

*A Gang Of Bold Robbers In France-Experience Of The Parisian
Detective, Dumeylard*

A Gang Of Twenty-One Robbers, Men And Women—A Bold Robbery Of A Jewelry Store, With Attempt At Assassination—The Language Of The Thieves In Paris (Argot)—Great Skill Exhibited—Mr. Dumeylard On The Track—A Tell-Tale Handkerchief—Correspondence Of The Gang—The Robbers On The Alert—Two—More Detectives On The Track—False Passes Manufactured With Unheard-Of Skill—What Do The Boxes Contain?—The House Of The Colonel Beck—A Pathetic Letter—Graft, Mayer, And Pascal, The Leaders Of The Gang—Cousin Madelon, The Correspondent—A Skillful Robbery Of The Store Of Mr. Radigeut—What The Detectives In Paris Are Doing—The Gang Before Court—Graft, The Martyr—Pascal, The Confessor—A Peep In The Past At The Robbers, Their Register Overhauled—How The French Courts Proceed—Graft Compares Himself With Christ—Three *Ladies* In The Case—Ulmo, The Purchaser Of Stolen Goods—A Robbery Of Fifteen Thousand Francs Of Mr. Mourisson Moved—Theft At Rive-De-Gier—An Ingenious Tool For Counterfeiting City-Stamps—Attempt At Robbery At Ferté-Sous-Jouarre—A Safe Weighing Two Hundred And Fifty Kilogrammes Skillfully Transported—Graft, The Pathetic Lover, In Court—Speeches Of The Criminals—The Abused Graft—The Criminals Meet Their Doom.

by George McWatters

At about half past two in the morning of the 30th of August, 1857, strange noises were suddenly heard in the quiet street Guillaume le Conquéant, at Paris. There were cries, imprecations, the sound of heavy steps. They commenced in one of the houses of the street, and were soon heard in the street itself; a number of men were running. One man left the group and went in the direction of the Palais-de-Justice. Another man, who was only dressed in a night-shirt, over which he had thrown a coat, ran after the fugitive; the latter suddenly turned around and shot at him twice.

The man in his shirt returned. When he came near to the group, two of the individuals, whom he tried to reach, fled in a direction opposite to the Palais-de-Justice. A little farther than the Colonne, which stands in front of the buildings of the Lyceum, under a street-light, one of the individuals turned around, exclaiming: "The fool!" And then, almost at arm's length, he fired at the man who pursued him.

The latter was bare-footed. He was now hesitating a moment, not knowing which of the two he should follow, when one of the two voices exclaimed, "There is another." At the same moment, another shot resounded. The two individuals ran away; the man in his shirt fell down on the pavement of the street.

A few windows, in the meantime, were opened, a few neighbors ventured into the street. A young man came running out of a house, exclaiming: "My brother! my brother!" and fell at the feet of him who seemed already to be a corpse. They recognized then in the victim, a young jeweler of the rue Guillaume le Conquéant, Jules Péchard.

His brother, a young student, who had come too late to assist him, and the neighbors who had left their houses, found that the young man was covered with wounds. They carried him into his

house. There, the cause of the attack was explained. The store had been robbed, the office had been forced open, the windows were opened. The streets, through which the robbers had gone, were strewn with objects of gold and silver.

The imperial solicitor went at once to the house of Péchard; the physician, Mr. Lebidois, accompanied him, and found that the wounds, although they were severe, and in several parts of the body, were not mortal. However, his situation did not allow him to give the least indications which might lead to the discovery of the miscreants.

The goods, which had been stolen, were valued at about 15,000 francs; they consisted of jewelry, silver watches, a great deal of coin, and some bank-notes.

In their hurried flight, the robbers had left, on the spot of the crime, an iron crow, called in the argot, “Monseigneur”*; a hull’s eye (dark lantern), and a dirty pocket-handkerchief, which was soiled by using tobacco, and had red squares.

* For those of our readers who are not acquainted with the meaning of the word “argot,” we will say that the language spoken by the thieves of Paris is thus called. We find very curious specimens of this language in different French authors. The most remarkable of all in the *Mysteres de Paris*,” of Eugene Sue.

The execution of the crime showed as much skill as audacity. They had opened, by means of false keys, the gate of the alley; afterwards, the door of the back storehouse, which was provided with three locks—two ordinary and a secret one; they had to deaden the spring of an alarm which was over the door, and which was destined to alarm Mr. Péchard; at last, they had to prevent or stop the barking of a big watch-dog, which was chained in the store. Now, all these obstacles had been overcome with a marvelous skill.

Thinking that we will do our readers a service, we will cite some of the phrases used by the thieves, and explain them:

“Monseigneur,” a title given to princes and bishops, in the ordinary language, has, among them, the meaning of a crow, a lever.

“Si ta filoché est á jeun,” (if your purse is empty.)

“Je snis un ferlampier, qui n’est pas frileux,” (I am a thief, but not a coward.)

“Mon linge est lavé.” (My linen has been washed.) I confess to be beaten.

“Tu dévides le jars.” You speak argot (the language of the thieves).

“Chouriner,” to cut a man with a knife.

We will add some expressions which are very remarkable:

“Le curieux,” (the curious one,) a judge.

“Le pré,” (the pasture ground,) the galleys.

“Des philosophies,” (philosophers,) old, worn-out shoes.

“Refroidir,” (to make cold,) to assassinate.

“Mannequin du trimballeur des refroidis,” (the basket of the driver of the dead,) coffin.

“Le Meg des Megs,” (the Meg of the Megs,) God.

Hence we see that even among these bandits, God is found in their horrible language. A Frenchman most perfectly skilled in his language, can not understand this “argot,” which is really a standing language among the thieves, and lives on from generation to generation.

The darkness of the night had favored the escape of the robbers. It is true, two of them had been seen running in the direction of the rue Caponiere; but the description of them was only vague and uncertain. During some weeks, all attempt to find their trace was in vain. At last, the case was given into the hands of Mr. Dumeylard, and he gives his experience as follows:

“After having searched a long time in vain for any trace of the robbers and would-be assassins, I found, in the commencement of October, on the register of Mrs. Biard, a resident of the rue des Jacobins, the following inscription: ‘Chemite (Auguste), 35 years, born and living at Muhlhausen, merchant; pass given on the 27th of September, 1856, at Bollwillers, for Montes; entered August 6, left August 24. Graft (Jean), 43 years, born and living at Strasbourg, merchant; pass given on the 25th of February, 1857, at Givors, for Rouen; entered August 12, left August 25.’

“It seemed strange, that merchants from Strasbourg and Muhlhausen took lodgings at Mrs. Biard’s, as she kept no regular hotel.

Soon I discovered particulars of a nature which confirmed me in my suspicions. The two strangers had arrived at Caen, on the 31st of July, a day before the races, accompanied by another individual. During four days, all three of them had occupied the same room at the hotel Saint Pierre; then, separating, two of them had gone to board with Mrs. Biard, and occupied one room, while the other had gone to Mr. Plonchon, in the rue Saint Jean, where he had registered his name as Chabrie. They had taken their meals together. Their doings were very mysterious; they kept away from the other travelers, and spoke together in a foreign language or in *argot*.

The handkerchief, left by the robbers in the store of Mr. Pochard, might lead to a precious revelation. The lodgers of Mrs. Biard had had their laundrying done three times by Miss Holland; I showed her this handkerchief; she recognized it, by the color, by the tobacco-stains, which she had vainly tried to wash out, and by a rent in one of the corners.

Now, I was sure; the three strangers, of whom I had discovered the track, were the robbers. But where had they gone to? For the indications given on the register of Mrs. Biard were all a hoax.

I had the post-officers carefully watch every letter, and had the satisfaction to find a letter, which had not been called for, addressed to one of the robbers. It was stamped in Tours, on the 31st of August, and had the following address: 'M. Auguste Chemite, posto restante, Caen.'

This letter, written by a woman, contained the following remarkable passages: 'You will not fail to send me my percentage, I know. . . Give my regards to the friends. . . Mrs. Felix sends her regards to her husband, as well as to the friends. . . I heartily kiss my husband. . .'

So the gang of robbers had spread from Tours over France; perhaps I might find them there yet.

I proceeded at once to Tours, and arrived there on the 28th of October. I at once established my connections with the police in that city; the names of Chemite and Graft were unknown to them. The next day, I looked in the registers of the police for all the names of Jews. Those of Kaiser and Block struck me. Those two men were not known, therefore, I tried to find out something about their antecedents. I went to their domicile, a boarding-house. Block had gone out. I found his wife in the room, who said to me: 'My husband has gone out, to take goods to the depot.' I waited for Mr. Block nearly two hours, but he did not return.

'What is your husband's business?' I asked.

'He is a merchant,' was the reply.

'Have you known in this house a man by the name of Chemite?'

At this name, Mrs. Block could not suppress a movement; I plainly saw that I was on the track. I left, but had the woman watched.

In the evening, I made another call at the house; Mr. Block had not returned. I did not hesitate any longer, and arrested the woman Block, and searched her goods. Unfortunately, the negligence of an assistant allowed the woman to grasp a picture, and to throw it in the fire. This portrait probably was that of Block.

On the next day, I knew, without any doubt, that Block had fled with a man by the name of Mayer, and that another member of the gang, known under the name of Fernandi, had left for Paris, in an omnibus-train. I sent dispatches to all stations on the road.

Why did these men take flight as soon as they suspected that they were watched? Evidently, I had the thread in my hands. With my information obtained, and assisted by the intelligent activity of two detectives of Tours, Mr. Laugier and Mr. Mitaine, I knew that same day that Kaiser had left Tours on the 30th of October, the night on which Mrs. Block had been arrested. With the exception of Block and Kaiser, who roomed together, these men lived in separate quarters, every one with his mistress; several of them had children. They often met, at such times carefully closed the doors, surrounded themselves with mystery, and conversed in that idiom or *jargon*, which had been remarked at Caen. Every one of them lived well, without anybody's knowing their business; the men were frequently absent.

In the meantime, the telegraph had been working, not only on the route to Paris, but also in other directions. On that same night of the 31st of October, at about half-past three in the morning, a traveler, arriving with the train from Paris, stopped at Poitiers, and had a woman and a child with him. Although he was in possession of first-class tickets as far as Angoulême, he suddenly interrupted his travel, and claimed ten boxes, which were among the baggage. In a neighboring tavern, he asked for a bed, and did not sleep in it; he was visibly the prey of agitation and inquietude, and disputed in German with the woman he had with him. They looked over their papers, and threw the greatest part of them in the fire. At last, changing their plan, they went back on foot, with their child, in the direction of Paris, to the station of Chasseneuil, at a distance of about eight miles, and there bought tickets to Châtellerault.

This strange conduct had been remarked. Two detectives, warned at the moment that they entered the depot, took, at once, the train which was going to Chasseneuil. On their arrival, they saw the individuals, who had been pointed out to them, step into the cars. The detective Bougé took place in the same compartment. On the way to the station Clou, he asked for their passes. The traveler showed him the very pass, the contents of which had been registered at Mrs. Biard's; his name was Chemite. There was no doubt that Mr. Bougé beheld one of the robbers of Mr. Péchard.

This man seemed to conceive the seriousness of his situation, and tried to put his hands in the pocket of his overcoat. But the detective, who attentively watched him, drew a pistol and told him not to move.

Arrived at the station of Clou, the other detective, who could find no place in the same compartment, joined his professional brother, and then they took possession of the person of Chemite. They searched his pockets, and found in the very pocket in which the rascal was so eager to put his hands, a pistol with two barrels, loaded with great balls; a very sharp dagger-knife, the blade of which had been recently cleaned with sand; a tin box containing powder, balls, and caps; a portfolio containing nine bank-notes of 100 francs, a gimlet, a wax-candle, a gold watch, and a purse containing 120 francs. While the detectives were searching, Chemite dropped a tin box, in which they found a blank pass, which was already provided with a forged seal of the mayor of Bollwillers. The woman had in her possession another false pass, under the name of Gremié-Mayer. Orders were at once given to seize the ten boxes which were claimed by Chemite at the depot at Poitiers, and which had gone on to Angoulême, the place of original destination.

This false pass under the name of Mayer, the boxes seized at Angoulême, the description sent by me from Tours, proved that Chemite and Mayer of Tours were one and the same person. So, one of the three robbers had been arrested, but where were the others? I found out, at Tours, that the men who had left at my arrival, often received letters from Lyons. Convinced as I was that the gang had a center in that city, I started for the place. I learned there, at once, that the pseudo-Mayer's real name was Gugenheim. Aided by the police of that city, I searched the rue de Marseille, at the Guillotiniere, the house of a man by the name of Meyer. This Meyer, whose first name was Louis, just married on that day, and was, at the moment, at the synagogue. I learned from a policeman a curious indication of the morality of this Meyer; the man had lent him his watch, so that he might strike a better figure at the ceremony; but scarcely had he lent it,

when he was told: 'If Meyer ever gives you that watch back, you may call yourself lucky.' And the policeman was restlessly wandering around the house of his borrower.

I had the house opened, which consisted of one single apartment. A strange thing, the sweetheart of Meyer, whom he was marrying on that very moment, was in the room, and Meyer was alone in the synagogue.

Mrs. Meyer, that was to be, received me and the policeman with visible disquietude; her eyes were constantly staring at a cupboard. I did as if I did not observe it, thinking that this woman would lead me to a valuable discovery. And so it proved; at a moment, in which the woman thought that nobody watched her, she went to the cupboard and grasped a letter. I begged her politely to hand it to me, and I read the following:

'Dear father, I beg your pardon; I regret that you have made a journey without finding me. I will be happy to hear that you are all well, above all you. . .

'You certainly know the address of Madelon; if you do not know it, write to Troyes, to cousin Joseph, he can give it to you; I have reasons for not giving it myself; they are good motives. I respect everybody, but I am getting prudent.

'Dear father, as far as my sister-in-law is concerned, I am willing to send her what she asks, but I do not know whether I must call her Leyrat or Lerat. I have received a letter from the woman Graft, in which she asks for phlipp.'

Phlipp in *argot* means a pass. The name Graft, mentioned in this letter, proved afterwards to be a very valuable link in the chain of evidence.

Another letter, without signature, seemed to have been written by the same Graft. The envelope had the stamp of Bratignolles. The field of research thus being indicated, I warned the police of Paris to be on the alert. They soon knew, there, that this Graft, concealed under the name of Beck, and pretending to be a retired colonel, had taken refuge at Bratignolles, in a house, the doors of which were only opened at a given signal.

Now on the 11th of December, in the morning, they penetrated this retreat. They found, in the same room, Graft and his mistress, lying in bed, and Block, who had shared in their fate after their departure from Tours. They tried to resist, and a fierce struggle ensued with the police, who, however, soon mastered them. Graft could not be subdued, before they had tied his hands and feet. Then, they found in the room two pistols, one double-barreled, the other single, charged to the mouth, and provided with caps; a dagger; a large knife with a horn handle, and which had a very pointed blade, and was newly sharpened; two false keys, one of which was a blank; wax to take impressions with; files, a drove, in short, all the tools of professional robbers.

Pascal had two lodging-houses, for the purpose of deceiving the police; one was at Bratignolles, the other at la Villette; in the one, he was known under the name of Chapelain, in the other, under that of Cordeville. He was arrested, at the moment when he called on Graft, not knowing about his arrest. He possessed great physical strength, and made a desperate resistance; they

found on him two double-barreled pistols, loaded and provided with caps; a butcher's knife, false passes, and a piece of impression-wax, in which he had concealed four bank-notes of 100 francs.

In one of his lodgings, they found the greatest part of the boxes which had been taken at Châtellerault. The remainder was found at the house of a woman by the name of Gaul, the daughter and the wife of a liberated convict, she herself being one. This woman was known among the thieves under the name of Cousin Madelon.

She was the means of communication between the thieves, for hints, which they had to give each other. As a cousin-german of Graft, she knew of the retreats of all the accomplices in the robbery.

'Cousin Madelon,' thus wrote Graft, or had it written,' and Cousin Joseph at Troyes alone can give you my address. I respect everybody, but I am getting prudent.'

This creature had gone to Châtellerault, to warn the mistress of Pascal.

Thus, the three robbers of Péchard had been caught; but the widow Gaul had the audacity to say to the officers: 'You do not have the whole gang yet.' We did not doubt it; everything indicated a strong organization, and the robbery of Péchard seemed only to be one incident among the crimes perpetrated by this gang. At Caen, on the day before the robbery, they had robbed the dry-goods store of Mr. Radigeut. The skill which had been shown in the robbery of Péchard, was here fully developed.

Although it does not exactly belong to the account of the robbery I am relating, it is so identical with the gang, that I can scarcely refrain from briefly mentioning that. The store had been completely devastated. And yet it could not be seen that a theft had been committed; the robbers had shown the most astonishing skill. They had made use of false keys, so skillfully manufactured that they had acted without making any noise, without fracturing the lock in the least. When leaving, the robbers had carefully closed the doors. The absence of the most valuable merchandise, the empty boxes alone, showed that a theft had been committed. It probably had been done between two and three o'clock. The objects stolen were valued at 4,000 francs.

Looking attentively at the show-cases and the floor of the store, we saw a few small drops of yellow wax, which afterwards served as evidence against them.

Everything combined to show the culpability of the three men. The pistol and the dagger of Pascal had been bought at Caen. Graft had been seen, on the 23d of August, at about six o'clock in the morning, in the alley of Péchard, exploring the spot. We found, also, the trace of the three robbers at Honfleur, where they had lodged on the 29th of August. Pascal, under the name of Chabrie, had purchased there a bull's-eye; Graft, under the name of Beck, had ordered and purchased there a *monseigneur* (crow); these objects had been left behind in the house of Péchard. The handkerchief with the red squares belonged to Graft. The drops of yellow wax, observed at Radigeut's, had fallen from the candle in the bull's eye. At last, one of the boxes, seized at Bratignolles, had been bought at Caen by Graft and Mayer.

Graft, after having committed the would-be assassination, had fled to Rauville; there he had washed, at an innkeeper's, the bottom of his pantaloons, which yet showed traces of blood; he had taken a carriage at Moulton-Argences, and was driven to Mezidon, where he took the train for Paris.

Mayer and Pascal had reached, by the same round-about way, Mezidon. They had concealed themselves for a part of the day in a neighboring wood, near the hill of Saint Catherine; at nine o'clock in the evening, they had taken the train for Evreux, had there passed the night, and started from there for Paris.

The reader will see, that while my brother-detectives in Paris were working out, what I had discovered, I had not rested, and was now able to show all their doings, as well as they themselves.

Here the account of my detective experience proper ends, but as I suppose that the reader wishes to know how the crime was punished, I will continue, and give a short review of the trial, and of the startling discoveries which were made in the course of it.

All the proofs, traced out by me, had completely enlightened the court. The three accused, not knowing of the discoveries we had made, wrapped themselves yet in a system of absolute denial.

Graft, as he was to be feared the most, had been separated from the others. He obstinately denied. His accomplices did not even know of his arrest. When, from the hall of instruction, they showed to Mayer his accomplice, walking in one of the courts of the prison, he fell into a state of great dejection. Soon, when Mayer and Pascal saw that the court was well informed, they confessed, but very prudently, little by little, charging the others, and washing their own hands the best they could. An incident hastened the revelations. Graft had concealed from his associates the bank-notes which were found at Péchard's; Mayer and Pascal were informed, by the newspapers, of this *indelicateness* (their own words) of their accomplice, and resented this to such an extent that they fully informed the court.

When Pascal was brought to the spot where the crime had been committed, he showed a very calm face; as far as Lisieux, he thought that they were bringing him to Rouen. But at Lisieux, he began to understand, drooped his head, and began to weep. As to Mayer, he claimed not to have been in Caen for the last two years; but confronted with his landlady, Mrs. Biard, he gave up, and said: 'I plainly see that I am caught.'

What part had each of them taken in the robbery of Péchard? The balls extracted from the body of Péchard, were of the caliber of the pistol of Pascal. Mayer, after the theft had been nearly accomplished, had heard Péchard coming down stairs. He had thrown a large stone at his head. Then there was a fight, in which the unfortunate jeweler received two dagger-wounds. Graft fled in the direction of the Palais-de-Justice, and shot twice at Péchard, who, notwithstanding his wounds, pursued him with intrepidity. Mayer said that he had never touched Péchard; Pascal forced him to acknowledge that he had boasted of having *Jardé* (another argot expression, meaning killed) the victim. Pascal had finished Péchard by two shots given at arm's length.

On the indications of Mayer, the wood of Moulton-Argences was searched, and there were found, in four different places, wax-candles, works of watches, and jewelry.

Slowly on, the court began to pry into the past of these robbers, and it was soon proved that Mayer and Gugelheim were one and the same person; Pascal's real name was Coudurier; Graft concealed for a long time his identity, but it was suspected that he might be a man by the name of Auguste Wall, condemned, in 1849, by the Court of Assizes at Lot, to ten years of forced labor. And this Wall was nobody else but Jean Minder, condemned, in 1835, by the Court of Assizes of Calvados. The Jean Minder of 1835, like Auguste Wall, and Graft in 1850, had pierced ears, a mark on his right cheek, a mark over the kidneys, and a scar over the right eye-brow. Auguste Wall, Jean Minder and Graft, therefore, were one and the same person. The father Minder, about eighty years old, and a young brother of the pseudo-Graft, George Minder, were in prison at Riom, under the accusation of attempting to assassinate a gendarme. Among the false names adopted by Graft, Beck, the retired colonel, was another, and George Minder had committed, under the name of Beck, the attempt for which he was about to account.

We will let those scoundrels speak for themselves; in doing so, we will show, at the same time, the manner in which the French courts proceed, and the hideous natures in all the originality of their different characters, and we will find in it, at the same time, very curious details of the other members of the gang.

On the 20th of June, 1858, twenty-one accused, eight women among them, appeared before the court of Assizes at Calvados.

The hall was crowded with people, and in the bench of the witnesses, one hundred and forty people, men and women, were sitting.

The three accused are led in.

After the act of accusation is read, the president asks:*

* In the French courts, the president asks questions, and the accused answers them. The lawyers merely put in their pleas, after the evidence has been entirely exhausted.

We will, for the sake of shortness, mark the questions of the president by Q. (question), and the reply of the accused by R. (reply).

‘Gugelheim, you have declared that your real name is Solomon Gugelheim, and that you are born at Schwerwiller?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

Q. You have altered your name; so you have taken the name of Mayer, under which you were known. At Poitiers, where you were arrested, you had a pass with the name of Chemite, and the presence itself of the pass has led to your arrest, because it, carrying that name, gave evidence that you were the person we were looking for. You adopted, at Quentin, the false name of

Muller. Pauline Blum, whom you pretend to be your wife, and whom the accusation declares to be your mistress, herself declared that you had adopted the name of Muller, and only then you ceased denying. This fact was of importance, as you have been condemned, under this name, to twenty years hard labor, on account of an audacious theft committed in 1856.

R. I am very innocent of this theft.

Q. In this thieving-case, we find four other individuals, two of whom bear the name of Block and Lambert, and yet nothing proves that they are the accused here present. As to you, immediately after the theft, you left Saint Quentin.

R. If I left Quentin, it was because I feared to be persecuted by creditors, and not at all for crime.

Q. If that were true, you would not have denied, so long, before the judge of instruction,* having adopted the false name of Muller; for, if you had only adopted this name to get rid of the persecution of your creditors, you would have given at once this explanation. So much is certain, that you have been condemned to twenty years of hard labor.

* The judge of instruction, in France, hears the preparatory declarations of the criminal; he prepares the case, which is to appear before the court of Assizes; however, the declarations of the accused, given before the judge of instruction, do not bear against him, and he has a right to retract them afterwards. Often, however, the Court of Instruction, which ferrets out the outline of the case, is of material value to the proceedings of the Court of Assizes, as the criminal has had no time to prepare his defense before this preparatory hearing.

R. I have been condemned without a hearing.

Q. That is true; the condemnation was by *contumaciam*; we understand your denial on this point, but you have confessed other crimes. So, before the judge of instruction, you have confessed that you had committed, with a certain Passérat, a theft at Hagenan; you were then the bearer of a false pass, given at Birschwilier?

R. If I have acknowledged this theft, I have lied. I have done so, as the judge of instruction made promises, in case I should make revelations.

Q. Nobody here will admit this explanation. There is no magistrate in France who would use such means to get at the truth. That will do.

Coudurier, alias Pascal, acknowledges that he has been known under different names, that he has been condemned eight times, and well, to eight years at hard labor at Tar, and for life for a theft of 7,000 francs, committed at Muhl-hausen. His judiciary antecedents go back as far as 1834. He was an accomplice in the robbery of an omnibus, between Avignon and Marseille. He was a member of a gang, in which he, under the name of Groslet, stole 25,000 francs of a banker, Carlone, in Italy. And that man is only thirty seven years old! Crime is traditional in his family; one of his brothers has been condemned to hard labor for life; another, to ten years' imprisonment; a third, to five years. He lives with his mistress, Marie Milice.

Pascal made all these confessions with a certain prudery, in a low voice or by signs.

Minder, alias Graft, plays the most important role of all of them. He is a first-class actor, and plays the part of a victim,—‘I am the victim of slander,’ he exclaimed, ‘and I will show it.’

We will return to him afterwards.

Gugenheim, alias Mayer, confesses that he was in Caen, in the beginning of August, 1857, with Coudurier and Graft. He had taken an active part in the robbery of Radigeut. He knows that an observation-visit had been ordered at Péchard’s, but he pretends not to know whether Coudurier did it. He tries to conceal, as much as possible, his part in the action. ‘Pascal and Graft,’ he says, ‘broke into the back store; I remained at the foot of the stairs, before which I placed a ladder, to bar the way for Péchard, in case he should disturb us.’ He stubbornly denied having tried to kill the man with a large stone, thrown at his head, as the others attest, and accuses Pascal of having alone planned against the life of Péchard. He further asserts that Pascal drew up the false passes.

Pascal denies every charge with great horror, and with tears in his eyes, the perfect picture of innocence persecuted; in one instance, when the president pointed to his hypocrisy, he exclaims:

‘What shall I say? Christ himself stood before his judges. . .’

The president warns him against profanation, and he replies:

‘But after all, Christ was innocent, but not more so than I am.’

He denies having ever represented himself as a retired colonel, and declares that he was the agent of a certain Mr. Boromed, who paid him 200 francs a month for traveling with a box, the contents of which he did not know, but he supposed that it contained some secret papers, which Boromed did not want to keep in one place. We should be too long in multiplying evidence of the great rascality of Pascal; let it suffice to say that greater hypocrite never stood before the bar, and that he so skillfully misled the court, that if an overwhelming number of witnesses had not given evidence against him, the jury certainly would never have found him guilty.

The interrogation of the other accused brought several facts to light. Block, a German Jew, declared that he only fled from Tours, as he feared to be arrested. Pauline Blum, pretending to be the legitimate wife of Mayer, duly married at the synagogue, is a merchant, as her *friend* Mayer is; she may have bought stolen goods without knowing it. The worthy companion of Graft, Marguerite Chatelaine, had known her lover under the name of Alexis Fernandi. She followed him with the consent of her parents. Marie Milice, the concubine of Pascal, pretends that she always thought that her husband was honestly traveling for a house in silk; that she never had had the least suspicion that he was a dishonest man. She had only left Châtellerault abruptly, because her husband had said to her: ‘We are going to be rich, I am going to receive an inheritance in England.’

The widow Gaul seems to have had as a husband, the brother of the father of Graft, Minder, this old man, the accomplice in an attempt to murder. Her mother ‘has had fifteen years for

something.’ Her husband has been in prison for five years, ‘for his *profession*, for *business transactions*.’ She says she is an obliging woman, who has helped friends, as that is done every day. She is very innocent of everything. She has, however, been condemned twice on her own account.

The son, Charles Gaul, has been on the railroad, with his mother, looking for the boxes of Pascal; he has assisted in hiding them, but he did not know that he was doing wrong; he thought that the boxes contained smuggled goods.

Now the witnesses are heard, and we will only give the evidence of those who bring new crimes to light, as the proofs of the robbery have been already so evident that no reader will have a doubt as to their conviction.

Evidence is given by the brother of Péchard, as to the wounds of the victim, and the physician describes the nature of them.

The president asks Graft: ‘And you had nothing at all to do with all this?’

Graft very gracefully salutes: ‘Don’t be bashful, Mr. President; I will answer you every time that you do me the honor to interrogate me.’

And he profits by the occasion by protesting, again, against his position of isolation, which the court of instruction has enjoined upon him. ‘They have allowed me to be insulted; if you only knew what I have suffered! They have considered me as a mere nothing, me, a strong and intelligent man. To-day, I am touched; my moral has been shocked.’

Scarcely has he expressed himself in this touching manner, when a witness of Caen recognizes him without any hesitation; he says that he saw him at Caen, on the 23d of August, talking with Mr. Péchard, and that he wore big shoes, with heavy nails in them.

It would be very amusing, if we could relate all the expressions of Graft, in reply to evidence given; however, time and space do not allow us to do so.

I was called upon, then, and had to give an account of my experiences, which I did, in nearly the same words as above described. After my evidence given, Mr. Laugier and Mitaine, the Parisian detectives, gave theirs.

Mr. Mitaine declared that these three men had frequent intercourse with each other, and that when they were absent from Tours, their wives visited each other. These women, who ordinarily were dressed in a common style, wore, now and then, elegant dresses and fine jewelry. Pauline Blum had been seen, at one time, with a very valuable watch, and she wore on her finger a very large solitaire.

Pauline Blum exclaimed: ‘The detective is very much mistaken. I have only called once at Mrs. Mayer’s.’”

The women defended themselves with the same sang-froid and playing 'innocence' as the men.

Mrs. Biard and Marie Holland, the woman with whom they had boarded and the laundry woman, gave overwhelming evidence of their identity.

Strong evidence was given by Mr. Crousillard, in whose house the family Mayer had lived for a long while: he said that Mrs. Mayer brought her children up in the best manner, and as proof of his assertion, he declared: 'I had a great deal of fruit, very beautiful fruit; the children never stole a single one of them; she sent them regularly to school, and tried to impress upon them the religious sentiments with which she herself is penetrated.' The man did not mean to give false evidence, and in fact did not do so, but the whole manner of living of the worthy couple, was so cunningly plotted that it challenged all suspicion; the neighbors all declared them to be honest, well-to-do people, who did not harm anybody.

Now, two new accused men are called upon to explain; they are Ulmo and his son, the concealers of stolen goods of the gang. The father swears by the God of Israel, that he is as innocent as a newly-born child; that he does not know the accused at all. The son confesses, while weeping, that he has bought several objects of a *gentleman*, whom he points out in the bench of the accused; this *gentleman* is Mr. Gugelheim, alias Mayer. The young man did not think that he was doing wrong.

Solomon Ulmo, that is the father, had a good reputation at Chaumont, where he was apparently a merchant in novelties; however, slight rumors were heard, and the neighbors wondered how a man, who did no great business, could have amassed such a great fortune. One thing was certain, he sometimes loaned money, and took enormous interest.

Graft is now proven to have sold goods stolen from Radi-geut, at Ulmo's; he declares that he bought these goods from Pascal, that he had paid him 600 francs down, and that for the remainder he would do him the service of drawing up a pass for him, for which *art* he professed to have a 'beautiful talent' (his own words).

Crushing evidence is now given by several witnesses; one has seen him wash the blood from his garments; but Graft replies, in the most placid way, that the ladies and gentlemen are mistaken.

Now, another theft committed by the gang, is brought to light; it had occurred in the night from the 23rd of May, 1857, at the store of a jeweler, by the name of Mourisson Movel. It was very difficult to penetrate into the store, which had not a single lock outside. The thieves, however, succeeded in cutting out a glass, and ran off with 15,000 francs worth of valuables. Pascal, Graft, Laurent, and Toni are accused of the robbery; at Ulmo's, chains, rings, corals, and especially a diamond ring, have been found.

Pascal confesses for himself and his accomplices; he says that he was armed, as well as Graft; the latter expresses his astonishment at seeing so much wickedness in a man, whom he had never done any harm, who now so maliciously slanders him, accusing him of an act he never committed.

Numerous witnesses are brought to bear upon this case, and it is plainly proven that the gang committed this robbery, which the police in vain had been tracing till now.

In this case, again, Ulmo and son were implicated. A woman Torteze, who sold milk at Chaumont, says that she had pawned her silver plates at Ulmo's, and when she claimed them back, they had been melted up. A baker of Chaumont had borrowed fifty francs of Ulmo, on a gold watch and chain. When he came to claim them, Ulmo replied: 'Oh! your objects did not remain two days in our house; they were melted up, long ago. In our religion, we think it a religious act to cheat a catholic.'

I had made inquiries, myself, about the family Ulmo, whom I suspected, and learned curious details about them. They keep a real pawnbroker's shop at Chaumont. They were well esteemed among the better class in the city, not so among the poor people. Father and son led a very regular life. The son was very much attached to business, and never frequented the cafés, nor associated with the young men of his age. He shewed the blindest submission to his father. The most incredible parsimony ruled in the household; they did not spend any more than thirty-five or forty-five francs a month. However, the opinion about them has changed very much at present. One thing surprised the community.

In October, Ulmo announced the settling up his house, and that he would sell out twenty-five per cent. below cost. How could he do this without having bought his merchandise below the market value?

Now, another crime is proven against them. Graft had committed a theft at Rive-de-Geir, in company with Pascal and Laurent, on a teacher, Mr. Mortier. Here, again, Graft is horrified, while Pascal confesses. And Laurent says, in a very moved voice:

'Mr. President, there are now two thefts brought against me, one of them is considerable. In consequence of these two thefts, I ought to be a rich man. Well, Mr. President, and gentlemen of the jury, and the whole assembly, would you know my position? After I have worked like a mule during all my life, I have been arrested, and all that has been found in my house amounts to two hundred francs; and I will show to you that this arrest has absolutely ruined me. My creditors, seeing that I was arrested, wanted their pay; my affairs got entangled, and I have had a protest of one hundred and fifty francs. Yes, gentlemen, a protest to me, whose arms are marked by labor and toil; a protest, which is made against good-for-nothings and bad payers.

They have spoken of my riches, of my dress, of my silk handkerchiefs; here they are, my silk handkerchiefs; look well at them (and he shows a very plain red cotton handkerchief, and holes in it in all directions); yes, there are my silk handkerchiefs; you see very well that all my riches is pure misery.'

A certain Sicard, an engraver at Tours, declares that Graft had ordered an instrument at his store, of which he did not know the use; he had made it, part by part, and at last, when it was nearly completed, he began to see that it was not intended for any good use, so he had told Graft that he did not want to go on with the work, unless he could tell him who he was, as he had no desire to get mixed up with the police.

An instrument was shown, which deserves a description for its ingenuity. It was destined to imitate the stamp of the mayor on false passes. The instrument, in a leather box, was made of copper and steel; it had the form of a simple spying-glass; on its extremity was a movable plate with holes destined to receive movable letters, which might be changed according to the name of the community of which it was desired to reproduce the name. In the center of the plate was a hole of greater diameter than the others; this was destined to receive a piece which would give the impression of the French eagle.

The president calls the attention to the fact that the instrument is perfectly executed, very finely finished, adjusted with an extreme precision, which showed that the planner had an exceptional ability.

Graft receives this compliment with evidences of modesty, full of dignity.

Witnesses are now called upon, to give their evidence in a robbery committed at Gisors, of which crime, Graft, Pascal, Block, Lambert, and Kaiser are accused. It is plainly shown, that they have carried away an iron chest, weighing one hundred and fifty kilogrammes, and containing 3,000 francs in coin. Notwithstanding this weight, the chest had been transported to a meadow, where it was broken open.

New evidence is given in this case, and Graft, as usual, denies everything, and claims that the witnesses are sadly mistaken.

Block claims an *alibi*, but he is recognized by two witnesses.

Another crime is charged to the gang; it is an attempt at robbery at Ferté-sous Jouarre, in the house of Mr. Morin, a notary. May, according to the declarations of Pascal, has given the plan of the house; this May is one of the most skilled *indicators* of the gang. Graft, Lambert, and Kaiser were implicated in this case.

Graft ejaculates: 'How is it possible that anybody can believe this Pascal, this low man, this assassin; he confesses it himself? Can there come from his mouth anything but lies?'

The safe of Mr. Morin weighed two hundred and fifty kilogrammes; it contained more than 36,000 francs in gold and silver, and more than 130,000 francs of negotiable valuables. Awakened by his wife, who had heard noise, Mr. Morin found this heavy safe almost in equilibrium on the edge of the window. A few moments more, and the robbers would have disappeared with the safe, and certainly intended to open it with a forcing-tool.

This tool was really of an immense power; they had left it behind, and parts of it were shown to Graft, who replies that Pascal had once shown it to him, saying that it served for compressing linen; however, he did not know anything of the attempt.

Sufficient evidence proved the guilt of every one of the accused, although they obstinately denied.

Now it was the aim of the president to find out who the chief of the gang really was. The witnesses were not numerous, but, already, many of the witnesses who had been heard had shown that the doings of these men were all connected, and no doubt they all belonged to one gang. All the thefts were committed by either all, or three or four of them; a perfect system of tools was found, pinchers, false keys, wax, files, tools for opening safes, false passes, all indicating that they were made by the same hands. The same means had every time been used, the same weapons exhibited. Besides men of action, we find, among them, indicators and purchasers of the stolen goods, fore and hind guards, those indispensable men in all gangs of thieves.

The woman Annette Block was proved to be an active member of the gang; she was at Tours, among the principal families of the gang, and she pretended not to know them. When the police went to her house, she denied knowing any of them, even that her husband, Block, knew them, and when they put their hands on a photograph of him, she tried to destroy it.

The woman Lambert sold, at Paris, the objects which her husband had stolen. She sold to Bernard Mayer a gold watch and chain. The Lamberts made frequent calls at the Mays. In the letters found with the woman Lambert from her husband, this expression in *argot* was found: 'I send you two pounds and a half of *galon blanc*' (silver).

Silver in ordinary *argot*, is *plâtre* or *planquet*. But even *argot* has its synonyms.

In another letter, he said: 'May is a brave man. We need not use Grêlé for business. Send him to the devil, to hell, that he may be roasted.'

This correspondence of the Lamberts proves with what regularity this gang worked, keeping up regular appearances as if they were merchants. Lambert memorizes, every time, the valuables which he has sent away, notes the prices of the sales, and asks account of his wife for the same, for which she has not yet answered.

We are now on the 3rd of July. The list of witnesses is not yet exhausted, but Graft, who has been for a long time meditating, at once rises, and asks the president for the permission to speak; he says he has been abused by the other accused, and is about to make revelations. The president, seeing that this probably will save time, willingly consents, and Graft gives an elaborate account, which we will render entire.

'Mr. President,' he said, with the assurance of a man who is sure of his course, 'I feel the need of explaining my position, and at the same time of telling you about those men who, during seven months, have thrown me in an abyss.'

And Graft, with his nostrils expanded, his eyes flashing, and outstretched arm, turns towards the jury.

'The gentlemen of the jury will understand, at once, if I have allowed my voice to be heard, who the individual is who accused all of us.'

‘Three months before my arrest, a traveler told me of a fact which I consider of much more importance than that of Péchard. If I have not spoken of it before, it is because means of violence have been used against me; but I always felt bound to tell all to the jury. This traveler is nobody else than a relation of the man who has been assassinated at Nice.

‘An important theft was committed at Nice; Pascal can give you an account of that night; not less than twenty-five to thirty thousand francs have been concealed. The chief of that gang was not with his associates; they resolved to assassinate him. There is a bridge which unites Piedmont to France; is it not the Pont du Gard? When they went over this bridge, on either extremity of which are French and Italian custom-house officers, they pretended that in order not to be obliged to go over the bridge, they swam over the stream, and that one of them was drowned. But that is impossible, gentlemen of the jury, impossible, for if you knew. . . he could not have drowned. Arrived at Marseilles, they meet the brother-in-law of the assassinated man; they say to him: ‘Upon my word, he threw himself in the water, and the officers shot at him.’ This relative read the newspapers every day to catch some news of him, and soon he knew that the corpse of his brother-in-law had been found, which, by certain marks, was recognized by his mistress.

‘You will ask me how many thieves there were, and I answer you, I do not know anything about it; I was not there, and the traveler, who told me of the fact, was not there, either.’ (The speaker remarks some signs of impatience among the audience.) ‘Wait, wait, it will come out. I will tell you all. In order to carry off the money more easily, the thieves put it in bags, 6,000 francs in each, and hid it in a rock in the woods, I know not where; you understand, neither I nor the traveler were there. It seems that one of them has secretly come back and taken 1,000 francs out of every bag. Who has done that? I do not know. It seems that these gentlemen did not trust each other much; it seems, also, that the chief was a man who was not highly valued by his comrades; this man did not always consent to their little caprices; the traveler told me that he supposed that the chief was the man who had taken 1,000 francs from each bag.

‘The desperate man, the unhappy brother, by reading the newspapers, found at last the trace. But he knew that his brother was not the man to throw himself in the water and to drown; a corpse without head was found in the water.

‘The man who has committed the crime, who has cut off the head of his friend, which is much graver than the attempted assassination of Péchard, this monster of nature, do you want me to show him to you? There he is! Gentlemen,’ (pointing at Pascal,) ‘there is the man by whom we are all of us accused; I might tell you many other things, but I have pity on the man, on this wretch, this coward.

‘I told him myself: I consider you as a mere nothing, otherwise I would slap you in the face. Without these unfortunate stamps’ (he refers to the passes,) ‘which always allied me to him, I would not be here. When I said that I would tell everything, it was because I felt oppressed. . . If I would have played the traitor, I might have had considerations in prison, as he enjoyed.

‘Therefore yesterday, we were all in chains, and nobody was allowed to see us; I was not allowed to see the woman, who is not legitimately my wife, but whom human laws can not prevent me from raising to the highest of my esteem; well, I was not allowed to see her, and yet,

yesterday, this traitor was free from chains; he was allowed to see his mistress, while I could not see my wife. I have been treated as a wild beast.’

His speech did not cause the least effect on his auditory, only a new crime had been revealed. The theft was known, but not the murder of the chief of the gang. However, society had not lost much by the death of the man. Evidences were bountiful against the criminals.

Now the public accuser sums the case up, and comes to the conclusion that Graft is the chief of the gang, a man belonging to the *high* aristocracy of the bagno (galleys). He charges the jury, in the interest of society, not to be too lenient with the members of the gang.

On the next day, the president sums up some particular points; while he is speaking, Graft, continuing his sentimental comedy, winks very amourosly at the girl Chretien. When the session commenced, he brought her a branch of jasmin, and received a kiss in return. The other accused are sad and silent; Mayer is bent down; he keeps his head between his hands, and a handkerchief over his eyes; Solomon Ulmo is crushed down.

Suddenly the audience is startled by the illness of Pascal; it is observed that the handkerchief, which he has brought from his eyes to his mouth, vainly attempts to restrain violent vomiting; they lead him off. It is already rumored among the audience that Pascal has poisoned himself. Graft, alone, seems not to believe it; he shrugs his shoulders, and his contemptuous smile, his looks of pity, plainly show that he does not think that his accomplice has so much courage. He is heard murmuring that this vomiting is a consequence of the nice meals which he has been treated to in prison, to play the tell-tale.

After half an hour, Pascal is brought back; he suffers fearfully, and it seems that he is scarcely able to breathe.

Mr. Deloryle, the lawyer of Gugelheim-Mayer, and Mr. Catel, the defender of Pascal, are only able to claim pity for their clients, on account of the services rendered to society by their accusations. ‘There is only one means,’ said the latter, to destroy these terrible gangs which, for so long a time, have laughed at the power of the courts; that is, to make the criminal feel, that if ever he is caught, he may save himself by denouncing his accomplices. In that way, if one criminal is caught, you are in the possession of the whole gang. Associations of that kind will become an impossibility; for everybody will fear that, if occasion offers itself, he will find an accuser in his accomplice. If you will not do that, but treat the revelator as you do the culprit who dies in his silence, the other will say: Death for death; let us die without saying anything. Let us show what audacity before courts can do. Give the names of my accomplices, that I may be condemned myself, that the other accused men curse me, that the jury may sentence me without pity, that the audience may despise me? no, never!’ *

* The lawyer is here aiming at the English provision in the law, by which an accused of manslaughter, or even a murderer, may turn queen’s evidence, and in that way stand before the court as a witness instead of an accused. The French courts have a horror of this useful transformation, as they consider it highly immoral. An accused giving evidence has only to hope

for a sentence under softening circumstances, but never is he entirely acquitted, and even his evidence can not convict the criminal, unless it is substantiated by convincing evidence.’

Graft and Ulmo were ably defended by their lawyers, but we will soon see with how little success they met.

While the lawyers were advancing their pleas, the attitude of the criminals had become more and more discouraged. Several of them were shedding tears. Graft, himself, had lost his assurance; he did not smile any more; his eyes, fixed on the floor, did not flash, and his face had grown very pale.

On the 9th of July, after nine consecutive sessions, the president asks of the accused whether they have anything to add to their defense. Gugelheim-Mayer stands up, with colored cheeks, moistened eyes, and says, in a trembling voice:

‘Believe me, gentlemen, before that affair of Péchard, I was innocent. I was in the alley, the two others in the store; Pascal brought the jewelry to me: I had a stone in my hand, it is true; I put the ladder before the door to prevent Mr. Péchard from disturbing us, but that is all. . . I did not touch Mr. Péchard, I never touched anybody. If I altered my name, I did so because I had a debt of 2,000 francs in Strassburg. I threw the stone to frighten Mr. Péchard. As soon as I had done so, I was frightened, and ran away. . . You may depend upon it, the two others have attacked Mr. Péchard. Pascal came first out of the house; he had his butcher-knife in his hand. I was in the street, without having done anything to Mr. Péchard. Believe me, it has broken my heart to be called, here, during eleven days, an assassin! Gentlemen, believe me. Gugelheim is not an assassin. I have something more to say. Graft left the house after Pascal, and shot twice at Mr. Péchard; I concealed myself behind the Colonne; Pascal followed me, but Mr. Péchard followed Pascal, and the former ran faster than the latter; then Pascal turned around and shot twice at Mr. Péchard, at arm’s length. Mr. Péchard fell down. . . Gentlemen, I do not reproach myself of having assassinated Mr. Péchard; believe me, I am innocent. I have been dragged along by these wretches, that is all I can say. If I am sentenced as an assassin, I am condemned while innocent. Yes, I tell you, gentlemen, I am innocent! innocent! I ask for pity on my six children and my poor, poor wife!’

Pascal says, in a low voice, that he has nothing to add; that he has spoken nothing but the truth.

Graft gracefully bows, and speaks in a low, but most respectful tone: ‘I ask your pardon, Mr. President, gentlemen of the jury, if, in my first explanations, I was led into expressing myself with warmth. . . As I am persecuted to the last moment, as you will not believe me, although there is no direct proof against me, I will admit, for a moment, that I am the third of these gentlemen, as they absolutely seem to want a third one. Then, what part am I said to have taken? This part would be, that I shot twice at the poor Péchard. Do you think I am awkward enough to shoot twice at a man, at arm’s length, and to miss him? If I did shoot and miss him, it is evident that I missed him with my full will, because I did not want to kill him. It seems to me that that is logical. . . Mr. President has not spared me; he has said that I played my part well; that I was a good comedian; that I was insolent! No, Mr. President has been mistaken; he does not know what is going on in my heart; in my prison I am as calm, as cheerful as I am here; and why?’

Because my conscience does not reproach me. . . Now I will not ask anything for myself, but for my wife. This unhappy woman is accused of having known all my deeds. Let us suppose that that is true; you will easily see that even then she was under my influence, and did not dare to oppose my will. Until she was twenty-two years old, she remained with her family, afterwards she went to live with a very distinguished lady, who has given her testimonials of probity. At the house of this noble lady, I had the honor to make her acquaintance, and to tie her to my fate; a fatal moment for her, as I drag her to these benches! If she has walked under my influence, I recommend this unhappy woman to your pity; if you want to strike anybody, strike me! I address the same request to the court, to the president, who has shown so much intelligence in this delicate affair. Have a pity on her, if you do not have pity on me! That is my last word.'

Ulmo exclaims: 'If I am culpable, my son is innocent. I am the cause of all. I have wanted it to be so. If there is a culpable man in this affair, it is me, my God! my God!'

The women all implored the pity of the court on them and their children.

The jury now leaves the hall; it is a quarter past seven in the evening; they do not come to any agreement before half past three in the morning.

The following verdict is given:

Graft, Pascal, and Mayer are declared guilty of murder in the first degree; the jury gives to the last-named the benefit of attenuating circumstances.

Block, Bernard, Mayer, Solomon Ulmo, Pauline Blum, Marie Milice, Marguerite Châtelain, Louise Meyer, are equally declared culpable, but under attenuating circumstances. A verdict of not guilty is pronounced in favor of Charles Gaul, Maurice Ulmo, and the other women.

Sentence is now passed. Mayer and Pascal are sentenced to be hung. Gugelheim-Mayer is sentenced to hard labor for life; Block, to eight years of detention; Lambert, to six years hard labor; Bernard Meyer, to four years imprisonment; Solomon Ulmo, to eight years detention; Pauline Blum and Marie Milice, to six years detention; Marguerite Châtelain, to five years detention; the widow Gaul, to five years hard labor; Louise Meyer, to two years imprisonment; May, to six years hard labor.

The sentence was executed. Graft and Pascal mounted the scaffold at Caen. They were hung on the 5th of November; this long delay had been necessary on account of new crimes coming to light, and committed by the gang. Pascal was carried on the scaffold; he was frightened to death; Graft kept up his courage to the last moment, but died as a repentant Christian.

I have simply told, in the shortest possible manner, the proceedings in the court; if I had not done so, and related all the steps I had to take to trace out the different crimes, while the trial was going on, I should have been obliged to fill a volume. The reader now has the result of my doings, and will certainly be able to judge of the extent of the labor which was required to trace out the deeds of a gang which had among its members rascals of the sharpest kind, and was the

best organized gang which ever has been known. I have been fully rewarded for the immense labor, by the high appreciation of the court and the press.

McWatters, George. *Detectives of Europe and America*. Hartford: J. B. Burr, 1877.