keep off the "fever-na-gur," as he called it, and at the time of visiting me, had evidently not gotten over his last "fuddle" at home, some weeks before, or had somehow managed to get abundance of that creature comfort — "old rye" — in New York; not that he was drunk, but he was "keyed up" to a good pitch — a height from which he surveyed all the glory of the King family, and felt that nothing but royal blood flowed in his own veins; and who knows but the blood was royal? It might have been the whiskey, however, — but what matters it? The old man descanted a long time on the glory of his ancestry, and the pride of his race; claimed relationship to the great Rufus King of New York, and all the Kings by name, who were of any account; spoke of their natural pride; said that they were always ready to avenge any insult to their name, come from what source it might, and so forth, and so forth. It was in vain that I interrupted him at times at the end of a sentence, in order to ask him to come to the point. Talk he would, in his own way; and as he was a white-haired man, the outlines of whose face showed that he was a gentleman when not in liquor, especially (and he was thoroughly gentlemanly at the time, though vexatiously garrulous), I thought I would let him have his talk out in his own way. At last he got to tell me that some months before he had been swindled out of a dollar, and that a large number of the King family, he had recently

learned, had each been defrauded to the amount of a dollar, and that some of them, moved by family pride, had, as he had been informed, made effort to discover and punish the defrauding parties, but had failed. He felt his pride wounded at this. The King family had made an effort to find out the parties who had so questioned their good sense as to successfully swindle them, and such a number of them, too — and failed. This he could not endure. If all that had been lost had been wheedled out of one member of the family, if he himself, for example, had been the only victim, he could have endured that, and would, for the pride of the name, have endured it in silence. But the whole race had been insulted, the very family coat of arms had been mocked, and he would not suffer it any longer. There had been, a few days before he came to me, a large gathering of the King family from all over the country. If I remember rightly, this was at New Haven, about the time of commencement at Yale College. The Kings of Georgia shook hands there with the Kings of New York and the Western States, and so on; and it was there that he learned how extensive had been the swindle. Some of the family had talked and laughed about it as a good joke, and poked fun at each other about it. But the old man considered that these were degenerate in spirit, and spoke of them with a degree of shame. Persons present at the gathering, with King blood in their veins, but bearing other than the King name, — the sons of King daughters, by men who rejoiced not in so royal a name, — made great sport of the swindle, and said that people high in position, like Kings, emperors, etc., were more subject to such things than people of undistinguished names and of low estate, and assured the King relatives that the latter ought to feel complimented by the deference that had been paid to them by the swindlers. The old man felt sore over this style of joking; felt that the name had been trifled with, and he was resolved to let the jokers "see that there was yet the 'true spirit' in the

King blood to avenge an insult," — and so he did at last. He was not particular about "terms." He was willing to pay abundantly, for he was rich, — rich on that day, at least, — and persuaded me to take hold of the matter by advancing me, — and insisting on my taking it, — double what I told him it might cost to make thorough work of the matter. I told him I had not a particle of hope, for I saw no prospect whatever of tracing out the perpetrators of this fraud in question months after it had been accomplished. But I took the matter in hand, and hearing his story in full, told him to call next day, for I might, on reflection, wish to consult him again. He left with me a letter, which a son of his had received — the man to whom I was indebted for my engagement in the matter. His son, and a partner of his in business at Utica, N. Y., had about a year before had occasion to engage my services in tracing out some forgers, who had been "speculating" a little upon them; and when he found his father, against his advice, was determined to do something about the matter in question, he told him he had better employ a regular detective, and so sent him to me. I kept this letter for a long time, and, indeed, had three or four copies of it, which I got, some from the Kings, and others from some persons by the name of Perkins, who had been victimized at the same time. I supposed I could readily find a copy now; but in the multitude of vicissitudes to which a detective's papers and "things sacred," as well as those of other people, are subjected, the letters have become misplaced or lost. But my memory is pretty retentive, and I can reproduce the letter so nearly that I presume several thousands of people in the land would, trusting to their own memories, say that it is a perfect copy, for these several thousands and their families were the victims. The letter purported to be, at its head, the advertisement of a great firm of lawyers in New York City; or rather the professional firm name was displayed in type at the head of an ordinary full-sized letter sheet, thus: —

LORD, KING, & GRAHAM,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

(Address, P. O. box 1070.)

DANIEL LORD.
WILLIS KING.
J. PERKINS GRAHAM.

New York, ——, 185 .

[The above was printed in an elegant manner upon the nicest paper. Under this was *written* a letter, the same to the Kings, the Lords, the Grahams, and Perkinses, with the exception that when writing to a King, the "King family" was named, in the place where, when writing to a Perkins, the "Perkins family" was named; and the letter ran pretty much after this sort; for example:—]

WILLIAM KING, ESQ.,
Quincy, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Our firm, in the course of investigations, which it has made during the last year among the records of the High Court of Chancery in England, discovered that there is a vast estate lying in chancery there for the descendants of John King, who came to this country in the year 1754, as near as we can learn. In behalf of the King family in this country, I have undertaken to make out a genealogical list of the direct descendants, and their branches, from said John, and have found a branch, of which I suppose you to be a member, and if so, entitled to your share in the estate. Will you have the kindness to forward me your pedigree, as fully as you understand it, or are able to obtain it? I am making out a genealogy of the King family, which will be furnished to those wanting at its cost price, one dollar. This list will be used in bringing suit in England, and it is desirable that all Kings claiming relationship to the said John should be registered therein, as this will be made a part of the pleadings in the case, and, according to a peculiarity of the English law,

only such as are thus made parties to this suit will receive a share in the estate. Your name will be at once registered on receipt of the dollar and your pedigree. Please be as particular as you can about the latter.

Yours, very respectfully,

WILLIS KING.

The letters I saw all seemed to be written in the same rapid, half-clerkly, half-lawyerlike, but elegant scrawl, whether written to a Perkins or a King. It will be seen that the third partner — "J. Perkins Graham" — could represent both the Graham and the Perkins family, and I suppose he did. So there were in the scheme four families to be preyed upon, — Lord, King, Graham, and Perkins; and these families are numerous over the land, and many of them in high positions. I learned from the scamps, after their detection, that they received all sorts of epistles, from the lowly Lord up to the exalted one, who wrote on paper displaying flaming coats of arms, and their letters bearing a huge seal. So with the rest of the families. The swindlers had spent some time in hunting through all the directories of other cities and towns which they could find in New York, and gathered all they could from advertisements in newspapers for a year or so, before they launched out in their long-meditated scheme. Meanwhile they were practising their cunning arts in other swindles. They also wrote to the postmasters of a large number of towns, enclosing to one a letter for a King, to another a letter for a Perkins, to still another a letter for a Graham, asking each postmaster to have the kindness to "read the accompanying letter," and to pass it over to any King, Perkins, and so on, who might be within the delivery of his office, or in his vicinity. These letters they got copied by a clerk at a few cents (five, I think) apiece. So when they got a dollar back it paid for about twelve letters, inclusive of stationery and postage. A hundred letters and the postage would cost them

about twelve dollars, and from a hundred they would probably get fifty, if not more, favorable answers. From several thousand letters they received several thousand dollars, aside from large sums which, by subsequent correspondence, they swindled out of such pompous, or other parties, as, judging by their letters, they thought they could further entrap. Some of these forwarding to the famous firm of Lord, King, & Graham as high as a hundred dollars to be guaranteed *especial* effort in their behalf! It is almost too preposterous to be believed, but such was the fact — such the credulity of some who occupied political positions of note; one of them, indeed, being at the time a member of Congress! But credulity in matters of this kind is a weakness, alike of the poor and the rich, the educated and uneducated. The device of these swindlers proved to be more profitable than one would have, on first thought, judged possible, so much greater is human credulity than we are wont to consider it. Perhaps credulity is the only thing in the world that we are not apt to overrate. But it is not strange that it should be great touching material things, when in matters of religion the most absurd fancies have, from time immemorial, down through the ages of Oriental, pagan, and other religions to the days of Mohammedanism and Mormonism, had possession of the human soul, ruled nations, gathered armies, and taught millions of millions of human beings to sacrifice each other in death, willingly and proudly. And in the matter of money-getting, where hope may be whetted, in order to inspire the actor, — as in reaching out for a fortune in chancery, — their credulity usurps a wondrous supremacy, and carries all along with it. So many of the most intelligent representatives of the various families addressed by "Lord, King, & Graham" fell as readily into the trap as the least intelligent. Now and then a man, a little more wary than the rest, wrote, wishing to make further inquiries about the property in chancery, how it came to be discovered, what was

its amount, about how many, probably, it would have to be divided between, etc., etc. But he could not, after asking so many questions, neglect to enclose the small amount of a dollar; and the swindlers taking his measure by his letter, would generally reply in so cunning a manner as to finally elicit from him a "contribution" of from twenty-five to a hundred dollars, in order to prosecute the matter in England.

In some instances persons who had received letters wrote that they were coming on to New York in a few days, and would call and talk over the matter. Replies would be made to these, that "*our* Mr. Perkins," or "Mr. Lord," or whatever name the special letter-writer bore, and "who has exclusive charge of the matter in question," is away from home, gone to meet some of the family in — (Kentucky, for example); that he would proceed, immediately on his return, to England, etc., so as to keep the party from making investigations, and finding that there was no such firm as "Lord, King, & Graham," generally managing to conclude the letter in some such way as not only to win the one dollar at once, but to elicit more from the man; as, for instance, suggesting that some of the Perkinses were making up a sum, by the contribution of ten dollars each, to secure special legal talent in England, and intimating that the interests of those who took a generous and manly part in prosecuting the matter would be likely to be better looked out for than would the interests of those who are not so generous. The family pride of the correspondent would often be flattered in such a way as to make him go deeper into his pockets. The recital of affairs, as given me by one of the swindlers, himself a young man of fine education and genius, was very amusing. It was a pity, he said, that they had not preserved all the correspondence. It would have made a most remarkable book, as funny, in parts, as anything Thackeray ever wrote. It was serious and serio-comical; bombastic and Pecksniffianly humble. It represented all grades of society, from the

"Lord" who "drove stage" for a living, up to the "King" who had a seat in Congress. Widows, whose deceased husbands' names had been culled from ten years old directories, wrote mournful stories about "the late Mr. William Lord," or "James Perkins," or whatever the names might have been, and declared that their late partners had always told them there was an immense estate in England for them, and so on. The pious and the less pious each wrote his peculiar letter. But what was most noticeable was, that almost all of them assumed the airs of "nabobs." And why shouldn't they? Were they not on the eve of becoming immensely rich? And what is there in this world, with its grievous labors and trials, comparable to riches? I presume this same sort of trick could be successfully played with almost any family in the land which has an American line extending back of the Revolution, say, for a hundred years, and with many of less age, so great is the desire to get riches. Indeed, there is a lawyer in Vermont who has made the matter of searching out estates in England a study. He spent ten years in England in hunting up genealogies and titles; has a regular partner in London to whom he transmits business from this country, and publishes a good-sized pamphlet filled with the names of families residing in America, and entitled to property in England. This lawyer now and then gets an important case, in which his fees amount to something handsome, — sometimes to twenty thousand dollars.

But this is wandering from the direct line of my story, though, perchance, it is far more interesting than the simple detecting part of the tale. My old friend King left the city, and went home a few days after I accepted the work; but his interest did not flag because he had handed over the matter to another, but rather increased. His letters were very frequent, sometimes three a week, none of which, except the first, did I take the trouble to reply to for a long while. I soon found that I needed more facts

than I had in my possession to enable me to reach any practical result. It was impossible to find any job printer in the city who had ever done a job for "Lord, King, and Graham." Nobody had ever seen the letter-head before, and no one could suggest where the work was probably done. It was not recognized as like the style of anybody. Possibly it was done out of the city; but the fact was, as I afterwards learned, that it had been done privately by a firm which had meanwhile failed in business, and I was baffled on that point. I expected to fail, and so gave but little heed to the matter; but it finally occurred to me that if I could find some King, or somebody else who had received a letter and not replied to it, that he might at that late day make reply in such way as to get into a correspondence with the parties, and I could then have them followed from the post office, or in some other way trap them. About this time I went on to Louisville, Ky., and there encountered a gentleman, one of the King family, — we will call him Lemuel, for a name, — whom I had not met in some fifteen years before. He was a New Yorker by birth, and I had known him when a school-boy. Lemuel was a bright boy, and made a most acute man. When I asked him if he had ever done business with "Lord, King, & Graham," of New York, he laughed outright, and exclaimed, "No; but my George, you knew him, has, and got badly bitten." When I found out this, I disclosed to him my reason for inquiring, and found that he had on file somewhere the letter from "L., K., & G," which was hunted out, and we coined a letter to the firm, which was calculated to wake up any one of them who should receive it. Mr. King's letter had been found, sealed and unopened of course, in a package of letters, and he wrote hastily, with great anxiety, to know if it was too late yet to be put in the genealogical list for the dollar; and intimated his desire to contribute anything of a reasonable amount to the prosecution of the search and claim for the estate. This letter was posted, and I hurried back to New York,

suspecting that it would appear in the list of advertised letters, as it did; and thinking that it would meet the eye of some one of the firm who would be curious to get it, I had a man stationed in the post office, along with the delivery clerk, and when the man came, as I suspected he would, and asked for the advertised letter, the clerk delayed the delivery long enough to enable my man to get out near the fellow, and follow him. He found that the man entered a law office in Nassau Street, and that the real estate business was also attended to in the same office. So we devised a business call upon the office, and got well acquainted with the man who took out the letter. He caught at this bait, as I soon learned from Louisville, and I carried a letter in reply to his, which led him along till I was fully satisfied that the lawyers and real estate men were all of a piece. I "laid in" with the post office clerk to let me know when a letter bearing Mr. King's monogram, from Louisville, should arrive. The clerk delayed its delivery one day, and I made a call into the office at the time one of the partners went for their mail. He returned smiling, and passed the letter, which he had read, over to the other party. There was an amount of blind talk over it. Finally they excused themselves to retire into the "counsel-room," and coming out, the lawyer sat down and answered the letter. I left the office soon after, and had the letter intercepted at the post office, which I took into my possession.

I then sent to Louisville for the letters which had preceded this, and receiving the same, I now had the writing of two of them in my possession, and I had managed in a business way to possess myself of sundry documents written by each of these men, and I found other parties, too, who could identify the handwriting of each; and having secured these, I advertised in a Philadelphia paper, also in a Boston paper, in one at Utica, and one in Cincinnati, to the effect that any person by the name of King (that for Philadelphia), or any person by the name of Lord (for

Boston), and so on, might hear of something to his advantage by calling on so and so any time during the week. I made arrangements with brother detectives in these places to receive their calls, and instructed them what to say. In this way I became, in the course of two weeks, in possession of abundant facts to convince the firm of Lord, King, & Graham that we had them trapped; and one day, taking an officer along with me, and setting watch till I saw that the two men I have spoken of were in their office, dropped in, and said, "Gentlemen, I have been here often on business affairs, and we have got along very pleasantly, and I have invariably found your advice good; but I've something now which I fear will puzzle you; perhaps you can help me out. By the way, if you please, as it's private, I'll lock the door," stepping towards it.

"O, certainly, certainly," said both of them at once. I locked the door, and putting the key in my pocket, said, "Perhaps, gentlemen, you think I am over-cautious in pocketing the key; but my business is serious, and — you are my prisoners." There was astonishment, and differing shades of color going and coming on their cheeks.

"Give me the key!" exclaimed the lawyer, finally, resuming his composure in a measure. "'Twouldn't do you any good," said I, "for I have brother officers at the door, and the best way is to sit down and talk over the matter coolly. You naturally wish to know why you are my prisoners. I'll tell you. Some months ago you carried on a system of frauds under the name of 'Lord, King, & Graham.' I was lately employed to work up the case. I've all the facts necessary for your conviction; your handwriting, and so forth, and so forth, in my possession;" and then I read them a series of names of those they had swindled, and said, "although I don't need to do so, yet I am going to cause your back office there to be searched." One of them started to rise in his seat. "Sit still, or I shall handcuff you," said I; and I stepped to the door, called in the officer, relocked the door, and put the key in

my pocket, and directed my man to go into the other room and possess himself of all books and papers which he could find there, and search especially for anything bearing on the "Lord, King, & Graham" business — (I had told him all about it before); "and, gentlemen, I propose to take possession of all your papers here." My man was hunting over matters vigorously in the other room while I was at work briskly searching the larger room, when the lawyer rose, and said, "Gentlemen, I see you've got us. I'll give you up what books there are left, and you can make what you please out of them; they won't do you any good, however." "Please to deliver them up, and I will see as to that." They were produced—journals of accounts; and fortunately in one I found three letters written out, but which, for some reason, had never been sent, in the writing of "J. Perkins Graham," which I discovered to be that of the letter written by the lawyer to my friend in Louisville. I also searched the books, and found entries therein in his hand. Taking out his letter from my pocket, "There," said I, "is your late letter to Mr. King, of Louisville. I saw you write it, can prove your hand by a half dozen persons in this building; and that" (taking up a newly-found letter), "is yours, and here are entries in your hand, and I have your friend caught still more firmly. Now you see the relation of things, and we needn't dispute; how will you settle this business? All the expenses I have been to must be met first, and you can't object to paying a handsome sum for the education, discipline, and experience you have had in this business. You've learned a good deal of human nature. I don't propose to be hard with you, but my instructions are to expose you through the public press, — you two, and the rest of you, — for I know you all." There was consternation in their countenances, and I had no great difficulty in bringing them to terms, for I informed them that I knew all about their social standing, and that of their relatives, especially dwelling upon the relatives of one of them who was at that time absent, but

whom I had inextricably caught with the rest. The lawyer was willing, and so was his friend, to submit to "any reasonable terms," an item of which was the returning to those whom they had swindled out of ten dollars and upwards the money they had defrauded them of, as nearly as from the books and memory they could make out, and to bear the expense of such correspondence as I should think necessary. They were also to pay all expenses I had been to, and to give me full wages for the time I had been at work, the account of which made no small sum. There was no need of my holding them under arrest, for they could better afford to come to my terms than to run away and be exposed in the public papers. Besides, they could not think of such a thing on account of their relatives. The father of one of them was a clergyman, in high standing, and the rest held higher social position than he, and the terms were duly complied with on the return of the third party the next day.

I kept possession of the books, had a short letter, in the form of a circular, printed and sent to all the parties whose names were on the books, and were marked with a little cross, which they told me meant those who had responded, in which was set forth the fact of the swindle, with a request that each party should reply as to how much he had lost, especially over ten dollars, and make affidavit of his loss before some notary public or other officer in his vicinity. The amount thus heard from was over three thousand dollars (not counting the several thousands which came in one dollar at a time). On the three thousand and upwards I charged, as permitted to do, ten per cent. for "collecting;" but it was a bothersome business, and vexed me more than it profited me. My acquaintance got to be somewhat intimate with these sharpers, who were all men of education, and very adroit, as the reader may well conceive, from the fact of their perpetrating their frauds on some of the shrewdest and most important men in the land. They kept files of some of their letters, as well as

copy-books, which revealed the most consummate skill on their part. Indeed, as I said before, I sometimes hardly knew whether to swear, to laugh, or be indignant over this subtle fraud.

Old Mr. King, who first employed me, was delighted with the detection of the villains, but could never forgive me for not exposing them to the public. However, he took all the credit which was fairly due him, if not more, and considered that the good name of King in America was at last preserved from the shame which easy imposition had brought it, and used to say that the Lords, Perkinses, and Grahams of the country all owed the Kings a great debt of gratitude. But as my name is not King, I sometimes used to reflect that perhaps they owed gratitude to some others than Kings as well, for the largest share of the money returned went to Lords and Perkinses. Not a Graham, save one in North Carolina, had been defrauded of over one dollar. For many it proved better to have been swindled out of ten dollars or more, than it would have been to have lost only a dollar, — a paradox, with a moral in it, which I leave to the reader's solution.

HATTIE NEWBERRY, THE VERMONT BEAUTY.

"SOCIETY, FOR THE MOST PART, CREATES THE CRIMES WHICH IT PUNISHES" — A BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON THE CARS FROM RUTLAND, VERMONT, ON THE WAY TO BELLOWS' FALLS, BESET BY NEW YORK ROGUES — A DETECTIVE RECOGNIZES IN HER THE FORMER PLAYMATE OF HIS OWN DAUGHTER — HE ENCOUNTERS THE ROGUES AT BELLOWS' FALLS, AND KNOCKS ONE OF THEM DOWN IN THE LADIES' ROOM — THEY ALL TAKE THE NEXT TRAIN, AND MOVE SOUTHWARD, ON THEIR WAY TO NEW YORK — INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY — A THIRD VILLAIN GETS ABOARD AT HARTFORD, CONN. — WHY HATTIE WAS GOING TO NEW YORK — AN OLD TALE — THE DETECTIVE GIVES HATTIE MUCH GOOD ADVICE — A SKILFUL MANŒUVRE, ON ARRIVING IN NEW YORK, TO PUT THE ROGUES OFF THE TRACK — A PAINFUL DISCOVERY AT LAST — A DEEP, DEVILISH PLOT OF THE VILLAINS DRIVES HATTIE TO DESPAIR, AND SHE IS RESCUED FROM A SUICIDE'S GRAVE — THE ROGUES PROVE TO BE THE MOST HEARTLESS OF VILLAINS, AND ARE CAUGHT, AND DULY PUNISHED — HATTIE RETURNS EVENTUALLY TO VERMONT, AFTER HAVING MARRIED HER OLD LOVER — THIS TALE IS ONE OF THE SADDEST AS WELL AS MOST INTERESTING OF EXPERIENCES THROUGHOUT.

It was my original intention when I contracted with my publishers for these sketches from my diary, to avoid such narratives as hinged upon matters of love between the sexes, and especially to avoid all those matters of abduction of females for unholy purposes, the detection and exposure of the schemes of procuresses, or the rescuing from a life of infamy girls of respectable parentage and home surroundings, from both the country and city — matters which frequently come into the hands of detectives, and with which old detectives, in particular, are painfully conversant. I could fill a quarto volume with what has come under my own eye of that nature, with recitals far more romantic in their truthfulness than are the cunning de-

vices of the most imaginative novelists. Indeed, the more astute novelists of the sensation school are wise enough to gather instruction, and obtain from interviews with detectives the plots which they work up, out of facts given them by these officers. In my own experience I have been, indeed (at one time especially, when it seemed to me as if all the scribblers had gone mad upon sensation tales), harassed and vexed by what we would now term "interviews," fishing from me the issues of this or that experience. It was my purpose, to which I shall adhere, of course, to give publicity to not a line in these narratives which may not properly fall under the eye of the most fastidious or the most innocent child. Nevertheless, such is the course of life the detective is obliged to lead, finding himself frequently among the vilest characters, — thieves, gamblers, highway robbers, unfortunate and lost women, and wretches too low and vile to be named here, even by the crimes or base offences which they commit, — that it is almost impossible to give the full history of anything, with all the incidents of a nature interesting (in some respects) which may have attended it. The scenes which occur in New York, for example, in one day, if gathered into a book, such as the regular police force and the detectives might furnish, would astound the uninitiated; and were they recited in all their details, would, many of them, horrify and disgust, as well as "astound," the reader. At this writing there are crowding upon my memory many occurrences in my life, that I have been called to take a part in, which would hardly be fit for these pages, in view of the extreme immorality that generated them, or follows in their trail, which yet have their romantic side. Most of these affairs, to which I now especially refer, relate to the life of fallen women, their first enticements from the path of virtue, their utter ruin, or their final rescue. But it were better that the public remain ignorant of these things as far forth as possible, than to be well informed. Yet the eye of sympathy

cannot but fill with tears of pity over the ruined and wronged; and as I write, I feel a strong impulse to go aside from my original intention in these tales, and mingle with them recitals of horrible personal wrongs suffered, and the lives of infamy led by many females, whom better surroundings than they enjoyed, or more benevolence and kindness than they received, might have saved, and elevated to places as comparatively dignified in the world as the position they now occupy is base and degraded.

"Society," it is true, as a great philosopher has aptly said, "creates, for the most part, the crimes which it punishes;" and though the detective, in the pursuit of his calling, is apt to become merciless towards the really guilty, and to condemn them outright, — declaring that they could, if they would, do better, — he knows that it would, a thousand times, seem that the very "conspiracy of circumstances" irresistibly impels men on to the commission of crimes, and in his reason he is more lenient towards his fellow-men than his profession permits him to be in practice. But there are villains in the world who seem to combine with base desires and notions a persistency in the expression of them which never wearies. They pursue their base objects with a tirelessness which would be most admirable in a good cause. Indeed, virtue, save as exemplified in the characters of a few great souls, grows weary and careless, and turns almost to vice, long before the perseverance of these villains would turn from its course of wrong. There seems to be a romantic impulse for some in the very trials that beset the path of crime. The more hair-breadth escapes to be made, the more eagerly do these villains seem to enter upon their course. But I must not stop to moralize farther here. Unwilling to recite any tale of my own experience of the kind to which I have alluded, as related to the rescuing of intended female victims from the snares of the despoiler, which now comes to my mind, I will recall, as clearly as I can, the story of a brother detective. I was coming from Buffalo,

in 1859, and chanced to enter the car in which he was seated, on his way to New York, from a successful professional mission at the further West, and fortunately found a seat with him in the same chair. We occupied our time mostly as detectives, when travelling together, are apt to, in the narration of our professional experiences; and let me say here, that of all "story-tellers," the best I have ever listened to are detectives,—the most "apt scholars" usually of human nature,—and what is more, they always have truths enough of a startling kind to tell, to be under no necessity of "drawing on the imagination."

Thus ran his story of "Hattie Newberry:"—I may get places and names, in some particulars, not exactly correct. I merely wish to present the substance; and I remember it more particularly, because the case he cited was in so many respects like one of mine, which, however, had features which would be unfit for display in these pages. But to the narrative.

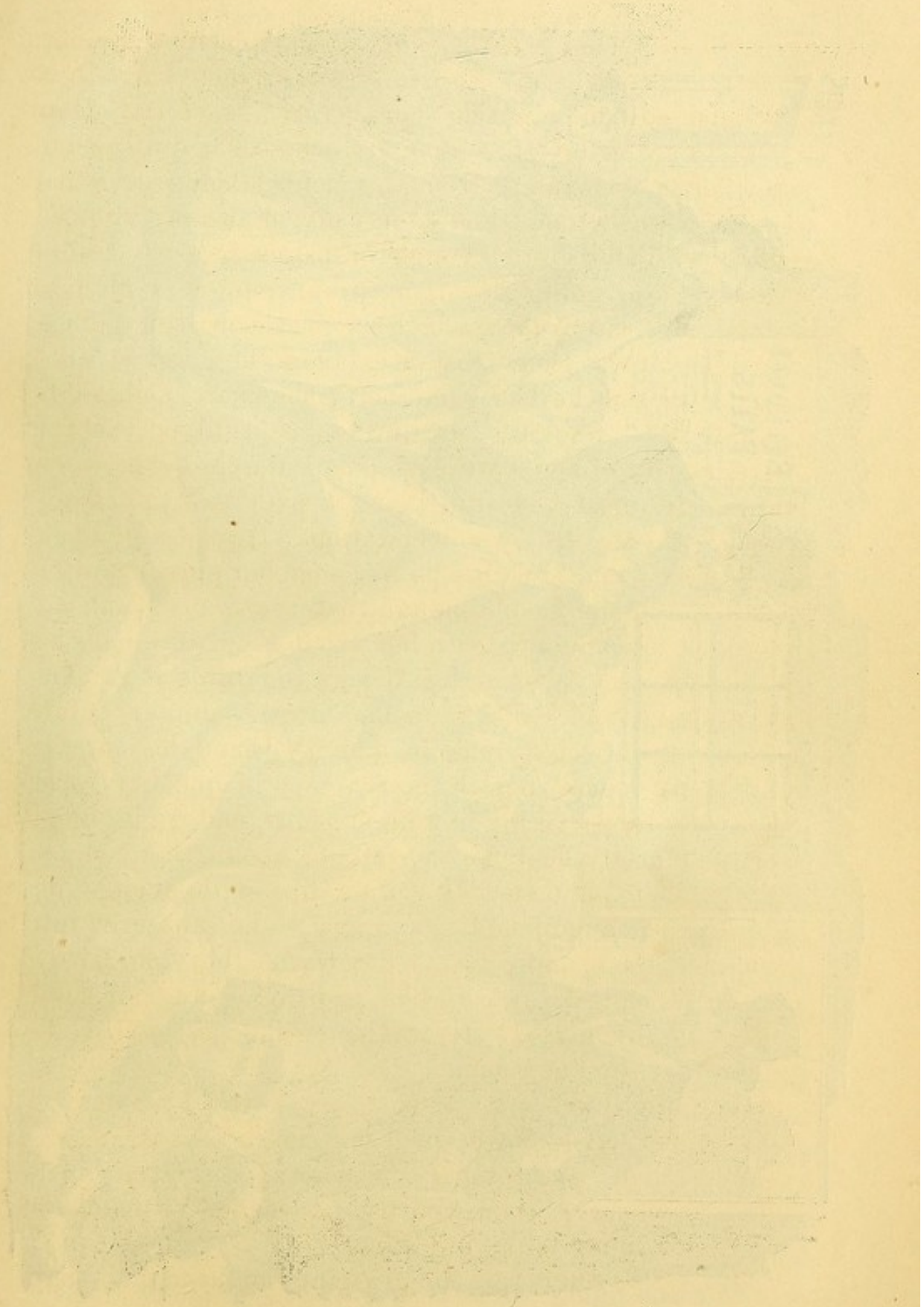
My friend said, that once on his way from Vermont, he took the cars at Proctorsville, I believe, below Rutland, coming south; that he had not been long on the cars before he observed a couple of men whom, by their "flashy" dress, and certain signs unmistakable by the "initiated," he knew to be either New York or Boston cutthroats of some sort. He thought he had encountered them somewhere before; and as he was on a peculiar mission, connected with the subject-matter of which these very men *might* be, he kept his eye on them, watching their manners with each other. He discovered that they had some iniquity on hand, as he thought, or were very gleesome over some already secured success, or something of the kind. He observed, too, that they frequently turned their attention to a young lady who was sitting alone in the front seat of the car, by the door, near the stove; and by and by these fellows got up, and went forward to her, and commenced talking, and it was evident from her manner that she had seen them before, and that she wished to

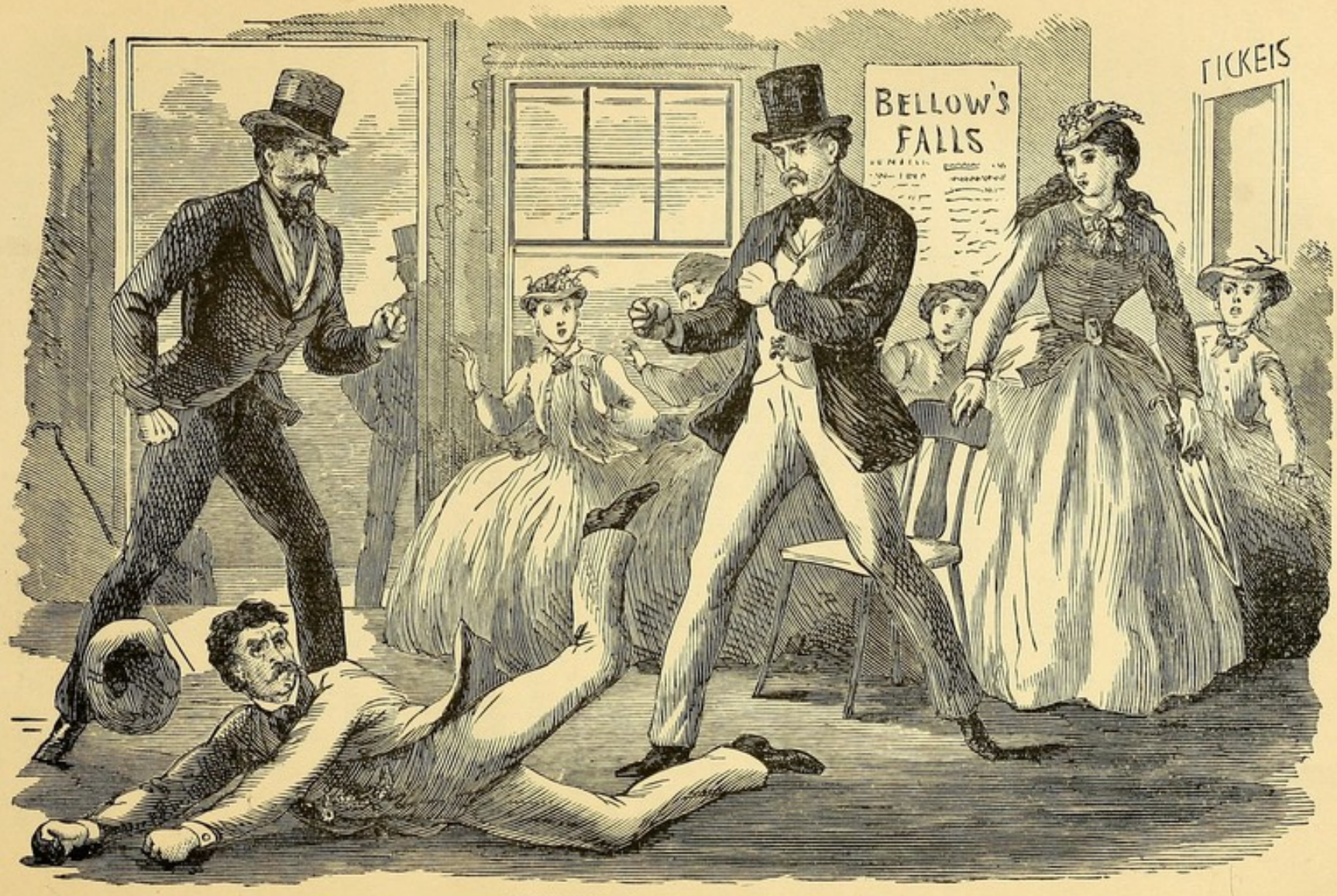
avoid them. They tried to affect a familiarity with her, offered her something to drink which they carried in flasks, and so conducted, in short, as to attract the attention of the car full of passengers, who seemed disgusted with their movements. It was evident to my friend that something was wrong; and eventually, as the cars stopped at Bellows' Falls for a change of passengers to another train for those going down, my friend caught a glimpse of the young lady's face, which he had not seen before, sitting, as he was, some distance behind her, and at once he reflected that he had seen her somewhere, and ought to know her. She was startlingly beautiful, not only in the regularity of her features, but in the expression of her face — "the most beautiful being I ever saw in all my travels," to use his own declaration. He felt a great interest in her; and now that he had seen her pure, beautiful face, he understood well enough that the two villains had no proper acquaintance with her; that they were only harassing her, and had some low design regarding her. The cars waited at the Falls for some fifteen minutes before the other train would come in, and my friend, leaving the gentlemen's room, wherein the two men in question were, among others, partaking of refreshments, and "giggling" over their pretty designs, and talking about "her," "that bully gal," etc., and smacking their lips with evident delight over some contemplated victory, — he sauntered into the ladies' room, and proceeded towards the young lady, who arose, moved towards him, and giving him her hand, called him by name. He was astonished as well as delighted that she knew him.

"But, miss, I am sorry I cannot call you by name. I think I must have known you," said he.

"Why, then," she replied, "you have forgotten 'little Hattie Newberry,' whom you used to dance so much on your knees, along with your Jane."

"O, no, I've not," said he, grasping her hand, and shaking it heartily, but tenderly, for the tears came into his





PROTECTING THE INNOCENT.

eyes; for his Jane, to whom Miss Hattie referred, was dead, and he called to mind how dearly she loved "little Hattie." Ten years had passed since he had seen Hattie. She was then a "wee bit of a thing" of her age, and she was not very large now, though grown to full womanhood, as exquisitely moulded in form as she was beautiful of face. My friend had married a Vermont girl, he himself being a native of New Jersey. The illness of his wife had led them to remove to a little town somewhere above Rutland, — New Haven, I believe, but may be that is not it, — for a summer, in which place he had first known Hattie, when but a child of six years of age. His little daughter Jane was just her age, having been born on the very same day that she was, and the two little creatures, just the opposites, however, in complexion, color of hair and eyes, and quite unlike in all respects, fell into the warmest mutual friendship. "They had not a single taste alike," said he. "Jane was a great romp, loved to be out in the stables with the horses and cows, was full of boisterous life;" but Hattie was as mild as her own blue eyes, and as delicate as her fine, glossy hair. "It was a strange affection these children had for each other," he said; "very beautiful, and I used to be constantly with them when there." He used to spend a month or so of each summer there, while the wife staid from the last of May, he said, into October. For three years his wife made the little town her summer home, and these children grew more and more together. Ten years had gone, and Hattie was now in her nineteenth year, — a beautiful woman, into whose countenance her advanced years had thrown just enough of spirit to make her interesting, — with an air of sweet, just ripe maturity about her, which gave my friend an inkling of what the two villains were pursuing her for. Pretty soon my friend introduced the subject of her "friends," — her two "fellow-travellers," — and she shrugged her shoulders with an expression of mingled disgust and dread, and said, "You are going down?"

"Yes."

"O, I am so glad, for you'll be company for me, and keep those mean men away from me — won't you?"

"Why, certainly. Where did you meet them first?"

"They came on at Rutland, I think, and the impudent fellows have tried to talk with me all the way down. At first I said a few words to them, and told them I was going to New York, and they've left their seats several times, and come forward to me."

"Yes, I've noticed them," said my friend, "and that's why I came in here, not expecting to find Hattie Newberry, but sure that you, whoever you are, were being persecuted by those villains, and needed protection."

"O, you are so good," said she, "and I shall be so glad to go with you. I did not know what to do, but I had thought that if they got into the same cars with me on the next train, that I would speak to the conductor about them, or go out into another car. They had the impudence to ask me to take some liquor with them, and I do not think they were drunk."

Their conversation had proceeded to this point, when into the ladies room boisterously came the two men. "Here's the darling," said one, approaching her, bringing cakes, etc., in their hands. "And you must take something with us." She declined, and turned her face away, when my friend said to them, "She doesn't want anything — don't trouble her."

"Yes, she does, too," said one, and the larger of the men; "and she mustn't be bashful — must take it. See here, sis," said he, and placed his hand familiarly on her shoulder to turn her around; at which she shuddered, and gave my friend such a look that he couldn't control himself, "if 'twas in the ladies' room," and dealt the fellow such a blow in the face with his brawny arm — for though he was not very large, he was a Hercules in strength, and as skilful with his fists as a prize-fighter — as stretched him flat upon the floor.

"This young lady is under my protection, and if you harass her any more, I'll break your head," said he, as the scamp "gathered" himself up, and looked for an instant at my friend, perceiving then, perhaps, that the plain-looking man, whom he had quite likely taken for a "common country fellow," was something of a genius in the art of self-defence, as well as that of offence, for my friend was on his "pose," ready to resist the attacks of the two.

The scamps almost instantly decamped, and about this time the expected train arrived, and my friend led Hattie to a car. Into the same the two men came; but my friend, rising, and looking about at them as they passed back, and they perceiving him, they said something to each other, and turned about, and went into a forward car. My friend hoped that that was the last of them; but at several stopping-places on the road, one of them — not the one who got the blow — would saunter through their car, as if looking for some new in-comer, but evidently to feast his eyes on Hattie's beauty, — so my friend thought.

After being well seated in the cars, my friend called to mind, that, not long before, his wife had heard from some of the relatives in Hattie's native village, with whom she kept up an occasional correspondence, that Hattie Newberry was engaged to a young man by the name of Dwight Phelps, a member of a quite wealthy family in that place; and he wondered if Hattie was going to New York to get "fixed up" for the marriage, for he knew that she had some relatives there somewhere, and his curiosity led him to inquire if she was going to stay long in New York.

"Yes, perhaps so. I am going with my cousin Charlotte, — going to work in the same store with her. She's been trying to have me come for a long time, and at last I've made up my mind to go." Hattie's parents were poor people; industrious and respectable, but with quite a large family; and Mr. Newberry himself, never a very "touch" man, as they express it in Vermont, and ill a good deal,

they had hard work enough to make ends meet, and send the children to school, and all that.

"O, so you are going to live in New York! How's that? Let me see; it seems to me that somebody wrote to my wife a few weeks ago, that you and young Dwight Phelps were to be married; and so I supposed you'd always stay up there."

Hattie blushed, and replied, "O, there was such a rumor; but that's all over now." She tried to be cheerful, but a sigh, which did not escape my friend's ear, and a sad look, for an instant, which did not escape his eye, revealed to him that something had gone wrong with her; and he finally found, on joking her a little about the matter, kindly, that young Phelps's father, who was a sort of a miser, was in the way; that he wanted his son to marry some rich girl, or not a poor one in money, at least, however poor she might otherwise be; and the young man was in his father's hands, so far as pecuniary means were concerned, and would not be independent enough to think of marrying soon. The old man Phelps had threatened to disinherit him if he married against his will; and she had determined to not make difficulty in the family, and was on her way to New York, at her cousin's solicitation, to go to work where she could earn something, and help her father and mother support the family. The subject was a painful one for Hattie to descant upon, and my friend addressed himself to other matters of conversation. Hattie informed him that her cousin, Charlotte Keeney, was the chief clerk in a confectioner's establishment, with a neat restaurant attached, in Sixth Avenue, near Twelfth Street, New York, the proprietor of which was a certain Mr. Henry —— (Brown, for a name) — a popular, thriving business man, of the rigid school of morals; just, generous, and kindly in manners, but as fixed in his opinions, and as relentless against evil-doers, and as unforgiving of actual moral delinquencies, as if he had been carved out of the "ribs" of the Mayflower — (before she became a slave-ship); a sort of wooden-headed man in all matters of mor-

als; a descendant of the Puritan stock. This fact lightened my friend's regret that Hattie had resolved to go to the city to live, for he chanced to know Mr. Brown's reputation, otherwise he would have felt it his duty to say more to her of the perils and trials of city life than he did. He said, as he looked upon her wonderful beauty, and thought how many girls, almost as beautiful, had found city life full of thorns; had borne sad trials, and suffered deathly sorrows, principally through the fact of their exquisite beauty; and reflected, too, that she was going there with a wound upon her heart, and therefore less likely to resist the city's temptations, — his heart quite overcame him, and he wanted to take her directly into his own family, and as a father protect her.

Along the route, as I have observed before, he noticed the impertinence of the two men, constantly seeking to get a sight at Hattie whenever the cars stopped. My friend (call him Frederick Daniels) was greatly annoyed by this; but it gave him occasion to descant to Hattie upon the character of certain heartless beings she might meet with in the city, and to advise her touching the companionships she might make. But Hattie thought that in her cousin Charlotte's riper experience she should find sufficient protection, and she seemed to look upon Charlotte as a wonder of wisdom as well as of goodness; and Mr. Daniels, reflecting that Mr. Brown's must be as safe a place as any for a young lady, probably contented himself with asking Hattie to visit his family as often as she could; but he lived far up town, and on the other side of the city from Mr. Brown's, so it was not likely that she could find time, save on Sundays, and then she would be obliged to walk much to get to his house. But she promised him to visit his family when she could, and to always come to him if she needed aid or protection of any kind. The journey was passed pleasantly on to New York, without notable incident, save that at Hartford, where the cars were delayed for some time on account of an accident which had

occurred on the road some miles below: the two men were met by a man of the same character with them, evidently, and who gave them something to drink from his flask, theirs being apparently empty, and which fired one of them into unusual impudence, which made him annoying to Hattie and Mr. Daniels — breaking in at times into the ladies' sitting-room in the depot, whither they had gone, with other passengers, for "sake of change" from the cars. Mr. Daniels, it chanced, knew this third man, who seemed to have no memory that he had ever run across Mr. D. before; and knowing him, Mr. D. was not at a loss where to place them. He told Hattie that they were gamblers, and worse; besides, probably being pickpockets. She, in her innocence, was surprised to learn that so well-dressed men as these could be so low in character, and Mr. D. felt that she almost questioned his judgment. So, hoping to impress her with the danger of "trusting to appearances," in a great city especially, he told her such tales about such elegantly-dressed scoundrels as came into his mind; and filled up the time of the journey with such lessons as he thought might be of use to Hattie, and put her on her guard against evil.

Mr. Daniels chanced to observe that the third villain took passage with the other two from Hartford, and he saw that this man had become more interested, if possible, in Hattie than the other two, if anything was to be judged by the more extreme eagerness with which he eyed her. The third villain, whose name or *alias* was, as Mr. D. knew, "Harland," was a more accomplished man than the rest. He hailed from Meriden, Conn., where it was said he was quite respectably related, and had at one time occupied a respectable business position in New York; but turning to sporting, he at last got involved, and operated some adroit forgeries, and had been connected with a swindling bogus lottery. It was in the detection and breaking up of this concern that my friend Daniels had come across Harland. This man had lost his best old

friends, who discarded him outright, he being obliged to take up with a low class of society; yet there was a natural, or educated pride in him, which probably suffered much from his debasement, and which prompted him to make tools of these beings, whom he regarded, notwithstanding his fraternizing with them, as inferior beings. Mr. Daniels felt a renewed interest for Hattie when he considered this adroit man; and the fear came over him that the rascal would, in some way, manage to make himself felt by her to her sorrow; and he told Hattie that the fellow would as likely as not seek her out in her employment, and that the place she was going to, being open to the public, he would doubtless find her out; but that if he did, she must not allow him to make her acquaintance, beyond what her necessity as a clerk would demand of her allowing. She promised him to observe his advice. My friend, with his usual shrewdness, had preconceived that these villains would endeavor to follow Hattie, to see where she went on her arrival in New York; and when the passengers alighted from the cars, he was not surprised to find these men near him, watching his movements; and to thwart them, he took Hattie and her trunk, by coach, to the hotel, intending, as he did, to soon after take her to her place of designation on Sixth Avenue, and to send from there some trusty man for her trunk. The scoundrels followed in another coach, and kept close behind him, alighted at the same hotel, and registered their names just below his and Hattie's. "Fred. Harland," "Edward Rowe," and "Philip Jas. McHenry," were the entries, in the bold and elegant hand of Harland. Mr. Daniels procured a room for himself and one for Hattie, who began now to see the desperate course which these men would pursue, and was very willing to be guided by Daniels, to avoid being followed by these fellows. Mr. Daniels, not being willing to be kept close prisoner there by these men,—and the night was coming on, too, and he wished to be at home,— went out to a trusty friend's store, advised him of what was going on,

and asked him to allow one of his lady clerks, about Hattie's size, to go to the hotel parlor, the gentleman to follow soon; and the girl, "for the fun of the thing, if nothing more," as she giddily said, acquiescing, made entry to the hotel parlor, whence Mr. Daniels took her to Hattie's room, and caused her to assume Hattie's hat and shawl, in exchange for which Hattie took hers; and after the merchant had come over to the hotel, and had been made acquainted with Hattie, Mr. Daniels took the young lady, and proceeded through the hall to the street; and acting as if utterly oblivious or careless of the existence of these fellows, passed on, with his thickly-veiled charge upon his arm, down the street. In crossing to the opposite side, at no great distance from the hotel, he had opportunity to look back without being suspected, and saw Harland, and the man "Rowe" (the one whom he had knocked down at Bellows' Falls), following slowly, but with eyes bent upon him. He would have been better satisfied had he seen the third following him. The young lady liked the sport, and Daniels led the fellows quite a chase, and finally brought about to the store of his friend, trusting that the latter's sagacity had enabled him meanwhile to leave the hotel with Hattie, and take her to Mr. Brown's, on Sixth Avenue.

He had told Hattie to take the key of her room with her, and give it to his friend. The surprise of the scamps in seeing Mr. Daniels come away from this store, and leave "Hattie" there, must have been considerable. Mr. D. went back to the hotel, and to his joy found that the merchant had gone with the real Hattie; and he withdrew to the store again, and awaited his return, which he made in good time. It was then arranged that the porter of the store should be sent for Hattie's trunk, and it be brought there. Mr. D. went with the porter, paid the bills, and took the trunk, brought it to the store, whence the next day it was sent to Hattie's new home, and Mr. D. then betook himself to his own home, — feeling that his stratagem had saved Hattie much annoyance in the future,

and perhaps much suffering. The next day the ladies re-exchanged, through the porter, their hats and shawls, and Mr. Daniels, being called away from the city soon on business, and being exceedingly occupied for some two months and over, had almost lost memory of Hattie altogether. She, however, called at his house once in the mean while, in his absence from home, and had a cheerful "reunion" with the wife and the family. Mrs. Daniels took the greatest interest in her, and regarded her beauty as something "almost superhuman," she said. She knew that as a child she bade fair to become a beautiful woman; but the change had been so great in her in the last eight years (for Mrs. Daniels had seen her once since her husband had, before the latter's late meeting with her), that she would not have known her at first, had she not given her her name, and then could barely recognize that it was she.

Mrs. Daniels gladly accepted the husband's invitation to "go down and call on Hattie Newberry," which they did; and on entering the confectioner's shop, what was Mr. Daniels's astonishment and horror, on discovering there both Harland and McHenry, in cheery conversation with one of the girls, whom he took, and who so proved, to be Charlotte Keeney, Hattie's cousin! Evidently they were old acquaintances of hers. Mr. and Mrs. Daniels passed by them, on to where they discovered Hattie, who saluted them cordially, asked them into the little rear saloon, and called in her employer, Mr. Brown, to whom she presented them as old friends, who "used to live in Vermont." They had a charming visit with Hattie, who was released from her engagements by her kind employer, in order to entertain them, and Mr. Brown sent in confections and "goodies" for them to carry back to their family, and gave them much of his attention besides. Mr. Daniels was indignant to find those two men there; but he knew not precisely what to do. Had they hunted out Hattie, or were they old acquaintances of Charlotte, and had found Hattie there by accident when calling on the former? Were they time-old

customers of the place, or recent comers? These and such like questions occupied his mind. He wanted to speak to Mr. Brown, and tell him of the character of these men; but they might be good customers, — certainly they were lavish with their money that night, — and it was clear that Charlotte liked them; indeed she seemed fond of them, and Mr. Daniels hesitated as to what to do, for fear of giving offence. He knew the reputation of Mr. Brown, to be sure, and that he would not wish his clerks to be on terms of friendship with such villains, if he knew their true character. But then he, Daniels, was a comparative stranger to Mr. Brown, and why should Brown accept his single word as against such well-behaved "gentlemen," who were good customers, too. Besides, business men, however good they may be themselves, exist upon, and make their money out of, their customers; and whoever should enter upon a close scrutiny of the character of his patrons in New York, would be apt to find nine scamps in every ten persons. The fact is, that the greed for money is so great in New York, and all over the country, that the best men come to be as polite to their most wicked patrons and customers, as to those of high and noble characters.

Mr. Daniels, as a detective, whose business it is to "mind other people's business" in some respects, felt more keenly than most men feel the like, the propriety and expediency of minding his own business, and was cautious in his proceedings therefore. He made up his mind to say nothing to any one except Hattie, at first, at least; and so, when she, and his wife, and himself were quite alone together, he spoke to her of these men as the ones whom they had encountered on the cars, and whom she had escaped. What was not his astonishment when he found that she did not recognize them as such! It appeared that Harland was an old friend of Charlotte, of whom Charlotte had, in fact, written her before she came on, — speaking of her having been, the night before her letter was dated, to the theatre, with her friend, Mr.

Harland, "a very fine, spirited gentleman," etc., whom Hattie would like, she thought. Mr. Daniels had not mentioned the names of these men to Hattie on the day of her escape from the hotel. It had not occurred to him to do that; and when, in the course of a week or two after her arrival at Mr. Brown's, Harland called on Charlotte, who received him joyfully, and after a while presented him in warm terms to Hattie, she of course did not recognize him by his name, though she thought she'd seen him somewhere; but she reflected that on her way to her boarding-house — for she did not board with Charlotte — she saw many noticeable men, and probably had encountered him somewhere in going or coming. But notwithstanding Mr. Daniels's assurance, she could not identify either of the men as having been aboard the cars that day; and it was evident that they had made quite a pleasant impression upon her mind. They had been there quite often; and Mr. Daniels, from what he saw of their sly glances towards Hattie, discovered that it was she, rather than Charlotte, whom they came most to see. But Mr. Daniels was not willing to leave without making some further effort in Hattie's behalf; and he asked her to call Charlotte into the room, to see him and his wife, while Hattie should wait upon the customers, and especially these men. He thought that possibly Hattie might yet call them to mind as the scamps who pursued her that day.

It was evident to him that the men recognized him, and were bound to stay as long as he did, and entertain Charlotte. They proved themselves "good customers" that night, if never before; in fact, Hattie confessed that she thought they had bought more that night than in all their calls before. She went, at Mr. Daniels's request, and asked Charlotte to go into the little room; and Charlotte said she would "soon." The men heard the request, and it was clear that they meant that she should not go, and so they kept chatting on; but Hattie, going out again, and evincing some anxiety, Charlotte excused herself to the men, and

went, not however till Harland, calling her back after she had gone a few steps after Hattie, said something to her. She came to the table where Mr. and Mrs. Daniels were sitting, and thanked them for their wish to see her, but said they must excuse her; that they saw how occupied she was, and that Mr. Brown, though a kind, generous man, was very earnest in wishing his clerks to do their full duty, and not lose a chance to trade. She hoped they would come again, and find her more at leisure. Of course Mr. Daniels could have nothing to reply to this, but to thank her, etc., and she bowed herself away pleasantly, and so Daniels was foiled in that move; and at last, contented himself with earnest advice to Hattie to let these men alone, to avoid them all she could, and to tell Charlotte their true character, and that they were the men who persecuted her on the day of her arrival. Hattie promised to heed Mr. Daniels's advice, and she told Charlotte about the men, on the first good opportunity that she had; but Charlotte could not believe it, especially as Hattie had not recognized Harland before, and confessed that she could not yet call him to mind. "But Mr. Daniels cannot be mistaken," said she. "I did not look the men in their faces much. I avoided them, and would not be apt to remember them in other dress, and coming here as your old friends." But Charlotte would not be persuaded, and believed Mr. Daniels mistaken. Indeed, she finally told Hattie that Harland said he had seen her friend, Mr. Daniels, somewhere before; couldn't say where; but that he was a man of poor character he knew, and he wondered Hattie allowed him and his wife to call on her. This, Mr. Daniels heard long after from Hattie's lips. That night Mr. D. went home down-hearted, feeling that he had failed to impress Hattie sufficiently of her danger; but he had made her promise him, that if she ever had any serious trouble she would seek his aid, and that she would call on him and his family, whenever she could find it convenient to do so.

Time went on, and though Mr. Daniels's mind frequently

reverted to Hattie, yet his business cares did not allow him to visit her. He made up his mind that night that the wretches intended to possess themselves of her in some way, and that they would carry out their vile purpose if possible. He talked with Mrs. Daniels about it. Such beauty as Hattie's would not fade easily, and such a prize as she would be sought. He hoped she'd make the acquaintance of some good man, and get married, and thus be saved from trouble; but he reflected that these villains would manage to keep such men as that away from her. As for themselves, even if either of them was moved by her beauty to love her, he probably then had a half dozen wives somewhere; and would prefer her as mistress rather than wife, even if he were unmarried. Mrs. Daniels had no fear for Hattie; which consoled Mr. Daniels somewhat. She said she *knew* that such a girl as Hattie could take care of herself as against the seducers. She felt in her woman's nature that there was something in Hattie's composition which the despoiler could not corrupt, and which would be her protection; besides, Hattie's duties required her services evenings, and these men had not much opportunity to ply their villanous arts. Mr. Daniels deferred a good deal to his wife's judgment in this, and felt more easy — and time wore on.

Three or four more months had passed, and one night, just as Mr. Daniels had returned home, there was a violent ringing of his door-bell, which he answered on the spot, not having yet removed his overcoat. The messenger had come for him, with imploring word from Hattie Newberry, that he should at once come to the Jefferson Market Station to see her. She was in trouble: charged with crime, and was almost frantic; had been rescued, an hour before, from the North River, where she had attempted to drown herself, and was calling, in incoherent terms, his name, and much which they could not make out. He must go at once, and he did, with a willing but a sad heart. He revolved all sorts of possibilities in his mind as he accom-

panied the messenger, and arriving at the station-house, found there poor Hattie, who, recognizing him, rushed upon him, threw her arms about his neck, and exclaimed, "O, if I had but minded your good advice. I am not guilty! not guilty!—and I wanted to die." "No, no, Hattie, you are not guilty," he replied; "no matter what the charge is, you are not guilty of any crime." At this point a brother detective stepped up, one of Mr. Daniels's best friends. His clothes were still wet, and Daniels exclaimed, "What, was it you, Montgomery, that rescued my child here from the water? God bless you!" "Yes,"—and Montgomery, pulling him by his sleeve, as if to take him away, he said to Hattie, "Be calm, Hattie, you are my child, and nothing shall hurt you; excuse me a moment, I'll be right back." "Yes, yes," interposed Montgomery, who was a splendid officer, and greatly respected by all about the station, "I assure you that what Mr. Daniels says is right. You shall not be harmed, and we'll be back soon."

Daniels and Montgomery went aside, and the latter said, "Tell me all about this girl, Daniels. I never saw such beauty. I thought one spell she'd drag me down, but I would have gone under willingly to save her; and when she called your name I was glad, for I knew all was right somehow—but I haven't questioned her much; indeed, she's been half delirious till you came; but I see her eye is getting natural." Montgomery then went on to tell him how he happened to be down near the wharf, saw a well-dressed girl running in such a mad way as to arrest his attention, and he followed her, and saw her plunge off the dock, but not before she had paused a second, and looked about, when he caught sight of her wondrous face. His first thought was, that she was some unfortunate of the town, who had resolved to end her unhappy career; but he stripped off his outer coat and boots, and ran along some logs which were lying in the water, and reached out a pole to her which he had caught up. As she rose, puff-



RESCUE OF HATTIE NEWBERRY.

ing and struggling, she seized it, and he saw that the water had chilled out her purpose of suicide; and, indeed, she cried for help, and he plunged in, finding the water deeper than he thought, and had a hard struggle to get out with her, for she was frantic, and grasped his arms so that he could hardly use them. He had gotten assistance and a carriage, and had taken her to the station, and quickly after arriving there had encountered an officer, who said he was after her; that she was a thief, had stolen a diamond ring of great value, "and, of course, lots of other things," as he said. But Montgomery would not give her up till Daniels came, after hearing her call for him. This was all that Montgomery knew about the matter.

Dry clothes had been procured for Hattie, and she had recovered from her fright a little when Daniels came. Daniels told Montgomery all about her, and they both believed her innocent, and resolved to save her. The charge was surely false, they said, and they went back to her, dismissed those about her, and asked her to tell them her trouble, which, in her plain, simple way she did. She had been charged by Harland with having filched from him a valuable diamond ring, worth three hundred dollars. She had denied it; and Harland had asked her to let her room be searched, and she had willingly done so; and in company with an officer, she had gone to her room with Charlotte and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and allowed the search; and there, to her consternation, in her own reticule, wrapped up in a little white paper, was found the very ring Harland had described. "The villain slipped it in there in the search!" exclaimed Daniels. "No, no," said she, "Mr. Brown opened the box, and found the reticule, and examined it himself. Harland did not touch it." "Did he examine anything?" "No, he didn't touch anything," said she. "Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown did the searching; he looked on." "Then," said Montgomery, "the villain had, in some way, got the ring in there. He

knew what the search would result in, — felt sure of his game."

Mr. Brown was convinced of the girl's guilt, and was going to discharge her. He was dreadfully perplexed by it, for he had thought Hattie the best of girls; but her guilt was so apparent to him as to excite his old Puritan sense of justice. Mercy lost its hold in his heart, but he consented, at Harland's suggestion, to let her stay a day or so longer. Harland said, that now he had got his ring he did not care to punish her; that he presumed she had been sorely tempted by it, for she had seen it in his possession, and he knew well enough when she took it. He thought it too bad to not give her another trial; but Mr. Brown would have no thief in his employ, but would let her stay a day or two, — but not to work, — till Harland could get her a place. When Daniels and Montgomery got to this part of her story, they could account for the man's villany; and consulting with each other away from Hattie, concluded to send at once for Mrs. Daniels, for they saw that there were probably things which Hattie would prefer to tell to a woman. While the carriage was gone for Mrs. D., they learned further of Hattie's story: that she partly loved Harland, that she was innocent of the theft, and somehow suspected him of having planned to destroy her character. The light began that day to open upon her mind, and she loathed him; and so dreadful were her feelings, and so deep her sense of wrong at Mr. Brown's hands, in that he had no charity for her, that, brooding over it all, and thinking what a horrible story would reach her home about her, she got frenzied, and resolved to put an end to her life. She expected Harland at about such an hour, and the nearer that approached the more terrible her condition seemed to be; and finally, life seeming unendurable longer, she had rushed from the house, as it would seem, just about the time Harland and the officer with him had come. This would account for the appearance of the officer whom Montgomery had seen.

"That scamp is no officer," exclaimed Montgomery, when he came to hear this, for he was the same man, she said, who had accompanied Harland on the day of the search. "I thought I had seen him before. Do you go, Daniels, and meet him, for he may know me. I think it is a wretch by the name of Harry Restell; and if it is he, you'll discover a slit in the lobe of the left ear, shaped liked an inverted 'V,' and if you notice further, you'll see a slight inclination of the head to the left side, as if the cords of the neck, on the left side, were a little shorter than on the other, and stiff. If you find so much, make his acquaintance pleasantly, get him to talk with you, and go with you about the cells, and without ceremony shut him in; call Badger for the keys, and tell him I told you, for this will end that game, and send for me instantly. I'll fix him. I want him." Mr. Daniels went, and finding Restell, the man whom Montgomery suspected, was adroit enough to accomplish the feat given him to perform in less than fifteen minutes; and Montgomery was delighted with the word to "come." He told Hattie to be calm; that the rascals would be foiled, and she proved innocent, — as she was, in reality, before another day rolled round. He rushed to the cells, opened the one in which was Restell, drew in Daniels with him, and clutching the villain by the hair, said to him, "I have you, you scamp, you murderer, you —!" But it will hardly do to repeat here the last word, implying crimes which, though common enough, are hardly fit for the eye of the general reader to see named in print. "You show your guilt, and my proof you know, when I name Mary ——; and now you have been personating an officer, helping that Harland to destroy an innocent girl. You have your choice, whether to go with me at once to the Tombs, and from there to Sing Sing Prison for five or ten years, or to tell me all about what Harland and you have been doing. Make a full confession." Montgomery spoke as rapidly as lightning, and there was a terrible firmness and earnestness in his voice. Restell

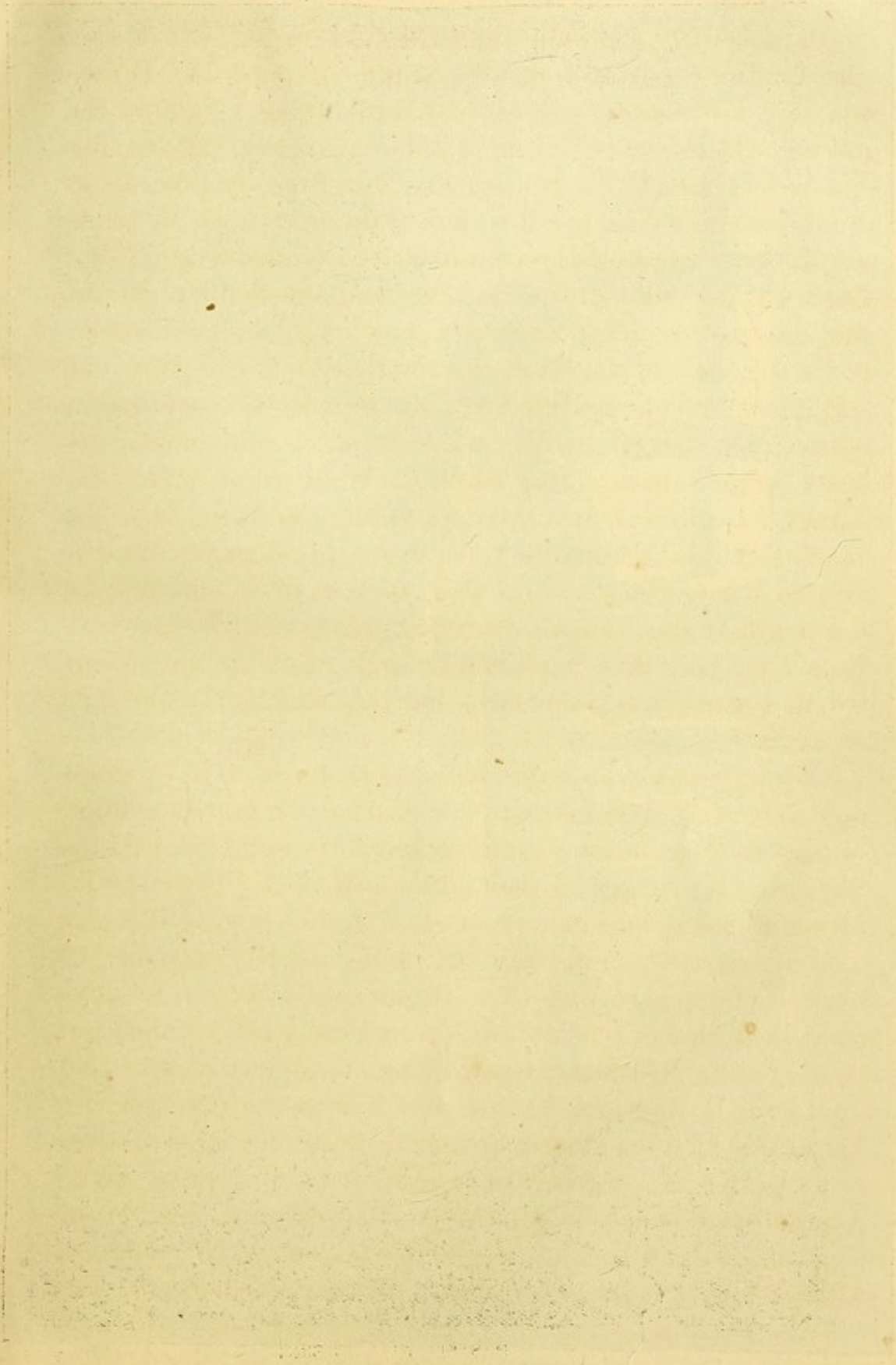
quivered. He saw that he was known. He had been guilty of a terrible crime; had personated an officer, too, — a misdemeanor punishable with fine, — and he was sure to be caught in the conspiracy with Harland; and he thought it the better way to confess at once, which he did; and he told Montgomery that Harland had managed to slip the ring into the girl's reticule at the theatre a few nights before; that the ring was a paste one, and not a diamond ring; that its setting was really worth about twenty-five dollars, but the diamond being only paste, Harland had not risked much; that Harland wanted to degrade the girl, get her away from her place, get her a situation himself, make her dependent on him, and finally make her his mistress. "And he told me I might have her a part of the time, if I would help support her," said Restell; "and when I came to see her, I found her so beautiful that I agreed to help him, and went with him, as an officer, to look for the ring, and we were after her to-night, and got there five minutes after she'd left. That's how 'tis," said he, "and I went one way in search of her, and Harland another." "Where were you to meet when one of you found her?" quickly asked Daniels. "At Washington Parade Ground, on this north-west corner." "Ay, ay," said Daniels, "I know that fellow. We'll nab him," — and taking an officer with him, proceeded at once to the spot, and luckily found Harland walking back and forth there, very nervously. Daniels knew him, and without a word, as they were about to pass each other, knocked the rascal down, and fell upon him, while the officer clutched him too. "Don't make any noise, or you are a dead man," said Daniels. "Give me that diamond ring the first thing, or die," clutching the scoundrel by the throat, till he was so nearly dead that he could hardly point with his finger to an inside vest pocket, where Daniels put his hand, and found a wallet, in which he found the ring. Getting that, he let the scamp up. He wanted the ring to prove its paste character, as one of the evidences against the vil-

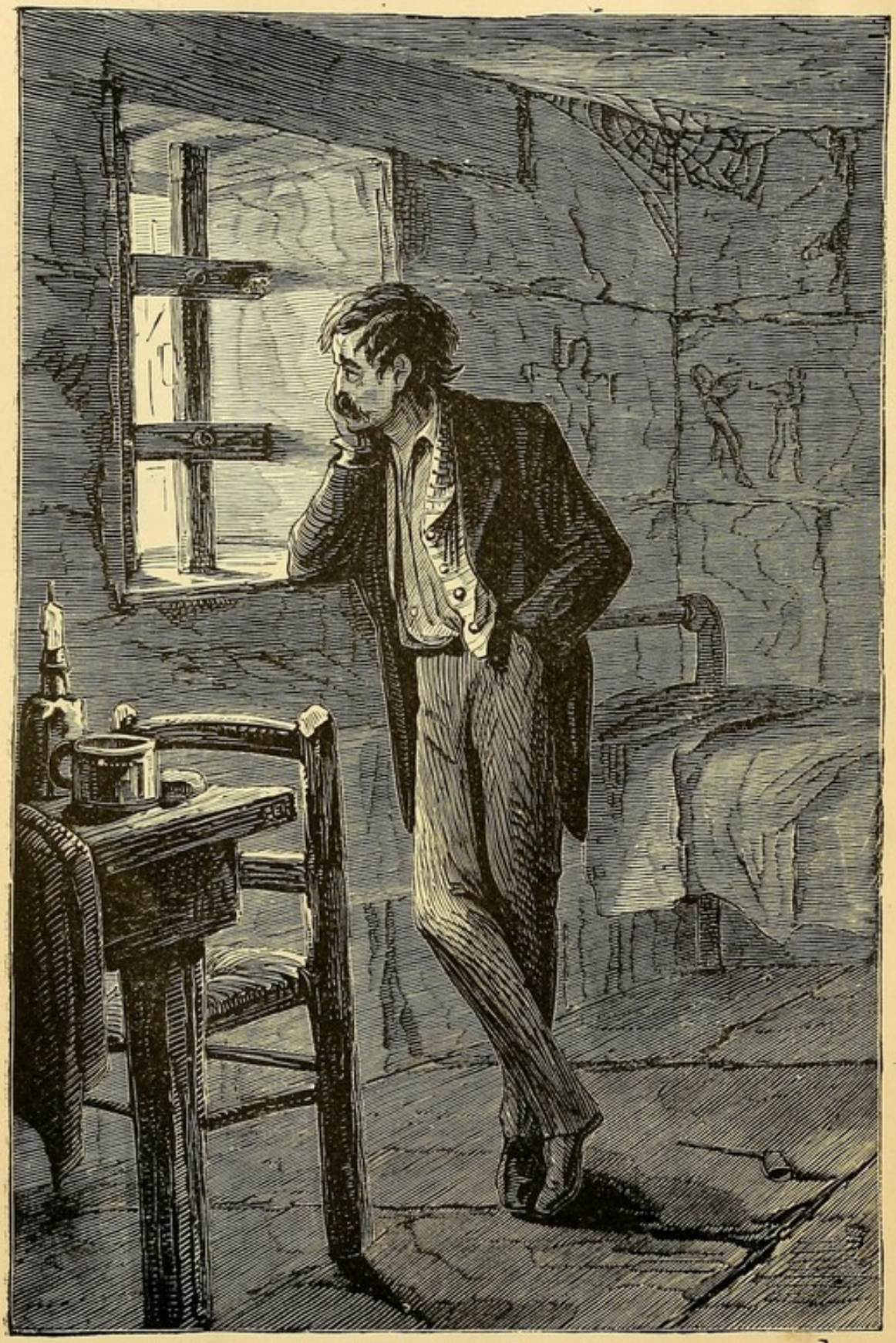
lain. "Now," said he, "Restell is nabbed. You see he has 'peached' on you, and we want you to go along with us to him." The officer told Harland that if he didn't go quietly, he would "put the irons on;" and Harland felt the propriety of subjection, without any attempt at escape. Meanwhile Mrs. Daniels had arrived, and being instructed by Montgomery, had inquired into Harland's conduct towards her. It was evident that his intentions had long been to possess her, but that the girl, in her innocence, had not known what he meant; and when he had asked her to marry him, although she had considerable liking of, and affection for him, she had refused to accept him for the time, and he had urged her several times. She said he was always quite nervous, and sometimes almost angry, that she would not marry him; yet, after all, he had been very kind to her in most respects; had made her several presents, and taken her and her cousin to the theatre, etc., whenever they could get away from the shop. Some things which she told Mrs. Daniels, on the latter's minutely inquiring into the modes in which he had treated her, and what he had said, showed a peculiar innocence in the girl, amounting to almost stupidity. Yet it was no wonder, after all, in view of her careful rearing at home.

What Mrs. D. learned confirmed Mr. D.'s and Montgomery's theory, and with it, and all they had learned before, they had solved the problem. Harland saw how thoroughly he was caught, and thought best to acknowledge that what Restell had disclosed was the truth; that the girl was innocent; and he went so far as to express his love for her with tears, and was allowed to see her, and beg her pardon on his knees, with protestations of love, and his desire to marry her. He was allowed to do this, only that Hattie might have better evidence of her innocence, for it was done in Mr. and Mrs. Daniels's and Montgomery's presence. Harland wanted to give her the ring which Daniels handed to her for him, but she spurned it; and Daniels said he would keep it for her, to which Harland consented;

for Daniels had a notion that Harland would yet do evil with it if he possessed it. To make all sure, Mr. Brown was sent for, routed out of bed, and brought before the girl and Harland, and Harland made to repeat his confession before him. Mr. Brown was delighted, put his arms about Hattie, called her his own child, and said he could not all the while believe she *meant* to do any wrong; but there was the ring in the reticule, and she had stoutly denied having any such ring; and how could it have gotten in there without her putting it there? etc. This had convinced him against his will; but he said he would never believe any charge against anybody on circumstantial evidence again. Hattie was taken back into his employ, remained with him over a year, as kindly cared for as if she was his child, and finally went back to Vermont as the wife of young Phelps, who had, at last, overcome his father's objections, mostly through his mother's intercessions, who had died meanwhile, and who, on her deathbed, had made him promise to let the son marry the girl he loved.

Harland agreed to leave New York forever if proceedings were not taken against him; and having money enough (obtained, though, by gambling and forgeries), the officers thought it no wrong to make him pay pretty liberally for the trouble he had made; and Mr. Daniels, having Hattie's good at heart, was not easy with him in his demands, but secured enough, so that Mr. Brown could afford to do a great deal for her; for, at different times, Mr. Daniels put sums of money into Mr. Brown's hands to buy this or that for Hattie, letting her suppose that it all came from Brown's generosity; and it should be added, that the latter *was* generous to her also, for he always added to the sums given him, and purchased better things than directed for her, as a sort of quietus, it is supposed, to his wounded conscience, in believing that she was guilty. Harland decamped; but he came back at last, and carried Charlotte Keeney off with him somewhere as his wife, — which was the strangest





RESTELL AT SING SING.

part of the story. She had loved him before Hattie came, and he had probably loved her, but Hattie's great beauty had attracted him from her; that is, his affection, — for he had always taken Charlotte along with Hattie to theatres and elsewhere. The fact is, there was a jealousy of Hattie in Charlotte's heart, so great, that though she loved her cousin, it seemed that she was almost sorry that she proved innocent at last; and she felt Harland's absence, notwithstanding his villany, greatly. The heart of a woman will cling to her lover or husband in crime or obloquy, almost as strongly as the heart of a loving man will cling to, and protect, the woman he really loves, doing deeds of crime at her will, and, in fact, wrecking fortune, and health, and life at her behest. It is common to declare the constancy of woman greater than that of man; but that is a false notion, cherished only by the inexperienced in human nature's laws. Charlotte found pardon in her own heart for Harland; and if she did not invent sensible excuses for his conduct, was not wanting in the number of them. She married, and was heard from afterwards as living happily with him somewhere.

Restell expected to escape his deserts by peaching on Harland; but Montgomery had not so promised him when Daniels caged him in the cell, and Montgomery had taken care to not do so, for officers of the law and detectives are very scrupulous about keeping their plighted word to even the basest criminals. And if they were not so, the whole fraternity of wretches would know it, and refuse to give evidence at any time, and thus many a criminal mystery would go unexplained, and many an innocent, like Hattie, might suffer the full consequences of a criminality of which they were not guilty. It is often better to let a dozen guilty go than that one innocent should suffer. Restell was taken to the Tombs, on charge of a crime here unmentionable; but a portion of the evidence against him failed by the death of a witness for the prosecution, while he lay in prison, and a matter of forgery having

meanwhile become disclosed involving him, he was tried on that, and sent to Sing Sing for four years and some months — the longest term the law would allow for his offence.

Mr. Daniels interwove in this narrative many interesting facts, to which I cannot, at this distance of time, do justice. He was a keen observer of human nature, and told a story pleasantly. He recited to me many other tales of almost equal interest; and, as I learn that he is alive at this writing, I am not sure that I shall not try to hunt him up, and engage him to give zest, with his piquant stories, to these pages; for it matters not whose an interesting experience may be, so that we have the facts. Truly, "facts *are* stranger than fictions" often; and it has occurred to me, while hunting over my diaries and burnishing up my memory, to hint to my publishers that the truest, shortest, and best way to collect a volume of marvellous experiences would be to invite a number of detectives to dinner, accompanied by short-hand reporters, and treat them so well that they tarry with their story-telling through the night.

ABOUT BOGUS LOTTERIES.

HOW THEY ARE "GOT UP" — THEIR MODE OF OPERATIONS DETAILED — HOW THEY MANAGE THE "DRAWN NUMBERS" BEFOREHAND — THE GREAT SHREWDNESS OF THE OPERATORS — THE SOCIAL RESPECTABILITY OF THESE — THE GREAT FIRM OF "G. W. HUNTINGTON & CO." — THE IMMENSE CIRCULATION OF THEIR JOURNAL — THEIR VICTIM, A MAINE FARMER, WHO BELIEVED HE HAD "DRAWN" FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND COUNSELLOR WHEATON, HIS LAWYER, A STORY TO THE POINT — WHO INVEST IN LOTTERIES: CHILDREN, WIDOWS, CLERGYMEN, BANK CASHIERS, ETC. — HOW THE FIRM OF "G. W. H. & CO." WAS CAPTURED — NO. 23, WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK, THEIR PRETENDED BANKING HOUSE — HOW A BOGUS LOTTERY COMPANY SWINDLED ITS OWN AGENTS — A QUEER TALE.

THE object of these narratives is not simply to paint human nature in the color of its subtle facts, more strange than the imaginings of fiction, in order to excite the reader's mind as he runs over these pages, or to feed the greediness for the marvellous — not these alone; but the writer trusts that what he has taken so much pains to cull out of the repertoire of his observations and experiences, and from those of others, and reproduce here for the instruction of his fellow-men, shall be found useful as well as interesting; and by teaching those who are inclined to the commission of offences against law and the good order of society, that they cannot easily escape discovery if they commit crimes, shall prevent, to some degree, the perpetration of such crimes. But there are sufferers as well as guilty actors, and these the writer would serve also, as well as preserve the innocent and unwary from the operation of those crafts and cunning devices by which they might be made sufferers.

To-day, tumbling over some old files of notes and papers

at the bottom of an old trunk, the contents of which had not been thoroughly disturbed for over ten years before, there came to light a sealed package, marked "The Bogus Lottery Papers: not to be opened without my consent." This package has awakened a host of "memories of other days," and decided me to wander a little perhaps from the preconceived line of these narratives; and not so, either; for in this tale it will be seen that the detective had his legitimate part to play in the matter which it recalls.

The package is found to contain notes for guidance in working up the case; letters from dupes or victims of the crafty speculators in human credulity; bits of the personal history of some of these wily scamps, and which they would hardly desire to see in public print, with their true names affixed (for some of them were and are of high rank in the business, social, and literary world); copies of certain financial journals, devoted to the dissemination of remarkable facts tending to show the wise philosophy of "nothing venture, nothing have," and from their first column to the last, filled with cunning lies; my own correspondence with certain victims; memoranda of facts gathered at sundry post offices and elsewhere; piteous letters from the deluded; correspondence with lawyers on the subject at issue, etc., etc., — quite a little pile, as they lie on my table here. Some of the letters have grown dark with age, and there is a peculiar smell about them, as if they hinted at unsavory things, and so they do.

And these remind one of other years very peculiarly, and suggest many thoughts on human weakness and perversity. I am vexed not a little as I look over them, and call to mind the class of men who mingled in the iniquities of which I am about to speak, that I cannot write out these men's names for the public eye. But some of them have "reformed," have gone into legitimate business, and have families dear to them, and who were ever quite unconscious of the modes by which their husbands and fathers obtained money here in this seething sea of iniquity of

New York, — this worse than modern Babylon, — whom it would be cruel now to wound. And I call to memory now one of these operators in petty villany, who is dead — a noble fellow in the general way, a son of a distinguished father, well bred, and related by blood to some of the first, and really finest people in New York. Ah! what would a certain philanthropist say — a man who leads noble charities, devotes his now declining years to the practical duties of a Sunday school teacher, and whose voice has been, within a few years past, heard in the national Congress, as that of one of the few there whom the corruptions of politics have not stained; a man of large wealth, with which he makes far less display than many a man of the expensive habits of these latter days with but a tenth or fiftieth of the former's income, and a man of marked intelligence, too, as well as of high morals, — what would he say, were it disclosed to him that his relatives, his nephews, the sons of his not unnoted sisters, were participants in these crimes, — cool-blooded, mean, devilish, — and continued, and carried on, under the guise of "business," and indeed as a business for years? But if this simply, were told him, he could not understand the half, for he would not know the half. I shall spare the participants in those criminal schemes the mention of their names here, though I conceive that I should have done no more than my duty had I, at the time in question, given them publicity through the press. But even in the last ten years the public sentiment has largely changed, not only in New York, but throughout the country, perhaps, in regard to the true standard of morals, or the recognition of any standard at all, may be; and those who are acquainted with the modes of conducting business in Wall Street, — (the real centre of practical government for the nation), — and therefore know what iniquities transpire there in the way of "legitimate business," so called, could hardly be surprised at anything I might disclose of the past. It is a sad reflection that the greed of gain governs everything else in

these days in this Union; and that the manner of obtaining a fortune is, in most people's opinion, of no account, however vile, in comparison with the matter of possessing it. Money is a veil which will cover every crime, and nobody knows this fact more surely than the detective. It is a fact, that to save anything like a fair proportion of the value of a thing stolen, the loser will almost universally compromise with the thief when the detective secures him. "Compounding a felony," in itself a crime at the Common Law, has become so universal as to be the "common law" itself: and in New York it is a matter of but slight disgrace, at most, to be guilty of any crime; and especially of those crimes by which the perpetrator secures a large amount of money. Wall Street, for example, is thronged every day by men in respectable and high ranks of society, who are frequently guilty of crimes which would, a generation ago, have consigned them to the State Prison for a long term of years, if not for life. But after all, the reflection comes that morals, like the matter of conscience, are educatable, changeable; and that the hearts of men are not so very bad at bottom, most wrongs being chargeable to the institutions of the people. Competition, instead of coöperation, being the rule, and the depraved doctrines of such writers as Carlyle, advocating the development of the individual, rather than the interest of communities and blended peoples, have had a direct tendency to increase the volume of crime.

But I will, with these "prefatory remarks," return to the body of my subject. New York contains a large number of people who obtain their living by the practice of frauds, of one kind and another. The gambling saloons, with their marked cards, and faro banks, so arranged that while the pretension of fairness is observed, the chances in favor of the bank are made sure in the proportion of ninety per cent. to ten per cent. for every hundred dollars which go upon the table; the iniquitous "corners" made in Wall Street, and all the fine scheming of the

Bulls and the Bears, etc., etc., illustrate this. In fact, commerce itself is, in all its avenues, made to bend to this skill of fraud in making money, and making a living; and it is a wonder that there are not more, rather than less of the institutions of which I am about to speak, in New York. These exist to-day; but it is a long while since I have been called into relations with them in a professional capacity.

At the time to which I allude, there were several bogus Lottery Companies having their centre in New York, and extending their operations all over the country, fleecing the credulous people to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. In Maryland and in Georgia, and also in Kentucky, at that time, lotteries were licensed, and perhaps in some other States; but most of the States prohibited them. Cuba, too, licensed extensive lotteries, and Havana was, as she still is, the chief city of the world, perhaps, in this respect. The bogus companies in New York mostly pretended to be agents of the legitimate companies to which I allude above; and purported to give their "policy-holders" the true reports of the public drawings of these lotteries, by which their fate, as winners or losers, was decided. Among these companies of scamps, was one, self-styled "G. W. Huntington & Co.," concocted and "managed" by men of classical education, high bred, representing some of the really best families in the land, but who had not been as fortunate in legitimate business as desirable, and so resorted to this course of fraud in order to make money easier, and more of it. They knew the value of advertising, to any business, and they published a sheet in the form, in part, of a literary paper, in which counterfeit schemes of the companies they pretended to represent, were set forth in due style. It appeared, in the course of my investigation of these affairs, that this company issued monthly no less than two hundred thousand copies of this paper, which were sent to various addresses, culled out of directories, and otherwise

obtained, from almost every village as well as city in the nation, north and south, east and west; but principally in the Western and Middle States. As the agents of the companies they pretended to represent, and of pretended companies too, which never had an existence, these men were in constant receipt of letters, containing from fifty cents, as a minimum, up to ten dollars, usually the maximum, from their victims, who wished to purchase tickets in this or that drawing; and they *got* tickets in return, to be sure. I was informed that these letters were received in numbers varying from thirty to a hundred a day, for several days, and even weeks at a time, when some especially grand "drawing" was announced to soon take place. Their mode of operations, as disclosed in our investigations, was this: They first fixed upon nine numbers, which they were to report after the alleged (pretended) drawing should have taken place, as the numbers drawn — thus, for example: —

1, 7, 14, 35, 11, 8, 55, 91, 240.

According to their "rules," whoever chanced to hold a ticket upon which any three of the above numbers should appear in consecutive order (as, for example, 1, 7, 14; or 11, 8, 55; or 7, 14, 35) — would draw the largest prize of the scheme in which he bought his ticket, and in many of these schemes such sums as $50,000, or $100,000, or $250,000, were announced as the chief prizes; and then there were numerous small prizes in each scheme which the ticket holder was sure to draw if he happened to hold a ticket with numbers thereon, which should represent *two* of the above numbers consecutively; and so on ran their rules. Well, having previously decided what numbers they would report to their countless victims as the drawn numbers, these wily scoundrels had, for their safety, only to take care in issuing each ticket to see that it did not contain any three of the "drawn numbers" in consecutive order. To A, for example, they would send a ticket

bearing the Nos. "1," "7," 80; to B, "11," "8," 200, etc., etc.; and after the "drawing" they would send their report, containing a slip of paper bearing the nine "drawn numbers," as above arranged, with a letter, running somewhat this wise. — I am sure I had, at one time, several of the letters actually sent to victims, but they do not disclose themselves from my package now; but no matter, for my memory of them is pretty clear. The report of drawings was private; but the letters were usually written with a pen, in part, in order the better to flatter each person that the company took especial notice of him, and hoped for his particular success.

(Here was a picture of their Banking Office.)

BANKING HOUSE OF G. W. HUNTINGTON & Co., Bankers and Brokers, and Dealers in Foreign Exchange, and Agents for the chief Baltimore and Havana Lotteries, 23 William Street.

"NEW YORK, June 14, 1858.

"JOHN HENRY JONES, ESQ., *Harrisburgh, Pa.*

"The public drawing of the 'Grand Consolidated Lotteries' of Baltimore, Md., No. ——, took place as advertised, yesterday. Herewith find slip bearing the drawn numbers." (Thus far, save the address, printed, then followed in writing.) "We are sorry to perceive that your ticket in scheme No. ——, and numbered 14, 35, 80, has drawn a blank. But you observe that you came near winning the chief prize, as we heartily wish you had (as it is for our interest as agents that our special customers be lucky); '14, 35,' only needed '11' to follow them, to have made you a rich man. But perhaps your luck will come next time. 'Perseverance is a virtue which wins in the long run.' Hoping for your further favors, and that you will yet be amply lucky, we beg to remain,

"Your obedient, humble servants,

"G. W. HUNTINGTON & Co."

Now, "John Henry Jones, Esq." was probably an ignorant, low-minded, dirty-faced ironmonger, of Harrisburgh, who managed now and then to get together a few dollars, and had a hankering to get rich fast. His letter to the company was badly spelled, and so forth; but it contained money, and was, therefore, as acceptable as the elegantly-written letter of some cashier of a bank in Ohio, or some poor clergyman of Illinois, who thought it no harm to try his luck for once—(for many clergymen, as well as others, get bitten by these schemes). John had never been addressed as "Esquire" before; never received such a polite letter in his life, and from a great banking house, in the largest city on the continent! and John was flattered. Besides, he had almost drawn a great prize; of course he would "try again," and again, and again, for it appears that many persons become infatuated in this sort of speculation, and will buy lottery tickets several times a year, and year after year, for a long period, even without a particle of success.

When a customer sent these fellows ten dollars, they would so arrange the numbers on his ticket, sometimes, in relation to the prepared drawn numbers, as to allow him to draw one, two, or three dollars, so that he should not feel that his loss had been entire, and to tempt him by a little success to try again for a greater one. This will serve to illustrate the business ways of the fellows; and just here, since it now comes to mind, perhaps I had better note a little "side issue" of one of these companies, of which I was told by one of the participants. The company had its agents,—postmasters, many of them,—all over the country,—and thought they would make a little speculation on their agents themselves. So they prepared a splendid "scheme,"—a wonderful GRAND CONSOLIDATED UNION DRAWING, etc. The tickets were most elegantly printed, and vary-colored, in red, blue, and black, on the nicest paper. No ticket in this grand scheme was less than ten dollars. To some fifteen hundred of their agents,

in as many different localities, they sent from three to five of these tickets each, with a printed letter, but marked "very confidential," setting forth the great advantages of the new scheme, and suggesting that among these tickets were doubtless many prizes, and the company did not expect to reap much profits from the sale of tickets in this scheme, but were anxious that its old customers should reap the prizes, and so forth. Of course the company did not expect that any agent would be able to sell all the tickets sent him, even though so few, and were surprised that many were disposed of before the time of the alleged drawing. On the day of the "drawing," more than nine tenths of the tickets still remained unsold, and unreported upon in the hands of the agents. Having prepared written letters in anticipation of the small sales, as a part of the trick, they sent them forth to each agent. The letter ran something like this, in substance: —

"DEAR SIR: The drawing of the Grand C. U. Lottery took place at Baltimore, at twelve M., yesterday. Please to return us the tickets, Nos. —, —, —, —, —, now in your hands, at once, without fail, and *buy back any, if you can*, which you may have disposed of, and charge us, and ask no questions, and we will send you certified copy of drawing immediately on your reply.

"Yours, most respectfully,

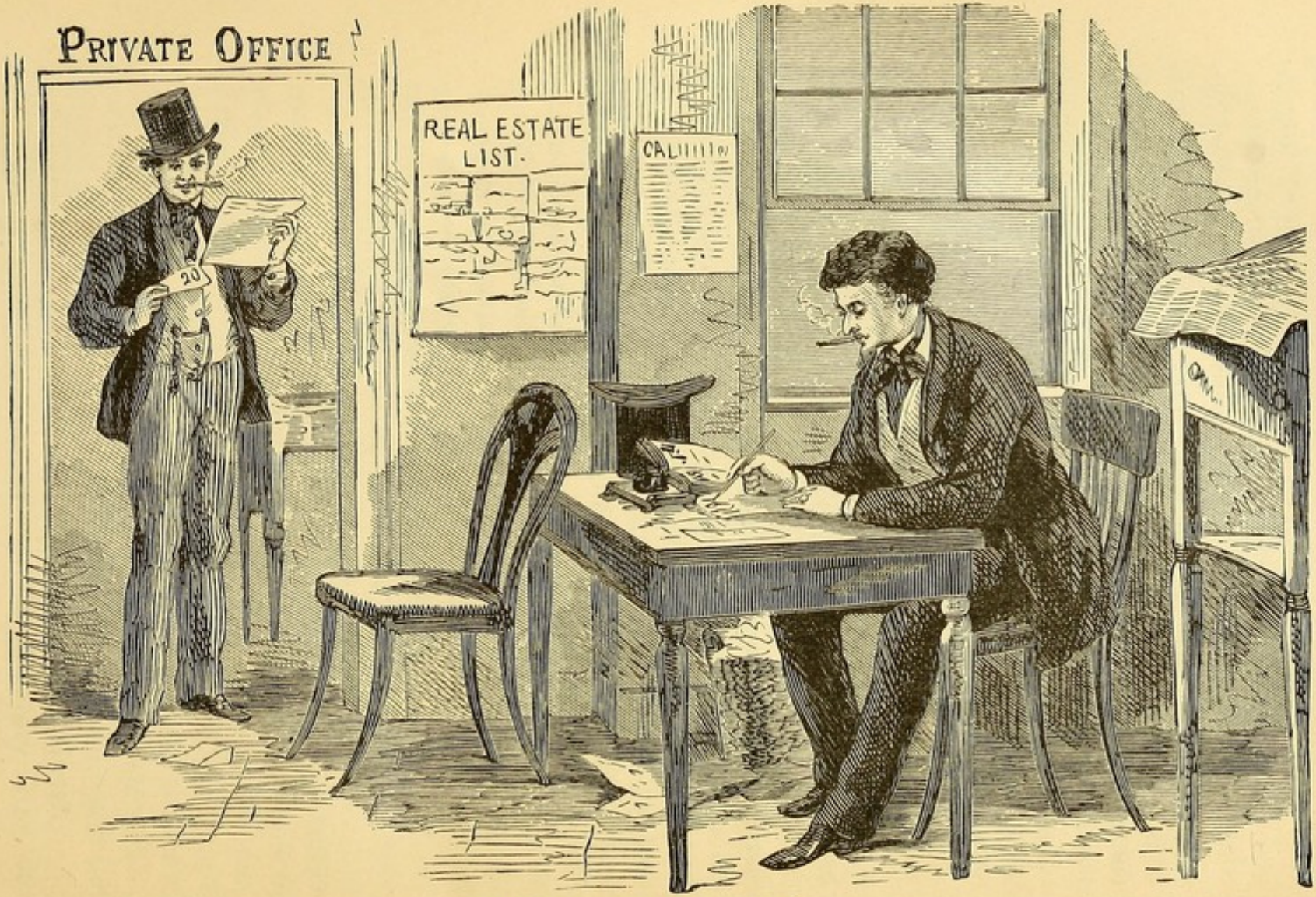
"—— ——."

This being an unusual way of doing business, excited the agent's suspicion. He reflected that probably some one of the tickets he held had drawn a great prize, and that the company meant to keep it, but he could not, of course, guess which; and so as to secure the prize himself, he would hold all the tickets, send on the money for them, with an apology for not having reported earlier, and frequently with a long lie about the trouble he had had, and naming this or that man to whom the tickets had been

sold. So hundreds of them sent in, after the day of the alleged drawing, from thirty to fifty dollars apiece, according to the number of tickets they held, and received by return mail a "certified report" of the drawing, by which they discovered that the tickets they held were all blanks, each, perhaps, thinking that somebody else had drawn the "mammoth prizes." This trick was fruitful to the amount of a great many thousands of dollars, and cost the company only its expenses for printing, stationery, and postage. These same agents continued to act for the company, and I presume that not one of them to this day knows how he was taken in. But I trust that this narrative will fall into the hands of many a one of them, and open his eyes as to the fact of his having been made a tool of by designing scamps to cheat his neighbors, and to be cheated himself.

The mayor of New York was constantly besieged, and I presume the same is the case now, with letters from all parts of the country, complaining that these writers had tried and tried their luck, time after time, in this or that company, in vain, and asking him regarding the standing of the company, and so forth. Sometimes a victim would get his eyes open, conceive that he had possibly been cheated; or, having had some rupture by correspondence with the company, discovered that he was cheated, and beg the mayor to take the matter in hand. On two or three occasions, within my memory, the police have made raids upon such companies as they could get at; but usually matters were so secretly conducted, that it would cost the police too much effort to get at anything decided, especially without extra compensation for their labors; and the frauds complained of in each case would generally amount to not over ten dollars at most, and the complaints usually, perhaps always, came from obscure men, living at a great distance from New York, who could not afford to come and attend to the matter themselves.

But the companies constantly had difficulty from one



THE BOGUS LOTTERY OFFICE.

quarter of the land or another — enough so as to keep them all the while on the alert. Their offices were in obscure places. The members had business names which differed from their real ones. Ostensibly, they carried on a real estate business, for example, actually doing something in that line for respectability's sake, and conducting their lottery swindle in some secret room, having a box at the post office, and sending for their letters a clerk, who was instructed to deposit the letters in some secret place, from which one of the firm would secretly take them. Thus they managed. But one day "there came trouble into the camp" of "G. W. Huntington & Co." They had sold a ticket to a sturdy, and somewhat intelligent farmer in or near Portland or Bangor, Maine.(I am unable to find his address at this writing.) When the alleged drawing took place, the company sent on its usual report to the farmer, among the rest of their victims, saying, "You perceive that your ticket has unfortunately drawn a blank. We regret it," etc.

Now the farmer had "studied up" on the matter, and he saw that if they had sent him what they called the copy of the "certified report" of the drawing, he had drawn a prize of five thousand dollars, instead of a blank, and so he politely wrote the company about their mistake. Correspondence ensued, in which the company tried to convince the farmer that he was mistaken; but it was of no use. The farmer was too keen for them, and insisted on his rights. He consulted a lawyer in his place, and the lawyer opened correspondence with the company, hinting that legal measures would be taken. The company put the matter into their lawyer's hands, and the two attorneys fired away at each other, the company laughing in their sleeves over the humbugging they were operating on the Maine lawyer. Finally the farmer's lawyer wrote on to say, that the farmer would go down to New York, and institute proceedings there, unless the prize was cashed within a week, and suggested that a suit would

seriously injure the credit of the company. To this the company, by its lawyer, made no reply.

The farmer came on, and proceeded to the "Banking-house of G. W. Huntington & Co., 23 William Street." He brought with him one of the company's papers, in which was an engraving of the building, 23 William Street, with the great sign of "G. W. Huntington & Co., Bankers," running across the whole face of the building, in large letters. His astonishment can be guessed at when he failed to find any such bankers, or any such sign there. There was the building, correctly represented in the picture. The rest was fiction, of course. The building, except the lower story, which was the office of some brokers, I believe, was occupied mainly as lawyers' offices, and it chanced that the farmer, in his astonishment at not finding "G. W. Huntington & Co." there, and being determined to investigate the affair, and not be cheated out of his five thousand-dollar prize, after coming all the way from Maine, sought counsel at the office of one Mr. Wheaton, — a great criminal lawyer, and the son of the distinguished author of an extensive and valuable work, in two volumes, on International Law and Practice. Mr. Wheaton was the same gentleman who, a few years ago, was run over by the Harlem train of cars, on its way out of the city, and killed. He was a very gentlemanly man, and heard the poor man's case; told him that the company was undoubtedly bogus; but pitying the man, who was really not well off in this world's goods, undertook to aid him, and through the post office sent a very polite note to the company touching the matter. The note was politely responded to, and eventually, after three or four days' delay, the company, securing a sharp and unscrupulous lawyer, sent him to wait upon Mr. Wheaton. The lawyer represented that he did not know the company's place of business even, but was ready to treat for them; that they would not pay a dollar, and that the whole trouble arose from some mistake. But Mr. Wheaton would

not settle without something being done; but at last, after a few days, agreed to take thirty dollars, which would pay for the farmer's travelling expenses to and from Maine. How the poor fellow met the rest of his expenses, I was never told; but he doubtless went back to Maine a wiser, if not a better man. (Should this article chance to fall under his eye, he can certainly do some of his neighbors good by reading it to them, and "illustrating" it in person, saying, "Gentlemen, *I* was the man! behold the picture! and forever be wary of lottery agents.") I had been called in to work up the case, but the settlement was effected the next day, and it was dropped. Mr. Wheaton had a conference with the mayor concerning it; and afterwards, when, on several complaints being made against the company, the mayor resolved to trace out the company, and break up their nefarious business, he sent for me.

Numerous efforts had, at times theretofore, been made to hunt out these companies' dens. Officers had been stationed inside the post office, and when a clerk — usually a rusty, scampish-looking lad, or an old sinner of a man — came for the letters, and he took them, he was tracked, with the hope that he could be traced to the secret office. But he was too wary for that, — had had too good instructions, — and escaped; or, if next time he was arrested, after having been traced along a circuituous route, going into this or that crowded store, or eating-house, it would be found that he had already disposed of the letters, having adroitly handed them to one of the "firm," perhaps, properly stationed at some point for the purpose of receiving them: or, if he was arrested at the post office with the letters in hand, he was found to be an individual not easily frightened, and when taken before the mayor, would declare that he did not know the company, or the individuals composing it; that some man, whose name he did not know, had employed him at fifty cents or a dollar a time to draw the letters with the box check or card. If the

mayor took away the check, all the company had to do was to write to the postmaster for another, alleging their loss. Keeping this fellow under arrest for some length of time did no good. The company readily found out about the arrest, and would send some lawyer to act for the clerk, and the result would be that he would be released speedily, and go to drawing letters again. Attempts had also been made to trace out the printers of the papers sent out by these companies. So great were the numbers of these at times that they seriously burdened the mails. The postage expenses to the companies must have been enormous; but advertising "tells," and if only one paper in a hundred chanced to fall into the hands of a man who would be allured thereby to invest in lottery tickets, the business would pay. But after considerable search for the printers, within the city, it was concluded that the papers were printed somewhere else, and sent into New York in bulk, and privately prepared for the mails.

This was the situation of things when I took hold of the matter. I was advised of what had previously been done, but was, of course, allowed to pursue my own method. After a day or two's experimenting in following clerks from the post office, and finally tracking one of them into a lawyer's office on Nassau Street, and being coolly informed by the lawyer that the company were his clients, and having had some difficulty with disaffected parties, had put their correspondence into his hands for a while, I thought best to pursue another course. There was little or no use in attempting to convict him of complicity with the matter. He said he would take his oath that he did not know whether the company was bogus or not, or were really the agents of responsible companies in foreign states; and as for that matter he did not care. He had been, he said, employed by them to attend to certain legal matters of theirs, and he never inquired into the private character of his clients except when necessary. "They pay me well for my services, generally advancing my fees, and

I am satisfied." My own opinion was, and is, that he was one of the firm himself, and as guilty as any of the rest, but he was shrewd enough to not get trapped. I saw it would cost more than it would come to to pursue that line. If I arrested the letter clerks for a few days, and took them before the mayor, that would not break up the business. The company's plans were safely laid. When I did get at them, I wanted to break them up effectually; and I set myself about procuring copies of their papers, which I did by writing from the mayor's office to the parties who had sent in their complaints, asking them to forward all documents and papers which they had received from the company. Receiving these, I submitted them to various wary and knowing printers, in order to find out at what office in the city the printing was probably done. A printer or newspaper man will ordinarily detect, by the size of column, or some other peculiarity, from what paper a given extract has been clipped, as readily as a tailor can tell from whose shop a certain coat or pair of pantaloons came, or as easily as a man can distinguish the handwriting of his friends. But in this case I was baffled at first. Nobody could give me any hint, till I finally came across a printer then working in the Tribune office; and on looking over some of the papers, he discovered something which reminded him of the style of a certain paper in Norwich, Connecticut; and then, as if a new light had dawned upon him, suddenly exclaimed, "By George! I believe I have it, for I know that at the —— office, a year or two ago, the boys used occasionally to do a great deal of extra night work, and got extra pay. I never knew what 'twas."

In further conversation with him, I concluded that there must be something in it, and in a day or two posted off for Norwich, where I made the acquaintance of a gentleman by the name of Sykes, then editor of the "Advertiser" (I think that was the name of his paper), and was soon put in possession of abundant facts for the then present time. I learned that the papers for certain bogus

lottery companies, to the extent of several hundred thousand a month, were printed at a certain office there, and mailed through the Norwich post office; that it was a matter of considerable pecuniary profit to the post office to have the mailing of these documents, and that certain men of much social respectability in Norwich were engaged in printing and mailing these papers, which they well knew to be the circulars of bogus lottery companies; but I could do nothing with them; and exposure of their conduct in Mr. Sykes's paper was not likely to result in much good. The lottery papers reached parties who would not be apt to ever hear of the exposure; besides, to make it was no part of my business on that occasion. I found, to my satisfaction, that whereas "G. W. Huntington & Co.'s Bulletin" had formerly been printed in Norwich, and distributed from there over the country; that it was now doubtless printed somewhere in New York, and at Norwich I prepared my traps to find out certainly where the papers were printed in New York, which fact I finally accomplished after a little delay. Determining about what time of the previous month the papers for the next month's issue would be put to press, I made business to the printing office, and gave the printers an order a little difficult to fill, and which I knew would have to be delayed. I also set a brother detective on their track with a like affair, so that we could have proper excuse for visiting the office occasionally. I managed to privately secure (no matter how, for somebody yet living might not wish me to tell) two or three copies of the paper then in process of being struck off. The character of the printing office was high, the members of the firm being all what are styled "good fellows," not likely to be in complicity with the lottery pirates, and I was not disposed to injure the printers; but I was determined to learn what parties gave them the orders for printing these papers. The laws of New York are a little stringent upon this matter, and I waited till I found out that a very large number of

the papers were struck off and ready to be delivered. I had learned that these were usually sent off out of the office to somebody's care, but I did not propose to follow up the parties as I had done the letter clerks; so one morning, when all was right, I took a couple of regular policemen along with me, and entered the printing office on Spruce Street, and calling one of the proprietors into the counting-room, advised him of my business, and the law in the premises. He was taken aback; turned a little pale; and protested that he had no suspicion that he was engaged in an unlawful business; said they exercised no secrecy in the printing, so far as attempting to cover up any offence was concerned; but that the lottery company had asked them to observe a degree of privacy in the printing, on account of their competition with rival companies.

"But," said he, "I read a little law once in Ohio; thought I would make a lawyer, but got sick of it; and I remember that one of the first things my old instructor, in whose office I read, taught me, was, 'Ignorance of the law excuseth no man,' and we shall have to bear the brunt of it, I fear. Besides, we have a bill of nearly a thousand dollars against these fellows, and if you break them up, where are we to get our pay?"

"Have they been good pay heretofore?"

"O, yes; we let one bill run on to over fifteen hundred dollars. I felt a little skittish about it, but they paid it all up, and gave us five hundred dollars in advance on the next month's issue." I was convinced of the gentleman's honesty. I had learned a good deal about him, and his manner was that of an honest man. "Well," said I, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You deliver these papers, but do you let me know precisely where they are delivered; tell me the true names of the parties who order them; give me such 'copy' as they have sent in to be printed from, so that I may be in possession of their manuscripts; describe the personal appearance of each of them whom

you know, in writing, and make a written statement over your own signature of all your connection with them, and I will wait till you get your pay from them, if you will stir them up immediately, and promise to not do any more work of this kind for them." The gentleman instantly replied, —

"That's fair. Of course we won't do any more such printing if it is illegal: but some of these lottery men are persons of great respectability in society, and I am astonished to find they are engaged in such a nefarious business, and I prefer to consult my partner" (a much older man), "before I concede to your proposition. Let me speak to him a minute, for there he is, and I will give you my answer. I prefer that *he* shall take the responsibility."

The gentleman walked out to where his partner was engaged in looking over some work, held a moment or two's conversation with him, when they both came into the counting-room, and the older gentleman heard from me my story and my propositions, and answered at once. "Of course we will accede to your propositions, and be much obliged to you for giving such excellent terms."

The propositions were specifically complied with. The printing-house got its pay for its work by refusing to deliver it till paid for. As the lottery agents were in need of the papers, and would lose a month's revenue for want of them, they were obliged to yield, and pay up all arrearages, threatening to take their printing elsewhere thereafter, which had been considerable; but the printers kept silent, and did not even let them know that they had discovered they were pursuing an unlawful business. The papers were duly delivered to the lottery men, and I kept watch on their private den, concluding that I would not disturb them till they had gone to the expense of wrapping the papers, and paying the postage, which must have been something enormous. Whole bushels at a time of the papers went to the post office, and the rascals were probably dreaming of the revenue which was to follow that month's laudable labor. I was willing that they

should do the government as much service as they pleased in the way of sustaining the postal system, and inwardly rather feasted on the "prospect." Their private den was unoccupied during the night. Indeed, they usually left at an early hour in the afternoon, save on great mailing days.

I hired desk room in a lawyer's office in the same building, No. 5 Tryon Row, close by the courts of justice, and within the immediate shadow of the City Hall, — not an inappropriate locality for the bogus lottery scoundrels after all; for the common council of New York holds its sessions in the City Hall, and there, too, is the mayor's office, and that office has sometimes been filled by as great wretches as these lottery agents. Indeed, I call to mind one mayor who made not a little of his large fortune in the "policy business," i. e., in a scoundrelly, though, in a measure, legalized lottery swindle. Matsell, the old chief of police, had his rooms in the same building, and had he been in office at the time, would have rejoiced to find these "birds" making their nest so conveniently near him. Having a desk in the lawyer's office, I was of course entitled to spend my nights there, or as much of them as I pleased; and being next door to the "Real Estate Office" (as a sign on the door facetiously intimated), or, in other words, the private office of "G. W. Huntington & Co.," I found the "patent lock" on their door not at all in my way for making observations. With a dark lantern I could select such of their correspondence as I pleased, take it to my room, and there, by a broad light, read it. I got possession in this way of many astounding facts, and also procured "specimens of the handwriting" of several of this honest firm—notes written to the clerks, giving orders, etc. Some of these I preserved for future use, but returned most of the customers' correspondence. There were in their office numerous large packages of "business" letters; letters from agents and customers—(when we took possession we found somewhere about twenty thousand letters, which were only a part of what the company had received during their

comparatively short existence. They had destroyed great numbers, merely to rid themselves of the incumbrance.) I got a pretty thorough understanding of the business, and collected facts and names of customers for future witnesses, etc., to put it quite out of the question for these fellows to ever resume their business under their then title, after they should be broken up; and, all things prepared, kept watch so as to catch one of the proprietors in the office at work. The "Real Estate" department, in which nothing at all was done, was divided off from the lottery den by a board partition, over the door of which was a sign "Private Consulting Office." Leaving my assistants at the door (and having sent an officer to an office in 115 Nassau Street, to arrest another of the "proprietors" there), I went in to see the gentleman on real estate business; and was informed by the clerk that his principal was in the consulting room, and would be out soon. The clerk who had come out from the "consulting room" as I went into the office, had closed the door (which was evidently open before); and I remarked, that as I was in a hurry, I'd step in and see the principal; and suiting the action to the word, stepped to the door, when the clerk, — a tall lad, of twenty years of age, perhaps, — brusquely stepped up before the door, and said, —

"You cannot enter here — that's my orders."

I pushed him aside without saying a word, whistled, and went in, and caught the principal with pen in hand at work at a table, with a pile of correspondence before him, while at the same time my two men at the door rushed in, and I called to them to secure the clerk, and bring him into the private room, which they did. I then stepped out of the private room and locked the outside door, and returning, informed the principal what I knew about him, and so terrified him as to extort from him a full confession of his connection with the business. He confessed that they were thoroughly caught, and must be broken up; which conviction was soon deepened, when one of my men an-



SURPRISING THE BOGUS LOTTERY DEALERS.

swering a knock at the outside door, let in an officer, accompanied by another of the principals. I took possession of the contents of the office, made the parties deliver up the mails for that day and the day before, (the money received from which they still had on hand,) in order to refund the money to the swindled parties; made them give me money enough to pay for the requisite stationery and postage, all of which I got from them on the spot; and then took due proceedings against them legally, leaving the office in charge of one of my men, till I could get around to it and examine the correspondence, which was in time to be destroyed. I made these fellows advance me money, too, to pay for the rent of the office, on which a month's rent was then due the lessor, and for another month's rent. These fellows were men in high social position, and they tried hard to bribe me into silence, and made large and tempting offers, and promised also to quit the business forever; but I reminded them that their very offer was an offence against the law, and suggested that they must not even repeat their bribes. There was a third member of this honest firm, but the officer sent to arrest him reported that he was out of town, to return next day; and as we wanted him too, we took good care that his friends should have no opportunity to communicate to him, or anybody else that day. I never saw more "sore-headed" chaps than they. The fear of exposition through the public press, was a terrible one for them; and as it was compounding no felony, and was no breach of law to agree to not give the facts to the press, and to let these chaps be brought before the proper officers and plead guilty, under assumed names, when we should get to that point, I had no hesitancy in accepting for myself and my men a pretty large sum of money from them. It was true that the money gave me some uneasiness, as I reflected that it had probably been cheated out of poor victims, although the rascals asserted that they had not made much in that way. But their correspondence showed that they had. The

third man was arrested next day, and kept apart from the other two. He was taken before the mayor under his assumed name, and there made a pitiful confession, disclosing more than his *confreres* had done. He was the "scion of a distinguished house," was younger than the rest, and had been inveigled into the matter by the ambition to be independent of his father, and make money for himself; and having been bred to no legitimate business, easily fell into this in connection with his cousin, one of the other principals. The third party is now dead. He "reformed," and went into a legitimate business. Some of the steps we had taken with these fellows, were rather bold ones, hardly within purview of the law; and the mayor, satisfied with the thorough work which had been done, — we having captured all their correspondence, their elaborately-kept journals, containing corrected lists of all their agents, together, with quite a large library of city and business directories, and a countless quantity of business cards, which had afforded them names to which to direct their papers, and schedules of "drawings to be held," etc., etc., the mayor conceived that we had so effectually crippled them, that they could not, seeking a new office, go on with their business; and as all he wished to do was to break them up, he concluded to let them go, on their promise to not reënter upon the business; and turned to me, and asked if I did not agree with him. I said, "Yes; but I think there is one thing more which these men owe to the public, through their victims. They have apparently a plenty of money, and we have their register of correspondence. My proposition is, that we draw up a circular to be sent to all their victims, stating that the firm is broken up, and warning the customers of the fraudulent character of this and all other such concerns, get a few thousand of the circulars printed, and mail them to each man on their books, and make them bear the expense of printing, enveloping, clerk hire and postage, and pay the clerks liber-

ally for their work. They ought to do this, to undo the wrong they have done, as far as they can."

"Yes, yes, gentlemen, I like that proposition. What do you say to it?" said the mayor.

They were deathly silent for a moment; looked askance at each other (for at this session we had all the three present); but one broke the silence —

"It will be a pretty big bill. I told you the truth when I said we are poor; as for myself, I am worth next to nothing."

The mayor looked at me inquiringly, and probably saw something in my face which was as expressive as if I had said, "Bosh! they are perfectly able;" so he said, "Gentlemen, I shall insist on the condition;" and turning to me, he added, "make out a liberal estimate, and hold these men under arrest till you get the sum advanced. Mind! I say advanced! don't trust them for a minute."

The firm, seeing that it was of no use to quibble, agreed to meet the emergency that day; and I, having in the course of two hours found out how much it would cost to print twenty thousand circulars, and for clerk hire for two months, for two clerks, with postage added, at two cents a circular, agreed to accept eight hundred dollars, — a pretty liberal sum, for I was not disposed to oppress myself for want of means, on account of any foolish pity for these chaps. The amount was forthcoming, and the scamps were released.

I at once drew up a circular in these words. By the way, I had secured their engraving of the building, No. 23 William Street, with which the circular was headed: —

"Mayor's Office, New York.

"Dear Sir: This is to inform you that the great 'Banking House of G. W. Huntington & Co.,' — the above picture of which you have doubtless seen before, — has 'suspended operations,' having fallen into the hands of the police. This house was a bogus lottery concern, which

conducted its stealthy business in an obscure den, while pretending to occupy the building above represented, by the picture of which they more readily enticed their country customers to 'invest' in their shrewdly-devised schemes. If in dealing with them you ever secured a prize, it was only given to entice you into larger ventures. Beware of all such companies in the future. The mayor directs me to advise you that there are no legitimate lottery companies or agencies in the city of New York. None are allowed by law to do business here. All of them are bogus and fraudulent. His honor the mayor further suggests that you may, perhaps, do your unwary neighbors a service, by showing them, if you please, this circular,— or by at least informing them that all such companies and agencies in New York are fraudulent in their character. The mayor receives hundreds of complaints during the course of a year from the victims of these companies, or 'agencies,' and a list of all those to whom this circular is sent, is kept, and no notice of the complaint of any one of these will hereafter be taken. The mayor trusts that you, sir, will not only escape being imposed upon by these bogus lottery sharpers hereafter, but will so warn and instruct all your friends that they, too, will escape being victimized. Respectfully yours,

"_____ _____,

"Mayor's Special Clerk."

About eighteen thousand of these circulars were duly mailed to the addresses found in the captured books, and the books themselves were duly deposited for further reference. It would seem that this warning, scattered as it was into more than half the towns in the Union, ought to have lessened the number of victims to these swindling concerns; but I have been informed that some of them are in full blast to-day, and that all along, since the arrest of "G. W. Huntington & Co.," other concerns carried on heavy operations. Everybody, almost, it would seem,

must have personal experience; will *not*, for some reason, profit by the experience and advice of others who have suffered — been bitten by sharpers. But I trust that this article will be heeded by all who read it. Perhaps it is a sufficiently clear exposition of the way these rascals proceeded, to make it evident that there is no trusting the pretences of any of them. Sure it is that there are at least five hundred thousand people in the land, who, if they were to read this exposition, could reflect that it must be, as it is, literally true, entirely unembellished by imagination to the extent of even a word, and that, too, from their own experiences; and they can now understand the *modus operandi* by which they were swindled.

All "gift enterprises," so common in New York, and other places, to-day, partake in their nature of these bogus lottery operations, and no man is safe who trusts a single one of them. He will be swindled in the end, in some way.

I could not well allow myself to cut this article short at this point, although my tale is, properly speaking, finished, and my contract under this head, with my publishers, fulfilled. There is something so marvellous in the human heart in the way of its disposition to adventure in order to make money easily; such a wonderful credulity in the minds of large numbers of people, and a willingness to fasten in trust upon the merest shadow of success, that perhaps these fraudulent concerns will never lack victims. But in studying the correspondence which fell into my hands, — over twenty thousand letters, — and with which I beguiled many hours during the six months in which I kept them, before burning them, I became apprised of the fact that the great majority of the "customers" of these concerns are illiterate; most of their letters being misspelled; that great numbers of them were young men, boys, and poor women; nearly all evidently mechanics, and from some of the States, such as Pennsylvania, many farmers. (Pennsylvania, by the way, furnishes more

victims to petty frauds, I learned, than several other States which I might name, taken together.) She has a large number of citizens who are barely able to read and write poorly, and who probably do not read the public journals extensively, and are, therefore, not likely to be well informed of the current iniquities of the time. I seriously meditated, after having studied the "G. W. Huntington & Co." correspondence, the writing of a book on the matter of Swindling, in general; and this correspondence would have afforded me many pathetic things for comment. While looking over that correspondence, the tears often came irresistibly to my eyes. I recollect the letter of a boy writing from Easton, Penn., I think it was. He had, it appeared from his letter, sent many dollars to the company for tickets, a dollar at a time, and winning nothing from his ventures, was getting discouraged. He wrote an imploring letter at last, accompanied by a dollar, in which he begged the company to choose him a winning number. He told them it was his last dollar; (he was but sixteen years old, he said); that he should not be able to send again, if he failed this time, for he had to give every cent he could earn; (I forget what he said he worked at, but he named the business and the pitiable wages he got); that his father was a dreadful drunkard; one of his little sisters was "sick all the while;" another had broken her leg two months before, and the doctors thought she might have to lose it, and so on, a pitiable tale — a tale to stir the hardest heart, and written in that style which stamped it as undoubtedly true. At the bottom of this letter was a note for the clerk, in the handwriting of one of the firm. "Write to" (somebody, I forget his name, of course), "at Easton, and learn if this story is true; and if it is, let the boy draw five dollars in Scheme No." (so and so.) There was a note dated some days after, below this in the clerk's hand. "Letter received from Easton; story true; ticket issued." *Probably* that boy re-invested the whole five dollars. Drawing the money, his hope would naturally be

excited; and now that he could buy a ticket in a larger "drawing," he probably sent the five dollars back, and lost them of course.

Widows, with large families, and who wrote most mournful stories, sending on every cent they could save (while half-starving their families in order to do so, probably), were among the number of correspondents. Clergymen of poor parishes sent for tickets, with long letters, in which they commented piously upon the matter of hazard and lotteries, in a manner to excuse themselves for sending, and hoping that they should draw something to help them out of their poverty and misery, and expressing their belief that "God would pardon them if they were doing wrong," were also of the number. Many letters were of a comical nature, the writers half-laughing at themselves for doing so foolish a thing as buying tickets in a lottery; but yet unable to resist the temptation. By some of the letters it was evident to me that the writers told abominable lies about their sufferings and trials, in order to excite the sympathy of the "agents," and induce them to use their best efforts to secure for them winning tickets. Some of the correspondents offered to give the "agents" half their prize money, in order to bribe them to select a successful ticket. Some of them sent counterfeit money. I found such notes as this at bottom of several letters, "One dollar counterfeit, two dollars good. Send tickets in Scheme No. 8." "Counterfeit; send back." These were evidently directions to clerks. If the writing in these letters which contained only counterfeit money had been good, I might have suspected the writers of perpetrating an appropriate joke; but the letters were evidently from ignorant people, some of whom, perhaps, knew that the bills they sent were counterfeit, and hoped that the great banking company, in their vast press of business, would fail to detect the bills. Many of the letters were written in excellent mercantile hand; but I noticed some badge of ignorance about all these, as well as about the poorly-written and misspelled

ones. Probably ninety-nine in a hundred of the victims were made such through their ignorance of the world and the wicked men in it.

"Knowledge is power;" not only a power to execute, but a power for salvation; and when her light shall be sufficiently diffused, all such crafts *as these bogus lottery swindlers* will "have had their day," and not before. I doubt somewhat that if all the newspapers of the land should, on some given week, publish each a full *exposé* of these swindles, and repeat the same every week, for a month, the majority of the victims would be saved. Many would; but some with their eyes opened, as far as facts could open them, would still be duped. The investigation of this bogus lottery business did more to weaken my respect for the good sense of my fellow-men in general, than had all the experiences of my life theretofore. But I find I am tempted on beyond the limits I had set for myself in this article. The subject is an interesting one to me, and I may return to it at another time, and to some of its phases not here commented upon.

THE BORROWED DIAMOND RING.

THE DETECTIVE OFFICER'S CHIEF "INCUBUS" — AT WINTER GARDEN THEATRE — "HARRY DUBOIS" — AN EXPERT ROGUE EXAMINES HIS PROSPECTIVE VICTIMS — SOME SOUTHERNERS — HARRY "INTRODUCES" HIMSELF IN HIS OWN PECULIAR AND ADROIT WAY — HARRY AND HIS FRIEND ARE INVITED TO THE SOUTHERNERS' PRIVATE BOX — HARRY "BORROWS" MR. CLEMENS' DIAMOND RING, AND ADROITLY ESCAPES — MY DILEMMA — VISIT TO HARRY'S OLD BOARDING MISTRESS — HIS WHEREABOUTS DISCOVERED — ACTIVE WORK — A RAPID DRIVE TO PINE STREET — A FORTUNATE LIGHT IN THE OFFICE OF THE LATE HON. SIMEON DRAPER — A SUDDEN VISIT FOR A "SICK MAN" TO HARRY'S ROOM — HOW ENTRANCE WAS EFFECTED — THE RING SECURED — HUNT FOR MR. CLEMENS — A SLIGHTLY MYSTERIOUS LETTER — A HAPPY INTERVIEW.

JUST before the late war broke out, and the Winter Garden Theatre being in its prime, my friend, Henry C. P., of New Haven, Conn., being in town, urged me to accompany him there one night to see the play. The house was quite crowded with a more than usually fashionable set of play-goers, many being from different parts of the land, visitors for a time in New York. No matter where I go, to theatre, court, or church, along Broadway crowded with its vast moving tides of humanity, or through the streets of some half-deserted hamlet, my mind is ever on my business; rather, ever pondering on the craft and crime of society, symbols of which, in more or less emphatic shape, I am ever liable to see. It is one of the greatest vexations which the detective suffers, that the nature of his business is such that he can never fully liberate his thoughts from dwelling upon the frailties, the follies, and particularly the crimes, petty and felonious, of which so many of his fellow-men are constantly being guilty. Like

an incubus of dread and darkness, these thoughts are ever weighing on his mind. He has no peace; and the only approximate peace he can win, is to let his thoughts drift on in the usual current, without attempting to direct them by his will. Consequently, that night, though for a while I enjoyed the play, studying its representations of human nature with some delight, and being not a little pleased with the beauty of sundry of the female *dramatis personæ*, who were rather above the average in personal graces, my eye was wandering over the parquet, family circle, etc., considerably. Hearing a slight noise in a part of the gallery, I observed that three young men, probably having a "prior engagement" to fill somewhere, were leaving the theatre, — a thing of no moment in itself, and which I should have forgotten on the instant, only that the vacancy they left enabled me to cast my eye a little farther on, when I discovered a character of much interest to me — a man elegantly apparelled, and having every outward semblance of a gentleman. At the moment my eye first rested on him there, he was peering into one of the boxes, and I saw him soon in the act of whispering some mystery, apparently, into the ear of the comrade who sat by his side. The latter person I did not know; but knowing the company he was in, I divined that some mischief was up, for the former person was no other than a man whom, in my detective career, I had several times encountered — an elegant, scheming fellow, who sometimes operated on Wall Street, kept an office at 34 Pine Street, as a real estate broker and money lender, etc., though he was seldom there, and was as skilful a juggler and pickpocket as any of whom New York could at that time boast. I could not, from my then position, well see into the boxes, so I changed my seat — through the courtesy of an old friend, who gave me his in exchange for mine — to a point where I could watch the boxes and the two elegant gentlemen, of whom I have spoken, without the latter's knowing the fact. As I have intimated, the season was

gay. In one of the boxes sat two gentlemen and two ladies, the former evidently Southerners I judged, and so I thought the ladies to be also. They were quite richly dressed, and "sported" a large amount of richest jewelry. I was not at a loss, as soon as I had enjoyed a good view of them, as to the nature of the special concern which they had evidently awakened in the minds of the two worthies whom I was watching. I felt very sure that some plan was being devised by the latter two to make the acquaintance of the gentlemen, and, perhaps, the ladies in the box, with an eye to relieving them of some of their jewelry or money.

"Harry Dubois" was one of the aliases of the elegant rogue; his friend's name I knew not, and have never learned it. I was not surprised then, when, after a little polite leave-taking at the end of an act, and the gentlemen left their ladies in the box, to see Harry and friend leave their seats, and saunter out. Divining that the gentlemen had gone into the refreshment-room, I followed, disguising myself as I went out, by the assumption of a pair of spectacle bows, to which was attached a false nose quite unlike my own, in order that Harry might by no means discover me. I arrived in the refreshment-room, and had selected out my friends of the box before Harry and his friend, or "pal," came in. I had prepared my mind to expect some peculiarly stealthy, circumlocutory proceeding upon the part of Harry. Perhaps he would come only to "watch and wait" still longer; perhaps he would find there somebody, also, who knew the gentlemen of the box, and get a formal introduction. Indeed, I had conceived a half dozen modes of operation on his part, when, to my astonishment, Harry, having first cast a searching glance over the room, and giving his "pal" a knowing touch on the elbow, rushed, with all smiles upon his face, up to the apparently elder of the gentlemen of the box, who were at this moment lifting glasses of wine to their lips, and exclaimed, "Pardon me, Mr. Le Franc; but how *do* you do? I am

exceedingly glad to see you! How long have you been on from New Orleans, my dear sir?"

The gentleman addressed looked with astonishment upon the elegantly attired Harry, whose face was the symbol of the frankest honesty and most certain refinement, and evidently "taken" by Harry's manner, replied, "My dear sir, there's a mistake here, for my name is not Le Franc; and truly, sir, I can never have known you, for I surely do not now, and if I had I should never have forgotten you."

"Upon my honor," said Harry, I thought you were a Mr. Le Franc, of New Orleans. You look just like him, with whom, and others, I went on an excursion up to Donaldsonville, three years ago, at the invitation and expense of Bob McDonald."

"Bob McDonald? Why, he's my cousin, sir. If you know him, give me your hand. My name, sir, is William Hale, of Savannah, and this is my cousin, Mr. Clemens, of Mobile" (turning to his friend), "Mr. —— Ah! excuse me, but you have not given me your name, sir, I forgot."

Fully pleased, Harry pulled out a card case from his vest pocket, and presented to Mr. Hale a neat card, inscribed: —

HENRY CLARKSON DUBOIS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Specialty — Dealing in Real Estate, Effecting Loans, and Securing Advances on Cotton.

Office, 34 Pine Street, N. Y. City.

"Pardon me that I give you my business card; I find I have no other about me."

"Ah, Mr. Dubois! I am sure I am very glad to know you as Bob McDonald's friend. Tell me when you last saw him. How was he? Jolly fellow — isn't he? Take some wine with us? and your friend, too; he'll join us?"

Harry was nothing loth to accept the wine. He was making splendid progress, he doubtless thought; and joining in the wine, he said, "You asked when I last saw Bob. Well, when he was here in New York, three months ago, on his way to Hamilton, Canada, he was my guest for a week, at the Metropolitan, where I board."

"Just so," said Mr. Hale. "Bob wrote us at that time from Canada. I am sorry I did not go on there when he was there. He was well as usual then, I suppose, and just as full of the 'Old McDonald'" (for his father was a great old sport) "as ever, eh?"

I saw that Harry was making smooth inroad into the affections of these gentlemen, and wondered what would be the result. Mr. Hale treated to cigars. Harry refused, saying, that with permission he would smoke a cigarette, — pulling a box from his pocket, — commented on the habit which he had learned in Cuba, when he was attached, as he said, to the United States legation there, and quite took the Savannah gentleman aback with his delicate manipulation of the dainty cigarette. Harry's mastery of good manners seemed to completely win the Southern gentlemen, and Harry's friend too, though less elegant than he, was no "slouch" of a fellow in appearance.

The next act of the play had begun before the gentlemen had finished their cigars and chat, and Mr. Hale said to his friend Clemens, "Wouldn't Mary be delighted to meet so intimate a friend of her cousin Bob? Mr. Dubois, I spoke of McDonald as my cousin; so he is by marriage; but he is cousin by blood to my wife, and she likes him above all her kin. Wouldn't you and your friend do us the honor to accompany us to our box, where our wives now are?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said Harry, suiting the action to the word, and away they started for the box. I lost no time in getting back to my seat, on the way depositing my spectacles and false nose in a side pocket.

From what I afterwards learned from Mr. Hale, he

delightedly presented Harry to his wife, as an intimate friend of her cousin Bob; and it was evident to me that Harry was making as sure victory of the esteem of Mrs. Hale, and the other lady, Mrs. Clemens, as he had of their husbands. He laughed and chatted with the ladies to their evident delight. They could not have heard much of the second act, so busily were they engaged with him — gentlemen and ladies both. I noticed that Harry was not lacking, on that occasion, in a good degree of effrontery, mingled with his polite manners, which fact was assurance to me that he had formed some plan of operations already, but what it would be I could not conjecture. I saw more or less display of jewelry, Harry taking a splendid solitaire diamond from his finger, and evidently telling some story about it. But eventually, as the act was drawing to a close, I discovered that Mr. Clemens had taken from his finger a very costly ring, which, as the sequel proved, he had bought at Anthony's the day before, for fifteen hundred dollars, to take as a present to his brother, then studying medicine in Harvard College, whither Mr. Clemens and his lady were about going. All was very jubilant in the box as the act drew to a close, and there was a clatter in the box — the gentlemen laughing, and the ladies shaking their fans at them, as if half menacingly forbidding them to go out, evidently begging them to stay, and so forth. But Harry, according to the story I learned afterwards, kindly assured the ladies that he would return with his new "charge" all duly and "soundly," which the ladies interpreted to mean soberly, and they let them go.

Harry left the box, the last of the gentlemen, and as he did so, foolishly waved his hand in parting, at the ladies; and the mystery was at once unravelled to me, for on his finger was what I took to be, knew to be, that new, flashing ring of Mr. Clemens.

I hastened to the refreshment-room. I saw at once the flush of victory on Harry's face, and watched him intently.

He was very brilliant in conversation, and very generous; insisted on "treating" all the while himself. Wouldn't allow Mr. Hale or his friend to call for anything, etc.

The time for the next act coming on, the gentlemen, not a little "warmed up" with the numerous glasses of wine they had taken, returned to their box, and I to my place, replacing my spectacles in my side pocket.

I had been a little delayed in getting back to my place by a crowd gathered around a lady who had fainted, and when I resumed my seat, and looked into the box, what was my astonishment at not finding Harry there. I saw that Mrs. Clemens was very serious about something, while the rest seemed very much excited; meanwhile, Harry's friend seemed engaged in some sort of wonder-looking protestations, for he *looked* astonished, and was putting one hand very emphatically upon the palm of the other. The whole thing flashed upon me. I saw that there was no time to lose; and I left my seat, and proceeded directly to the refreshment-room, in time to find Mr. Hale and his friend there, eagerly inquiring of the bar-keeper if "Mr. Dubois" had returned there; if he had seen him since they went up last time to the box, and sundry other hurried queries. The bar-keeper had not seen him; no clew could they get to him; and Mr. Hale said, "Clemens, you are 'done for,' sure. That's one of those arch scamps we read of. He's borrowed that ring, and we'll never see it again."

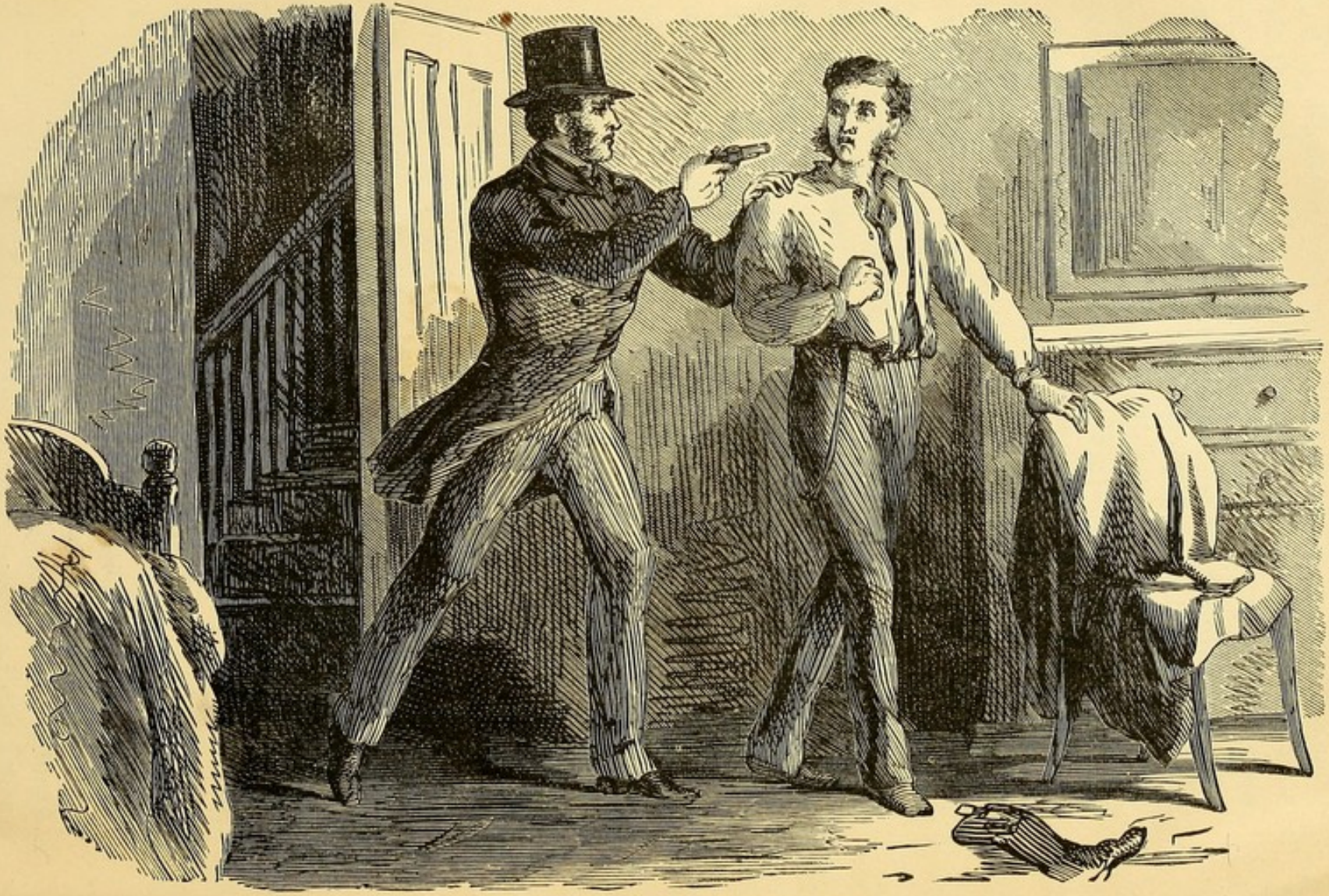
"Let's find a policeman, and put him on the track," said Clemens.

"Foolishness," said Mr. Hale; "no policeman can track that fellow. He's too keen; besides, who knows but he'll take the train for Philadelphia or somewhere. I don't believe he lives here. Here's his card, to be sure, but who knows that it's not a fraud? Let's hunt the directory," and the bar-keeper brought forward the desired directory. No "Harry Clarkson Dubois" was to be found in it. The gentlemen looked confounded and dejected, and Hale said,

"Well, Clemens, let's go back to the ladies. They've more wit than we. You know what your wife said. If we'd taken her advice perhaps we should have got out from here in time to catch the villain," and so they sauntered back.

I did not feel like making myself known to them. They might take me, perhaps, as Harry's coöperator, and so I silently watched them leave. Turning the matter over in my mind a moment, I resolved upon the best course to pursue. Harry must be come upon that night if I were to succeed with him, I saw. I had known his lodging-room three months before, but had heard he had changed quarters; where to hunt him was the point. I bethought me of a boarding-house keeper in West 13th Street, with whom Harry once boarded, and who, not knowing his real character, had great respect for him, and whom, too, Harry evidently really respected, for I had been told that he always spoke of her in terms of admiration. I fancied she would be as apt as any one to know where were his quarters, and I took a carriage, and drove immediately to her house. Fortunately she was at home; and on inquiring of her if she could tell me where I could find Mr. Dubois the next morning, for I did not let her know my haste, she said that she guessed I'd be most apt to find him in his office in Pine Street, No. 34; that he had applied to her for board two days before, with which she could not accommodate him for a week or so to come; so he said he would sleep on a lounge in his office, and take his meals out till she could give him quarters, and that the day before he sent up for blankets, with which she had supplied him.

My plan was complete. Hurrying away from her house, I ordered the driver to push straight for my rooms, where, arming myself completely, I drove on as far as the post office, when, ordering the driver to await my return, I alighted, and proceeded to 34 Pine Street. As it chanced, next door was the office of my friend, the late Simeon Draper, and I was not a little pleased to find a light there,



RECOVERING THE DIAMOND RING.

and one of his clerks and another man looking over some papers, as I saw through the window. Tapping on the door, it was readily unlocked, and I said to the clerk, who recognized me, "No questions asked; but let *me* inquire if you are going to be here for fifteen minutes longer?"

"Yes, for an hour, perhaps."

"Well, I may call again."

"Do so — are you after a 'bird'?" asked the clerk, with a knowing wink in his eye; for he very quickly divined that I was on some detective mission; for Mr. Draper had been a frequent patron of mine, and often sent this clerk to me on business.

I closed the door, and ran up two flights of stairs to "Dubois's" room, and immediately rapped upon the door.

No noise within — all silence! Had the bird flown? I thought not. I believed he was there. Again I rapped.

"Who's there?" asked a half-sleepy voice.

I replied, "O! you're asleep, Mr. Dubois — are you? Well, no matter. It's a case of exigency. I knew you were here; saw you as you came in; and there's a man fainted away in Draper's office, and I'm alone with him, and want you, if you will, to watch him while I run for a doctor. Don't mind to dress yourself more than half — come quickly," and I started away rapidly down stairs, and returned as rapidly, and rapping on the door again, exclaimed, "Get ready, and run down as quick as you can, while I go for a doctor. The door's unlocked; but see here, he may revive, and want some stimulus. Here's the key to the back closet. There's a bottle of brandy there. Here, take it."

The unsuspicious Harry opened the door slightly to take the key, when I pushed in. On his finger gleamed that very ring. He was but half dressed, coat off, a muscular fellow, and just in trim for fighting. I saw the situation, and pulling out a pistol, clapped it to his face, and extending my left hand, said, "It's no use, Harry; give me Mr.

Clemens' ring without any noise, or I'll call the officers at the door below."

Harry was never before so confounded; protested he had no ring but his own.

"We'll, see," said I. "Mr. Hale will be here in a moment. If he comes, it's all day with you. He can identify the ring, and — so — can — I. Give it to me at once!" I exclaimed, with a stern voice.

Harry saw that I knew all about it, and yielded, begging me to not expose him. I assured him I had no care to do so; but should exact of him the expenses I had incurred for the carriage, which, at that time of night, would be about fifteen dollars; which he quickly took from out a large sized roll of bills from his inner vest pocket. The gas he had lighted when he rose to dress, was turned on at full head, and gleamed like a spectre through the room. I examined the money to see that it was not counterfeit, put it in my pocket, and bade Harry "good night," telling him I guessed the man in Draper's had recovered by this time, and that he needn't trouble himself to go down.

I drove to my rooms, paid the driver, and having deposited the ring in my little safe, went to bed, and pondered on the next step — the finding of Mr. Clemens next day. I arose rather early next morning, and went in search. I expected to find him and his friends at some of the prominent hotels; but they were not there to be found, but had left the St. Nicholas some three days before, and where gone nobody knew. But the coachman would know where he took them. After waiting hours to find the coachman, I at last learned that they had all gone to a house in Madison Square, to which I proceeded, and found it the private residence of one of our prominent citizens. The parties, therefore, were evidently of the *elite*, and were to be approached delicately. Perhaps they hadn't told their friends of their loss, and from pride might not want it known. How should I proceed? Well, I rung the bell, and inquired of the servant if a Mr. Clemens

was stopping there; and learned that he was, but that he and his wife had gone out, and would not be back till evening. "Was a Mr. Hale there?" "Yes; but he, too, and his wife have gone with Mr. and Mrs. Clemens." I didn't want the ring about me. I had pressing work to do that day and that evening; in fact, I hardly knew whether I should have time to call that evening or not. So I asked the servant if he could provide me envelope and paper, for I would leave a note for my friends. I was ushered into the library, and given the due materials; and addressing a note to Mr. Hale, which ran much as follows: —

"SIR: I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, but the fact that I am the *true* friend of your cousin, Mr. Robert McDonald, of New Orleans, will be all the assurance, I presume, that you will want of my being entitled to an audience with you. I have called to see you upon interesting and important business, and finding that you are not to return till evening, I beg to ask you to expect me at half past eight o'clock. Do not, if you please, by any means fail to be at home. I would also be pleased to meet Mr. Clemens; and I trust you will not consider me impertinent (and you will not when you come to learn my errand), if I ask also to meet Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Clemens at the same time.

"I would prefer to meet none of the family residing here, but yourselves alone.

"Yours, very respectfully,

"——— ———."

I hurried through my business for the remainder of the day, and a little before half past eight was duly at the house on Madison Square.

Being admitted, I called for Mr. Hale. He came to see me in the hall; looked at me mysteriously; was very civil and polite, but coldly so. I said, "I left a note here today for you."

"Yes, sir, I received a curious note, and don't know what to make of it. Please explain your business. We are strangers, and you will excuse me that I am always cautious with strangers, whoever they may be."

He had evidently taken the lesson of the night before to heart.

"But," asked I, "are Mr. and Mrs. Clemens ready to receive me, as I requested in my note?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Hale too."

"Can I see them all immediately, for I've but little time to spare?"

"Yes, sir," said he, quite rigidly; "follow me, sir."

I followed him to a small side parlor, where sat Mr. Clemens and the two ladies.

"This is the gentleman who left the note here to-day, and says he knows Bob McDonald," said Mr. Hale, as he bowed me to a chair, and cast a furtive glance at his friends as he spoke McDonald's name.

"Pardon me, sir," I broke in. "I did not say that I *knew* Mr. McDonald, but that I was a 'true friend' of him, as you'll observe on looking at the note, if you have it, and as I guess I shall prove."

"O, then you don't know my cousin, Mr. McDonald?" asked Mrs. Hale. "I am glad you do not, sir, for I was beginning to fear you if you did. We've seen one of cousin's friends here of late to our regret."

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," said I, "I'll make my story short. You have, indeed, had occasion to regret meeting one of Mr. McDonald's pretended friends. Perhaps he does know him too, personally. But I do not; and I am a 'true friend' to Mr. McDonald, in that I would serve his friends as he would desire to have me, if he knew your late loss."

There were glances from the eyes of each into those of the others — a momentary silence and wonder-looking — when Mrs. Clemens tremulously exclaimed, "Why, sir, do you know all about it? Have you found the ring?"

"Foolish woman!" said Mr. Clemens. "How do you suppose anybody could find what wasn't lost — only stolen?"

"But I have something here for you, sir," said I, as I took the ring from my pocket, and held it up in the light.

"The same!" "That's it!" "Where did you get it?" "Did he lose it, and you find it?" "How glad I am!" etc., burst from their excited lips.

"Be calm, and I'll tell you all about it," said I; and taking their seats, for all had risen to their feet, they listened attentively to my story. I told them my business; how I came to notice them; all that I did — all except what transpired in Pine Street, making a short tale of that.

I had handed the ring, as I commenced my story, to Mr. Clemens, who placed it upon a book lying on the table, where it lay throughout our discourse, which was carried on for nearly an hour. Near the conclusion, Mr. Clemens said, "But after all this I do not feel that the ring is yet justly mine. You have earned a part of it, at least, and I wish you to tell me how much I shall pay you for your trouble. I should have lost the ring wholly but for you, and I am willing to pay you half its value, seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"O, no," said I, "I could not for a moment consent to take so much. In fact, I would have no right to."

"Well, name the price."

"If you give me fifty dollars I shall be satisfied."

"No such paltry sum, sir," said the generous Southerner. "You shall take double, yes, four times that, at least."

"Yes," said Mr. Hale, "and I'll gladly pay half of it, or the whole of it, or double it, and make it four hundred."

But I insisted upon only one hundred; and paying me that, Mr. Clemens restored the ring to his finger, saying, "The next time I allow a stranger, no matter whose friend he is, to trifle with my property, I shall *know* it, I reckon. It's been a good lesson, cheaply bought, for me."

Business over, these cheerful people insisted upon entertaining me till a late hour, and I recited to them some

quaint instances in the detective's life; but they could not but think that their adventure in New York had been the most remarkable of all.

I dare say that the lesson they learned that night will serve them through life; and although their loss was so stupidly occasioned that I presume they keep it secret as to themselves, I've no doubt they sometimes tell it, in the third person, as a warning to their friends who may be "going abroad, travelling."

It is a trite saying, that "'tis not all gold that glitters." Everybody has heard it, and repeated it, but few only profit by it.

THE MYSTERY AT NO. 89 —— STREET, NEW YORK.

"KLEPTOMANIA" — THE TENDENCY TO SUPERSTITION — AN OLD KNICKERBOCKER FAMILY — A VERY "PROPER" OLD GENTLEMAN, A MR. GARRETSON — HE CALLS ON ME AT MY OFFICE, AND FINDS A CURIOUS-LOOKING ROOM — HIS STORY OF WONDERS — "EVERYTHING" STOLEN — TALK ABOUT DISEMBODIED SPIRITS — THE MYSTERY DEEPENS — PROBABLE CONJECTURE BAFFLED — VISIT TO MR. GARRETSON'S HOUSE — MRS. GARRETSON, A BEAUTIFUL AND CULTIVATED OLD LADY — WE SEARCH THE HOUSE — AN ATTIC FULL OF OLD SOUVENIRS — WE LINGER AMONG THEM — MR. GARRETSON'S DAUGHTER IS CONVINCED THAT DISEMBODIED SPIRITS ARE THEIR TORMENTORS — SHE PUTS AN UNANSWERABLE QUESTION — A DANGEROUS DOG AND THE SPIRITS — TEDIOUS AND UNAVAILING WATCHING FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND NIGHTS — THE "SPIRITS" AGAIN AT WORK — RE-CALLED — THE MYSTERY GROWS MORE WONDERFUL — THE "SPIRIT" DISCOVERED AND THE MYSTERY UNRAVELLED — THE FAMILY SENT AWAY — THE ATTIC RE-VISITED WITH MR. G. AND ITS TREASURES REVEALED — A RE-DISCOVERY OF THE "SPIRITS" — THE FAMILY REVIEW THEIR LONG-LOST TREASURES FOUND — REFLECTIONS ON THE CAUSES OF THE MYSTERY — A PROBLEM FOR THE DOCTORS.

"KLEPTOMANIA," the delicate term of modern coinage from the old Greek, which is used to signify a passion for thieving under peculiar circumstances, and is mostly used when the thief is a person of some importance and of moneyed means, so that the lust for gain is not supposed to be his prompter to the "offence against the statute in such cases made and provided," indicates a moral "dereliction" which not only attacks the wakeful subject, but sometimes infuses itself into the dreams of sleepers. Many women in a state of pregnancy are said to be liable to this disease, so to term it, who, in any other state, would be horrified at the bare mention of the crime of theft. They exhibit

great adroitness in their manœuvres when under the influence of the disease, and possess a boldness, too, of which, in their strictly "right minds," they would be utterly incapable. Such establishments as Stewart's great retail dry goods store expend large sums of money yearly in the employment of detectives to watch the customers, to see that they do not slyly purloin such goods as they may easily secrete in carpet-bags, in their pockets, under shawls, or under their dresses, and so on. Not a small number of these would-be thieves are kleptomaniacs, and mostly women suffering under diseases peculiar to the sex, or women in a state of pregnancy, whose blood is more or less driven in unusual quantities into the head, and stirs there passions and desires which they never so feel at other times. The philosophy of this thing would be a pleasant matter of study, and falls legitimately enough into the line of a detective's life to investigate; but here is not the place for its discussion at any great length.

I may run some risk in the narration of this tale, of trespassing upon the feelings of some persons who might prefer that I say nothing about it; for the facts were known to a large circle of highly-respectable people, mostly relatives of the "chief person of the drama," who would, perhaps, prefer that the matter should rest in peace, and go out in oblivion by and by. But I will endeavor to be delicate and courteous enough, in the avoidance of names, and in my general descriptions, to offend no one of those relatives who may read this.

There are a great many people who have a natural tendency to superstitions of all kinds. They have excellent common sense, for example, in everything except in matters of a religious nature. A family of such people may be divided into religious partisans of the bitterest stamp; the one may be a Baptist, for instance, and believe that all the rest, who disagree with him, must be lost. Another member may be a modern "Adventist," deny the doctrine of the essential immortality of the soul, and

think his brother, who does believe in it, guilty of a proud and sinful assumption and godless vanity in so doing. Another may become an English churchman, and gravitate from that character into the Roman Catholic church, and feel that all the rest,—the Baptist, the Adventist, etc.,—must "perish eternally," unless they come into the fold of the Roman see. And still another may be a modern Spiritualist, and believe in the return of "departed souls" to earth, to commune directly, or through "mediums," with poor mortals here, etc. It seems to depend very much upon how the superstitious element in each member of such families is first or finally addressed, as to what each may become.

The reader will please conceive of an old, respectable family of Knickerbockers, into whose veins was infused a little Yankee blood, imported from near Boston, Mass., a family whose sires held in the past high rank and official position in the state and nation — a family not a little proud of its far-off Dutch and English stock — reared in wealth and luxury, well bred, of course, at home, and well educated, both the males and the females; with a large amount of landed estate in various parts of the country, and blessed with a plenty of houses and building lots in the cities of New York and Brooklyn; and, in fact, I have been told that their property could be pointed out all along the road, from Jersey City to Morristown, New Jersey. In fact it was by the possession of city lots, and the constant increase of value thereof, that the family acquired the larger portion of their estate. Add to this that the relatives of the family are mostly rich, and that such of them as are not rich, belong to that highly respectable, humdrum sort of people, who are here and there found in the midst of the stir and bustle of New York, who persist in representing old notions, old modes of doing business, and whose chief pride exercises and delights itself in talking over what their fathers did, who their grandfathers were, etc., or in preserving, perhaps,

some legend, that when Washington had his residence near Bowling Green, their grand-uncle, or some other relative, was a welcome visitor there. It is necessary to bring to the mind's eye this class of people in order to comprehend the commotion which bestirred them at the time when I was called to "work up a case" in their midst.

One day, in the last "decade," I was waited on by a very proper old gentlemen, neatly dressed, with long white locks smoothly combed, hanging over his shoulders. The old gentleman possessed one of those passionless faces, so difficult to read, unless you can get a chance to peer down the eyes. He wore his gloves just one size too large; a little too independent to conform to the fashion of tight gloves, and a little too aristocratic to go without any, — (although I think a poor-fitting glove no ornament, to say the least),—and walked with the short, dainty, quick step of the men of note of the last century; he was tall, that is, about five feet and ten inches in height, rather slim, though he evidently had been a man of quite robust form.

But some name I must have — and what better can I substitute for the real one than Garretson? I might have chosen Paulding, or Van Wyck; but I may wish to use them yet in this. Well, such a looking man was Mr. Garretson, as he came one day into my office, bearing me a note of introduction from an old skipper who had his office in Pearl Street then, near Wall Street. The note, it appeared, was written at Mr. Garretson's, on peculiar family note paper, and bore the Garretson coat of arms, and would, I presume, have been sealed with the Garretson "stamp," and a pile of sealing-wax as large as one of the lead drops on "bulls," which the Pope attaches to deeds of excommunication, or of convocation of councils, if it had not been a note of introduction, and therefore not proper to be sealed; for the Garretsons were never known to do anything which was not proper, not suitable to their rank, and so forth, to do. The old gentleman



THE OLD KNICKERBOCKER IN THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE.

stared a little as he entered my office, evidently expecting to find its appointments a little more to his taste, instead of finding "everything" in the office, and nothing in order; and asking if such were my name, and being answered in the affirmative, he daintily handed me the note.

"Be seated, sir," said I, as I took it; and pointed him to a seat near the window, which looked out on the public street, and the only empty seat in my office save mine, the rest being filled with books, papers, coats, hats, shackling irons, some old disguises, masks, etc., which I had that day pulled out of a trunk to give them an airing, and had scattered about. As I read the note, I looked at the old gentleman, and found him looking out of the window, as if he were uneasy, and was questioning in his mind what manner of man was he whom he had come to visit and consult, — for so intimated the letter of my old friend, the skipper.

I finished the perusal of the note in a minute or so, and stepping up to the old man, offered him my hand, with the usual salutations, and drawing my chair near him, sat down.

"Well, Mr. Garretson, our friend has intimated your business with me. I am at your service."

There was quite a long pause, when the old man brought his cane down on the floor between his legs, rested his hands upon the head of it, bent over it a little, and began: —

"Really, Mr. ——, I was thinking why, on the whole, I had come here; for the more I think, the less do I believe that you can give us any assistance. We've tried everything ourselves."

"Yes, sir, perhaps I cannot assist you; but if you will tell me your story, I shall probably be able to tell you whether I can or not immediately."

"That's the trouble, sir; the question of probabilities in the matter," said he; "for my story is a peculiar one, and involves the disclosure of matters which I should not

like to tell you, unless you can conscientiously say that you think you can solve one of the greatest mysteries in the world," — and here he paused.

"Why, sir," said I, "everything is a mystery to those who do not understand it. I cannot assure you that I can be of any service to you; but it is my business to unravel these matters which are mysteries to most people, and however complicated your case may be, I dare say I can cite many instances of as difficult ones, which have been worked out."

"I presume so," said he. "You are right. 'What man has done man may do,' you know; but we've tried everything which seems possible to be done, to solve the trouble."

"Doubtless all you have thought of as being practicable has been tried, sir; but there is some solution of your trouble possible, sir, of course."

"Yes, yes; that's true — unless there is some superior power at work in the matter. Some of my family and friends think there is."

"O, ho! Then to find out *that* for a certainty would be a solution worth having; but you can only discover that by first proving that your affair is not operated by any ordinary power. Do you mean that it's thought to be the work of disembodied spirits?"

"Yes, and I confess I am half-inclined to think so myself; and I almost feel sorry that I have come to you so soon," said he, in a voice and manner which revealed to me his superstitious proclivities quite pointedly.

"O, well, sir," I replied, "it is not proper for me to press you to tell your story now. You must be your own judge of the propriety of doing so; but if you wish to, you can recite your case to me confidentially, and I will give you whatever construction of it may occur to me."

"Well, if the matter can remain a secret with you, if you do not see a way to solve it, I will tell you, and I do presume that you may be able to cast some light upon it. The

case is this. I live at No. 89 —— Street, as you already know from Mr. ——'s note."

"Yes, sir; I call the house to mind; have often noticed it as I have passed along that street."

"Well, sir, now for some eight months I've been able to keep nothing in our house of a small kind, and valuable nature, such as spoons, napkin rings, all sorts of silver ware, jewelry, watches, ladies' dresses, and my own clothing, etc., in fact, anything; it is all mysteriously carried off. I say mysteriously, for we have kept watch, night after night, and things would disappear right before our eyes, as it were."

"Well," said I, after a pause of some length, in which the old man seemed to be pondering whether he would go on with his story or not, looking bewildered, as if there was something he wished to tell me about, but did not quite dare to, or was ashamed to tell. "Well, tell me the whole story. How many persons are there in your family?"

"My wife and myself, three unmarried daughters; two married ones spend much time there too; and two of my sons, unmarried. They are in business; but I like to have my family about me —"

"Are these all?"

"Yes, except the servants. I have four maid-servants in the house, besides my coachman and butler."

"Do you suspect none of these servants?"

"No; I've tested them in every way. They have all, with the exception of one girl, been with me for from ten to twenty-five years. I called the women maid-servants; two of them are widows, one has been a widow for twenty years, and has lived with us for all that time, and the butler has been with us longer. I would trust any of them as soon as I would my own children."

"Of course, then, you suspect no one in your house?"

"No, no; there's nobody there to do these things. We've all watched and watched, I tell you, and the servants are

as much interested as we to know who is the guilty actor, for they have lost many things as well as the rest of us."

"You speak of one girl who has not been there so long as the rest. How long has she been with you?"

"About three years."

"Has she a lover who visits the house?"

"O, yes; and he's been coming there for two years."

"Why don't he marry her and take her away?"

"My wife wouldn't part with her — will keep her as long as she lives, if she can. She thinks she's the best servant she ever saw. We should suspect her least of all. She has lost nearly every keepsake her lover has given her, and some very valuable things which her mother gave her on leaving Ireland, and the poor girl has nearly cried her eyes out over her loss."

"Well, her lover, what sort of a man is he?"

"A hard working mechanic; works at the Novelty Works, and bears an excellent name."

"Is he Irish, too? I suppose he is."

"No; he is an Englishman — a Yorkshire man, I think."

"Is he Protestant or Catholic?"

"Protestant to be sure. She's Catholic, though."

"Have you ever talked with him about your losses?"

"Yes; and he and Mary, the girl, have watched several times, sitting up to keep my wife company, who was watching too; sitting up half the night, and things would disappear then."

"So you have no reason for suspecting him. Well, the case *does* look a little strange, I confess," said I; "but I would like to have you go into detail all about your premises; where the things taken were, who were in your house at the time, the kind of locks you have on your doors; what searches you have made, at what hours, or between what hours, the things have been taken; for how long, in consecutive days or weeks, things have been stolen; if there's been any cessation of these pilferings for any length

of time since they began; if you have ever discovered any traces of anybody's having gotten into the house at this or that window; what part of the house has been rifled the most,"—and every other query I could then think of, I added.

This drew from the old gentleman a minute story of the whole affair. I found the locks were the best; that he had a ferocious watch-dog loose every night in the lower and middle part of the house, but excluded from the chambers, on the servants' account, who were afraid of him; that all parts of the house were rifled alike, and it seemed from what he said that the thefts were accomplished from about the time of the family's retiring until morning, for they had watched sometimes till near morning, and then on rising would find something gone, mostly things of value, too; but sometimes trivial things, such as the grand-children's tops, etc., when they happened to be visiting there. The relatives of the family had been called in to watch too; but things went when they were there the same, and when the watch was most complete as to the number of watchers, then it was that the most valuable things were missed, and injury (evidently out of pure malevolence) done to valuable furniture; and finally Mr. Garretson told me that there had been two obvious attempts to fire the house, — and this he uttered with tremulous emotions.

From all I could gather from him I could not make up my mind to any conclusions upon which it could rest, and I told him I must visit the premises, and make examinations for myself. But I could not go till the next day or night, for that night I had engaged to meet some parties in counsel upon an important matter; "but which," said I, to him, "was more mysterious, a week ago, than anything you have told me, and which has been worked out. Now we are to consult as to how best to get the guilty parties into our hands, for we know who they are." This seemed to encourage Mr. Garretson for a little, and we parted,

I to call at his house some time next day, at my convenience.

I went as appointed, and was presented by Mr. Garretson to his wife, a fair-looking old lady, of the blonde school. Indeed, she was a motherly, sweet woman to look upon, and had evidently drunken at the "fountain of youth" somewhere; for although she was only five years younger than Mr. Garretson, as I learned, she looked thirty years his junior. Her face was a blending of the Greek and modern German in style, nose aquiline, and head broad, and not lacking in height; a pleasingly-shaped head to look upon; and there was all the mercy, tenderness, and kindness in her eye and voice which one could desire to find in a woman.

There was a sweet, unostentatious dignity, too, about her which compelled respect. She gave me a long account of the household's troubles, of her own watchings night after night, of the hypotheses she had had about the matter, and how one by one they had been exploded; and she and Mr. Garretson took me all over the house, even up into the attic, among piles of old "lumber," such as boxes, old trunks, old furniture, that had been set aside to make room for new, piled up with hosts of things which almost any other family would have sent off to the auction shops, or sold to second-hand furniture men. But she explained that some of these things had belonged to her grandfather, and other deceased relatives, and that a large old Dutch wooden chest, with great iron clasps all over it, was brought over by Mr. Garretson's ancestors from Europe. These she couldn't bear to sell, she said; "and often," said she, "they afford me great pleasure, for when Mr. Garretson and the girls are gone from home, I sit up here in this old chair" (and she pointed to a large chair, the posts of which were large enough each to make a modern chair out of), "and muse, read, and think over the past, and dwell upon heavenly things to come."

In her talk, Mrs. Garretson became quite animated, and

we waited up there, listening to her stories about the old furniture and her ancestors, quite a long while. I noticed that with the excitement of the hour her face had become quite rosy, and that there was a peculiar spot on each cheek, not unlike the hectic flush upon the cheeks of the consumptive. But she was, apparently, in the full vigor of health; a tall, but solidly-made woman, and evidently had no trouble in her lungs. But the spots gave her face a peculiar expression, and withal seemed, somehow, to give her eyes the look of subtle intelligence, which I had not observed before. I found that although Mr. Garretson was a sensible old man, well educated, and, withal, courtly, yet Mrs. G. was the chief spirit of the house, and so I consulted her further when we came from the attic. We visited each chamber, and looked into each closet, of course; and the windows of the house in front and rear were all examined, and I satisfied myself too that there was no easy approach, and no way of getting in without great risk to life or limb from the other adjoining houses; and I examined the basement as thoroughly, talked with the servants, and finally with the daughters, two of whom were then at home, and who came in from making morning calls. One of these daughters had settled down upon the conviction that the thefts were the work of disembodied spirits; but to my query if she meant by these words "departed *friends*," she smiled, and said, "Not exactly;" and went on to tell me her religious notions about "evil spirits," as well as good ones, etc. The father fell in with her views considerably; but the clear-headed old lady, the mother, in a kind way, combated them with great force. But there was no answering the daughter when she retorted, —

"Well, perhaps it is not the work of spirits; but will you tell me whose work it is — who does it?"

Of course the family could have nothing to reply. They had exhausted their powers to solve the mystery, and I confess I began to think a particle less lightly of ghosts, hobgoblins, and "spirits of departed men," than ever be-

fore. That dog, too, which was chained up below, and was let loose of nights, was a savage-looking fellow, and it seemed to me that he would catch and tear to pieces anything but a spirit that might be prowling about the house.

I was at my wits' ends to conceive a theory which should throw light upon the subject, or even to make anything at all like a reasonable conjecture. But I could not help feeling that perhaps out of the daughter's suggestion of "spiritual" interference might be wrought something in the way of a solution of the vexatious mystery; and so I brought up the topic in that phase again, and we all entered into a general discussion.

It appeared that things had more frequently been missed when all the outer doors and all the windows of the house had been closed and locked, than at other times, when some of the upper windows especially had been opened; more in the winter than in the summer time. The articles taken, then, could hardly have been borne by "spirits" even, through the solid doors, or the glass of the windows; and so I inquired if it was sure that every trunk and every hiding-place in the house had been searched, and was assured by all, father, mother, and daughters that such search had been frequently made by them; and they explained how they had gone to the bottom of trunks and boxes, and had "shaken out sheets," etc., for in the early period of these thefts, it had been conjectured that the things missed had simply been mislaid. The daughter gave me her reasons extendedly for supposing the thefts the work of spirits, and I had to confess that some of her reasoning seemed good, "provided always," as a lawyer would say, that there are any such existences as "spirits" at all. But the family believed in "spirits;" whether they could or did communicate with "things on earth," or not, was the whole question with them; but the mother's judgment seemed to settle the question for the father and the other daughter, which was, that these thefts were not committed by spirits; and to this point we got during my

tarry there that day, and it was agreed that I should return in the evening and pass the night in the house.

I left Mr. Garretson's, and being a little weary, when I returned home threw myself on my bed, and managed to secure about four hours' sleep, which I needed in view of my prospective watching that night, and I arrived at Mr. G.'s about half past ten o'clock. A room had been prepared for me on the first flight, above the parlor, its door opening into the broad hall, which room I took after a half hour's conversation with the family. It appeared that things were missed equally on nights when the gas was burning dimly about the house, as when it was shut off; and I deemed it best to have a slight light burning in the halls, parlors, and so forth, which was permitted. Bidding the family good night (having concluded to not let the dog loose for fear, in my secret mind, that he might attack me if loose, and I should be about the house; but which thought I did not then reveal, saying only that he might make a noise, and I could perhaps listen better if I heard steps). I betook myself to my room, and drawing a lounge near to the door, which was open a few inches, I stretched myself upon it, and began to muse upon the probabilities in the case. There I lay. The clock struck twelve — again it struck one — and I had no occasion to move from my position, and began to conceive that possibly the "spirits" wouldn't work with me in the house. A half hour more went on, when suddenly I discovered the light in the hall go out. Quickly leaving the lounge, I rushed into the hall, only to discover that it was total darkness all over the house, save in my room. When Mrs. Garretson, hearing me, stepped to her door, and said, —

"Is that you, Mr. ——?"

"Yes, madam. I saw the light go out, and I came to see what it means."

"O," said she, "I put out the light, for somehow, I found it oppressive — the sense of it — and could not sleep, and I guess we shall not be disturbed to-night."

A few more words were exchanged between us, when I retired to my room, and there watched the whole night out, waiting for some sign of noise in the house. But I reflected that Mrs. G. had been in different parts of the house to put out the lights, and I had not heard her move. Had she not put out the lights I should not have known that she had stirred. How, then, could I hear spirits, or even mortals, so far as their footfalls were concerned? Mr. G. got up early that morning, came to my room, and begged me to go to bed and sleep, as he should be up and about the rest of the morning, as well as the servants, who would soon be up. They would have a late breakfast, or I could lie till dinner time, if I liked, and get a good rest. He closed the door as he went out, and I lay till called for dinner. At breakfast-time Mr. G. had made his way to my room, and finding me "snoring soundly," as he said, let me sleep on.

At dinner, it was disclosed that some three or four things had been missed that night; among them a very valuable gold thimble, which the daughters knew was left in a given place, and they were the last who retired; and a peculiar, elegant, silver-mounted sea-shell, which had been brought from the Mediterranean, and on which had been cut some sea-songs in the modern Greek language. I had noticed this beautiful shell myself. Where were these gone, and who had taken them? Mrs. Garretson was sure that she was awake a good part of the night, and could have heard anybody moving about the house, for with a screen at their door, her husband and herself usually left their bedroom door open. We canvassed the matter over and over, and arrived at no conclusion. Finally, it was determined that I should stay the coming night. And I left, and returned in due time. This night was one of severe watching, to no purpose. Nothing was found to be gone, and I watched still the third night, to no purpose. No noise was there, and nothing taken; and I gave up the matter



DISCOVERING THE "SPIRITS," AT NO. 89 —— STREET, N. Y.

for a while, subject to be called in again if Mr. Garretson thought best.

Several days, and finally three weeks passed, before I was again called. Meanwhile this case was constantly on my mind, no matter how busily I was employed with other matters, some of which were almost as difficult of solution as this. I could not yet come to any conclusion; but I had resolved, that if I should be called in again, what course to pursue. At the end of three weeks Mr. G. called on me, and said that the "spirits" were again at work; had visited the house the night before, and carried off several things, this time having evidently tried to carry away some chairs, for they found two of the parlor chairs in the basement hall, standing against the door. This was rather too much for my credulity, that "spirits" should do these things, and I went that night to Mr. G.'s with the determined purpose of meeting the "spirits" in the operation of carrying off chairs, etc., for I concluded I could see the furniture if the spirits were indeed invisible. The room I had before was given me, and the household retired, — I giving them no clew to the course I intended to pursue. The dog was chained as before, and I had taken quiet notice of the location of everything in the parlors, and had visited the kitchen (from which things were frequently taken, even loaves of bread, for which I suspected the "spirits" had no use), and taken notes there. I had visited the dog in company with Mrs. G., and gotten into his good graces as well as I could, and made him familiar with my voice.

The family retired, and so did I, but not to sleep. In a half hour after going to my room, there being no light in the house this night, I took a dark lantern I had secretly brought with me, and taking off my boots, tripped down into the parlors, out of one of which, in the somewhat old-fashioned house, opened a closet with shelves in it, at the top, but with room enough for me to sit comfortably in it upon an ottoman, which I placed there, and with the door slight-

ly ajar, there I sat. Of course I was well armed for any emergency, and my purpose was to shoot anything like a "spirit" I might find prowling about, provided I could get "sight" of the wretch. There I remained for two hours and over, when, about half after one o'clock in the morning I heard something like a person's stumbling against a chair. I listened intently, and heard something moving very stealthily. There was no light in the room, and so cocking my trusty pistol, and holding it in my right hand, I with the other brought out from its concealment my dark lantern, and threw its full blaze into the room, and there, to my astonishment, I found a person in a night-gown, with a sort of tunic over it. The size indicated Mrs. G., and I was just about to apologize to her, when she turned about, and I saw that her eyes were closed. There was a very peculiar and cunning look in her face, and she concealed in her tunic a pair of opera glasses, and other small things, which she took from the *étagères* in the corner of the room. It flashed upon my mind at once, of course, that Mrs. G. was the troublesome "spirit" I was seeking, and I immediately turned the veil upon my lamp, fearing that the light might disturb her operations, and awaken her; for I suspected at once that she was in a state of partial sleep, and was, in short, a somnambulist; and when in the condition of one, affected with the desire to conceal things; romancing, in short, in her dreams. I resolved to follow her, to see what disposition she would make of her prizes; and so, when I concluded she had gotten to the other side of the room, I brought out my lantern again, and discovered her tripping lightly to the hall stairs, and I slowly and softly followed. Up stairs she went, and up another flight, and finally ascended the attic stairs. I followed, as near as I could, without disturbing her, and with my light got the opportunity of seeing her open the big Dutch chest, of which I have spoken before. She unlocked it, and I waited no longer, but went down to my room, and stood within the door of it waiting for her to

return. She came down after some ten minutes had passed, as stealthily and softly as she had gone up, and there was playing upon her face, which my light partly turned on revealed, that same covert smile. She passed on to her bed-room door which was open, and must have glided around the screen, which stood within the doorway, and lay down.

I withdrew to my room, locked the door, and went to bed, and slept more soundly than I had done for three nights before, — the solace which comes to mental anxiety is so much more soothing than the balm which heals only physical pains. Breakfast was called at a late hour next morning, and I felt perfectly refreshed from my sleep, and was in one of my jolliest moods; and when I announced at table that I had, I thought (as I cautiously said), fully solved the mystery, — had seen the "spirits," and knew all about the matter, — there was no little astonishment expressed all around the board. But I got the family in a joking mood, and held them in suspense — in half doubts. Mrs. G. was the liveliest of all, and said they could never be grateful enough to me, never could pay me enough for what I had done, if I had really scented out the culprits. They asked me all sorts of questions; but I was not ready to explain, for I was in doubt what was the best course, — whether I should tell the mother alone, or the father, or both, or all.

At last I decided upon a course, which was, to get the daughters and mother away from the house on some errand; to tell the father, and with him make search of the chest, and every other conceivable hiding-place in the house, which thing, — the sending off of the mother and daughters, — was readily accomplished after I had slyly taken the father to my room, when the ladies were occupied with their cares and pleasures, and told him that I wished he would ask no questions why, but that I desired he would send out his family.

Fortunately they were projecting a visit that day to

some friends in a distant part of the city, and the old gentleman encouraged it; and finally ordered out his carriage, and sent them off with the driver, in great glee, in their expectancy of "the great revelation when we get home," as the spiritualistic daughter expressed it.

They had not gotten well away before I asked the father to hunt up whatever keys he could find in the house; and he was not long in finding two or three bunches, and several other single ones besides, and, without explaining anything, I told him to follow me, and proceeded at once to the attic. A half dozen trials of the keys resulted in the chest's yielding up its deposits. There we found all sorts of things secreted away in old boxes placed within the chest, and all covered with a blanket, and over all this small piles of time-old newspapers, brown and faded. The chest was very capacious, and contained a great deal of the silver ware that had been taken, valuable little articles of *virtu;* a large quantity of jewelry, and all sorts of small things which are ordinarily to be found in the houses of wealthy people. These were all nicely laid away. Considerable order was observed in their arrangement, which accounted for the hours of solitary comfort which Mrs. G. told me, on the first visit to the attic, that she spent there among the old mementos of the past. But when we had gotten everything out of the chest, Mr. G. called to mind many things which had been missed, which were not found there; so we made the most scrupulous search into old trunks, and other things in the attic, without much avail, finding a few things, however. At last, in removing some old boxes which stood atop of each other, and against the chief chimney running through the attic, we came across a fireplace, which Mr. G. said he had forgotten all about. Long years before the house had been extended into the rear yard (for it was a corner house), by a small "L," in which the servants were provided with rooms. Prior to that some of them had occupied a room done off in the attic, the board partitions of which had been removed. It

was then this fireplace was in use. A sheet-iron "fire-board" closed it up, and was held in place by a button. As I took hold of the button, and found it moved easily, I said to Mr. G., "We shall find treasures here;" and we did. It was quite full of household things; and here we found some of the largest pieces of silver ware that had been lost. A full tea-service, etc., together with a large roll of bank bills, and five bills of old "Continental scrip," the loss of which Mr. G. had mourned as much as that of almost all the rest, for they were pieces which Alexander Hamilton had given to Mr. G.'s father, upon a certain occasion notable in the history of the latter, and bore General Hamilton's initials in his own hand.

We continued our search, and found other things, which it is needless to specify. Then Mr. G. and I held a "council of war" as to what was to be next done. We concluded that the servants must not be allowed to know anything about the matter, and we had not concluded whether the daughters were to be let into the secret or not. This was after I had told Mr. G. of my solution of the matter, which I had kept secret from him until we came to consider what was to be done with the things. At first we thought we would at once carry them all to his bedroom, and place them in a large closet there. But finally Mr. G. thought it would be more satisfying to see his wife operate, himself; and we put back the things as well as we could, and went down. It was arranged that I should come back that night to watch further, and that Mr. G. should tell the family that I wished to make more investigations, and that I was not quite satisfied after all; which he did. That night I returned, kept excellent watch, and Mrs. G., as fate would have it, left her room, and went prowling about as before. At the proper time I entered Mr. G.'s room, and awakened him; and, drawing on his pantaloons, and wrapping himself in a cloak, he followed me, and watched his wife's manœuvres to his satisfaction, and retired, before she had concluded her work.

The next day, at breakfast, the family rallied me about the things missed the night before, Mr. G. joining in the badgering, jokingly. I played the part of a defeated man, half covered with shame; and before noon Mr. G. had the family out to ride again. We hastily gathered up all the lost and found treasures, and placed them in a large closet in Mr. G.'s bedroom; he having made up his mind to give his wife, by herself, a great surprise, and then tell her what he had seen, and consult her feelings as to whether the children were to ever know how the things were gotten back, or not.

He was anxious to have me wait till she came; and we managed, without exciting the suspicion of the girls, to get together in the bedroom, where Mr. G. opened the door of the closet, first cautioning Mrs. G. to make no loud exclamation, and there revealed the lost treasures.

"See what the 'spirits' have brought back to us?" said he. "Mr. —— is the best 'medium for business' in the city. We must give him a certificate;" and the old man "rattled away" with his jokes, while Mrs. G. looked on with astonishment and delight.

"You must tell me all about it," said she. "How *did* you find these things? Who brought them? Who is the thief? How did he get in the house? Does he come down chimney?" and a host of other questions.

"I'll tell you all about it to-night," said Mr. G. "It is a long story; but first the girls must be called to see the lost treasures now restored." And the daughters were called up. To their queries, uttered amidst the profoundest astonishment, as to how, and when, etc., the treasures were brought back, and who was the thief, and if it was some Catholic, who had disgorged the stolen goods through the confessional, Mr. G. only answered, slyly winking at the spiritualistic daughter, "It was through the means of a first-rate 'medium' that the things were restored."

"There, there," said the daughter, too serious to under-

stand her father's irony, "I could have told you so. What do you think now of spiritualism, father?"

"O, I don't know," said he in reply. "There *are* a great many strange things in the world, that's a fact." But he would not promise to ever tell them how the things got back, and the ladies went to assorting them, and commenting on each article. It was a novel sight to see the eagerness with which they grasped at this or that article as it turned up,— the long-lost treasures found.

I left the house duly that day, and I understood from Mr. G., who called on me three or four days after, that when he told his wife that night what he had seen, and how she looked, and so forth, when moving about so slyly, that she had a "great crying spell" over it, and did not wish the daughters to be informed of the secret state of things; and that for fear the somnambulistic state should come upon her again, she tied her arm or foot to the bedstead, in order to be awakened if she should attempt to get out of bed. But she had had no more attacks of the disease.

"Perhaps her severe crying broke it," said he.

I made many inquiries of Mr. G. about his wife's habits in life, her general health, her peculiar troubles, if she had any, by way of resolving this mystery of the kleptomania connected with the somnambulism; and from all I could learn, I believe that she was one of the most conscientious and best of mortals in her normal state, and I was led to believe that the kleptomania, if not the somnambulism, was caused by diseases, though slight ones, peculiar to the female sex; but why these came on so late in life, (for Mrs. Garretson was sixty-three years old,) I cannot conceive, but leave that for the doctors to decide.

THE SORCERESS' TRICK, AND HOW SHE WAS CAUGHT.

CLASSIFICATION OF MEN — THE SUPERSTITIOUS ELEMENT IN MAN — THE OLD CULTS CONTINUED IN THE NEW — FIRE WORSHIP — THE SORCERERS — MY LEGAL FRIEND'S STORY A LAUGHABLE ONE INDEED — THE DESPONDENT OLD MAID, THOUGH ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED — AN AUNT ARRIVES IN "THE NICK OF TIME" — THEY HUNT UP A FORTUNE-TELLER — MRS. SEYMOUR, THE SORCERESS, AND HER PRETTY LITTLE "ORATORY" — THE "PRIE-DIEU" — THE OLD MAID MARRIES — MRS. SEYMOUR'S PLAN FOR INSURING THE AFFECTION OF HUSBANDS — HER POWERS AS A CHARMER — THE SACRED BOX AND ITS FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS CONTENTS — MRS. SEYMOUR IS LOST SIGHT OF — SEARCH FOR HER IN BROOKLYN AND AT BOSTON — THE CHARMED BOX OPENED BY MR. AND MRS. ——, AND THE CONTENTS FOUND TO HAVE CHANGED FORM MATERIALLY — MY LEGAL FRIEND AND I LOOK AFTER MATTERS — A PORTION OF THE TRANSFORMED VALUABLES FOUND — A MRS. BRADLEY, A "MEDIUM" IN BOSTON, PROVES TO BE THE IDENTICAL MRS. SEYMOUR — THE HIGH-TONED DEVOTEES OF BOSTON — SUDDEN PROCEEDINGS TAKEN — MRS. SEYMOUR AND HER HUSBAND COME TO TERMS — RESULTS — RESPECTABLE VICTIMS OF THE SORCERERS NUMEROUS — THE DUPES IN THE "ATHENS OF AMERICA."

WHAT the human race might have become without the love of the mysterious or marvellous in its composition, would be a pretty subject of speculation for the philosophers, but one which human genius will prove perhaps ever unable to solve. There are three classes of human beings, — or so I am apt to divide them in my "philosophy," — the good, and in different degrees, sensible; the crafty; and the simple and weak, neither positively good or bad. These latter two divisions comprehend the vast majority of mankind, made so, to a great extent, by the institutions which the race has, in its ignorance, wrought out for itself, and by which it is constantly cursed, until one by one it

outgrows, along the course of the ages, these outrages upon itself, which itself has imposed. This process of outgrowing we call *progress*, and so it is, perhaps; but it would be more satisfactory progress if, when it overrides or abates one wrong or malicious incumbrance upon a race, it could or would also avoid the establishment of another equally bad. The love of the mysterious is, to a great extent, the religious element in man. Some writers hold that it is such to the full extent; but I am not about to decide that, even for myself alone, much less for others. True it is, however, that in all historic time this element, or whatever else one is pleased to call it, has been the medium through which the intellectual and tyrant forces in the race have subjected the weaker to their sway. The ancient oracles played upon the superstitious in men in the government of whole races and nations, and to-day the oracles of old are reproduced among us in a thousand ways, and the religions of the past, in their symbolizations, exist among us, and exert their influence, almost unconsciously to the masses.

For example. That beautiful cult, or religion of old, — sun-worship, — is traceable in modern institutions, and the old fire-worship, so wondrous, still lives in that word Purity (from the Greek word *pur*, fire), which is the expression of our highest or deepest sense of all that is morally perfect; and in the very steeples of our churches is the old fire-worship symbolized; for the steeple is but a representation of the old obelisks, which were themselves but symbols of the tall shafts of fire which shot up from the top of some mountain, like Sinai, when the worshippers built thereon the vast *bon*-fires, — or good, i. e., *holy*, — fires to which the vast assemblages poured forth their devotions. And in even the names of the days of the week we preserve the memories of the old superstitions, and to some extent the superstitions themselves — Sun-day, day devoted to the worship of the sun, and so on. In Thurs-day, or Thor's-day, we are kept in mind of the old

Scandinavian god, as potent in the estimation of his worshippers as the Jehovah of the Hebrews was to them, though a somewhat different character.

Through all grades, and shades, and degrees the superstitious element of to-day finds itself fed. The sublime and the ridiculous still exists as of old, and the advertising columns of the public journals tell but too plainly and painfully of the susceptibility of the masses to the deceits and frauds to which the superstitious element in them subjects them. The sorcerers are not yet extinct, and the prophets, as good as most of those of ancient days, and magicians as expert as those whom the greater magician, Moses, outwitted, are still to be found; and I suspect these excel those of ancient times in one important, the most important art — that of money-getting. But they have an advantage over their prototypes in that they have the influence of the public journals of these days to widely proclaim themselves — to make their pretensions heard by a larger audience. I suspect that many a reader of this would be surprised to learn, could he be statistically informed, how vast is the number of the victims of modern sorcery. These are not confined to the lower orders, as many an intelligent and educated man, who has not made the special matter of remark here a study, might quite sensibly suspect. None of the conventional grades of society, whether the same be measured by money, by the education of books, or what is called "blood," or high hereditary social position, is lacking in them; and it is remarkable that the victims from the educated circles are as much more intense, generally, in their superstitions, as their superiority in other respects to the uneducated is marked and distinguished. I suppose this may be accounted for thus: Being once led into superstition, the man of letters resorts to his pride of intellect to sustain himself in it, and deepen his convictions; for although we cannot exactly believe whatever we please,—for the character of evidence must be a matter of some consideration

with us, must have weight with us, — yet when we are led on to a certain point, and have averred our belief in any absurdity, we are disposed to admit its logical consequences, however wide apart from good sense they may be.

In this narrative I have first to deal with parties of high social position — of education, and much refinement, of course, — but descended from a long line of ancestors more or less noted for their inclination to believe everything which came to them under the similitude of religion or superstition of any kind — anything which seemed to them inexplicable; anything, in other words, mysterious to them.

A lawyer of my acquaintance — in fact an old friend, who had employed me many times before, especially in the ferreting out of legal evidence in criminal matters — came one day into my office with a broad grin on his face. I was in pretty good humor, and was beguiling an hour or two, — while I was awaiting the advent of a party who I hoped would bring me some valuable news of the working of a little plot of mine in the investigation of a case, — with Dickens's Martin Chuzzlewit. Of course I was in good humor, enjoying that rare word-painter's faithful pictures of American society as he found it; and my friend, the lawyer, was of course enjoying himself, otherwise why that irresistible grin, which, in my mood, stirred me up to outright laughter as he entered?

"What's up?" I said. "Deliver yourself *instanter;* for I want to hear the fun."

"O, ho," he replied, "I've the jolliest affair to tell you of that ever occurred in the line of my experience. I am counsel, advocate, and judge in the matter, and expected to be constable, jury, and executioner, all in one; for the whole thing, involving love and lovers, 'potions and pills,' quacks, schemers, thieves, and everything else, is left in my hands, and I've come over to divide the honors with you — "

"Well, well; after your long opening, suppose you come

down to the points in the matter — 'judge,' 'executioner,' or whatever you please to call yourself in the premises."

"To begin, then, you must know that there's a part of the business which you must *not* know at present, and that is, the *names* of the people I am about to tell you of. These people occupy a very high position in society, and their case is the funniest thing in the world, considering their rank, life-time associations, and the man's official position in the world, or rather the one which he has held, — a very high one under the government. You must understand that he is old and wealthy, and that his wife is a young woman, comparatively speaking, though she had arrived at that degree of maturity before marriage which entitles a lady to the honors of an old maid. She is extremely well educated, comes of a good family, and has been a successful teacher in her day in a ladies' seminary. All things considered, she is, in the general way, rather the superior of her husband. This much to begin with, to give you a sort of inkling of how extraordinary the case is; for if they were simply a couple of fools, or ordinary people, the matter wouldn't have any spice in it."

"Well," I broke in as he paused, "go on, and satisfy my curiosity, counsellor, now that you've whetted it up."

"Be patient," said he, "and I will, but I am always choked with the comicality of the affair when I picture it to myself; and I was only stopping to gather a little dignity, to go on reciting the serious thing to you. The parties are very rich, and it's only a matter of some five thousand dollars anyhow — a bagatelle for them. They are ugly about it, considering the way they, or rather she, was duped," — and here the lawyer fairly roared, as he slapped his hand upon his knee, over the thought of such people's being "taken in and done for" by the arts which usually prevail mostly among the ignorant. But there is no telling what the superstitious element in the mind may not lead to.

My friend went on to say, then, that about the time of the marriage of the old maid in question with the rich old man, she had, in brooding over her future, gotten it into her head in some way, that perhaps his affection, — of which she felt pretty contentedly sure for the time, however, — might wane and grow less, and she become but a slave to the old man and his money. Brooding over this, she got quite melancholy and "nervous." She really loved the old man, who was not only a man of ability and honors, but was very kind of soul. Of course, too, his great wealth was no objection to a woman who could appreciate the value of a comfortable home, or enjoy the refinements of a luxurious one.

"I would not wish to intimate," said the lawyer, "that she took this matter of wealth into consideration, even lightly; for I like to assure myself once in a while that there are to be found a few women in this populous vale of tears, who have considerations superior to the thought of wealth; and, verily, this woman *looks* to me like one of those."

But the woman got nervous. If his affection should fail, why, she would become only a prettily-dressed bird in a handsome cage, with enough to eat and drink, but without loving companionship; excluded, in fact, from the society of her old and poorer friends, and, to use a religious phrase, unhappy enough to be practically "without God in the world." She hardly dared to mention to any of her particular friends the dreadful thought that was knawing at her heart, and growing fiercer every day, for fear they would ridicule her.

"Ladies having passed a certain age are supposed to be peculiarly sensitive on matters touching love and marriage, you know," said my friend, with a very knowing wink in his eye.

No, she had no friend to pour out her soul to on the very point, of all things, the most dear to her. Her "intended" had exhibited some peculiarities of character

which she did not understand, and now, while she was brooding over her especial grief, he was naturally enough more eccentric than ever. Possibly he, too, was undergoing fears, — fears that when he grew older, and older — and he was far in advance of her in years, — that her affection would wane, and then all that would bind her to him would be his money. Perhaps he had caught her disease unconsciously. Withal the condition of things generally between them, in their silent hearts, must have been anything but pleasant to both of them. The lady prayed for light to know her duty to herself and her coming lord, — in fact, to be taught from on high whether she would be doing a wrong or not to him, to marry him, — for her fever had burned on beyond the point of simple selfishness. The great question of duty and right had seized hold of her mind, and she had become religiously morbid thereon. But one thing she thought she knew for a certainty — that she not only loved him now, but would continue to love him, always. So she reflected that she should do no wrong to him in marrying; and she finally got to the resolution that she would patiently bear his coldness and neglect, and even his tyranny, if he should display anything of the last, as a good Christian woman ought to, — and the time set for the wedding was fast drawing near. But she found this resolution of Christian fortitude under the condition of unrequited love rather more than a good human nature could bear, or ought ever to be asked to bear; and it got to be an awful burden to her, meek and lowly though she was.

As the time grew shorter before the wedding, the lady's wakeful hours at night grew longer and more burdensome, and her friends began to notice their telling effect upon her countenance, and whole constitution, in fact. Such of them as were indelicate enough (and who ever knew many ladies, especially, who are not inclined to be indelicate at times on matters of love and marriage, or rather towards those indulging the one and contemplating the other?), —

such, my friend went on to say, got to poking fun at her a little; said the condition she contemplated must be terrible, indeed, since it wore upon her so much, etc. — all of which did not seem to amend matters much.

But finally, only three or four days before the time set for the wedding, and not over an hour after her old lover had called, and rolled away in his carriage, — he having seemed very gloomy that day, too, — an old aunt of the lady came, — came from New Orleans to pass a few days with her niece, — and she found the latter in tears. She had heard of her niece's prospective marriage; and as she was a demonstrative old lady, and very sympathetic, she both pitied her niece, and spared no pains in attempting to console her, and finally won her great secret.

"La, me!" exclaimed the old aunt; "do tell — *is* that *all* that's troubling you so? Now, do take heart. I tell you we can get that sore spot fixed up, — cured in a mighty short time. I understand all about it. Fact is, I've had such an experience myself in my day, and I've known others have the like, and I got it all made right, and they did too, if there's any believin' folks; but some folks are curious creatures — that's true, Mary," (for that's the niece's first name); and she went on to tell her "as how" she didn't believe in witchcraft, or in seers, or "clair-ry-voy-ants" (as she called them), or in fortune-tellers, "either with the cards or without them," nor "in them as sees into things through crystals, and such like," as a general thing. But she did believe that some folks had a magic about them, by which they could peer into the future, and prevent things happening that might otherwise occur. She was a very garrulous old lady, it would seem, and overwhelmed her niece with instances enough, which she had "known" to prove valuable, of the mysterious "power of some people," to establish a general rule in favor of all seers' pretensions.

The niece was just in the mood to believe in anything that seemed likely to bring her any relief, and asked her aunt for her advice in the premises, which was given, of

course, and was to the effect that they should find out a *good* fortune-teller, and visit her next day. But the time was short, and they had no acquaintances of whom they could inquire. The aunt sighed deeply over the fact that New Orleans was so far off; "for if it wasn't, we would go and visit old Aunt Betsy" — an aged negro woman — "right off. She's always sure and certain. I've tried her a hundred times."

"What, aunt! a hundred times?" asked Mary.

"Yes, yes, a full hundred times."

"Why, aunt, then I am afraid you do believe in fortune-tellers."

"No, no; I don't. I told you that I don't, generally speaking; but Aunt Betsy is a wonder, if she *is* black. *She* ain't any the worse for that, I tell you, no matter what the rest of the blacks are."

Any one acquainted with the character of the people, who, at the South, put their trust in prophetic old negroes and negresses, need no further hint as to the superstitious character of Mary's aunt. They are a peculiar class, the like of whom is not to be found in all the world besides. They are weaker than the idolaters of the East, and are generally a sensuous, if not sensual, class, they who worship these old negroes, and there are a great many of them. The aunt was not only superstitious, but enthusiastic — one of those magnetic creatures, who, at times, exercise a good deal of influence — a sort of "psychologic" power over others; and in Mary's state of mind, she was not much disposed to resist the aunt's advisory suggestions. She needed sympathy at the time, and was willing to accept it in whatever form presented.

With no one to inquire of as to a "successful fortune-teller," the aunt and Mary consulted the newspapers, determining to select among the advertisements the name of the "medium," or "sight-seer," or "clairvoyant," or what not, who appeared to reside in the most respectable quarters; and they were not long in determining, through

the columns of the Herald, upon a Mrs. Seymour, then residing in Grand Street. This "Mrs. Seymour" was the wife of a crafty Irishman, of much intelligence, and extremely good address, by the name of Brady. This man was capable of concocting dark designs; and although his wife was also a cunning person, and was not lacking in real skill and strategy, yet it was generally supposed, as I learned on investigating this case, that he was the subtle "power behind the throne" when any great cheat or curious deviltry was performed by her. But she was a "canny" woman, after all, and as mild and attractive, when she pleased to be, as she was sharp and unscrupulous. Long experience had given her great facility in necromantic arts, and the smoothness of her tongue was something remarkable. It is supposed by most people, who are unacquainted with these sorcerers, that they are both illiterate and unintelligent. They are usually ignorant of books; but they are by no means lacking in intelligence, cultivated and sharpened by a discipline which books can hardly give.

"Mrs. Seymour" was the assumed name of the wife — her advertising *sobriquet* — a name well chosen, since, unlike her real name, it did not suggest her Irish origin, and therefore forbid Irish servant girls from visiting her, and leaving with her a dollar or two dollars a time for advice on the subject of their lovers, marriages, or a "new place" to work. The Irish in this country, at least, have no respect for sorcerers of Irish birth. The name, too, sounds not unaristocratic; something substantial about it; has not the appearance of being assumed, like those of "Madame Leclerque," "Madame Duponleau," and other high-sounding aliases of some fat, dumpy English or Welsh woman, or some dark weazen-faced Polish hag, whose real name is perhaps Johnson, Jones, or Thomascowitch.

"Mrs. Seymour" was a middle-sized woman, not ugly of features, not handsome, with a sort of mobile face, which could easily assume any expression which her sub-

tle, crafty mind might suggest. Her house was a decent abode, pretty well furnished; and, in this respect, far above the character of the houses which most "mediums" and fortune-tellers inhabit, presenting a cosy, inviting appearance in the parlor. Mr. Brady, a man of wholesome face and good address, was usually at home to aid in entertaining visitors, especially ladies, who called upon "Mrs. Seymour" professionally.

To "Mrs. Seymour" went the aunt and Mary, and at first had a "sitting" with her, in order to test her capacity at fortune-telling. On entering the house, they had first encountered the shrewd Mr. Brady, who probably at once suspected that the younger woman was revolving matrimonial matters in her mind, and having opportunity to speak with his wife in private before she entered the room, told her, probably, his suspicions. At all events, Mrs. Seymour had hardly sitten down, and thrown herself into her accustomed trance, before she told Mary that she had come there upon a question of marriage, and that there were troubles in the way, and invited her to free her mind. The simple-hearted Mary and the credulous aunt were taken aback at once by Mrs. Seymour's sudden approach to the very subject on their minds, and the aunt exclaimed, "There, Mary, I told you so!"

The ladies did "free their minds" immediately, and Mrs. Seymour begged to be excused for a few moments. She said it was a case involving nice points, and she wished to act cautiously; that in cases of the kind, where the happiness of parties hung for life upon a decision which must be so soon made, she was in the habit of taking counsel of her "heavenly Father," and in her private oratory to approach him in prayer. She started from the room, and then suddenly returned, and said, "Ladies, perhaps you would like to see a beautiful '*prie-dieu*,' which I have in my oratory; a beautiful present to me by the Duke of Argyle, when I was visiting Scotland, in honor of a successful clairvoyant discovery which, with

the help of Almighty God, I was enabled to make for him."

The ladies followed her up to the little "hall bedroom," so customary in certain New York houses, and which was quite neatly fitted up. There was the *prie-dieu* — a thing which these ladies had never seen, or indeed heard of before. They asked "Mrs. Seymour" what it was for; and she explained to them that it was a chair to pray in, and showed them how to kneel and sit, and where to put the prayer-book.

Duly they withdrew, greatly edified by the pious, good lady's conduct, while she tarried for a while to "pray," and came down at last to the parlor with a very saintly countenance on — quite "illumined" in fact. She had been inspired with counsel how Mary was to proceed with her coming husband, in order to increase and secure forever his love. Mrs. Seymour had learned all she needed to know from Mary's full confession, spiced with suggestions by the garrulous aunt.

She had learned that Mary's coming husband was very rich; and she began by saying, that on entering into married life, any great disparities between the parties — in riches, age, accomplishments, etc. — were apt to prove disastrous in the end. The rich husband, for example, would taunt his poor wife sometimes with her poverty, and the young wife might throw the fact of age and infirmity in the face of her old husband, or either accuse the other of ignorance. All these things would bring severe troubles in the end. But the greatest trouble frequently came from disparity in social position — where a man or woman of high station had married a partner of low station. In this case she was glad to see that this trouble would not exist. The parties were of equal rank in respectability and social surroundings. The husband's great riches were the only thing to fear. Better marry a poor husband, and plod on with him, and make one's own fortune, than marry a rich man whose love might soon cool.

There would come a domestic hell between the parties: among low people, quarrelling, and absolute fighting, now and then; among people of higher grade, a genteel indifference, — no ugly words, but cold, cruel demeanor, etc., — worse, a great deal, than actual physical violence through which the angry passions would exhaust themselves, and after which repentance and "making up" were frequent. But in the other case, — in the higher grade, — no such thing would occur as "making up," and the most luxuriant home would become a prison, or a grave rather, of the affections — a horrible life to lead, out of which there was no escape for parties who valued public opinion, or who, as in the case of a dependent wife, had no haven of peace to resort to, no means of support — and much more said Mrs. Seymour, in her grave, effective way.

So solemn was she that the timid, fearful Mary cried, and the old aunt became all of a tremor, and poured forth torrents of caressing words upon poor Mary. But Mrs. Seymour relieved their distress to great extent, by informing them that when at prayer, the "dear Almighty God" (to use her own expression) had favored her with a vision, which she had interpreted. There were many ways, she said, to preserve a husband's or wife's love. All these ways were well known to the scientific. They were always effective, were these various means, when properly applied. She could have told them at once, without resorting to counsel with her "heavenly Father," of what would probably be effective in this case; but she was glad she had resorted to prayer first, because, although she would have taken very much the same course pointed out in the vision, yet she might not have been so thorough in her counsel, and would not have felt such certainty or confidence in it. The ladies lifted up their hands again, and hung with confiding delight, and with believing smiles upon their faces, upon every word Mrs. Seymour uttered. She told them, that in answer to her prayer, she saw a group of angels descending from the heavens. They wore

beautiful robes of various colors. Here she stopped to tell them that it was a popular fallacy to suppose that the angels all wore white robes; that such a uniform would be inconsistent with Nature's usual course; that the God of Nature loved variety, — infinite variety, — and therefore he had exemplified it all through his works. The ladies were delighted with Mrs. Seymour's eloquent words, and she went on to tell them that she saw these angels decorating each other with amulets, and souvenirs, and ornaments of all kinds, beautiful brilliants more dazzling than earthly diamonds, etc., and she noticed that each ornament was blessed by a beautiful priestess before it was passed from one angel to the other, and when the latter assumed it she observed that his or her face lighted up with a new and glorious expression of love for the gems; that these angels were of apparently different degrees of age, which suited Mary to hear, of course.

Thus Mrs. Seymour went on with her pious rigmarole, which she managed, by her cunning imagination, to make very charming, and finally said that, though the vision was easy enough of interpretation, yet, in this case of great importance, she had prayed for an interpretation, and was at once "impressed" with this solution. It would be wise for Mary, she said, to put off all care from her mind, from the present moment, with the belief that she should be happy with her husband, as would be the case if she followed the advice; she would retain his love forever. Marry him on the day appointed, be cheerful and kind, and have no unpleasant forebodings, as she need have none, and then, as fast as she could collect together all valuables which he had been in the habit of wearing on his person, as ornaments, or carrying in his pocket, such as watches, jewelry of all kinds, especially of the rich kinds, such as diamonds, and all the money which he had *actually handled* (for it was necessary, she said, that he must have touched it, and it would not do for her to get a draft from him, and go to the bank and draw it herself, unless she

should afterwards put it in his hands, and naivèly ask him to count it for her), — all these things she was to get, and the more of them and the greater their value, the surer would be the spell which was to be worked. These things, as she procured them, she was from time to time to bring to Mrs. Seymour, who would operate with them as in the vision directed. The lady would then take them home and put them in a box, and then Mrs. Seymour would visit her house and charm the whole box, which the lady would keep, for a few weeks, as near herself as she could all the while without inconvenience, and the spell would thus be worked. The ladies looked in wonder, and believed. Mrs. Seymour charged them fifty dollars for her counsel; but the ladies not chancing to have so much in their purses, she consented to take twenty-five then, and wait till after the marriage, and when Mary should bring the first article to be charmed, for the other twenty-five dollars. This was all fair, and pleased the ladies, who went away happy, it seems.

The marriage took place. The old man having some estates in Canada, which needed looking after, made his bridal tour in the now Dominion of Canada; and with Quebec as his central point, travelled about the province for some three weeks, with his new wife.

He was very happy, and so was Mary. They returned to New York duly, and in the course of a few weeks Mary, now Mrs. Mary ——, visited Mrs. Seymour, with her first batch of articles to be charmed. These were a watch, a very elegant one, profusely ornamented with diamonds, which had belonged to the old gentleman's former wife, but which Mrs. Mary had discovered that he had sometimes carried, and a large diamond ring which he had once worn, but which, on account of an injury to the finger which it fitted, he had laid aside, with some trinkets of value. Taking these to her "oratory," Mrs. Seymour pretended to have charmed them, and then brought them back to Mrs. Mary, and told her to get a box of suitable size, and place

them in it, also the other things that she should bring, to get them charmed. While Mrs. Mary was consulting with her in regard to the box she should get, Mrs. Seymour happened to think of one which she had, and which she would as lief give to Mrs. Mary as not, and she went to her side-board drawer and brought a little square-shaped enamelled *papier-maché* box, neat, but cheap; she said this would do, and it could be sealed so easily when it should be filled. Mrs. Mary wished to pay her for it, but Mrs. Seymour would not allow her to do so; and the box, with the watch, etc., in it, went off with Mrs. Mary, who had paid Mrs. Seymour the other twenty-five dollars. Mrs. Mary followed Mrs. Seymour's counsels as speedily as she could, and was soon at the latter's house with the other matters of jewelry, this time bringing a very valuable brooch, which was once the property of the former wife; and Mrs. Mary had a piece of her own cunning to tell Mrs. Seymour.

In order that the brooch might come under the rule of having been worn on the person of the husband, she had pinned it on to his night-shirt when he was asleep, and laid awake and watched it there for an hour or more. Mrs. Seymour rewarded this piece of stratagem with her august approval, and told Mrs. Mary that it would do just as well to lay the things under his pillow, and if she found anything more which he had not worn, to put it there. She suggested that whole sets of silver spoons could be placed there at any time; which was a happy thought for Mrs. Mary, who wished to get all the value she could into the box, and she told Mrs. Seymour that there was in the house, but never used, a set of gold spoons, a present from some of her husband's rich relatives. In time these were in the box. But to make the matter sure as to value, Mrs. Mary begged of her husband the sum of two thousand dollars one day, when he had sold a piece of real estate in Brooklyn, and realized some ten thousand dollars advance over cost. This money was charmed and

put into the box, and finally Mrs. Seymour was slyly taken in a carriage to the house by Mrs. Mary, in order to put on the finishing stroke, and seal up the box. She took her wax and a peculiar seal with her; and Mrs. Mary and she, being duly closeted, the box was nicely sealed up, with all the valuables in it, money and all, amounting to about five thousand dollars. Mrs. Seymour then wished to be left alone in the room for a few moments, while she prayed, and invoked a peculiar charm on the box. Mrs. Mary, of course, consented. Presently Mrs. Seymour came out of the room, handed her the box, and went with her to the bedroom to see it properly deposited in its hiding-place, — all this while the gentleman was growing better and better, kinder and kinder, to his wife; and he was "splendid" to begin with, she said. But this increased affection was attributed to the charms. What would it not become if these remained near her there in the box for two months, as Mrs. Seymour directed?

After two months, Mrs. Seymour would call, if Mrs. Mary had no occasion to call her before, which she was to do, if her husband showed any signs of failing affection, and would then open the box for Mrs. Mary; for it was necessary, as a part of the work, that she should open the box in such a way as not to break the spell. The two months went past, and Mrs. Seymour did not call. Mrs. Mary sent for her to come, but found that she had left that house — gone to Brooklyn to live, somewhere. She tried to hunt her up, but unavailingly; at last, after some three months and a half had passed, she heard she was in Boston, and Mrs. Mary made an errand on there, her indulgent husband accompanying her, and there she privately sought for Mrs. Seymour. But she could not find her, and so let matters rest. But, eventually, her husband telling some relative visiting him, about the gold spoons, and seeking them to show him, failed to find them; and Mrs. Mary got very nervous over it, and at last told him that they were not stolen, as he suspected, but where they

were; and after much mental struggle, told him how they came there. He was delighted with her great desire to preserve his love, for it was a most genuine case of deep affection on his part; but he gently laughed at her, nevertheless, and declared that Mrs. Seymour was a great cheat; that she had, by her chicanery, won the fifty dollars; "and she found you and your aunt such easy disciples," said he, "the great wonder is, that she did not abstract more money from you. But we'll open the box now, and get the spoons, and you'll do what you please with the rest;" and they opened the box, breaking the peculiar seals, and found —— nothing but a few small stones and bits of iron, done up in cotton-wool, to keep them from rattling, and weighing, perhaps, as much as the contents supposed to be there.

It was evident then to the old gentleman, that the woman must have brought a box with her on her last visit to the house, a fac-simile of the one which Mrs. Mary had filled with valuables and money. The things were of such a nature, that the old gentleman said it was of no use to try to hunt up Mrs. Seymour and get them back. She would deny all; besides, there was the risk of his wife's being exposed in her foolish credulity, and he wouldn't have that known for ten times the value of the property lost, he said. So they agreed to let it pass.

But the thing preyed on Mary's mind. She wrote to her aunt, — who had then gone away, — a doleful story, and upbraided her partly for her connection in the matter. The poor old aunt was sadly affected, and insisted that some step ought to be taken to find Mrs. Seymour, and to punish her; and Mary felt so too, and talked about it till the old gentleman thought he would take some step about it, and he consulted me. I have devised some plans; but they are good for nothing, and I've come over to tell you the funny story, and see what you think of it."

Such was the substance of the lawyer's tale; and we had a good laugh over it, and contrived together what might be done. I told him it was a hopeless case, pretty

much, unless we could find Mrs. Seymour, and these things in her possession, which it was absurd to expect, unless, by inquiring of the parties who suffered the loss, I could learn more about the things taken. We both resolved that the watch was too valuable to be destroyed, and there might be other things saved, and sold, perhaps, here and there. Accident might give a clew to the whereabouts of Mrs. Seymour and the things.

The lawyer visited the parties, and got their consent to take me into the case, and I visited them — learned what things were taken; examined the box, and found on it a peculiar mark, which I copied exactly; and I also got an accurate description of the watch, with the maker's name, the number of the watch, and so forth. This was a superb affair for a lady's watch, and was worth, at least, with its chain and diamonds, eight hundred dollars. I concluded that it was not probably destroyed. It had perhaps been sold or pawned; and I made close search in many jewelers' establishments and pawn shops for it in New York, and not finding it, advertised for it in the Boston and Philadelphia papers, stating that the subscriber had such and such a watch, and would give a thousand dollars for its mate, "No. 1230," if in good condition, and added that it was known to be in this country. I signed "Henry Romaine Brown, Agent for the Earl of Derby," and made an address in Liverpool, England, and in New York. The object of this the reader can readily see. I soon got a letter from Baltimore, and in consequence found the watch. It had passed through several hands to the owner, the wife of a Mr. Hurlbut, a large merchant. He had answered the advertisement out of respect to the Earl of Derby(!), with no suspicion whatever that the watch had been stolen. Mr. Hurlbut required the property to be thoroughly proven as that of the old gentleman in New York, which it was fortunately easy to do, as the bill of it from the importing house had been saved. Still it was necessary to prove the theft, for it might have been sold;

and here was a chance for a lawsuit, which the New York man did not want.

But Mr. Hurlbut was willing to advance some money, while he held on to the watch, to ferret out Mrs. Seymour. "Perhaps she could settle the matter, or had some relatives who could," he said. My client, too, took courage, and resolved to spend some money in the matter, and I went to work to find Mrs. Seymour. Meanwhile, through the peculiar mark on the bottom of the box, I managed to find out where Mrs. Seymour had purchased it, and learned, as I supposed before, that she had bought two on the same occasion; and, fortunately, I found that she had, when selecting the boxes, occupied a good deal of time, giving the clerk a great deal of vexation, and he felt sure he should know her. Besides, she had offered a counterfeit bill in payment for them; and when informed that the bill was bad, had declared her surprise, and rummaged her purse for good money, without finding enough into twenty-five cents, which she said she would call and pay next day, and so was allowed to take away the boxes. So the clerk thought he should surely know her, although the lady did not call the next day. I tracked Mrs. Seymour from her place in Grand Street, where her sign still remained, and business was carried on by a younger medium, who assumed her name, and divided the spoils with her, probably, over to Brooklyn, down to Philadelphia, where she sold the watch, and up to Boston.

Brady, her husband, had gone the rounds with her. I searched every possible place in Boston, and engaged a detective there. I had been able to secure several photographs of the woman, and of her husband, in New York; and with one of these, the Boston detective was able to make her out, he thought, one day. He followed the woman, and at last abandoned the "game," when he found that she was in company with people of high character, and entered with them one of the finest residences in Vernon Street; and, moreover, was told by a servant of the

house that she was a Mrs. "*Bradley*," from Portland, Me. He concluded that he was mistaken. We finally learned Brady was not like "Seymour," an assumed name, and that the husband had wealthy relatives in Boston; and then conceiving that the detective might not have been mistaken in supposing he recognized "Mrs. Seymour," we laid seige to the Vernon Street house, till we satisfied ourselves that "Mrs. Bradley" and "Mrs. Seymour" were one and the same. But how did she get there? Boston is full of people, in high rank, who are spiritualists, and who keep "mediums" for themselves, and do not visit the advertising mediums, to be found there in such numbers, even to this day.

We traced Brady out too, and found him a chief clerk in a house on Washington Street, in which his brother was a partner. My friend, the detective, made his acquaintance, and managed to learn from him that he was worth several thousand dollars. He had two building lots in New York, which he had bought for a song, some four years before, but which would be worth, he said, fifty thousand dollars in less than ten years. My friend, the detective, wished to buy these, and they got on such good terms that Brady, in the course of a few days, accepted his invitation to "go down to York," on his, the detective's, expense, and when there showed him the lots, and told him confidentially that they stood in his wife's name, as he had failed in business some years before.

We thought we had enough materials together to commence the attack, and my friend, the lawyer, managed to bring a suit in such a way that the building lots were attached, and then wrote me at Boston to "go ahead." I proceeded at once to the house in Vernon Street, and inquired for Mrs. Bradley. She had, meanwhile, moved her quarters to the residence of a distinguished clerical gentleman in Hancock Street, whose wife was a spiritualist, and a "medium" besides. I called upon Mrs. Bradley there, and having a private "seance" with her as a "medium,"

until I thought I had studied her enough, told her that I was very much pleased with the communication she had brought me from my "deceased wife" (who was then living in New York, one of the healthiest and jolliest women in the land, and likely to live, perhaps, till the "spirits" are all dead); and that now I had a communication to make to her; and that I did not wish to disturb her peace, or expose her conduct in life, and should not do so if she kept quiet. She wanted to know "what in the name of goodness" I talked to her in that way for. I told her it wasn't I that was talking, that I was only the "medium" through whom Mrs. Mary —— (using the full name now), of New York, was speaking, and that she had come to ask her what she did with that little charm box, and its contents, for which she substituted the box of stones and iron.

"Mrs. Bradley," *alias* "Seymour," turned pale as a sheet, and *tried* to swoon. She was a little too quick in the play, and hadn't declared, as her true rôle was, that she didn't know what I meant; so she waked up, and declared it; and I told her to be tranquil; that we had got the property all attached; knew where the watch was, and had her properly identified on the day she bought the *two* boxes at such and such a store. I looked her calmly in the eye while I said this; and she was not at a loss to discover that I knew what I was saying.

"Now madam," said I, "all that we want is, that you save us the trouble and time of a suit. We shall arrest you, and have you taken to New York, and tried criminally, as well as prosecute the civil suit, unless you are willing to settle the matter quietly; and I can't give you any time. An officer is awaiting my call close by here;" (indeed, he was in the porch of the house at the time) "and unless you are willing to get your bonnet and shawl, and accompany me at once to Mr. Brady, and settle this matter, we will arrest you, and take you where you'll be kept safe till we get a requisition for you from the governor of New York."

"Mrs. Seymour" had had, as I knew before, more or less to do with legal matters, and she saw the force of things at once. She accompanied me to the store where her husband was engaged, the officer following at a proper distance; and I managed to cool the husband's assumed wrath when I came to tell him of the charges against her, he asseverating her virtue and innocence in terms that savored of Milesian profanity.

"Mr. Brady," said I, "I am glad to see a man so brave a champion of his wife; but you are only making matters worse. *She* don't deny the charges; the property is under attachment, and the officer is at hand, and she will be arrested in less than five minutes" (taking out my watch to look at the time), "unless you cool down and come to terms. You, too, know all about the business, and would probably prefer to escape arrest also — wouldn't you?"

He looked at me for an instant, then at his wife, and said, —

"Well, I suppose we'll have to give in for now; but I'll carry the matter under protest, up to the United States Supreme Court before I'll be trampled on."

This boast seemed to relieve him, and we all left the store and went to my friend's, the detective's, office on Tremont Street, where the preliminaries of a settlement were entered into. The watch we wanted back at any rate; the rest of the jewelry was scattered here and there, only that Mrs. Seymour had preserved a nice string of pearls, worth some three hundred dollars. There was not much "higgling" over the estimate of value of the various articles, and the two thousand in money, of course, went in at its value. In all, the bill footed up about thirty-six hundred and fifty dollars, besides five hundred — (which was too little) — for the expenses we had been at. Suffice it that those building lots in New York changed hands soon after, "in due legal form," and that a thousand dollars in money besides left Brady's pocket, and found its way where it could pay "expenses," etc. The building

lots have sold since for far more than Brady's estimate of "fifty thousand dollars in ten years." The old gentleman and his wife Mary were delighted with my success: of course Mr. Hurlbut delivered up the watch for the price he paid for it, which it was proper he should ask, inasmuch too, as Brady had given us the money, or its equivalent for it, and more too, and Mrs. Mary said she should carry it till her dying day, "to ward off mediums and sorcerers, as the Puritans nailed horse-shoes to door-posts as protection against witches"; and I venture she's faithfully wearing it now for that purpose, and as a souvenir of the old gentleman, her good husband, who is now dead.

I was so much pleased with the cunning and skilful address of Mrs. Seymour, that I cultivated her acquaintance, and by "close study" managed to learn a good deal of her art, and came to a knowledge of the great extent to which mediums are consulted by people of the first classes; and was astonished to find how readily they fall, through the superstitious element in their composition, victims to the sorcerer's arts. It would require volumes to cite the instances which occur yearly in New York city alone. Boston is not a whit behind in this, notwithstanding she boasts herself the Athens of America; but, perhaps, she so boasts because she worships so many different idols —has as many gods as the Greek mythology embraced. In proportion to her population her dupes of superstition are more numerous than those of New York.

THE DISHONEST CLERK, AND THE FATAL SLIP OF PAPER.

IN AN UGLY MOOD WITH MYSELF — A VISIT FROM A CINCINNATIAN — A LOSS DETAILED — THE FATE OF A BANKING-HOUSE RESTING ON "COLLATERALS" STOLEN, WHICH MUST BE RECOVERED — A LAWYER FIGURES IN THE MATTER AND IS BAFFLED — THE THIEVES SPECULATING FOR A SETTLEMENT — THE SCHEME LAID FOR THEIR DETECTION — A BUSINESS VISIT TO THE BANKING-HOUSE — THE CHIEF CLERK SENT TO CHICAGO ON BUSINESS — A SEARCH REVEALING LOVE LETTERS, AND A LOVELY LITERARY LADY — ON TRACK OF MYSTERIOUS "PAPERS" — THE FATAL SLIP OF PAPER — THE WAY THE STOLEN BONDS WERE RECOVERED — THE CHIEF CLERK, AND HOW HE WAS "ENLIGHTENED" — A NOVEL AND QUIET ARREST IN A CARRIAGE — THE CLERK'S CONFEDERATE CAUGHT — THE PROPERTY RESTORED — THE SCAMPS DECAMP — THE INNOCENT LITERARY LADY'S EYES OPENED.

I WAS sitting in my office one day, meditating over a case I had had in hand to work up, for some four months, off and on. An hour before one of the parties interested in the matter, and who had furnished considerable money to press the investigation of the affair had left my office in a state of dissatisfaction, evident enough to me, although his interest compelled him to express in words his pleasure at the course I had taken, and his hope that my theory of the case would soon be worked into practical demonstration. But I fancied, nevertheless, that he had secretely resolved to abandon the matter, or to abandon me, and procure some one else to undertake the job; and I was conjuring in my mind who this might be, whom he would secure to aid him; and resolving myself into a happy state of mind that this point, namely, that he could find nobody who could or

would for the like slight encouragement I had had, undertake the affair, and into a somewhat unhappy state of mind on this other point, namely, that I had been induced to enter upon the work upon too slight amount of facts, and accusing myself of stupidity in so doing, I had resolved that I would never undertake a like case, involving so much work, with such little probability of success, for there are some things which may baffle the oldest detective's skill as surely as the simplest peasant's brain. I was in an ugly mood with myself, when there entered my office an excited looking man, who accosted me — "You are Mr. ——?"

"Yes, sir."

"The very man that worked up that case for Coe and Phillips, two years ago?"

"Yes, sir; I suppose I am *the* man," said I, emphasizing the article "the;" "but what of it, what if I did?" said I, in a mood which I was conscious was not very attractive, and with a look, I suppose, not over-enticing, for the man "hitched" unpleasantly in his chair, and seemed confused. "What of it? Why do you ask?"

He still looked disconcerted, but taking from his pocket a file of papers, carefully thumbed them over, and drew out from them a letter of introduction to me from Mr. Coe, in which Mr. Coe said that his friend had an affair on hand in which he thought I could serve him, and he had commended me to his friend.

"Ah, you are a friend of Mr. Coe? Well, I see this note is dated over a month ago. Why have you delayed to bring it to me before?"

"O, I'll explain. I live in Cincinnati, and was here on business at the time, stopping at Mr. Coe's. I told him my story, got this note from him, and intended to see you in a day or two; but a telegram called me home," — (or "telegraph message," as he said, for this was before the days when some happy genius coined the felicitous word "telegram"), and I have come again on business, and so have brought the note."

"Is it in Cincinnati that I must work, if I enter upon the matter you may have to relate to me?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so; in fact, yes, of course, for there the robbery was committed."

"O, a robbery, eh? Well, I don't think you had better tell me of it. It's too far away, and I have enough to do here; more than I wish I had of the kind which falls to my lot these days, and you can get detectives in Cincinnati who can afford to work for you cheaper than I could."

"There you are mistaken," said he; "I cannot get any detectives in Cincinnati who can do me any good. I tried the best, and they were baffled, and so I had told Mr. Coe when he recommended you."

"I am greatly obliged to Mr. Coe for his good opinion, but your case is a desperate one, if the best detectives of Cincinnati have had it in hand; and I suspect I could not do you the least good. You'll waste your money, I fear."

The man looked for an instant as if he were shot; and then, suddenly recovering himself, he exclaimed, with an energy and fierceness of purpose which pleased me, "But, sir, something *must* be done, and we must spend all our ready money or go to the wall, at any rate; things are getting complicated in our business, and we must fail in more than one way, *if* we do not succeed."

"You say 'we.' Are there others involved besides yourself?"

"Yes; my partners, two of them."

"I see that Mr. Coe has not told me your business, merely calling you his 'friend.'"

"Yes, I suppose he thought best to let me tell you my whole story myself; and I would like to do that, although you seem unwilling, sir."

I smiled, and said, "O, no, sir, not unwilling, for it is my business to listen to all such things; but you found me in a grum mood when you came. Have you never passed days in which you wished you were out of your present business, and in some other that you envied."

"Yes, yes," said he excitedly; and of late I've wished so all the while, for reasons I shall give you."

"Well, go on with your story, I am a good listener."

"The whole matter is in a nutshell," said he, "so far as the crime committed is concerned, and I'll tell you that first. We are bankers, and have lost out of our safe ten thousand dollars in money, and negotiable paper, securities, collaterals, and the like for over thirty thousand more. We have obligations maturing; some have matured already, and we have been pinched to meet them, and the rest we cannot meet without these securities;" and then he went on to tell me when the loss was discovered, etc.

"Well," I broke in, a little impatiently, "if you have *lost* those papers, what do you propose? To find them?"

"Yes, to get them back; that's what we want. The money has gone, of course, — we don't expect that or any part of it, — but we must have the papers — the collaterals; and here I must tell you, that about a week after our loss we received a note from a lawyer in Cincinnati, saying that he had been visited by parties claiming to reside in Kentucky, asking him to communicate with us, and saying that they were ready to deliver up 'those papers,' which they knew to be valuable to us, upon our coming to the terms which they left with him to communicate to us orally; that he did not know whether the story was all a hoax or not, but if we knew what it meant, we might call on him, and he would narrate the rest. I hurried to see him on receipt of note. He was a stranger to me personally, but I knew him by repute as a lawyer of fair standing, and a man of good social status. When he came to tell me the offer which these parties made, which was to deliver up the papers through their attorney — himself — for fifty per cent. of their face value (for at this point I had only told him that I knew what the parties meant, and had come to hear their offer), I asked, 'Do you know for whom you are dealing? Do you know how these papers came into the possession of the parties?'"

"No; I know nothing of them, more than I tell you. But explain to me how the papers came into their possession."

"By robbery," said I; "those parties are burglars or worse."

"Robbery!" he exclaimed, "and the villains wished to make me a middle-man in the transaction! Tell me all about it, and we'll see if we can't turn the game upon them. Consider me your attorney; it shall cost you nothing, — the scoundrels!" — and he brought his fist down upon his table with a blow that made it quiver. "If I've got to that pass," said he, "that scoundrels dare approach me in this way, it is time I give myself a close examination, and reform, if need be. Please to tell me all about the affair."

"I told him the facts of our loss, and our situation; how the money and papers must have been taken out of our safe by some one who had obtained knowledge of the numbers of the permutation lock; and he asked at once, as you will do, about the clerks, my partners, and so forth, and said some one of them was the villain. But no matter for this now. We laid plans which failed; and he concluded that after all, it must be the work of some one in the office, but how to catch him, was the question; and I cannot think that any of my partners or my clerks is the man, for we have exhausted all schemes in trying to fix the crime on any of them, and failed signally."

"Well, is that all you've got to tell me?"

"No; I've not told you my story yet but in part. When shall I begin again?"

"When you please; but first tell me, perhaps, about your partners, and your clerks, each by himself; who he is, how long he has been with you, and what his age, his habits, — all about him."

So Mr. Redfield — (the reader understands always that assumed names are given in these narratives, where there exists a proper reason for so doing) — Mr. Redfield, as we

will call him, went into a minute description of the men, each by himself, and I confess I was baffled. I said to him that it must be that some one of those was the guilty party, yet that nothing he had told me would allow me to suspect one of them for a moment; that my impression of the guilt of one of them was solely the result of the common-sense reflection that somebody who understood the safe-lock, with its numbers, must be the man who took the money and papers: that was all. And in fact I suppose it was, because the case at this point became so desperate, or difficult of solution, that I undertook it all; for if I could have hit upon some expedient which would seem to me likely to work out the problem, I should, in my state of mind at the time, have given Mr. Redfield the advantage of it, for a small counsel fee at most, and declined to go on; but it was just enough unsolvable at this point to vex me, and pique my pride. I did not wonder that the best detectives in Cincinnati had failed, for I could easily see that the scoundrels had only to keep these papers hid in some unsearchable spot, and exercise ordinary care — indeed be quite careless — and never be found out, unless their greed should at last betray them.

It was evident to me, from what Mr. Redfield said, that the parties had become suspicious of the lawyer they visited, for some reason; for they never visited him again, and neglected to answer a rather ingenious advertisement that he published in one of the papers. But they had again managed to communicate with Mr. Redfield, and repeated their offer; and had sent him the form of an advertisement to put in the paper, if he concluded to accept. But he delayed beyond the day they named, unwilling to accept, and still hopeful of detecting the villains, and getting back the full papers for nothing; and thinking better of it, a day or two after, he had published the advertisement, but they had not regarded it; probably, as I judged, because they thought he had laid some plan to trap them. So when he went, "armed to

the teeth," he said, out to a lonely place, as indicated in their letter, about five miles, to meet somebody, there to make further arrangements, nobody came.

They were very wary then, and it was evident that they would, as they threatened in their note, — for the writer represented that there were two of them, — destroy the papers unless they got their price for them, and in a manner, too, secure to themselves. They could "afford," — the wretches! — to lose the papers, for they had made ten thousand dollars in money, at any rate, they kindly wrote.

I insisted that this mode of proceeding on their part indicated an acquaintance with the bankers' business, — showed that they knew the great value of these papers to the firm, — and that this was a further reason for suspecting some one in the office. But Mr. Redfield persisted in believing that the Cincinnati detective had settled that point against my opinion.

Well, it was agreed that I should go on and take my own way to work up the matter, and Mr. Redfield left. I followed him in a day or two, with my first plans matured, and with all such implements, clothes, etc., for disguises which I thought I might need, and met him at a place appointed. My first course was to go into the banking office, with papers in hand of business to be done with the chief, Mr. Redfield; to be delayed there with him talking a long while over the matter of loans on some Western lands, and to engage his assistance in raising capital for a manufacturing concern to be established at Minneapolis, Minnesota. His partners were to be kept profoundly ignorant of my real character, and one of them was to be called into our conference regarding the lands, etc., whenever I indicated. This was the plan I made for getting a chance to slyly study the clerks and the younger partner — for it was out of the question that the older partner could be engaged in the theft.

I went to the banking-house as arranged, called for Mr.

Redfield, gave him my name; "made his acquaintance," etc., rather rapidly; and while I was doing so, cast a listless glance around me, and chanced to find the chief clerk's eyes staring at me in a manner not merely of ordinary curiosity. There was a gleam in them which I did not like, and in an instant I changed our plan of operations, and said, "Mr. Redfield, can't I see you in private?"— taking an easy-going look about the room, and not neglecting to take in the clerk in the sweep of my eye. He was writing, and there was a nervousness about the shoulders, a flush in the face, and his lips seemed much compressed. "Guilt there," said I to myself, as Mr. Redfield stepped into the private room.

The door was closed by Mr. R——, who asked, "Why do you change the programme? What have you seen?"

"Enough," said I; "and now the question is how well can you play your part? I know that a man in your office is the guilty party."

Mr. Redfield looked a little astounded at my rapid operations, and replied, "Well, you are to work up the case according to your own methods; but you surprise me."

"Well," said I, "let me alone, then; let's talk up the Western lands, etc.;" and we did,— I laughing outright, immoderately at times, telling Mr. Redfield a story or two, which made him laugh in real earnest; and after we'd fixed up a plan, he went out smiling, asked his older partner to come in to see me, saying, "He's the queerest speculator I ever saw; come in, and see if we can do anything for him." And the man came in. We talked, could not get near a bargain, and I finally left the bank, saying to Mr. Redfield that I'd "write in a week or so; perhaps they'd think better of the offer."

I was not at a loss to see, by the clerk's countenance and manner as I went out, that he was at ease again— which was all I wanted to then effect.

Mr. Redfield and I met that night in a place appointed. He told me they'd had much fun in the office over the

"queer speculator," and that his partner had no suspicion of my real business at all; and we entered into a serious conversation. I told him that the chief clerk was the guilty man in my opinion, and that I should proceed upon that theory, and pursue it till forced to give up in that direction, and then drop the matter; that there was no use of attempting anything without the clerk in the programme.

We talked over the matter, and I learned where the clerk kept his private rooms — for he boarded at a hotel, and roomed in a block of business offices and dormitories; and what at first surprised me was to learn that he had left much better rooms within a month or so, since the robbery, and taken up with poorer ones. Mr. Redfield could give me no information as to his habits, save what he judged and what the detectives had reported—all good. But somehow I suspected that there must be a woman involved in some way — a mistress, perhaps, whose extravagance had led astray the clerk, whom we will call Childs, to need more money than he could legitimately make. So I told Mr. Redfield that we must search Childs's room and private papers, if he had any; and it was arranged that Childs should be sent on business to Chicago for two or three days. Mr. Redfield had no difficulty in arranging that, and Childs departed, highly honored with his chief's confidence.

We managed without much trouble to get into Childs's room, where everything but his trunks were first searched, — not excepting the minutest scraps of letters in a waste-basket, — where I found evidences of female correspondence. Further search among some books, on a little shelf at the top of a clothes-press or "closet," revealed some more in the same handwriting — sweet little *billets-doux*, longer letters, etc., — all passionate, very, — sometimes complaining, etc.

None of these had envelopes, and I therefore judged that they were written in the city, and sent through the post office, and that Childs probably always, at once, destroyed

the envelopes. I should say that none, except some evidently old ones, had envelopes. There was no date or place, save "My little room," — "Our dear boudoir," or something like that, — and sometimes a further day, — "Thursday Morning," — "Monday Evening." It was evident to me that the charmer lived in the city somewhere; and I had already made up my mind that she must be tracked out as the first step, when, turning over a letter from this female, the rich, passionate, burning language of which, well-expresssd, had led me on, I came to the conclusion, and found — "I have not received pay yet for that article. R —— must not think that he can neglect me as he did Hattie; I will be paid for what I write — something, at least. I guess we shall have to visit him together;" and with very affectionate words of parting, the letter closed. And then came a P. S. "Every day I grow more uneasy about *those papers*. I wish you would take them away. What if I should suddenly die, and they should be found with me? You said they were very valuable — and you may lose them. I should regret that. Come *to-night*, dearest."

Ah, ha! here was a literary lady, — a contributor to the story or other papers, — wrote a good hand, and in good style of composition; was evidently on loving terms with Childs. I was in doubt whether mistress or only ardent lover; could not tell that till I should see her, if then. She must be seen. How to find her? Easy enough, perhaps, but maybe not. We left Mr. Childs's room in good order, and separated for the night, I giving Mr. Redfield no more insight into the modes I intended to pursue next day than necessary.

The next morning I started for the newspaper offices with a portion of one of the letters I had found, made a proper story of wishing to engage the literary services of the writer of the letter if I could find her, but that I knew not her name; as her friend, who had given me the portion of the letter to show her style, and had not yet

given me her name, had been called off to New York by telegraph, I found, — wanted to find her that day.

At the first office I entered nobody could tell me anything. But on entering the second one, and finding the associate editor, and asking him if he recognized that writing, he looked up and smiled, as if he thought I had a joke for him.

"I guess I do," said he.

"Well," said I, "there's a dispute about it."

"Let's see," said he, in a hasty, nervous way, snatching it from my hand, and glancing at it again. "No dispute about it; that's our —— ——" (using her *nom de plume*, which I won't repeat, as she is probably living, and many old friends might recognize her in this tale, and learn more than they are entitled to know).

"Where can I find her?" said I; "I want to see her about some writing."

"All right," said he, making some marks on a paper, which I found to be name of street and number of house. "There's where she was the last I knew of her, two months ago. I think you can find her through that."

"Would you give me a note to her, as I am a stranger?"

"Why yes, such as I could. I don't know your name; but stay — no," said he; "give me that paper again;" and taking it, he put his initials to it, and the name of office and date of day. "That will be enough — good as a more formal note," said he; and he caught up his pen, and proceeded as if something was on his mind. "You must excuse me, sir; I have a great deal to do to-day. Can I assist you any further now?"

I replied, "No; I thank you for your courtesy;" and bowed myself out. I was as confident now that I should trap Childs as if the thing was done; but there were two of them, and they must both be caught. Childs could not be carrying on this correspondence with the lawyer and writing to Mr. Redfield, that was patent. I would watch Childs that night, and see if he went to the lady's resi-

dence. He did go, and as they took a walk out, I saw her, — got a good view of her face, and made up my mind that she was innocent of any intelligent complicity in the matter. I liked her looks very much. She was one of those impulsive, earnest creatures, who, when they love, love desperately, but who know not how to hate, as some women know, who also know how to love intensely, — a miserable class of women, in my opinion, although novelists love to paint them, and these women themselves are ever boastful of their twofold power of love and hate, — a mean boast of a mean character of soul. I saw that she loved Childs, and I was sure she respected him, and what I should do I knew not exactly; but following them in their walk and back, and waiting till he left her, and went on his way to his office, had given me much time to think, and I had resolved upon a course which I thought the next day would see consummated; when, returning to my quarters, I found a note from Mr. Redfield, begging me to meet him at a certain place that night,—by no means to sleep without seeing him. He would be there at such an hour, and at such other hours till he met me. Something important had happened.

I sought Mr. Redfield as requested; found that he had that afternoon received a note from the parties, again requesting him to meet them, or one of them, next day, at a place near Covington, Kentucky, and to come prepared to "take up the papers, according to our offer," in the afternoon, at six of the next day. Mr. R—— was greatly excited; said that this was their "last call," as they expressed it; that the papers would then be destroyed; "and that will be the last of our house," he tremblingly muttered.

I had been looking the letter over carefully meanwhile, not at all disturbed, for I felt that Childs would not long be out of our hands, when I chanced to reflect that the paper on which it was written was like some of that on which the lady's letters to Childs were written; and I said to myself, probably he has supplied himself and her some

time with the same kind of paper; but this is not his or her handwriting. "No, she's innocent," I muttered to myself; "I am satisfied of that;" but the paper was like, and that, though a slight thing, helped to steady me in my opinion of his guilt. I handed the letter to Mr. Redfield to replace, — he having taken it from the envelope before giving it to me, — when, placing it back, a small slip fell out of the envelope as he turned it upside down.

"What's this?" said I, as I picked it up; "we must scan everything."

It was a narrow strip, and on it was written, "My dearest A——." (It was the lady's name, as it proved.) I was astounded, for I had seen Childs's writing, and this was like it for all the world. It was his, indeed — so Mr. Redfield decided. But how came it in there? When Mr. Redfield opened his letter it had not fallen out. He had cut the end of the envelope. I took the envelope, and rounding it out, peered in, and satisfied myself, from its shape, that the writer had done what I frequently do, with the old-fashioned envelopes especially, — put in a piece of paper to keep the gluten from sticking to the letter, as it will, when wet and sealed, in many kinds of envelopes. In handling the envelope, and opening it a little to put back the contents, this paper, if stuck at all, had "chipped off." But how came the address there in Childs's hand? Either the letter had been written in a poorly-lighted place, or a careless or drunken confederate had slipped the strip we found into the letter, without noting both sides. But really *how* it came there I did not care — it was there.

"Mr. Redfield," said I, "that clerk's game is up. Give me the letter; ask no questions, but to-morrow morning, as soon as he comes in, make occasion to send him off on business which shall detain him till into the afternoon, if you can; or provide business for him here that shall occupy him beyond noon-time. Better send him out of town. I want to get over to-morrow noon."

Mr. Redfield said that fortunately he could send him

out of town to see parties about a mortgage, and he would send somebody along with him, — his servant, — and tell him to be sure to not get in before two or three. The boy will do what I say, and ask no questions and tell no tales. My word is law with him, and Childs will have to walk back twelve miles, or hire somebody to bring him in, for the boy won't come till I tell him to."

Next morning I was up betimes. Childs was out early before going to the office, taking a morning walk with his lady. He carried no bundle away from there, and I tracked him to the office. I felt safe now: and now for the final work, I thought, for I was sure that Redfield would pack off Childs duly, and the coast would be clear. I had gotten possession of the lady's name meanwhile, and proceeded to her boarding-place, called for her, introduced myself, talked with her about literary matters in my own way, not at great length, and was delighted with the innocence of the girl. I had formed no fixed mode of procedure when I entered the house, but I was resolved to wait till I saw her, and the longer I talked with her the more convinced was I that she was innocent and artless, and that a pretty direct way was the best to approach her by.

So I said, "Well, you'll pardon me, Miss ——, but Mr. Childs told me I would be pleased to chat with you, and I have — "

"What! you know Mr. Childs? He's always saying flattering things of me."

"O, is he? Well, perhaps he didn't say anything especial to me, then; but I was going to say that I called on business. He's going out of town to-day, and he had to start earlier than he expected; just gone; wasn't going till afternoon — "

"Yes, he told me he was going over to Covington in the afternoon," she broke in.

"Yes," said I, "and he said that he wanted you to give me *those papers;* said you'd understand what he meant. I am to meet him, and this, he said, would be enough

word for you" (handing her the slip of paper, 'My dearest A——.') He was in haste." She took it, blushed, and said, "Yes, this is his writing. He writes nicely — doesn't he? Excuse me, I will be gone but a moment," and she hied up stairs to her room, as unsuspecting as a dove. I was surprised at the success of my simple stratagem, but I had others behind it, which would have worked had that failed. She came down stairs, bringing a nicely sealed package.

"That is what he wants," said she. "You will be careful of it, of course, or he would not have sent you. You are his friend — a mysterious man I've heard him speak of; and I must tell you," she said, laughing heartily, "that I've told him I did not like that friend very well, keeping him away from me so much."

"O," said I, "no harm I hope. Men have their business arrangements together, — their speculations, — and can't always be as gallant as they would."

"O, I know it," said she. "I don't complain. I was only joking him."

It was evident to me that that woman had not the remotest thought of Childs's being aught than as noble and pure as she; and as I took the package, folded it in a newspaper, and left the house, I felt for her to the bottom of my heart, so much so, that I at first resolved to not tell Redfield how I had obtained the package, but to give him up the papers, tell him to dismiss the clerk, get my pay, and leave; for I thought it would break her heart to find Childs so great a scoundrel; that perhaps he, finding himself foiled, would never be guilty of a crime again; would seek some other spot, reform, and marry her, and make her ever happy.

These thoughts I revolved in my mind as I passed on to my lodgings, and when I got there I opened the package. Lo! all the papers, so far as I could judge, and something more, — a letter or two, in a scrawly hand, with some rude drawings of roads, a sort of diagram, on a

page of one of them. I deciphered the letters, and found that Childs's correspondent spoke, in one of them, of that "little fool of yours," evidently meaning Miss A——; and said something else, which I knew he would never have said had not Childs given him occasion. In short, I saw that Childs's respect for her was feigned; that he was only fooling her, and my mind changed towards him; besides, there was his confederate, and we must have them both. I hurriedly repacked the papers, proceeded to the bank, called Mr. Redfield into the private room, and showed him what I had got. He was confounded, of course. I said, "What shall we do with them?"

"Seal them, and put them in the safe for to-day. I want to arrest that villain Childs now," said he, "for I understand how you've come by these. We've no time to lose."

We went out after sealing the papers, and leaving them in the safe, properly marked with my name — a deposit. As soon as we got out of the office we made our plan. It was to take an officer, ride out on the road on which Childs had gone, and wait for his return. But this would take too long. No, we'd ride right to the place he had gone to, all of us. We found the officer, took a two-horse carriage, and were on our way very shortly — drove to where Childs was.

"How do you do, Mr. Redfield?" said Childs, surprised to see him. "Couldn't you trust me to do the business? And so *you've* come out? Ha! ha!"

"No," said Mr. Redfield; "some friends of mine wanted to take a ride, and I thought I might as well ride this way as any. Getting on well with the business?"

"Yes," said he, "all finished; but I couldn't find that boy of yours. He's gone off somewhere, and there's a part of the harness gone. Gone to get it mended, I suspect, for coming out here he said it was weak in places."

I gave Mr. R—— a wink, and said, quietly, "That boy would make a good operator — wouldn't he?"

"He'll do his duty," said he.

"Well, he won't be back yet," said Mr. Redfield to Mr. Childs. "Get in here, and we'll all take a short ride. Mr. Wilson," said Mr. Redfield, "you proposed to ride on the front seat when we returned; perhaps you'd like to now?"

"Yes, I would," said I.

"Well, please get out, and let Mr. Childs take your place. Mr. Childs, these are Mr. Wilson and Mr. French, friends of mine, looking about Cincinnati for speculation."

I got out, Childs took my seat in back, under the carriage top — a sort of half buggy and half coach. The officer was considerably disguised, (because he thought he knew Childs, and that the latter knew him), with a pair of blue shaded glasses and false grayish whiskers and hair.

We chatted on together, rode off a mile or two, when Mr. Redfield said he guessed we'd return, and leave word at that place for the boy to come as soon as he got his harness mended. "And you can ride back with us, Childs," said Mr. R——.

Childs expressed his pleasure to do so. We returned to the place, left the boy, and proceeded on a mile or two, telling stories, looking at the land, etc., when Mr. Redfield gave me a touch with his elbow, and looked into my eyes, as much as to ask, "Shall we not arrest him now?" I gave the proper sign, and Mr. Redfield, stopping the horses, turned deliberately around, and said, "Mr. French is an officer of the law, Mr. Childs, and would like to have you give yourself up without any fuss about it — wouldn't you, Mr. French? Do your duty."

"Yes, Mr. Childs, I am sorry to disturb the pleasure of such a ride as we've had, but it is my duty to arrest you."

Childs was overcome with surprise, and said, "Yes, he would give himself up, but he didn't know what for — anything to oblige Mr. Redfield," and he gave himself up, and the officer thought best to handcuff him, at which Childs turned very pale, with mingled anger and fright.

"Now, Childs," said Redfield, "since you are secure, and the papers are all back in the safe, and your lady,

Miss A——" (for Redfield knew I must have gotten the papers from her in some way), "has turned upon you, you've nothing to do but make a clean breast of it. We want your confederate, and you must help us to take him, or suffer alone. If you wish to escape, you must turn state's evidence — that's all. He probably has put you up to crime. You are not too old to reform, and may be allowed to go, and suffer nothing but the penalty of dismissal from our office; but you'll have to return the money you took, for I find that you are regarded worth considerable property, and I presume your confederate is."

Childs was so utterly taken aback that he had not a particle of courage or address left. He consented to everything we demanded, and said he would write to his friend whom he was to meet at Covington that night, but for some reason he could not come, and ask him to come over at night or next day to Cincinnati. When we got into the city, Childs was taken to a private room by the officer, who had taken off his manacles, and then manacled him again after writing the note, and telling us where to find his messenger.

The man came over, and was under arrest before he had time to think, and was taken to another place, and told that Childs had turned state's evidence.

"I always thought Childs was shaky," said the fellow, evidently not quite so subdued as he might be; but we threatened him with the extreme ends of the law, and he agreed to get money, and see that the bankers were paid back all that had been taken if Childs would do his part, and to clear out "down the river" (meaning to N. O.), and leave Cincinnati together. It appeared that he had done the *work* of the robbery, Childs having provided him with a key, of which he had procured a counterfeit, and having told him of the changes of the lock, and selected a time when there was a good amount of money in the safe. He said he could "work" better alone than with Childs.

I needn't lengthen out the story, except to say that Mr.

Redfield got back all the money too, and enough besides to pay him and me for all our trouble; that Childs and his friend left for parts unknown, for Mr. Redfield said it would hurt his bank, shake faith in it so much, to prosecute the rascals, and expose the affair, or it would gratify him otherwise to punish them: on the whole he would let them go.

I took care that Childs had no opportunity to see Miss A—— before his departure, or even to write her, I think; and as I spent two or three days more in Cincinnati, I thought, on reflection, she ought to know the facts, and in a delicate way got opportunity to disclose them to her, for which the innocent, sensible lady expressed her gratitude in tears. She felt that she had escaped a villain's clutches; confessed her ardent love for him, but told me that sometimes she felt as if there was something bad in his nature; that he had given her much pain from time to time; and though they were engaged, she sometimes had thought he did not intend to marry; and now she could see that he had, at times, taken advantage of her love to require her to do things for him quite disagreeable.

"Why," she exclaimed, "if I had known that package contained stolen things, I could not have slept in the room with it. He said they were private business papers of his, and he did not wish to ask to have them put in the bank safe, and thought they would be more secure with me than at his rooms, for everybody could get in there in his absence who liked; so I was glad to oblige him, of course."

But my conversation with this lady need not be detailed. She was not informed how the slip, with "My dearest A——" on it, came into my hands. Probably it did not then occur to her to ask. If her eye happens to light on this article, she will now come at last to know how.

THE THOUSAND DOLLAR LESSON.

CHARLES PURVIS: TAKING HIM IN CHARGE AT A DISTANCE — HANGERS ON AT THE ST. NICHOLAS AND OTHER HOTEL ENTRANCES — A COLLOQUY, SPICED WITH REMINISCENCES OF "OLD SAM COLT," OF THE "REVOLVER," IN HIS GAY DAYS; A PARTY AT THE "OLD CITY HOTEL," HARTFORD, CONN., AND OTHER THINGS — TRINITY COLLEGE BOYS — "GEORGE ELLSWORTH" — PURVIS AND HE START ON A WALK — "WHERE CAN THEY BE GOING?" — GOING TO SEE ELLSWORTH'S "FRIEND" — AN EXCHANGE OF COATS — A SURVEY TAKEN — A FIRST-CLASS GAMBLING SALOON — A NEW MAN IN THE GAME — PURVIS DRUGGED — HIS "FRIENDS" TAKE HIM "HOME," BUT WHERE? — PURVIS IS RETURNED TO HIS HOTEL IN A STATE OF STUPEFACTION; IS AROUSED; MISSES A THOUSAND DOLLARS — PLANS LAID TO CATCH HIS LATE FRIENDS — WILLIAMS FOUND BY ACCIDENT, AND QUIETLY CAGED — THE OLD IRISH WOMAN'S APPEAL — WILLIAMS "EXPLAINS," AFTER PROPER INDUCEMENT — MOST OF THE MONEY RECOVERED — SUPPLEMENTS.

I HAD just returned from a trip to Detroit, and failing to find my chief partner in town, strolled up to the St. Nicholas Hotel one night, in July, 1863, and while sauntering about there, came across a gentleman whom I had, a few days before, remarked in the cars, on the Shore Line Road. He got on board at Painesville, Ohio, and by sundry peculiarities of his dress, which was a particle "flashy," but still neat and elegant, he attracted my attention. I was at a loss where to place, or how to classify him. Sometimes I took him for a merchant, then I thought he might be a lawyer, and again a young man of wealth and leisure. Suffice it, I allowed myself to study him — I know not why — so much that I was not likely to forget him.

Among the first persons I chanced to come across that day at the St. Nicholas, was this young man, and curiosity

led me to learn from the bookkeeper his name, which I found to be Charles Purvis, of Louisville, Kentucky.

"Purvis?" I said to myself, "Purvis? The name is familiar, but where have I known anybody bearing it?" and so I cudgelled my brains to awaken memory, and at last called to mind a story told me by a brother detective, in my way, on a time, up the Mississippi River, in which the name of "Purvis" figured largely in a criminal transaction. "Perhaps," thought I, "this is the chap in question," and as I had nothing on hand to do for a day or two, I thought I would take the young gentleman in my charge — at a distance.

I left the hotel, determining to return early in the evening, and keep an eye to the young man. I did so, and I found that he was not a little "cheerful" in his ways about the bar, — treating, quite extensively, apparent strangers, but evidently, after all, not much given to making acquaintances. Finally, he left the bar-room, alone, and walked slowly through the hall, with the air of one who has nothing to do, and was reflecting how to amuse himself.

Near the front entrance of the hotel stood three men chatting, — men whose characters the experienced are never at a loss to know at once; a gentlemanly looking class, well dressed, of affable manners, and of the greatest shrewdness of address; men whose colloquial powers are very great at times, but who know how to measure every word, and adapt it to the precise wants of the individual whom they may happen to address. These were of a class always infesting the hotels, especially the better ones, of the city, and whose business it is to "rope in" strangers into the various gambling saloons.

Upon the approach of Mr. Purvis, two of these worthies, bidding the other a cordial adieu for the evening, and addressing him in a style to indicate that he was a man of unusual importance, withdrew up Broadway. Still this courtliness was evidently intended to bear upon Mr. Purvis, who was in hearing; and as he drew nearer the distin-

guished gentleman, the latter addressed him, in a mild way, touching the weather, —

"A very pleasant evening, sir."

"Decidedly. You seldom enjoy a finer one here in New York, I suppose?"

"O, I don't know about that. The weather here is usually pretty fair. Are you a stranger, sir, in New York, allow me to ask?"

"Not a stranger exactly, but not a resident. I have been here considerably, off and on — enough to know the city pretty well, I reckon."

"That's my case exactly, for the last few years, though I formerly resided here for a while. A pretty stirring place to get into, if one knows all the avenues of business or pleasure, sir."

"Surely, but I have never had occasion to learn much of these."

"Well, I too have only a limited acquaintance here, yet I always find my way around without much difficulty — generally going about with some friends, of whom I have a few here, formerly from my native State, Connecticut."

"Ah, Connecticut? Do you know anything about Hartford? Perhaps you are from there?"

"Yes, sir, that is my native place, and a pleasant little city 'tis. Great deal of wealth and refinement there, sir."

"Yes, I know it. I had a cousin from Arkansas there, at Trinity College, some years ago, and a gay boy, too, was Bill Sebastian" (if I rightly remember the name he gave). "I visited him there during his collegiate course, and spent a delightful week. Old Sam Colt was a trifle gay — wasn't he? Well, we had a jolly time with him one night, and several more of the jolly men of Hartford, in rooms at the old City Hotel. You know where that is?"

"Of course; and it has witnessed many a festive meeting. The Trinity boys always go there for their fun."

"I am glad to learn that you are from Hartford. I've

thought I should visit that town before I return. Do you intend to return there soon?"

"Yes, I may go up to-morrow, but I may remain here a day or two more. Should you be going up when I go, I should be pleased to have your company."

"Well, stranger, I hope it will happen that we go up together, if I go at all. And now let us exchange cards. My name is Purvis, as you see, of Louisville, Kentucky."

The lounger fumbled in his pockets for a card to give to Mr. Purvis, but finding none, half-blushingly announced that his cards were out, but that his name was George Ellsworth."

"Ellsworth? Well, sir, you rejoice in a right honorable name. I've heard my Uncle Throckmorton talk a great deal about one of the Ellsworths of Connecticut."

It was evident to me that "Ellsworth" was making fast inroads into the good graces of Purvis, and of the latter's character I was beginning to be at a loss; for though I had from his name connected him at first with a criminal transaction, yet his manner, in conversation with "Ellsworth," did not seem to sustain my early suspicions.

Their conversation now assumed a lower tone, as Purvis had drawn nearer up to Ellsworth, the two acting very like old acquaintances by this time; so I managed to draw nearer them, fumbling over the envelopes of some old letters I had taken from my pocket, and assuming to be in a "brown study" over something.

"Well, isn't this a little dull, Mr. Purvis? I've been waiting here an hour or so, expecting a particular friend along, with whom I was going out for a while to look about. But he has been obliged to disappoint me, I suppose," said Ellsworth.

"Yes, it is a little dull, as you say; a stranger, especially, is apt to be very lonesome in a big city. Do you ever take wine, Mr. Ellsworth?"

"Seldom, sir, especially when away from home; but I don't mind a glass now and then."

"Come, sir, accompany me, if you will. I would invite you to my room to take wine, but unfortunately they're so crowded here they've been obliged to put me far up. Suppose we go to the bar?"

"Well, if you please; but you'll pardon me when I say that I must not indulge but once now. The night is long yet, and we shall have other occasion, perhaps, to drink. I know how generous and impulsive you Southern gentlemen are."

"O, surely, I know we are apt to 'go ahead,' like Davy Crockett, when we are right, and when we are not, too; but come along, please," and the trusting Purvis carelessly locked his arm in that of Ellsworth, and they moved towards the bar-room.

My first intention was to follow them, but I hesitated, and waited their return. They were gone a far longer time than necessary to take one glass, and when they came along down the hall, rested but a moment at the door, and stepped out down Broadway together.

"Ellsworth has his victim in sure training," thought I to myself. "Where can they be going?"

Feeling confident that some mischief would be wrought ere the night was passed, I followed on at proper distance, and saw the two lingering for a moment before No. 477 Broadway. Ellsworth seemed more in doubt what to do than Purvis, or less decided. By this time I had, by mingling with sundry pedestrians, managed to approach near enough to Ellsworth and Purvis to hear the latter say, —

"Well, if you think we won't obtrude, let us go up to see your friend for a while."

"No, we shall not obtrude," replied Ellsworth, "but I was thinking if we might not find some more agreeable place," — but he turned and went up the stairs, followed by Purvis.

In 477, at that time, was a half gambling hell, kept as the private rooms of a worthless sporting son of a distinguished surgeon. I had never been in the place, but had

heard that many fast young men gathered there to play cards for fun, and that sometimes a faro-bank was run there for "amusement." Fearing that by some possibility Ellsworth might notice me as the individual having stood near him in the St. Nicholas so long, and suspect something if I went in alone, and undisguised, I was resolving what course to pursue, when my friend, Henry W——, a detective, came along. He was just my size, and wore a blue "swallow-tailed" coat, while I had on a black frock. I took Henry into the small hall-way, and said, "Business up; swap coats with me in a minute; and if you've a pair of false mustaches with you, let me have 'em, Henry."

"I haven't mustaches," said Henry; "but here's something as good," said he, pulling from the skirt of his coat a paper containing a fine long-haired wig. (My hair was cut extremely short for the then prevailing fashion.) The changing of coats, and assuming of the wig, was but a moment's work, and with my promise to Henry "to report in the morning," we parted, and I mounted to the sporting-room in a trice. Walking in coolly, I proceeded quietly to the "bureau," and helped myself, as is the custom in such places, to a small glass of wine, and while drinking, took a survey.

There were my friends Ellsworth and Purvis, the former evidently instructing the other about the ways and habits of such places. This night the faro-bank was in operation in one room, and in another several parties were playing at cards.

After a while I overheard Ellsworth say, "I never play for money, but some one here, I dare say, will take a hand with you if you wish a little amusement," and they sauntered into the card-room, where, without trouble, parties were found to "make up a hand" at an unoccupied table — Ellsworth declining to play, but taking a seat near Purvis, to watch the game. The stakes were small, but during the play Purvis lost a little more than the loose change which he had about him, and was forced to draw a well-

filled wallet from his side coat pocket. I noticed a peculiar smile on Ellsworth's face as his eye rested on that wallet; and from that moment I felt that I had work to do. I took an apparently listless interest in the game, and kept my eye as much on Ellsworth as I could. He seemed to be restless. Persons were coming in and going out of the other room especially, and Ellsworth's face always reverted to the door when he heard new footsteps or a new voice. Presently his face brightened, and he got up, went into the other room, took a glass of wine, and on returning, affecting to just then discover a friend, exclaimed, "Ah, Williams! how do you do? How did you get here? I was waiting at St. Nicholas for you for over an hour."

"Well, I was delayed — did not know where to look for you when I got there, and dropped in here, I hardly know how; but, old fellow, it's all as well now — isn't it?" giving Ellsworth a gentle pat on the shoulder. All this was said in such a manner that Purvis might have heard it if not too much engaged in his play; and he probably did hear it; and the two worthies went arm in arm into the card-room.

"Let me interrupt the play for a second, gentlemen, if you please," said Ellsworth, taking Williams directly up to Purvis. "Mr. Purvis, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Williams, the gentleman we were waiting so long for to-night. Lucky — isn't it, he dropped in here?"

The usual courtesies of introduction were passed, Purvis assuring Mr. Williams that he was very glad to make his acquaintance, and that the game would soon be over, when he would be glad to learn more of his "friend Ellsworth's" friend.

But who was this "Williams?" you are apt to inquire, right here. I did not know Ellsworth, but I had seen Williams before. He was elegantly attired, more so than Ellsworth, indeed, and nearly as mannerly; though, to the practised eye, there was discernible in his face a lower

range of character than in Ellsworth's. He had more low cunning, and was fitter to do deeds of positive criminality. He belonged to the higher class of pickpockets, and I had known him under the name of "Billy Seaver." I saw that the two were well met to work together.

Purvis and his party's game ending, Williams proposed to take a hand; and a party being made up, Purvis continued to play, not neglecting to take wine occasionally. On one occasion Williams, accompanying him to the sideboard, I noticed the former turn suddenly about, as he said, "Mr. Purvis, join me in claret this time, — an unfashionable drink, to be sure" (with a most graceful smile). "I see that you take sherry generally," and having suited the action to the word, had poured out a glass, which he handed to Purvis, who took and drank it. I had no doubt that Williams had skilfully "drugged" that dram; and my interest began to deepen now that my observations would have to continue for several hours. At length I united in a game with several new in-comers, and posted myself at the table where I could easily watch Purvis and his friends. He played on well for a while, but by and by I saw he began to grow a little stupid. At this time Williams, who was a good talker, entered upon the recital of many curious tales ("good stories," as they are called among his class, but which were not so "good" as to bear repeating here), and tried to keep up Purvis's waning spirits with laughter and jokes. And so Purvis was kept at the board, while the drug was constantly doing its sure and secret work. Purvis lost considerably, and occasionally reverted to his wallet for supplies.

An hour or so went on, when Ellsworth, who took no practical interest in the game, said to Williams, "Isn't it about time for honest people to be a-bed? Hadn't we better go?"

"Just as you like; and I presume Mr. Purvis would like to go to his hotel. I declare," said he, turning to the clock on the mantel, "it *is* later than I thought."

Presently the three sallied out. With some difficulty was it that Purvis moved. They reached the sidewalk, and Ellsworth said, "Mr. Williams, let's go up to the St. Nicholas with Mr. Purvis," taking Purvis by the arm in a quiet way; and they started. The distance was so short, that on reaching the walk from the stairs, where I overheard the proposition, I thought I would not follow too speedily. They had not gone on their way over a minute at most, when an alarm of fire on the corner of Howard and Broadway arrested my attention, as I thought but for a minute or so, — but time flies on such occasions, and it might have been five minutes, — when, turning to look after my men, I could not see them, but rushed on to the hotel. Not finding them there, I sought the clerk, to learn if Purvis had taken his key and gone to his room. He had seen nothing of Purvis at all, "since early in the evening," he said.

Where could the scoundrels have taken him? O, they must have dropped into one of the coaches standing at all hours of night near the hotel; that was my solution of the matter, and I knew it would be folly to attempt to follow them farther; and I had nothing to do but to withdraw to my rooms and go to bed, and await the issue — clew to which I felt sure to get next day.

I took the night clerk into my confidence sufficiently to tell him that I suspected Purvis would be victimized, lose his money, and perhaps his life; but conjured him to keep still, if he should chance to return before morning; watch those who might come with him, and be sure to get the number of the coach and name of the driver, if he should be brought back in a carriage, and then find out if and how he had been "played with," and to send me word; all of which he promised to do, entering with spirit into the enterprise. I went home, feeling sure that the clerk would give me an intelligent report if anything wrong happened.

Next morning, about seven o'clock, I was awakened at my rooms by the clerk, who told me that, an hour before,

Purvis had been pitched into the entrance way of the hotel, in a state of stupidity so great that, after a half hour's attempt to arouse him, they had sent for a doctor; that instantly on hearing the noise of his advent, he had rushed to the door, only to see a tall man running down street, while a coach, at some distance off, was driving rapidly up; but whether the coach had any connection with the matter he thought was doubtful. But he had examined Purvis's clothes, which were much stained and soiled, and found a cut in the right side, over his wallet pocket, but "not large enough to let out much of a purse," he said. As the wallet was large, I fancied that this cut had been made, possibly, as they left the gaming-rooms, and not succeeding with that, had taken Purvis away to "finish" him, — which was doubtless the case.

I dressed myself rapidly as possible, and hurried to the hotel. Purvis had been carried to his room, and a doctor and his student, a tall, good-looking, sympathetic fellow, were attending him. The doctor administered some medicines as well as he could, and then performed some quite vigorous manipulations of Purvis's body. The student said that he was a native of Louisville, and knew Purvis's family very well, and that he'd give five hundred dollars himself for the detection of the scamps who had ill treated Purvis. He warmed up to great height on the occasion, in true Southern style, generous and ardent. I took a great fancy to him, and when the doctor left urged the student to remain, which he gladly did. We watched by Purvis's side for an hour and a half before he sufficiently recovered to recognize his Louisville friend, and to answer me as to how much he had lost, — which was what I most desired to know. Where he had been he had no memory of. All was a blank to him; but he knew that the evening before he had a thousand and sixty dollars with him — a thousand in his wallet, in the side coat pocket, and the sixty in various pockets. He had paid a bill a day before for parties in Louisville, and had so much left, only about half of

which belonged to him, the remainder belonged to the Louisville parties; "which makes the matter a heap worse," as he said.

When I had learned so much, I set about laying my plans, within myself, for catching Ellsworth and Williams. I had no doubt that they were still in the city, so secret had been their operations, as they probably supposed; and thinking I might need help, took into my counsels, as far as I thought best, my young friend, the stalwart student. He was all on fire for the work, if we should chance to come across the enemy; and we started forth, he to arm himself at his rooms, I to prepare myself, and we to "rendezvous" at the St. Nicholas in an hour.

Coming together, I bethought me that perhaps Purvis's wallet might have some private mark by which it might be identified; and we went up to his room to inquire, and learned that the wallet was the gift of his brother, and bore, under the principal clasp, in faded gilding, the letters, "C. H. P., L'ville." The letters were quite obscure now, he said. And we started on our search. I fancied I could readily find Williams's lodgings, and that he would likely be there, in a state of more or less sleepiness, and his compeer Ellsworth with him. But I had counted without my host that day; and though we were constantly going from point to point, in our investigations, nothing had we learned when nightfall came, and we were very weary. Passing up Roosevelt Street, having had occasion to go down to the Williamsburg Ferry, a tall man brushed rapidly by us, whom I at once discovered to be Williams, who suddenly dropped into a little filthy cellar oyster saloon, and we followed. Williams had taken a seat at the remote corner of the dirty room, and called for a stew. He looked haggard, as if he had, not long ago, been on a tremendous spree. We called for oysters roasted in shell, as likely to be the most cleanly in that dirty crib.

Williams was quite "nervous," and spilled the broth over himself considerably, and I half conjectured that he, too,

had been drugged. I knew he must have taken the wallet, and that perhaps he had it about him then; but I had no warrant to arrest him on the spot, but must follow him farther. He arose, having finished his meal, and started straight for the door, and opening it, was going out, when the dirty Irish woman who kept the shop exclaimed, "Look here, mistur, is that the way gintlemens trates ladies? Don't yer pay for yer vittals when yer takes 'em?"

Williams, who hardly knew what he was about, had not, I presume, intended to "beat" the woman (to use the slang phrase for cheat), but he was maddened by the woman's gross manner, and turned upon her with an oath.

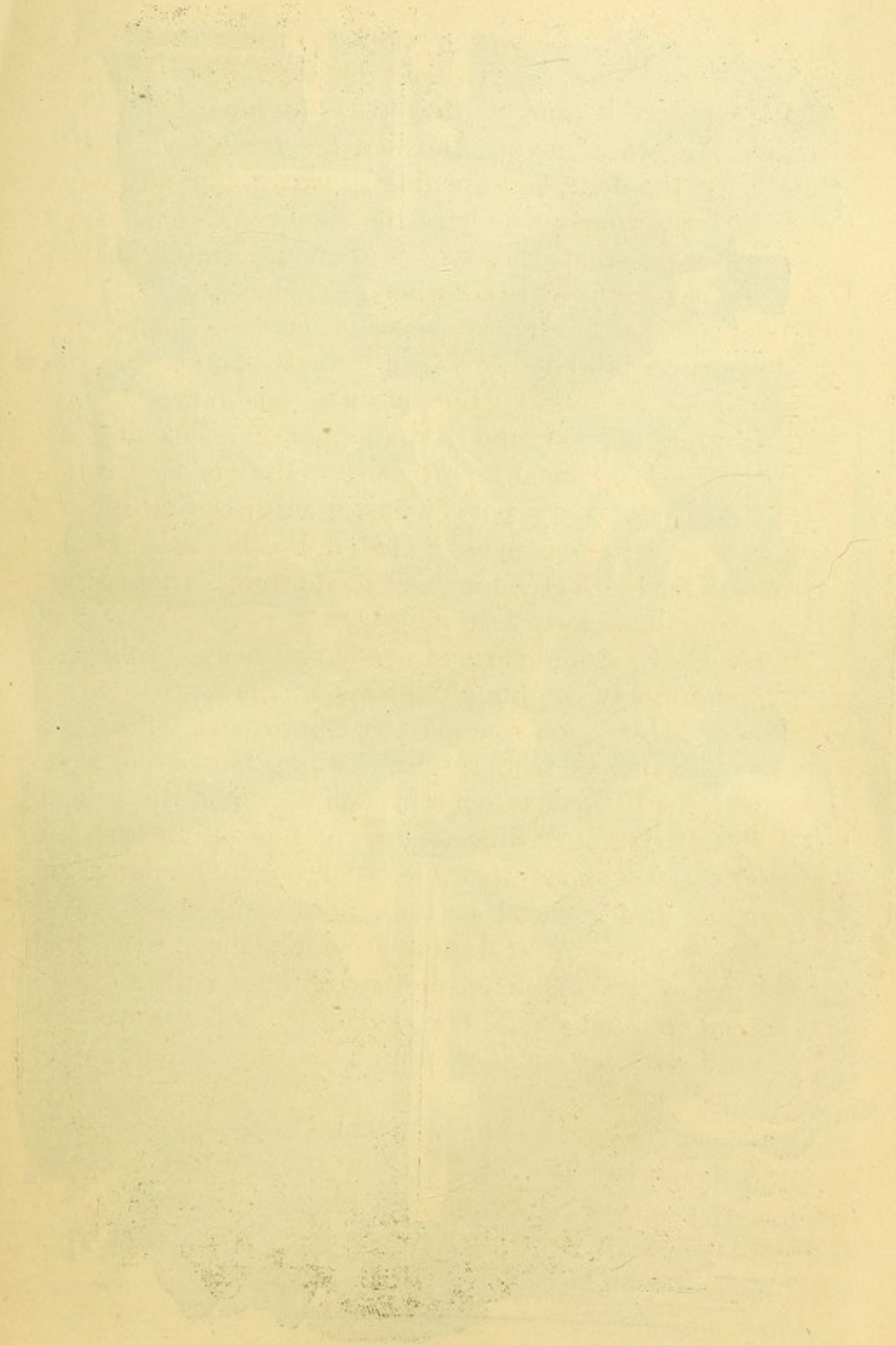
"Be jabers," screamed the woman! "Gintlemen," turning to us, "will yees see a poor honest woman, so there!" (the tears coming into her eyes) "chated by the likes o' that dirthy blaggard? Ketch him, and hould him!" (flourishing a big spoon, like a sword, in air).

My impulsive student friend needed no more encouragement, and quickly catching Williams in his brawny arms, exclaimed, "Here, you scamp! pay this woman before you go, or you'll stay here all night," pulling him at the same time up to the little dirty counter, behind which the woman stood. Half drunk, Williams, finding himself in a strong man's grasp, was instantly quiet, and began fumbling for his money. In his search he pulled out a silk sash — as it proved, a stolen one at that — from his inner side coat pocket, when out tumbled a plethoric wallet with it.

"Be jabers, that's a fat one, indade!" said the woman; "the gintleman has money enough to buy out old Astor and all his kin."

Williams, more intoxicated than I thought at first, seemed to take no heed of this, and after he had managed to fish out of his pocket money enough to pay the old woman, I took up the wallet, and said, "Here, don't leave this; you'll want it."

He looked in amazement, as he started towards me, as he saw me deliberately opening the clasp. There were the





"KETCH HIM AND HOULD HIM!"—WILLIAMS' ARREST.

self-same initials Purvis had told us of. "I will keep this, Mr. Williams," said I; "this is what I am after.—Old woman, this man is a pickpocket.—Bolt the door!" I exclaimed to my student friend, which he did instantly. "Take charge of Williams while I examine the wallet; and you, old woman, keep quiet; and, Williams, don't *you* dare to make the least noise, or we'll finish you here."

I made rapid search, and found in the wallet nine hundred and thirty dollars (some of it Kentucky money), a lady's elegant gold enamelled watch, and a chain which could not have cost less than two hundred dollars, but which had been cut in some of the links — evidently a recent prize of Williams. He would never tell where that watch came from; and I advertised "A lady's watch, taken from a pickpocket. The owner can have the same by identifying it. Call at No. — Broadway," for several days, in the papers. But no one ever came to claim it, and I gave it to a lady, who still wears it, subject to the owner's reclamation at any time.

Williams saw that it was all over with him, but he protested that he did not abstract the wallet; that the whole "job" was Ellsworth's; and I was willing to believe this in part, for Ellsworth was the prime roper-in. More anxious to catch Ellsworth than to punish Williams, I agreed that if he would tell me the whole story truly, and where Ellsworth could be found, I would, on finding the latter, let him, Williams, off.

He told me the story in detail. They had taken Purvis, that night, over to a place in Williamsburg, occupied by Ellsworth, and his "family," as he pretended. Purvis was so stupid when they arrived there that the coachman had to assist them to bear him into the house. Of course the process of robbery was easy after that. But not having a good place to keep Purvis, and that matter being dangerous, too, they had hired another coach near morning, and brought him over to New York, Williams coming alone with him. He would not tell me the coachman's name,—

the one of the night before, — but said he had "bled" them to the tune of fifty dollars for his services.

He had been over to Williamsburg, and was on his way back, taking with him the money, which he was to divide the next day, at a certain hour, in a place he named in the Bowery, with Ellsworth, who would be there.

I did not credit his story, to be sure; but still I was there duly, and found Williams, who pretended surprise as he came in with an officer (into whose keeping I had given him, — having called him before we left the shop, — on a charge of forgery, not telling him I knew the real state of the case), at not finding Ellsworth up to his appointment. But my story is running into too much detail. Suffice it that we got back to the hotel as speedily as we could, and a more delighted man than was Mr. Purvis, on the recovery of so much of his money, can hardly be imagined. He gave the watch, of course, into my keeping, and in spite of all my protestations, compelled me to receive a much larger sum than would have amply satisfied me.

I pursued Ellsworth somewhat afterwards, visiting his "family" in Williamsburg, but I could not get track of him for a long while, when he turned up in another city, and I chanced to make him available in the detection of sundry other rogues. But that story is *sui generis*, and I must not mar it by a recital of a part here.

As for the brave medical student (whose name I have purposely withheld), he became a fast friend of mine, and afterwards we had several adventures together, some of which I purpose to relate, should I at some other time feel more in the spirit to do so.

Enough to know now, that he is, for his years, an eminent physician, with a large practice, in a district in the South, and married to a most beautiful woman, whose acquaintance he made while once playing the amateur detective. In some of these papers, perhaps, his name, if he permits, will be disclosed. Had he given himself to the

business, I conceive that he could not have had a successful rival, as a detective, in the world. The same knowledge of human nature which the detective needs, cannot but serve the physician to great advantage.

Mr. Purvis said that if he had wholly lost the thousand dollars, the lesson he had learned would have been cheaply bought.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THAT SHEEP'S SKIN AND ITS PIOUS USEFULNESS — A LARGE LOSS OF SILKS, SATINS, LACES, AND OTHER GOODS — A CONSULTATION — A LONG STUDY — THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS OF SEVERAL CLERKS, WHAT THEY DID, AND HOW THEY KILLED "SPARE TIME" — INFLUENCE OF THE CITY ON MORALS — NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK — A MOST WONDERFUL SERIES OF THEFTS — THE MATTER INEXPLICABLE AT FIRST, GROWS MORE SUBTLE — A GLEAM OF LIGHT AT LAST — A BRIGHT ITALIAN BOY PLAYS A PART — A LADY FOLLOWED — MORE LIGHT — AN EXTEMPORIZED SERVANT OF THE CROTON WATER BOARD GETS INSIDE A CERTAIN HOUSE — SARAH CROGAN AND I — HOW A HOUSE IN NINETEENTH STRERT DELIVERED UP ITS TREASURES — "WILLIAM BRUCE," ALIAS CHARLES PHILLIPS — A VERY STRANGE DENOUEMENT — A MEEK MAN TRANSFORMED; HIS RAGE — A DELIVERY UP, WITH ACCOMPANYING JEWELS — A "WIDOW" NOT A WIDOW REMOVES — WHAT SARAH CROGAN THOUGHT.

It is an astonishing thing to a detective, and ought to be to every person of sense, it seems to me, that after the experiences of ages "the-wolf-in-sheep's-clothing" still keeps on deluding people. Everybody ought by this time to know the animal, and everybody does, in a sense; but everybody has heard of him, and seen him somewhere along the path of life, and either been bitten by him, or sorely frightened, or something of the sort. Yet forever he is playing his wiles with success with everybody; and his sheep skin is the same one he has used ever since historic time began, and perhaps long before that. But I did not take my pen to descant upon the blunders and stupidities of my fellow-mortals, or to adorn this page with a lecture on morals and hypocrisies, but to tell a tale in which, perchance, a "moral" will be better "painted" by the facts it discloses than by my discursive pen.

I was called upon one day by the confidential clerk of a

large mercantile house in this city, and informed by him that he had been sent by one of the partners of the house, — the other partners being abroad, one in Europe, and one in the South, — in regard to the matter of extensive robberies from their store; and it had been thought best that I should be made acquainted with the chief facts before visiting the house — as they supposed, of course, he said, I should wish to. I told him (and here, for sake of brevity, let me give him a name, which is correct only in the initial letters — Charles Phillips) — I told Mr. Phillips that his policy was quite right, and that I would listen then and there to his story. He went on to recount that, probably for a long while, the house had been robbed of various kinds of goods, but that of late, particularly, they had been greatly annoyed by missing large quantities of the highest priced goods: their best silks, satins, laces, etc., which, being costly goods, amounted, as nearly as they could calculate, — in one month's loss, too, — to some eighteen hundred dollars; "and of course," said he, "the loss may be more, for perhaps we do not know all we have lost. He told me of plans which he and the partner at home had devised to find out the thief or thieves, and the watch that had been set, all to no avail. He had a different opinion about it, he said, from the partner, who thought some of the clerks must be the guilty parties; and it did seem so, sometimes, he said, for the store was well watched nights by a trusty watchman, whom he himself had watched as well, and felt confident that he could have no confederates; and, besides, the things taken were not usually in reach of customers — only the clerks could get at them. So he thought his employer excusable, perfectly, for his suspicion that some of the clerks must be the thief. Yet for his part he could not believe it, inasmuch as he had known all the clerks so long, — five years, a majority of them, and the rest of them, save three, who had been but from two to six months in the house, for from one year up to three and four; and he thought he knew all about them, and could

not allow himself to suspect any one of them. But, nevertheless, his employer, who could not in his own mind fasten suspicion upon any specific person, had fully made up his mind that some of the clerks were guilty, and they were now going to wake up the matter, if possible, and "bring things to a focus," as he expressed it.

I listened to what Mr. Phillips had to say, and inquired how many clerks there were in the establishment, when he informed me that, aside from himself, there were thirty-seven.

"Thirty-seven?" said I; "and you are not able to say that any one of these is more innocent or less guilty than another, eh?"

"No."

"Well, then, we've a job on hand which may last for a good while, and require not only time, but patience, and a good deal of money to work out; for we might hit on the thief the first thing, but we might not be able to identify him till we had been through with all the rest, and satisfied ourselves of their innocence, you see, and it may cost your house more than it would to suffer the losses, and let accident, perhaps, hereafter disclose the guilty party."

"I have talked this very point over with Mr. Redding," (the partner), said he, "and he says the firm must go to any necessary cost to find the thief, and put a stop to peculations; that the house cannot, in fact, long do business at this rate of loss, and he's made up his mind to go into the matter thoroughly, and when he gets *his* head set, there's no moving him. The house must go ahead in this business, and let you have your way about it."

I learned from Mr. Phillips that many of the goods taken were of a peculiar kind, but after all, not to be readily identified, if the private marks of the house were removed; "and any thief," said he, "shrewd enough to steal from our store, at the rate the thefts have been going on for the last few weeks, is wise enough, I dare say, to leave nothing of a story-telling nature on the goods. He's probably removed our private marks at his earliest convenience."

After our conference was over, and I had agreed to call at the store the next day, in the capacity of a wholesale customer "from Buffalo," and Mr. Phillips was gone, I set myself to work at some theory in the case, and found myself quite baffled at every point. I had not facts enough yet in my possession to form an opinion; and as I prided myself in those days, more than I do now, on my unerring skill in detecting a thief by his countenance, I resolved to theorize no more till I had gone through the house, and scrutinized each clerk's face. But that night I talked the matter over with certain of my brother detectives, for it was evident that there was work enough to be done, if we wished to save time, for several of them. Each of my men thought the matter could be easily solved. Some of the clerks were, of course, the thieves, and they only needed to be "spotted" for a few nights at once, and sure as fate the guilty one would be brought to light 'twas agreed; but it didn't prove so easy a job, after all.

The next day I called upon Mr. Redding, it having been understood between me and Mr. Phillips that he was not to recognize me before the clerks, until after I might have been presented to him by Mr. Redding, and then only cursorily. I handed Mr. Redding a note which I had prepared, and as he did not know me personally, and was a little taken aback at what I said in the note, I giving him sundry orders and directions therein, his strangership to me was quite evident to the clerks who chanced to be about when we met. Mr. Redding showed me all the distinction that I required, and himself showed me through the establishment. It was a long list of goods, indeed, that which I prized, in every department; and we took our time, in order that I might have the amplest opportunity to study each clerk's face, which I did to my satisfaction, but to no certainty as to which one if any was the thief. I thought that either my usual sagacity had fled me, or else that the clerks were a singularly honest set of young men, and withal exceedingly well chosen and clever.

I was at times tempted to suspect one or two of them; but I could not tell why, and came to the conclusion at last that this temptation resulted rather from my anxiety to "spot" some one, than from good judgment; and I concluded that part of the business without having arrived at any conclusion whatever as to the guilty parties. After this Mr. Redding called his chief confidential clerk, Mr. Phillips, into the counting-room, and we quietly talked over the matter. At Mr. Redding's request, Mr. Phillips produced such a list as they had been able to make of the goods lost, which amounted in all to quite an astonishing sum; but of these things they could inform me of nothing which was very peculiar in its nature — nothing the like of which other stores had not. But I finally requested to see some of the richest silks, such as those they had lost, and was taken by Mr. Redding to see them. I have a pretty accurate eye for forms and colors, and I paid special attention to a piece of silk, the like of which I had never seen, and the cost of which was more than that of any other piece in the store. It was a heavy silk — would stand alone, and had in it "ribs," after the fashion somewhat of a twisted column, the pattern of which was perhaps borrowed from a column in the court of some old convent, such as I had often seen in Italy, where for a year I was occupied in that country ferreting out some scamps who had fled there from Philadelphia, and who were badly wanted to settle sundry accounts. With the association of the "ribs" and the column, I was not likely to forget that piece of silk. But other houses had the like, and I might not be able to identify the piece as coming from Mr. Redding's store, if I should chance to come across it in some retail store, at the pawnbroker's, or anywhere else. Yet it might prove a clew, and I put my faith in it; with what result, will be seen further on, for I cannot mar my narrative by introducing it here.

It was quite evident to me that the thief must be some one or more of the clerks; and I could not, on inquiry into

the habits of the clerks, so far as Mr. Redding understood them, or in any way, fix upon any one of the clerks as more likely than another to be the thief. These young men had been well selected; were smart fellows, each in his way. Indeed, Mr. Redding thought that, on the whole, his house had the best set of clerks of all the houses in the city, and although he was convinced that some one or more of them (and he as well as I inclined to the notion that there must be two at least) were guilty, yet he said he would gladly give a thousand dollars if the guilt could be fastened upon somebody without the store; for the house had always treated its clerks as if they were the partners' own children in many respects, and given the clerks rather better wages than they could get anywhere else, and some unusual privileges. They had nearly all been long with the house, and I thought that Mr. Redding seemed to suffer as much from the fear that some of the clerks would prove to be the guilty party, as from the loss of the goods themselves. In fact, he confessed that he felt "chicken-hearted" about the matter, as he expressed it; but his partners' interests as well as his own must be looked to, and so he was resolute.

I returned to my office, and set about immediate preparations on the work. I was going at it that night, and I saw that there was no other way than to take matters coolly, and work systematically. I sent for some of my men, having apprised Mr. Redding that it would "cost something" to work up the case, and that to do it within any conscionable time I must set several men at work. He had given me quite a wide range for expenses, saying that it would not do to be guilty of any laches in the business for want of means; because, at the rate they were losing property, with all their eyes open at that, they would soon have to give up business.

I set my men to keeping their eyes on certain of the clerks whose places of residence and names Mr. Redding had given me. He had not procured the streets and num-

bers of all of them, but was to do so next day. The clerks designated were carefully watched and followed, to find out how and where they spent their nights, for it was my conjecture, that whoever stole the goods was under the influence of some demon passion; that he either gambled, and was deeply in debt, and stole the goods and sold them, or that some wily woman had him in her power, or some fiend of a man was driving him on in crime; and it was necessary first to find out all about where these young men spent their time out of the store.

I took my own place in the work, and having been so much about the store that day, it was necessary that I disguise myself, as I did; and I took my station on Broadway, near the store, and waited for the young men to sally forth, directing my men to the boarding-places of some of the clerks, with as accurate descriptions of them as I could give.

I had not long to wait before some of the clerks passed me, and I selected two, whom I followed. Darkness was just coming on. They stopped on a corner to lay out their programme for the evening, and concluded to not go home to tea, but to go to a restaurant, where I followed them, and remained there till they left; and when they came out they went up Broadway, and stopping before a billiard saloon, seemed to be debating the question whether they would go up or not; but finally they went up the stairs, and I remained behind a few minutes, and then followed them. Somehow, as I entered the room, and my eye fell upon the face of one of them, something seemed to tell me that he was the guilty fellow. The young men had already commenced a game, and were busy with the bewitching balls. I lounged about, and finally got a partner for a single game. The young men did not bet — only played for sport, and at a seasonable hour left, not however, till I, having observed that they would soon depart, had gotten down on to the pavement before them. When they came down, they set off together, walked some distance togeth-

er, turned down a side street, and on the corner of it and another street bade each other good night. One of them went on to his boarding-house, and so I suppose did the other.

The next night I gave my particular attentions to those same young men. They went over to the Bowery Theatre, and like sensible fellows, too, had seats in the pit, in which part of the house I also secured a place. They seemed to enjoy the play greatly, and one of them threw a quarter of a dollar on the stage in lieu of a bouquet, in testimony of his appreciation of the splendid representation of a mock Richard the Third by the leading actor, and I fancied that perhaps I had found out the young man's leading passion — his besetting sin.

When they left the theatre they proceeded to an ale-house, and after taking a mug apiece of somebody's "best pale ale," sallied out, and wended their way together homeward, till they came to the parting-place again; and I followed the one whom I did not pursue the night before, only to be led on a long distance up into Hudson Street, when the young man applying his night-key to the door of a very respectable-looking house, entered and vanished. I had begun to make up my mind that this sort of work would not do; that these clerks were but like ten thousand others, who, wearied by their day's work, sought recuperation in slight dissipations, and, perhaps, questionable pleasures, such as billiards, and comedies, and ales give. But I followed up some other of the clerks, reporting every day to Mr. Redding or to Mr. Phillips very ill success. The latter was particularly anxious to have me "go on, and make thorough work of it;" and as the days went on I became much attached to him.

My men, too, brought me their accounts daily, with as little success towards the desired end as I myself had, and we were frequently on the point of giving up the job. We concluded that perhaps several of the clerks were engaged in this robbery; that they might have formed a secret

society among themselves, and that they probably had a safe place to send their goods to, and a skilful "receiver," who would pay them perhaps half price for the goods, but we could find nothing to sustain this hypothesis. Two or three of the clerks were quite literary in their tastes, and belonged to some debating club, I forget the name now, but it was quite an institution at the time, and thither my men had followed them, and quite fallen in love with the spirited manner and eloquent speech-making of one of the clerks. Of course they followed these wherever they went, and nothing could convince them that these young men were guilty. One of the clerks was an inveterate theatre-goer. He went every night to one theatre or another; but my men found out that he usually had passes, and was, to some extent, a dramatic critic, furnishing the reporters of sundry papers with notes, and that in this way he probably got his passes, and so did not in this way waste much of his slender salary. He neither smoked nor drank liquor, and seemed to be always alone, careless of companionship; so he was dropped as "not the man." Another of the clerks had, it was found, a strange fancy for old books and antique engravings. He spent, evidently, as little money on his person as would suffice to dress neatly and well enough for his position, and put all he could have into old books and engravings; and we found that he was well known by all those strange men, who in these days mostly collect in Nassau Street, and live among the rubbish and dirt of old, and for most part, worthless books, driving keen bargains, giving little, and asking much for some rare old folly of a book, or some worthless volume in which some lord of the blood, or some royal sovereign of literature, like Johnson or Addison, had chanced to write his name. The young clerk had a business man's as well as an artist's eye for these things, we found, and was said, by the old book-men, to make such excellent assortments of engravings, etc., which he bound together, as to be able to realize in their sale quite an advance on the

original purchase. And so we found merit instead of crime in him, and felt very sure that he could be "counted out." But we had some singular experiences. One of the clerks, as did indeed three of them, boarded in Brooklyn. This one was a Sunday-school teacher, but he came over to New York one Sunday night to attend a religious meeting, and being particularly followed that night, he was found going into a disreputable "ladies' boarding-house." Some of the clerks were Sunday-school teachers, especially certain of them who were middle-aged, and married; but we discovered, in our scrutiny of these clerks, that these older ones especially, had a habit of taking their country customers and friends to see the sights of the city at night, and that in order to beguile these persons, in other words, to "show them proper attentions," they were not scrupulous about forgetting their Sunday-school teachings, and taking these customers into the most questionable dens in the city. In those days the vulgar phrase "seeing the elephant" was more common than now, and included participation in all sorts of small and impure vices. In my opinion, this greed for trade, which impells the competing clerks of different houses to show every possible attention of this kind to the young men (as well as old, for often the old are worse than the young) who come to the city to buy goods, has led to the downfall, the moral and financial ruin, of thousands who would otherwise have led honorable, and perhaps noble lives. But things in this respect are better now a days than they were many years ago in New York. The great advance which the fine arts have made in this country, even within the last ten years, has had much to do with this improvement. The theatre is "a thing of beauty" and attractive in comparison to what it used to be; and everywhere scattered throughout the city are many matters of the higher arts to attract and interest the stranger or frequent visitor even, and so in a measure keep him out of harm's way. The Central Park has been a great educator of the city people out of vices, and has an elevating influ-

ence upon country people coming to the city, many of whom "luxuriate" in a visit to it, instead of "dissipate," as in years ago, in the dens of the crowded city; for in winter even, when the cold is intense enough to make ice, joyous nights are spent in skating on the Park pond, or in beholding the witching gayeties of the accomplished skaters.

But the days went on, — I almost daily conferring with Mr. Redding, or his accomplished chief clerk, Mr. Phillips, whose sagacity and inventive genius pleased me greatly. He would have made — in fact was, in one sense — one of the most shrewd and capable of detectives. There was no avenue for the slightest suspicion which his keen brain could not discover when Mr. Redding seemed disposed to give up in despair, as from time to time I faithfully reported to him the empty results of my own and my men's constant watching, or drew on the house, on different occasions, for current expenses. Mr. Phillips stimulated him to further endeavor, feeling, as he said, and as an honest man, in his capacity, could not well but feel, that the responsibility on his part was morally as great as if he were the pecuniary sufferer, and he continued to bravely and nobly work in the interest of the house. But constantly the peculations went on; and so mysteriously were they conducted, that I believe it would have required no great amount of argument to convince Mr. Redding that invisible hands took part in the thefts; that the spirits of some old merchants, perhaps (not having forgotten their greed of gain in the other world), were the authors and doers of this wickedness; for he was half inclined to belief in modern spiritualism, and the partner who was in Europe was an avowed spiritualist, his daughter, a sickly young lady of eighteen or twenty years of age, being a "medium." It was partly for her health's sake that the father had taken her to Europe. Mr. Redding was confounded, as from time to time, something more of much value, often of great value, was missed. Finally he took up his lodgings for a few nights

at the store, with an inside and an outside watchman, and with an ugly watch-dog for a companion; but this did no good, for valuables were still missed, and what was the most perplexing thing, were apparently taken in the night. Mr. Redding became sensibly weak, looked haggard, was restless and nervous, and his family physician ordered him to suspend work. Mr. Redding had great pride about this matter, and all the clerks were put under an injunction of secrecy in regard to the losses, and I have reason to think they faithfully respected the mandate. This secrecy was suggested as a matter of pride as well as prudence, for Mr. Redding would not have had his brother merchants in the city know of the troubles in his house for anything. It would have led, he thought, to the financial injury of the firm.

Finally, Mr. Redding was taken sick, and remained at home for three days. On the second day he sent for me, and showed me an advertisement he had caused to be put in the Herald, calling for twenty clerks of experience in the dry goods business, etc. "None need apply who cannot produce the best certificates of character, and come recommended by all parties in whose employ they may have ever been." He named a box in the Herald office as the place of address, and he already had sent his servant to the Herald office, and when I arrived was opening one of over fifty letters received. He showed me the advertisement and responses with an air of pride.

"I have made up my mind that our salvation is in a change of clerks," said he. "The innocent and guilty must go alike. I will first dismiss twenty, — fortunately, we make our contracts with clerks in such way that I can do this, — and after twenty new ones are worked in, and know our modes of doing business, I will dismiss all the rest, and fill their places with new men. What do you think of my new plan?"

I told him that, as a *dernier resort*, it was probably wise, but that fruitless though had been our work heretofore, I

nevertheless wanted to try further; and I proposed that he go on and make the acquaintance of the new applicants privately, examine their credentials, and get ready to receive them, if wanted, in due time; but that so great and sudden a change of clerks could not but tend to confuse his customers, especially as many of their clerks had been with him for years, and they would inevitably take many of the customers with them; while he could not be sure that the newly-incoming clerks would bring him any trade at all. There was a wildness in Mr. Redding's eyes that day, which looked to me precursory of insanity, and I felt that anything like full espousal of his plan would excite him, and perhaps hasten the wreck of his intellect. But Mr. Redding got better, and reappeared at his store, and he told me when I next met him thereafter, that he had no heart to turn away some of his clerks who had been so long his companions, and he found it impossible to select the first twenty for decapitation.

Mr. Redding communicated his plan to Mr. Phillips, and the latter, with his usual sagacity, opposed it, suggesting several reasons, among which was one which weighed much with Mr. Redding, to the effect that he could be no surer of the honesty of the new clerks than of that of the old, and that it was by no means certain that like losses were not being suffered in other houses, and that some of these new clerks might have been dismissed under like circumstances to those which suggested the dismission of his own clerks, and he added, "If you were to dismiss the clerks, you would be obliged, in honor, to give each one of them the best commendation for faithfulness in business, and you could not conscientiously refuse to add, 'for honesty and integrity.'"

"No, no; I could not do less; that is true," said Mr. Redding; "and perhaps the new comers would bring certificates from employers situated just as we are. I had not thought of that."

There was the greatest respect on the part of the under

clerks manifested towards Mr. Phillips, and I doubt not that if he communicated this matter of the proposed change, and his opposition to it, to them, that he won upon their gratitude and regard still further. Mr. Phillips was indeed a model man in every respect. He had not only great business tact, but he had the refined manners of a cultivated gentleman, and was evidently considerable of a literary man withal, and was, I was told, a very happy public speaker. He was, as I have before observed, a man of ready expedients, of fertile inventive genius, and it was difficult to see how the house could well get on without him. But as the difficulties of the situation increased, Mr. Phillips began to evince much wear and tear of mind, and he told Mr. Redding, that though his contract called for two years more of service (it had been three years before), he thought he should be compelled to ask that the contract be rescinded, and he would withdraw from business for a while and get rest.

Mr. Redding would hear nothing of this; but, of course, he could not oblige, nor would it have been expedient if he could, Mr. Phillips to remain, and so, to cheer him up, and secure his inestimable services longer, he agreed to advance his salary from the beginning of the next month by fifty per cent., and insisted that Mr. Phillips should give up the old contract, and enter into a new one to that effect. This was an unexpected turn of affairs for Mr. Phillips, and of course stirred his deepest gratitude, and he entered with renewed vigor into the matter of the detection of the thieves — himself offering, as he did, to forego the pleasures of his nights at home, in the bosom of his charming family, and occupying a couch at the store with the watchman. But this lasted only a week, for the robberies were no less frequent during that week than before; and Mr. Phillips began obviously to experience something of the despair which had afflicted Mr. Redding when he slept at the store. Mr. Phillips abandoned this course, and retired again to his home for his nights' lodgings, "giving up all

hope," as he expressed it, and sorely vexed that he had entered into a new contract on any terms.

Mr. Redding, waiting for his partner, who was at the South, to return, and greatly tried that he could get no word from him, had resolved, finally, to carry out his plan of dismissing all the clerks, and obtaining new, when the partner suddenly came back, and being made acquainted with the state of things, and feeling that Mr. Redding had not pursued the wisest course, undertook to manage affairs himself, by making each clerk responsible for all the goods within such and such spaces, or in such and such lines of wares. This scheme worked well for a few days; but the clerks revolted at it, as one after another suffered losses, and his partner became as much perplexed as was Mr. Redding. It was evident now that if one clerk was to be suspected of creating the "losses" which occurred in his department, several were to be suspected, and the partner finally coincided with Redding and Mr. Phillips, who had finally given his judgment in favor of the plan of thorough change, and they proceeded to put their plan in execution, by dismissing ten clerks at first, and employing ten new ones in their places, which was done.

The parting with some of the ten was quite affecting; but each bore from the house the best possible written commendation, and all were able, as I was afterwards told, to secure good situations in other houses. But Mr. Redding and his partner, seconded by Mr. Phillips, wished me to continue my investigations as I had opportunity, and settled with me up to the time, and I must add, generously, thanks to Mr. Phillips, who suggested that though we were all foiled, I was entitled to more than I charged, for I had, he said, actually kept the house on its legs by the moral support I had given Mr. Redding and him.

I tried to dismiss the matter from my mind, but the chagrin I felt at having actually discovered nothing kept it constantly in memory, although I was as constantly perplexed with other and pressing business. I had by no

means given up the matter finally, however; for I had known too many cases before, where the desired knowledge or evidence came only in accidental, or some most unlooked-for ways, and that a long while after it was most wanted, to give up all hope of solving this problem; and finally, some three weeks from the time to which I last refer, light began to dawn. I was on a hurried mission in a Fourth Avenue horse-car, on my way to the New Haven depot at 27th Street, in order to identify, if possible, a man there held in temporary custody, as the man whom I was seeking, charged with the commission of a crime in New Jersey, when two ladies entered the car at 8th Street. Both of them would have been elegantly dressed, only that they were "over-dressed," and sparkling besides with an abundance of jewelry, which suggested vulgar breeding and sudden accession to wealth.

The car was already full, and as no one else stirred, — mostly travellers with their bags, on their way to catch the train Boston-ward, — I rose, and made place for one, which was immediately taken, with a bow of grateful recognition of my courtesy, for a wonder, by the better looking of the ladies. I do not know whether there is such a thing as magnetic attraction or not in the world, but sure it is that somehow I felt that lady to bear some important relation to my business before I observed her dress particularly, and nothing could have been further from my then present memory than that dress, and at first I could not at once call to my mind where I had seen anything like it; but suffice it that on slight inspection I discovered it to be of the same pattern with the one I had seen at Mr. Redding's store, with the twisted-column "ribs." I felt that, perhaps, here was a clew at last to the whole matter, but I was on business of equally great importance. The ladies, perchance, might be going out on the next train, but probably not. They might stop short of 27th Street, and I *must* go there, and what should I do? I surveyed the passengers, stepped to the front platform,

and cast a look at a man there, and saw nobody whom I could address, and we were making more than usually rapid progress up.

I had half resolved in my mind to send word up by the driver to 27th Street, and get him to stop, by giving him a dollar, and run into the station-house, and say I would be up before long, and to follow the ladies myself, when, at the next crossing, there came on to the rear platform of the car as bright a black-eyed boy, of Italian parentage, I saw at once, as could have well been found in the city. He had with him a basket, in which he carried some valuable toys for sale. I took a fancy to the lad, and asked him how old he was. "Thirteen," was the reply, though he did not look over ten years of age. I asked him if he wished to earn five dollars that afternoon. His eyes sparkled, as he replied, "Yes." I inquired of him where he lived, the number of his house, his name, that of his parents, and so forth, and took them all rapidly down on my diary.

"Now," said I, "here's my card. I am one of the officers of the city, and could find you out in any part of the city in the darkest night, and I want to make an officer of you for a little while" (and the boy looked up with proud wonder). "I will take your basket; you can come for it to-morrow to my office, and here are two dollars for you to begin with. I will give you the three dollars to-morrow, and you may bring your father along with you, if you like. I should like to see him, and may be, if you do well in the matter I am going to tell you of, he'll let you go to live with me, where you can make a great deal of money."

I had hit the right chord, and the boy was all ears. In a low voice I told him of the two ladies in the cars, sent him to look at them, without their seeing him eye them, and come right out. I told him that I wished him to follow them, keeping at a distance behind, not let them suspect him, and if they separated, to follow the larger one (the lady with the peculiar silk dress), and if she stopped

in stores or houses, to wait till she came out, and not give up watching her till he was sure she had stopped for the last time that day, and was at her home, and to take the number and street, so as to be able to go and point out the place to me. "Could he do this nicely, and not be suspected?"

The little fellow's pride was all aroused. He knew he could do it "all right," and he would follow her into the night, he said, if necessary. Then I told him where I lived, and put the number on the back of my card, and told him if he got hungry or benighted to come and stay over night at my house. The little fellow had probably never been treated with such distinction before, for the tears came into his eyes. I had hardly got my arrangements with him made when the bell announced that somebody wished to get out at 22d Street, and forth came the two ladies. I clapped his cap over the boy's eyes, that the ladies might not not get a glimpse at those wonderful "orbs" of his, and took him on to the next street, when I let him off, with the injunction to "stick to it, and give me a good report." I had told him to use his money for rides in the omnibuses or cars, if necessary, and I would pay him; and this seemed to make him still prouder.

I felt that that boy, whose name was Giuseppi Molinaro, — or what would be plain Joseph Miller, in English, — would do his duty. The wares in his basket, which I held, were worth considerable more than two dollars, and I was sure he would come back to me, and that he had too much pride to come back with a poor report; and I went on to 27th Street, and fortunately identified my man there. Had I sent up word by the driver, as at first I thought to do, the fellow would have been let go, and would have soon been in Connecticut, beyond our reach. A search, which revealed a peculiar scar on his left thigh, the result of a successful combat with a couple of officers' years before, revealed the villanous bank robber and wily scoundrel in the general way, beyond question, and notwithstanding

he almost made me believe, by his protestations of innocence in spite of my fine memory of forms and countenances, that I had not known him eight years before. He, being properly taken care of, I returned to my home, thinking that the boy might come there in the night, as he did, and with an excellent report. The little fellow had followed instructions to the letter, and I indulged him in a detailed narrative of his exploits, which he gave with all the spirit of his race. The ladies had led him a long chase, but fortunately they had only resorted to cars and omnibusses, had not taken hacks, and he had managed to keep them in sight; and, to cut the matter short, he had tracked the lady in the peculiar silk evidently to her own home.

I may properly stop here to say that Giuseppi's experience that day gave him such impulse in the way of a detective's life that he finally became an officer, and is to-day one of the most efficient young men in his calling to be found anywhere in this or any other country. Indeed, he has become rich in his profession — a thing not usual with detectives.

I had half suspected that these over-dressed ladies might be traced into a house of ill-fame, — not that they looked altogether like prostitutes of the most "respectable" class, but there was enough in appearance to warrant a suspicion, — and I had rather dreaded such a result of affairs, because such people are so facile in the expedients of lying, etc., that if that which the lady wore were indeed the very dress-pattern stolen from the store, it would be difficult to trace it into the hands of the thief. But the boy had followed the lady into the respectable quarter of 19th Street, near 8th Avenue, and I felt at loss. I wanted him to stay, and go with me early in the morning to the place, but he could not. He said his father might punish him, although he brought home five dollars and should tell him his story. So I went home with him, and told his parents, — he interpreting in parts, — what the boy had done, and what I wanted. Mr. Molinaro was a very re-

spectable looking man, and followed the business of an engraver on wood, as well as that of a lithographer also, and I took such an interest in the family as in time brought the boy quite exclusively under my charge.

Giuseppi returned home with me, and very early the next morning, before but a very few in the city were stirring, he and I had taken notes of the house in 19th Street. It was an easy matter, some two hours thereafter, to learn from the nearest grocery-man, and a druggist in the vicinity, the name and character of the occupants of the house in question, and before two days had passed I had seen Mr. William Bruce, — said to be an operator in Wall Street, — the gentleman who occupied the place, enter and depart twice from that house, and had recognized in him an old acquaintance. But I had not possession of facts enough to warrant my making complaint against him, and so I proceeded to Mr. Redding's to burnish my memory as to the kind of articles which had been stolen from the store, keeping the secret of my special desire from Mr. Redding. His partner, together with the faithful clerk, Mr. Phillips, had gone to Cincinnati, to settle with some house which had just failed, owing them quite an amount, and would not be back under two days or so, and I had not the advantage of Mr. Phillips's assistance in instructing me in what style of goods had been taken; but I got as good descriptions from Mr. Redding as he could give me, and the next morning found me at the house on 19th Street, properly arrayed, with tools and all, in the character of a servant of the Croton Water Board, wishing to examine all the pipes, faucets, etc., in the house.

Sarah Crogan, as she gave me her name, — a buxom, laughing Irish girl, — heard my story, and let me in. I told her to tell the mistress that I should be up stairs after examining matters in the basement; when she informed me that her master, Mr. Bruce, had gone off travelling somewhere, and that her mistress went off the afternoon before, to spend the night with a lady friend, — perhaps the one

with whom I had seen her in the horse-car, — so I took things easy; and with a good deal of joking and merry-making with Sarah, managed to go all over the house, and flattered Sarah with showing me a great deal of her mistress's wardrobe, which was splendid indeed. (I confess I thought of it with some degree of envy, when I reflected what poor dresses, in comparison, a certain handsome and honest woman, who was the mother of my own dear children, was obliged to get along with.) And better than all, I identified, on some unmade-up dress-patterns, two of what I took to be, and what proved to be, of the peculiar cards which Mr. Redding's house attached to its goods, with secret cost-marks in ink. I had no difficulty in securing these without exciting Sarah's suspicion, and having made all the research I cared to, left the house, not without, however, taking a cosy lunch with Sarah in the basement, and flattering her, to such a degree, with the hope of future attentions from me, that she agreed not to say anything about the pipe-repairer's having been there. Finding a pair of scissors in Mrs. Bruce's bedroom, I had made a few sly clippings from some of the unmade-up goods, and encountering the peculiar silk dress, hanging in a large closet with a dozen more of other styles, I had jokingly shut myself in, in a frolicsome way, with Sarah, long enough to make a clipping from a broad hem in the inside of a sleeve of the dress. I felt quite satisfied that Sarah would say nothing of the Scotchman's having been there, for I assumed the rôle of a Scotchman with her, which was by no means a bad dodge, as Sarah was a North-of-Ireland lass, and no Catholic.

Duly in another garb, I was at Mr. Redding's, and told him my story. I took him into his private office, and told him to be perfectly reticent, — to say nothing to anybody, not even to his partner, or to his faithful clerk, Mr. Phillips, when they should have returned, until I should see him again; "for," said I, "the thief was one of your old clerks, and Mr. Phillips's heart is so kindly and soft, and he evi-

dently thinks so much of the man, and will be so overcome with astonishment, that his sympathies may become aroused to the extent of interceding for him, or giving him a timely hint to 'clear out.'"

Mr. Redding could not comprehend this, but promised to obey me, upon my saying to him that it was better always that there should be just as few to keep a secret as possible, however tried and trusted any might be.

I knew that I should have to take things by storm, so, accompanying myself with a policeman, in the proper badge and dress, I called on Mrs. Bruce the next day, and sending for her, she came to the parlor, when I told her that I had business with her husband, and asked where I could find him. She produced the card of "William Bruce, Dealer in Stocks, etc., 64 Wall Street," from a little pile in a basket near at hand, which I took, and rising, thanked her, and started for the door, as if about departing, my friend doing the same; but reaching the door, I closed it. A slight pallor had been discernible upon Mrs. Bruce's face, on her entry into the room, evidently caused by the sight of a policeman, and it deepened as I closed the door, and said, —

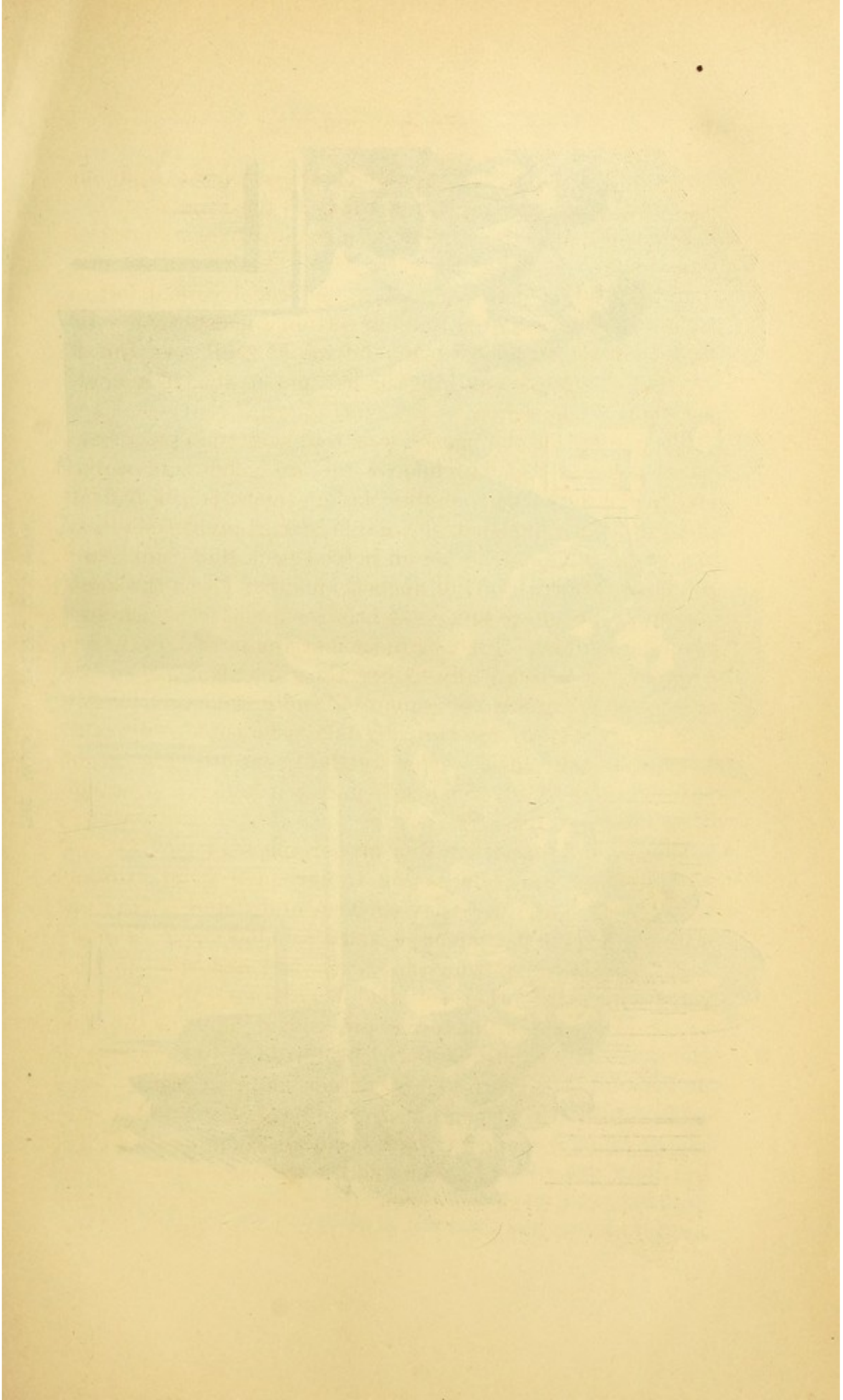
"Mrs. Bruce, I am here with my friend, as an officer of the law, to search your house. Your husband is not what his card purports here, as you well know, but he is a clerk in the employ of" — (naming Mr. Redding's house), — "and is a thief. The most of your splendid wardrobe, which I had the pleasure of inspecting in your absence day before yesterday, is the result of his thefts; and I am here prepared to take possession of it — preferring to do so quietly rather than make any noise in the neighborhood. I do not suppose that you have a guilty knowledge of his crimes. He probably does not tell you of them, — and I have no desire to do you any harm, or him either, — but the firm must have back their property, or as much as they can get; and as I see you possess a great deal of rich

jewelry, I shall ask you to put the most of that into my hands till your husband can settle with the firm."

She was perfectly stupefied through all this; declared that she had no belief that Mr. Bruce was any other man than he pretended to her to be; said she had had letters from his sisters living in Pennsylvania, and that she believed he was an honest man, and would gladly give up to officers of the law anything in her possession, if it could help him, to do so.

The upshot of the matter was, that several large trunks left that house that day, filled with rare goods and wares, and under the charge of the Mayor's clerk (for I had arranged it with her that she might name anybody to take charge of the goods). Sarah helped pack the trunks, and rendered us great aid, all unconscious that I was the pipe-repairer, her *quasi*-lover, — until just as I was leaving, catching her alone, I whispered something in her ear, which brought her astoundedly to her senses. She clasped my hand with a convulsive "squeeze," and looked unutterably into my eyes, quite as tragically as a fashionable lover, with her heart just a little broken for the twentieth time might have done, and said "Silence!" in response to my utterance of the same word.

The goods were taken to a proper place of deposit, and Mr. Redding was sent for, and succeeded in identifying some of them as surely having been in his store, — the unmade-up ones in particular, — and a peculiar shawl, of great value, only three of which his house had imported, and he knew where the other two had been sold. Mr. Redding was very anxious to have me proceed at once to unmask the clerk; but I told him that I preferred to await, for some reasons, till the return of his partner, and that just as soon as he returned I wished him to send me word, and a carriage to take me, and say nothing at all to his partner till I arrived. Two days elapsed and the message came. I was fortunately at home, and took the carriage instantly, and was off for the house. I found that the partner and Mr.





THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

Phillips had returned but an hour before from a very successful trip to Cincinnati, and Mr. Redding and they were in the counting-room congratulating themselves on their success.

"Well, Mr. Redding," said I, "I suppose it is time to tell you my story. I am ready — "

"Stop," said he; "and turning to his partner and Mr. Phillips, he said, "I've some good news to tell you, also. Our friend here has been successful at last, and discovered the thief, and we've got back many of the goods. Go on, and tell us the story, for I don't know yet myself who the thief is."

The partner and Mr. Phillips looked in wonder into our and each other's eyes, and simultaneously said, "Yes, yes, let's hear; and first," said Mr. Phillips, "let us hear the scoundrel's name, if you have it, and then the rest of the story."

"Ah, yes, sir," said I, "that *is* the point first. His name, Mr. Phillips, is 'William Bruce, dealer in stocks, etc.' (so his card says), '64 Wall Street.'"

Mr. Redding and the partner looked confused at the announcement (for I had told Mr. Redding that it was "an old clerk" of his), and Mr. Phillips, for a second, looked confused for another reason, which confusion was somewhat deepened, when I turned directly upon him, and said, —

"But Mr. Bruce has an alias, another name, and that is Mr. *Charles Phillips;* and you, sir, are the scoundrel you inquired for!"

Phillips turned pale as a ghost, and tried to say something, but his voice failed.

"Mr. Phillips," said I, "the house in 19th Street has delivered up its treasures. They are all in my possession, together with your mistress's pearls, diamonds, and watches, and everything valuable which she, as your 'wife,' would permit me and the officer to take, and you are now my prisoner, without the slightest possibility, on your part, of escape from the full penalties of the law; and now I propose

to send a carriage at once for 'Mrs. Bruce.' She, I am sure, don't know of your guilt, and would be happy to encounter her returned husband here in the person of Mr. Charles Phillips, the time-old, confidential clerk of this house."

Phillips reached out his hands imploringly to me, and begged that I would not send for "Mrs. Bruce," — said he was justly caught, and was ready to confess all, without our going to the trouble of a trial, and then commenced crying like a girl — hysterically.

The astonishment of Mr. Redding and his partner can better be imagined, perhaps, than portrayed here. I never saw such a change come over a man as that which Mr. Redding evinced. All his old strength seemed to come back to him at once. He was inflexible and severe. He said but few words, and these always to the purpose. His disgust for Phillips was something sublime. "O, you pious hypocrite!" said he; "you d—est of all 'whited sepulchres' that ever disgraced our common humanity! I am more angry that I have been so deceived by your pious villany, than for all the anxiety and sickness you have brought upon me. But, in your own pious cant, as you have meted it to others, 'so shall it be meted unto you,' you thief, libertine, and saintly class-leader!"

Mr. Redding's partner, on the other hand, was differently affected. He cried, and said to Phillips, "O, Charles Phillips, how could you? I know you must have had dreadful temptations. It was all that woman: she spurred you on."

Phillips was silent for a moment; and I, who believed the woman innocent of any knowledge of his crimes, waited anxiously to hear what he would say in reply; and the hardened man had the magnanimity to not shield himself behind the woman, but said, "O, no; she knows nothing of my guilt. She has not prompted me to it directly, but it was to support and to please her that I, without her knowledge, pursued my career of crime. I am the wickedest 'whited sepulchre,' as Mr. Redding calls me, that ever

walked Broadway, or disgraced the inside of a church. But I have got my punishment, in part, now, and I am ready, if you demand it, to suffer the penalties of the law; but for my wife's and children's sake, I could wish that I could compromise with you, and go away from New York forever." (His family resided in Brooklyn.)

To cut the tale short, I will only add, that Mr. Redding unbent, in the course of a day or two, sufficiently to let Phillips off, on his promise to go at once to New Orleans, where he had relations, and never show his face again in New York.

The goods were returned — made and unmade dresses, and all; and the jewelry amounted to nearly enough to cover the best estimate of the losses which we could make. Phillips made a full confession of how he did things. He was sly and wily, and easily abstracted such goods as he desired, and doing them up himself, sent them off by the porter, when sending out other packages. One of the porters remembered to have gone many times with packages for Mr. or Mrs. William Bruce; and he also, he said, sent packages to various hotels, to impossible names, and marked on the corner, "To be called for;" and being able to describe the goods, if any query arose as to the propriety of giving the package to him, always succeeded in getting it. It was thus he managed.

The house, at my suggestion, very generously furnished Mrs. Bruce with three months' support, out of compliment to her giving up the goods without resistance, and in order to give her time to turn about and find something to do; for, though unmarried, by legal formula, to Phillips, as Mr. Bruce, she supposed herself his legal wife under the laws of the State, and was by no means a bad woman. Indeed, she was a good woman at heart; and after in vain trying to get together a little private school, as the widow of William Bruce, — for she insisted on being called Mrs. Bruce, — she turned to dressmaking, and did very well; and being a fine-looking, indeed, a showy woman, succeeded, in the

course of two years after Phillips's flight, in winning the affections of a much older man than Phillips, but a wealthy and honest one; and was duly, and this time, with much ceremony, married.

I did not meet Sarah Crogan again for over five years from the time I last saw her at 19th Street; but she had not forgotten the Croton Water Company's man. She had married meanwhile; but she vowed that it came "nare breakin' her heart, so it did," when she discovered that the "bould officer of the law" was her sweetheart of a day or two before, and had but "thricked" her into letting him go all over the house, "like a wild rover!"

A FORCED-MARRIAGE SCHEME DEFEATED.

GOSHEN, CONN. — A LADY STRANGER THERE — A PILGRIMAGE TO GOSHEN, VIA THE FAR-FAMED MOUNTAIN TOWN OF LITCHFIELD — THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW — AN UNPLEASANT REMINISCENCE OF DR. IVES, LATE BISHOP OF NORTH CAROLINA — MORE ABOUT THE WIDOW — SHE LEAVES FOR NEW YORK — AT THE "MANSION HOUSE," LITCHFIELD — A MARKED CHARACTER ENCOUNTERED THERE — MR. "C. B. LE ROY" STUDIED AND WEIGHED — THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW AND LE ROY MEET — HER FACE DISCLOSES CONFLICTING EMOTIONS — MR. LE ROY AND THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW, MRS. STEVENS, TAKE A WALK DOWN SOUTH STREET, IN THE "PARADISE OF LOAFERS" — SYMPATHIES SILENTLY EXCHANGED — WE ALL START FOR THE "STATION" — THE STAGE-COACH "TURNS OVER" — THE AFFRIGHTED LE ROY REVEALS HIS MANNERS — A PECULIAR SCENE IN THE CARS — AT BRIDGEPORT I PRESENT MYSELF TO MRS. STEVENS — AT NEW YORK AGAIN — A TALE OF COMPLICATIONS — MRS. STEVENS IN DEEP TROUBLE — A FRIEND OF HERS SEEKS ME — REVELATIONS — A FEARFUL STORY — A SECRET MARRIAGE AND UNHAPPY CONSEQUENCES — THE WRETCH LE ROY WANTS THE WIDOW'S MONEY — A TRAP SET FOR LE ROY — HE FALLS INTO IT — THE WEDDING SCENE DISARRANGED — THE WIDOW SAVED, AND THE INTENDED FORCED MARRIAGE DEFEATED.

In the summer of 185–, I had occasion to visit my brother, who was a clerk in a wholesale grocery store of one Lyman, on Water Street, I think, and who, being consumptively inclined, had, at Mr. Lyman's suggestion, and through his kindness, gone to the town of Goshen, Litchfield County, Connecticut, to spend a few weeks in the genial family of Mr. Lyman's father, and taste the bracing air of the hills of Litchfield County, so far-famed. So delighted was my brother with his "country home," as he called it, that he wrote me as often as once a week, and sometimes twice, varying his letters, in the enthusiasm with which they were filled over the mountain scenery,

the fresh air, the excellent hunting, the rides and drives, with now and then a word about a beautiful, mysterious lady, supposed to be from New York, and by some supposed to be a widow, — a gentle, sweet, good woman, — who bore some grief or other in her soul, as was evident, he said, but who, with excellent good sense, kept her affairs to herself, and would not obligingly recite the history of her life to the gossiping villagers of that country town, who, like those of all other towns away from the centres of business, and not even on the line of any great thoroughfare, "must have something to busy themselves about," and therefore mind each other's business considerably.

Goshen is reached by stage, a common country mail stage only, of the cheapest pattern, running up from Litchfield, several miles north. Litchfield itself being four or five miles from the station on the Naugatuck Railroad, and reached only over a heavy and steep road, at points almost perpendicular to the horizon, and withal a dangerous ride, if the stage-horses are not kept perfectly in hand. I did not know of this road, and the jolting character of the stages from the station to Litchfield, and from Litchfield on to Goshen, or all the alluring words of my brother's letters might not have seduced me into acceptance, finally, of his invitation. But I went up to Goshen, and once there, in the society of my brother, and some genial citizens to whom he presented me, passed four or five days of my stolen vacation most pleasantly.

The supposed widow — and who proved to be one in fact — had, at the time I arrived in Goshen, ceased to be talked about so generally as before, had won everybody's respect and kindness, and had taught the villagers one good lesson — the value of little, rather than great curiosity, about others and their business, by her impenetrable silence upon those matters about which they had no right to know anything.

In her daily promenades with her little bouncing girl,

of about five years of age, she passed by the house where I stopped, and one day, when my brother and I were taking the air along the public street, we met her. My brother — who knew her, but not well enough to arrest her in her walk, and present me — bowed to her, and on her turning up her face to respond to his salute, I felt that I had never seen such chastened beauty before. There was a slight evidence of a present, or the mark of a former grief or suffering in that rich face, which only seemed, however, to add to its beauty, or rather the soul-beauty which beamed through it. I felt as if I would almost be glad if that woman were to suffer some dire calamity, if I could only have the privilege of relieving her from it.

Years before, I had heard the late Dr. Ives, formerly Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina, but who had then become a Roman Catholic, lecture one night in the old Tabernacle, on Broadway, New York. His discourse touched upon charity. He said, among other things, in substance, that God made some people miserable in order that others might cultivate the sweet grace of charity in their own hearts, by administering to their sufferings! I thought it a monstrous doctrine, and felt like throwing a book, which I chanced to have with me, at the doctor's head. But when I found myself imagining misery for that sweet woman, in order that I might abate it, the doctor's discourse came back to memory with a new meaning; and, in fact, I don't know but I could have seen a horse run over her, breaking an arm, *if* I could have been on the spot in time to so far save her as to prevent a probable imminent death.

The reader may well judge that my emotions were not of a faint nature, but such as it would be less improper for me to express here, perhaps, had I not at that time been a married man, with one of the best of soulful wives at home, longing for my return "from the country." But strange thoughts sometimes rise in the greedy souls of men, and we would love to possess, in order to make them happy, all the good beings of both sexes in the world.

Mrs. Stevens — for so we will call her for the sake of a name — announced to the family, with whom she was stopping a day or two before I was to leave, that she was necessitated to return to New York in a day or two. The family were astonished, because she had previously declared her intention to remain a month longer. Of course everybody in the village soon heard of her intended departure, and all begged her to stay. I was a little surprised; but I said to my brother, "Her leaving so suddenly has some connection with that grief which we remarked in her face. She'll probably go by the same stage with me, and I'll learn more of her."

The morning of my departure came, and brother said he would ride down to Litchfield with me, and we took the lumbering stage together, confident that we should "take up" Mrs. Stevens on our way; but the stage passed the house at which she boarded, without her! The driver said she had started out before him, in a private wagon, with a neighbor, who was going to Litchfield, and I felt easier; that I should, in short, still be able to keep my eye on her, and learn her evidently mysterious history, and possibly yet have the gratifying opportunity of being of service to her.

We rode on. Stage-drivers in the country, with their two-horse teams, have a peculiar pride in out-driving the one-horse vehicles which they may come upon on the road, and our ordinarily slow old driver became quite a Jehu that morning, and drove past two or three teams which we overtook on the way, one of them being that which bore the beautiful widow and her no less beautiful child, and we arrived in Litchfield before them, alighting at the "Mansion House," the chief hotel of that centre of country aristocracy — a centre once of the best talent in the land, when Calhoun, and many other great men of the nation, were students there, under such other great men as Judges Reeve and Gould, of the once famous Law School.

Mrs. Stevens had received letters nearly every day, it

was said, while in Goshen, and it had been remarked that she had had letters as often as every other day from somebody, evidently a man, who wrote a peculiar hand, as the superscriptions showed. This, the family with whom she boarded, and who brought the letters from the post office to her, had said. My brother had occasion to carry up the letters for that family once or twice, and had remarked the peculiar style of writing in the address of letters to Mrs. Stevens.

We naturally went into the office of the hotel, and brother, carelessly turning over the register, and noting the arrivals of the evening before, called to me: "See here — here's a 'mare's nest,' perhaps. I would swear that the man who writes so much to Mrs. Stevens wrote that name," said he, pointing to an inscription — "C. B. Le Roy, New York," — made in a style which it would be almost impossible to successfully imitate; as markedly singular as a style of writing could well be. "I will swear it. What do you think?" asked my brother.

"Why, nothing, only that Mr. Le Roy is here, and that his coming accounts for the sudden departure of Mrs. Stevens. We must get a view of him," I said.

I had hardly uttered the words, before a man entered the room, and said to the young man behind the desk of the office, —

"Is not that Goshen stage behindhand this morning? I thought it was to arrive a half hour ago."

"Yes, sir, 'tis a little late this morning, but it has come," replied the young man.

"Come?" exclaimed the man; "and whom did it bring?"

"Those two men only," said the clerk. The man inquiring was a dark-complexioned, black-whiskered fellow, dressed a little *outre*, in a dandy-sort of style, had a half-professional look, but something very hard in the muscles of his cheek. He was evidently a little vexed at the stage's having brought no other freight, and a little nervous withal; and when in one of those spasms of

nervousness in which men do this or that, or what not, without consciousness, he raised his hat from his head, I saw in him the imperious, heartless wretch, who could do anything which his baseness might chance to incline him to. He could play the merciless tyrant — if need were, cold-blooded, and without a pulse of sympathy for any suffering: and I saw more. That head was one never to be forgotten in its singular shape; a head that sends a thrill of disgust through one; and I at once saw that "C. B. Le Roy" (for I was sure the man before me was the man who had made the entry in the strange handwriting), was no other than a very wicked, low-lived lawyer, of whom I had had occasion to know something; but the name Le Roy was assumed. At last the wagon came, and Mr. "Le Roy" was on the piazza in time, having been pacing the hall, evidently making up his mind to do something, he knew not what — something desperate, perhaps; and he bounded across the "walk" in front of the house, reached out his hand to Mrs. Stevens, caught the little girl in his arms first, and handed Mrs. Stevens to the ground.

I happened to be watching the scene. The lady's face, on which for a moment was a forced smile, betrayed terribly conflicting emotions in her soul, as she passed into the hotel parlor behind Le Roy, who led the little girl playfully by the hand.

"That Le Roy is a villain," said I to my brother; "and that woman is in some way in his power. There is no attraction between them. She hates him. But he has her in his grasp. If it were not that the Goshen people think they know she has not much money, I should believe that he either has funds of hers in his possession, or that he is doggedly persisting in wringing them from her."

"O, no, brother," replied my brother. "You detectives are always looking out for evil. I don't like that scamp's looks myself. I guess he's a bad fellow; but why not put the most natural construction upon the matter; that is, that the fellow is in love with that beautiful woman, as

almost every other man in the world might be; for there isn't one in ten thousand like her; and that she, like thousands of other women, loves a scamp. They have met here evidently by appointment. He's going to take her home."

"But didn't you see how she looked?" I asked.

"Yes; but she's a prudent woman; wasn't going to exhibit her affection outdoors, where she might be discovered by a dozen; besides, that neighbor who brought her might have an unpleasant story to tell. I know him and he's as gossipy as an old woman; she knows him, too, of course."

"But my opinion is formed, brother," said I. "I shall keep an eye on them, and I'll let you know in time, all about it. I haven't told you yet that I know that scamp. I detest him. He is no less than ——;" but my brother chanced not to have heard of him, and so the conversation dropped for the moment.

We were obliged to wait for the stage to the station for some two hours; and Mr. Le Roy and Mrs. Stevens sallied out with the little girl, to enjoy the fine air, perhaps, of the morning, and sauntered down "South Street," so I think it is called; a fine broad avenue, lined with beautiful elms, and on which are many of the residences of the principal "nabobs" of that old town of Litchfield, which somebody has facetiously termed "The Paradise of Loafers" — elegant ones. In summer, many people from cities, far and near, spend weeks and months at Litchfield; and my brother and I followed along after Le Roy and Mrs. Stevens, for I was bound to study him then and there as much as possible. We noticed that all of the promenaders who were coming in the opposite direction, — and there were several out that morning, — gazed upon Mrs. Stevens with expression of wonder at her beauty; and then seemed to look from her to her attendant with shrugs of the shoulders and a leer of the eyes, as they instinctively read his true character.

There is a magnetism about the coarser villains, a something indescribable and individual too, not of the same kind and degree in all, which discloses their real nature, however much they may try to hide it. As well might a short man hope to appear tall. But the great, successful villains, the keen men, who succeed by their genius, and not so much by force, constitute another class; genial, affable, often very delicate and refined in their appearance, attractive in short, especially to women. Indeed, they seem to work a spell over nearly every woman they meet. Le Roy was one of the coarser class, whose villanous natures the tailor's art cannot hide, however neatly they may be dressed, — and he was much adorned that day.

We followed on behind Le Roy and Mrs. Stevens at a respectful distance. Occasionally Le Roy cast a glance behind; but we were occupied with our own fun and laughter, or were busily engaged looking at this or that place, or distant scene, whenever he did so. The conversation between him and her was apparently one of an intense nature, he gesticulating considerably, in a forcible manner, and I noticed that when she turned up her face to look at him, as she did when evidently answering some question of his, there was visible a painful expression of fear of something, and I was sure it must be of him.

She kept a little space between herself and him, leading her child on the side nearer him or when the child at times ran on before, I observed that she "sidled" away from him, as if too near approach were pollution. I thought her manifestations unmistakable; and there was in his actions something which was as readily translatable, to the extent, at least, that he felt he had an important victim in his power; and so he had, as the sequel proved; but not so surely as he thought — the villain!

Le Roy and Mrs. Stevens continued their walk far down the street, and turned about to go back. I said to my brother, "Engage his eyes as we meet, and I will study

her face." Soon we met. Brother stared him so directly in the face as to secure his whole attention. He seemed to wince, my brother said; and I looked into the face of Mrs. Stevens, — how beautiful! — and I was conscious that I must have expressed a deep sympathy, for I felt it. Something told me that she felt it, too. There was a slight flush upon her cheek, and a kindly, prayerful look in her eye, like one needing sympathy, and we passed each other.

"You are right," said my brother, as we got well past; "that man *is* a villain, without doubt. I don't think it is love, or even a desire to possess that woman for himself, which moves him; there's a 'wheel within a wheel,' here somewhere."

I asked my brother to describe to me minutely then the looks of the villain as we passed him, for I had half a fear that he might suspect we were watching him. But from what my brother said, I concluded that the fellow was not suspicious of us. They returned to the hotel in due time. He dogged her every step, and she kept aloof from him as much as possible. Finally the time to depart came, and we took the stage together, my brother bidding me good by, shaking my hand with a firm grasp, just as the stage started, and saying, —

"I hope you will have the best success."

There was a fervor in his tone, coming from his good heart, which strengthened me, and moved me to stronger resolves than ever to ferret out the iniquity which I knew Le Roy must be engaged in.

Mrs. Stevens took the back seat, with her child next to her, and Le Roy crowded in at the other end of it; and although there were only another man and myself as passengers besides, I took the front seat, facing them, in order to have opportunity to study them as quietly as possible.

Le Roy attempted conversation at various times. The lady answered him in monosyllables — not inclined at all to carry on the conversation. She seemed to me to be

hopeless; looked like one who would rather not be than to be, and quite frequently looked down into her child's eyes with gleams of evident pity, and would then turn away her head, and express, what I took to be, despair.

An unfortunate circumstance took place just as we had passed a few rods down the ridge of the great hill, or mountain, which divides Litchfield from "Litchfield Station." There had been a terrible shower the day before, — one of those sudden rains, which come on, gathered up by a fierce wind, and pour down in torrents. The road was badly gullied, and men were there repairing it, having scraped great heaps of earth into the road, not yet spread.

"Can I get by?" asked the driver of the coach of some of them.

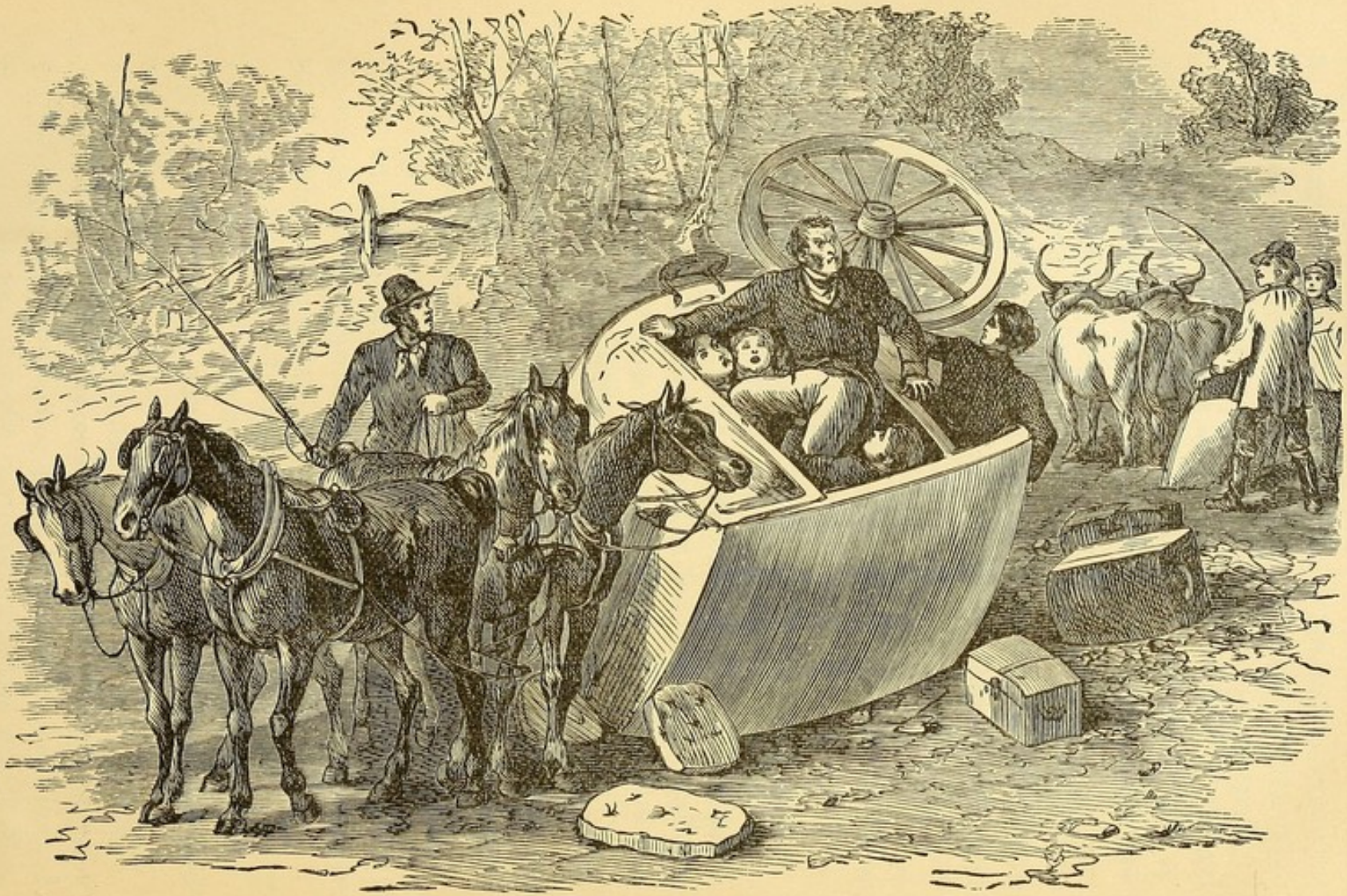
"Yes, go ahead; Seymour's team just went along."

The driver pushed on, not checking his horses sufficiently, and coming upon a heap in which was concealed a large stone, the stage toppled, trembled for a second, and we went over, amidst the screams of Mrs. Stevens and her child, and the affrightened groan, "O, O," in a mean, cowardly voice of Le Roy. There was a momentary plunging of the horses and dragging of the stage. The men on the road were at the coach in a moment. The stage had fallen over on the side on which Mrs. Stevens sat, and Le Roy was stepping on her in his attempt to get himself upright, without an apparent particle of consciousness of her presence. Being thrown on my knees, I pushed him upward with my hands, saying, —

"You'll kill this lady, and her child" (who, fortunately, was lying back of her mother, out of harm's way, however); "why don't you take care, sir, what you are doing?"

The brutal eyes of the man looked at me with wrath.

"I'll mind my own business, sir," said he, "without your interference!" I pushed him up still harder, and looked at the same instant into the beautiful suffering face of Mrs.



BREAK-DOWN ON LITCHFIELD HILL.

Stevens. She gave me a knowing look, as her face was suffused with contempt for the brutal remark of Le Roy.

In aiding her to get out of her painful position, which I did as soon as Le Roy was out of the way, I saw that I had won her respect, and I thought, too, something of her confidence. The stage was uprighted, and went on to the station safely enough, where I, alighting first, gave her my hand to help her out, and took out her little girl; and at once, with a bow, and steady look in the face, of that sympathy I felt, turned away, for I saw that Le Roy was angry, and I thought he would vent his anger upon her. I kept out of his sight till they had taken a car of the train which now came down the road, and going into the rear of the same car, and on the opposite side, where I could see her face to advantage, took my seat a little in the rear.

Much did Le Roy try to talk; but Mrs. Stevens was not to be provoked into much conversation. The little girl, who sat in the seat before them, and facing them, — her seat having been turned back, — was constantly looking at me; and at my distance I got up a childish "flirtation" with her, which seemed to annoy Le Roy. He looked back several times only to find me smiling, and tried to smile, or pretended to, himself; but such a man can never smile warmly. We arrived at Bridgeport, where we had to tarry but a short time, — half an hour, perhaps, — before taking the New York train.

I saw that Le Roy had gone out, probably to get a strong drink at some saloon, opposite the depot, there; and I entered the ladies' room, and diverting the child for a moment, with some other children, so as to be able to speak a word to the mother, I said, "Madam, I am a detective police officer. I see that you are in deep trouble of some kind. I do not wish to know what, now; but here is my private card. That's the number of my residence. If you ever need aid, come to my house, and if I am not at home, see my wife, and arrange with her as to

where you can find me. I am not, madam, seeking business; I will gladly serve you without reward."

"O, sir, I thank you; may be I *shall* want you," was uttered in reply, in tones, accompanied by a look, too, which told the deep grief of her heart.

I had hardly time to get away when Le Roy came back. In choosing my car for the train to New York, I watched them again, and took the same car, but failed to secure so favorable a position, although I kept them in sight.

Having given my trunk into the hands of the solicitor for the express company, who passes through the cars when near New York, I took a carriage, and ordered the driver to follow the one taken by Le Roy and Mrs. Stevens, and to keep at a respectful distance. We followed on; at last they alighted, Le Roy resuming his carriage, and driving on.

Knowing now the lady's residence, it was no trouble for me, in a few days' time, to learn her history, so far as generally known to her friends. She was a teacher, formerly from Vermont, and had married a Mr. Stevens some years before, — a man supposed to be rich, — the son of a very wealthy man. During her husband's life she had been well cared for. He had gone abroad for some reason, had died in Europe something like a year or so before, and she was, obviously, now comparatively poor. This was the substance of all I could learn. On my arrival home that day, I told my wife about Mrs. Stevens, what I had seen, etc. Her interest in her became as deep as mine, and often afterwards, for a long while, she would say, "I wonder what has become of that poor Mrs. Stevens!"

The duties of my calling constantly connecting me with other people's miseries, had, after a lapse of a few months, quite driven Mrs. Stevens from my mind. As she had not sought me, I inferred that her troubles had been settled; and so she had vanished almost from memory, when, one day, on returning home, I found that a lady had been to

my house, told my wife of the sufferings of a Mrs. Stevens, who had my card, on which she had written "Detective officer." This woman knew that Mrs. Stevens was in great affliction; that she had been oppressed for months, by a wretched man by the name of Le Roy; that there was something wrong; that Mrs. Stevens was to soon marry this fellow, although the woman knew well enough that she could not and did not like him — in fact hated him, for they had overheard some words between them. Her sympathies were so great for her that she wanted somebody better able than she, she said, to find out the trouble, and save Mrs. Stevens.

I asked my wife, on her telling me where this woman lived,— in the same building with Mrs. Stevens, — how the woman looked, how she was dressed; for I was surprised at finding her in that quarter of the city. "O," she said, "plainly, poorly, but neatly dressed — looked like a sempstress." And I at once saw that misfortune had been playing with Mrs. Stevens, she having gone down from a somewhat elegant boarding-house into a respectable but poor quarter.

My wife had told the lady that I would look into the matter; and that night I made haste to visit her, calling on the other lady first, to find whether I might obtrude upon other callers. I found that I might call without intrusion; and Mrs. Stevens expressed great pleasure at seeing me. After a few words had passed, I told her I knew she was in trouble, and asked her why she had not demanded my services, which were ever ready for her.

"O, sir," said she, "my troubles took such a shape that I knew you could not help me— nobody can. I am driven on by despair; but for my child, I think I should have long since committed the crime of suicide," and the tears streamed from her eyes.

I was so convulsed with sympathy that I could hardly speak, but mustering as firm a voice as I could, I said, "Madam, have hope. There never was a case so desper-

ate yet, but some chance of escape might be involved in it. I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but I know you are suffering wrongfully, and I could wish that you might tell me enough to enable me to see if I cannot help you; and let me say here, that I know enough already to be aware that your chief trouble is in some way connected with Le Roy."

"Le Roy! — do you know him?" she exclaimed. "Ah, I forget. You know him, of course; but do you know any more about him than travelling with him that day — and what do you know?"

"Yes, I know him as a miserable villain, — heartless and coarse."

"I think you must know him, for he is all that you call him. That he is heartless and coarse, repulsive and tyrannical, is true. I do not know that he is criminal; but I fear he is. Do you know?"

"Yes, he is; as such a nature could not well otherwise be —"

"O, then my condition is worse than I thought," said she, sobbing.

I consoled her all I could, and in the result induced her to acquaint me with her story, — and it was a fearful one, in many respects, — which I shall not here relate; bad enough, as you will see, in those which I shall tell. It was, in brief, this. She had married privately the son of a wealthy man, who had intended that his son should form an alliance with the daughter of an old schoolmate of his, a wealthy New York merchant, residing in Brooklyn. But the young man could conceive no affection for this young lady — revolted; declared that he had a right to choose a wife for himself. His father, who had intended to set him up in business with a large capital, being angry with his son's refusal to even attempt the alliance he desired for him, turned him off with only a comparatively small amount of money, and threatened that if he ever married anybody else but the girl he desired him to marry,

he would cut him off in his will. The son, falling in love with the lady in question, married her privately; and it so chanced that Le Roy, happening to be at the minister's house, calling on a servant girl, at the time of the marriage, was called in with the girl as a witness. The son, Mr. Stevens, had gone to Europe, and died there. But, just before his death, his father had died intestate, and the son's child became entitled to her part — a fourth, if I rightly recollect — of a large estate; but there was no evidence of the marriage save that which Le Roy could furnish; as the servant girl had gone nobody knew where. An advertisement in the Herald had failed to find her, — she might be dead, — and the minister who performed the ceremony could not identify Mrs. Stevens. But Le Roy, when hunted up by Mrs. Stevens, recognized her, and seeing here a chance to make money, — she having unfortunately told him why she needed his testimony, — refused to swear to his signature unless she would marry him, pretending at once to fall violently in love with her. And the poor woman had gone on resisting his offer of marriage, till at last driven to almost distraction, and mourning over the future of her child, she had consented, for her sake, to marry the wretch. She had told him that she would try to become guardian for her child in the Surrogate's Court, and would save all she could from her allowance from year to year for him. But the father having died first, and the son having right, therefore, to a large amount of personal property, which would become in good part his wife's, if the estate should happen to be so divided that she got other than real estate for his share, the scamp saw that he would likely have the handling of the funds, so deemed that he might possibly induce her to give all to him, to get rid of him — would not yield the point. Marry him she should, or she and her child might starve.

At last, having been constantly dogged by him in the city, — he having written her letters almost daily while at Goshen, — having followed her as far as Litchfield, and

written her a letter compelling her to return to the city, that he might have more immediate communication with her, she, to save herself from poverty, and from the greater motive of preserving her child from want, and to secure her just rights, had consented to marry him within a week. Every day was adding to her gloom and distress. She loathed the man; but she saw no way out of the trouble but to marry him, privately, whereupon he was to go forward and swear to his signature, his presence at her marriage to Mr. Stevens, etc.

The widow cried bitterly. I sympathized deeply with her. I could see no way out of the dilemma; but I reflected that one might possibly be hunted out; and I said to her, "Madam, don't give up hope till the last minute. We've time to work a little yet. Something will turn up to aid you — be sure of it."

"O," said she; "O, I hope, I pray there may; and — yet, O my child! my child! — O, I fear I am doomed!"

I consoled her all I could, and left her, agreeing to return duly. Getting out upon the street, and taking a few listless steps, I conjured my brain for an expedient. At last I resolved to devote myself to the work of freeing that woman at all hazards; and instantly I had firmly fixed that resolve, I felt (for some reason which is inscrutable to me, unless the doctrine of our having "guardian angels" is true), that a new power of thought possessed me; and I seemed to see the straight way out of this difficulty at once; and although it did not prove a way of thornless roses, exactly, I did see it pretty clearly — for I hit upon a man who proved able to give me just such information as I wanted; and I went straightway to my old friend, Jordan Williams, formerly a detective, and who, I thought, knew Le Roy. I told my story in confidence to Williams, and said, "Now if we can manage in some way to get Le Roy into limbo for some of his misdeeds, we can frighten him out of this scheme, and make him give the requisite testimony."

"Yes, yes," said Williams, "and although I am no Jesuit, yet if ever the 'end justified the means,' whatever they are, it would in this case. Le Roy is guilty of a thousand crimes, but he has some sort of influence with the courts and officers, and we could not get him up on any former crime. He must be guilty of a fresh one. Let's see; let me manage this part. They are to be married within a week? Well, I saw Le Roy day before yesterday; he looked rather seedy for a bridegroom. He asked me then if I could loan him a little money, which I of course refused to do. Ah, I have it; he must want a suit of clothes, and other things; I'll fall in his way to-night, and if he asks for money, as he will, I will give him a check for fifty dollars on my bank. I have three thousand dollars and over, there, now. My habit is to always make figures (I hate to write out the full words, — you know I don't write over well),— and then fill up the blank with a line. On the back I'll put the figures $500. He'll see that, and I'll leave a little space after the figures $50, on the face, for another 'nought.' I'll have a witness to the size of the draft, before I hand it to him. He'll surely never let such a chance go. He'll want five hundred to splurge with on his bridal tour, you see, and he'll think he can make it all right with me."

Williams's ingenious plan worked. Le Roy wanted one hundred dollars. Williams declared he would not let him have but fifty — he must borrow the other fifty elsewhere; and he wrote out a note for fifty for Le Roy to sign, payable in ten days from that time, as Le Roy wished it, and gave the check to him, having first shown it to a friend, who put a private mark on it.

Le Roy fell into the trap. Next day the five hundred dollars were drawn — early, too; for only late in the morning Williams went to the bank to draw out his deposit, in order to learn whether the draft had been presented. The bank, of course, in rendering his account, debited him, among other things, with the five hundred dollars, at which

he expressed astonishment and indignation, as was his right to do, and refused to settle with the bank that morning, and they held on to the draft of course.

Williams lost no time in communicating with me, and I hastened to the widow's; told her to be a little more yielding to Le Roy; to put on a more pleasant face, and to abide the result, with the assurance that she was to be delivered from the clutches of Le Roy at last; giving her some money to assist her in her distress. I advised her how to proceed with the arrangements for the marriage; went home and instructed my wife, who took as much interest in poor Mrs. Stevens's fate as did I; put her in communication with Mrs. S.; and it was finally arranged that the wedding should take place at a cousin's of mine, who occupied a house in a very respectable portion of the city, and who, and whose wife, were let into the secret so far as proper. Mrs. Stevens was to represent this lady to Le Roy as an old friend of hers, whom she had come across of late, and who was assisting her.

Mrs. Stevens was all this while kept profoundly in the dark as to what course was finally to be pursued; and notwithstanding she borrowed much confidence from my perfect confidence, yet I could see that she was nervous, and feared a little that after all she might be victimized to Le Roy.

I saw to it that the legal portion of the matter was properly attended to. Williams settled with the bank under protest, alleging that the draft was a forgery, etc., the cashier agreeing to identify Le Roy when called upon; and at the last moment he was let into the secret that Le Roy was to be arrested on the night of the proposed wedding, and with Williams was duly on hand at the house, and properly secreted. Officers, two of them, were engaged to follow Le Roy, and at a given signal from me, were to enter the house. Mrs. Stevens had been allowed the choice of a minister; but the people of the house thought best to secure the minister of the church which they at-



THE CEREMONY DEFEATED.

tended. Le Roy came in a carriage that evening, in great style. He was going to take the next train to Philadelphia, with his bride. He was as well arrayed as the great house of Devlin & Co. could dress him, and had probably borrowed, or by hook or by crook had procured a valuable diamond pin; and looked like a — well, a polished scoundrel; but he could not hide the intrinsic villany of that face. The cashier of the bank was a notary public, and had, at my request, brought along his seals and stamp. I should add that my cousin had invited in several friends, who came in partial evening dress, making quite a lively party.

I was flitting about, making myself generally useful, and so disguised that Le Roy had no notion who I was. The time appointed for the ceremony drew on. Poor Mrs. S. was in a flutter. Le Roy tried to sooth her, took her aside and talked to her a little; put her arm in his; looked very proud, but a little provoked, as if he feared that at last she'd fail him — faint away, perhaps. The hour came, the attendants began to draw into order, and the minister, too, put on his gravity, asking that the parties to be married take their place, and Le Roy stepped forth to lead up Mrs. S., who sat at the end of the long parlors. Full of pride was he, suddenly to be humbled. As he approached her, I cast a glance at puzzled Mrs. Stevens, tripped to a side window, gave the appointed signal, and the door-bell rang with great fury, as I had ordered. All the people present were startled, and on the *qui vive* to know what such a call could mean.

"A fire somewhere!" "Is this house on fire?" "O, dear! What can it mean?" was ejaculated, etc., etc.

Meanwhile the servant had rushed and opened the door.

"Does Mr. —— live here?" asked the officers.

"Yes."

"Is he in?"

"Yes."

"We wish to see him."

"Take seats in this room," said the servant. "He'll be down presently. There's a wedding going on up stairs."

"We can't wait — call him;" and the servant ran to call him, and the officers pushing on after him, entered the room. Le Roy was talking to his expected wife, and, facing the door, I was there, and giving the officers the secret hint, they exclaimed, —

"Our man, by Heavens! Mr. —— (my cousin), whoever you may be, you must pardon us; but Mr. Le Roy, here is our prisoner. Sorry to break up a nice party; but, Le Roy" (proceeding to collar him), "we've hunted you out; been after you all day; a pretty man to be married; better have arranged your funeral."

The ladies screamed, and said, "O, O!" Mrs. Stevens sank back upon a sofa, half fainting at the joy of her delivery, but not seeing yet how it was to be accomplished; and Le Roy stormed at the "outrage." "Villains," said he, "what's your charge? — rascals, come to extort money, I suppose;" but his boastfulness subsided, as one of the officers whispered quite shrilly in his ear, "Williams is after you for the five hundred dollar forged check. We've got you, and there's no escape."

The minister was the most confused man I ever saw — quite lost his self-possession. I pointed the officers to a room, whither they took Le Roy, whose astonishment on encountering Williams there cannot well be conceived.

"You villain!" exclaimed Williams. "How dared you to abuse my kindness — you dog? You've no fool to play with. I've caught you, and at last you shall suffer for your crimes as you ought." A tap on a door, leading into an adjoining room, and the cashier entered.

"Who's that man?" asked Williams of the cashier, pointing to Le Roy.

"Mr. Le Roy, the man who presented this check. The teller was out, and I occupied his place so early in the morning."

"And I," said I, stepping up to Le Roy, and removing

my slight disguise of full whiskers, revealing the side whiskers I was accustomed to wear, "Do you know me?" (He did at once recognize me). "What do you think now of your ablility to 'attend to your own business,' as on that day the stage upset in Litchfield? — Officers," said I, take away your man. He's good for five or ten years, if not fifteen, at Sing Sing."

Le Roy turned pale — stammered out something, and sat down — saw he was caught. I motioned the ladies away from the door, and asked to be allowed to close it, desiring the officers, too, and all but Williams, to go into other rooms, and closed the doors. "Le Roy," said I, "I am master here. I understand the whole matter of your villany with that woman. You have only one means of escape. Here's a writing I have prepared for you. I'll read it." It was a simple statement that he recognized his signature to the marriage certificate of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens; that he saw the servant girl sign hers; that he was called in as witness, being there visiting the girl; that he not only saw her sign the document, but that he had read many notes from her, and knew her handwriting, and that this signature was hers; in short, a succinct statement of all the facts I could get hold of in the matter of the marriage. "Sir," said I, as I finished reading the document, "tell me if that is all true." He tremblingly said, "Yes." I opened the door, and asked the cashier to come in, in his character as notary public; got pen and ink for Le Roy, and asked him to put his signature to the statement. It was a perfect fac-simile of that subscribed to the marriage certificate. The notary, at my request, put him under oath, Mr. Williams and I having left the room for the time, so that the notary could properly state that he acknowledged the signature to be made by him without fear, and not under duress, etc. The notary gave us the signal to return, and I went into the parlor, found Mrs. S., and said, "It is done. He is caught. You are saved. The property is yours."

She did not faint away, as many a woman might, though she trembled with joy.

"Let me take you before the wretch," I said. "I have not done with him yet."

Mrs. S. took my arm, and accompanied me. Entering the room, I closed the door behind me, only Williams and the cashier being there, and proceeding to Le Roy, I said, "Your victim is safe, you villain — and now we have but one thing more for you to do. You must consent to be handcuffed, and taken to private apartments by the officers, and there kept till to-morrow, or you must go to the tombs at once. The forgery is proved upon you, and there is no escape but one; that is, go to the surrogate's office to-morrow, and swear to your signature, as you have done here. I have taken the precaution to put you on your oath, and secure your signature for comparison at this time. You see you are caught."

"I will, I will!" said Le Roy, trembling. He hated the thought of imprisonment. He had suffered it once for two years, and nearly died of the confinement. "But there's one thing more yet. You must deliver to Mr. Williams, or the cashier here, whichever you please, all the money you have saved out of the five hundred."

"I will, I will!" said he, with alacrity; and drawing his wallet, pulled forth a roll containing two hundred and ninety-five dollars of it, which was given to the cashier, who identified it, marked it, and put it in his pocket.

Le Roy was immediately given into the hands of the officers, and taken to their apartments for the night. We paid his coachman his charge, and sent him away.

There was rejoicing in that house that night, not over nuptials consummated, but broken; and a happier being never lived than seemed Mrs. Stevens. "Not only that my child is safe," said she, "from penury and starvation, but that I have escaped the presence of that loathsome man."

The cashier went home. Mrs. Stevens, Williams, and I

had a conference, in which she gladly agreed to pay Williams for his loss of over two hundred dollars, or rather that of the bank, for it was the bank's in fact; and we dismissed her, Williams consenting that, though we had promised Le Roy nothing, yet if he went forward and did all he promised next day, faithfully, it would be no great crime to not have him duly arrested and tried, considering, too, the way in which he was caught. But after all, though, he went forward, and did as he agreed, and ought to have done, we made complaint, and lodged him in jail, where he remained for some three months; when, no one appearing before the grand jury against him, he was released, not, however, till I had visited him, and given him notice that he must leave New York forever, or we would re-arrest him; and he fled, greatly to Mrs. Stevens's relief.

What became of Mrs. Stevens; how she became an inmate of my house while the estate was being settled; how happily she is now living, and many things which I should delight to relate regarding all this matter, have no particular relation to a detective's life and duties; and so I end this, the really most interesting affair of my life, with the simple prayer that, if there are in the wide world others as horribly persecuted as was Mrs. Stevens, as happy deliverance may come to them, as was that to her.

THE MARKED BILLS.

A LITTLE KEY BEARING A MONOGRAM SHAPES THE DESTINY OF AN INTELLIGENT MAN — HOW THIS MAN CAME TO BE INVOLVED IN THE MATTER OF WHICH THIS TALE DISCOURSES — MY PARTNER AND I — FAR-OFF MYSTERIES MAY SOLVE NEARER ONES — A CONSULTATION — A COMMITTEE "SEEK LIGHT," AND FIND CONSOLATION — BURGLARIES AND HIGHWAY ROBBERIES BY THE WHOLESALE — MY PARTNER LEAVES FOR EUROPE — A TOWN IN OHIO INFESTED — A "DOCTOR HUDSON" APPEARS IN THE TOWN — HE MAKES A PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO ONE MR. PERKINS — A COLLOQUY; SEEKING LIGHT — A CALLOUS HAND, AND A CLEW TO MYSTERIES — "DOCTOR HUDSON" EXTENDS HIS ACQUAINTANCESHIP — HE MAKES A NIGHT'S VISIT OUT OF TOWN, AND GETS WAYLAID AND ROBBED, BUT MANAGES TO CREATE THE FATAL EVIDENCE HE WANTS OF THE ROBBERS' IDENTITY — A COUNCIL OF PRINCIPAL CITIZENS — "DOCTOR HUDSON" MAKES A DISCLOSURE — A SCHEME LAID — A "MILITARY INVESTMENT" OF A DOMESTIC FORTRESS; AN EXCITING HOUR — BREAKING INTO A HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT AND SURPRISING A SLEEPER — THE THIEF LEAVES TOWN TO GO TO CINCINNATI TO STUDY MEDICINE WITH "DOCTOR HUDSON" — A SUICIDE — PURITANIC MERCILESSNESS — THE MUSIC TEACHER'S INGENIOUS LETTER TO HIS LADY LOVE.

It is of an occurrence, which took place seven years ago this very month in which I am writing this sketch, that I propose to tell the tale — at midnight; having been unable to sleep much of late, and having now risen from my bed, taken my pen, and set myself at work, with the hope that some continuous mental labor may bring on drowsiness by and by; which, by the way, will not, I trust, affect or infect my narrative.

Seven years ago, then, this month, my partner was called on to go into his native town in the southern portion of Ohio, to assist in ferreting out the perpetrators of sundry highway robberies, burglaries, etc., that were constantly taking place there, and whom it baffled the sagacity of the citi-

zens of the place, and several constables, deputy sheriffs, detectives from Cincinnati, and so forth, to detect. As a *dernier resort*, the villagers had made up a purse, and appointed a committee to proceed to New York, and wait upon my partner, with the whole story of the countless robberies, and see if he could not lay some plan which should prove successful in the arrest of the villains.

My partner had left his native place in his sixteenth year, — a more than usually bright boy, — had wandered South, working out his own fortune by slow degrees; studied law, and been admitted to practice at Washington, Texas; tried practice for a year or so with some success, but disliked the profession; went to Galveston; made the acquaintance there of an iron-founder and machinist by the name of Hunt, if I rightly recollect, who, taking a liking to him, employed him in his office. My partner having excellent mechanical ability, passed much of his time in the work-rooms of the machine department, and became quite a skilful operator. One day some persons of foreign birth applied at the machine-shop, — as there was no other place in Galveston where they could get the work done, — to have some three or four keys made after certain patterns which they provided. The work was done for them, and in the course of time it came out that these keys had been used in the commission of an extensive burglary at San Antonio. One of the keys had been lost, and by chance bore a peculiar mark — a sort of monogram, which Mr. Hunt caused to be impressed, when proper, upon any work which was issued from his establishment. The key being new, and it being evident that the skilful burglars must have had long acquaintance with the premises which they invaded, a sheriff of San Antonio surmised that the keys must have been made somewhere in Texas, perhaps to the order of some old residents of that State. In fact, he had his eye of suspicion upon some persons who had long borne unenviable characters. — In what place were these made more likely than in Galveston queried he? So he sent the

key to a sheriff of Galveston for his inspection, and asked him, if possible, to find out who made the key, and for what description of person it was made. The sheriff of Galveston instantly recognized Mr. Hunt's monogram. Taking down a pair of handcuffs which hung upon a nail in his office, said he to the messenger, "See here! These were made in England, but I had occasion to get Hunt's establishment to repair them a little, six months ago, and there, you see, (pointing to the monogram), he put on his stamp."

It was only the matter of a walk of ten minutes to Hunt's establishment, and as many minutes more spent in getting a detailed account from the workmen and from my partner — Hunt's then clerk — of the personal appearance of the two men who ordered the keys, when the messenger became convinced that the suspicions of the officers at San Antonio had fallen upon the wrong persons; and he thought he knew the real parties, — comparatively very respectable people, — one a well-to-do and educated middle-aged planter, living a little outside of San Antonio, — and so it proved. The parties were arrested and tried. My partner was called as a witness to identify them. The trifle of a lost key, and the little monogram almost carelessly stamped on it by the mechanic, having led to such results, touched the romantic, speculative nature of my partner, and he was never easy after that till, in the course of time, he had found his way into the business at New Orleans, from which city he finally came on to New York to reside.

Mr. Hunt kept up a correspondence with him for years, always trying to get him back into his employ, making him excellent offers, but he never returned to him, save on a visit. Now it happened that Mr. Hunt was a native of the same village, or its vicinity, in which my partner was born, and on his summer visits there, — which he made nearly every year, — he had often descanted upon the great talents and ingenuity of my partner. Thus was it that the committee came to wait upon him. But it was impossible for him to go there with them, or visit the place for a long

while, for he was to take steamer the day but one thereafter for England, at the instance of Commodore Vanderbilt, to aid in investigations into some transactions in which it was believed that certain American scoundrels, whom my partner knew, were involved.

We had been introduced to the committee as the partner of the firm, and we had listened to a portion of the story, when my partner announced the fact of his intended visit to England, and added; "But, gentlemen, that need be no loss to you, for my partner here can be of as much service to you as I," — being, in his kindness, pleased to add, — "and, I think, probably more. If you please to accept him in my place, I am sure you will suffer no loss. He will track out the villains if anybody can."

The committee expressed their great regrets at not being able to secure my partner's services, but said they would tell us their story in full, and if, after hearing it, I thought I could be of service to them, they would like to have me go out there.

He listened to their recital of the numerous burglaries, robberies from the person, and so forth, with great patience, each of us asking a few, but a very few, questions, at different points of their narrative. Long before they got to the end of the doleful story, and after having asked not over a half dozen questions at most, my partner, I clearly saw from his manner, had formed his theory, and I saw that he thought it an easy case to work up.

When the committee had finished, my partner said to them, "Gentlemen, excuse us for a few minutes. I wish to consult my partner," and rising, stepped into the next room, whither I followed him, shutting the door behind me, when my partner, clapping his hand with an air of victory on my shoulder, whispered to me, "An easy case, old boy, eh? I suppose you've worked up the theory by this time? Don't you see straight through it?"

"No, I confess I don't see through it all; but I've got some glimpses of light."

"Well," said he, "I've told you about that San Antonio case, which first started me into the detective business — haven't I?"

"Yes; but I don't see the bearing of that on this exactly!"

"Don't see? Why there was only one peculiar feature about that, and there's the like in this case, if I am not mistaken; that is, these robberies are perpetrated, not by old, skilful burglars, but by raw hands, comparatively, who reside right about there, and are probably 'respectable citizens' — teach Sunday-school, likely enough."

With this from my partner, which struck me then as the true theory, we analyzed the stories of the committee in the light of it, and became perfectly assured that the theory was right, and were about proceeding to the next room to talk further with the committee, when my partner said, "See here, we mustn't tell these men our theory. Who knows but some of them, — O, that can't be; they are too old, too clumsy, not alert enough, and too honest too, for that, — but some of their relations, their sons or nephews, perhaps, are the villains who are doing all this work! No, we mustn't tell them." So we hit upon what we would say.

Stepping into the room where the committee sat, looking as sedate and sombre, by the way, as if they were judges sitting upon some complex trial for arson, murder, and what not, they looked up, and one of them asked, "Well, gentlemen, what conclusion have you come to?"

My partner quietly replied, "We have worked out our theory."

"Pray tell us what it is?" exclaimed one of the committee, his face lighting up as if scales were falling from his eyes, and he was to be suddenly extricated from the "mystery of darkness."

"Well, gentlemen," he responded, "my partner and I have satisfied ourselves that we are on the right track. In our business, you must know, one case is often suggestive in unraveling another. We get to be able to

track old offenders, as the Indian tracks his enemy through the forest. It would take me too long to explain the whole mystery to you. But you may be sure that we've got hold of some of the right 'ear marks' of these villains, and my partner is not only willing to undertake the case, but I am confident that he will work it out all right. This is all I can say to you on that point. Shall he go ahead?"

"Certainly, certainly," responded the committee, one after the other, "if *you* think it can be done; our neighbors must have relief from these outrages."

"Well, one thing I wish to enjoin upon you, gentlemen. In calling a public meeting, and appointing you as a committee to come publicly to me, your citizens have taken false steps. Your business ought to have been kept private — known only to a few of you at most, and that in positive secrecy. Now the first steps toward undoing this false one, is for you to report, on your arrival home, that you couldn't get me; that I was on the point of starting for Europe; but that you told me your story, and I said it was all the work of some old burglars, whom the police had driven out from this quarter, and that there was probably connected with them an old London burglar by the name of 'Jerry Black,' or who bore that name once, and is now supposed to be living in Cincinnati; that I said further that 'twas a very hard case to work up, these old burglars understanding their business so well, and that the best way was for your citizens to defend their houses and themselves as well as they can, and wait for some accident to disclose the robbers, for 'murder will out' sooner or later."

The committee replied that they would heed the advice perfectly.

"Now, then, for the special injunction, which is this. Talk as little in general about your visit here as you can, each of you; but do you each be careful on this point, namely, not to mention the fact that you met my partner, or that I have one at all. Indeed, you can truthfully say

that I have no partner, if anybody there should happen to have heard that I have; for although we are partners in the sense of companions, and coöperators sometimes, yet we are not 'partners' in the legal sense of that term, though we call each other so, in the style of the profession. Remember this!"

The committee promised to do so, and we went on talking together, laying our plans to the extent that I should duly visit the place; that none of the committee was to recognize me if he met me in his walks; and that I should probably appear there as a Cincinnati merchant; for the detectives of the best repute in Cincinnati had already visited the place unavailingly, and it would not be suspected that poorer ones would be employed from Cincinnati. I made inquiries of the committee about the various businesses transacted in the place, and asked the names of the other leading citizens, for the committee were all of them of the "heavy men" of the place. Learning all I thought of use of these gentlemen, I promised to appear, if my life was spared, in due time, and not at a late day at that, in the town and go to work; and the committee left.

It was a useless promise which we exacted of the committee that none of them should recognize me when in their village; for when they came to the office I had but a little while before returned from an expedition, in which I had worn a simple but effectual disguise. That removed, and my coat exchanged for another one in my closet, a few minutes after the committee left, they would not have recognized me had they returned at the time.

Duly after the departure of my partner for Europe I was on my way to Ohio. Before he left we had talked up the matter in all the possible phases it could present, and among the last things he said to me, on our way down to the steamer, was, "That case *may* bother you; but it seems to me now as easy as going down hill. We have the sight of it, and if the committee report as I instructed them, you'll succeed at once. In your first letter to

me" (which, by the way, it was agreed should be sent by the next week's steamer) "I shall not be surprised to learn of 'victory won.'"

"O, no, impossible; you forget the distance."

"Yes, truly I did. Say, then, by the next letter," for he expected to be gone for some three or four months, if not longer.

"But," said he, "don't let anything deflect you from our theory, whether you succeed in that time or not. It *will* work out on our theory some way, at some time."

I bade my partner good by, as the ocean steamer started on her proud course out into the bay, and returned to my office, to perfect my plans in detail for the work before me, and was, as I said before, duly on my way to Ohio. My first point was Cincinnati, where, arriving safely, I set myself about becoming acquainted with names of streets, then localities, public places, names of many citizens and their business — in short, I "booked" myself up in regard to Cincinnati, in order to be "at home" whenever talking with the citizens of the village to which I was going, and who would soon be told that I was from Cincinnati.

Leaving the latter place, I made my way to the village in question, arriving there towards evening, on a lumbering stage-coach, through —literally, not "over"—the deep clay-mudded roads, and alighted at the principal hotel of the place. The night before, or rather on the morning of the same day, for it was between the hours of one and two A. M., a citizen of considerable standing had been robbed on his way home from a house a little out of the village, where he had been to watch with a sick friend, a farmer. Being relieved from watching about one o'clock, and his wife wishing to take the early stage which left at the inhospitable hour of six, on the road towards Columbus, whither she was going, he thought to return. For a week or two the robbers had ceased from their theretofore almost nightly outrages, and it was with a sort of smile of contempt that Mr. Hiram Perkins, — for that was the citizen's name,

replied to an old lady nurse, as he was departing, and who asked, "Ain't you afraid of the robbers, Mr. Perkins?" "O, no, 'aunty,' they won't touch me; besides, I guess they are all dead now, 'aunty.' We haven't heard 'em peep for a week or two — gone off to some better land."

But he encountered them, nevertheless, and lost four hundred dollars, and something over, which had been paid to him the evening before, at a time too late to make deposit of it in the little village bank, and which he had been foolish enough to not leave at home.

This amount of money was the largest which the robbers had yet secured. They had effected the robbery, to be sure, of some negotiable bonds of considerably greater value; but this was an extreme case, and was, of course, at the time of my arrival there the chief topic of excitement. Added to the robbery, was the fact that Mr. Perkins, who had made stout resistance, had been severely beaten, and though not fatally bruised, was lying quite feverish in bed: such was the report.

I had had a room put in order for me, neglecting to put my name on the dirty little register of the hotel, where I observed that everybody who could write, and who stepped in to the "tavern," was in the habit of writing his name, and putting after it "City" (that was the town where I was), — a custom, probably, introduced by some joker, who had been to Cincinnati, and seen names registered in that way there.

But when I came down from my room into the "office," or "bar-room," properly speaking, the young clerk said to me, "Would the stranger enter his name?" I had reflected, meanwhile, that I must see this Mr. Perkins, and had changed my original plan of proceedings a little, so I entered my name as "Dr. H. H. Hudson, Cin.," with a somewhat bold dash of the pen, and soon after found myself on the street, seeking the way to Mr. Perkins's house. While in the hotel I encountered, and had quite a long talk with one of the committee who had visited us in New York.

He kept his promise, and did not "recognize" me, and perhaps he would not if he had known me. He told me the whole story of his visit to New York; what the detective said to him, and the rest of the committee; and, said he, "He was right when he said they were old burglars who were committing these outrages, for nobody but men hardened in crime could have robbed Mr. Perkins, as they did last night;" and when I went out of the tavern, after registering my name, to seek Mr. P.'s house, I encountered my committee-man. Again, as I was loitering on the street, hardly knowing what to do to learn the way to Mr. Perkins's, he had evidently looked on the register after my departure from the office or bar-room, for he accosted me.

"Ah, again! Happy to come across you again. Dr. Hudson, of Cincinnati, I hear?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "a doctor by profession, but retired somewhat from practice."

"Yes, yes; yours is a pretty hard life, that of a doctor, sir. I suppose all you doctors in the city retire as soon as you get rich," said the facetious committee-man.

I replied, "that I had not retired from business exactly, for I was engaged more or less in speculation; but had always pursued the course of registering myself as a doctor at hotels, for I found that I generally got better treatment than when I registered in my plain name."

"Well, sir," said he, "I was thinking of going to call at friend Perkins's, and see how he's getting along. He's pretty low, I fear. As you are a doctor, perhaps you would like to accompany me. You might suggest something for his comfort."

I accepted the invitation with a half-reluctant manner, and we walked on towards Mr. Perkins's house, my friend, meanwhile, telling me all about Mr. P., his wealth, family affairs, etc. We were bidden to enter the house on knocking, and the committee-man was invited into the "bedroom" to see Mr. Perkins, from which he came soon out, and said, —

"I dare say you'd like to see Mr. Perkins. He is pretty severely bruised; but says he's better, and shall be out in a day or two. I told him I had a friend along with me, Dr. Hudson, of Cincinnati; and he says he don't need a doctor, but that he shall be glad to see you as a gentleman, and friend of mine." So I accompanied my friend to Mr. Perkins's room; and had hardly been presented to him before I made up my mind to take him into my counsels, for there was a certain frank nobility in his countenance, and an intelligence which quite won my esteem on the instant.

We conversed about the robbery, and, after that, about various topics of the day; and the more we talked, the more I liked him. By and by the committee-man recollected an engagement; said that he must go, but didn't want to interrupt Mr. Perkins's and my conversation; "for, doctor, I perceive," said he, "that you've made him very cheerful, without pills even. Sometimes I think there's more in a doctor than in his medicines," said he, with a very arch smile.

"O, no," said Mr. Perkins; "if you must go, you needn't take the doctor. He's a stranger here, and 'tisn't late yet, and he can find his way back easily enough."

And so I staid after the committee-man went out; and I talked with Mr. Perkins more about the robbery, and the burglaries, etc.; but I could get no occasion for private conversation with him, as the bed-room door, opening into a "sitting-room," was constantly open, and the sitting-room generally occupied by one or more persons, females, or else they were flitting back and forth; so at last I told Mr. Perkins that I had come to him on some business in regard to which I should like to consult him in the morning a little while, if he were well enough. He very kindly consented, and I departed.

On returning to the hotel, I was accosted at once by a gentleman, around whom stood a dozen other eager ones.

"Doctor, you've been over to see Mr. Perkins, we hear; how's he getting along? Recover soon?"

"O, yes," said I; "he'll recover speedily if he is left quiet for a day or two. The neighbors, I hear, are running in to see him a great deal; but I think I shall order that nobody be admitted for a day or two."

Fortunately, Mr. Perkins's family physician had at this time gone to the funeral of his mother, whose home had been somewhere in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Perkins would not call either of the two other "doctors" of the place, styling them "blasted quacks." So that I could very properly say that.

I listened quite late that night to the villagers' talk about the robberies. Every new man who came into the bar-room had something to tell, and everybody had a theory; but they all declared that the burglars were old heads at the business — hard to catch, "as that New York detective told the committee," they said. Things were working well, and I finally retired to rest, and slept very soundly, to my surprise; for strange beds generally vex me, and keep me awake.

The next morning I called on Mr. Perkins early, and found him quite comfortable; asked him to order that neighbors who might be coming in to inquire for the state of his health, should not be allowed to enter his room; and though surprised at first at my request, he granted it, and I felt secure of a good, uninterrupted talk with him. I sounded him, to my satisfaction, in that he was a man who could keep a secret profoundly, and then made known my business to him. He was glad I had come, he said, and he would give me all the information in his power.

I inquired of everybody and everything in the place which could have any bearing on the matter in hand; learned the size, tones of voice, style of language, as far as he could remember, of his assailants, the highway robbers; gathered from him all I could of what had been

overheard from the robbers' lips on various occasions; and I learned one especially important matter of him, which was, that one of the robbers was dressed in "a loose sack, like," and that in his contest with him, he thought that he felt that one of his hands, off from which a glove became slipped in the fight, was callous on the back. This he had not laid up in memory, but my questions called it to mind. At this point I developed my theory that the robberies were committed by residents of the village; and told him that they were not what professional robbers would call "good work," skilfully done; and then I asked him, —

"Now, Mr. Perkins, do you know any man in or about this place who has a scarred, hard hand, such as you describe?"

"Yes; but I would not dare mention his name in this connection, for he is an innocent, elegant young gentleman, very mild in his manners; came here a few months ago with the best recommendations from a clerical friend, an old schoolmate of mine, in Massachusetts, and bore a letter to me from him. O, I won't allow myself to name him; it would be too bad," said he.

"But," said I, "the greatest scoundrels steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, you know; and I am here to work, and you want the full truth to come out, hit where it may — don't you?"

"Yes; but it can't be this young man: and yet the villain was about his size."

"And wore a 'sack, like,' you say. Do you know if this young man has any such garment?"

"O, no, it was quite like a hostler's work coat. He hasn't anything of the sort."

"Well — no matter: please give me his name, and tell me all about him. What is he doing here?"

"Teaching music, principally; teaches most anything — the languages, especially French; says he has lived in France a while; but 'tain't he — and — if 'twas, I don't

know but I should forgive him, if I knew it, as far as I am concerned, and let him go, or send him off; for he's engaged to a beautiful niece of mine, and first made her acquaintance here at my house. They had but just left when you called last night, and were full of sympathy for me. He is very active in devising plans to catch the villains, and has been out frequently with others, keeping night watch."

"Were there any robberies on the nights of such watching?" I asked.

"No; but I never suspected there would be, when so many were watching."

"Yet," said I, "from what I learn, the robberies have been very bold at times — early in the evening, when people were abroad."

"True," he replied. "I didn't think of that before. I wish I could have got at the scoundrels' faces that night; but their caps were securely tied on, and their faces blackened."

"They were white men, you are sure, then?"

"Yes; no doubt of that."

Finally, I persuaded Mr. Perkins to give me the man's name, as he knew, of course, I could now find it out by inquiring of somebody else, if I thought prudent to inquire.

We talked over the matter still further: and Mr. Perkins agreed to keep to his bed for two or three days. I was to reconnoitre, and report to him what I found out, and we were to consult together, and I left. I avoided making the acqaintance of the young man in question, although I had twenty occasions for so doing for a day or two; but on the night of the third day after my arrival another burglary took place, of considerable amount, and there was evidence, too, of an attempt at arson. In listening to the investigation of the burglary, I thought I saw that the young music teacher was as likely as anybody to have had a hand in it; and was confirmed in my suspicions

by his manner, when I heard him talk it over next day with some friends at the hotel.

I managed to get near him, and spoke of the robberies as the most daring outrages, and suggested that there must be a gang of villains — old offenders — secreted near the village somewhere, or else they must, if coming from abroad, perform herculean feats of riding. But he told me he thought my theory was a mistake, as no strange horses or teams had ever been discovered in or near the village on the occasions of robbery; and entered very intelligently into the question, declaring at last that the villains must be caught if he himself were obliged, with others, to lie in wait for a year. There was something a little bombastic in his style as he said this, which confirmed my suspicions of him more and more. He told me he had heard of my attendance upon Mr. Perkins; was glad he had such skilful care, and that he seemed improving; and as he resorted there much himself, had hoped to meet me there, but had not happened to; was glad to have made my acquaintance, etc.; all of which was uttered with a very innocent, and indeed pleasant air, yet I suspected him, somehow, only the more.

Mr. Perkins kept apparently ill, and I visited him regularly. Two nights after my interview with the music teacher, as related above, I was going home from Mr. Perkins's to the hotel. (I should mention that the teacher, whose name in the village was Henry Downs, — but not his true name, — had called at Mr. Perkins's, and left a quarter of an hour before.) Going to the hotel, as I have said, I passed two men standing beside a large tree on the line of the sidewalk. The evening was very dark, and I only saw them when within six feet of them, perhaps, and I heard one of them say, "Ah, ha! the old fool is unsuspicious; we'll get another chance near home. A good night to-night, eh?" The voice was unmistakably that of the teacher, and I inferred that he alluded to Mr. Perkins. "Hush," I heard the other man say, as I approached in passing them; and I saw that the other man had on a

"sack-like," such as Mr. Perkins had described. Of course I was now fully confirmed in my suspicions, and devised various plans to trap the villains, but nothing I could think of seemed likely to me or Mr. Perkins to prove practical. At last we hit upon this as a first step. I was to get ill enough to keep my room as Mr. Perkins got well. He was to visit me in turn, and was to consult the committee, who were greatly vexed all the while among themselves (as it appeared afterwards) that that 'rascally New York detective did not come on.' Mr. Perkins was to report me as a man of much wealth, with quite a sum of money, which I had brought intending to speculate, but having looked around, and not being satisfied with any real estate for sale there, was going away as soon as I recovered. This was noised about, and a week or so passed before I got up and was ready to go. Mr. Perkins, in the mean while, had come to my opinion that the music teacher was indeed the villain, and believing it his duty to expose him rather than shield him on his niece's account, entered quite spiritedly into my plans.

The music teacher was more attentive to me than ever when I met him, after it was said that I was rich; and at a little party which Mr. Perkins gave me the night before I was to leave, the teacher was all attention to me. It was given out that I should leave the next night, on the way north of the village, to call on a relative living about twenty miles from that village. I must be there, it was said, that night, to meet my friend from whom I had had a letter, and who would leave by the stage the next morning after; and for the next day Mr. Perkins and I had a ride of twenty miles and back to take in another direction to look at some mills in which he was persuading me to take an interest. Mr. Perkins was to loan me his horse for the night trip.

The ladies present said, some of them, that they hoped Dr. Hudson would not think of going in the night. "Just think of the robbers." I replied that robbers never touched doctors; that doctors never had any money about

them; that they would not take my pills, I presumed, if I were to prescribe them regularly; and so we joked over the matter.

The next day Mr. Perkins and I, having ridden out of town, returned after dark, and after a good supper at his house, I paid my bills at the hotel, took his horse and sallied forth on my "night visit." I had not ridden over three miles, and was passing along a dark avenue lined with trees, when suddenly two men appeared before me, each grasping at a rein, and one presenting a pistol as near my head as he could reach, exclaimed, in a husky voice, —

"No noise, you old villain! Dismount!"

"Stop, stop!" said I, in a low voice. "Have mercy! What do you want of me?"

"Nothing of *you* — but your money," answered the husky voice. "Get off your horse quick, or I'll blow your brains out."

"I will, I will!" I whispered, with a voice that intimated trepidation, "but my leg is a little lame. Give me your hand to help," and extended my left hand, which he took in his left, still holding the pistol in his right. He had to extend his left hand quite high to help me, and I could not only feel, but see the scarred, hard hand — the same which Mr. Perkins had felt, and a like of which deformed the otherwise handsome music teacher. Of course his face, as well as his comrade's in crime, was muffled.

Having dismounted, they insisted on my giving them all my money. I consented without resistance, and pulled out my wallet, and handed him fifteen dollars — a ten dollar and a five dollar bill.

"Give us the rest," said the husky voice.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have no more."

"It is a lie, doctor," said the husky voice. "We know all about you — we've watched you, and know that you brought hundreds of dollars to the village below."

"I did," I said; "that is true enough; but my patient, Mr. Perkins, and I took a ride to his mills to-day, and when



DR. HUDSON'S STRATAGEM WITH THE HIGHWAYMEN.

there I invested what I had, all but enough to pay my bills about here and get back again."

"But we must search you."

I said "Very well," and they did search me most thoroughly, and took my bull's-eye silver watch (not very valuable in itself, but the gift of an old brother detective, who had since died. Said he, as he gave it to me, "Don't let anybody rob you of that," with a laugh; and I thought how funny it would seem to him, were he alive, to find *me* parting with it under *such* circumstances).

The robbers let me go, saying they had no use for the horse, and bade me have more money about me next time. Said they'd been called pretty severe and cruel on certain occasions, but that they were gentle enough with folks that didn't make foolish resistance, etc. Indeed, they tried to be jocular with me; and I submitted to their course, and joined in it, as the best way. They bade me a hearty good night, but enjoined me not to stop anywhere and mention my loss till to-morrow, or they'd find some way to dispose of me if I did, with like threats; and then darted off into the side fields, bidding me to "go ahead," however; and I rode on for some three miles, but fortunately, when riding with Mr. Perkins that day, I had noticed a cross road, which would lead into the road on which he and I had come out of and returned into the town. I was meditating, at the time I came upon it, what to do. Should I ride back furiously over the road on which I was robbed, the villains might waylay me again, for, perhaps, they were not far off — may be were watching. Perhaps they might fire upon me; but luckily here was the cross road, and I darted down it, and found my way back into the village by the old road, and you may be sure that my horse, if horses have memories, did not soon forget that night's race, for I put him to the top of his speed. I alighted at the barn of Mr. Perkins, and fortunately found there his "hired man," who clapped the horse into the stable at once, and I then felt secure. Getting access at once to Mr. Perkins, I narrated

my adventure. He was not astounded at what I had learned, for he had for some time believed, as I, that the music teacher was the man, but he was confounded that the villains let me off so easily.

The next thing was to catch the scamps, and make the evidence against them sure; and Mr. Perkins, at my suggestion, sent his man out to call four of the most trusty citizens, two of whom chanced to be of the original committee who waited upon my partner and me in New York, to come to his house at once. To them, when they came, was intrusted his plan. "Dr. Hudson" was now announced as the partner-detective whom they had seen in New York. He, too, had been robbed, and he knew who were the robbers — or one of them! Greater astonishment than these gentlemen evinced at this disclosure could not well be expressed. But we did not speak to them of the music teacher. They were to remain at Mr. Perkins's till we should call them. Making some change in my dress by aid of articles borrowed of Mr. Perkins, and of my countenance by assuming a pair of false whiskers which I had brought with me, besides a hat very unlike what I had been wearing in the village, and Mr. Perkins disguising himself, we went forth, and placed ourselves where we could readily perceive any comer to the house at which the music teacher boarded. Patiently we watched. Two hours or more went by, when a man came from the opposite course by which we expected him, and, proceeding to the door of the house, evidently lightly tried it — could not get in; went around the corner of the house, noiselessly raised a side window, and as noiselessly mounted in. I was not over thirty feet from him as he entered, and notwithstanding the darkness, I felt sure I knew him, though he did not wear the sack. Mr. Perkins had seen his stealthy entry, too, from another point, and in a few minutes we came together, I having meanwhile slid up by the side of the house next to the window, and heard the in-comer open or close a window above. He had

already gone to his room, which Mr. Perkins had told me was at the back of the house. He knew the way to it — had called on the young man there.

We proceeded at once to Mr. Perkins's, instructed our waiting friends what to do, — for we might need aids, — and asked them to follow. No man was to speak a word, but do as he was bidden.

My dark lantern was lit and deposited under my cloak, and we went out, along down the street, across another, — down another a little way, and I saw that the citizens were occasionally looking wonder into each other's eyes, as much as to say, Where are we going? We arrived at the house, entered the yard. Mr. Perkins, by our arrangements, was to take and post two of the men under the villain's window, to catch him in case he should try to escape, to one of whom he gave a pistol, saying, "Catch any man who tries to escape out of this house. Shoot him, if necessary."

Up to this point not a word had been said to them of the music teacher. We had thought best to not knock for admission, of course; and I got in at the window where the villain had entered, proceeded to the little hall, unlocked silently the front door, and let in Mr. P. and the two other men. "Follow me softly," whispered Mr. P., and he led to the villain's room.

An hour had passed since we saw him come in, and we concluded he'd be asleep, as he was. We carefully tried the door: it was locked by a button. Mr. Perkins whispered to me, "Shall we rap, and catch him when he rises?"

"No, no," I answered quickly; and with a dash against the door with my shoulders, easily effected entrance. The villain started wildly. I threw the dazzling light of my dark lantern into his face, and rushed upon him in bed, clutched his throat, and cried, "Seize his clothes, and everything in the room! This is the man. Open the window, and call in the others to the show;" and Mr. Perkins did so.

In an instant the two men had found their way up to the room; and, in fact, the whole household was by this time aroused. We made speedy work of searching the wretch's clothes, and among other money found the five dollar bill taken from me. Without explanation, I passed it to Mr. Perkins, who recognized a peculiar mark we had made upon it, its date, etc. But the ten dollar bill was found in the villain's trunk, together with quite a sum of money. Mr. Perkins recognized the marks we had placed upon that: the watch was not to be found.

The teacher was a lithe, muscular fellow, and would have given me, alone, much trouble to hold him; but he was overwhelmed, and did little else but groan. We at once told him of the marked bills, etc., and pointed out to him that his best course now was to expose his accomplice or accomplices; that the bitterest curses of the law would fall upon him if he did not.

The pale, trembling fellow, a real coward at heart, as many such villains are, made his confession on the spot, notes of which were taken down by me, and by one of the committe-men in his diary. He told us that his accomplice was ——, a son of a pretty well-to-do farmer, whose name I cannot mention, and whose relations still reside in the village — most estimable people, which is the reason why I have carefully avoided mentioning the name of the place.

When he named his accomplice, one of the committee-men groaned audibly (I should say that we had kept the inmates of the house out of the room during this confession), for the accomplice, it appears, was that committee-man's nephew !—a much-esteemed, industrious young man, led away by the brilliancy, dash, and superior education of the music teacher.

But where was the watch? The teacher told us. Under a barn belonging to his accomplice's father, and not ten rods from his residence, was a place of deposit for such things as they could not readily dispose of. Indeed, they

had disposed of but little: there he thought we could find it, and there, next morning, we did.

But here was a complication. The nephew must be saved if possible, and Mr. Perkins could not bear the exposure which would involve his niece in disgrace, and we were nonplussed what to do.

We arranged, finally, that since the inmates of the house did not *know* for certainty that this teacher was the villain, that we would let it go abroad that we had all been out, together with the teacher, watching the villains; that the teacher had suffered a severe fall when getting over a high fence, and that we had come home with him — all this upon the condition that the avails of all his robberies should be restored to the rightful parties, and that he should allow Mr. Perkins to go and draw, on his order, all his money in a certain bank in Cincinnati, where he said he had at the time twenty-eight hundred dollars, which we found to be true; and that he should in the end accompany me to Pittsburg, Pa., which he declared to be the theatre of his first essays in crime, and where he said he was willing to deliver himself up to the authorities for old offences; for he was as penitent a man, in appearance, as I ever saw, and said he would rather go to State's Prison for life, than be longer pursued by terrible temptations to crime.

One of our party was left with him that night, armed, and bidden to shoot him if he attempted to escape; and the rest went forth. We found the place of deposit under the barn, removed everything therefrom to a safe place, and next morning Mr. Perkins called on the young farmer, took him out to the barn, and showed him my bull's-eye watch.

"Did you ever see that, sir."

"No," said the young man.

"No lies sir," said Mr. P——; "we are going to do you no harm. The villain" (the music teacher) "has told us all about it. We have removed the things from down

there" (pointing to the place of deposit), "and you are caught, beyond hope of escape."

The young man turned pale, fell over upon Mr. Perkins's breast, and groaned out, "O God, that villain, as you call him, has ruined me! I could not resist him; he dragged me along against my will. I have suffered tortures of conscience. I cannot resist him! O, spare me!"

"Yes, yes," said P——, affected to tears by the young man's sufferings, "I believe you. You have been under a spell. We will see what can be done for you. As for myself, I forgive you."

That day there was a private conference of the discovering parties at Mr. Perkins's house. The whole matter was discussed, and it was concluded that the villain should suffer his just punishment in Pennsylvania rather than in Ohio; that he should leave with "Dr. Hudson," and be no more heard of there; that the young farmer should be allowed to repent; and that so many of his relations, the committee-man with the rest, should not be put to the disgrace of his public punishment. He was sent for, and came; and a more harrowing case of an accusing conscience than was his, imagination, in its wildest flights, could hardly depict. I felt for him to the bottom of my soul. The teacher, who was so watched that he could by no means escape, was sent for too, and when he came, the poor young farmer looked at him with bewildering horror. The whole matter was discussed before him, his order duly made on the bank, and Mr. Perkins departed next day to draw the money. Meanwhile it was arranged that the other property should all be brought and deposited in Mr. Perkins's barn at night, with a note accompanying it, that the robbers, having no use for it, wished it distributed to those to whom it belonged; which, becoming known to the villagers, there was a throng for hours at the barn next day, — one recognizing and claiming this silver spoon, — some old watch — this watch chain — that silver snuff-box (with the snuff and the veritable "bean" in it), as the owner

said, and so on and so on, together with a few valuable books, all small articles, and many of them ladies' ornaments. How they came to the barn, is, I suppose, a mystery still to the villagers.

Mr. Perkins returned with the money, was paid back all that had been robbed from him, and the teacher insisted that he should take a hundred dollars more. The teacher paid his bills in town, being all the time closely watched by some two of us, and the residue of the money was put into my hands. A strict oath of eternal secrecy was taken by Perkins and the other four gentlemen, on account of the penitent young farmer. (I wish I dare to tell what has become of him, but it might lead to his identification. Suffice it that he was, when I last heard about him, only a year and a half ago, regarded as the finest and best young man anywhere to be found. He had married a niece of Mr. Perkins, by the way. And here, perhaps, I ought to say that "Perkins" is not the proper name of my friend, but one I have used for convenience; for it would be a wretched thing to do to give any clew to the young farmer's identification.)

Finally, all being settled, the music teacher consenting to the suggestion of the committee that I should be paid out of his funds one thousand dollars, then and there, and I keeping the rest of his money, we bade our friends good by, and started on our way to Pittsburg. I had no trouble with the teacher on my way to Cincinnati (it was given out, by the by, that he was going to study medicine with "Dr. Hudson"); but when we arrived in Cincinnati I took him aside, told him he was my prisoner, and that I would give him a disguise, so that he need not be subject to shame in case we encountered, on our way, anybody he might know; but that he must submit to be manacled in travelling with me farther, for I feared he would escape. He consented to this.

I started with him from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, and arriving there, placed him in charge of parties at the

hotel where I stopped. He wanted to write some letters, he said, and I let him do so. One of them was to the lady he had left behind, Mr. Perkins's niece. The letters could not go till the morning's mail, and I could not, of course, let those to others than the young lady go without reading them myself, for they might mean mischief. Intending to take proper legal proceedings the next day, I had him placed in a small room leading out from my sleeping-room, and without a door except that into my room, and with no avenue for light, save a small window at the top, divested him of his clothes, which I put back of my bed, and caused my door to be guarded outside all night. I suppose I slept with unusual soundness, for I heard not the slightest noise from his room. On awaking in the morning I called to him. There was no answer; and I jumped out of bed, and went into his room, only to find him hanging, cold and dead, from a clothes peg in the side of the wall in the room! He had somehow managed to strip a piece from a sheet without awakening me, rolled it into a small rope, and hung himself by this peg. He proved himself a young man of spirit in his last act, for his legs were bent up to keep his feet from the floor — the rope being too long, or having stretched evidently.

Such was the end of the music teacher; and not the least interesting fact touching him was, that he was from one of the first New England families, well educated, expelled college in his second year for some "romantic conduct" which bordered on crime, and was shunned by his high-toned Puritanic relations, — mercilessly treated, in short, — and to this fact, I conceive, may be attributed his downfall in part. Mercy and forgiveness, bestowed at the proper time, are among the best preventives of a course of crime once entered upon.

The music teacher's letters were never sent to their intended destinations. That to the young lady was very kindly, telling her that his love for her was an infatuation, from which he had broken away; that they were not suited

to live together after all; that she would probably never hear from him again, for years at least (!), and that he hoped her every joy. I did not think it best to forward it to her. She married, in a year or two after his "desertion," to a fine man, so "Mr. Perkins," when I last saw him, told me, and was very happy, and still in blissful ignorance of the fate of the "heartless" but brilliant music teacher, and finally brave (?) suicide.

THE COOL-BLOODED GOLD ROBBER, AND THE WAY HE WAS TRACKED.

A SUDDEN CALL — GREAT CONSTERNATION AT THE —— BANK IN WALL STREET — TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD STOLEN — A HARD, INSOLUBLE CASE — "TRY," THE SOUL OF SUCCESS — BANKS COMPELLED TO GREATEST CAUTIOUSNESS — NO ESPRIT DE CORPS AMONG MONEY-CHANGERS — THE WAY I "CREATED" DETECTIVES — RAG-PICKERS MADE USEFUL ABOVE THEIR CALLING — AN UP-TOWN CARRIAGE HOUSE, AND ITS TREASURES — A LAUGHING COACHMAN — A PRESENT — COMPLICATED EVIDENCE UNRAVELLED — AN OLD OFFICE-WOMAN INVOLVED IN THE MYSTERY — A BIT OF FUN FURNISHES THE DESIRED "KEY" — "SMOUCHING," AND WHAT CAME OF IT — EXTENDING MY ACQUAINTANCESHIP — THE THIEF FOUND — A WALL STREET BROKER — STUDYING HIM — HIS CLERK WILED AWAY — GOOD USE OF THEATRE TICKETS — THE SCHEME OF IDENTIFICATION; A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT — THE BROKER WORSTED — HE STRUGGLES WITHIN HIMSELF; GROWS PALE — HOW HE EXECUTED THE ROBBERY — THE TERRIBLE "FORCE OF EXAMPLE" SOMETIMES — THE THIEF BECOMES A MEMBER OF THE COMMON COUNCIL — A SALUTARY WARNING TO OTHER THIEVES.

"SIR, can you come right down at once to the —— Bank?" (It was and is in Wall Street.) "Mr.——(the president) wants to see you if possible," exclaimed a messenger, one day, less than ten years ago, as he bolted into my office in great haste; and this was the opening to me of a case in which I did, perhaps, more hard work than I ever performed in working out any other case.

"No, I can't go now; don't think I can get there to-day. I've too much to do; but what's the trouble?"

"O, dear, I can't tell you that. I only know that Mr. ——, the president, is greatly excited, and he told me to be sure to bring you now; to hunt after you if you were not here, and bring you at any rate."

"Well, if it is so urgent a matter, I must run down there for a minute — say that I'll be there in a half hour, if possible; if not, in an hour, say. I've documents here that *must* be finished and sent off before I stir," said I; and an hour or so brought me to the bank, between four and five o'clock of the afternoon. It was closed, of course, for banking purposes, but the watching janitor hardly waited for ordinary ceremony before I was half-dragged into the entrance-way. The president at once took me to the private or directors' room, and told me that a half hour before sending for me they had missed a bag containing ten thousand dollars in gold, that every search had been made for it, and that one of the clerks thought he recollected something having been said by somebody that day about that bag. He even thought somebody had taken it up or out in his presence, but his impression was like a dim recollection of things passed twenty years ago, and this was all the president could say about it. The making up of the books, balancing accounts, etc., had kept the clerks after banking hours, as usual, and he had sent for me as soon as possible, thinking that I might devise some theory to account for the lost gold, and that promptness was the best course.

I asked if there had been much business done there that day, and I found that they had been unusually occupied. I learned the location of the bag in the big safe, and saw that no thief could have come slyly in and got to the safe without being detected, so numerous were the clerks, some of whom were constantly behind the desks, back of which the thief would have to go. There was no clerk whom the president dare suspect. They were all well tried young men, in whom every confidence had heretofore been reposed, and who had ever proved worthy of the trust placed in them. Besides, none of them, except at noon, when they had gone out to lunch, not singly, but two together at least, had been out of the bank since morning, and it was sure that the bag was in the safe that

morning. In fact, it had then been brought there from the vault, with other moneys; so that to suspect any one, rendered it necessary to suspect another in concert with him. Moreover, if one had been in concert with a thief, who had come in to receive the bag, he could hardly have taken the bag out without some one's noticing him.

With these reflections and my examinations, I candidly told the president that it would cost too much to work up the case on any theory which I could conceive of; that his only hope was in waiting for something to be disclosed by accident, perhaps; but that he probably would never hear of the money, or know any more about the matter than he now knew, unless this suspicion of mine should happen to be correct (but how could we be sure of that?), namely, that the abstraction of this gold was the work of some bold thief, who, having studied the place, and giving himself a clerkly style, had suddenly dropped in when the bank was full of customers and the clerks much occupied, and passed himself off for one of them for a few seconds, taken the bag, and walked off with it as coolly as he came in.

But the president, and I too, after surveying matters again, conceived that an impossibility — "almost" — still there *was* the barest possibility that such might have been the fact. But if it were, how get a clew to the thief? How ever identify one dollar, or rather a single one of the ten dollar pieces? (for it was all in ten dollar pieces, in rolls: a heavy bag to snatch and carry away unperceived). There was a serious difficulty in that.

Of course I made the minutest inquiry as to the style of the bag, and was shown three or four which were said to be exactly like it, and took down upon my diary a copy of the special marks upon these. But I kept thinking all the while that it was folly to do this; and I dismissed reasoning upon the subject, and thought I might as well "trust luck" as to refuse to, especially as the president, in his urgency, said if I would "scour the city thoroughly,"

he would pay me so much a day for my time, for a given number of days, and that if I found any of the money I might have half of it besides. I told him his offer was hardly acceptable professionally; that I had my certain charges for my work by the day, dependent in amount a little upon the nature of the case, and that that would satisfy me; and that although I had about as much confidence in finding out the thief, or discovering the money, as I would have in labelling a plank "Philadelphia," and throwing it into the bay at ebb tide, with the expectation it would float directly to the "City of Brotherly Love," and land itself duly; yet I would try.

"Well, that's all I can ask. 'Try,' that's the word," said the president; "and allow me to say that I know that *means* something with you, and I cannot say why I feel a confidence that you will succeed, for everything seems to be against us. Yet I *do* feel that success in part, at least, will be yours. We shall hear where that money has gone to, even if we cannot secure a dollar of it. But there must nothing be said outside of the bank. I cautioned the clerks before you came; for in my whole life I have never been more ashamed of anything than of this loss, whether it is the theft of one person, clerk, or what not, or another: and if it should be the fact that this is only one of those bold robberies which have sometimes taken place, I should feel more chagrined than ever."

So I was to keep the matter a profound secret, at any rate; which is the reason why I may not at least introduce a name or two, which I should, for some reasons, be pleased to make public.

It is not a wise thing for a bank to make known to the public a loss of the kind. It looks like negligence in the conduct of its affairs. The public, too, would be disposed to think, even when the truth is told, that the statement is intended to cover the fact of a greater loss, or that a defalcation for example, instead of a robbery, has taken place. There is nothing like an *esprit de corps* among

banks. Each acts for itself, — mercilessly, as regards every other bank, — unless, perhaps, when some question of a proposed general tax, which may be thought too high, is mooted; and each must look out for its reputation for soundness with scrupulous care.

Time went on, and, engrossed in other affairs, I paid but little heed to this, comparatively, though I did "try." My first step was to visit several of the rag-gatherers and purchasers about the city, and offer a large reward to each of them should he chance to become possessed of a peculiarly marked bag (which I described), in such a manner as to be able to trace its history into his hands. In this way I made "detectives" of quite a number of persons. I suspected that the thief would, of course, destroy the bag, yet I thought it possible that, in the flush of his success, he might throw it by, and that with other things — old papers perhaps — it might get to the old rag and paper men's hands. Besides, I visited certain points where thieves resort, and certain gambling saloons, with the intent of seeing if anybody there was peculiarly "flush" with gold, and I secured the assistance of certain brethren of the profession to the same end. But I could learn of nobody who seemed to have had a "windfall" of late, and it was so long before I got the slightest report from any of the rag-men, that, when I did, I suspected that the money would be dissipated, or so "scattered to the four winds," even if it led to the fastening of suspicion upon somebody, that I had but little impulse to pursue the matter.

But finally, a dealer in rags sought me, saying that he had come across the bag in question, he thought, but that it was not in his possession, and he had not thought it best to try to get hold of it till I had seen it. It was in an up-town carriage-house, the latter belonging to one of the old aristocracy, and he suspected the bag belonged to the coachman. He had been called into the house, in the prosecution of his business, to buy several bags of old rags, paper, etc., and as the rags, old clothes, etc., were

promiscuously thrown together into the bags, without reference to color or quality, it was difficult to put a price upon them; the white ones predominating, the housekeeper would not sell them for the price he would give for unassorted rags, and so the bags were taken to the carriage-house, to be assorted and weighed there. While engaged with the stable-man and one of the servant girls in running over the rags, his eye happened to light upon a bag tied with a string, and hanging on a peg, which he saw, by a peculiar mark, must be like the one I had described to him so long before; and he asked the stable-man what was kept in that bag hung up so nicely, and got the reply that it held some of the coachman's knickknacks; and he thought best to make no further inquiries then; but, putting his hand upon it, he found it held several things which "felt hard, like iron;" and this was all he knew about it, save that he, at the time he felt of it, took occasion to examine the marks upon it further, and felt assured that it was just the bag in question. He was quite enthusiastic over his discovery, and wished me to go at once, and look for myself.

But I could not leave that day, and making an appointment with him for the next day, met him as agreed, and proceeded to the carriage house. Fortunately we got in, without being under the necessity of asking to have the gate opened, as we watched an opportunity when the carriage was about being driven out. My friend the rag-man engineered the *entree* under my instructions, referring to his having assorted rags there a day or two before, and easily got on the good side of the coachman, while I looked after the bag, which my friend had told me where to find without trouble. I made up my mind instantly that that was the bag in question, and sitting down lazily on a box in the carriage-house, got into a good-natured talk with the coachman. It was easy to be seen that he was an innocent enough fellow, and could never have been guilty of the robbery, or of complicity therein. But I was

at a loss to know how to approach him on the subject of the bag. At last I got up and walked about, and surveying the things, — various carriages, light buggies, harnesses, etc., in the barn, which the coachman was pleased enough to hear me compliment on their order and neatness, etc., — I at length listlessly approached the bag, and taking hold of it, said, "Well, that's a funny mark — coat of arms, I 'spose?" giving the coachman a slight wink.

He laughed in his easy-going way, and said, "You're disposed to joke, I see. No, that's not *my* coat of arms; I could not afford it — he! he! he! — but it's my bag, I confess."

"I've got one just like it at home," said I; "pretty good bag to wear. I wonder where a fellow could get another like it?"

"I don't know. I got that off a heap of rags, in a cart that was standing on the corner here one morning, two or three weeks ago, — gave the boy six cents for it. Don't know where you could get another."

"What will you take for it?"

"He! he! *hee!*" exclaimed the coachman, bursting with laughter, as if I had said a comical thing. "Why, do you take me for a rag-dealer? he! he! he! I wouldn't sell it for nothing; but do you want it much?"

"O, no, not much, but I should like it? want it badly enough to pay you for it — what you've a mind to ask."

"Wal, I'll give it to you. I thought that morning I wanted it to put screws and bolts in, but I've got a nice stand here since, and I can throw 'em in the drawer," as he pointed out the "stand," and proceeded to take down the bag and pour the bolts, etc., into the drawer, and handing the bag to me, said, "Here, I'll make you a present of this 'ere thing, — he! he! hee!" I took it, of course, and thanked him.

Having got the bag into my possession, I asked him if he ever saw the man before of whom he bought the bag.

"'Twasn't a man, but a boy, that goes by here, every few days, with a cart."

"Would you know him anywhere you might see him?"

"Yes, he's got a curious look about him that everybody would remember."

"You've seen him often?"

"Yes. I have seen him go by here ever so many times within a year."

"Well, I want to find him; and can I hire you to go with me to-day and pick him out? I'll take you among the rag-pickers, and I will pay you well."

"He! he! *hee!* That's funny that you want to find that nasty-looking chap. Yes, I'll go with you now,—in ten minutes, if 'tain't too fur."

"We can go in an hour; but perhaps 'twon't be the best time to find him. He may be out, and we shall not know whom to inquire for; and if we get on track of anybody that we think is he, may be you'll have to go again to-morrow. They'll tell us when he'll be apt to be found at home."

"I'd know him by his dog, say nothing of himself," interposed the coachman. "Yes, I'll go;" and the coachman got ready, and we started off for Sixty-second Street, where there were then a number of low houses, occupied by rag-pickers. I thought I would go up instead of down in the city, as the coachman said the loaded cart of the rag-man was headed that way. We took a Fourth Avenue car, and had not gone more than half way to our point of destination, when the coachman, who was standing on the platform, having given his seat to a lady, violently pulled the bell, and called to me: "See here, mister" (for I had given him no name as yet), "here's the very fellow we're after;" and I got out with him, and he ran to catch the rag-man, whom we had just past, and I came up as he had stopped him.

"This is the man, and that's the tarnal striped dog I told you of. See here" (to the rag-man); "this man wants to see you."

The rag-man looked at me with wonder and some expression of fear. "Let him see me, then, if he wants to," he muttered; "no *great* sight, I guess."

"Yes, I wished to see you a minute," said I; "and I wanted to talk with you. I won't hinder you long, and will give you twenty-five cents an hour for the time I hinder you. Here, take that to begin with," slipping a new twenty-five cent piece of silver into his hand. The rag-man's eyes glistened, and he looked up with an air of mingled surprise and gratitude.

"Your route" (for all these fellows have routes of their own, which they observe with as much honor among themselves as bakers and milkmen, never trespassing on each other), — "your route lies, when you go up, along such and such streets?" — naming some.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, did you ever see this man before?" pointing to the coachman."

He eyed him carefully, and replied, "'Pears to me I have; but I dunno."

"Well, did you ever see this bag?" I asked, taking it from my pocket, and handing it to him.

He looked at it but an instant, and said, "Yes; and I guess that's the man that give me six cents for it; yes, that *is* the man."

"Well, my good fellow," said I, "I want to find out where you bought it. That's what I hunted you up to inquire about. I want to find the man that sold it to you."

The rag man's memory was good, and he told me where he got the bag. It was among the last things he purchased the day he sold it to the coachman; and there was something about it peculiar, in this, that the rag-man, grumbling a little at the price he had paid for a few pounds of rags, — some few cents, — the old woman of whom he bought them threw that in, and told him to "go 'long."

I dismissed the coachman, offering to pay him for his

time, but he would take nothing; and I went on with the rag-man and his striped dog. But it was slow work, and we had some distance to go; so I assisted him in getting his cart and dog housed in a livery stable on our course, and took the cars, and soon found the old woman, a gatherer up of old odds and ends, living in Bayard Street, just out of the Bowery. She traded a "good deal," she said, "with William, here" (the rag-man), "off and on."

I brought the matter of the bag to her notice. She remembered it well; and the next thing was to ask where she got it. That she could tell me, too. She had a daughter living in a building in Pine Street, below William, and it was she who sold it to her mother, with a lot of old rags and papers. "It comed to me," said she, "in the pile I had from her."

On inquiry, I found that the purchase had been made, as near as I could calculate, about three days after the robbery. I employed the old woman to go down to introduce me to her daughter, whom I found to be a very good, honest woman, who got a living by cleaning down-town offices, while her husband did a little private watching, now and then, and helped "along shore" a little.

The woman being introduced to me by her mother, who said I was an old friend of hers (as I had asked her to; for I had given her some slight hint of why I wanted to learn where the daughter got the bag, and had paid her beforehand for her time in waiting on me), made ready reply to my queries.

"Yes, yes; now I do remember," said she, scratching her forehead in a peculiar way with her stubbed fingers, "where I got that; it was that sassy brat in ——'s office gin it to me."

"Where's that?"

Her reply gave me the number of a broker's office in Wall Street, and things began at once to shape themselves in my mind. If I had not been a detective, I might have been surprised; but it was easy now to form an intelligi-

ble theory. I did not know this man, and made no inquiries about him of the woman; but I asked her how the boy came to give it to her.

"He ain't a young boy," replied she; "he's full-growed, and has got whiskers, — side whiskers, — but he's full of old Ned, and acts like a boy, poking fun all the while; and I call him a boy. Well, he gin it to me one night, — let's see," — and she went over the list of names of offices where she had worked, and said, "Yes, it was Friday," — fixing a time just the day after the robbery. She was there, it seems, just after business hours were over, to clean the room. Her day there was Saturday, generally, instead of Friday, and she went three times a week usually, and washed and mopped. Being a jolly woman, she was bantering with the "boy" (clerk), as she called him, who had staid to lock up after her. The clerk had thrown some old papers upon her, which he gave her to carry off, and she'd made a wad of some of them, and thrown them back to him; and so they had "smouched" each other, — as she termed that sort of play, — when just as she was going out, the clerk seized this bag from under the counter, and threw it, rolled up, at her head. She seized it, and said, "Thank you; this will do to bile puddings in; I'll take it."

"Take it, Sarah," said he; "and we'll call it quits for now," as she left the office.

That was her circumstantial account. I was glad, of course, to find her memory so clear. There was no mistaking that evidence. The next step was to make the acquaintance of that boy, or clerk; and to do so, I went next day into the broker's office to get some money changed. The clerk was in; and after doing my business, I got into some conversation with him, — for I had taken an early hour when I knew there would be few customers in. I found him apparently an excellent young man, good-hearted, intelligent, and honest, I thought. His employer was not in; but I called at a later hour of the day, having

watched the premises, and seen the clerk go out on some errand, and got some money changed by the broker; and I studied him as well as I could. He was a wiry man, of medium size, with much determination in his face, indicated particularly by one of those protruding chins, which disclose not only force of character, but the ability to do mean, desperate things.

My mind was made up that the broker was the man who stole the money — such was my fixed opinion; and now how to trap him. The clerk was an honest young man; of that I was quite satisfied. The broker could not, I thought, be doing a large business, and his face did not indicate that liberality which would allow his giving his clerk (and he had but one, in his little basement den of an office) a large salary, and I made up my mind that the first step was to get the clerk out of that office into some other place, by giving him a larger salary.

At this juncture of affairs I sought the president, and told him that I had traced the matter into a Wall Street broker's office; but did not at that time tell him where; that there was a clerk in the office who was evidently a very nice and efficient fellow, and that I wanted to get him out of there as the next step; that he was surely a good penman, and probably a first-rate bookkeeper; and he must find a place for him, and I would try to get him out.

To this the president quickly consented, and told me to call next day, and he would have some place or other for him, among some of his friends. We discussed what a clerk probably got a year in such a place; and decided that two hundred dollars more would be bribe enough for him. "And I'll do better than that for him, if necessary," said the president. "Now tell me who this broker is, if you please."

I declined to tell him then, for I wished to get my evidence a little more certain. I called the next day as he told me, and found that he had been active, and had secured three or four places for the young man, should I find

it necessary to get him into one. I lost no time in coming upon the young man that day, as he went out to his customary lunch, and walked along with him, managing to address myself to his jocose nature, and we sat beside each other on stools at the restaurant. I went out with him, and a part of the way to his office with him too, when, stopping suddenly, I said, —

"I must go another way; hope to meet you again;" and drawing my handkerchief suddenly from the outer breast pocket of my coat, as if to wipe my mouth, flirted out with it some tickets, three of them to Wallack's Theatre, with which I had prepared myself for the purpose. These were "complimentaries," with which I was not unfrequently supplied, in view of some services I had once rendered Mr. James Wallack, in a matter involving no small amount of jewels, etc.

I picked up the tickets as they fell to the pavement, and, said I, "This is providential for you, perhaps. I see you like fun; there's a good comedy on to-night; would you like to go?" handing him one of the tickets. "And here's another; may be you'd like to take your lady."

"Ho, ho!" said he, "that's generous; but I won't take but one, for I haven't any lady to take."

"Well, give one to some friend, and take him along;" but he declined, and the upshot of the matter was, that he agreed to meet me at the Metropolitan that night, and go with me. I told him to keep his tickets, and bring along any friend. But he came alone, and I was glad of it. The play was excellent, and between acts we discussed it. I fancied I had gotten well into his good graces before it was over; and when it was, we walked out, and along Broadway together, and stopped once or twice and "lemonaded." The young man was temperate, as I was glad to find — all the better witness — and before he reached home that night, I managed to find out all about his salary, etc., and had told him that a young man of his parts ought to have a better place. He felt so too, of course; but said

it was hard to find, as he had no friends to help him. Unfortunately, he said, all his relatives in New York were of the medium class of people in money matters; and his father, who was a Methodist minister, and had some influence with his people when living, had died some five years before, and these church people had pretty much forgotten them.

I found that, from the latitude the president had given me, I could offer the young man a salary that astonished him. He said he could leave his employer at any time, with one day's notice, for there were calls every day for employment by clerks. Suffice it that in four days from that time I had the young man installed as bookkeeper in a house where he got nearly double his former salary. Besides, in my going about with him, I had fished out facts enough in the career of the broker, his old employer, to convince me that he was all I had taken him for.

Finally, I went back to the president, and told him whom I suspected, and what my evidence was, and that I had not yet said anything to the young man about the bag or about him; and we arranged it that the young man should be invited to his house by me the next night; which was done, and he accompanied me. The president had prepared a room for a private conference, and after I had introduced the young man to the president, and informed him that he, and not I, was his benefactor, to whom the young man expressed his gratitude, I took up a paper from off the table on which I had placed it, and under which I had slyly tucked the bag. I had gotten the young man seated near the table. As I lifted the paper, and noticed the bag with its peculiar mark on it, I said to the president, —

"Beg pardon, Mr. ——, but this singular device excited my curiosity;" and I took up the bag and looked at it. "Allow me to ask what it is."

"O," said he, "it's a sort of private coat of arms. 'Tis a little curious, isn't it?" and he commented on it; and I, as

a matter of politeness, passed it to the young man, asking, "Did you ever see anything like it before?"

"No, not that I know of," said he; "and yet there's something familiar to me about this bag," and he turned it over. "No, I never saw this device upon anything!" and he laid it down, and the conversation dropped on that point, and we fell into conversation about his old employer, the amount of his business, his habits, and so forth, and it was easy to see that he had no great respect for him. Finally I led on to the matter of having seen the jolly scrubber there, the woman Sarah, to whom he had given the bag; and finding she proved to be all right, I said to him, "Sarah gave me that bag, and that bag got you your present place, through the kindness of Mr. —— here.

The young man looked astonished, with a question in his eye, as if asking me to explain ——.

"Well, I will explain. You remember one day (fixing the time), that, after office hours, when she came there to scrub, you and she got into a frolic, and threw things at each other?"

"O, yes," said he, "very well; and I hauled the bag out from under the counter, and threw it at her."

"Just so; that's her story too. And now I wish to ask you if you knew how that bag got under the counter?"

"Why, certainly. Mr. ——" (his employer, the broker), "took it out of his pocket a day or two before, and tucked it under there."

"What was his condition that day? that is, what was his health?"

"O, that was one of his nervous days, and he was much excited."

"What did he place this bag with there — what's there?"

"There's a shelf there; and the day I gave it to Sarah, I had been putting some papers there, and pulled it out, and remembered it."

"Then he wouldn't be apt to see it, to remind him of its being there?"

"No, sir, not unless he stooped down to get something there."

It was evident to me, then, how the broker had forgotten it. We managed to make inquiries enough to satisfy ourselves that the broker was much excited at that time, and that he about the same time had made purchase of some building lots in "East New York," on Long Island, for he speculated in real estate somewhat, and was a pretty close man, and "rich enough," as the young man thought.

We had obtained all the evidence we were likely to, and the young man and I left, he being in ignorance of how and to what end we had gotten that bag there. The next step was to get at the broker. We examined into his real estate, and found the young man right in his judgment — the broker was well off. We laid many plans; and he wanted to secure the money, and it wouldn't answer to do things by halves. Our broker was a desperate man, but a nervous one, and I thought the best way was to take the lion by his mane. So, stalking into his office, — I being well armed, — I invited him into his little back room, having placed the president near the office, to come in a minute after me. I engaged the broker in conversation for half a minute, and then suddenly pulling out the bag, asked him (nodding my head towards the other little front room where the new clerk was); and saying, "No noise, unless you are disposed to make it," I asked, —

"Did you ever see that before, sir?"

He reached his hand for it, turning pale.

"No, I never saw it."

"Do you know whose it is?"

"No, I don't," half stammering, but with an air of decision. Luckily, just at this time, the president stalked in.

"Here's a man who will tell you whose it is," said I;

and holding it up to the president, I asked, "Whose is this bag?"

"Mine," said he; "but the gold that was taken with it was the —— Bank's," as he eyed Mr. ——, the broker, sternly; "and you are the man who took it."

"I protest," said the broker, "that I never saw that bag before;" but his manner showed guilt.

"Well," said I, "that's a question of evidence. Excuse me for a moment, and be calm;" and I stepped to the door, and nodded to the old clerk to come in. He came, and the broker's astonishment was evidently great.

"Did you ever see that before? and where did you first see it?" I asked of the clerk.

"In Mr. ——'s" (the broker's) "hands."

"Where did he take it from, and what did he do with it?"

The young man told his simple story; and I told him we would relieve him, and away he went, still ignorant of the theft, but probably wondering what it all meant.

I then said to the broker, "You are most thoroughly caught. That young man is only one of our witnesses, and he does not know of your theft yet. You are surrounded on all sides, and I advise you to send your clerk out on business, and settle up matters here at once. We want the money back, and pay for our time."

There was a momentary struggle in the broker's heart. He was very pale, and his firm set chin quivered for a moment. He evidently took in the whole situation of affairs; but I thought I would not leave him wholly to his unaided reflections, and I remarked, for it was all clear now, of course, how the thing had been done: —

"From the hour that you personated a clerk, and coolly walked behind the desk and took the money, you must understand that you were known — recognized; but we needed further proof to convict you. The bag has supplied that," (and I saw, as I spoke, that a light went over his countenance, as if some purpose of his soul had suddenly

changed). "Had we followed you up at once, and found this gold, we could not have identified it; and we have followed you, therefore, with tireless patience, and would have pursued you for a year yet. You see your condition. We do not wish to prosecute you criminally, unless you force us to do so. You may have stolen the money under a pressure, or in some hour of temptation, which would never come again. We want our money and pay for our time, as I have said; and we do not propose to delay at all. Do you understand me?"

The broker quivered for a moment. There was a struggle of pride in his soul which he gratified with an oath, which I will not repeat here, condemning his folly and himself to the "bottomless pit," and then he sank back in his chair, and tears filled his eyes.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I give it up. You are very lenient. That gold has cursed me every day. I was a madman that day. Had been drinking a little. It was only one stout glass of brandy, though, for I seldom touch a drop" (which I know to be true). "I had a month before read a story in a London paper which —— sent me" (naming a well-known broker of Wall Street, who had gone to Europe on business), "narrating the like exploit of a bold thief. I found myself often thinking of his daring, and that day the fiend got hold of me. It was but the work of a moment. I was near the —— —— —— Bank. I stepped in, and saw many there; stuck my hat in here" (within his vest, a small slouched hat); "and before I knew it, the thing was done. There's my confession. Do with me what you please. I have often resolved to restore the money; but I have as often failed, for fear that somehow I'd get found out."

"Well, we are satisfied," said I; "and all we want is what I have asked."

"Of course it shall be done; but for God's sake you must forgive me, and forever conceal my name, for I

never can do such a thing again. I have suffered too much from it."

"The matter has been concealed from everybody except the clerks in the bank, who are pledged to secrecy; not even your own clerk knows that any money has been lost, and nobody but Mr. ——" (the president) "and me has any suspicion of you. We wanted to get the money more than we wanted you."

"I am ready to settle now," said he.

But he had not on hand all the money we wanted; but before two hours were over proper deeds, in due legal form and execution, conveyed to the president, in personal mortgage, at least five times as much as was needed to make up the deficit in cash. This proved the most lucrative job for me which I ever "worked up," and the bank got back all its money, with interest thereon.

It only remains for me to say, that that broker became an "altered man" in some respects. I did not like his countenance, and I did not believe his expressions of penitence fully. There was a dark, bad "streak" in his nature, I thought; but he has committed no more robberies, I suspect, unless they were done in his capacity of member of the Common Council, to which body he was afterwards elected, having left Wall Street, and entered upon other than the broker's business, and turned a ward politician. But let not other thieves, therefore, nourish hope from the example of his good (or bad) fortune.

$1,250,000, OR THE PRIVATE MARK.

MONEY-GETTING AS RELATED TO CRIME — A VERY STRANGE HISTORY — THE MOST WONDROUS PURSUIT OF A MAN BY HIS ENEMY WHICH EVER (PROBABLY) WAS KNOWN IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD — JAMES WILLIAM HUBERT ROGERS AND "NED" HAGUE, TWO ENGLISHMEN — "DAMON AND PYTHIAS" IN EARLY LIFE — A CHANGE COMES — A DEPARTED AND CONSIDERATE UNCLE DESCRIBED, ONCE A PROTEGE OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA — OLIVER CROMWELL HAGUE, A RICH INDIA MERCHANT — A MARVELOUS SEARCH FOR A LOST MAN — A MAN FOUND AND IDENTIFIED BY NUMEROUS FRIENDS AS THE ONE IN QUESTION — PLOTTING AND COUNTER-PLOTTING — A SHREWD VERMONT "LAWYER" MAKES A THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING — THE INDEFATIGABLE ROGERS COMES TO AMERICA IN HIS SEARCH — LOST IN THE VASTNESS OF THE COUNTRY — WE MEET, AND DEPART FOR ST. LOUIS — TROUBLES, AND AN ENLIGHTENING DREAM — A WICKED LAWYER — THE RIGHT TO REPENT — A SPIRITED COLLOQUY WITH THE LAWYER — AN ENEMY FOUND AND SET TO WORK — THE GRASPING LAWYER OUTWITTED — THE LOST FOUND IN A TERRIBLE CONDITION — A LITTLE PRIVATE FUN OVER THE LAWYER'S DISCOMFITURE — A SHARP EXAMINATION AND CROSS-EXAMINATION — LAWYER OUTWITTED, AND LOSES FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS — MR. ROGERS DEPARTS WITH THE "LOST ONE," BOUND FOR ENGLAND — THE SUDDEN DROWNING OF THE LATTER AT SEA — THE CHERISHED VICTORY OF YEARS VANISHES — OUT, WITH A LAUGH.

THE "battle of life" has so many phases, and my own experiences have run in so many channels, and my knowledge of human curiosity is so extensive, and my desire in these papers to gratify the same so great, that I am at a loss, as I turn over my diaries and notes of other histories of the past years to-day, what to select from my notes next; for, whatever disposition my publishers may make of this in the arrangement of these chapters, this is really one of the very last of them all in the order of writing, and one of the very last in point of fact, which I shall ever enlarge from my notes into current narrative. But my notes are

so full, that my friends, after I am gone, should they desire to put before the world a supplement of these experiences, will have but little trouble — that, simply, of telling the tales in their own style. But it strikes me that the reader must feel, as he reads, something of the interest I felt as an actor, in part, in the scenes which it narrates.

Of the "battle of life," then, no phase can well be of so much interest to the great majority as that of money-getting. This absorbs everything, and is, in fact, the great source of nine tenths, at least, of all human crimes. But "money-getting," as well as wealth itself, has its "different sides," — its positive and comparative, I might almost say, negative characteristics. Wealth, in one locality, would be comparative poverty in another; that is, the amount of money which constitutes a man "wealthy" in a far off country town, would be sneered at as a very trifle in this great metropolis, New York; would hardly be enough to support the possessor for a year among the moderate livers of the city, with their luxury and indulgences, which cost so much more than those of the country.

I said that money-getting is comparative also. It is, in this sense. The envious wrestler for the smiles of the "Money God" has not only his positive work to do, but often feels it as much his duty to defeat others as to win himself; as the driver of the winning horse at the races often succeeds only by defeating his competitor's horse — "breaking him up," for example, by some more or less honorable mode — any mode which the rules of the race do not absolutely forbid. So in this case I am about to recite — the most wonderful hunt, perhaps, and the most exciting and long-continued, and replete with ludicrous, solemn, dangerous, as well as joyful incidents, which ever characterized any cause, and was carried on literally around the globe, inspired and sustained by the desire of a man, a rich man, not to profit by it himself, but to defeat his enemy and keep him poor, that he might not become a competitor with him, as a man of wealth, for the smiles, adu-

lations, and sycophancies of the peasant, and small farming and mercantile population of a little town in England.

The name of this strange man was James William Hubert Rogers, which he always wrote out in full, with true English pride, even when subscribing the shortest letter, as well as a five thousand pound promissory note. He reminded me in this of sundry gentlemen I have met, of our sister city, Boston, who, proud of the "Athens of America," take greatest pains in entering their full names — though frequently the initial of the first, and the middle name, if any, in full, in the dandaical style — in hotel registers. "J. Adams Bromfield," "H. Gray Otis Ticknor," with BOSTON "displayed" (as the printers would say) over as much space as possible, as if it would surely reflect credit on the person himself.

James William Hubert Rogers was a peculiar man. I have thought that his history, even the comparatively little I know of it, would be one of the most interesting biographies ever published; but I do not intend to give more of it here than will be necessary to make this narrative connected and clear. Mr. Rogers had been brought up in moderate circumstances, educated to mercantile life in a small way, in a country place in Yorkshire. Prior to being apprenticed, at seventeen years of age, to a merchant, he had constantly attended school from about the age of six years; and whether at the "infant school," or the private classical school of some pretensions, had been as constantly attended by a bosom friend, just "one day and one hour older" than he, as their respective mothers were wont to tell them. This person's name was "Ned" Hague; (whether he, too, had a list of other cumbrous names I never asked, but I presume he had, and I wonder such a burden does not spoil the disposition of children — perhaps it does.) James and Ned played together, romped, studied, and all that together; as children, were inseparable, in short. The one, "Ned," was described to me as a very handsome fellow, and very athletic. James was

equally athletic, but was less handsome in face; in fact, though his features were all well enough formed, and there was a hardy look about his face, yet there was a something in his expression of countenance which was at times very repulsive to me; a dogged, unfeeling look, not simply spiteful, but somehow of unwearying, cool-blooded vengeance; yet he was always kind and generous to me throughout our acquaintance. "Ned" came into the world under a little better auspices than James, that is, his parents were a little "better off," and lived in a house which they owned, a little more stylish than that which James's parents occupied, but rented. However, James's father was a better business man than Ned's father, and earned a larger salary. So things were balanced; but James confessed to me that he used, on account of the better house, to be a particle envious of Ned's condition in their childhood, but this was all the ill-feeling he ever had towards him in those days. But James went to mercantile life at seventeen; and a year after, "Ned," having quite an aptitude for writing, connected himself with a small provincial newspaper. The young men continued their intimacy, which was carried into their love affairs as well as into everything else, until they arrived at the age of twenty-three, when there came an "interruption" of their mutual affection, which finally degenerated into mutual dislike, and upon the part of James, whom we will now call Mr. Rogers, into unforgiving, implacable hate. What was the precise cause of this I was never informed in detail, but I learned the general facts from a friend of Mr. Rogers's, whom I met in England some two years after I first made his acquaintance. From all I could gather, there was really no sensible reason for the great enmity which came to exist between these men. But this is not a part of the story, properly, and I must pass it over.

Years went on, and Mr. Rogers and Mr. Hague continued to live near each other. The latter abandoned his steady connection with the newspapers, though he continued to

write for the press more or less, and went into business with an old apothecary, and finally succeeded to his whole business at his death. He was more fortunate, for years, than was Mr. Rogers, who, however, managed to live comfortably, and to add considerably to his possessions. During these years, and after their quarrel commenced, the dislike of these men grew into a sort of silent hatred. They had but little to say of each other, but what they did say was crispy with bitterness. Those who remembered their early-life's affection, were astonished that anything could have wrought such an enmity; for both of these men were considered honorable and upright in their dealings with their fellow-men, and were genial citizens, of democratic tastes and associations.

But finally Mr. Rogers became suddenly very rich, through a legacy left him by a quaint old uncle, the brother of his mother, who, in Mr. Rogers's boyhood, had taken a fancy to him. The uncle was a deformed man, — a little in the order of Richard Third, — and this might be said of him, mentally as well as physically. He was competent to have filled the British throne with more credit than many a monarch who has sitten upon it. But Henry De Noyelles (for that was the uncle's name — sprung from an old Norman stock) had curious deformities of face, which excited great ridicule among the heartless. His eyes could not be said to be "crossed" exactly, but something worse, and his nose was oddly shaped, besides being very flexible, and it flapped about as if there was "no bone in it," as the people used to say of it.

Mr. De Noyelles was naturally a proud-spirited man, who felt that, intellectually, he was no man's inferior by nature, and his deformities stung him to the quick. He was a great mechanic naturally, very ingenious and executive; had a rare force for acquiring languages and the sciences; and, driven from society by his deformity and his wounded pride, he occupied his hours out of business with constant reading, and his acquirements in literature

became large. He devoted himself considerably in his youth to mathematical studies, and had a great proclivity to civil engineering. He inherited a moderate fortune from his father, and after becoming of age, and feeling that he was ridiculed among his fellow-townsmen, became morose, and learned to hate all English people, and finally betook himself to the Continent, and soon, in some way, attracted the attention of the Emperor of Austria, who gave him place at last as a Superintendent of Engineers, in which capacity his inventive genius served him, and in the course of a few years he became one of the most able operators in Europe, and, enjoying an interest in many valuable contracts, acquired, at last, a vast fortune. Ill-looking that he was, there were elegant women enough ready to marry him for his position and money. But he remained a bachelor, partly through fear of women, whom he looked upon as lacking in conscience, and none of whom, he felt, could really love such a looking creature as he. But he had another reason, which would have decided him, if nothing else had done so. It was this — and when I was told of it, I confess that I felt more respect for the good in humanity than I had ever done before. He said he was unfit for marriage, since he was unfit to be a father; that it were very possible that a child of his would inherit his deformities, especially that of the nose, and that the wealth of all Europe would not induce him to be instrumental in inflicting life upon a being who might suffer as he had done. Indeed, he held peculiar notions upon this subject in general; and taking Malthus's notions in regard to a possible over-peopling of the globe, and the direful consequences thereof, as a basis to write upon, he dilated his views into a small book, which, however, both the Catholic and Protestant doctors of Austria so seriously condemned as heretical, that he came near losing his official position under the government.

But I digress again. Mr. De Noyelles, or as he was called in Austria, for his great learning, Dr. De Noyelles,

fell in love with young Rogers, because the boy exhibited an affection for him, and never seemed to be conscious of his uncle's deformities, but treated him as affectionately and obediently as he did his own handsome mother, and noble-looking, symmetrical father, or anybody else. Mr. Rogers had paid his uncle, at the latter's invitation and expense, a short annual visit, for some years, and when Dr. De Noyelles came to die, it was found that he had privately visited England, where the great bulk of his funds was invested, the year before, and had made his will largely in favor of Mr. Rogers, after contributing to sundry charities in a large and generous way, and providing moderately for his sister's (Mr. Rogers's mother) other children.

So Mr. Rogers got to be extremely wealthy; and though it was said of him, by his old neighbors in general, that his great fortune did not seem to make him vain as a man, or render him less approachable than before, it was evident that he prized his good luck most of all for the contrast which it established between him — now the man of abundant leisure and great wealth — and Mr. Hague, still the plodding, though well-to-do, apothecary. In various ways he made, or tried to make, Mr. Hague feel this, but it would seem that the latter gentleman was very imperturbable, and took things quite coolly.

Mr. Rogers set up another apothecary in business, at a point near Mr. Hague's shop, and provided him with a large shop, with brilliant appointments and a large stock, and he caused him to sell cheaper than Mr. Hague could afford to. Indeed, it was said that Mr. Rogers lost some two thousand pounds the first year, in thus going into competition with Mr. Hague; but he persevered. In England it is not an easy thing to draw away customers from an old house where the people can rely upon honest dealings; but Mr. Rogers was bent on doing Mr. Hague all the harm he could. Of course he did not let the public know that he was at the bottom of the matter.

The apothecary, whom he provided with means, came from Liverpool, and Mr. Rogers was at first supposed to have given him only his custom and countenance in trade. But Mr. Hague suspected him from the first; and as things developed, and he became sure of Mr. Rogers's financial support of his rival, Mr. Hague whispered the matter to his own friends, who came, to some extent, to his aid. So the competition became spirited at last, and Mr. Hague found it difficult to contend with his competitor.

Little by little his business frittered away, and he was barely able to meet his current expenses. Mr. Rogers evidently gloated over the downfall of his once bosom friend, now hated enemy; but he *said* never a word against him, seldom spoke of him at all. Meanwhile Mr. Rogers surrounded himself with all luxuries; bought a splendid old mansion and its magnificent grounds, which he greatly improved, and though not a gaudy man, was vain enough to consult a herald office, and look up a coat of arms for his coach panels and the trappings of his horses' harnesses. He took a great delight in riding after his splendid horses along by the comfortable, but comparatively humble, house of Mr. Hague, and in arraying his wife and children in an attire too costly, not only for Mr. Hague, but any of his neighbors to attempt to imitate. Mr. Rogers enjoyed this kind of mean spite and low pride for considerable time, but there came a turn in affairs.

Thirty years before these days of which I was last speaking, Oliver Hague, or rather Oliver Cromwell Hague, — for he was named after the great Pretender, by his mother, the stanchest of all Protestants, and who was very proud of her ancestors' service under the great Oliver, — a then quite thriving London merchant, went out to India to extend his business there, with the purpose of returning in a year or so; but he remained there. His brother Edward, after whom *our* Mr. Hague was named, conducted the London end of the business, and the house grew rich very fast.

Mr. Edward was older than Oliver, and was at the time of Oliver's departure a married man, and the father of some five or six children. Meanwhile all these children but two died, and one of the others had proved a wild, graceless fellow, and at the early age of sixteen, after sundry dissipations, had fled to America. But little had been heard from him by his family for years, and when Mr. Oliver made his will, he had provided for this boy, — now man, if he could be found, — otherwise, what would come to him (his name was Frederic), was to go to Edward, — the "Ned" of our story, — mostly to himself, and one part in trust for his younger brother and his sisters, for he was the eldest child of the family. Mr. Oliver Hague set aside a certain sum, which was to be used in the search for Frederic, if necessary. All reasonable means of finding him were to be exhausted, and then, upon satisfactory report to the court, — for the search was directed to be made by persons "of good and faithful disposition," as the will read, — that its directions had been followed unavailingly, then the property was to be decreed to be Edward's, whether Frederic were really living or not, Edward to provide him an expressed and generous annuity in case he should thereafter come to light. The will provided, too, that Frederic, if found, should give Edward a like annuity.

Great search was made for Frederic. I should say here that the senior Edward and his son William had gone out to India to visit Oliver, and had died there before Oliver's death, and that all the business of the house of Oliver C. Hague & Brother had been really that of Oliver alone, his brother having been contented with a simple commission, in their private contract, expecting to succeed, at some time, to the whole business when Oliver should die, as he expected, years before him, as he was many years older than he. Numerous advertisements were inserted in the papers of the United States and Canada, and every possible means taken to find Frederic,

even to sending a man to Australia, where, by one account, it was said that Frederic had gone years before.

A messenger was sent to the United States, too, with instruction to visit the various cities, and to advertise as largely as possible, engage detective policemen when practical, etc. And the messenger did his work thoroughly as he went on. Months rolled away, and the weekly communications of the messenger added no light to the whereabouts, or the existence even, of Frederic Hague — they only gave assurance of where he was *not*.

Meanwhile Mr. Edward Hague kept on in the even tenor of his way, doubtless hoping that Frederic would not be found, or, perhaps, wishing that he had "gone to heaven long before." But every day Mr. Edward's neighbors grew more and more gratulatory of him on the probable fortune coming to him, and his good luck of the annuity at least, but of which he would obtain nothing till it was sure that Frederic was found, or could not be discovered. Mr. Edward, I was told, showed excellent sense during those days, and did not allow himself to be moved to vanity in his hopes. As time went on he became, of course, more certain in his opinion that Frederic would not be found.

But there was one man who took a fierce interest in this business. He became nervous over it. His enmity towards many increased; in fact, he began to hate the whole world, that it did not deliver up Frederic Hague to life and light; and that man was James Williams Hubert Rogers. He could not bear the thought that his old enemy, "Ned" Hague, should come into the possession of a fortune reputed, at that time, to be vastly larger than his own, and which proved, on the settlement of the estate, more than twice as large as his, being, in minimum, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. There were certain contingent interests which swelled it a good deal. A million and a quarter of dollars constituted no mean estate, and Mr. Rogers could not bear to be thrown into the shade

by it, in the hands of one he hated, too. So he interested himself in the matter, opening private correspondence with sundry persons he knew in the United States, and well he got come up with for his pains.

There was residing, somewhere in Vermont, a lawyer, who had interested himself on behalf of persons residing in America, and entitled to property in chancery, etc., in England. To his knowledge came the fact of this search for Frederic Hague, and Mr. Rogers's interest in it, and he managed, through some London friend of his, to have himself named to Mr. Rogers as just the man to hunt up Frederic. "If anybody *can* find him *he* can," so said the London friend. Mr. Rogers opened correspondence with the Vermont lawyer, and the result was that, in the course of a few months, the lawyer succeeded in finding Mr. Frederic Hague, — "a sickly man," as he described him, — who, having been through all sorts of vicissitudes in life, had settled down in an obscure town in upper New York State. This man, the lawyer found, answered to all the descriptions of Mr. Hague which had been elicited from the correspondence of Mr. Rogers.

It was agreed that the greatest efforts should be made to restore this man to health, and send him over to England to claim his property. Mr. Rogers was more than delighted. He sent to the lawyer to have a detailed statement made by Mr. Frederic Hague, and sworn to, as to what he remembered of his life in England, and what experiences he had undergone since, down to the hour; all of which was duly made out, and forwarded to Mr. Rogers, who was perfectly satisfied with the same, and indulged himself with secretly gloating over the terrible defeat which was to come to Mr. Edward Hague, who, by this time, was confident that Frederic would never be found; and he enjoined secrecy on the Vermont lawyer; he wanted all the glory himself; and he wished to have Frederic there in England, and present him to the commissioners who had

the matter in hand, before it was known that he had been found.

In his statement, Frederic had disclosed that he had married rather late in life, and had a small family dependent upon him; and as he got better, and was about ready to depart for England, the lawyer wrote to Mr. Rogers, representing the dependent circumstances of Mr. Hague's family, and asking a loan for him of two thousand pounds, and asking also for a hundred pounds for his own services. Mr. Rogers thought this moderate enough, and forwarded to the lawyer, through the British consulate in New York, a check for two thousand one hundred pounds, with the form of a note for Frederic to sign to cover the two thousand pounds; and the lawyer and Mr. Hague appeared duly at the consulate, and received the money.

It afterwards appeared that this Mr. Frederic received only one thousand dollars of the sum, besides his expenses to and from England. The lawyer made sure of the rest. The man went over, and played his part as Frederic Hague for a time, quite successfully, and it is possible that he might have succeeded, for he found several old people who identified him as the Frederic, and were ready to swear to their memory of him. But an old American friend and former schoolmate of the man chanced to come across him when in company with some persons interested in the estate he was after, — one of whom chanced to be Edward Hague, who was himself deceived, — and the American gentleman rushed up to him, overjoyed to meet him on foreign soil, exclaiming, "Why, Dick Clapp, how *do* you do? What on earth can have brought you over here?"

Clapp was for an instant taken aback, but rallied, denied his name, and declared that the American gentleman was mistaken, etc.; and this he did, unhappily for him, in such an ungracious way, as made his old friend angry.

"Dick Clapp!" said he, "I hope you are not over here on business you are ashamed of. I swear you *are*

Dick Clapp, and I went to school with you and your brother James, and your sisters Mary, Adeline, and Isabella, in the good old town of Putney. Now, if you are here up to anything you ought to be ashamed of, you should have given me the wink when you denied yourself, and not acted so like a d—d hog."

There was no mistaking the American's conviction that he knew Mr. Clapp, and Mr. Edward Hague called the man aside, and told him what this Mr. Frederic Hague had come over for. The American was indignant, and offered to prove Clapp's identity at his own expense; said he would send over to America for witnesses to come out, and identify him, and then went and told Clapp he had better get out of the country as soon as he could, or he would expose him through the press of the United States. Clapp defied him; but it was too evident to all present that he was an impostor, and it is supposed that when Mr. Rogers came to hear of the fact, he felt as if the Yankee lawyer had been too shrewd for him.

It afterwards appeared that Rogers had not been carrying on the correspondence with *the* lawyer he supposed to be his correspondent. Some other lawyer had assumed the real lawyer's name, and given it an initial letter of a middle name. The London friend had not discovered or thought of this, and was himself imposed upon (he who commended the Yankee lawyer to Mr. Rogers). So when Mr. Rogers afterwards instituted proceedings against a certain Vermont lawyer to recover the amount of the swindle, he found he had been dealing with some other man — an "unknown" and unknowable.

Clapp got out of England at his early convenience, and the search of Frederic was about being given up; but during the excitement in regard to Clapp, an account of what was going on reached an old playmate of Frederic's, living some twenty miles away from where Mr. Edward Hague lived, and this man remembered that one time, when he and Edward, as boys of about eight years of age,

were playing in the loft of an old carriage-house, Edward, jumping from a beam, had got his foot entangled in something, and fell slantingly upon the teeth of a kind of hatchel, — and terribly lacerated the flesh on the back portion of his left shoulder, tearing the flesh, in fact, nearly off from the scapular bone. This wound, he said, left great scars. He had, in after years, frequently been bathing with Frederic, and knew that he must bear these scars for life. He therefore wrote to Mr. Edward Hague that Frederic could be identified by that "private mark," and Mr. Edward gave publicity to the fact, and quite a number of people then called the facts to mind.

It so happened that in the correspondence Mr. Rogers had heard of a man in Missouri who said he was the Frederic Hague, and gave a pretty good account of matters before he left England, and had told Mr. Rogers's correspondent, a lawyer, of this very incident of the injury in the carriage-house, and stated that he had borne the scars of it all his life since. This had been communicated to Rogers, but the lawyer had added, in his letter, that, on the whole, he did not believe the man's story; that he had, as near as he could learn, been a gambler; had lived much, too, among the Indians; was a drunkard, and much broken down, and quite incoherent in his memory. Still he sometimes thought that he was, after all, the Frederic Hague so much wanted, but he could not conscientiously advise Mr. Rogers to spend any money on him.

When the fact of Frederic's "private mark" was called to mind, Rogers again took heart, and searched his papers for the lawyer's letters, but they could not be found. He fancied to himself that perhaps some secret emissary of Edward Hague had been rifling his papers, and he got into torrents of anger over it, till at last he swore he would trust no man, and would go out to America himself to find Frederic Hague, "and restore him to his lawful rights." His friends remonstrated, pointed him to the perils of the sea, the sickly character of a great portion of our Western

States, etc.; but the hardy old man, for he was getting beyond middle age now, would hear to none of them. He made his will, left his affairs in good hands, and out to America he came, and it was three days after his arrival that I made his acquaintance. He could remember neither the Missouri lawyer's name nor that of his post office, and it was suggested to Mr. Rogers by an English friend, whom he found residing in New York, and who had been here long enough to learn that there is a difference between the vast extent of the United States and the confined area of England, that he had better employ a man to "pilot" him about the country, especially in the great West; and it chanced that, through an acquaintance of mine, to whom Mr. Rogers's want was made known, I was hit upon as the proper individual to consult, and Mr. Rogers and his friend called on me, and made known his business, giving me a good part of this story as I have detailed it. Other parts I, of course, obtained from others, for he did not, at first, let me into the secret of his present hatred of, and his former love for, Edward Hague. He was here as a sort of messenger of justice, as he would have me believe, — and as I did for a long time believe, — making pure self-sacrifices in the cause of right, to restore a man to his rightful possessions, and "see justice triumph."

We soon got ready, and started off for St. Louis, I having concluded that the best thing to be done was to hunt up that lawyer, — Mr. Rogers's correspondent, — and to go on to the ground, and find out the names of as many lawyers as I could, trusting to Mr. Rogers's memory to recollect the name if he should hear it; and we were in due time the guests of the Planter's Hotel, and went at once to prosecuting our inquiries. I proceeded to find the assistant clerk of the Supreme Court, — an old man, who had, since the territorial days of Missouri, done service as a court clerk, and knew almost everybody of any note in the State.

He gave us the names of all the lawyers in St. Louis, and

in the adjoining counties, — Jefferson, St. Charles, Pike, Crawford, Franklin, Warren, etc., lists of which he chanced to have; and then named to us all the lawyers in other parts of the State whom he had chanced to know; but Mr. Rogers recognized none of them as his correspondent, and after a day spent in this sort of search, we returned to our hotel, and eventually sought our beds.

Finally, I was aroused out of a two hours' slumber by a servant, who told me that Mr. Rogers wanted me to get up, and come at once to his room.

"Has he a fit?" I asked, fearful that the old fellow had got desponding over our ill success, and worked himself into a fever, or something else.

"No; I reckon he hain't, massa," responded the darkey, opening the largest mouth I ever saw, and displaying a set of teeth formidable enough to frighten a man just awakened from sleep, "for he's up, poundin' 'roun'; but I do say, massa, his face *is* juf as red as if he'd had a fit, or two uv 'em to th' same time, massa, — ugh! ugh!"

I pulled on my pants and coat, and proceeded to Mr. Rogers's room.

"My good fellow," said he, "I couldn't let you sleep any longer. That infernal name has come to my mind. My correspondent lived in Warren County somewhere, — Pinckney, I think is the name of his place, and I am sure the old clerk read his name to us to-day, but I could not recall it then."

I asked him *why* "in the name of St. George," he didn't take his pencil and make a note of this, and let me sleep till morning, reminding him that we could not do anything till daylight. With English stupidity, he said he didn't think so far as that, and didn't suppose I was asleep, as he was not! And back to bed I went, without even thanking him for thus disturbing me. In the morning we again repaired to the old clerk, and found at last the name of Mr. Rogers's correspondent. He was a very shrewd lawyer, so said the old clerk, and I "wormed out" of him that the fellow

was rather "tricky." At this time I knew nothing of Mr. Rogers's affair with the Vermont lawyer. He was rather ashamed of that, and I never heard a word about it till my visit to England subsequently. It was arranged that I go alone out to Pinckney, about twenty-five miles west, or north-west of St. Louis, and I departed — found the lawyer; and I would like to give his full name, for reasons which will suggest themselves to the reader as he goes on, but the man is still living, I hear; has since been a member of Congress (from another State than Missouri, however), and is believed to be a very honest, upright man in his present neighborhood; and, perhaps, he has properly won the esteem he enjoys. I believe in the right and privilege of scoundrels to repent, if they are so inclined (and here let me interpolate, that, in my opinion, if society at large would recognize and *respect* such right and privilege, many a villain, who now preys upon communities, would lead a respectable life; and nine tenths of the poor fallen women, now "hedged in" (as that piquant and humanitary author, Miss Elizabeth Phelps, would express it), by the unforgiving spirit of the times, and confined to the low estate into which they are fallen, would abandon their unhappy mode of life, and become true and pure women again; and many of them, too, become the very best, noblest, and greatest women of the age).

Well, I found the lawyer; and such a man I never encountered before. Affable, "good-looking" in the general, but with a something so devilish about him — something indefinable — I have never met another like him, save within the last year from this writing, when I was closeted at the gubernatorial rooms with the governor of a certain Southern State, — the keenest mere politician, perhaps, now on the stage. I made my errand known at once to the lawyer, that is, I told him that I came as the emissary of his English correspondent, Mr. Rogers, and at the same time handed him a short note of introduction, which Mr. Rogers had prepared just before I started. This was

a mistake; but I never suspected that I should find such a man to deal with. As he opened the note, he turned his back upon me, but a little too late, evidently, to hide an expression of triumph on his face. I instantly suspected foul play, and as instantly put myself into the mood to receive it.

"Ah," my friend Rogers has got as far as St. Louis, on his scent?" said he, turning about to me. "What does he expect?"

"The note of introduction tells you — does it not?"

"No, not exactly; Mr. Campbell" (the name I had assumed, for the reader knows, who has followed these pages, that I had been in St. Louis before, and there was a good reason now why I should not appear upon the register of the hotel by any of my old names); but tell me what sort of a man is this Mr. Rogers. I have never seen him. I can only judge by his writing."

"Well, what do you judge by his writing?" I asked, resolved to tell him as little as need be.

"I hardly know, in fact. Is he a pretty resolute man — man of sanguinary temperament?"

"I am not technically acquainted with temperaments — couldn't tell what you would call his."

"Well, describe him; is he large or small, red or black-haired; old or young; hearty or ill?"

"You've seen a good many Englishmen in your life, I suppose," I replied.

"O, yes, sir; a great many."

"Well, to my eye, he's pretty much like all the rest."

"That's not very definite, sir; but I suppose you don't study these matters of temperament, etc., as much as we lawyers do. It is a part of our business. We must know our clients in order to serve them well."

"But, in this case, I don't see why it is necessary to know your client at all. No matter who he is; all he wants is to find Mr. Frederic Hague, and I have come to you to learn where he is, with instructions from Mr. Rog-

ers to pay you for the trouble you have been at, and for whatever further assistance you may render him," I replied.

"Yes, yes; well — I should — should rather like to see Mr. Rogers first," drawlingly responded he; and I felt that I was in the hands of a practised scoundrel, as well as a practising lawyer, and I resolved to bring matters to a focus at once; and so I inquired, "Well, sir, what is your bill for past services, and what will you demand for pointing out Mr. Hague? Is he here with you?"

"No, he's not in this quarter now. I mean he lives in another State," returned he, hurriedly; for that word "now" had escaped his lips undesignedly.

"Well, I reckon I shall have to charge Mr. Rogers five hundred dollars for the trouble I've been at. It has cost a great deal of anxiety."

"Why, sir, if I understand Mr. Rogers aright, your correspondence with him was to the extent of only a half dozen letters at most; and you are not sure at that, it would seem, from what he says you wrote him, that you have found the veritable Frederic Hague. Suppose you divide up your bill — charge some reasonable sum for the services you have rendered, and let the rest of the five hundred remain contingent on your presenting to Mr. Rogers the real Mr. Hague?" said I. This seemed to open up to him a new vision of things.

"Well, I will," said he; "give me two hundred and fifty dollars down, and I will wait for the rest till I produce Mr. Hague."

"Are these your best terms?"

"Yes; I must be paid for my services, and Mr. Rogers can afford to pay, for he'll make Hague pay the bill finally, of course."

"I will report to Mr. Rogers," said I, "and will let you hear from me in a few days at most," I said. "Good day, sir."

He bade me a very pleasant day, hoped I'd have a pleas-

ant ride back to St. Louis, and that our acquaintance, "so pleasantly inaugurated" (to use his own words), would continue, etc., in a most fascinating way, as if he felt that his little scheme for putting five hundred new dollars in his pocket was already a confirmed success.

But I had no notion at all that Mr. Rogers would suffer himself to be bled to the tune of two hundred and fifty dollars on a decided uncertainty, and two hundred and fifty more, too, on another uncertainty; and as that little word "now" had not escaped my notice, I thought best to institute some inquiries in the village about this Mr. Hague before I left. So, returning to the little hotel, where I stopped, I inquired about the lawyer in the place and vicinity, and soon found out who among them was this lawyer's greatest foe, — the thing I wished to learn; and finding that he lived in an adjoining town, about five miles away, I procured a horse and rode over there to consult him. He was quite the opposite of the other in personal appearance. Mr. John Howe (now dead, I hear with regret, for he was one of those men who ought to live always) was a frank, open-hearted, sturdy man, of fine intellect, scorning to do mean things, and was, by nature, the uncompromising foe of such men as the one I had just left. So I found him, and the more I talked with him the less homely he grew to my eye; for I confess he *was* called, in the vernacular of that quarter, "the homeliest man, by a heap, around these yere diggins." But he was good, and that's "better than riches."

I told him my story. He wasn't at all surprised at the lawyer's exactions, and told me that he doubted anybody's being about there by the name of Hague. Said that he had seen a man in the lawyer's office some three months before that would answer the description I gave of Hague, as to age, etc., but said I would find he was known by some other name; that the lawyer had doubtless picked him up on speculation, having probably seen one of the advertisements, and that Hague himself was in his power,

and had probably been induced to change his name. He said the lawyer had a plantation in Arkansas, and occasionally went down to New Orleans. So that it would not be strange if he had encountered "Hague" somewhere, and brought him home, and made a sort of servant of him, while he was carrying on the correspondence. The man he had in his office was a wreck, and in his poverty easily controllable.

Mr. Howe agreed to make all inquiry possible into the matter at once, and I went back to the village; and making sundry acquaintances, I inquired after new comers, and eventually found that there was occasionally in the village, and sometimes with the lawyer, a fellow called John Dinsmore, who, on a drunken occasion, two months or so before, had boasted that he was the ward of an English lord, and had large estates in England, and that he was going back, by and by, with Squire —— (the lawyer) to get his property. This was considered a drunken man's idle boast, and would have been forgotten but for my inquiry. I found out what persons had been most seen with this John, — for I was sure he was the man I wanted to find — and left some money in my informant's hands to encourage him in "the field of research," and instructed him to find out in as adroit a way as he could, where John could be found; and back I went to St. Louis, to see Mr. Rogers. I told him of my visit to the lawyer, and its results, without stating at first what I had subsequently done.

As I expected, Mr. Rogers was very wroth; but finally said, he supposed he would have to pay the five hundred dollars; he had come too far to lose his game now, he said. Whereupon I told him I hoped we should be able to avoid the exaction, and "take in" the lawyer — play a sharp game on him; and told him what further I had learned. The old man brightened up, and said he'd rather spend two hundred pounds, in his own way, than be swindled out of a hundred; and told me to "go ahead," and take my own time for a while. I went back to Warren County,

and got scent of my man. A boon companion of his had told my "spy" that John had gone off to the lawyer's plantation in Arkansas, where he was a sort of supernumerary overseer; but where the plantation lay, nobody knew within nearer than fifty miles; at least my man could get no definite information. So I instructed my friend how to act, and sent him over to the lawyer's with a statement that a cousin of his (my friend) had got it into his head to buy out a plantation somewhere in Arkansas; that he had a plenty of money, and wanted a good plantation, and would stock it well; that he was coming down from Lewis County in a few days, and wanted him to go on "prospecting" with him. Could the lawyer give him any idea of where such a plantation could be found?

The bait took. The lawyer was not only ready to have good neighbors to his plantation, but was ready to sell his own for "a fair price." Of course this led to the naming of the place, and the time it would take to go there. The plantation was in the vicinity of Gascony, Jefferson County, on the Arkansas River, as my friend reported, on his return from the lawyer's, and I felt easy. I rode over to see Squire Howe, and told him of the situation of things. Meanwhile he had been active, and had learned that John Dinsmore was the name of the man he had seen in the lawyer's, and that he had gone to the plantation in Arkansas. So I felt quite assured that we were on the right track. That night I went back to the village — called next day on the lawyer, and told him that Mr. Rogers would not pay him over a hundred dollars to produce Mr. Hague; to which he replied, in a very gruff and decided way, —

"He can't have him short of my first figures; no, he shall not have him now for less than a thousand dollars."

"Well," said I, "that ends the matter. Mr. Rogers will return to England, I think, without his man, rather than pay you over a hundred dollars. It won't be any loss to him, except what he has already been at, if he don't find him; but," said I, "I guess we'll leave it this way. You

may hear from him again or you may not. He will not remain in this country over a month longer, at most."

"O, he won't go away without his man," said he, "with a soft, oily voice; "he'll think better of it, and pay the money, before he returns."

"Perhaps so," said I; and I bade him a pleasant good day. We shook hands quite cordially, and I got off to St. Louis as soon as possible, and the next day in the afternoon found us on board the steamer "Pike, No. 9,"—a Cincinnati and New Orleans boat, which had been run out of line up to St. Louis, on an extra occasion,—on our way to Napoleon, Arkansas, where we arrived duly, with no noticeable incidents on board (save one, and that is the key to another narrative I may write out for this work), "always excepting," of course, "as worthy of note," the gambling, tippling, bowie-knife exercises, and so forth, by which steamboating on the Mississippi used, more than in later years, to be rendered "interesting and fascinating;" and the next day the shaky steamboat "Little Rock" bore us on our way up the Arkansas.

We arrived safely at Gascony, and were not many hours in finding our way to the plantation, and in the presence of Frederic Hague, alias John Dinsmore. Mr. Rogers was a most delighted man, when, by sundry questions, he assured himself of the identity of the man; but he could not be satisfied till Hague pulled off his flannel wrapper (for he wore no shirt, poor fellow, and everybody who can wears flannels, in that region, in summer as well as winter). The dirty old wrapper tore into pieces in the operation; and I dare say that Hague had not removed it before in two months. But there was the "private mark." There was no disputing that; and Mr. Rogers ordered, on the evening of that day, the richest dinner ever cooked, I presume, at a country hotel in that State. He did not forswear wines, such as they were, and both he and Hague put me quite to shame with the amount of liquor they drank. But I must hasten with my story.

We learned from Hague that the Missouri lawyer had picked him up at Napoleon one day, learned something of his history, called to mind an advertisement he had seen, took him on to Missouri, as he was at that time on his way home, and had a written contract with him for one half of his estate, if he should recover it. He had kept him there and on the plantation in Arkansas, and sometimes wrote him, always encouragingly, about the matter of the estate. Hague had got it into his head that that lawyer was the only authorized person to treat with, and he was jubilant when he found himself out of his clutches.

We were to return to St. Louis, in any event, to see after some manufacturing matters in which Mr. Rogers had taken some interest, and I felt, and so did Hague, that it would be well enough to have a little fun with the lawyer. So, after we arrived at St. Louis, I went out to Warren County to see him again, and told him I was ready to give him the two hundred and fifty dollars down, and two hundred and fifty more on his producing the identical Frederic Hague, if he would put himself under bonds of five hundred dollars, or put the money in the hands of the village landlord, to be paid over to me in case his Frederic Hague should, under my cross-examination, fail to assert himself to be the true Frederic Hague. He assented, being positively sure of his five hundred dollars, as he thought, and I drew up to his table and scratched off a short agreement, taking care to word it as indicated above. He was to produce Hague within a week and a half or two weeks, and I was to wait there or in St. Louis.

The next day Hague came straggling along, playing drunk, and told the lawyer a proper story; and he told Hague his time was come — that an Englishman would be there to see him, and take him home, to restore to him his estate, and he wanted Hague to make some alteration in their contract. Hague consented, but when he got the paper in his hands he feigned crazy, had a fit, a proper

one, and tore and in part ate up the contract, and felt "relieved," as he said afterwards.

The lawyer caused me to be sent for. Luckily, as he thought, I had not left the village. When I reached his office he took me aside very privately, and told me the "bird" had dropped down upon him, all of a sudden, in a very providential way, and that now he would show me Mr. Hague, when I was ready to deposit, and he would do the same. The landlord was sent for, preliminaries arranged, and Frederic Hague called in. The lawyer questioned him before me, and he answered all clearly, even to having a "private mark on his shoulder," etc.

"He's your witness now," said the lawyer, triumphantly, probably feeling the five hundred dollars itching in his palms. And I commenced, with confidence of success, for Hague and I had practised "our parts," and "rehearsed" to my satisfaction.

"You say your name is 'Frederic Hague'?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know?"

"That's what they call me."

"Ah! well, do they call you anything else?"

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"John Dinsmore."

"Then John Dinsmore is as much your name as Frederic Hague?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who calls you John Dinsmore?"

"Everybody here and in Arkansas."

"Who first called you John Dinsmore?"

"Mr. ——" (the lawyer); "he gave me the name — said that was my proper name; and I've used it ever since."

"Who gave you the name Frederic Hague?"

"I don't know."

"Were you ever in England, sir? Come, now, sir, tell the truth, and no lying."

"Seems as though I was."

"Seems so? What makes it seem so?"

"Why, I suppose it is because Mr. —— " (the lawyer), "has told me so so often."

"Has he told you about one Frederic Hague, a man by the same name you sometimes have borne?"

"Yes, sir."

"A great deal?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have come to think that you are that Frederic Hague? Now, sir, tell me if you dare assert that you are the veritable Frederic Hague, the heir to the estate of one Oliver Hague, about which he has told you? Don't let us have anything but the truth now, sir."

"No, sir; I don't say that I dare assert it."

"Did you ever have any notice that you were entitled to any property at all in England, till Mr. —— told you so?"

"No, sir."

"Well, do you now think you are entitled?"

"I don't know anything about it — "

"O, the fool," here broke in the lawyer; "he's stultified, or he's lied to me. Here, 'John,' show this man the scars on your shoulder, and tell him the story you told me about it."

"What story?"

"Why the story about the fall in the carriage house."

"Why, I never told you any such story — did I? I told you I had a dream once; I suppose that is what you mean," said John, stripping himself meanwhile.

"There!" exclaimed the lawyer, "there are unmistakable marks; and they tell, of themselves, how they got there — cut with hatchel teeth."

And John, alias Frederic, roared out, with a well-feigned



THE MISSOURI LAWYER OUTWITTED.

laugh, "Yes, hatchel teeth, in Bill Currier's coach-dog's mouth, down to Mobile!"

The lawyer looked confounded — and he put "John" through a severe re-examination; all to no avail, except to force John into some rather *bold* species of story-telling.

The landlord decided the case in my favor, according to the contract between the lawyer and me, and gave me the five hundred dollars on our return to his hotel. I got Frederic Hague to St. Louis as soon as I could, and we proceeded to New York. I let my friend there into the joke by letter, and told him to make the most of the story for a month, when I would return the lawyer all his money, except what it had cost me — the matter of forty-five dollars — to play the joke on him, saying that he ought to be willing to pay for his fun; and at the end of a month, after the story had gone far and near, how the lawyer had set his bait to fish out an estate for a client, and had lost five hundred dollars himself, the money was duly returned to him through draft on a St. Louis bank; and that was not the last I heard of him. But I cannot stop to tell the full story here.

Mr. Frederic Hague, neatly dressed, and apparently in excellent health, though by no means strong,— his nervous system having been shattered by his rough western life, — and Mr. Rogers, after a trip to Montreal and Boston, took steamer from New York for Liverpool.

Mr. Rogers was one of the most victorious, haughty-looking men I ever saw, as he stepped on to the steamer's deck, with Frederic Hague by his side. Up to within one or two of my last interviews with him, he always vaunted himself as struggling in the cause of justice only; but at last he allowed some remarks to escape him about Mr. Edward Hague, and how chopfallen he would feel when Frederic should appear on the tapis. And my curiosity being awakened, I sounded him considerably, the rest I learned in England afterwards.

Mr. Rogers was very liberal with me, paid me very hand-

somely, and treated me most hospitably when I visited him at home. But the poor man was destined to lose his almost won, but foolish, triumph. Four days out, Frederic, meeting on board a couple of men whom he had known, the one in New Orleans, and the other at Louisville, Kentucky, he had served in the care of horses, — these men were cousins, it appeared, — must needs tell them of his vast estates in prospect, which he was just going over to claim. These men were high livers, and took along their own wines and liquors, and of these, with them, Mr. Hague partook very liberally, got ravingly intoxicated, and howling about the deck one night, while something of a breeze was blowing; and the ship ploughing a little, he was toppled over the rail, as she suddenly lurched, into the unquiet waters. Every effort was made to save him. The steam was shut off, the life-boats lowered, and search made for a whole hour, without avail. The darkness was too great to permit him to be easily found, if he had not drowned at once.

Of course, Mr. Rogers went home a wiser, and perhaps better man. He had, unfortunately for his pride, written a triumphant letter home, stating that he had found the veritable Frederic, and that he should bring him by the next, or the second steamer thereafter, and would then teach Edward Hague good manners. But it was difficult to learn anything from him, I was told, after he arrived at home.

The terms of the will were such, that the property went to Mr. Edward Hague; and when I met him, he was living in most comfortable style, but without any attempt at vain show. He was satisfied with his possessions, and was not a little amused when I told him of Mr. Rogers's personal exertions in America "in the cause of justice and truth;" but said he was sorry Frederic had not lived to enjoy something of life, and that he had no doubt Frederic would have been kind to him. In fact, I found Mr. Edward Hague one of the most lovable of men, and I confess that

I think the property in his hands was made more useful to a larger number than it probably would have been in Frederic's hands, for he had learned some bad habits in America, among which was the inveterate one of gambling.

I never think of Mr. Rogers without laughing; and so, with a laugh, I leave him now, and the fortune, and the "private mark."

WILLIAM ROBERTS AND HIS FORGERIES.

A MAN OF THE OLDEN TYPE — HIS SAD STORY ABOUT HIS WIFE AND HIMSELF — THEY ADOPT A BRIGHT BOY — THE WIFE'S PROPHET SPECULATIONS ABOUT THE BOY — THE BOY GROWS UP, AND GOES TO COLLEGE — A PLEASANT YEAR — HE LEARNS CERTAIN MYSTERIES OF LIFE — STUDENTS' PITCHED BATTLE WITH THE FACULTY OF THE COLLEGE — OF THE "WHITE HORSE" — A WHILE IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE — BECOMES A MERCHANT — MAKING MONEY TOO FAST — A FATAL HOUR — THE VORTEX OF WALL STREET — SUNDRY FORGERIES — A STRANGE CAREER — AN IMPORTANT WITNESS LOST, AND FOUND IN THE INSANE RETREAT, HARTFORD, CONN. — A TERRIBLE COMPLICATION OF AFFAIRS; LAWYERS AND ALL BAFFLED — I AM CALLED IN TO WORK UP THE CASE — DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED — FATE INTERPOSES — WENTWORTH, THE INSANE WITNESS, RECOVERS — A VAST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BLACK INK AND BLUE INK — DYING OF GRIEF — AN UNHAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

I WAS sitting one day in my office, about noon, in July, 1858, with windows up, coat off, my legs sprawled upon the table, and fanning myself for a breath of living air out of the sweltering atmosphere. I had tried to enjoy my position (but there was no joy for me on that day) only a few minutes, when I heard a strong tap at the open door, and without looking around, I called out, "Come in!" with what I suspect was a peculiar emphasis, for presently an old man stood before me aghast, as if he knew not what to think.

"You are Mr. ——?"

"Yes, sir, the same."

"Mr. ——, the detective officer?"

"Yes, sir, the detective officer. But pray, sir, take a seat," said I, seeing that the man meant business, doubtless; and I pointed him to a seat near the window.

"What can I do for you, sir?" I asked.

"That's just what I've come to see," said he.

I scanned the man. He was evidently from the country. His manner and dress showed this; but there was something remarkably intelligent about his well-cut, smoothly-shaven face, which was square at the base, with those wide cheeks, which distinguished so many of the rare men of revolutionary days. Jefferson's face will give one a good notion of what I mean. This style of face has gone almost "out of fashion" in these days, only one here and there having been transmitted by the sires of the republic. I am always attracted to these faces, and although they denote firmness, amounting to obstinacy sometimes, I have never found one not belonging to a man of unquestioned respectability and probity.

"It's a warm day, sir," said I, as he took his seat; "and you must pardon me for my being in undress, sir; but, really, I can't endure a coat to-day. Wouldn't you like to pull off your own? Make yourself perfectly at home, sir."

"O, no, sir; thank you. *I* am not warm; on the other hand, I am cold," and the old man buttoned his coat about him.

I was surprised, for I saw that he was evidently healthy, and then I conjectured that his frigidity on that hot day must proceed from intense mental suffering, and I asked him,—

"Did you call to see me professionally?"

"Yes, sir; I have been recommended by my attorney, Judge Hoffman, to call upon you and lay a case before you, which he says you may possibly be able to work out; and if *you* can't, he tells me to give up trying further. He has exhausted his powers upon it, and my all depends upon it," and the old man's voice discovered a slight tremor as he uttered the last words, and excited my interest intensely.

"Tell me your story in detail, leaving out nothing that

you can remember, however trivial, and I will listen patiently; take your time."

The old gentleman, taking me at my word, and beginning with a "You must know," recited his own early history, which had no bearing on the case in issue, as I soon saw; but I let him go on; so much had his real trouble weighed upon his mind that he seemed to think the line which led to it ran through his whole life.

He was a farmer and a country merchant, who had, at the age of twenty-two, succeeded to the estate of his father, who was also a farmer and a merchant; that is, he "kept store" in a respectable country farming town, and "carried on farming" besides, with the aid of "hired men," whom he supervised. He was a man — that is, my visitor — of more than ordinary information, probably a great reader, and at one time the leading "Whig" of his place — the village oracle, in fact, at whose "store" the country people gathered of nights to hear him talk politics, and doubtless to debate among themselves the issues of those days when Clay was the idol of the great, respectable Whig party of the land. The old man was able to narrate a story with great fidelity, and showed a mind well disciplined. I had but few questions to ask him, as he went on in his narrative, and when he had concluded, I had already conceived a theory of the case, which in due time I proceeded to verify in practice.

He was then seventy-eight years old, he said; was married at thirty-four, his wife still living. They had had one child, a son, born in his father's thirty-seventh year, but who died at the age of four years, just when he had begun to be most interesting, the delight, of course, of his parents. The old man descanted, in pathetic terms, upon his desolation over the loss of that dear child, and said it came near bringing his mother to her grave; that she had never since been the same woman as before; that she never laughed aloud now, as she used to when they were first married, being then a woman of very jocular habits, and

full of boisterous fun. "Since then," said he, "she has only faintly smiled, now and then, over something which pleased her fancy or met her hearty approval. No ordinary occurrence can bring a smile or a tear to her eye. But she is a dear, dear woman; and now that a great grief is upon us, I suffer more for her sake than my own."

The old man's voice grew husky as he proceeded, and I confess that, accustomed though I was to tales of horror, and feeling always that nothing of a wretched nature could ever surprise or move me to deep emotions, I felt for him nevertheless, and entered into the spirit of his soul before I knew what were its griefs.

The old gentleman continued his tale.

"For some years after the death of our child my wife was disconsolate beyond my power to give her any relief. She used to keep to the house constantly; never went abroad among the neighbors, but treated them all kindly when they called at the house, and with no diversion except her household duties, led almost a hermit's life, avoiding seeing whomsoever she decently could. I fitted up a little private room for her, and beguiling her time with reading and with her devotions she spent most of her days. I sought every means to comfort her; called children to the house to play. She was very fond of children, and would chat and chaffer with them to make them happy, as if she too enjoyed it; but there was always a sadness mingled with her smiles upon them even. But I must not stop to tell you too much of this. And now, sir, in our old age has come a grief which weighs her down as did the loss of our blessed, only child.

"I must tell you that, after years had passed, I finally induced my wife to consent to my adopting a bright boy — a cheerful, handsome lad of eight years of age, whose father was a good, honest laborer on my farm, but had been killed some months before by the falling upon him of a tree which he had cut. He having lost his life in my employ, I felt a particular interest in his family, and having aided

the mother to get situations for her five other children, had defrayed her expenses back (with an infant in arms) to her native place in Rhode Island, according to her desire, and took the boy, of whom I spoke, to bring up, educate, and establish in business.

"At first my wife, though she admired the boy's beauty and his manners, which were very gentle, did not open all her heart to him, and had misgivings that in her state of mind she should be able to do by the boy as she ought. And one day, after he had been with us a few weeks, she said to me, 'What if William should not grow up a good man? Sometimes I feel, I know not why, that he will not. He is very "deep," and if his talents, as he grows up, should chance to take a wrong course, he might be a very bad man, and it would break my heart to think that we had brought him up in the place of our angel who is in heaven,' and she burst into tears, and I consoled her; but, sir, the terrible day which she seemed to then anticipate, has come, and her heart *is* broken indeed.

"I know, sir, you must lose your patience to hear me talk of these things, but though I am old in years in comparison with you, yet it is not years that makes me so weak to-day. I feel as if I were a hundred years old, and you must pardon my imbecilities."

I assured the old man that I was far from being impatient with his story, for I knew full well that he could never make me an intelligent narrative of the facts I should need to know, if his business proved of real importance, until he had delivered his mind of these special burdens; and so I waited patiently to the end of his story, which it took far more time to reach than I can afford in this narrative.

The young, adopted lad, William, it seems, enjoyed all the advantages of the village school, and of the preparatory academy in the shire town of the county in which the old man resided, and whither, at a distance of some twelve miles from his own home, the old man (taking his wife

often) visited the lad at least once a week, and sometimes twice, especially if by any means the old gentleman could contrive to have a "business" excuse for going there, during the boy's whole course at the preparatory school, so great was his affection for him; and, finally, being well prepared, and giving high promise of becoming a great scholar, and a great man, the lad, or now well-grown young man, was sent off to college. During his first collegiate year he bore himself faultlessly, and achieved a high position in his class, in some branches of study being at the head. The old gentleman said that his own pride was never so flattered in all his life as when the boy came home at the end of the year and all the village was talking of the honors he had won. He said he felt a relief then, as if he had a staff well grown, and to grow still stronger and stronger in the coming years, upon which to lean in his own declining years — a young counsellor, whose judgment already good, would grow better and better.

The boy had always been good, courteous, and obliging to the old man and his wife; but now, at the end of his first collegiate year, he seemed to have grown still better, if possible. Vacation being passed in perfect happiness for that household, the old gentleman accompanied William back to college, the wife bidding them God-speed on their journey, with copious tears flooding her face. "Come back, William, just as good a boy as you now are, and I will try to be better to you than I have ever been," said she; and William bade her dry her tears (while his own blinded his eyes), told her that she had always been more than a mother to him, and assured her that he thought of her and his happy home a hundred times a day, and could not, he hoped, but grow better himself every time he thought of home.

"We thought," said the old man, "then, that that was the happiest day of our lives; and when I returned home, after seeing William back again in the college, we talked over, day after day, the happiness of the parting hour, and every

letter we got from William, who always wrote once a week at least, prompted us to remember that 'holy day,' as we called it, and we talked it over and over.

"But the next collegiate year brought William home, with a different report about him. He was still forward in his classes, but during the winter term had begun to grow a little wild; had attended a dancing-school privately, against the rules of the college, and had begun to feel himself 'man enough to control his own conduct,' etc. Indeed, on account of the expression of a great degree of obstinacy and self-will, with not a little defiance of the professors on a certain occasion, when they had thought best to gently hint a sort of reproval of some act of his, William had come near being 'suspended,' as the phrase is, for a while; that is, dismissed from the college for a season, to return on conditions. But he was not suspended finally, and had come home still a member of the college. But he had had a taste of certain liberties, had learned to look upon some things, such as 'card-playing for fun,' and which he had been used to look upon with horror, as a foolish, sinful way of spending time, as not, after all, so very bad. But I need not recite these things; for his career was from the good, gently at first, and by slow steps to the bad — much like that of everybody else who has followed the like path. William did not finish his junior years, finding it convenient to withdraw from the college during the spring term (as he was, by the grace of the faculty, permitted to do, instead of being expelled, in consideration of the entreaties of his adopted father, the good old man, who had been sent for to confer with the faculty). William had been engaged, with a score of other students, in some mischief, which, though not seriously bad at first, led to a terrible fight between these students and the authorities of the college-town, or city, rather, in which William had drawn a pistol, and attempted to make use of it (as he always claimed, however, in strict defence of his life), against some of the opposing party. But the

pistol, being fortunately snatched from his hands, no blood was shed. William would not acknowledge to the faculty that he had been wrong in drawing his pistol with the purpose of making bloody use of it, but, on the other hand, insisted that, under like circumstances, he would do the same again, in self-defence, as he claimed. The faculty would not yield, and permitted him, in conclusion, to withdraw. And William went home, a somewhat altered young man, but beloved by all the villagers about him, some of whom, however, sometimes said, there was 'a great deal of the "wild-horse" in him which has got to come out in some way, some time;' but they little thought what lay in the line of William's career."

Having thus left college, the question arose, what William should do, what profession or business he should pursue? First, he was inclined to take up the study of the law, and entered the office of Mr. Mills, the only lawyer of the village; but Mr. Mills was far from being a profound or scholarly man, had but a meagre practice, and, on the whole, William, who had read over Blackstone, Chitty's Contracts, and some other works whose names the old man had forgot, and of which I know as little, came to the conclusion, that though he liked to read law, he should not like to practise it, and that course was abandoned; and William, thinking he would become a business man, entered the old man's little store. After a while he was intrusted to go to the city and make the little periodical replenishing purchases, and developed great taste and sagacity in his purchases. In fact, he had rare talents as a merchant, and it was not long before a place was found for him in New York, with a then ruling firm, where he speedily advanced, so as to be offered an interest in the concern. He had managed to lay up a little money for himself, but the old gentleman furnished him ten thousand dollars more, — a large sum, it was then thought, — the villagers thinking that the old gentleman was almost wild to part with that sum, which would then have bought

two or three good farms in the vicinity of the village. Thus provided, William went into the partnership, and his business went on flourishing till, at the end of five years, he became the second member in importance in the concern; and though not married, had built a very fine summer-residence in the outskirts of the old village, and filled and surrounded it with every comfort.

"I fear William Roberts is living too fast," some old villager would say. "He'll make money easy and spend it as easy. Easy comes, easy goes, you know."

"O, no, he won't. He knows the value of money," another would say. "The old man's taught him that. He knows how to hold on to a dollar."

"You see," said the old man, with a curious look in his eye, as he related what he used to hear (and sometimes overhear), that his neighbors said, "that they always thought me, up there, a little *too* economical."

But William Roberts had made money too fast, as the sequel showed; he lived too high, contracted expensive habits, and, eventually, it got to be rumored that he indulged sometimes "in cards for fun;" but now the "fun" meant, the excitement of gambling for money. His business house knew nothing of this, and were unsuspicious of it for a long while, though William made large drafts upon it; but these not being more than he was entitled to, nothing was said about it. But finally he insisted on drawing at one time — when the house really needed the money to help carry on its business — the sum of five thousand dollars, and was rather curt and severe upon his partners on their remonstrating; and they began to look about them, and came to learn of Mr. Roberts's gambling habits; and, fearful of him, arranged, after a long while, to buy him out, accepting his figures on demand. This was the most fatal hour in his life.

With some fifty thousand dollars, cash in hand, Mr. Roberts could not control himself, and, with the spirit of gambling upon him, rushed deeper into dissipation — more

deeply than ever. Together with his gambling pursuits at night, Mr. Roberts went into Wall Street by day, drawn there by the allurements of certain acquaintances, who presented to him visions of stupendous wealth to be early won. Mr. Roberts was, withal, a self-reliant man, and believed he could take his part among the bold and fiery contestants of the street; and went into that vortex, where so many brave souls have been wrecked, with greatest confidence, only to find himself, at the end of six months, penniless and poor, save in the country residence, which has been before alluded to. He applied to his adopted father now; told him the whole story; and evidently penitent over his wanderings and rashness, was again aided into business in a comparatively small way. But his talents were good, and for a while he pursued a line of success. But the old gambling mania came over him again, and he fell; and this time deeper than before.

In his extremity, he had forged certain drafts on the bank in which his firm did business, intending to keep all dark, and make these good in time. Though they were not large, he found he could not meet them at the proper time by the fitting deposits without further steps in crime. So he resorted to the country bank, in which his adopted father kept his funds, with drafts in the name of his father, from time to time, which were borrowed and paid; but these came so frequently as to excite the suspicions of the president of the bank, that Mr. Roberts was getting an undue influence over my client, his father; and so one day meeting the old gentleman (whose real name I have no right to disclose, but whom we will call Mr. Brown, for convenience), the president said, —

"Mr. Brown, Mr. Roberts seems to have occasion to use a great deal of money."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Brown, "he is doing a fine, large business since he's got on his feet again, after his 'failure'" (for it was by the modest word 'failure' that Mr. Brown

always referred to the disastrous career of Roberts among his country friends).

The president, believing from Mr. Brown's reply that all was correct with Roberts, since he, if anybody, must know all about his business, he thought, said no more, and moved on. However, something suggested to him, when Roberts came to present the next check, to make matters more satisfactory to the bank, and to avoid any complaint on the part of Mr. Brown, against whom the debit side of his account was getting fearfully large, that when the day of settlement should come, he, Roberts, should obtain Mr. Brown's power of attorney to draw when and in what amounts he should like.

The president, on future reflection, thought Roberts acted a little "nervous" over this suggestion; but Roberts's ready acceptance of the advice caused him to forget it on the instant, and he had no suspicion whatever that Mr. Brown's name was counterfeited on the checks. In proper time Roberts appeared with a power of attorney, duly made, and purporting to be Mr. Brown's, which was securely lodged in the bank.

By and by Mr. Brown, who used his bank mostly as one of deposit, being then retired from business, and having money enough for his current wants accruing from the rent of some two or three farms, and his store-house, and interest on money lent to surrounding farmers, and having no business occasion to often visit the bank, going one time to the shire town on business, thought he would make a friendly call at the bank for a moment on his friend the president.

On his calling, the usual hand-shaking and salutations took place, and were followed by the usual gossip about a little of everything and nothing; and Mr. Brown, who had been invited to a seat in the directors' room, rose to retire, bidding the president good day. As he was passing out, he spoke jocularly to the president, —

"The banks'. breaking, I suppose, does not disturb *you?*

Bank's sound, I take it. You've got my deposits all safe as the rest, I dare say, eh?" with a little chuckle, as if he thought he had expended a little salutary wit.

"Yes, perfectly safe, what there's left of 'em. Can't tell you exactly, without looking, how the account stands; but some balance yet to your credit."

Brown thought the president was joking, laughed a little, and went out. He had not gone far on his way, however, when, recalling the president's manner when speaking, he began to think he wasn't joking. But Mr. Brown drove on and on. At last he got to be uneasy, and determined to go back to ask the president what he meant by that word "balance." The president was surprised by the query, and answered,—

"Why, I mean that Roberts has not yet drawn out all your funds on that power of attorney."

"Power of attorney? What do you mean?"

The president was confounded. He saw that old Mr. Brown was either forgetful, or that there was some wrong somewhere. He caused the cashier to look up Mr. Brown's account, and draw the balance, and presented the same to Mr. Brown; who, in turn, was confounded, said he had given Roberts no drafts, or any power of attorney. The latter was produced. Mr. Brown could not believe his own eyes. So perfectly like his own signature was that of the power of attorney, that he clasped his hand to his head, and after deep thought for a few moments, said to the president,—

"Well, I would not believe it. It seems like a dream to me. I cannot remember when I signed that power of attorney; but I must have done it in some hour of weakness for there's John Wentworth's name to it as witness, and I know his handwriting well. He has borrowed money of me often, and given his notes. But, see here, if my name is forged, so may John's be. I don't know anything about this power of attorney."

The checks drawn before the power of attorney was

presented by Roberts to the bank were new to Mr. Brown. He was surprised by his exact signature to these, and the filling out of some of them as well, in his own handwriting apparently. But sure he could not remember ever giving one of them.

"Do you think," said the bank president, who understood the situation of things if these should all prove forgeries, and wishing to save the bank from loss, — "do you think sometimes, Mr. Brown, that your memory fails you at all as you grow older?"

"O, yes," said the honest old man, "I do. I find I forget a good many things. Well, well; have I come to this?"

What occurred thereafter, would be wearisome to recite in detail. Suffice it that search was made for Wentworth, the witness, by both Mr. Brown and the bank; but he was not to be found immediately. His signature was shown to several persons who knew his handwriting, and all declared it his. Roberts, in some way, got wind of the old man's having visited the bank, and he, too, was not to be found, and so matters stood for a while.

At last it was found out that Wentworth, who had a pretty good farm, which he worked only a part of the year, and occupied himself as a pedler, with a wagon, through quite a large circuit of country the rest of the time, had been taken to the Insane Retreat, at Hartford, Conn. His "team" having been run into and capsized one night on the road by another "team" furiously driven by some drunken men, Wentworth being violently thrown against a large rock, head foremost, and receiving such injuries as quite severely damaged his mind. He, therefore, could not be "improved" to determine whether his signature was veritable or not.

Mr. Brown had, meanwhile, persuaded himself that the "power of attorney" was a forgery; that he had *not* suffered any such mental weakness at any time as would have allowed him to give such an instrument to Roberts.

In fact, he knew that it was a forgery. Great though his grief was over the heartless conduct of Roberts, Mr. Brown could not make up his mind to tell his wife the facts. She noticed his sorrow, which he, upon her frequent inquiry, attributed to bodily ills, and time went on. Eventually Mr. Brown made up his mind that perhaps he ought to be willing to bear a part of the loss; and after consulting his lawyer about it, went to the bank, and generously offered to compromise; to lose half his deposit, if the bank would pay him the other half, or sixteen thousand five hundred dollars. But the directors seeing the advantage they had of him, refused to entertain his offer for a moment, affecting to believe the drafts and power of attorney genuine.

At last Mr. Brown broke the matter to his wife. She was struck with horror; but in the end counselled him to let it all go, inasmuch as they had enough left to "scrub along on the rest of their lives," as she expressed it, with economy. But the manner of his old friend, the president, when announcing to him the course taken by the directors, had greatly piqued Mr. Brown, and he was determined to have all his money at last. The great legal difficulties in the way were, however, insurmountable in the opinion of his attorney, who had exhausted his own resources in trying to get the proper testimony to set aside the power of attorney, and finally Mr. Brown had applied to me.

I had heard his long story with greatest patience, seeing nothing tangible up to this point to take hold of. Wentworth might not recover in years, if ever; Roberts was out of the way, and would, perhaps, never be found. All his neighbors would identify Mr. Brown's signatures as veritable, and he himself had admitted to the bank president, on the day of the disclosure of his claimed indebtedness, that he found himself frequently forgetful; and had half admitted that he might have been led to sign the power of attorney in some hour of weakness. The case

was desperate. I pondered it over a while, and finally asked Mr. Brown if he could give me the *date* of the power of attorney. He could not. I asked him then to go to the bank with some friend, and ask to see it, and note the date; telling him that this was the first essential thing for me to know. Before Mr. B. left my office, I had planned a course of operations, all of which I did not develop to him, however. In the course of a few days Mr. Brown sent me a letter, saying that the date of the instrument was the 26th of June, 185–. I turned to my diary for that year, and found where I was on that day, — at Coney Island, with quite a large party, who went down on the excursion steamer Belle, early in the day, and were gone all day; and, as I knew Roberts very well by sight, I was sure that I remembered his being there that day. Light began to gather in my mind. Perhaps Mr. Brown, too, could remember where he was that day; and I sent for him, told him what I wanted to know; and he was sure, on reflection (as was afterwards found certain), that he was visiting, during a week which covered the 26th of June, with his wife, some old friends at Danbury, Connecticut. So much being learned, I lost no time in hunting up parties who were at Coney Island that day, and established the fact, beyond doubt, that Roberts was there.

Next I turned my attention to Wentworth's case, and found that he was at Philadelphia that day, and the day before, making some purchases; and also found a letter from him to a brother, dated at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 29th of June, in which we found a statement to the effect that he had left home on the 24th of June; had been in Philadelphia for a day or two; had gone from there to Pittsburgh, and should be "back about the 4th of July." We also found a man who had come on from Pittsburgh to New York with Wentworth on the 3d of July, and who had met him there several times a day, and for several days before. Armed with these facts, we went to the bank, and presented

our evidence frankly, and were surprised at the officers' then refusing to pay over the money.

Suit was brought by Mr. Brown for the recovery of his money, and the bank undertook to keep it in court, thinking to weary out old Mr. Brown, and effect a compromise, perhaps.

But the old man grew more vigorous and confident as court after court sat, and the case was put over upon one pretence or another. But this, after all, was no disparagement to Mr. Brown's cause, for, before he could force the suit on to trial, Wentworth recovered his mind and health; and being apprised of what was going on, declared that he had not seen Roberts for several months before the 26th of June, and had not seen him since; and knew that he had never witnessed such an instrument for Mr. Brown. Wentworth also kept an accurate business diary, which covered all the time, and corroborated the testimony that we had secured of his being on that day, and before and after, in Pittsburgh, etc. Wentworth accompanied Mr. Brown and his attorney to the bank to see the power of attorney, and they were informed that it was at their attorney's; but the officers would give no order that he might see it. But Mr. Brown's attorney, conceiving that the bank's attorney would not refuse him a professional courtesy, took Mr. Brown and Wentworth to his brother lawyer's office, and they were at once shown the document. Looking at it for a moment in astonishment, Wentworth exclaimed, —

"No; that signature is not mine. The 'e' in the name ain't just as I make it; besides, I haven't signed my name, or written a letter, or made an entry in black ink, in many years (the signature was in black). I always use blue."

"But," interposed the bank's attorney, "you may not have had blue ink at hand when you witnessed that instrument."

"I tell you," said Wentworth, in a manner which could

not be mistaken for its firm honesty, "I never witnessed that instrument. I never can use anybody's else pen, and I always go prepared," said he, taking out from his side coat pocket an old, long, portable inkstand, with a pen held in its leathern case. "There, I've carried that, now, for over eight years, and I have never written a word from any other inkstand, with any other pen but my own, or any kind of ink but blue, in all that time."

His manner convinced the lawyer of the bank that it was of no use to go to trial with such testimony against the bank, and he very frankly said so; and that he should advise immediate settlement, which he did; and old Mr. Brown recovered his whole desposit, with interest from the time he brought suit, and with sundry "costs."

But both he and Mrs. Brown declared that they felt no better after the recovery of the money, for, after the struggle to obtain it was passed, and the excitement was over, the heartless conduct of Roberts seemed to oppress them only the more, and Mr. Brown, after a year or two, pined away and died. Mrs. Brown is still living at this writing, an unhappy woman, when I last saw her.

As for Roberts, it is believed that he is leading a miserable life in the mining districts of California, under the name of William Simpson; but this is a conjecture, founded on testimony hardly sufficient to be relied on.

Thus were wrecked Roberts's bright hopes, and the happiness of his faithful old adopted parents. Playing cards "for fun," at first, not unfrequently leads to disastrous, deplorable, ends — to unalterable wretchedness.

OLD MR. ALVORD'S LAST WILL.

THE DESTRUCTIVE GREED OF GAIN — A WEIRD, WONDROUS TALE — "WHAT IF THEY BUT KNEW" — TELLING STORIES AWAY FROM HOME — REVELATIONS — AN OLD MAN OF THE HIGH MORAL TYPE — CURIOUS NOTION ABOUT THE SIZE OF A FAMILY — THE MYSTIC NUMBER THREE — PORTRAITS OF A FAMILY; A PERFECT WOMAN — DEATHS AND INTRIGUES — A "FAITHFUL SERVANT" — OLD WILLS AND NEW — LEGAL COMPLICATIONS — THE LAST WILL MISSING — A CRAFTY LAWYER — A THOROUGH SEARCH — A DIABOLICAL COURTSHIP, AND FIERCE STRUGGLE DURING THREE YEARS — A DETECTIVE AT LAST CALLED INTO THE MATTER — A PLOT LAID TO FOIL OLD BOYD, AN UNSCRUPULOUS LAWYER — DID IT SUCCEED? — THE READER PERMITTED TO ANSWER THE QUESTION FOR HIMSELF — A VITAL DISCOVERY — MORE PLOTTING — A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY MAKES A DIVERSION IN THE PLANS — OLD ANDREW WILCOX'S FUNNY LETTERS SEARCHED, AND A TREASURE "FOUND" AMONG THEM — OLD BOYD'S CONSTERNATION — THE LAST WILL FINALLY CARRIED OUT — "NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE" — A FORTUNE TOO LARGE TO BE LAUGHED AT — A CUNNING WIFE LEADS HER SIMPLE HUSBAND A CURIOUS LIFE — A BIT OF COMFORT, PERHAPS.

THAT "the love of money is the root of all evil," hardly needed for its proper declaration a divine voice. The records of man's life and struggles in all ages, in peace and in war, through the fictitious "honesties" of business enterprises, or in the eccentric ways called crimes, declare most emphatically that the "great good" *is* "goods" or their equivalent in the "representatives of value" which we call money, in almost everybody's heart; and the sickening details of the struggles for it, with which the detective becomes familiar, are so multiplied, that one might almost write the history of current times, as well as of that of the past, in one phrase — "Money-getting!" "money-getting!" And the modes by which money is sought are almost as multiplied as the persons seeking.

The fierce quarrels between members of the same family, — an instance of which I have marked in my memorandum, to be presented in these pages if space permits, — and the devilish "greed of gain" which pursues a father, perhaps on his dying bed, and disturbs his last hour through the contentions of his loving children, quarrelling there, may be, with a step-mother, or somebody else equally "loved" by them, over the "goods and chattels" which the expiring man is expected to leave behind, have furnished matter for the satirist in all times; and most fit subjects are these for the satirist's and reformer's pen. They cannot be held up to too great execration.

The story which I am about to relate might, in its interesting details and phases, be readily made to fill a duodecimo volume of several hundred pages instead of the short article into which it is compressed, so peculiar were the characters, and so beautiful as well as painful the varied life of the chief person whom it regards. I find myself lingering over it, as now I turn over my diary and note-books, and recall it so vividly to mind, with the wish that I might, and with a half-formed resolve that I *will* at some time, put it in the form of an extended narrative, so thorough a portrayal of human nature in some of its best as well as worst aspects, would it prove.

I am frequently vexed that I may not use the actual names of the individuals who figure in these tales. How many a neighborhood, or how large an acquaintanceship with this or that character would be astonished, if they but knew as they read that the subjects of this or some other articles are still beings lingering in the flesh, and residing, perhaps, next door!

I was telling a story one night in a stage-coach which was full of passengers. I was more than two hundred miles away from my own home, and over eight hundred from the place of the chief scene in my story. The passengers had, most of them, been favoring each other with "yarns," of more or less truthfulness, but usually untrue,

in some respects, to the actual experiences of life, and my turn came then. I chanced to call to mind an experience of mine more than ten years before. My story, I fancy, was of a more interesting kind than my fellow-travellers were wont to hear, for there was the profoundest silence on their part. As now and then the clouds which threatened a rain broke away, and revealed the moon, I noticed that an old man, sitting opposite me on the back seat, was all ears, all intent.

To make my story comprehensible in some parts, I had, in the early portion of it, entered into a minute personal, rather, physical description of the chief character of it, and a bad one. It proved that the old gentleman recognized the very man, though he himself, when at home, lived some fifty miles from him, and it further proved that what that tale revealed led on to a course of affairs in which several families were more or less involved, to their displeasure.

When we alighted, the old man took me aside, and whispered in my ear, "That was a fearful story you told us, but I knew it was all true, because I know the man that you called 'Jones.' His name is ——, and he resides in ——, and I am greatly obliged to you for unearthing one of his villanies. I can see now *how* he has accomplished others just as bad."

I tried to laugh the old man out of his notion, but he said it was of no use, that he knew Mr. —— only too well. I have ever since observed a greater care in my general descriptions, and never forget that distance of space or time may be no surety of secrecy.

In the town of ——, in the State of New York, for fifty years before the time I was called to take part in the affair which is the chief part of the subject-matter of this, there had lived a quaint old man of wealth, whom his neighbors but little understood. He had had, in the course of his life, three wives, two of whom had borne him children, none of which lived but a few years, and the third had died

childless. But the old man, in his grief over the want of "natural heirs of his own body," had adopted several children, one after the other, whenever he lost one of his, "to keep the number good," as he said. The old gentleman, whom we will call James Alvord, was born in Vermont, reared in the strictest Puritan ways, and was bred to work. At about sixteen years of age, I believe, he was apprenticed to learn the harness-maker's trade, from which time he left off going to school; but he was of studious disposition, and I was told (for I never saw him myself) that he had aggregated to himself a large amount of information upon almost all subjects, and that had he been an aspirant for public honors and distinctions, his fund of knowledge would have enabled him to cope successfully with almost any man in the State. But he had no vain aspirations. To accumulate knowledge and money was his chief desire, not to make display with either, but simply to enjoy the consciousness of having, — possessing, it would seem.

The old man had not far wandered from the moral notions and feelings which were inculcated or aroused in him by his Vermont education, but he entertained some peculiar notions of his own. In fact, he was all his own — all character, all strong individuality in everything.

Among his notions — perhaps I should call them his fixed opinions — was, that it was every married couples' duty, if possible, to bring into the world six children, and if they could not have them themselves, to adopt as many from families that had more; for in his early days, when he first imbibed this notion, it was no rare thing for families in Vermont to count around the hearthstone ten and twelve children apiece. Six is the product of two multiplied by three. Three, of course, comprehends a "trinity," and upon the mystic trinity, so frequently discovered in Nature, the old man built many theories. Three was a mystic number with him.

"There are but three primitive colors," he used to say. "All other colors are the results of the intermixture of

two or all of these," and so on, the old gentleman was accustomed to elucidate his "philosophy;" and somehow he had so applied the mystic three to the matter of parentage, that he had arrived at the doctrine noticed above, and he was a man who most strictly observed himself what he was pleased to teach others as a duty; and so, from time to time, in the lack of children who continued to live, he adopted others. He did not seem, however, in his "adoptions" to have observed much "philosophy" (the word that was most often upon his tongue, and which, in fact, did signify not a little of the character it intimates, in his brain) in selecting the children.

He overlooked the matter of stock and blood, and seemed only anxious to make sure of healthy children; which is not so much to be wondered at in his case, perhaps. So that when these six grew up to maturity they developed characters about as diverse as could possibly be found, notwithstanding the course of their education, or rather teachings (mental and moral) had been about the same.

Some of them gave the old man much uneasiness; and notwithstanding that he had placed each in business when he had arrived at age, or had given the girls each of them a good outfit on her marriage, yet some of them were discontented, and thought the old man ought to have the grace to die in good season, in order that they might obtain their expected shares of property; for it was presumed by them that Mr. Alvord would treat them all alike, and leave no will in fact. I should not forget to say here, that there were of these children three males and three females. Mr. Alvord had first adopted a boy, next a girl, and so on, alternating.

Time went on, and the three boys had grown to manhood, and married, and two of the girls had filled out into mature womanhood in good time, and had married. Mr. Alvord, as I have said before, had been generous to them all, and impartial in the bestowal of his pecuniary favors; but it would have been impossible, under the circumstances

to have been equally respectful of them all in his heart, so diverse were they in character. The oldest boy grew up to be a very respectful, but sluggish and somewhat stupid man.

The second one became a tricky, crafty fellow, full of cunning wiles, and was what the world calls a "smart man" — ignorant of everything but business, and more willing to succeed at that through scheming and dishonorable practices (safely dishonorable, I mean, for he was too "smart" to do anything in which he was likely to be trapped; but dishonorable, still, in the strict interpretation of that word; only dishonorable so far as the laws of business would allow him to be — which is latitude enough for most wickedly-inclined men). He left the farm, for which Mr. Alvord tried to induce him to cultivate a love, and had gone into merchandizing on a moderate scale, a year or two after his marriage, and it was said at once of him that he could drive "as sharp a bargain as the best of them;" a phrase in which "worst" is substituted for "best" in the experienced hearer's mind.

His name was a peculiar one — "Floramond;" a name which his mother had selected from an old novel, which she read while bearing him, and which she made Mr. Alvord agree to not change when he adopted him. "Flor" was his nickname, which he always bore in manhood as well as in childhood, and it became a name in his neighborhood at last, which was a synonym of craft and business meanness.. "That's Flor all over," was said when anybody, no matter who, was found guilty of some extortion, or cheating, or grasping meanness.

While Mr. Alvord lived, Floramond took better care of his reputation than afterwards. He was ever very attentive to Mr. Alvord, and never lost an opportunity of demonstrating to him his industry and attention to business, which were, indeed, very pleasing to Mr. Alvord, who, though he sometimes wished Floramond could not be quite so sharp and grasping, nevertheless knew the world well

enough to know that most other men in business were like him to the extent of their ability; and so soothed himself into the belief that Floramond was "as good as they'll average." Besides, Floramond was a bit of a wag, — could tell a story well, made a good many hits at people, which pleased the majority, — and, withal, was a member of the Congregational church in his place of residence, and "in good and regular standing."

Mr. Alvord did not care for this last fact much. He was not a church-member, and lived and died a very good old man, without the church. But he reflected that the church-membership did not hurt Floramond in the people's eyes, even if it did him no especial good; and I suspect it operated to blind the old gentleman's eyes a little to Floramond's real character.

The third son took a literary turn, after he had made considerable progress in some mechanical pursuit, — I forget what, — and was sent to college, and at last graduated as a minister of the Dutch Reform order, I believe. He had no business capacity, and on a fair salary could never exactly make ends meet from year to year, and was considerable of a pensioner on the old gentleman's bounty.

The girls married pretty well, all of them. Of these, one was a shrewd witch, almost as keen as Floramond. Her name was Eliza, but she always bore the nickname "Lise," which would not always have been *mal apropos* if it had been spelled "Lies;" for she had great skill in dissimulation and its kindred arts, even to the matter of pilfering, so the neighbors generally believed. But she had wit, and was quite handsome withal, and got a good, thorough-going business man for a husband. The second "daughter" in order proved a very nice, good-hearted woman, with moderate abilities, and the kindest of dispositions; and she, too, married a very worthy man.

The third "daughter" was one of those curious, undefinable creatures, perfect in almost every respect, and

gifted in several directions. Mr. Alvord had adopted her in her tenth year, and had selected her in preference to any of several other children whose parents were anxious to "get the old man to 'dopt the gals," because she was so robust, so stoutly formed, and withal so hardy and agile. He thought she would surely make a large, queenly woman. But she changed greatly as she approached the age of puberty, — shot up into a tall, wiry, lithe form, and her rounded face lengthened to a peculiarly spiritual shape, developing intellect, in short, — whereas she indicated, at ten years of age, only strength and solidity — as her chief characteristics in womanhood. She was a brilliant scholar at the "high school," and not only that, very vivacious, and withal just as gentle in heart as she was almost rudely playful, when play was the real work to be done — for she did everything earnestly; and there was a peculiar earnestness in her very gentleness. It was a positive gentleness, a gentleness springing out of high principles, and not merely a passive inertness. Her name was Margaret, and she made the name beloved by all who knew *her*. She married a splendid man; but he died in four or five years after their marriage, and left her with two beautiful children, who inherited much of his good qualities — more physical beauty than their mother bore, with not a little of her great goodness; and it was thought he had left her "comfortably off," too; but somehow his partner in business managed to show that the firm was considerably involved, and she got but a small estate after all. Shrewd people suspected that her husband's partner knew how to "turn an honest penny" in a business way; especially when, three years after the husband's death, the partner built a very costly house, and added another horse to his old team, so that he drove a "spanking pair," before a carriage which was considered a "leetle" too expensive in that quarter of the world. But, however, 'twas no matter; she was poor, and old Mr. Alvord insisted that she should

return to his home, with her children, and take charge of it for him.

These things I was told at the time of my becoming acquainted with the remaining family, long after Mr. Alvord's death. With him Margaret staid, a faithful, good woman, charitable to everybody, and beloved by all; by the poor, especially, who came to Mr. Alvord's house for aid, where they were sure to go first, before going anywhere else. With none of his children except Margaret, was Mr. Alvord on so intimate terms as with Floramond. They all lived some miles from him; but Floramond managed to see the old man often, and not unfrequently took him to his own home, and kept him there for a week or two weeks at a time, especially when he could take one of Margaret's children along with him; for the old man, though he had several grandchildren, did not seem to be very fond of any except Margaret's son and daughter.

Margaret continued to take charge of the house, and watched over old Mr. Alvord, like a dutiful loving daughter as she was; and the old man and his wife grew every year more and more fond of her. The wife being, in the latter years of her life, mostly an invalid, was very grateful for the tender care of Margaret, and when she came to die entreated Mr. Alvord that he should make his will, and make it particularly favorable to Margaret, whom she loved best of all, and who, being a widow with children, needed more than the rest. Mr. Alvord, of course, promised to do so, out of affection for both wife and daughter, and the old lady died blessing him; and though she had long been expected by her friends to die any day, suddenly, so suddenly did she die that only Mr. Alvord and Margaret were with her. There was no time to send for a neighbor, after she swooned away, one day, in her chair, before she was dead — reviving from the swoon but for a moment, before she took her last breath; in which moment, grasping the hands of Margaret and Mr. Alvord in her own, she blessed them both, and reminded Mr. Alvord of the will.

After her death, Floramond increased his attentions to Mr. Alvord; and finally, his own wife dying, he, a few months after her death, became more than usually interested in Margaret, and was found at Mr. Alvord's so often, that everybody was talking of his wonderful devotion to the old man. It is true that some people said he was "after the biggest slice in the old man's will," and hinted that he was mercenary rather than affectionate; but he was such a jolly fellow, that it was difficult to fix upon him the stigma of bad motives. Mr. Alvord was very devoted to Margaret, and Floramond must have felt that she would share as largely in Mr. Alvord's will (and he did not know then but he had already made one) as he, and perhaps more largely. Finally he proposed marriage to his adopted sister; as the best means, probably, of making sure of a large portion of Mr. Alvord's estate.

There was no blood relation between him and Margaret, and no reason in the law why they might not marry; still, Margaret was not a little shocked at the proposal from Floramond, with whom, as a "brother," she had enjoyed a very pleasant intimacy — one which she would not have allowed on any other consideration than that of brother-and-sisterhood. But Floramond was evidently greatly taken aback at her delicate refusal of his offer. But he persisted in his suit, not willing to suffer defeat so easily; and for a long while annoyed Margaret with his repeated offers, which annoyance she gently concealed, though persisting ever in the firmness of her resolve to "not marry anybody."

But Floramond did not believe her in this resolution to remain unmarried, believing that she would marry somebody else, — "take up with the first good chance," — and so he laid her refusal to heart, as a personal affront to himself, and ridiculed the objection which she sometimes made, in that they were brother and sister in spirit, if not in blood; which objection was really a serious one in her feelings, although her reason told her that it need not pre-



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vail, because they were really no kin to each other. Besides, there was something, which she could not well define to herself, about Floramond, which, while it did not forbid her loving him as a brother, made her shudder when she thought of him in the light of a possible husband. Floramond renewed his suit from time to time, constantly with increased tenderness and delicacy, and finally resolved himself, after her repeated refusals, into the very best-behaving of brothers.

Finally, old Mr. Alvord, very perceptibly approaching his end, one day rode out with Margaret behind his span of fine horses, with which, and a nice double wagon, he had, among other luxuries, provided himself in his dotage, and regarding which the neighbors said he was becoming foolishly extravagant. But they little understood how much the quiet, saving old man was worth. He had been accustomed to drive his own horses, but of late was getting weak, and so transformed his "hired man" into a driver that day.

John Holt was a faithful, honest man, who had lived with Mr. Alvord for nearly twenty years, and was intrusted with everything. Mr. Alvord considered him one of the family; and although he always paid John for his services quite liberally, so that John had considerable money out at interest, yet he intended to remember him in his will to the extent of a thousand dollars, and on that day was, therefore, not at all private in what he said to Margaret. John heard most of it, and particularly remembered what Mr. Alvord said in regard to the legacy to him. He told Margaret how much he was worth, — a sum which quite astonished her, — and consulted with her in regard to what he should leave each of the children, to some of whom he proposed to leave but comparatively a small amount; but in each case Margaret urged him to leave more. He had done much for them all, but she was willing, in her generous nature, that he should make such legacies, and leave the remainder of his property to her and her children. To

Floramond he had determined, he said, to leave one fourth; to divide another fourth between the other four; and to give to Margaret and her children half, imposing upon her the payment of a thousand dollars to John, and the distribution of certain matters of personal property to a few friends he named; five hundred dollars to be kept at interest, and that given annually to an old, decrepid widow in the place, who had been a schoolmate with him in Vermont, and whose husband had died in Mr. Alvord's employ, after many years of service. This she was to have as long as she lived, and he told Margaret that day that he had for several years contributed a like sum to her support, and that he had told the widow that if she outlived him, he would provide as much for her in his will. These with other things John had heard Mr. Alvord say to Margaret, and also that he had once made another will in different terms, which was lodged with Floramond, and had been drawn by Squire Emerson, a crafty old lawyer, when Mr. Alvord was once stopping at Floramond's for a week or two. "But the last will always revokes a former one," he told Margaret; so that he guessed that he would leave that where it was. It was thought afterwards that Mr. Alvord had some fear that if he called on Floramond to deliver up the will it might lead to trouble. Floramond might fear that he was not to fare so well.

The next day Mr. Alvord and John drove off to an old friend of Mr. A.'s, — a sort of universal genius, who held multiplied petty offices, and withal was considerable of a lawyer. He drew a will after Mr. Alvord's dictation, and Mr. A. signed it; but there was nobody at home but the old scribe, save a very young girl in the kitchen; and as John was a legatee, the man advised Mr. A. that he could not properly be a witness, — so Mr. Alvord said he would find others to witness it; and on his way home stopped at a neighbor's, went in, and declared the document to be his last will, etc., in the presence of two persons, who subscribed it as witnesses. But John did not *know* this of a

surety. He suspected the document had been properly declared. Mr. Alvord went home and showed the will to Margaret, and deposited it in a secret place among his drawers, telling her where. "Now," said he, "if the house should catch a-fire, you run for this will the first thing, for I can't bear the bother of making another."

Mr. Alvord lived on a year more. Meanwhile the people who had signed the will as witnesses had "sold out," and followed a son to California; but neither old Mr. Alvord nor Margaret thought of them then in connection with the will.

By and by Mr. A.'s "time" came, and with all his adopted children about him, he, after giving them his parting blessing, dropped away quietly into the arms of death. Floramond took upon himself the management of the funeral, which for that place was made somewhat extraordinary, and the plain old Mr. Alvord went to his grave with a pomp and show which he certainly would not have approved could he have foreseen it. After the funeral the children gathered at the house, and Floramond told them that he had, somewhere among his papers, a document which Mr. Alvord had given him, sealed up, and which he said was his will. He did not know its contents, he said, but would like to have a time appointed when they could all be there and hear it read. Margaret said nothing, for she hardly comprehended matters, so great and real was her grief over the death of Mr. Alvord; and a time was appointed, one week from that day, for them all to convene and hear the will read.

After they had all left, Margaret bethought her of what Mr. Alvord had said a year before about a former will, and went to look for the will which Mr. Alvord had given into her keeping, but it was not to be found! Where was it gone? She remembered to have seen it several times since its deposit in the drawer, when looking there for other things; but she could not convince herself whether or not she had seen it within some months. She talked

with John about it, and John told her of what Mr. Alvord had done that day he rode to the old clerk's with him; and she rode over to the clerk's to consult him, but he said he knew nothing about the witnessing, — that the will must have been properly witnessed to be valid; and he said, too, that perhaps Mr. Alvord had altered his mind, — had destroyed the will without letting her know it; that the will, as drawn, revoked all former wills, and that if the existence of this latter will could be proved, it would set aside whatever will Floramond had had, but that it would be impossible, in the present state of things, to prove the existence of the lost will, — that if anybody had stolen it away, that fact could never probably be discovered. The conclusion of Margaret, after talking with this man, was to await and see what Floramond would bring.

The day came, and with it Floramond, with the will done up in a once white paper, but which time had turned brown, and strongly sealed. The seals Floramond broke before them all, drew forth the document, and handed it to one of his brothers, saying, "You read it out for us. You can read the old man's writing better than I."

The brother took it, opened it, and said, —

"This is not his writing — somebody's else. It looks like a lawyer's 'quail tracks,' but" (turning it over), "the signature is father's."

He tried to read it, but found himself puzzled; and one of the sisters tried to read it also, with like result. At last it was declared by them all that Floramond understood how to decipher poor writing better than the rest, and he read at it, making bungling work, however (pretendedly, of course, for well he knew every word of it). By this will Mr. Alvord had left all his estate to his "beloved son Floramond," subject to the payment of certain annuities to some of the children, among whom was Margaret, who was to have six hundred dollars a year until her children should arrive at age, and then three hundred during her life. The rest all had less. Indeed, the minister, for whom Mr. Alvord

had done most in the way of giving him money, was allowed an annuity of but one hundred dollars (which was to provide him a rental, the will said), for three years, and was then cut off entirely.

Mr. Alvord's will was quite elaborate, and stated where his property was situated, — some in this and that farm, stock in manufacturing companies, money in banks and on interest; and they were all astonished at the large amount of it. The will had been written five years and more before, and there was one peculiar clause in it, — the suggestion of the crafty lawyer, probably, — which was to the effect that Mr. Alvord had never before made a will, and that he should never make another; that he might destroy this, and leave all his children to share alike if he did so.

Margaret was confounded. She saw that she was left, as it were, in the hands of Floramond, her often-rejected suitor, and she thought she saw a smile of triumph on his face. She was greatly confused as to whether she should say anything about the other will or not; but she thought, finally, that if she was to ever say anything about it, now was the time, when all were there. So she told them all about it, and where it was kept; how Mr. Alvord had brought it home, and how it left a great deal more to them all, and only one fourth to Floramond, and who witnessed it. This made the rest jealous of Floramond. With the old will they were in his hands: they were left comparatively poor. He had all, and the estate was far larger than any of them had thought, and it was probable that it had increased much in the five years, too.

Floramond professed to be astonished at what Margaret told, and said he was willing to abide, of course, as he would be compelled to do, by any subsequent will; but why, if father had made another will, did he not call for this one and tear it up? His not calling for it made him think, he said, that Margaret was probably mistaken. But Margaret was firm in her statement, and declared that her father had made her read it all over to him, and she

told them about the thousand dollars left to John, and what John said about Mr. Alvord's calling, on the way home, to get the will witnessed. Then they sent out for John, who was at work on the farm, and he came in and told his story before them all. He could not say that Mr. Alvord had left him a thousand dollars in the will, but that the day before he had it drawn he said he was going to do so, and he supposed he did.

At this point Floramond, in a mild way, exhibiting no uneasiness, blandly suggested that 'before taking the will left with him to the surrogate's office, the house ought to be searched thoroughly. Perhaps Mr. Alvord, who had become quite childish and fickle in the last few weeks of his life, and was always an over-cautious man, had, some time when Margaret was away, put the document into a safer place, intending to tell her where, but forgetting it;' and so it was resolved by all of them that such a search should be made at once, before they parted; and for an hour that house was searched in every nook, drawer, and possible hiding-place. Old linen, which had not been for twenty years drawn forth from trunks and chests which held it, was tumbled over, — in short, the search was complete as it could be, — but no will could be found; and there seemed but one way to do — for all to acquiesce, and accept their fate upon the terms of the will which Floramond produced, and which was all correct in form.

But there was no little feeling among the children, some of whom declared it impossible that Mr. Alvord intended to make such disposition of his property; that Floramond must have in some way used improper influence with old Mr. Alvord; and all the public, when they came to hear of the will, were somehow impressed with the same opinion: nevertheless they all said that Floramond was a jovial fellow, and very thrifty; that Mr. Alvord liked thrifty people, and as he had provided Margaret with a sum sufficient in those days to live on, and had given her the rent of the house for life, perhaps it was, on the whole, just the thing

he should have done. As for the lost will, that got noised about, and although everybody believed what Margaret said, yet the majority thought that probably Mr. Alvord had destroyed it. The will which Floramond had was duly presented and proved at the surrogate's office, and the estate settled under it.

Time went on, and it brought Floramond frequently to see Margaret, — to look after her affairs, and occasionally to bring her money. Now that she was in these straitened circumstances he pressed his suit quite violently and provokingly at times; and although her patience was oftentimes sorely tried, she bore her vexation quite philosophically. It was evident that he did not want her for her money, for she had none; but she could not believe, after all, that he loved her, and she was sure that she did not love him. Floramond was a good business man, and aside from the property he got under the will, he had accumulated a handsome sum for himself, and in the course of a year or two from Mr. Alvord's death he began to assume the airs and ways of a rich man; — enlarged his house and adorned his grounds quite expensively; built a row of houses in the village to rent, and possessed himself of "the best team in the county," as he was pleased to declare his noble span of black coach horses.

All this while he was trying to court Margaret up to the accepting point, but he failed signally, and every time he visited her he grew less and less courteous; finally, in the third year, she could not get her annuity as she wanted it. He promised, but did not fulfil at the time as before, and he was "short" in his words with her, and spiteful at times. At last, as if determined to force her into compliance, he visited her one day, and having failed, though using as much severity as he could command to win her consent, he got quite angry, and wished to know of her if she intended to always spurn him; asked her if she had made up her mind to that, at any rate. She objected to the word "spurn," for she wished, she said, to receive and treat him

as a brother, but she had always declined his offers of marriage, as she thought, in a clear, frank way, and she considered that he ought to know, after all, that she could never consent to marry him.

"Then you shall suffer," said he, bringing his teeth together with greater firmness, as if he would like to put an end to her existence with one bite; and he manifested himself with such a degree of anger that she was frightened, and arose from her chair to leave the room, when he rushed and caught her firmly by the hand, and telling her to look straight at him, exclaimed, —

"You proud thing! I tell you now that if you had consented to have me at first you should now have half of all father Alvord's property as well as mine; but I have outwitted you. I got him to make his will as he did, and thanks to John's blundering, I knew when he made the other; and now, as there's no witness here, I'll leave you to guess what became of it; and you may groan in poverty for all me, for you'll have to sue me every time you get any more money out of the estate."

He had hardly ejaculated these words, in anger, before he seemed to see his error, and as Margaret, now understanding his villany, tore herself from his grasp, and rushed into another room, he followed her, and tried to laugh away the effect of what he had said.

"Ho! ho! Margaret, haven't I told you a pretty story though? I wish it had been true, I declare; but I must tell you that I never believed a word about the second will. You must have been mistaken, and as to the first, father and Emerson, the old lawyer, got it up without my knowledge."

Margaret, who now began to see into his real character, and who hated hypocrisy, turned upon him, and said, "There's no occasion for you adding falsehood to your rudeness, sir. Father made that will under your direction, in my opinion, and as for the last will, you *do* believe that it existed, and I see now that you probably abstracted

it, and I wish I could never see your face again till you can come prepared to prove that you did not. Good day, sir," and she attempted to pass by him.

But he put himself in her way, and said she shouldn't stir a step till she took back those words.

"I have spoken what I feel must be the truth, and I will not retract a word," said she; "and you must let me pass, or I will call in John. There he is," said she, pointing through the window at John, but a short distance off. The mild, quiet face of Margaret must have assumed great firmness then, for Floramond looked but once into her eyes, and stepped aside; and as she passed, exclaimed, —

"You shall live to rue this, to your full satisfaction."

And she did suffer. Floramond managed to vex her in many ways, — sold off a portion of her garden, on which she depended for her vegetables, contending that it was only the rent of the house that was left her by the will; and sending her ten dollars on her annuity when she wanted perhaps thirty or forty; and getting up stories about her extravagance, etc. But, fortunately, she had a character and reputation formed, and he could only vex her in money matters to any great extent.

Weary months passed, and Margaret frequently thought of the wills, and what Floramond had said; and when the ministerial brother called to see her one day, about the time his hundred-dollar annuity "for a rental" was running out, Margaret told him something of her troubles, and her conviction that Floramond had stolen the will. The minister was not very astute in law matters, but he could see that it would only be by a "sort of miracle," as he told her, that they could ever learn anything of what had become of the will; but Margaret was more hopeful, and continued to plan ways of getting at the truth.

'There was that old lawyer who had drawn the first will. May be he could find out something, — lawyers work for the side that employs them;' but the minister dampened her ardor in that direction, by telling her that Floramond

probably held him under a general retainer, and he could not be reached; but finally Margaret was so anxious to have something done, that the minister consented to aid her to the extent of his little ability, as he was modestly pleased to say, and at last it came into his head that when he was once supplying for a few weeks a classmate's pulpit in Brooklyn, he had one evening heard one of the congregation telling some marvelous stories about the adroitness and sagacity of detective officers, and he spoke to Margaret of this.

This was something novel to Margaret. She knew there were police officers, and so forth, but was not aware that there were organized forces of private officers, detectives. The minister told her one of the strange stories he had heard, and Margaret was quite astonished by it, and believed that if detectives could find out "such a thing as that they could really serve us," and it was resolved by them that a detective should be obtained, and he might work out something.

All the rest of the children, except Floramond, were consulted, and agreed to contribute towards procuring the detective; and Margaret, who had got wrought up about the matter, and was a very capable woman to perform whatever she undertook, declared that she would procure the detective. Her cousin had long wished her to visit her at Jamaica (I think it was), Long Island, and in going through New York she would get some advice, and hunt up a detective; and thus it came that I chanced to be called in the case, and I obtained from her about what information I have thus far embodied in my narrative.

I told her it was apparently a hopeless case; that probably Floramond (who, I said, had doubtless abstracted the will) destroyed it at once, as any prudent man would have done, and that I saw no possible clew to the matter. But she was so urgent, and so willing to pay me for my time to go and see the rest of the family, and talk with them, and to look the matter over on the spot, that I con-

sented to go, which I did duly. I learned but little more than I have recited, in the place where Margaret lived, but I thought I would like to visit Floramond's lawyer, and found myself duly at his office.

I am very fond of the members of the profession generally. They are apt to be more "men of the world" than most other people. The practice of their profession brings them into contact with all classes of men, and they learn more or less of charity, and are, in fact, among the most reliable of citizens everywhere. But there was something in this lawyer's face (old Boyd, we will call him, and but for a son of his, an honorable man in an important position, I would call the old villain's name fully) which revealed to me that I had a curious customer to deal with; that he lacked moral principle, and was capable of any sort of dark deed, murder included, perhaps.

I said to myself, instinctively, this old Boyd is at the bottom of this matter of the wills, and he has not let an opportunity pass to get Floramond Alvord in his clutches, and keep him there. That second will was taken by Floramond, I said to myself, and the chances are that he showed it to Boyd, and if he did, the old man was cunning enough to keep it. At this point I changed the plan of operations which I had in theory when I entered his office, and talked with him about things in general; told him I was a stranger from New York, stopping a day or two in the village; that when I was younger I had read law a little, and always felt more at home in a lawyer's office than I did in a country bar-room or hotel parlor, and seeing his office, had wandered into it.

The old man had considerably many books, but they did not look very inviting; however, I complimented him on the size of his library, and at last asked him about his practice, and found that he had a good deal of patronage, considerable of which his age prevented him from attending to, such as that in justices' courts; and finally I suggested that I had a brother who had studied law a few months in

the city, and I thought it would be better for him to study with somebody in the country; there were a good many temptations for a young man to waste his time, in the city. He seemed pleased, brightened up a little, threw off the sombre shadows from his face, and went to bidding for my brother, by telling me of this and that man who had studied law with him, and who were now eminent in the profession, — which was a fact, as I afterwards learned.

So I contracted with him to have my brother come and study with him; and before I left the town I had secured good board at a moderate price for him, and went away. I lost no time in conferring with Margaret as to her ability to furnish me about such a given sum of money a month for three months, not over six at most, and I found she could do it. I told her that she must ask me no questions, and in fact must not know of any such man as I, or speak my name; and that if my plans succeeded, she would, of course, know the facts, and that would be enough; and if they failed, after proper trial, I would tell them to her, so that she should see what use her money had been put to. She was perfectly reasonable, and consented to all.

I found myself in New York city in two days from that time, and procured a young man, on whom I bestowed my last name, and sent him on with a proper letter of introduction to Mr. Boyd.

I told him he had better tell Mr. Boyd that he had forgotten all the law he had read, and that he guessed he had better read over Blackstone again at first. I had given the young man the points of the entire case as I understood it, and told him what I wanted him to do — to take his time, to study well, and to watch Floramond Alvord's movements in connection with Mr. Boyd for the first two or three weeks, and to write me from time to time what he thought of Floramond. But the first thing he was to do, after being there three or four days, was to "slick up" the dusty office a little, sometime when Boyd was out, and

surprise him by its neatness on his return, and thus beginning to win upon the old man's respect as much as possible; to then take down and rearrange the books and the old papers, and so get himself familiarized to everything in the office; and to do these things, finally, in Boyd's presence.

He was as shrewd a young man as I could possibly have found, and he was a handsome fellow, very. Old Boyd told him, when he presented the note of introduction, that he did not much resemble his older brother! (me), — which was a sad but absolute truth. But the young man was ready for him: —

"No," said he; "brother takes after father's family. I'm said to be mother's boy."

"Yes, yes," said old Boyd, "I'd have known that if you hadn't told me."

My "brother" was not long in becoming popular in that village, and old Boyd was quite proud of him; but he did keep him studying, was "faithful" to him, as he promised me he would be. I frequently heard from my "brother," and at last I got a letter, saying, "Come on; I will meet you at No. 1" (which meant Mrs. Margaret's) "at such a time as you may appoint."

I knew by this that my game had worked well, and that there was probably no time to lose; so I hastened on, and sending a letter before me, appointing the time, met my "brother" at Margaret's. There was the document — the lost will! He had it with him. But what was to be done?

In the first place, the witnesses had long been away in California, as was supposed, and nobody knew where. Efforts had been made by Margaret to institute a correspondence with them. If they could not be found, however, we could prove their signatures by others, if we could find the experts; but Margaret had never been able to find anybody who ever saw their writing, except the old man's, with chalk on his barn door, noting number

of bushels of wheat, or when his cows would "come in," and that would hardly do.

But I bethought me that they had sold out their farm when they went away, and must have signed the deed, the wife to convey her right of dower, and I felt easy. I instructed my brother to return to the office next morning as usual, and go on with his studies, and I would go to the county seat next day, hunt up the records, and possibly find the deed still on file there, as well as the record, and then, if it was not there, I would go to the grantees, and ask for the deed; but these people were indebted to Floramond largely, Margaret said, and would have to be approached carefully. She was still in ignorance of the will being found, but knew, of course, that I had some good reason for what I was about, and she was equally ignorant that my "brother" was studying with old Boyd.

I took the will and went next day to the county seat, and though I could not find on file there the deed which I expected to, I found the record of it, and the record and the deed, too, of another conveyance made by the same grantors, and, as luck had it, made on the very day after the will was signed; and the signatures to the two instruments were wondrously similar. I was satisfied on this point.

But there was another point to be gotten over; and this troubled my "brother" a good deal. Although he had been but two months with Mr. Boyd, he had fallen in love with a beautiful girl (who was the daughter of the richest man in the town, except Floramond Alvord, and was on intimate terms with Floramond's daughters), and they were already "engaged," and he wanted the matter worked so that he need not be found out in it, for the girl, he feared, would "sack him," as the village phrase was, if he was known as having searched for and delivered up the will. So I managed to stop in disguise at the same hotel where I had been before, and to find my brother in when old Boyd was out, and learned precisely where he found

the will, and the character of the documents which were in the same drawer with it; a drawer which had evidently not been opened for many years, save to hide away the will in. Among the other documents were some curious letters to old Boyd, from a man by the name of Andrew Wilcox, who had gone away years before to the west, and died, and who was a waggish fellow, and wrote funny letters, in a very peculiar style of penmanship.

I was put to my wits' end how to work matters; but my brother told me that in two days old Boyd was going to start on a journey, to be gone a week; that the stage would leave the hotel at ten o'clock in the morning, and after that I could come in again, and may be could arrange something. But he had told me enough. I had formed my plan before his words were cold. That night I found myself at one of the adopted brother's, about ten miles off; told him he must ask me no questions why, but that I wanted him to appear in the village at the time the stage was going off, and to ask old Boyd if he didn't use to correspond with old Andrew Wilcox, — to which he would, of course, say "Yes;" and then Mr. Alvord was to say, "I thought so, and I'd like, for a certain reason, to get hold of some of his letters to read. He wrote such a curious hand, didn't he?" that probably old Boyd would say he was going to be back in a week, and then he'd hunt them up; but Mr. Alvord should evince a desire to see them as soon as possible, and ask him if his clerk couldn't hunt them for him; this to be done just as the stage was loading up to start; all of which was done, and resulted better than we expected, for old Boyd was in pretty good spirits that morning, very accommodating; and told Mr. Alvord that his clerk might hunt up the papers; though he didn't call him his clerk but said, "Tell the handsome rascal in my office to hunt and get you all of Wilcox's letters to read he can find; and I don't mind if you take one or two along with you, so that you leave me some. Good morning!" and away the stage rolled.

I told Mr. Alvord that I would go over to the office, and he might drop in and ask the clerk for the letters, in the course of ten minutes. I went and arranged things, and he came and told my brother what Boyd had said. My brother made unsuccessful search in three or four places, and at last came upon the letters; hauled out a few of them, which Mr. Alvord run over, laughing here and there at the odd, eccentric expressions, which he said were just like the stories he had heard about the old man, when my brother asked if he would like to see more. As he wished to, they were produced, and among them was reposing the will where I had placed it.

Mr. Alvord was sitting by a little round table, and as my brother placed the second batch on the table, I asked him if he would not be kind enough to go over to the hotel (but a few steps off,) and buy himself a cigar, and bring some to me, handing him money. He went out; and placing my hand among the letters, I drew out the will, and placed it in Mr. Alvord's hands — "*You found that — do you understand?* But I will take it, and be responsible for its return, if, after we have examined it, you think it better be returned." He had no notion of the will yet, and acted with a sort of mechanical blindness, as I guided him, throughout wondering what I could be up to. (I had agreed to pay him very liberally for his time.) "When the clerk comes in," said I, as I put the paper into my pocket, "remind him that old Boyd said you might take off some of the letters; the whole stage full heard him say so; and do you select a few, and when you come out, come over to the hotel, and find me. I'll be there."

The clerk came in, and brought me the cigars, and I offered one to Mr. Alvord, who declined to smoke, but kept on reading the letters; and I, bidding him good morning, walked out after lighting my cigar. In the course of a quarter of an hour he came out; said he found "Wilcox's letters very interesting;" and now, said he, "I want

to know what all this means." I got him aside as soon as I could, and we went up to my room.

Locking the door, I said, "Mr. Alvord, on turning over these letters of Wilcox's, you came across a paper which you took possession of for a moment. Now I want it understood that you *kept* possession of that; that the clerk handed you a bundle in which you found it, (poor fellow, what *would* he say, if he knew that he had unwittingly disclosed the profoundest secret in all old Boyd's life and practice? But no matter for that.) You took the paper, and you handed it over to me, and I am going to keep it for the general good, unless you prefer to keep it. Do you understand?"

"Why, yes, and no, too," said he. "I understand the language you use, but I don't know what it's all about. Pray tell me at once, and end my suspense."

"Well, you promise me on your word, as a gentleman, to be guided by me in the matter which is to follow, if you think what I shall point out to be right and just?"

"Why, yes; any man could safely promise that."

"Are you under any special obligations to your brother Floramond?"

"No, sir; only he has lent me little sums of money, from time to time — which" —

"You have doubtless always paid up?"

"Yes, with interest."

"Ah, ha! then he was lending you money, and getting interest on it, which really ought to have been your own — wasn't he?"

"Well, yes, I've felt so sometimes; but there's doubt about it, perhaps."

I had sounded the man deeply enough, and saw his temper towards Floramond; and so, drawing a little nearer him, I said, —

"You have heard of me before, but have never seen me till night before last; but we must be intimate friends for a while. Your sister Margaret has told you of me. I am

the detective from New York; and this paper (pulling it from my pocket) is old Mr. Alvord's last will and testament — the last one, and you are here entitled to a fortune."

Mr. Alvord's face turned pale with astonishment.

"Let me put my eyes on it!" said he; and I handed it to him, opened. He ran it over hurriedly, looked at the signature, saying, "There's no mistake about it; and that's father's signature — just as Margaret always said it was. I had feared father had destroyed it, and I had entirely forgotten all about the matter for a good while. I gave up all as lost the day that Floramond produced the old will, and we searched the house, all of us, for this."

It was not long from that morning before we had everything arranged for bringing Mr. Floramond Alvord to terms, and I remained near the scene directing matters. I held on to the will, while the brother wrote from his home to Floramond, that his father's last will had been finally found; that he felt it his duty to inform him of it at once, and that legal steps would be taken directly; but this letter was not sent till on the day before old Boyd was expected back.

That day Mr. Floramond Alvord visited old Boyd's office, very earnest to learn when he would be back, and asked my "brother" to ask Mr. Boyd to call on him at his house as soon as he should arrive. "Tell him I have a very important matter for him to attend to," said he, "and want to see him at once."

Old Boyd arrived, and the clerk gave him the word from Mr. Alvord.

"Some devilish speculation on hand, I 'spose," said old Boyd, gruffly, as he left his office, and proceeded to Alvord's house. But he wasn't gone long, and soon came back to the office, and went silently to rummaging his papers. He looked here and there, as if his memory didn't serve him exactly; finally he came to the drawer with the Wilcox letters in them, and my brother watched his manner

intently. The old man took up the letters, laid them out; took up other packages, and laid them out, and then laid them back, and looking at the Wilcox letters, said, —

"These look as if they had been disturbed lately. Have you been arranging this box?"

"No, sir. I've not been re-arranging the papers; but there's a man been here, the morning you went off, and said you told him he might hunt for some letters of one Wilcox; and, in fact, as the door happened to be open, I overheard you tell him so, just as you got into the coach, and I hunted them up, and he took some of 'em, as he said you said he might; but he said he would return them," said my brother, very seriously, "if you thought, when you got home, that he had taken too many."

"Did you ask him his name?" inquired old Boyd, very gravely.

"No, I didn't think of that. I supposed, by the way you spoke to him, you were old friends, and I didn't wish to question the gentleman," replied my brother, naively, with a probable cock in his eye, which might have revealed a great deal if old Boyd had seen it.

Old Boyd, with an assumed manner of great composure, said, in response, —

"I wish you had asked his name. I do remember somebody speaking to me, in my haste of getting off, about Wilcox's letters. Wonder who it was?"

"I hope he hasn't taken off the most valuable ones," replied the clerk.

"Well, I can't tell; but I fear he has," said old Boyd. "I must find out who he was. They'll remember over to the hotel, perhaps," and off he went over there; but it wasn't long before the clerk saw him on his way to Alvord's house. What transpired there then is only known to old Boyd and Floramond Alvord.

By the next day the matter was all in an able lawyer's hands, and Mr. Frederic Alvord and he had a conference with Floramond and old Boyd.

Precisely all that happened between them I do not know; but it would seem that Floramond had given the latter will into Boyd's hands, and he had been cunning enough to keep it as a terror over Floramond, who had indorsed his paper, etc., etc., besides always paying him enormous fees for legal business, which old Boyd managed to make quite considerable. Indeed, old Boyd had increased his property a great deal during the five or six years, and it is probable that he used Floramond to advantage in many ways.

Alvord thought best to settle with his brothers and sisters according to the terms of the lost will, and to pay them out of his fourth the income of which they had been respectively deprived of for the five years and more. Old Boyd, of course, settled his affairs with Floramond to suit himself, and it is presumed that he did not lose money; but it may be that he lost the former's confidence. It must have been a bitter thing for old Boyd to consider how foolishly he played into Frederic Alvord's hands through the Wilcox letters. But old Boyd is dead now, and never, I suppose, learned how Mr. Alvord was led to inquire for old Andrew Wilcox's funny letters.

Margaret was overjoyed with the success of affairs, and declared, as did all the rest of the family, that after this she would consider nothing impossible, and never lose hope, even in the darkest hour. She is living still, a beautiful but older woman, with her children grown up about her, and married, I believe.

My "brother," the clerk, took to the profession of the law, and studied with old Boyd for a year or more, and finished his studies in Judge ——'s office, in Albany, — eventually marrying the young lady to whom I have alluded, and who brought him a fortune quite too large to be "laughed at;" but he did not continue at the profession long, but went into mercantile business, and is now a member, and has been for some years, of one of the most successful firms in New York city. The firm name is favora-

bly known in all parts of the land. I should say that he was, through me, paid by Margaret a quite handsome sum of money for his "good behavior" in the premises; enough to enable him with economy to "pursue" his studies — and his lady. I have had many substantial reasons in my life for not forgetting the Alvord family, who believe that but for me they would still be lacking comfortable, indeed, large fortunes.

Floramond had enough with his one fourth; besides he had a fortune of his own. He ceased to persecute Margaret instantly on the development of his villany, and two years afterwards married a woman, who, I am told, came to learn of his conduct (which it was for sundry reasons attempted to keep secret in the family), and being a woman of spirit, and much extravagance, leads him a funny life — probably using her knowledge of his conduct as a means of controlling him.

Floramond, should this sketch ever meet his eye, is welcome to reflect that he was once out-generalled by a man, of whom, happening to see him (me) one day at the hotel in his village, he asked of the landlord, "Who *is* that simpleton?" The landlord was only able, of course, to give him my assumed name, and say that I was from "Sandy Hill, Washington County" (as I had registered myself), he believed.

"Yes; well I should think he was dug out of the *sand*, somewhere," was Floramond's response. I hope he still thinks so, for it must be a comfort to him.

THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

THE INNOCENT OFTEN SUFFER WITH THE GUILTY— THE DETECTIVES' "KEYS" — REGRETS — LEONARD SAVAGE, A YOUNG MAN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND HIS FAMILY STOCK — RICHARD BROOKS, A WEALTHY NEW YORK MERCHANT — HIS VISIT TO YOUNG SAVAGE'S FATHER — RESULTS — PARTIAL BIOGRAPHY OF MR. BROOKS, IN WALL STREET AND ELSEWHERE — A SLAVE TO FORTUNE — A FATHER'S PRIDE — MR. BROOKS'S FEARFUL DREAM — MR. BROOKS IN THE OLD HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD — HOW A TRUE MAN TREATS HIS WIFE — FAMILY ASPIRATIONS — THE LOVE OF YOUNG MEN — COUNTRY AND CITY TEMPTATION — A "NEW SUIT," AND A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS — A SURPRISING PRESENT — A HAPPY SEASON — A FEARFUL CHANGE COMES — THE TERRIBLE RESULTS OF AN UNJUST JUDGMENT — ONE OF THE STRANGEST THINGS EVER KNOWN — A CATHOLIC PENITENT AN ACTOR IN THE SCENES — REMORSE — UNRAVELLINGS IN AN UNEXPECTED WAY — A SPEEDY VOYAGE TO EUROPE TO RESTORE THE WRONGED TO HIS RIGHT PLACE.

It is one of the misfortunes of a detective's life, that he learns to be suspicious of the innocent as well as of the guilty; and, like other men, detectives sometimes err in their judgment, and the innocent suffer, not only under unjust suspicions, but sometimes the penalty of offences of which they are not guilty, through the force of "circumstantial evidence" which is brought to bear upon them. Indeed, in the eye of the law, circumstantial evidence is frequently of more weight than the direct testimony of alleged eye-witnesses, for the latter may falsify, but circumstances do not create themselves, and do not often occur simultaneously or in combination. There can be no "conspiracy" among them, as between living witnesses. They have no prejudices to express, no animosities to gratify, and we usually attach to them the greatest importance. Indeed, they are the keys usually, by which the detective

unlocks the mysteries of the case which he may be called on to work up.

But notwithstanding all this, they are not always to be relied on; and when the innocent suffer from the misuse of these keys, or the misinterpretation of their significance, the officer who uses them must feel more keen regrets, if not remorse, than if he had been misled by the statements of living men, inasmuch as it is his duty to himself and his calling, as well as to his fellow-men, to draw wise and just conclusions from the circumstances of which he gets possession; and in what I am about to tell, I would be most gratified if I could make partial amends, publicly, of the result of an error of mine and others, by using the names of the party wronged. But the whole matter was known only to a few, some of whom are dead, others of whom are in business with the party wronged; and there are one or two more whose sympathy for the innocent wronged man, has, since the discovery of his innocence, only added to the high esteem in which they held him. And it were not wise for him that I give publicity to what was known to so few, and is to-day practically forgotten by them. As I may not give the proper names, I will, for convenience, coin them, while I give the important facts in the luckless and unhappy case.

Leonard Savage was a bright boy, brought up in a town in Grafton County, New Hampshire, and born of one of the best of the old stocks of that State — a stock which had had its important representatives at the bar, on the bench, in Congress, in the pulpit, in the profession of medicine, in journalism (at Boston); in short, in every department of life, not to overlook farming, in which its representatives had always excelled. Leonard had been prepared for Dartmouth College, whither he was expecting, on the opening of the next scholastic year, to go, and with bright prospects; for at the preparatory school he excelled all his mates in some branches, and was their peer in the rest, when, in the summer of 184–, a relative of his, an elderly

gentleman, and a New York banker, visited the White Mountains for recreation, with his family, and called on Leonard's parents on his way.

This gentleman, whom we will call Richard Brooks, for the sake of a name, was born in New Hampshire, and, indeed, was raised there, at a place about twenty miles from Leonard's father's, the two being about the same age. He had visited his native spot, where he had not been before for twenty-five years, the day or so before coming to Mr. Savage's house. At his native place he found but few faces he recognized, and all his relatives were either dead or had "moved to the West, or the South." "Nothing left there," said he, "of mine, save the sleepers in the graveyard, and the mouldering monuments over them." He became so mournful that he felt unlike proceeding at once to the mountains; and calling to mind the joys of his early days, when he and Mr. Savage, who were devoted friends as well as relatives, used to interchange frequent visits, even over that long distance of twenty miles, — longer in New Hampshire, over hills and mountains, than fifty miles would be in our western prairie States, or even along the line of the Hudson River, in New York, — he set his heart upon a visit to Mr. Savage, who, he learned, was still living in the old spot, though for fifteen years he had not heard from him, so absorbed had Mr. Brooks been by the exciting life of a Wall Street dealer, and with some operations which had called him more or less to Europe.

Early in life he had gone to Georgia (the southern portion of it, Fort Gaines, I believe), in a small mercantile business, which grew upon his hands into something quite important, where he married a wealthy planter's daughter, and was able, through this alliance, to enlarge his sphere of business, which eventually became very great, and was scattered over a large district.

Mr. Brooks's early New England training had well disciplined natural capacities of no mean kind, and given him advantages as a business man at the South, equalled but

by very few if any. His rise was rapid. Visiting New York on his bridal tour, his lady formed certain acquaintances there, which led her, southern born though she was, to desire New York as a home. She constantly urged Mr. Brooks to dispose of his, or rather their scattered business and interests in the South, preserving only her plantation for a winter resort, when they liked (but which, by the way, they never occupied after they came to New York; for the glitter of fashionable life so inthralled Mrs. Brooks, that she spent no winter farther south than Washington). Year after year she persisted, and Mr. Brooks eventually arranged his business and removed to New York, easily managing to get an interest in a prosperous mercantile house as silent partner.

In this he embarked a large share of his money; and finding that he needed more active life, he put most of the rest of his property into a manufacturing concern, of some department of which he took charge. The latter prospered moderately; but the "moral delinquencies," as they were modestly called, of one of his mercantile partners, who controlled the use of the funds, brought the house to ruin, and Mr. Brooks saved only some fifteen per cent. of his investment out of the wreck. Putting his manufacturing business upon a good footing, he thought to be content with that; but he must have more money. The associations he and his family had made in New York must be sustained, and it required more money than his manufacturing business brought him to keep up the style he desired.

He was dejected for a while; but having had more or less experience in stocks and in Wall Street, through his brokers, however, in other times, he turned his attention to the study of matters in that street, and came to the conclusion that he as well as another was entitled to succeed there,—and in the end he was not mistaken. Taking the funds saved from the mercantile ruin, though they were small, he went into Wall Street and formed a partner-

ship with an experienced broker, who saw that he could make the large and influential acquaintanceship of Mr. Brooks available. The latter's rise was steady, and somewhat rapid. Everything he touched turned to gold, and he became one of the most fortunate of brokers and speculators. Eventually the establishment of the Bank of ——, the most active of the projectors of which Mr. Brooks had been, called him to the post of bank president, in which post he displayed rare abilities. But his financial cares so multiplied—he was called to engage in so many operations all over the land, in fact, — that he became a slave to his own fortune, and never left the city, save to go where business called him,— sometimes West, but more frequently South. His family went to Saratoga, or the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, or where else they pleased, to pass a few weeks of the summers, but he could never "find time." So it was that he had not visited his native hills for so many years, and had almost forgotten the playmates of his boyhood, and with them his dear old relative and friend, Mr. Savage.

It can easily be conjectured that when he found himself again with the most intimate friend of his childhood, in the very house (though it had been much repaired and changed since he had seen it) where he had spent so many days, and even weeks, in each of several years of his early life, the old affections came back to him, with emotions intensified by the very fact that so much that was dear had so long been buried from his sight, and memory almost, in the mad whirl of business in which he had won his successes. In short, the latter's brilliance only served to make more bright and vivid the sweetness and riches of the old memories; and to attempt to draw the picture here which Mr. Brooks made for me when I first formed his acquaintance, of his sadness and his happiness at that meeting with Mr. Savage, would be preposterous for me, for he painted it in words which then brought tears to my eyes.

He spent a few days with Mr. Savage, and they rode



FEARFUL DREAM OF OLD MR. BROOKS.

about over the familiar hills; on cloudy days tried the trout brooks, but without their early success; wandered off to old farm-houses where they used to "attend parties," and to and from which they used to escort the girls; and, in fact, lived over their young days together quite gleefully. But it was not alone for old memories' sake that Mr. Brooks lingered there. He had made an observation the minute he arrived at Mr. Savage's which constantly impressed him. Mr. Brooks had only a family of daughters living. He had lost two sons, — one in the South and one in New York, — the latter of whom having grown to nineteen years of age he had set his heart upon, had educated him at Columbia College, and was about to send him to Germany to add to his education, intending him for the bar, or for financial business, as the son might decide on his return, when the young man, one day, was run over by a horse, which, breaking away from his carriage, dashed across the sidewalk unexpectedly to everybody near, and injuring several persons slightly or severely, so crushed and trampled upon young George, the son, that after months of intense suffering, from internal wounds especially, he died.

Mr. Brooks had never been fully his old self after the death of his son; and though some years had passed since the mournful accident, Mrs. Brooks was frequently awaked at night by her husband's talking in his dreams about, and often as if with, George. So he, too, frequently fell asleep in his chair after a weary day's work, and muttered in his sleep about George; and on one occasion, after being awakened from what was to Mrs. Brooks evidently a fearful dream, in which she stood over him and witnessed his agony for a moment before she aroused him, he, in response to her importunity, related the dream, the substance of which was, that while, when he first fell into a drowse he was enjoying visions of rural life and domestic felicity, in the midst of which George, sitting in an easy-chair, and

caressed by a young maiden, or perhaps his youthful wife, was revealed to him.

So blissful were these visions (which of course to him were realities), that he had just resolved to abandon the sickening struggle of business, go to the country and lead a quiet life, when all at once the scene changed! and down through the very centre of the beautiful panorama of bliss, came, half-wrapped in clouds, a hideous-faced, naked demon, bearing a great bag of gold in each hand, one marked "100,000," the other "1,000,000," as if to tempt him to longer continue in the money-getting service of Satan, and to peril his soul the more! and what added to the horror of all was, that just then George was represented as leaving his seat of bliss, seizing his hat, and rushing down into the lower plane, grasping at imaginary bags of gold which just eluded his clutch, his face covered with the greed of gain; and it gave him the greatest pangs to see his darling boy fall from so high an estate to one so low. It was while in the agony of these pangs in which he wildly threw up his arms, as if struggling to get up and go forth to save George, that Mrs. Brooks awakened him.

It was, as it will be seen, a terrible blow to Mr. Brooks, the death of that son, who, he confidently hoped, would take and fill, or more than fill, his place in business. He doted upon him more, perhaps, than he otherwise would have done had he not been the only son in a family of half a dozen children. The daughters would need his aid and counsel, and of this the father thought much. It was an unspeakable and irremediable loss to Mr. Brooks. He had frequently thought to adopt some young man, or dreamed that some of his daughters might marry some man after his own heart; but looking around, he never found a young man for adoption who suited him.

He had relinquished the hope that he might yet encounter somebody to his tastes when he came to Mr. Savage's home; and when the fresh, fair, well-formed, keen, but gentle-eyed, and firm of lip, Leonard, with his

fine, bared brow, ran out with his father and family to greet the just-arrived relations, who sent word of their coming the day before, Mr. Brooks's eyes gathered new lustre to themselves as he looked upon him, and discovered the strong resemblance of Leonard to his favorite child George; and the impression then made upon his mind was deepened as Mrs. Brooks, taking her husband aside an hour after their arrival, spoke to him in low words, and with tears in her eyes: —

"Have you not noticed how like our dear George is Leonard Savage? I noticed it the instant I met him, and I can't keep my eyes off from him; and he acts just as George used to, too," she added.

Mr. Brooks told her that he had remarked the resemblance; "but," said he, "please do not tell him, or the family, or our girls of it, for I have already resolved to study the young man while I am here, and I shall not pay him too much attention. I wish to see him as he usually is. I wish you would watch him carefully, too, without letting him know it."

Mrs. Brooks, of course, consented to her husband's sensible wishes (and wives should never consent to unsensible ones), and they watched Leonard with great care, only to become more and more attracted to him day by day. Sometimes Mr. Brooks and he took the old horse and carriage and rode away long distances together. During these journeys Mr. Brooks was sounding the mind and character of Leonard, talking to him of the world and the men in it; of what he had seen and learned in Europe; of the modes of doing business in New York; of his old acquaintances, some of whom had achieved honors and fortune, and how they had lived; others of whom had made shipwreck of themselves, earlier or later in life, and so on, only to find that Leonard had a wondrously appreciative and grasping mind, and seemed to be perfectly well-grounded morally. The personal beauty, too, of Leonard, and his excellent colloquial powers, charmed Mr. Brooks.

He found himself, after a few days, wholly in love with Leonard, and as his wife's judgment of the young man corresponded with his own, he felt increased confidence in Leonard; for Mr. Brooks was one of those men who, fortunate in the possession of noble and sensible wives, know how to appreciate them. Mr. Brooks always told his wife his important business, and never took any great step, when there was time enough to do so, without consulting her. But men who do business in Wall Street are sometimes called on to act on the instant, in matters which involve hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Brooks family remained several days at Mr. Savage's, and not only convinced themselves of Leonard's perfect goodness and great capacities, but of the worthiness of the whole of Mr. Savage's family; and it can readily be conjectured that, at this early time even, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, who had a daughter of the same age as Leonard, and other daughters a little younger, might have looked forward to an alliance for one of them with a young man so good and of so much promise in the world. The children, too, of Mr. Brooks became fond of "cousin Leonard," as, in their caprices, they called him, and attached to the whole family, especially to old Mr. Savage, their father's time-old friend, who was one of those straightforward, severely honest, intelligent, but at the same time fun-loving, jocular persons, whose magnetism is contagious, and makes everybody around them "feel better."

A day or two before his departure from Mr. Savage's for the mountains, Mr. Brooks took a long ride with Leonard, in which he talked much with him about life, its cares, toils, and struggles, its successes and disappointments; the value of the education of the schools, and that of the arena of business, etc., and finally told him how he had been considering him, and what projects he had been forming in his mind for him business-wise. Mr. Brooks shed many tears as he told Leonard of his resemblance to his own

dear George, and Leonard, too, was greatly affected, and could hardly utter a word.

Leonard was unwilling to give up his proposed collegiate course; but Mr. Brooks assured him that he was already superior in scholarship to the great majority of the country's most successful business men, and pointed out to him how many brilliant young men of real merit there are in the legal profession (to which Leonard inclined), as well as in the medical and clerical, who can make but poor shift in the world; who do not succeed; and he pointed out to him the advantage of stepping at once into an established business, where the course of his life would be free from the heart-racking trials and tortures through which these men are compelled to pass.

Mr. Brooks told Leonard that he would place him in business, where an honest course would be sure to win him great fortune in the end; that he had profound confidence, from what he had seen of him, in his moral nature, and that he would, in short, take him at once into business with him, give him a small interest and a salary besides, till he arrived at age, and then, if all things proved, as he believed they would, would give him a large interest in his business. "Besides," he said, "meanwhile my house shall be your home, and as much yours as if you were really my boy."

Leonard was overwhelmed with Mr. Brooks's kind offers, and expressed his fears that he had not the capacity to fill the place Mr. Brooks wished him to occupy. But Mr. Brooks would not hear to this at all; and finally Leonard said he could take no such important step without consulting his father and mother, which only seemed to increase Mr. Brooks's respect for him; and it was arranged that that night Mr. and Mrs. B. and Mr. and Mrs. S. and Leonard should have a conference, either sending the "girls" and "children" off to bed early, or managing to take a walk by themselves. Night came, and it was very beautiful. Mr. Brooks proposed that Mr. S. and wife, and

himself and wife, should take an evening stroll over to an old farm-house, where lived some goodly neighbors, and make them a parting call, and told Leonard to "come over" at such a time.

On their way home they stopped under some grand old trees, where there were rude seats for the accommodation of travellers, and there, in the moonlight, talked over the matter. Mr. Savage was surprised at Mr. Brooks's generous offers. He hardly knew what to do. He had hoped that Leonard would go to college, and finally determine to enter the ministry. This was his highest ambition for him. His own brother Leonard, after whom the young man was named, was a minister of much promise, but who became ill early in his ministry, and died after a long period of sickness and infirmity, at the age of twenty-nine.

Mr. Savage had looked to his son fondly to "do his unaccomplished work," as he expressed it (his brother's), for Mr. Savage was of that class of men who feel that their families — their "name" — must do about so much "work for the Lord in His vineyard," at any rate, and he was loath to have Leonard relinquish collegiate education. He said he was not rich, but could provide comfortably enough for Leonard; and besides, he had a great dread to have Leonard go so far from home, especially to New York, so young. He had never been in New York, but he had often visited Boston, and felt that a city was not the place for young men. But Mr. Brooks told him that New York contained the best, as well as the worst people in the world; that idleness was the bane of young men, either in town or city, and referred him to many young men whom they knew in their boyhood, and of whom Mr. Savage had told him on that visit, that they had made wreck of themselves in the country, some having gone down to drunkards' graves, etc.; that Leonard would, at once, have all he could do, and perhaps more; that he would directly enter upon a stern, and not a little laborious life, but that his

great success would be sure; that he would watch over Leonard with a father's care, etc.

Mrs. Savage cried, and Mr. S. persisted in his objections. Finally, Mr. Brooks told him that if he would give his consent, he would watch Leonard carefully, and that if he discovered the least thing to excite his suspicions that Leonard was in any way unfitted for the course of life in which he wished to place him, he would send him back to his father, and that, in the meanwhile, Leonard would have earned some money for himself, and that then he would not be too old to go to college; "for," said he, "a year's trial will decide all."

This was a new suggestion to Leonard, and he caught at it, and added his importunities to Mr. Brooks's; for he saw the brilliant prospect before him if he proved himself capable, and it was Mr. Brooks's own proposal that he go on trial. So, after much further conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Savage consented, and the parties returned to the house.

Mr. Brooks was so delighted that he could hardly contain himself, and insisted that Leonard should go with him and his family next day to the mountains. To this Leonard demurred, for he knew that fashionable people resorted there, and he had not, he said, a proper suit of clothes. He was having some made preparatory to going to college, but they were not done. Mr. Brooks gently laughed at this; told him he was well enough dressed now; that it was not his clothes, but him, that he wanted with him.

But it was finally arranged that Leonard should visit Boston, and provide himself with a ready-made suit, and follow the family in two or three days. Mr. Brooks, knowing a certain clothing-house in Boston, told Leonard to go there, and nowhere else; and after Leonard had selected his suit, judge of his surprise, when the clerk, asking his name, in order to make out the bill, presented it to Leonard, subscribed, "Payment received in full," as Leonard was drawing his wallet to pay for the goods.

"But what does this mean?" said Leonard, as, taking the bill, he handed the clerk the money, which was refused.

"I am not able to tell you more than that I had orders to hand you the bill receipted, and to refuse any money you might offer," said the clerk, as he started to go to do something needing then to be done.

"But stop, sir," said Leonard; "I cannot receive this compliment from your house. I must know what it means."

At this point one of the proprietors, seeing that Leonard was confounded, stepped up, motioned the clerk away to his duties, and said, —

"Allow me to ask what is the trouble?"

"No 'trouble,' indeed," said Leonard, "but this: I've bought a suit of clothes, for which I wish to pay, and the clerk won't let me, and has given me the receipted bill."

The proprietor reached out his hand for it, looked at it for an instant, and said, —

"Is this your name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the bill seems to be correctly made out."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am one of the proprietors of this house, — would you prefer *me* to receipt the bill, rather than that it be done in our name by a clerk — is that it?"

Of course Leonard was astonished at the query.

"Why, no, sir," said he; "I suppose this is as correct as it can be, as far as the signature is concerned, but I am astonished that you won't take my money."

"Well, we do refuse to, and shall be greatly obliged to you if you will take the suit along with you. You will have no trouble in the future about it, and I am not at liberty to explain the matter to you. All I can say is, it is all right; we are satisfied, and should be glad of your custom when you wish anything in our line."

Leonard left the store confused, unable to conjecture

what it meant, for he had no suspicion of the fact, afterwards disclosed to him, a year from then, that Mr. Brooks had written a private letter to the house, enclosing a draft on a New York bank, telling the house to let such a young man, whom he accurately described, and who would be there in a day or two, have the goods, and they could settle the difference between amount of draft and cost of goods thereafter. Of course he enjoined entire secrecy; hence it was that the proprietor was "not at liberty to explain."

Mr. Brooks intended this as a pleasant surprise upon Leonard, but it didn't prove so. He was more or less harassed by it till he came to know the facts. He was one of those independent, self-reliant souls, who rather go without this or that than receive it from patronizing hands; and as he did not even suspect this as Mr. Brooks's work, and as old Mr. Savage, when Leonard came to tell him of the occurrence, was equally unsuspecting, Leonard was a little vexed.

Mr. Brooks had been so long away they did not conceive that he had acquaintances in Boston; and moreover they knew that he had not been near the post office of the village while he was there, or had they suspected him they would have thought of that, and been puzzled. But Mr. Brooks had been wary, and without going to the post office himself, sent his daughter out to walk, and deposit the letter, and told her to say nothing about it, and to show its superscription to no one.

Leonard followed the family in his new but plain suit, for he had not been extravagant. His fine form needed no adornment, and the visitors at the mountains that season hardly knew which to admire the most, his frank, handsome face, his Apollo-like form, or his gentle, kindly manners. Of course Mr. Brooks was very proud of him, and was never so happy as when talking to the people he met of the prize he had found "up among the granite hills." He spoke of Leonard as his "clerk," and

was, in short, a particle silly in the expression of his pride over Leonard; and Mrs. Brooks was not far behind him. So that the gossiping portion of the visitors to the mountains, when they met, began to whisper it about that it was "easy enough to be seen" that Mr. Brooks was arranging an alliance for his daughter, and they were very sure it was the next to the oldest; and before the Brookses left the mountains, these gossipers were certain of it; and, as they observed the quiet, modest, and reserved appearance of the beautiful Isabella, they construed her silence into her non-concurrence with the supposed plan, and Mrs. Brooks overheard some of them bewailing the condition of her daughter, declaring it was "too bad to compel a girl to marry against her will;" that although Leonard was so beautiful, and all that, yet it was not right to compel the girl to marry him, and the Brookses "ought to be ashamed of it." Little did they know what at the same time was going on in Isabella's heart, and as little foresaw what the future, not years distant, was to develop in the happiness and joy of the Brooks and Savage families. Ah, and much less could they then have conjectured of the terrible reverses—the inexpressible sufferings, which were to come to some, indeed all, of those then happy households.

The season over, Mr. Brooks and family returned to New York, making but a day or two's call at Mr. Savage's, where it was arranged that Leonard should follow them in a month, and then set out for Boston, where Mr. Brooks called on the clothing-house, and received the balance due on his draft.

"That young man," said the proprietor, who had had the conversation with Leonard, "is a splendid fellow to look upon, and I liked his manners. I've thought ever since he was here I would like to get his services in our store—if I could. Do you think he could be induced to come to Boston? We'd do well by him—give him a fair trial—he would have nothing to complain of."

"Then you like him? What struck you most in his appearance?"

"Well, he's intelligent and handsome, that everybody can see; but what I liked most, was his honest, open face. I think he's perfectly reliable — a thing I can say of but few of the clerks our house ever had."

Mr. Brooks was delighted with this estimation of Leonard by a shrewd, keen-sighted business man, and replied, —

"You've judged the young man rightly, I think; but you cannot secure his services. A business is already provided for him. Were it not for that, I might try to get him into your employ."

Soon after Mr. Brooks left the store; and, of course, the first thing he told Mrs. Brooks on entering the Revere House, where they were stopping, was what the merchant had said about Leonard, and the daughters all heard it too.

But I must cut this part of the story short, for I find my personal regard for Leonard is leading me to dilate upon those points which are not so exactly connected with the detective's business; and I have gone over the substance of Mr. Brooks's narrative to me of the past, in such detail, in order to give the reader some adequate notion of the intensity of the grief which came upon the Brooks family, and to show how the extremest innocence and the most lofty honor may sometimes suffer under false charges, — the designs of the base and vile for their own mean ends; or, as in this case, through the conspiracy of circumstances, the solution of which necessarily involves the innocent sometimes.

Leonard went to New York in due time, and was taken into Mr. B.'s family as a member, and duly installed in Mr. B.'s business, first as clerk, Mr. Brooks advancing him little by little, as he saw fit.

A year rolled round, and Leonard visited his country home, and Mr. Brooks had no occasion to "release" him in that he loved him; and all the family loved him; and

there was one of them who more than loved him, Isabella; but so gentle and undemonstrative had she been, that Leonard did not know it; and he regarded all the girls as his sisters, and was kind, and gentle, and cheerful to them all alike. Still, sometimes he thought he "liked" (for he never thought of "love" towards any of them, save in the kindly, friendly sense), Isabella, in particular, the best.

When he returned there was rejoicing in the Brooks' house, and all went on smoothly. These things proceeded till Leonard became of age, and Mr. Brooks at once took him into full partnership, giving him outright an interest sufficient to make him wealthy. Leonard had not forgotten his love of books, and occupied most of his leisure hours at his happy home, reading to the family. Thus he was storing his mind, and fitting himself for greater usefulness.

So fashionable a family as the Brookses, had necessarily been called into society much, and had given many parties themselves, but they gradually lost their interest in those things after Leonard came; and as Mr. Brooks saw the advantage of which his reading and studential habits would be to his daughters, he encouraged their more quiet life. In short, Leonard became indispensable to that household, and lived there as a brother and a son, to whom they all had come to look up, till his twenty-fourth year, when, going a little into society, and meeting various ladies, whom he admired, he began to conceive the thought of marriage; but he found none who, in comparison with the young ladies at home, he thought equal to them, especially to one of them, the gentle Isabella, who was also a very good scholar, and had studied a great deal since Leonard became a member of the family. He dwelt upon the matter very much. Isabella was almost a sister, indeed. He felt a delicacy about revealing his affections; but at last he did, and the tears of Isabella revealed her only too great joy.

They made their story known to Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, who, in their gladness, would have had them marry the very next day. Mr. Brooks said that any delay under the circumtances was absurd; that he did not care for formalities, and wanted to make no show. But Mrs. Brooks's pride took another direction. She wanted time to make a great wedding, and Mr. Brooks yielded. The wedding came, and passed all happily, and Leonard Savage and Isabella Brooks were united for a happy life, to be checkered, however, by great misery to them both. They remained with Mr. Brooks's family for a year, when they moved into a new house which Mr. Brooks had erected meanwhile, and given to Isabella, and time went on; children were born to them, and happy grandparents lived over their lives again in the smiles of their loving grandchildren.

Meanwhile Mr. Brooks changed his business somewhat, and founding a bank, he became president of it, and along with him went Leonard, as chief clerk, his property, now sufficient for his support in style, being invested in various paying stocks. He went more as a companion for old Mr. Brooks, than to fill a position for the sake of its salary; and as Mr. Brooks had a dear friend, who, in his old age had become ruined in Wall Street, it was arranged that he should be cashier so long as he might desire, or might live, and that Mr. Savage should succeed him, if he so desired. But Mr. Savage was Mr. Brooks's confidential clerk in all respects, and was intrusted with everything.

All things went on happily and smoothly for a year and a half, till a certain fatal day arrived. The day before, Mr. Savage, who, in all the long time he had been with Mr. Brooks, never drew out at any time from the concern but a portion of his dues, told Mr. Brooks that he had become embarrassed a little through the decline of a certain stock, which was sure, however, to come up again, and that he wanted a thousand dollars for current expenses; and unwilling to sell any stock he held, and not willing to ask

anybody else to loan him, was obliged to ask of him a favor. Mr. Brooks smiled at the matter, gave him the money at once, and in a manner of half reproof, and half joke, said, "Leonard, what made you think I'd lend you money? I won't, never. Take that as a birthday present *from* me, to reverse the order of things, for to-morrow is my birthday." Leonard took the money, considering it a loan, which he should make up in a week.

The next day was a fatal one to the happiness of that house, and the one to which all I have written here has been pointing. It was noon. Mr. Brooks was out of town, the cashier had gone to his dinner, and so the clerks, and all but an old negro messenger, who had been with the house since its establishment, and he was dozing away in his accustomed seat, when a man entered the bank with a draft for two thousand dollars, and something over (I forget the exact sum); was in haste, or such was Mr. Savage's story; got it cashed by Mr. Savage, who acted as teller in the teller's absence, and cashier too, and made an entry in the books, and slipped the draft, as he declared, into the proper drawer, preparatory to its being duly filed, according to the custom of the bank. That night the entry was found in the books, but no draft to correspond was found. Mr. Savage was confounded; the old cashier said an unkind word to him about carelessness, and the bank closed without the matter being settled.

Next day the cashier brought the thing to Mr. Brooks's notice before Mr. Savage came in; and the old cashier presumed, on his intimacy with Mr. Brooks, to say that the affair "looked bad." The illness of one of Mr. Savage's children delayed him an hour or two beyond the usual time of arriving at the bank, and this added to Mr. Brooks's uneasiness, not knowing the cause. Moreover, there flashed into his mind, what had been forgotten for nearly thirty years, the mournful history of the latter life of a man in the South, whom he once knew, and who, in the midst of happiest surroundings, and after having enjoyed

everybody's confidence for a period of over forty years, proved at last a villain.

Mr. Brooks deemed this man's name coming back, as it did,—he knew not how,—to memory, as a sort of providential presentation of light upon the matter in question; and, by the deep degree of his affection for his son-in-law, his suspicions became intense, as he afterwards explained it. By the time Leonard Savage got to the bank, Mr. Brooks was in the mood to believe almost anything of him. He remembered, too, that he was embarrassed the day before, and he had given him a thousand dollars. How did he know but he wanted more thousands? What had he done with his money?

When Mr. Savage arrived, Mr. Brooks, with a frown on his face, invited him into the directors' room, shut the door, and asked him to explain about that draft. Mr. Savage told him the whole simple story, quietly; expressed his great regret at his stupidity; said he knew he must have — in fact, he knew as well as he knew anything — put the draft in such a place; that it was drawn by such a bank in the country (a familiar one, often doing business with them); was all right, etc., and that he and the clerks had hunted high and low, and it was not to be found the day before. Mr. Savage was secretly annoyed at Mr. Brooks's pertinacity in the matter, and he finally said, —

"Father Brooks, of course I propose that the bank shall not lose the money. The other bank will, of course, recognize the fact of having given the draft; and now, as the draft is paid it is all the same to us if it is lost."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Brooks; "that's all well enough. I wonder why I've not thought to send word to the other bank, and find if they have issued such a draft on us." This very suggestion piqued Mr. Savage's pride awfully, but he suffered the affront silently; and as the conversation closed, Mr. Savage said, "And, father, even if it were a forged draft, I should tell you to have it charged to me,

against my stock and dividends. The bank shall not lose for my laches."

This suggestion about a forged draft struck Mr. Brooks unpleasantly. "What if it should prove that the bank has made no such draft on us that day?" asked Mr. B. of himself, as he and Mr. Savage parted; and he immediately despatched a messenger to the country to find out the facts, who, returning, said the bank had issued no such draft. Mr. Brooks's suspicions became strong that Mr. Savage, for some inscrutable reason, had done wrong. He did not care for the money, but his confidence was shaken in him. He would pay the sum withdrawn, and get rid of Mr. Savage as easily as he could. This was his purpose; but he bethought him, that perhaps somebody could unravel the mystery; *perhaps*—but he did not believe it—somebody had deceived Mr. Savage with a forged check; but, ah! where had that gone. "Perhaps," Mr. Savage had thought — well, he could not solve it for himself, knew not what to think; and after pondering over it, came to our office (for I then had a partner). He revealed his case to me,—told me the whole history which I have related, and far more, and said he had grown ten years older within the past two weeks. He had said nothing yet to his wife about it, and thought he never should.

I told him it looked to me that Mr. Savage was an honest man, and had been imposed upon with a forged check; that possibly, by some connivance with the old negro messenger, the forger had repossessed himself of that check; but that that was the most unlikely thing in the world. I tried to conceive various ways to account for it, even to supposing that Mr. S. was mistaken as to having put the draft in the drawer, but had tucked it, unthinkingly, into his vest pocket, and had lost it. But to all I could suggest, he had a ready reply; and I told him that I thought I'd better examine the premises, the drawers, and so forth; and we arranged a private examination, — he and I being alone in the bank, — which was made.

I saw that if the drawers were full, — and it appeared that on that fatal day much business had been done, and the drawer was probably full, — a paper might get out over the back end and fall on the floor, and so get lost; but this suggestion was answered to my satisfaction, — the greatest search had been made for the paper on the afternoon of the day it was said to have been presented, etc., and my theory was thus precluded. After a few conferences, I finally yielded to Mr. Brooks's opinion, that Mr. Savage was guilty of having taken the money, and trumped up the silly story for his defence; and yet it was all so absurd an act in one situated as was he.

A while after, Mr. Brooks had a serious talk with Mr. Savage, who was allowed to pay the bank the loss, and matters were so arranged that the clerks thought that the check had indeed been found, though they did not see it; but Mr. Brooks's confidence in and respect for Mr. Savage was gone, and the poor old man's grief was terrible. "Not one honest man in the world," he used to mutter; "even if you educate him yourself, and nurture him in your own bosom, and give to his keeping your dearest child, and your wealth and all, he'll deceive you."

Mr. Brooks caused Mr. Savage to give up his place; and told him that he wanted his daughter and their children to visit him as before, but hoped he should never see *him* at his house, and if he did visit there, he trusted he would take care not to meet him. And Mr. Savage, whose feelings, under the circumstances, can perhaps be better conceived than described, seeing the old man's wretchedness, withdrew from his sight quietly, simply saying, "It is awful — I am innocent — perhaps something will convince you, some day, that I am."

"No, no," said old Mr. Brooks; "I have no such hope; there is no room for hope; you have deceived me in your character, and I am fast breaking down."

Mr. Savage went to his home an almost broken-down man himself. For a long time he kept all from his wife;

finally, he told her; and she, against his advice, went to implore her father, now inexorable in his opinion. He cried over his daughter, but would not yield his opinion.

Mr. Savage became quite low in health, and it was finally thought best, by his physician, that he should take a sea voyage, — go to Europe to spend a year or two; which he did, leaving his wife and children at home. He made his will, and arranged everything as if he might never return. The physicians could not determine exactly what was his malady, but thought change of conditions and travel would do him good. They did not know that it was wounded affection — affection for his dear old father-in-law, whom he really loved and adored — that was secretly undermining his health; for he could not tell them his story.

Two years had passed since that unhappy day, of the presentation of the draft, when there came a letter to Mr. Brooks, purporting to be from a Catholic clergyman, who gave his name, saying that a dying penitent had confessed a presentation of a forged draft on his bank for two thousand dollars at about such a time — day of the month he could not recollect, — and that he was ready to make restoration, to the extent of his ability, with funds left in his hands for the purpose. He could restore twelve hundred dollars, and asked Mr. B. if such a check had been drawn on his bank at such a time, as the penitent was not in the most vivid state of memory at the time of confession, and talked of two or three banks at the same time.

Here is light! thought Mr. Brooks; and he lost no time in seeking out the priest, and getting from him all he could disclose; and when the priest, — who would not give him the man's name, on account of certain relatives of the forger's, who were respectable people, — Mr. Brooks remembered that Mr. Savage's meagre description of the man, who he alleged presented the check, was like the priest's, Mr. Brooks began to suffer remorse. "Yet, where is the check?" he constantly asked himself; and with this he settled his conscience as frequently as it was dis-

turbed; and saying nothing to his wife about this, — to whom not till months after the fatal day he had told his story, — thought over the matter by himself. He did not receive the money from the priest, but caused him to put it in the bank, told him to act as its trustee, and that by and by he could come to some conclusion. He told the priest that there was alleged to have been a draft for two thousand dollars drawn at that time; and he learned from the priest that the man who confessed to drawing a forged order was skilful with his pen, and capable, probably, of forging successfully. And with this all, Mr. Brooks was constantly in trouble of mind.

Finally, it had been resolved by the bank to get a heavy safe, in addition to the one in the vault, for its increasing business; and when the position it was to occupy was selected, it was seen that the old desk must be removed. In placing the safe in its position, the old floor broke down on the part nearest the wall, — for the banking rooms were in an old building, — and it became necessary to repair the floor. The safe was rolled out in the middle of the room, and the floor, or a portion of it, taken up. It was found that for nearly nine inches from the side of the room the floor-boards had nothing to rest on, and consequently broke down with the weight of the safe. They were not thick and stout enough, and the reckless joiners, in laying the floor, had saved themselves labor in slighting their work. But the floor had served its purpose well enough till that day. On tearing off the broken ends of the floor, several papers were found between them and the ceiling of the room below, — the basement offices, — and small bits of sealing-wax, short strings, a few cents, and such things.

The bank men and clerks looked at the papers, and one of them, taking up a paper of peculiar color, and folded, said, "What's this?" and carelessly opened it. "Why, this is a draft on our bank by the Bank of ——; cashed, too, I reckon; how came it here?"

Fortunately Mr. Brooks was looking on the scene. The

old cashier was sick at home, the person in his place occupied, and the clerk who found the paper a new comer. "Let me see that," said Mr. Brooks, and reached his trembling hand for it, took it, and turned away; looked at it; put it in his pocket, and went into the directors' room; cried till he was weak; and finally, coming out, said he was sick, and must go home; had a carriage ordered, and was soon at home, revealing to his wife what, together with the confession of the dying penitent, he considered the full proof of Mr. Savage's innocence.

The color of the draft, which had proven a little dark in the mean while, however, was like that before and then still used by the country bank in its check blanks, and was all right. It flashed upon him that the forger had gotten possession of one of these, done his work, deceived Mr. Savage, — and all was clear but as to *how* the check got there, — a mystery in some part never to be solved. But next day Mr. Brooks observed, what had never occurred to him before as remarkable, yet which he remembered to have carelessly noted every day of his life, that the base-board above the floor had shrunken away from the latter for the space of nearly a quarter of an inch; and he found that the broken ends of the floor boards revealed that they but barely reached under the base board, so short were they. The draft, found folded, had somehow slipped out of the drawer, and got on to the floor; and perhaps, in somebody's haste that fatal day, had chanced to be hit with the toe of a boot severely enough to be cast under the base board, into the receptacle where it was found.

Mr. Brooks's remorse was great. He would have hurried to Europe, to see his son-in-law, and bring him back, if he could possibly have then left New York, but he could not; and he did the next good thing. He would not trust to the slow process of the mail, — for where his son-in-law was at the time his daughter, who had been made acquainted with the facts, could not tell. He was last heard from at Rome, but was about to depart for some other place —

Vienna, I believe. So Mr. Brooks wrote the most tender letter, imploring forgiveness, and together with one from Mr. Savage's wife, sealed it up very securely, selected a messenger, who was no other than the old cashier's, his friend's, son, and fitting him out, bade him make haste to find Mr. Savage, give him the letters, and bring him home.

The messenger left for Europe by the next steamer from Boston, and going directly to Rome, traced out Mr. Savage from there, and found him at last in Athens, Greece, an enfeebled, prematurely old man. He had suddenly changed his purpose to go to Austria, and set out with a party from Rome to Greece.

Mr. Savage was so overcome with joy that he was thrown into a fit of sickness, which lasted for some three weeks; but he recovered to his old status of late, and before he arrived in New York — his anxiety having gone, and his happiness at the prospect of soon being restored to the arms of the old man, whom he so loved, with all suspicions removed from his character, and his innocence proclaimed — he had grown to be quite like his old self in appearance, though yet unusually thin.

I will not attempt to describe the meeting between him, his father and mother-in-law, and his wife, for these were all at his own house, in a private room, when he arrived from the steamer, — Mr. Brooks feeling that he could not meet him there, as he wished to in his heart, for he would be overcome, had written him a note by the coachman, telling him where he would find him. Mr. Brooks's recital of that scene, which he told me more than once, was the most touching story I ever listened to; would that I had the power of pen to reproduce it; but I have not, and I will not depreciate it by the attempt.

During the messenger's absence Mr. Brooks had sought me, told me the story of the confession and the finding of the note, and would have scolded me a little I felt, because I did not think of the shrunken base board, — which I now think I noticed, — if he too had not overlooked that in

the examination, although he had in fact noticed it nearly every day that the rooms had been occupied by his bank.

The still unravelled mystery of how the check got out of the drawer and under the base board, sometimes puzzles me; but it is no stranger, after all, than many things I have known. There can be no doubt of Mr. Savage's innocence in the matter. The twelve hundred dollars, with some interest thereon, was finally paid over by the priest; but Mr. Brooks took care that Father —— received, in a way mysterious to him, and for his own use, a much larger sum; so grateful was he for the restoration to his home of his innocent son-in-law, whom he had so deeply, yet naturally enough under the circumstances, wronged.

This case, I hardly need add, served to increase my caution in the examination of my future "work," though I thought I was as wary and careful as a man could well be before.

THE PECULIAR ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE DOCTRINE OF CHANCE — A NIGHT AT THE GIRARD HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA — AN INOFFENSIVE GENTLEMAN, MY ROOM-MATE — I DISTURB HIS SLEEP — A QUEER TALE — NELLIE WILSON AND HER UNCLE — WILLIAM WILSON, NELLIE'S DISSOLUTE COUSIN — FEARFUL LOVE-MAKING — A RESCUE — A CALL TO DUTY — A DEAD MAN'S WILL MISSING — STUDYING UP THE CASE WITH THE GREAT CRIMINAL LAWYER, JUDGE S. — FATE INTERPOSES — A MYSTERIOUS AND PECULIAR ADVERTISEMENT — AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, WAITING AND WATCHING — AN "APPEARANCE" — WILLIAM WILSON AGAIN — AN UPPER ROOM, AND THE VILLAINS THEREIN — A PRIVATE CONFERENCE NOT ALL SECRET — A FLASH OF VICTORY BEFORE UTTER DEFEAT — NOTES AND DOCUMENTS EXCHANGED — BASE REJOICINGS — A FATAL NEGLECT — THE SURPRISE — COMPLETE DISCOMFITURE — THE END ACCOMPLISHED — "COALS OF FIRE," BUT THEY DO NO GOOD — A VIOLENT DEATH — HAPPY CONSEQUENCES — THE PECULIAR ADVERTISEMENTS UNRAVELLED.

COINCIDENCES in life and its various pursuits are perhaps governed by some mysterious law, and are not always resolvable by the doctrine of chance. The detective is not only brought into contact with all sorts of people without the profession, but frequently finds himself in the company of his mysterious fellow-craftsmen, to some purpose. An advertisement among the "Personals" in the New York Herald had directed me to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1857; or, rather, following the thread of one by which I thought I might possibly unravel a mystery of great importance to a client of mine, I had gone to Philadelphia; and putting up at the Girard House, was compelled, on account of the crowded state of the hotel, to take room for the night with a quiet, inoffensive looking gentleman, whose appearance at times, however, betokened to me that something was pressing upon his mind.

Not a little harassed by the mission I was on, I found myself unable to sleep, and while pondering over this and that device for the next day's proceedings in my mazy work, I was conscious that I constantly changed position, rolling over in bed, etc., but as softly as possible, in order to not awaken my fellow-lodger, whom I supposed to be sweetly enjoying his dreams. The night had worn well on, when my companion addressed me: —

"Friend, are you ill?"

"O, no, — why?"

"I have observed that you have not slept any yet to-night."

"Then you, too, have been awake the whole time?"

"Yes, fully."

"Let me ask, then, if you are unwell?"

"O, no; but business cares press upon me, of a somewhat serious nature."

And thus beginning, after a long period of cautious colloquy the fact became developed to each that the other belonged to the fraternity of detectives. My new friend had come from Cincinnati upon an errand which he disclosed to me in part, and I had the happiness of making him, what he was pleased to call, valuable suggestions, and which so proved in the sequel, I believe. I had aided him, and he was ready to serve me if possible. In so far as I properly might, I made him acquainted with my business, and the end which I sought; told him of the advertisement in the Herald, and how I interpreted it, and why I believed that I was on the right track. He had an illustrative case in point, very like, in many respects, the affair I had in hand; and inasmuch as a change in the programme of my investigations took place in a day or two after, so that my affair was dropped, and never pressed to its full development, I will recall my friend's story here, as perhaps not less interesting than mine might have been, had I carried out things to their possible issue.

My friend's story was, in substance this: "Some years

ago I formed the acquaintance of a wealthy gentleman, residing in this city. His name we will call Wilson, and his home was one of the most comfortable and luxurious in the city. His wife had died some years before, and his home was presided over by his very beautiful niece, Nellie Wilson, a girl of about twenty years of age, who, with his only son, constituted his 'family.' Miss Nellie was a most attractive person, tall, symmetrically formed, with a wealth of beautiful hair. Her eyes of that peculiar blue which is seldom seen in such richness as in hers, were among the most beautiful; in fact, to not be too sentimental, and yet to speak truth, I must say they were the most beautiful eyes I ever looked into. Her complexion was faultless, and her manners, especially in their quiet majesty, were more than faultless, — imposing and elegant. A great prize, you see. Well, I must say, and so I will say, friend, that if, when I first saw this Miss Nellie, I had not had at home one of the best wives in all my State, or in this whole country, I should have been obliged, I fear, to let myself go distracted over that embodiment of female perfections, Miss Nellie; and as 'twas, I confess I didn't forget her soon; and 'pears to me, if this is really I that's talking, I haven't quite forgot her yet! — how is that, friend?"

"Well," said I, in reply, "it would seem so to me, if I'd let it, but I won't trouble you with that. Go on with your story, for I am all interest."

Resuming, he went on to say that it wasn't strange that such a girl as Nellie, whose disposition was as sweet as her beauty was great, had captivated the kindliest affections of her uncle, to the disparagement of the son, who was an eyesore to his father, being exceedingly dissipated. His dissolute life had deeply tried his father, whose blasted hopes of his son's ever becoming reformed had only tended to deepen his regard and tenderness towards Miss Nellie. In fact, the son and father lived, if not in a sort of perpetual petty warfare, in very uncongenial relations.

Charles Wilson, the father, was a sort of *bon vivant*

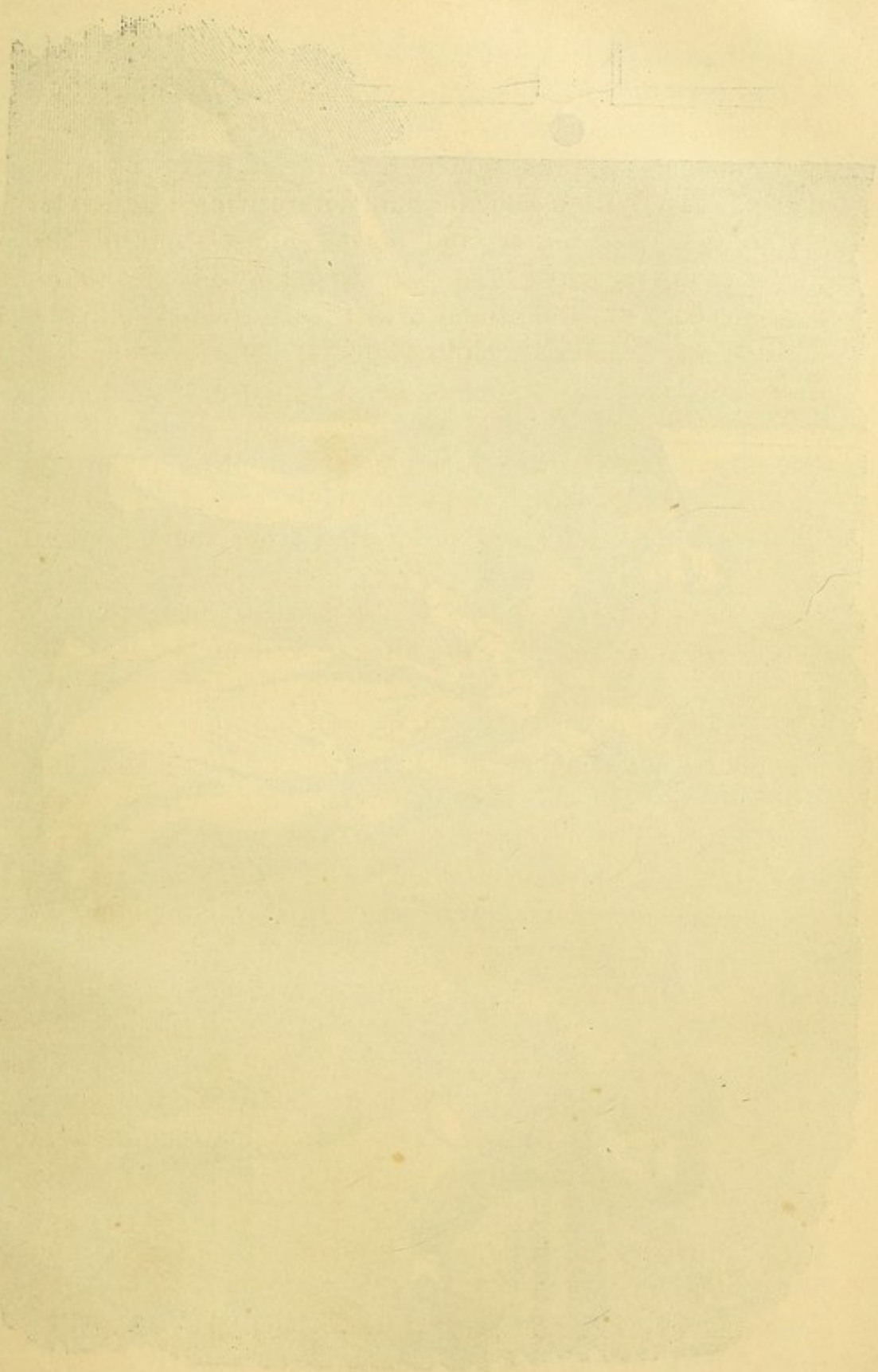
(bating the use of liquors), and took great pleasure in inviting to his table such persons as pleased his fancy. Inviting me one day, I went, and enjoyed a most capital dinner, and with it an hour or more of very pleasing sociality. Mr. Wilson had the habit of retiring to rest for an hour after his dinner, and bowed himself out of the room with due explanations. I occupied myself in conning over some books in the studio, which was divided from the adjoining apartment by sliding doors. Miss Nellie had withdrawn soon after dinner to see, I suppose, after sundry household duties. A little weary of my solitude, I fell into a sort of doze in the capacious and inviting arms of a luxurious "study-chair," out of which I was awakened by voices which evidently proceeded from the adjoining room.

Our dinner had been partaken of at a late hour, and by this time the evening had advanced well on, so that the uproar of the street had ceased, leaving that quiet silence which one can almost feel by the touch, and rending audible almost the least sound. I was not obliged to listen, but was rather forced to hear all that was going on in the next room. It must have been, I saw, the voice of William Wilson, the son, that had broken my reverie, and as I discovered something husky and gross in it, I concluded he was intoxicated, muttering, —

"Hear me *now*, Nellie! Curse you! You — *know* — I — love — you," — drawing out his words with the peculiar utterance of a drunken, but a very earnest man. "Yes, I worship the very dust under your feet. Your beauty makes me crazy. It transports me in imagination into fairy regions. Yes, it's the fairy regions themselves, in its complete self!"

"Away with your ridiculous praises; I will have none of your compliments now. Why do you continue to persecute me? Have I not made my decision plain to you? I cannot recall it. I will not change," she replied.

"Dear Nellie, do have mercy! — don't say so! If you





RESCUE OF NELLIE WILSON.

but knew how utterly I worship you! I have no thoughts but of you! Every pulse of my being beats for you! O, I beg you, sweet, blessed idol! — do, do smile once upon me!" the intoxicated brute responded.

"William, you are grossly intoxicated. How dare you come to me thus?"

"My own cousin Nellie, drunk or sober, I will be yours; and by all the gods, you *shall* be mine!"

"I pity you, William, but I beg you to leave me now, or I must and will leave your presence."

"Never! my beautiful cousin, until you own that you love me. I would barter all the hopes I ever had of future happiness for one moment of your love. I could stand a whole year gazing in rapture into your sweet face. O, darling one! blessed Nellie! swear that you *will* be mine!"

Thus the young fellow went on, working himself into a great passion.

"Mister — Wilson!" here broke in Miss Nellie, "unless you leave the room, or let me, I'll call for help."

"No, you shall not! I know that my father loves you better than he ever did me, and I know that in his will he has left you nearly all his property, and left me with next to nothing. So much you have won upon him, and to add to my misery you scorn my love; but there's no power on earth to forbid you being mine, and you shall be!"

There was a movement in the room, as if Miss Nellie was proceeding to some action.

"Nellie, you shall not avoid me so. I tell you, you shall be mine. O, dearest! own that you love me! Come, let me fold you to my breast!"

There was a slight, fitful scream, and I heard the delirious fellow rushing towards her; and feeling her peril, I jumped to the sliding doors, pushed them apart just as the drunken wretch had wrapped his arms about the girl. But when he saw me he let go his grasp, and with a maddened expression on his face, hastened from the room. I

caught the frightened girl in my arms, and bore her to the sofa; but it was some time before she recovered from her swoon.

Fearing that this might not be the last wrong which the drunken son would inflict upon that beautiful girl, I felt it nothing less than my duty to inform his father of the son's outrageous course; and William was banished from the house.

Not long after I left for the West, and was absent a week or so. The night of my return I received a call from Judge S——, the great criminal advocate, who told me that he had been hunting me all day, exclaiming, "And thank a blessed Providence I have found you at last."

"You are a little excited, judge; what's the matter?"

"I am in a great perplexity, and I want your aid to get out of it, for I know that you knew George Wilson — didn't you?"

"*Knew* him? Yes, and know him perfectly well. He's a great friend of mine, I'm glad to believe."

"Hadn't you heard that he is dead?"

"Dead! It isn't possible — is it?"

"Yes; died night before last."

"How sudden! Is there any suspicion of something wrong about his death?"

"No; for he had been unwell for quite a while. He died of heart disease. You, perhaps, don't know that I was his attorney; but you do know how wretchedly he lived with that infamous son, William. A few months ago I drew Mr. Wilson's will. He had been so long complaining that he began to fear that he could not last long, and wanted to make all things secure for his niece, Nellie, who, by the will, was made legatee of nearly all his property, he leaving but a small annuity to his son — and —"

"But, here let me ask you if William knows about the provisions of the will?"

"Not that I know, for a surety; but let's see. I do remember that when the will was witnessed, we were dis-

turbed by a slight noise, as of one disposed to obtrude; but I saw no one."

"You may be sure that it was William whom you heard, for I chance to know that he understood the chief contents of the will;" and then I recited to him what I had overheard William say to Miss Nellie.

"This may be a thing in point," said the attorney, when I had concluded; "but let me finish what I have to tell you. The will was placed in my care, and I enveloped it and placed it in my private drawer. When I heard of Mr. Wilson's death, I reverted to my drawer, took out the envelope, but found no will within it — only a blank piece of paper there! You can hardly judge of my thrilling surprise."

"Ah! some scamp, or interested person then, had played you a trick?"

"Precisely. I was so taken aback that I was quite nonplussed — more than 'thunder struck.' But after a while I recovered my self-possession, and began to revolve in my mind the proper course to pursue under the circumstances. As good luck had it, I was alone, and nobody knew my discomfiture."

"Do you entertain any special suspicions of anybody?"

"I am at a loss whom to suspect; but you give me a valuable hint, perhaps, in what you have related. It seems very probable that William Wilson could give me light upon the matter, if so disposed. Nevertheless, I feel certain that it was impossible for him to get access to my drawer."

"But you have several clerks?"

"Yes, five; but I have full confidence in each of them. None of these knew what the envelope contained, for I never confide to anybody more than I think he has need to know; and of the existence of the will none of my clerks had any occasion to be apprised. I made the loss known to no one; but locked up my drawer, and plunged into my business in my usual manner."

"You were wise in so doing. Did you notice anything at all disturbed in your desk?"

"Nothing. It must have been carefully manipulated, and opened by a skilful hand."

"And on reflection, you have no just reason to entertain suspicion of any of the clerks?"

"No. I have studied them closely, but can see nothing unusual, nothing guilt-like in the manner of any of them. But thus outwitted, as soon as I heard of your re-appearance in the city, the thought flashed upon me that perhaps you could unravel the mystery."

"Well, now I have your story, I'll see what I can do. Something tells me that that will can be found. Do you believe in Fate? Sometimes I have premonitions which come as suddenly as lightning, and prove in the end of worth. I guess I shall be able to serve you."

After the usual leave-taking, the attorney departed, and I leaned back in my chair, and threw my feet listlessly upon the table in the room, and set about conjuring up schemes. A score of plans flitted through my mind; but the case was a perplexing one, and I knew not which plan to adopt for action. But here Fate again; for in the midst of my greatest distraction, I chanced to note on the table a copy of the New York Mercury, of date a day or two before, which I picked up for diversion, and running almost unwittingly over a column of advertisements, my eye lighted upon this: —

"LET THE SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE TAKE HEED. *Will will be pleased to know the* WILL *of the unwilling, at nine o'clock, Monday night, next? for success and joy, perhaps, await him.* HIS CONTINENTAL FRIEND."

Looking back upon it now, I don't see why I was startled at this. But I was. Perhaps it was because of the frequent repetition of the word "will;" but so it was

at any rate; and I thought I had a clew at last. "His Continental Friend"? ——

"O, I have it! The Continental Hotel is a place of rendezvous. I'll watch and wait."

This much decided, I turned in reverie upon the beautiful Nellie, and felt more than usual joy in the prospect of being of avail to her, and, I confess, not a little ugly towards William, whom, what I had seen of him had led me to despise. But he was a fellow of some ability, and must have been the prompter of the work of abstraction; and, having money at times, might have corrupted one of the clerks into his interest. Thus I reflected, till I became, indeed, convinced. At the Continental I resolved to be, at the time appointed in the advertisement, or before.

I was on hand at an early hour, watching all that passed. The time went on very sluggishly, and I was getting nervous. A quiet stealthly-looking person came in at last, and ordered a room for the night. I watched the number on the register; and posting myself on the street, being partially disguised, I waited till William should come, which he did, in a half-intoxicated mood. He scanned the register in a maudlin way, and sent up his card to the room, which, as good luck would have it, was on the topmost floor, so crowded was the hotel that night.

The servant who bore the card returned, saying, —

"He says, 'Send the gentleman up.'"

I waited till the clumsy steps of William sounded as from on the second flight, when I quietly followed, increasing my pace as I neared him; so that I was near upon him when the door opened.

"Halloo, Wilson! Here all right! Well, I'm more than glad to see you!" exclaimed the inmate, as Wilson entered, and the door closed.

Tripping to the door, I listened, and heard William quite distinctly, his cups having added emphasis to his somewhat gruff voice.

"Well, Mr. Roberts, my very legs tremble, for I feared it might not be you here after all. I'd most forgot the name we'd agreed on for the register, but I knew your handwriting. *Was* it Hyde? I thought it was Hood we'd fixed on. But no matter now. Here you are, and that's enough."

Instantly that I heard the name Roberts, I knew it must be the attorney's chief clerk, for he had spoken of this clerk as having been longest in his employ, and you can well understand how I became at once all ears.

"But you have that important paper all secure?"

"Of course I have, or I wouldn't have advertised. I feared you might have left New York, and wouldn't get the notice in time."

"But how did you get it — and when? Tell me the story, my brave boy," said William, with the patronizing voice of a new-made millionnaire.

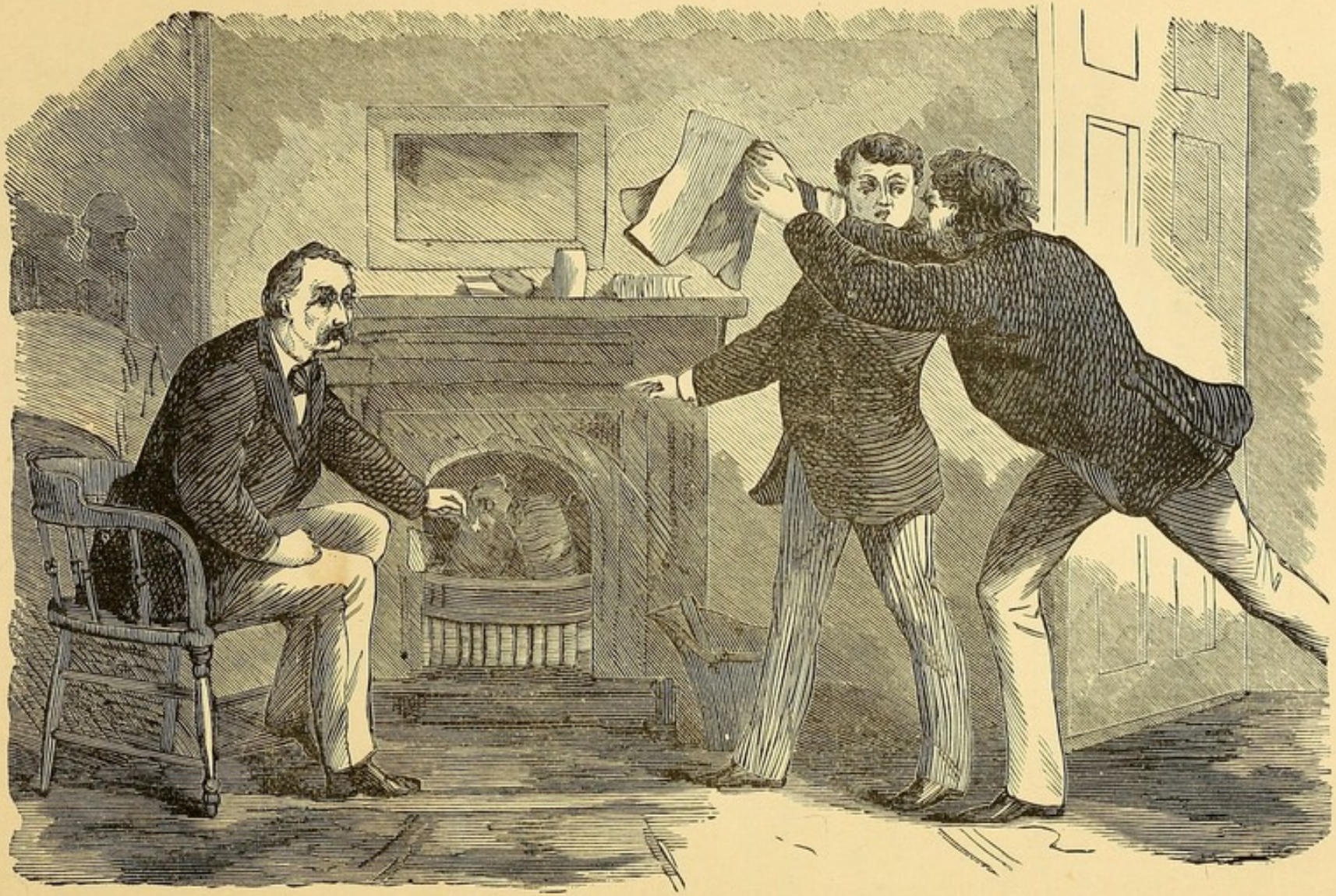
"Never mind now — tell you some other time. It's enough, isn't it, that it's here?"

"All right, then. Let's take up the 'business in order,' as they say in Congress. How much shall I give you for that precious will?"

"It *is* a 'precious' document, I assure you, Mr. Wilson," said the scheming Roberts. Do you know its provisions?"

"Yes, I know all about it; or all that's important; for luckily I overheard most of it read. My blessed father left everything of consequence to my cousin Nellie; but, ah! ha! that will's got to be probated, and who's to do it? That fireplace" (pointing to the grate in the room) "will tell no tale, and here's matches. But fix your terms — what shall I give you for the document?"

"One hundred dollars down, for I am about visiting my old home in Canada, and want a little more ready cash; and say, if you don't think it's too much, your promissory note, made negotiable, but with a private agreement back from me that you shall not be pressed to pay it till you get in full possession of your estate, for ten thousand dollars."



RESCUE OF THE WILL.

"A *little* 'steep' — aren't you, Roberts? But you are a brave fellow, and it shall be done! Here's ink, I see, and here's paper," said William, fumbling his pocket evidently for an old scrap, for he seemed to meet delays. "There, there's the note — now your agreement."

Papers rustled lightly on the table, and "All right," said Roberts; "there's the document, read it at your leisure, and do what you like with it."

At this point, in my eagerness, I had bent lower down by the door, and discovered a small, old keyhole, for the door had been evidently newly trimmed with locks, through which I could see with some distinctness.

William read over the will; and with many oaths, and in his delirium of success, losing sense of caution, half shouted, as he swung the document in the air at the tip of his fingers, and half danced about the room: —

"There, now! my blessed, sweet little child, cousin Nellie, you're outwitted — and — you — are — in — my power! Love me, and tell me so, or you shall beg. No! I vow I'll buy your graces. I'll bring you to my feet, but I will never marry you! Confound you! Roberts, give me a match."

Roberts plunged his hand into his vest pocket, and drew out a portable safe, took a match therefrom, and struck it, handing it to William, whose hand trembled in the flush of victory, as he touched it to the paper.

The unwise fellows had neglected to bolt the door, — probably from the fact of being on the highest flight, — so I had not the obstacle of a lock to overcome, as I quickly turned the knob, and rushed in upon the astonished pair, and snatched the paper from William's hand while only a corner of it was burned.

"Ah, you scamps!" I exclaimed, "I am in the nick of time, it seems. You are caught in the last and important act. Do you think there's no God in heaven to watch over innocents like your cousin Nellie?"

The look of stupid horror which the countenances of

Roberts and William Wilson revealed, remains as fresh on my mind as if it were only yesterday that I surprised them.

I lost no time in getting the will safely into my pocket, and bade them defiance. Roberts rushed out of the room, as if he had been shot, and from that hour the strictest search in Philadelphia couldn't discover him. Nobody knows where he went. As for William, he was too much overcome to stir, and I left the room with him in it; and I didn't sleep that night till I had relieved myself of the possession of the will, placing it in the attorney's hands.

Of course Miss Nellie had no trouble in getting possession of her property, but she would not allow her now penitent and subdued cousin to be pursued at the law for his nefarious conspiracy. Indeed, she gave him nearly double the amount his father had provided in annuity. However, it didn't serve him long; for in less than six months from that time, while partially intoxicated, and driving a fractious horse, he was thrown from the carriage, and so injured on the head that his broken constitution could not recover from the shock, and he died in a few days.

And now comes what to me is the most cheerful part of the story. One day, a couple of years after that eventful night, being here, and meeting by chance a handsome cousin of mine, Dr. Charles R., of St. Louis, who had just returned from Europe, where he had pursued his medical studies, in Vienna, and having only a short time to spend with him, for I was obliged to be off early next morning, I ventured to ask him to accompany me to the home of Nellie, for she had bidden me to always call on her when in Philadelphia. We went. She *is* very handsome, and so is cousin Charles, and I reckon both discovered this fact of the other instantly, and appreciated it, for Nellie, though very kind and courteous to me, managed to occupy herself mostly in entertaining "the stranger."

To cut the story short, we left the house duly.

"Why, John," — for that is my name, — "why didn't

you tell me beforehand what a glorious creature you were going to see? I'd been a little more particular about my dress, or probably refused to accompany you," said cousin Charles, half complainingly, as we got well out of doors.

"Ah! ah! Charley, — aren't you glad, on the whole, though?" said I, touching him under the chin, "that I *didn't* tell you, my boy?"

"Indeed — no — yes — well, I don't know as I care, after all; but *isn't* she elegant. And if I'm any reader of human nature she's as good as she is beautiful."

I saw that he was thorougly "smitten;" and as we went on to my hotel, narrated to him the story of the will. The romance of the thing served to engage him the more. Well, I needn't repeat all. They loved, and were married, and are the happiest couple out of heaven, I reckon.

Such was my room-mate's tale, for which I thanked him, and we both then managed to sleep thereafter. But perhaps the reader will have curiosity to know what was the peculiar advertisement which had drawn me to Philadelphia at that time.

It was this: —

"*Astor discounts, Wednesday, the 9th. So does Independence Hall.* RUDOLPH, Cashier."

"Astor" I had read by contrary. It meant "Girard," I thought, — Girard Bank. "Independence Hall" I construed as signifying a place of meeting in front of that building; and "Rudolph" — for this was the point — was a notorious bank robber, on whose track I wished to get, by the name of Ralph Seeker, among his "aliases," but Ralph was his real name — "Rudolph" being the German for the same; and doubtless I was right in my translation; but as nothing came of that, as I have said before, I here leave "peculiar advertisements" in general, to the unravelling of the curious. But it is a science of itself, which, in its subtleties, sometimes baffles the keenest wits. I am

prompted, as I write, to add hereto, for the pleasure of the curious reader, sundry of the "blind methods" (in advertisements usually) by which one scoundrel intimates to another his whereabouts, and what he has accomplished, or where he would meet another to aid in some crime, etc., under circumstances which forbid their communicating through the mail or by telegraph. But I have hardly room in this article, already too long.

COLONEL NOVENA, THE PRINCE OF CONFIDENCE MEN.

THE CONFIDENCE MAN, PAR EXCELLENCE; A REAL "ARTIST" — "COLONEL NOVENA," "COUNT ANTONELLI," "GENERAL ALVEROSA," "SIR RICHARD MURRAY" MAKES A VISIT — A MAN OF GREAT NATURAL ABILITY, WITH "A SCREW LOOSE" — A BIT OF "PHILOSOPHY" (?) — THE MAN DESCRIBED, VERSATILE, AGILE, BRAVE, DARING — THE COLONEL AS A GALLANT — CURIOUS TALE ABOUT TWO SISTERS AND COLONEL NOVENA — PRESIDENT BUCHANAN, PROFESSOR HENRY, GENERAL FREMONT, AND MR. SEWARD OF THE NUMBER OF HIS FRIENDS — DISHONEST WAYS OF DOING "LEGITIMATE BUSINESS" — A SHOCKING BAD MEMORY — THE COLONEL AS A PHILANTHROPIST — COMES TO GRIEF — AT WASHINGTON, D. C. — SARATOGA TEMPTS THE COLONEL — HIS SUCCESSES THERE — A CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES — A VALUABLE DIAMOND NECKLACE LOST — THE GREAT MYSTERY — THE HISTORIC CHARACTER OF THE NECKLACE — THOROUGH SEARCHING — THE SHREWDEST SCAMPS GENERALLY HAVE BETTER RUPUTATIONS THAN MOST PEOPLE — TOO GOOD A "CHARACTER" A MATTER OF SUSPICION — "MR. HENRY INMAN, ARTIST," IS CREATED — HEADWAY MADE — THE NECKLACE COMES TO LIGHT, IN THE POSSESSION OF A MOST REMARKABLE WOMAN — GOODNESS IN BAD PLACES — A LIVING MORAL PARADOX — AN "UNFORTUNATE" GOOD SAMARITAN — THE GENERAL'S SENSE OF HONOR WOUNDED — TO CANADA — DOWN THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE — A TOMB IN GREENWOOD — RENDERING TO WOMAN HER DUE — A BLESSED CHARITY — WALL STREET CORRUPTS THE MORALS OF THE NATION.

"CONFIDENCE men," in the usual way, are so common, — such as the fellows who drop pocket-books, stuffed with counterfeit money, in the streets of cities, in order that innocent countrymen or uninitiated foreigners may pick them up, and divide the spoils with an up-coming witness, and give him all their good money in order to have a large share in the poor or counterfeit money, — that I have hesitated a moment over the caption I should give this narrative, lest the reader should think I am about to introduce to him

one of those common, every-day affairs. But, on reflection, I cannot think of a more appropriate title than I have chosen, for Colonel Novena *was*, of all the rogues and scoundrels I have encountered in my professional life, the confidence man, *par excellence*, as the French would say, not by the "excellence" of his high character, to be sure, or his moral worth, but by his artistic superiority.

The public will recollect, or such of them as enjoy retentive memories of names will do so, how much was said some years ago, by the public press, for a few days, about a certain Cuban, a "Colonel Novena," "Count Antonelli," "General Alverosa," and "Sir Richard Murray," — for by these names, as well as sundry others, was this gentleman in his career known. His true name, as definitely as I could ever learn, was Julian Cinquez; but even that is doubtful, and it matters not. He was a man of brilliant talents, indeed, great native ability; and the wonder is that he did not attach himself to some honorable profession, or follow some pursuit in life recognized as legitimate; for he could not only have adorned any profession which he might have adopted, but he might have made an extensive fortune as well — or so we are apt to say of like characters. Yet, to confess the truth, I am not so certain that our moral reflections upon these matters are correct. The fact that the man did not lead the life which his talents apparently indicated that he might, is perhaps evidence in itself that the world might misjudge him. He might not have been able to "adorn any profession" after all, for in such men's characters, there is obviously always "a screw loose;" and for want of fixedness or tightness of that same "screw," is it, perhaps, that the general machine will not work. That may be the philosophy of the matter.

Colonel Novena was no small man in his way. He was a handsome man, too, possessing a finely-shaped face, with large, dark, not quite black eyes, and eyelashes such as would arouse the enthusiasm of the master painters, and which gave to those eyes that sweet, alluring expression

so irresistible to women; or when reflecting the light of anger from them, added a twofold horror to their expression, enough to make the strongest men quail, for the man then seemed a very demon. The colonel was about five feet ten inches in height, elegantly proportioned, his form being, perhaps, as nearly perfect, in every respect, as any man on the wide globe could boast of. Grace, dignity, and strength combined in it, and when at all aroused or excited, Colonel Novena was as lithe and flexible as a cat, or better, perhaps, a tiger. Notwithstanding the classic outlines of his face, it possessed great mobility, — and having a comical vein in his nature, Colonel Novena could imitate anything, from the grimace of a pretty, simpering girl, to the Falstaffian stolidity of a Dutch judge, and was one of the most excellent of story-tellers, in consequence. In short, Colonel Novena possessed all the talents and natural "gifts" necessary to make a man the most acceptable companion under any circumstances. He won his way easily into everybody's heart, whom he considered worth his notice, either socially or business-wise; by which I mean, whom he regarded as of consequence enough to be exploited upon or victimized; and he had a way of exciting the sympathy of even officers of the law, when they felt conscious of his guilt; and I dare say that there has seldom ever existed a man so competent to play the *rôle* of "Injured Innocence," as was Colonel Novena. It is not surprising then that he ran so long a career of forgery and false pretence of all kinds.

Colonel Novena knew the art of dressing well. He was never over-dressed, — a fault of villains of his kind generally. He was never too poorly dressed for the special business he had in hand. His *rôle* of the gentleman of leisure and wealth was incomparably well taken; and being thoroughly educated, he acted the part of the literary *savant* to perfection. On the prairies or frontier, he was the most daring and hardy of backwoodsmen, and compelled the admiration of his fellow-travellers or hunters for

his daring and prowess. He was a genius, in fine, socially. He seemed to need no "credentials" anywhere, save his fine manners and honest-looking face. Yet he always took care to secure the best letters of introduction everywhere, and had his trunks full of such things, given him by the great men of the land, such as President Buchanan, General Fremont, Professor Henry, Chief Justice Taney, Corcoran the banker, Mr. Seward, Andrew Johnson, etc.; for he obtained them from leading statesmen of all sorts of political faiths, from men of science, and from leading financiers, and did not hesitate to demand the like of the most notable ladies of the land.

Why Colonel Novena never condescended to marry some one (or more, perhaps), of the ladies of great wealth whom he numbered among his admirers, is a mystery to me, for there was not one of them who would not have been proud to own him as her husband. But perhaps the colonel had some valid reason for remaining a bachelor, or for assuming to be one; for there is no certainty, of course, that he had not a wife somewhere, or that in several parts of the world (for he had travelled all over it) there might not have been found many ladies, each one of whom might have claimed him. However, it is probable that such was not the case, for "murder" of that kind "will out" in time, as well as the real article of homicide, and I was never able to learn that the colonel was married.

As an example of the wonderful fascinations of the colonel, it may not be improper to relate here a tale, told me by one who was once on terms of intimacy with the schemer when he figured in Fifth Avenue society, and who vouched for the truth of it, as largely based on his own observations of the colonel's course with the ladies in question.

There were two sisters, the one a middle-aged widow, very rich, and quite good-looking; the other, much younger, very beautiful, but without money — poor, in fact. The latter was very gifted as a colloquist, and was a charming woman of society. The former was also a lady of many



THE TWO SISTERS COURTING COL. NOVENA, IN HIS "LIBRARY."

accomplishments. The parents of these ladies were dead, and the elder and rich one had assumed the guardianship of the younger, who lived with her, for she kept up her house after her husband's death, and lived in great style. The colonel made the acquaintance of the elder at a fashionable party in Madison Avenue one night; and learning that she was very rich, was, of course, sufficiently charmed with her to seek admittance to her house, which he duly effected. Calling upon the widow, he met her dazzlingly beautiful young sister. The colonel was in a dilemma; and it appears that he thought his only way out of it was to make love to both.

The sequel of the story is, that Colonel Novena so adroitly managed his addresses to these ladies, and gained such power over them, that neither dared disclose to the other the colonel's engagement to her, each sister enjoying, in her strictly secret heart, the sense of a sweet victory over the other; and in order to not expose her secret by receiving the colonel alone too frequently, often asking the other's presence on the colonel's calls.

Indeed, so fascinated did they become with the colonel, that they often visited his bachelor's quarters together, and there, in his library, spent hours at a time with him, reading, chatting, partaking of wine, and so forth.

They were almost without restriction in their affectionate caressing of the "dear colonel" in each other's presence; for what of jealousy should either feel towards her sister, when she held in her heart the sacred truth that *she* herself was dearer to the colonel than her sister? This complication of affairs continued for several months, the parties meeting daily. The colonel had, of course, persuaded each that the usual announcement of an engagement should be foregone in *this* instance, for some wily, but apparently good reason, which he gave; and the gossips were at a loss to discover which of the two ladies he loved the more, so they "married" him to neither for a certainty.

But finally an end came to the duplex affair, and the sisters told the "secret" to each other; and the colonel was upbraided by them both one evening when he called on them. It is said, however, that notwithstanding the colonel's dishonorable course, either of the sisters would have been glad to secure him. But the colonel was now in a dilemma again, out of which there was no such sweet escape as before. The beautiful lady he did not want as an "incumbrance," and the "other charmer" could not fully command him, with all her riches, without the society of the more brilliant one too, which he knew he could not have if married to the former; for the colonel well knew what tyrants most women are to their husbands when they have them in their power, and he preferred his freedom to the slavery of a "boughten" husband's position.

The colonel was a bit of a social philosopher, and often "put things" in novel and clever ways. It was a saying of his, I was told, that "the condition of the average husband is the most comical and pitiable to be conceived — a slave to his wife or his family; a creature subject to all sorts of indignities at home, and not allowed to go abroad." "A model husband," said he, "is in these days little more, at best, than the gentlemanly butler or purveyor for his own house; has the privilege of paying all the bills, bearing all the burdens, etc., while his wife and family feel as 'grateful' as pigs at their dinner." Of course the colonel had in mind only the wives and families of fashionable circles.

The colonel's weakness was for "trading," in all sorts of ways, but especially in matters of considerable importance, such as in real estate, rich merchandise, ships, and stocks, as far as he could in the last. He made a good deal of money, in a manner which was legitimate enough, too, on the outside, but which always proved tricky. For example, going into a place like Milwaukie, Wis., he readily got himself reputed as a man of great wealth; would contract to purchase three or four adjacent building lots

on some valuable site, at some future time, — say, three months thereafter, — for he always was about to send home (to Cuba) for his money. The owner would enter into a written contract to convey the property to Colonel Novena, or his assigns, at the time named, for a given sum for each lot. It was immediately noised about that the colonel was going to build a splendid mansion on one of these lots, and keep the rest for a grand lawn. Everybody talked about it, and the colonel, being an architect as well as everything else, produced drawings of the intended stately palace. The citizens were all very anxious to have so wealthy and tasteful a man settle in their midst.

By and by it was announced that the colonel had changed his mind. His mansion was to be put up at some other point, but upon two of the building lots he was going to erect an extensive block for stores, offices, and so forth, and the other two lots were to be sold.

These he would manage to sell for a very considerable advance above the price contracted for, as the new block was going to make them vastly valuable. Of course the purchaser must take them before the time ran out; otherwise the colonel, as he did not then want them, and scorned to be a mere real estate speculator, would relinquish his claim to them to the owner, but since he had gotten control of them, might as well ask something for their increased value.

As a by-play in connection with his various swindling operations, these speculations in real estate served to divert the colonel, as well as help fill his pockets. The building lots being well disposed of, the colonel could afford to let the original owner take back the two on which the famous block was to be built, and the purchasers of the other had only to wait till somebody or other should put up the desired block, and raise the value of their sites up to the imaginary height to which the colonel's elegant and magnificent pretences had elevated them; but then the poor fellows might have to wait years,

for the colonel's block outshone, by far, all other possible blocks.

The colonel had a way of ingratiating himself with the teachers of female seminaries, finding out who of the pupils were the children of the wealthiest parents, getting acquainted with the young girls, taking a fatherly interest in them, getting introduced to their parents, and flattering them upon the genius and beauty of their children, and at last borrowing very considerable sums (just for temporary accommodation, till he could get remittance through his New York bankers, of course) from the delighted fathers of the beautiful girls; and it was impossible to not honor the colonel's request under such circumstances. But the colonel had a shocking bad memory, and always forgot these little accommodations, amounting to from three hundred dollars to a thousand dollars, according to how much he had thought best, in a given case, to ask for.

In the town of Elmira, N. Y., I think it was, the colonel managed to borrow some thirty thousand dollars, all in the space of four months; and when one of the victims came to speak of the swindle to one of his most intimate neighbors, and a cousin at that, I believe, he was astonished to learn that this person could practically "sympathize" with him. The colonel had professed to each that he had higher respect for him than anybody else in the village, and had, therefore, in his extremity, sought him to confide in; for of all things in the world, he thought it the greatest shame for a man of means to borrow money, he said, but his properties in Cuba were of such a nature that his agents there could not always turn them into money instantly on command.

So each of twenty or more persons, perhaps, became the special and only confidant of the colonel; the only man whom he would not be ashamed to inform about his present "little unpleasant strait." It must have been rather an amusing disclosure for the other nineteen when the

twentieth victim came to expose his special honors, joys and "profits" to them. Nevertheless, so engaging a man was the colonel that the most excited and threatening of his victims usually cooled down presently, if he had the boldness to give the colonel "a piece of his mind." This illustrates but partially the consummate skill and address of the colonel; and the number of his victims in many parts of the land was astonishing. The colonel bought ships even, or interests in them, and disposed of the same, and was always far away from the scene of his last fraud very speedily. There was no limit to his audacity.

Having gathered together a pretty large fortune here, the colonel left the United States, and went to Canada to reside, not as Colonel Novena to be sure, but as "Sir Richard Murray." He might have taken more money with him there than he did; but the colonel was almost as free in the use of his money as he was adroit in getting it. In fact, he was a philanthropist in his disposition, and aided a great many poor people, particularly children, many of whom he sent to school, leaving funds with some worthy persons as trustees, to continue them at school. There was no element of meanness, in the usual acceptation of the term, in the colonel, for all his misdeeds partook properly of the nature of crimes, to greater or less extent. At the South the colonel, I am told, fought several duels, — never on his own direct account, but for sundry "friends," ladies especially, — and at New Orleans, his financial "speculations" amounted to "something handsome." I have been promised by a friend a narrative of the colonel's exploits in New Orleans to be incorporated in this article, but it has not been forwarded to me, and I must now do without it.

I remarked above that the colonel went to reside in Canada as "Sir Richard Murray." His residence was in Montreal, but he had a country-house about seven miles out of the city, where, in fact, he spent the larger part of his time, in both winter and summer, and where, for two

or three years he dispensed an elegant hospitality. His splendid manners forbade any inquiry into his right to wear a title, and his knowledge of the English language was so perfect, that no one would suspect from his accent his Castilian descent.

I have not been able to learn that the colonel ever "exploited" in Canada. The States were his theatre; and during a residence of a couple of years in Europe, he practised his skilful "profession" considerably, I am authentically informed, especially in England and Ireland.

But the colonel came to grief at last. He had gotten a little "short," and having left Canada for want of means to longer sustain his princely mode of living, betook himself to St. Louis. I have forgotten to say that the colonel was an expert, and usually very successful, gambler, but he had no real love for the life of a gambler. There was hazard enough in it, but it was of the tame kind. He longed to do bolder things, and he did them. But the colonel had no reputation at St. Louis, and was obliged to turn to gambling, and for a few days he was successful, winning quite large sums of money, which aroused the resident gamblers to conspiracy against the handsome stranger, in that place known as Count Antonelli, an Italian. The result was, that the gamblers robbed him of nearly all he had won, and the colonel beat a retreat from St. Louis, and made his way, by degrees, eastward. Although he encountered several "old friends" on the way, whom he had, in the years past, swindled out of various sums, they let him pass unheeded, or at most only warning their friends against him.

But the colonel's star had in good measure become dimmed, he found, and he made his way to Washington, D. C., where he revived some old acquaintanceships, and created new ones, which served him quite well for a time. But the colonel, finally playing a pretty severe swindle upon a person in high authority, and who prided himself too much on his sagacity and general good sense to be

willing that his folly in this case be made public, the victim let him off, on his agreeing to leave Washington, and 'never show his head there again.' As the colonel could thus escape a long term of imprisonment, he gladly accepted the condition, and made the promise, which he strictly fulfilled, for he never returned to that city.

The colonel made his way from Washington to Saratoga, in the summer of 1862, where he made the acquaintance of sundry New Yorkers, of a class a little below the most distinguished, the colonel stepping down a little from his usual dignity and carefulness as to the selection of his society. With this class he "profited" considerably, and it is said that in the winter of '62 and '63 he managed to do a good business in various "speculative" ways in New York, through introductions which he obtained from his new-made friends of '62. However, it is to be remarked here, that at Saratoga he had a new alias, that of General Alverosa, of Palermo, an intimate friend of Garibaldi, but who had been educated in England, which accounted for his excellent understanding of the English language.

In tracing the colonel, by facts of his own confession, for which facts I was indebted, in some measure, to the late Dr. Jeremiah Cummings, of St. Stephen's Church, and through things stated by others, I find spaces of months, which I have to skip over. How the colonel got on to his last year of 1864, I hardly know; but in the summer of that year the colonel, it seems, became hard pushed. He had wearied out such few of his friends as he had not swindled, and was living from hand to mouth, dressing well yet, and making some show of means, but unsuccessful at the gambling-table, and elsewhere.

Finally, there was one day found missing from a house in West 19th Street, where the colonel (rather, general at this time) boarded, a diamond necklace, belonging to a distant relative of Alexander Hamilton, of revolutionary fame. The necklace was very valuable intrinsically, but a part of it was composed of diamonds, which had been

presented to Mrs. Hamilton by some admirers of General Hamilton, English residents of some one of the West India Islands, I forget which, on which General Hamilton was born. These had been presented to her out of respect to the general's great statesmanship, etc., he from republican scruples having refused to accept them while occupying an official position under the government.

It was at this time that my special attention was called to Colonel Novena. I had known of him through the press, as I hear of other great men, some of whom one chances to meet, perhaps, but the majority of whom he knows "at a distance." There was great search made in the house for the diamond necklace; and upon no one in the place had a ray of suspicion fallen. It was such a mystery, in short, as to where that necklace had gone, under the circumstances of its loss, that no one there conceived it possible that it would ever be found; and after the search in which everybody in the house took part (and everybody was glad to have his own rooms searched), it was thought preposterous to do ought else than to sit down quietly, and "give it up" forever.

But the mere fact that to a portion of the diamonds was attached a sort of historic fame, heightened, too, by the considerations of family affection and pride, induced the owners — (for the necklace was the joint property of a lady, and a gentleman who had succeeded to his deceased mother's interest therein) — to make some little effort to hunt out the necklace. They had thought that nobody who might have taken it would offer it for sale to the important jewellers of the city, and it was too valuable to be purchased by the smaller establishments. So they had conceived that the diamonds would be taken from their mountings, and sold separately, so as not to be identified. This thought had seized the owners at the time the loss was discovered, and had become, not a mere opinion with them, but a sort of conviction. So it was that they at

once gave up in despair when the search at the house failed of the hoped-for result.

I was visited by the gentleman partner in the necklace, who placed the matter before me with all the facts he was possessed of, and I told him that I felt very certain that some resident of the house had taken the lost treasures; but it would be best for me to call upon him there, and study the situation of the rooms, etc. An hour of the next day was fixed upon, and I called; had opportunity to examine the various rooms, and their relative situations. I found that no ordinary thief, however skilled, would be apt to run the hazard of penetrating the rooms from which the necklace was taken; and, besides that, it must have been somebody conversant with the place in which the necklace was deposited, or somebody who had been carefully instructed by some knowing one, to be able to steal the necklace at the time it was taken; for it was missed not a half hour after it had been taken from its case and redeposited there by the lady half-owner. I made careful inquiry about each of the boarders, and could fix my suspicions upon no one in particular; yet I came to the conclusion that it must be one of two of whom I was told, Colonel Novena being one, or, rather, General Alverosa, his alias then.

The owners of the necklace would hear nothing against the general; he was the last person in the world to be suspected. Indeed, they were so much affronted, and expressed themselves so emphatically, bordering on bad manners, at my suggesting the general as the possible thief, that I was obliged to say, very firmly, that unless they allowed me to take my own way about the matter, I would not go a step further. They allowed me to take my own course; but it was with ill grace they did so, after all; for the general had made himself a favorite of this couple, especially. He spent much of his time in their rooms when at home. Indeed, it was this fact, in a measure, which gave me a suspicion of him. Besides, they repre-

sented him as so perfect a character, that I confess I had fears of him from that fact too; for I have found the most wily rogues among men (and particularly among women) to be those who enjoyed the finest reputations. These make a good reputation a part of their "stock in trade." But this was not all that influenced me in my suspicions of the general. These parties, who had known him for quite a long period of time, knew nothing of his business pursuits, or if the general had any business at all; and only judged, at one time, that he might be a lawyer, from something he happened to say; at another, that he might be a broker in Wall Street, and so on.

But this was no occasion of suspicion to them, for they would have scorned to seem to wish to know anything of a gentleman's private life or business. But to me there was ground of suspicion in all this; and I concluded to take board at the house, and study the general, work myself into his good graces, and learn his places of resort, etc. The owners of the necklace were finally convinced that this was the true way, and were ready to pay my expenses for a given time. I provided myself with neater wearing apparel than I usually wore, and took board at the house as "Mr. Henry Inman, artist."

Fortunately, one of my old school-fellows was both an excellent portrait and landscape painter, and had his office on Broadway. I told him what I was up to; and a sign, new, but made to look a little old, and bearing my assumed name, was placed on his door; and a few of his sketches, some finished, others in process of completion, were assigned to me to talk about as my own, if I had occasion to introduce a special friend there. So that when "Mr. Henry Inman, artist," secured board at the house in West 19th Street, he also had a studio to boast of.

I had selected this disguise of artist, because, in earlier days I had possessed a little talent at drawing, and could paint indifferently well, and had, to considerable extent, cultivated a knowledge of the great masters, and could

talk, as I was pleased to believe, decently well upon artistic subjects; and I had learned that General Alverosa assumed to be a great connoisseur of art.

Being established at my boarding-house, I easily made the general's acquaintance, and in less than a week had entertained him at my studio; gotten so well "into his good graces," that he had no hesitancy in taking me to sundry of his places of resort, gambling rooms, etc., though he did not gamble much; and had found out that the general loved the fair sex, if not wisely, yet too well, and at last begun to get a clew to his career. But how I was to learn more of him directly through himself, was a puzzle; and so I set about watching the general's course nights, after leaving me. I found that he frequented a house of a peculiar nature in 29th Street; that the colonel went there every night, but that he usually got home some time towards midnight, staying away all night only seldom.

Putting together all I knew of the general, I came to the conclusion that he was indebted to some fair lady for a part, at least, of his support; and so I managed to get myself introduced to the house in question (for it was one of those select places of pleasure which boast of their exclusiveness and "high respectability"); and on my first visit there encountered the general, who, finding me "surprised" at being caught there by him, and on my begging him not to expose me at our boarding-house, relaxed what little restraint existed on his part towards me, and took me into his confidence. The keeper of the house, an elegant, courtly-looking woman, was his especial friend — his wife, practically speaking; and I now could better understand what motive might have impelled the general, if he were indeed the thief, to steal the necklace.

I need not, indeed I should not, at any rate, go into details in regard to how I found that Madame Alverosa was in possession of that necklace; but so I found, and I had but little trouble in recovering it from her. The general

had told her that it had belonged, for nearly a hundred years, in his family; and although it was a brilliant affair, and she was specially fond of displaying her jewelry, yet she rarely wore this, regarding it as something sacred; and it was only by a little strategy which could not be excused in anybody but a detective, that I found out she had the necklace; and it was not till it was safely in my possession, beyond the possibility of her immediately reclaiming it, that I let her know I had it. When she came to know the facts, she affected great indignation at, and disgust for the general; but the woman loved him, and she implored me to let him have a chance to leave the boarding-house in West 19th Street before I should restore the necklace to the owners; and she said she would teach the general a lesson of honesty; that he had no need of resorting to crime; and that he had only been tempted to steal the necklace out of his love for her; he wanted to see her wear and enjoy it. Such was her generous, and probably correct interpretation of the matter. She offered, too, to pay all the expenses the owners had been to in ferreting out the necklace, my board, fees, etc., which she insisted on paying just doubly for, and which she did pay.

In view of what I had learned of this woman's charities, and her general disposition, I consented to her request. She maintained no less than five orphan children at different schools, paying all their expenses; frequently gave excellent marriage outfits to such of her girls as, desiring to reform, had chances to marry (a not unfrequent thing in New York); and would not encourage any girl to stay in her house; indeed, constantly besought them all to reform, and seek some other mode of livelihood; and not seldom did she succeed. But there are some of those "unfortunates" to whom any other mode of life would be tame and intolerable. These the Madame disciplined into decency of deportment, and even attended to their education in books and music, etc., in order to render them as compe-

tent as possible to take care of themselves when the days of their physical attractiveness should have passed. She taught them economy, too, making each keep account with some savings bank.

In view of Madame's good qualities, I was disposed to respect her love for the general, and consented, as I have said, to let him withdraw from the boarding-house in 19th Street before I disclosed to the owners that I had the necklace in my possession. When I returned the necklace, and reported who had taken it, and gave the recital of my interview with the general at last, when I advised him to withdraw from the house, the reader may essay to, but he can hardly imagine the astonishment which was expressed by the owners of the necklace and the household when they came to learn the facts.

The general, of course, "took things easy" when he found that I had trapped him, so far as I was concerned; but he was greatly mortified in spirit to think that Madame A. had learned of the theft, especially in view of his romantic story to her about the long possession of the necklace in his family. He at first declared he would never go back to her, and avowed to me that this was the only crime he had ever committed; but when I told him that I could not consent to his leaving me with the impression that he had deceived me, and opened his eyes to many things which had been disclosed to me of his career by my fellow-detectives, with some of whom during the time of my special study of him I was in concert, the general (whom at the time, by the way of the better assuring him of my accurate knowledge of his character I addressed as "Colonel Novena"), became very passive, and declared to me that if I would not further expose him, he would leave New York altogether, as soon as he could go.

Eventually he did leave; but not before he was fully reconciled to Madame A., who, as she told me, read him a moral homily which would last him for his life. And went to Canada, where she followed him, on a pleasure excur-

sion. In about two weeks after their meeting in Canada, a trip was planned with some friends through the Thousand Isles, and down the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Madame A. was taken suddenly ill, but not seriously, and staid over at a farmer's house, insisting on the "general's" going with the rest; and overcoming his gallant desire to linger with her, by representing to him that he would spoil the pleasure of all the rest by tarrying behind. So the Colonel Novena and the "General Alverosa," with all his other characters wrapped up in one individuality, went on with the party, — which was the last time Madame A. ever saw him alive.

Proceeding down the rapids in different boats, the party had gotten nearly through all safely, when some mishap occurred to the boat which bore "Colonel Novena," and it was dashed to pieces in the rocks, he receiving so severe a shock that, although an excellent swimmer, it was said, yet he was powerless to save himself, and was drowned. His body was recovered the next day; and Madame Alverosa spared no pains in honoring his memory. The body was taken to New York, and thence to Greenwood Cemetery, where it now reposes beneath a stately monument, which, however, bears neither the name of "General Alverosa," nor that of "Colonel Novena," but a name equally euphonic, and certainly nearer the "General's" true one, if I am rightly informed; but Madame Alverosa is entitled to my silence on this point, for she asked it, and received my promise in response.

And here, in justice to the character of woman, — to the sex whom we love to honor, — and in praise of an individual of that sex, who by untoward circumstances, was led into a course of life so base as that which Madame A. long pursued, let it be recorded that a short time after the "General's" death Madame A. abandoned her vile profession, sold out the house she occupied and owned, with the condition in the deed that it should never again be occupied or let for a like purpose; established a fund, in the hands

of proper trustees, for the aid of a certain class of unfortunates, and withdrew to another part of the city, where she leads the life of a respectable woman during the winter. Her summers are spent at her elegant country seat, near one of the most beautiful villages in New Jersey. And the Madame has declared to me that of all her varied experiences in life, that which gave her the most pain was the discovery that the general had stolen the necklace. She had supposed that he gambled, and she was far from being unsuspicious that he might commit forgeries sometimes, or had done so in his career before she made his acquaintance; but all this she looked upon as in the nature, somewhat, of business.

"Wall Street gambles," she used to say;—"Wall Street commits its forgeries, and practises false pretences all the while, and men call these things there respectable. Why may not others gamble on a smaller scale, and practise their smaller cunning?"

Thus she justified the general against her own suspicions; but she could never get over the theft of the necklace by the "clever man;" and one day, when she was deploring his conduct, and I suggested that she might have the image of the necklace cut upon his monument, as a perpetual reminder to her, when she visited the grave, of the wickedness in the heart of "the best of men," the Madame shrugged her shoulders with a half-approving smile, and said,—

"Well, you may joke, if you like, but I know something of men; they are all bad, the best of them; and General Alverosa, with all his faults and his crimes, was a better man than any other *my* eyes ever rested upon;" and she looked *me* curiously in the face at that, as I bade her good day, and went away, thinking that, perhaps, I was properly enough rebuked, and that, may be, no better man had lived, as surely no more remarkably gifted, elegant, and strange one, than "Colonel Novena," had I ever met.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE: A KNOT STILL UNTIED.

A ROBBERY — ONE OF THE FEMALE ATTACHÉS OF THE GREAT KOSSUTH — A WIDOW LADY OF RANK IN HUNGARY — KOSSUTH'S SISTER — A BOARDING HOUSE AT NEWARK, N. J., AND ITS INMATES — SUNDRY FACTS AND CONSIDERATIONS — BEAUTY WINS — AN INVESTIGATION — SERVANTS EXAMINED — THE PATENT-ROOF MAKER — "TRACING" A MAN — A HOLLOW WALKING-STICK WITH MONEY IN IT — NO CLEW YET — A PATHETIC BLUNDER — REVELATIONS IN DREAMS — A BIT OF PAPER TELLS A STORY — AN IDENTIFICATION — THIEF ARRESTED — A SETTLEMENT MADE, WITH CONDITIONS — A TRIUMPHAL VISIT TO THE WIDOW — A "WHITE LIE," AND AN ANNOUNCEMENT — DOUBTING — PERFECT EVIDENCE SOMETIMES IMPERFECT — THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM; WHO DID THE ROBBERY?

In August, 1858 (so the notes in my diary of that year say, but somehow it seems to me as if it were more than ten years before), I was waited upon by a beautiful Hungarian lady, residing at Newark, N. J., to see if I could render her any aid in ferreting out the thief who had robbed her of eight hundred and forty dollars. She was a most charming lady, and with her pitiable story won all my sympathies. She came to the country with the sister of the great Magyar leader, Kossuth, which sister was at the time, as I understood the story, teaching a select school in Newark, and the lady who called upon me had been a teacher under her for a while.

She was very accomplished, but for some reason had left her vocation as a teacher, and gone to making gold-lace goods for some firm in New York, who were paying her larger wages than she could make at teaching. (So much more ready is the world to pay well for the brilliants

which sparkle by the reflection of light from their surface, than for brilliance of mind, which is a light unto itself, and betokens in its possessor a wealth beyond that of rubies and pearls.) She was very artistic, and in her happier days had beguiled her time in learning many little arts, which, in her exile and poverty in America, she turned to good practical account.

Her lace-work she did at home, and she kept two or three boarders besides, generally, together with an Hungarian servant, a sort of slave, or attaché of her father's house at home, and whom she felt obliged to watch over, and an English girl. Her boarders were two Hungarians at the time I made her acquaintance, and a middle-aged American, from the West. One of the former was a lawyer, having his office at No. 5 Beekman Street, New York, and "dragging along," doing a little business in New York, and a little also in Newark; a man of ability, and speaking the English language well. I think he had, at one time, been Kossuth's confidential secretary; at any rate, he was quite distinguished for something in the Hungarian revolution. It was at his suggestion that the lady had called on me, and when she came to describe him, — for I had never seen him, he having simply heard of me through a brother lawyer, in whose office he occupied a desk, — I at first suspected him of the theft in question. Another boarder was a music teacher, who got on poorly enough, and who, had it not been that some relative in Hungary occasionally sent him a remittance, would hardly have been able to pay his board bill, which was, I believe, but five and a half, or six dollars a week.

These were comparatively old boarders. The third one was a new comer; that is, he had been with the widow about three months. He dressed pretty well, and represented himself as the manufacturer of patent roofs, and as having a business office on the corner of Bowery and Second Street.

This was all the widow could then tell me about them.

Her husband had died about two years before, after some years of illness; and a little daughter and a son had died before him, and not long after her arrival in this country; and the burden of their and his illness and funeral expenses had fallen upon her. Saddened by her misfortunes here, and ever sighing for the "Fatherland," she had been resolutely at work, since her husband's death, to accumulate enough to return to Hungary with, and also to buy a little cottage where she had spent most of her early childhood's hours with her nurse, and which was situated near the confines of the great park in which stood her father's palace — a romantic spot, which she seemed to worship with her whole soul, now that her sweetest treasures were gone. Her description of the dear old cottage and its surroundings was glowing, and even pathetic. Her father had been a rebel officer, and his estates were confiscated and sold, but sold in divisions, it seemed, and some relatives had succeeded to the possession of the cottage. This, she was sure, she could buy for no very large sum. There would she go, and live, and die. That was her widowhood's ambition, and she cheerfully toiled, early and late, to achieve its realization. She had paid some debts, which remained unpaid at the death of her husband; had supported herself neatly and comfortably, and aided, to considerable extent, not a few of her unfortunate countrymen, the old attachés of Kossuth, but had saved about eleven hundred dollars, inclusive of the eight hundred and forty which had been stolen from her; and the loss of the latter was to her a most heavy blow.

She was one of those brave, unflinching souls, who do and dare on forever, without giving up in despair to, no matter how untoward a fate; but while she uttered no childish complaint, I could see that the loss oppressed her very seriously. She said to me, indeed, that it was very discouraging, and that she sometimes thought that she would give up the further struggle of earning her way back to her old home and purchasing the cottage, but set-

tle down here, and only visit the old spot sometime — but to do so would be distasteful.

This was all enigmatic to me, and of course I did not ask her to explain; but I learned afterwards, what I presume was its solution, that a wealthy widower, of some political distinction as well as literary character, and living at Morristown, N. J., had offered the widow his hand, and heart perhaps: but such men do not often give away their hearts. They buy wives with their money, and treat them as their goods and chattels thereafter; which is a convenient way of doing things, and does not wear upon the purchaser's soul.

But Madame K. (the widow), who admired the man in some respects, had learned the value of a great, noble love too well to even trifle with her soul in this regard, and could not consent to accept the wealthy widower's offer. In view of the fact of this offer, she suffered from the loss of her money more than she otherwise would have done; for she was proud to have the widower, as well as everybody else, know that she was self-reliant and successful; and to be successful, it is necessary to be cautious and prudent in all things; and the widow had not been prudent in the disposal of her money. Indeed, she had lost it through a sort of unpardonable carelessness, or rather lack of caution, and this vexed her not a little.

My sympathies were greatly enlisted in behalf of the beautiful widow; and without being willing to acknowledge that my heart was touched by her facial beauty (for where is the man in the world who would not scorn to be thought susceptible to such a "trifle"?), I do confess that the widow's charming address and manners won me over to her cause with a force which I thought a little peculiar, and I resolved to do all I could to hunt up the thief, and find the money, and perhaps not charge the beautiful widow a cent for my services (if I *must* confess the whole right here).

Armed with such high resolve, I went over to Madame

K.'s house the next day to tea, the time when she would have returned from her necessary business trip that day to the gold-lace house for which she wrought; and found her there ready to receive me, and point out the place where she had kept the money stolen. I should say here, that the theft had been committed five days before, and some effort had been made on the part of Madame K. to discover a clew to the thief.

Madame K. had, in her sitting-room, a curious old "secretary," which had been brought out from Hungary by some exiles, and which — since it exactly resembled one in her father's library or studio, and at which she had so often sitten and wrought out her lessons, written her school-girl "compositions," and made her early efforts in epistolary graces — she had bought. This secretary had close-locking double doors, in each of which was, as if it were itself a panel, a mirror, as a middle piece, with plates of deftly chased glass above each mirror; and the glasses were opaque, so that the doors might, in one sense, have been said to be solid. Indeed, I think the whole mirror and ornamental glass plates were backed by a panel of wood.

The secretary was a queer compound of strength, and more or less bad taste, as well as about the same quantity of good taste. The inner work was all curious, — sly boxes; boxes within boxes, etc., and the faces of each carved with the heads of lions, tigers, and so forth, of the natural order, as well as with all sorts of things of a mystic nature, as well as some never thought of before save by the special carver of these special faces. Everything about it looked secure, but, alas! it would not protect its contents against a cunning thief. But I saw that it must have been somebody who was somewhat acquainted with the interior of the secretary to have readily abstracted any of its contents without disturbing things, in the short space of time between the discovery of the loss and the fact of the presence of the money there, just a little before;

for I had determined matters so far as to learn this point, namely, that the money had been taken from a purse in a certain drawer, and the purse itself left.

The money consisted of bank bills principally, with fifty dollars in gold — two tens and six five-dollar pieces. This drawer had a peculiar lock, a part of which turned around three times before the key could drive the bolt, so that the person unlocking it must have had time to study this, or had known it before. There was the outer key, too, the key of the secretary's doors. On inquiry, I found that this key was hung up on a little tack at the back of the secretary. It might almost as well have been left in the lock. The lock of the doors, too, was peculiar, and only the smallest of keys could open it, and it would have been difficult to pick. Probably somebody who knew where to find the key had opened it.

The result of my investigation was the conviction that some resident of the house, or some frequent visitor, had taken the money; so I asked Madame K. to call up the younger servant. The old one was beyond all possible suspicion; and I convinced myself that either the servant was guiltless, or that if guilty we could never prove her so, unless by chance we should find the money on her; so I had arranged, before her coming in, to be writing at a table, and while in conversation with her, of such a style that she could not possibly conceive that we had the remotest suspicion of her, I asked her, in a careless way, to hand me some writing paper out of the desk, and the bungling mode in which she managed the key of that peculiar lock convinced me that she did not take the money, unless when the door had been carelessly left open; but Madame K. was very sure that she was never guilty of such carelessness, and I was disposed to accredit her self-judgment.

I took possession of everything in the drawer, a purse, some old papers, some letters; one letter particularly attracting my attention, a corner or strip of it having been

torn off. I asked Madame K. about this torn letter. She could give me no information about it. It was a business letter written to her late husband, and dated back some three years. It was written in English, but by a German friend of the late Mr. K., residing then at Cincinnati, Ohio. There was the unmistakable German form of the letters; and I know not what should have "come over" me just then, for I am not a believer in the interference of intelligent spirits, and I fear I do not believe more than is necessary of ancient or modern "inspiration," but I said to the widow,—

"Madame K., I feel as though we were going to find out, sooner or later, who took the money, and I hope we shall get the money back, too."

Of course her eyes sparkled a little with sudden hope, excited by my confident manner of speaking, but they dropped before she replied,—

"But, sir, *I* dare not hope so, for the disappointment, if you should not find the money, would be worse than the loss original" (for madame still transposed some of her English words according to her native idiom). "But you will be a vary ex*cee*-lent man if you do find it," added she, with a most provoking smile of encouragement.

I searched the boarders' and servants' rooms, with madame, most thoroughly, but unavailingly, and told her she must keep quiet, and wait for some circumstance to develop itself which might put us on the right track; and that, meanwhile, I would trace out the patent roof-maker in his quarters in New York.

From something which madame told me, and from the fact of seeing an old, and pretty well worn pack of marked-back playing cards, and some other indications of a sporting man, I expected to find this fellow's "work," not so much *on* roofs as under them. But I found he had really an ostensible business, and had an office,—a very small one,—in which he had three or four little houses, of the size of small dog kennels, the roofs of which were covered with

his patent composition, and he had also some four men at work; but he did not work much. He hardly took the trouble to supervise his men's work, but charged so much a day for their time, and paid them less, living on the difference, and thus keeping up appearances, while he was trying to sell out his "right" to somebody who might be found stupid enough to give him as much as he paid for it.

I found that some of his associates were gamblers and other kinds of sporting men, and that he kept his best suit of clothes in a wardrobe at his office, and dressed more elegantly in New York than he did in Newark, where the clothes he wore were whole, neat, and good enough. This flashy dressing in New York not only suggested vanity, but some cunning, I thought, showing the man to be capable of some secrecy and diplomacy. I pursued my investigations into his character, not only in New York, but in Ohio, where he was born, and raised. He came from the beautiful town of Dayton, and his parentage, and relationship there, were highly respectable. The young man's countenance was in his favor. He looked honest and good-hearted, and I found that he dealt with his men as he agreed. But he would be a sorry fool who should trust much to appearances in a large city like New York, where the greatest scoundrels are the most fascinating men and women.

But I confess my mind oscillated considerably between suspicions of this young man's guiltiness and the inclination to believe him innocent. I found he spent considerable money, and I found, too, where he sometimes made a good deal in gambling. He was one of those unfortunate beings who enjoy good luck enough, now and then, to constantly whet their hopes, and make their severest losses only prompters to more earnest trials of the "fickle goddess."

I continued to trace him back and forth between Newark and New York, which I was enabled to do almost daily, through the kindness of a friend who resided in

Newark, and came daily to New York to his business. This man talked with him about the widow's loss, for which the young roof-maker expressed great regret; said Madame K. was a fine lady, worked hard, and he wished he was able to make up her loss to her in some way.

When asked if he suspected anybody, the poor music teacher in particular, he expressed himself as unwilling to suspect anybody, and declared that he could never believe the music teacher guilty, except under the most positive evidence. He was too simple a man, he said, to do anything of the sort; a man who had no bad habits to indulge, and one of that stamp whom the possession of eight hundred dollars, however he might have obtained it, would have driven crazy.

I managed to get entrance into the young man's office in New York, and make careful examination of everything there, such clothes as he had in the wardrobe, and everything else, even to a hollow cane, or walking-stick, in which, to my surprise, I found money — good money, but nothing corresponding with any of the bills lost by the widow, which were nearly all large ones, with a few small ones,— all the latter the issue of a Newark bank. Finding the money in this hollow cane made me suspicious of the man's general character. Why carry good money in such a "purse"? It would be a convenient thing to conceal counterfeit money in, I thought; and then I said to myself, "Why not good to keep stolen money in too?" and finally I answered, "Yes, and good money too;" for not one person in ten thousand would ever think to look in such a place for money. Besides, the young man's name was engraved upon the silver head of the cane, and that fact ought rather to ward off suspicion against him.

In these and like ways I was always fluctuating in my mind regarding the young roof-maker; and as I had pursued matters under the inspiration of my sympathy for the widow in her loss (with a slight prompting, I confess, on the score of her bewitching ways and her delicate beau-

ty) quite beyond what I would have felt warranted in doing in another case under like circumstances; so I told the madame one day, when she called at my office, as she not unfrequently did, that I thought we must give up the search; that probably nothing but the death-bed repentance of the thief would ever disclose who took the money, and that all had been done which could possibly be done, I thought, to ferret out the thief. It was easy for him to get the larger bills changed to small ones in New York, and get the Newark money out of his hands, and as for the gold, there was no way to identify that; that either one of the boarders, or some visitor, had probably taken the money; and so much time having passed since it was taken, that we might as well expect the dead to rise that day in Greenwood as to expect to find the thief or the money.

At this madame burst into tears over the loss of the money, as I supposed, and I tried to calm her; but she wept quite frantically. I had never seen her before save in a calm, dignified state, and knew not what to make of it; but she said, —

"Not for the gone money, I weep, sir; but what you said of the dead in Greenwood: there are all mine."

I had known that her children and husband were buried in an obscure quarter of Greenwood, but forgot that fact when I spoke, and stupidly made allusion to that cemetery. The madame's tears re-strengthened my sympathy; and she told me a dream, too, which she had had three or four nights before, with such unction, that while I laughed in my sleeve at it, I could not, for the life of me, but express in my face believing astonishment. She said at the same time that she did not believe in dreams at all, yet this one was so startlingly realistic in its personages, localities, etc., that it seemed to her more a veritable history of facts than the shadowings of a disordered imagination in semi-sleep. The substance of the dream was, that I had been over to her house again, had made another

search, and in the room occupied by the music teacher and the young roofer (for they occupied the same room, the largest in the little house, but had separate beds); and that while I was shaking some clothes belonging to one of them, she could not tell which, down fell a five dollar gold piece, and dropped on the carpet at a point exactly equidistant from the two beds, after rolling on the carpet in a small curve. Madame derided the dream while she told it, yet it evidently had made some impression on her mind; discovering which, together with my re-aroused sympathies for her over her widowhood and the loss of the money, I assured myself that I ought to make further trial, and thought I would revisit her house and make further search.

I did so two days afterwards, at my first leisure, and reviewed the whole affair there. In searching the roof-maker's room again, which I did out of a sort of deference to the widow's dream, but without the slightest expectation that I should find any clew to the thief, I came across a garment which I had not seen before, either in his closet there or in the wardrobe at his office in New York. It was an old vest, and, strange to say, madame did not remember to have ever seen the roof-maker wear it. Yet there it hung with his clothes. Perhaps it was the music teacher's; but at any rate we, in a sort of listless way, examined it; finding nothing but a few cloves and spices in it, such as too many young men carry in their pockets in order to draw therefrom disguises of a bad liquor-smelling breath; and a crumpled piece of letter paper, quite black on one side, which I was inclined to throw aside; and I should have done so, except from my habit (rather than judgment, in this case) of examining everything.

Unfolding this, which proved to be a strip of nearly triangular form, about two and a half inches wide on the line of one "leg," by four or five inches by the other "leg," I noticed some letters and words on the piece. It was evidently a part of a letter torn off; and I reflected that I had seen writing of that same style somewhere, and turning up the

left-hand upper corner of the piece, to flatten it out more, I discovered the letters "ati," upon it, and it flashed into my mind at once where that piece came from. I made no remark to the widow at this point, but told her we would now take the vest in charge, and go down and look into the secretary again. She withdrew from the drawer the letters and papers she had shown me on my first visit, and which I had charged her to keep safe, and I was not long in finding the proper letter (the one I have described heretofore), and adjusting the torn piece to it, it fitted exactly, and the rest of the word — Cincinn — was added to the "ati," and place of date; and then I called Madame K.'s attention to it. My conclusion was, that the thief had, in some way, by accident torn that letter at the time he took the money, and that somehow the piece had gotten into his pocket and he had forgotten it. But it was carefully folded, as I saw, when I essayed to fold it back to the shape I found it in.

While I was doing this, the widow exclaimed, —

"Why Mr. ——, I remember all about it now. I tore the letter to get a piece to wrap up the two ten dollar gold pieces in;" and I saw it was just the fit size as folded. So we had traced the gold pieces into the roofer's vest pocket; and all the rest was clear now. He was the thief. But how should we prove the vest to be his, if he should deny it? I did not wish to leave any loose place in the evidence, and I knew well enough that the roofer was "sharp," and I began to conceive that he would not be easily caught. It would not do to speak to anybody in the house to inquire if he had been seen to wear that vest, for he might be innocent, and the widow did not wish any of her boarders to know that another one was suspected; but fortunately on the inside of the neck of the vest was a little piece of silk, on which, in imitation of needlework, was stamped the maker's name, "H. Schneider, Merchant Tailor, 565 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.," as I made it out with some difficulty. I rolled up the vest in a paper, bade the

widow good afternoon, and informing her when she would probably see me next, left.

The next day found me at Mr. Schneider's, the merchant tailor's. He recognized the vest as having been made by him a year and a half before or so, and thought he could, after a while, think for whom he made it. He turned over his books of measurements or orders, to help revive his memory; meanwhile some of his "jours," doing work at home, came in to return and take work, and he inquired of each of them if he made this. One of them remembered the work, and described the man for whom it was made, he having been put to the trouble of making an extra inside pocket. He described the man, and Mr. Schneider was at last able to remember his name, which was that of the roofer; and turning to his index found the name, and the order for the identical vest among other things.

I considered the evidence complete enough; and going to Newark next day, and providing myself with a local officer, then betook myself to the widow's house, and there awaited the return of the young roofer. He came at an unusually late hour that night; and we called him into the parlor, — the madame, the officer, and I, — and I asked him first if that was his vest, showing it him.

"Yes," he replied at once, "that's my vest; but I haven't seen it before in a good while; where did you get it?"

"Among your clothes in the closet, yesterday," I replied; "and it's of no use for us to make words about it. We are here to arrest you for stealing the madame's money. We've traced out all necessary evidence, traced the gold pieces into your pocket, and got the tell-tale piece of paper in our possession which you foolishly overlooked, but left in your vest pocket. We want to settle the matter now, as the madame needs the money more, perhaps, than the law needs you."

The roofer looked at me with blank astonishment, and declared his innocence in a way which would have con-

vinced all ordinary people. None but an old experienced officer could well have refused to believe the man innocent. But I told him it was of no use; that he would be arrested and tried if he did not settle; "and, you see," I added, "that even if you were innocent you could not withstand the evidence we have against you, unless you could prove an absolute *alibi* on the day the money was taken; but, unfortunately for you on that head, we can show that you were here more hours than usual that day."

He still persisted in declaring his innocence, and acted for all the world like the most innocent of men. I told him he was a capital actor already, and that, perhaps, it would prove the best thing which could possibly happen to him to be caught thus early in his career of crime. He grew apparently indignant; admitted that he gambled a good deal more than he ought to, but declared that he had never been guilty of crime of any sort, and never intended to be; and, said he, —

"I would not have the stigma of the suspicion fixed upon me for all the wealth of New York. It would kill my mother if she came to hear of it, and my father would disinherit me; and I am expecting a good fortune from him some day. I've got into bad habits enough; but I don't drink at all, and I am guilty of no crimes."

I reminded him of the cloves and spices we found in the vest pocket. He made strange of this, and said somebody else must have worn the vest; "that he had no occasion to disguise his breath; that he neither drank liquors, had a foul stomach, or decayed teeth;" and I confess his mouth did look wondrously clean and wholesome.

But of course I was not to be caught with the chaff of protested innocence; and, finally seeing his situation, he thought best not to stand trial, but to settle up, and pay the widow ("under protest, however," he said) for what she had lost, if we would agree to never mention his name in connection with the transaction, and if the widow would

allow him to continue to board there for two or three months after she should report that she had finally found the money in another drawer. In that way the very fact of the theft would be concealed, and his reputation be uninjured.

We consented to all this; and as his money was in New York, he agreed to go home with me that night, and remain under arrest at my house, and raise the money the next day, I to accompany him to the bank.

He had some fifteen hundred dollars on deposit in the Chemical Bank, as it seemed, when we went there; that was his balance, and he had had some three or four thousand there as his original deposit. He paid over to me the eight hundred and forty dollars; and on my reminding him that the widow had had a great deal of trouble, and would have a large bill to pay for services, he petulently asked, "How much?" and I said, "Suppose you make it nine hundred in all." He handed me sixty dollars more, with an angry, nervous look; and said it was "a hard thing for an entirely innocent man to be obliged to do; but the evidence looks very bad against me, or I would fight the case till I die." I smiled at him, as I was wont to smile at the guilty, who think to cheat one with words of protested innocence, and bade him good morning, and wended my way speedily to Newark, to report to the widow, and "settle up."

She insisted upon my taking just twice the sum I charged her, and was overjoyed at getting back her money, which she took care to put immediately in bank, and said she should never have any more money by her again than necessary for current expenses. She dreaded to have the roofer come back to board; but said she would abide by the bargain, and she did. He returned as usual that night. Everything went on as before. Madame announced, as was agreed, that the money had been found in another drawer (where, by the way, she, woman-like, insisted that it should be first put by me, in order that she

might tell a "white lie" instead of a black one about it); and after the boarders had gratulated her upon her good fortune in finding the money, nothing more was said about the matter. The young roofer continued to board with her, according to the agreement, for some two months, and then left for quarters in New York.

His conduct at the house was perfectly exemplary; and when I saw the widow, on an occasion about a year after, she expressed her satisfaction at having taken no steps at law against him, for the theft, and said, that after all she sometimes would think, now and then, for a minute, that he was innocent; "but then, I think immediately, how absurd!" said she; "and I pity him; but I do believe he will be guilty never of such a crime again." She told me, too, that he had called on her two or three times during the year, and made her pleasant visits. Not a word passed between them about the money.

But the reader must not be over-surprised when I inform him, that about two years after the time I last spoke of above, I found in the examination of another case that the young roofer was, as he always had declared, entirely innocent of the theft, and that the Hungarian lawyer, one of the boarders, well knew that the roofer was innocent, and who was the guilty party, at the time he sent the widow to me. But this latter case has no special connection with the one I have here narrated, and I leave it for another time, stopping simply to say, that circumstantial evidence, while in its general character it is often more reliable than the oral testimony of living witnesses, who may be prejudiced or bribed, is nevertheless sometimes too strong, proves too much, and is liable to be misused. I have known several instances of this kind in my experience.

THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY SPECULATORS.

"MONEY" — THE COUNTERFEITERS' MORAL PHILOSOPHY — THE CUNNING OF BANK BILLS — NO VALID BANK BILLS ISSUED — A TRICK OF THE BANKS TO EVADE THE LAW — SWINDLING UNDER "COLOR OF LAW," AND IN DEFIANCE THEREOF; A VAST DISTINCTION — COUNTERFEITERS AS "PUBLIC BENEFACTORS" — THE REGULAR COUNTERFEITERS EMBARRASSED BY THE BOGUS ONES — MR. "FERGUSON'S" MARVELLOUS LETTER — COUNTLESS COMPLAINTS — THE "HONEST FARMER" OF VERMONT, AND HIS SPECULATION WITH THE COUNTERFEIT MONEY MEN — WHAT HE SENT FOR, AND WHAT HE GOT — A SECURELY DONE-UP PACKAGE — A "DOWN-CELLAR" SCENE — THE "HONEST FARMER'S" CONFUSION — A BIT OF LOCAL HISTORY RELATING TO THOMASTON, CONN. — THE HONEST OYSTER DEALER THERE, AND THE NINETY DOLLARS "C. O. D." — A QUESTION UNSETTLED — HOW THE "HONEST FARMER" OF VERMONT CHEATED ME AT LAST.

So long as a false "representative of value" is made a "medium of exchange," whether we call it "money," or what not; or whether it be made of gold, silver, or paper, or any other material, so long, probably, will it, in all its degrees of professed value, be counterfeited; and shrewd men, men who possess logical discrimination enough to see that one humbug is no worse in principle (though worse, perhaps, in the degree of bad principle) than another, will always be devising "illegal" plans of making money, as subtle and keen, almost, as the regular banking business.

It is probable, I think, that nothing more clever in the way of cheating or robbery will ever be invented than the issuing of paper money by private banks; for the business is so adroitly managed that it is highly respectable, — which cannot exactly be said of some other modes of cheating. A bank president and the cashier command much

respect in the city or the country village, and conduct their business openly, too. Indeed, they are usually magnates in the community in which they reside, and are intrusted, to large extent, with other people's money, while the unfortunate fellow who cannot procure a proper bank charter, and so has to content himself with running illicitly a humble faro bank, is apt to be frowned upon by the community. Perhaps a more pertinent example of the inability of the masses to discriminate in moral affairs, could not well be suggested.

The country is flooded with counterfeit money, especially of the "fractional currency" kind. Everybody takes it, and nearly everybody who has a ten cent, or twenty-five cent, or fifty cent "representative of value," of the spurious kind, lets it pass on, if it will. The public conscience is not disturbed by these little things; and there are a great many persons who let the one dollar and five dollar counterfeit bills which they chance to receive, "go on doing their accustomed good," into the hands of others. This course is illegal, and therefore "immoral," and not right; and in another sense it is immoral, because it is unjust and thievish in its character. But then, as some simple people may be surprised to learn, nearly all the issues of private banks are also thievish and unjust. Bank bills are not generally issued according to the requirements of the law, and are, therefore, not even legal money, and are of no more real worth than a counterfeit bill, so long as the latter passes. It is in their negotiability, or the passing thereof, that bank bills are valuable or useful as a means of exchange. The counterfeit bill is just as convenient so long as it does the work of "passing."

I do not know what is the fact regarding the private banks of Connecticut, for example, nowadays; but a few years ago an eminent lawyer of that State told me that he presumed there was not a single bill legally issued by any of the Connecticut banks, the circulation of which amounted in the aggregate at that time to millions of dol-

lars. The law of the State of Connecticut limited the issue of bills by any bank to not over ten times as much in representative amount as the "specie or bullion" which the given bank had constantly in its vaults. If the bank's capital was, for example, $200,000, but invested in real estate, then the bank could not properly issue a single dollar, unless by some means it possessed itself of specie to hold in its vaults; even then evading the spirit of the law. But my friend, the lawyer referred to, informed me that none of the banks complied with the rule of keeping the requisite specie in its vaults. Suppose a bank's issues amounted to $300,000; to respect the law it would have to keep $30,000 specie on hand. Is it reasonable even to suppose it would do so when it could readily loan the $30,000 to parties in New York at seven per cent. interest, and thus make them "earn" $2,100 a year? Not at all; and the banks did not heed the law.

But there were Bank Commissioners, whose duty it was (and there are the same still, I suppose) to see to this matter, together with others relating to banks. They visited the banks once or twice a year. When about to make a visit, they sent word to the bank officers when to expect them, and the officers of a given bank in Hartford or New Haven, for example, went to other banks and borrowed from several, for the time being, specie enough in the aggregate to make a "show" with. As the commissioners, after visiting one bank, and making an examination, were about to leave it and go to another, the specie found in the bank examined, was sent off to the other bank, and there did service again; and so on through the series of the city banks. The isolated country banks, like that at Litchfield, had notice of the advent of the Bank Commissioners, and sent to the city banks for a temporary loan of the required specie.

Thus it was that the banks conducted their business illicitly, and it is probable that at no time was a single dollar of their issues properly predicated, and every dol-

lar was therefore illegally issued. But the bills passed, — passed as well as undiscovered counterfeit bills, — and were, in reality, just as fictitious and illegal. But the banks being more sharp, and having more facilities for covering up their iniquity than have the counterfeiters, succeed in swindling the people, year after year, without detection, while the poor counterfeiters are frequently caught and punished, and their "capital" (dies for "making" the money, paper, etc.) is destroyed; and thus their business is interrupted, very much to the detriment of its profits, and their laboriously-earned skill, as "business men," made as nought, and all their valuable time in perfecting themselves in their business also lost. It is sad to reflect upon this; but the picture would be sadder, perhaps, if added to these irregular swindlers, were the regular bank swindlers of the land.

So when one comes to analyze matters, no great moral distinction is found between two persons, one of whom swindles under "color of law," while the other swindles in defiance of law. The latter is perhaps the braver (though less sagacious) man of the two. It is, after all, only a question of taste or expediency; and so is it that the great counterfeiters think. Officers arresting these men, frequently find them ready to defend their cause "on principle." They always avow themselves "as good men as the bankers," and they frequently declare themselves public benefactors, in that they make money plenty, and relieve the stringency of the money market!

"The only good of paper money," once said a great counterfeiter to me, "is to pass; a counterfeit bill is just as good for passing as a genuine bill; and if you folks would let us "private bankers" alone long enough to give us time to perfect our business, we should be able to produce "goods" so perfect that nobody would find any fault with them, and all would feel grateful to us. But it costs us a great deal to get well started in business; and just as we are beginning to thrive, you step in and break us up!"

The man to whom I allude was *serious* in what he said. Of course he was lacking in moral perceptions, and was, in one sense, demented, or a "great fool;" for he could not see the moral difference between one kind of robbery and another one just like it in principle. I pitied the man's moral obliquity, while I handed him over to the jail-keeper to await trial. (I am sorry to say that the fellow, for some reason, was never brought to trial. The District Attorney "*nolled*" the case, although the evidence was clear enough against the "private banker." I half suspect that the attorney admired the fellow's reasoning, and sympathized with him.)

Under the circumstances, it is not then strange that a large number of persons of excellent talent, are engaged in counterfeiting, or in the distribution (or "shoving," to use the technical phrase), of counterfeit money in this country, and the distributors are to be found in all classes. I have in my mind's eye, as I write, an "honest farmer," in a certain town in the State of Vermont, who manifested, in the goodly "year of our Lord," 1870, an excellent disposition to help the counterfeiters distribute their goods, but who was sadly "disappointed" in his enterprising spirit.

Almost every business has its counterfeiters. As surely as a man conceives of some practical, easy, business way of making money, so sure is he to find a host of competitors springing up about him, and injuring his business. This has been the fate, to considerable extent, of the regular counterfeiters, — the men, who, by their great talent as engravers, have added so much to the mechanical skill of the country. There is a plenty of scamps in such a place as New York, for instance, who always stand ready to profit by other people's labors. (I should not like to be called upon for a classification of these scamps, for fear that the various species of the genus "who profit by other people's labors" might include some reader's most respectable friends.)

The regular counterfeiters have been greatly embarrassed, within the last two or three years, by a lot of unscrupulous villains, who pretend to deal in counterfeit money, and who send their advertising circulars into every town and hamlet in the land. The regular counterfeiters can only thrive when they are able to make their wares pass; and these unscrupulous villains, to whom I allude above, are likely to injure the business, and thus reduce the brave, bold, ingenious counterfeiters to the condition, perhaps, of "private bankers," whose course is that only of cowardly, false pretences, under "color" or shield of the law. This is a state of things which is not a little deplorable — for the counterfeiters.

The business of these unscrupulous villains, whom we will call, if the reader please, counterfeit money speculators (for "speculators" is a name which one should not fail to honor as often as he can), is very extensive. To give the uninitiated reader a little insight into the business of these men, one of their circulars is copied below. It is a fair sample, in regard to its substance, of all that are issued by these "speculators." The one before me, and which I copy here, is a lithographed manuscript letter.

(To explain, for the benefit of youthful readers: — The "speculator" first writes a letter, in neat style of penmanship, and then gets it copied by an engraver on stone, and from the plate thus obtained is able to strike off a large number a day. Probably one third of those who receive these letters do not know that they are, in fact, "printed," and each ignorant receiver feels flattered as he reads the letter that the "speculator" has taken the pains to write to him so extendedly, and is led to "think over" the matter, and finally to "invest," when he would have taken no notice of a "printed" document.)

The letter alluded to runs thus: —

"DEAR FRIEND: While conversing with a gentleman from your locality recently, you were named as a shrewd and reliable person, and one likely to enter into a business, the nature of which will be explained in

this letter. At all events, he said, whether you go in or not you would keep a still tongue, and would not expose me. He told me that under no circumstances must I inform you who recommended you; and as I claim to be a man of honor, I will never violate a pledge. I have on hand, and am constantly manufacturing large quantities of the best counterfeit money ever produced in the world. The sizes are two, five, and ten dollar bills, and fifty cent stamps. They are printed on first-class bank note paper. The signatures are perfect, and the engraving is admirable. Not one banker in five hundred can detect them. I will take a solemn oath that the bills which I send you will never be detected, unless you make known your business to persons who have no right to know it. I shall charge you ten dollars in good money for every one hundred dollars of mine. If you have confidence in yourself, and desire to push matters, you had better order as much as you can get rid of in a month or two. In that case, if you buy as much as five hundred dollars at a time, I will sell it to you for twenty dollars cash down, and will allow you thirty days credit for the remaining thirty dollars. If you purchase one thousand dollars, I will sell it to you for forty dollars cash down, and will wait thirty days for the remaining sixty. If you want to make a desperate, but successful, struggle for a fortune in a few weeks, I will send you five thousand dollars for one hundred and eighty dollars cash down, and will wait thirty days for the remaining three hundred and twenty. Under no circumstances will I sell less than one hundred dollars (price ten) at a time. When you send me any money, or a letter, go to the nearest Railway station, ask the express agent for a money envelope; insert your letter, seal the envelope, and see that it is properly directed to me. Don't send me a letter through the Post Office. The Express Agent never heard of me, and he will have no idea of the nature of your business. I would prefer that you would send me money in advance. If you are unwilling to do so, I will ship whatever quantity you wish by express, and the Agent will hand you the sealed package as soon as you pay him the money. That is, I will collect my money on delivery of goods (C. O. D.). I will make it appear that your package contains jewelry. If you can spare time come on and see me. Call at my private office, No. 52 John Street, Room 5, up stairs, New York. I will then take you to my manufactory, and let you select whatever quantity of bills you desire. No person in the building knows what business I carry on. Therefore you are just as safe as if you were going into a theatre. If any person suspected my business I would not have you call. Now, sir, if you manage this business properly, you can clear twenty thousand dollars in a year. You have unusual advantages for passing the bills with perfect safety. Always ruffle them up to make them appear dirty and old. You can pass one of my bills at every store, and as the change you receive will be genuine, you will be enabled to clear at least two thousand dollars a month. Not one in a thousand of your neighbors can distinguish a genuine bill from one of mine. Therefore you are foolish for not grasping an opportunity to make money that may never occur again.

I could name a man in your country who made a fortune in the same way. All his neighbors wonder how he made it. But he keeps a still tongue. Probably you know who I mean. I deal on the '*square*,' and if you are true to me you will never regret it. I pray you will not betray me in case you do not go in. You will find by dealing with me that I have the best counterfeit money in the country, and that I deal more honorably than any other man in the business, because I deal on the '*square*.' I would not ask you for any cash down for your first order only to secure myself for the cost of engraving, printing, etc. Read my terms carefully, and remember them. Bear in mind that I will give no more credit than I state in this letter. One or two of my counterfeit bills have already been passed on you, and you have in turn passed them on others. Therefore you should be familiar with their appearance and quality. Of course you did not know they were counterfeits.

"Read the following instructions carefully. Be sure and follow them; then no mistake can be made. If you come on, call at 52 John Street, Office No. 5, up stairs. But if you send me money, or a letter by Express, direct it to my manufactory as follows: —

WM. J. FERGUSON,
No. 194 Broadway, New York City."

Bold in its stupidities and brazen-faced in its assumptions as is the above letter, it has probably deceived hundreds, if not thousands, and the villain "W. J. Ferguson" could doubtless tell many a side-splitting story in regard to the simplicity of his victims. Copies of that and like letters, signed by other names, and sent out by different "speculators," find their way to the farmers', the mechanics', the poor widows', the shop-keepers', and other hands, and hundreds send little sums of money in response — "just to try the thing," if nothing more. I do not intend to animadvert upon the intelligence, sagacity, and moral worth of the masses of "the people of these States," for sufficient comment thereon can be found in the fact that these "speculators" do a thriving business, and if not disturbed by the police authorities would soon be able to build as fine edifices as do the "private bankers," and thus make themselves "a credit to the city of New York," for example, by adorning it!

I have alluded to a man whom I have in my mind's eye. He is a somewhat "queer crittur," as one of his neighbors

denominated him, though an "honest farmer," and something of a "horse character," being interested considerably in stock raising. He resides not a thousand miles from Rutland, Vermont, and is "well to do" in the world. The old fellow's name I am under certain obligations to keep secret; but lest his neighbors (especially a jolly blacksmith living in the same "parish" with him, and who gave me some "light" regarding him, and "enjoyed the fun" when I told him of what facts I discovered), should, when reading this, entertain unjust suspicions as to exactly who the "honest farmer" (and member of the —— church, too!) is, I will simply use the fictitious name of W—orthy P. Row—ley to designate him by.

The exploiting of these "counterfeit-money speculators" became so extensive that at one time complaints were received by the score daily — by the Mayor of New York, and others; and it was finally thought best to take some notice of them. Various means were employed to detect the scamps. One of the most active persons, and who urged their detection and punishment most earnestly, was a man who is, undoubtedly, a regular counterfeiter. This was natural enough, as the "speculators," as will be seen further on, were hurting his business. This man had relatives in Vermont, and in some way it became suspected that the "honest farmer," who sometimes visited to New York, and put up at the Bull's Head Hotel, on Third Avenue, bringing with him a blooded horse for sale now and then, was one of his relations. (But this proved not to be the case. He had been in his company, but was not related to him by blood, though slightly so, as the sequel will show, as a "business man.")

Circumstances so occurred in the ferreting out of some counterfeiters, that suspicion fell upon the "honest farmer" as one of their aids in the distribution or "shoving" of the "queer" (the flash or business name for counterfeit money), and it was thought that he was wanted. So I was delegated to wait on the gentleman "at or near" his residence.

He was in the habit of visiting Canada two or three times a year to buy up stock (cattle mostly), and import them into Vermont, and prepare them for market. This was one of his "side issues," as he said. When I arrived in his town I found he had gone to Canada, and that I should be obliged to wait a day or two for his return. Meanwhile I made as much investigation into the affairs of the old fellow (for he is a man of nearly sixty years of age) as I could safely; and from an enemy or two of his discovered enough to learn that he might be as guilty as he was suspected to be, and I prepared myself for "investigating" the old fellow on his return.

To go into details of how I approached the "honest farmer," and what progress I made in studying him as connected with the regular counterfeiting business, as an agent in distributing the "queer" in Vermont,—and somewhat in Canada, as was supposed,—would make my narrative too long. But I found at last, to my satisfaction, and surprise as well, that that W. P. R., the "honest farmer," had no connection with the business we suspected him to be engaged in. But I found also something which might have surprised me regarding a man of his general shrewdness, if I had not known many equally astute men made fools of.

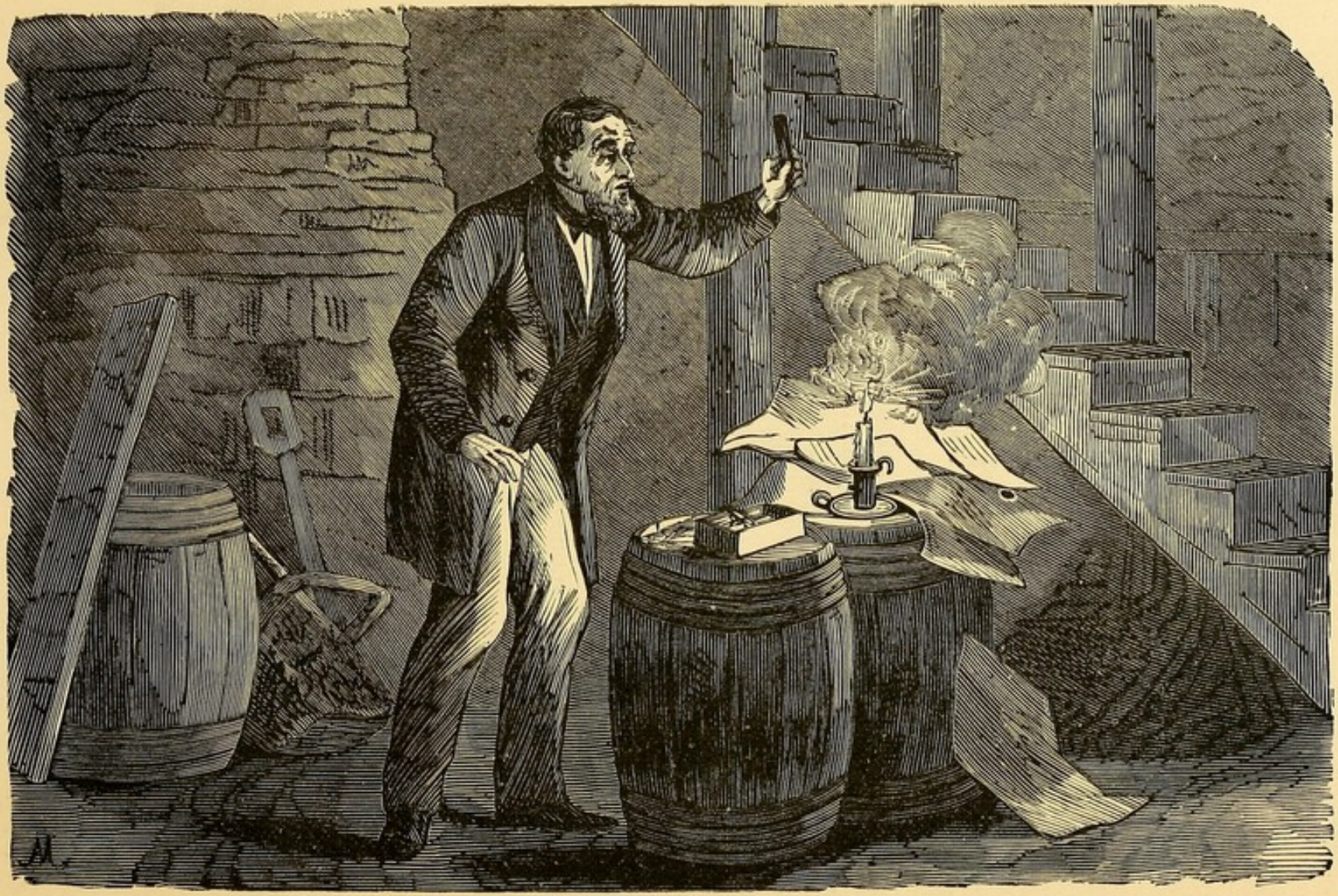
The "honest farmer" had received, from time to time, letters like that which is quoted herein from Mr. "Ferguson." At first he paid no attention to them. Finally his speculative nature became whetted, and out of "pure curiosity," as he asserted to me so often as to excite my suspicions that he had far other motive, he entered into correspondence with the "New York gentlemen," which resulted in his sending to the speculators ten dollars in greenbacks, for which he was entitled, according to their offer, to receive one hundred dollars in counterfeit bills. He gave instructions as to how he would prefer to have it sent, namely, by express, in a square box, well wrapped and sealed up, and he stated about what size. His corre-

spondents were instructed to write on the corner of the package, "One doz. Condition." (This, he said, would be understood by "the railroad folks," and his neighbors, if they saw it, to mean "Condition powders," — medicine for horses.)

The box came to the railroad station near him. He was apprised of its arrival, and went for it himself. This was in the daytime, and he "wasted time" on his way home, so as to arrive in the night. ("Didn't want to let his folks know," he said, "how deuced foolish his curiosity had made him.") He drove under the "shed" attached to his "home barn," and quietly took the box down into a cellar of "the old house" — an old dilapidated, untenanted house, in which some of the products of the farm, and a few farm tools, and some old barrels were kept; and down into the cellar of the old house he went, and deposited there the box, and then went in, "washed up," and sat down with his family to supper.

After supper he was uneasy to investigate the package; and making an errand "to the barn," procured an old candle, and (forgetting the "barn") hastened into the cellar, managing to fasten the cellar door with a rope which he tied to the handle. He *said* he did this for fear somebody might see a light through an end "winder" of the cellar, and come down and "ketch" him at the "silly job;" but I have my suspicions that the "honest farmer" had other reasons than that of pride for his secrecy. He put the box on the head of an old barrel, and the candle on another, and began to unfold his treasures. Roll after roll of "old brown papers and newspapers" he cut off, and wadding them up, one after another, laid them on the head of the barrel on which stood the light, or threw them on the floor.

There was a marvelous waste of paper, he said, in "doin' up that 'are box." At last he came to the box (a small, oblong, wooden, affair which he showed me), which I should think to be about eight inches in length by four in



THE "HONEST" COUNTERFEIT MONEY SPECULATOR.

width and depth, and the original use of which, if it had any, I could not conjecture. The cover was barely tacked on. Pulling off this, he presently came upon a few scraps of old iron, and a few bits of what he thought were paving stones, and not a single dollar of counterfeit money did his search reveal.

At the bottom of the box, pasted in, was a paper, on which was written, in a bold, quite elegant hand, "Old fool! — ha! ha!" And while he stood contemplating his folly, and holding up a bit of the old iron in his hand, the heap of paper on the other barrel (probably warped, or "cockled," as paper-men would express it, by the heat from the candle) tumbled over into the flame of the latter. The old man said this frightened him at first, "like a judgment" on his folly, and he had close work for a minute or two to put out the fire. "I thought the old stairs would ketch," said he, "and I couldn't get up." The story as he told it (for he has a considerable "knack at story-telling") was not a little amusing, but I shall make no attempt to represent it here.

The counterfeit money speculators have no notion of getting themselves into serious legal difficulties, and so long as they only swindle such men as the "honest farmer" in question, the authorities of New York will probably take no great pains to disturb them. It would be rather amusing if one could watch the countenances of the poor dupes as they open their packages. Disappointed ambition, "castles in Spain" all tumbled down, visions of wealth broken into clouds upon their countenances, would probably be the tale they would tell. But warnings will do this class of people no good, and it is not "good" they seek; so we need have no pity for them.

If the counterfeit money speculators, of the kind I here speak of, do no good, they certainly do no harm, save to the regular counterfeiters, by forestalling their field, and getting away from the poor dupes money which might otherwise fall into the "regular" gentlemen's hands. But

perhaps the result in the long run may be beneficial to the "regular trade," inasmuch as the present victims, when they come to get possession of the real counterfeit money, may buy more than they otherwise would, to make up their former losses. In this they will imitate other business men, who, when chancing to lose by one attempted swindle, balance accounts of profit and loss by "doubling" in a successful swindle, or as gamblers "hedge" their bets on a horse-race.

At any rate, the "money-makers," whether of bank bills, or other false pretences, "regular" or "irregular," will always, I suppose, manage to find "honest farmers," and like victims, so long as the ignorance of the people sustains such institutions as private banks; and it matters but little whether a bank bill has passed under the eye of "Jones, president," and "Williams, cashier," or not, so long as it is well "executed" enough to "execute" its own mission, which is, to swindle labor out of its just dues. The man who devised paper money and "banking," as it is generally conducted, was the shrewdest servant that the tyrant and sagacious classes ever had in aiding them to keep the laboring classes subjected and "contented" with being robbed. If any reader thinks my estimate of that man's clever swindling capacity too emphatic or high, let him sit down soberly, and consider the subject in all its aspects, beginning with the cost of the paper, and the thousand profitable uses it is made to serve for the money-manufacturer, and then reflect how it is as much one man's *natural* right to "make money" as another's, but that the few manage to make a monopoly of the business.

The fact is, that the counterfeiters are really more democratic than the bank men, and only stick to their "constitutional rights," — the right of individuals, as well as of bodies politic, to manufacture money. If the State would let the matter of money-making alone, and abolish all laws regarding it, it would not only abolish counterfeiters and counterfeiting thereby, and "bogus" counterfe

speculators also, but would, in so doing, leave a clear field for sensible political economists to work out a plan of exchange, in which some justice and honesty might be obtained. Till then, the counterfeiters, — the regular *bona fide* ones, and the bogus rascals, too, — will thrive; for no plan of "making money" is found so ingenious that these capable gentlemen cannot imitate it.

As I write (Feb., 1871), I note in a Connecticut newspaper an instance of the operation of these bogus counterfeit money speculators; and what surprises me a little is, that their victim lives within four or five hours' ride from New York, in the enterprising village of Thomaston, Litchfield County, Conn., which connects with New York several times a day by railway. It appears that a worthy dealer in "oysters and vegetables" recently received from "Chatfield & Co." (professional dealers in counterfeit money, like "Ferguson") a box marked C. O. D., the charges upon which were ninety dollars. "Of course" the man made no order upon "Chatfield & Co." They sent the box voluntarily. "The charges were promptly paid" (I quote from the newspaper referred to), "and the box opened. The contents proved to be old iron, stones, shavings, and rubbish. These articles can be bought cheaper here. A factorizing suit was quickly served on the express agent here, the money detained, and by due process of law our neighbor . . . will get it back, less the expenses of the law. But we cannot help asking the question, Suppose he had received the "queer" instead of the rubbish for the ninety dollars, what would he have done with it? Charity says he would have carried it to the nearest justice, and had it duly stamped counterfeit, and so lost the investment;" and the article quoted from facetiously adds, "If it had been any one less honest than he is, we are afraid he would have 'shoved the queer' just to get his money back, with a reasonable (say two per cent.) profit. After all, the question is still unanswered."

But the Thomaston people probably have more persons

in their midst than the oyster dealer, who think that counterfeit money is good while it passes; and they should not feel sure, without looking, that they have not in their purses more or less of the "real genuine article" of counterfeit money, especially of the "fractional currency" kind; and it may be that some of the good housewives and marketing husbands of that goodly village have wittingly or unconsciously, from time to time, passed so much of it upon the unfortunate dealer in oysters and vegetables, as to inspire him with a sense of its great "convenience in trade," and so he thought to enjoy the blessings thereof himself, and communicated with "Chatfield & Co."

Drawing my article to a close, I was about overlooking a fact, which I ought not to forget to state here, in regard to the "honest farmer." I had a little business transaction with him — the purchase, in fact, of a few pounds of very nice butter, which I took home with me. I gave him a five dollar bill, out of which he took his pay, handing me the "change," which was two dollars and twenty cents. I took it (made up of sundry pieces of fractional currency), and gave it no attention beyond rapidly counting it, and chanced to place it in one division of my wallet by itself. At Springfield, Mass., I had occasion to use some of it, when I found that a fifty cent bill of it was counterfeit. I considered this "too good a joke to keep" all alone, so I sent the bill on to the "jolly blacksmith" I have alluded to before, and made him a present of it, with the suggestion to him to present it to the "honest farmer," who, to my astonishment, when I heard of it, did not deny that he "might have let that New York fellow have it;" and he modestly took it, and gave another bill (*supposed* to not be counterfeit) in exchange. Whether the man knew it was counterfeit when he gave me the bill, is more than I dare say here; but his neighbors, on reading this, will probably decide that question for themselves. —S.

THE DETECTIVE SYSTEM.

THE NECESSITY OF THE DETECTIVE SYSTEM GENERALLY DISCUSSED — THE STATE OF SOCIETY WHICH CREATED IT — THE REGULAR AND IRREGULAR ROBBERS — THE YOUNG MAN OF INTELLIGENCE ENTERING UPON ACTIVE LIFE, A PICTURE — HE NATURALLY ALLIES HIMSELF TO THE TYRANT AND ROBBING CLASSES — NO HONESTY IN TRADE — TRADE RULES; AND ALL ARE CORRUPT — NO CONSCIENCE AMONG THE TRAFFICKERS — LYING A FINE ART — ALL VILLAINS, BUT NONE INDIVIDUALLY AT FAULT — THE DETECTIVE BELONGS TO THE CORRUPT GOVERNING CLASSES — WEIGHING HIM — GREAT THIEVES — "THE PURVEYORS OF HELL" — THE ETERNAL TALKERS, AND WHAT THEY AMOUNT TO — THE USE FOR DETECTIVES — AN INCIDENT; "CATCHING A FLAT" — THE DETECTIVE'S VOCATION FURTHER CONSIDERED — HOW THE DETECTIVES PROTECT SOCIETY — ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENTS — A CERTAIN GREAT DETECTIVE DESCRIBED — STRATAGEMS — WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS SAY — ON THE WHOLE, IS THE DETECTIVE SYSTEM FROM ABOVE OR BELOW?

THE chief articles of "Knots Untied" being in type, I am asked by the publishers to add thereto my views upon the detective system in general. Much misjudgment has been indulged in by some in regard to the moral merits of the system. Indeed, some writers have been so rash as to condemn it altogether. But these are persons of very peculiar mental and moral construction, in my opinion. They have not, it is evident, studied deeply or thoroughly the condition of things which demands the detective system for its protection and support.

It has been most wisely said, that "Society creates, for the most part, the crimes which it punishes." It is a sad truth, but one to be dispassionately considered — not overlooked. The wonder to my mind is that there are not more criminals in society than there are, so heartless are the institutions of civilization in general, so lax the morali-

ty of business life, so hypocritical the common tone of society everywhere, from among the least up to the greatest of the participants, in what, as a whole, we call a community, a town, a city, or a nation.

Everywhere I see injustice and wrong triumphing over justice and the right; everywhere petty political successes, vain social triumphs, and especially the victories of wealth, emulated and worshipped. The crown for which the child is usually instructed to bend all his efforts hangs on the pinnacle of vanity or pride. He is expected to obtain it in business life, by gathering under his feet a pile of gold high enough to enable him to stand up, and reach out his hand to it; and he is taught that it is no matter how he gets the gold, so that he avoids all legal difficulties in the way; and he is further instructed that when he shall have acquired a certain amount of gold he need fear no law, for he can buy juries and judges then, and be "a law unto himself;" and he grows up to manhood and active life under these holy instructions.

Looking around him, as a man, he sees that everybody is striving for the same object which he would reach; and however his own sense of right may disturb him in his first mistep from her path, he soon learns that the "common law," the highest morality, in other words, on 'Change, is to "buy at the lowest possible prices, and sell for as much as you can." He becomes extortionate when he can, and rejoices in whatever panic "sends up" his own stocks, for example, although it may ruin a thousand others, and bring desolation to countless homes. He sees, if he lives in New York, that Wall Street is a den of thieves, "respectable" ones; and he finds its counterparts all through the city, down into the lowest haunts of vice, where squalor and want, added to crime, make the last disreputable.

But his mind is logical, and he sees that there is no difference in principle between making a "corner" in Wall Street, and thus robbing a man of fifty shares of a given railroad stock, and the picking of his pocket of those

shares in the graceful way in which the *chevaliers d'industrie* do it. He sees the real estate owner, who has already received in rents, from his tenants, ten times as much money as a certain building cost him, years ago (exclusive, at that, of the legal interest on the original investment), raising the rent as often as he dare, and frequently ejecting, into the merciless world, the family of a poor man who cannot meet the advanced rent, on the one side; and on the other, he witnesses a highway robber snatch a cloak from the shoulders of a man, or a bundle from a lady's arms; or a sneak thief escaping from a hall door with a garment in his hands; and for the life of him he cannot see any real moral difference in the two "sides;" on both are extortion and robbery.

He sees vast monopolies arising, and breaking down small dealers. He sees the merchant princes absorbing the businesses once conducted by smaller traders, and usurping even the trades; so that, now, for example, several hundred dress-makers, once scattered over various parts of the city, and then living in a good degree of independence, are to be found gathered in a herd, if they have employment at all, the merest wages-slaves of some mercantile lord turned manufacturer, too, as well; or, if without employment by some large house, forced by the lower rates which the monopolists charge for their poorly paid-for goods, to live along on starvation wages.

In short, the man sees about him the greed of gain in all its hateful and diabolical phases — and he meditates: "This is the world I am born into; this the field I must win my successes in; there are but comparatively two classes, — the successful and proud, who govern everything, and enjoy everything, and the unsuccessful and the wretched, who have nothing but woes and toils, and who enjoy nothing — but what they have. I must make my choice between the two. I cannot suffer myself to belong to the latter class."

Thus determining, he enters upon the busy scenes of

life; and if a merchant, he misrepresents his goods, for he knows that all other merchants do the same; he scruples at no falsity, so that it is not so palpable and clear as to defeat his chief purpose of cheating, — the achievement of profits. He lies to enhance in the purchaser's eyes the real merits of his wares, and he lies to cover up their demerits. He hears that some merchant is trading upon a reputation he has somehow acquired of being an honest dealer. Laughing in his sleeve over this, — for well he knows that an honest man, in the competitive sphere of trade, is too much of a *lusus naturæ* to have an actual existence, — he casts about to rival the other in this matter of profitable reputation, and learn "how he does it." He finds that his competitor has joined Beecher's, or some other popular church, and gone to teaching Sunday school. He follows suit, — and thus makes religion useful and available in trade.

Taking pains to get his church membership noised about, he now adds sanctimony to his other facial graces, and lies with a more effective air than before. If a merchant in wet goods, he goes a step farther than before in their adulteration; if in dry goods, he puts upon his poorer silks and cottons, etc., the stamps which belong to better ones; and so he lives on and thrives, and builds him a mansion in Fifth Avenue, or some other fashionable quarter, and is a man beloved and respected, and powerful among the people.

Or, may be, he turns politician, makes his way into the city government, sets his active genius to work, and invents numerous jobs to be done at the public expense, and manages to reap a hundred, or several hundred per cent. profit thereon; becomes a money-lord and a chief ruler, and is noted and respected, and for his thefts of millions, perhaps, makes restitution by a large munificent donation to the poor of the city. Or he goes into Wall Street, and robs and swindles there till he gets to be a power, and lords it

over sundry railroad and other vast interests, and is a very demigod.

In all he is a representative man; for throughout all the departments of trade and business, from the greatest to the least, all are swindlers, to more or less extent. Nobody better than the detective knows how absurd and ridiculous it is to talk of "honesty in trade," for he is quite as likely to be called upon to ferret out and arrest a forger or a cheat in the respectable ranks of business as he is to entrap a common pickpocket. The detective knows too much to believe in the honesty of any one as a trader. He may be a good-hearted, companionable fellow, generous to his friends, kind to his family, a nobleman by nature, but in trade he is dishonest; not that he would prefer to be so even there, but because business rules and customs make him so. Take the most nearly just man, as a merchant or manufacturer, to be found in the country, and prove to the detective (or any other man well informed as to the crafts of business), if you can, that that trader or manufacturer will not ask for his goods as large a profit as he can get,— always the market price, at least, — and think himself not only not wrong in so doing, but actually right, no matter how the "market price" is made, whether by the withholding from the market of a large amount of a given commodity in order to "raise the price" (which is simply, in other words, to rob the more) or not.

I have never known a half dozen traders in my life who had any moral perceptions on this point. Lying is said to be a fine art in China. Nothing wrong is perceived in it by the Celestials. Just as some people have no ear for music, no sense for the harmony of sounds, so they, the Chinese, seem to have no sense or perception of the beauty of truth. Just so in the business life of our own people; hardly a man of all sees or understands that it is not right for him to receive as great a profit on his goods as he can "honorably get" (i. e., no matter how, so that he gets it, — for the getting is the soul of business

life). What is true of the business morality of New York, is true of the trading morality of the whole country. New York is the chief market town, and rules in prices and modes of dealing.

The trader, with lack of conscience; the lawyer, whose interest it is to win his cases at all hazards, and bring his witnesses up to the right point for victory; the broker, who has no conscience (save when not pretending to have any); the manufacturers of flour and other food for the market, who adulterate their goods, or pass upon the community poor ones for good ones (and all do more or less of this); the liquor merchant, who poisons his wines and brandies with strychnine, etc., in order that he may give them a "bead," after having adulterated them as much as he can; the quack-medicine dealers, and the ten thousand other comparatively respectable shams and cheats of society, are all on a plane, in point of principle, with the pickpocket and the sneak thief; while the braver men, who rob whole railroads, etc., at a time, rise to the dignity of highwaymen. And there is still another class of moral worthies, the large manufacturers, who, monopolizing certain great industries, force the poor, through their necessities, into perpetual slavery to them, and render back for their hard labor just enough to keep them from the grave, and make them useful; and these occupy the position of the cruel and heartless slaveholder.

Let not the reader suppose that I blame any of these characters individually. Society's laws and customs make them what they are. They must be so, or must be content to be of the oppressed classes. There are but two great classes in civilization, — the oppressed and the oppressors, the trampled upon and the tramplers. To the latter class belongs the detective. He is dishonest, crafty, unscrupulous, when necessary to be so. He tells black lies when he cannot avoid it; and white lying, at least, is his chief stock in trade. He is the outgrowth of a diseased and corrupted state of things, and is, consequently, morally

diseased himself. His very existence is a satire upon society. He is a miserable snake, not in a paradise, but in the social hell. He is a thief, and steals into men's confidences to ruin them. He makes friends in order to reap the profits of betraying them. He is as bad in these days as was his prototype, St. Paul in his, "all things to all men," but like him, he is defensible, in that his rogueries and villanies are practised for other people's "salvation" or security; and, aside from the fact that the detective, in his calling, is often degraded to a sort of watchman or ordinary policeman, to help the big thieves, the merchants, etc., protect themselves from the small thieves, who are not able to keep places of business, and to perform sundry other undignified work, his calling is a very noble one, and a singularly blessed one, inasmuch as it is the only one which I call to mind, by which hypocrisy is elevated into a really useful and beneficent art.

It is true, as I lately saw in a cursory glance at the book notices in some journal, that somebody in Europe has written a work entitled "The Purveyors of Hell," in which, with the keen discrimination of an intelligent and honest man, he inveighs against the secret service and detective system as an immense corrupter of mankind, and aims heavy blows, I suppose, at it. The author, I think, cannot be far from right in his abhorrence of the system, but I am afraid that, like too many other doctors of morals, he uses his scalpel on, and directs his medicines to, the effects, and not the causes, of the evils he would cure.

The detective has one palliative to his conscience which the criminal and thief — be he a regular or irregular one, a business man with a shop, or without one — has not; for he, in his trickeries, his lies, his false seeming, his unscrupulous betrayal of his victims, has ever the consciousness that he is operating as an aid to justice, and that in her cause is it that he commits whatever outrages he may do to truth and fair dealing. His position is paradoxical in a measure. He has the satisfaction of knowing that if

he lies and cheats, he is no worse for this, in a business way, than his neighbors, and that his frauds are exercised to protect them in keeping whatever ill-gotten gains they may have in the shape of property, from being stolen from them by some of the rest of his (and their) neighbors; or in the discovery of criminals, such as murderers and assassins, in order that they may be punished, to satisfy the majesty of the law, made by the society which made the criminals. In this sense he is a public benefactor, and better entitled to the honors he wins in society than is, perhaps, any other useful citizen of the governing classes.

Whatever is bad in the detective's career, society has created for him to perform, and compelled him to do it. However unpleasant to himself his business may be, he has the happiness of knowing that in its results it is good, — that is, if it be good to preserve the present order of things; for without the detective the laws, such as they are, could not well be enforced; for so cunning have the crafts of business made our unfortunate criminal classes, that the ordinary officers of the law cannot surprise or entrap them; and, allowed to pursue their business uninterrupted, the pickpockets, counterfeiters, forgers, bank-robbers, and so forth, would soon monopolize the business of the country to the disparagement of the money brokers, grain and cotton exchangers, the land speculators, the usurers, the railroad robbers, the wholesale and retail merchants, the private bankers, etc., who, with less keen talent than the independent pickpocket proper, are obliged to have laws framed to help them in their iniquity, while he operates against the law.

To preserve the weaker of the cormorant classes in their "lawful" pursuits, therefore, the detective is absolutely a necessity in society, and as such should be as much esteemed as any other necessity. Obvious is it, then, that the writer of the work alluded to — "Purveyors of Hell" — is an impractical enthusiast in the cause of ab-

stract right and truth. It would seem that he, poor man, believes in some system of abstract and speculative morality as a governing and directing force in society, without any regard to the customs of trade, etc., which obtain in a civilization, the main end of which is to enable its chief individual participants to "make money" by various means of enticing it out of their neighbors' pockets and filching it from the hands of labor.

This sort of abstract morality, spiritual morality, which is talked from every pulpit in the land to audiences composed, for the main part, of people who, however strict attention they may pay to the talkers, punctuate the sentences of their discourses for them with scheming thoughts of what they are going to do in a busines-way the next day — has failed of its desired results often enough, one would think, to confound the talkers. The wonder to me is that the intelligent classes do not, more than they do, look things squarely in the face, and see for themselves how utterly hopeless it is to ever do without the detective in society, so long as our legislators make ten laws for the protection of property to one for man; so long as the "sacredness of property" is a phrase which sanctifies the protection of all ill-gotten gains, if they but be gotten in some regular, or not too irregular, way, even more surely than it covers or protects the products of actual hard labor, — the very things of all that need protection, and the protecting of which, in the hands of those to whom they rightly belong, the laborers, would secure all other rights in society; for surely the defrauding of labor is the radical iniquity of the age (as it has been that of all the historic ages, so far as I can learn), out of which spring all the rest of the corruptions of society.

But the talkers do not care to meddle with reforms which have a wise, radical end in view. They hate things which are radical. They dislike to disturb the "foundations of society." They are wiser than their Master, and have so veiled his philosophy and teachings of a politico-

economical kind, that he would not, were he to reappear on earth, here in New York, be able to tell the difference, in point of principle, between a Wall Street broker, owning the chief pew in one of the talkers' temples, and being a principal pillar thereof, from one of those wily rascals whom he saw fit to whip out of the sacred places some eighteen hundred and thirty odd years ago.

In those days the detective was as necessary as now; and it was by his aid, probably, that the society of Jerusalem was enabled to cohere. But the money-makers became so sharp and subtle, and got so well established in the practice of their iniquities in the very Porch of the Temple, that it became necessary for the great Detective and Reformer to come out of Nazareth, and search into their "ways which were dark," and expose them. In fact it would seem that the detective system has the approval of very high authority, — so wise as not to be mistaken as to its fitness to "things as they are," and are ever likely to be till some method is invented to do away with criminals, by making crime unattractive, and labor, honest toil, for what a man has a right to have, and no more, respectable and attractive.

I have hinted that the detective's vocation has much to do with "ways that are dark." So it has; and it might be inferred, perhaps, from what I have said, that his vocation has a bad influence upon his own interior nature. It is certain that it has no great tendency to elevate and refine him; but it would seem that the pursuit of devious ways for a good end has not the corrupting influence which the practice of falsehood for the mere aggrandizement of a man's individual, selfish interests, exercises. Detectives are, for the most part, excellent citizens — very punctilious in observing the laws, themselves, as well as being social regulators to enforce others to respect them, also. Still, whatever the intrinsic moral life or character of the detective may be, his art is a devilish one, and civilization is responsible for it.

The use of the detective to society is not fully understood by the majority of the people, especially in country places; and visitors to a city like New York, or Philadelphia, little consider how much of their peace and security, when there, depend upon the quiet, silent, effective operations of the master detectives, The citizen or stranger, on visiting a great mercantile establishment like Stewart's up-town store, usually but little understands what a system of detection is carried on there, not only for the protection of Mr. Stewart's goods, but the purses of his customers, from the attractive powers of the graceful pick-pocket's fingers. But the amount of money which Stewart pays out annually for this sort of protection must be something large. In this way is dispensed to others a portion of the money which he, as a merchant, manages to win for himself from the labor-resources of the country by the jugglery of trade. There seems to be a sort of poetic justice in this. If Mr. Stewart, and the other enormous accumulators of wealth, were not obliged to employ others to help them protect it, there probably would be left to the poor but little else than the liberty to die, and be buried in paupers' graves, at a more early date after birth than is now their wont to reach those hospitable quarters.

But everywhere throughout a great city, in the horse-cars, in Wall Street, in all the great stores, at the churches on Sundays, in the lager-beer gardens, on the steamboats at the wharves, on the ferry-boats, throughout the large manufactories, around various dens of iniquity, at the theatres, etc., the detective is at his work. To-day he perhaps personates one character; to-morrow, another. To-day he is a trader from the West, making purchases among sundry dealers in tobacco, perhaps; and as he glides around their establishments, prizing this or that stock which he is to purchase, 'unless he can do better elsewhere,' he is carefully noting everything; for he is for the time in the employ of the General Government, and it is suspected that the tobacconists are defrauding the Treasury

of the taxes, and he is in pursuit of evidence to convict them. Yesterday he hailed from New Hampshire, perhaps, and in the character of a countryman, was getting an insight into arts by which a sharper was fleecing, not only country people, but some of the residents of the city, too, by inveigling them into subscribing for stock in a fabulous gold, or silver, or lead mine, or some great colonizing project, and inducing them to advance ten or twenty per cent. on the nominal par value of the stock as a part of the working capital.

The detective, in the character of the countryman, presenting himself in fancy as my pen traced the lines next above, memory reverts to a notable instance, which I conceive is well worth recording here, wherein a detective friend of mine, in his *rôle* of a sort of Brother Jonathan, from New Hampshire, caught a bogus gold-mine speculator of New York in a very clever way, and accomplished the restitution of several thousand dollars (which had been advanced as per centage on the stock subscribed for by several different persons). The speculator, who was a man of considerable moneyed means, and therefore "responsible," and thought to be, of course, "reliable," on account of his being a man of property, had, in a very ingenious manner, organized a company to work a supposed gold mine in Virginia. He was president of the "company," and his cousin was secretary. A northern geologist (a professor in a college not over a hundred and fifty miles in a bee line from New York city), was taken by this cousin on to Virginia to examine the mine, and make a report, which was duly done, the professor making a very attractive report. He found considerably more gold to the ton of quartz than is considered among miners "a fair, average yield." The mine was indeed a very valuable one in his opinion, and would have been so in fact, if his conclusions had been drawn from honest premises; but the poor professor had no suspicion that the gold he found in his assay of the quartz, which he actually saw

taken from the mine in question, got into his crucible in a mysterious way, and never belonged to the quartz which he had taken so much pains to pulverize.

The president had so deftly drawn up the printed constitution, or articles of incorporation, and by-laws of the company, that he could easily and legally resign his position, and withdraw when he pleased from the association, and carry off all the funds advanced, without fear of legal trouble from his victims. But after a large amount of the stock had been subscribed, and the advanced assessments of twenty per cent. called in (when somewhat over half the nominal stock had been subscribed), one of the victims got his eyes open, and wanted his money back. He saw that it was of no use to complain to the president (I will call the latter Sharp, and my friend the detective, Flat, for short), so he made his case known to a lawyer, who directed him to engage Flat, who, he thought, and thought rightly, would "work up the job safely." Flat managed to get himself into Sharp's acquaintance outside of business hours, as a curious fellow, — a nondescript old bachelor, — from Alton, New Hampshire, owning several farms, and with more money than he knew what to do with.

Of course Sharp needed *him*, and used his best arts to get him to take stock. Flat agreed to call and look into the "darned thing," and if he liked it he'd "go in." He called. Sharp showed him the books. Flat found the amount of stock subscribed just as Sharp told him, and of course was pleased at first, and was about to subscribe, himself — when a "notion struck him."

"See here," said he, "these names is all correct, I guess. I don't know the writin'; but how do I know they ar' all genooine?"

Sharp, in his way, "satisfied" Flat on that head.

"But," said Flat, "has all these fellurs paid up their 'cessments?"

Sharp assured him they had.

"Wa'al, how do I know? I don't see no proof on't here," said Flat, pointing to the subscription stock-book.

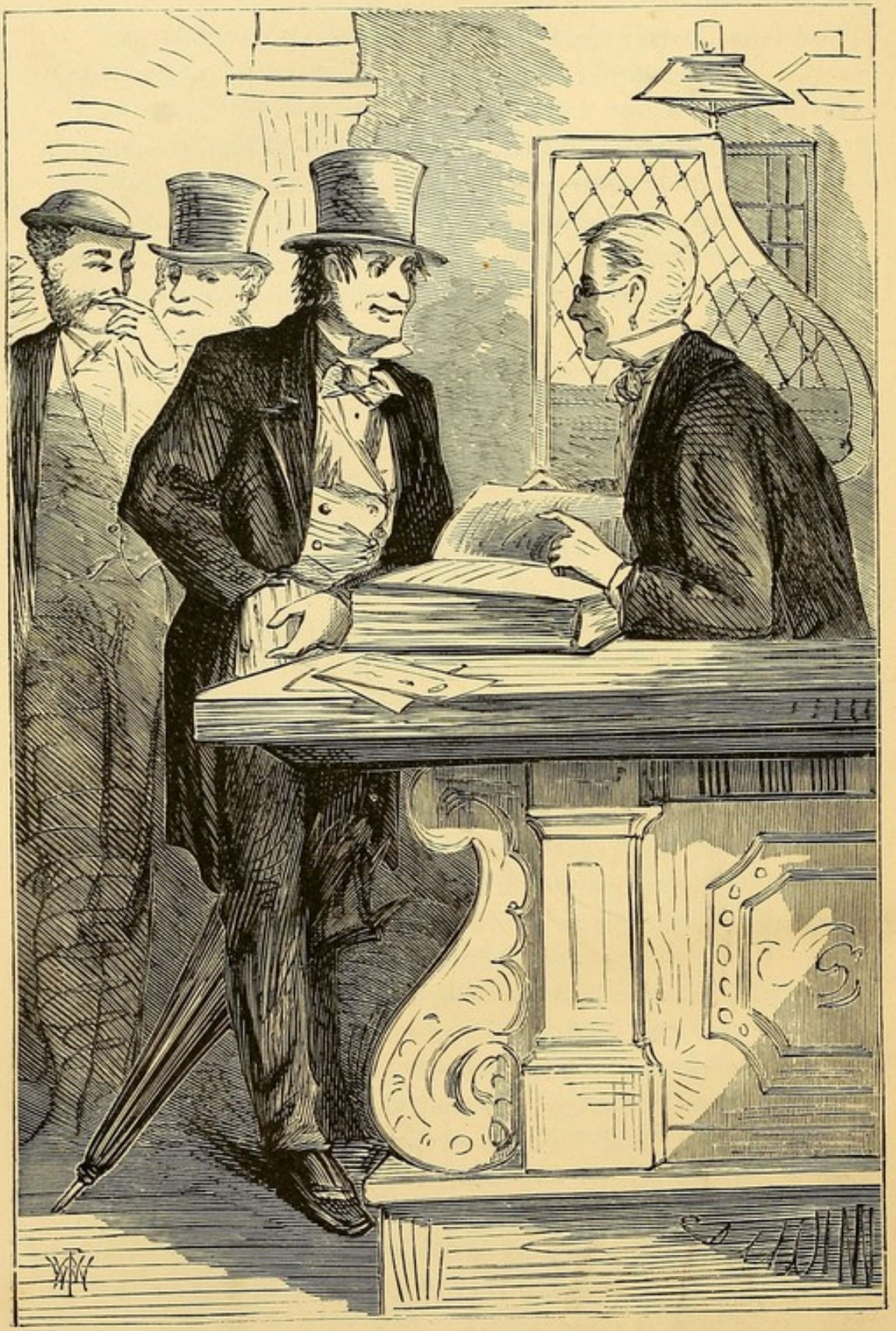
Sharp explained; but Flat was thick-headed, and would not understand or believe anything till Sharp should have entered against each man's name the amount of the assessment he had paid, and 'then he would take his pick of 'em, he said, and go and ax 'em right to thar heads,' and ef he found all right, he'd subscribe, and 'go in his full length.'

Sharp saw nothing not flat and silly in this, and he agreed to it of course, for well he knew that all the stockholders would be glad to get more money into the treasury to develop the mine with. They would, of course, all tell Flat that they had paid up, and so confirm Sharp's word. Flat quietly visited two or three of the heaviest stock holders, and informed them how they were cheated, and they became as anxious as his employer to have the scamp caught; and after two days, Flat called again upon Sharp, taking a couple of modest friends along with him, of whom he could manage to make witnesses in an emergency. Sharp was all ready, greeted him cordially, pointed out to him carefully, and with much apparent pride, the names of the stockholders who had paid up their assessments, and explained to him that certain checks he had put against their names meant that they had paid, and showed how much each had paid.

Flat was a little thick-headed, but saw "straight" at last. "I declare," said Flat, "that are's famous," taking hold of the book; "neow do tell me what your expenses is in runnin' this here company? What d'they charge you for this here nice book, to begin with?" (The book was gotten up with considerable care as to appearances.)

Sharp thought it a stupid question, but humored Flat, and told him that it was worth twenty-five dollars; but that he had an eye to economy for the company, and "jewed" down the price to eighteen dollars.

"Wa'al," said Flat, "that's cheaper an' I can git one



CATCHING A FLAT.

anywheres else; guess I'll take it; talk of gittin' up a company myself;" and he appropriated the book, to Sharp's amazement.

He had all he wanted; evidence enough as to who had been swindled, and how much, etc. The matter was all brought down to a point, and Sharp was arrested by one of Flat's friends, while Flat bore away the book to a safe place. Suffice it, that Sharp was so securely caught that he did not go home to his pleasant residence in New Jersey that day so early as usual, or not until every dollar he had swindled from his victims was secured, and in the way of getting back to their hands. This was "Catching a Flat" with a vengeance for Mr. Sharp.

But this is only an illustrative case of the best and most honorable class of the detective's work, and one of the comparatively "genteel" cases too. His field of labor is usually more thorny, and his work at times not only very perplexing, on account of the subtle characters he has to deal with, but very laborious in view of the much travelling, nights and days, which many jobs occasion. The tracking out of bank robbers, searching for the hiding-places of their stolen treasures, and various like things, will suggest the great amount of real, hard, physical labor the detective sometimes has to perform. Only he can do it. He cannot delegate his powers to any great extent. If he employs others, it is only as aids, not as substitutes. He is expected to know everything in the ways of business regular and business irregular. If he would succeed as a detective of bank robbers, especially, he must not only know all the rogues of that class, but he must understand what class of "workmen" they are; for these industrious, hard-working bank-robbers all have different ways of doing their work; possess different degrees of skill; and when the robbery of a bank is reported to a detective, his first inquiry is directed to the manner in which the "work" was done.

Some workmen of this class have very little skill of a me-

chanical kind. They do their work bunglingly, and never attempt very difficult jobs. Others are very skillful; are ready to undertake anything. The most skillful bank-robbers, of twenty or twenty-five years ago, would only be bunglers now. The thousand new devices for safe-locks, security of vaults, and so forth, would entirely confound them. But as genius makes progress in the arts of security, the bank-robbers keep pace. Their profession increases in dignity among themselves in proportion to the new and great difficulties which they surmount. They are of different classes, of different degrees of merit in their vocation, and the detective must know at once by their "chips" to what class belonged the scamps who robbed this or that bank; for if he did not know he would be liable to get on the wrong track, and so the scamps would gain all the time they need for putting themselves in perfect security. And the detective must know the character and relative "standing" of the members of other divisions of the "cross" classes, as they are designated in the technical phrase of the profession.

So the detective's calling is one which demands not only much cunning, but much general and accurate knowledge of human character, and not a little acquaintance with all sorts of business. He may be illiterate, as many an excellent detective is, for he has perhaps climbed up from unfortunate and poor early surroundings by force of his natural abilities, and not by any adventitious aid of the schools. If he cannot solve problems of the higher mathematics, he can unravel mysteries which would confound a Newton or a Laplace; and to keep pace with the "enlightened progress" of bank-robbers, counterfeiters, and so forth, the dectective must not only be alert, but clear-headed. He must be honest, too, punctiliously so in a business sense; for he must keep within certain limits, observe certain rules of honor in his dealings with thieves and outlaws, otherwise he would often find himself lacking in one case evidence which he wants in another; or having

one scoundrel in his power, could never use him as state's evidence to criminate another, his confederate, and a more dangerous person than he; for there is certainly "honor among thieves," as among other business men. There must be a certain degree of it, else business itself would die out or go into anarchy. Honor enough to preserve the integrity of his business every thief has. The detective could not afford to have less than the thief. He is a sort of prince, in the thieves' opinion. He is the only man for whom they have any real respect.

With the detective the thief usually "keeps faith," if he plights him his "word and honor as a gentleman!" (Strange words to fall from a thief's mouth, but after all a most appropriate source; for a true man has no need to indorse his yea or nay with an oath of honor.) The detective is a power among the thieves; his are the laws they obey. They fear only him. He is a necessity, then, for protecting society against the frauds, [s]peculations, and robberies of these irregular business men. He governs the cities, and protects them, so far as controlling the rapacity of the irregular robbers is concerned. But few people resident of a city like New York, and but few strangers coming to the city, consider or ever know how continually they are under the protection of the invisible detective; invisible to them, but "seen and known of all men" in the irregular vocations of business.

The detective is ever about in public places, exercising his calling for the protection of the thousands who know him not. For example, strangers from the country visiting New York generally attend the theatres, more or less, especially if they are very puritanic at home, and some such play as the Black Crook is ruling at Niblo's, for instance. Of course the country gentlemen, whether deacons, or what not, in their respective rural districts, must see the "sensations." What else do they come to New York for, to be sure? On business? Yes, the detective who knows them all, and can tell at sight from what parts of the coun-

try they individually come, knows that they visit New York "on business;" for he sees them at the theatres, and often gets sight of them going into places where very wise people do not go, but where wisdom of a certain sort is to be obtained nevertheless; and so he knows that they come to the city only on business. But he keeps an eye out for them constantly.

They go to Niblo's, perchance, to see some spectacular play, like the "White Fawn," or the "Black Crook," to which we have referred before. They go in great crowds. They have their "Sunday clothes" on, watch chains in sight, pocket-books insecurely guarded, etc., and they sit out the hours and listen to the play, and are delighted, and go quietly out, away to their hotels, or among their friends, unconscious all the while that at the theatre they owed their security from pickpockets, and that class of skilled gentlemen, to a single, quiet man, whom they may not have deigned to cast a look upon as they passed through the vestibule into the body of the theatre; but he was there, having a care for them all. He is one of the chief men of his vocation in the land or the world. The thieves and pickpockets all know him, and respect him.

Standing near by the gateway in the railing which crosses the vestibule, is this gentleman to be seen. He is of rather more than medium height — a muscular, but not large man, has a face of regular cast of features, and a very fine intellectual brow. He is rather more than a good-looking man; a handsome man, indeed; and a gentleman of courteous manners. He is always well dressed, but never over-dressed; he exercises excellent taste in this respect. He is the only man in New York, perhaps, who could perfectly fill the place he occupies in that vestibule now as the guardian of the thousands who pass through that little gate. He seems not to be observing anything in particular; but you may hear him as you pass through the gate, perhaps, speak to some one in the crowd moving on with you; and turning about, you observe that

a fine-looking gentleman has stepped aside to speak with the accomplished public guardian, Wm. George Elder (for that is his name), and the gentleman whom he has quietly called to him is an accomplished pickpocket. The detective is informing him that he must not go in now; some other night, perhaps, he may. That pickpocket has, perhaps, been long away from the city, for years, at Boston, or New Orleans, and thought the detective had forgotten him. But the detective has an excellent memory, and he never forgets his "friends," he says; and this pickpocket he had, years ago, enrolled among the best of his friends, because he had taken his advice, and left the city, with the promise never to return; and the detective gently reminds him of his promise and his "honor;" and the pickpocket, all smiles, and graciousness, — for he is a very gentleman in his line of business, — bows himself off.

One after another the detective arrests the pickpockets quietly, and sends them away. None of them whom he has ever seen escapes him, however much disguised. But there may be some new ones, some lately arrived from London (the fruitful mother and skillful educator of this enterprising class of our fellow-men), or from somewhere else, whom the detective has never seen, and who have passed in. But pickpockets have a brotherhood of their own, and the stranger pickpockets find their way to the resident ones at once; so to keep watch on a strange one who may possibly have entered, the detective, perhaps, allows one or two of the resident gentlemen to go in, and makes them responsible for whatever watches or pocketbooks may be lost there on the given night.

The pickpockets so admitted plight him their word that they will not "work" there that night, and they keep it; and if some other pickpocket, still a stranger to the detective, carries on his business there, the resident pickpockets are sorely grieved, for they feel that their honor has been trifled with and imperilled, and they are sure to hunt out the stranger gentlemen, and make him disgorge,

on the principle of the honor and respect which one member of their fraternity is bound to show to another. A higher law rules among these people than among the regular or legalized pickpockets in the business world generally. Thus, by wise stratagem, the detective causes one villain to keep another "honest," or inoffensive at least.

This particular officer is not always at that given post on play nights; but he may be often seen there, and he is a splendid specimen of the *genus* detective. It would be difficult to find in any business vocation a more thoroughly effective and true man than he; but he honors the calling, and not the calling him. Without him and his fellow-detectives the civilization of New York could not be maintained, and throughout the country a sort of anarchy would bear sway. Vigilance committees would be needed in all our cities, and be made up of inexperienced citizens, who, not knowing what to do, would make confusion more confounded, and run riot themselves at last. But the skilled "vigilance committee," the educated detectives, keep things in order.

On the whole, I am of the opinion that the detective system, with all its crafts and hypocrisies, its "higher law," or law of "expediences," which is constantly breaking in upon common law and the statute law of the States against the compounding of felonies, etc., etc., is, notwithstanding all that may be said against it, one of the very best institutions or features of our corrupt civilization, whether we regard the physical powers or the spiritual powers that be in its midst. It is, at least, the silent, secret, and effective Avenger of the outraged Majesty of the Law when everything else fails, and must fail, to bring certain irregular members of society into order. And if there is any merit in sustaining our corrupt, abominable civilization as it is, then the detective's value cannot well be overrated. But there are social philosophers who hold that it is a sin to perpetuate things as

they are, and who teach that society can never be reformed, and justice rule, protecting the rights of labor against the rapacity of greedy tyrants, etc., etc., until it shall have first become disintegrated in all its present parts, and be reconstructed; that out of the rotten particulars of which the general whole is now composed nothing worthy can be wrought; and that disintegration cannot come too soon, even if through all possible calamities. In the view of these men the detective system is but a power exercised in an unholy cause; a necessary part of an unnecessary system of wrong. Between the philosophers and the general public I leave the detective system, unwilling to assume to decide for others whether, on the whole, it *fell* from "heaven" or sprang from "hell."

But while I would not undertake to determine for others the metaphysical (?) question above raised, I feel it proper to add for myself, that although most of my relations with the police during my whole period of office were pleasant enough, so far as my brother officers were concerned (some of whom, indeed, I hold in cordial esteem); yet the duties of my position were frequently obnoxious to my taste and —perhaps I will be pardoned for so expressing myself—to my better nature. My adoption of and continuance in the profession were not acts of choice, or volition, in the sense of what sundry more or less clear-headed theologians call "free agency"; but, rather, the practical expressions or verifications of "foreordination" perhaps, or in other words, the results of the "force of circumstances," in conflict with which I was powerless; and I felt relieved of a great burden when fate permitted me, at last, to forego my honors as a detective policeman.