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FINDING A CRIMINAL.

*(From the Notes of an English Detective.)*  
 I was aroused one morning from a sound sleep by a quick, loud rap upon my door. I had been on duty late into the morning, and kept my bed longer than usual. By the time my wife had reached my room, I was up and half dressed.—She told me that Inspector Starling, one of my brother detectives, wished to see me. I hurried down, and found him pacing to and fro across the room in a state of considerable excitement.  
 “Ah Goff, we’ve got some work in our hands,” he cried, the moment he saw me.—“There’s been a murder—a strange one—by Newgate Market. But come along, and I’ll tell you as I go.”  
 As soon as we gained the street, Starling resumed—  
 “Last evening one of the butchers packed a box of meat to go off to-day, but this morning he changed his mind, and concluded to unpack it, as there was some doubt about the stuff’s keeping. When he removed the cover, he found the body of a man cut up, and stowed snugly away in place of his meat, and this latter article was afterwards found in a neighboring cellar.”  
 I asked if the butcher was not suspected.  
 “No,” replied my companion. “We know it could not have been he, for his time is all accounted for; and besides, his character is above suspicion. No—some one who knew that the box was packed to go off this morning, must have taken advantage of the circumstance, and thus hoped to gain time for escape, or perhaps, to have thrown the blame upon another. It was an old man who was murdered, and it was evidently done for revenge.”  
 “Why do you think so?” I asked.  
 “Because fragments of clothing were upon the limbs, and a watch and some money were found in the pockets. Strange, isn’t it?”  
 I acknowledged that it was.  
 We overtook a party of men at this juncture, and ere we had opportunity to converse much more we had reached Newgate. The box was in a small office, and a commissioner had arrived. The parts of the body had been taken out and placed together, thus forming a whole frame with the exception of the head, this latter part being absent. The victim had been not far from three-score; a tall, well-formed man, and as far as we could judge from the fragments of clothing and the appearance of the hands, a member of the better class of society.  
 Our first object was to find if the remains could be identified, but in this we failed entirely. Two days passed without the least new light upon the subject, but on the evening of the second day, we received notice that a human head had been found in a small pond, or pool, in Epping, and was in the possession of the officers of that place.  
 Here might be a clue, and I was finally set upon the track. I chose to go alone, for on such an errand too many cooks most emphatically spoil the broth. I felt sure that if I could once get my eye upon the murderer, I should know him. There is something in the very look and bearing of a man who has done a murder, as palpable to me as the color of the Ethiopian. I can see it written on his face, though how I cannot tell. It may be an intuitive perception, or it may be from long habit of hunting rogues.  
 It was late in the evening when I started, taking the saddle for my seat, and reaching Epping at midnight. I found the coroner, and with him I found the human head. It was the very one. I knew it by the gray hair, and by the manner in which it had been cut off, the neck having been divided close by the shoulders. I requested my host to keep my visit a secret, as it might be necessary that my coming should not be known. He assured me that no one save himself and messenger knew that word had been sent to London of the finding of the head.  
 In the morning we went out to the place where the terrible proof of crime had been found, and I examined the sandy shores of the pond thoroughly. There were too many tracks, however, for me to make anything of them. Of one thing I was sure: that the head had been thrown in at night, for it had rested in shoal water, with two bricks tied to it, whereas, had it been thrown in by daylight, the villain would have selected a deeper spot. The coroner suggested that the murderer had kept on by the great stage-road through Essex, but I felt differently. I believed he had struck across towards Waltham Abbey, and upon this supposition I determined to act.  
 My first movement after this was to obtain a suit of laboring-men’s clothes, which my host procured of a fellow who was at work in a drain in his garden. They were well worn, and when I got them on I looked as rough as I could wish. I then made a snug bundle of my own garments, which I tied up in an old cotton handkerchief, and having swung it upon a stout oaken staff, I placed it over my shoulders, and started off upon the Waltham Abbey road.

If the murderer had done his horrible work in the metropolis by dark, and then come round by the way of Epping, he could not have reached the next town before daylight. I made some guarded inquiries at the house I passed, but I gained no information till I reached Waltham Abbey; and even here I could only learn that a man had passed through there on foot, just before daylight, two days previously. Only one person—the hostler of an inn—had seen him, and he could give me not the slightest description, not even the traveller’s height.  
 The road by which I had come led no further, ending here in the great northern and eastern mail road to Scotland; and as I did not think the murderer would take such a route, I pushed on by a narrow path, through fields and woods, a distance of eight miles, to Hatfield. It lacked half an hour of noon, so I thought I would stop here and get dinner. I felt certain that I was on the track of the man I sought. To be sure, I had gained no reliable information from others, but I felt a peculiar confidence in my own conceptions, and hence I called for my dinner at the inn, with a firm belief that I should gain some intelligence of my man ere I left.  
 My meal was ready in twenty minutes, so I sat down by the window and gazed out.—It was a side window and looked out into a square court, upon the opposite side of which a new brick dwelling was in process of erection. The walls had been raised above the second story windows, and half a dozen men were engaged in carrying up bricks and mortar for the masons. I took an interest in seeing these fellows at their work—they were so orderly and regular in their movements. It was up and down the long ladder, in true time, like the drill of a corporal’s guard—then up and down again.  
 But finally I noticed one man who often got in the way of the others, and whose movements were strange and erratic. No one else might have seen this as I did, but he arrested my attention in a moment. Said I,—  
 “There is my man!”  
 A summary method of detecting a murderer, you will say, but it was all plain to me. He was a middle-sized man, of middle age, and dressed in the common garb of such laborers; but his clothes did not fit him. The trousers were turned up at the bottom, and slouchy about the waist, the frock was too full, and the cap too small.—When he set his hod down to have it filled, he did it with a nervous jerk; and when he started off with the load upon his shoulder he not only moved away too quickly, but he ascended the ladder with a speed entirely unsuited to the work. No hodcarrier ever moved so before.—They are not proverbial for hurrying. And then there was no earthly need for this man’s moving so, since his very haste often impeded his companions. I simply saw that he was not at home, either in his work or his garb; and furthermore, that his mind was far from being at ease.  
 I had only one thing more to notice ere I took a step nearer to him, and I was not long in doing that. Soon a carriage stopped at the inn, and as the sound fell upon his ears he became so excited that he could hardly hold up his hod, which was at that time being filled. And so it was whenever any one passed the square, at every unusual sound he betrayed an uneasiness which was as apparent to me as though I could have seen his very thoughts.  
 I waited to see no more, but having thrown my bundle over my shoulder, and seen that the dirt had not been rubbed from my hands, I started out. I chose not to speak with “my man” first, but asked one of the others if I could find work on the building.  
 “What can you do?” he asked me.  
 “Carry a hod, or use the spade,” said I.  
 He looked at me a moment, and then said he’d go and find the “capt’n.” While he was gone “my man” came down the ladder. He was a very respectable-looking fellow, though there was a wildness in his eye which somewhat detracted from his appearance.  
 “Do you find the work hard here?” I asked him.  
 He started as though I had struck him.  
 “What do you want to know for?” he returned.  
 “Because I have just sent to see if I can obtain work here. A man has just gone to see the employer.”  
 “O, Well—the work isn’t very hard,” he said, considerably relieved. “But where are you from?”  
 “From Epping,” I told him.  
 He turned pale, and his hand quivered upon his hod.  
 “And, by the way,” I added, carelessly, “I saw a horrible sight there.”  
 I waited for him to ask some question, but he only gazed into my face with a fixed stare, while his whole frame trembled, and his pallor increased.  
 “It was in a pond,” said I, at length. “As I was passing I saw a human head in the water. It was cut off. My soul, how terrible it was!”

The man started back, and his face assumed a deathly look, while his hod dropped from his hand.  
 “You look at me as though I did it,” he gasped.  
 “Pooh, pooh,” said I, with a smile; and then with a stern look, I added, “I might as well suppose you knew something of the chopped-up man in the box at Newgate Market!”  
 The fellow continued to gaze into my face a moment, and then with a staggering, leaping step, he turned to flee; but I had watched for this, and my right hand was upon his collar in an instant, and with the left I held a pistol to his head. At that moment my messenger returned, and with him came the foreman.  
 “I have done my work,” said I.  
 Of course many questions were asked, which I answered as I thought proper. The man at first begged of me to shoot him, and then began to declare his innocence in the most frantic terms. But I could not believe him then. I took him to London, and we soon had full proof of his guilt. The murdered man had been his father-in-law, and had cut him off from the possession of property. At the last moment the villain confessed his guilt. He said he had killed the old man close by the market with a club, and had then dragged the body into an old cellar, and there cut it up. He left the pieces there while he went to see if he could get into the market. This being accomplished he struck a light, and the first thing he saw was the box, directed to Staines. He lifted it, and finding it full—he knew it must be meat—he conceived the idea of removing some of the contents and packing the body in its place. He did this, reserving only the head which he carried with him in a bundle over his shoulder. He had intended to flee to the North, but fearing pursuit and thinking that no one would detect him in a rough garb, and at such rough work, and so near the metropolis, he had changed his mind as we have seen.  
 One of the last acknowledgments he made was, that “the London detectives were a strange set of men.” And I told he was not the first criminal who thought so.  
 DR. CAHILL  
 ON THE LECTURES ON THE POPE AND NAPOLEON THE LITTLE AT WOLVERHAMPTON, AND THE RIOT AT THE CORN EXCHANGE.  
*(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)*  
 The readers of this Journal cannot forget the announcement made in newspapers and placards at Wolverhampton, in reference to a course of lectures to be delivered in that town at the Corn Exchange “on the Pope, Napoleon the Little, the Confessional, the Jesuits, and the spy-system of France.” The lecturers in this case are a person calling himself Baron de Gamini and his wife, and a child of two years old. The Baron is a Frenchman, and he complains that his enemies call him a French barber; and he asserts that his wife (who he declares has been calumniated in her reputation) is a nun escaped from an English convent. The child has been born in England, is not yet able to speak, and is brought on the stage, as an evidence of the happiness of the two lecturers, and to enliven the interesting proceedings by a practical illustration. The Baron is also a “Red Republican,” carries a stiletto, belongs to the school of Orsini, and does not conceal, even in hotels, the advantages which Europe would derive from the death of Napoleon. At the lecture the Baron erects on the stage a large altar furnished with candlesticks, priest’s vestments, chalice, bells, surplice, and all the appendages of Catholic ceremonial.—The baroness, that is the escaped nun from some convent in England, appears on the stage dressed in the conventual habit, in order to mimic the ceremonies of the reception and the profession of young ladies entering the cloister. The child takes no part at this stage of the performance; he is not supposed to be alive at this portion of the lecture, and is only introduced (like a living parenthesis) after the escape and the marriage. This brief description and introduction will give the reader some general idea of the nature of the lecture; and it will furnish, by anticipation, some notion of the manner and the feeling in which the subject will be treated. The Baron, it is said, will proceed to Dublin as soon as his engagements in England will have been terminated; but will not arrive in the Irish metropolis till the new Orange police will have been enrolled—Work for Lord Naas?  
 It may now be asked who are those who are expected to attend this exhibition, this shameful pantomime? The answer to this question is given in the overwhelming respectable Protestants that were present! and the local journals assert that upwards of four thousand persons, friends of the Baron, attended, although not more than one thousand could fit in the hall. At this place it will not be amiss to inquire would it be possible to bring together in Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, or Dublin, four thousand respectable

Catholics, or indeed any class of Catholics, to witness a lying, disgraceful pantomime on Protestantism! The consideration of this point goes far to prove the degraded Protestant teaching of England: to demonstrate that the whole mind of even the respectable classes is demoralized in the present age, below all past example; and to convince the most ardent supporter of the modern scheme of souper Bibliism, that the misrepresentation, the lies, the obscenities, told, preached and published in England and elsewhere against Catholicity, have so indoctrinated the English Protestant living generation as to exhibit them before the Christian world as the most ignorant, debased, brutal, and ferocious race in Europe.—What must be said of an Audience, a Congregation at Leeds, in last November, who stood by, listened, and applauded a Protestant Clergyman from our own Kingdom; while he preached “that there were fifty-one inhabited Islands studying the Atlantic in the neighborhood of Ireland; that a race of Papists wild and savage even to barbarism lived in these Islands; that little is even yet known of these dens of Popery; that he visited them: and that he now solicited funds to finish his church in Kingstown, in order to continue his mission in Ireland.” Without making any remark on this sermon, so far as it has reference to the Kingstown Minister, I ask, could any man have the hardihood to utter these statements before the children of the worst National School in Ireland? would not the lowest class of geography cover the Preacher with irrepressible ridicule, as he described “the fifty-one inhabited savage Islands in the neighborhood of Ireland?” But the credulous ignorance of the Leeds Congregation is even surpassed by the Wolverhampton Audience, who during the late celebrated Lectures, applauded and cheered over and over again the French Baron, who declared “that in one Convent in England, yes in England, not less than Eighty Nuns were in one week barbarously murdered, and buried in the garden of the same Convent!”  
 Neither this degraded man nor his wife, nor his child, nor his subject of Lecture, should have polluted my pen, were I not convinced, that the publication of this filth through Catholic Europe, America, India, the Cape, Australia, and our other colonies, is more efficacious in showing the brutal ignorance and bigotry in England; and in demonstrating the teaching and the persecution of the Established Church than any other communication which could be made in Ireland. As Philip said of Demosthenes “that he dreaded his tongue more than ten thousand armed men,” it is equally true that in this age of rapid international commixture of public opinion, the greatest friend to Irish religious liberties, and the greatest foe to English intolerance is the man who exposes the monstrous Pulpit, which seeks by the incongruous aid of lies, hatred, and blasphemy, to advance the cause of truth, charity and religion. Indeed the bitterest opponent of Protestantism and the most zealous advocate of Catholicity could not desire a more propitious course of proceedings for the overthrow of the one and for the advancement of the other, than the Durham bigotry of England, and the Souper campaign of Ireland. The disgrace and the infamy of these two elements of the Biblical hypocrisy have, beyond all doubt, thinned the ranks of the law-church, and have inspired the Irish Creed with increased zeal and renewed vigor: verifying the saying of a Kilkennyman, when the late soupers were expelled from the city—“What the d— will we do now (said he) when the Blackguards are gone from the town? no more Protestants will be converted: and the Catholics will have no one to thrash for the faith.”  
 As soon as the Baron had concluded all his arrangements for mimicking the Priest, the Bishop, and the Nuns, the poor faithful Irish residing in Wolverhampton and the neighborhood, became uncontrollably indignant at this public insult on their religion and its practices: and the result has been that these true-hearted children of St. Patrick, these unflinching sons of Ireland, assembled on the evening of the lecture near the Corn Exchange, to the number perhaps of two thousand. The placards invited their attendance: and true to the known principles of their national politeness, they came sure enough; and as their enemies assert, they appeared in knots of twenties and thirties with short sticks concealed under their waistcoats, and with pokers thrust up the sleeves of their Connemara and Tipperary jackets. The police having learned the burning intensity of their feelings; and perhaps believing the calumny of the sticks and the pokers, made efficient arrangements to preserve the peace; not however, till some heads were broken or cut, and till £70 and upwards of damages was inflicted on the Corn Exchange.—Several efforts were made by these Irish to get close to the Baron, but were fortunately repelled by the vigilant activity of the magistrates and the police. It is due to the mayor and the magistrates of Wolverhampton, to say that they withdrew their sanction of the lecturer, and even

denied him the use of the Corn Exchange after the second exhibition: hence no mention or allusion whatever has been made to the part or parts where Napoleon the Little was to have been lampooned: *verbum sat*. I shall now present to the reader, the proofs of these my statements, as taken from the local journals. The following quotation is from the Birmingham Daily Press:  
 “Nevertheless it was evident that ‘a row’ was pending, for before the hour fixed for opening the doors hundreds of Irish laborers and miners had congregated about the Exchange blocking up the two flights of steps that led to the room. By the time that the doors should have been opened there were as many as 3,000 of this class of her Majesty’s subjects about the Exchange. Their object was not a secret, for they did not fail to express a want of affection for the Baron, with a desire that they might be able to pay their respects to him by a closer contact than would have been at all comfortable to him. This vast mob was evidently organized; two or three men, somewhat better dressed than the mass, having complete command over them. The shillelals and broken pokers that were up the sleeves of their coats and the stones that were in their pockets seemed to be there awaiting only a timely opportunity for their use. That opportunity did not however present itself, for the keeper of the Exchange, not liking the appearance of the outsiders, became the keeper of the Baron also, whose head he preserved by keeping the doors barred. A numerous body of police was there, under the command of their Chief (Captain Seagrave) the Mayor, the ex-Mayor, Joseph Walker, and Frederick Walton, Esq., and other magistrates. By strongly guarding the entrances to the two flights of steps that led to the room, the police prevented the mob from rushing up, not however until several attempts to force an entrance had been made. A large number of ‘the baser sort,’ however, came with their threepence and their sticks; but, by a wise arrangement on the part of Captain Seagrave, they were made to leave their sticks with the police when they left their threepence with the money-taker. Enough of this class of persons found, or were provided with the money for standing places, nearly to fill that part of the room. The sitting places for which 6d. and 1s. respectively were paid, were also well paid. The persons who filled these latter places were for the most part respectable Protestants. When quarter past eight had arrived, and the Baron appeared upon the platform, habited in the garments similar to those worn by him when a monk, the utmost uproar at once commenced from the occupants of the threepenny places met by cheers from those who paid for seats! Loud cries of ‘Turn him out!’ mingled with yelling, were the chief utterances that proceeded from the opponents of the lecturer, towards whom there were repeated rushes made, but the police, who had taken possession of the barrier between the two great divisions of the room, drew their staves and beat the intruders down. Every attempt by the Baron to speak was rendered unavailing by loud yelling and cheering respectively. There was a vigorous effort made to get at the Baron on the part of the Irish Catholics, in whose hands he would evidently have received hard treatment; expecting this, he had provided himself with a life-preserver. By nine o’clock these men had become very incensed with rage, the mob on the outside threw several volleys of stones, some of which came into the room near the platform, and one was thrown towards the platform by some persons in the room. A panic had then begun to be created, and a rush was made by some towards the door. Many, however, were driven back, fearing the stones that were coming from without. The police made arrests in the streets. The mayor read the Riot Act, and the police went into the crowd and dispersed them. In the room, E. Perry, Esq., ex-mayor, announced that there had been several breaches of the peace and persons arrested, and that under the advice of the magistracy the Baron de Gamini would not lecture that night. Mr. Perry then advised them to go peaceably home. Much disappointment was expressed by the persons who could hear Mr. Perry’s remarks that they were not to hear the Baron, and it was inquired when he was to speak, and ‘what about their money?’ Mr. Perry said that the magistrates had nothing to do with that, they were only interested in preserving the peace, and this they were determined to do. At the time our parcel left the very numerous audience were lingering about the room, the Irish Catholics still wishing to get up to the Baron, but were hauled by the police and the mob on the outside still keeping together in knots. The magistrates and the police acted with prudence and firmness, yet with forbearance.—To their conduct is owing, we feel, the life of the Baron, and the prevention of an extensive religious riot. The expense of the extra precaution which has been wisely taken for the preservation of the public peace in consequence of the opposition to these lectures will, we should think, be scarcely covered by £100. The £20 or more damage that has been done at the Exchange will, there is little doubt, have to be borne by the shareholders.”  
 Extract of the Baron’s lecture which (as already stated in the Birmingham Daily Press) was attended by the respectable Protestants of Wolverhampton! This extract is taken from the pamphlet published by Pratt and Dauncey, 68, Darlington street—  
 “The Baron then came forward and said, that he proposed to speak of the Jesuits who were nothing less than spies of the Church of Rome, which if it were a Christian Church, would not require such things (hear.) That Church was a great lie—a Church of cruelty, oppression, fraud, and every conceivable vice. The reason of the violent opposition to his lectures was because, speaking from personal experience, he was able to touch the sensitive and vulnerable parts of the system. He could assure his hearers that Popery was neither dead, nor had it changed its principles, or mode of operation. He had been an old fox himself, and had laid traps to catch Protestants; more particularly ‘the hens and chickens.’ He, therefore, knew all about it. He had known eighty nuns to die in Northampton in one week. The poor people there believed they had died of black fever. He knew better. He then insinuated that the priests had a hand in the deaths of these