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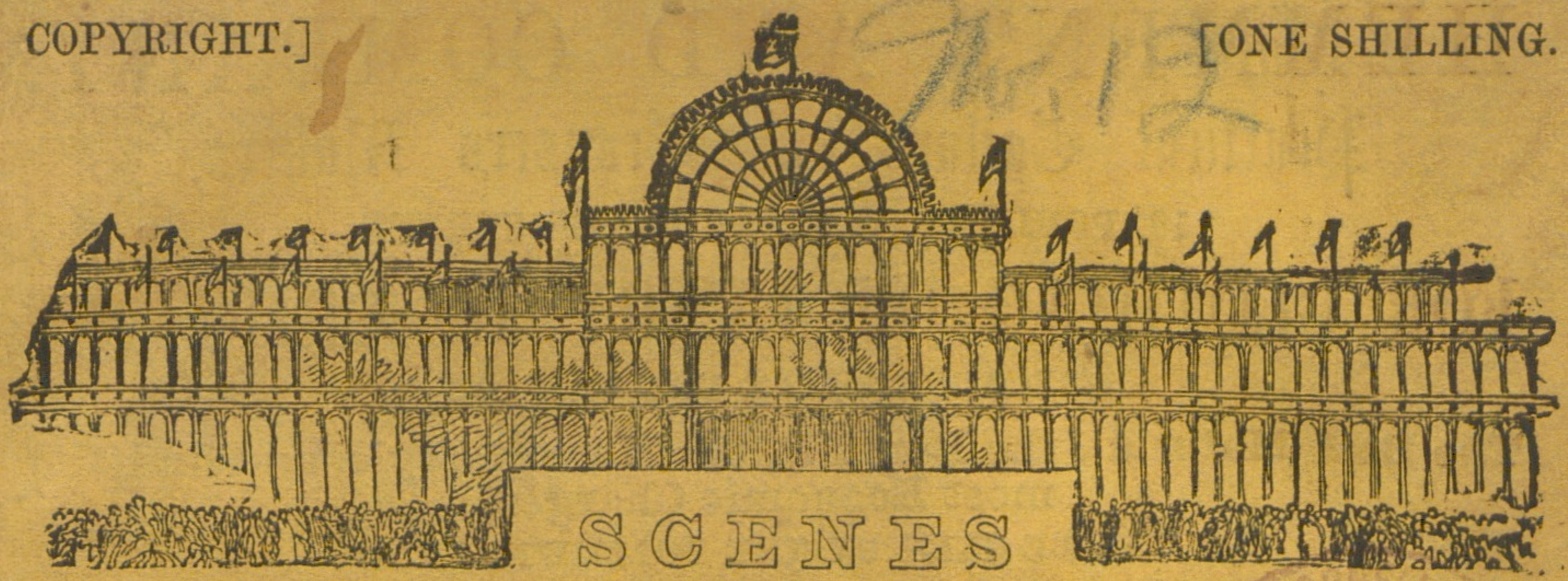

SCENES

FROM THE

LIVES

OF

ROBSON & REDPATH

ILLUSTRATED:

Shewing the Steps by which the Tempter led them

FROM SOBRIETY TO DISSIPATION, FROM HONOUR TO CRIMINALITY; INCLUDING REPORTS OF THEIR CAPTURE, TRIAL, AND RECORDS OF THEIR PRISON LIFE.

LONDON:

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AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

"Who's thy Tailor, Sir?"—Robson's "Love and Loyalty," p. 9.

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"I Wear his Clothes—that brings him Customers."

—Robson's "Love and Loyalty," p. 9.

SCENES

FROM THE

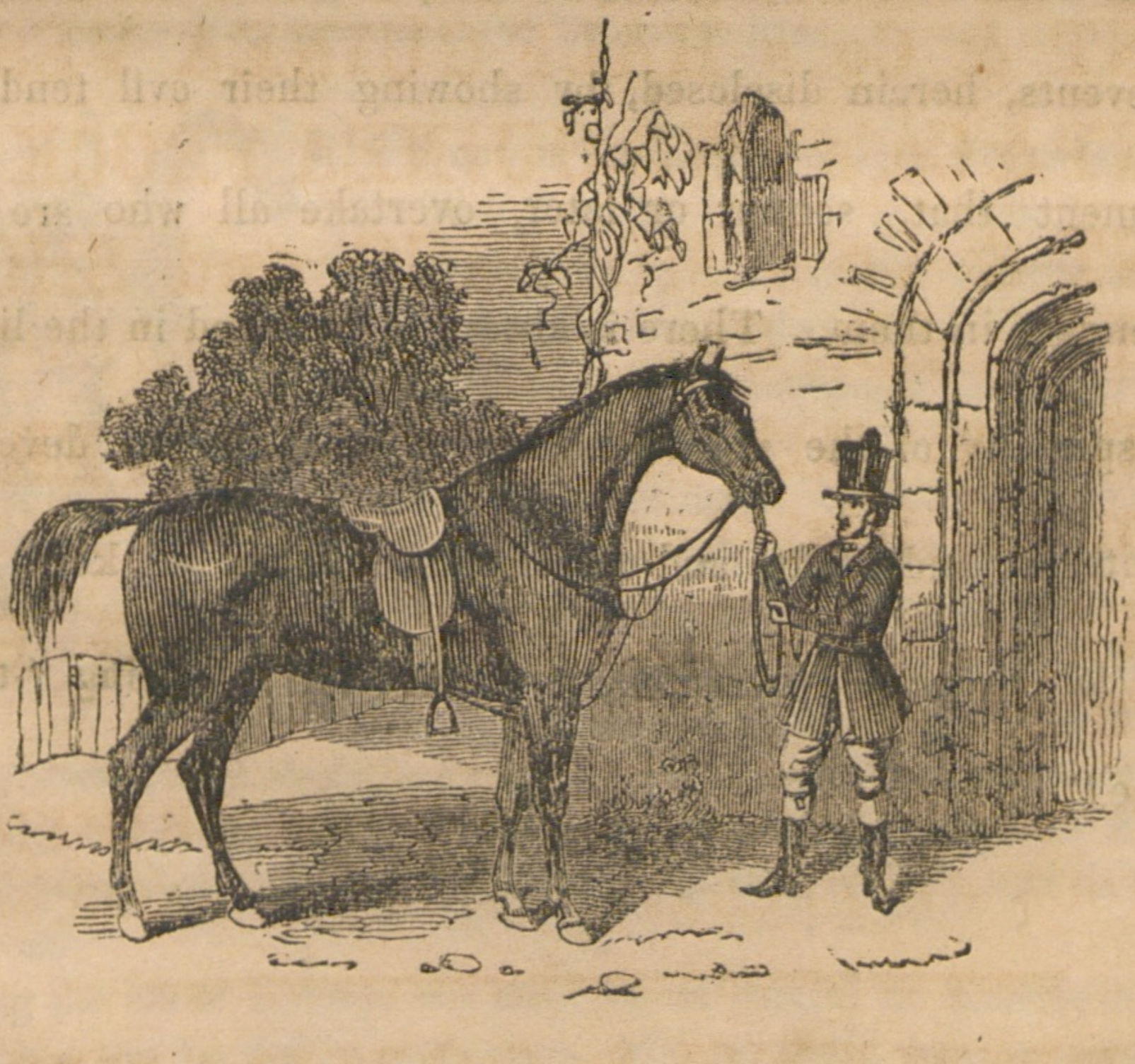
LIVES

OF

ROBSON AND REDPATH.

"Ruined! what was thy stock in trade?
Villany, and well managed—very profitable!"—*Love and Loyalty.*

BY J. B.



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PREFACE.

PUNISHMENTS were instituted and are preserved by society for their *deterring* effect upon the community, rather than from a display of vengeance towards the criminal who violates its laws. In this spirit has the volume now in the reader's hands been written; and although in some places we have had to wade through the mire of dissipation, and in others through the dangers of deceit and crime, yet, in doing this, our object has been to *deter* others from the scenes of vice, delusive circumstances, and the dread events, herein disclosed, by showing their evil tendency and the punishment that, sooner or later, overtake all who are reckless enough to engage in them. There is always to be found in the life of the criminal, (especially of the *refined* stamp of those herein developed), a drama of interest and profit, and therefore should not be kept from the public eye, for, *properly* presented, it cannot fail of doing "the state some service."

J. B.

January, 1857.

SCENES FROM THE LIVES

OF

ROBSON AND REDPATH.

CHAPTER I.

General Reflections on Crime.—Robson's Love of Fame, and his Pursuit of Authorship.—An Episode in the Life of Another Criminal.—A Fast Man's Catalogue of Effects.—Specimens of his Painting and his Literature.—Robson's Mode of Life on Eighteen Shillings a-week.—His Discontent, and Resolve to Rise.

CRIME now is conducted on such dramatic and novel principles that the business of society every now and then is almost suspended in the excitement which is aroused by it. The wildest fiction is distanced by the dread realities of the newspaper disclosures. Felons of every dye—commercial swindlers, despairing suicides, false seducers, blood-stained murderers—abound on every hand, and the great world we live in has considerably increased in great criminals. Now we have time-honoured bankers doomed for fraud to finish their hoary age in prison cells;—then starts up a cunning poisoner, and deals out murder to wife, friend, and brother; and ere these appalling events have waned from the public mind, the heroes of this book take earnest possession of it, for the magnitude of their robbery, and their gay and expensive lives.

In tracing the life of Robson, we shall be as careful as possible of dragging before the public eye his family connexions, who no doubt lament more than we possibly can do the ill fate of a member who, had he directed his intelligence into proper channels, and his ambition to higher pursuits, might perchance have been an ornament rather than a disgrace to them.

For two short years of low pleasures he has forfeited family, society, and, dearer

than all, his honour and his freedom! Where are now his fast-trotting mare—his broughams—his priories—his grooms—his lewd mistresses? They only remain, like demons on the memory, to torment him with the dreadful cost at which he purchased them. What a change must our luxurious hero be now experiencing. The gay saloon has given place to prison gloom—hilarious laughter to prison silence—tables bowed down with weight of feasts to prison fare—faces of wife and friends to the stern coarse features of a gaoler!

Sad infatuation!

"Enough to make the angels weep!"

To philosophise upon such extraordinary careers as those we are about to submit to the reader, would be vain and intrusive—his own intelligence will not fail to deduce a moral from histories so marked with profligacy—and his own penetration will enable him to trace the sad effects to their sad causes.

It has been affirmed there is an age for everything, and a passion to suit every age. Man is a kind of chameleon, who changes with each lustre. From the infant in arms, who displays love of food and of sleep, up to the old man bending beneath the weight of fourscore, the stages of life are marked out almost as distinctly as the seasons in an almanack, or the hours on a dial.

At Ten—The ruling passion is play, not unfrequently mixed with a general love of mischief.

At Fifteen—Play gives way to a thirst for importance, the wish of being taken for a man.

At Twenty—Love reigns paramount. It is the age of generosity, and of the best impulses—the age at which we would risk death to obtain a smile from beauty—at which our purse is open to our friend, and we give even our security without a moment's hesitation.

At Thirty—The love of Woman has merged into the love of Fame—the latter lady being most unscrupulous as to the number of admirers she encourages.

At Forty—Ambition and the love of titles supersede the worship of mere fame. It is at this calculating age that a man laughs at his former aspirations after celebrity, and marries into an aristocratic family if he be rich enough to buy up some penniless Lady Jane or Lady Fanny—or the rich tallow-chandler's daughter, if he be poor, to set him afloat in the world.

At Fifty—Good living, good dinners, and all the physical comforts, make even ambition kick the beam.

At Sixty—The love of dominion, often exercised in the narrow domestic circle for want of a wider sphere, is strong upon most men.

At Seventy—Creeps in the love of building, as encouraging ourselves in the belief that we have still a number of years to pass in this "vale of tears," which we are all so reluctant to leave.

At Eighty—The *summum bonum* is hoarding, or turning every farthing to the best account, and indulging in a variety of small speculations, tending to prove one is still able to manage one's affairs.

At Ninety—An increased love of life is generally the only distinguishing feature between the very old man and the babe, both being alike weak and helpless,

and so far from following the philosopher's precept of "eating to live," both only live to eat. Thus is the cycle completed—the beginning and the end meeting, like the symbol of the serpent holding his tail in his mouth. Infancy and age are nearly identical, in that both are the starting-point, the one for an earthly, and the other for eternal life.

From each of these cycles of the characteristics of human life may be selected one, largely developed in Robson and Redpath. Although but thirty-five the former, and the latter about the same age, when they stood at the bar of justice all the vices inherent to human nature seem to have taken possession of them at the same epoch. They had the mischief of the child at ten—the thirst of importance of the youth of fifteen—the sensual love of the young man of twenty—the ungoverned desire for fame that surrounds the man of thirty—ambition and the love of money, that distinguish mankind at forty—good living and good dinners, and all the physical comforts indulged in by the man of fifty—covetousness for dominion and authority, as prayed for by the man of sixty—the love of building or palatial dwellings, that is the weakness of seventy—and the restless speculation that curses the man of eighty.

Their lives have been deeply marked by all these ignoble features. They carried them, indeed, to such guilty lengths that, as is now patent to the world, they violated the high trust imposed in them, and basely robbed those by whom they were supported in order to maintain their extravagance.

At a very early period of Robson's short but eventful career, and while he had to subsist on the miserable pittance derived from his daily labour of eighteen shillings a week, and reading no doubt of the almost fabulous sums realised by the popular author, he was seized with the fit for literature or authorship. Had he devoted himself with the untiring zeal necessary to the requirements of successful composition, there can be little doubt, judging from his productions, but that ultimately he might have attained his desire. But no—he had other objects reigning and raging in his heart, which subtracted and absorbed too much of his attention and invention to support them, ever to attain the solid and enduring fame that attends the success of a well-written novel or play. Adverse spirits haunted him too much—too surely held possession of his heart—for the incessant labour demanded from him who undertakes to be the people's story-teller, the people's dramatist, or the people's poet.

The allurements of the glass—the witcheries of woman—the excitement on "trumps" and billiards—the love of dress—the worship of theatres and theatrical belles—and the passion for horses and the turf—these were the ghastly, yet gay spirits, that lured them on to the great crimes for which they will have to suffer public odium and prison discipline, virtually for the remainder of their wretched lives.

The records of a criminal's history should be spread far and wide, for it carries with it a moral forcible to warn and deter others from the delusive road which flatters while it destroys—"murders while it smiles." Society, we maintain, has a right to demand the histories of those who have offended against its laws; and we further maintain that these histories, written in the proper spirit, would operate more for good than evil. The youth of England

should be shown the dangers and temptations that surround them. The pen and pencil should be employed to paint in proper colours *the road to ruin.*

Not long ago we heard of a curious instance in support of what we have advanced. A young man, who had been living indeed a somewhat similar life to Robson and Redpath, and had maintained it by the same unlawful means, was stopped in his disgraceful course by reading the awful annals and confession of a murderer, and was converted to a honourable career. He had been living in great style—extravagant mistresses, expensive horses, hounds, and grooms—costly carriages, furniture, clothes, and mansion,—all these had been for some time supported by his villanies; and he privately disclosed, that had he not been struck with remorse for his guilt by the vivid history referred to, he intended to have murdered his uncle, whose heir he was. One night he even arrived at his uncle's seat in Derbyshire to

execute his dreadful purpose; but, fortunately for both, his uncle was not there. In the mean time, the criminal's warning history, by that High Power which overrules all things for good, was made the instrument of turning him from his guilty intentions; and the very uncle whom he had conceived to murder, he ultimately made his friend to intercede with those he had been robbing. The young spendthrift's moral courage rose in the ascendant; he put his alluring mistresses from him—sold his horses, hounds, furniture—discharged his grooms, and with the produce of the sale of his effects, he went to his generous uncle, and related to him the extent of his crime and the sincerity of his remorse, imploring him to make up the large deficiency, and compromise the affair with the institution he had defrauded. It was done, after which he quitted the scenes of his crime, and the further contagion of his gay associates, for foreign lands.

The following verbatim particulars of the sale will let the reader more fully into the "fast man's" style of living, and the extravagant manner in which his mistresses were clothed.

WEARING APPAREL.

1 Thirty-six linen collars.
2 A calico night shirt, 3 pairs of drawers, pair of leather ditto, merino under waistcoat, 2 pair of stockings, and a pair of socks.
3 Eight coloured shirts.
4 Three long cloth ditto.
5 Three ditto with richly embroidered fronts.
6 Three silk ties, 3 scarfs, and an embroidered ditto.
7 A shawl-pattern dressing gown.
8 Three pair of cloth trowsers and a pair of breeches.
9 A black velvet waistcoat, a blue cashmere ditto, and 7 light summer waistcoats.
10 A brown doe shooting coat and a ditto waistcoat.
11 Two zephyr overcoats.
12 A Baden suit of coat, waistcoat, and trowsers.
13 A scarlet hunting coat, a bear-skin shooting coat, and a pair of ditto trowsers.
14 A blue cloth shooting coat, pair of ditto trowsers, and a seal-skin waistcoat.

LADIES' WEARING APPAREL.

15 Five long cloth chemises, trimmed with insertion and edging.
16 Five ditto ditto.
17 Six ditto night dresses.
18 Seven ditto ditto.
19 One pair of drawers and 7 petticoats.
20 Four pair of cuffs, 4 night caps, and 3 pair of silk stockings.
21 A rich China crape shawl.
22 *A handsome puce-coloured silk-velvet dress.*
23 A figured silk ditto.
24 A black lace skirt and a figured muslin dress.
25 *A rich blue silk velvet dress.*
26 *A handsome moroon-coloured silk-velvet dress.*
27 A ditto mantle, trimmed with black lace, quilted and lined with white sarcenet.
28 A black velvet polka coat.
29 A black watered silk mantle trimmed with black lace.
30 A light blue silk dress.
31 Two white chip bonnets, trimmed.
32 A black French tissue jacket and a Vecuna jacket.
33 An ermine muff and boa.
34 An olive cloth riding-habit with stuffed petticoat.
35 A lady's travelling cloak and a wrapper.

LINEN.

36 Three damask table cloths.
37 A large ditto and a breakfast ditto.
38 Twenty-five ditto table napkins.
39 Three pair of calico sheets.
40 Six pair of ditto.
41 Two pair of linen ditto.
42 Twelve chamber towels, 4 toilet covers, and 24 pillow cases.

PERSONAL EFFECTS.

43 Four mahogany pistol cases, 2 gun stocks, and 2 pipe cases.
44 Two gun cases and a leather ditto.
45 A large carpet bag, a calf-skin ditto, and a leather ditto.
46 A rosewood brass-bound dressing-case, with cut glass fittings and plated top.
47 A glass brush tray, ditto toilet bottle, 6 pomade jars, 2 bead purses, a leather dressing-case, and a pipe case.
48 A mahogany dressing-case, photographic miniature, and a case containing 5 bottles of scent.
49 Four Bohemian glass toilet bottles, blue ditto, pair china ditto, 5 ditto pomade jars, and 2 glass ditto.
50 A superior double opera glass in mother-o'-pearl case.
51 A pair of pistols, by *Reilly, New Oxford Street.*
52 *A single-barrel rifle, by* Reilly.
53 *A ditto, by* Reilly.
54 A ditto, by *Hutchins.*
55 *A capital new ditto, by* Reilly,
56 A Malacca hunting crop, ditto walking cane with silver top, 3 riding whips, and carriage umbrella.

57 A mahogany-frame swing cot, with muslin furniture, mattress, and 2 pillows.
58 A japanned hip bath, foot ditto, and a wicker linen basket.

DRAWING ROOM ORNAMENTS, &c.

59 A FINE-TONED 6¾-OCTAVE COTTAGE PIANO-FORTE, *in handsome rosewood case, by* Graddon and Gibbs.
60 A papier maché work-box and a ditto blotting-case.
61 A ditto work-table.
62 A basket of wax fruit, blue Bohemian glass honey jar and cover, pair of opal lustres, pair of green Bohemian glass toilet bottles, china vase, ditto tea-pot, cream ewer, sugar basin, and tray.
63 An oil painting of boat putting off in a squall on the Thames.
64 Two ditto, portraits of dogs.
65 A fancy painted cigar chest, 2 fancy match boxes, ring stand, 8 mattees, mahogany cigar box, and a pistol case.
66 *A finely-coloured French Lithograph*, in imitation oak frame, glazed, "First Game."
67 *A ditto, the companion*, "Revenge."
68 The Old Forest Ranger, 1 vol; Handbook of Angling, 1; Electro-magnetism, 1; The Sandboys, 1; and Scott's Poems, 1—5.
69 *Touromachia, or the Bull Fights of Spain*, illustrated by 26 finely-coloured plates, by *Lake Price*, with preliminary explanation, by *Richard Ford*.
70 A superior 2-slide telescope on stand.
71 A rosewood portable desk and papier maché blotting-case.
72 A musical box in inlaid box, playing 8 tunes.
73 A ditto, playing 4 overtures.
74 A ditto, playing 6 tunes.
75 A patent hand organ or piano-forte, in mahogany case, by *Keith, Prowse, & Co.*
76 Four French lithographs in gilt bead frames.
77 A pair of coloured ditto in ditto.
78 Eight electro-plated thread-pattern table forks, 6 dessert ditto, 6 ditto table spoons, 6 dessert ditto, 6 tea ditto, and 6 metal forks.
79 Two fishing rods, canister of gunpowder, 10 gun tools, and a game bag.
80 A squirrel and cage.
81 A magpie and cage, and a thrush in ditto.
82 A green talking parrot and cage.
83 A pair of handsome silver pheasants.
84 A pair of gold ditto.
85 Two small French poodles.
86 A fancy white and spotted terrier.
87 A large handsome St. Bernard mastiff.

STABLES.

88 A VERY FAST DARK-BROWN NAG MARE, *stands about* 15½ *hands, and has fine action.*
89 *A bay Galloway*, stands about 14 hands, very fast and fine action.
90 *A Chesnut Horse*, stands about 14½ hands, very fast, and forms a match to the Bay Mare.
91 A nearly new highly-finished TOWN-BUILT PARK PHAETON, painted brown, picked out vermilion, lined with blue cloth and morocco, with lace to match, driving cushions, plate glass lamps, patent axletrees, steps, wings, splashing boards. has a hind tumble, enamelled leather apron with pair of shifts, pole and polehook, chains, &c., &c., by *Craker*.

92 A Holland cover for ditto, and a blue sheepskin rug.
93 *A set of nearly-new pair-horse Phaeton Harness,* with plated mounts, 2 sets of double reins, &c.
94 A ditto pair of horse harness and 3 extra collars.
95 A ditto single-horse harness.
96 A pair of carriage lamps, lanthorn, broom, 6 table utensils, setter, scythe, pair of shears, 6 rakes, and hoe.
97 About a ton of coals.
98 A painted and wire aviary.
99 A wheelbarrow.
100 Two store pigs.
101 A small rick of hay.
102 One hundred pots of plants.
103 The crop of vegetables as growing in the garden.
104 A dog's house.

When to this is added the contents of another house, furnished in the same style of magnificence, and which was seized by private creditors, it will convey to the reader's mind some idea of the taste for extravagance and dissipation that beset this young man's mind. We ourselves, from mere curiosity, went to the sale, and never shall we forget the scene that presented itself. It was attended by few others than Jews and "swells," evidently, from their conversation and "chaff," as many of the articles were brought to the hammer, well known to him who had turned away, in very shame, from the scene of his follies and crimes. The auctioneer had frequently to threaten to close the sale, unless the remarks and interruptions were discontinued. We heard no word of sympathy expressed—we saw no tear to fall. Oh! the hollow friendship of the "fast man's" heart! It holds out no longer than the bottle circulates, or the money lasts, or the credit is good. While the sun shines,—and he cares not at whose expense it shines—he cares not whose heart is wrung, who is robbed, who is murdered, so that the exchequer be in good condition,—the fast man sticks to his fellow closer than a brother. The hand is grasped—the shoulder grasped—while the eye, speech, and every movement of the body shows delight. "My dear fellow! devilish glad to see you!" "Gad! Tom, where *have* you been all this while! Dine with me of course to-day? so-and-so will be there—charming creatures! and then we'll down the road, to try the brown mare's paces!" These, we say, are the shows of endearment and hospitality with which these friends of the hour receive each other. But, to continue our metaphor, when the sun does *not* shine, when the black clouds of misfortune obscure and rest upon it—where, then, is the boasted friendship? It vanishes like a midnight ghost—it topples down like a house of cards—it breaks like a rope of sand—or melts like snow under a burning sun. Never a dinner offered—never a recognition shown—no assistance proffered—the friendly smile is changed to a look of disdain—the purse collapses as tightly as does the heart—and the poor wretch who is overtaken by discovery, is left by his gay companions to the hands of the laws he has offended against, to fly into obscurity and poverty, or to perish by his own hands. Why is it not understood that either of these fates ***must*** be inevitable to him who lives beyond his means at the expense of others?

When the "ladies' apparel" that constituted part of the effects of him whose melancholy case we are dwelling on, were offered to the "highest bidder," the remarks that buzzed about the room were lewd and unfeeling.

When lot 22 was put up, and while the Jews were mentally weighing its value—

"She went with us to the Derby in that!" said one "gent" to another who stood by.

"Ah! that was the last time I saw Ned and her together—poor devil! He kept his ladies well up, mind'ye!"

An old Jew, who fitted out ladies and gents with masquerade attire, purchased this, and many of the other lots.

Lot 28—"a black velvet polka coat"—this also was subject to personal remark.

"Ha! ha! don't I recollect something about that coat? I was at supper with them—she wore it then for the first time, and spicy Nell looked in it! She asked me if it was my fancy. I had no thought, you know, that Ned was a jealous fellow, and I stupidly said I liked the coat well enough, but that I liked her a devilish sight better. Oh! such a frown Ned levelled at me! I twigged the go, and being in for a spree, kept the flattery up—much to his joy, I can tell you! A dance was proposed, but Ned was in a d——d bad humour."

"Perhaps he saw the blessed discovery looming in the distance, eh?" suggested the other, smacking a silver-mounted riding-whip on his leg.

"Ah, no doubt, poor devil! However, to finish my story—while I and Nell danced together, Ned grew very raw, and when she went to soothe him, he told her to go to ——, caught up his hat, and, without a word to me, left the house, and returned no more that night."

"Which was no grief to you, eh?"

"Nor to her," said the boaster. "Ha! ha! nothing could have happened better—ha! ha! she was a sweet soul! You knew her, of course?"

"No—I only know the *other!* She was a decent little affair, I always thought?"

"Yes; but nothing like Nell, to my mind."

"Well; you can have your choice of either *now*."

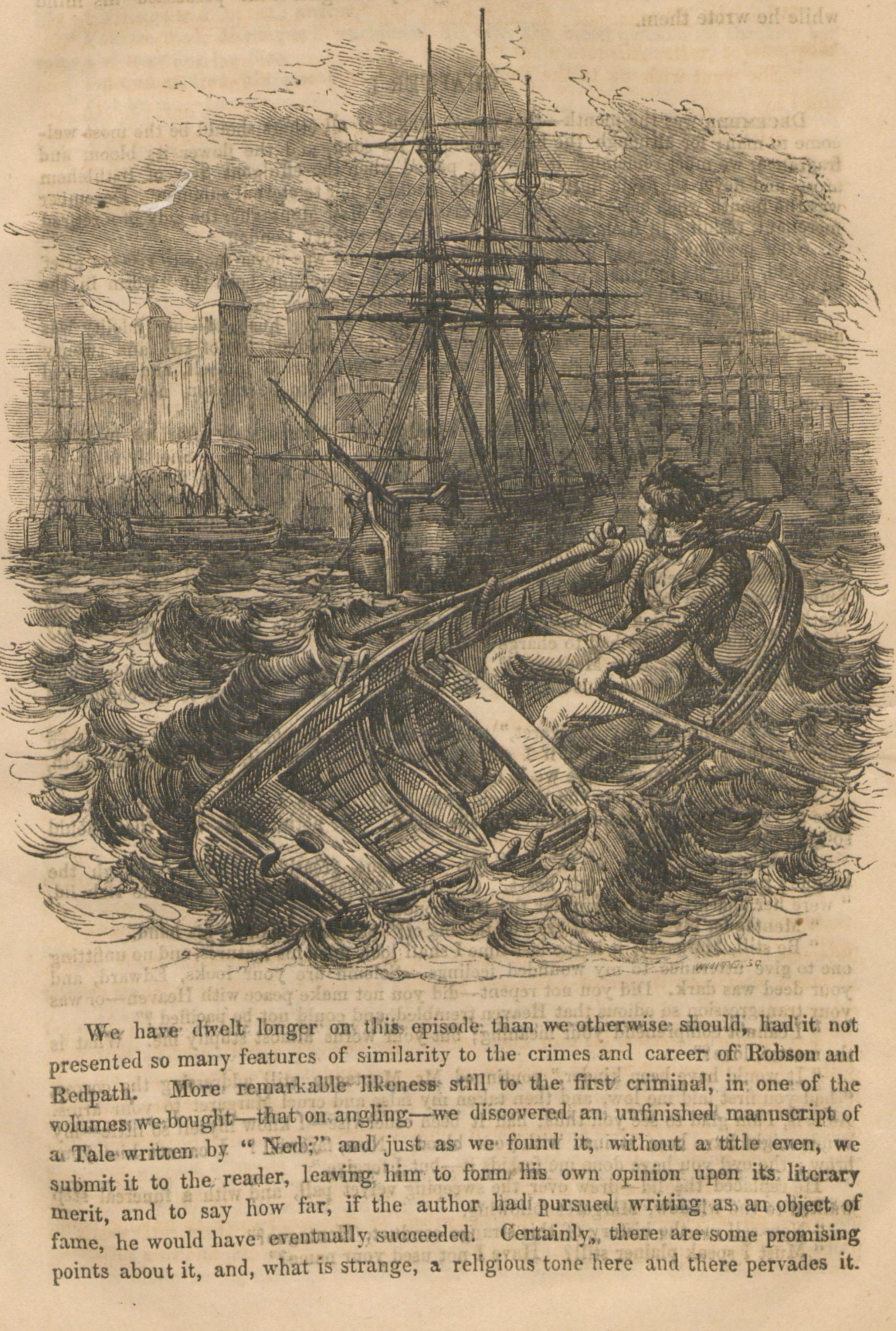
"Oh, I daresay—but I have enough on my hands at present."

While this conversation, and others of a similar character were going on between these two, the Jews were cheaply buying up this splendour, and for which *so much had been forfeited*, to re-sell to other victims of dissipation at ten times their cost.

Let William James Robson and Leopold Redpath be assured, that their ill-gotten effects have not passed the hammer without remarks from some of their fast friends, akin in ill-nature and levity to those we have described. On no former occasion do we ever recollect witnessing such a testimony to the hollowness of the world's friendships.

Lot 63—"Boat putting off in a storm," and lot 68, "various books"—we ourselves purchased. The first was described by the auctioneer as having been painted by the unfortunate young man who once owned the effects, and this interest,

combined with the greater one of its being a high work of art, induces us to present the reader with a copy of it.



We have dwelt longer on this episode than we otherwise should, had it not presented so many features of similarity to the crimes and career of Robson and Redpath. More remarkable likeness still to the first criminal, in one of the volumes we bought—that on angling—we discovered an unfinished manuscript of a Tale written by "Ned;" and just as we found it, without a title even, we submit it to the reader, leaving him to form his own opinion upon its literary merit, and to say how far, if the author had pursued writing as an object of fame, he would have eventually succeeded. Certainly, there are some promising points about it, and, what is strange, a religious tone here and there pervades it.

The despairing lines—written, too, in red ink on the last folio of the manuscript—"NOW TO MY UNCLE—HE MUST DO SOMETHING FOR ME, OR I MUST DO SOMETHING FOR HIM!"—made us tremble at the guilty thoughts that possessed his mind while he wrote them.

CHAPTER I.

DECEMBER was the month—that month which of all others should be the most welcome to man; for although the bird withholds its song, and the flower its bloom and fragrance, we must remember it was the period when the effulgent Star of Bethlehem arose, and never set again until it had made mankind heir to eternal summer. December was the month when closed the earthly existence of Mrs. Montague, the lady of a retired merchant, residing in Richmond, a lovely suburb of mighty London.

Grief brought the lady upon the bed from which she was never more to rise—a grief that had, from six months after her marriage with the merchant, been the "worm in the bud" of her life, and eventually, though slowly, consumed her heart.

What was her grief? Her honour was doubted by her husband—her fidelity was questioned by him, and but six small months of their wedded life of two and twenty years had they known the bliss of happiness. He loved her as himself, and she loved him no less—but the husband had allowed his confidence to be shaken, nor until this solemn moment did it ever calm itself.

Mr. Montague had a brother weak in health, and immediately after his marriage with Miss Strathearn he invited him to share his home at Richmond. Shortly after his brother's settlement with them, Mr. Montague was called from his wife for a month on business in France, during which time his brother died, and a malicious report reached him in France,—originating probably in her constant attendance upon her husband's brother while sick—that Edward Montague had supplanted him in his wife's love.

More agitated than the rough ocean which waved him to his home, did Mr. Montague return. Entering his home, he looked in room by room to meet his wife. He found her in the room of death, taking a farewell look of the coffined corpse of his brother. The situation in which he found her, to his jealous mind favoured strongly the fearful accusation he had to charge her with.

"Welcome home, dear Montague!" his weeping wife exclaimed, throwing her young and braceleted arm around his neck. "He is gone, you see," pointing to the coffin, and then leading him to it.

"I have a thing to say, Margaret," said her husband, "before my heart can return your embrace. A thing which, if I cannot disabuse my mind of, far better for both, young and rich as we are, were we as him."

"What have I done that you withhold your love? Have I been deficient in kindness to your brother?" in her innocence, she asked; "for nothing less than that should so estrange you from me."

"Hardly can I speak of it," said Mr. Montague, greatly troubled, "though the tongue's timidity bursts my full heart. O guilty brother!" drawing aside the rich lid, "were her charms too powerful for thy frail honour?"

"Montague, my love, what are you talking of?" she asked, taking his hand.

"Be still, Margaret; it is the last time I shall look upon his features, and no unfitting one to give utterance to my wounded feelings.—Solemn are your looks, Edward, and your deed was dark. Did you not repent—did you not make peace with Heaven—or was your transgression so odious that Heaven trembled, and could not be pacified?"

"I cannot comprehend your meaning; but your words almost stupify me. What is the matter, love?"

"It would have been kinder," continued Mr. Montague, still addressing the corpse, "had you first laid me low, and then taken my false and cruel Margaret to your arms. As it is, I am glad to see you thus; had it been otherwise—I know myself so little—my hands might have been stained with your blood. Now, farewell! I cannot kiss your brow; the evil you have done me forbids it—but I forgive."

He replaced the lid—drew over the sweeping velvet pall, and with a funereal step walked to the window, Margaret following.

"Now tell me the history of this strange conduct, Montague?"

"Must I speak plainer still? Have I not used your name?"

"Yes—but connected with a guilty something, that I could not believe you meant Margaret your wife!"

"I mean Margaret my wife! I mean her guilty conduct with my brother has branded her with shame and me with sorrow."

"You are mad, Montague!" exclaimed his wife, the blood quickening through her veins and mantling her face.

"I'm dishonoured, Margaret!"

"Not by me—I swear to God!" she exclaimed.

"By you—by him! My informant swore to me—for I would not be satisfied with less—that he saw you openly embrace when he drove you to the opera."

"Is *he* the only authority for your wife's dishonour? a servant discharged for stealing his master's corn!"

"Discharged, the man told me, for speaking to a person in the town of your familiarity with my brother."

"If, sir, you doubt my words, apply to your steward and the magistrate before whom he was summoned, and they will acquaint you of his conduct. The wretch threatened when he was discharged he would work some mischief—but, Heavens! I never dreamt a lie so foul as this could have been conceived. The opera, indeed!—poor fellow! he had but twice risen from his bed since your absence. Call back the scoundrel, Montague, and let me, in my innocence, confront the liar."

"He wanders I know not whither. He sought me in France. I confess it gave a colour to his accusation to find you weeping alone over my brother's body."

"Was *that* a fault, Montague? I should have wept almost at a worm's death, much less my husband's brother. But it was not my weeping that helped to feed the lie your servant filled your jealous mind with; for had you found me here with a smiling face, you would have construed it into something strange, monstrous, and unnatural, until you had made me hideous to your eyes. *Me* guilty with your brother! If my face reddens, it is with indignation at the bare thought of a charge so foul!"

"He told me Edward died in your arms."

"Did he!" said Margaret, with great contempt. "It is the first truth I have yet heard—I wonder too he had not told you I killed him—you would have credited him Montague, would you not?"

"Then my brother *did* expire in my wife's arms?"

"By accident he did. On the last morning of his brief and suffering life I went with my servant—with my servant, Montague, there's relief for you—to inquire how he felt, when he was suddenly taken worse; I immediately dispatched my attendant for his doctor—was *that* right?—but before his coming your brother was no more."

"Are you not astonished that the man should have thought of such an evil accusation?"

'More so that my husband should have entertained it."

'What could I do?"

"Not have been so easily deceived. Overcome with credulity, you forgot what you were listening to; otherwise you would have horsewhipped him until he had confessed the lie."

"How was Edward's end?"

"That of a virtuous man passing from earth to heaven—bright as the unclouded sun—serene and holy as the fair moon."

"I wish I had never heard the tale—it has unhinged me quite. Is not that your father's step?"

"Thank God, it is! and never was he more welcome—though the news will break his heart."

"Had we better name it to him?"

"Oh, yes—myself will tell him."

Margaret's father, who was a lieutenant in the navy, and attired as such, entered the room. He was a man who gloried much in his profession, and thought more of one good sailor than twenty men in any other pursuit. His proudest boast was that he was the son of sailors, and his deceased wife the daughter of naval veterans, and secretly he regretted his only daughter, Mrs. Montague, had not been a sailor's bride. Lieutenant Strathearn was a man of fifty, middle-sized and stout. He had a large head, and his black hair was fast becoming grey. The expression of his face admirably marked the man, being straightforward, blunt, and honest. Woolwich was his dwelling-place, from whence he had now driven in his carriage to welcome his son-in-law on his return from the Con-

tinent. Opening the door, and before he could make his way to Mr. Montague, his daughter was in his arms.

"Dear father! I am so glad to see you!"

"So am I you, Moggy! But those tears, eh? any thing the matter? Montague, my son, I am glad to see your safe return—but you look plaguy sorrowful—anything the matter, eh? I hope no storm in the vessel!"

"A wreck, I fear, sir," said the merchant, without moving from his chair. "Leave your father, Margaret, and allow him to be seated."

"I feel too happy in his arms, and dread to part from him.—Dear father!" she exclaimed, and clung closer round him.

"Why, my girl, you meet me as if I had just returned after a long absence from some splendid engagement, and had narrowly escaped with my life, instead of a daughter who had seen her old dad every day almost for the last ten years. But what makes me talk of splendid engagements? Devil take it! I believe they are all at an end. British sailors have terrified the world, and foreigners are afraid to engage with them. There's been nothing much to talk about since the battle of the Nile—that *was* an engagement. But I haven't much time to spend in Richmond, so let me have a rest while I remain."

The lieutenant sat himself down and took his daughter on his knee, who still clung around him as if she was never to be parted from her parent, who by this time could not tell what to make of his daughter's unusual fondness and tears, nor his son's silence and sorrow.

"I really, Moggy, shall be in a passion directly if you do not tell me in a straightforward manner the meaning of this. Is it at the sight of death you weep and tremble so?—a sailor's daughter should never fear death."

"He says I am false to him, father—me—me false!"

"Not Montague?" said the lieutenant.

"Alas! Montague," she repeated.

"I said not so," said her husband, "I said such soul-shattering news reached me in France."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed her father, "my child false! Your dear mother's death was blow enough for me to weather—but under *this* I must yield."

He put her from him and moved to another seat, where for a moment he bowed his head and buried it in both his hands, then, rising, he stood before her with a look of agony, and passionately demanded of her—

"You hear what your husband says of you?—he states he has heard, and, by his looks, believes, that you have been false to him—in my presence he states it.—Can you deny it—solemnly deny it? Only let me hear your denial, and you shall be my child again—otherwise, were you twenty children, I would say perish! perish!"

"Father, I have denied it—I have sworn denial to it—and again deny it!"

He clasped her to his heart, and kissed her—he trembling, she weeping.

"Well, sir," after a pause, he said to Mr Montague, "you have heard my child's denial—are you not satisfied? Believe me, she is all truth—sailors' blood flows in her veins, and she would scorn and tremble at a lie."

"Lieutenant Strathearn," said Mr. Montague, "I would give up all my possessions could I be in mind what I was a month ago; for then was heard no sound of infidelity in the wife I love—then I was truly a happy man. Now, with grief I confess it, whether true or false, this has so shocked me, that I care but little whether I live or die."

"But, sir, she denies it," said the lieutenant.

"And I must credit it," said Mr. Montague, in a cold, unbelieving tone.

"My child, sir, must not be treated in this manner by any husband—though he were a prince! What scoundrel, sir, told you this lie?"

"The coachman, father, I mentioned to you, we had been obliged to discharge for pilfering our corn," Margaret answered—

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her father. "Then I must say, sir, you have behaved most unmanly to my daughter, for causing her such profound grief on such authority."

"How, sir, should I have acted?" asked Mr. Montague. "The man—I knew not of his disgrace—told me—swore to me—that Margaret—pardon me, I can repeat no more"—

"Oh, sir, this is no time for delicacy, when treachery is in the camp: let me know all the knave said."

"—— was false with my brother Edward," finished Mr. Montague.

"False with Edward!—with the poor young man whose sickness knew not a moment's abatement, from the day you left to the day it ceased for ever! O God! Montague,

your unpardonable credulity makes me crazy. But, sir, my Moggy, must not be the victim of your consummate weakness; her mother, sir, was the daughter of true British sailors, and her father a sailor, and the son of sailors—of men who gallantly fell in the service of their king and country—and her word, as true as oak, must not give place to your scoundrel of a coachman, who, if he ever falls in Lieutenant Strathearn's way, he will horsewhip him from Richmond to Woolwich without mercy! Mr. Montague, in the first place, I must hear you say that you have been egregiously deceived; and, in the second place, I must insist on an apology being made to her for the worthless imputation cast on her, and that apology made in my presence."

"I must be satisfied," said Mr. Montague.

"I hate '*must* be satisfied,' Mr. Montague, and shall listen to no such half-and-half satisfaction. I see, sir, you are *not* satisfied, and my daughter for the present must reside with me until I take some steps to vindicate her honour."

"Be not hasty in your movements, sir. I have no doubt time will wear it from my memory."

The lieutenant rang the bell, and on a footman answering it, he requested that his horses might be put to the carriage immediately, and when ready begged to be apprised of it."

"On with your things, Margaret—come, be quick! I shall lose government over myself if you keep me long."

"Am I to go with you, father?" she asked.

"You wouldn't stop here, would you? You are no child of mine if you did. Your husband tells you you are a ——"

"Hush! sir," interrupted Mr. Montague.

"No half words for Lieutenant Strathearn,—I hate them, and the men that use them. On with your things, I say, without hesitation. Be quick!"

"Poor Margaret Montague hesitated about leaving her deceived husband, but when she still saw he made no satisfactory retractation of his belief in her guilt, she quickly equipped herself for her departure.

The footman then entered, and announced the carriage was ready.

"And so am I," said the lieutenant, and taking his daughter by the arm, with a cold, stiff bow to the merchant, he departed for Neptune House, Woolwich.

In her journey thither, Margaret Montague struggled unsuccessfully for mastery over her wounded heart. Twice she fainted in her father's arms in the carriage, and as her face more and more paled with insensibility, so the lieutenant's more and more reddened with fervent passion. The muscles of his face moved rapidly—the brow of his eye fell—his lips muttered, and the carriage trembled with the agitation of his limbs. Arrived at Neptune House, the lieutenant quickly alighted, supporting his injured daughter slowly up the white stone steps which fronted his house, and, after the footman's loud and quick knocking and ringing, in a moment the door was opened; he carried her into the first room that offered, where he gently sat her on a couch and took the bonnet from her head, and the scarf from her shoulders. He rang for wine, but before it could be brought, Margaret threw her arms out and fell back on the couch as dead, her lips pale, and her teeth firmly closed, so firmly that her father could not pass the wine. He hurried his servant for the nearest doctor, who, on his arrival, and after counting her pulse, said the only danger to be apprehended was a premature labour. By slow degrees she partially rallied.

"My heart seems bursting," she said.

"Keep yourself as quietly as possible, madam," said the doctor, "and you will soon recover."

"Sit down with me, father," she said, "I am a sore trouble to you; but you will forgive me, wont you?" taking his hand.

"You have not offended, and need no forgiveness my child," said the lieutenant. "But you must not talk now. I think you had better retire to bed—don't you think so, doctor?"

"I should advise it by all means," said the doctor.

"Well—I will," she slowly said; and with the maid-servant's help was there conveyed.

Loving his wife as he did, Mr. Montague was distracted at her departure, and immediately dispatched letters addressed to the lieutenant for her return to Richmond, and claiming the lieutenant's pardon in having for a moment listened to so base an imputation upon his daughter's purity. Three letters did the lieutenant receive from the

merchant to the same effect before he deigned to reply to his befooled son-in-law, and then only to inform Mr. Montague that he should be satisfied with nothing less than a formal apology addressed to his solicitor, but at the same time assuring him that he had for ever chilled that warmth of heart which so lately he had felt towards him. After every reparation had been made that was in Mr. Montague's power, it was settled that his wife should forthwith return to the home she had left, but the doctor, who was in attendance upon her, forbade it until after her accouchment, which was daily anticipated.

Mrs. Montague was absent a month—a month she was repeatedly heard to avow she would not——

Here the manuscript abruptly leaves off, and at the bottom of the page is written, in red ink—

"NOW TO MY UNCLE: HE MUST DO SOMETHING FOR ME, OR I WILL DO SOMETHING FOR HIM."

But what if Ned *had* succeeded as a popular author, judging him by Robson, who had attained some small distinction in literature, it would not have saved him from crime.

Many of the leading trades in London concentrate themselves in a particular district. Coachmakers abound in Long Acre, bankers in Lombard Street, jewellers in Clerkenwell, booksellers in Paternoster Row, and law stationers and law writers in the vicinity of Lincoln's Inn and Chancery Lane. Now as Robson, before he obtained an engagement from the Company he so mercilessly defrauded, derived his humble support from the uncertainties of law writing, which appear never to have produced him more than a weekly average of eighteen shillings, he might constantly be seen loitering about Chancery Lane, trusting to the chapter of accidents that a job might turn up. Sometimes he was fortunate enough to obtain a few folios of some legal instruments to copy, and sometimes he was not. He has been known to walk this lane for hours, with his hands behind him, and his head bent upon the ground, as if in meditation rather than in quest of employment. When weary, he would adjourn to a neighbouring house of refreshment,—a house chiefly frequented by young lawyers, lawyers' clerks, and sheriff's officers—and there he would pass the remainder of his time over his pipe, porter, and the news of the day. He was sometimes taciturn, and sometimes gay; but whenever he joined in the conversation of the room, he always displayed a degree of intelligence and a power of language that astonished his fellows. Whenever he could conserve a shilling or two beyond the barest necessaries, he would invest it in the pit of some theatre. It must have been hard indeed, if there was a new play to be performed, or the *debût* of a new actor, but what the infatuated lover of these scenes would be present. Hence his passion for it, and the pursuit of the drama in his subsequent career. Robson was sure to be first at the pit-door on any great expectation, and never was his intelligent face seen to such advantage as when within the precincts of a theatre. Joy suffused his face, and a sparkle that was rarely discernible on any other occasion beamed from his eye. Here he

would stand for half an hour, waiting for the opening of the door, in a mildewy, whitewashed passage, leaning against a battered-looking dingy door, amidst a crowd of people, hustling and elbowing each other. But this was deemed no discomfort by him, more especially if any female happened to be near, that he might coquette with and flatter, which his volubility enabled him so well to do.

But see! the door opens—and Robson is the first to enter. One instant he pauses, while his eager eye scans the area for the best settlement, then with a bound over the seats, he makes way to it. Once in possession of his place, he would raise his hat, run his white fingers through his hair, turn his back upon the stage, and take a pleasing survey of the place—which, not unlikely, a borrowed shilling has admitted him to—and enviously gaze upon the pretty belles that grace the boxes around him.

"Ah!" he mentally sighed, as he fixed his sensual yet poetic eye on a young dame, exquisitely beautiful and superlatively dressed, while the heaving of her discovered white bosom, as she carelessly threw her red opera cloak from her fair round shoulders, was enough to melt the most insensible heart,—"one thousand pounds a year, and *you* to share it, methinks would make me happy, Had I the one, I would not despair of the other. Women yield to money and sentiment—aye, I would win the affections of any woman with them. Would that I had as much of the one as I have of the other, I would snare beauty as easily as birds! But there—I've none! and all the things that make life desirable are lost to me!"

Did ever such principles lead to any other goal than ruin? How poor—how low—how false—with all his literary aspirations, must have been his estimate of the pure nature of woman! But too much like the rest of the world, he measured the moral standard of men and women by his own, which was poor indeed. Had the worldly feelings by which he was constantly animated, and by which his career in poverty and crime was coloured—had they, we repeat, given him time for one honest reflection, the loving, virtuous conduct of his own wife would have been quite sufficient to have exalted his opinion of the female heart. Money—Robson's god—not for its own sake, be it understood, but for the vanities that it placed within his unhallowed reach—money, alas! has too much power with us all—yet still that impunity that is bought with it, is hardly worth the purchase. Better for him and for society, had he been content with his humble station and his amiable wife, until he could have found a honourable way to have improved the one, and made the other happier. But if ever the true course that sways a virtuous mind intruded on his reflections, it was dismissed with a smile of contempt, and voted "slow!"

"I know a better way of winning Fortune's favour than the tardy process of labour. I feel it in me, as Byron said; and by —— it shall come out! It shall not be long until this vast audience—those lovely girls above—shall crowd to see a play of *mine*. Not long—or little do I know myself, and my spirit is a cheat, ere I will here be the observed of all observers; the papers shall resound with my praises, and people shall ask each other if they have seen Robson's tragedy! Oh! this poverty," he continued, folding his arms, while he still leant against the partition that divided the pit audience from the orchestra, "it every

way obstructs the progress of my ambition. Forsooth, because I am poor, people falter in their faith of my abilities; because I am poor, managers give me no attention, and my play, after lying in their hands for months, is returned to me unread. This is a state of things not to be endured much longer."

The orchestra is tuning, and Robson's musings, for a time, are directed into other channels. Crash! and on goes the overture, and with his head he beats an accompaniment to it. To his further joy, the little bell rings, and up goes the curtain. Robson critically watches the performance, and occasionally a note-book is drawn from his pocket, wherein he makes intelligent remarks upon the beauties and defects of the play he may be witnessing; then, again, an attentive observer might perceive he was lost in devotion of the beauty of an actress; while between the acts he not unfrequently sketched off for his amusement any face that he might admire for its humour, intelligence, or fascination. The theatrical basket-girl—if she were pretty—could not pass Robson without he had some sweet remark to whisper in her ear, sometimes, too, more coarse than refined. But, alas! poor creature, she must not resent the silly stuff that is intruded on her—her trade is concerned, and she must keep her temper, more especially if the insulter of her modesty buys an orange. From the pleasure of others she draws her subsistence—her calling, too, is curiously emblematical of the every-day doings of this selfish, money-making world of ours; for night after night she is the spectator of scenes the most gorgeous and the most touching, yet all she thinks of, and all she says, is, "Any apples, oranges, nuts, or ginger-beer!"

The play is over, and Robson reluctantly turns his tall figure on the scene that has yielded him so much pleasure, and with a far heavier step than when he entered, he departs. If his finances are low, he wanders to his wife and his lodgings; but if he is in "feather"—if he had been working early and late at copying, and had received a more than ordinary amount of money—why, then, after the seductions of the theatre, he would seek fresh excitement at some sing-song tavern, and eat his chop and smoke his cigar, while he listened to a song of ribaldry; and from there, flushed with drink, and reckless with his fate, he would wind up the night at the Casino, with some painted, tinsel-dressed female *habitué* of a place that has caused hundreds to curse the night that brought them there. Sherry cobbler and quadrille—then promenade—then polka—then another sip of sherry with the straw; and as he stooped his tall figure over the glass, his hair would mingle with the feathers that bent from the bonnet of his inamorata, who freely joined him in his cobbler. When such depravity as this engrossed him, he had no thought for *her* who was anxiously watching for his coming home—no remorse for *her* whose weary eyelids would struggle with grief until the grey of morning dawned. Remorse! he never knew the word; it was ignored, as was every other that conveyed rebuke to him for the selfish slavery to his ungoverned passions. "Fill it again! and now, sweet one, another polka!" These were the fatal spirits with which he exorcised remorse, regret, or repentance, and when they had vanished, who in the dance so merry as he?

CHAPTER II.

Robson's Boyhood.—His Native Place.—His Early Passion for Distinction in Letters and the Stage.—Private Theatricals.—Gurney Glindon, (*alias* Mr. Courtenay, *alias* Mr. Romanoff,) Robson's first Evil Associate.—Masquerade.—Gambling Houses.—Specimen of his Poetry.

ROBSON'S father, a highly respectable man, was a hay salesman, and subsequently owned a school at Chingford, in Essex, a short distance from the metropolis. We have reason to believe that it was here our hero was born, in the year 1820. From his father, who also followed the pursuit of literature, he acquired his bias for authorship. Alas! had he also imbibed from him his moral rectitude, he would not now have been degraded to the felon's punishment of picking oakum in the dismal prison of Newgate,—a labour which, independent of the disgrace of it, is one of the most difficult and unpleasant tasks that can be conceived. "Oakum" is the technical term for bits of old navy ropes and junk, which, having been thoroughly

saturated with tar, have formed into a solid mass. It is the duty of the prisoners to unpick these masses with their fingers; and, according to the prison authorities, so hard is the work, that the hands of the roughest navvies often bleed under the operation. If this be so, what physical pain must such a labour inflict upon the soft, white, delicate hands of Robson?—hands, whose hardest toil had lately been forging signatures to transfers of Crystal Palace shares, handing his wife or mistress from their broughams, leading them through the dance, or driving his fast brown mare, with railway speed, from his office to Kilburn. But his lacerated spirit must recoil more than his hands—that is, if all his finer feelings have not vanished with his honour; and, if we mistake not, they have, and the callousness he exhibited on his trial and at his sentence strongly confirms the suspicion. Well, if it be so, less severe will be his punishment—less hardly will he feel the deprivation of his liberty—less sensitive will he be to prison authority—less will his taste revolt at prison fare.

Dreadful, intensely dreadful, must be the horror of his feelings if he entertains regret, or retains a longing for the luxuriousness of his past life—for the things which have been so abruptly snatched from him, and for which he has to pay a penalty that makes the heart sick to think upon. Was there ever such a contrast in the circumstances of a young man's life? From every luxury that the most depraved and worldly heart could covet—fine houses, beauteous mistresses, elegant equipages, a retinue of servants, horses that rivalled the railway in speed, some popularity as an author, champagne dinners and festive suppers, excitements from the gaming-table, music, and dancing, the comfort of a hack and groom waiting at the porch of his house while he equipped himself for a country ride—to the confines of a gloomy prison!

While a boy he gave no evidence, showed no desire, for that expensive outward mode of life which afterwards so cruelly beset him. He was more studious and reflective than gay, and no doubt was revolving in his youthful mind the dramas which were subsequently presented to the public through the medium of the stage, and which we shall hereafter notice. From Chingford his father removed to Edmonton, immortalised by Cowper from its having been the scene of his hero John Gilpin. At this place, it is said, young Robson broke through parental control, and ran away. After this his good uncle took him under his protection and educated him.

This opposition to his father's rule was his first downward step—and many a career of crime may be dated to disobedience to parents. The commandment, "Honour thy father and mother," Robson very early set at nought. A boy who would defy his parents would not hesitate to defy the laws.

It is a sad reflection to make, but it is a true one, that many of our most gifted literary men lead lives that they would feel ashamed for the public to know.

They are addicted to drink, debt, and a levity of language which ill accords with the position they have assumed as public instructors They are prone to the vanity of believing themselves inimical to ordinary laws —and flatter themselves, forsooth, that their genius should cover the immoralities they carry on *sub rosa*. If the private histories of half the men who are now earning livelihoods by their pen were known, we have that faith in the public appreciation of morality, that their works would be treated with scorn and contempt. And when these men, who have wasted their substance in taverns and ballet-girl fascinations, instead of making honourable and independent positions for themselves, and which the patronage of the public well enabled them to do—when they find their genius has departed, why, then, some popular brother author makes a sympathetic appeal to the public for help, which is sure to meet with a response, that, tried by moral justice, it did not deserve. The author, however substantial his earnings may be, is prone to live beyond them, and hence his credit is generally as poor as himself.

Young Robson early assumed the airs and graces that disfigure the literary

man, and ere eighteen summers had passed over him, he was in debt for things that his station in life did not entitle him to indulge in. But the seductions of literature and the stage assailed him—and, oh! the lovely castles he reared in his brain. He would write fictions that should rival Dickens—dramas that should vie with Knowles or Bulwer—poems that should live with the language—and lyrics, with the musician's help, that should be sung in every English home, and in eevry street. We have no rebuke to offer to such ambition, but until it is realised, we stigmatise it as dishonourable to incur one farthing's debt upon it. But Robson was not so squeamish upon the point of honour. No desire of his was baulked for the want of money—he was called a clever, promising young man, and credit was to be found; the coat, hat, or gloves, did not fit the less that they were not paid for; and whether he had a pound a week or a hundred, he always dressed smart and "spicy," and with him—as with most others who run an account for their "wear and tear," nothing but "*the* style" was entertained or tolerated. Money or credit he schemed for to support his expensive tastes and habits. Rarely was he met without the cloud of a fragrant havannah escaping from his small mouth; and while, in circumstances, he was comparatively poor, outwardly he wore all the signs of the man of fortune.

He lisped in numbers very young, and was but a youth before he became an occasional contributor to the periodicals. One of his lyrics, which has been set to some sweet music, we submit:—

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

"We all have dreams in early youth,
Ere life hath gather'd elder dross,
And thought lies buried in its truth,
Like violet hidden in its moss.
Those times ere fancy leap'd to speech,
And tear-drops then unclouded bows
When hope and love throbb'd each in each,
And ev'ry blossom bloom'd a rose.

"We backward gaze in after years,
To view the scenes of early days;
While, in the eyes, the unbidden tear
The heart's emotion oft betrays.

And thus old age with childhood meets,
Until the soul can dream no more;
The past is then a grave of sweets,
And flowers blossom all before."

How *could* it be supposed there was evil lurking in the breast of him who composed lines so tender, so reflective, and so sweet in sentiment? In the disclosures that every now and then appal society, how forcibly we are reminded of some of Shakespeare's "household words!" After reading this lyric of Robson's, who but must exclaim—"Life is a mingled yarn of good and ill?" Another painful fact is elicited from this effusion, that it is possible to write fine poetical truths and sentiments without feeling them. How frightful must the criminal poet's "backward gaze" be from the prison point of view where he is now located! Never for a moment can he forget the wretched place his crimes have immured him in—all his senses are too surely surrounded with an atmosphere that debars the mind from flight equally as the body.

If, peradventure, his memory should invite him to the rural scenes that

neighboured his boyhood's happy home—to the gate by the old trees which once he loved to muse upon—to the bells of the old church, whose distant echoes came sweetly dancing across the meadows on the Sabbath morn, hallowing the listener's thoughts, and leading them to Heaven; how rudely are these memories snapped and annihilated by the discord of the prison bell—by the sight of the gaoler hovering in his view—by the coarse and brutal visages of the brothers in crime that surround him at his oakum labours! Had he been as determined to pursue the right, as he has the wrong, ere this he might have been distinguished in literature rather than in crime, and have stood with head erect amongst the most honourable and honoured of mankind, rather than ending his wretched days in the cruel obscurity of a gaol.

While Robson was little more than a youth, he had a strong desire for joining in the dissipation of London life, and the tempter fanned this desire by filling his imagination with voluptuousness, and lulling his trembling conscience by telling him it was necessary for him to see and enjoy life in order that, as an author, he might the better depict it. See him here, the dupe of gambling knaves at a west-end "hell"—and this too, just at the outset of his eventful life!

But where, some may ask, got he his money to gamble with? Was he criminal then? All is mystery—no *charge* was ever made against him until the great one for which he is now suffering. Yet we must be allowed to doubt the honour of any man who gambles; and if he begins with his own capital, sooner or later he yields to the necessities of a loss by making free with the capital of anybody's that he may be trusted with.

About seventeen years ago, and when our hero was twenty years of age, the "hells" or gambling-houses we have slightly referred to, much abounded at the west-end of the metropolis. But they were found to work such fearful ruin and crime of every die, that they called for the interposition of legislative aid to put

them down. The evil records of these places would fill volumes. Many a nobleman has been reduced to beggary and suicide; and many a young man in the position of Robson could date his first step to transportation for robbery to the evil seductions of gaming. The scandal of these proceedings rested with the aristocracy

of the period, who largely countenanced these infamous houses for their own pleasures. It is well for the youth of London, that, owing to the vigilance of the police underwise enactments, they are comparatively swept away.

From a paper of the year 1840, we extract the following startling revelations of gaming houses of the time when young Robson was first inducted into their snares:

The Quadrant, in Regent Street, was absolutely overrun by the nuisance of gaming-houses. The penetration and judgment of the enterprising fraternity lost not sight of the peculiarly-favoured position of this central locality for passing custom, and accordingly commenced operations therein; and in a very short time there appeared on the north side, within the limit of the County Fire Office and Glasshouse Street, no less than six gaming-establishments open to all comers, and the spirit of opposition to each other became so strong that they resorted to the daring and insolent method of sending out messengers or touts to parade the street with cards, which they failed not to thrust into the hands of every passing individual, announcing that at such and such a number of the street the amusements of roulette and French hazard were constantly in operation. By this method, and through the still more cunning and objectionable agency of many unfortunate females who paraded the locality, hundreds of young men were tempted to the scenes of play. Youths just emerged from scholastic control and positioned in places of trust, bankers' clerks and officials of government departments, shopkeepers, shopmen, and apprentices, butlers, valets, men-cooks, and others, without distinction, were invited; and it is a known fact that the first establishment that started in this locality realised in a few months above twenty thousand pounds. The system of thrusting cards into the hands of youths and striplings is thought to have done much to bring the parties under the marked displeasure of the magistracy; for it is reported that many parents and masters gaining cognizance of such practice, and receiving the identical cards from their more prudent children and apprentices, forwarded the important document to the Secretary of State, with some impressive comments on the dire consequences that must result to society if so dangerous a practice were not put a stop to: and it is by no means improbable that this course, aided by the active exertion of several respectable tradesmen in the neighbourhood, may have had its full effect in the proper quarter, for, in the course of time, a most determined war was waged with the houses, and ultimately they were completely exterminated.

The Quadrant, from its notoriety, had obtained the name of "The Devil's Walk," as well in reference to the number of fallen angels who continually paraded its limit, as in regard to the 'hells' or notorious gaming-houses that existed therein. Its annals afford many distressing tales of ruin, and furnish anecdotes of most gloomy and painful description.

But the spirit of gambling, we regret to confess, enters still far too largely in the people's pleasures, and while it does so, there will always be holes and corners found to gratify it in. Although it is partially hunted from the magnificent abodes of the west, yet London abounds with places where fortunes may be staked on the throw of the dice or the dealing of the card. The legislative eye destroyed the bold front that gaming assumed in past days; but it has not blotted it from the metropolis. But this, perhaps, is beyond all power of law to do, and until the love of it is conquered in society, so long, as we before said, enactments will be defied, and places will be found in which the gambler may carry on his nefarious avocation—and nefarious it is, whether carried on for pleasure or profit. Hardly now is there a tavern to be found without, on entering, your eye is attracted with the words "Billiard Room up Stairs," and if you ascend to this place of ruin, who do you see there? Mostly young fashionables of Robson's stamp—clerks and others employed at twenty shillings or thirty shillings a week, standing round, with their cigars and grog, betting or playing. And, mark, how well dressed they all are!—rings on their fingers too! How is all this supported? Oh, there is no mystery about it—only study the calendars of crime, and it will be found that twenty per cent of our billiard "swells," with their "all-rounders," macassared hair, and jewelled fingers, sooner or later, become criminals, and while they stand weeping at the bar of

justice they curse the day when they became initiated into the mysteries of gambling and the excitements that flow from the glass.

Apropos of the subject we are dwelling on, which we trust will not be without profit to those who read, we extract the following startling disclosures of the perils of gaming and gaming houses, from the "Daily News," being the summary of perhaps the most extraordinary gambling records that ever occurred. Let us hope these revelations will prove the means of rescuing any whose tendencies were leading them into the ruinous snares that beset Mr. Sidebottom, who, had he not possessed enormous wealth to support his folly, no one can doubt the dreadful results that must have followed such a terrible infatuation.

The law reporter, after all, is one of the best and most instructive contributors to a knowledge of the world we live in. He is to Thackeray and Dickens what the photographer is to the artist; and the students of life, like the students of nature, are daily learning to set a higher value on an accurate transcript of actual phenomena. Where, for instance, in the whole range of fiction, can we find a more profitable "reading" on the science and practice of gambling than was supplied in our columns yesterday by the report of the case of Culverwell *v.* Sidebottom? For the benefit of those who may desire to be supplied with additional reasons for never crossing the threshold of a West-end hell, we will endeavour to reproduce briefly a few salient points in this daguerreotype of London life.

The action was brought to recover £2,000 on a bill of exchange drawn by Atkins, accepted by the defendant, Mr. Sidebottom. Culverwell, the plaintiff in the action, was the holder of the bill. The defence was that the bill was given for money lost in gambling. To substantiate this defence Mr. Sidebottom, the defendant, was called, and the story he had to tell was certainly one that did him no great credit. The son of a wealthy cotton manufacturer, near Manchester, Mr. Sidebottom's juvenile worship of the "almighty dollar" was manifested in a somewhat irregular way. He came up to London for the first time in 1847, when he was about twenty-eight years of age, and he appears not to have been long in the metropolis before he made the acquaintance of James Atkins, the drawer of the bill on which he was yesterday sued. The place in which he made this auspicious friendship was the Berkeley gambling house, in Albemarle-street, at which establishment Atkins was one of the money-lenders.

At the gambling house, as at the theatre, there are two worlds—the world before and the world behind the scenes. Mr. Sidebottom introduces us to the first—another and a more practised hand must admit us into the other. What Mr. Sidebottom saw and experienced he thus describes: "When I went in, the game of hazard was going on. It is played with dice. When I have been there I have always seen Atkins. He sat at the table, and seemed to be the money-lender. There were two bankers. Atkins was one of them. He sat at a small table at the end of the room, and seemed to have the general management of the place. Persons almost always play with counters. They are given out by the croupiers. Money is paid for them. When there was no money forthcoming, the croupiers asked Atkins whether they should give counters. When he gave his consent, the croupiers handed the counters to the parties, who sometimes gave bills, and sometimes not." Such was the process. Mr. Sidebottom then proceeds to give the modest history of his losses. On the first night he lost 8,000*l.* He went on thus night after night, playing all night long, and far into the next day—making his heaviest losses when playing against the bank alone. The upshot was, that in the course of various visits, between the years 1847 and 1852, he lost on the whole almost 26,000*l.* Of this enormous sum he paid between fifteen and sixteen thousand pounds—the residue, including the 2,000*l.* bill on which yesterday's action was brought, he declined to liquidate. Such was Mr. Sidebottom's experience of the Berkeley gambling-house. He does not appear to have suspected that there was anything wrong. Luck went against him, and there was nothing more to be said about it, except to grin and pay.

Now, let us look behind the curtain. Mr. James Davies will give us the *entrèe*. This gentleman—now, it appears, "in the public line at Stoke Newington"—has kindly consented to tell us all he knows. And first, he knows a good deal about Mr. Atkins. "I have known him," says this publican, *ci-devant* sinner, "for thirty years. I have

been in partnership with him in keeping a gambling-house. When I first knew him he was doorkeeper at 160, Piccadilly, which was a gambling-house. I took him in as a partner at a gaming-house at the corner of Albemarle-street. It was called the *Stick shop*." So much for the earlier biography of Atkins. The next thing Mr. Davies knows is a little about Culverwell, the holder of the bill and the plaintiff in the action. "When I first knew him," says Davies, "he was a tailor. I have seen him on several occasions at these gaming-houses with Atkins. I have heard Atkins apply to him for money. That is where the money came from. Atkins would say to Culverwell, 'The bank broke last night, and we want more money;' and then Culverwell would supply it." But tailor and money-lender did not exhaust the list of Mr. Culverwell's professional employments. He was also regularly engaged as "bonnet" to the Berkeley.

We hope that some, at least, of our readers may be in happy ignorance of what the word "bonnet," as a term of art, precisely means. Here is Mr. Davies's definition. According to this great authority, "it is a byeword for a person who pretends to play when any stranger comes in, but always wins." Aristotle could not have done the thing in fewer words. Mr. Davies, indeed, had that aid to genius which is supplied by perfect knowledge, for, as he admits, he had employed Culverwell many times, at his own table, in the capacity which he has so well defined. But it was not merely by the instrumentality of gentlemen who only played to win, that Mr. Sidebottom's 26,000*l.* was extracted from his pockets. Besides all his other points of knowledge, Mr. Davies confesses also to some acquaintance with loaded dice. He knows, too, something about another sort of dice, called "despatches." As my Lord Campbell, who knows a thing or two, confessed that he had never heard of "despatches" before, the reader need not be ashamed to avow equal ignorance, and Mr. Davies shall define again. "The despatch dice (says this Aristotelian tapster) have double fives and double sixes. They are in favour of the table, I should say, fifty to one—in fact, *all the world against one*." Mr. Davies shall also tell us how they are used. "They are changed for other dice in the course of play—sometimes by the 'bonnet,' and sometimes by the room porter—'rung in,' as it is termed." Have our readers had enough of it? Have they the shadow of a doubt how Mr. Sidebottom lost his 26,000*l.*? If they have, they are slower in coming to a conclusion than the jury, who stopped the further progress of the case by an indignant verdict against the 'bonnet,' who had the audacity to claim, at the hands of the law, a share of the plunder made by its flagrant and infamous violation. Need we add any moral to this reading on the principles and practice of gambling? It would be worse than idle to do so: the clearest exposure of villany has never, we fear, tended to arrest the downward course of dupes. There may be, however, some who are halting on the threshold; and upon them, the experience of Mr. Sidebottom, and the revelations of Mr. Davies, may not be thrown away.—*Daily News, Sept.* 27, 1856.

To leave the billiard-room, and follow this detestable spirit in other of his haunts, enter the private parlour of the tavern, and there you see tradesmen with their long pipes and brandy faces, shuffling the cards, forsaking their own hearths, and leaving their wives to loneliness, and their children to grow up as accident wills. Go further on in the passage, and still more from the light of day, and you hear the noisy dominoes knocked about on the coarse table, mingled with brawling laughter or ghastly oaths. Or walk into the beautiful suburbs of London on the Sabbath-day, and even *there* you will find some of the most charming scenes disfigured by the youth and errand boys of London dissipating their hard-earned pence in pitch and toss, or some other lottery that their gambling genius may have invented.

But gambling was not the primary sin of Robson. He had never played much—he was too deeply engrossed with theatricals, dress, horses, and women. All these passions developed themselves in his youth, and although he was at this time comparatively poor in means, yet the qualities of his mind introduced him to society far beyond them, and they were entirely forgotten in his lively wit, and his easy, good-natured disposition. But he had an independent spirit, too, and would rather have

received a blow than be called a "sponge." On this point he was extremely sensitive, and he frequently declined invitations to a convivial meeting because he had not the wherewithal to frank his own expenses. But his pursuit of pleasure was even stronger than his love of independence—had it not been so, he would never have degraded himself, and this book would never have been written.

While he was meditating dramas for the stage, he had some fancy to become an actor, and has on several occasions appeared in private theatricals, and even on the public boards, in the provinces, in his own play of "Love and Loyalty." Great promise as a dramatic author certainly is to be found in his works, but he never gave any as an actor, although he possessed in an eminent degree one requisite of success—confidence.

Of all arts, the histrionic is the most deceptive. Nothing appears easier than to act; and the better the acting, the easier it seems. But that acting which is the most simple and natural, like the most simple and natural style in writing, is the most difficult of attainment, and only to be achieved by close thinking and constant practice. Acting now is so reduced to system, that the slightest departure from it, even in the delivery of a message, would cause confusion, and might seriously embarrass the performers concerned. It is frequently found to be a fault with amateurs, that they allow their ambition to get the better of their judgment by attempting too much. If they would confine themselves to a farce or a vaudeville, they would not so often become the laughing-stock to their friends, whom they may have invited to witness them while they mouthed and ranted in Hamlet, Jaffier, or Claude Melnotte.

Many of our best actors first tried their strength at a private theatre—amongst others, Elton, John Reeves, and Harley. The whole establishment of these places assimilates to a regular theatre, except that the performers pay instead of the audience! and, judging from all we have seen of the efforts displayed at private performances, it would be an improvement if the audience were paid for sitting out the play. A private theatre has its own manager, its own orchestra, its own scene-shifter, its own wardrobe, its own scenery, its own wind, its own thunder, and its own lightning. The company, too, invest themselves with a professional halo, and indulge in the prestige of a reputation, and no one did this more than Robson, although, judging him as an actor, no one had less a right to assume the privileges of one. After these performances were over, he would invariably whisper one of the fair actresses to accompany him to the gay saloon attached to the theatre, and there, seated on a couch, would make overtures of love to her.

"Now, Mr. Robson," said the dame of easy virtue, who sat by his side, "what is it you have so *particularly* to say to me, for I have an engagement elsewhere?"

"I regret to hear that, love," returned our hero; "for I was anticipating the delightful pleasure of spending an hour or two with you. I have ordered a little wine, and must entreat you to join me in it. Tell me frankly—how did my performance of Jaffier please you?"

"Did you please yourself? But, la! how silly the question!—we are all pleased with our own performances. Excuse me, sir,"—as our hero ventured to embrace her waist, "we are not sufficiently acquainted for such freedoms."

"Then I must pray the time to pass swiftly that divides me from them."

"Alas! then for you, it is only the prayers of the righteous that are heard," she retorted, smiling at her own sharp repartee. "But come, sir, it grows late—what is it you had to say?"

"May I ask the reason of your impatience?"

"I have told you—other engagements."

"Sweeter ones, no doubt, eh? He who played Pierre to-night—oh! that's the man—your blushes tell me—waits to rob me of your charming society. You are not *my* Belvidera."

"Because you are not *my* Jaffier," she rejoined with merriment.

"True—too true," sentimentally replied Robson. "But why should we be deprived of the realisation of that bliss which we so sweetly vowed to each other on the stage? Say—why should our desires---"

"A most *singular* appeal, although in the *plural* number," interrupted the witty belle. "*Our* desires!—he! he!—but go on, I have given you your *cue*."

"Had I but your wit—"

"Stuff—

My wit,
Dug the pit,
In which I fell.
Forsake such wit,
I'm out of the pit
Which leads to hell.

An impromptu, sir."

"And a clever one, too," said Robson, who was sure to flatter everything the fallen woman at his side said or did, be it good or bad, stimulated only by amorous passions. "But I trust there is more poetry than truth in your words, and that their dark import is rather an offshoot from the brain than the heart."

She heaved a sigh, and then, as if anxious to conceal her emotion from Robson, a forced laugh escaped her rounded mouth, and she cavalierly hinted that she must make her *exit* if the wine did not make its *entrance*.

Robson laughed too—cursed the tardy attendant—rang the bell in haste, and, to show his obedience to her slightest wish, satirised the waiter for his forgetfulness in supplying the inebriating spirit.

"I've been a-waiting for the money, sir," said the waiter. "You knows we've no license."

"You gave me credit for more knowledge than I possessed," said Robson, carelessly flinging his last sovereign—and as careless where the next was to come from—on the table. "There, William—now redeem the time. Stay, though—shall it be port or sherry, love?"

"Better say some of both," said William.

"Your advice is impertinent, sir," remarked Robson; "keep it for those who ask it."

William was unused to reproof, and in revenge, looking significantly at the lady, told her that Mr. Gurney Glindon was below. The lady showed signs of agitation, and abruptly rose to depart. Robson rose also, and entreated her to reveal the mystery—to say what magic there was in the name of Glindon, that she should leave at its mention.

"For heaven's sake do not detain me!" exclaimed the lady, releasing her wrist from Robson. "I will wine with you another night, and then I will tell you all."

William here opportunely entered with the wine, and Robson immediately filled a glass for the actress, who played Belvidera to his Jaffier, and who was the mistress of Mr. Gurney Glindon, a gentleman who lived more by his wits than his honour.

"Mr. Glindon, *Miss*," said the waiter, "told me to tell you to meet him round the corner at the Jew's, to dress for the masquerade at Drury Lane. Of course I didn't say you was with a gentleman in the saloon."

"Why, what a changeable creature Glindon is, William! He told me, before I came here, that he would not go. But I am delighted he has altered his mind. Won't you go with us, Mr. Robson? But you must not know me until we get masked and at the theatre."

This was an invitation Robson was ill prepared to accept,—and he never before so much felt the want of money. Yet he was puzzled how to excuse himself without speaking of his little means. But where vice prevails, the devil is quick to prompt means for its enjoyment. Robson thought of his watch—thought how he might leave it with the costumier for the loan of a dress—and, without further pause, thanked the lady for her invitation, telling her he would meet her at Drury Lane; they then described the dresses they would go in, that they might readily recognise each other, and unknown to Gurney Glindon.

Yellow fogs or black ones, the house of Israel Solomons, costumier, theatrical wig-maker, &c. &c., appeared always in fog; and this arose from its being unmercifully hemmed in the corner of a court (which was also hemmed in by a region of other courts), by the damp black spacious wall of one of the theatres. But the traffic up and down, in and out these dismal courts, of fashionably-dressed people on masquerade nights, bal masques, costume evening parties, or important amateur performances, was considerable and incessant. The house of the Jew, though obscurely situated, was pretty well known to most of the fashionable world of London, and to all those who were anxious to sustain the doubtful character of "fast men." It might appear strange that the Jew, with so large a business, should not inhabit some more public thoroughfare; but this place best suited the convenience of his customers—for, in truth, they did not care that their follies should meet the eye of day more than they could help, but preferred carrying them on in a corner; and had Israel contrived to have pursued his business in a cellar, no doubt he would have pleased them better. The bright sun never cheered the place by its beams; and if, as the asthmatic Jew boasted, it was sheltered from biting winds, so was it also shut out from the gentle summer zephyrs. It was hard to tell whether it were morning, noon, or night, in the locality of Israel's house, that being, as we have said, always steeped in a damp and yellow or blacker haze, so that the alternations of the atmosphere affected it but little. Two candles, in brass stands, constantly burnt in the shop-window, and imperfectly disclosed the trumperies from which he derived his wealth. Masques, representing devils' heads and death's heads—clown, pantaloon, and harlequin—rubicund noses, short noses, and long noses—mustachios and wigs of every style and colour—swords, rapiers, and daggers—guns and pistols—were here huddled together as so much lumber, and presided over by Esther, the Jew's daughter, who, sumptuously attired, gave outward and visible signs of her father's wealth. Her black velvet polka coat was enriched with a massive chain of gold; her white wrists were bound with gold bracelets representing serpents, whose eyes were made of the deep violet amethyst; rings of price on her fingers twinkled like stars in the little dark shop. But the most lustrous things of all were Esther's eyes—whose splendour caused many a masquerader to linger in their beams, although the serious, poetic soul that was also embodied there checked every freedom. She was not very young, and rather inclined to *embonpoint*. There was no mistaking her Jewish features, but they were so refined and animated by her full, dark eye, that they became sublimated from

body to spirit. Her Sabbath was devoted to the harp, and the melodious strains. Esther struck from the golden strings raised to ecstasy the hearts of her Christian neighbours.

Israel, her father, possessed only the commoner characteristics of his tribe, the chief of which was the love of money—and he was not over-scrupulous as to its achievement. But Esther was as precious to him as gold and silver, and he was alike proud and jealous of her. His grey eye was secretly turned upon her in the shop and in the theatre. None of the gallants that flocked to the Jew's house could gain five minutes' uninterrupted *tete-a-tete* with Esther, if he knew it, for his attenuated figure would certainly find its way to the shop, and then, without seeming offence, or avowing his purpose, he would despatch her on some trifling mission to the show-room, or if it occurred in the latter place—why then Esther's attention was sure to be required in the shop. He would not have retained her services in the business, efficient as they were, had he not been desirous to have her always near him. All this apparent fear arose out of excess of love rather than mistrust, for no one knew better than the Jew that his daughter was no trifler. He made no secret to her of his wealth, and this might somewhat contribute to the unmistakeable dignity of her character. Esther sat in the little dingy shop like a fine picture hung in an unworthy room. There was no scope here for her flowing skirt, or her queenly bearing. She looked a prisoner in the place, and she was often compassionated for being immured in such a sphere. But she delighted to honour her father, and religiously did so. They lived in great unity.

The Jew himself had two natures, which he changed at pleasure, as he would a garment. He was the covetous Jew—the cunning Jew—and the hard Jew, in his dealings with the Gentile; but he was Christian with his daughter. His fatherly character was full of beauty and tenderness. Let but Esther complain, no remedy was too costly to relieve her suffering; her slightest wish was watched and gratified. At night the fond old man would sit and listen to her harp or conversation with the best feelings and attentions of a lover. His heart was stored up in her, and in her alone.

In the Jew's show-room—where any ambitious man could be made an emperor in ten minutes for as many shillings—and on an old red damask couch, reclined a gentleman with folded arms, whose weary head slightly nodded under the refreshing influence of a gentle slumber. He lay surrounded by gorgeous apparel, all in a state of confusion. Chairs, tables, and even the floor, were piled with high heaps of it: the dress of a prince, and that of a peasant—the gown of a priest, and the grotesque habiliments of a clown—all reposed together in wondrous peace. There was but little invitation to ease in this apartment, although it was the principal one in the house, and the few chairs that were there to rest the weary masqueraders were more often used to support their costumes. And this misappropriation was scarcely to be avoided, for the room was small, and the Jew's stock large. On the little circular table lay an elegantly-bound book of the costumes of all countries, from which the man of pleasure might derive a hint "as to the sort of thing he wanted." When the flattering Jew received the order to prepare the dress, he would exclaim—

"Vy, vat a taste you've got! The mosht beautiful ting I have in shtock! It

cosht me pounds! Esther, my daughter, vorked the lace collar to that dresh vith her own hands."

Or should the taste of the "gent" alight on something in this suggestive book that had been previously selected, or that Israel did not happen to have in stock, he would exclaim confidentially—

"Fudge! fudge! fudge!—it vill not become you! Upon my vord, you shall not have it—it ish so common! A figure like yours should have a garment rich and elegant! Anybody should have it but you—for I like to see you vell dreshed! There! that's vat you shall have,"—placing on the head of the "gent" who was disposed to spend his money in being made a fool of, a hat something in shape of a common coal-scuttle, with a feather by its side that might have been plucked from a barn-door fowl,—"Roderick Dhu's dresh! Look in de glash! No one elsh—upon my life—vould I trusht vith it! It cosht I don't know how much! Esther, my daughter, vill blame me if she knows I have been so foolish to let out this coshtly tartan!"

Beside the costume-book stood a small decanter of brandy, which the good-natured Jew always produced to his favourites, and they were those who paid his charges without grumbling.

To this popular Israelitish outfitter, on masquerade nights, at Cremorne, Vauxhall, or Drury Lane, flocked "gents" and gentlemen—young clerks who were on the road to ruin, and young tradesmen who were on their way to the Bankrupt Gazette—the painted harlot, and the mistress who cared less about the ruin of him who was ensnared by her charms than she did for the gratification of her lightest whim; and soon come along this yellow way Belvidera and Jaffier, better known to the reader as Gurney Glindon's theatrical mistress and the love-sick Robson, the latter somewhat downcast that he had not the means to defy Glindon (whom, as yet, he had never seen) by estranging from him the woman who, for some time past, had taken captive his youthful heart; and as she was unhappy with Glindon, she was not scrupulous who should fill his place, always providing they had an ample exchequer, which, from Robson's gentlemanly manners and appearance, she conceived to be the case with him. But she was mistaken.

Before they quitted the saloon of the theatre, Robson arranged to dress as a *debardeur*, and the lady after the manner of Rebecca, as described by Scott in "Ivanhoe."

"But though we shall thus be known to each other," said Robson, "I see not clearly how I shall be the gainer by that—for Glindon will interpose between us."

"Watch—he will forsake me in an hour. He loves wine better than me or masquerades—and, my life upon it, ere the first hour passes he will change his dress, steal away to a tavern, and leave me to remain or go home, as it may please me."

"Insensible man!" exclaimed Robson. "Such charms as yours deserve a better fate."

"Ah! he praised them too, once," she mournfully responded, "and my full-faithed heart believed he was sincere. But I believe in nothing now—scarcely that I'm here and you there," she added. "Farewell, now, until *Rebecca* comes to you."

"Glad will the *debardeur* be when she comes," responded Robson, holding her tightly by the hand, and gazing in her face with passionate admiration.

These were the scenes and connexions our hero was forming, even at the very time he was paying his esteemed addresses to a virtuous and amiable young lady, whose unhappy destiny it was, subsequently, to become his wife.

Strange coincidence!—the very Jew who, this night, robed him for the debasing masquerade, was the same who purchased many things at the sale of his effects, which had been procured by his Crystal Palace frauds, and which were recently sold under the direction of the Bankruptcy Court.

But who was Gurney Glindon? As he subsequently exercised a most pernicious effect on young Robson, we will let the reader more fully into his character.

He was the dissipated son of a clergyman, and at the period of his broken-hearted father's death, he had contracted debts wherever he could—not debts arising out of any honest enterprise, but those of "honour,"—(oh! much-abused word)—as liabilities on the "turf" and other gambling transactions are styled; and he owed for wine, clothes, cigars, expensive lodgings, and a vast number of other luxuries, inevitable accompaniments of a "fast man's" life in London. No one will be slow to recognise that he was a kindred spirit to Robson, judging the latter by the life he led when his frauds gave him the means.

Immediately after the death of Glindon's father, he came as his heir to take possession of the clergyman's small effects; but, small as they were, they were very welcome to the spendthrift at the moment, and he experienced less grief for the melancholy event that made him possessor of them, than joy at the prospect of turning a hundred or two on them. The poor clergyman was buried by his rake of a son in the same village church, where the former had buried hundreds of his parishioners, and when this hasty rite had been performed he summoned Solomons from London, and sold him everything as it stood, books (scattered over with many a pious observation), plate, furniture, family pictures (his own, when a boy, amongst the number), even the church robes of his father, preserving not one token of remembrance of him who had but loved him too well. He certainly ordered a stone to mark where his father lay, but he neither stopped to see it executed, nor to pay for it; and after he made his hasty flight from the scene of his birth, he never visited it more. He had imbibed such a relish for the dissipations of London, that the brief absence from it for a day or two, to consign his father to the tomb and dispose of his effects, was tedious to him; and he left without a tear, a sigh, or a regret, the ivied porch of the rectory he was born in, where his pious father had often and often—(alas! with what small effect)—taken him between his knees, and bade him look Above for all good.

The Jew followed the spendthrift from room to room, and while the former keenly valued everything in his practised mind, the heir valued nothing, his only cry being, "There, now; you've seen it all—you've seen it all; what will you give?" It was the same cry even when they stood before the very bed the clergyman had died upon—"What will you give? that is the question."

The appraiser bade him restrain his impatience until he had surveyed the whole.

"I must be cautious in my pargains—I have pought too dear lately."

When all had been examined, they adjourned to the little study, that overlooked a garden Hervey might have delighted to wander in, and there the Jew sat down at the table and made numerous figurings, while the orphaned prodigal walked to and fro the sacred precincts, whistling a tune, and reflecting how he should dispose of the produce of his reverend father's home.

"Dare, sir– dat is de shum I vill give," said the Jew, at the same time handing young Glindon a strip of paper with £150 pencilled on it. "De tings are moshtly books, and books are vorth nothing now-a-days, and de furniture is antiquated."

"Mind—it is for everything," said Glindon.

"I have considered for every ting, upon my life," replied the Hebrew.

"Say ten pounds more, and we will crack a bottle over the bargain."

"Listen, my friend—"

"I have no time now," said Gurney, seeing plain enough that he should obtain no more from the obsequious Jew. "Let me have the money you offered—my time is precious—I have engagements in London."

The cash was paid, a receipt taken, and the young man at once quitted his home for ever. When he had departed, the Jew chuckled with delight at his bargain, and he eagerly went alone over the place again, examining and re-examining everything there, and estimating what he should get for it, and when he had returned to the study, he found his profits to be "shent per shent."

"Von picture here is vorth all de money!" he meditated, smoothing his grizzly beard. "Dis is how our people get rich. *We* are de true heirs to half de Christian's property. One would tink dere religion taught them to be foolish, instead of wise." He chuckled again and again, then gave instructions to a Jewish attendant, that he had brought with him, to take care of the place until he sent vans for the property. That same night the rectory was denuded of all it contained, taken to the London market, and there readily sold at twice their cost to him.

The rectory was situated on the borders of Kent, and not many miles from the metropolis, which Gurney Glindon soon gained, and almost as soon scattered, with the woman who now charmed Robson, and in other dissipations, the money produced from the effects of his deceased father. He paid a few trifling debts, but this was done only with the view of extending his credit, and "go in" for larger sums. This he soon accomplished, and he was obliged to petition the Insolvent Debtors' Court to relieve him, for he had no father's house again to realise upon. After this he was more than ever thrown upon his fertile brain for the wherewithal to carry him down the rapid stream that led to ruin.

"Birds of a feather flock together," and Gurney Glindon associated himself with men of his own unscrupulous character, and between them they organised a society for "Promoting the Interests of the Working Classes," (but in reality for promoting their own,) and carried it out in that business-like and imposing manner, that it duped thousands out of their money. But the bubble soon burst upon the credulous minds of the poor investors, and the company were declared bankrupt. But the "birds" composing the company cared not two farthings for this, and but little more that they were uncertificated, or that the court pronounced their transactions a swindle upon the

poor. This business compelled Mr. Glindon to change his name, and henceforth he was known as Mr. Courtenay, and in that name he ran a course that earned him the title of a polished swindler.

But Mr. Courtenay was quite insensible to dishonourable distinctions, and keeping, as well as his cunning and craft would let him, without the pale of the *criminal* law, dived deep into every species of gambling, laying ingenious snares to catch the "greenhorns" that were to be picked up here and there. By these means he was enabled to live in the most showy and expensive style, even kept a stud and a pack of hounds, and led many to their ruin—the last of whom was young Robson. His debts at this time were enormous, and the various means he used to keep his creditors at bay were bold and novel. Many a dun who has knocked at the door with the determination not to leave Mr. Courtenay's house without his bill, has, nevertheless, by his happy manners, and his skilful invention about his numerous ships riding upon the waters of the north and the south, the east and the west, aided by a glass or two of his prime old port, gone away singing his praise, for

"He had a tongue could wheedle with the devil;
He could laugh and smile, and murder while he smiled."

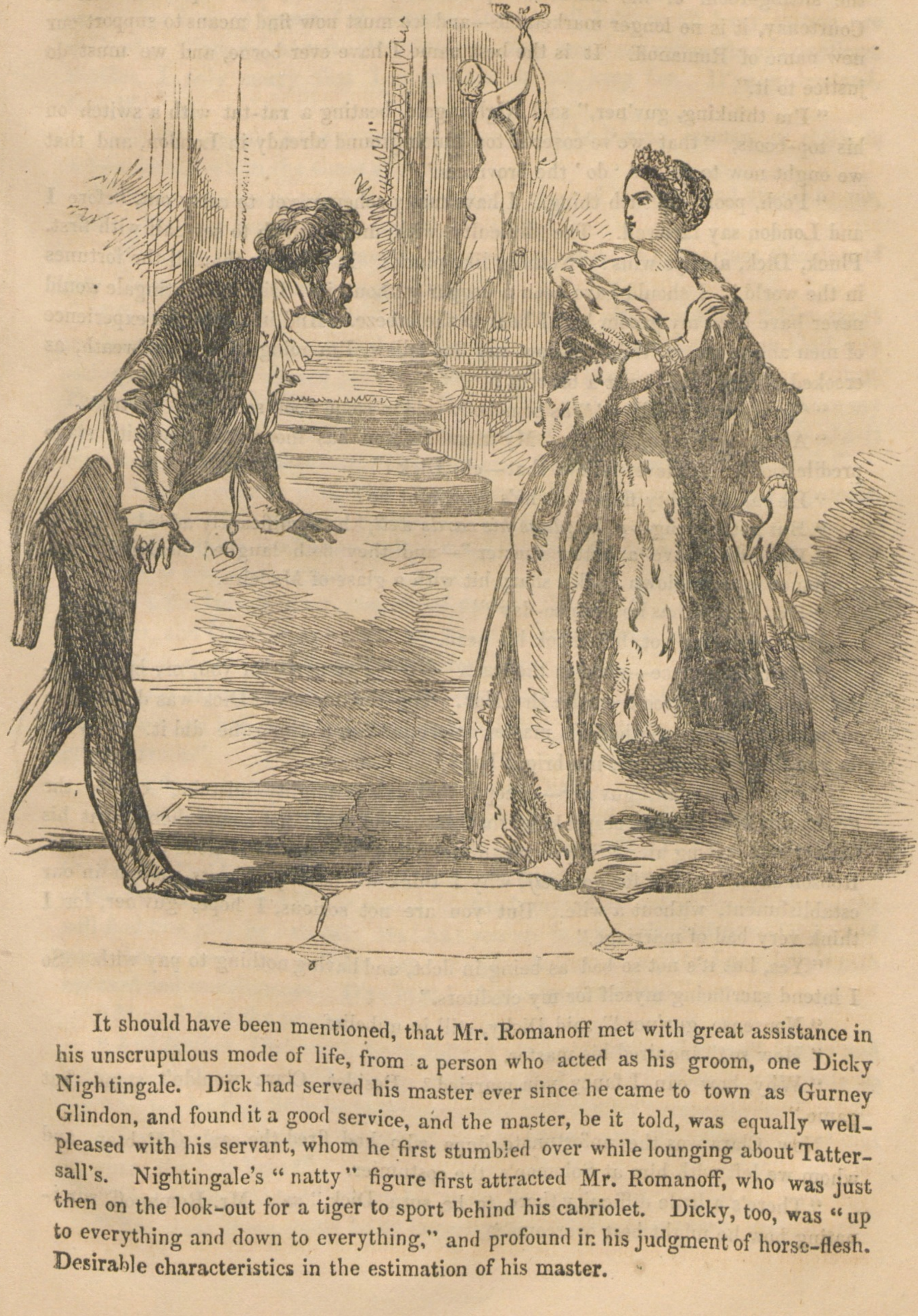
Besides his exquisite, but jesuitical manners, he was of prepossessing exterior. Like Robson, he was tall, and of most gentlemanly bearing. Always stylishly dressed, his well-arranged hair mingled with his bushy black whiskers, which again united to a well-trimmed moustache. When it suited his purpose, or when it harmonised with the dress he might select for the day, an eyeglass would dangle from around his neck; as when he had the temerity to get an introduction to the daughter of a duchess, and the audacity to flatter her in her own halls. But, as may be believed, the flatteries of Mr. Courtenay, graceful and eloquent as they were, made no favourable impression upon this fair scion of a noble house.

But what will not such class of mind as Mr. Courtenay's dare? Redpath, be it remembered, went even further than this—he was presented at Court!

Mr. Courtenay's creditors at length began to shake their heads about the "ships riding on every sea," and, moreover, began to wish some of them would arrive in the Thames, and liquidate the formidable debts of their owner. At length, the creditors would wait no longer, and Mr. Courtenay, who had "used up" all his subterfuges, was reduced to tell them, in the tones of an injured man, that, if they would *not* wait for the "ships," they must do what they pleased. Writs flew about, and Mr. Courtenay flew off. He hid himself in some corner of the mighty metropolis, until they were tired seeking him, or that he could devise another plan to dupe them. For the nonce, he disguised his personal appearance—denuded his face of the whiskers and moustache he had ventured to woo a Duke's daughter in, and again changed his name to the swelling one of Romanoff, and disposed of the property he had swindled from his old creditors, to give him a good start with new ones. His policy was always to begin with ready money—his creed being, that if you showed a man one *bona-fide* sovereign, he would credit you for twenty.

Often and often has he laid down this cunning axiom to Robson—"One sovereign and plenty of pluck," he would say, enforcing the observation by slapping

his thigh or the table, with his open hand, "is all the stock in trade any man, with the spirit of a man, requires to live in splendour."



It should have been mentioned, that Mr. Romanoff met with great assistance in his unscrupulous mode of life, from a person who acted as his groom, one Dicky Nightingale. Dick had served his master ever since he came to town as Gurney Glindon, and found it a good service, and the master, be it told, was equally well-pleased with his servant, whom he first stumbled over while lounging about Tattersall's. Nightingale's "natty" figure first attracted Mr. Romanoff, who was just then on the look-out for a tiger to sport behind his cabriolet. Dicky, too, was "up to everything and down to everything," and profound in his judgment of horse-flesh. Desirable characteristics in the estimation of his master.

Dicky was always taken in counsel when difficulties beset Mr. Romanoff, as they did while he assumed the *nom de plume* of Courtenay.

"Well, Dicky," said his master, as he sat over his wine, by a blazing fire in the sitting-room of his handsome apartments, "we have used up the name of Courtenay, it is no longer marketable—and we must now find means to support our new name of Romanoff. It is the best name I have ever borne, and we must do justice to it."

"I'm thinking, guv'ner," said Nightingale, beating a rat-tat with a switch on his top-boots, "that we've covered too much ground already in London, and that we ought now to go and 'do' the provinces."

"Pooh, pooh! no such thing. I have many schemes yet to carry out, before I and London say farewell. The difficulty with me is, which to set sail with first. Pluck, Dick, always wins! Nothing like pluck! It is better than all the fortunes in the world! I should have been a beggar without it. Dicky Nightingale would never have been my groom had I bent to the breeze. And in my larger experience of men and manners, think ye now, my fine fellow, I'm going to halt for breath, as crooked Richard said? not a bit of it!"

"'Lead on, I'll follow,'" as somebody said in some book somebody wrote."

"An apt quotation, Dicky. My friend Robson has inoculated you with stage predilections. A clever fellow, that—eh, Dick?"

"He talks mighty fine—but he's poor, aint he?"

"But not for long—*if he plays his cards well*," he significantly added.

"He can't have a better master"—and they both laughed heartily, when Romanoff washed down Dick's sharp hit with a glass of Madeira.

"By the bye, has he been to-day?"

Dick answered not, but shook his head.

"No consequence—none in the least. Now I've news for you, my bright fellow," striking his groom on the shoulder. For the moment Dick was dumb with surprise, for he knew when his master determined on a thing he did it. "What do you think of marriage, my bright boy?"

"Nothink at all, guv'ner—except that it's a mighty mistake," replied the groom, his countenance bespeaking that his mind could not comprehend what his master was driving at. "If you mean matrimony for *me*, 'I'll none of it,' as Mr. Robson says. And if for *yourself*, why I think we have petticoats enough in our establishment, without a wife. But you are not serious, I hope, guv'ner, for I think very bad of marriage."

"Yes, but it's not so bad as being in debt, and having nothing to pay with. So I intend sacrificing myself for my creditors."

"Nonsense, guv'ner!" said Dicky, still in unbelief.

"How so?" inquired his master.

"Why, how can I fancy you married? Besides, Clara wouldn't stand that game."

Now Clara was the unfortunate dupe who had fired the soul of Robson, and whom we left with him at Solomon's, the costumier.

"There's a little difficulty there, to be sure, Dick," said Mr. Romanoff, ruminating how he might best overcome it.

"More than a little, I'm thinking," said the groom. "She'll have no other partner in your affections,—depend upon Dicky Nightingale for that."

"Affections!" exclaimed the villain Romanoff, heartily laughing. "Tut! tut! I marry not for affection, but money. I live not with Clara for affection, but convenience. I am as ignorant of affection, Dick, in all I do, or all I say, as you are of Greek. Clara *might* raise objections, but they would not outweigh my intentions. Besides, I only marry that I might the better keep *her*. D'ye understand, Dick?"

"Clearly—money's the game, and every thing, be it man, woman, or child, is to be ridden down in the chase after it."

"That's my meaning to a T. Now take a glass of Madeira, and attend to me, Dick. You look melancholy!—what's the matter?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing, guv'ner," snivelled Dicky. "I was just thinking of poor Clara, that's all—she is a good soul!"

"But a most expensive one," observed Romanoff, with a smile. "Her views are vast. She may get married too, for what I care; but she'll never block my passage to twenty thousand pounds. She is not so handsome as she was, either. Time *does* destroy beauty, you know, Dick. Nor is she a beauty whom I have my eye upon—nor is she young; so Clara need not be jealous of *her*. But she is amazingly rich—and that settles the question. Drink to my happiness, Dick!"

"Oh, if it comes to that, with all my heart,—I'll drink to anybody's happiness. May her money last for ever, guv'ner!"

"Well, I think she has enough to make things right for a twelvemonth. I put her down at twenty thousand."

"Is it the lady, guv'ner, you reined up to in the park?"

"Yes, and I saw in an instant my attentions were agreeable to her."

"Why, she must be forty!" exclaimed Dick.

"Never mind if she's a thousand—her days will be shorter, Dick. That I have bewitched her, I dare swear—and that her money has bewitched me is as great a truth."

"She drove a stunning pair of 'osses!" said Dick.

"Then judge of everything, but herself, by her horses. Her house, furniture, wines, are all, as you say—'stunning.' She has estates that extend from London to the Land's End! I was very careful to ascertain that from her. She is the widow of Sir John Jolly; and if her second husband, myself, is not Jolly by name, she will find him jolly by nature! Ha! ha! you are in good trim just now, Dick; and good clothes don't look well for ever. So you shall go at once to Lady Jolly's with my card and compliments. D'ye hear? Not a word to Clara."

"Mum," said the groom.

"And further, Dick, with Lady Jolly, I am a gentleman of ancient family and independent fortune, should any questions be asked. And further, say as little as possible, but let that little be to the purpose of your master's respectability."

"But there is another 'further' I want to know," said Nightingale, "and that is, where the lady lives?"

"That is her address," giving his groom her card.

"You think there would be no impertinence in taking your card, guv'ner?"

"Impertinence!" reiterated Mr. Romanoff. "Well, well, I should have thought you had lived with me long enough to have blotted *that* word from your vocabulary. Why, you are all in a mist to-day, Dick. I tell you, the widow is sweet upon me; I have been to her house—drank her wine—flattered her until she fancied herself young again. So get along with my card and compliments, and, ten to one, you will bring me a sweet message back. Here, take a glass before you go, and I'll take another while you are gone. The best foot forward, Dick, for I'm waiting to see how the second act should commence."

Dick went, and Dick returned, bringing a scented note from Lady Jolly, returning boundless thanks for Mr. Romanoff's kind inquiries, and further intimated that she should be in the Park for a drive at four, and that it would give her extreme pleasure to meet Mr. R. there.

"So far so good!" exclaimed Mr. Romanoff. "My creditors shall soon be paid! Get us well mounted, and in the Park by four, Dick. The older people get, the sillier they become. But we will not complain about that. Get ready the cabriolet, Dick, and I'll astonish her weak mind. Be brisk, Dick, and put Juno in the cab; her high action will win upon the widow, whom I must call mine ere the Derby; and if I don't sport it there with Lady Jolly's money, my faith will be much shaken in my powers of deception."

"Couldn't you get the money without saddling yourself with the widow?"

"The air has made you sharp, Dick! Really that is a proposition well worth consideration. The woman is weak enough for anything, that is clear; but I am afraid her vanity would be satisfied with nothing less than saying, 'that is my husband!' I shall not be able to reciprocate the pleasure by saying 'this is my wife.' Never mind, I must console myself and take shelter under the shadow of her riches. I say, Dick, won't my old creditors be surprised when they get their money? They will begin to believe in the 'ships riding on every sea!' Ha! ha! the merchant was the best character I ever played, and it took well. Another glass, Dick! my difficulties are at an end."

Mr. Romanoff and Lady Jolly met in the Park, and he flattered her out of all propriety; and she subsequently yielded herself and all her "worldly goods" to the darling Mr. Romanoff.

When his creditors heard of this rich marriage, they were delighted, and looked forward to the return of the *happy* pair with impatient anxiety. During the matrimonial tour, Mr. Romanoff arranged all money matters with his wife with his usual cunning skill, and soon she transferred to him the power to draw upon her bankers. For a time her husband conducted himself in the most seemly manner; nothing could be more kind—nothing ever appeared more honest.

During this sober period of his existence, in one of his evenings of domestic bliss with Mrs. Romanoff, he moralised on life and all its uncertainties, which he sweetly turned to the point he was aiming at, namely, that his wife should make a disposition of her estates and other property, in the event (which he hoped not) of his losing her. The good easy lady could deny her Romanoff nothing, and on the following day summoned her lawyer, and entered with him into the subject of her husband's wishes.

Now came a startling disappointment for the bridegroom and his sanguine

creditors—indeed, for the bride also. The lawyer called Mrs. Romanoff's attention to a little, but important, clause in Sir John Jolly's "Last Will and Testament," which destroyed the happiness she anticipated from her new marriage. Of course, the lady must have been conscious of the conditions of the will; but whether the excitement of marriage, with a dashing gentleman like Mr. Romanoff, had for the moment obscured her memory—or whether she had forgotten it from design—or

whether she was credulous enough to believe that her new husband cared more about her than her property—we cannot explain; but it is certain she married in defiance of the precepts of the will—which made the property contingent upon her marrying again, and that if she did, the property should be forfeited, and pass to another branch of Sir John Jolly's family.

Nothing could possibly exceed the fury of Mr. Romanoff at this unpleasant disclosure. His lamb-like nature changed to the fury of a lion. He charged his new-

made wife with duplicity and cunning, and even ventured to insult her by asking if she was fool enough to suppose that he should have married her if he had known there was such a condition imposed upon her property?

"In truth, sir," said his mortified spouse, "I thought more about *you* than anything else, at the time of my sad and hasty marriage."

"Oh, I cannot believe that," said her husband. "That is rather too much for me to credit."

"It is truth, I do assure you, sir!" persisted the lady.

"Then you were far more in love than *I* was," retorted Mr. Romanoff.

"I have even sacrificed my property for your sake."

"I and your property go together—so understand that you sacrifice both."

"Then, was all you told me false?"

"To cut the conversation short—it was," said Romanoff, with the utmost effrontery.

"Then I have one consolation in my troubles, that though my folly has cost me my estates, you have lost them too."

"And *my* consolation is," said Romanoff, with perfect *sang froid*, "although your duplicity has duped me out of the estates and into marriage, I shall take possession of all your personal property, over which the infernal will has no control."

"What! would you take *all*, and leave me destitute?" she pathetically appealed.

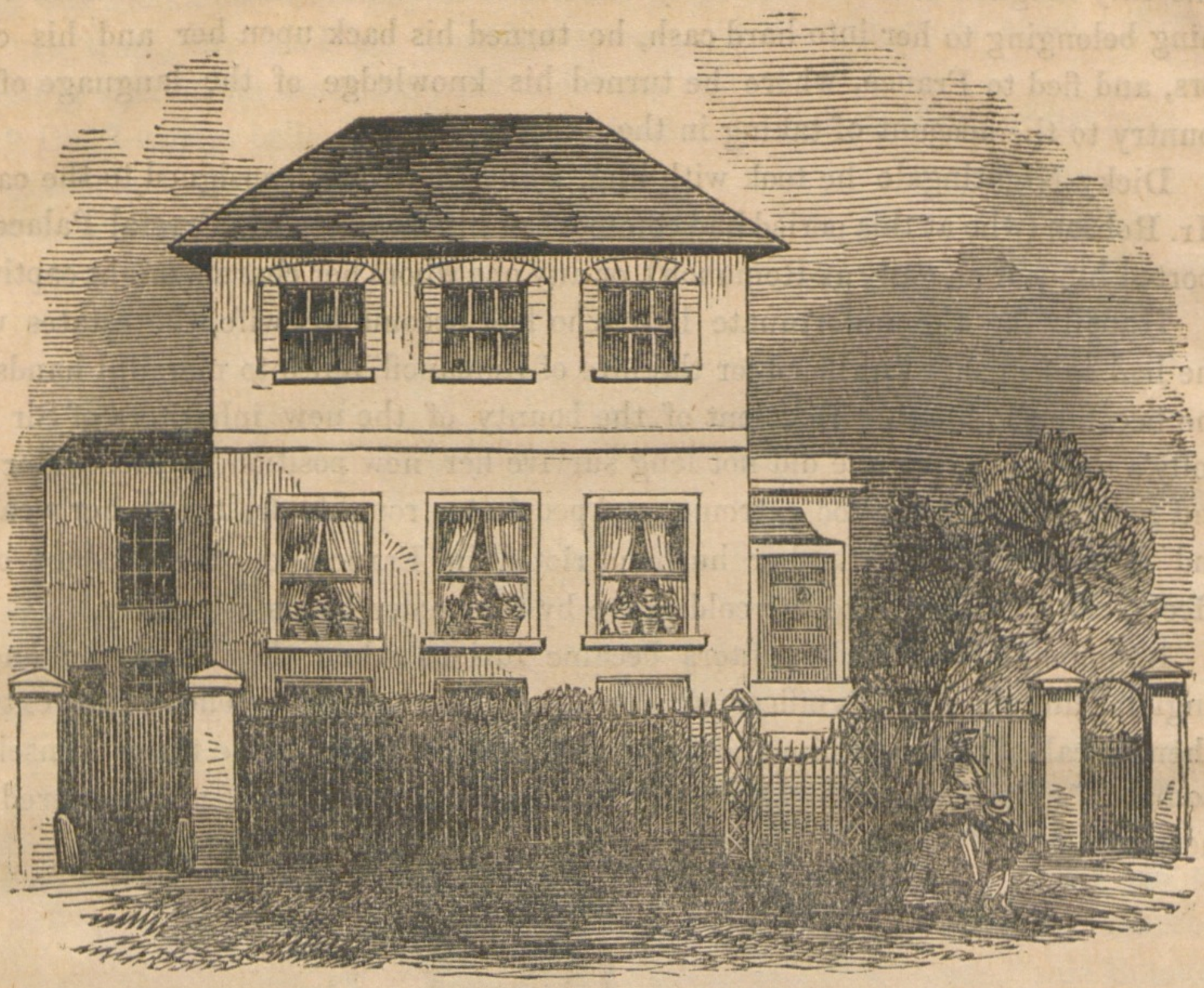
"I am not at all sentimental, madam, so do not appeal to my sensibilities. I'll take the very jewels from your arms, and the rings from your fingers! I have been duped, and I'll show no mercy!" He abruptly left the apartment, leaving his wife by the fire-place, wringing her hands in mental prayer and anguish.

Every tittle of this ungenerous threat was carried out, and the unfortunate lady, who had from her youth been nursed in the lap of fortune, was cast upon the world, who only laughed at her for her folly. After Mr. Romanoff had converted everything belonging to her into hard cash, he turned his back upon her and his creditors, and fled to France, where he turned his knowledge of the language of that country to the account of taking in the natives.

Dicky Nightingale he took with him, while Clara was consigned to the care of Mr. Robson (who at this period had commenced his frauds on the Crystal Palace, and sported himself as gaily as Romanoff), or any one whom her charms might captivate.

Happily for the unfortunate lady who had become his wife, the estates which she had so foolishly sacrificed for the love of Romanoff fell into merciful hands, and she became the humble recipient of the bounty of the new inheritors of Sir John Jolly's estates. But she did not long survive her new position in life. Her pain and mortification were too extreme, and people too roughly dealt with her weakness and imprudence. While her husband rioted in France, on the produce of her effects, she was carried to the cold grave by the colder hands of charity.

Romanoff's chagrined creditors became furious when they learnt he had left England, and the sheriff's officer, who held the writs, looked wretched in the extreme, when he called to arrest him and found the bird had flown. He threw himself into Romanoff's arm-chair, leant his ugly features on his ugly stick, and pondered what move to make.



Robson's Residence, 11, Greville Place, the Priory, Kilburn, where he resided when his frauds were discovered

CHAPTER III.

How Robson makes Romanoff's acquaintance—Robson's Engagement at the Crystal Palace—History of Clara Rees—Scene at the Masquerade.

THE evil that men do lives after them, has become a Shaksperian household word, but never was the truth of it more exemplified than in the corrupting impressions that Mr. Romanoff (his last *alias*) made on the too easily perverted mind of Robson. Although, as we saw in the last chapter, the former had, happily for the country, fled to other lands, yet it would be difficult to say how much of Robson's subsequent evil career might not, with justice, be traced to his fatal companionship. The seeds of crime, more or less, no doubt exist throughout human nature, but woe to him who is the instrument by which these seeds are developed into fruitful bearing. It is quite true that William James Robson was ripe for the hands of the tempter when he stumbled over Gurney Glindon, that adept in swindling; but had not such easy means been suggested to him of living the life of dissipation, he might never have thought of them, or, thinking of them, might have been less daring in carrying them out.

We must now see how these two worthies formed their fatal friendship, but in order to do this, we must retrace our steps to the Jew's house, where Robson and Clara adjourned to dress themselves for the masquerade. They were soon gaily equipped for the night's festivities.

Masquerades are truly un-English, and it is much to be regretted they were ever introduced into this country. Their whole scope and design is for intrigue, and that freedom and looseness of speech among the sexes which they would blush to utter under other circumstances. All purity of feeling or shame is entirely ignored at these places, where sin and folly of every description is enacted, amidst sounds of lascivious music and effulgent light. Robsons, Romanoffs, and Claras here abound, and they have but little regard how the means are acquired that contribute to its support. Masquerades are immoral in their tendency, and none who have a due regard for their character would ever become masquers.

But the barriers of Robson's virtue were loosened, and he was an easy prey to vice, whatever shape it might assume, and when it came in the seductive guise that Romanoff placed before him, he became enamoured of it.

Dressed as a *debardeur*, as we have seen, he went to the masquerade in the mean pursuit of another's mistress—which, in itself, was a breach of the thief's maxim, "Honour among thieves." When Robson entered the captivating place—this was the first time he had been to a masquerade—he was wondrously pleased, and his imagination excited beyond description. For a time he even forgot Clara, so lost was he in admiration of other fair masquers, who were whirled hither and thither in the giddy dance. He was not long in making overtures to a plump little figure habited as a Bavarian broom-girl, and gallantly taking her by the hand, he led her forth to dance. As the love of woman grew upon him, keenly he felt the insufficiency of his exchequer, and promised himself soon to better it by the play on which he was at this time employing his better nature, but on which he too much relied for bringing him fame and fortune. The young author is ever enthusiastic upon his success, and too often draws largely upon visions that are never realised. Robson was one of this class, and he would borrow from any that would lend, upon the promise that they should be repaid when "Love and Loyalty" was finished and played. The tailor, too, *must* wait until the play was produced. In short, so wild were his hopes upon its success, that he flattered himself he never should be poor again if he could only win over some lessee to speculate in its production.

"Ah! the play, the play's the thing!" he would often mentally quote, in application to his own, especially when he was engaged in any extravagance beyond his means. "To *that* I must look for redemption from this detestable poverty. There's good stuff in it—it *shall* be played. Some means I'll find to break through this base monopoly of the stage, that keeps a new author in the dark. Managers shall yet discover the beauties of 'Love and Loyalty,' and find it to be their interest to play it. I'll be put off no longer with their polite refusals, couched under 'regrets' and 'compliments.' They will not be at the pains to read the play, or it would have been before the public ere this."

"It is a national loss," he subsequently wrote to a friend, "that the man of letters has no other tribunal to submit the work of his brain than to publishers or managers, who rarely read what is placed before them, and if they do, are not

qualified to stand in judgment between the author and the public.* Some institution is required, to be presided over by a PAID COUNCIL of intelligent literary men, capable of separating the chaff from the wheat, and stamping their verdict on the work, somewhat after the fashion that true gold is marked at Goldsmith's Hall. If this system was instituted, there would be *no* 'flower born to blush unseen,' works of worth and genius would be preserved to the public, and the authors of them saved from discourteous snubbings, or polite falsehoods, from men who deal in literature with no higher motive than he who deals in pigs—to make money by it. Depend upon it, if such a council were formed, and an author was fortunate enough to obtain the word 'EXCELLENT' stamped upon his work, publishers and managers would scent it from afar, and, with cheque-book and hat in hand, would soon be in full cry after it. It is my full conviction that there are more men of genius struggling for a hearing than those already before the world, and but for the difficulties that have no right to exist, they would soon be in that position in society which their gifts entitle them to hold. There are dismal episodes in the life of almost every author of celebrity, not so much connected with the production of his works, as with the difficulties he has had to contend with to get them before the public. Through this wrong, society has had many narrow escapes of losing some of the great books that enlighten and adorn it, and it would be impossible to say how many *have been lost.* Facts inform us that, but for *accident*, we should have had no Goldsmith, no Milton, no Otway, no Bloomfield, no Crabbe, no Johnson, and others of little less celebrity. Men of letters should look more to their own interests than to allow this disgraceful state of things.

"I write thus strongly upon the subject, because I am at the present moment suffering from a system so pernicious and hurtful to the author. Through the unnecessary difficulties of gaining a hearing, many a fine work, I am convinced, remains buried in library-table drawers, or has been consigned, in the writer's despair, to the destroying flames."

Amid much that is morbid and rancorous in this letter, there is a great deal of truth; and although we do not clearly see how his suggestion of the "Literary Council, to which all manuscripts might be submitted for judgment," could be car-

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* A memorable exception occurs to us in the case of Cowper. As this fact in the poet's life is an interesting one, we submit it at length:—One evening a relation of Cowper called upon Johnson, the publisher in St. Paul's Church-yard, with a portion of the MS. poems, which he offered, provided Johnson would publish them at his own risk, and allow the author a few copies for his friends. Johnson read the poems, approved of them, and accordingly published them. Soon after they had appeared, there was scarcely a reviewer who did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn them to the butter-shops; and the public taste being thus terrified or misled, these delightful effusions of so great a poet stood in a corner of the publisher's shop as an unsaleable pile for a long while. At length Cowper's relation called upon Johnson with another bundle of the poet's MS., which was offered and accepted upon the same terms as before. In this fresh collection was the poem of "The Task." Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, but thoroughly assured of the great merit of the poems, they were published. The tone of the reviewers became changed, and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of the age. The success of this second publication set the first in motion. Johnson immediately reaped the fruits of his undaunted judgment; and Cowper's poems enriched the publisher when the poet was in languishing circumstances. In October, 1812, the copyright of Cowper's poems was put up for sale among the London booksellers, in thirty-two shares. Twenty of the shares were sold at £212 each. The work, consisting of two octavo volumes, was satisfactorily proved at the sale to nett £834 per annum. It had only two years of copyright; yet this same copyright produced the sum of £6764.

ried out, yet it is well worthy the consideration of those in whose cause the suggestion is advanced. When we reflect on the wretched fate of the man gifted with so much intelligence and freshness of thought, and who, had he been honest, might have been preserved to society, and perhaps aided in carrying out his own idea, we still more deplore it, and tremble at the weakness of human nature under temptation.

But we need no Robson to tell us of the vicissitudes and perils that attend the young author's steps. We have been made aware of them from purer lips than his, and from lips more entitled to public respect. William Howitt, in his sketch of Harriet Martineau, forcibly says:

"We authors are all kidnapped out of the pleasant walks of life, by that old gipsy NECESSITY, to be made authors of—the slaves of the lamp—the pelicans of the press—feeding our literary offspring out of the life's blood of our own bosoms. Is there a man or woman that ever became an author voluntarily? If there be, and he is alive, keep out of his way, for he is mad. What! voluntarily adopt a profession that gives poverty as its reward, and abuse as fame! Look at all conceivable professions, and then say if there can be so insane a one as that of authorship? If a man were to publish in the 'Times,' 'Athenæum,' or any other public journal, that a certain merchant's goods were 'wretched stuff,' that he was an impostor; that a certain lawyer was a cheat; that a certain doctor administered worthless drugs, and gave bad advice—that man would be whipped up and well fined for a wicked and malicious libel; but an author—poor devil! Bull-baitings and bear-baitings are no longer allowed; but the baiting of an author!—that *must* be allowed—it is the last rational and innocent little pleasure left to the discerning public!

"It is an insane trade, that is certain. Never were such a set of martyrs as the martyrs of authorship. Hood sung the 'Pauper's Funeral,' fearing it would be his own. Laman Blanchard sought death, because care did not despatch him quick enough; and yet that old gipsy—Necessity—goes on kidnapping!"

"The play, the play's the thing!" exclaimed Robson to himself, as he led the plump "Buy-a-broom" girl from the dance to the refreshment-stall, where he held with her a *tete-a-tete* over a strawberry-cream and sherry. While he was thus pleasantly engaged, and while his new charmer was making an inroad upon his passionate and inflammable nature, Gurney Glindon's mistress, Clara, accosted him with a gentle tap on the shoulder. The *debardeur* turned quickly round, and received "Rebecca" with all the flattery of which his tongue was capable, and another cream was immediately ordered, and a chair quickly placed at her disposal, while he himself took a place between the Jewess and Bavarian, exclaiming, in the enjoyment of the moment:

"How happy could I be with either!"

while the buy-a-broom girl lively sang the well-known context,

"Were other dear charmer away,"

then tripped upon her light heel and made a graceful exit, leaving Robson and Clara to the happiness of their repast and confidences.

"This is happiness more than I expected," said Robson, in the blandest tones, suiting the expression of his countenance to his flattering words. "All the bright-

ness of this place—all its music—was 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' until *now*; but the magic of your presence has lent such wondrous charms to it, that my imagination seems wandering in a paradise. Oh! the vast power of beauty!"

"Wine, you mean, sir," said Clara, with a look of significance, that did not fail to make Robson understand the meaning it was intended to convey.

"No, I assure you, madam, I have drank but little. I speak from the delicious intoxication of love, which fills the heart until its quick throbs move every passion of the soul.

"O love, early, untainted love!
Thou only pure idolatry."

"Your words might win over some village wench,—some silly, credulous maid—but *me*—ah! I've learnt the world and the worth of words too well for them to move one chord of *my* heart. Words, false, meaningless words, fatally deceived me once, and I do hate them now. They lured me from the happiest of homes—oh! stupid, stupid fool that I was! But there—I've been punished deeply for my folly—but this is not a place to sentimentalise. My word for it, there's many a wretched heart standing up in that dance. Come, sir, I'll make another. I can find no other relief from the bitter memories which wake up and disturb my brain when I am still."

"Some time hence we'll join the dancers," said Robson; "I would rather sit over our wine awhile—in truth, you have excited my curiosity."

"You must learn to subdue it, sir," said Clara, somewhat offendedly. "My history would but pain you if you have any regard for me, and if you have none, your curiosity should remain unsatisfied!"

"Most true; but then I *have* a regard for you."

"Define it—no, I will for you!" she excitedly added.

"Nay, nay," interrupted Robson, "you would only judge of mine from painful remembrance of the false regard professed by another for you. That would be unjust, would it not?"

"Well—it might be so. And I would not willingly be unjust to any one, though I have had wrong and humiliations heaped on me, enough to make me hate all mankind. Gloom is gathering over me—I must dance it off. Come—we shall find another opportunity to indulge your curiosity. Come—the music plays."

Robson drained the wine, and accompanied "Rebecca," and while they join in the quadrille we will give the reader a brief sketch of Clara's history.

In the neighbourhood of the Tower of London was a dairy more than usually attractive. The ivy was trained around its Gothic front, and the little enclosed garden was studded with statuary, and parrots of every hue, from every clime, chattered on their perches. It was an old detached house, and its age gave an additional charm to its picturesqueness. The grim Tower could well be seen from the doorway, and from the top windows the river. The thick white deal counter was approached by a wide stone passage. The roof of the shop was very high, and spanned with large beams. About thirty years since, the place was well known to the boys of London as the "Old Dairy," where they made their assignations to meet on Guy Fawkes' night to illuminate the heavens with their fire-

works in conmemoration of the perfidious Guy, whose quaint effigies, matches and all, were consumed by fire amidst the joyous hurrahs of assembled thousands.

In the year 1840, the "Old Dairy" was owned by one David Rees, and Clara, Gurney Glindon's unhappy mistress, was the dairyman's daughter. At this time she was sixteen years of age, and notorious for her beauty. Every day brought forth a new admirer, and every post a letter of love. The "fast men" of London might constantly be seen peeping in through the small panes of the dairy shop to catch a glance of her, and racking their shallow brains how to ensnare her, while young shopmen, after business hours, would come from all parts of the town to see the "gal at the dairy."

But beauty of person without the inward moral sentinel, is a dangerous possession. It is a fabric moved hither and thither by the breath of flattery; it is a house without furniture; it is a mark for the tempter, without force to withstand his cruel aim. It is a flower separated from the root, and must soon wither.

"Beauty, thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart."

Unhappily for Clara, she was wanting in the religious sentiment; the new play, the new ballad, or the new fashion, occupied her thoughts far more than higher things—yet many of the poor customers at the dairy could testify to the good-nature of Clara, and little girls and boys were sure of a bright sixpence on boxing-day. With the beggar by trade she had no sympathy, and no faith in indiscriminate almsgiving. Whenever she could, she would tempt David, her father, to buy new clothes, in order that she might have the pleasure of distributing the old ones where she knew they were wanted. She would often smile (for she had a keen sense of humour) when some poor recipient of her charity would timidly call in at the dairy to thank "Miss Clara" for the old misfitting hat upon his head, or the dairyman's long-skirted coat dangling at his heels. But little cost had been lavished on Clara's education, and she boasted few accomplishments. She had no pride—but the beauty of her face being so constantly the theme within and without her circle, she could not but be conscious of some vanity. Before she became the wretched dupe of Gurney Glindon, her heart and mind were as guileless as a child's, and as transparent as glass.

With a smiling morning face, radiant with health, her hair exquisitely dressed, at the earliest break of dawn would she be singing about the dairy, and preparing for the business of the day; for her father left the in-door affairs of the dairy entirely to Clara's hands. David Rees was very proud of his daughter, and more so that every one was speaking of her beauty, and prophesying a rich marriage for her. Her heart was yet at her disposal, and she was bewildered with so much choice. Clara was somewhat superstitious, and was concerned that "something would happen" if she heard the night howl of her father's dog, or the tick-tick of the death-watch; and for amusement sometimes, and known only to herself, she would repair to the mystic abode of an old fortune-teller near Tower-stairs. Many a piece of Clara's silver had crossed the crone's withered hand, and then she would linger on the oracular and mysterious words that the old woman would deliver in return, with the most superstitious awe. On one occasion she said—

"Ah! young leddy, I'll not disguise wi' ye; but an ill destiny will be yours."

"That is unkind of you to say so," said the simple Clara.

"Unkind!" sternly returned the prophetess, in accents that would puzzle any one who heard her to say whether she herself believed in her art, or whether she knew herself to be an impostor—"Unkind! I cannot alter your destiny—I can but read it."

"It is your *destiny*, I say, and you cannot avert it. *fate* to love the very man who will destroy you!"

The alarmed and credulous maiden wrung her hands, while the crone leant upon her stick and fixed her small grey eyes on the ground. After a while, the former tremblingly asked—

"Tell me, pray—whence comes the misfortune you predict for me?"

"Where most women's misfortunes do—where *mine* came from—from man."

"But I know no man, granny," said Clara, in tones that seemed to appeal to the oracle to find a happier fate for her.

"But you will connect with one, no long time off," returned the hag.

"Oh, I wont—I wont even speak to one!"

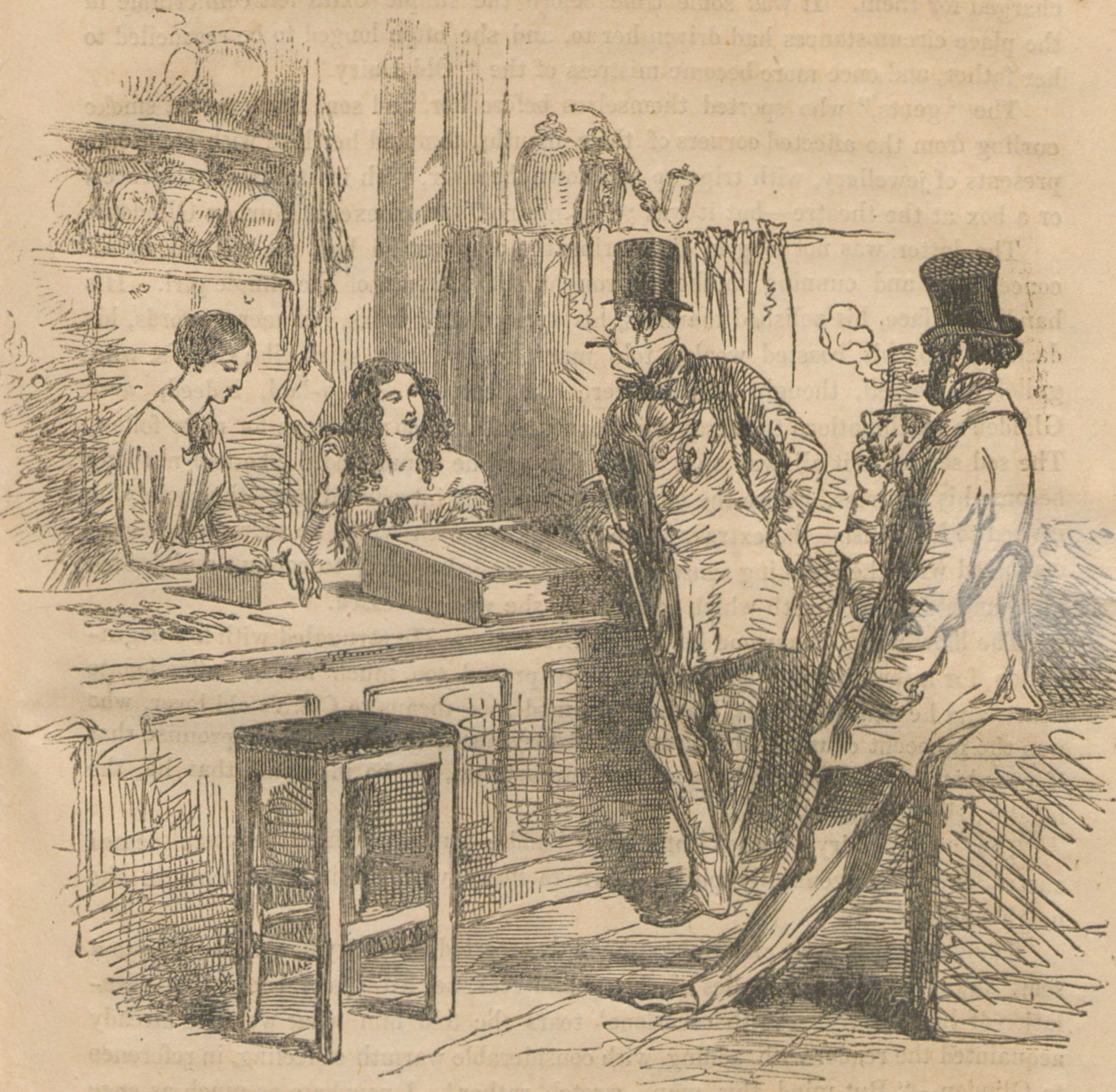
Granny stroked the tresses of Clara Rees, and called her "silly child." More than that—it is your

"What! granny," exclaimed Clara, "shall I be murdered?"

"Aye, poor child—if heart-break—slow, but sure—is murder."

Pale as a ghost, the dairyman's daughter left the scene, and returned to her home, sad as sad could be. But a few days wore off the impression the fearful prophecy had made on her—and she went no more to the fortune-teller. In after-life she was often bitterly reminded of the old woman's words.

It was about twelve months after the date of this romantic interview, that Gurney Glindon, *alias* Mr. Courtenay, *alias* Mr. Romanoff, first heard of Clara's



charms, and it was not long before he introduced himself to them, when, alas! for the dairyman's daughter, he conquered.

But before this sad event in Clara's life happened, a serious disagreement sprang up between her and her father, which led to Clara's leaving the dairy, and procuring a situation in a West-end cigar shop, where her beauty gave such an impetus to the business, that she received a large salary from the proprietor as a *quid pro quo*. Her father would have had her marry a man for whom she had no love, nay, an aversion to, and David Rees pressed his wishes so strongly upon her, that there was no way of escape but by leaving the "Old Dairy," the place of her birth, and taking the humble, yet dangerous position at the tobacconist's, especially to one endowed with such witchery of face and figure.

The shopkeeper cared little about the danger by which Clara was surrounded—she brought "swells" to his shop, who, while they were rivalling each other to win her attention, puffed away his best Havannahs, and freely paid anything that was

charged for them. It was some time before the simple Clara felt comfortable in the place circumstances had driven her to, and she often longed to be reconciled to her father, and once more become mistress of the "Old Dairy."

The "gents," who sported themselves before her, and sent the fragrant smoke curling from the affected corners of their mouths, tempted her love with handsome presents of jewellery, with trips up and down the river, with invitations to the races, or a box at the theatre—but it was "No, no, no!" to all except Gurney Glindon.

The latter was not long in discovering the conquest he had made; and by all conceivable and cunning methods wrought out the ruin of the simple girl. His handsome face, his polished manners, his sympathetic looks, his merry words, his dashing cab, his boasted wealth, told marvellously on a spirit like Clara's, who, guileless herself, thought others were the same. Deep-laid, indeed, were Glindon's machinations to entrap this beauty, and far too numerous for us to follow. The sad sequel to it all was that Clara fell, and he triumphed. She had not long become his mistress, before the gaieties to which he introduced her—the society he invited to his house—the extravagance and luxury with which he surrounded her—combined with the shocking sense of her fall, tended quickly to corrupt and deaden all elements of good with which so recently she was possessed.

The blow was a heavy one for David, her father. He struggled with her degradation for a few months, but it eventually proved too much for his affectionate heart, and he sank under it, leaving his moderate means to Clara's old lover, who was the innocent cause of this eventful history, making him sacredly promise that if ever his poor child should repent her misfortunes, or be in want, that he, the legatee, should assist her.

The "Old Dairy" passed into other hands; but ever after the place seemed cursed, and was eventually pulled down to make way for improvements in the neighbourhood.

The dance was over, and Robson lovingly escorted the dairyman's daughter to a seat, and, over further supplies of sherry and ices, he led Clara back to a revelation of her history. With occasional tears she told him what we have already acquainted the reader with, adding, with considerable warmth of feeling, in reference to Glindon—"But mind, this man—wretch, rather!—I now hate as much as once I loved. He has cruelly ill-treated me! and I would leave him this instant had I the power."

"Does he assign no cause?" inquired Robson, affecting sympathy.

"Pah! the cause is evident enough—a frequent occurrence with you inconstant men, who seem only to live to flatter and betray women, and then leave them to their fate."

"Come, be not severe: make us not all offenders for the misdeeds of one. At least let *me* stand better in your esteem." With this appeal, he refilled the glasses, and made an appropriate quotation from his own play of "Love and Loyalty."

"How fond you are of poetry. There is not a word that we can speak, but what you find some likeness to it in poetry. You are a learned author or an actor, no doubt," she added, with a shrewd smile.

"Oh, yes, an actor—you've seen me act, you know," rejoined Robson, in some

confusion, and he turned the conversation, by again asking the especial cause of Glindon's ill-treatment.

"'Tis plain;—he's tired of me," she replied.

"Impossible! You fancy so. Is it not the reverse? Are you not tired of him?"

"Which you please—the subject is too painful for me to discuss."

"And, really, would you leave him if you could?"

"This hour."

"Would you leave Mr. Glindon for *me*?" he further inquired, in impassioned tones, smiling in her beauteous face, and taking her hand.

"You might not treat me kindly either," she evasively replied. "Besides, sir, I know not who you are—you may be married, for aught I know."

"Hardly likely, while you see my heart is so much at *your* disposal," said Robson, even forgetting at this interesting moment the young lady to whom he was engaged, and to whom (alas! for her) he was afterwards married.

"I believe no one, so much have I been deceived. I will have proof,—as far as proof is possible—for all it concerns me to put trust in. You have made a serious advance, and my misery has ripened me for change—but what a fool I am to think there is any meaning in your words. It is not likely that you would connect yourself with the fallen."

"You think too sadly of yourself. The divinity of your beauty sets at nought all else. Say, will you be mine, if—" Robson paused, for his poor circumstances suddenly broke on his memory.

"If what?" inquired Clara. "But you must be generous enough to divulge who you are, ere I pursue the subject—serious to me, if not to you."

"You are anxious to know if I am rich, eh?"

"Not so *much* that, sir; but of course I am curious to know more of you in all respects than I do at present. You have the bearing of a gentleman,"—(Robson bowed to the compliment)—"and I feel assured you would not idly venture such a discourse on me as you have. You know all of poor Clara Rees—place her on the like vantage ground with yourself."

"My love," began Robson, hardly knowing how to escape the dilemma the conversation had entailed on him, "it would almost take too long to inform you as to myself. I am not a lord, nor, indeed, can I aspire to any other title than that of gentleman, and even that title must bear the dismal adjective of *poor*."

"You say, 'poor,'—but by what standard do you judge yourself?"

"I am very poor, and yet I'm very rich. There's a riddle for you—ha! ha!"

"I give it up," said Clara, after a slight pause. "Come, sir, the solution."

"Well, in a money sense, I'm poor;—yet, I own a mine that will one day make me wealthy." (Of course, he alluded to his dramatic powers.)

"Like Mr. Glindon, you are a speculator, I presume?" said Clara, somewhat disappointed.

"I know not how far I may have the honour to be likened to the gentleman you name"—

"Not much honour in that," interrupted the fair one, with a smile.

"All are more or less speculators," observed Robson.

"You are dependent on your wits, I see," said Clara,—"a precarious thing to keep a wife upon," she added, with a sarcastic smile.

Robson secretly winced at his inamorato's unsentimental remark, and he availed himself of a tumult that occurred at another part of the theatre, to relieve himself of them. Begging Clara to excuse him for awhile, he left her, and the

debardeur soon found himself the witness to a painful scene. Two figures stood before him—male and female—the former disguised as a monk; while the latter stood with a queenly defiant attitude. They were husband and wife. The gentleman was a commercial traveller to a City firm, and suddenly returning from a journey, found his wife had improperly gone to the masquerade. He could scarce believe the news, and determined to prove the truth of it, and to leave no room for

prevarication or falsehood. Much against his taste, he assumed the sober habit of a monk, and hurried in pursuit of her; and it was at the moment of his revealing himself to his wife, that Robson came up, and was much struck with the pale anger and eye of fire, exhibited by the husband, and the guilty defiance pourtrayed in the fine countenance of the wife. When the husband had satisfied himself, he quickly left the corrupt place, bitterly lamenting that he had a partner who could so forget her obligations to him.

Robson returned to Clara, but he found his place occupied with a well-dressed, fine-visaged gentleman, who was speaking in loud, drunken, authoritative tones to Clara. It was Gurney Glindon, who unexpectedly had returned from the adjacent tavern, and was angry with his mistress for delaying to return home sooner. Clara warned Robson with a glance not to approach her, and the latter hovered round about, carefully watching for Glindon's departure, at the same time fearing Clara would have to leave with her lord and master.

The latter noisily called for wine; and no masquer could pass but what he would intrude a glass on him. Robson had that honour. But there was one who passed along, fantastically dressed as Harry the Eighth, bearing on his arm a lady, aspiring to the character—at least as far as costume was concerned—of Mary Queen of Scots—who resented Glindon's drunken intrusion, and dashed the proffered glass to the ground. Glindon soon took offence, and blows were quickly exchanged, when Robson rushed between the assailants and separated them, taking part against King Henry, for his hasty conduct in declining Glindon's wine in the unceremonious manner he did.

From this moment Glindon and Robson became fast friends. Clara was sent home in the former's brougham, and the remainder of the night was spent in a debauch at a neighbouring tavern. After this they often met, and Glindon soon fathomed Robson's history, and flattered him that, if he would attend to him, he would soon remove all obstacles to his fame and fortune. In truth, Glindon had long sought such an alliance with a man like Robson, who was needy, of gentlemanly demeanour, and withal of much literary skill. Robson, for awhile, believed in Glindon, and fully entered into his designs. They projected heavy literary undertakings, and while Robson did the "editorial," Glindon manœuvred the commercial, and succeeded in opening many accounts with stationers and printers, and spending all the produce.

"What if they should fail?" timidly suggested Robson.

"If they do—what then?—it will be their loss, not ours. As long as we get credit for so many thousand pounds worth of paper—and ditto printing— and convert them into money—surely we need not care whether the speculation fails or succeeds. Portugal Street or Basinghall Street will soon wipe that out."

"But as to the future?" inquired Robson, who was not so quick to see the way out of commercial difficulties as his friend.

"Why then we can begin again and again. Ha! ha! ha! Now do you know, when I determine on a thing, I set to work to do it, not employ the precious time in counting cost, or inviting giants to stride the region of my brain, which, encountered, dwindle to dwarfs. Pluck, Robson!—pluck, my boy!—pluck always wins! Your play now—d'ye think I'd have gone starving about the town with it?

D——e, no! I'd have rented a theatre, engaged stars, and "Love and Loyalty" should be played there, and trumpeted forth to the public in every conceivable manner. It's a good play—a d—d good play—and ought to have a chance."

This gratuitous piece of flattery won over Robson to anything Glindon had to propose—he stopped no longer on the threshold to question the honour of the undertaking, but risked all consequences. In brief, he grew to like Gurney Glindon, and he had just sufficient sentiment and honour, while his interest in Glindon lasted, to abandon his designs on Clara Rees.

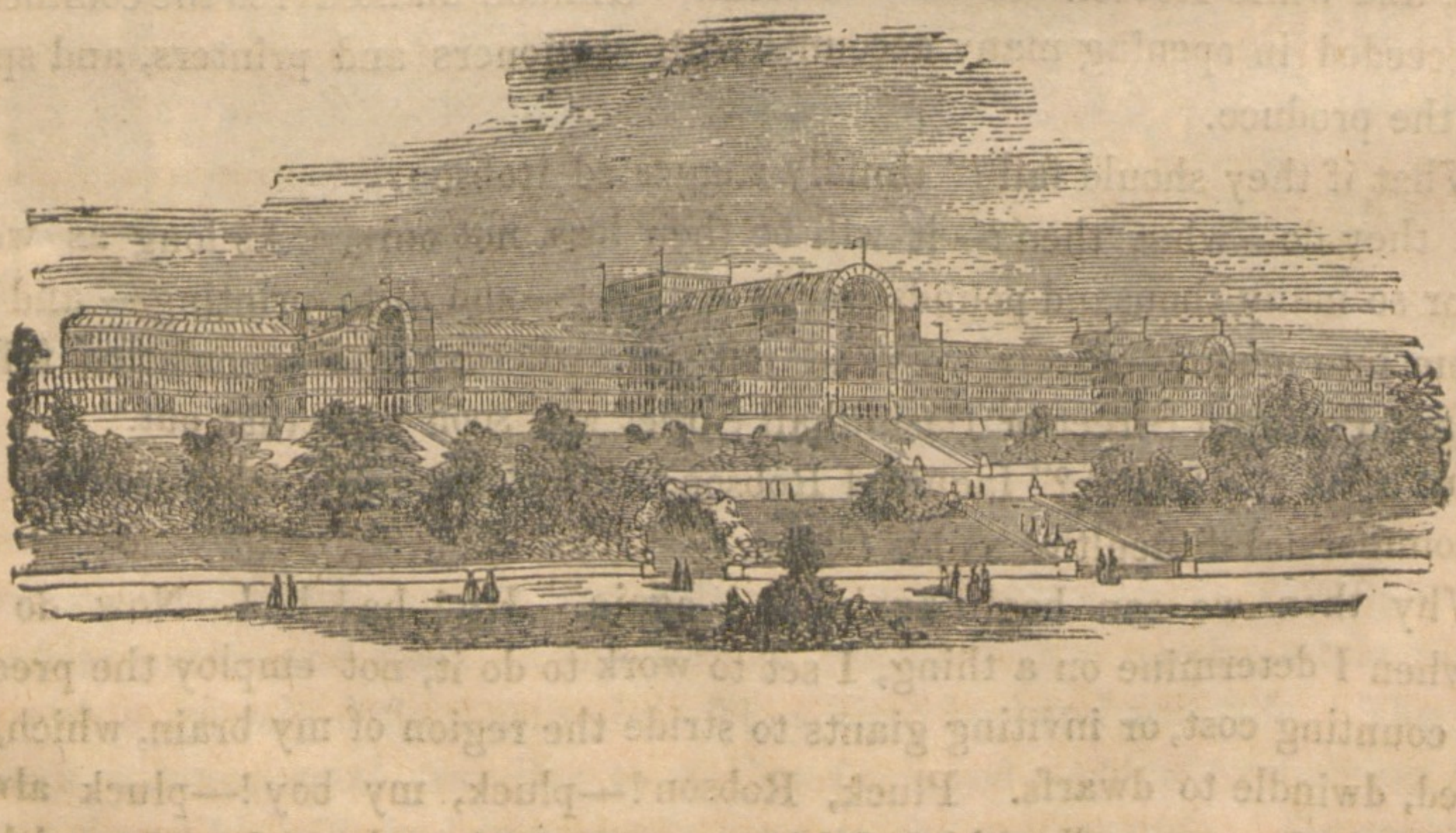
We will only dwell further on this ill-fated connexion to say, that it proved disastrous to Robson; for awhile he daily tasted the fast man's pleasures, which, to an ill-regulated mind, are not so soon forgotten, and everything was dared for the continuance of them.

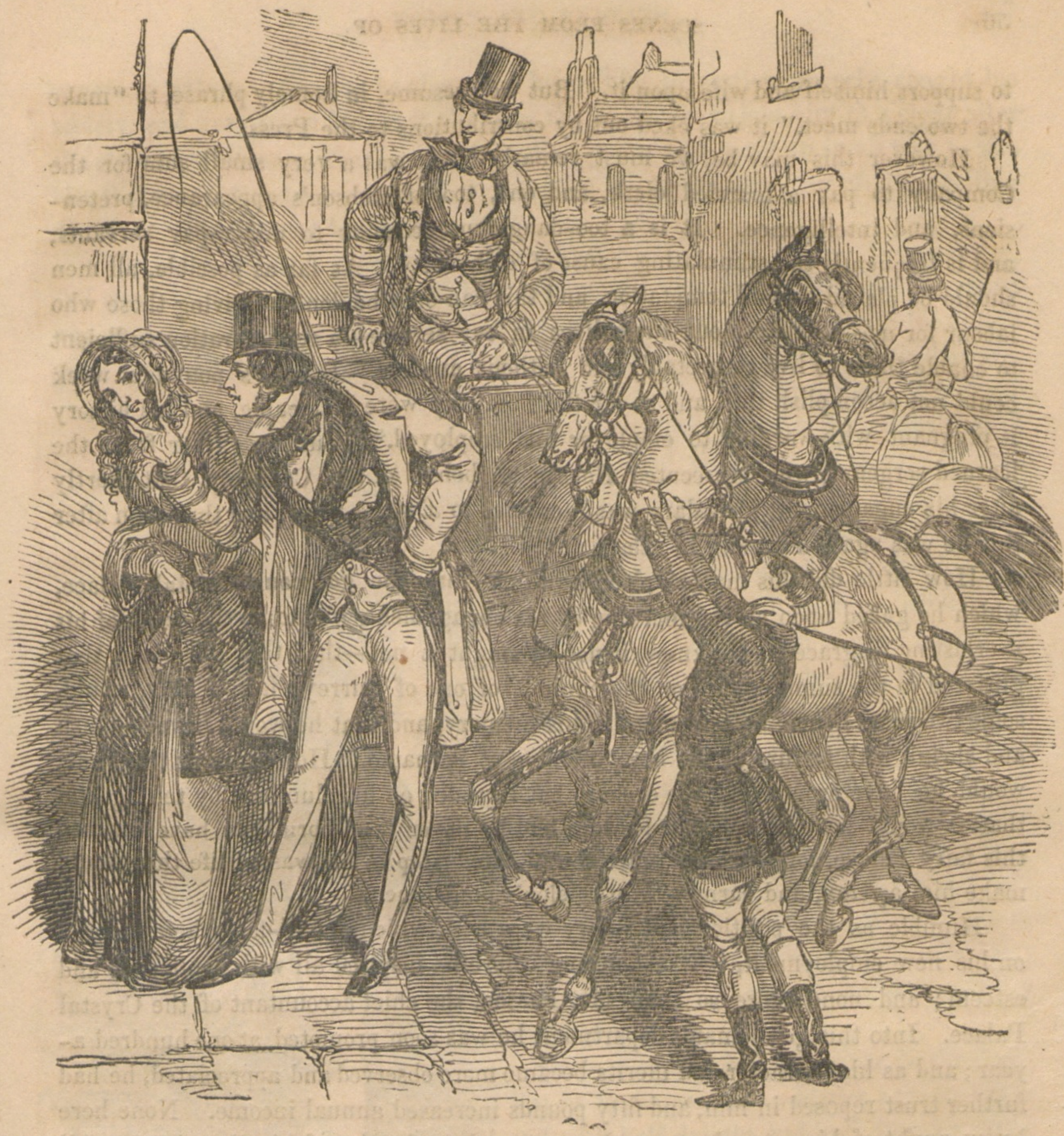
At the time of Glindon's flight from the widow of Sir John Jolly, Robson was partially dependant on him, and felt it hard, after the gay life and scenes Glindon had introduced him to, to be reduced again to accept service in an attorney's office, at a small salary.

While in this employment he contracted marriage, but it brought no peace to his worldly spirit. It was here also that he ruptured a blood-vessel, which endangered his life, but from which he slowly recovered.

After his restoration to health, and through the respectable firm he was employed by, he got introduced into the partial service of the Great Northern Railway Company, and it was here that he first made the acquaintance of Leopold Redpath; but nothing has been elicited to confirm the reasonable suspicions of the public mind that Robson and Redpath were any way connected in the daring frauds that each committed.

His next step in life was to the Crystal Palace, where, as we shall presently show, the tempter assailed him, and, like another Adam, he fell.





Robson drives tandem to the Derby, and while his groom adjusts the harness, he toys with a lady who accidentally passes.

CHAPTER IV.

Robson enters on his Engagement at the Crystal Palace.—He inspires great confidence.—His First Defalcation.—The Poisoned Ring.—His Residence at Kilburn.—His Prodigality.—Review and Story of "Love and Loyalty."—The Discovery.—His Flight and Capture.—Remarkable Coincidences.—Sale of his Horses and Carriages.—His Trial and Sentence.

DELIGHTFUL as was the change of scene to the poetical mind of Robson, from the lawyer's office to the lovely Palace at Sydenham, at first it proved no better in a pecuniary point of view; for he entered upon his new duties with the Crystal Palace Company at the insignificant salary of one pound weekly. It is marvellous how a man of Robson's tastes and intelligence could have condescended to so poor an income, and still more so, how he contrived

to support himself and wife upon it. But we presume, in homely phrase, to "make the two ends meet," it was eked out by contributions to the Press.

However this may be, we must remark that it was a very small sum for the Company to pay a married clerk, and one, too, of Robson's appearance, pretensions, and intelligence. It is a too-dangerous economy to under-pay servants, and is frequently the stimulating cause of dishonesty. As far as possible, all men should be placed beyond temptation, and this can only be done by giving those who labour for us—who wear out their lives in our service—a remuneration sufficient to enable them to live respectably and without anxiety. Robson's pound a week could not accomplish this, and so far the Company were blameable, and his history is pregnant with warning to employer and employed.* But we gather from the learned sergeant, who prosecuted Robson on behalf of the Company, that shortly after his engagement, his salary was increased to £100 a year; and that soon after this he was again advanced in salary and position.

How little did this man of pleasure think that the gorgeous Crystal Palace, which he gazed upon on the morning of his engagement, was to be the scene of his everlasting disgrace! He knew it not—thought it not—that this fair place, that glittered in the summer sun, on the summit of one of Surrey's fairest hills, would, some two years hence, be a torment to his memory, and that he would have to blush and shrink with torture at the bare mention of its name. How wild, at this time, would he have pronounced the dream that intruded on his slumbers by telling him that it would have been better for him had he never been born than have entered this fairy Palace, for it would prove the ill-fated step in his wasted life that would make him a *felon*, and earn for him a felon's punishment!

Humble as the position and salary were with which our ill-fated hero entered on his new employment, it was not long before he inspired all with confidence and esteem; and none more so than Mr. Fasson, the chief accountant of the Crystal Palace. Into this gentleman's department he was soon promoted, at one hundred a-year; and as his character and merits became more observed and appreciated, he had further trust reposed in him, and fifty pounds increased annual income. None here knew aught of his antecedents, or the untoward tendencies of his disposition. All believed in his kind and gentle manners—his ever-smiling countenance—his ready intelligence—his fascinating conversation—his flashing wit—and his exceeding

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* The *Glasgow Examiner*, in a recent number, well remarks:—"We have frequently called attention to the fact that many large houses pay their young men shamefully low salaries; but we really did not believe that young men entrusted with money responsibililties to the extent of £17,000 in little over a year, were paid as little as 12s. or 13s. a-week. Yet at the Assize Court, on Tuesday December 23, it was proven that such was the wages paid to a young man named Alexander Smith, by one of our wealthiest iron firms. One is almost vexed that the masters, instead of the men, cannot be placed at the bar in such cases. The master on being examined, 'really did not know what wages the young man had.' This is the more wonderful, as most men, on hearing that any one of their servants had been peculating, would have asked, first of all, what wages he had. The lad it seems received some £30 a-year, and helped himself to some £70 more, which raised his income to £100. Now we should think that sum little indeed for one passing £17,000 through his fingers. This case appears to us the more gross, because the employer was known to be as good as his fellow officials at raising the salaries of persons paid by the city, and not out of his own pocket. What a queer world this is! A clerk in the public service is allowed £200 or even £300 by men that pay their own clerks one-tenth of the sum."

generous nature. The clerks above and below him in station eagerly sought his society, and were proud indeed if they had the happiness to join him in a cigar after the close of business. That he was an author and a poet, went no small way to win him that respect and esteem which he had from all, to the very hour of the startling discovery which proved him to be a felon.

Soon after Robson's promotion to the transfer office, Mr. Fasson, his superior, and chief of that department, fell into an enfeebled state of health, and his trust was so unbounded in his assistant, that for awhile he was delegated with his chief's great responsibility. How Robson betrayed his trust the public are too well aware.

Sitting in his well-furnished office, one summer afternoon, a dreadful thought flashed across his mind, that it would be easy to convert into money some of the shareholders' certificates in his custody, and that, too, without discovery. He trembled at the thought, yet he had not moral courage enough to abandon it. He allowed it to grow upon him, and day after day he revolved in his debased mind how best to accomplish it. Whenever opportunity offered, he would recline in his chair, and ponder over the deeds entrusted to him. Some one of the clerks enter; confusedly the document is restored to its proper depository, and Robson assumes, or pretends to do so, his ordinary duties; but directly he is again alone, the old temptation assails him, and he becomes deeper in the perusal of a certificate.

Ha!—he sees his way clear to do the deed. Yet he hesitates. He whistles a merry tune, and with half delight and half fear, he paces his large office. Visions of expensive gaieties —forms of fair women—fine horses—elegant apparel—in short, everything that could enthral with pleasure the sensual, yet poetic mind of man, rise before him, and lure him on to the consummation of his first dishonour. Once more, ere he left his office for *that* night, he calculated his chances, and settled in his mind that he would forge the name of "Johnson" to the first certificate, and then operate with it to a broker.

"I'll risk it," said he to himself, smoothing his chin and doubling his hand in his sinful determination; then lighting a cigar and putting on his hat he left his office. As he walked along through the beautiful scenery of Sydenham towards his comparatively poor home, twice he turned back to complete the forgery at once. "No, no—it shall rest to-night;—but to-morrow I'll be a richer man! Yet it will

require all the 'pluck' that my old friend Glindon used to boast, to carry out my scheme."

When thoughts of discovery haunted him, he would shrug his shoulders, and lift his finely-formed brows,—"If I do the deed and it is discovered, I'll pay the penalty with my own hands. If I am *proved* a felon, I'll *live* no felon, suffer no felon's punishment, but die: 'My bane and antidote are both before me.'"

Over and over again these thoughts filled his mind that night. When he reached home, nothing unusual was observed by his wife; but through the night he was restless—he got up—reverted to his cigar to calm himself—then returned to bed, and fell into a troubled dream—one that distressed him much on awakening from it, but ere the morning's repast was over served him for laughter. Curious to relate, he dreamt then, what he is now so painfully realising—that he was being tried for robbery, found guilty, and was doomed to a convict's life.

He left his wife and home the following morning, guilty only in thought; but ere he returned again he was guilty in action, and had made himself amenable to the criminal laws of his country.

A finer morning never broke on Sydenham Palace than that on which Robson entered it to sacrifice his honour. The sun was shining in all its glory as he left the train, and ascended the summit of the hill on which the great palace stood. But it shone in vain for him—he lifted no eye to its gorgeousness, nor did he heed the merry groups who were wending their joyous way to spend a happy day amid the marvellous works of man, and the wondrous works of nature. On the threshold of his office Robson met a fellow-clerk,—one with whom he had smoked many a fragrant cigar, round and about the three hundred acres of well-wooded undulating ground, and passed many a convivial evening,—but the import of his business allowed time for no other conversation than a hasty "Good morning," and then he passed into his sanctum, his brain full of dire dishonesty!

This memorable morning was the last he entered this office without inward fear, for it was the last that he had no occasion to fear.

The chief traffic of the morning over, he was but little intruded on; and then the tempter assailed him again, stronger than ever, and bade him be resolved, and not leave without accomplishing his villainous designs; lulling his fears that it would be discovered, and inflaming his passions with the promise of every luxury that the world could yield.

He turns his excited eye to the office clock. The time was fast approaching for the closing of the Company's business, and left Robson little opportunity for further indecision.

He *did* decide, and in favour of the crime! Tremblingly he released a document from its place, and completed the forgery. That evening he did that which time itself can never efface, and for which he is now suffering—apart from wife, friends, relatives, and the vain and emptly pleasures for which he perilled his integrity—in the gloomy confines of a jail.

[We will not stop here to recapitulate the particular manner in which Robson defrauded the Company; it will be better understood by carefully perusing the Trial of the prisoner, given elsewhere.]

He was late in reaching his home on this occasion, and when his wife saw him,

she was not long in perceiving that he had been indulging in the inebriating cup, and, moreover, that there was an unusual daring and recklessness in his manner and conversation. He flung himself on their humble couch, stretched himself out, and while he contemned the furniture of the place, and his wife's apparel, and deplored the absence of servants to wait upon him, he finished the cigar that he was smoking when he entered. Mrs. Robson merely kept silence, lest any word that she might accidentally drop perchance would provoke him to anger. She quietly stole to bed, leaving her husband to follow when it might suit him. The clock struck one, and Robson, with the ashes of his cigar strewn over the collar of his coat and his vest, gave himself up to the rest which his excited nature so much required, and ultimately fell for an hour or so into deep sleep, which was rudely broken by an intrusive and frightful dream of an officer arresting him for the morning's deed. He sprang from the couch in affright, while drops of perspiration stood on his high brow. He sought his antidote to all troubles—a cigar, which he never lost an opportunity of enjoying, and smoked it to its extremest end, pacing the room, when "nature's soft nurse" again warned him to his rest, and sullenly he retired to his bed.

Such was the dreadful first night of our hero's criminal history.

Pale and fevered, he rose and took a silent breakfast with his wife, who saw a remarkable difference in his manners, but dared not seek to fathom the cause.

"I shall be home earlier to-night," he said, taking his hat and pulling on his gloves. Then he bade her a cold good morning, and started for the Palace. His fears carried him to his business earlier than usual, and while there was no change in the place or persons about it, it seemed to his guilty mind a scene of ruin. Although he was the last person in the world to be suspected of crime, he fancied every eye that rested on him was an eye of mistrust.

"The thief does fear each bush an officer."

Mr. Fasson entered his office, and Robson had great difficulty to keep his guilty feelings down, and to assume the air of an honest man. They transacted a little business, and then, greatly to his relief, his chief quitted.

"I must call up more 'pluck,' or I shall commit myself," he mused to himself. "Surely time will wear these cursed fears away,—if not, who would be a thief?"

He left Sydenham early in the afternoon for the City, there to convert the forged shares into money. He succeeded in this and Robson at length became, what he had often prayed to be, a man of wealth; for his first defalcation was considerable, while in the whole, accepting his own confession to the officer who arrested him at Copenhagen, it exceeded £10,000! There is no doubt it was more —much more.

Well, as we have said, he became a man of wealth, and his first difficulty was to live the life of a man of pleasure, and yet keep down suspicion—for it must be borne in mind that £150 yearly was all he was *honestly* in receipt of. This difficulty was overcome by employing some of the money in establishing Antimony Works in Lambeth, and purchasing shares in other commercial speculations. He was now prepared to state that which he did when he commenced his expensive pleasures, namely, that he was making large sums from fortunate undertakings. Moreover, to deceive

his wife, connexions, and the world farther, he sought the acquaintance of a theatrical coterie, and by this means drew attention to his plays, which were produced and moderately successful.

He was the author of "Waltheoff," "The Selfish Man," "Bianca," and "Love and Loyalty." His most ambitious work was "Bianca," which was under rehearsal at Drury Lane up to the time of his flight. This play has been printed and is dedicated:—"To those who, believing in the realisation of the highest aspirations of the human mind, claim for the drama the proud position of being one of the chief means by which that realisation is to be attained."

What consummate hypocrisy! At the very time he wrote these words, his own conscience was upbraiding him with his felony!

"Bianca," in every respect is vastly inferior to "Love and Loyalty," a play in five acts, and which had a very long run. If our memory does not deceive us, it was played between eighty and a hundred nights.

For a while we will leave the weakness and wickedness of Robson's character, and indulge the reader with a glimpse of his higher nature; and we know no better way of doing this than by holding communion with him in his high dramatic poetry.

The story of "Love and Loyalty" is good, of the period of the Restoration. The hero, Marston, is the son of a "loyal gentleman" who fell at Naseby, and whose house and lands were given by Cromwell to a Puritan, by name Vermont.

FENTON.

The boy escaped to France;
And 'ere his beard had writ him twenty years,
Had won from gallant men approved regard;
Promotion followed quick. But round the watch-fire oft,
When night was still and flickering tongues of flame
In broken whispers told him of the past,
I've heard him pine to see his native land.
He hath returned to find his father's home
Bestowed upon his house's enemy.

He falls in love with Juliet, the daughter of the Puritan, and re-enters his father's house under a feigned name. His suit is repressed by the father, and he reveals himself in a scene of much power and beauty.

Then begins the struggle between "Love and Loyalty."

Vermont hopes to bind Marston to the interest of the Puritans through his daughter, and reveals a plot against Charles; but the young man is proof against the temptation, and indignantly repels it. The father then seeks Marston's death to ensure his own safety.

VERMONT.

Think of Juliet.

MARSTON.

I do, or I should lay thee dead.

VERMONT.

Be my friend, I swear that thou art safe.
Mine enemy, this room shall be thy grave.
I can disarm thee, kill——

MARSTON.

Me, as thou didst thy King!
Oh! shame to hold thy daughter forth as fee

For damn'd disloyalty! I thought that all
Thy brood of canker-worms had perish'd in the state.
What! thinkest thou, because I love that angel, I
Would purchase her at such a devil's price,
And with a chain so forged, unite myself
To after-thought, and bring a living curse
Upon my living self? The very sun,
Which even now poured forth a golden light,
Hath frighted, hid himself, and could he weep,
Thou would'st be drowned in fire!
I do proclaim thee traitor to the state;
Will drag thee hence! What ho! Treason!

VERMONT.

Madman!

MARSTON.

Thou her father! Thy child, my wife!

VERMONT.

Thine! Thine!

MARSTON.

Thou fool to think that love for woman could
Dislodge the fealty from a noble heart;
For loyalty's a ladder up to faith,
And lacking one. the others never reach'd.
Away!

(Vermont stamps, the room is filled with Roundhead plotters)

VERMONT.

To death!

MARSTON *(drawing)*.

Degen'rate hounds, whose fangs
Have torn the life-blood from a martyr'd king!
Whose soul—(*To Vermont*) Oh! damned regicide! Thy child!
(*To Soldiers*) Back! Back! (*To Vermont*) I'd cut my heart out inch by inch,
If such an ulcer drain'd it of its truth!
Mine honour is the living altar of my soul;
With it I am all; nothing wanting it.
The King! The King! I'd rather street-bred curs
Should gnaw my graveless bones than I would live
A living death beneath a Commonwealth.

VERMONT *(draws)*.

He hath our secret; and must die.

MARSTON

Come on, ye bloodhounds! Singly, doubly come!
Here, on my father's hearth, who plants his foot
Across its sacred precincts dies! Father!
Start from thy frame! Stand from my righteous sword!
For by the souls of those who fell on Marston Moor
My love for woman shall not stain my loyalty.

(They fight. Juliet rushes in, and throws herself between the Soldiers and Marston.)

The trials of the heroine are conceived with equal power. The father's treason is known to another suitor beside Marston, and Juliet is compelled to save her father by consenting to wed the man she hates,—Lord Verney,—who is resolved either to marry her or betray Vermont.

Marston she loves, and they make her believe that his life, as well as her father's, would be saved by her consent to marry Lord Verney :—

JULIET.

And should I not consent?

VERMONT.

Then Marston dies.

JULIET.

'Tis so?

VERMONT.

It is.

JULIET.

'Tis so. You do not dare
To tell me this, that you may win me quick
To wed this man? Nay, pause before thou robbest me
Of all my life; before thou rollest to my soul
A monstrous stone of black despair, to block
My young and happy thoughts from outer light.

VERMONT.

I'll give thee proof.

JULIET.

Proof! Children ask not proof
When parents speak, for they should *know*, within
That sacred temple they were born to love,
Truth stands unblurr'd, though all the world beside
Should swear that she was shatter'd to the base!
Proof! look in mine eyes, (*pauses*) that, that's proof enough.
I'll ask no more. I'm lost: thou wilt be saved.
I do not know how thou wilt vanish this.
Is there no other way?

VERMONT.

None.

JULIET.

Oh! father, my girl's voice to mine own ear
Sounds harsh and woolfish when I lift it up
In doubt 'gainst thee. It shocks my sense of right,
And makes me to myself most terrible.
But in this straight, I must be satisfied.
If thou dost lie, thou'lt bring into thine heart
A fire unquenchable, will burn and burn,
Though thou should'st weep tears fountain dry on it.
If thou for any other end than life
Dost offer me a living sacrifice,
My present punishment, destruction, death,
My few years' helplessness, my span of grief,
Were nothing to that load of misery
Which will for ever crush upon thy soul;
Thou'lt live to think, and could'st thou empty all
The sea's great water through thy burning brain,
Thou could'st not wash out *thought*. Oh! think of this,
Thy life a canker'd, crawling misery!
A loathsome leper-house of fest'ring pain!
Thy death-bed mad with frantic prophecies!
Thine afterwards—(*Falls at his feel*). Father! Father!

VERMONT (*raising her*)

My child! my child! There is no help for this—
I say there is no help.

JULIET.

Then will I marry him.

VERMONT.

That's my brave child. (*Aside*) I dare not look on her,
Dare not speak to her—dare—dare not! [*Exeunt.*

She is also compelled to deny to Marston her love for him before Lord Verney and her father. Then follows this fine passage :—

MARSTON.

You love me, Juliet; breathe but a sound,
Say but a word, and I will bear you through
A multitude of lords. Speak, Juliet.
Now, sirs, there's music in that instrument.
You love me, Juliet.

JULIET (*almost speechless*)

No. (*Sinks into a chair.*)

MARSTON (*calmly*).

Thou'lt marry him?

JULIET.

I must.

MARSTON (*calmly*).

Thou lovely devil; Eden in thy face,
The world within thy heart! Thou "must!" Why "must!"
Will never said "I must." A light breaks through.
Oh, pardon me, thou peerless excellence. (*Kneels.*)

JULIET.

I will not see thee there.

MARSTON.

Thou "must!"
No, by the heaving bosoms of the stars:
Sneer on, my lord, thou hast no power here,
Thou art not allowed beyond thy tether.
Canst wrong God's universe in this sweet innocent?
I tell thee, no—while from this earth's large panting heart,
That wild heart, panting with a thousand fires,
Up to the wide infinity, beyond
The comet's range, there heaves love's mighty pulse.
Shall every poison have an antidote,
And greedy evil not an equipoise?
She shall not wed you; no, shall not do it.

MARGARET.

Brave! Brave soul! Woman worthy!

MARSTON.

The white pearl of her soul cast on such beach,
Would scar and shiver in its fierce rough heat,
That angel stooping from her paradise,
To gather jewell'd good, would pass it by.
(*To Vermont*) I dare to say, she shall not wed him, sir,
For I do feel (*uncovers*) I wear the purple robe
Of prophecy, and have within my soul
That clear bright sword which cleaveth right from wrong.
(*To Juliet*) Thou trembling pilgrim on a dizzy height,
I say to thee have faith, I'll save thee yet;
Be true but to thyself, and thou art safe
From ill, as laurels are from thunderbolts.
(*Walks up to Lord Verney, and places his hand on his shoulder*) Satan
beware! [*Exit.*

The wedding is fixed, but the father's misery is at its climax:—

VERMONT (*solus*).

The webs I wove, with such exulting skill,
Are twining round my soul with threads of steel.
There is a blood-red spider, red with blood,
Its giddy circles weaving round my brain.
There is a burning weight upon my breast!

A scimitar of fire flames through my heart!
Thought cries for peace—it never comes!
My plans o'erthrown; my daughter's joys destroyed!
I dare not think! Where! where those lullabies
Which conscience sung all through the chambers of my mind,
More sweet than Christian hymn. Lost! Lost! Poor worm,
Thou'st wound thyself into a trap of lime,
Now struggle, writhe! The heat consumeth thee.

An affecting and tender scene is produced by the interview between Marston and Juliet, just before the time fixed for her marriage with Lord Verney. Juliet is carried away by her feelings, and Marston at length discovers the truth :—

MARSTON.

Thou'rt calm.

JULIET.

Calm! Calm! Could'st look into my heart,
Thou'dst see two fierce and battling combatants—
The wild impetuous rush—the dark grim war
'Twixt duty, love, like tempest-madden'd waves,
Each wroth for mastery. Thou'dst feel as I now feel,
There's something yet more terrible than death,
The curse of hopeless life. Calm! Calm!

MARSTON.

Poor life-lost one, I do believe thee true.

JULIET.

Now can I die.

MARSTON.

There is some mystery: then trust in me;
Trust in mine honour, truth———

JULIET.

I do! I do!

MARSTON.

To die for thee were richest joy.
I do command thee, place thy trust in me.
I have the right, such right as manhood hath,
To guard and guide unshelter'd innocence.
Didst thou not say that thou didst love?
And such as thou throw'st not that hallow'd word
Into the ear of Time, to be borne down
The waste of years. Then trust me! On my knee—

(Kneels.)

JULIET.

Thou here! Thou!
Thou the god my soul deem'd perfectest! Thou!
Thus blemishing the unstained whiteness of
My dear honour, which should be sacreder
To thee than thine own life.

MARSTON.

And so it is.

JULIET.

My hand in thine!
What! Knowest not another calls for me?
Know'st not I am a happy bride? The Queen
Of Beauty garlanded with loving eyes?
The guests are bid, and I must welcome them:
The altar's deck'd, and I must sacrifice.
I hear the village bells—hark! stop! stop them!

For music from a church top should not be.
Upon thy life away. That's well, now go.
If thou hast pity—art a gentleman,
And not a devil feeding on my grief,
Thou'lt go, nor stand there like a basilisk,
Concreting up the currents of my blood,
And making me to my own self a mockery,
One red, fierce, blush of shame!

MARSTON.

Juliet! Juliet!

JULIET.

Hear me! hear me! then hurl me from thy heart.
I must marry him; yea, will marry him;
My life a curse, my being one long lie;
For (*falling at Marston's feet*) I do worship thee.

Marston has sent a swift messenger to the King, and appears at the wedding, bursting through his father's picture. The disappointed bridegroom attempts to wreak his vengeance on Vermont :—

VERNEY (*pointing to Vermont*).

Seize on him!
Vermont, thou art a traitor to the state.
And I can hang him, Juliet.

MARSTON (*to Juliet*).

(*Soldiers advance*).

Fear not, sweet love;
The hand that touches him had better be
By palsy struck. (*To Verney*). Dishonourable cur!
I knew thee, lord! Stand back! I followed thee
Through all thy tortuous course. Thou wast aware
Of this conspiracy! Thy knowledge held
Above the father's head to win the child.
Disloyal dog! Thou didst not tell the King,
And so became conspirator! What! pale?
I sought the King—mine ancient lands he gave
Me back again; and freely rendered me,
For our dear services this old man's life.

VERNEY.

False seize him. The proof? false! he hath combined
With him and him to kill the King. This is a trap.
On him—— (*Soldiers advance*).

MARSTON (*suddenly shows a parchment*)

Carolus Rex.

There's parchment, wax, against your swords and pikes.
Sheepskin, thou hast the best of it.
I could attach thee, lord. Could have thy head!
But that it would not weigh a sheepskin down.
I gave thy cut-throat life, and now take thine.
But ere thou goest—(*snatches Verney's sword*). thus; dishonoured, dead
In good men's eyes, a recreant knight, unspurr'd,
Thy name a blot; a perjured nobleman, (*breaks his sword*).
Set seas betwixt us; torment our sight no more.

JULIET (*to her father.*)

Saved! saved! said not I so?
Forgive me, love, for I did think that thou
Hadst quite deserted me.

MARSTON.

My brave horse crept along. Look up, dear wench,
Thou hast the right. Let thy sweet daughter be

Our bond of peace. I'll look upon her face,
'Twill teach me to forgive: think on her love,
'Twill teach me to forget. Turn not away,
Repenting of an ill blots out the sin. (*Takes his hand.*)
That's well,
Come, lawyer, quick, blot Verney out, and write
Ned Marston in its place. This time I'll swear
That Juliet signs.

JULIET.

And gratefully.

The play concludes :—

I drink the "KING"—the next my "WIFE:"
For, thanks to Heaven, I have won my "LOVE,"
And brought no stain upon my "LOYALTY!"

To peruse this play in connexion with the hapeless fate of the author, makes one doubt that Robson could ever have written it. It is studded throughout with gems of poetry, pure and lofty sentiment, and passages that any of our best authors might have been proud to have written. It was produced at the Theatre Royal Maryle-bone, November 13, 1854, and in its printed form was dedicated to Mr. Wallack, who successfully played the hero during its run at his theatre. It will be further interesting to our readers to quote the dedication to that distinguished actor :—

TO J. WILLIAM WALLACK, ESQ.

London, November 29th, 1854.

MY DEAR WALLACK,

BORN to an hereditary love of our noble National Drama, and imbued, from my childhood, with respect and admiration for the great Actors who have illustrated it, you may judge with what pride and gratification I dedicate a Play to you, who are so bravely, and almost singly fighting the fight of, what a few still dare to call, the National Drama.

All honour be to you who, in a comparatively unknown Theatre, are devoting your best energies and your great talents to the leading of public taste, instead of pandering to its aberrations; and who are so manfully endeavouring to destroy that morbid excitement which appears to have taken the place of the refined and exalting emotions, which were wont to rise when the great and the beautiful were pourtrayed by actors who both understood and felt the passions they so ably represented.

Let not any temporary want of success, then, divert you from the honourable path you have chosen; the love of the truthfully sublime, of the beautiful, and of the pathetic, cannot be extinguished in the public heart. You will have the sympathies and the support of all those who believe in the noble mission of the Drama, and who naturally turn with disgust from the meretricious and false in taste, and from the debasing in morals.

Receive then, my dear Mr. and Mrs. WALLACK, this mark of respect, not only as a testimonial, but as a pledge. I feel I have that within me which can produce better efforts than this, and I now know that whilst assured of your united aid, I may fearlessly "body forth" the highest flights of my imagination, with a certainty that they will meet with more than justice in representation. Many a Dramatic Author has sunk into oblivion for want of able and willing exponents; but I, more fortunate, have found not merely secondaries, but artists of genius, who have charmed me into the belief that some truth and beauty exist in my creations.

From the moment you entertained "*Love and Loyalty*," you have both displayed high, discerning taste in preparatory arrangements, together with a kindness towards myself, which has, I hope, made us friends for ever. You took it up warmly, and threw such an amount of energy and *willingness* into what you were pleased to call "a labour of love," as went far to secure the great success it otherwise could not have attained.

Of the performance of my two chief characters, "Marston" and "Juliet," I do not dare to speak : a delighted public has pronounced sentence upon that; and it is only left for me to hope, that the "still small voice" of my gratitude will be as acceptable to you as the plaudits you have received.

I cannot conclude this short Dedication without offering my acknowledgments to the Ladies and Gentlemen who have so ably supported you. There was an eagerness to *do*, and an unity of purpose, which delighted and affected me, and not only deserved but commanded success. Mr. EDGAR and Miss CLEVELAND threw their parts as strongly out from the shadow of the two principal characters as I could hope or expect. Mr. SHALDERS gave all possible pungency to the jokes of the rogue Anthony, and Mr. T. ROBERTSON'S judicious performance of a slight part leads me to hope I may some day offer him a better. But to particularise further, where all were honest and earnest in their endeavours to please, would be invidious. I beg the whole of the Company to receive my warmest thanks, not only for their exertions before the audience, but for the friendly interest evinced by them in every stage of the preparations.

Reverting to the principal object of this testimonial, from my heart, dear WALLACK, I wish you all the good fortune you and your cause so richly deserve, and beg you to believe me,

Your sincere friend,
WM. JAMES ROBSON.

It is not probable that any very large gains were made by Robson from this source, judging from the rate of remuneration given by managers of theatres, and the length of time it takes to master the plot of a play and to work it out, even to those who have most facility in this highest form of literary composition. However, it well answered Robson's purpose; for this source of income, combined with the Antimony Works, &c., accounted to the over-curious for the sudden and expensive change in his style of living. Sometimes surprise would be expressed to him, by those who could take the freedom, that he should still think it worth his while to retain his post at the Palace.

"In truth," he would reply, "I like, and think it necessary, to impose upon myself the regularity of business hours; for I fear, if I gave up the situation, I should give myself too free a license—cut it too fine—in short, that I should have too much time on my hands, and might be led into excesses or *ennui*. Besides, my speculations may not continue successful, so it is as well, you know, to have two strings to your bow—ha! ha! a trite remark, but there's a deal of truth in it. I have experienced many vicissitudes in my past life, and I am rather anxious to save myself from them in future."

All were satisfied, and equally congratulated Robson on his good fortune and his great dramatic gifts. But while his new style of living was boldly carried on before his friends, who were unconnected with the Palace, he was very solicitous that those engaged there should be ignorant of it. Hence, his fast-trotting mare, "Eliza"—she whom Robson boasted had beaten the train in her speed—with his well-equipped dog-cart, were never driven to the Palace, but "put up" at stables some distance from it, in care of a sprightly groom. By these means, Robson successfully disarmed suspicion.

This done, he launched out into the most reckless extravagance, and openly became unfaithful to his wife, by keeping in state two mistresses in distinct establishments. Although he was constantly making the former presents of jewellery and expensive dresses, and for whom he took a beautiful residence at Kilburn, surrounding her with livery and domestic servants, still she enjoyed little of his society, and his life, during his two years' dishonour at the Palace, was little less than one lie to her. Often and often has he been away for nights together, leaving his wife or sister, (who lived at Kilburn with him,) wearily and anxiously waiting up for his coming; and she has been put off with the falsehood that he had been out

of town on business connected with the Palace, or detained at the rehearsals of his plays. Poor lady! she had no suspicion she was being played false by him who had sworn to love and protect her. Yet, ever and anon she felt lonely and secretly miserable; and while she was surrounded with everything that heart could desire, she occasionally regretted—she knew not why—the apparent successes of her husband.

Time hardened Robson in his crime. Fear gave place to security. Every month some new fraud was committed on the Company,—some new extravagance indulged in—some new falsehood invented. His excessive liberality with his tradespeople and dependents won him golden opinions. In discharging his obligations with the former, he would frequently say, "Mr. So—and—so, there is a cheque for your

amount, and the three or four pounds I have overdrawn you can distribute amongst your servants."

In the midst of his extravagance, his old predilection for Clara Rees revived, and one night he drove in search of her. He traced her whereabouts from lodging to lodging, and at length found the wretched girl in a gloomy room of a lowly house —in her coffin on the eve of burial! Ah! there she lay, while her old lover,—he she had so much despised and flown from—was weeping at her coffin's head. Robson was much struck with the unexpected scene, and accused himself that he had not earlier sought her. For a minute or two he gazed upon the placid corpse of her whom he had only sought to join him in some pleasure of the night. The honest man, who wept while he waited for the undertaker to screw down the coffin, would feign have quarrelled with the gay visitor, for to him (not knowing Glindon) in his heart he ascribed the ruin and early death of her he once and now so sincerely loved. A few monosyllables were exchanged, and Robson soon perceived that his presence was not required, and, somewhat oppressed to find poor Clara dead, he made his exit from the room. Going from the house, he was met at the street-door by the vulgar landlady from whom he learnt a few sad particulars of the deluded girl. It appears that after Gurney Glindon's flight she became ill, and, neglected by her gay friends, pledged all she had for support. The gloomiest spirits preyed upon her attenuated frame, and her pride would not let her seek the man—her only friend—who then sat disconsolately by her cold remains.

"In short, sir," said the dirty old woman, her face unmistakeably marked with 'gin-blossoms,' "it's my belief she perished from want. I only know she owes me a two-week's rent."

Robson opened his gold port-monnaie, and at once satisfied that demand upon the dead. The delighted landlady became quite garrulous after this, and further told Robson that, after she died, through some odd papers and letters scattered at the bottom of an old trunk—the only property poor Clara left behind her,—she found out the address of the mourner up stairs, that he returned with her in a cab, and that he was going to pay the funeral expenses of one he had so truly loved in life, and lamented in death.

Robson felt more than he said, and the pathetic words of Hood rose to his lips:

"Was it not pitiful?
Near a whole city full,
Friend she had none;"

and a feeling of melancholy stole over him, as he took the reins from his groom at the door, and drove off to an hotel, and, over his cigars and wine, soon drowned remembrance of the painful event just related. Full of wine, as well as he was able, he ascended his dog-cart, and recklessly put "Eliza" to her highest trotting speed, and the elegant equipage, with its lamps lighted, rattled swiftly over the roads and over the stones, endangering the lives of many of Her Majesty's more sober subjects, to the luxurious apartments of *one* of his fair ladies. Much to her displeasure, he entered in a rude and "ungentlemanly" manner, tossed himself upon the damask couch, and placed one foot on a velvet footstool, his hat at the same time rolling on the carpet; and while his mistress haughtily resented such

"vulgar" behaviour, Robson, with his satin cravat hanging loosely about him, thrust one hand into his pocket, and sank to sleep.

After a while he awoke more sober, pacified the "lady" he had offended, and, late as it was, an expensive champagne supper was prepared, and a gay night was passed.

But the morning saw him punctually at his office—*never did he miss.* Fear made him attentive *there*,—things and inquiries might occur in his absence, which his presence might prevent.

He was a great patroniser of stable-keepers, jewellers, wine merchants, upholsterers, tailors, and theatres, while his "ladies" presented him with many a "little bill" from *their* tradespeople. Himself always exquisitely and fashionably dressed, he had his tailor in the east, west, north, and south; while he rarely

went to the City without increasing his amount with Hemment & Company, Poultry; and even on the day before his flight to Copenhagen, he fitted himself with an "Ornatus Cape," and consulted with his publisher about the publishing of a new play. But it would be superfluous dwelling at greater length upon his extravagance—paralleled only by Redpath. It is too patent to the world. Money was literally scattered. Wine was drunk like water. Clothes were cast aside ere their newest gloss was tarnished. Presents were given for the slightest service. Servants were engaged for appearance rather than necessity. The lighest wish of the ladies under "protection" was anticipated. The costliest dainty always appeared before him. Expensive parties were constantly given at Kilburn, or other of his establishments. The races were never missed; and on Sundays, well mounted, he would figure with the aristocracy in Rotten Row. He had evening party dresses,—dinner dresses,—ball dresses,—shooting dresses,—angling dresses,—in short, dresses for every special occasion. So had his wife—so had his mistresses.

The quiet retreat of Kilburn was often made gay with a supper party at Mr. Robson's, No. 11, Greville Place, Priory, Kilburn. Far into the midnight, carriages, broughams, and cabs were heard rattling off with their company. At one time this delightful suburb was popular only for its beauty and for the great respectability of its inhabitants—it is now notoriously associated with the Crystal Palace swindle, and the Great Gold Robbery, for it was the residence of Pearce as well as Robson.

For nigh two years our hero lived this useless, extravagant, criminal, vanity-fair life. But the avenging angel hovered in the distance, and Robson would seem to have a presentiment of this.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." One autumn night, after the departure of a supper party at Kilburn, and when all was still save the seared leaves which were driven hither and thither by the whistling wind, and while the fairest of moons lit up with her gentle light the sweet scenery around, Robson lit a cigar and walked abroad with a troubled spirit, and full of fearful imaginings.

"It must out soon!" he mentally soliloquised, as he paced some time to and fro and round about his beautiful dwelling. "Oh! then the deep disgrace to me and mine! Fasson was cold to-day I thought. It may be fancy—but I thought so. Yet he *cannot* have discovered anything. But he may *suspect*, though; some *friend*, perhaps, has revealed to him my style of life. Better draw in—stuff! that's no good—the thing is done, done, done! irrecoverably done! Once I never thought to ramble in the delicious moonlight to mourn myself a thief! True

'There is a destiny that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we may!'

"I'll provide against discovery—I'll hang or drown, rather than live to be called felon and wear a convict's clothes. All idle fears! Yet I don't know—the wine would not make me merry to-night, and an unaccountable gloom oppressed me. It was noticed, too! Ah! I've been a great fool, with all my talents. But it is the greatest of all folly to meet trouble half way. I'll home, and have a jorum of wine by myself. There were two or three stupid fellows at the party—yes, yes, that must have been the cause of my depression."

Home he went, and the wine was brought him, and he tarried long with it, and drank copiously of it, but it was harmless as water, and failed to quench the fears of his guilty mind. He meditated farther what he should do if discovery *did* take place. He determined to buy a finger-ring capable of secreting prussic acid absorbed in a bit of sponge. In the morning he artfully contrived to get this fearful determination carried out, and he felt much relieved when this instrument of quick death was lodged on his finger, cunningly enclosed beneath a sparkling diamond.

Not many weeks after this preparation for the worst, detection came, and, indeed, when it was least expected. Little did he anticipate—although his mind was ever occupied more or less with his dishonesty—while he took, on the 17th September 1856, a quiet breakfast at Kilburn, that that repast was the last, in all

human probability he should ever take there. It had struck nine, and the dog-cart was announced as waiting to convey him to Sydenham. It was a nice brisk morning for a drive, the sun just peeped above, and the roads were fine and dry.

The mare "Eliza" trotted off at her usual celebrated speed, and Robson, with his accustomed cigar, was quickly brought to his destination. He there ordered his servant to be ready an hour earlier than ordinary, for he had appointed to drive one of his "ladies" in the park, and to accompany her to the opera to witness a new performance.

The order given, Robson stepped direct to his office. He had not been there long, before Mr. Fasson inquired of him for certain documents. No language of ours could convey to the reader's mind Robson's appearance at this inquiry. The

demand was not made in suspicion, be it observed, but that they were wanted. He tried his utmost to evade the demand, but failed—and then he would have been glad had the earth yawned and buried him. Mr. Fasson did suspect *now*, and insisted on their production. Robson said he had them at Kilburn. The former immediately ordered a carriage belonging to the Company, and thither drove, with his clerk, in quest of the documents. Most fearful, dreadful thoughts agitated the mind of Robson, as onward his chief drove him! Alas! for *him*, they reached his suburban abode too soon. He hurriedly, and with great agitation, ushered his chief into the parlour, and then withdrew and ordered a lunch to be prepared, but the unpleasant errand of the gentleman forbade his partaking of it. Mr. Fasson discovered a remarkable uneasiness about his clerk, and his suspicions were still more aroused, for at first he only taxed Robson with irregularity in moving the documents from the office. Robson had a great inward struggle between confession, denial, and death. He adjourned to an ante-room, and even had the ring with prussic acid from his finger ready to destroy himself—then he would not die, but brave it—then he would confess, and implore Mr. Fasson's forgiveness. During these terrible altercations with himself, he went in and out of the parlour where his chief waited for the papers. At each exit and entrance he said, "I shall be with you presently, sir."

Ultimately he determined to fly from his crimes—and this he did, leaving Mr. Fasson to get the certificates as best he might.

His flight was soon made known: Mr. Fasson hurried back to the Palace, and consulted with the Directors, who at once put the police upon Robson's track, and a reward of £250 was offered for his apprehension.

After he fled from Kilburn, he had the daring to hire a cab and drive direct to a West-end tavern, which he was then in the habit of frequenting, and ordered dinner for himself and a lady who joined him during the afternoon. The dinner consisted of fish, curry, and a brace of partridges, and while it was being served, Robson, addressing the waiter, said, I am sorry Mr. —— has sent me curry, for I never eat it. Pray tell him to remember this when I dine here again." That very night the unhappy man left England a fugitive from justice.

Scarcely knowing or caring whither he went, he fled to the Continent, and ultimately found himself with a lady on board a steamer, bound for Copenhagen—where he was arrested, on the 7th of October, 1856, and conveyed back to London.

The poisoned ring, too—that which it will be remembered he bought and filled with prussic acid, to defeat justice by death in the event of discovery (which he never *really* believed in),—that ring which so powerfully occupied his mind when the officer arrested him, and during some part of his voyage homewards, he had not the courage (if we may be allowed the term) to put to its deadly work; and while in company with the officer, and unnoticed by him, he slid it from his finger and committed it to the great deep. His position just then was terrible enough—but death was more so.

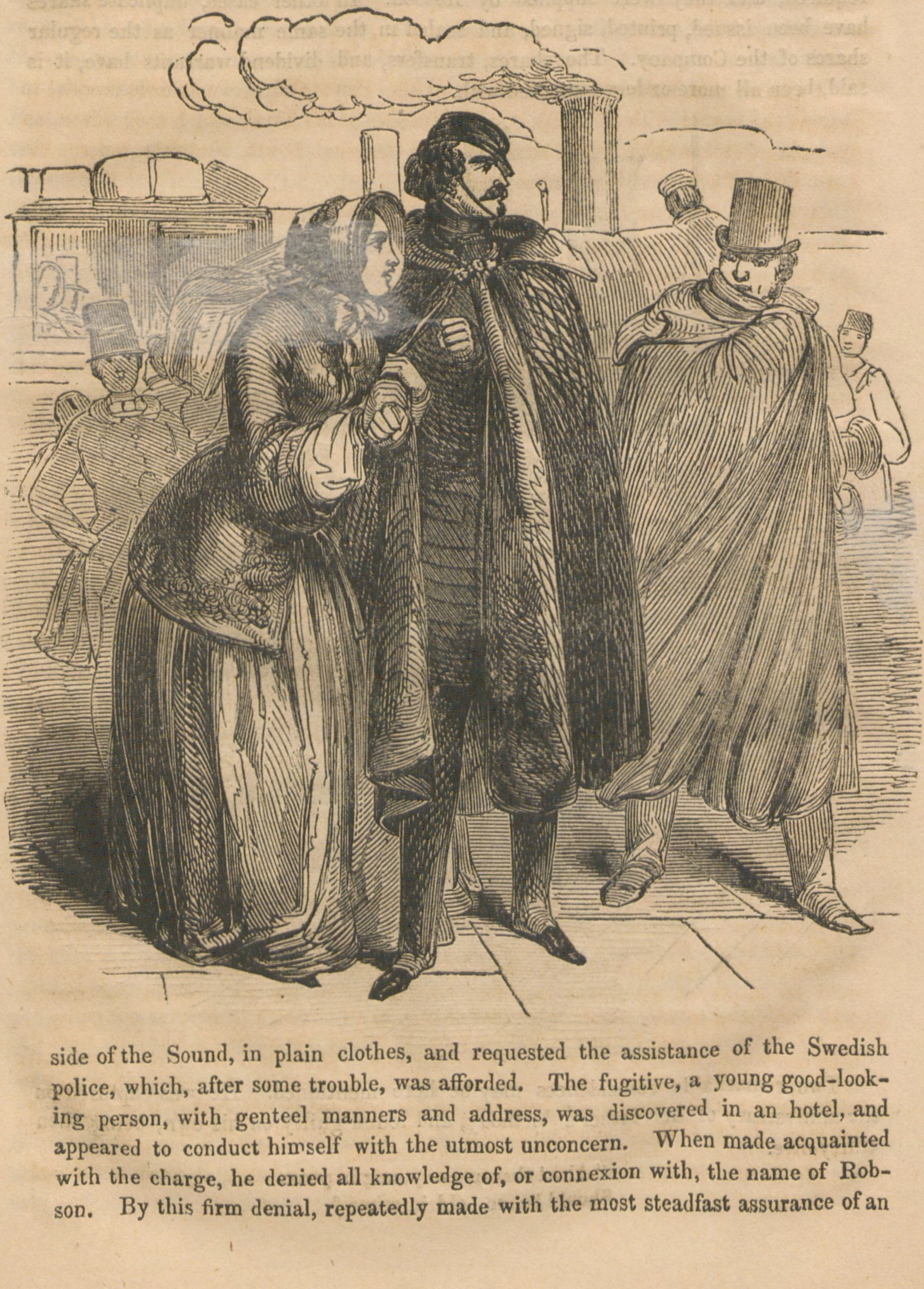
The first discovery of the frauds was owing to the discrepancy which existed in the amount paid by the Company's bankers on the dividend warrants and the actual sum which ought to have been paid as dividend on the preference stock. In every department connected with the shares of the Company, Robson appears to

have had some irregular transactions. Having sold shares deposited with the Company, it became necessary to provide dividend warrants for the payment of dividends when due, not only for the original owner, but for the subsequent purchaser. In many cases these warrants were supplied by Robson, and having access to the seal of the Company, they were all duly and regularly stamped. In the case of transfers, the signatures of the secretary and one of the directors of the Company were required, and they were supplied by Robson. In other cases, duplicate shares have been issued, printed, signed, and sealed in the same manner as the regular shares of the Company. The shares, transfers, and dividend warrants have, it is said, been all more or less tampered with.

Two remarkable coincidences may be here mentioned. He was captured on the anniversary of his father's birthday, and found guilty on his own, being then thirty-five.

"Alas! that one so young in years
Should be so old in crime."

It is reported his capture is due to one of the Elsinore inspectors of police, of the name of Johnsen, and occurred as follows: A telegraphic despatch conveyed the information to Copenhagen that Robson had disguised himself and assumed the name of Edward Smith, on leaving London. This induced Johnsen to keep a good look-out, and closely to watch the passports of those travelling to Sweden, when he came across the very name in question. Thereupon he proceeded to Helsinborg, on the Swedish



side of the Sound, in plain clothes, and requested the assistance of the Swedish police, which, after some trouble, was afforded. The fugitive, a young good-looking person, with genteel manners and address, was discovered in an hotel, and appeared to conduct himself with the utmost unconcern. When made acquainted with the charge, he denied all knowledge of, or connexion with, the name of Robson. By this firm denial, repeatedly made with the most steadfast assurance of an

English gentleman of independent property, the policeman was somewhat disconcerted, through the fear of arresting a wrong and innocent person, when by chance he saw, on a chair in the room, a shirt bearing the initials W. R.; on which, without any further ceremony, he demanded that the young gentleman should accompany him forthwith, as his prisoner, to Elsinore.

THE TRIAL!

PASSING over Robson's examinations at the Police Office, we at once proceed to present the reader with the facts and occurrences of his Trial, which took place on Thursday October 30th, 1856, at the Central Criminal Court, Newgate, before the Lord Chief Baron and Mr. Baron Martin.

A dismal day this Thursday must have been to the prisoner's respectable family connexions, and to his young heart-broken wife. Alas! poor lady, what would she not have given, or suffered, if this dread trial and its dread cause could have been proved a dream to her, and that she could once more embrace her husband in the fond belief in the integrity of his nature, as when the bells rang their wedding peal? Gladly—oh! how gladly—would she suffer the privations of the meanest beggar to have redeemed her husband from his perilous position! In many instances he had been cruel to her, and left her virtuous society for that of corrupt women; but in her deep, deep sympathy and love for him who had so wronged her, from her almost broken heart, she forgave him all. It was well for him, and for her, that no child was born to them, to bear the name he had so disgraced.

And if it is possible to enter into the feelings of each other's hearts under adverse circumstances, what a melancholy day must this Thursday have been to *him!*

Past all description must have been his feelings when for the first time he faced his Judge and Jury, in whose hands his doom now rested. The change in his position—from when he was masking it as a *debardeur*, or giving his *recherche* dinners, to now at the bar of Newgate, before a crowded court, sprinkled with well-known faces of old friends, awaiting the appalling sentence of the Lord Chief Baron—is too astounding to be realised, and too painful to dwell upon. Without further remark or reflection, we will record the trial.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

Thursday, Oct. 30.

WILLIAM JAMES ROBSON, aged 35, late a clerk in the Transfer Office of the Crystal Palace Company, was arraigned for fraud and forgery. The prisoner walked with a quick step to the front of the dock, and leisurely scrutinised the audience. He appeared to have entirely recovered from the depression he exhibited at the Police Court, and indeed he displayed an almost confident bearing during the trial. Eight indictments, each containing several counts, were read to him, to all of which he pleaded not guilty.

Mr. GIFFARD said he had been instructed to defend the prisoner, who had recently been committed for trial on two charges of larceny. Since then five other indictments for forgery had been preferred against him, with respect to which the prisoner had had no notice, either of the nature of the charges, or the evidence by which they were to be supported. Under these circumstances he (the learned counsel) hoped his lordship would consent to the trial being postponed until next session.

Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE, who appeared for the prosecution, objected to the post-

ponement of the trial. At the examination before the magistrates an intimation was given to Mr. Robson.

The LORD CHIEF BARON : Who is Mr. Robson ?

Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE : The prisoner. *(Laughter.)* An intimation was given to him that other charges would be preferred against him, and at his request he was committed upon the two charges that had been heard. He objected to the postponement on the ground of the serious illness of Mr. Fasson, Registrar of the Transfer Office, a principal witness, which might prevent his attendance to give evidence against the prisoner.

The LORD CHIEF BARON said he could not entertain the application, so as to make an order, unless the facts were reduced to affidavits.

Affidavits were promised by Mr. Giffard, and the subject was then dropped.

Shortly before two o'clock, and in the midst of another trial, Mr. Giffard, who had put in his affidavits, renewed his application for a postponement of the trial.

Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE, on the part of the prosecution, said he had hoped to have been able to accede to the application, but he had since heard that witnesses had been brought from all parts of the country, and it was earnestly desired that the case should be taken this session. He should suggest that the case should be taken on Saturday next.

Mr. GIFFARD hoped the Court would allow the affidavits he had put in to be read.

The LORD CHIEF BARON : Certainly not at present.

Friday, Oct. 31.

The prisoner was placed at the bar at the sitting of the Court.

Mr. GIFFARD made an application for the trial to be postponed until next session, on account of the unexpected number and extent of the charges of larceny and forgery.

Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE said he felt it necessary to proceed with the trial. The prisoner had written two letters to the company, admitting his guilt, and stating his intention to plead Guilty, and therefore the application for a postponement could only be for the purpose of annoyance, and putting the company to expense.

Mr. GIFFARD said that the letters alluded to applied only to the charges of larceny, to which the prisoner would have pleaded guilty, but he denied the charges of forgery.

Mr. JUSTICE ERLE, after consulting Mr. Baron Martin, said he was of opinion that the application ought to be refused. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine asked that the trial might be taken to-morrow. His learned friend might see his brief if he liked. *(Laughter.)* Mr. Giffard said if the trial was to be taken this session, the prisoner desired that it should go on at once. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine objected to do so.

Mr. GIFFARD : My Lord, the prisoner states he desires to be tried at once.

Mr. JUSTICE ERLE : I decline doing so ; it must stand over till to-morrow. The prisoner was then removed from the bar.

On Saturday, Nov. 1.

Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE appeared specially, with Mr. BODKIN and Mr. HAWKINS, to conduct the prosecution. Mr. GIFFARD and Mr. F. H. LEWIS were counsel for the defence.

When the prisoner was placed at the bar Mr. GIFFARD addressed his lordship, and intimated that he was desirous to retract his plea of "Not guilty" upon three of the indictments which charged the offence of larceny as a servant, and to plead "Guilty" to those charges.

Mr. STREIGHT, the Deputy Clerk of Arraigns, then inquired of the prisoner whether he desired to plead guilty to the charges referred to, and he replied: "Yes, I plead 'Guilty' to those charges."

A noticeable change passed over his countenance after this confession. No doubt, he felt great relief in the avowal of his guilt. His eye was found resting upon the judge, and his whole manner somewhat bespoke—"My lord, I have confessed my crimes—have mercy on me!"

The counsel for the prosecution then held a short conference together, and Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE directed that the prisoner should be arraigned upon one of the charges of forgery.

Robson fixed his look upon the counsel while this conference took place, and at its close heaved a deep and audible sigh, and passed his hand across his troubled brow.

The prisoner was accordingly given in charge to the jury upon an indictment which alleged that he had feloniously forged a transfer of a number of shares in a certain public undertaking, incorporated by royal charter, called the Crystal Palace Company, with intent to defraud Henry Johnson.

He was also charged with uttering the same instrument, knowing it to be forged.

At the name of Johnson the prisoner turned very pale.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine then opened the case for the prosecution. He said that, although the prisoner at the bar had pleaded guilty to three indictments, involving the offence of having committed larceny upon the property of his employers, it would be his duty to state the circumstances connected with the present case, with the view of putting the jury and the Court in possession of the mode in which the frauds committed by the prisoner at the bar were effected, and of allowing all the matters, so far as they were within the knowledge of those who instructed him, to be fully and perfectly known. He was desirous of doing so in order that no suspicion might exist that aught had been kept back or concealed by the Crystal Palace Company, which he had the honour to represent. He would briefly state the history of the particular transactions with which the prisoner was charged, and he should also be obliged to refer to the general conduct of the prisoner, but only so far as to make the charge against him intelligible. It appeared that under the charter of incorporation of the Crystal Palace Company the directors were entitled to issue a certain number of shares, and they were also enabled, under certain circumstances, to apply for power to issue a certain number of other shares. The capital of the company was declared, and subscribed for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the company, which were justly entitled to be considered as of a national character and worthy of admiration. The prisoner at the bar was, as they would perceive, a very young man, of great intelligence, and considerable powers of mind, and possessed of an education very much beyond the rank of life to which he originally belonged. He was, he believed, a clerk at a salary of £1 a-week when he originally attracted the notice of the managers of the Crystal Palace Company. He was one of those persons of whom, he was glad to say, there were many in this country—men who, if they were honest and straightforward in their conduct, might, with the opportunities given them in this great commercial country, rise, has many had risen, to the highest positions in the country. The prisoner at the bar, however, having those opportunities, and possessing those talents, and having an entrance into life which most persons would have grasped at with avidity, was not content with a fair course of honest industry, but sought to obtain wealth speedily, and was betrayed from fraud to fraud, until he now stood at the bar a felon, convicted on his own confession, and on his trial for one of the gravest offences against property known to the law. Shortly after the prisoner's connexion with the Crystal Palace, he was promoted to a higher appointment, and his salary was raised to £100 a year. He was subsequently promoted to a still higher situation, and was placed under the immediate direction of Mr. Fasson, who was looked to as the head of the department. Owing, however, to Mr. Fasson, at that time being in feeble health, and suffering a good deal, and finding the prisoner to be a person of intelligence and ability, and believing him to be also a man of honour and integrity, a great portion of the business, of the office of which Mr. Fasson was at the head, was left in the hands of the prisoner, and opportunities were afforded to the prisoner of which he availed himself. The mode in which the shares of the company were issued from time to time was as follows:—There was kept, in the office of which the prisoner was a clerk, a book containing a register of the shareholders of the company, and every person possessing shares in that company had a right to have his name placed on that register. If a shareholder's name were not registered it could only be by his own neglect. This register was evidence to the company of the title of the persons upon it; but to the public at large, and the parties themselves, the company were compelled by their deed to issue certificates to show what the title was; and these certificates, if possessed by others, would give an apparent title in the eyes of the public to a transfer of shares. But, inasmuch as the certificates given showed the names of the real persons on the register, no parties who chose to make proper inquiry could by possibility be defrauded, or could be induced to part with their money without a proper transfer. In all the business of life, if men were careless and took things as a mere matter of course, it was easy for designing persons to effect frauds; and those who were defrauded in such cases were too apt to blame others, instead of blaming their own carelessness. That had been done to a considerable extent with regard to these frauds. But when he explained to the jury the mode in which these transfers had taken place, they would see

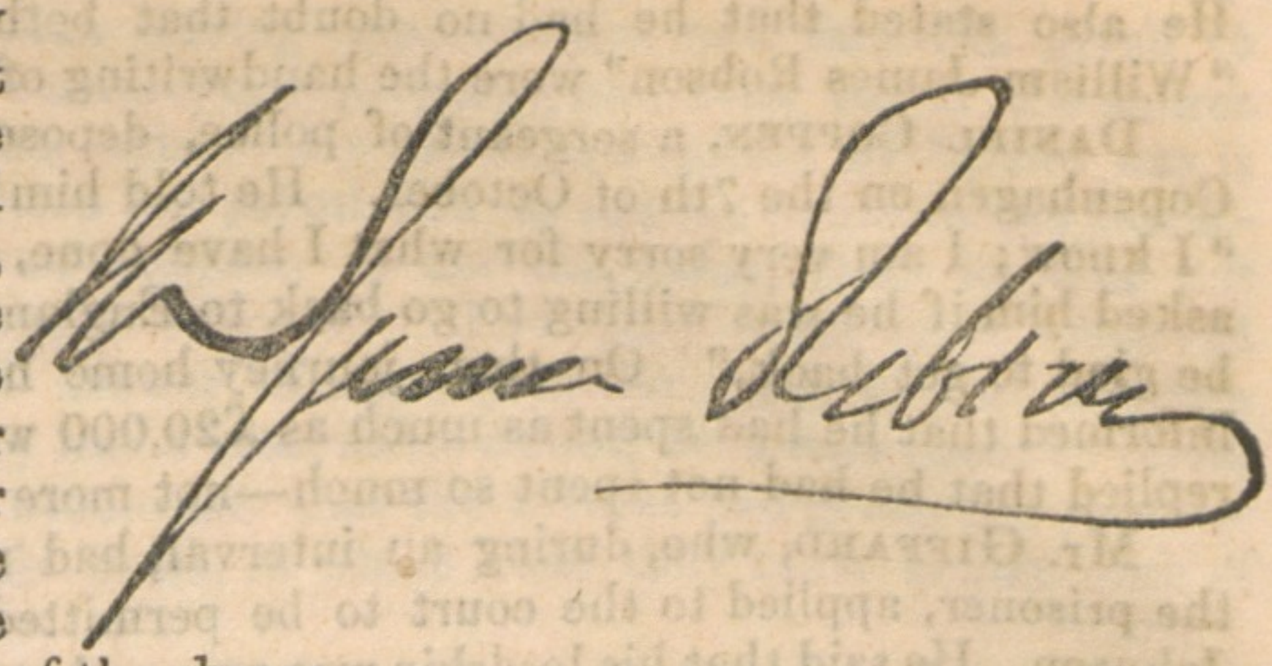
that every human means had been taken by the directors to prevent any party being defrauded, and that no persons need have been defrauded if they had only taken those precautions which every man, before he parted with his money, was bound, in justice to himself and, he would add, to the public at large, to take. The certificates, as he had explained, would show the names of the persons appearing upon the register. Now, it appeared that the prisoner had these certificates in his possesssion; for many people possessing shares and being really on the register, instead of taking their own certificates and locking them up in their strong-box, allowed them to remain in the custody of the company. Any person having these certificates in his possession was enabled to exhibit an apparent title to the shares in the market. The prisoner knew, of course, the names of the persons appearing on the register; but if he had used any of the names placed on the register, and had sold or transferred those shares, and the parties had applied for dividends, the frauds would have been detected. The prisoner at the bar adopted another mode of operation. Having the certificate, he went to the broker's, and offered to transfer the shares. He did not, however, use the name of any person appearing on the register or on the certificate, but used some other name—in the present case it was Johnson—offering to transfer the shares from Johnson to any purchaser whom the broker might discover. If, when the application was made, the broker had looked at the certificate, as it was his duty to have done, he would have seen that Johnson had no power or right to transfer, unless there had been a previous transfer to Johnson. He ought to have said, "On this certificate Johnson's name does not appear; there is some other name before." But the truth was that the matter was done most loosely, and it was assumed that some person might have transferred the shares to Johnson, and that Johnson had a right to transfer them to some one else. The broker, therefore, sold the shares and accepted the transfer, although Johnson, a relative of the prisoner, living at Birmingham, never had a share in the Crystal Palace in his life, and his name was only used for the purpose of effecting the fraud. The transfer was a forgery, and he would call Johnson to prove that it was not signed by him, and that the prisoner attested the signature of Johnson to the transfer well knowing it to be a forgery. A great deal of error had prevailed in the public mind on the subject; but he had stated the nature of the precautions taken by the company to prevent frauds, and he would call their attention to the fact that a man acting with common prudence could not have been defrauded by a transaction of this kind. In order that the nature of the transactions might be fully known, and the amount of the prisoner's guilt fully understood, he had, with the entire concurrence of his learned friends, and at the desire of the company which he represented, felt it to be his duty to place the whole facts of the case before the jury. He need not say that he was entirely careless of the amount of punishment which the Court might award, but he had a strong conviction that all matters of this kind ought to be fully and entirely known. It was for the benefit of all persons connected with great transactions like the Crystal Palace, that all the facts connected with offences like these should be fully known. It was the wish of the company that everything in which they had any dealings should be fully inquired into, and that the public should know that, although the company had been robbed to a great extent, they had endeavoured by every means in their power to prevent that robbery from taking place, or the public from being injured by it.

The prisoner, during this temperate statement for the prosecution, looked from the speaker to the judge, and from the judge to the jury, as if to catch the impression any particular remark might have made upon them. He also made a note or two for his own counsel; but throughout he showed signs of impatience, which seemed to indicate that the time occupied in his trial kept him too long in suspense from the verdict and his doom.

The following evidence was then adduced for the prosecution :—

Mr. G. S. CLEMENT deposed that he was a stockbroker, and that he had been for some time acquainted with the prisoner, and had been in the habit of dealing for him on the Stock-Exchange. He remembered being directed by the prisoner to sell 100 shares n the Crystal Palace Company, in the month of January last, and witness so d these shares in the market. 50 of them were sold to a Mr Joseph Lowe, and 50 to another person, and witness received altogether the sum of 295*l.* for the shares, which sum he handed to the prisoner. The transfer now produced relates to the 50 shares that were sold to Mr. Lowe. (The transfer was put in. It purported to convey the shares

from Henry Johnson to Mr. Lowe, and the signature of Henry Johnson was attested by the prisoner and a person named Henry Robinson.) The prisoner either brought the transfer himself, or sent it in the state in which it now appeared; and he had no doubt that the signature, "William James Robson," was the prisoner's handwriting. He had no doubt that he received the transfer before he paid the purchase-money for the shares, and in the ordinary course he handed over the transfer to the broker who represented the purchaser of the shares.



Mr. G. FASSON deposed that he was the treasurer and registrar of the Crystal Palace Company. That company was incorporated by Royal Charter in January, 1852.

When this gentleman entered the witness-box, Robson, in shame, averted his face from him, and he did not regain the confidence he showed at the opening of his trial until Mr. Fasson had finished his evidence.

The charter of the company was put in.

Examination continued.—The prisoner came into the service of the company in the beginning of the year 1853 and he continued in their service until the 17th of September last. He was appointed chief clerk in the transfer department in the month of June, 1854, at a salary of 150*l.* a-year. A book was kept by the company which contained a list of the shareholders and of all the transfers that were made of the shares, and the company preserved all the transfers. The prisoner had the charge of all the books and papers belonging to this department. It was the ordinary course to issue a certificate of proprietorship to every owner of shares; but it frequently happened that the owners of shares did not apply for these certificates, and consequently they remained in the possession of the company, and the prisoner would have access to all such certificates. In consequence of something that had previously come to witness's knowledge, he on the 17th of September had a communication with the prisoner in reference to some certificates that were missing, and he admitted that there had been an irregularity, but said that the certificates were at his own house at Kilburn, and he proposed that witness should accompany him there to obtain them. This conversation took place in witness's private rooms at the Palace, and he believed that Mr. Grove, the secretary, was present. Witness consented to accompany the prisoner to his house, and they proceeded there together. After they had arrived, the prisoner came in and out of the room where witness was two or three times, and appeared to be putting papers together, and the last time he left he did not return.

The witness then proceeded to say that the signature "Henry Johnson" to the transfer that had been produced was in the handwriting of the prisoner; and the signature "William James Robson" was also in his handwriting. There was no such person as Henry Johnson registered in the books of the company as the proprietor of the particular shares sold by the prisoner, but a person of that name was the registered proprietor of other shares in the company.

Mr. GIFFARD put some questions to this witness, but nothing material was elicited.

Mr. H. JOHNSON deposed that he was a contractor and builder, residing at Birmingham, and the prisoner was his brother-in-law. He knew of no other person of his name at Birmingham who carried on the same business. The witness then looked at the signature "Henry Johnson" to the transfer, and declared it to be a forgery.

In answer to a question put by Mr. Giffard, the witness said that he was quite sure that he had on no occasion had any conversation with the prisoner relating to shares in the Crystal Palace Company, or ever consented to allow the prisoner to use his name in any manner, in reference to the sale or purchase of such shares.

The prisoner, while this gentleman was giving evidence, evinced considerable impatience, and darted looks of contempt and anger at him that were painful to contemplate. Once or twice his lips parted as if about to speak, but he directly checked himself. He made notes, and furnished his counsel with them.

Mr. G. GROVE deposed that he was the secretary to the Crystal Palace Company

and he was present when some papers belonging to the prisoner were found in his office. He also stated that he had no doubt that both the signatures "Henry Johnson" and "William James Robson" were the handwriting of the prisoner.

DANIEL COPPEN, a sergeant of police, deposed that he apprehended the prisoner at Copenhagen on the 7th of October. He told him the charge against him, and he replied, "I know; I am very sorry for what I have done, and I must suffer the law." Witness asked him if he was willing to go back to England with him, and he said, "Yes; I shall be glad to get back." On their journey home he told the prisoner that he had been informed that he had spent as much as £20,000 worth of property of the company, and he replied that he had not spent so much—not more than £10,000.

Mr. GIFFARD, who, during an interval, had received a written communication from the prisoner, applied to the court to be permitted to put a few more questions to Mr. Johnson. He said that his lordship was aware that he was but very imperfectly instructed, and the prisoner was very anxious that he should further examine the witness.

Mr. JUSTICE ERLE said that the learned counsel was at liberty to again examine the witness if he thought proper to do so.

Mr. JOHNSON was accordingly recalled, and Mr. Giffard again asked him if the prisoner had not requested him to allow him to use his name as the proprietor of shares, on account of his not liking his own to appear on the Stock-Exchange, and he declared that he had never done so, and he said that he did not remember ever having any conversation with the prisoner on the subject of shares. In answer to further questions, the witness said that he had borrowed as much as £700 or £800, and upon one occasion he lent him £100 for the purpose of paying wages. He denied, however, that upon this occasion the prisoner told him that he should sell some shares in his name to reimburse himself the money he advanced. The witness also swore that he was not aware till the present time that his name appeared in the register list of the company as an owner of any shares. There appeared to be some little hesitation in the manner in which the witness answered these questions, but he persisted in declaring that there was no foundation for any of the suggestions that had been made on behalf of the prisoner.

This concluded the case for the prosecution.

Mr. GIFFARD then addressed the jury for the prisoner. He said that he was fully aware of the difficulties against which he had to contend in defending the prisoner at the bar. Although not strictly in evidence, his learned friend had stated, in opening his case, without objection from him, that the prisoner had pleaded guilty to three indictments, charging him with larceny of the property of the Crystal Palace Company, and it would be absurd after that for him to take any formal objection to the statements although it was not in evidence. What he should ask of the jury was, that they would try the case before them on the evidence only which had been adduced. That the prisoner had been guilty of an offence against his employers was not denied, and that he must receive the punishment of that offence they all well knew. But the question was whether, for the purpose of raising the character of the Crystal Palace Company on the Stock-Exchange, to which end a large portion of the remarks of his learned friend appeared to be addressed, or for the purpose of enhancing the punishment of the prisoner, the jury were to come hastily to the conclusion that he was guilty of the particular offence imputed to him, and to which he had pleaded "Not Guilty?" There was no wish on the part of the prisoner to make imputations against anybody. He had been guilty of an offence, and was prepared to suffer the punishment for it. But let the jury look at the conduct of Johnson in respect to this matter. He desired to guard himself against wishing in the slightest degree to imply that Johnson was cognisant of being mixed up in any charge of forgery or fraud, or that even a shadow of blame rested upon him. He was the more anxious that this should be understood, since Mr. Johnson seemed to think, in answering his questions, that there was an intention to impute to him that he was a party to a fraud. He had no instructions of that kind, and he prayed the jury to understand that no suggestion of that kind had been made on the part of the prisoner. But was it not reasonable to suppose that, as Johnson was borrowing money of the prisoner, and as the prisoner was in the service of the Crystal Palace Company and dealing in shares, Johnson should have given the prisoner permission to use his name instead of his own? The request might have been made in order that the prisoner might escape detection, which would have followed if it were known that a clerk of the company was dealing in the transfer of shares. They had all lived long enough in the world to know that the using of another person's name in the transfer of shares was not an uncommon

or unreasonable thing. This young man having opportunities and facilities given to him, had no doubt misappropriated his employer's property, and even stolen the shares of the company that were lying about his office. He had lent Johnson £700, and was it not likely that he would apply to Johnson for permission to use his name on the Stock-Exchange? If he had the authority of Johnson to use his name, then he was not guilty of the offence with which he was charged. The jury must have observed Mr. Johnson's hesitation. That he did answer ultimately in the negative with decision and firmness he admitted; but if the jury had a reasonable doubt, he asked them to reject the other evidence, and to come to the conclusion that the witness had given the prisoner the authority to sign the transfer in his name, in which case they must acquit him of the charge in the indictment.

The learned JUDGE proceeded to charge the jury. He said that the prisoner, W. J. Robson, was indicted for the forgery of an instrument called "a transfer of shares," and, in another count, with having forged "a deed of Henry Johnson." It purported to be a transfer of "Henry Johnson, of Birmingham, contractor," and Henry Johnson, contractor and builder, of Birmingham, had been called, and had sworn positively that the signature of "Henry Johnson" was not his or written by his authority. He also said there was no "Henry Johnson, of Birmingham, builder and contractor," but himself. The witness swore most positively that he never had any shares in the Crystal Palace Company, and that he never knew, until the transactions of that day in that court were brought to his knowledge, that his name was entered on the register of the Crystal Palace Company as having any interest therein. If they believed Mr. Johnson, that he had never signed the deed in question or given the prisoner authority to sign his name for him, the offence would be proved, and it would be shown that the prisoner uttered this deed and received value for it as for a genuine instrument. But the prisoner's counsel had contended, after a great deal of cross-examination of Mr. Johnson, that it was doubtful whether Johnson did not give the prisoner authority to put his name to this instrument, and something had been said about the hesitation or anxiety in Johnson's manner in giving his evidence. That was a question entirely for the consideration of the jury. Johnson stood in the relation of a brother-in-law to the prisoner, and that might explain a good deal of his anxiety, without imputing to him an intention to defraud or to state that which was false. Johnson said that he had borrowed 700*l.* or 800*l.* of the prisoner, and he believed that in 1854 he borrowed 100*l.* from him at the Telegraph-office in Cornhill, when he wanted to make up some money to pay his wages. Mr. Johnson said this was not so late as December, 1854, and the paper which the prisoner was charged with having forged was dated "Feb 2, 1855." Johnson swore that on that occasion nothing passed about the prisoner's not using his own name and using, instead, the name of Johnson. If they believed Johnson, the instrument was a forgery. Then there was the evidence of Mr. Fasson, who said he believed that the signature of "W. J. Robson" as the attesting witness to the signature of Johnson was in the handwriting of the prisoner. Mr. Grove, the secretary of the company, was of the same opinion. The jury had also heard the relation of his disappearance at Kilburn, after leaving the room two or three times, and of his apprehension at Copenhagen by the police-officer. If they believed that the signature "Henry Johnson" was a forgery, and that it was forged by the prisoner, and that it was uttered by the prisoner, they would find him guilty of uttering a forged instrument knowing to be forged.

After consulting for a few minutes, the jury returned a verdict of GUILTY.

During this painful consultation the prisoner breathed heavily, and when "Guilty" was pronounced, he turned ghastly pale, but it was observed that he recovered his self-possession very quickly, which he maintained while the judge passed the heavy sentence.

Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE stated that there was another indictment against the prisoner in connexion with the forgery of a dividend warrant. If his lordship thought it desirable, he was ready to go on with that case, which had been selected as one of a different class of frauds of which the prisoner had been guilty. Mention had been made of 10,000*l.*, as being the amount of the loss sustained through the frauds of the prisoner. It was difficult to state the exact sum, but that amount might have been exceeded, although not much.—Mr. JUSTICE ERLE did not think the character of the other charge against the prisoner was very different from that which had already been disposed of.—Mr. BALLANTINE said that, as there was no point reserved in the last case, he would not proceed with the other indictment.

SENTENCE.

Mr. JUSTICE ERLE then proceeded to pass sentence upon the prisoner. He said,—William James Robson, you stand convicted of the felony of which you have been charged. The inquiry that has gone on upon the present occasion has shown to me that you have practised crime for a considerable period of time. You have practised it in breach of the trust placed in you, and so as to throw doubt and uncertainty upon important mercantile instruments, and you have obtained very large sums of money by the course of crime you have pursued. IT IS MY DUTY TO GIVE WARNING, BY THE SENTENCE PASSED UPON YOU, THAT AN APPARENT COURSE OF PROSPERITY, DERIVED FROM CRIME, IN REALITY LEADS TO MISERY AND DESTRUCTION. I order, that for the forgery of which you have been convicted you be transported for TWENTY YEARS; and with respect to the larceny, of which you have pleaded guilty, I pass upon you the sentence of FOURTEEN YEARS' transportation concurrently with the other sentence.

The prisoner, who, on the whole had manifested great coolness and self-possession during the trial, turned his head half aside and appeared to be writing while the judge was addressing him. His countenance changed a little when he heard the sentence, but his features quickly assumed a defiant expression, and he walked from the dock with a brisk and firm step.

Mr. BALLANTINE subsequently made an application for the money that was taken from the prisoner at the time of his apprehension to be handed over to the assignees of the bankruptcy.

The learned JUDGE said he would make the order.

Within half an hour of sentence having been pronounced, this unhappy man, stripped of his ordinary habiliments and clothed in a convict's dress, became the associate of half a dozen other transports. The callous indifference to his position which Robson exhibited during his trial was carried out to the last moment. While the jury were deliberating, it was remarked, that instead of looking towards them, the prisoner employed himself scribbling upon a sheet of foolscap paper. This sheet was afterwards handed round the bar, and upon it were the following observations:—"If I am found guilty upon this charge, I will not plead again, but take my chance. Johnson has completely sold me—Henry Johnson, of Birmingham." In one corner of the sheet the convict sketched a very good likeness of his brother-in-law, having thus engaged himself while Mr. Justice Erle was passing sentence upon him.

It has been said that the following occurrence led to his capture:—When on the Continent he addressed a letter to a lady, who, in other times, had been the subject of his attentions, and the recipient of no small share of his wealth. This letter, it is stated, was delivered to a milliner who was at work in the house, and who, having some suspicion as to the writer, opened the letter, and, tempted by the reward, gave information to the police authorities. The fair disciple of the Gra-hamite policy has, we are informed, put in her claim for the reward.

As must naturally be expected, the position of the prisoner has had a most serious effect on the health of his wife. Without the slightest notice or warning, Mrs. Robson was expelled from her splendid residence at Kilburn, and driven from a sick-bed, on which she had languished for some time past under a most painful disease, and arrived almost penniless at Brighton, where she now, or lately, remains in a most precarious state of health.

On Robson's absconding, he was made a bankrupt by his creditors, to whom he

owed the sum of two thousand pounds; but to this moment, his balance-sheet has not been filed.

The circumstances connected with the sale of the property of Robson at Kilburn have excited considerable surprise. It is said that the lessee of one of the theatres took possession, under a bill of sale, of all the property and effects, early on the morning of the following day after the absconding of their owner, and the effects were immediately sold by auction, the holder of the bill of sale being of course ignorant of the real state of affairs. Robson, on his apprehension, stated that large sums of money were due to him by several persons, and among the names mentioned was that of the gentleman who had taken possession of his property under the bill of sale. A fiat in bankruptcy has been issued, so that the whole of the transactions connected with the disposal of the property will be thoroughly investigated.

Amidst many painful jests and humiliating observations, the last effects remaining of the Crystal-Palace convict were disposed of at Tucker's Livery Stables, Hart-street, Covent Garden. These comprised a chesnut gelding, set of plated gig harness, riding saddles, bridles, stabling implements, a handsome brougham, dog-cart, &c. A large concourse of spectators assembled at the stables long before the commencement of the auction. The first lot was the chesnut gelding, described in the catalogue as "clever, with grand action and speed." He found many admirers, and from the upset price, ten guineas, speedily went to twenty-five guineas, and was ultimately knocked down at fifty guineas. The brougham, well built and nearly new, after a spirited competition, brought eighty-five guineas, and a dog-cart, nearly new, nineteen guineas. The several lots of gig harness, riding saddle and bridle, horse cloths, rollers, &c., fetched one-third higher prices than they cost. Indeed, these articles, according to the testimony of harness manufacturers at the sale, were sold far above their original value; while the gelding and vehicles realised such extravagant prices as could only have been entertained in consideration of the individual who originally possessed the property having rendered himself amenable to the laws of his country.

It is expected his estate will realise £2000. If so, it will pay his creditors their demands in full, but this some of them affect to doubt; of course the Crystal Palace Company is not included in this estimate,—*he pays them with his liberty and a life-long disgrace.*

An upholsterer's account amounted to £2000, upon which £1600 had been paid; one item of the amount was £157 for drawing-room curtains. He appeared to have kept a cash-book and a rough day-book, but they were much mutilated.

Who can tell where his unbounded extravagance would ultimately have led him had he not been stopped? The furniture of his house at Kilburn, cost him £5000, and at the time of the discovery he was actually in treaty for the purchase of Kenilworth Castle!!

We cannot quit this part of our task without offering our deepest sympathy with Mrs. Robson and the prisoner's relatives,—they who are made so much to suffer through his crimes. We trust that time will modify their present grief.

On November 27, 1856, he was kindly permitted, by the officers of the Bankruptcy Court (where he attended, in the custody of a Newgate jailer), to take a last

farewell of his wife, who, if his sentence is not revoked, he will not see again for twenty years.

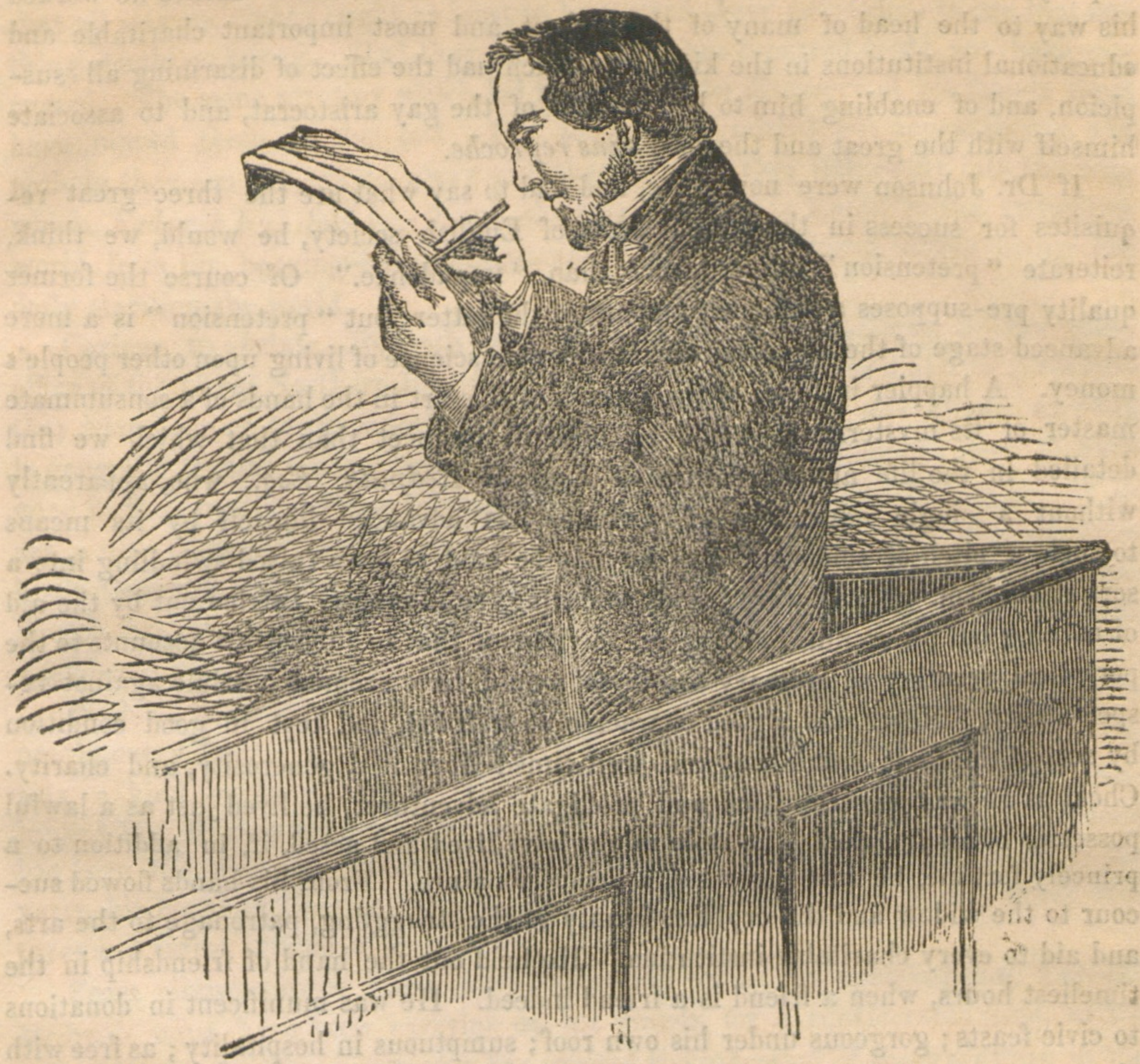
While we write, a report has reached us that for some days past Robson has been in the Newgate infirmary, labouring under a mild form of insanity. Some years since he was similarly attacked. But he has since partially recovered, and has been again brought up to the Bankruptcy Court, on January 8, where he remained in a private room. A large amount was proved at this meeting by tradesmen of almost every class—harness makers, printers, dealers in gloves, hatters, chemists (one for £7 odd for Jockey Club Perfume and Eau de Cologne). Some proofs were adjourned, including those of *two* coachmakers, a wine merchant, £279 for wine, and others. No proof was tendered on behalf of the Crystal Palace Company. The examination was adjourned to February 17, when a dividend meeting will take place. When his health and the state of his affairs permit, the convict is to be removed to the Model Prison to learn shoemaking, previous to being sent to one of the colonies.

After he was made bankrupt, Sergeant Coppin, who apprehended Robson at Copenhagen, attended at the office of Mr. Johnson, official assignee, and delivered to that gentlemen the property found on and in the possession of Robson at the time of his apprehension. It consisted of a valuable gold watch and chain, a diamond ring (for which Robson said he had paid £60), a set of diamond shirt-studs, a set of gold studs, seven gold buttons, a dozen of silver forks, four teaspoons, a valuable dressing-case, a purse containing thirty-six dollars and some small coins, six coats, seven waistcoats, seven pairs of trousers, five shirts, and other articles, amounting in value to about £130. They have, of course, been sold for the benefit of his creditors.

Being in the neighbourhood of Kilburn since Robson's incarceration in Newgate, we went a little out of our way to look once more at his pretty residence, and were much struck with the desolate and deserted appearance it presented,—more so perhaps to our eyes, as we remembered it when it wore its gayest aspect, and when strains of music and joyous laughter issued from the place, and his curricle and pair, or his dog-cart and "Eliza," stood at the door—or when it was the rendezvous of a brilliant dinner or supper party. But now every blind was drawn, as for a death, and the house seemed to cast a solemn shade on all around, and appeared but as a ruin of its former beauty. An old card, on which was pencilled where letters and parcels were to be left, was fastened to a tree, and was blown about in the wind, and grass was beginning to grow between the pebbly stones that led to the deserted stables.

Here we leave William James Robson to his hapless doom, the horror of which none but himself can know. What is education—what is intellect—what is genius even—without moral rectitude? Robson had all the former; but alas! in every sense, how deficient in the latter! In taking our leave of him, we are bound to endorse the words—severe, perhaps, but nevertheless true—of a popular journalist, that "Robson was a low-minded, selfish, calculating knave, a bad husband, an undomesticated man, a sensualist, who spent the proceeds of his misdeeds in pursuit of enjoyment of the lowest and grossest kind."

LEOPOLD REDPATH,



As he appeared at the Clerkenwell Police Court, just before his Commitment, December 24, 1856.

CHAPTER V.

Robson and Redpath Compared.—Redpath as Attorney's Clerk.—His Association with Robson.—Outlines of Redpath's Character.—His Prodigality and Munificence.—The manner in which his Frauds were accomplished.—*His* First False Step.—Directors and Auditors not Blameless.—Weybridge Estate, and its Neighbourhood.

OUR opening scenes from the Life of Leopold Redpath we will premise, by stating, that, although in some minor respects they were similar to the ill-fated Robson's—his twin-brother in crime—yet, whether viewed in parts or a whole, they were essentially dissimilar. Redpath had greater breadth of intellect than Robson, was a man of higher tastes, a more devoted husband, a deeper sympathiser witht he woes and sorrows of his fellow-man, and less of the sensualist. While one was spending his illgotten gains on gay women and the pleasures of the table, the other was storing up magnificent pictures and other works of high art, or assisting the needs of the distressed. But while his character stands far above Robson's in these respects, he was undoubtedly the greater hypocrite of the two, inasmuch as he assumed an air

of piety, frankness, and charity with all he did and all he said. Hence he worked his way to the head of many of the highest and most important charitable and educational institutions in the kingdom, which had the effect of disarming all suspicion, and of enabling him to live the life of the gay aristocrat, and to associate himself with the great and the good *sans reproche.*

If Dr. Johnson were now alive, and had to say what are the three great requisites for success in the present state of English society, he would, we think, reiterate "pretension" thrice, rather than "impudence." Of course the former quality pre-supposes a sufficient amount of the latter; but "pretension" is a more advanced stage of the ingenious and fashionable science of living upon other people's money. A happier instance of the success of this art in the hands of a consummate master of its mysteries it would be difficult to meet than that which we find detailed in the life and adventures of *Leopold Redpath, Esq.*, who, apparently without a single advantage of fortune, has advanced himself by its means to such a pitch of splendour that he may be said to have raised swindling into a sort of heroism. Never were frauds so daring, so immense, carried out by the aid of nothing but an assumed character, so virtuous that to subject his accounts to the periodical scrutiny of ordinary *employés* would have seemed a crime against respectability. Never was a good character so well fed, and kept in good condition by acts of the most munificent and well-timed liberality, generosity, and charity. Cheat as he was, unscrupulous and profligate adventurer, he lived just as a lawful possessor of all the wealth he stole might have lived and acted, if, in addition to a princely fortune, he had possessed a princely nature. From his hands flowed succour to the widow and the orphan, bounty to the struggling, patronage to the arts, and aid to every charitable institution. He held out the hand of friendship in the timeliest hours, when a friend is a friend indeed. He was munificent in donations to civic feasts; gorgeous under his own roof; sumptuous in hospitality; as free with cheques as other men with compliments. He could outbid an emperor in his own capital, and snatch from his own Art Exhibition one of its brightest gems. Yet with all this magnificence he showed no symptom of the upstart, and as little of the *roué.* There was nothing, as the world goes, gross or sensual in his life. He did not, like his friend *Robson*, expend the proceeds of his frauds on women, and wine, and horses—the three constituents of the swindler's paradise. Horses he had, and wine-cellars; but they were not main objects with him. He used them as if he used them not; as if he were to the manner born, as if they were but rays of the glorious luminary of his fortune. Impudence unaided could never have done this. There was genius in the man; a philosophic estimate of the temper of English mankind; an immense grasp of the most exalted sort of respectability, and the lion nerve to brave the hair-breadth 'scape on which the assumption of all this rested for success.

We most earnestly beg the attention of the reader to the condition of the public mind which makes such knaves a possibility. The general public will, of course, always connect the appearances of wealth with the presumption of respectability. The house, the servants, the equipage vouch for the man; and the mob have neither time nor means to look more closely at him. He has about him the signs of wealth, and if that is not an infallible proof of the legitimacy of his position in all other respects, it is the best they can get. But the Directors of the Great Northern, who took *Redpath* up, gave him employment, and knew him to be

living in a style far beyond what his salary would support, ought to have suspected that all was not right; ought at least to have used every precaution to see that nothing should go wrong. Had they done so, what has occurred could not have occurred. The same scrutiny which led in a day to the discovery of his frauds must have nipped them in the bud. But they were misled by appearances; and nothing they can say can do away with the fact that they fell easily into the trap which *Redpath* had laid for them—the trap so much in favour in the swindling world, from the begging-letter imposter to the monster rogue whose doings are daily startling the world.

Curious to relate, Redpath and Robson were fellow-clerks in the same office of the Great Northern Railway a few years ago, and since that time it appears they have been on terms of intimate friendship. Mr. Robson was known as what is generally termed "a fast man," while Mr. Redpath's predilections seem to have gone in the direction of magnificent displays at home. He was a connoisseur in art, a man of literary taste, took a lively interest in many charitable and religious institutions and projects, and had surrounded his table with men of distinction in the church, art, literature, and science. Redpath and Robson for a long period lived as neighbours in Clarence Crescent West, Regent's Park.

Without the slightest attempt at the Dean-Paul cant, he was a subscriber to nearly every London charity of repute; a lover and a most munificent patron of the arts, a kind husband, and an intellectual man. For years has the stentorian-lunged Mr. Harker been familiar with his name at every charity-dinner, and loud has been the applause which has resounded at the mention of his donation; for years, his house in Chester Terrace has been a museum of some of the finest pictures and rarest articles of vertu in the metropolis.

From circumstances which have transpired since his apprehension, Leopold Redpath must have been carrying on his frauds for a considerable time, as his style of living for some years past has excited the attention of the tradesmen in the vicinity of Chester Terrace with whom he had dealings, and who received payment for their goods, no matter how extravagant or luxurious they might be, with the greatest promptitude.

There was generally a feeling of surprise at Redpath's sudden elevation in the world, because he was well known in the locality for a long while. About twelve years ago he followed the occupation of a lawyer's clerk, and occupied obscure apartments in Cumberland Market; whilst his wife, who is a most amiable and ladylike woman, resided, as companion to an elderly lady named Simmons, at 3, Cumberland Place. At this period Redpath was exceedingly mean in his attire and it was believed that his income was of a very limited character. He subsequently, however, improved in his circumstances, and took lodgings at 43, Upper Albany Street. Shortly after obtaining his appointment as a clerk in the office of the Great Western Railway Company, he became the tenant of the house No. 2, Park Village West. From that period his style of living began to improve, until he took the mansion, 27, Chester Terrace, at a rental of £200 per annum—a sum, including taxes, &c., which exceeded the amount of the salary derived from his Great Northern Railway clerkship.

Soon after taking the mansion at Chester Terrace he mounted his carriage, and, in addition to an establishment of five or six female domestic servants, he kept a coachman, a groom, a butler, and a footman. Redpath lived altogether in the

highest and most luxurious style, and about three years ago the executors of the late Mr. Trezivant, a gentleman who resided in his own house, No. 31, Chester Terrace, upon his demise put up the house for sale, and it was bought by Redpath, at a sum of between £3,000 and £4,000.

He was in the habit of receiving a great deal of company, and he gave parties and dinners of the most expensive character. It mattered not to him whether or not peas were in season, have them he would on his table at a time when they could not be obtained at Covent Garden Market at less than 7s. or 8s. per quart. Whether grapes were 2s. or 10s. per pound, it was no matter to Redpath; and the same remark applies to every other article. His house was most gorgeously furnished, and his munificence and generosity were the talk of the entire neighbourhood.

Now that the murder is out, and the real source of the grandeur he was enabled to exhibit has been discovered, the cry is, "It is just what I expected, from the way he was going on."

As another instance of Redpath's extravagance, and the style in which he did everything, it was his practice, prior to leaving home, every morning to have his hair dressed by a perruquier from Strathern's, in Princess-street, Hanover-square. Either the head of that establishment, or some one deputed by him, arrived at 27, Chester Terrace, every morning in a cab, which was usually kept at the door for about an hour, whilst the tonsor was performing his operations on Redpath's cranium.

It was not until the month of August or September last year that Redpath effected the purchase of the freehold villa at Weybridge, and he has been out of town staying there and coming to town for business purposes. The price paid for the estate, it is said, was £30,000.

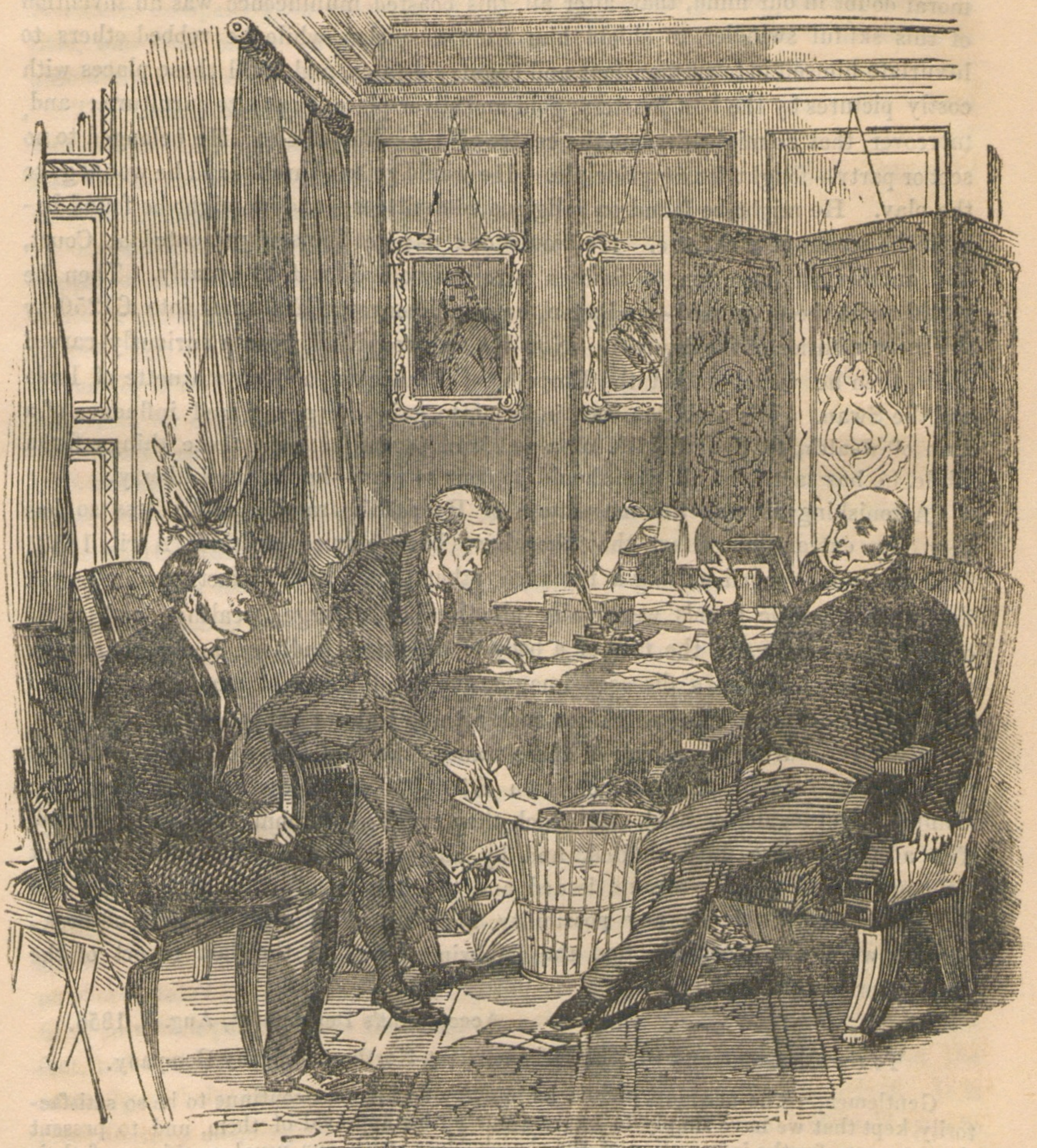
Redpath was looked upon as a most charitable man, and his position as a governor, and one of the managing committee or almoners of Christ's Hospital and of the St. Ann's Society, gave him a very high character in that respect. Since his capture, however, these are some circumstances which have transpired, in connexion with the traffic in votes, in these, as well as, no doubt, in many other similar institutions, for money considerations, which, if pursued, may open a large field for inquiry amongst the governors and subscribers.

As regards the St. Ann's Society, we believe we are correct in stating that Redpath was not only a governor but an auditor of the accounts of that institution. Amongst the charitable contributions in the locality in which he resided, Redpath's name stands recorded as a contributor, through the Church, to the Patriotic Fund raised in the parish of St. Pancras.

For a while—through the apparent negligence of the Directors of the Great Northern, for a long while, too—crime prospered in the accomplished, subtle, and designing hands of Leopold Redpath. So well had time lulled all fears of detection, that he at length began to cheat himself into the delusion that he was an excellent member of society. Had he earned or obtained his wealth as creditably as he disbursed it, he would have been so; for he was a man of refined taste and unbounded charity. The name of Leopold Redpath, Esq., Chester Terrace and Weybridge, might have been found in the annual reports of most of the charitable institutions and those supported by voluntary contributions. The widow's tear has oft been wiped away, and the orphan succoured by his generosity. He was a patron of art and literature, and no fallen member of either applied to his ever-open purse in vain.

With his munificent charity he has often saved some struggling institution of good purpose from extinction.

"Yes, sir," said the secretary of a poor but well-known society, "I should this day have called a committee meeting for the dissolution of our "refuge," had not the letter I now hold in my hand, from that excellent gentleman, Mr. Redpath, advised me that he has this morning paid two hundred pounds to the society's account at our banker's. "A very princely gift," said the gentleman addressed. "Would to God that there were more Mr. Redpaths in the world!"



The gentleman little knew the character of him he made such an earnest ejaculation for! Were there many such daring swindlers in the world, it would soon be like himself—bankrupt. Better, indeed, that the society in question, and all the societies, should have perished, than have been upheld by dishonour.

Such an occurrence as we have mentioned, we are bound to say, in tracing the career of this guilty man, has happened *more* than once or twice, and for *this* much he has greater claims upon public sympathy than if his robberies had been squandered with mistresses, and in all that was low, grovelling, and sensual.

The motives of a man's actions are sometimes unknown to himself, so full of varied passions is the human heart. Some earn a name for charity, while the secret motives that impel them to be liberal is vanity and ostentation. Others again are charitable merely to keep their evil from the eye of day; and there would be little hazard of the truth to say that Redpath was one of these. We have no moral doubt in our mind, that, after all, this boasted munificence was an invention of this skilful swindler, to shield him from suspicion, while he robbed others to luxuriate himself in town mansions and country estates, and to fill these places with costly pictures by the best masters, gold and silver plate, exquisite furniture; and, moreover, that he might become the centre of a wealthy circle. He belonged to no sect or party—fought for no principle. He would go to church—and he would go to the play. He might be found on religious committees—and he might be found behind the scenes of a theatre. He would one day get himself presented at Court, and another sit from ten to four in a railway office for £300 yearly. Then he would assist the distressed—and anon, he would convert £250 stock into £1250 by the mere addition of the figure 1. Now his eye would fall upon a curiously-carved chair, then he would outbid the Emperor of France in a silver statuette of Leda and the Swan. His ambition was, in brief, to gain the power and influence of a man of wealth, to live the life of a gentleman; and to gain these things for a while, he has sacrificed all that should be dear to man—honour and liberty.

Astonishing as was the magnitude of Redpath's frauds, hardly less so has been the extraordinary fact that they have been carried on since April, 1853! Had we been engaged writing a romance rather than a book of fact, our statement that such gigantic frauds were daily practised on a large, wealthy, and well-organised company, in the face of a body of directors, auditors, and accountants, would be put down to a diseased imagination, and it would have been declared utterly improbable and impossible for such a thing to have happened.

Moreover, during the course of these frauds, the directors were conscious they were paying, year by year, dividends on £100,000 in excess of the amount the Company had legally created, and which they could not fathom into or understand. The accounts were duly audited, and by auditors of the first eminence; but although the dividend warrants issued and the amount of stock in the hands of the public could not, by any possibility, have agreed, if a good system of book-keeping were employed, we find the following letter in the last report of the Great Northern Company:

Accountant's Department, Aug. 7, 1856.

To the Chairman and Directors of the Great Northern Railway Company.

Gentlemen,—The accounts and bo **ks** in every department continue to be so satisfactorily kept that we have simply to express our entire approval of them, and to present them to you, for the information of the shareholders, with our usual certificate of their correctness.

We have the honour to remain, gentlemen, your very faithful and most obedient servants,

(Signed) JOHN CHAPMAN, } Auditors.
J. CATTLEY, }

There is the valuable result of the audit!—books admirably kept, their correctness certified, and a mere trifle of perhaps £100,000 forged stock recorded in them, carrying a dividend of some £3000 per annum, some of it dating apparently (for there is reason to believe that part of it is ante-dated) as far back as 1853! But the books are duly audited, and the accounts vouched for, by Messrs. Chapman and Cattley, as correct in August, 1856!

And here we leave this subject; but the question of audits is one which is becoming far too important to be slightly alluded to. Our present object in these remarks has chiefly been to show, that, by its mode of issuing coupons, the Great Northern Company gave every facility for falsifying the *prima facie* evidence of title, and that either its system of book-keeping, or its system of auditing, is absolutely worthless as a security against the most gross frauds.

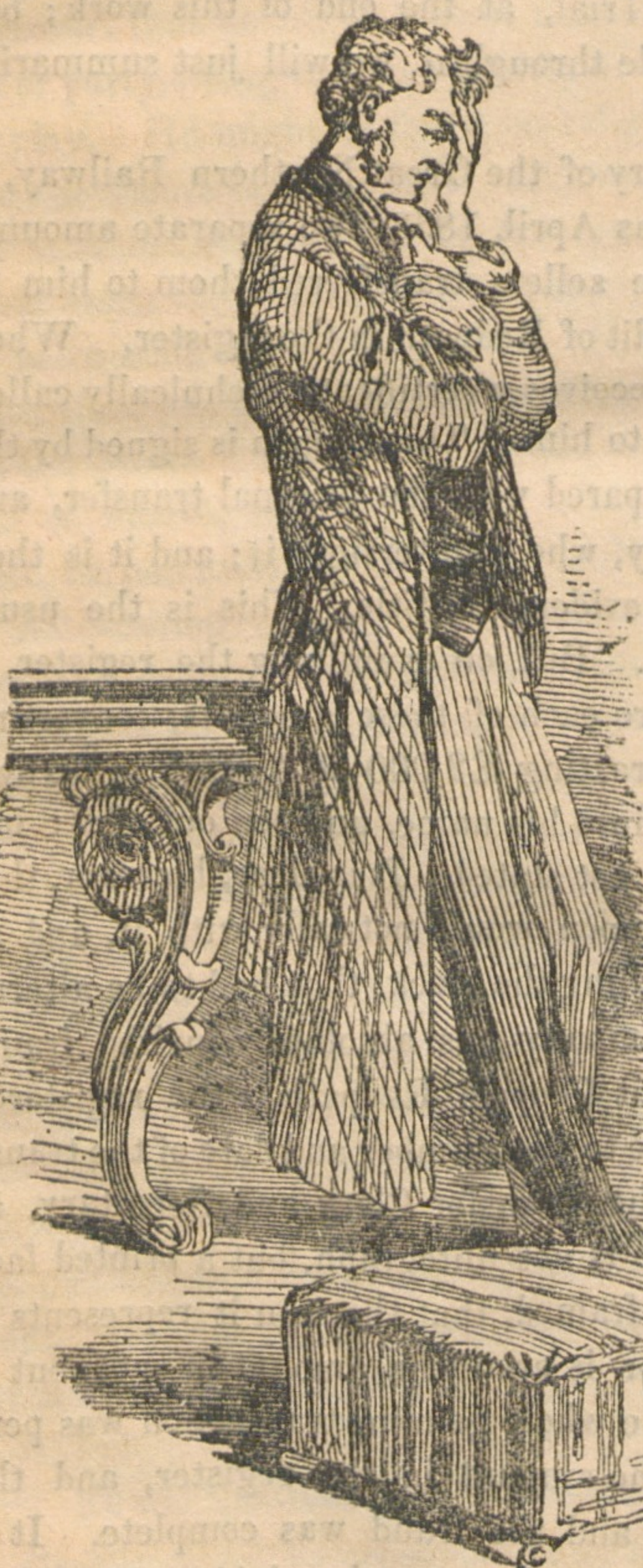
The details or manner in which Redpath defrauded the Company, whose servant he was, will be gathered from the Trial, at the end of this work; but lest any of our readers should not care to wade through it, we will just summarily and briefly lay the particulars before him.

From the evidence of Mr. Mowatt, Secretary of the Great Northern Railway, it appears that Redpath purchased, so far back as April, 1853, two separate amounts of stock, £500 and £250 respectively. The sellers transferred them to him in proper form, and they were entered to the credit of Redpath in the register. When a transfer is made and registered, the buyer receives a certificate, technically called a coupon, for the amount of stock transferred to him. This coupon is signed by the Transfer Clerk; it is next, or ought to be, compared with the original transfer, and with the entry in the register, by the secretary, who countersigns it; and it is then delivered to the purchaser of the stock, as his evidence of title. This is the usual process in all transactions in registered shares. But, on examining the register, it was found that Redpath had placed a 1 before each of these amounts, converting them into £1,500 and £1,250 respectively, creating £2,000 of A stock in his own favour. Fifty-two transfers have been made into his name, and ten out of it; but what amount of stock he fraudulently added is not stated. It is clear, however, that although he had falsified the register, the coupon would not tally with it, and as the coupon must accompany the transfer in selling the stock, that had to be altered likewise. And here the Great Northern Company has absolutely invited fraud. The coupon is a slip of red paper, stating that Leopold Redpath is the registered proprietor of £250 of A stock, with a reference to the number and date of the transfer, and signed, as we have before stated, by the Transfer Clerk and Secretary, or rather stamped by the latter, for his signature is not autograph, but a printed facsimile. Now, so carelessly is this document framed, that the sum it represents is nowhere stated in words on the face of it, nor is even the amount in type, but is filled in with a pen; so that Redpath, after the whole genuine transaction was perfect, had nothing to do but place a 1 before the amount in the register, and the same figure before the amount in the coupon, and the fraud was complete. It is clear that, by adopting coupons so ill devised, the Company has laid itself open to fraud, and it is only marvellous that the crime was not perpetrated earlier, or to a greater extent.

The reader is now in possession of the magnitude of the fraud, and the simple manner in which it was committed, and it would be a waste of our short space to dwell further on it, only adding that, it is given out, that Redpath speculated largely

on 'Change, which proved ruinous; and that, in order to extricate himself from the involvement it placed him in, in an evil moment the frauds he committed were suggested to his mind. The defences of his honour once having given way, he plundered in the most wholesale manner ever recorded.

Redpath now saw how wealth was easily to be made (we should like to know his opinion of the directors, and those in authority over him); his next step was to assume, in every possible way, the outward life of the rich *gentleman*. True, he played the character well—never was it better sustained. He was gay—yet he was quiet. He was affable with all—yet he never sacrificed his dignity. Never a porter with G. N. R. on his cap, or a policeman with the same initials on the collar of his coat, but what always touched the hat to Leopold Redpath as he walked hastily to his office; or would either of the wealthier directors, when they chanced to meet with him, but stop and cordially shake him by the hand.



Rarely were the emotions of care or sorrow pictured on his countenance; yet once he was found, by his domestics at his town house, in his rich dressing-gown, leaning against a billiard-table, with his head resting on his hand, and tears gushing from his eyes. This incident was talked about in the servant's hall, and then forgotten.

He never spoke loud, but always with authority: always in smiles, yet rarely provoked to loud laughter. Substantial, but quiet—everything was eschewed by Leopold Redpath that was not quiet, or within the pale of the order he had invested himself with, and everything was sought that was substantial. A dog-cart would have been an abomination to *his* taste, while the highly-varnished brougham of quiet colour, and highly-burnished lamps, and a tall, well-fed, well-trained black horse, in costly harness, was always waiting to convey him to and from parties, committee meetings, theatres, and churches. He had no fast-trotting "Elizas"—and, to his credit be it said, he kept no mistresses, but was devoted to his wife, a lady of the greatest respectability and amiability. Indeed, all Redpath's family connexions are irreproachable, and highly respectable.

But in his opinion there was one essential feature more to complete the character he was playing, that of a gentleman of wealth, and this was a country estate. Well, this *trifling* addition to his position was soon obtained. The figure 1 went to work again, and suddenly he became proprietor of Messelington House, Weybridge, together with the extensive park and pleasure grounds by which it was surrounded.

Weybridge is a small but picturesque village in Surrey, containing a population of about 2000 people. It covers nearly 1500 acres of ground. It is seated on the River Wey, near its entrance into the Thames, and is about twenty miles from London, on the South-Western line. The country around Weybridge is very attractive, and, no doubt, this was the feature, combined with its facilities for good fishing, that lured Redpath in this direction. The chief points of interest, besides its lovely scenery, are the small Roman Catholic chapel, containing the remains of the once potent Louis Philippe, King of the French, and the old church (opposite which was Redpath's extensive estate), containing three brasses, Chantrey's monument to the Duchess of York, tombs of the Collyears and Admiral Hopson, and the colours brought from Gibraltar. Woburn Farm, at Weybridge, is interesting, as having been the first English specimen of the ornamental farm. This village is only about three miles from the renowned and historic Chertsey, the church of which contains a monument of the great statesman Fox, whose residence was at St. Anne's Hill, close by. Here, too, are some ruined walls of an old abbey.

The scenery of all this delightful district can hardly be too much admired. It is more varied in its character than any other part of the picturesque country in which it is situated. On every hand stretch out those russet downs so peculiar to the southern counties of England. These are intersected sometimes with yellow cornfields; at others with farms or clustered cottages. There, in the distance, winds a silvery rivulet, which approaching the railway as we pass on, is seen to lose itself in little sedgy pools, gay with countless marsh-flowers and anglers. Here, we dip into a railway cutting, down whose bushy slopes the wild convolvuli twine their snowy flowers; again, a large brown heath may be seen stretching far away in a wild expanse of undulating swells and blue and solitary distances.

The highest of the sandy hills near Weybridge, that which is especially known as St. George's Hill, is a great attraction for pleasure-seekers. On its summit, looking northward, we see the long and massive outlines of Windsor Castle; and among the trees on every hand the course of the silver-winding Thames may be distinctly traced. Buried in the midst of the foliage, may be descried, too, from this picturesque height, the twisted chimneys and Tudor brick turrets of Hampton Court Palace.

The beautiful little river Wey rises in Hampshire, flows through Surrey, by Godalming and Guildford, and enters the Thames at Weybridge.

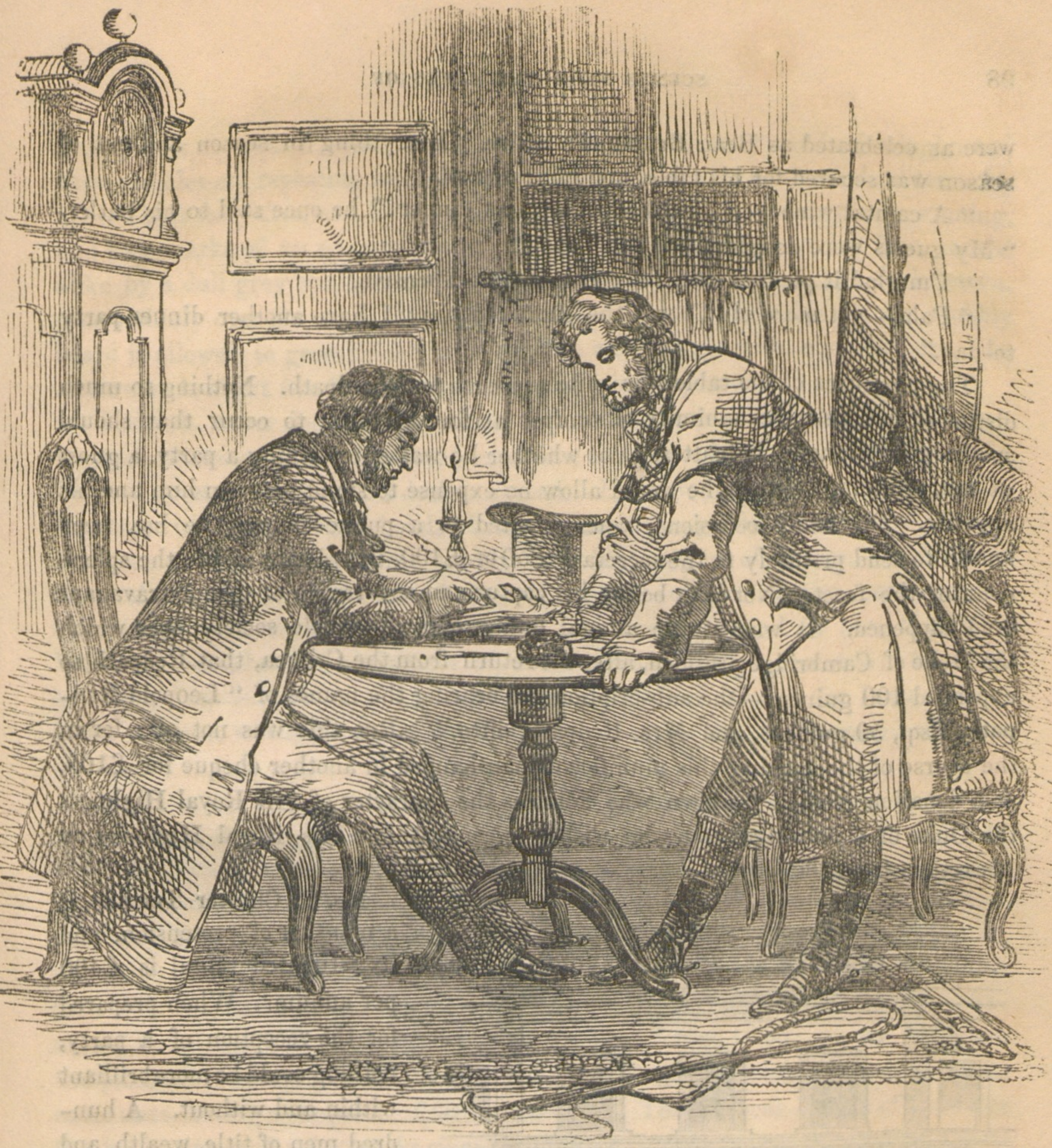
Within a pleasant drive from Redpath's country retreat, stands the lovely Cemetery of Woking. No doubt he often availed himself of a visit thither—indeed, there was no place of note at which he did not make himself known, and wherever he could, would get himself appointed as committee-man, director, or treasurer. What could have been his feelings among the pleasant, solemn graves that lay around him? We wonder if ever, while there, he thought of the eighth commandment and his continued breach of it.

At the commencement of summer, the Cemetery delights the eye and soothes the heart with countless masses of exquisite blossoms, whose perfumes shed a world of sweetness over the quiet sleepers under the greensward, and far over the surrounding country. We *cannot* despair here; heaven is too visibly palpable in all we see and hear; the buzzing bee, the gorgeous butterfly, the singing birds, the air so exquisitely fresh and sweet, and the blossoming heather amidst which the graves lie, all remind the pure in spirit of eternal peace. We cannot too highly

speak of all the arrangements connected with this sacred spot. At present there are four hundred acres enclosed and set apart for burial; but the whole of the Cemetery estate includes above two thousand acres. One inducement alone, were there hardly another, ought to recommend this place of sepulture to general use, and that is, *that every family has its grave sacred from intrusion of stranger tenants.* Indeed, every individual buried here has a separate grave, and the vast space around is quite adequate to such an arrangement for many, many ages to come. Dr. John Sutherland, in his report on cemeteries to Lord Palmerston, states "that the London Necropolis Company's is the only Cemetery which combines in its practice a proper regard for public health and public decency."

Amid scenes so varied, and all so beautiful, Leopold Redpath selected his country residence. While his mansion, as we have seen was externally surrounded with all the riches that nature could bestow, within it was furnished with exquisite stores of art, and every extravagance lavished that could at all add to its splendour. After the discovery, and while Redpath was in a gloomy prison, the police took possession of this princely domain. On the arrival of the Superintendent in Weybridge, he instituted the necessary inquiries, and then proceeded to Messelington House, which he ascertained was Redpath's freehold, having purchased it a few years ago, together with the extensive grounds by which it was surrounded. In this mansion he found that ten servants were engaged, including, in addition to the ordinary class of domestics, a fisherman (who kept his punt on the river), a coachman, and a courier, who was specially employed to accompany Mr. Redpath upon his continental travels. To his cook he paid £30 a-year, and he remunerated the others on a scale of equal liberality.

When the Superintendent searched the house, he found that it was furnished in a style of the highest splendour. Pictures by first-rate artists, jewellery of the most costly description, plate in the greatest abundance were found, while the dresses of Mrs. Redpath were so numerous, that it is said a large cart would be insufficient to convey them away. Some documents, too, of an important character were found, bearing particularly upon the charges made against the prisoner; but their contents have not, of course, been allowed at present to transpire. The whole of the magnificent furniture of the house has been sealed up with the official seal of the police, and an ample report has been forwarded to Sir George Grey. Meanwhile, Mr. Superintendent Loxton has left a body of police in possession of the house. It may be mentioned, that in the stables adjoining, there were found four horses, a brougham, which cost 180 guineas, a basket carriage, a fishing punt, and everything calculated to contribute to the gratification of the most luxurious taste.



"Detectives" consulting and arranging for the Capture of Redpath on the Continent.

CHAPTER V.

27 Chester Terrace, and its Visitors.—Redpath's Continental Tours.—His Charities to the Distressed.—His Patronage of Players.—His Description —His Marriage.—His Bankruptcy.—First Suspicions.—His Flight.—His Arrest, Trial, and Sentence.

GENEROSITY was a great feature in Redpath's character, from the time of his first clever use of the figure 1. He then resided at No. 2, Park Villas, a small but pretty residence abutting on the Regent's Park. But the traffic in number 1 became so profitable, that he was presently enabled to purchase the freehold of a noble mansion in Chester Terrace, which, with its contents, are valued at £35,000!!

In this elegant residence he has given entertainment to the most wealthy in the land, both lay and clerical. Men of fashion, men of genius, men of title, have shared in the splendid hospitality and intellectual *conversaziones* at Chester Terrace. Redpath's dinners

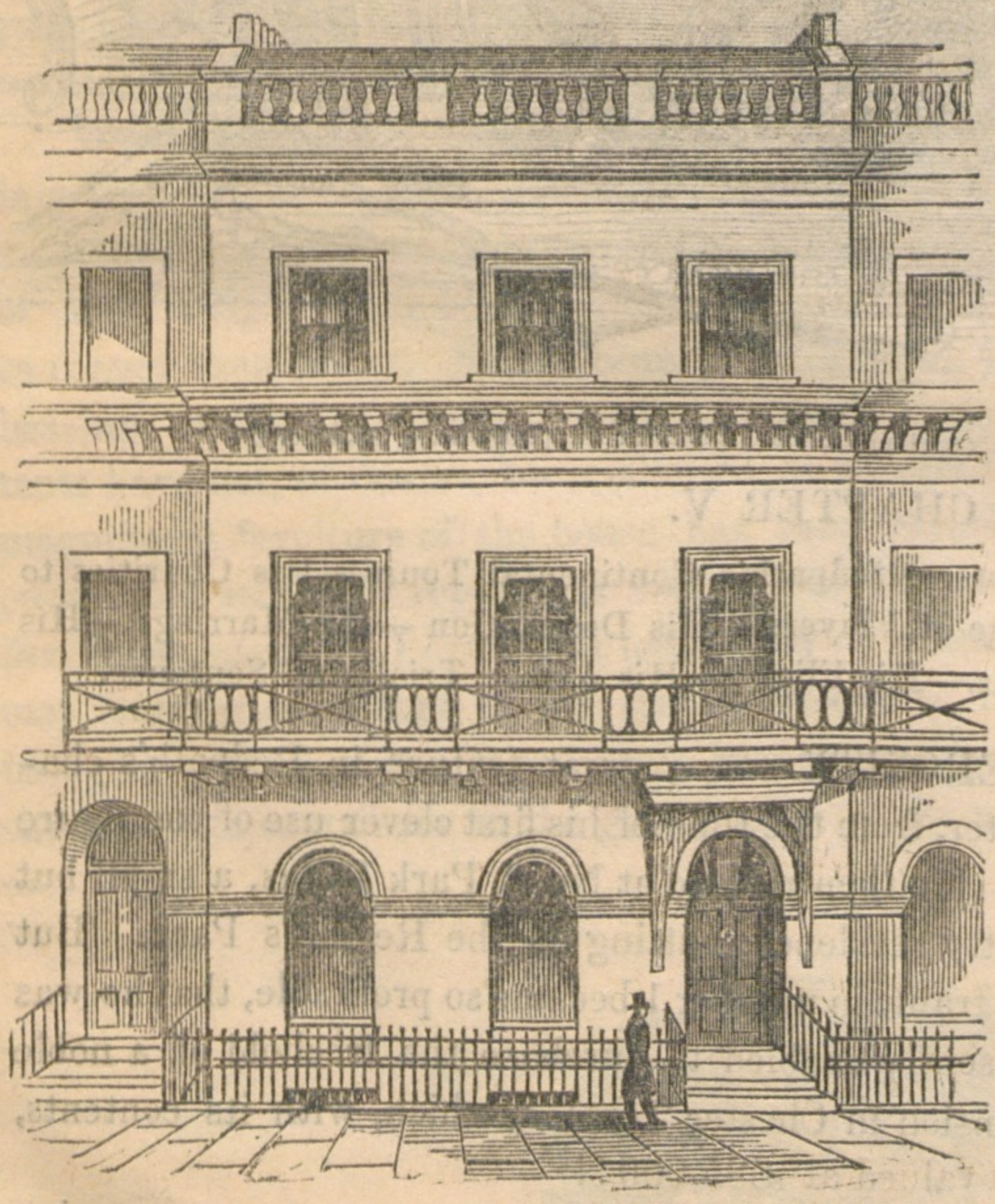
were as celebrated as Beau Brummel's attire. Everything in season and out of season was secured for his table, and in profusion.

"A capital wine you furnished us with at dinner!" he once said to his butler. "My guests were delighted with it."

"I'm glad it pleased you, sir. But it was expensive."

"Pah!—get more of it," was the short reply. "I have another dinner party to-day."

The pleasures of the table was quite a passion with Redpath. Nothing so much disturbed his usual equanimity of temper as for anything to occur that should spoil a good dinner. It mattered not whether he was entertaining a party, a guest at one, or dining solitary, he would allow no expense to stand between him and his appetite. On many occasions, when invited to a public dinner, he has been known to send privately to the secretary £50 or £100, in order to add to the splendour of the feast. Not long before his capture an occurrence of this extravagant kind happened. It was at the annual dinner of a charitable society, over which the Duke of Cambridge presided, after his return from the Crimea, that Redpath so expended 100 guineas—the subscription list bearing the names of "Leopold Redpath, Esq., 50 guineas, and Mrs. Redpath, ditto." But this was not all; for in the course of the evening this munificent man handed in another cheque for £105, as a donation from a "citizen who admires the character of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and who wishes to congratulate His Royal Highness on his return from the Crimea."



No. 27 Chester Terrace, is a mansion of pretension, and its estimated rental is £400 per annum. When prepared for the reception of a party, nothing could be more brilliant within and without. A hundred men of title, wealth, and intellect have often and often been entertained in the dining-room of this abode, which has now ohtained an unenviable notoriety. The plate used on these occasions rivalled in lustre the pendent lights that hung in gorgeous beauty from the ceiling; while the rich and costly carpet that covered this spacious apartment lent it an additional beauty, and increased the comfort of those who were honoured with Mr. Redpath's invitation. Everything might be found here that could possibly contribute to the comfort or luxury of the most fastidious taste, or the most ample fortune.

The cloth is drawn, and the host rises to propose the toast of the evening.

Redpath is no speaker,—he introduces his subject nervously and hesitatingly, and then rambles on, repeating himself, and making use of very commonplace remarks. He is about forty-five, and by no means prepossessing. His manners are winning, and bear marks of an educated man. There is a heaviness about his face, caused alike by a dull grey eye, and a fat, ill-formed nose; and his hair, a dark brown, grows thinly over the brow, but clusters more behind, while his strong stubbly beard is allowed to grow thickly over his chin and mingle with his whiskers. In stature he is about five feet ten inches, and powerfully made.

Redpath never lost an opportunity of making continental tours. Though he was extravagant and cultivated expensive tastes and habits at home, if possible he gave greater license to his desires abroad. He always made his home, during his stay, at the most select hotel, where his weekly expenditure averaged £100! He was as well known to the wealthy and high circles of foreign countries as those of his own. The money he would scatter among charities, servants, and in selfish gratifications, during these visits, was enormous, and in him the Hotel Windsor, Paris, has lost a customer of no small value. On a recent visit to Paris, he engaged in competition at a sale with the Emperor of France for Leda and the Swan in silver, whom he outbid by £50, buying, as he did, the beautiful statuette for £750!

Redpath, like Robson, was a great patron of the theatres, and might be nightly seen either at the Royal Italian Opera or the Haymarket, to the stage of which he had ready access, and where his love of display, which he seems to have possessed in an extraordinary degree, caused him often to give away his money—or perhaps we should say, that of his employers—in a most extraordinary manner. Thus he, upon one occasion, said to a leading actor, "———, my dear fellow, you never take a benefit, and I have no opportunity of showing my appreciation of your character as a man, and your talents as an actor, as I wish to do; do me, therefore, the pleasure to accept this slight acknowledgment of my opinion of you"—at the same time, forcing a cheque for £50 into his hands. The box book-keeper of the same theatre having died a few weeks since, leaving a widow and seven children, an appeal was made to Redpath to assist in getting one of them into the St. Ann's Society Asylum. He promised to use his best endeavours, and the next day sent the requisite number of proxies to secure the election. Nor does his conduct appear to have been always controlled by ostentation: he has been known, upon more than one occasion, when attending the elections at the institution to which we have alluded, to go up to some poor widow, whom he has seen bathed in tears, fearing that she had no prospect of securing the election of her child—to inquire into the case—desire her to ascertain how many more proxies she required, and then give her a cheque to secure them; whilst, in other cases, he has presented the mother with £20 or £25 to assist her until the next election.

[These are traits of character which it would be well for gentlemen with *honest* means to imitate.]

What makes this extravagance so extraordinary and startling, is the consideration that Redpath's antecedants were comparatively humble. He was not born to such a lordly life, nor in expectation of it, as the following summary of all that is known of his manhood will show, although, it must be confessed, the unfortunate bias of his mind towards extravagance was unmistakeable, and seemed only to wait for opportunity to develop itself further:—

When the Penisular and Oriental Company was started, Redpath was engaged as a clerk by its promoters. In this service nothing particular is remembered of him. Before, however, he ceased that connexion, he obtained an introduction to Mr. Thomas Fox, a well-known upholsterer and estate agent, of Bishopsgate Street Within, to whom it was represented that he was a highly respectable and honourable young man, and that he was about to marry the daughter of one of the directors of the company in which he was clerk. Upon his introduction to Mr. Fox, Redpath informed him that, in anticipation of his marriage, he had taken a house in Dartmouth Terrace, a row of somewhat quiet but still fashionable houses, on the main road leading from Deptford up to Blackheath Hill. After some hesitation, Mr. Fox supplied him with furniture to the amount of between £500 and £600. Redpath was soon afterwards married, and he then started in business as a ship insurance broker, &c. This business he carried on at 44, Lime Street, City. Meanwhile he lived in good style at his suburban residence at Blackheath, and seems there to have first entered upon that apparently religious and charitable course with which, up to the time of his capture, he was so intimately identified, The time which he could spare from his commercial pursuits he devoted to the advocacy of the claims of charitable institutions, to the distribution of religious tracts, and to other objects of a kindred character, which soon raised him in the estimation of his neighbours. This delusion he successfully maintained by contributions of a liberal character to the societies in which he evinced an interest. He gave, at the same time, considerable orders to tradesmen, which were unhesitatingly performed, so high did Mr. Redpath's character stand, and so conspicuous were his virtues. This portion of his career was a short one, for in less than three months he was made a bankrupt, and it was then proved that he had incurred debts to the extent of £5,000 ; amongst his creditors being pianoforte makers, musical instrument makers, dealers in articles of bijouterie and vertu. Redpath's effects were sold by auction, at his residence in Dartmouth Terrace, and the result was, that after payment of the customary expenses, the estate realised two dividends, one of 1s. 6d., and the other of 1s.

At the period of his negotiations with Mr. Fox for furniture, he married, according to the "Essex Herald," the daughter of the late Major Sherman, in the service of the East India Company, and she was described at the period of her union as a young lady of considerable personal attractions. Major Sherman resided for many years, and up to the period of his death, five or six years since, at Maryland Point, Stratford. Redpath was known in the neighbourhood of Stratford, from his frequent visits to Major Sherman's residence, both previous and subsequent to his marriage.

With so lowly a past, it is startling, as we before remarked, from whence he got the extravagant notions, so vast and costly. To crown all—to startle the public still further—this man had the extraordinary effrontery to present himself at Court! How vain!—how daring! How such a circumstance proclaims the character of the man. But he cared little of bringing a scandal on the Court—he would have corrupted a world to obtain the meanest selfish desire. We can well imagine the plausible, jesuitical Leopold Redpath, in courtly costume, with a dress sword by his side, making a lowly, graceful obeisance to her Majesty as he passed before her in the stately throne-room of St. James's Palace.

After this daring incident in his life, our felon courtier assumed the most

patronising airs with all whom he came in contact. The smiles of Majesty had wonderfully increased his pride, and where before the hand was freely extended in his common intercourse, the finger now did the friendly duty. Another change took place—he drove two horses instead of one. He also now became a governor of Christ's Hospital.

"Boy! boy!" he would exclaim to any yellow-legged and yellow-petticoated pupil of the school, who chanced to pass as he hastily descended from his carriage, "run with my card to the secretary, and tell him to meet me in such or such a part of the building."

We are told there is a time for everything—a time to rise, and a time to fall." The career of Redpath was not permitted to be an exception to this law of all things human. He had reached the culminating point of his grandeur when Robson's frauds were discovered! There is something exquisitely dramatic in this—that one friend's dishonour should have proved the instrument of betraying the other, even while their crimes were unknown to each other.

How mysteriously are hidden crimes brought to light! How vain the criminal's hope to escape detection! There is an Eye above which sees the most secret doings of man; and in His own time, and in His own way, he takes the mask from the subtlest villain, and leaves him to the mercy of his fellow-man.

The discovery of the extraordinary doings of Robson was the talk of society at large. Commercial men and the directors of public companies became particularly uneasy, lest they had any Robsons about them. But upon none had it a greater effect than upon the Directors of the Great Northern Railway; for, it will be remembered, they had for a long time been paying large sums of money, for what, in simple language, they could not understand, and what it is evident they made but little effort to understand. They seemed to act upon the principle—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

But the effect produced upon this unsuspicious body soon wore off, and they settled again into their former condition of *laissez faire*, and this with the knowledge that Redpath, their clerk on £300 a-year, was living in far grander style than any of themselves, men of large wealth, as most of them are. It is said that some such conversation as the following took place:—

"My opinion is," said one member of this august body, as three sat together discussing Robson's defalcations," my opinion is, that it would be unjust, both in principle and practice, to suspect men of dishonesty because they appear to live beyond their means. Some men have many private sources of income of which their employers are ignorant."

"Oh, I quite agree with you, sir," replied a second, adding, "Redpath is a man of breadth of intellect and great enterprise. Shrewd—shrewd fellow that! and has been of service to our line. Yet that large extra sum upon which we are paying dividends, I confess often perplexes me how it should happen." Then the speaker placed his finger to his lips, and fell into rumination.

"In truth, it does me also," said the third, while he turned over one of the reports of their meetings. "But we must trust to time to discover its for us."

Such was the logical manner in which the first shock of Robson's misdoing

were argued away, and a Christian charity was extended over Redpath's seeming extravagance.

Soon after this hair-breadth escape for the principal Registrar of Stock, another incident occurred, which again attracted notice to him, which indeed, combined with Robson's transgressions, was the immediate cause of the discovery of Redpath's gigantic frauds. The circumstance referred to is this:—Mr. Denison, the chairman, was standing outside the station, conversing with Lord ——. Redpath approached, and lifted his hat to Mr. D., when Lord —— took him cordially by the hand, and exclaimed, "Why, my dear fellow, how are you?" After Redpath had gone, Mr. Denison asked his Lordship what he knew of their clerk "Why," responded the latter, "he is the jolliest fellow in life—gives the most sumptuous dinners and capital balls that I know of." That fatal and friendly recognition, by one so superior to him, led to an investigation of his accounts.

The chairman conferred with the directors, and it was determined that a rigid examination of the Company's accounts should be made from the earliest date, and they established a distinct department for that purpose. The officials of this new department met on November 15, 1856; and on the following Tuesday morning they reassembled for the purpose of entering upon their duties. Soon after they met, Mr. Redpath entered the room, and said to the chief clerk :—

"What are you going to do?"

The chief clerk replied, "To go through all the accounts, from the commencement of the Company."

Mr. Redpath said, "That is a perfectly useless proceeding. You will find all the accounts right in the gross, and it is of no use entering into details."

The chief clerk said, "We are bound to go into the whole of the accounts, as the directors have given us explicit directions to do so, and we wish to begin with the numerical register."

Mr. Redpath took up one of the books and then threw it down again, saying, "Well, if that is your intention, I will have nothing to do with it." He then said to one of the officers, "I am going out for a few minutes." He went, but he never returned.

Previously, however, to his departure, he sent one of the ticket porters belonging to the Company, to the Union Bank in Argyle Place, for the title-deeds of his house in Chester Place, and for other securities, which were lodged there in his name, directing him to meet him, with the documents, at Chester Place. The porter, misapprehending his instructions, took the parcel he received from the bank to the Great Northern Railway, when the officials of the Company took possession of it, and notice was given at the bank to withhold his balance until further inquiry.

As soon as the discovery of the frauds was made, directions were given to the police to take possession of Redpath's house in Chester Place, and his estate at Weybridge.

It was at the latter place, that the flight of Redpath, and the suspicions entertained against him, first became known to his unsuspecting wife. Here, in this lovely abode, she was sitting, watching for her husband's return from business, in her usual cheerful state of mind. But, instead of her loving partner, came an officer, with news that nearly deprived the lady of her reason. After the officer had made known his melancholy errand, she became frightfully depressed, and fainted.

Alas! poor lady, hers is a cruel fate, to have received such a blow from one on whom she rested with so much love and confidence. Society, while it punishes the guilty, has every sympathy with the innocent who have been made to sorrow through the misdeeds of those who, unhappily, were connected with them by sacred ties; and we are sure it will not, on that account, look coldly on Mrs. Redpath and the other cherished connexions of her now for ever banished husband.

Curious to relate, Redpath, like Robson, was unblessed with children; but the former showed his liking for them by adopting a boy, now grown to manhood, who, naturally enough, seemed pained at being a witness on the trial of his guilty godfather.

Startling indeed to the directors, and to the public at large, were the disclosures that the examination of the accounts revealed. Every hour some new fraud was brought to light against the Company's confidential servant, Leopold Redpath. Second and third editions of the newspapers were printed, reporting the

progress on the auditors of these memorable transactions, so much was the public curiosity aroused. High officials were abruptly summoned at all hours from their families and elegant homes, to confer together what steps should be taken to restore public confidence in the management.

While all this excitement and anxiety was aroused on the part of the Company and the public, Superintendent Williams, a valued and clever officer in connexion with the Great Northern Railway, and others, were in hot pursuit after the fugitive

After his flight from his office, he hastily returned to Chester Terrace, in full expectation of meeting with the porter whom he had so hurriedly sent to the Union Bank for deeds and other securities. After expressing much surprise and indignation that the porter had not arrived, he at once quitted his house,—alas! for ever—

and it is supposed that he proceeded on that day by the South-Eastern Railway to Paris, for a telegraphic message was subsequently received from him there, stating his intention to return to London on Monday next. No great reliance, however, was placed upon this message, for it was suspected to be a *ruse* to divert the pursuit of the police authorities from the real direction the fugitive had taken.

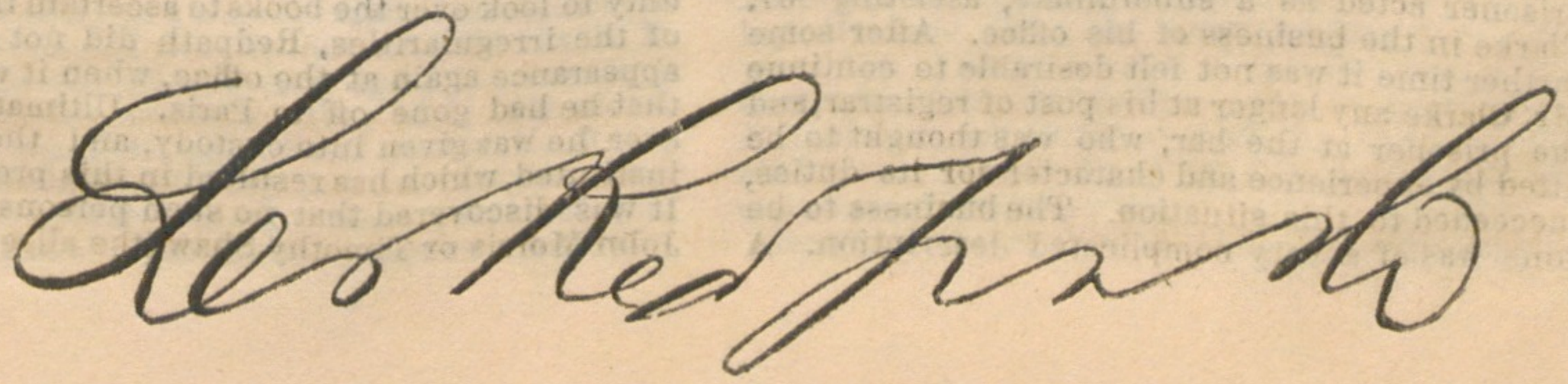
On the day he disappeared, Mr Corrie, one of the police magistrates at Clerkenwell, on an application being made to him, granted a warrant for his apprehension, and, so armed, the superintendent of police in the Company's service proceeded to Paris in quest of him. The following morning, from information received at the terminus at King's Cross, Mr. Mowatt, the secretary of the Company, attended by Richard Williams and another police-constable, went to the house No. 4, Ulster Place, New Road, where they found Redpath, and Mr. Mowatt immediately gave him into custody there. This was between 10 and 11, and Mr. Redpath was at breakfast in the front dining-room of the house when he was so surprised. He was dressed in his ordinary way, and had assumed no disguise of any kind. Little conversation took place at this interview. Redpath, addressing Mr. Mowatt, expressed his sorrow for the position in which he found himself; and Mr. Mowatt, in reply, stated how much pain he himself felt at seeing him under such circumstances. The prisoner—for such he then was—made some little complaint that so many persons had been brought to take him into custody.

It would seem that he arrived at the London-bridge terminus of the South-Eastern Railway early that morning, probably from Paris, but that is not known, and proceeded to the house in Ulster Place, where he was taken. It is not improbable, from his returning to London, and exhibiting so little alarm on the appearance of the police-officers to take him into custody, that he had intended to surrender himself, had time been allowed him to do so.

From Ulster Place, where he was formally charged by Superintendent Williams with the commission of forgery and fraud, and where Mr. Mowatt left him, he was conveyed in a cab to the police-office in Clerkenwell. On his way thither he again said to Mr. Williams, whom he had known before as an officer of the Company, that he was very sorry—adding, after a short pause, "They have my place in Chester Terrace, and if they will sell it well, it will fetch £30,000." He requested that Mr. Wontner, the solicitor, should be sent for, which was done; and again he said, "I am very sorry for it; it is all my own fault I am here." At 1 o'clock the following day he was placed at the bar before Mr. Tyrrwhitt. He was dressed in a chocolate-coloured coat and waistcoat, and in his hand he held a travelling cap.

His examinations at Clerkenwell were very protracted, but on Dec. 24, 1856, he was fully committed for trial.

In presenting our readers with the subjoined fac-simile of this munificent swindler's signature, we will just mention a curious fact, that he had many ways of signing his name. He may have had design in this. To some documents, "Leopold" only; to others, "Redpath;" to some again, "Leo. Redpath;" but to none have we seen "Leopold Redpath."



THE TRIAL.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT,
Thursday, Jan. 15, 1857.

LEOPOLD REDPATH and CHARLES JAMES COMYNS KENT were then placed at the bar to plead to a number of indictments charging them with forging transfers of the stock of the Great Northern Railway Company, and conspiracy.

They pleaded "Not Guilty" to the whole of the charges.

Friday, Jan. 16.

The trial of Leopold Redpath, late registrar and transfer-clerk to the Great Northern Railway Company, for the extensive frauds alleged to have been committed by him upon his employers, commenced at 10 o'clock this morning before Mr. Baron Martin and Mr. Justice Willes. An amount of interest equal to that manifested in the trial of the bullion-robbery case was manifested in the proceedings of to-day, and there was a large number of spectators in court during the whole of the sitting; but the judicious arrangements made by the sheriffs were such as to prevent anything like overcrowding.

Charles James Comyns Kent, who acted as clerk under Redpath, and is accused of being concerned in his fraudulent transactions, was placed in the dock along with the principal prisoner; but it was arranged that the indictment brought against Redpath separately should be proceeded with in the first instance.

The counsel engaged in the case were—Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Giffard for the prosecution of both the prisoners; Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. Tindal Atkinson for Redpath, and Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Thompson defended Kent.

The jury having been duly sworn,

Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE rose to open the proceedings on behalf of the prosecutors. He said,—Gentlemen of the jury, although this case, like the one that has just occupied this Court for several days, has excited much public attention, owing to the position of the prisoner, and to the extent of the fraudulent transactions in which he has been engaged, yet the facts which you will have to investigate lie within comparatively little compass, and you will therefore be spared any lengthened statement from me. After hearing those facts it will be for you to say whether they make out against the prisoner the charge which he has now to answer—that of forging a transfer of the stock of the Great Northern Railway Company. The prisoner at the bar—a person of apparent respectability—was in the employ of the company I have named. Let me give you a brief history of his position in the company from an early date, and show you the situation he held at the time of the alleged forgery. Formerly there were two lines of railway connecting London with the north, one of which was called the Direct Northern, and the other the London and York line. The two railways were managed by different boards of directors, and each of them had its own secretary. After some discussion in Parliament it was deemed advisable to amalgamate the two lines, and the consequence was that one of the secretaries was thrown out of the position which he originally held. It was, however, thought necessary that another appointment should be created,—viz., that of registrar, which was given to a gentleman amed Clarke, who was previously one of the two secretaries. While in this new situation the prisoner acted as a subordinate, assisting Mr. Clarke in the business of his office. After some further time it was not felt desirable to continue Mr. Clarke any longer at his post of registrar, and the prisoner at the bar, who was thought to be fitted by experience and character for its duties, succeeded to this situation. The business to be done was of a very complicated description. A great variety of stocks had been created by act of Parliament, and dividends of different kinds and amounts were paid upon them at the same periods; and considerable calculation was requisite to bring out the respective quotas of dividend to which the various classes of shareholders were entitled. The prisoner was also necessarily acquainted with all the books of the company from the date of the commencement of these transactions; and it was his duty to know who were the different shareholders in the concern, the stock they held, and the amount of dividend payable to each, and likewise to place against every name the sum due to its bearer. He had thus great facilities for the commission of fraud, if he were desirous of doing so. Let me now point out the transactions in which he was concerned, and you will then be able to tell whether they were forgeries or not. The charge against him is that of forging and uttering a forged deed of transfer of the stock of the company—viz., No. 3,623, for a sum of £312 10s. It appears from an examination of the books of the company, which will be produced before you, and explained by witnesses whom I shall call, that an amount of stock was brought into the company's books—about the period when this forgery is alleged to have taken place—in favour of a person named "John Morris, of Manningtree, Essex." The mode in which this stock was brought in will be seen by reference to other books to which I shall call your attention. The first false entry is made in this form—"O.B." 196, £1,250." This is intended to be a reference to one of the company's books called the "old book," at folio 197, in which the shares are referred to as "B shares." You will also find other entries of a similar nature. One of them is "A" stock No. 4,341; another is "A" stock No. 5,870; and they refer to former books, of which inspection must be made to ascertain the authenticity and value of these entries. There are also other numbers, such as 4,341, 4,342, and 4,343, which refer to other books; and I mention them separately because they belong to a different description of stock from the rest. You will find that the whole of this stock has been disposed of under deeds of transfer. The deed to which I first called your attention, viz., No. 3,623 for £312 10s., would have entitled John Morris to transfer his interest in that stock had he gone to a stockbroker and produced it. The person purporting to transfer this stock is John Morris, of Manningtree, Essex, and the person purporting to attest is a man named Shaw, represented by the deed to belong to the same neighbourhood. The transfer is accordingly made by the prisoner to his own name, and sold through his own stockbroker. The money is paid to him for it, and there is an end of the transaction. Supposing there is any right on the part of John Morris to transfer that stock, the transferee would be the person entitled to hold it, and he is placed on the book as the person entitled to hold it. I may mention that the state of the accounts of the company attracted the attention of the secretary, Mr. Mowatt, not because any doubt was entertained of the honesty of the prisoner, in which implicit confidence was placed, but because of certain irregularities of method which that gentleman discovered one day when the prisoner was away. This induced Mr. Mowatt to demand a clear statement from the prisoner; and feeling it his duty to look over the books to ascertain the nature of the irregularities, Redpath did not make his appearance again at the office, when it was found that he had gone off to Paris. Ultimately, however, he was given into custody, and the inquiry instituted, which has resulted in this prosecution. It was discovered that no such persons as either John Morris or Timothy Shaw (the alleged attest-

ing witness) had any real existence, and that their names were both deliberate forgeries. His lordship will tell you that the forgery of a non-existent name is equally punishable with the forgery of that of any living person. But not only was it found that there were no such persons as Morris and Shaw, but, on referring to the old book, in which, according to the recent books, the first credit to Morris appeared, it turned out that there was nothing whatever in the old book relating to Morris; that the whole account purporting to be in his name was absolutely fictitious; and its introduction into the new books an invention of Redpath's to prop up the fraud which he had committed. In five other cases it was found that there were, indeed, accounts in the books, but accounts referring to other people; and that in every instance in which Morris's name was used the stock belonged to other persons than the person purporting to hold them. So that the prisoner in the one case fraudulently created a new kind of stock, and in the other took stock from the rightful owners and introduced it into the books with the purely imaginary name of Morris, in order to carry out his criminal purpose. The amount which the prisoner contrived by these means to get into the name of Morris was no less than £10,000 upon these two accounts. But the prisoner is not only charged with forgery, but with uttering forged transfers with a guilty knowledge. To prove this I shall put in about a dozen other transfers of the company's stock, by which Redpath sweeps away the entire £10,000, and also robs either the company or the individual owners of the stock for whose property, according to the law on the subject, the company was responsible. These, gentlemen, are briefly the circumstances which I have to bring before you. The case, although one of very great importance, is not likely, as I have said, to be a protracted one. I and the learned friends associated with me will therefore now proceed to substantiate by evidence the facts which I have just narrated.

Henry Atterbury, examined by Mr. Bodkin.—I am a clerk in the service of the Great Northern Railway Company, and have been so for several years. The registration of stock did not come within my department until the month of February, 1856, when I was called in to assist in the business of the registrar's office in consequence of something that then occurred. I produce a transfer, dated May 7, 1852, the number of which is 3,623, and it purports to be a transfer from John Morris to William Henry Hammond of £312 10s. of the B stock of the company. In this entry the names of Morris, the transferrer, and that of Timothy Shaw, the attesting witness, are, I believe, in the handwriting of the prisoner Redpath. I also produce the register-book, in which there is an entry of the transfer in the prisoner's handwriting, the letters "O. B." being annexed to it to denote that it is brought forward from an old book of the company. On examining the old book to trace this entry, I find there no account whatever in the name of John Morris, as represented in the newer book. The register also contains the following other entries of transfers, viz.:—No. 4,340, B stock, £1,250; No. 4,341, A stock, £3,750; No. 4,342, £1,625, A stock; No, 4,343, B stock, £1,625; and No. 5,870, A stock, £1750. This stock is placed to the credit of Morris, Morris's name being in all the entries written in the handwriting of Redpath. On the credit side of Morris's account there is £5,500 of A stock, and £4,500 of B stock, making together between the two kinds of stock, £10,000. On the debit side of the account there is an entry of a transfer from John Morris to W. H. Mote, dated May 7, 1852, of £437 10s. in B stock. Timothy Shaw is here again the attesting witness, and his name and that of Morris are in Redpath's handwriting. Next comes No. 3,573, £125 B stock, purporting to be a transfer from Morris to a person named Proader, dated May 7, 1852, and Shaw's and Morris's names are in the prisoner's handwriting. No. 3,591 is a transfer from Morris to George Wise, 7th of May, 1852, of £50 B stock; No. 3,623 is a transfer from Morris to Bennett Pell, 7th of May, 1852, of £287 B stock. To these Shaw is again attesting witness, and his and Morris's names are in Redpath's handwriting. The case is the same with regard to entry No. 3,663, being a transfer of £37 10s. B stock. Next comes a transfer of £1,250 of B stock from Morris to J. Hardy, 16th of September, 1852. The attesting witness in this case purports to be "George Sidney, Hampstead-road," and his name and that of Morris are in the prisoner's handwriting. No. 5,697 was a transfer of £2,500 A stock from Morris to one named Marryatt. No. 5,713 is a transfer from Morris to a person called Pierce, 30th September, 1852, of £75 A stock. No. 5,756 is a transfer of £200 A stock from Morris to Seager. No. 5,776 is a transfer of £62 10s. A stock from Morris to Figgins, 30th September, 1852. No. 6,109 is £1,625 B stock, another transfer from Morris, dated 14th of October, 1852. No. 6,553 is a transfer from Morris to Burchell of £625 B stock, dated November, 1852. No. 6,700 is another transfer from Morris of a sum of £1,750 of A stock. In the whole of these entries the name of George Sidney appears as attesting witness, and that name and the name of Morris in each case are, I believe, in Redpath's handwriting. The witness then detailed other entries of a similar nature in the transfer-book, in which the names of Morris and also of the subscribing witness were in the prisoner's handwriting, the result of his evidence being to show that the total amount of the fraudulent entries upon both sides of Morris's account alone was £17,600, or £9,350 in A stock, and £8,250 in B stock.

The witness was then cross examined by Mr. Serjeant Parry, in answer to whom he said—There is a share register kept by the company in accordance with the act of Parliament. I have been in the registrar's office since February last. Redpath was at the head of that office. My services were "lent" to the registrar's office by Mr. Reynolds, the accountant. In that office there are six other clerks besides myself. Some of them have been there longer than I have.

Mr. Serjeant Parry.—Have you not been brought forward as a witness because you know less of these transactions than any of the other clerks?

Witness.—I have not.

Will you swear that you have not been called for that reason?—I will. The greater part of the entries in the old book are in the prisoner's handwriting?

Mr. Serjeant Parry.—Let me call your particular attention to the signatures of John Morris and Timothy Shaw. Will you swear without hesitation that these signatures are in Redpath's handwriting?

Witness.—I will.

You are aware that the act of Parliament requires the transfers of stock to be endorsed by the secretary; and can you, therefore, tell us whether any of the transfers in question have been endorsed by Mr. Mowatt?—They certainly have not been so endorsed, but they are numbered according to the numbers in the register. There are five different kinds of stock belonging to the company, besides the A and B stock.

Has the secretary never endorsed them according to the act?—I believe not. He has never written his name upon them. All the transfers are entered in the transfer receipt book, and it is some one's duty to verify them. All the transferrees of this transferred stock have been receiving dividend from the company ever since the year 1852. I know several of the directors of the Great Northern Company. I know Mr. Graham Hutchinson, for instance, and Mr. Denison, the chairman. I also know Mr. Reynolds, the accountant of the company.

Don't you know that they have all held stock in

different names to their own?—I know that some of them have.

Have you ever lent your name to a director?—No. I do not know of any of the other directors holding stock in different names to their own. I never borrowed money from Redpath but once. That was in July of last year. I owe him 17*l*. I intend to repay him.

Do you find Mr. Reynolds's name in the company's books?—I do.

Do you not know that his name is down in the company's books to the amount of from 50,000*l*. to 100,000*l*.?—I do not.

What, then, is the amount?—I don't know.

Re-examined by Mr. BODKIN.—Hammond is a friend of Redpath's. He held no office in the company. I have seen him. He is about 25 years of age. I intended to repay Redpath by over-time for the money I borrowed temporarily from him.

John Cawkhill, examined by Mr. GIFFARD.—I am a clerk in the employ of the Great Northern Railway Company, and have held that situation for eight years. I have had many opportunities of seeing Redpath's handwriting. The signatures of "Morris" and "Timothy Shaw," in the transfers now produced, are both in the prisoner's handwriting.

Henry James Wood, of the firm of Field, Son, and Wood, then deposed that he had acted as broker to Redpath, and proved that he had sold the Great Northern stock No. 3,623 at the request of the prisoner, and paid over the proceeds to him.

Cross-examined by Mr. SERJEANT PARRY.—Redpath has speculated in stock for the last eight years We conducted the business for him. His transactions with us were to a large extent.

Perhaps they reached £100,000?—No; they were not so extensive as that. The prisoner speculated also in the stock of the Great Indian Railway.

Did he make money by that?—Yes, to a considerable amount.

Did his gains amount to £10,000 or so?—No; some hundreds of pounds would be nearer the mark.

Thomas Morris examined.—I reside at Wix, near Manningtree, Essex. I never heard of any person named John Morris living there. I never held any of the stock of the Great Northern Railway Company.

William Raynor examined.—I have lived at Manningtree for the last 17 years, and was postmaster of that place in 1852, as well as assistant clerk to the magistrates, clerk to the commissioners of taxes, and registrar of births, deaths, and marriages for the division. No person named John Morris lived there. I should have known of it if he had.

This concluded the case for the prosecution.

Mr. SERJEANT PARRY then addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner. He said:—

Gentlemen of the Jury,—It is now about 26 years since the firs' railway made in England—that between Manchester and Liverpool—was opened to the public, and you will all remember that on that occasion the country was deprived by an accident of the services of an eminent statesman, Mr. Huskisson. That is far from being the greatest calamity which has been brought upon this country by the establishment of railways. In themselves the iron roads have been of the greatest service to the public, but those who have had the management and direction of them have been parties to the perpetration of frauds to an enormous extent, and by the spirit of gambling and speculation which they have introduced have been the ruin of thousands of families; and if your verdict against the prisoner at the bar should be "Guilty," it will be his ruin also. He entered the service of the Great Northern Railway Company about eight years ago, and, as is clear from the reluctant evidence of Mr. Atterbury, he found in the office of the company a wide-spread system of speculation, and of trading in shares and stocks, under other people's names—under names not unfrequently entirely fictitious. Whatever the opinion of the directors of the railway may be on this point, I have no hesitation in saying that such a mode of carrying on business is a deliberate fraud upon the public, and, however this investigation may terminate, there is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Redpath has been brought into this position entirely by the unfortunate circumstance of his becoming a clerk in the Great Northern Railway Company. I have had great difficulty in eliciting from the witnesses evidence which would warrant these observations, because the prosecution has carefully kept back every official of the company, every clerk in the registration-office, who could have told you whether these fraudulent dealings in shares and stocks do go on or not. Only two witnesses were called to prove the handwriting of Redpath. Mr. Mowatt, the secretary of the company, is here, but they dare not call him. I do not know whether any of the directors are here or not, but I should have liked to have some of them in the witness-box that I might have asked them whether it is true, as the witness Atterbury admitted he knew from inspecting the books, that several of the directors hold shares and stock in other persons' names. We ought to have had some person called before us who would have been able to state whether this is not the case, and whether the directors are not in the habit of putting stock in other peoples' names, in order to prevent its being depreciated, by its being known on the Stock-Exchange that the stock in the market in reality belongs to the company. If Mr. Redpath is guilty of the offence with which he is charged, he has been led to his ruin by living in the atmosphere of gambling and speculation which exists in the Great Northern Railway Company's offices. But is Redpath guilty? There can be no doubt that no such person as John Morris of Manningtree exists; but I think you will have great difficulty in coming to the conclusion, that both the signatures to this transfer, John Morris and Timothy Shaw, are in Redpath's handwriting, and if you doubt that both are, you must come to the conclusion that neither is. Mr. Atterbury, indeed, has sworn that they both are, but he is evidently actuated by some animosity against Redpath, and you must have noticed that he gave his evidence in anything but that cautious, careful manner which is usually displayed by witnesses to handwriting. He was confident, he had no doubt whatever, though at the best he can have nothing more than a belief on the subject, for he did not see Redpath write it. Why did not the company produce before us, to prove Redpath's handwriting, some witness who had the opportunity of knowing it better, and not a clerk who has been in the registration-office some twelve months, carefully passing over five or six others who have been in the office for years? These, I submit to you, are circumstances which should make you pause before you come to the conclusion that the signatures to those two deeds are in Redpath's handwriting. But, gentlemen, I would ask you, are you at all satisfied that these are not transfers of genuine stock? A variety of accounts have been placed before you in Redpath's handwriting, but I think you will find great difficulty in concluding from them that this transfer does not represent genuine stock. The act of Parliament requires that every transfer should be taken to the secretary's office and there endorsed by the secretary, but there does not appear to have been any procedure of the sort in the Great Northern Railway Company's office. The company has systematically violated the law in that respect. One of the transfers is in the name of

Stephen George Hammond; he is a living person; why has he not been called before you to give us an account of this transaction? Gentlemen, I am sure you will not allow yourselves to be made the instruments of sacrificing Redpath to cover the irregularities which it is clear, if Atterbury is to be believed, are carried on in the office of the Great Northern Railway—of making him the scapegoat for the directors and other officials. I have not condescended to ask you to dismiss from your minds the stories which have been current as to Mr. Redpath's past career. They are all gross exaggerations. I am instructed to give to them all a most peremptory denial. He is a man who for years has speculated on the Stock Exchange in hundreds and thousands of pounds. Had not this case excited so much public attention it would not have lasted so long as it has—for the facts of it lie in the smallest possible compass, and in your hands I leave it, confident that it will receive from you all the attention which its importance to the prisoner and the public at large demands.

Mr. Justice Willes then proceeded to sum up the evidence. The question for the jury to decide would be whether the instrument before them was a real or a fictitious transfer of stock belonging to the Great Northern Railway Company, and whether it had been executed by the prisoner for the purpose of defrauding the Great Northern Railway Company or the person to whom the transfer was made. With reference to the question of intention, if the jury should be of opinion that the transfer was fictitious, that would of itself be sufficient to show fraudulent intention, because either the company would have to make good to the transferree the amount of stock which it purported to represent, or the transferee would have to suffer the loss of the sum which he had paid in consideration for it. One party or the other must be defrauded. Then would come the question whether or not it was made by Redpath. His Lordship then briefly directed the attention of the jury to the evidence adduced by the prosecution to show that no such stock as that purported to be transferred did in reality exist in the books of the company, and also to the evidence to prove the non-existence of any such persons as Morris and Shaw. As to whether the transfer was executed by the prisoner, it would be for the jury to consider whether they were satisfied with the evidence of those witnesses who had sworn that the signatures to it were in the prisoner's handwriting. If they were, and if they should at the same time be of opinion that the transfer was not a transfer of genuine stock, it would be their duty to find the prisoner guilty.

The jury, after a few minutes deliberation, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of Guilty.

Charles James Comyn Kent was then placed at the bar, and the two prisoners were put on their trial together, for jointly forging and uttering a transfer of stock of the Great Northern Railway Company, purporting to be of the value of £1087 10s., with intent to defraud.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine briefly opened the case, which, he said, as regarded Redpath, closely resembled that on which he had just been found guilty. The prisoner Kent was a clerk in the office of the Great Northern Railway Company, immediately under Redpath, and the charge against him was that he had placed his name as attesting witness to forged transfers of stock, well knowing that, at the time he did so, they were forged. The particular transfer for which they were now placed at the bar purported to be from "Stephen George Hammond," described as of Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, to a person named George Sidney, of 20, Edward Street, Hampstead Road. This transfer was an entirely fictitious one. Sidney would be shown to be an entirely fictitious personage; and it would be shown also that the attestation to this transfer was in the prisoner Kent's handwriting. Stephen George Hammond, however, was a real personage. He was a god-child of Redpath, and his name, it would appear, had been used very extensively in the books of the Company as the holder of the stock. About the time when this transfer was made, a certain amount of dividend would have been payable on what purported to be Hammond's stock, but, it not suiting Redpath's purpose that Hammond's name, should be brought forward, an amount of stock which was purely fictitious was transferred from Hammond's name, and in this manner his account was exactly balanced, so that he had no dividend to receive. Kent was a party to this transaction by signing his name to the transfer, and the fictitious stock so created and transferred was sold by Redpath, and the purchase money received by him. The whole transaction was a juggle concocted between Redpath and Kent. For the purpose of showing that Kent had been in the habit of attesting transfers of this description, he should put in several tranfers to a person called Spranger, which were forgeries of Redpath, and which were also attested by Kent. The question for the jury to decide would be, whether it was possible for Kent not to have known that these transfers were fictitious, and were concocted for the purpose of defrauding the company. If so, it would be their duty to convict him of the offence of forgery.

Mr. Baron Martin said it would be desirable that the evidence in this case should be confined strictly to Kent's share in the transaction.

Henry Atterbury, clerk in the service of the Great Northern Railway Company, examined by Mr. Bodkin, said:—The transfer produced purports to be a transfer of stock in the Great Northern Railway Company, to the amount of £1,087 10s. from Stephen George Hammond, of Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, to George Sidney, of 20, Edward-street, Hampstead-road. The signature "Stephen George Hammond" is in Redpath's handwriting, as is also the signature "George Sidney." Charles Kent is the attesting witness to the signature of George Sidney, and the signature "Charles Kent" is in the prisoner Kent's handwriting. In the ledger of the company I find entries in Redpath's handwriting of stock transferred from Hammond to Sidney, which correspond with the transfer. The transfer came into the office on the 10th of February, 1855, and the books closed on the 6th of February. It exactly balanced Hammond's account at the time. Redpath at that time had oversold his own account to the amount of £2,315. The various transfers produced purport to be from Leopold Redpath to Robert Jeffries Spranger, of Hursley, near Winchester. The signature of Spranger in every one of them is in the handwriting of Redpath, and the attesting witness is the prisoner Kent.

Atterbury, cross-examined by Mr. Hawkins (for Kent), said,—I was not aware that Redpath had stock in the Great Northern Railway Company standing in various names until the commencement of this investigation. There are in our books thirty-three transfers of stock in the name of Sidney, and the signatures are all in the same handwriting. Some of them are attested by Kent, some by Redpath, and some by Cawkhill. There may be some attested by other persons, but without going through the transfer-book I cannot tell. I have heard in the office that some of the directors hold stock in other names besides their own. I have heard that Mr. Graham Hutchinson, a director, holds stock to the amount of £100,000. in other persons' names, but I do not know that that is so of my own knowledge. Spranger's transfers were not mentioned at Clerkenwell. There was some objection on the part of the officers of the Company to produce the register-book at Clerkenwell. I have never posted entries in the ledger to the name of Sidney. I

have been in the employ of the Company since 1851. I do not know what Kent's salary was. At the office he was considered a steady, respectable young man; he was very attentive to his duties, and he was a great favourite with all the officials. I do not know of my own knowledge that on one occasion Kent had a gratuity presented to him for good conduct. Kent was married shortly before he was apprehended on this charge.

Stephen George Hammond, examined by Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE.—I reside at No. 46, Gower-place, Euston-square, and am of no business or profession. I am twenty years of age. I am no connexion or relation of Redpath's, but I have lived in his house, on and off, for three or four years. The signature to the transfer numbered 16,774 is not in my handwriting. I knew nothing of it, and never myself put any money into the Great Northern Railway Company. I never received any money for that transfer.

Cross-examined by Mr. HAWKINS.—I knew that there was stock standing in my name, and I knew that it was Redpath's stock. He has told me, on several occasions, that he has put stock in my name. He has told me also, that he had stock standing in the name of Sidney, and I have seen a transfer in that name. I have myself been asked to execute transfers. I have not refused to do so. I do not remember Redpath ever having told me that he has signed transfers in my name, but I will not swear that he has not. If he had told me so half a dozen times I should have remembered it. I cannot swear whether he has told me so a dozen times. I don't remember his ever having told me so. I can't say I was frequently at the office of the Great Northern Railway. I used to go there to see Redpath. It might have been about stock and shares. It was not always.—Was it generally?—Well, I have been there to see him about stock. I could'nt swear how many times I have been there to see him about stock. I am not a speculator in stock or shares at all. I had some mining shares given me by Mr. Redpath. I had no means of existence myself. Mr. Redpath partly brought me up and educated me. He educated me from 1850 to 1852. After 1852 I was a clerk in a mining company. I have not seen Mr. Redpath in Newgate, nor have I had any communication with him, his solicitor, or his solicitor's clerk, upon this subject.

Robert Mayland, of No. 20, Edward-street, Hampstead-road, deposed, in answer to Mr. Giffard, that he had lived in his present house for the last 12 years. That there was no other No. 20 in the street, and that no one named George Sidney had ever lived there. About eight or nine years ago the prisoner Redpath himself had resided there.

The Rev. Robert Jefferies Spranger, examined by SERJEANT BALLANTINE.—I reside at Hursley, near Winchester. I have no stock in the Great Northern Railway. The transfers produced, purporting to be in my handwriting, are not signed by me.

Mr. J. R. Mowatt, examined by Mr. BODKIN.—I am secretary to the Great Northern Railway Company. Redpath was originally a clerk in the registration department, but about three years ago he succeeded to the head of the transfer department, and Kent was then appointed chief clerk. During Mr. Redpath's temporary absence it would be Kent's duty to conduct the department.

Cross-examined by Mr. HAWKINS.—There were altogether five clerks in the transfer department—Redpath, Kent, Cawkhill, Freeman, and Fleming. I knew latterly where Redpath lived, but I was never on visiting terms with him—certainly not; neither were any of the directors, so far as I am aware. Kent had been in the office for seven or eight years. During the whole of that time his conduct had been tolerably good, but, being a youngster, it was necessary occasionally to give him a little good advice, and I, being an oldster, gave it him. Redpath was living in very good style—I believe at Regent's Park; but I know no more about it than you, sir.

This was the case for the prosecution.

Mr. HAWKINS then adressed the jury on behalf of Kent. He (Mr. Hawkins) now appeared for the young man at the bar, who was just entering upon what he might term the spring of life. He had been in the service of the Great Northern Railway Company from the time that their office was first opened at King's-cross. He had from that hour until the time when he was arrested, on the 11th of November, enjoyed the good opinion and entire confidence of every one who had the least connexion with the railway. He had not done anything to abuse that confidence, and it was to his counsel a matter of extreme satisfaction that when he should sit down he would be followed by a crowd of witnesses, all of them gentlemen of the highest respectability, who had known the prisoner almost from his infancy, and who would testify with the utmost satisfaction that they believed him to be a man of unsullied character, whose honour and integrity were still unimpeached. The charge against the prisoner was for combining with Redpath to forge a certain transfer purporting to have been executed on the 10th of February, 1855, by Stephen George Hammond to George Sidney, to which transfer he, Kent, was the attesting witness. The signatures of Hammond and Sidney were proved to have been in the handwriting of Redpath; but it was his (Mr. Hawkins's) duty to satisfy the jury that Kent had no fradulent design in attesting those signatures, and that there was really no pretence for including him in this indictment.

His learned friend, Serjeant Ballantine, in opening the case, had said that he would prove that these documents were concocted for fraudulent purposes. His learned friend, however, had failed to prove anything of the sort; he had not called a single witness to show that there was one line of Kent's handwriting in any of the books produced, and he (Mr. Hawkins) contended, therefore, that there was no pretence for the opening statement of his learned friend, that Kent had a full knowledge of the books, and that he had concocted the fraud in conjunction with Redpath. He contended that upon the evidence there was no proof of intent upon the part of the prisoner; it was his duty to obey Redpath; the directors of that great company had placed the most implicit confidence in Redpath; he had power and control to an almost unlimited extent over those documents, and he had been allowed to continue his practices for years undetected by the auditors and the board. Suppose, then, that Redpath had told Kent that he possessed this stock, that he held it in the name of Sidney, that he had a right to transfer it, and that he had a right to sign the name he assumed; suppose, too, that he added that he was doing no wrong, but that he was doing only what some of the directors had done—one of them to the extent of 100,000*l.*,—what would the clerk naturally do when so addressed, and when asked in the course of his duty to attest the signature? The young man had been taught to obey and to respect Mr. Redpath, and no doubt he would with perfect innocence do as he was directed. He was told that in stockbrokers' offices it was the constant practice for attesting witnesses to sign documents of this description without being acquainted with the signature of the principal. It was not likely, if Redpath had concocted these documents for the purpose of fraud, that he would have divulged his scheme to that young man, and have made him a guilty confidant without giving him also a share in the plunder. If the jury believed that Redpath had himself fraudulently concocted these documents for his own purposes, was it not

equally probable that he should impose upon Kent some argument to induce him to become the attesting witness? The learned counsel concluded with an impassioned appeal to the jury to restore the young man at the bar to society with as spotless a reputation and as unsullied a character as it had been his pride hitherto to have maintained.

The following witnesses were called to character—namely, Mr. John George Hammack, of Boxhill, Surrey, a magistrate of the county of Middlesex, who had known Kent almost from infancy; Mr. William Henry Hawkins, a stockbroker and magistrate, residing at Reigate; Mr. Gole, solicitor, of 49, Lime-street, City, who had known him for 15 or 16 years; Mr. Sewell, residing at Clapham-rise, Surrey; Mr. Thomas Ventom, auctioneer, Throgmorton-street, City; Mr. T. Baddeley, solicitor, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields; Mr. J. Church, wholesale grocer, East-cheap; Mr. T. Ansell, surgeon, Bow; Mr. R. Collingwood, accountant to the East India Company, who had known him from childhood: and the Rev. W. C. Izard, head master of the Stepney Grammar School.

Mr. BARON MARTIN then briefly summed up.

With regard to Redpath he said that he thought the jury could have very little doubt that he was guilty of the offence with which he had been charged. As to the observation of counsel, that the practice of having stock in other person's names had been resorted to not only by Redpath but by some of the directors, he must observe that there was no evidence whatever to justify such an observation. One could imagine, however, why a director should have stock standing in the name of other persons for various reasons; for example, that he might not appear to be selling out stock, which might possibly create an alarm among people on the Stock-Exchange, and the directors might therefore sometimes have friends who authorised them to hold stock in their names; but that was a very different thing from holding stock in the name of a non-existing and fictitious person altogether, such as the supposed "George Sidney." With regard to Kent the case was wholly different. He was not prepared to say, if Kent had lent himself to be an attesting witness, knowing that forgery was about to be effected, that he would not have been amenable to this charge; but before they convicted him they must be satisfied that he really knew and was aware of what Redpath was doing. If Redpath had said, "This is my account, but it will not do for my name to appear; I have therefore made use of the name of Sidney. I am the real Sidney, and I sign his name, and you must attest my signature," surely such attestation upon the part of Kent could not be called a forgery. It was no doubt a very wrong and irregular act; but if he really believed that he was attesting a document for the transfer of stock which belonged to the principal of his office, and which he held in the name of Sidney, he would not be guilty of forgery. To convict him of forgery they must be satisfied that he had acted in concert with Redpath, and of that there had been no proof. With respect to the witness Cawkhill it appeared that he was the attesting witness to two of these documents, and it certainly did seem extremely odd that Kent should be prosecuted and Cawkhill escape, for Cawkhill had done precisely the same act as the other young man. He thought that the jury were now quite competent to come to a conclusion upon the case without any further observations from him.

The jury, without quitting the box, immediately returned a verdict of *Guilty* against Redpath, and of *Acquittal* as regarded Kent.

Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE said that there were other indictments for forgery against Redpath, which it was unnecessary to proceed with. There were also others against Kent, but, as he had noticed his Lordship's observations and the view which the jury had taken of the facts against Kent, and as those which he should be able to prove in the other indictments were of exactly the same character, he should not proceed with them. There was, however, an indictment for misdemeanour, involving a great number of transactions in the office, in which Kent and Redpath were charged with being engaged together; and he should like to have an opportunity of consulting with his learned friends who were engaged with him in the prosecution as to whether he ought to proceed with that indictment. He suggested, therefore, that the matter should stand over till the next sessions, Kent entering into his recognizances to come up at that time.

Mr. JUSTICE WILLES.—I think that you ought to have put your best leg forward. I have read the whole of the depositions, and I must say that I anticipated the result.

SERJEANT BALLANTINE.—Felony is considered a "better leg" than misdemeanour. We always try the gravest charge first.

Mr. BARON MARTIN.—I had very great doubt myself whether there was any case to go to the jury. But take your own course.

Mr. HAWKINS.—It is a fearful thing for a young man to have a charge like this hanging over his head for another month.

SERJEANT BALLANTINE.—Then, if my friend objects to my proposition, I must go on with the case.

At this moment Mr. Beckett Denison, the Chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company, entered the court, and made an intimation to Mr. Ballantine, who thereupon said that a communication had just been made to him which he had received with much satisfaction. The responsibility of proceeding with the case or not had been left entirely with himself, and he willingly accepted that responsibility, and withdrew from the prosecution. (The announcement was received with unmistakeable signs of applause by the crowded court, and Kent immediately quitted the dock.)

Mr. T. ATKINSON said that he had been requested to state that between 40,000*l*. and 50,000*l*. worth of property had been realized from Redpath's estate, and was now in the hands of the company. It was a larger sum than was involved in the defalcations which he had been guilty of.

Mr. JUSTICE WILLES.—This is not a case in which a "set-off" can be pleaded.

Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE.—It is a most monstrous assertion altogether.

SENTENCE.

Mr. JUSTICE WILLES then proceeded to pronounce the sentence of the Court. He said:—Leopold Redpath, you have been convicted of forging a deed,—an offence of a most serious character, considering that people's property and their livelihood in so many instances depends upon the validity of instruments of that description. The mere fact of forging a deed relating to property is of itself a most serious offence. That, however, is not the end of the crime of which you have been convicted. You must, in the course of the forgeries and frauds which you committed on the Great Northern Railway Company, have led into situations either of guilt or of strong suspicion other persons who are now suffering from your bad example and bad advice. I think it necessary, in consequence of a suggestion which was made by the learned counsel for Kent, with reference to the part which he took in putting his name to the deed as an attesting witness, to say that this is a most irregular and wrong thing to do. He did it no doubt thoughtlessly, acting under your bad advice, not thinking what he was about, and not reflecting that he was adding to a solemn instrument a lie written, signed by his hand, If any such practice exists in the offices of the brokers of the city of London, all I can say is that those brokers who permit it are far different gentlemen from what in my short experience I have found them to be. It is a practice which is much to be reprobated, and it may place in that dock any person who is guilty of

it. It is a practice, moreover, as my brother Martin suggests to me, which ought to be avoided for another reason, perhaps not so strong, but still likely to influence those who follow it, namely, that people who allow that to be done may be involved in liabilities with which juries will fix them in case anything irregular should turn out with regard to those deeds. It is a practice, with respect both to business and to moral considerations, which is very much to be reprobated. But this is not the whole of your offence, because the frauds which you have committed in this case are frauds upon your masters; and unquestionably frauds committed by persons in situations of trust, with salaries which ought to enable them to live in a manner such as persons in their stations of life ought to do, are much aggravated by the relations which exist between the employer and the employed. I will not do more than advert to what was said by my brother Martin yesterday. I agree with him that frauds of this kind appear to be greatly on the increase; and the reason which was suggested by him was the first satisfactory reason to my mind for such increase that I have heard. It is, that in these large companies servants are not brought into contact with their masters; they form no attachment for them; and they are not prevented therefore by any feeling of that kind from committing depredations. But that is no excuse for a servant, because persons who are not bound by the ties of attachment are equally bound with others to render honest service to those who employ them. Neither is this the whole of your offence; because in the conduct of your defence, if defence it can be called, your learned counsel was instructed to throw aspersion, wholly unconnected with the case in question, upon persons who are directors of this company. Those aspersions were altogether unsupported by any proof; indeed, they could not have been supported in this court, because they were irrelevant. I must say that I regard that as a very base proceeding on your part; and if it were possible to aggravate your crime, I think that that aggravated it very much. You appear, however, not only to have committed a serious offence in itself, with circumstances of aggravation, but you have committed offences of the same kind upon such a scale and to such an extent as certainly prove that you are very far advanced in crime, that you are a practised hand, and that you committed crimes by which you acquired a large amount of property. According to the statement of your learned counsel just made, in order to show that your offence is not so bad as might be supposed, you had, when apprehended, some 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* of tangible property which your employers will probably take from the Crown to reimburse them for the losses which they must sustain. But without that, and looking only to the facts in this case and upon the depositions, it appears that you have forged no less than 20 deeds. You have obtained, by means of those forged deeds, between 20,000*l.* and 40,000*l.*,—how much more one may imagine from the statement which has been made on your behalf. YOU ARE THEREFORE A PERSON WHO HAS FORGED ON A LARGE SCALE; YOU HAVE PLAYED FOR HEAVY STAKES, AND YOU MUST HAVE BEEN AWARE ALL ALONG THAT IF YOUR INIQUITIES WERE DISCOVERED YOU WOULD BE CALLED TO A HEAVY ACCOUNT. THAT ACCOUNT IT IS MY DUTY NOW TO CLOSE, BY PRONOUNCING UPON YOU THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT, WHICH IS, THAT YOU BE TRANSPORTED BEYOND THE SEAS FOR THE TERM OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE.

The prisoner, who heard the sentence apparently without much surprise, and whose demeanour remained unchanged, was then removed from the dock.

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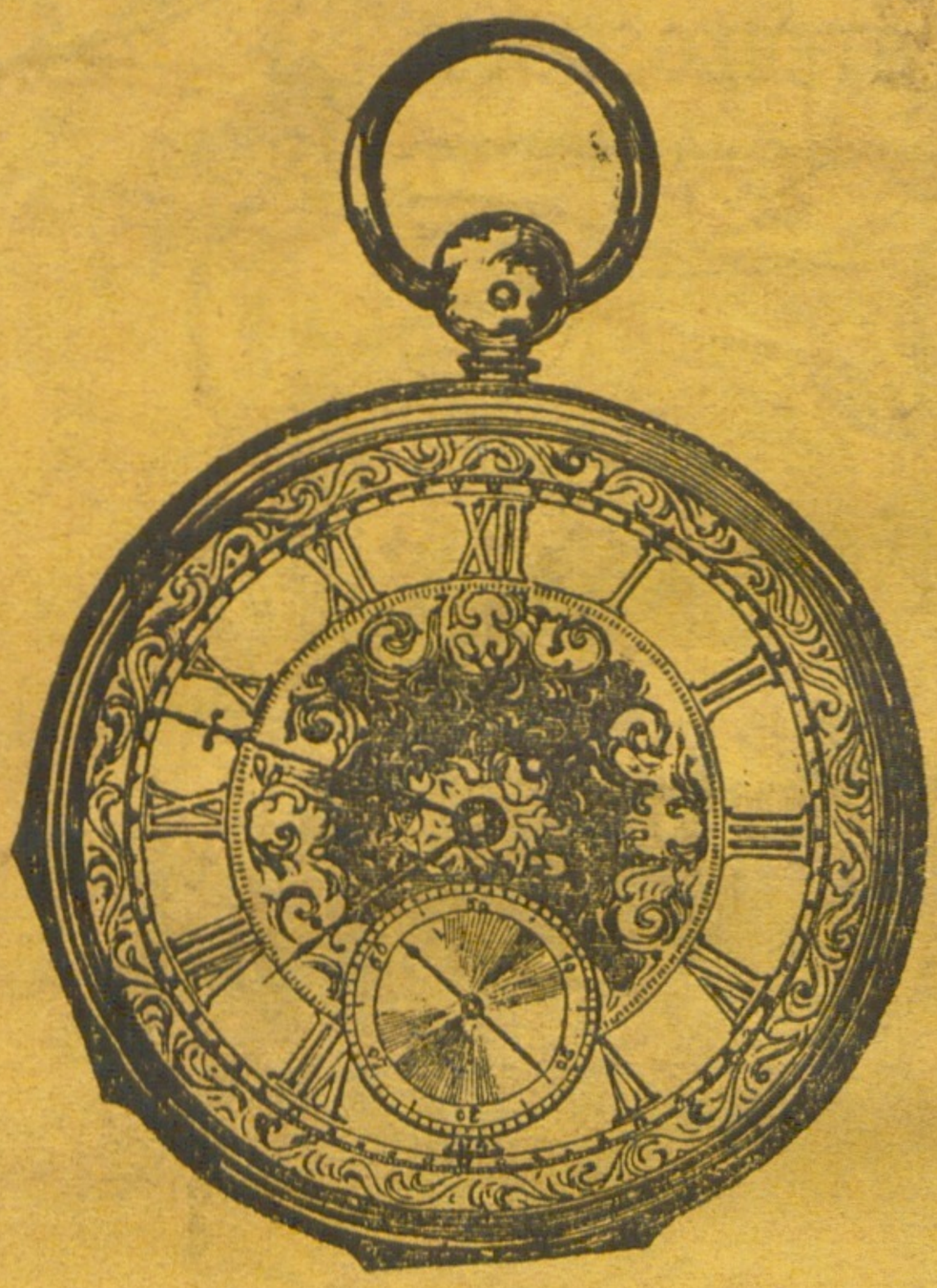

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