# *Hattie Newberry, the Vermont Beauty*

"Society, for the Most Part, Creates the Crimes which it Punishes"—A Beautiful Girl on the Cars from Rutland, Vermont, on the Way to Bellows' Falls, Beset by New York Rogues—A Detective Recognizes in Her the Former Playmate of his Own Daughter—He Encounters the Rogues at Bellows' Falls, and Knocks One of them Down in the Ladies' Room—They All Take the Next Train, and Move Southward, on their Way to New York—Incidents of the Journey—A Third Villain Gets Aboard at Hartford, Conn.—Why Hattie Was Going to New York—An Old Tale—The Detective Gives Hattie Much Good Advice—A Skilful Manoeuvre, on Arriving in New York, to Put the Rogues Off the Track—A Painful Discovery at Last—A Deep, Devilish Plot of the Villains Drives Hattie to Despair, and She is Rescued from a Suicide's Grave—The Rogues Prove to Be the Most Heartless of Villains, and are Caught, and Duly Punished—Hattie Returns Eventually to Vermont, After Having Married her Old Lover—This Tale is One of the Saddest As Well As Most Interesting of Experiences Throughout

IT was my original intention when I contracted with my publishers for these sketches from my diary, to avoid such narratives as hinged upon matters of love between the sexes, and especially to avoid all those matters of abduction of females for unholy purposes, the detection and exposure of the schemes of procuresses, or the rescuing from a life of infamy girls of respectable parentage and home surroundings, from both the country and city—matters which frequently come into the hands of detectives, and with which old detectives, in particular, are painfully conversant. I could fill a quarto volume with what has come under my own eye of that nature, with recitals far more romantic in their truthfulness than are the cunning devices of the most imaginative novelists. Indeed, the more astute novelists of the sensation school are wise enough to gather instruction, and obtain from interviews with detectives the plots which they work up, out of facts given them by these officers. In my own experience I have been, indeed (at one time especially, when it seemed to me as if all the scribblers had gone mad upon sensation tales), harassed and vexed by what we would now term "interviews," fishing from me the issues of this or that experience. It was my purpose, to which I shall adhere, of course, to give publicity to not a line in these narratives which may not properly fall under the eye of the most fastidious or the most innocent child. Nevertheless, such is the course of life the detective is obliged to lead, finding himself frequently among the vilest characters,—thieves, gamblers, highway robbers, unfortunate and lost women, and wretches too low and vile to be named here, even by the crimes or base offences which they commit,—that it is almost impossible to give the full history of anything, with all the incidents of a nature interesting (in some respects) which may have attended it. The scenes which occur in New York, for example, in one day, if gathered into a book, such as the regular police force and the detectives might furnish, would astound the uninitiated; and were they recited in all their details, would, many of them, horrify and disgust, as well as "astound," the reader. At this writing there are crowding upon my memory many occurrences in my life, that I have been called to take a part in, which would hardly be fit for these pages, in view of the extreme immorality that generated them, or follows in their trail, which yet have their romantic side. Most of these affairs, to which I now especially refer, relate to the life of fallen women, their first enticements from the path of virtue, their utter ruin, or their final rescue. But it were better that the public remain ignorant of these things as far forth as possible, than to be well informed. Yet the eye of sympathy cannot but fill with tears of pity over the ruined and wronged; and as I write, I feel a strong impulse to go aside from my original

intention in these tales, and mingle with them recitals of horrible personal wrongs suffered, and the lives of infamy led by many females, whom better surroundings than they enjoyed, or more benevolence and kindness than they received, might have saved, and elevated to places as comparatively dignified in the world as the position they now occupy is base and degraded.

"Society," it is true, as a great philosopher has aptly said, "creates, for the most part, the crimes which it punishes;" and though the detective, in the pursuit of his calling, is apt to become merciless towards the really guilty, and to condemn them outright,—declaring that they could, if they would, do better,—he knows that it would, a thousand times, seem that the very "conspiracy of circumstances" irresistibly impels men on to the commission of crimes, and in his reason he is more lenient towards his fellow-men than his profession permits him to be in practice. But there are villains in the world who seem to combine with base desires and notions a persistency in the expression of them which never wearies. They pursue their base objects with a tirelessness which would be most admirable in a good cause. Indeed, virtue, save as exemplified in the characters of a few great souls, grows weary and careless, and turns almost to vice, long before the perseverance of these villains would turn from its course of wrong. There seems to be a romantic impulse for some in the very trials that beset the path of crime. The more hair-breadth escapes to be made, the more eagerly do these villains seem to enter upon their course. But I must not stop to moralize farther here. Unwilling to recite any tale of my own experience of the kind to which I have alluded, as related to the rescuing of intended female victims from the snares of the despoiler, which now comes to my mind, I will recall, as clearly as I can, the story of a brother detective. I was coming from Buffalo, in 1859, and chanced to enter the car in which he was seated, on his way to New York, from a successful professional mission at the further West, and fortunately found a seat with him in the same chair. We occupied our time mostly as detectives, when travelling together, are apt to, in the narration of our professional experiences; and let me say here, that of all "story-tellers," the best I have ever listened to are detectives,—the most "apt scholars" usually of human nature,—and what is more, they always have truths enough of a startling kind to tell, to be under no necessity of "drawing on the imagination."

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

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

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

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

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

"O, no, I've not," said he, grasping her hand, and shaking it heartily, but tenderly, for the tears came into his eyes; for his Jane, to whom Miss Hattie referred, was dead, and he called to mind how dearly she loved "little Hattie." Ten years had passed since he had seen Hattie. She was then a "wee bit of a thing" of her age, and she was not very large now, though grown to full womanhood, as exquisitely moulded in form as she was beautiful of face. My friend had married a Vermont girl, he himself being a native of New Jersey. The illness of his wife had led them to remove to a little town somewhere above Rutland,— New Haven, I believe, but maybe that is not it,—for a summer, in which place he had first known Hattie, when but a child of six years of age. His little daughter Jane was just her age, having been born on the very same day that she was, and the two little creatures, just the opposites, however, in complexion, color of hair and eyes, and quite unlike in all respects, fell into the warmest mutual friendship. "They had not a single taste alike," said he. "Jane was a great romp, loved to be out in the stables with the horses and cows, was full of boisterous life;" but Hattie was as mild as her own blue eyes, and as delicate as her fine, glossy hair. "It was a strange affection these children had for each other," he said; "very beautiful, and I used to be constantly with them when there." He used to spend a month or so of each summer there, while the wife staid from the last of May, he said, into October. For three years his wife made the little town her summer home, and these children grew more and more together. Ten years had gone, and Hattie was now in her nineteenth year,—a beautiful woman, into whose countenance her advanced years had thrown just enough of spirit to make her interesting,—with an air of sweet, just ripe maturity about her, which gave my friend an inkling of what the two villains were pursuing her for. Pretty soon my friend introduced the subject of her "friends,"—her two "fellow-travellers,"—and she shrugged her shoulders with an expression of mingled disgust and dread, and said, "You are going down?"

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hattie blushed, and replied, "O, there was such a rumor; but that's all over now." She tried to be cheerful, but a sigh, which did not escape my friend's ear, and a sad look, for an instant, which did not escape his eye, revealed to him that something had gone wrong with her; and he finally found, on joking her a little about the matter, kindly, that young Phelps's father, who was a sort of a miser, was in the way: that he wanted his son to marry some rich girl, or not a poor one in money, at least, however poor she might otherwise be; and the young man was in his father's hands, so far as pecuniary means were concerned, and would not be independent enough to think of marrying soon. The old man Phelps had threatened to disinherit him if he married against his will; and she had determined to not make difficulty in the family, and was on her way to New York, at her cousin's solicitation, to go to work where she could earn something, and help her father and mother support the family. The subject was a painful one for Hattie to descant upon, and my friend addressed himself to other matters of conversation. Hattie informed him that her cousin, Charlotte Keeney, was the chief clerk in a confectioner's establishment, with a neat restaurant attached, in Sixth Avenue, near Twelfth Street, New York, the proprietor of which was a certain Mr. Henry — (Brown, for a name)—a popular, thriving business man, of the rigid school of morals; just, generous, and kindly in manners, but as fixed in his opinions, and as relentless against evil-doers, and as unforgiving of actual moral delinquencies, as if he had been carved out of the "ribs" of the Mayflower—(before she became a slave-ship); a sort of wooden-headed man in all matters of morals; a descendant of the Puritan stock. This fact lightened my friend's regret that Hattie had resolved to go to the city to live, for he chanced to know Mr. Brown's reputation, otherwise he would have felt it his duty to say more to her of the perils and trials of city life than he did. He said, as he looked upon her wonderful beauty, and thought how many girls, almost as beautiful, had found city life full of thorns; had borne sad trials, and suffered deathly sorrows, principally through the fact of their exquisite beauty; and reflected, too, that she was going there with a wound upon her heart, and therefore less likely to resist the city's temptations,—his heart quite overcame him, and he wanted to take her directly into his own family, and as a father protect her.

Along the route, as I have observed before, he noticed the impertinence of the two men, constantly seeking to get a sight at Hattie whenever the cars stopped. My friend (call him Frederick Daniels) was greatly annoyed by this; but it gave him occasion to descant to Hattie upon the character of certain heartless beings she might meet with in the city, and to advise her touching the companionships she might make. But Hattie thought that in her cousin Charlotte's riper experience she should find sufficient protection, and she seemed to look upon Charlotte as a wonder of wisdom as well as of goodness; and Mr. Daniels, reflecting that Mr. Brown's must be as safe a place as any for a young lady, probably contented himself with asking Hattie to visit his family as often as she could; but he lived far up town, and on the other side of the city from Mr. Brown's, so it was not likely that she could find time, save on Sundays, and then she would be obliged to walk much to get to his house. But she promised him to visit his family when she could, and to always come to him if she needed aid or protection of any kind. The journey was passed pleasantly on to New York, without notable incident, save that at Hartford, where the cars were delayed for some time on account of an accident which had occurred on the road some miles below: the two men were met by a man of the same character with them, evidently, and who gave them something to drink from his flask, theirs being apparently empty, and who gave them something to drink from his flask, theirs being apparently empty, and which fired one of them into unusual impudence, which made him annoying to Hattie and Mr. Daniels—breaking in at times into the ladies' sitting-room in the depot, whither they had gone, with other passengers, for "sake of change" from the cars. Mr. Daniels, it chanced, knew this third man, who seemed to have no memory that he had ever run across Mr. D. before; and knowing him, Mr. D. was not at a loss where to place them. He told Hattie that they were gamblers, and worse; besides, probably being pickpockets. She, in her innocence, was surprised to learn that so well-dressed men as these could be so low in character, and Mr. D. felt that she almost questioned his judgment. So, hoping to impress her with the danger of "trusting to appearances," in a great city especially, he told her such tales about such elegantly-dressed scoundrels as came into his mind; and filled up the time of the journey with such lessons as he thought might be of use to Hattie, and put her on her guard against evil.

Mr. Daniels chanced to observe that the third villain took passage with the other two from Hartford, and he saw that this man had become more interested, if possible, in Hattie than the other two, if anything was to be judged by the more extreme eagerness with which he eyed her. The third villain, whose name or *alias* was, as Mr. D. knew, "Harland," was a more accomplished man than the rest. He hailed from Meriden, Conn., where it was said he was quite respectably related, and had at one time occupied a respectable business position in New York; but turning to sporting, he at last got involved, and operated some adroit forgeries, and had been connected with a swindling bogus lottery. It was in the detection and breaking up of this concern that my friend Daniels had come across Harland. This man had lost his best old friends, who discarded him outright, he being obliged to take up with a low class of society; yet there was a natural, or educated pride in him, which probably suffered much from his debasement, and which prompted him to make tools of these beings, whom he regarded, notwithstanding his fraternizing with them, as inferior beings. Mr. Daniels felt a renewed interest for Hattie when he considered this adroit man; and the fear came over him that the rascal would, in some way, manage to make himself felt by her to her sorrow; and he told Hattie that the fellow would as likely as not seek her out in her employment, and that the place she was going to, being open to the public, he would doubtless find her out; but that if he did, she must not allow him to make

her acquaintance, beyond what her necessity as a clerk would demand of her allowing. She promised him to observe his advice. My friend, with his usual shrewdness, had preconceived that these villains would endeavor to follow Hattie, to see where she went on her arrival in New York; and when the passengers alighted from the cars, he was not surprised to find these men near him, watching his movements; and to thwart them, he took Hattie and her trunk, by coach, to the hotel, intending, as he did, to soon after take her to her place of designation on Sixth Avenue, and to send from there some trusty man for her trunk. The scoundrels followed in another coach, and kept close behind him, alighted at the same hotel, and registered their names just below his and Hattie's. "Fred. Harland," "Edward Rowe," and "Philip Jas. McHenry," were the entries, in the bold and elegant hand of Harland. Mr. Daniels procured a room for himself and one for Hattie, who began now to see the desperate course which these men would pursue, and was very willing to be guided by Daniels, to avoid being followed by these fellows. Mr. Daniels, not being willing to be kept close prisoner there by these men,—and the night was coming on, too, and he wished to be at home,—went out to a trusty friend's store, advised him of what was going on, and asked him to allow one of his lady clerks, about Hattie's size, to go to the hotel parlor, the gentleman to follow soon; and the girl, "for the fun of the thing, if nothing more," as she giddily said, acquiescing, made entry to the hotel parlor, whence Mr. Daniels took her to Hattie's room, and caused her to assume Hattie's hat and shawl, in exchange for which Hattie took hers; and after the merchant had come over to the hotel, and had been made acquainted with Hattie, Mr. Daniels took the young lady, and proceeded through the hall to the street; and acting as if utterly oblivious or careless of the existence of these fellows, passed on, with his thickly-veiled charge upon his arm, down the street. In crossing to the opposite side, at no great distance from the hotel, he had opportunity to look back without being suspected, and saw Harland, and the man "Rowe" (the one whom he had knocked down at Bellows' Falls), following slowly, but with eyes bent upon him. He would have been better satisfied had he seen the third following him. The young lady liked the sport, and Daniels led the fellows quite a chase, and finally brought about to the store of his friend, trusting that the latter's sagacity had enabled him meanwhile to leave the hotel with Hattie, and take her to Mr. Brown's, on Sixth Avenue.

He had told Hattie to take the key of her room with her, and give it to his friend. The surprise of the scamps in seeing Mr. Daniels come away from this store, and leave "Hattie" there, must have been considerable. Mr. D. went back to the hotel, and to his joy found that the merchant had gone with the real Hattie; and he withdrew to the store again, and awaited his return, which he made in good time. It was then arranged that the porter of the store should be sent for Hattie's trunk, and it be brought there. Mr. D. went with the porter, paid the bills, and took the trunk, brought it to the store, whence the next day it was sent to Hattie's new home, and Mr. D. then betook himself to his own home,—feeling that his stratagem had saved Hattie much annoyance in the future, and perhaps much suffering. The next day the ladies re-exchanged, through the porter, their hats and shawls, and Mr. Daniels, being called away from the city soon on business, and being exceedingly occupied for some two months and over, had almost lost memory of Hattie altogether. She, however, called at his house once in the mean while, in his absence from home, and had a cheerful "reunion" with the wife and the family. Mrs. Daniels took the greatest interest in her, and regarded her beauty as something "almost superhuman," she said. She knew that as a child she bade fair to become a beautiful woman; but the change had been so great in her in the last eight years (for Mrs. Daniels had seen her once since her husband had before the

latter's late meeting with her), that she would not have known her at first, had she not given her her name, and then could barely recognize that it was she.

Mrs. Daniels gladly accepted the husband's invitation to "go down and call on Hattie Newberry," which they did; and on entering the confectioner's shop, what was Mr. Daniels's astonishment and horror, on discovering there both Harland and McHenry, in cheery conversation with one of the girls, whom he took, and who so proved, to be Charlotte Keeney, Hattie's cousin! Evidently they were old acquaintances of hers. Mr. and Mrs. Daniels passed by them, on to where they discovered Hattie, who saluted them cordially, asked them into the little rear saloon, and called in her employer, Mr. Brown, to whom she presented them as old friends, who "used to live in Vermont." They had a charming visit with Hattie, who was released from her engagements by her kind employer, in order to entertain them, and Mr. Brown sent in confections and "goodies" for them to carry back to their family, and gave them much of his attention besides. Mr. Daniels was indignant to find those two men there: but he knew not precisely what to do. Had they hunted out Hattie, or were they old acquaintances of Charlotte, and had found Hattie there by accident when calling on the former? Were they time-old customers of the place, or recent comers? These and such like questions occupied his mind. He wanted to speak to Mr. Brown, and tell him of the character of these men; but they might be good customers,—certainly they were lavish with their money that night,—and it was clear that Charlotte liked them; indeed she seemed fond of them, and Mr. Daniels hesitated as to what to do, for fear of giving offence. He knew the reputation of Mr. Brown, to be sure, and that he would not wish his clerks to be on terms of friendship with such villains, if he knew their true character. But then he, Daniels, was a comparative stranger to Mr. Brown, and why should Brown accept his single word as against such well-behaved "gentlemen," who were good customers, too. Besides, business men, however good they may be themselves, exist upon, and make their money out of, their customers; and whoever should enter upon a close scrutiny of the character of his patrons in New York, would be apt to find nine scamps in every ten persons. The fact is, that the greed for money is so great in New York, and all over the country, that the best men come to be as polite to their most wicked patrons and customers, as to those of high and noble characters.

Mr. Daniels, as a detective, whose business it is to "mind other people's business" in some respects, felt more keenly than most men feel the like, the propriety and expediency of minding his own business, and was cautious in his proceedings therefore. He made up his mind to say nothing to any one except Hattie, at first, at least; and so, when she, and his wife, and himself were quite alone together, he spoke to her of these men as the ones whom they had encountered on the cars, and whom she had escaped. What was not his astonishment when he found that she did not recognize them as such. It appeared that Harland was an old friend of Charlotte, of whom Charlotte had, in fact, written her before she came on,—speaking of her having been, the night before her letter was dated, to the theatre, with her friend, Mr. Harland, "a very fine, spirited gentleman," etc., whom Hattie would like, she thought. Mr. Daniels had not mentioned the names of these men to Hattie on the day of her escape from the hotel. It had not occurred to him to do that; and when, in the course of a week or two after her arrival at Mr. Brown's, Harland called on Charlotte, who received him joyfully, and after a while presented him in warm terms to Hattie, she of course did not recognize him by his name, though she thought she'd seen him somewhere; but she reflected that on her way to her boarding-house—for she did not board with Charlotte—she saw many noticeable men, and probably had encountered him somewhere in

going or coming. But notwithstanding Mr. Daniels's assurance, she could not identify either of the men as having been aboard the cars that day; and it was evident that they had made quite a pleasant impression upon her mind. They had been there quite often; and Mr. Daniels, from what he saw of their sly glances towards Hattie discovered that it was she, rather than Charlotte, whom they came most to see. But Mr. Daniels was not willing to leave without making some further effort in Hattie's behalf; and he asked her to call Charlotte into the room, to see him and his wife, while Hattie should wait upon the customers, and especially these men. He thought that possibly Hattie might yet call them to mind as the scamps who pursued her that day.

It was evident to him that the men recognized him, and were bound to stay as long as he did, and entertain Charlotte. They proved themselves "good customers" that night, if never before; in fact, Hattie confessed that she thought they had bought more that night than in all their calls before. She went, at Mr. Daniels's request, and asked Charlotte to go into the little room; and Charlotte said she would "soon." The men heard the request, and it was clear that they meant that she should not go, and so they kept chatting on; but Hattie, going out again, and evincing some anxiety, Charlotte excused herself to the men, and went, not however till Harland, calling her back after she had gone a few steps after Hattie, said something to her. She came to the table where Mr. and Mrs. Daniels were sitting, and thanked them for their wish to see her, but said they must excuse her; that they saw how occupied she was, and that Mr. Brown, though a kind, generous man, was very earnest in wishing his clerks to do their full duty, and not lose a chance to trade. She hoped they would come again, and find her more at leisure. Of course Mr. Daniels could have nothing to reply to this, but to thank her, etc., and she bowed herself away pleasantly, and so Daniels was foiled in that move; and at last, contented himself with earnest advice to Hattie to let these men alone, to avoid them all she could, and to tell Charlotte their true character, and that they were the men who persecuted her on the day of her arrival. Hattie promised to heed Mr. Daniels's advice, and she told Charlotte about the men, on the first good opportunity that she had; but Charlotte could not believe it, especially as Hattie had not recognized Harland before, and confessed that she could not yet call him to mind. "But Mr. Daniels cannot be mistaken," said she. "I did not look the men in their faces much. I avoided them, and would not be apt to remember them in other dress, and coming here as your old friends." But Charlotte would not be persuaded, and believed Mr. Daniels mistaken. Indeed, she finally told Hattie that Harland said he had seen her friend, Mr. Daniels, somewhere before; couldn't say where; but that he was a man of poor character he knew, and he wondered Hattie allowed him and his wife to call on her. This, Mr. Daniels heard long after from Hattie's lips. That night Mr. D. went home down-hearted, feeling that he had failed to impress Hattie sufficiently of her danger; but he had made her promise him, that if she over had any serious trouble she would seek his aid, and that she would call on him and his family, whenever she could find it convenient to do so.

Time went on, and though Mr. Daniels's mind frequently reverted to Hattie, yet his business cares did not allow him to visit her. He made up his mind that night that the wretches intended to possess themselves of her in some way, and that they would carry out their vile purpose if possible. He talked with Mrs. Daniels about it. Such beauty as Hattie's would not fade easily, and such a prize as she would be sought. He hoped she'd make the acquaintance of some good man, and get married, and thus be saved from trouble; but he reflected that these villains would manage to keep such men as that away from her. As for themselves, even if either of them was

moved by her beauty to love her, he probably then had a half dozen wives somewhere; and would prefer her as mistress rather than wife, even if he were unmarried. Mrs. Daniels had no fear for Hattie; which consoled Mr. Daniels somewhat. She said she *knew* that such a girl as Hattie could take care of herself as against the seducers. She felt in her woman's nature that there was something in Hattie's composition which the despoiler could not corrupt, and which would be her protection; besides, Hattie's duties required her services evenings, and these men had not much opportunity to ply their villainous arts. Mr. Daniels deferred a good deal to his wife's judgment in this, and felt more easy—and time wore on.

Three or four more months had passed, and one night, just as Mr. Daniels had returned home, there was a violent ringing of his door-bell, which he answered on the spot, not having yet removed his overcoat. The messenger had come for him, with imploring word from Hattie Newberry, that he should at once come to the Jefferson Market Station to see her. She was in trouble: charged with crime, and was almost frantic; had been rescued, an hour before, from the North River, where she had attempted to drown herself, and was calling, in incoherent terms, his name, and much which they could not make out. He must go at once, and he did, with a willing but a sad heart. He revolved all sorts of possibilities in his mind as he accompanied the messenger, and arriving at the station-house, found there poor Hattie, who, recognizing him, rushed upon him, threw her arms about his neck, and exclaimed, "O, if I had but minded your good advice. I am not guilty! not guilty!—and I wanted to die." "No, no, Hattie, you are not guilty," he replied; "no matter what the charge is, you are not guilty of any crime." At this point a brother detective stepped up, one of Mr. Daniels's best friends. His clothes were still wet, and Daniels exclaimed, "What, was it you, Montgomery, that rescued my child here from the water? God bless you!" "Yes,"—and Montgomery, pulling him by his sleeve, as if to take him away, he said to Hattie, "Be calm, Hattie, you are my child, and nothing shall hurt you; excuse me a moment, I'll be right back." "Yes, yes," interposed Montgomery, who was a splendid officer, and greatly respected by all about the station, "I assure you that what Mr. Daniels says is right. You shall not be harmed, and we'll be back soon."

Daniels and Montgomery went aside, and the latter said, "Tell me all about this girl, Daniels. I never saw such beauty. I thought one spell she'd drag me down, but I would have gone under willingly to save her; and when she called your name I was glad, for I knew all was right somehow—but I haven't questioned her much; indeed, she's been half delirious till you came; but I see her eye is getting natural." Montgomery then went on to tell him how he happened to be down near the wharf, saw a well-dressed girl running in such a mad way as to arrest his attention, and he followed her, and saw her plunge off the dock, but not before she had paused a second, and looked about, when he caught sight of her wondrous face. His first thought was, that she was some unfortunate of the town, who had resolved to end her unhappy career; but he stripped off his outer coat and boots, and ran along some logs which were lying in the water, and reached out a pole to her which he had caught up. As she rose, puffing and struggling, she seized it, and he saw that the water had chilled out her purpose of suicide; and, indeed, she cried for help, and he plunged in, finding the water deeper than he thought, and had a hard struggle to get out with her, for she was frantic, and grasped his arms so that he could hardly use them. He had gotten assistance and a carriage, and had taken her to the station, and quickly after arriving there had encountered an officer, who said he was after her; that she was a thief, had stolen a diamond ring of great value, "and, of course, lots of other things," as he said. But Montgomery would not give

her up till Daniels came, after hearing her call for him. This was all that Montgomery knew about the matter.

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

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

"That scamp is no officer," exclaimed Montgomery, when he came to hear this, for he was the same man, she said, who had accompanied Harland on the day of the search. "I thought I had seen him before. Do you go, Daniels, and meet him, for he may know me. I think it is a wretch by the name of Harry Restell; and if it is he, you'll discover a slit in the lobe of the left ear, shaped liked an inverted 'V,' and if you notice further, you'll see a slight inclination of the head

to the left side, as if the cords of the neck, on the left side, were a little shorter than on the other, and stiff. If you find so much, make his acquaintance pleasantly, get him to talk with you, and go with you about the cells, and without ceremony shut him in; call Badger for the keys, and tell him I told you, for this will end that game, and send for me instantly. I'll fix him. I want him." Mr. Daniels went, and finding Restell, the man whom Montgomery suspected, was adroit enough to accomplish the feat given him to perform in less than fifteen minutes; and Montgomery was delighted with the word to "come." He told Hattie to be calm; that the rascals would be foiled, and she proved innocent,—as she was, in reality, before another day rolled round. He rushed to the cells, opened the one in which was Restell, drew in Daniels with him, and clutching the villain by the hair, said to him, "I have you, you scamp, you murderer, you —!" But it will hardly do to repeat here the last word, implying crimes which, though common enough, are hardly fit for the eye of the general reader to see named in print. "You show your guilt, and my proof you know, when I name Mary —; and now you have been personating an officer, helping that Harland to destroy an innocent girl. You have your choice, whether to go with me at once to the Tombs, and from there to Sing Sing Prison for five or ten years, or to tell me all about what Harland and you have been doing. Make a full confession." Montgomery spoke as rapidly as lightning, and there was a terrible firmness and earnestness in his voice. Restell quivered. He saw that he was known. He had been guilty of a terrible crime; had personated an officer, too,—a misdemeanor punishable with fine,—and he was sure to be caught in the conspiracy with Harland; and he thought it the better way to confess at once, which he did; and he told Montgomery that Harland had managed to slip the ring into the girl's reticule at the theatre a few nights before; that the ring was a paste one, and not a diamond ring; that its setting was really worth about twenty-five dollars, but the diamond being only paste, Harland had not risked much; that Harland wanted to degrade the girl, get her away from her place, get her a situation himself, make her dependent on him, and finally make her his mistress. "And he told me I might have her a part of the time, if I would help support her," said Restell; "and when I came to see her, I found her so beautiful that I agreed to help him, and went with him, as an officer, to look for the ring, and we were after her to-night, and got there five minutes after she'd left. That's how 'tis," said he, "and I went one way in search of her, and Harland another." "Where were you to meet when one of you found her?" quickly asked Daniels. "At Washington Parade Ground, on this north-west corner." "Ay, ay," said Daniels, "I know that fellow. We'll nab him,"—and taking an officer with him, proceeded at once to the spot, and luckily found Harland walking back and forth there, very nervously. Daniels knew him. and without a word, as they were about to pass each other, knocked the rascal down, and fell upon him, while the officer clutched him too. "Don't make any noise, or you are a dead man," said Daniels. "Give me that diamond ring the first thing, or die," clutching the scoundrel by the throat, till he was so nearly dead that he could hardly point with his finger to an inside vest pocket, where Daniels put his hand, and found a wallet, in which he found the ring. Getting that, he let the scamp up. He wanted the ring to prove its paste character, as one of the evidences against the villain. "Now," said he, "Restell is nabbed. You see he has 'peached' on you, and we want you to go along with us to him." The officer told Harland that if he didn't go quietly, he would "put the irons on;" and Harland felt the propriety of subjection, without any attempt at escape. Meanwhile Mrs. Daniels had arrived, and being instructed by Montgomery, had inquired into Harland's conduct towards her. It was evident that his intentions had long been to possess her, but that the girl, in her innocence, had not known what he meant: and when he had asked her to marry him, although she had considerable liking of, and affection for him, she had refused to accept him for the time, and he had urged her

several times. She said he was always quite nervous, and sometimes almost angry, that she would not marry him; yet, after all, he had been very kind to her in most respects; had made her several presents, and taken her and her cousin to the theatre, etc., whenever they could get away from the shop. Some things which she told Mrs. Daniels, on the latter's minutely inquiring into the modes in which he had treated her, and what he had said, showed a peculiar innocence in the girl, amounting to almost stupidity. Yet it was no wonder, after all, in view of her careful rearing at home.

What Mrs. D. learned confirmed Mr. D.'s and Montgomery's theory, and with it, and all they had learned before, they had solved the problem. Harland saw how thoroughly he was caught, and thought best to acknowledge that what Restell had disclosed was the truth; that the girl was innocent; and he went so far as to express his love for her with tears, and was allowed to see her, and beg her pardon on his knees, with protestations of love, and his desire to marry her. He was allowed to do this, only that Hattie might have better evidence of her innocence, for it was done in Mr. and Mrs. Daniels's and Montgomery's presence. Harland wanted to give her the ring which Daniels handed to her for him, but she spurned it; and Daniels said he would keep it for her, to which Harland consented; for Daniels had a notion that Harland would yet do evil with it if he possessed it. To make all sure, Mr. Brown was sent for, routed out of bed, and brought before the girl and Harland, and Harland made to repeat his confession before him. Mr. Brown was delighted, put his arms about Hattie, called her his own child, and said he could not all the while believe she *meant* to do any wrong; but there was the ring in the reticule, and she had stoutly denied having any such ring; and how could it have gotten in there without her putting it there? etc. This had convinced him against his will; but he said he would never believe any charge against anybody on circumstantial evidence again. Hattie was taken back into his employ, remained with him over a year, as kindly cared for as if she was his child, and finally went back to Vermont as the wife of young Phelps, who had, at last, overcome his father's objections, mostly through his mother's intercessions, who had died meanwhile, and who, on her deathbed, had made him promise to let the son marry the girl he loved.

Harland agreed to leave New York forever if proceedings were not taken against him; and having money enough (obtained, though, by gambling and forgeries), the officers thought it no wrong to make him pay pretty liberally for the trouble he had made; and Mr. Daniels, having Hattie's good at heart, was not easy with him in his demands, but secured enough, so that Mr. Brown could afford to do a great deal for her; for, at different times, Mr. Daniels put sums of money into Mr. Brown's hands to buy this or that for Hattie, letting her suppose that it all came from Brown's generosity; and it should be added, that the latter *was* generous to her also, for he always added to the sums given him, and purchased better things than directed for her, as a sort of quietus, it is supposed, to his wounded conscience, in believing that she was guilty. Harland decamped; but he came back at last, and carried Charlotte Keeney off with him somewhere as his wife,—which was the strangest part of the story. She had loved him before Hattie came, and he had probably loved her, but Hattie's great beauty had attracted him from her; that is, his affection,—for he had always taken Charlotte along with Hattie to theatres and elsewhere. The fact is, there was a jealousy of Hattie in Charlotte's heart, so great, that though she loved her cousin, it seemed that she was almost sorry that she proved innocent at last; and she felt Harland's absence, notwithstanding his villainy, greatly. The heart of a woman will cling to her lover or husband in crime or obloquy, almost as strongly as the heart of a loving man will cling

to, and protect, the woman he really loves, doing deeds of crime at her will, and, in fact, wrecking fortune, and health, and life at her behest. It is common to declare the constancy of woman greater than that of man; but that is a false notion, cherished only by the inexperienced in human nature's laws. Charlotte found pardon in her own heart for Harland; and if she did not invent sensible excuses for his conduct, was not wanting in the number of them. She married, and was heard from afterwards as living happily with him somewhere.

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

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

McWatters, George. *Knots Untied; or, Ways and By-Ways in the Hidden Lives of American Detectives.* Hartford: J. B. Burr, 1871.