THE EXTRAORDINARY

LIFE & TRIAL

OF

MADAME RACHEL

AT THE

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT,

OLD BAILEY, LONDON,

ON THE 22, 23, 24 & 25, SEPTEMBER, 1868,

BEFORE

MR. COMMISSIONER KERR, IN THE NEW COURT,

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION:

MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE, MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS,
and MR. STRAIGHT.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE:

W. DIGBY SEYMOUR, Q.C., MR. SERJEANT PARRY, MR. SERJEANT SLEIGH and MR. RIGBY.

The Report copied verbatim from THE TIMES.

London:
DIPROSE AND BATEMAN, PRINTERS, 13 & 17, PORTUGAL STREET.

PRICE.—ONE SHILLING.

London :
DIPROSE AND BATEMAN, PRINTERS, 13 & 17, PORTUGAL STREET,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

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THE LIFE OF MADAME RACHEL.

Madame Rachel, the subject of this most extraordinary trial, was born about the year 1806, her father's name was Russell, he was a man much respected by his neighbours, being of a very congenial turn of mind and a great humorist. Miss Russell was first married to a Mr. Jacob Moses, who was lost in the ship "Royal Charter," in 1859, off the Welch coast, homeward bound from Australia; and afterwards married Mr. Phillip Levison or Leverson her present husband. Some years since she lived in the neighbourhood of King's College Hospital, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and we are given to understand that about the same time, she and her family were stricken down by a most fearful fever, which compelled her and them to seek relief from that Hospital, when it was found necessary that her head should be shaved. This greatly distressed her, for she was very proud of her hair, as well she might be, for her fine flowing locks were truly beautiful. The medical man, to pacify her under this severe loss, told her not to mind it, that he would give her something that should make her hair grow rapidly and be more beautiful than ever. When she recovered from the fever, strange to say, nature was so bountiful that her hair grew most wonderfully fast, at which she was so delighted that she asked the doctor for the receipe, which he gave her. And now she, like a worldly woman, began to think of turning it to account, and from this trifling circumstance, we are told she commenced coloring grey hair, re

moving wrinkles, cheating old age out of its rights, and making women

"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER."

In 1863 Madame Rachel published a pamphlet of 24 pages octavo, entitled "Beautiful for Ever," a copy of which we have seen and read; it is an extraordinary literary performance—a perfect curiosity of its kind—beating Rowland of old with his Kalydor in puffing. Herein she flatters women to their heart's content; she begins with calling the fair "lovely as the bright sunshine at morning's dawn; beautiful as the dew-drops on the flowers; so beautiful is lovely woman. Poets have praised her, artists have portrayed her, bards have sung her praises. She is the sculptor's beau ideal; volumes have been written of her, volumes still are to be written of her!"

She says "Our first mother of the world, who claimed our love and pity for her beauty and sorrow, was a beautiful woman. From the beginning of the world she was the companion of man's youth, the solace of age. She is man's guiding star—gentle, loving woman, who, by her gentle counsel, leads men to deeds of greatness and renown."

After this rhapsody on woman she brings in mother Eve by the hair of her head, and eulogises her as being the most charming creature that ever existed; then she introduces her Majesty and the Royal Family with the most fulsome flattery, and next we find her among the Crim Tartars—the Sisters of Mercy—Florence Nightingale—Jessie Maclean, the heroine of Lucknow—and Grace Darling, of the Longstone Lighthouse, whom she calls Grace by name and Grace by nature—how pretty and how witty—the poor ballet girl Smith of the Princess's Theatre now comes in for her meed of praise for sacrificing her life in trying to extinguish the flames that enveloped her unfortunate companion. She forgets not to talk of frail and penitent woman—led on to repentance by the beautiful of the beautiful—bright

faith, hope and charity—and now for a touch of the sentimental from Othello—"Nought extenuate and nought set down in malice." After a few words on the mental beauties of women, she goes on to say "It is our pleasing duty to embellish and add to their personal charms." Next comes the lovely, erring and repentant Magdalen, and another touch of the sentimental, borrowed this time from Tom Hood—

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

After some more edifying matter she puts in an extract, —taken, as she says, from the *Illustrated London News* of January 24th, 1846,—about some Morocco doctor and his wonderful powers, and then comes "The Magnetic Dew of Sahara and the Jordan Water" which are both spoken of in the Trial, as will be found on reading it through. The "Desert Water or Liquid Dew" she declares that she has purchased, at an enormous outlay, from the Government of Morocco, the exclusive right of using it; and that it has gained for her, her world renowned name.

We now come to a dissertation on enamelling the face which she says she manages to achieve, not by using dangerous cosmetics, but by the use of the Arabian Baths, composed of pure extracts of the liquid of flowers, choice and rare herbs, and other preparations equally harmless and efficacious, and tries to support her plan by Dr. Jenner's discovery of vaccination and Sir Hugh Middleton's bringing the new river water (not the waters of the Jordan) to London.

She next informs us that almost all Cosmetics (except her own) are composed of deadly leads and other injurious matters, but that her preparations are made up of the purest, rarest, and most fragrant productions of the East—far beyond the confines of Wapping. She now, by way of peroration, invites all ladies who have become wall-flowers to place themselves under her hands, and tells them plainly that she can remove all

personal defects, put a bloom on old visages, so as to make them look young again as in their youthful days, and thus manufacture antiquated belles into charming juveniles—pretty girls scarcely out of their teens. Such is a condensed epitome of this rich and rare pamphlet, which has for its object one of the greatest, if not the greatest, wonders of the age, as its title shows, for what can be more wonderful than to make woman

"BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER."

We will now give a brief list of Madame Rachel's cosmetics, &c., and their remarkably low charges :—

WASHES FOR THE COMPLEXION.

	£	s.	d.
Circassian Beauty Wash	1	1	0
Armenian Liquid for removing Wrinkles	1	1	0
Sultana's Beauty Wash	1	1	0
Blanchinette Wash	1	1	0
Magnetic Rock Dew Water of Sahara, for removing Wrinkles	2	2	0
Liquid Flowers and Herbs for the Bath	1	1	0
Pure Extracts of the China Rose	1	1	0
Alabaster Liquid	1	1	0
De Lentla Wash	1	1	0
Soothing Balms, for removing Irritation and Redness from the Skin	1	1	0

POWDERS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Arab Bloom Powder	1	1	0
Favorite of the Harem's Pearl White	1	1	0
Albanian Powder	1	1	0
Disinfecting Powder, of the choicest Arabian odours ...	0	5	6
Prepared Sponge, for the Complexion	0	5	6
Indian Coal, for the Eyes	2	2	0
Chinese Leaves for the cheeks and lips	1	1	0
Youth and Beauty Bloom	2	2	0
Circassian Powder for the hands and nails	2	2	0

DENTRIFICES AND MOUTH WASHES.

Teeth Enamel	1	1	0
Arabian Perfume Wash	2	2	0
Pearly Tooth Powder	1	1	0
Balmy Reed Powder	1	1	0

HAIR PREPARATION.

Circassian Golden Hair Wash	2	2	0
Madagascar, Arabian, Circassian, and Armenian Oils ...	2	2	0
Preservative Cream	2	2	0
Medicated Cream for rendering the hair black or chesnut brown	2	2	0
Astringents and stimulents for rendering the hair Italian brown	2	2	0

CREAMS FOR THE FACE.

Lily Cream	2	2	0
Sweet Jasmine Cream	2	2	0
Eugenie's Cream	2	2	0
Alexandra Cream	2	2	0
Youth and Beauty Cream	2	2	0
Royal Arabian Cream	2	2	0
Senses of Peace	2	2	0
Arabian, Circassian, and American Oils for the Hair, and Incense	2	2	0
Roseate Unguent	2	2	0
Royal Bath Preparations	2	2	0
The Royal Arabian Toilet of Beauty as arranged by Madame Rachel for the Sultana of Turkey, the facsimile of which is used by the Royal European Brides, from 100 to 1,000 guineas			

ROYAL ARABIAN SOAP.

Royal Nursery Soap	2	2	0
Victoria Soap	2	2	0
Alexandra Soap	2	2	0
Honey of Mount Hymettus Soap	2	2	0
Peach Blossom Soap	2	2	0
Alabaster Soap	2	2	0
Herb Soaps for removing Wrinkles	2	2	0
Royal Bridal Bath Soap	2	2	0
Albanian Soap	2	2	0
Pure Extracts of Herbs for Preserving and Enhancing the Skin	2	2	0

PERFUMES.

Sultana's Bouquets	1	1	0
Favourite of the Harem's Bouquet	1	1	0
Fragrance of the Sweetest Flowers	2	2	0
Vinegars for the Sick Room	1	1	0
Arabian Fumigated Oils	2	2	0

Bridal Toilet Cabinets, arranged from 25 to 200 guineas.			
Wardrobe and Jewel-case Odour	5	5	0
Souvenir de Marriage from 25 to 100 guineas.			
Betrothal Presents	5	5	0
Maiden's Keepsake	2	2	0
Aromatic Gum (per ounce)	0	10	6
Pure Oil of Myrrh	1	1	0
Egyptian Kohl	5	5	0

Jordan Water (per bottle), 10 to 20 guineas.

Venus's Toilet, 10 to 20 guineas.

Such is Madame Rachel's theory and remedies for the restoration and preservation of female loveliness.

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is page 3.

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THE

TRIAL OF MADAME RACHEL

BEFORE Mr. COMMISSIONER KERR,

IN THE NEW COURT,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1868.

And three following days.

Sarah Rachel Levison, 43, better known as Madame Rachel, was again placed upon her trial for having unlawfully obtained from Mary Tucker Borradaile the sum of £1,400 by means of false and fraudulent pretences.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. Montagu Williams and Mr. Straight again appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. Serjeant Sleigh, and Mr. Butler Rigby were counsel for the defendant.

It will be remembered that in consequence of the jury having failed to return a verdict upon the last occasion they were discharged, and the defendant was now again put upon her trial. She appeared to be very weak and ill, and was allowed to sit during the day.

The Court was crowded, but not inconveniently so. Lord Ranelagh occupied a seat on one of the side benches.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, in opening the case, said it would be idle to suppose that what had occurred in reference to the prosecution was unknown to the jury, because it had occupied a great deal of public attention, many comments had been made upon it in the press, and in all probability the jury themselves had formed such views upon it as in their judgment seemed correct.

To ask them, then, to dismiss all knowledge of the matter from their attention would be useless, but this he might ask them, and ask them with the most perfect confidence, too—namely, to pay the fullest attention to the evidence which would be adduced in the progress of the trial, and not to assume that they were already acquainted with the whole of the facts of the case. And he was the more anxious to say this at the outset because there were some small points to which he would have to draw their particular attention—points which had not hitherto been considered, matters that might probably have great weight on their minds in guiding them to a decision. The case was one of the most extraordinary which had ever been brought into a court of justice—not that it involved a great catastrophe or a grave crime, but that it was one of such a remarkable nature as to require their minds to be applied to every part of it in a manner the most assiduous. The main prosecutrix was a Mrs. Borradaile, a lady whose late husband had been an officer of distinction serving in India. She was, moreover, the daughter of an officer, so that she might be said to be a person of the highest respectability. As an officer's widow, she was entitled to the receipt of a comparatively small pension, besides which she had a sum of money amounting to between £3,000 and £4,000, part of which was in the funds, and the other part was sunk in an estate; in addition she had some jewellery, clothes, and other property, so that, in all probability, at the time of the particular transactions in question she was worth somewhere about £5,000. With respect to the defendant, her name was Sarah Rachel Leverson, but she was more generally known as Madame Sarah Rachel, and tolerably well known, too, as a person who has a shop in New Bond-street, with a considerable display of powders and soaps for sale. She professed in her advertisements to be able to do divers incredible things, probably things which were not very likely to deceive persons with strong, cultivated minds, but which were not unlikely to deceive those to whom those ad-

vertisements were specially addressed. The character of those advertisements was confined to the fair sex, professing to make them "beautiful for ever," whether they were old or young, by means of powders and other stuff from Arabia. This was the miraculous effect they were to have on the faces of the ladies,—this was the description she gave in her advertisements. Now Mrs. Borradaile, unfortunately for her, had been, no doubt a handsome woman in her more youthful days, and was still anxious to continue so; and she, seeing advertisements of this promising description, was introduced to Madame Rachel. The first introduction was early in 1864 or 1865. There was nothing then purchased, but subsequent interviews enabled Madame Rachel to obtain an insight into her character which induced her to work upon her feelings afterwards in a manner almost miraculous. From this insight, for instance, she learnt that Mrs. Borradaile was possessed of the amount of money already mentioned. In 1866 Mrs. Borradaile called on her again, and made some purchases, and then Madame Rachel suggested a mode by which she could be made "beautiful for ever," asking for £1,000 for making her so. Mrs. Borradaile was not unwilling to be made "beautiful for ever," but as she did not like to part with the £1,000, a remarkable element was brought to bear upon her. Madame Rachel said she had been seen by a nobleman who had become enamoured of her. Mrs. Borradaile was naturally surprised, but glad to find that a nobleman had taken a liking to her. Madame Rachel told her the nobleman was Lord Ranelagh—a nobleman well known and that she would introduce her to him; and accordingly, before any of the transactions occurred which formed the subject matter of this indictment, Lord Ranelagh was one day talking to two ladies in Madame Rachel's shop, one of these being Miss Rachel (the prisoner's daughter), and the other a lady whose name he (the learned Serjeant) did not like to mention now, though it had come out on the last occasion, and then and there Madame Rachel introduced Mrs. Borradaile

to that nobleman. Upon that interview the whole pivot of this case turned ; and, therefore, he entreated the jury to look well to what occurred at it. That there would be a discrepancy in the evidence as to what then occurred might at once be admitted. Mrs. Borradaile would tell them that she then entertained some doubt that the person to whom she was introduced was Lord Ranelagh, whereupon he put his hand in his pocket, took out a card, and handed it to her ; and then she would add that she read his name upon that card. It would be denied that any card was handed to her by his lordship at that time. His learned friend (Mr. Digby Seymour) had said upon the last occasion that it was not consistent with the ordinary habits of society for a nobleman to hand his card under such circumstances. He (Mr. Serjeant Ballantine) agreed with his learned friend in that respect, and admitted candidly that it was extraordinary and unusual to do so ; but then was it not equally extraordinary and unusual for a nobleman like Lord Ranelagh to be introduced under such circumstances ? In point of fact, the whole interview was extraordinary, but then the jury would have to say—not what it was—but whether or not they credited Mrs. Borradaile. It was quite evident that Lord Ranelagh might forget that he handed his card, but then it was most probable that Mrs. Borradaile would not forget a fact which which to her was so important. This brought him to a matter upon which he thought it right at once to state the views of the prosecution. He asked them to believe Mrs. Borradaile upon the ground that she had been a virtuous wife, and since her husband's death a virtuous widow, and that the slightest stain or slur could not be cast upon her. It was true that charges against her had been whispered, but he challenged his learned friend to show that she had done anything on any single occasion contrary to the principles of honour, integrity, or truth. If, then, she was telling that which was untrue, she was running the fearful risk of being indicted for perjury, because she alleged that the card was given

to her in the presence of two ladies, one of them the daughter of the prisoner. If the assertion was a fabrication on her part, the daughter could come forward on the mother's side and contradict it. But there were other facts. On another occasion Lord Ranelagh was pointed out to Mrs. Borradaile in Madame Rachel's shop, and upon a third occasion there was something said between his lordship and the prosecutrix touching theatricals at Beaufort House. These were the only occasions upon which his lordship seemed to have appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Borradaile at this time became perfectly satisfied that Madame Rachel had told her the truth, that her beauty had attracted Lord Ranelagh, and that his lordship had intimated from time to time that he had never seen any woman besides Mrs. Borradaile who would be such an honor and credit to his name. It now became important that Mrs. Borradaile should be acted upon so as to produce her money. From the first occasion, when she had been told that she could be made "beautiful for ever," and that if so made Lord Ranelagh would marry her, her mind began to work. £200 had then been paid by her, but £1,000 was asked to make her "beautiful for ever," and to raise the necessary funds Madame Rachel introduced her to a solicitor named Haynes, of St. James'-street, who met her at a stockbroker's in the city and sold out £1,460 worth of her stock for £980, £800 of which found its way into Madame Rachel's hands, and for this the paltry equivalent given consisted of some powders and soap. Lord Ranelagh was supposed to have written a variety of letters with the view of enabling Madame Rachel to carry out this fraud; and if it could be proved that his lordship was held out, not as the whole of the false pretences, but as a false pretence, to effect this fraud, that would be quite sufficient to sustain the present indictment. It was true there was no pretence for supposing that his lordship had written any of the letters, for, independently of there being no proof that he was the writer of them, the letters themselves showed

upon the face of them that they were not the productions of an educated man. The first letter was very warmly penned, and it was signed "William"—a fictitious name by which it was said Lord Ranelagh wished to be known throughout the transactions. (The letters were here alluded to at some length, and some of them created much laughter, but, as they were inserted *in extenso* in *the Times* on the last occasion, it is unnecessary to introduce them now.) The learned counsel continued to state that Madame Rachel never ceased to act upon the unfortunate Mrs. Borradaile until the whole of her property, amounting to £5,300, was engulfed, including the mortgage of her pension. Clothes, plate, jewels, pension—all were gone, and she was literally penniless, except what she might get in future from the bounty of her friends. Even then Madame Rachel was not satisfied. Lord Ranelagh's name was again introduced. Two or three scandalous stories were invented about his lordship having seen her in a bath, and about his having been intimate with her on a former occasion. Madame Rachel was determined that so long as there were clothes on her back, or money at her command, or the possibility of raising it, not a fraction, either *in esse* or in prospective, should belong to her. Accordingly she suggested to her the propriety of executing a bond, and a bond she actually executed in favor of Rachel for a further sum of £1,600. In the short space of three months she had been swindled out of £5,300, and now she caused a bond, which she was very unlikely to pay, to be suspended over her head. But now the climax was arriving. There was nothing more to be got out of her. She stood in her clothes. The money and stock were gone. All was swallowed up. Then it was that an application was sworn by Rachel, upon which she was thrown into prison, from which she was released by virtually handing over her pension to Rachel for the remainder of her life. In the whole category of human wickedness and human folly the equal of this story was undiscoverable. He believed the defence was, not that

every half-penny of the money, together with the bond, did not come into the possession of Rachel, but that neither the money nor the bond was obtained by means of false pretences. The defence was that it was obtained because Mrs. Borradaile was a woman of loose habits, who was willing to prostitute herself, who had carried on an intercourse for months with a man, and that the sums of money handed to Rachel were so handed to her for the purpose of being used in some way by the person calling himself "William." This was the defence the last time, and it would most probably be the defence now; at all events, if it were not the defence now, it was impossible to know what the defence would be. This presented the prisoner in this position—as a person allowing her house to be used for interviews between ladies and gentlemen, and herself promoting those interviews by all the means in her power, and sharing with one of the persons carrying on the interviews the profits of the transaction. There were certainly places of that kind in London, but then the bulk of them all was called by a less savoury name than that of a "perfumer's shop."

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR here complained that the learned serjeant was entirely mistaking the grounds of the defence.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE said that whatever the defence might be, on this he would take his stand—that no such person as "William" existed, or ever did exist; that Mrs. Borradaile had never departed from honour; that she had never carried on any intrigue with any person on the broad surface of London; and that, on her solemn oath, she would state that the whole thing was a wicked fabrication. If there was a real "William"—not a myth and a fiction—why did not Madame Rachel give some evidence respecting him? If he was a real "William" he must have been a William in the flesh, and then there would have been no necessity for all the letters to have been written. Besides, why should he have allowed Mrs. Borradaile's money to filter through

Madame Rachel's hands? The jury would bear in mind that the letters had been written in three different handwritings, and that from the evidence of a lad who wrote one of them there was some proof to shew that "William" was the concoction of Madame Rachel's brain. They would also bear in mind that if Madame Rachel should now be convicted Mrs. Borradaile would in no way be bettered, but that she would still remain the beggared widow of an Indian officer. The learned serjeant concluded by expressing a hope that the verdict of the jury would be found effectual in the future in throwing the shield of the law round the many, many weak women who in this great metropolis were duped by the cunning of the artful and the deceptive.

After keeping the Court waiting for about three-quarters of an hour,

Mrs. Mary Tucker Borradaile, the prosecutrix, entered the witness-box and was sworn. She said, in reply to questions put by Mr. Montagu Williams,—In 1864 I first went to the prisoner's shop. I am the widow of an officer, and was six years with him in India. I spent £170 with the prisoner in 1864 and 1865, and only got for it some soap and powder. In May, 1866, she asked me to spend some more money with her, but I told her I expected her to do something for my skin for the £170 I had already laid out at her shop. She told me to call again, and when I did so she said Lord Ranelagh had taken a liking to me. I asked where he had seen me. She said he had seen me several times, both before and after my marriage, and that he was a very good man. When I called again Lord Ranelagh was present. Miss Rachel and Madame Valeria were both in the shop with Lord Ranelagh. Madame Rachel was in the little sitting-room, and I went in and sat with her, the door being shut. She said to me, "I will now introduce you to the man that loves you," and upon that she opened the door and introduced me to Lord Ranelagh. She said, "This is Lord Ranelagh." I saw Lord Ranelagh at the last trial, and he was the nobleman who was then

introduced to me. I see him now in court. I said at the time of the introduction, "Are you Lord Ranelagh?" He said, "I am," and he handed me his card. I am quite certain he handed me his card. Madame Valeria must have seen the card. When I had read it I handed it back to his lordship, and returned to the sitting-room, where Madame Rachel said he would make me a very good husband. Two days afterwards I saw Lord Ranelagh again. Madame Rachel then asked me to take a bath, and I did so. There was some talk after the bath about going to the Beaufort-house theatricals, but Lord Ranelagh said they were not good enough for me. Shortly afterwards Madame Rachel asked me to be made beautiful for ever, in order that I might be made the suitable wife of Lord Ranelagh. I thought £1,000 a large sum of money, and she said Mr. Haynes, an attorney, who was not a friend of hers, would sell out £1,300 of stock I held. I went with Mr. Haynes and Madame Rachel to the city and sold out the £1,300 stock for £980, £20 of which went in costs. No part of that £960 was ever handed over to me afterwards. Mr. Haynes brought me an order, which I signed, and by that order the whole of the £960 was authorised by me to be handed over to Madame Rachel. A receipt for £800, stated to be the balance of £1,000, was given me, which purported to be for a supply of cosmetics, bath preparations, attendance, and enamelling, to be continued until I should be finished by the process. (A laugh.) I only got some soap and powders for my money. I dare say I had 100 of the baths. (Laughter.) None of the powders were put into the baths. The powders were said to have come from Arabia. Madame Rachel said I was to be married by proxy, and that the courtship was to be conducted by letter. About a fortnight after I paid the money I began to receive the letters. Madame Rachel always told me that the letters which were signed "William" had come from Lord Ranelagh. The letters never came to me through the post. They were always given to me by the prisoner.

The handful of letters which were produced on the last occasion were written by me, as I thought, to Lord Ranelagh, and they were given by me to Madame Rachel upon the understanding that she would give them to his lordship. All the letters I wrote to him were dictated to me by Madame Rachel, who always said they would be delivered by her to him. When I complained to her about the bad spelling of some of his lordship's letters she accounted for it by saying that he had injured his arm and had to employ an uneducated amanuensis. Mention was made in one letter about Belgium, and she explained that by saying his lordship was going there on business connected with the Volunteers. I bought £400 worth of lace, and paid for it. That was to be part of my trousseau but I never received a yard of it. It found its way into Madame Rachel's hands, but where it got to afterwards she never told me, and I never could find out. The allusion in one of the letters about the lace had reference to its being redeemed from a pawnbroker in the Strand. I received a great many other letters from Madame Rachel purporting to come from the same source, but I always returned them to her. In July or August we had a conversation about diamonds. Madame Rachel said that I should want some for the wedding, and a necklace and coronet were ordered of Mr. Pike accordingly. When the jewels were brought to her house Madame Rachel put them on me and asked me how I liked them. The price of them was £1,260. I had no money at this time, but had property, of which Madame Rachel knew. In consequence of what was then said I went to Mr. Haynes, the solicitor, and consulted him about selling the property. It was sold for £1,540, and I gave him an order for £1,400 to pay for the diamonds, &c. The order produced was written on the suggestion of Madame Rachel, and in her shop. I never received the diamonds. I asked her what had become of the money. She said that it was required for "William," and I think she added for the purposes of the Volunteers. I

paid her on one occasion £32 for ornaments for the hair which I never received. She had other money from me at times, which she said was for Lord Ranelagh. She said a great many things would be required for my trousseau. I paid £160 to the Messrs. Hamilton, of Conduit-street, for dresses and clothing which I never saw. They were left at Madame Rachel's. I remember a Mr. Proctor, a linendraper, coming there in July, 1866, with a quantity of ladies' wearing apparel, the price of which was also about £160. I never got one of the articles myself. I often asked her where they had gone to, and Madame Rachel's answer? were that "Dear William" had them. I remember Madame Rachel taking me to a carriage-builder's in New Bond-street for the purpose of selecting a carriage for the wedding. She got into one and said she thought that would do. It was to have Lord Ranelagh's arms painted upon it. She afterwards took me to see a house which she said was for me and Lord Ranelagh. I approved it, thinking it a nice place for two people. I had a quantity of plate, which belonged to my late husband, and a silver tea service which I purchased in Bond-street. It was taken away from my lodgings. Madame Rachel said it was not such as was suited for me. She thought, from what I had said about it, that it was much better. She said that all the things were to be put away together for the wedding. I had rings and jewellery, which she obtained in the same manner, and also my marriage settlement. I have seen none of this property since. There were some family seals and other things, as well as letters of my late husband's, which Madame Rachel obtained and packed up, as she said, for the wedding. On several occasions she gave me a cigar. I recollect her giving me one in February of this year. It was lighted, and as she gave it to me she said, "Here comes Lord Ranelagh." I saw a person pass out of the door at the time, but I could not see his face. Madame Rachel said the cigar was as warm as his love. (A laugh.) In December I exe-

cuted a bond to Madame Rachel for £1,600. She had got me to sign I O U's previously, and those were destroyed on the bond being given instead. I have not seen the bond since. She always spoke of what she was going to do for me with the money. I was arrested about this time, and taken to the prison in Whitecross-street, at the instance of the prisoner. She came to see me while I was confined there, and remained with me on one occasion nearly the whole of the day. I was induced while there to execute another document, as she said I could not get out unless I signed. I was liberated, but was again arrested while Madame Rachel was under remand from the police-court in Marlborough-street. It was for £15 for goods which had been ordered by Madame Rachel, but which I never saw. I never knew or conversed with any other "William" except the person who was introduced to me by Madame Rachel. I never had any intercourse with any person either at Cheltenham or elsewhere. I remember a man named Stephens and another, who Madame Rachel said were Lord Ranelagh's servants. She told me his lordship had said in their presence that he intended to marry me. She afterwards said that the diamonds I had purchased would not be wanted for the wedding, but that there was a coronet belonging to Lord Ranelagh's mother which would answer the purpose, if the stones were reset. I parted with the whole of my money and jewellery, together with the bond and valuable securities, solely on the representations made to me by Madame Rachel.

On the conclusion of Mrs. Borradaile's evidence, a number of letters were handed to her for the purposes of identification. She hesitated considerably before she answered the questions put to her by Mr. Digby Seymour for the defence, and said that some of the letters were like her handwriting, but she could not swear to them positively. She never wrote a letter except on the suggestion of Madame Rachel. Madame Rachel had great influence over her, and she always trusted her.

At this stage the trial was adjourned till this (Tuesday) morning.

At the opening of the court this morning the trial, begun yesterday, of Sarah Rachel Levison, better known as Madame Rachel, for obtaining from Mary Tucker Borradaile money to the amount of about £1,400 by certain false and fraudulent pretences, and with intent to defraud, was resumed.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. Montagu Williams, and Mr. Straight again conducted the prosecution; Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. Serjeant Sleigh, and Mr. Butler Rigby the defence.

The court was again crowded, many of the audience being ladies, as on the previous trial. Lord Ranelagh again occupied a seat on a side bench.

Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., addressing the Court, said he had to mention a matter in the interest of his client, if not in his own interest. He referred, he said, to a charge made against him in one of the daily papers, and which was calculated, he thought, to prejudice the minds of the jury. He might add, as his learned friend (Mr. Serjeant Parry) had reminded him, that Judges had repeatedly condemned comments by the public press in reference to a trial which was still pending.

Mr. Montagu Williams said his leader (Mr. Serjeant Ballantine) had not yet arrived, and he would only say in his absence, that he had no doubt the public papers would take care of themselves.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr.—I can only say, Mr. Seymour, if it be any satisfaction to you, that I did not see in your cross-examination of the prosecutrix yesterday anything in the slightest degree objectionable.

Mrs. Borradaile was then recalled, and her cross-examination was continued. Replying to Mr. Digby Seymour, she said,—I first called on Madame Rachel in May or June, 1864. I heard very little about her

except from advertisements. I recollect her giving me a book and my paying her half-a-crown for it. [The Commissioner.—Then you bought the book.] I think I did. She never said anything about 1,000 guineas until she told me I was to be made "beautiful for ever," and that I was to marry this good and rich man, meaning Lord Ranelagh. She told me 1,000 guineas was her charge for enamelling. I never heard her say anything about 1,000 guineas. She did not say anything as to the time of the process. (A laugh.) I did not know what she was going to do. I cannot tell you how many baths I took. I took a great many. She said it was necessary for me to be made "beautiful for ever," but I told her in 1866 I did not intend expending £10 upon her, and that I thought she should do something for the £170 which I had paid her and which I thought was a great deal. For that, all that I got was a few powders and soaps. Between that and May, 1866 I had not contracted any fresh liabilities to her. [Letter read, dated May, 1866, and which witness said was in her handwriting] was as follows :

"4, Francis-street, London-street, Paddington, May, 1866.

"My dear Rachel,—My husband, Colonel Borradaile, died the 17th of May, 1861. Will proved by Mr. Nelson, city solicitor, whose brother lives in Grace-church-street, to whom I refer you, and he will arrange every thing to your satisfaction. I was left sole executrix to all he possessed in the world. He left one will in London with his nephew and Mr. J. C. Borradaile, Blackheath, and the other in India. I refer you to my mother, who resides at Scaley, Ham, near Haverford west, Pembrokeshire, South Wales. I am related to Lord Kensington, who resides in London. Therefore, my dear Rachel, you may feel assured I am mistress of my own actions, and may do what I think proper with my own, and this will at once convince you that I can fulfil my promises, and carry out any arrangement with you that I have entered into."

That letter was written in Madame Rachel's shop, but she told me to direct it from 4, Francis-street, Paddington. I had been staying there for a few days. I do not know whether it is a coffee-shop; I do not know what it is. You can say nothing against my character. I cannot say whether it is a place with the word "beds" written over the door. I think the name of a coffee-house is over the door. A railway porter recommended me to go there. On the night I wrote that letter I was staying at 28, George-street. I had not been able to get rooms at the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, at the top of the house, and it was too expensive for me to take them on the first or second floor there. I went therefore to what I thought was a respectable lodging. I had left the coffeehouse when I wrote the letter. I always addressed my letters as Madame Rachel directed me; I was so foolish. She is a wicked and vile woman, and you (addressing Mr. Digby Seymour) are bad too.

The COMMISSIONER.—Content yourself with simply answering the questions.

Witness.—I wrote all the letters at Madame Rachel's shop, and all were dated from other places. I cannot tell what her object was in asking me to direct the letter from Francis-street. Lord Kensington is a descendant of a younger branch of our family. All that you have read in that letter is true.

Mr. SEYMOUR.—Did she not require from you a statement and particulars to enable her to make enquiries whether she could trust you that 1,000 guineas?

Witness.—She found out all about me. I could not tell what her object was.

Was there a bill given by you for £1,000, composed of £800 you owed to Madame Rachel and about £200 you were indebted to a Mrs. Hamilton?—Nothing of the sort. I recollect Mr. Haynes paid Rachel £800, and that was in addition to what I had before paid her. I remember Mr. Haynes had to do with paying Mrs. Hamilton.

A letter you wrote to Mr. Haynes refers to the

destruction of certain bills and I O U's; what do you mean by that?

Witness hesitated.

By the COMMISSIONER.—I have no idea what a commercial bill is.

Cross-examination continued.—I do not recollect writing a bill before June. I came to London about the 15th of May, 1866—not later. I never knew Lord Ranelagh before that time. Next December it will be 22 years since I was married, and I have been seven years a widow. I had not lived long in India; I was in bad health. I had gone the overland route. I moved in good society there, but I had bad health and never went out to parties or balls. The first time I saw Lord Ranelagh was about the middle of the day, and that was at Madame Rachel's. I was in the sitting-room, a small room off the shop with a glass door. The shop itself is a small place. The door was closed when I was sitting there. It was opened, and I expected to see the man who was in love with me, and who was expected to marry me. I asked him if he was Lord Ranelagh, and he said he was and gave me his card. I had asked him to give me his card, thinking Madame Rachel had told me what was not true. I did not exactly believe her at the time. I cannot explain why I did not keep the card. He certainly did give me the card, and I gave it back to him. I cannot say why. I left, the door was closed, and I resumed my seat in the little room. I did not go into the shop. I was never introduced to a gentleman before who gave me his card. I never thought much about it. A few days afterwards I saw Lord Ranelagh at Madame Rachel's again. Madame Rachel was present. It was only to be introduced again—that was all.

Mr. SEYMOUR.—Did you hear anything endearing from Lord Ranelagh?

Witness.—It was too soon, I thought. (A laugh.) All that he did was to make his bow to me. Witness continued. Madame Rachel said there were some

theatricals going on at Beaufort-house, and he said he thought they were not good enough for me. I did not speak to him again until I saw him in Mr. Cridland's office. Madame Rachel said he had often seen me. Of course, I thought he was going to marry me. I saw him very often at Madame Rachel's. He was to have dined with me one day at St. James's-hall. Madame Rachel told me he had plenty of money. I afterwards found he was poor, and it then occurred to me that Madame Rachel had told me what was not true. That was about October, 1866. She always told me the man adored me. I don't think I quite disbelieved what she told me. (A laugh.) I cannot say; I really forget. [A letter was here read signed "William," and addressed from Birdcage-walk. It ran thus:—"What is it, my sweet love? My own dear one, what you said last night I thought was in joke. Is it the bill that has annoyed you?"] I had not met Lord Ranelagh the night before. I could not understand a great many of the letters. I thought a great deal in them was remarkable. It was about September, 1866, that I wrote the letter in which I said I had called at Madame Rachel's "and she looked as black as thunder."

Mr. Digby Seymour.—Do you mean to tell the Court the letters you received were the productions of Lord Ranelagh?—Yes, I do.

Do you think Lord Ranelagh would employ a servant to write a letter to his intended wife?—Madame Rachel swore to me most solemnly it was the case that he did. I have occasionally seen a *Peerage*. Lord Ranelagh's name is Thomas Heron Jones. Thomas would have done as well as William. My maiden name was Edwardes. It was Madame Rachel who suggested that the name of Captain William Edwardes should be used. He is now a colonel in the Guards, and was here yesterday. The following letter was read:—

"4, Francis-street, London-street, May 26

"(postmark May 28), 1866.

"My dear Love,—I am sorry I cannot keep my ap-

pointment with you to-morrow, as I do not think of staying in these apartments, but I shall have no objection to meet you any day next week that you may name. I am perfectly satisfied with the articles. They are all very good. I have given Madame Rachel what I promised her, as I like to keep my word, and she has given me a month's grace. She will not trouble me for a month for the second promise. I hope we shall have a quiet day, as it will be more pleasant for me, as before I do not wish for any intrusion. With my best love, believe me, yours for ever,

"MARY BORRADAILE."

[This was addressed "Mr. Edwardes, care of Madame Rachel, 47(a), New Bond-street."] I do not recollect writing that, but I suppose I did. I cannot swear it is my writing. I cannot swear either way. It may be my writing, I never recollect directing a letter to Mr. Edwardes. On the 26th of May, 1866, I think I was not lodging in Francis-street. I was six days at a coffee-house near the Paddington-station. After that I went to 4, Francis-street, where I was four days, and I afterwards went to the address in Great George-street. I cannot say whether I was at 4, Francis-street. I never wrote a letter there. I could not then say I was about to give up my apartments. I had not seen any "William," and I cannot explain what the words, "I do not wish for any intrusion" means.

Mr. SEYMOUR.—Then, that was a falsehood dictated by Madame Rachel?

Witness.—Of course, it was; she is quite equal to that. She always said I must trust to her. I really forget all about the letter. [A letter was here read, dated 28, George-street, Hanover-square, September 1, 1866, and which witness thought was her letter. It ran thus:—"My dear William,—I am surprised and grieved at what you say, that I place more confidence in Mr. Haynes than yourself so far. I have not seen him since Thursday, when I saw him at Mr. Clayton's office, and I do not wish to see him again

without I am obliged to do so, I shall write to him to-day as Rachel and myself have arranged our affairs amicably, I assure you I went after taking my bath yesterday to the coffeehouse in Davies-street, nearly opposite to the baths, I went twice to see if I could find you, and I left word with the bath attendant, Mrs. Hicks, and I had to wait for her nearly half an hour, that if you called I had gone to Madame Rachel's, and in lieu of seeing you I received nothing but unkind upbraidings, I tell you again and again that it was my intention to go with you to Grindlay's yesterday, to do all in my power for you. You know my feelings towards you; but I cannot do impossibilities. I Have heard nothing of Mr. Braham, Mr. Roger's Solicitor. I shall manage to arrange between this and Monday. In hopes that I shall see you shortly, and with fondest love, believe me your affectionate and devoted, MARY T. BORRADAILE."]

Mr. SEYMOUR.—Did you expect. to find Lord Ranelagh at a coffeehouse in Davies-street ?

Witness.—Do you suppose he never goes to such places ? (A laugh.) She continued.—I say those letters were all written under the influence of Madame Rachel. I don't know whether I expected to meet him there or not. The passage in the same letter, "I tell you again and again that it was my intention to go with you to Grindlay's yesterday, to do all I can for you," I wrote at the dictation of Madame Rachel, Grindlay's was a place were my pension was paid. I had not had any communication the day before with any one as to going there.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Did Madame Rachel find fault with you for expending your money on a paramour ?

Witness (indignantly).—What paramour ? I never had one.

Did she not blame you for expending money on a paramour ?—No, never.

Or that your family ought to be informed of your extravagance ?—No, never, I will swear she never censured

me for squandering my money on a paramour. I said on the last occasion she might have mentioned it in my presence at Mr. Haynes's office, but I did not recollect it, nor what answer I gave if that was said. Mr. Cope, my brother-in-law (witness continued to say), came to town in September, 1866. A letter, dated in that month, was read, It ran ;—

" My own dear William,—If you knew what I have suffered since Saturday night on your account one unkind word would never have escaped your lips to me. My brother-in-law went to the Carlton to see Lord Ranelagh. They told him he was out of town, and they said he would not be back for a week. My brother then went to New Burlington-street, and a servant told him there his lordship had been out of town for three weeks, and that all his letters had been sent to Lowther Castle . . . You would have been amused at the frantic manner in which he was running about town looking for the invisible person who could not be found, thanks to our lucky stars."

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Who was " the invisible person ?" Witness.—That was Lord Ranelagh.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR continuing to read the letter,—" Not content with that, he took us to Regent-street and bought a photo, of his Lordship, whose nose he did not admire. (Laughter.) Mr. Cope made me promise to leave my present lodgings, that he was under the belief that the people at the house and poor Rachel were in league together in fooling me into a marriage with Lord Ranelagh." To whom did you then believe you were writing ?

Witness.—I certainly believed I was writing to Lord Ranelagh.

Do you mean to say you were doing that when you stated your brother-in-law " bought a photo, of his Lordship, whose nose he did not admire ?" (A laugh.) —Yes.

Did you think you were writing to Lord Ranelagh when you said,—" Mr. Cope and my sister made me

promise I would not see Rachel again, as I led them to suppose she had been the promoter of his Lordship in intriguing with me?"

Witness.—I never had any such intrigue, nor with any other man. She (Rachel) dictated that letter to me and I thought I was writing to Lord Ranelagh.

Do you consider marriage and intrigue the same thing?"

Witness.—I really do not know much about intrigues. I don't think they are equivalent expressions. All, letters were dictaded by Madame, and sometimes I altered them when I thought the grammar was not good I knew Madame Rachel got a boy to write letters. I have seen one or two boys writing there. [A letter dated September 5, from 36, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, was read. It said,—"My dear William,—I have been anxiously waiting to hear from or to see you. You are very welcome to anything and all that you have of mine. When I asked to have my letters returned, I did not mean what I said. It was said only when I thought you were cold and unkind to me. I did not deserve it. I have not called upon Mr. Haynes, as my brother-in-law wished me to do. My family have no power to control me or my affairs. My husband left me everything he possessed, and the right of doing what I thought proper with it, and I shall write to Mr. Haynes to-day and tell him so. I will wait here until 3 o'clock, and if you do not come to me I will leave town without you. Perhaps if I do it will not break your heart Do not mention the patience of Job when you think of me. I am afraid to go to Rachel's for fear of Mr. Bauer. She told me yesterday he had an execution against me. I offered to give him the lace back, but he would not take it. With my fond love, believe me, your affectionate and loving MARY TUCKER BORRADAILE."]

I never had the lace. I may have written that letter. I only recollect the reference to the patience of Job. I think Madame Rachel or Mr. Haynes, I forget which told me something about an execution. I think I had

been served with a writ at the suit of Mr. Bauer. I was then lodging in George Street. I was four times arrested, [Another letter, dated September 6, and from 36, Davies-street, was put in. It said,—"My dear William. I have just received a letter from my sister Mrs. Cope, with a postscript from her husband, and he says he will be in town shortly after I receive it. He comes up in consequence of Madame Rachel having sent him a copy of a letter I wrote you just after you left for North Wales last Monday. She has exposed the whole thing about the lace. It was most foolish of her exposing my affairs, but she did it to prevent my being arrested. This affair has nearly broken my heart."] I recollect that letter and I recollect the lace, but I had never seen the lace. I did not expect she had exposed my affairs to my family. My brother-in-law never told me I was incorrigible, but he thought I was a foolish person. [A passage from a letter, dated September 13, was read thus,—"My dear William, I shall see Mrs. Lilly as you desire, and she will, no doubt be of service to us."] I stayed four days at the coffee-house, 4 Francis-street. I never recollect meeting any one there. Mrs. Lilly may have been the person who waited on me there. [The letter continued—"You know there are such things as talking birds. I feel better now that you told me we shall leave Charing-cross next morning. Will that morning ever come . . . . But you seem to know the overland route to my heart."]

Mr. Digby Seymour.—Who was the author of that expression, "the overland route to my heart," Mrs. Borradaile? (A laugh.)

Witness (smiling).—I don't know.

Mr. Digby Seymour.—It is a very happy expression, you know, and you have been to India and back.

Witness.—It was not mine. It was she (Rachel) that suggested it to me. I am sure I did not.

Mr. Digby Seymour referred to a letter dated the 17th of September, from 36, Davies-street, and running thus:—"My dear William.—I am happy to say your

kind message has made me much happier than I was yesterday, . . . How could it be otherwise, when instead of being in Paris I am in my lodgings and you were ill in bed ? The old saying, "The course of true love never runs smooth.'" That, of course, was also at Madame Rachel's dictation ? (A laugh.)

Witness —Yes.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR (reading).—"Even that beastly Pike (a laugh) followed me into Madame Rachel's, and wanted me to purchase the diamonds. He wanted me to sign for £1,600, but I was not such a fool."

Witness.—I think I have been a very great fool. I wrote all those letters to Rachel's dictation. Witness continued, replying to a question,—I had selected some shirt fronts, but I cannot say where.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—What ! Shirt-fronts for Lord Ranelagh ? (Laughter.)

Witness.—It is very likely he may want them. [Shewn an invoice.] I never paid that. They were sent to my lodgings ; and I would not take them in. I ordered them but I would not pay for them.

Mr. SEYMOUR.—Now listen to this letter. "You had better get the hats at Johnson's, and whatever you do, my darling, do it as quickly as possible. My dear William, I am quite ready to start if you will quickly send me word. I do not wish to live on bad terms with you. It would not be policy on your part." Who dictated that letter ?—Madame Rachel.

Do you mean to say she dictated the words, "It would not be policy on your part" ?—I think those were put in by myself, but I am not quite sure.

Then is it the fact that, though she dictated, you put in some sentences of your own ?—I sometimes improved a sentence, but she always dictated.

The next letter is written to Madame Rachel. It says, "I told him (Lord Ranelagh) that you (Rachel) had many good qualities, that you were fond of your children, and gave to the poor." Do you mean to swear

that that letter was written by you to Rachel at Rachel's dictation ?—I do.

Then it appears that all the letters written by you to William, to Rachel, and to everybody else were written at Rachel's dictation ?—That is so. Madame Rachel told me on one occasion, in a friendly manner, that she was 80 years of age. (A laugh.)

And did you believe her ?—I did not.

What did you say ?—I told her I was 68 myself. (Laughter)

Then you were 12 years her junior. Now, here is a letter dated the 29th of September. Was that written by you ?—I cannot say ; it is like my handwriting.

Do you mean to say you don't know your own handwriting ?—I can only say it looks very like my writing.

It is dated from George-street, Hanover-square, and in it you say to Lord Ranelagh, "I am surprised at Madame Rachel's impertinence ; she had no right to be impertinent to you." Who dictated that ?—Madame Rachel.

What ! Madame Rachel dictated that she had been impertinent to his lordship ?—Yes.

Then there comes this passage, "Tear yourself away from the little lady with the golden hair who is in the habit of scratching your face." (A laugh.) Who is this "little lady with the golden hair ?" Is it yourself ? —No ; somebody else.

The COMMISSIONER.—Oh ! then there is a little lady in the case with golden hair, who scratches Lord Ranelagh's face ? (Laughter.) Did you say you wrote that letter to Lord Ranelagh ?—I did.

Was it exclusively intended for him ?—It was.

Mr. SEYMOUR.—Who was it told you there was a little lady with golden hair who was in the habit of scratching his face ?—Madame Rachel.

And she dictated that letter ?—Yes.

In the next letter, dated the 3rd of October, 1866, you say, " My dear William,—Madame Rachel had, as usual, some very high words with me to-day ; indeed, it

was a serious quarrel, and all concerning you." Is that true ?—She dictated the letter to me.

Yes, but you say here "as usual;" was it, then, usual for you and Rachel to have high words ?—It was not.

What was this particular quarrel about ?—I do not recollect.

The COMMISSIONER.—Then, was what you say about the "high words" an invention ?—I don't recollect what the quarrel was about.

Mr. SEYMOUR.—In the next letter to Lord Ranelagh you say "Rachel wishes Mr. Haynes to write to you to return my property and money, I asked her how dare she or any one else to take such a liberty with me as to ask you to return my property and money. Therefore, my darling, whatever you hear from them on this subject, dont mind them. I am quite ready to meet you wherever you like, but don't let it be at that horrid place where the poor man was killed. I will comply with your wishes, but if you keep me waiting I will scold you." Where was this place where the man was killed ? I do no not know ; I never went to it.

I have now to request your particular attention to your next letter to Lord Ranelagh, in which you say, "One of your kind friends, and your bosom companions, has informed me that you have been are now keeping a woman. Not one member of my family will hold any intercourse with me for forming such a degraded connexion. Did you then think that it would have been a degraded connexion to marry Lord Ranelagh ?—Well, it is not exactly what a man is, but what he does, that I look at.

Then you used the words "degraded connexion" advisedly ?—Yes.

Now, mark the entire of the sentence :—"Not one member of my family will hold any intercourse with me for forming such a degraded connexion, as it is well known in Pembrokeshire that I have been living with you for some months." Did you write that ?

Witness (very indignantly).—I shall make you prove that ; you can say nothing against my character.

I said nothing against it myself: I was simply quoting what you said against your own character yourself. I ask you again, did you write that letter acknowledging that you had been living with Lord Ranelagh for months?—Yes, I accepted Madame Rachel's dictation. Trusting to that wicked woman—that foul, wicked woman in the dock—I wrote whatever she dictated.

Then what you tell the Court and jury is this,—that you, the widow of an Indian officer, the woman of virtue and integrity, deliberately wrote that it was well known in Pembrokeshire that "you had been living with Lord Ranelagh for months?—I have no recollection of writing that letter.

The next sentence of it read as follows:—"When I receive a letter from my daughter it is full of insults." Is that true? Have you received letters from your daughter upbraiding you with anything? Never; her letters were always written with the kindest affection.

The letter goes on, "You cannot be, and are not, surprised at this, considering the life we have been leading."—I had not been leading any immoral life; I had been living in George-street, Hanover-square, for months.

Yes; but what I have read is in your letter. You go on to say, "Am I to believe that the woman you travelled with, and whom you introduced to me as your sister, is your mistress?" Is that true? Did Lord Ranelagh introduce you to a woman as his sister?—No; but Madame Rachel introduced to me a woman who she said was his lordship's sister.

In the next letter, dated the 18th of October, 1867, you write,—"My own dear William,—It was very kind of you to take care of my comb and frisette; it is my own hair. The man who keeps the hairdresser's shop at the corner of High-street, Cheltenham, made it for me—the man who used to shave you when you were there." When you mean to say that you wrote that letter, and wrote it to Lord Ranelagh?—I do.

Then you wrote to his lordship that he had been

shaved by a hairdresser at Cheltenham ? (A laugh.)—Yes, I was told that he wore a wig.

But what had his wig to do with his shaving ? (Laughter.) Were you at Cheltenham with him ?—No ; but I was told he was there when I was there.

The letter goes on to say,“ Madame Rachel told me she had all my momey, and Mr. Haynes agreed with her that what had been done in the matter of parting with my money was sanctioned by me. I had a terrible quarrel with Rachel, but it is now made up.” Is that true that Rachel told you she had all your money ?—Yes ; she often told me she had all my money.

The next letter reads as follows:—“ My own dear William,—Your letters are safe in my possession, and I am rejoiced to read them over very often. I have no one to care for now but you, and I love you all the more for it. Therefore you must not doubt me. I have given you all a woman holds dear.” What did you mean by that last expression ?—That I had given him all my money.

In your next letter you ask Lord Ranelagh how he can call himself an “ old donkey ” (a laugh), and then you go on to tell him that Mr. Cridland is about to bring an action at your suit against Madame Rachel for the recovery of your money, and that it would have been well if Lord Ranelagh had not sent a box of your letters to Rachel's the latter having a great motive in keeping them. Now, I ask you on your solemn oath, was that letter written at the prisoner's dictation ?—Yes ; I have already told you that I wrote all my letters at her dictation.

You next go on to say that you were sure Rachel would send your box of letters to Mr. Cridland, and that the latter had told you that he had sent your case against her to the Court of Queen's Bench. Did you bring an action against her in the Queen's Bench ?—I did.

I suppose you know that had that case been gone on with she could have given evidence ?—Yes.

I believe this criminal prosecution is not carried on at your instance ?—It is not.

In point of fact you have no wish to prosecute her?—I have not. I would rather not prosecute her criminally because I have no desire that the case should be made so public as it has been. I would rather proceed against her in a civil court; but what could I do, when I could get neither my money nor my clothes?

In the next letter you say that "Rachel growled like a bear" and that "she was like a witch, because there was nothing she did not know." Did you write that?—I do not think I could have made use of such an expression as that "she growled like a bear" but I do recollect writing that "she was like a witch."

Your next letter reads in this way "My own dear William,—Any sacrifice you have made for me I shall never forget. I am glad for your sake as well as for my own that you are economizing. I cannot thank you, but I will kiss you, or you shall kiss me, which I shall like better. (Laughter.) I should, indeed, have been sorry if you had gone to Ireland, that wretched place. What good could you do, my darling, by mixing yourself up with the Fenians, or having anything to do with them?" Now, did you think when you wrote that letter that Lord Ranelagh had been at any time connected with the Fenians?—I do not recollect that letter.

Did you ever see a man named O'Keefe?—Yes; by Mr. Cridland's wishes he called on me at Paris.

Did O'Keefe take a considerable part in the Fenian meetings which were going on?—He did.

He had a nephew or a son, I believe?—I cannot tell; I know very little about him.

In one of your letters you speak of him as a man who had been once with the Fenians, who was to have nothing to do with Stephens in the future, and who had in the past squandered all his money in a hopeless cause. Now, does that description recall to your memory any of the relations of O'Keefe---in particular, a half military, half sporting-looking man?—I know nothing whatever about such a man or such a letter.

Had you and O'Keefe any business transactions

together ?—No, except that he thought it the wisest plan to prosecute the prisoner, in order to enable me to get back my money.

You probably thought Madame Rachel would settle with you if you instituted a prosecution against her ?—Yes, I thought she would not have had the audacity to keep my money and clothes and that she would not stand a trial.

Did he tell you rather than have a criminal charge, advanced against her in this court she would pay you ?—I have already told you that I never thought myself she would keep my money and clothes after the prosecution had been commenced.

Did you employ O'Keefe to go to Rachel's to try to settle this matter ?—No.

Do you know that he went there ?—I know nothing at all about it ; he never told me he was going.

Don't you know he went to Rachel's house and offered for a sum of money to settle the matter ?—No ; nor do I believe he did.

Here is a letter written at the end of 1867, which commences with "My own dear William,—If you look at the enclosed bill you will see that I am not the extravagant person your sister says I am. I bought Florence my daughter, a pair of boots and three pairs of stockings but not before she wanted them." Did Rachel tell you to write and tell Lord Ranelagh that you bought a pair of boots and three pairs of stockings for your daughter? (A laugh.)—She did.

The letter goes on "Your sister ought to see that your stockings are mended. (Laughter.) I cannot see why she cannot mend them herself, and put some buttons on your shirts. (Laughter.) It would be better than gossipping with the woman next room to her. Send all your clothes that want mending to me." (Laughter.) Now, did Rachel really tell you to write to a nobleman like Lord Ranelagh, with instructions that he should get his stockings darned, and buttons put upon his shirts, and that he should send his

tattered garments up to you to be mended? (Renewed laughter.)—She did; she meant that all his clothes that wanted mending were to be sent to me.

So says the letter: but let us proceed:—"As you want boots we shall go to a maker in Oxford-street and get a pair. (More laughter.) I am surprised to find that your flannels should be worn out (great laughter), though you have not had them more than six weeks. It is the result of bad washing. There is a man living in a court off Regent-street who mends coats cheaply, and I think you might give him a job." (Renewed laughter.) Now I ask you on your solemn oath, did you, when you wrote that letter to this shirtless, buttonless, stockless, bootless, flannelless, hatless individual (roars of laughter), think that yon were writing to Lord Ranelagh?—At that time I found out that he was not a rich man.

I ask the question again. On your oath, did you then think you were then writing to Lord Ranelagh?—I did.

You sign that letter, "Your affectionate and loving Mary." In your next letter you ask him whether he has seen the *Daily Telegraph*, and then you express the shame with which you read an account of "poor Tommy" (meaning his lordship) having been fined 20s. for smoking a cigar in a railway carriage. You also express a wish that he may never do worse, and then you inform him that Mr. Cridland, your attorney, is coming down upon him for the recovery of your money.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE here complained that new letters had been introduced that day which were not produced upon former occasion.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR said that all the letters now introduced were in court upon the last occasion.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE promised to argue at a future stage of the trial that several of these letters were not authentic.

Cross-examination continued by Mr. SEYMOUR.—In a letter written to Lord Ranelagh in January, 1868, you

say "Mr. Cridland's clerk has served Rachel with a writ for 4,000*l*. I am very sorry for you, as Rachel is sure to expose the whole affair. I think of my feelings. They told me it was a case of transportation, and I am quite sure Rachel would assist to transport you." Now, did you really think when you wrote that letter that Rachel would assist in transporting his lordship? I have no recollection of that letter. The letter produced, dated, "Great Western Hotel, May, 1866," I think is in my handwriting. (The letter alluded to the return of some receipts, and it stated that Mr. Lovejoy had summoned her that morning.) Lovejoy is the keeper of a coffee-house in London-street. He never retained any of my property. For some short time past I lodged in Francis-street, but I discovered that it was not such a place as a lady ought to be in, and in the letter I asked Madame Rachel, not to mention my address to any one The letter, dated November 26, 1866 is in my hand writing. (This letter expressed confidence in Madame Rachel, and stated that if she, Mrs. Borradaile, thought proper to place her affections on a man who had not a shilling she should so, and that if he wanted a hair of her head he should have it. (Laughter.) The books produced were given by me to Madame Rachel. (The prisoner here gave an hysterical sigh, and was allowed to leave the court for a few minutes.) I wrote to Mr. Cridland and Mr. Haynes, I think, to obtain from Madame my box of letters. This letter was written at the prisoner's dictation. The letter dated February 1868, was written by me. It asked Madame Rachel to give her back the box of letters, and put an end ot her misery, and it added, "You shall not be made a victim to serve other people, as you have kept my confidence, and I shall repay you as a lady ought to do.") I cannot tell what were the intentions of Madame Rachel—whether she would give the letters to me or to Mr. Cridland. She had said that she would do either. She had my authority to give them to Mr. Cridland. I wished her very much to do so. I and Madame

Rachel did not go into the question of accounts in the presence of Mr. Haynes. We went to his office to get him to arrange things amicably—to get back my clothes and such like, without having to go to law about them There were numbers of letters read on the last occasion about which I recollect nothing whatever. The enclosure to the letter of March 26, 1867, is not my writing. (The written enclosure stated that the witness had entered into an engagement to pay Madame Rachel £150. per annum out of her pension on consideration of her giving up a mortgage deed for £600. Which witness had given her.) My pension is £350 a year. I never remember writing the letter to dear Tommy telling him that he must remember he was not the only man who loved me, that he might think a certain Duchess very charming, but that he ought to have found her out by that time, and reminding him that he had seen me in a bath in Davies-street.

At this point the trial was again adjourned till this morning, and is likely to last the whole of the day, if not longer.

SECOND DAY.

The trial of Sarah Rachel Levison, better known as Madame Rachel, begun on Monday, on the charge of obtaining from Mary Tucker Borradaile, by certain false and fraudulent pretences, the sum of £1,400 with intent to defraud, was resumed this morning on the opening of the Court.

The public interest in the case has rather increased than otherwise, and at times during the day the atmosphere of the court, from overcrowding, was almost insupportable. Many of the audience, as before, were ladies. Lord Ranelagh was again present, and occupied a seat at a side bench,

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine (with whom were Mr. Montagu Williams and Mr. Straight) conducted the prosecution; Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant

Parry, Mr. Serjeant Sleigh, and Mr. Butler Rigby the defence.

Mrs. Borradaile, the prosecutrix, whose cross-examination had lasted throughout the whole of Tuesday, was recalled and re-examined by her leading counsel, Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE. She said, replying to the questions put by him,—When I arrived in London I went to the Great Western terminus. I had come from Cheltenham. I arrived in the evening. Occasionally before that I had gone to the Great Western Hotel, but on that evening it was rather full. I could only get a room on the first floor, and that I thought was too expensive for me. I was told I could get lodgings at Lovejoy's, and I went there, remaining about six days. So far as I know, it was a respectable house. I had been recommended to go there. From Lovejoy's I went to a coffee house, owing to a dispute I had with him. I asked him to change a £10 note for me, and he did so. It was late in the evening, and he sent me up the change. He afterwards said he thought, on counting his money, that he had sent me up £12, instead of £10. I replied I was sure I had not received more than £10. I left in consequence. A druggist in the neighbourhood, to whom I applied, sent for a cab for me, and I asked a railway porter to take me to a respectable lodging. He took me to 4, Francis-street, where I remained four days. There I only occupied only one room, paying 2s. a day for it, I think. No one visited me at either Lovejoy's or the house in Francis-street, and as to Francis-street, there was certainly nothing to induce me to believe that I was living in an improper house. I think I saw Madame Rachel the day after I arrived in London. I went to see her.

It was about that time that the letter to Mr. Edwardes was written; but I never recollect directing a letter in that way to Mr. Edwardes. The writing looks certainly like mine, and I believe it to be so. It is dated from 4, Francis-street. I never wrote a letter from Francis-street.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Have you any idea at all how Madame Rachel has been enabled to produce these letters—I mean those directed to "William," which you supposed you were writing to Lord Ranelagh ?

Witness.—Not at all, except that she kept them. I had supposed they were always delivered to the person for whom they were intended, and until the last trial I had not the least idea that those letters were in her possession. She told me about letters, but I had no idea they were the letters that I supposed had been delivered.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—You have said all the letters you wrote in connexion with this matter were written at the dictation of Madame Rachel.

Witness.—Yes, every one, except two, which she thought were not well written, and she told me to take them to George-street and copy them, which I did. Witness continued,—In Madame Rachel's house there is a small parlour communicating with the shop. I have seen her daughter Rachel there, and her granddaughter, Miss Leonti. I think the daughter told me she was upwards of 50 years of age, and Madame Rachel told me she herself was 30. I cannot tell you whether that was a young lady who said she was past 50 "they are so made up." (A laugh.) Miss Leonti, her granddaughter, is a young woman. The granddaughter was always there. I have seen Leonti write, and I think I might know her writing if I saw it again.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—You have said Madame Rachel was in the habit of dictating to you what you should write.

Witness.—Yes.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Explain now what occurred, and whether anybody was present.

Witness.—It was always in the evening, when the shop was shut up. There was a servant-man there named Hendry, who has seen me write ; and Leonti has seen me write. Madame Rachel never allowed any one to be present when I was writing, but they have

gone in and out when I was so engaged. I have also written some letters at 50, Maddox-street, which I think she told me was her daughter's house. Leonti has seen me write letters there, I used to be writing very late at Madame Rachel's—sometimes as late as 11 o'clock.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—While you were lodging at the house of Mr. Smith did anybody visit you there?

Witness.—No one, except Mr. Cope, my brother-in-law and one or two solicitors.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Did you see any one represented as "William?"—No; I know no one so called.

Witness continued.—Leonti was generally at her mother's house, but she was always at her grandmother's when her grandmother was out of town. She was there often also when her grandmother was in town. The servant-man, Hendry, was also there. On one occasion I gave him a letter I had copied to be handed to Madame Rachel. It was the letter directed to Captain William Edwardes.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Had you any communication with any man at Madame Rachel's, except the slight communication with Lord Ranelagh?

Witness.—No, not one; never.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—During the whole time you were in the habit of going to Madame Rachel's, have you ever walked about the streets or gone to coffeehouses with any man whatever?

Witness.—No; not with any man at any coffeehouse, nor have I had communication with any man, except such as I have told you, and that I say on my solemn oath. Witness continued,—I have looked at a great many letters which have been read, and they are mostly in my handwriting. Of some I have a recollection of their contents, of others I have not. When I wrote the letters I trusted to her (Rachel). That is how I wrote them. Madame Rachel used to give me whisky. That was before I wrote the letters. I had never taken whisky before, and have never since. I think she generally gave me whisky before I wrote the letters.

Not that I think that there was anything in the whisky. It was proper whisky, because I saw her take it herself. I have mentioned the whisky to several people before this.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Never in your evidence.

Witness.—I mentioned the matter to Mr. Lewis, my solicitor, and also to Mr. Montagu Williams, I think. I had not been in the habit of taking spirits before. I used to take brandy and soda-water by a doctor's advice, but very little of that.

By the COMMISSIONER.—I don't know whether this was whisky or not. I was told by her it was whisky, and I have heard her send for whisky. I took it in little liqueur glasses. Madame Rachel said it had done her a great deal of good. She dictated, and I wrote.

Witness continued her re-examination.—I have seen a young man named Horace writing there in 1866. She had a boy named Williams, who also used to write. He copied the letter that was sent to Mr. Cope, my brother-in-law, in North Wales. From Francis-street I went to George-street, and remained there a little more than three months. Thence I went to 36, Davies-street for a fortnight, and then to 7, George-street, where I remained till the prosecution was begun — nearly two years. I had been living very economically. I paid a guinea a week for my lodgings, and I am sure my clothes in the year did not cost me £20. At first I took my dinner at the Scotch Stores, but on Mr. Smith, my landlord, suggesting that it was not a very fit place for a lady to dine at, I took dinner at his house. Never at the Scotch Stores, nor at any of the lodging houses at which I stayed during the whole time I was in London, had I any companion. I have said I took about 100 baths. It may not have been so many. I paid for them. All that I had for my £1,000 was some soap, some powders, and something to put in the bath.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Was that "dew from Arabia?" (A laugh.)

Witness.—I believe it was some magnetic water.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Did it produce any effect?

Witness.—Madame Rachel may be clever with respect to the skin, but she never did much for me. (Laughter.) That was all I had for £1,000. I afterwards parted with other sums of money. The history of the photograph mentioned in one of my letters is this:—It was the photograph of Lord Ranelagh, which I purchased at a shop in Regent-street, and which I hung up in my bedroom in George-street, Hanover-square. It had been hanging there about a fortnight. I told Rachel I had it.

Then how did it happen that, if you had it hanging in your bedroom, you took it into your head to remove it to a warmer position—namely, into bed to you? (Great laughter, in which the witness joined heartily.) There is no harm, you know, in having a photograph in bed with you (more laughter); but what I want to learn from you is, did anybody suggest to you that you should take it into bed?—No; it was my own suggestion.

When you mentioned to Rachel the fact of its removal from the wall to the bed, did she say anything?—Yes; she said, "When next you are writing to Lord Ranelagh don't forget to tell him that you took it to bed to you." (Laughter.) When I noticed the bad spelling in the first letter of Lord Ranelagh which contained it, I said to Rachel that I would refuse to take any more letters from him which were badly spelt. Rachel then explained that the letter would not have been mis-spelt if Lord Ranelagh had not hurt his arm and been obliged to employ an ignorant amanuensis. In love letters ladies usually only sign their Christian names, but I signed mine "Mary Tucker Borradaile" in full, because I was so foolish.

Now, here is a letter in which you say that after you had one of your baths at Rachel's you went to a coffee-house opposite to ask whether a gentleman had been inquiring for you. How was that?—Rachel told me to go to the coffeehouse and make the inquiry. I went and made it, but did not go inside the door, as I saw several gentlemen there.

You have been asked whether Rachel spoke to you about spending money upon a paramour. Did you spend any money upon a paramour?—Never.

Did you ever post your letters to Lord Ranelagh?—No; I addressed them to him either at Birdcage-walk, New Bond-street, or the Carlton Club, and handed them to Rachel, who was to have them delivered to him. She said I was to be married to him by proxy, that the courtship was to be carried on by letter, and that she had lately married two couples by proxy. I certainly wrote in one of my letters that not one of my family would hold any communication with me, but that is not true, and I cannot account for writing such a letter. Mr. and Mrs. Cope and others of my relations are in court, and they will all tell you that not one of them ever reproached me or refused to hold any communication with me for having formed a degrading connexion with Lord Ranelagh. I would not have considered a ccnnexion with his lordship degrading. I never formed a degrading connexion with any one. I again repeat that I cannot account for writing such a letter. I never recollect writing such a sentence in it as this:—"It is well known in Pembrokeshire that I have been living with you for some months." It is not true that I had been living with him or with any one for months. My daughter was always with me in Wales, and must have seen me living with Lord Ranelagh if there had been any truth in the allegation. I repeat that there is not the shadow of a foundation for saying that I had been living with any one in Pembrokeshire or anywhere else.

Can you in any way account for writing such a letter?—I cannot; I must have been a lunatic to write it.

And you are not a lunatic, I believe? (A laugh.)—I think not. I have been a virtuous, prudent woman all my life, and never lived with any man; and I can only account for these letters by supposing that they were written by somebody else. I have already stated that I met a Mr. O'Keefe in Paris for the first time. There

is no truth in the insinuation that I have lived with a son of his.

The COMMISSIONER.—I think the insinuation was that she had been living with Mr. O'Keefe himself, not with his son.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Yes, that was the insinuation.

Examination continued.—I never knew Stephens, the Head Centre of the Fenians, although I appear to have made some mention of him in one of my letters. I recollect Rachel speaking to me about the Fenians, and telling me that Stephens was Lord Ranelagh's servant. (Laughter.) I do not remember writing to his lordship and saying that I was glad he had not mixed himself up with the Fenians. The letter in which that is said is like many of the others. I cannot explain them. There is a letter purporting to have been written by me to Lord Ranelagh, in which I say,—"I feel better now since you are leaving Charing-cross to morrow; will that to-morrow ever come?" I recollect writing the words "Charing-cross;" but I can only judge of the letter being mine by recognising those words. I was handed a letter by Rachel which contained initials at the top. She told me those were the initials of Lord Ranelagh.

The COMMISSIONER (looking at the letter).—But they are not his initials, and the word "Charing" in the other letter is not correctly spelt.

Examination continued.—When I was told that my pension would be stopped if I married I was induced to hand the £1,600 bond to Rachel, giving her a mortgage on it. I think I may have written ten letters to "Tom" as Lord Ranelagh. I may have written others. Madame Rachel asked me for the letters written to me by my late husband. I gave them to her and never got them back since. The reason I wrote to "dear Tom" was because Madame Rachel said I was now off with William, and that I must commence with "dear Tom." (Laughter.) I wrote almost all the letters to Lord Ranelagh at Rachel's house. Some of them I wrote at

Maddox-street in Leonti's presence. Leonti was in court yesterday. There is this passage in the letter now produced :—"The Marquis of Hastings lost all in one day more than my poor William ever had to lose." I did not know anything about the Marquis of Hastings or his fortune. In the letter it is said :—"If you (Lord Ranelagh) have not taken the cough mixture, take it." (A laugh.) I heard at that time he had a cold. I never borrowed any money from Rachel. There was an account produced on the last occasion, the authenticity of the handwriting of which I then denied. I still deny its authenticity. It is there said that I received £500 from her. That is an absolute fabrication. These receipts for £50, £200, £10, £18, £85, £80, £70 are all fabrications. I never received any portion of those moneys, and if the receipts are in my handwriting, I cannot account for them. There are other receipts purporting to be given by me to Rachel for further sums, and for £50 alleged to have been paid by her for underclothing for me. The entire of these amounts comes to £2,200, and I solemly swear, upon my oath, that not one single sixpence of that sum did I ever receive.

By Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—on the last occasion there might have been a letter put in written by me to Mr. Haynes acknowledging the receipt of £700 from Rachel, but a farthing of that I never received.

Did you not say on the last occasion that this long account of money owing and money received by you was in your handwriting ?—I said then what I say now, that I have no recollection of writing it, but that part of it appears to be in my writing and part not.

I ask you again on your oath—?—don't be so constantly reminding me of my oath.

The Serjeant has asked you upon your oath a dozen times—Well, I don't like it ; I know I am on my oath.

The COMMISSIONER requested the prosecutrix to continue to give her evidence without telling the counsel how he was to shape his questions.

To Mr. DIGDY SEYMOUR,—The figures "£700," and

"£1,600," in the account are not like my handwriting. Others of the figures are like it. The "£85," is something like it. The "5" of the "£500," looks like it; the others are not at all like it. The "£85," is something like it. Madame Rachel said something to me about her keeping an account with me. I asked her what she meant by that. That was in 1866. There is mention made in the account about some underclothing having been purchased for me Rachel told me that £50. worth of underclothing had been purchased for me from a shopkeeper named Himus. She further told me that she had purchased £30 more of underclothing for me from Himus. If Rachel has been compelled to pay that £30 since she has been in Newgate I can only say that I knew nothing about it. I did not receive any underclothing from her, but I admit that she was to purchase all the clothing necessary for my marriage. I may have said that I wrote one of the letters to Lord Ranelagh which was produced at the Marlborough Police-court, because I had nothing better to do.

To Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—I swear positively I never received any underclothing whatever from Madame Rachel. I never received the tenth part of a shilling from her. (A laugh.)

To the COMMISSIONER.—I have said that I often saw Leonti write, and that her handwriting is not unlike mine.

The prisoner here said she had sent for her daughter, and that she could be examined as a witness in disproof of the prosecutrix if it were wished.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR requested of the prisoner to leave the conduct of her case in his hands.

Prosecutrix to Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—I may have said on the last occasion that one of the receipts was in my handwriting, that I had never received a shilling from Rachel, and that she had dictated the receipt, and had immense influence over me. The receipt I then acknowledged, because I thought at that time, and still think, the handwriting to be like mine, was for £500.

I think I wrote the letter of the 21st of September, 1866, now produced, authorising Rachel to dispose of all the property of mine she had in her possession, but if she did dispose of it I never had a farthing of the proceeds, neither had I any portion of the £500 mentioned in the receipt.

Mr. Joseph Haynes, called and examined by Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—I am a solicitor in St. James-street, and the mortgagee of the house in which Madame Rachel lived, at the corner of New Bond-street. I had never acted as her solicitor. In the June of 1866 she brought Mrs. Borradaile to my chambers, and on the 11th or 13th of June I acted as the latter's solicitor. Rachel said that Mrs. Borradaile owed her some money —I do not recollect how much—and there was an appointment made to go into the City to sell out her stock. Rachel then only owed me one quarter's rent—£62 10s. That was due from the preceding March. A carriage was sent for me. I went in it to Rachel's, where I found Mrs. Borradaile, and the result was a visit to the City, when there was a sale of Mrs. Borradaile's stock. That sale produced a sum of £963. 2s. 11d. A check for that amount was given to me by the stock-broker, and I paid that into my banker's. That was on June 6, 1866. On the same day that I received the check from the stockbroker I gave Rachel a check for £550. I have made a mistake in saying that Rachel only owed me a quarter's rent in March. The fact is, she then owed me half a year's rent, and I believe it was in consequence of my applying for the payment of that rent that she brought down Mrs. Borradaile to my office to sell the stock. I recouped myself for the half-year's rent out of the balance of the £960, after giving Rachel the check for the £550. The rent for the half-year came to £125, but then on the 21st of the same month (June) there was another quarter's rent due, so I charged Madame Rachel for that quarter also—£62. 10s.

In point of fact, then, in the matter of her rent, you appear to have taken tolerably good care of yourself (a

laugh), for altogether you kept for nine months' rent £187. 10s. What was to become of the balance?—The balance was to be retained in an account between me and Rachel.

You were, I suppose, to retain that balance—some £70 or so—as a satisfaction for her future rent?—I was.

So that out of the money Rachel was to have you kept about £250 for yourself for the rent?—Yes.

The COMMISSIONER.—Do you mean to say that Mrs. Borradaile did not get a farthing out of the proceeds of the sale of her stock?—I do.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—It appears that we have made some mistake about these figures. You say the stock sold for £960. Out of that you gave Rachel a check for £550, and you kept £250 for the rent. That leaves a balance of about £160. What became of that?—I gave an acknowledgment for that, and after a subsequent settlement Rachel told me that she had paid that £160. to Mrs. Borradaile.

Well, now, that was the first transaction. The second I believe, was on the 14th of June, when Mrs. Borradaile called on you again. Was she alone?—She was.

What did she want?—She was then being sued for debts, and in order to release her from them I sold the reversion of her estate through the Reversionary Society.

When did you do that?—In August, 1866.

What did you raise for her on the reversion deed?—I raised a sum of £1,340.

What did you do after that?—I sent in an account on the 15th of September to Mrs. Borradaile, in which I included a sum of £1,400 alleged to have been paid to Rachel on the 13th of August, 1866.

How could that be? How could you pay £1,400 to Rachel out of the reversion of £1,340?—Because Mrs. Borradaile called at my office and paid over to my clerk £60 the difference between the £1,340 and the £1,400 and that £1,400 was paid over to Rachel as I understood, in discharge of the debt which Mrs. Borradaile owed her.

Then was that £1,400 paid to Rachel at that time?—Not exactly.

How was it paid?—In anticipation of receiving the money from the sale of the reversion I advanced Rachel on the 24th of August, £40.

What did she say upon that occasion?—That as Mrs. Borradaile owed her money, and that as I was raising money for her upon the sale of the reversion, she asked me if I would let her have £40.

Go on. What more did you give her?—On the 30th of August I gave her a cheque for £20, and on the 31st of August I gave her another check for £200.

May I ask what became of the £1,340, the proceeds of the sale?—Oh, that had been paid into my banker's in the first instance.

Go on with your payments to Rachel.—I had an order to pay Rachel the whole of the £1,400 and my next payment to her was on the 1st of September, when I gave her a check for £220. On the 15th of September I gave her a check for £150, and on the same day another check for £120.

Now, was Mrs. Borradaile arrested about that time?—Afterwards she was.

Yes, but was she not arrested in July for a sum of £50?—She was. On the 27th of September I gave Rachel another cheque for £100, and on the 29th of September, quarter-day, I put down £62 10s. for the rent.

What, more rent? (Laughter.) I thought you had got the entire year's rent before. What did you pay in cash to Rachel?—That I cannot exactly say, for I had an account of the sums paid to her in cash, which, as she was unable to read or write, she took away to get receipted and she never brought it back. On December 8th I paid her £5, and on January 23rd I gave her a check for £272. There was then a balance of £147 in my hands, and that was subsequently arranged between her and me.

What do you mean? Do you mean to say that you paid that money to her?—I do.

At all events, whatever you paid her, Mrs. Borradaile never received a farthing ?—Not a farthing.

The COMMISSIONER.—Did you never ask if she had any claim of any kind ?—I did, but I always understood that Rachel had been paying away money for her, and that the checks I was giving to Rachel went to reimburse her for the money so paid.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Did you ever of your own knowledge, find out that Rachel had advanced a single farthing for Mrs. Borradaile ?—I did not of my own knowledge find that out; but Rachel has herself told me that she had advanced money on Mrs. Borradaile's behalf, and that she had advanced it to Captain William Edwardes, Mrs. Borradaile's cousin.

Did she say how much she had advanced ?—She did not.

Did you ask her ?—I did, and I told her she would be brought to an account some day for these advances.

What did she say to that ?—She said that she had receipts for all the money she had advanced to Captain Edwardes and others on Mrs. Borradaile's behalf. In fact, I understood from the conversation that Rachel was a sort of private banker for Mrs. Borradaile.

Her private banker? How could you think that? What! to make a private banker of a woman who couldn't pay her quarter's rent! Could you for a moment believe that a lady like Mrs. Borradaile would make a perfumer her banker? (A laugh.) But go on.—Well, as I have said, the £1,340 had been received in respect of a portion of the Streatham Estate. There remained, however, another portion of that estate belonging to Mrs. Borradaile upon which a further sum could be raised, and accordingly that portion was sold for £1,380. That sum was paid to me by the sellers in two checks, which I passed into my banker's. A cash account was rendered which showed that there was a balance of £544 10s. 4d. owing to me.

Explain how that balance was brought out? It was brought out in this way :—I had paid various sums on

account of Mrs. Borradaile. The first I paid was a debt and costs against her of £153, she having given an acceptance in June, 1866, upon which she was sued. I then paid £11 6s. 4d., being the amount of costs in an action brought against her by a Mr. Hamilton; and bear in mind that none of these were my costs, but that they were those of the solicitors to the execution of the suits. Then I paid £100 on her account to a Mr. Pike. She had given Mr. Pike an acceptance for £160 for some diamonds, and I got him to cancel the transaction with her for £100 he keeping his diamonds, with which, indeed, he had never parted.

I, take it, then that Mr. Pike was all right; he had his diamonds—the wedding diamonds I suppose—and he received £100 for nothing. (Laughter.) But proceed with the story, what next did you pay? I next paid £100 on her behalf to a Mr. Moore, a laceman, being the balance of an account owing by her for lace.

Do you recollect what was the original amount owing for that lace?—Yes, the original amount was £384; but payments had been made, and the balance at last was reduced to £100.

That accounts for £554 out of the £1,480; what became of the rest?—I paid over £700 of the rest by Mrs. Borradaile's orders, or at her request to Madame Rachel. Part of the £700 was paid to Rachel on the 24th of April, in two checks—one for £500 and the other for £60. On the 25th of March I debited her for another quarter's rent.

What! rent again! (Great laughter.) Why, that is the fifth quarter's rent, as I calculate it, that you charged her for. I suppose that came to £62 10s., as before?—It did, and finally there remained a balance of £27, which has since been laid out by me on Rachel's account. Almost all the checks I gave her were made payable to order. The largest check was for £270, and that was neither crossed nor was it made payable to order or to bearer.

The COMMISSIONER.—Well, but I suppose it has some sort of a banker's mark upon it.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—I cannot discern any mark upon is, but perhaps as your Lordship is more conversant with checks than I am (laughter), you can see something on it which I cannot.

The COMMISSIONER, having held it up between him and the windows, said the banker's mark upon it was plainly visible.

Cross-examined by Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—The first time I saw Mrs. Borradaile was on the fifth of June, 1866. She then told me she owed Rachel about £800., and that she wished me to sell out her stock to pay it. She said there was money due by her upon an acceptance to Hamilton, which she would require to be given up when the £800 was paid. Hamilton was afterwards settled with. There was nothing said as to how the £800 had originated. Mrs. Borradaile said she was owing money to Rachel on I O U's and bills.

A long discussion here arose between counsel on both sides as to whether Mr. Digby Seymour could cross-examine the witness on points which had not been alluded to on the direct examination. Mr. Digby Seymour, of course, alleged that this was a right which he possessed, and that, in fact, the privilege of counsel would be at an end if a witness like Mr. Haynes produced on the part of the prosecution, were to be allowed to tell all he knew against the prisoner, and if he were to be prevented from answering any question which would tend to exculpate the prisoner.

Mr. Serjeant PARRY followed on the same side, contending that whatever had occurred between Mrs. Borradaile and the witness in conversation ought fairly to be elicited on cross-examination.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE argued that the cross-examination must be confined to the matters which had come out in the direct examination.

The COMMISSIONER agreed with Mr. Serjeant Ballantine; but said he should consult the learned Judge in

the Old Court, Mr. Justice Keating, who had had more experience in these matters than himself, upon the subject.

Accordingly, the COMMISSIONER, having retired for this purpose, said, on his return, that the learned Judge was of opinion that the view taken by Mr. Digby Seymour was substantially correct, and that he had a right to cross-examine the witness on all the matters brought out on the direct examination by the prosecution. The cross-examination, however, must proceed upon the answers the witness gave, not upon any voluntary statement he might choose to make, because a voluntary statement might lead to the introduction of new matter. In the present case Mrs. Borradaile must be looked upon as a witness, not as the prosecutrix, the Queen being the prosecutrix, and any conversations between Mrs. Borradaile and Mr. Haynes (if they were not privileged in right of his being an attorney) he might be cross-examined upon. He believed these were legal points which Mr. Serjeant Ballantine would not dispute.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Oh! certainly not. I am always unwilling to be as strict at a criminal trial as I might be at *Nisi Prius.*

Witness, in continuation to Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Afterwards Mrs. Borradaile told me orally and in writing what had become of the bills and I O U's she he had given to Rachel. In writing she said that had found out that Rachel had paid 1,400*l.* on her account, for which she (Rachel) held bills and receipts. I have a long list of letters here, written by Mrs. Borradaile, in which she makes some general allusions to the accounts between herself and Rachel. In one of these she informed me that she had settled with Rachel, and that she would trouble me to sell out a portion of her estate to complete that settlement. I produce an authority also from her with reference to other parts I took in the management of her transactions. I have a

letter by Madame Rachel to myself respecting the delivery of the box of letters (letter read); and also one from Mrs. Borradaile. I had several interviews with Mr. Cridland between December, 1866, and April of the present year. I first saw Mrs. Borradaile in June. Upon that occasion she said nothing with reference to her proposed marriage. She was alone when she gave me instructions with reference to the bills and the money, and upon her directions I acted. She appeared to understand perfectly what she was doing.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Did Mrs. Borradaile at any time say anything to you about Captain William Edwardes.

Witness.—She did; it was in answer to my remark why she was spending so large a sum in diamonds.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Did Mrs. Borradaile tell you that she was going to marry her cousin, Captain William Edwardes?

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE objected to this and other questions, and a legal argument ensued.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Did she say so with reference to the matter you have mentioned?

Witness.—I was told by Mrs. Borradaile that she was going to marry her cousin; she said this more particularly with reference to the diamonds. I had asked her why she was paying for such an extravagant thing as a set of diamonds while she was being sued for a debt of £70 or £80. She then said she was going to marry her cousin. Madame Rachel and Mrs. Borradaile were together at my office on other occasions. I remember reference being made in one of the letters to a scene that occurred there.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Can you tell us what it was about?

The COMMISSIONER.—Was there a scene?

Witness.—Yes, a violent one.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Do you remember what was said?

Witness.—Madame Rachel was remonstrating with

Mrs. Borradaile as to her general extravagance, when she became angry. I can give you the reason.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—I would rather you did not. (Laughter.)

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Can you recollect what was said ?

Witness.—The word "paramour" was used, and I was astonished to hear it. Madame Rachel said, "You know you have been spending your money recklessly upon your paramour."

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Did Mrs. Borradaile make any reply.

Witness.—She did not.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Had you previously acted as the solicitor for Madame Rachel ?

Witness.—No ; I had not received a shilling at that time on account.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Have you a cash account ?

Witness.—It is on a sheet of paper which Madame Rachel has. I have no other. On that paper I entered the moneys paid from time to time. I have no book or any other record of them. I might be able to make up an account from my banker's book, perhaps. I lent the paper to Madame Rachel, and unfortunately she has it. I paid about £50 or £60 in cash to Madame Rachel ; the rest in checks. I have no other acknowledgment for the payments except what appears on the sheet of paper in question. When she received the money she used to put her mark to it. I was not satisfied with that, and gave her the paper to get her signature attached. I expected she would have got her daughter to sign it.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Then if she chose she could have burnt the paper or destroyed it. Had she done so should you have had any other entry or memorandum to refer to ?

Witness.—I could have referred to the checks that were paid. I can produce them to morrow.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR asked that they might be

produced. There was a check for £270. payable to bearer. Was there any other acknowledgment of the payment of that check?

Witness.—Nothing but what appears on the sheet of paper, Madame Rachel said that she wanted the money to send to Paris, and I gave her the check on the Union Bank, where I believe, she obtained the money. The banker's books will show the notes that were paid.

Re-examined by Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—In the letter of the 21st of September allusion is made to a person whom Mrs. Borradaile styled "my friend." Whom did you understand by that?

Witness.—I have no knowledge. I had an idea, but it might have been an erroneous one.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Did you think it was to her cousin, Captain William Edwardes, that she was going to be married?

Witness,—I did.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—And that the £1,400 had been expended in the diamonds, with a view to her marriage with him?

Witness.—Yes.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Will you allow me now to call your attention to a paragraph in your bill of costs, which is dated September 28th, 1866—"Attending you when you stated that Madame Rachel had deceived you by stating that she had paid £1,400 on your own account to Lord Ranelagh, and advising you thereon." (Produced.) How do you account for the name of Lord Ranelagh being there?

Witness.—It was mentioned either by Mrs. Borradaile or Madame Rachel. Mrs. Borradaile had complained of the money being borrowed for Lord Ranelagh. It was previously to this that I thought she was going to be married to Captain Edwardes. After then I thought it was Lord Ranelagh. It might have been mentioned on more occasions than one.

James Minton, a youth, an assistant to a linen draper

in Holborn Bars, examined by Mr. STRAIGHT.—I first saw Madame Rachel at 47a, New Bond-street. It was in a back room. Her daughter was there. I went several times in an evening when I was in the employ of Mr. Taylor, an auctioneer, for the purpose of writing letters for her. I wrote several according to her dictation, and others I copied. She sat by me and told me what I was to write. There was a young man present whose name I understood was Edward. I heard Madame Rachel call him by that name. I remember having a letter given to me to copy in January or February, 1867. Edward was present at the time. After I had finished copying it, Madame Rachel said the writing was like a schoolboy's. She showed the letter to Edward, who said he could make a better one himself, and he folded it up and put it in his pocket. I recognise the letter (produced and read). I went there about a dozen times altogether. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Borradaile asking for money.

Cross-examined by Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—I was examined at the Marlborough-street Police-court. I know a person named O'Keefe. He did not speak to me then. I was at the office of Mr. Cridland, the solicitor once before the case came on. I saw the letters for the first time at the office of Messrs. Lewis in Ely-place previously to the first trial. I did not read the whole of the report of the examination at Marlborough-street. I merely read my own evidence. I did not make any memorandum of the evidence I was about to give there. Something might have been written by me in pencil in a pocket book, but I think it is merely the time when I attended the police court, and when I was to go again. I was asked by Mr. Cridland's clerk to state how I became introduced to Madame Rachel, in order that he might fill up the brief. I believe that I supplied it in pencil, and left it with him.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Did you not make five pages in pencil of the evidence you proposed to give at the Marlborough-street police-court?

Witness.—I do know that I did, but I will not swear to it.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—You say you can tell me how I got those leaves ?

Witness.—I saw something had been torn from my pocketbook, and my mother told me she had given it to a gentleman who had called to get a specimen of my handwriting. He had told her that he could get me a good situation, that he had come up from the country a long distance that morning and wished to see me. My mother said I was absent at business, and he then asked for a specimen of my writing. She saw that my pocket-book was lying about, and she told him that was the only thing she could find. He said that it would not make any difference so long as it was my writing. She then gave him the pocket-book. He looked at it and abstracted some of the leaves. He declined to leave his address, and said that the situation would be in an architect's office. I took my pocket-book with me when I went to the office of Mr. Cridland. I might have left it open on the table beside my hat. I am not sure whether the clerk did not write in it. It is just like what I told the lawyer in Lincoln's-inn-fields ; it is nearly word for word the same.

Re-examined by Serjeant BALLANTINE.—The leaves were taken from the book before the last trial, but nothing was said about them then. I am sure they have never been returned to me. I can produce the pocket-book to-morrow, and my mother can attend most likely. I have never had any quarrel or dispute with Madame Rachel, and I nothing of Mrs. Borradaile whatever.

The trial was then again adjourned till this morning.

THIRD DAY.

At the opening of the Court again this morning at 10 o'clock the trial, which commenced on Monday, of Sarah Rachel Leverson, better known as Madame Rachel, on the charge of obtaining from Mary Tucker Borradaile moneys to the amount of about £1,400 by certain false and fraudulent pretences, and with intent to defraud, was resumed.

As on the previous day every available seat in the Court room was occupied, and even those on the bench were at times inconveniently crowded. A considerable part of the audience, as before, was composed of ladies. Lord Ranelagh, who had been summoned as a witness, was again in attendance.

The prisoner took her place in the dock a few minutes after 10 o'clock, and was again allowed to sit. She appeared in much better health than on any previous occasion during this or the last trial.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine (with whom were Mr. Montagu Williams and Mr. Straight) conducted the prosecution; Mr. Digby Seymour, Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. Serjeant Sleigh, and Mr. Butler Rigby, the defence.

At the outset, Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR, addressing the Court, suggested that it would be desirable, in the interests of justice, that the jury at the end of the day should be afforded an opportunity of inspecting the premises of Madame Rachel, in order to understand the structural arrangements of the house.

Upon this suggestion some discussion arose, in the course of which the COMMISSIONER said the jury might have a plan of the premises if they wished it, but that he never before heard in a criminal case of an application for a view. There was, at the same time, he said, nothing to prevent an individual juryman, or even the whole body, if they wished, going of their own option to see the premises at the close of the day.

Mrs. Mary Ann Minton was then called and examined by Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE. She said she was the mother of the lad of that name called as a witness on the previous day, and remembered a person calling at her house before the last trial, and taking some leaves from a pocket-book he had asked to see. She did not see what was written on those leaves, and she had not seen them since. They had not been brought back. The book produced was not the pocket-book, it was older than the one produced.

The boy Minton was recalled by Mr. Serjeant BAL-

LANTINE, and said the book which had been shown to his mother was the same book to which he had referred in his evidence on the previous day.

Replying to Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR, he said he bought the book about the Saturday previous to his first examination at Marlborough-street Police-court; that leaves upon there might have been writing, and very likely was, had been since taken out of the book by a man, and that the leaves produced were in his (witness's) handwriting. There was a stroke of black ink at the top of the front leaf which he did not remember, and would not swear it was not made at Mr. Cridland's office.

To Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Since yesterday he had made inquiries, and now remembered he had written what appeared on the leaves after his examination at the Marlborough-street Police-court to refresh his memory. He had spoken on the subject to his father, who had reminded him of having done so.

Colonel William Edwardes was called by Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS.—He said in 1867 he was a captain, and was promoted in March of that year to the rank of colonel in the Coldstream Guards. Mrs. Borradaile was distantly connected with his family, through a branch dating from many generations back. In 1866 he never communicated with her by letter or word of mouth. He forgot whether he had seen her in that year in Wales, but he thought he had not. He said, emphatically, he had never received one shilling from Mr. Haynes or from anybody connected with Mrs. Borradaile. He never knew anything of the matter until he read the report of the first proceedings at Marlborough-street, and then he conferred with his solicitors. He never set eyes on Madame Rachel until he saw her a prisoner in the dock of this court on the former trial.

To Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—He spelt his name Edwardes. There was no other Captain William Edwardes but himself in 1866, so far as he knew.

Mr. Alexander Cope, examined by Mr. Serjeant

BALLANTINE.—I am brother-in-law of Mrs. Borradaile. I am of no profession. I live in Flintshire, North Wales, and am a magistrate of the county and chairman of petty sessions. I visited my sister-in-law, Mrs. Borradaile, in London, while she was staying at Mr. Smith's. I came up for that purpose on Saturday, the 1st of September, 1866, and went on the following Monday to Madame Rachel's, accompanied by Mrs. Borradaile and my wife. We arrived there about 12 o'clock in the day. Madame Rachel shook hands with Mrs. Borradaile and also with my wife. She wished to do so with me but I declined. (A laugh.) She then said she wished a private interview. I replied, "Certainly not." Madame Rachel said she was sorry she could not receive us then. I am not quite sure whether I told her then or subsequently what business I had come upon. She asked us to call again at 2 o'clock. We did so, and I then immediately asked Madame Rachel for what purpose she had received such large sums, and if there was any truth as to the introduction of Mrs. Borradaile to Lord Ranelagh. She said she knew nothing at all about it, upon which there was an exclamation on the part of Mrs. Borradaile and my wife. I then merely said we had better leave and put the matter into the hands of a solicitor. She said she knew nothing at all about the money. We accordingly left with that view. We were only in the shop about five or six minutes. Nothing else was said about the subject of money by the prisoner in my presence.

By Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—As far as my recollection serves me, those were the exact words. It must have been from what I heard that I asked about the introduction and receipt of large sums of money on her part. I returned to Wales the same Monday evening. On the following Tuesday or Wednesday I received a communication from Madame Rachel by post.

The letter containing the enclosure was then put in and read. It was dated "47A, New Bond-street, September, 1866," and in it Madame Rachel said it was her

duty to inform him that after he left London on the previous day she was led to understand by Mrs. Borradaile that she had given him her word of honour not to hold any further communication with her until she had consulted Mr. Haynes, and that she should remove from George-street at once; that she (Madame Rachel) had explained to her the importance of her consulting her solicitor that morning, for her own sake as well as her (Rachel's), after what she said about her in his (Mr. Cope's) presence on the previous day, but that she had refused up to that time. Madame Rachel went on to say in the letter he (witness) would please to remember that it had been said the people in the house and she had formed a league against Mrs. Borradaile, but that so far from that being so she assured him she did not know the people; that Mrs. Borradaile requested a youth in her (Rachel's) employ to obtain lodgings for her on the previous evening, and that he got her apartments in Davies-street, to which she went; that Mrs. Borradaile was aware there was a judgment out against her on a bill of exchange she had given to a dealer in lace. Madame Rachel concluded by saying she enclosed him (Mr. Cope) a copy of a letter signed by Mrs. Borradaile to her lover, to .the original of which he was quite welcome, and that Mrs. Borradaile had led her to believe for six months that she was to be married to her cousin, Captain William Edwardes.

To Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—On the receipt of that letter and enclosure, I came up to town and saw Mrs. Borradaile, to whom I showed the enclosure, and asked if she had really written the original, and she said she had. On the previous Monday, when I saw Madame Rachel, she made no allusion to Mr. Haynes nor to any other lover but Lord Ranelagh. When Mrs. Borradaile said she had written the original of the enclosure I, asked what had induced her to do so. She said she was under the magnetic influence of Madame Rachel, and that she wrote it to her dictation.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Madame Rachel says in

a statement of accounts I hold in my hand that on the 1st of September, 1866, that being the day on which you first came up to London, she lent £700 to your sister-in-law.

Witness.—She says so according to that statement, but not a word was said about such a loan when I saw her on the following Monday.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR observed that on his examination on the first trial the witness had said nothing about "magnetic influence."

Witness said he believed he had used these words on his first examination; he had not the slightest doubt that he had.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE, speaking from recollection, thought the witness had not, and that he was under a mistake in believing that he had.

Mr. Thomas William O'Keefe was next called. Being apparently in weak health he was allowed to sit while giving his evidence.

He said, replying to Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE, I have been staying in Paris for nine or ten weeks. I saw a report of the proceedings in this case in Tuesday's paper. I am not subpœned on either side. but in consequence of seeing my name in the paper I come forward voluntarily. There was never any improper connexion of any kind between Mrs. Borradaile and me.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—Your son's name has also been mentioned. Let us know something about yourself and your family.

Witness.—I have a son, and he is in Ireland. He has not been in this country for three years and five months. I had another son who died 15 years ago—my eldest son. My other son is married and has five children; he is about 34 years of age and extremely delicate looking.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE (quoting)-—He is not "a dark, tall, half-military, half-sporting looking man with a moustache?"—Nothing of the kind.

Has he worn a black moustache lately ?—Never ; he is very fair.

Witness continued.—I saw Mrs. Borradaile for the first time in April last. I found her staying in the Rue Castiglione, one of the most respectable streets in Paris. I presented a letter of introduction to her, and that brought her back to London.

To Mr. Digby Seymour, in cross-examination.—I have never been to Madame Rachel's in my life. I never heard of such persons as Cradock, or Crabbe, or Houston, nor ever saw them. I saw Mrs. Borradaile first in Paris. I had a communication with her in London about this trial. I had twice an interview with her in Paris and I recommended her to come to London and contradict certain scandalous rumours that had been spread about her. I was not then aware that civil proceedings had been taken against her.

Mr. Digby Seymour.—Did you ever suggest to Mrs. Borradaile that she would be able to make better terms by criminal than civil proceedings ?

Witness.—I did nothing of the sort. I recommended her, in the presence of Mr. Cridland, to take criminal proceedings against her (Rachel), but I said nothing about terms. I believe I said it would be the best way of recovering her property.

Mr. Digby Seymour.—Have you had any experience in your own career of the use of criminal proceedings in enabling a person to recover money ?

Witness.—Now, I know what you refer to. Some 15 years ago I was tried in this court for obtaining money from a lady under a promise of marriage. I was found guilty by the jury, but the learned Recorder discharged me on my own recognizances, and shortly afterwards the lady made a confession on oath that her charge was not true. [A voice in court—"That's not true."] Mr. Serjeant Parry was my counsel on that occasion.

Did you pay back any money ?—I paid back what they considered was advanced—£100. I think it a cruel thing to introduce this subject, for she is a respectable married lady.

You made some restitution and the jury found you guilty ?—The jury found me guilty ; the lady fully exonerated me in the court, as did also the Recorder.

Was there any order for you to pay £20 a year ?—Nothing of the sort.

Where did the lady make that oath ?—She made it in the presence of a solicitor, Mr. Wontner, I think, and in some court. I could produce the document, if necessary. It is in Paris.

The COMMISSIONER.—We must have it.

Witness continued in cross-examination.—I saw the boy Minton in the police-court at Marlborough-street, but never before. Upon my oath I believe I did not speak to Minton before he gave his evidence at Marlborough-street. I am not bound to swear where I am in doubt. I know a Miss Sutton, and have known her a long time. She gave me a letter of introduction to Mrs. Borradaile in Paris. I have heard she made Mrs. Borradaile's acquaintance in Whitecross-street debtors' prison. I saw Miss Sutton very often at various places, and sometimes in my own house. She used to call there on business once or twice a week. Mrs. Borradaile has been at my house once or twice, and I think Miss Sutton was there once when she called. Miss Sutton has taken care of my house while I have been in Paris. It is a furnished house. I was so ill in Paris that I sent to London for my own servant, and Miss Sutton took care of my house afterwards. I know Mrs. O'Donoghue, the widow of one of the proposed bail for Madame Rachel. Her husband was bail for a short time. She lives near the Olympic Theatre, I think in Wych-street. I went to her house to ascertain whether Mr. O'Donoghue was good bail, and I found him to be a respectable man I recommended him to Mr. Cridland has good bail. That was for £1,000. I had some conversation with Mrs. O'Donoghue when I went there. She told me that she knew Madame Rachel. I said to her I thought it a great pity Madame Rachel should be so foolish as to defend so bad a case, and that I should advise her

husband not to be bail. I said nothing about terms at all, nor about a compromise. I suggested that it was Madame Rachel's duty to pay Mrs. Borradaile. It was a natural conclusion that if she paid, the criminal proceedings would cease. The amount was not mentioned. I said she had better settle the action with Mr. Cridland. I understood Mr. Cridland had a judgment against her for the amount in a civil action.

By the COMMISSIONER.—I meant that she should pay on the action, not on the criminal proceedings.

To Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—I think it was after proceeding at Marlborough-street that I said it would be better for her to pay, but I am not sure. Madame Rachel was then under commitment for trial. Mrs. Borradaile was not aware of my interview with Mrs. O'Donoghue. I do not know that Mrs. Borradaile was indisposed to prosecute if she could get her money. Since the prosecution she has told me she pitied Madame Rachel, and very much regretted it. I did not mean to convey to Mrs. O'Donoghue that by coming to a settlement the criminal proceeding would be abandoned. My impression was that if Madame Rachel was bailed she would never appear to stand her trial, and I cautioned and advised Mrs. O'Donoghue not to let her husband become bail.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Did you imagine Madame Rachel would settle a civil claim when a criminal proceeding was pending against her?—I thought it advisable for her to do so.

By Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—I had not the smallest authority from Mrs. Borradaile to say anything to Mrs. O'Donoghue. I did it out of good nature.

The witness, as he was about to leave the box, said, addressing the Court, that as his character had been at stake in reference to the criminal prosecution to which he was subjected some years ago, he would bind himself to produce the document to which he had referred, not for his own sake, as a man of the world, but having regard to the society in which he moved.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Have you ever paid more of the money than £20?—I was discharged from that debt. I will not answer the question. The witness retired.

Miss Sarah Sutton was next called. She said, replying to Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—I am in the literary profession. I met Mrs. Borradaile in Whitecross-street Debtor's Prison, where I saw her for the first time. I was liable at that time for a lady to whom I had given a power of attorney to save her a large amount of money, and she did not pay at the time, though she paid afterwards. I was in Whitecross-street a fortnight or three weeks. Mrs. Borradaile there made a communication to me about Madame Rachel. I have known Mr. O'Keefe for several years. and it was through me that Mrs. Borradaile became acquainted with him. I gave her a letter of introduction to him in Paris. Prior to that I had never seen Madame Rachel but once. Mrs. Borradaile, who was then about to leave town, had asked me to accompany her to Madame Rachel's to ask her to supply her with some things for which she had paid her a large sum of money, and I went there with her. I believe they were cosmetics, clothes, and other articles. Madame Rachel said she would send them. Mrs. Borradaile said to her "When are you going to get me the money Lord Ranelagh owes me?" Madame Rachel said, turning to me, "Lord Ranelagh has not had any of her money; has she told you that he had?" I said, "Yes." Madame Rachel said, "Her William has had her money, and he will not allow her to leave town. He has been walking backward and forward outside for the last two hours." I asked Mrs. Borradaile what all that meant She replied "That horrid wicked woman has been deceiving you. There is no William; Lord Ranelagh is the man," Madame Rachel appeared confused, and said "Oh, no; it's your 'William.'" I said to Madame Rachel "I think you are both in love with Lord Ranelagh—one lending him her money, and the other screening him from payment." (A laugh.) Mrs. Borradaile said several times

there was no William, that Madame Rachel was telling stories, and was a horried, wicked woman. I asked Madame Rachel to call William in and let me see him. She replied—"Oh, my dear madam, I cannot do that; I never tell my ladies little intrigues." She did not call him in. We then left, and when I got outside I looked all round. Mrs. Borradaile asked what I was looking for. I never saw anybody looking for her. I accompanied her home to George-street, and stayed with her two hours. I have seen a great deal of her since January last.

By the COMMISSIONER.—I have not been examined before, though I have been subpœned on both trials.

The witness was not cross-examined.

Mr. Joseph Pike.—I am a jeweller at 136, New Bond-street. I remember Mrs. Borradaile coming to my shop about 1866, in May, June, and July continuously. No one came with her. I remember her ordering a diamond necklace and tiara. That was, I think, in the early part of June, 1866. I afterwards went to 47A New Bond-street, and there I saw Mrs. Borradaile and Madame Rachel. In the first instance I understood there was a to be marriage, and was asked to take some diamonds there. Mrs. Borradaile told me that in the presence of Madame Rachel. I went and brought the diamonds, and showed them to Mrs. Borradaile. Madame Rachel was present, and the diamonds were ultimately ordered by Mrs. Borradaile, and formally delivered. I had them on hand a considerable time, and I got £100 for cancelling the transaction.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Mrs. Borradaile came alone to my place after that, and I think she examined some diamonds. She took a look round as ladies will do. She appeared to understand what she was about, and to be a shrewd woman of business.

Mr. William Procter, examined by Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—I am a draper, and supplied goods to Mrs. Borradaile in May, 1866. They amounted to

£150, which she paid me. They were sent to 47a, New Bond-street. Some of them were wedding goods.

Cross-examined by Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—Mrs. Borradaile selected them, and appeared to be a woman of business.

Lord Ranelagh, examined by Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—I remember seeing Mrs. Borradaile on two occasions—once at Rachel's, where I was introduced to her by the prisoner. I never had the slightest intention to marry her. I never sent her a vinaigrette or any article belonging to any relation of mine. I do not know the person so frequently alluded to here by the name of William, and I never gave Rachel any advice or information about William. Every single word in the letters read in this case, so far as I am concerned, is false. I kept a man-servant in 1866 named Long. I have no recollection of ever having given Mrs. Borradaile my card.

Cross-examined by Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR.—I most solemnly declare that I never gave her my card. On the top of one of the letters produced there is a cipher, but it contains neither my crest nor my monogram. The second time I spoke to Mrs. Borradaile was at Mr. Cridland's office. That was about two years ago. I cannot at this distance of time recollect what I said to her, beyond wishing her "Good morning." I always go for amusement to the theatricals at Beaufort-house.

Mr. Smith, examined.—I live at 7, George-street, Hanover-square. Mrs. Borradaile had apartments in my house for nearly two years, during which time she never had any gentlemen of any kind to visit her. As a general rule she was in the house every night at 9, 10, and sometimes she was out as late as 11. She lived very economically.

Cross-examined.—She came home one night about 12.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE here announced that this was the case for the prosecution.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR said the witnesses he proposed

to call for the defence would be very short in their evidence, and that, with the sanction of the Court and the learned serjeant, he should put them into the box at once, and thus close the evidence on both sides.

this arrangement having been at once assented to,

Mr. William Henry Roberts was examined by Mr. Serjeant PARRY.—I have, he said, acted as attorney for Madame Rachel since the 3rd of June last. I was not attorney for her when she was examined at the Marlborough-street police court. My clerk and I have been examining her case. The whole of the letters produced were handed to me by Rachel, and have remained in my custody. All of them produced on the last trial are here now, and were duly shown to Mr. Digby Seymour. All that was done on the last occasion was done at the discretion of counsel. I employed a person to ascertain if possible Minton's hand-writing, and to make inquiries as to his character, but I never gave that person instructions to promise him a good situation.

Miss Rachel, examined by Mr. Serjeant PARRY.—My name is Rachel Leverson, and I am 27 years of age. I am the eldest daughter of the prisoner. I have a sister named Leonti. She is 20 or 21. My mamma has seven children. They are all younger than me and my sister. The youngest is seven years. I have one brother. In 1866 he was at school. He is now a medical student in Paris. His name is David. We never had any man named Edwardes coming to our house to work in 1866, or at any other time. My mamma occupied the shop 47a New Bond-street. She only occupied the shop and a small back room. The room is a very small one, and the shop is long and narrow. There is a glass door to the room through which persons can see from the shop into the room and from the room into the shop. I remember Mrs. Borradaile coming to our shop. She was constantly there, but beyond that I know nothing about her. So far as I can tell, I know of no relation between her and my mother. I know nothing of her except that she, like other ladies,

was a customer of our shop. The articles we sold were very expensive. Though we kept the shop, we resided at Blackheath in 1866 and 1867. In September, 1866, we took a house, in Maddox-street. That was used only as a private house, and to my knowledge Mrs. Borradaile was never at it. I have never seen her write.

I must ask you as regards all those letters signed "William;" do you know anything at all about them?—I do not

Have you ever written those letters yourself?—I have not.

It is said that some of the letters purporting to be written by Mrs. Borradaile were written by somebody else. Have you ever done so?—Never.

Nor anybody to your knowledge?—No. I do not recollect the introduction of Lord Ranelagh to Mrs. Borradaile. The boy Minton has never to my knowledge been employed by my mother to write letters of any kind. He was in the employment of an anctioneer named Taylor. I know of his being turned out of my mother's house on one occasion. He used to come to our place with messages from his master, and as he was complained of upon more than one occasion for his impertinence we turned him out.

Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—I was not examined at the last trial. I was not then in court, except upon the first day. I afterwards remained at home. I think we had the Maddox-street house about six months before December, 1866, but, as it required a great many alterations to be made in it, we did not get into possession until December. My mother took an opera box at the commencement of the season of 1867. It was a pit tier box she took. I went to Paris in 1867. I used to sleep at the end of 1866 and the beginning of 1867 at Blackheath, and sometimes I used to go there at late hours. My mother sometimes accompanied me, but not always. She occasionally remained for the night in London. She cannot write.

Leonti generally wrote for her. There was a boy in the shop named William. His age was 14 or 15. I cannot tell what has become of him. I saw him last after I came from Paris, and before the last trial. I then saw him at the office of Mr. Roberts, the attorney for the defence. That was after the proceedings at the Marlborough police court in this case had appeared in the public papers. He came into my mother's service some months before I went to Paris. I cannot tell whether he was there when I went to Paris, nor do I know whether he is now 17 years of age. He looks very young. I swear upon my solemn oath that I never saw Mrs. Borradaile at our place in the evening. I have often been there in the evening myself, but again I swear that to my knowledge I never saw her in our parlour on any evening whatever. I have already said that I have often seen her there, but it was always in the daytime she came. She has been there in the parlour as well as in the shop. It was at the commencement of 1867 I went to Paris. On my mother's return from the French capital I took her place there to conduct her professional business. It is now a very long time since I saw Mrs. Borradaile. I knew of my mother receiving sums of money on matters of business from Mr. Haynes, the attorney. Our shop was closed at 7 o'clock in the winter months, and at a later hour in the summer. I do not know of my mother receiving any letters from Mrs. Borradaile, nor has she ever told me that she has received any from her. I never heard of my mother receiving any letters to be given to Mrs. Borradaile. My mamma was a good deal at home. Generally speaking, I used to leave the shop in the month of September about 6 o'clock, but the time of leaving depended very much upon the amount of business that was going on. It is a great mistake to suppose that September was the dead season with us, though it is perfectly true that balls and parties are not so rife in London then as they are in the height of the season. Sometimes Leonti used to remain at the shop

later than I did. I knew nothing of Minton being turned away for rudeness, except from what my sister told me. I never saw him in my life. We never kept any books at our establishment. There was a letter sent from our place to Mr. Cope, Mrs. Borradaile's brother-in-law, and that is in the handwriting of the boy William. I know his handwriting, because I have seen him directing parcels.

Several letters were here handed tc the witness, and she was asked if she could identify the handwriting in any of them. She replied that she could not. They were not, she said, written by her, nor by Leonti, nor by William. The long account produced during the trial, which purported to contain a list of various sums of money paid by Rachel to Mrs. Borradaile, and which the latter receipted, was next handed to her. The body of this—the account of the sums paid—was, she stated, written by Leonti, and the receipts were in the handwriting of Mrs. Borradaile.

Cross—examination continued.—Leonti went to Paris in 1867, and there she assisted in mamma's professional business. Before she went she was at the Maddox—street house. William the shopboy is the only William I knew. I never heard of any other, except that I know the name to be a very ordinary one. Mrs. Borradaile used to be in and out our shop a great many times during the day.

Now, as you used to assist in the shop, of course you are well acquainted with the business your mother carried on there ?—I am.

Then listen to this list of your charges, which I quote from one of your pamphlets :—"Royal Nursery soap two guineas a bottle ; Royal Palace soap, two guineas a bottle ; Victoria soap, two guineas a bottle ; Princess's soap, two guineas a bottle ; Alexandra soap, two guineas a bottle ; Prince of Wales's soap, two guineas a bottle ; Honey of Mount Hymetius soap, two guineas a bottle ; Peach blossom soap, two guineas a bottle." (Great laughter.) These, I believe, were some of the soaps you sold ?—They were.

Then you sold "Magnetic Rock Dew Water of Sahara, for removing wrinkles (renewed laughter), two guineas a bottle;" and "Liquid flowers and herbs for the bath, a guinea a bottle." I find among the various other preparations that you sold "a bottle of Jordan water for 10 guineas and 20 guineas." (Great laughter.) Now, I ask you, Miss Leverson, did you believe this? Did you believe that this Jordan water was a reality or sham ?—I believed it to be a reality.

That is, you mean to tell the Court and jury on your oath that you believe that water for which you were charging 10 and 20 guineas a bottle came from the river Jordan ? I believe it is water brought from the east.

From the east ! Well, but that is very indefinite, for you know the east may mean Wapping. (Great laughter). What I ask you is, do you mean to say it came from the river Jordan ? Yes.

How do you know that ?—Because it was consigned to us sometimes.

By whom ?—Oh ! I cannot expose our professional secrets. (Great laughter.) If you will come to our shop and buy a bottle, I may tell you. (Renewed laughter.)

I never like to be rude to a lady, but I really must press you for an answer to my question. I ask you again, do you mean to swear upon your solemn oath that this water came from the river Jordan ?—I say I believe it did come from there, but, of course, I did not see it brought.

And you say it was consigned to you ?—Yes.

By an agent ?—Yes

By whom ?—Oh ! You want our professional secret to come out, but I cannot answer your question.

Well, now, where is the river Jordan ? (A pause.) Tell me where it is ?—Is it not near Jerusalem ?

And do you say that you have an agent there ?—I don't know whether he is at the Jordan, but I say he consigns the Jordan water to us.

Who is he ?—I'll not tell you. (Great laughter.)

Well, now, here is another pamphlet of yours, which I beg to hand up to you. I want to know who wrote that pamphlet ?—My sister and myself composed it.

Then listen to this extract from it :—

"In the interior of Sahara, or the Great Desert, is a magnetic rock, from which water distils sparingly in the form of dew (laughter), which is possessed of extraordinary property. Whether a latent electricity be imparted by magnetism, or an additional quantity of oxygen enters into its composition, it is not easy to say (More laughter.) But it appears to have the property of increasing the vital energies as it restores the colour of grey hair apparently by renewing the circulation in its capillary tubes (great laughter), the cessation of which occasions greyness ; and it gives the appearance of youth to persons of considerable antiquity. (Great laughter.) This water is brought to Morocco on swift dromedaries for the use of the Court, and its virtues are much extolled by their physicians. It might be called the antipodes of the Lethean Styx of ancient times." (Roars of laughter.)

I have only another question to ask you—namely, did you know of the £1,000 your mother obtained from Mrs. Borradaile ?—I did not.

Did your mother never tell you of that ?—Never.

Re-examined by Mr. Serjeant PARRY.—The prices for the soaps and powders to which my attention has been called are charged to all our customers alike, and we have had a vast number of customers besides Mrs. Borradaile.

Now, do you state positively that the extract read is from the *Illustrated London News* ?—I do. I have heard that Mr. Haynes transacted a large amount of business for my mother for two years before Mrs. Borradaile became known to her. The boy William was discharged for theft. That fact was brought to the knowledge of our attorney (Mr. Roberts), who acted on his own discretion in not examining him at the last trial.

When the London season is over we supply articles in our business to Brighton and other fashionable places. Fashionable names such as the Alexandra soap, the Prince of Wales's soap, and so on, may be applied to soap as well as to other articles.

Miss Leonti Levison, examined by Mr. Serjeant PARRY—I am the younger sister of the last witness. In 1866 and 1867 I assisted my mother in the business in New Bond-street. I recollect seeing Mrs. Borradaile frequently in 1866 and 1867. I have never written a sham letter to my mother in the name of "William." Nor have I written any of the letters produced upon this trial in the name of "William." There was a young lad named William in my mother's employ. I never knew anybody in our employ named Edward. The boy Minton used to come round to our shop with messages from his master, Mr. Taylor. I never saw him write. He used to be in our small parlour sometimes. I complained of his impertinent conduct to Mr. Taylor, and I turned him away on one occasion. There was no friendly feeling between him and my mother.

Cross-examined by Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—My sister and I managed my mother's business. I know nothing of the £1,000 my mother got from Mrs. Borradaile. I had a great deal of anxiety about it, but I swear I do not up to this moment know whether my mother received that money or not. I recollect my mother paying notes and gold on one occasion to Mrs. Borradaile. I cannot tell the day of the month, or the month, when those notes and gold were paid. It was in 1866 or 1867. I often saw mamma lend Mrs. Borradaile money, but I never saw Mrs. Borradaile return what she borrowed. It was in the evening when it was given to her. I cannot tell you within six months when it was lent. Mrs. Borradaile was always borrowing money—twice in some weeks, and oftener in others. Almost from the first of their acquaintance—and mamma knew Mrs Borradaile for years—the latter was

borrowing money. She was borrowing in most of the months of June, July, August, September, October, November, and December, 1866. I cannot say about the largest amount she ever borrowed. On on occasion she borrowed either £100 or £200, I forget which. Whether that was the largest amount she ever borrowed I cannot tell. She borrowed the £100 or £200 in 1866 or 1867. (A laugh.) I think it was a few months before the end of 1866 or a few months after the beginning of 1867. That is the nearest date I can give. She borrowed it in our shop. What she said when she borrowed it I do not know. She did not say what she wanted the money for. She did not say, "Madame Rachel, I would feel obliged by your lending me £100 or £200." Shortly after mamma gave her the money. Whether mamma took out the money from her pocket or not I cannot say. I do not know where the money was got from. Mamma had no banker, and never had one to my knowledge. She kept her money in the house. The reason I did not pay more attention to this transaction was because I was attending to some heavy business in the shop at the time. Mamma was in the habit of lending money to ladies. She kept her money in a cabinet in the little parlour. I cannot point to any date or time when any more money was lent to Mrs. Borradaile. I do not know whether mamma asked Mrs. Borradaile for a receipt for the £100 or £200. Mamma started the opera-box at the beginning of the opera season in 1867. I was not the young lady that Lord Ranelagh was talking to when mamma introduced him to Mrs. Borradaile. I never saw Mrs. Borradaile at the shop after dark, but I know mamma lent her money in the evening. I cannot tell from 10 to 100 times how often money was lent to her in the evening. Mamma very seldom went out during business hours.

Re-examined by Mr. Serjeant PARRY.—When the £100 or £200 was lent my attention was not particularly drawn to the transaction. Mrs. Borradaile might have called at our shop as far back as 1864. I and my

sister were busily employed in papering up the powders and making other preparations for sale, and, therefore, we had nothing to do with money transactions. My father is alive, but he and mamma are not on very good terms.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE.—He lives at 25 King-street, Soho-square.

To the COMMISSIONER.—We did not sleep at the shop. We slept at Blackheath. I only stopped in London at night when Mamma was ill.

The account was here handed to the witness, which purported to contain receipts from Mrs. Borradaile for the £100, £80, £70, and other sums already mentioned, and she said these receipts were written by Mrs. Borradaile. Letters were also handed her, but the handwriting she said she was unable to identify.

This having closed the evidence for the defence,

Mr. DIGBY SEYMONR proceeded to address the jury on behalf of the prisoner. He commenced by saying that he was there for the second time to argue in the name of justice for an acquittal of his client. He complained of the injustice manifested towards her by those who had piled up publications against her around the doors leading to that court—publications, which were of the very vilest description, not containing in them a particle of legal truth, which had nothing about them except the malice of those who had put them together, and the sole object of which was to create a prejudice in the mind of the jury against the woman at the bar. Again, it was an injustice, in these days of a free press, that from day to day, while the jury were sitting, sworn to give an impartial verdict in this case, comments should have been made in the columns of daily newspapers which were tinged with a feeling of partisanship. He cared not for the comments made in those newspapers upon himself. He thanked God that he felt sufficiently armed against such attacks as to be able to declare boldly that no philippics or taunts should ever have the effect of preventing him from discharging his duty in an

intrepid manner. The remarks of which he did complain had reference to what was said respecting the evidence of particular witnesses, the mode and legal sequence of the arguments, and the conduct generally of the defence; and such was the prejudice which these remarks were likely to create that the jury ought to go down upon their knees and pray that God would enable them to do justice in this case. He saw that pens were at work in the press calculated to deprive the jury of their reason (a laugh), and to prevent them from exercising that impartial and unbiassed judgment which juries were always expected to evince. He candidly believed that those responsible for this prosecution would never have put Mrs. Borradaile a second time into the box as a witness if they had not calculated on the fact that such an amount of prejudice would be created by the press as would prevent the jury from deciding on the actual issue now before them. But though he had thus enlarged upon this subject at the outset, he could not believe—however, some of the jury might have been affected by the prejudice created, and he would not believe until he had some proof to the contrary—that when he had addressed the 12 men then in the box upon the facts he should appeal to them in vain. On the contrary, he entertained hopes that in the end, after that appeal, they would return a calm, impartial, and honest verdict. What meant the introduction into the case of the Jordan Water? Were they now trying a question as to whether high-sounding names should be given to articles of trade? Why, there was not an article sold, nothing which we ate, drank, or wore, that had not from time to time been dignified by distinguished appellations by tradesmen. For instance, the names of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Alexandra had been freely used in shops, and the introduction of these names had been considered pardonable upon the part of those who in this manner brought their wares more prominently than they otherwise would have been brought under the notice of the public. The jury

therefore, were not trying now whether the prisoner had given her cosmetics to the world under high-sounding names. That was not the charge against her, and he hesitated not to say that the attempt of the learned serjeant opposite to make that the question for decision was practically to insult the jury, and to occupy their minds with something utterly foreign to the issue. It might be that the prisoner had asked very high prices for her preparations; but if she obtained customers at those prices, if the fashionable world lent themselves to create a demand for those cosmetics, was she to be punished for having furnished them with a supply? Whatever might be the hidden key for explaining the mystery of Bond-street, whether Lord Ranelagh was William, or whether somebody else was William, one thing was certain, that what occurred was between Mrs. Borradaile and the prisoner, and that there was something clandestine, something in the nature of an intrigue, could not be doubted. Whatever might be said against the prisoner, this must be admitted that she had given her children a good education. The real question for decision was whether the prosecution had satisfied the jury that the prisoner had obtained the money by means of false pretences. That there was something strange on the part of Mrs. Borradaile was clear, else why was she living in London, moving about from coffeehouse to coffeehouse, while her daughter and other relations were all living in Wales? That there was a "William" in the case, though he had not been produced, was as true as that the sun shone; and that the correspondence was genuine, and not a forgery, as the learned serjeant alleged, but failed to prove, was equally beyond dispute. The learned counsel dwelt forcibly upon the comparison which existed between the letters and documents, and said that he would appeal to the judgment of the jury whether there was any foundation for the suspicion that a forgery had been committed. Could it be conceived that a hundred letters, written at all times upon each sides of the paper

crossed and doubly-crossed, with post-scripts and double postscripts, were forgeries? How could they reconcile it in their minds that persons who would be capable of forgery would be capable also of giving, in their own handwriting, the means of their detection. The next theory of the prosecution was that Mrs. Borradaile wrote the letters as an unconscious being, that she was, as it were, under "magnetic influence" —a widow bewitched; that she had drunk some strange waters, with some strange and fancied impulse thrilling through her brain; that she had been operated upon by some secret influence; and that she was a captive in the hands of the chief juggler—Madame Rachel. They had heard of such things as electric biology, and of a mysterious affinity being created towards persons of both sexes by which two hearts and two minds had been brought together. The present was an age of wonders, no doubt, but could they satisfy their minds that this strange magnetic influence was at work when Mrs. Borradaile called at the linendraper's and selected the apparel, and when it was proved she did her business like any other woman in her proper senses? At that time, then, had she drunk the poisoned draught? Had she then been filled with those waters which disturbed the power of her mind, and neutralized the thinking being within her? Again, he would ask them, was she under the influence of this magnetic power when she proceeded to her jewellers, selected the diamonds, and cheapened the price? So far from being a fool, she appears to have been a shrewd woman of business, and quite capable of knowing what she was doing, for she wrote in a flowing hand the check and the words, "Payable at Grindlay's and Co.'s Mary Tucker Borradaile." Could they, as reasonable and sensible men, accept, after this, the preposterous notion of the magnetic influence? It was also alleged that she had fallen suddenly into the hands of a charmer; but would this apply to what occurred in May, 1866, when she resumed her acquaintance with Madame Rachel? Was it not too much to

say that this educated woman had become suddenly paralyzed, fascinated, and subdued by the overwhelming power and strange witchcraft of his client? And the prosecution had propounded another and an equally strange theory,—viz., that of ardent liquors. He would ask them if it was not too bad to assert that for the first time now. The learned serjeant, however, had thought proper to infer that Mrs. Borradaile had been placed under the influence of drink. If she was, in reality, a woman who would indulge in ardent drinks, they would be able to value her character; but they must remember that if she indulged one day the influence would have been gone by the next, and that it was not likely that she would go again to be intoxicated. He contended that there was no ground for that suggestion, but that, on the contrary, Mrs. Borradaile was a clear-headed and business-like woman. In proof of this he alluded to the admirable way in which many of the letters were written, clearly showing that Mrs. Borradaile was under no such influence whatever. They were not the compositions of a woman whose hand trembled and whose brain was confused by intoxication, but they were evidently written when she had her senses about her. Neither was there any suspicion that Mrs. Borradaile had been drugged by the prisoner, and altogether he must protest against such a monstrous thing as that propounded by the prosecution. Then, again, there was that of the dictation. Mrs. Borradaile was not in her teens; she was a widow of an officer who had seen the world; she was evidently in "the winter of her discontent," and a little beyond 50. She had seen life, and knew how to draw and what to do with her money, and yet they were asked to believe that she did everything at the dictation of Madame Rachel. He trusted they would look at this theory as something which was totally inconsistent with reason and sense. Could they rest satisfied with the theory that Lord Ranelagh was to lead from the steps of St. George's, Hanover-square, a blooming, renovated bride

in the person of Mrs. Mary Tucker Borradaile? The scene surely would be too strange for them to believe. Mrs. Borradaile, the customer of Madame Rachel and the widow of a colonel, happened to go into a shop in Bond-street to make purchases, and, no doubt, to execute an arrangement for the restoration of her faded charms. She saw outside a gentleman, and was told that he was to be her lover; the door opened, and then the introduction, "Lord Ranelagh, Mrs. Borradaile," followed and nothing more. One would have expected more than this, but still this appeared to have been all. There must be some beginning to love. He saw that his friend (Serjeant Ballantine) shook his head. His love had no beginning (laughter), and he (Mr. Digby Seymour hoped it would have no end; he was not the man to want any magnetic influence to aid him; certainly no ardent spirits (renewed laughter); but in the case of Mary Tucker Borradaile, one would have expected to see a little more delay and a little more coy resistance and delicate difficulty. (Laughter.) Here was a widow who had been married six and twenty years, and whose husband had been dead for seven—a widow who was beyond her prime, but a widow who evidently had extraordinary confidence in the powers of her old charms, and in the matchless influence of her voluminous locks—was she the person, then to believe that the man whom she had only momentarily seen outside was Lord Ranelagh, and that he was the man who was going to marry her? Could they for one moment conceive that when she was introduced at the door to an English nobleman she was under the belief that he intended to make her his bride? It would be monstrous to conceive such a thing. But this was, in fact, the whole point of his case. They must be satisfied that there was some false pretence of an intended marriage, and that Mrs. Borradaile believed it. It would not do for her simply to say she believed it. As jurymen they must bring to bear their own experience of life before they accepted any such theory. They

must apply the test to this as to any other case, and decide whether, in their opinion she believed she was an affianced bride at the time. It would be impossible, he submitted, for them to believe it. Was it true that she asked for his card, and, if so, why did she take it? Was it that she might know his name and address, or was it that she might call upon him? If she did all this in her senses what became of the theory that she was under the influence of potent whisky? The learned counsel then proceeded to argue that if they were true the jury could not convict, and if they were false they could not convict either, unless they charged one person with falsehood upon another person who was confessedly false. He would ask them to throw the balance of probability into the scale, and then the testimony of Lord Ranelagh, in respect to the giving of the card, would be found to outweigh that of Mrs. Borradaile. She had sworn that she got his Lordship's card, while he denied having given it her; but if such really was the case as she had asserted, why had not the card been preserved? She had sworn that she got the card, but she had no memory of where it came from. If he was to have been her lover, would she not have kept it as some indication of the introduction. He ventured to assert that it was not until those absurd letters had been brought to light—the letters of "Dear Tommy"—that Lord Ranelagh exchanged a word with Mrs. Borradaile. The contention all along had been that the letters were written at the dictation of Madame Rachel, she being at the time the manager of a matrimonial intrigue between Mrs. Borradaile and Lord Ranelagh. If so would Madame Rachel have suggested to Mrs. Borradaile that she should address the very first letter which she wrote from a coffeehouse at Paddington? He would ask them to mark this well. Madame Rachel was said to be a woman of the would—clever, though ignorant, crafty, though illiterate, a woman of experience, who knew that she was dealing with a lady, and yet it was said that she suggested such an address on

the very first love letter between the widow of a colonel and Viscount Ranelagh. Mrs. Borradaile had said that Lord Ranelagh was introduced to her as a rich and good man, and yet she, the careful widow, said the suggestion was made to her that she should date her first letter from a small coffeehouse. There was something about this which was remarkably strange It would be found there were two letters written at the same time—one to Madame Rachel, the other to "William," supposed to be Lord Ranelagh. The latter was dated from the coffeehouse, but that to Madame from the Great Western Hotel. What was the meaning of that? How could that be explained? Was it likely that Lord Ranelagh would have paid attention to any lady at a coffeehouse; would he have gone there to see his intended bride? Fancy Lord Ranelagh being made to go as a lover to a coffeehouse at Paddington? The letter was written evidently before she was quite overcome by the magnetic influence which afterwards was said to operate over her. In the letter there was this remarkably phrase,—"As before, I do not wish for any intrusion." If such a letter as this had fallen into the hands of any of the jury, and they knew that it came from a lady, would the inference not have been that some prior meeting had been held—a meeting, it might have been, between her and "William?" It was consistent, at all events with the suggestion that there was some other person, not Lord Ranelagh, who had visited her at the coffeehouse. The learned gentleman again alluded to the letters and to the theories of the prosecution, and said that for it to be suggested that Mrs. Borradaile was not in her right senses when she wrote them was a monstrous, a base, and a preposterous invention, and an endeavour to do by prejudice what they had not dared to establish before the jury by testimony upon oath. The letter sent by Mrs. Borradaile to "Dear William" asking him to meet her at a coffeehouse near the Davis-street baths, was next read and commented on, and the learned counsel called attention

to the fact that no attempt had been made by the prosecution to support Mrs. Borradaile in respect to this, or to prove that a message had been left at the house as suggested. He then passed on to observe that the question of the bath had occupied the attention of people who had exposed Madame Rachel to ribald songs and cruel jests, songs as wretched in composition as they were wicked in invention. There were headings in various papers, and pictures in police sheets also utterly and abominably cruel, which had been prejudicial to the woman who was then on her trial. He would venture to assert that if the jury were to inspect her house they would find nothing to indicate those deeds of uncleanness and immorality which it was said had been practised there. Talk of baths! Why there were no such things there, and the assertion that had been made about "eyes of eager lust" was altogether a wicked and abominable invention. There was no pretence for it. The only bath that Mrs. Borradaile took was at the public baths in Davies-street, and it was a monstrous thing to enshroud the prisoner with such a cloud of prejudice as required all the efforts of her counsel to tear the veil away, in order that justice might be done her. It would not do for advocates to be nice or tender about feelings; their duty was to get at the truth. It did not lie upon the prisoner affirmatively to prove her innocence, but upon the prosecution to establish her guilt, and if he succeeded in the propositions he had laid down, then he doubted not that an acquittal was clear and certain. The learned counsel next proceeded to argue that "Dear William" was some person other than Lord Ranelagh, and that the allusion which had been made to his lordship was made by Mrs. Borradaile for the purpose of clearing herself of the imputation which lodged upon her, as was proved by the words of Madame Rachel when she accused her of spending her money upon a paramour. She was evidently playing off a trick upon her friends by pretending that her lover was Lord Ranelagh; but were the flannels, the

shirts, and the socks for his lordship, or were they not for some other "Dear William?" with whom she was about to fly to Paris.

At 5 o'clock Mr. Digby Seymour said it was impossible to conclude his address that evening, being physically unable to proceed further.

The trial was again adjourned till this morning.

FOURTH DAY.

This morning, at the opening of the Court, the trial of Sarah Rachel Levison, better known as Madam Rachel, began on monday, on the charge of obtaining from Mary Tucker Borradaile, by certain false and fraudulent pretences, the sum of £1,400. with intent to defraud, was resumed.

As from the first the court-house was crowded throughout the day. Lord Ranelagh was again present.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine (with whom were Mr. Montagu Williams and Mr. Straight) conducted the prosecution; Mr. Digby Seymour. Q. C., Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. Serjeant Sleigh, and Mr. Butler Digby the defence.

A conversation arose between the Commissioner and Mr. Digby Seymour as to the admission of some letters, and the production of Mr. Haynes' bill of costs.

A juryman asked to be allowed to see the bill.

The COMMISSIONER said he had looked over it, and found there a number of matters, the charges amounting altogether to about £140.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR submitted that in no shape or form could the bill of costs be put in as evidence against Madame Rachel. It had been produced on the part of the prosecution. He wished to see the cash account to which Mr. Haynes had referred.

THE COMMISSIONER asked if Mr. Haynes was present?

His son (who was in court) replied that he was to ill to attend, owing to a spasmodic affection of the heart.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR intimated his intention to dispute the account.

The COMMISSIONER said Mr. Haynes had sworn that the only knowledge he had of the different sums he had paid was contained in a sheet of a paper which bore Madame Rachel's initials, and which had passed into her hands. He had also stated that he thought he could make up the account from other documents which he had in his possession.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR said if the draught was produced he would not complain, otherwise he should have to comment upon the circumstance in the course of his address.

The COMMISSIONER said if Mr. Haynes could not attend the matter would have to stand as it was.

Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR then resumed his address. He thanked the jury for the patient attention they had given to his remarks so far, and reminded them that he had concluded on the previous day by referring to the remarkable letter of the 4th of September. Having looked at the contents of that letter backward and forward, and thought of it constantly, he confessed he was unable to see by what legitimate argument his learned friend could reconcile it with the guilt of the prisoner. It was a letter to Mr. Cope, the exposure of which, they must remember, would have spoilt the game it was alleged Madame Rachel was then playing would have had the effect of stopping the receipt of money from Haynes to herself, and have enabled the family of Mrs. Borradaile to frustrate the fraudulent scheme Madame Rachel was then said to be practising. Mr. Digby Seymour next alluded to letters dated August, 1866, and March and May, 1867, and said that if their whole tone and the postscript were considered, the conclusion was irresistible that they were the composition of Mrs. Borradaile, and not the language of an uneducated woman like his client. The allusions they contained showed that a communication was being held at the time between Mrs. Borradaile and the mysterious

being "William." Her statement as to not wishing to go to Mount-street was proof that it could not refer to Lord Ranelagh, for his Lordship did not reside there. The letter contained these sentences:—"I was at Mr. Haynes' yesterday, and he has arranged everything satisfactorily between Madame Rachel and myself." Again, "I have ordered the shirt, and they will be sent home to-morrow morning," and "Madame Rachel has promised, in the presence of Mr. Haynes, that she will not trouble me about money matters, as she will be satisfied with any arrangement I may think proper to make." Could this be the language of Madame Rachel, and was it dictated to Mrs. Borradaile? Could they for one moment doubt that it was the language of Mrs. Borradaile, and that she was dealing with the relation that evidently, existed between herself and "William." "I am afraid to go to Rachel's for fear of Mr. Bauer; she told me yesterday he had an execution against me. I offered to give him back the lace, but he would not take it." Surely these were remarkable facts. That Mr. Bauer had an execution against her was true, and if she had been told so by Rachel, was it likely she would go to her shop to write this very letter at her dictation? Mrs. Borradaile could not have been at the prisoner's when that letter was written. It was clearly one of those things which spoke for itself. Again, "She has exposed the whole affair about the lace, the very thing I did not wish to be known. It was most foolish of her, exposing my affairs to my family. She says she did it to prevent my being arrested. This affair has nearly broken my heart. I did not know that you were ill, or I would not have upbraided you for coldness and unkindness; but I thought you had neglected me." By what possible argument could it be said that this was the dictation of the prisoner? Would Madame Rachel have suggested the words, "She has exposed the whole affair," the very thing that Mrs. Borradaile did not wish her to do? Then, again, the purchase of the neckties and socks.

Could it be suggested for one moment that they were for Lord Ranelagh? It was a proposition, upon the face of it, absurd to say that Madame Rachel told her to put down all this—awake or asleep, or under whatever magnetic influence Mrs. Borradaile at the time might have been. "All my family have cut me. They say they will have nothing to do with such an incorrigible as they thought I was!" Was this language to send to Lord Ranelagh—to the man who loved and admired her? "My dear William,—I shall see Mrs. Lilley, as you desire; she will, no doubt, be of service to you." Who was Mrs. Lilley? He had tried to ascertain, but failed. At all events, it was certain that the allusion was made to some person in no way connected with Madame Rachel. Neither had there been an attempt on the part of the prosecution to connect the prisoner with that lady. No doubt she was known to Mrs. Borradaile, but that she was a person who was not associating with Lord Ranelagh was clear. The next passage was as remarkable as the others:—"It seems you know the overland-route to my heart." Surely that could not be the language of Madame Rachel! Mrs. Borradaile, they must remember, was a lady who had travelled; she had been in India, and was the widow of a Colonel. Mr. Seymour commented upon other passages, relating to the inspection by Mrs. Borradaile of the lace, the diamonds, the carriage, and the house, and said it was remarkable that none of the tradesmen had been produced by the prosecution to verify the assertions that were made. Where was the coachmaker and the house agent, and where was the house situate? "My own dear William,—I am very much surprised and annoyed at Madame Rachel's impertinence." Very remarkable, this! "It was a serious quarrel, and all concerning you." What on earth could the quarrel be about? Why should Mrs. Borradaile and Madame Rachel quarrel? "A serious quarrel," they would remember, "and all concerning you." They had heard something of an extraordinary scene at Mr. Haynes', it was true, some

allusion was made by Madame Rachel to Mrs. Borradaile's extravagance in spending her money on a paramour; and probably this was the solution of the passage. "Not one member of my family will hold any communication with me for forming, as they say, such a degraded connexion with you." What could this be? A degraded connexion with whom? Certainly not with Lord Ranelagh, but probably with some unknown lover under the pretence of being Captain William Edwardes. Was Madame Rachel likely to dictate such words as "a degraded connexion with Lord Ranelagh?" It was more probable that the allusion referred to a paramour, such as had been referred to before before Mr. Haynes. "Am I to believe that the woman you are travelling with, and whom you introduced to me as your sister"—could this be the dictation of Madame Rachel, or would it support the theory that had been set up by the prosecution that Mrs. Borradaile when she wrote was under the influence of a charmer? "My own dear William, it is very kind of you to take care of my comb and frissette, which is my own hair." Was not this the language of Mrs. Borradaile? It was a small matter, perhaps, but it would aid the jury in solving the labrynth of mystery by which the case was surrounded. "The hairdresser in the High-street, Cheltenham, made it—the man who used to shave you." How could they reconcile this with the theory that it was Lord Ranelagh? It was certain that he had not been under the hands of a barber for years. (Laughter.) And when interrogated, how had Mrs. Borradaile tried to get out of it? She said that his head was shaved. (Laughter.) That was just like Mrs. Borradaile. "I have no one to care for me but you, and I love you all the more for it. I have given you all that a woman holds dear." A terrible passage this. As men of the world, what would be their opinion if they read this in a book? But what was Mrs. Borradaile's account? With a smile upon her countenance she said that all a woman held dear was her money.

There was nothing to show that the prisoner had operated on the vain mind of Mrs. Borradaile. The request that "dear William" would not join the mob lest he should be shot, the taking of the photograph to bed, and the attempt to screen him from her family were referred to as being consistent with the theory of the defence that they were not dictated by the prisoner, but were the ready effusions of Mrs. Borradaile. He never could sufficiently impress upon the minds of the jury that, by whatever means the letters came into the possession of Rachel, they had no right to entertain scruples of delicacy or queries of difficulty as to the mode in which that strange circumstance had occurred. He was not called upon to supply the fact as to how that had happened. It was for the prosecution to make out their case without any flaw or loophole; it was not for the defence to sustain the weakness of the prosecution. If there was a flaw left, creating a doubt, the benefit of that doubt ought to be given to the prisoner. She was, of course, obliged to be silent, and could not throw any light upon any part of the transaction. Upon the extremely mysterious point as how the letters came into her possession the whole thing was wholly inexplicable upon the theory of the prosecution. Mrs. Borradaile, who according to her own account, seemed throughout this case to have been walking in her sleep—drugged, subdued, captivated, enamoured of some man named William—did not pretend to account for it. All she could say was that she had written the letters to Lord Ranelagh at Rachel's dictation, in one of those letters saying to his lordship, "You have forgotten having seen me in the bath." And this she wrote to an English nobleman! Was this the invention of a disorganized brain? He (Mr. Seymour) recollected a case which had been tried at Westminster Hall, when it appeared that certain letters then produced, written by and to a lady were the mysterious workings of the human brain of one and the same individual. He should be glad, if he could, to account for the eccentricities of Mrs. Borra-

daile by supposing that she was labouring under some affliction of Providence, but even that hypothesis could not be set up in her defence, for it appeared that upon almost everything, save her overweening vanity, she was perfectly sane and collected. In others of her letters she went on to speak to "dear Tommy" about horse racing, what he was to win by backing horses next season, and what the Marquis of Hastings had lost in a single day; and then there followed in one of them this very remarkable passage:—"I will go to the baths at the Argyle Rooms this evening; I will then wait for you at the publichouse at the back of Regent-street, and will ask for a private room for us there." I will put on a dark dress and veil and do you put on your Sunday beard and whiskers." (A laugh.) Here she was absolutely appointing an interview with a nobleman in a common publichouse. What was the meaning of her breaking off with William and taking on with Tommy? This,—that having spent her money partly on William without being able to get him to marry her, she now thought she would excite his jealousy by addressing her future letters to Tommy. He (the learned counsel) contended that there was not one honest, solemn, reasonable particle of truth in the allegation of Mrs. Borradaile that Rachel had dictated the letters. Minton's evidence was utterly unreliable and if the jury credited it for a moment they would be relying on a broken reed. At Marlborough-street that boy was wholly unable to identify the handwriting of any one of the letters. But afterwards, when the whole of the correspondence had appeared in the newspapers, he came to the conclusion that he thought he could identify an "o" in one of the letters. If this case rested solely upon the evidence of Mrs. Borradaile the jury would not hang a cat (a laugh); if it rested on that of Minton, and he was believed, then undoubtedly the indictment might be sustainable. But he could not be believed, particularly when the jury recollected what he said about the pocket book, and about his going down

as a volunteer to Mr. Cridland's office. That pocket book contained five pages of a pencil entry by him which were copied by Mr. Cridland's clerk. Why had not that clerk been produced? The pencil entry consisted of what he had read in the newspapers of his own evidence at Marlborough-street, and in that entry he stated that one of the letters purporting to have been written by Lord Ranelagh to Mrs. Borradaile was like his own handwriting at a time when he said he had been employed by Rachel to write a letter from his lordship to the prosecutrix. Then he said in the entry that he conveyed various letters from Rachel to Edwardes. The entry, being the result of an afterthought, must be at once rejected; and that being so, and there being really only the one witness, Minton, in the case, there was nothing to affect the home, hearts, or household of Rachel. Of course, to listen to the prosecution the prisoner was something like the Witch of Endor, but now that the whole of the evidence against her had been produced it was abundantly clear that she was wholly guiltless of any charge whatever. There was one letter upon which the prisoner must be acquitted. That was a letter written by Mrs. Borradaile containing this passage: "I cannot tell you how grieved I was to hear of your sad accident, and so was my dear William, He will call upon you to-morrow." Did William call, and to whom was this letter addressed? These were mysteries. Again she said in a letter she had called at Cridland's and found Lord Ranelagh there; that she thought his lordship, who was drunk, would have struck her. She then went on to say that his lordship had spoken of her "William," and that in consequence she called him "a liar and a thief, and a cowardly, unmanly vagabond." (Laughter.) The learned counsel having quoted at length from other letters of Mrs. Borradaile to Rachel, he proceeded to observe that the letters she had addressed to Mr. Haynes, the attorney, were clear, business-like, and practical, the productions of a woman of the world, perfectly capable of telling her attorney how

to conduct her case. He then asked in a loud voice, "Where is Mr. Haynes?" There being no response, Mr. Seymour said, "I wished now to further examine Mr. Haynes, but it appears he is not here, and that the only answer to my question of 'Where is Mr. Haynes?' is that of 'Echo answers, where?'" And now that his speech was drawing to a close he desired to do again to-day what he had done yesterday—namely, to remind the jury that they were not trying Rachel for having charged enormous prices for her preparations, or for the high-sounding names she had given to her soaps and powders. These were things done everyday by tradesmen. A man could not take up any newspaper, including the Thunderer, without seeing the enormous extent to which puffing was carried on in these days, distinguished, perhaps, from all preceding days by competition, being the grease which kept in perpetual motion the wheels of industry. Nay, the very newspapers themselves were competing with each other in red flaming placards of enormous length, the letters on which were as big, not as his leg, but as his body. (Laughter.) On one of these placards might be read the words, "The largest paper in the world," and on the other, "The largest circulation in the world." (Renewed laughter.) Before competition of this kind Jordan water and Arabic perfumes sank into insignificance. If the jury did not pity the prisoner, at all events let them sympathize with the cause of justice. What had she received from Mr. Haynes? A check? He denied it, for there was not a particle of documentary proof in support of the allegation. If on the last trial justice had not been done the prisoner, let justice be done her now. If before she had not been dealt with impartially, let her be dealt with impartially now. She had not attempted to escape the hands of justice, though there were occasions since this matter was first talked about when she might have absconded to Paris. She made her appearance at the Marlborough Police-court, and at all times when wanted she was forthcoming. His task

was done. Whatever the issue of the case might be, he felt that he had discharged his duty. He had tried to be animated and stimulated by the belief that he should not make his appeal to the jury in vain. The counsel who maintained the dignity of his profession, and endeavoured to support the interests of his client by fair play, and not by sophistry, usually obtained the approval of the Court and the respect of his fellow-citizens, but, above all, he had the satisfaction of enjoying the approval of his own conscience. If he believed and was satisfied that the jury then in the box could realize the importance of this case, not only to the present generation but to posterity, he should believe in the triumph of his contention whether the verdict was for or against him; but if he could suppose that, after all, their minds would still remain prejudiced, then he would appeal from their anticipated conviction to the justice of his country.

The learned counsel, who had on the two days occupied with his address spoken for eight hours and five minutes, here resumed his seat amid some applause, which was at once suppressed by the officers of the Court.

Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE, in replying upon the whole case, said he would only occupy the attention of the jury for a comparatively short time, during which he certainly should make none of those inflammatory appeals to their consciences in which his learned friend had indulged, and which were quite unnecessary in a trial of the present kind. He should also forbear from touching on many of the matters upon which his learned friend had commented, and especially would he take care not to imitate Mr. Seymour in making any boast of the place (though it was London) which had given him birth. (Laughter.) All references of this kind, however able and eloquently they might be made, accompanied with all that vehemence to which they had just listened, were altogether misplaced. The case itself had unquestionably excited great interest in the press and

on the part of the public, but then in many respects it was only a trumpery affair, and there was no pretence for telling the jury that the eyes of the world were upon it, and that it would go down to posterity as one of the the most memorable trials of the age. Parts of it admitted of no question of doubt. It was undeniable, for instance, that Mrs. Borradaile had lost all her money, her property, and her pension, and the only question was whether all that had been lost by means of the false pretences made use of by Rachel. And this being the simple issue, he could not forbear thinking that much valuable time had been consumed in the conduct of the case. The only defence set up was that Mrs. Borradaile had had an intrigue with some man named William, and that to that intrigue Madame Rachel was a party. If, then, this was the simple issue, and this defence, the vehement indignation of his learned friend seemed to have been entirely and uselessly thrown away. The prosecution admitted at once that Mrs. Borradaile was a weak, credulous, foolish, and vain woman; but, then, she was not the only weak and credulous woman in the world. The jury had doubtless all heard lately of the celebrated Chancery case of "Lyon v. Home," the plaintiff in which believed that Home could communicated with the spirit of her deceased husband in the other world. That was a case in which a picture was exhbited of quite as much folly, credulity, and weakness as ever Mrs. Borradaile had shown, and, moreover, while the latter had lost only some £5,000, Mrs. Lyon was out of pocket to the tune of about £60,000 in respect of Home's pretended conversations with her dead husband. (Laughter.) There was no analogy between the high-sounding names given by Rachel to her cosmetics and those given by tradesmen to their wares; neither was there any point in the argument of his learned friend respecting competition and the flaming red placards of the *Telegraph* and *Standard*. Competition and high sounding names there might be in all branches of trade, but then, in that of

Rachel there was a quantity of worthless trash collected by her and put into bottles and sold at enormous prices. The truth was that she carried on a system of wholesale fraud under the plea of having a perfumer's shop. The shop and all its contents were a mere matter of form and of trickery, under the pretence of conducting which she had other objects in view; and, before this case was concluded, such new facts would be opened up as would cause the jury unhesitatingly to pronounce a verdict against her. Early in 1865 she discovered that she had got one of her victims in the person of Mrs. Borradaile—a woman of original beauty, which was now beginning to fade, and one who was very anxious that she should be made "beautiful for ever." Rachel, being a woman of great craft and very considerable mind, brought that craft and mind to bear upon her victim, and succeeded in possessing herself of the whole of the money belonging to the latter. Then came a change. When first she knew Mrs. Borradaile she owed half a year's rent, but the money now obtained not only enabled her to pay that rent, but to furnish in a most costly manner a house in Maddox-street, and to purchase an opera-box season ticket for £400. Now, the jury would have to say whether the name of Lord Ranelagh had been used by Rachel in a manner and with a view of operating upon the mind of Mrs. Borradaile. That his lordship was in the habit of gossiping on several occasions in the shop was true enough, and that on one of these he was introduced by Rachel to Mrs. Borradaile was equally true. And here it was not undeserving of remark that, although Miss Rachel said the business was extensive that she could not see where her mamma took the money from to lend to her customers, yet both Rachel's daughters were always kind enough to engage in conversation with Lord Ranelagh. True it was that it was somewhat curious to find his lordship in the shop; but there he was. The shop was a highly exceptional one. Shops of the kind had existed some centuries ago. They were places where, commencing

with the perpetration of moderate frauds, other acts were done which had better not be more particularly mentioned now, except to add that the sooner such dens were rooted out of London the better. He wished all the ladies who had heard or read this case would learn that if once they crossed the threshold of such places they would come out with a taint upon them. Although he did not impute any impropriety to Lord Ranelagh for being introduced to Mrs. Borradaile at the shop, yet that introduction ought to have created surprise in his mind, and if he had been prudent he would not have gone there again, for he could scarcely fail to see that Rachel had an object in causing the introduction to be made. There was no doubt that Mrs. Borradaile was attracted by the appearance of his lordship, and that she possessed at the time an inordinate idea of a lord. (A laugh.) Londoners generally did not view lords in quite so-exalted a manner as the ladies in the country seemed to do (laughter), and accordingly Mrs. Borradaile, being a lady fresh from the country, no doubt went home after her introduction to Lord Ranelagh with her vanity particularly gratified, and then followed the false pretence of Rachel that his lordship would marry her, and her parting with her money and property. Now, if Mrs. Borradaile had gone to any respectable attorney in the first instance, he would have taken her out of Rachel's hands. But was the use of talking to a lady? (Laughter.) It was very easy now to say that she ought to have done this and that; but if once a lady's mind was bent upon doing a certain thing, she would do it in her own way and after her own fashion. (Great laughter.) Accordingly it was to Mr. Haynes she went, an attorney, who undertook the case because he saw that out of her money he could recoup himself in the matter of the rent owing by Rachel. He (the learned Serjeant) had no hesitation in saying that Mr. Haynes was a man who was a disgrace to his profession—a profession which was as honourable as any in existence, and which

numbered among its members men in whom more of trust and honour was reposed than perhaps in any other profession in the world. The first transaction in which Mr. Haynes took part was the sale of £960 worth of Mrs. Borradaile's stock, and then speedily followed the sale of all her other property. If he (the learned Serjeant) possessed the eloquence, and could employ the rounded periods and powerful accents of his learned friend, he would paint Mrs. Borradaile as the woman of honour and of truth who had been plundered of all she possessed in the world by the prisoner in the dock—a prisoner who, not satisfied with her new house in Maddox-street and the opera-box ticket obtained out of her money, had the heartlessness to throw her into Whitecross-street when she had nothing more of value of which she could be plundered. (Applause.) And yet the prisoner had been treated by his learned friend as a sort of angel (laughter)—as an ill-treated woman —as one deserving of the sympathy of the jury, and around whom they ought to throw a halo! What had Mrs. Borradaile got for her £1,000 given to this angel? Literally nothing whatever. She certainly got what was called the soap from Hymettus (laughter), and the distilled dew-water brought by the swift dromedaries from Sahara (great laughter); but not one drop of the water brought from the Jordan did she get. (Roars of laughter.) Baths she had, and baths to the number of 100 (more laughter); but then the price of them was not covered by the £1,000, for it appeared that for every one of the baths she had to pay out of her own pocket. Sums of £1,200, £700, £1,400, and so on, were next obtained from her by Rachel. After these came the bond, and the end of the drama—Whitecross-street Prison. There was one point which would settle the guilt of the prisoner in the mind of any human being, and to this he now wished particularly to draw the attention of the jury. It would be remembered that the letters which professed to come from William were in four or five different handwritings.

There was no explanation of that differences offered by his learned friend, but there was one answer given on the cross-examination by the two Misses Rachel who had been called, the importance of which could not be exaggerated. Much had been said by his learned friend respecting the education beauty, and propriety of manner of these two young ladies, but he (Mr. Serjeant Ballantine) ventured to say that there never were two ladies in the box who, in the comparatirely short space of time they were in it, had told more lies than the two in question. He undertook to state that not one word of truth had escaped their lips, except one, and that consisted of an admission, the effect of which they did not understand, but which would be utterly damaging to the prisoner. One of the documents produced was partly in one handwriting, and partly in another. It proposed to authorize Rachel to receive £50 a year, payable quarterly, being the amount of Mrs. Borradaile's pension; and the latter said that though she had written these words at the head of it, "I authorize Sarah Leverson to receive,"—the other words following the word "receive"—namely, "£150 a year payable quarterly, out of my pension," were not in in her hand writing. The two Misses Rachels had recognized the £150 a year payable out of the pension to be in the handwriting of their younger sister, who was now in Paris. His learned friend had asked the jury if they would charge forgery against that younger sister. Why of course they would if she was guilty of it, and here there was evidence to show that guilty of it she was. This admission on the part of the two Misses Rachels led to an examination of the handwriting of some of the letters signed "William," and the result was that on a comparison of writing there was every reason to believe that three of the letters signed "William" had been written by this younger sister. If this were so then the prisoner was completely convicted of getting her daughter to commit forgery and Heaven only knew what other crimes she made her daughters perpetrate in the little back-parlour which

was constantly open in New Bond-street until 12 o'clock at night. He would not attempt to paint the picture of that little back-parlour, when Rachel there instigated the forgeries and acted as the go-between in the carrying on of the intrigues. He submitted that the counsel for the defence might, if they had chosen, have proved who and what "dear William" was. It was an utter fabrication and fraud, to say there was any such person; but if, as to all appearance, it was true Madame Rachel to excite the silly fancy of Mrs. Borradaile, had used the name of Lord Ranelagh, and had fostered the idea of a marriage with him in order that she might plunder her victim of all that she possessed; having done that she had the cruelty to turn round and say that everything which she had received had been handed by her to the lady's paramour. The next question for the jury was how that packet of letters got into the possession of Madame Rachel; how did she get them back, when did "dear William" bring them, and under what circumstances. He believed that those letters were never out of the possession of the prisoner, and that they were safely locked up in her coffers until they were to be used by her as evidence against her accuser. He would ask them by their verdict to crush, before it became too powerful, one of those engines for fraud and extortion which unhappily existed at the present day, which terrified persons and prevented them coming into courts of justice—persons who would sooner submit to felony and fraud than that their names should be exposed to the public. While Mrs. Borradaile was having the money dragged from her pockets, while it was finding its way into the Levison opera-box, and into her gaudily furnished house in Maddox.street, the letters were being concocted for the purpose of showing—should the time arrive for doing so—that her victim was a vile and stupid member of society. This was what Madame Rachel intended from the beginning; but he ventured to say whatever might be the weakness or the folly of that lady, that to the end of her days she would deserve the thanks

of society for having been the means of exposing so heinous a crime. An insinuation had been made to the effect that Mrs. Borradaile, gentlewoman that she was—for she was gentle in birth, manners and demeanour—was living at the time when those letters were written with a paramour, and had supported him till he had impoverished her. He would ask, who had dared so to instruct his friend—who was the liar? he might say. He could now with satisfaction approach the termination of this remarkable case, and ask them with confidence to pronounce a verdict in accordance with their sense of justice. On the part of the Crown his desire had been to conduct this prosecution fearlessly, frankly, and honestly, and if the jury were satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner he would ask them to be equally fearless and honest, and to pronounce such a verdict as would lead them to feel they had satisfied the ends of justice and done their duty to their country.

The COMMISSIONER asked the jury if they wished the trial to be concluded that evening.

The Foreman replied he believed that to be the wish of his colleagues.

Mr. Commissioner KERR then proceeded to sum up the case. He could not refrain from saying that a good deal of irrelevant matter had been introduced into the case, and it was only fair to the prisoner that that matter should be swept away in the first instance. He did not think any good would be done by calling their attention to the different counts in the indictment; the charge substantially was that the prisoner, by representing that a marriage was about to be effected by her means between the prosecutrix and Lord Ranelagh, had induced Mrs. Borradaile to part with large sums of money and property of considerable value. Whatever the amount of that property, whether it was £5 or £500, was not a matter for their consideration; they must be satisfied that by the representations of the prisoner Mrs. Borradaile was induced to part with her money, and that those representations were false and fictitious. Much

had been said and written about the business which was carried on by Madame Rachel in Bond-street. That they must altogether exclude from their mind, and no prejudice must be allowed to weigh with them in arriving at the verdict which, by their oath, they were bound to pronounce. No doubt, attractive advertisements were published, which led many credulous persons to become her customers; but with this they had nothing whatever to do. The Commissioner then proceeded to comment upon portions of the correspondence, observing that it was not necessary to comment upon all of it, as for the purposes of the defence one letter was as good as a dozen, and he specially singled out the letter of September 3, 1866. (This was the letter commencing with the words "My own dear William,—If you knew what I have suffered since Saturday night on your account, one unkind word would never escape your lips to me," &c.) A current of conscious humour played through this letter, which showed that Mrs. Borradaile might really have known that she was writing to Lord Ranelagh, although she addresssed "Dear William." There was a remarkable fact about several of the letters which it would be well for the jury to consider. Fortunately he had been able to secure the services of Mr. Under-Sheriff Roche, and he had asked that gentleman to look at the water-marks of the paper on which the various epistles were written. Some of the letters were written on black-edged paper, and some were not; and it was a remarkable coincidence that some of those which were sent by Mrs. Borradaile to "Dear William," and by Madame Rachel to Mrs. Borradaile bore the same water-mark—namely, Joynson, with the date 1865, 1866, or 1867. There was a great similarity in the paper upon which others of the letters were written, several of them bearing a stamp with the Prince of Wales's feather in the corner. It would be for the jury to say what was the effect of these similarities upon their minds, and whether they were satisfied that when Mrs. Borradaile

wrote these letters she was acting at the dictation and under the influence of Madame Rachel. They must be satisfied that the prosection had made out their case before they ventured to return a verdict of guilty against the prisoner; and if they entertained any doubt, any reasonable doubt, it would be their duty to give her the benefit of it and acquit her.

The jury at a few minutes past 8 o'clock retired to consider their verdict, and, after an absence of a quarter of an hour, returned into court. On being asked whether they found the prisoner guilty or not guilty.

THE FOREMAN said that it was the unanimous opinion of the jury that she was *Guilty*.

The CLERK of the ARRAIGNS.—And that is the opinion of you all.

The FOREMAN.—Yes.

The prisoner then rose from her seat and approached the edge of the dock. Addressing the Commissioner, she said, My Lord,—Will you allow me to speak one word? May I request Mr. Roberts to hand in the affidavit sworn to by Mr. Haynes?

The COMMISSIONER assented and the document was produced by the solicitor for the defence.

The Prisoner.—I must ask your Lordship kindly to read it.

The COMMISSIONER.—Yes, if you wish it. (He read it accordingly, but not aloud.) Do you want me to read this French letter as well? I have read the affidavit and the other letters.

The Prisoner.—Will your Lordship read it aloud.

The COMMISSIONER.—That I cannot do.

The Prisoner. It is a sworn affidavit my Lord.

THE COMMISSIONER.—That it may be, but it has no reference to the matter in hand.

The Prisoner.—He swears, my Lord, that I am a poor distressed woman in his evidence, and not able to pay my rent. Now he swears that I am a rich woman. Then he swears that I have received the money, but, my Lord, I never had the £500. Her paper she purchased

in Bond-street, where I purchased mine. There she is, ask her. I have been defended by most able counsel, and I have nothing to complain of. They have done all in their power for their client. I have only to thank the gentlemen who have defended me. Far be it from me to make any speech or to create any sensation, but that which is known as the Bond-street mystery will remain a Bond-street mystery still. Pass the sentence upon me if you please.

The COMMISSIONER then said,—The jury by their verdict have found that you have obtained from Mrs. Borradaile, by false pretences, very large sums of money. They have believed the story, the theory, that has been put before them by the prosecution. They have arrived at the conclusion, upon the evidence laid before them, that Mrs. Borradaile first addressed herself to you in May, 1866, and that you, under the pretence of effecting a marriage between her and Lord Ranelagh, obtained from her large sums of money, thousands of pounds, together with jewellery, plate, lace, and goods of various kinds, which you had induced her to buy for her marriage. I do not recollect any case in which the obtaining money by false pretences, at all times a serious crime, has presented more aggravating features than this. This foolish and misguided woman trusted herself entirely in your hands, and I do not think that the language of the prosecution, now that the jury have decided upon the facts, was at all uncalled for. You pillaged her of everything she had, you have left her with nothing except the pension which her husband gained. All the rest of her property, I fear, is irretrievably gone, and to a very large amount, and then when she found herself in difficulties as to paying for the very goods you induced her to buy, you came down upon her mercilessly, and was the means of shutting her up in prison. I cannot conceive, now that the jury have come to the conclusion they have, any case of obtaining money by false pretences which is more aggravating in its nature than this one,

either as regards the length of time which the fraud was carried on, the means by which it was effected, or the results which have attended it. Mrs. Borradaile, I say, intrusted herself to you, and now she finds herself little better than a pauper. She has been exposed to the public gaze—I will not say to the public contempt, but certainly to public pity. Her position in society has been destroyed to some extent, and the case has been described as "a Bond-street mystery." But there is now no mystery about it—all the mystery has been dispelled by the ordinary exercise of common sense on the part of the jury, who have so patiently listened to the evidence as it proceeded. Mrs. Borradaile not only finds herself in the position, I have mentioned, but her daughter, who might have looked forward to some fortune, is entirely dependant upon her relatives. Every shilling which should have come to her has gone into your hands. First of all, you attempted to set up a pretence that you had in reality paid this woman £2,700. The jury have found that this was all a part of the fraud and untrue ; then what was still worse, as the jury must have seen, after robbing this woman of all her property, you concocted a scheme to blast her character by saying that she had been spending her money upon a paramour. The jury have negatived that also. I certainly shall not be doing my duty to society if I pay any regard to observations which may be made as to your position, your age, or your family,. I should be unworthy to set here if I did not mark your case with some severity. I must pass upon you the whole sentence of the law, which is that you be kept in penal servitude for five years.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Times.

Our readers will be relieved to find that the great Rachel-and-Borradaile case is at length over. When it was dismissed at the last session of the Central Criminal Court few expected, and still fewer, we fancy, wished, that it would really be renewed this session, and up to the last moment some hopes were entertained that, by an arrangement of some kind between the contending counsel, the original dimensions of the case might be considerably reduced. So far from this, however, the second trial has occupied more than twice the time occupied by the first. The counsel seems to have been put upon their mettle—partly, no doubt, by the unsatisfactory result of the last trial, in which each probably thought that he had fairly earned the victory, and partly, perhaps, because of the unusual amount of public attention which the case has, for obvious reasons, excited. Hence every nerve has been strained by both sides to make each the most of its own view. Fresh witnesses have been produced and fresh theories advanced, which, however, had little more than their complete novelty to recommend them. The prosecution, for instance, have discovered that the "bewitchment" of Mrs. Borradaile was due, not entirely to Madame Rachel's hocus-pocus and broomstick fascination, but also to what the poor lady, in her innocence, calls "whisky," but what was, no doubt, some mysterious and potent drug. The defence, on the other hand, have made the scarcely less startling discovery that, so far

from being the crafty schemer, the stage villain of the Bond-street drama, poor Madame RACHEL is the artless victim, the unhappy dupe. The wily widow of 50 had fooled her by an ingenious story of intended marriage with a cousin, Captain Edwardes. Indeed, the counsel for the defence so warmed with his own eloquence as he expiated on this tearful theme that at last he drew a picture of his injured client better suited to a ST. THERESA or a MRS. FRY than to a woman who, by his own confession, had encouraged an intrigue in which the wily widow "squandered her money on a paramour." Such a picture was in itself damaging enough to the client from its intrinsic absurdity, but it did even more mischief by giving the counsel for the prosecution just a shadow of excuse for a series of wholly irrelevant and unfair appeals to the powerful prejudice against Madame RACHEL'S high prices and equivocal business—a prejudice which had nothing whatever to do with the points at issue in the trial, although it has probably had a good deal to do with the verdict.

We call attention to this sort of advocacy merely because it tends to introduce into the case difficulties which give it an importance and singularity which, from any but the forensic point of view, it can scarcely be considered to possess. If each advocate must not only have an angel for his own client, but must also be able to show that his opponent's client is, if an angel, one of quite another kind, he cannot help exposing various points of attack so weak that they fall to pieces as soon as they are touched. In the present case it seems to us that, on the hypothesis maintained by each counsel, there are certain facts for which it is wholly impossible to account. The forensic contest becomes a battle in which the right wing of each army defeats its antagonist, and driving it far from the field in headlong route, naturally claims to have won the victory. But of course the outside public are not altogether bound either by one forensic hypothesis or the other. They may accept just as much or as little

of either as they please. It is not necessary to believe either, with the counsel for the defence, that Mrs. Borradaile is a monster of pruriency because she "takes a photograph to bed with her," or, with the counsel for the prosecution, that she is so artless and innocent of the ways of this wicked world as to be "bewitched" into utter helplessness by "what she calls whisky." Nor, on the other hand, need one impale oneself upon either horn of a dilemma which presents Madame Rachel as an intriguer of more than human ingenuity or a wretched dupe. For our own part, we must frankly confess that although we have no doubt whatever that the case made out against Madame Rachel was not one that ought to have condemned her in a court of law, we, nevertheless, cannot conjure up any sympathy with her now she is condemned. Whatever may be the difference of opinion about the prisoner's legal guilt, about her moral guilt we take it that there can be no doubt whatever, unless, indeed, the counsel for the defence has really fallen a victim to his tearful eloquence. And as for Mrs. Borradaile, it will probably be thought that, whether she ought or ought not to have won her case, she has, at least. been so cruelly punished both in purse and person that the sternest critic need not grudge her whatever of her reputation the verdict can restore.

But though the verdict, considered simply and solely in its action upon the principal parties concerned in this on the whole satisfactory enough, we regret to be obliged to take a very different view of the way in which it was obtained. We need scarcely point out that the trial involved public interests of far greater importance to the community at large than either the punishment of Madame Rachel or the character of Mrs. Borradaile, and these interests, we fear, have gravely suffered. Though Madame Rachel's conviction will, perhaps, surprise no one who knew the universal prejudice existing against her, or who heard the Commissioner's charge to the jury, there can be few whom the charge itself will not astonish. As our readers have by this time heard

over and over again, the strong point in the case for the defence consists in the mass of letters written confessedly by Mrs. Borradaile to "dear William," but which she swears she wrote under the impression that she was writing to Lord Ranelagh. We need scarcely here repeat all the arguments which have been advanced to show how wildly improbable and untenable this theory is. They must suggest themselves to any reader who has taken sufficient interest in the case to read the letters for himself. On no hypothesis whatever, however wild—assuming no matter what folly in Mrs. Borradaile or depraved ingenuity in Madame Rachel, taking Madame Rachel, of course, as she stands, an illiterate shopkeeper, not a witch nor a miraculous genius—can we reconcile the letters either with Mrs. Borradaile's belief that she was writing to Lord Ranelagh or with the non-existence of a "dear William." The Recorder, when he tried the case last session, frankly confessed that Mrs. Borradaile's theory was inexplicable and incredible, and on this ground summed up for the prisoner. What is still more remarkable, the counsel for the prosecution—than whom no more intrepid and few abler counsel exist—has deliberately in both his speeches shrunk from any attempt fairly to get over the difficulty. And as Serjeant Ballantine is famous for his skill in gliding as swiftly and lightly as possible over treacherous ground, this is only, we may remark, what everybody expected from him. In neither of his two speeches did he attempt fairly to prove that Mrs. Borradaile wrote the letters when in the possession of her faculties as an ordinary human being. In the first speech he took refuge in a vague psychological theory, to which he scarcely devoted more than a paragraph of a singularly able speech, about the ascendancy which one mind may acquire over another. In the second feeling, probably, the hopeless feebleness of this argument, he fell back in despair upon the scarcely less desperate theory of the drug which Mrs. Borradaile called "whisky;" and even this theory he worked rather

indirectly, and in the way of passing appeal to the anti-Rachel prejudice, than by boldly putting it upon its own merits.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr, however, is, it appears, a bolder man, and he rushed in fearlessly where neither Serjeant Ballantine nor the Recorder had dared to tread. He had a theory by which to show that Mrs. Borradaile while in the possession of her faculties, neither bewitched nor drugged, might, in writing these letters, have fully believed that she was writing to Lord Ranelagh, and a most astonishing theory it is, considering that it comes from the bench, and was the keystone of a charge which left the jury no alternative but to convict. If it had come from an advocate, we should certainly have never dreamed of noticing it. The Commissioner, after remarking that the counsel for the defence spent many hours on commenting upon all these letters, declared that this time was wasted, as, for the purposes of the defence "one letter is as good as a dozen." He then takes one letter out of the mass and shows—ingeniously enough, we admit—that Mrs. Borradaile may possibly have addressed it to "Dear William" under the belief that she was writing to Lord Ranelagh. "A current of conscious humour" plays through it all, and this one hypothesis, because it happens to be suitable to this one letter, and to account for its possible, though not probable, character, is gravely and confidently advanced as if it also accounted for a mass of letters of a totally dissimilar kind. Whatever may be the satisfactory features of the trial, we fear we cannot include among them the fact that it was tried by Mr. Commissioner Kerr.

Daily Telegraph.

After five days of protracted inquiry, the Rachel trial has terminated in the conviction of the prisoner. It could not have been otherwise, if common sense and common justice were to be allowed a hearing. All was

done that could be done to obscure the plain and simple issue on which the jury had to decide. Of the nature of the defence, by which it was attempted to shield the miserable creature now sentenced to five years' penal servitude—of the manner in which the evidence was got up—of the mode in which that evidence was commented on by the counsel for the prisoner, it will be our duty to speak again. For the present, we are concerned only with the question which the jury had before them. Did Madame Rachel defraud Mrs. Borradaile of her money by false pretences, or was she guilty only of the lesser offence of having aided an unprincipled woman to carry on a guilty and degrading intrigue? About the substantial culpability of Madame Rachel no reasonable person could entertain the slightest doubt. It was proved, beyond the possibility of suspicion, that Mrs. Borradaile had parted with all her property, with every shilling she could raise, with every article of value she had in her possession. It was admitted on both sides that this property had all passed into the hands of the purveyor of female loveliness. So far, therefore, as a moral conviction of Rachel's guilt was concerned, it was enough to show that she was utterly unable to account for the disposal of the funds entrusted to her. The defence put forward on her behalf at Marlborough-street, and sustained till the closing scene of yesterday, was, that Mrs. Borradaile had had an intrigue with some man called William; that, on this paramour she had squandered all her money; that, in order to divert the suspicions of her friends, she had concocted a baseless story of an engagement with Lord Ranelagh; that Rachel had assisted her in deceiving her relations and prosecuting the intrigue; and that, at the last, Mrs. Borradaile had turned upon her accomplice and accused her of having purloined the money squandered on the secret lover. It was, as Serjeant Ballantine said, "a very dirty story;" but it was a story not impossible or even improbable, and it was one eminently capable of proof. Had it been true, nothing upon earth could have been

easier than for the prisoner to corroborate it. She had been the go-between, by whom letters had been passed, during a period extending over many months, from the hands of William to those of his mistress, and from the hands of Mrs. Borradaile to those of her paid adorer. She had been the financial agent who had conducted the many pecuniary transactions by which Mrs. Borradaile had secured the affections of her treacherous lover, and, if there was one thing absolutely and morally certain in the whole of this strange narrative, it was that, had there existed a William at all, his name, position, and history must be within the knowledge of the woman who stood in the dock.

Yet, with a tenacity capable only of one solution, she declined to bring forward the slightest indication by which this man's existence could be established. Her counsel were instructed to assert positively that such a man existed; they threw out insinuation after insinuation that he was sometimes one person, sometimes another; but they persisted in refusing to advance the very slightest clue by which his identity could be traced. It cannot be said that this omission was due to any want of appreciation on the part either of the prisoner or her legal advisers respecting the extreme importance of producing the alleged paramour. It was known that at the last trial the chance of any information regarding William had all but proved fatal to her case. It was matter of notoriety that she owed her temporary escape simply and solely to the obstinacy of one of the jury who tried her; and yet, knowing this—knowing that a terrible punishment was her almost certain doom in case she failed to prove that there really did exist a William—having several weeks during which any necessary inquiries could be made—having resorted to any means, however unscrupulous, to damage the case for the prosecution—she still maintained her unaccountable silence. What possible solution is there for this silence except the simple and obvious inference that there was no William in existence, and that, therefore,

no proof could be adduced as to his identity with any person, whether dead or living, at home or abroad? But though this presumptive evidence of guilt was so overwhelming as to amount to moral certainty, it was not absolute legal proof; and upon the supposed absence of clear legal testimony the whole defence was based. Fortunately for the ends of justice, and, we may add, for the interest of the public, this attempt to escape under a pretence of "not proven" was defeated by the remarkable patience, skill, and ability with which the prosecution was conducted. From the time when Mr. Digby Seymour commenced his harangue by an attack upon the press for the part it has taken in bringing a most noxious criminal to justice, it was clear that the defence had nothing to rely upon except clap-trap appeals for mercy, insinuations that could not be established, and allegations which could not be maintained. With consummate talent Serjeant Ballantine swept away the irrelevant issues which had obscured the case. He showed that Mrs. Borradaile's narrative was credible in itself, that its apparent improbabilities were explained by the various circumstances elicited during the trial; and that the evidence against the prisoner was so overwhelming that in fact, if not in theory, the burden of proof rested with the defence, not with the prosecution.

Still, notwithstanding the skill with which the prosecution was managed, there might well have been a second miscarriage of justice if the learned Commissioner had shrunk from the duty imposed upon him. In a case which is sure to attract public comment, a judge has always a great temptation to avoid the responsibility of expressing a distinct opinion on one side or the other. If the charge from the bench on the occasion of the last trial had been as clear, as exhaustive, and as conclusive as that which was enunciated yesterday, we might have been spared the necessity for this most painful and protracted investigation. Mr. Commissioner Kerr will unquestionably stand higher in professional

repute for the signal ability which he displayed in his summing up of this very intricate inquiry. While giving full weight to the arguments which told in favour of an acquittal, he did not shrink from pointing out to the jury that, being called upon to strike the balance, he found it weighed on the side of a conviction. Nor do we think it less to his credit that when the jury, after a brief deliberation, had agreed upon the only verdict they could have found consistently with their oath, he had resolution enough to deal out strict and stern justice. Five years' penal servitude is a severe sentence —severe in itself, still more severe when we take into account the age of the unhappy woman upon whom it was passed, the life she has led, the habits of luxury she has formed. From a box in the opera to a cell in Millbank, from Bond-street to Pentonville, from enamelling complexions to picking oakum is indeed a cruel change. But, severe as the sentence is, it is light compared with the offence for which it was inflicted. Never was a helpless woman who fell amongst thieves plundered more pitilessly than Mrs. Borradaile; and very little knowledge of the world is required to know that she was only one amongst scores of other ladies who have fallen into the clutches of the harpies of the establishment in Bond-street, and only escaped ruined in pocket, tarnished in reputation—degraded, if not defiled. The conviction of this miserable creature, who trafficked in the vanity of women, and the passions of men, is a boon to the community at large. There are scores of other persons, doubtless, who pursue the same trade in London, ply the same arts, and live upon the same vile secrets. But this Sarah Levison, late Madame Rachel, was the chief offender of the tribe; and for a time at least we shall hear no more of the arts by which women are made "beautiful for ever" at the cost of their fortune, their peace of mind, their character, and their honour..

Daily News.

The jury must have had immense difficulty in separating their disgust at Madame Rachel's calling and conduct as admitted by her defenders, from the impartial acumen required to pronounce upon her guilt or innocence of the particular offence of which she was charged. It is easy to insist glibly that there was no evidence against her; that she had a right to sell her stains, and dyes, and potions for what they would fetch, that Mrs. Borradaile richly merited her punishment, and that the despoiler was legally guiltless. But the £5,300 of which, according to Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, this hapless widow had been defrauded, the assumption that even if Madame Rachel did not pocket the whole of the money she must have acted in collusion with the "William" who did, and the certainty that the Bond-street shop was the trap by means of which the foolish bird had been caught, were arguments it was impossible to overlook. If "William" were Lord Ranelagh, as Mrs. Borradaile declares herself to have believed, then Madame Rachel took the money in his name. If he were, Mrs. Borradaile's unidentified paramour, to whose extravagance she ministered, and for the sake of whom she voluntarily made herself a beggar, then a plausible inference was that he was a creature in the pay of the accused. Anyhow Madame Rachel was morally guilty, and the jury has found that she was legally so. The twopenny mystery, enveloping the chief personages in this wretched sordid drama, extends to the subordinate characters; and how it was that an elderly nobleman of varied experience, like Lord Ranelagh, visited Madame Rachel's shop, to be unconsciously used by that harridan as fowlers use a decoy duck; how a solicitor of the acknowledged standing of Mr. Haynes ever placed himself in the painful position he has occupied in the course of these trials, are, to say the least, inexplicable riddles.

MORNING POST.

The defence amounted to this, that there was no pretence and no delusion at all, nor anything to do with Lord Ranelagh in the matter, and that Madame Rachel had in fact received the money, not for procuring a marriage with anybody whatever, but for carrying on an intrigue between Mrs. Borradaile and a third person not produced. We think it impossible — keeping mysteries out of sight—to read the evidence without coming to the conclusion at which the jury arrived, that the pretence did exist, and was the cause that induced Mrs. Borradaile to part with her money; and that the third person was purely fictitious, and the references to him in the letters inserted advisedly as a means of answering any such charge as Madame Rachel's former experience led her to suppose might possibly be eventually made against her.

STAR.

Not only is the argument of Mr. Seymour tremenduously hard to get over, but each new perusal of the letters renders it more difficult to suppose that all their natural circumstantialities were inventions of Madame Rachel, dictated to the self-confessed idiot in a half-bemused state. However, this, though a very interesting part of the case, is only of collateral interest. Madame Rachel's counsel confessed that she might have assisted Mrs. Borradaile in a low intrigue; and when a woman of Madame Rachel's other characteristics confesses thus much there is little need for anyone to sympathise with her, especially under a conviction, which she could easily have avoided, had she not been substantially guilty.

MORNING ADVERTISER.

The second prosecution of Madame Rachel has extended our view of the extraordinary transactions out

of which it arose, but we cannot say that it has so materially added to its distinctness as we could have wished. Two facts come clear enough out of the evidence—the characters, namely, of the prosecutrix and the prisoner. There is no lack of examples of the extent to which human folly will go, or human iniquity. But it would be impossible to find a more striking example of either development than is to be found in Mrs. Borradaile on the one hand, and Madame Rachel on the other. Mr. Digby Seymour claimed credit for the prisoner for the exemplary manner in which she had brought up her children. It is the only thing to her credit which has come out in the course of these proceedings.

EXPRESS.

The chief topic of talk this morning has been the sentence recorded yesterday against the woman Rachel. It is not too much to say that everyone felt glad and relieved on taking up his newspaper to find that the supply of nauseous details were at last at an end. The doubts which have found expression from time to time, as to precise legal value of the evidence establishing the moral guilt of the accused, seem to have been completely blotted out by the prompt verdict and heavy sentence. It is not easy to over-estimate the evil wrought by Rachel and her arts. The folly of her dupes and the amusement derived from laughing at their weaknesses are apt to blind people to the villanous nature of her calling, and to lead them to gloss over the dark deeds transacted in the Bond-street shop. Our contemporaries take different views of the judicial conduct of Mr. Commissioner Kerr, some thinking that his impartial summing up will add to his professional reputation, and others maintaining it to be an unfortunate circumstance that the case was tried by him. But that Rachel is heavily punished all are glad. If it were possible to lift the veil from the past career of

this woman, the charge upon which she has just been righteously convicted, would, perhaps, by the side of other and worse offences, sink into comparative insignificance. Criminals do not acquire the deep cunning and terrible proficiency in evil displayed by Rachel without having served a long and painstaking apprenticeship. We know of the victim whose folly and losses are in everybody's mouth; but how many other victims are there who have sunk quietly and unresistingly out of sight! The threat of exposure and the fear of public shame have, we may rely upon it, made many a sufferer, and all friendless sufferers, silent. The creature who "never told of ladies' little intrigues" has been punished at last; and those who have pushed the matter to a conclusion have rendered a substantial service to the community.

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

The trial of Madame Rachel was brought a close last night. Serjeant Ballantine, in replying upon the whole case, said that the only defence set up was that Mrs. Borradaile had had an intrigue with some man named William, and that to that intrigue Madame Rachel was a party; but, if that was the case, the counsel for the defence might, if they had chosen, have proved who and what "Dear William" was. It was an utter fabrication and fraud to say there was any such person, but if, as to all appearance, it was true Madame Rachel, to excite the silly fancy of Mrs. Borradaile, had used the name of Lord Ranelagh, and had fostered the idea of a marriage with him in order that she might plunder her victim of all that she possessed; having done that, she had the cruelty to turn round and say that everything which she had received had been handed by her to the lady's paramour. While Mrs. Borradaile was having the money dragged from her pockets, while it was finding its way into the Levison opera-box, and into her gaudily-furnished house in Maddox-street, the letters

were being concocted for the purpose of showing—should the time arrive for doing so—that her victim was a stupid and vile member of society. This was what Madame Rachel intended from the beginning; but he ventured to say, whatever might be the weakness or the folly of Mrs. Borradaile, that to the end of her days she would deserve the thanks of society for having been the means of exposing so heinous a crime. Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in his summing up, commented upon portions of the correspondence, observing that it was not necessary to comment upon all of it, as for the purposes of the defence one letter was as good as a dozen, and he specially singled out a letter dated Sept. 3, 1866. A current of conscious humour played through this letter, which showed that Mrs. Borradaile might really have known that she was writing to Lord Ranelagh, although she addressed "Dear William." There was a remarkable fact about several of the letters which it would be well for the jury to consider. Some of the letters were written on black-edged paper, and some were not; and it was a remarkable coincidence that some of those which were sent by Mrs. Borradaile to "Dear William" and by Madame Rachel to Mrs. Borradaile bore the same water mark—namely, Joynson, with the date 1865, 1866, or 1867. There was a great similarity in the paper upon which others of the letters were written, several of them bearing a stamp with the Prince of Wales's feather in the corner. It would be for the jury to say what was the effect of these similarities upon their minds, and whether they were satisfied that when Mrs. Borradaile wrote these letters she was acting at the dictation and under the influence of Madame Rachel. The jury, after a quarter of an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty. Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in passing sentence, said that he could not recollect a more aggravated case, not only with regard to the offence itself, but to the means with which it was accomplished. The jury had confirmed the view of the case that was taken by the prosecution, that the

prisoner having deprived the prosecutrix of all her property, had then contrived a scheme to answer any claim that she might make upon her, that scheme being an attempt to blast her character and ruin her for ever in the estimation not only of her own friends, but of all the world. The jury had found that there was no foundation for this defence, but the prosecutrix would, no doubt, for a very long time, be pointed at as the heroine of the Bond-street mystery. The case really did not come within the description of a mystery, and, in point of fact, it was a very simple case when it was looked at by men of the world. It was a very bad case indeed, and the result of the prisoner's conduct had been to deprive the daughter of the prosecutrix of the fortune to which she would have been entitled, and made her dependent on her family. Under these circumstances he felt that he should not be doing his duty if he did not pass upon her the full sentence of the law, which was, that she be kept in penal servitude for five years. The prisoner fainted on hearing the sentence.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

Except in the way of an advertisement for Mrs. Levison's beauty factory, one can hardly see what is the exact object of the trial which has in its way amused newspaper readers during the present week. As it drags its weary length along there arises the suspicion that the Jewish purveyor of female charms may subside into something of the dignity of a martyr. Martyrdom is, in these days, a good investment; the sufferings even of a victim of the Central Criminal Court and the Assizes pay. We almost begin to suspect that Mrs. Levison understands this, and has it has come out that the prosecution is not conducted at Mrs. Borradaile's instance, it becomes a matter of some little interest to speculate who can benefit by it—always excepting the professionals engaged—except Levison herself. On the strength of the notoriety which she has attained, Mrs. Levison has

beautified her shop, and the value of the paint and varnish which she bestows on her patients may be estimated by its effects on her shutters. Possibly she has been to some extent reimbursed for her sufferings in Newgate by the abundant flow of customers in Bond-street; and the miscarriage of justice in the first trial, when she ought certainly to have been acquitted, is likely to produce what it is the fashion to call an ovation in her favor, when, not without triumph, she will escape from her recent familiarity with the gaol, and her interviews with irrepressible Mr. Serjeant Ballantine.

The second trial has not done very much to improve on the tediousness of the first. A twice-told tale is proverbially tedious, and there are jokes which do not bear repetition. A longer and more tiresome pleasantry than Mrs. Borradaile's account of her intercourse with Mrs. Levison it would be impossible to conceive. The widow Borradaile's story that she was induced to part with all her property, to run into debt, to take up her abode in the most questionable of quarters, to incur disgrace, contumely, and prison on the representation that she was to marry an Irish peer who had fallen in love with her, is confronted by a history which hangs well together, and is supported in every particular by the evidence of her own handwriting and acknowledged letters. Mrs. Borradaile's story is *primâ facie* of the wildest improbability, and it happens to be supported by no facts at all. It rests simply on her own unsupported oral evidence. Mrs. Levison's story, on the other hand, is not at all antecedently improbable, perhaps not so very uncommon; it hangs with close cohesion together, and it is supported by very strong evidence in Mrs. Borradaile's own letters, preserved in an historical series, and *primâ facie* connecting and forming a perfectly consistent and intelligible history. As detailed in the letters—and this is Levison's case—Mrs. Borradaile had formed a disgraceful *liaison* with an unknown person addressed as William, who, it is suggested, but does not appear, was a Fenian

adventurer, who had some relations with the notorious head centre Stephens. On this wretched adventurer—a penniless, shirtless, flannelless, sockless vagabond—Mrs. Borradaile (such is the theory) lavished all her substance ; got into debt and difficulties for him ; exhibited, and as it seems not without cause, the usual jealousy which an old woman usually has to feel for a young lover—paramour, as the confidante calls him. The ardent letters produced as Mrs. Borradaile's contain the most unmistakeable references to the actual disgrace of this connexion. In a way the senescent Sappho seems to feel it, and after a fashion to deplore it. But the guilty passion is too strong for her ; it generally is in such cases. She persistently requires that the young and purchased lover should take her abroad. He, as would be likely enough, prefers to be petted and subsidised, and to retain his liberty. The old woman tries alternate threats and coaxings to secure "her friend"; the friend contrives to be opportunely sick or sorry just as every arrangement for the happy future is made by the lady. When a woman, especially an old woman, keeps a man, especially a young man, this is what is most likely to be the history of the amour. If Mrs. Borradaile's letters do not contain a story (there is no romance, except the very ugly romance of a vulgar and disgusting chapter of sin and shame) which on the face of it shows real life, we must say that never perhaps was a fictitious narrative composed with so many inherent evidences of *vraisemblance*, and also so many chance touches of truth, about it. To have invented all the details of these letters of Mrs. Borradaile would have done credit to any fictionist. We much question whether many French writers of slippery and scrofulous novels have the skill to do it.

But then there is Mrs. Borradaile's allegation that, even if she wrote them, she is not responsible for their contents. Although it is not very distinctly that she admits the authenticity of this wonderful series of anatomy epistles, she does not venture distinctly to

swear that they are forgeries. Hints were thrown out that their authenticity would be contested, or rather the authenticity of some of them. But, as a whole they pass without much attempt at denying them. Indeed. there is a *raison d'être* adduced for them. They were possibly, probably in Mrs. Borradaile's handwriting; but then there was not a word of truth in them. They were all dictated by Mrs. Levison. In writing them out Mrs. Borradaile was merely an instrument, and quite passive in the astute Levison's hands. Levison concocted the story; Levison invented the details. Plot and colouring were alike Levison's. If this is so, we can only say that Madame Rachel Levison has, after all missed her vocation. She deserves, in that case, to take very high rank among the female geniuses of the day. Miss Braddon and that remarkable authoress whose offensive novel, *Sorrow on the Sea*, has, very much to the publisher's credit, just been suppressed by him, had better look to their laurels, or their nightshade, or whatever the chaplet is which crowns the brows of the female writer of the sensation story, or the nasty story. For here is sensation and plot quite as thrilling as *Lady Audley's Secret*, with situations and morals nearly as offensive as those which the purveyors, foreign and domestic, of fornicating literature commonly venture upon. Mrs. Levison, we are asked to believe, could invent this plot, and is master of this language; and yet Mrs. Levison cannot write, and probably can hardly read. But, given that Mrs. Levison possesses this literary genius—which might have made that fortume in depicting putrescent characters which she has, as it seems, failed to do in repairing damaged charms—the question remains, what was to come of all this lavish expenditure of talent in faction? What could Mrs. Levison gain by representing on paper Mrs. Borradaile as carrying on a guilty intrigue with a non-existent "Dear William," who, for no purpose whatever, was only imagined to be without a shirt to his back, and an accomplice in the Fenian conspiracy?

If, as Mrs. Borradaile says, Levison's only object was to get her money, this was the most tortuous and unintelligibly stupid way of getting at it. And, on the other hand, why should Mrs. Borradaile submit to the indignity of writing herself down, not an ass, but another monosyllable of which, as one of her letters shows, she knew the force? To get Lord Ranelagh for a husband might possibly be admitted as a conceivable object of ambition to one woman in a million; but that this series of dirty letters could be a means towards that very questionable end is simply inconceivable. To this Mrs. Borradaile's answer, which she dwelt on during the first trial, was that Levison bewitched her; that she did not know what she was about; that she acted only as in a dream, or trance. The case then reverts to the psychological inquirer—to what is called the mad doctor—and to him only is the case interesting. Very interesting indeed such a study must be to the experts in so-called possession and magnetic influences, but to no other human being. For all purposes of vulgar law and commonplace justice, Mrs. Borradaile's presence at the Old Bailey is as useless as that of Tom o'-Bedlam. And here the matter must end. Mrs. Borradaile's account of the existence of her own letters is either so stupendously false or so ridicuously absurd that her evidence is utterly worthless. No conviction can, or ought to be, grounded upon it.

On the other hand—this expression, by the way, is quite irrelevant, for the question has not two sides at all—Mrs. Levison does not account for her being mixed up with Mrs. Borradaile's concerns, or amours, or money-matters. But Mrs. Levison is not called upon to say what her relations with Mrs. Borradaile were. Her business transactions and her sale of the magnetic water have nothing to do with the specific charge on which she is tried. That charge is that she got hold of Mrs. Borradaile's property by reason of a special and single false representation. Such false representation is not proved; and it is nothing to the purpose to say

that she had some other purpose equally bad, and made some other representation equally false. The man is charged with murder; he is not to be hanged because it is vehemently suspected, indeed well known, that he stole a horse. That is what the Irish jury is said to have thought; and it is on something of this view of justice that the late London jury, or at least the majority of them, were disposed to act a few weeks ago. Mrs. Levison, however, while she denies that especial connection with Mrs. Borradaile's private affairs for which she is criminally indicted, will not of course explain her real motives for interference. If, taking her version of the matter, Mrs. Borradaile was spending her substance in a profligate *liaison*, why was Mrs. Levison privy to it?—why did she advance money to carry it on?—how and why did she become possessed of the love letters? What has become of the plate and the trosseau, the lace, and sundry other pickings which passed through her hands? Why did she introduce that remarkable man of law, Mr. Haynes, on the scene? What about all the actions and counter-actions, the suing and being sued, the suggested danger of transportation, and all the rest of it, which will remain unexplained because it is nobody's business to explain it? Above all, if Mrs. Borradaile does not prosecute this indictment, who does, and who is to be benefitted by it? Or is it, after all, as we have already suggested, only a very long and well considered advertisement of beautiful for ever? Mrs. Levison boasts, in reference to a trial in which she figured some years ago, that "the act of ingratitude" of the gentleman who refused to pay for his wife's investment in the Rachel wares "has been amply compensated for by the generosity of others." That is to say, she made a good thing by that trial; and we are rather afraid that the only result of the *affaire* Borradaile will be the doubling of Madame Rachel's "fees."

SECOND NOTICE.

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Daily Telegraph.

British justice—so Mr. Digby Seymour declared, in one of the loud appeals with which his sensation speech in the Rachel case was interlarded—was at stake in the issue before the jury. No doubt the cause of justice is at stake whenever a pickpocket is tried for stealing a handkerchief, or a street drab is fined for being drunk and disorderly. Taken in this plain sense, Mr. Seymour's statement is the tritest of truisms; taken in any other, it is a simple piece of ineffective rhodomontade. The trial was remarkable chiefly because it was dragged out for five days, and because the prisoner's counsel contrived to declaim for eight weary hours. There were circumstances which attracted a great amount of public interest; but, from the legal and professional point of view, the case was eminently common-place. We must protest against the attempt to exalt so miserable an affair to the dignity of a State trial. Language which would have been high-flown and bombastic if the counsel had been pleading before the House of Lords, on the impeachment of a royal personage, was applied to the issue whether a wretched woman had or had not contrived to steer clear of the law in one particular transaction of an infamous career. Nevertheless, though British justice is likely to survive so ineffable a calamity as Mr. Seymour's loss of his cause, there are certain incidents in the defence of the prisoner which, in the interest of justice, cannot well be left unnoticed. From the commencement of the proceedings it was determined to rest the defence upon a purely negative basis. This course was prompted by such a knowledge of the facts as only the legal advisers of the prisoner could possess; and there is no reason to doubt the expediency of their decision. A prisoner is not bound to offer any explanation of circumstances which seem to establish his guilt, and he may fairly take refuge in the plea that the presumption of guilt does not amount to proof. But Mr.

Seymour having elected to stand upon the defensive, endeavoured to obtain for his client the advantage of a contrary policy. He declined to produce "William" in court; he refused to bring forward one tittle of evidence to show that such a person had ever existed; and yet he assured the jury that there was a "William." The inevitable result, if not the obvious purpose, of these assurances was to convey an impression to the jury that Mr. Digby Seymour knew who "William" was; though for some unintelligible reasons, his client could not bring him into court. Now either Mr. Seymour was speaking from book or not. Either he was commenting on facts which were not and could not be know to the jury; or he was using language calculated to create an erroneous impression in the minds of his hearers. In either case he exceeded the fair licence of an advocate.

Another important question must be asked with respect to the mode of defence. Was the attempt to impugn the lad Minton's evidence in accordance with the usual rules by which British justice is administered? Mr. Seymour endeavoured to explain away that singularly unpleasant transaction by a mass of sonorous verbiage, the plain English of which appeared to be, that in law you must not stick at trifles. It may be so, but, in that case, the professional idea of a trifle must be very different from the common estimate of ordinary morality. At the examination before Mr. Knox, the boy Minton gave evidence which was damaging to Madame Rachel's case. The solicitor for the defence then endeavoured to obtain information which might invalidate his testimony. A detective was engaged on the job. Going to Minton's home the man trumped up a story that he could get the lad a good situation, and persuaded Minton's own mother to show him a specimen of the lad's hand writing. Getting hold in this way of a pocket-book which contained certain entries respecting the evidence given in court, he tore out the leaves on which these entries were made, and went away without leaving an address. The memoranda thus obtained

by fraud were handed to the detective's employer; the solicitor gave them to Mr. Seymour; and the counsel did not hesitate to use notes which had been got by fraudulent means from the boy's own mother, to support the assumption that the lad had committed wilful and deliberate perjury. Mr. Roberts stated on oath that the *ruse*—to use the singularly mild term by which Mr. Seymour described the transaction—was concocted by the detective without his own knowledge; and we cannot suppose that, before the facts were disclosed in court, Mr. Seymour knew how the memoranda had been obtained. Yet we cannot acquit him of grave indiscretion. After a night's reflection he attempted to justify the transaction, and asserted that he was equally responsible with the solicitor. Do we err in believing that some solicitors would decline to get up evidence in such a fashion, and that some counsel would decline to use it when so obtained?

When you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney. This used to be one of the traditional maxims of the Old Bailey; and the modern translation of the rule appears to be, When you have no case, abuse the press. Whenever Mr. Seymour was at fault for matter to spin out his eight hours' oration—when he was not expatiating on the depravity of the witnesses who supported the prosecution, appealing to the immutable principles of eternal justice, dilating on the domestic virtues of his injured client, or singing the praises of his own rectitude, fearlessness, and independence—he attacked the press. At the commencement of his speech he besought the jury to fall upon their knees and implore the assistance of heaven, in order that they might be enabled to resist the pernicious influence of certain criticism which had been made in our own columns and those of our contemporaries; and he had the audacity to assert, that but for the prejudice which the press had created against his client, the prosecution would never have been sustained. With characteristic recklessness he first denounced the news-

papers for commenting on the case at all, and then quoted at length from an article of a journal which has distinguished itself by its hostility to the prosecution. In reality, our offence in Mr. Seymour's eyes is, not that we commented on the trial, but that we commented on it fearlessly. If we had adopted the tone of most our contemporaries—if we had said that there was nothing to choose between prosecutrix and defendant; if we had thrown cold water on the attempt to bring the offender to justice; if we had ignored the grave public interest involved in the question whether Rachel should be allowed to pursue her vile trade unpunished and unmolested—then we should have had the advantage of Mr. Digby Seymour's approbation. Because we pursued a contrary course—because we insisted that the subject must be thoroughly sifted that the prosecution must be continued until the truth of the charge should be proved or disproved—our self-constituted censor charges us with such an outrage upon justice that its baleful influence could be diverted only by Divine interposition. We are quite content to let the public decide between us and the advocates of Madame Rachel. From the beginning we have endeavoured to present to the public faithful reports of the evidence; while we have sought to point out the salient features of the case on the one side as well as on the other. The forensic complaint respecting the criticism of the press is becoming wearisome; and, as the public know, it is intended solely to divert attention from the weakness of the complainant's position. When a cause is conducted in such a fashion that there is nothing to hide, nothing to keep back, not a word is said about the unfairness of newspaper comment. We do not need to be taught our responsibilities. We know that one of the first of those responsibilities is to uphold the character of justice. We have to see that in courts of justice invective does not supply the place of solid argument; and we should have failed in our duty had we commented with less freedom and emphasis on the trial which has closed the Bond-street Mystery.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Will you allow me to call your attention to, and to protest in your columns against, the course taken by Mr. Commissioner Kerr in avowedly adopting a suggestion of Mr. Under-Sheriff Roche that some of the letters written by Mrs. Borradaile bore the same watermark as some of those purporting to come from "William."

The learned Commissioner during the long trial never once called the attention of Mr. Digby Seymour to this matter, but seems to have kept it as a surprise for the jury in his charge to them.

To show the utter fallacy of the argument deduced from the resemblance, I have to-day been in several offices, and have found the same watermark, "Joynson, 1865," and "1867" on various specimens of note-paper, and you will see that the paper on which I am writing, and which bears the printed address for use in my office, has the name (in the watermark) of the same eminent maker.

Is it not a startling thing that this "mare's nest" discovery of the Under-Sheriff's should be solemnly put to the jury as evidence of the forgery of the letters in question, and that those letters should be specially selected and handed to the jury to be examined by them on this point alone, to the exclusion of the mass of the other letters and documents put in during the course of the trial, and that this casual coincidence of a watermark in note-paper should be deemed conclusive of the unhappy prisoner's guilt?

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

W. H. ROBERTS.

46, Moorgate-street, London, E.C., Sept., 26.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Sincerely do I trust that there is nothing in Mr. Commissioner Kerr's watermark argument; for on lifting up three sheets of apparently different paper

lying in my blotting-book just now, imagine my horror to find them all marked "Joynson, 1865."

Temple. Yours truly W.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir.—Mr. Commissioner Kerr made a great deal in his extraordinary charge to the jury of the fact that a few of the letters to and from the mysterious "William" bear the same watermark, that of "Joynson, 1867."

The jury were evidently affected by this startling discovery.

I write this note, as you perceive, on my private crested paper, and the watermark is also "Joynson, 1867." So much for the learned Commissioner's argument.

Your obedient servant

Temple, Sept., 26. ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.