My First Trip Across the Atlantic

by Thomas Waters

The attempted murder of his wife by William Jones, who kept a coffee house in High-street Marylebone, caused me to be hurried off on a sudden to Abergavenny, Monmouthshire. The woman—of whom Jones was justly jealous—ultimately, many will remember, recovered from the terrible injuries inflicted by the infuriated husband; but at the time I left London in pursuit of the criminal her life was in imminent danger.

Jones was a native of Abergavenny, and from information—purposely misleading information—which reached the office, we were induced to believe that he had run to earth there, and might be found at his uncle's, a respectable tradesman, carrying on business in the High-street. Jones had not, however, been seen there; and so far as he was concerned, my journey was a bootless one. It was soon afterwards discovered that he had embarked at Plymouth; for America; and as his wife—a thoroughly bad woman—did not die, no further effort was made to capture him. My expedition to Monmouthshire had, however, important though remote results.

The month was March, the weather bitterly cold; and I was not a little pleased to find that, the second-class carriages being already filled when I arrived on the platform, the Company were compelled to accommodate me with a first-class seat.

Two other persons rode in the same carriage, the destination of both the same as mine—Abergavenny. One of them I knew to be Mr. Marsden, a "gentleman about town," very respectably connected, once possessed of ample means long since squandered, and married to one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Mrs. Marsden I had taken to be nine or ten years younger than her husband, though his age could not much exceed five-and-thirty. He knew me well enough; but of course did not condescend to any word or glance of recognition.

The other was a person of quite a different stamp. The snows of at least fifty winters had whitened his hair; but in other respects he showed but slight signs of advanced age, especially not by his tongue, which could scarcely have been more voluble at twenty. His incessant talk upon all conceivable subjects—the weather, politics, literature, theatres—was, however, saved from becoming insufferable, as his countenance was from absolute plainness, by its intellectual character. It was not long before I knew that he was a gentleman of the Press, a writer of books, and, if I did not misunderstand him, had written or concocted, whichever may be the right term, pantomimes for the stage—Mother Goose, Harlequin Hunch-back, or some such nonsense. At all events I knew soon after we passed Worcester that he was about to play a remarkable part—harlequin and pantaloon combined into one, ill-natured people might have said; our stately, select companion looked that remark plain enough, though he did not venture to give it words—in a pantomime of real life.

I should state that the weather was, as I have said, exceedingly cold. The hilarious gentleman had drunk rather freely at Worcester of spirits and water.

"What sort of a place is Abergavenny?" I asked, as we reseated ourselves.

"Cannot say, sir. Never was within a hundred miles of it before in my life; perhaps never shall be again. I am even now merely bound there on, to me, a very interesting voyage of discovery."

"Voyage of discovery! Discovery of what?"

"Of a widow. To ascertain, that is to say, by the sensible and true avouch of my own eyes, if a lady whom I knew and was very spooney about when she was fifteen, and I two or three and twenty, whom I have not seen since, nor heard of till very lately, sufficiently resembles that young girl to induce me, she consenting, to commit matrimony. If so, well; if not, it is but returning to London by the next train up. A sensible errand, eh?"

"I can hardly think so. I would lay odds you do not recognize each other!"

"What may be the widow's name?" asked Mr. Marsden, with a sneering laugh, speaking almost for the first time. "I know Abergavenny well; and may be able to end your suspense at once."

"The widow's name," was the prompt retort, in an entirely changed tone, "is not Fanny Morris; nor do I think Mr. Ernest Marsden can be so well acquainted with Abergavenny as I am with *him*!"

I was perfectly astounded at this speech, not having imagined that the "gentleman of the Press" knew even Mr. Marsden's name, much less that he was acquainted with the sad story of Fanny Morris. Marsden himself was equally astonished, darted at the speaker a look of fierce rage, and, for a moment, appeared about to assault him; he, however, restricted himself to a muttered curse, sank back in his seat, and did not utter another word during the journey.

"I may be partial and over-confident," continued the romantic traveler, handing me a miniature on ivory, "but I certainly think it possible that the face and form here represented may be found, after making a very large allowance for the wear and tear of even a quarter of a century, still worth looking at. What do you say?"

No doubt about it, if the limner had not grossly flattered her! A very charming girl! Sweet hazel eyes; exquisitely chiseled nose and mouth; bright, clear complexion; flowing auburn tresses; sylphlike, elastic figure; the *ensemble* sparkling, glowing, waving in the light of at most sixteen golden summers, made up the very *beau ideal* of an English girl. The dominant expression of the face was that of a fresh, joyous vivacity—the freshness of a morning of spring, over which is beginning to steal the warmer light of earliest summer; the vivacity that of a buoyant, delighted, and delighting spirit. I expressed myself in some such terms, much to the gratification of the elderly lover, who assured me that the painter had not done more than justice to his charming subject. "But surely," exclaimed I, "those features are not unfamiliar to me. I have seen, spoken to the lady—I feel sure of that—when she was, however, some eight or nine years older than when this portrait was painted. To be sure I did, in Dublin. Both the lady and her husband were chief witnesses in a case which you, Mr. Marsden, must remember well. The once much-talked-of Curzon trial!"

Marsden did not deign to reply, and little more was said till we reached Abergavenny; the talking traveler, by way of change, and influenced I supposed by the sight of the portrait, subsiding into song—that of "My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane," which Sims Reeves has since rendered so popular; humming away in a style that, but that I was kept awake by the necessity of stamping my feet and bringing my arms smartly together to keep myself from freezing, would have droned me off to sleep in no time. A private carriage was waiting for Marsden, into which he immediately vanished and drove off. The fifty-year-old enthusiast, partially recovered from his "Pretty Jane," but getting, I plainly saw, terribly nervous as the deciding moment drew near, proceeded with me by 'bus to the Angel Hotel. There I left him whilst I went to look after William Jones, with what success the reader already knows.

It was useless to remain in Abergavenny, so I determined to leave by the 10 A.M. train the next day. I felt some curiosity to ascertain how my travelling companion—(I did not know his name for some time afterwards, and I will now write it—Russell)—I felt some curiosity to ascertain how my travelling companion had fared with the widow.

"Is the gentleman," I asked the servant; who brought me hot water, &c., in the morning—"is the gentleman who came with me last evening up yet?"

"O, yes, sir; just coming down to breakfast."

"Do you know if he returns to London this morning?"

"O, certainly not, sir. Bespoke bed and private room for a month, sir."

"All right. Lay for two. I shall breakfast with my friend."

I did not want to ask any further questions upon the interesting subject, as in 1ess than two minutes afterwards Russell was descending the stairs, singing at the top of his voice, "She's all my fancy painted her!"

"I have no occasion to ask," said I, reciprocating his jolly shake-hands when I entered the breakfast-room, "whether it's mizzling or matrimony! God's painting not brushed out yet, eh?"

"Improved, sir! Mellowed by time! That is to say—for I am not quite a superannuated fool—mellowed by time to suit my more advanced taste. But I have something to tell you. Marsden has a hunting-box here; not far from Llanover Park—seat of Sir Benjamin Hall, M.P. for Marylebone, you know—distant four or five miles from Abergavenny. There lives with him a lady, who passes for his wife; not a young woman either. My wife—no, no; what an ass I am!—the *widow* says she was a Mrs. Fotheringay. Ah, yes, she knows all about *her*. Mrs. F. was born in Queen's County, Ireland; and somewhere there her relations reside. Queer, don't you think? Why, the fellow seems to have as many wives as Blue Beard had! only don't kill 'em off like him. I suspect on account that Jack Ketch is not, as yet, an obsolete tradition in this country, unworthy of the enlightened nineteenth century."

I did not at the time attach much importance to Mr. Marsden having a wife, "not a young woman," residing with him at a shooting-box, a few miles distant from Abergavenny. Full eight years passed away; when I was fain to send the subjoined advertisement to the *Times,* having made many fruitless inquiries previously to discover the whereabouts of the gentleman who travelled with me to Monmouthshire. It was certainly odd, as I afterwards reflected, that garrulous as he was, neither his own name nor that of the widow had slipped from his fluent tongue:—

"VERY IMPORTANT!—If the gentleman who, in the month of March, eight years ago, travelled from Paddington-station to Abergavenny, in a first-class carriage, with Mr. Clarke, a detective police-officer, and who himself was at the time bound upon a voyage of discovery—the discovery of a widow—will send his address to the Magistrate's-office, Bow-street, Covent-garden, he may be able, it is believed, to render a sorely-beset lady an inestimable service."

This advertisement, upon which I, after all, placed but a shadowy reliance at the best, was repeated at least twenty times without effect. The circumstances which led to its insertion require to be set forth at some length.

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I have said that Mr. Ernest Marsden's wife—his recognized wife—was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, and considerably younger than he. Also, that he had dissipated, in a wild course of life, the ample means, or nearly so, which he inherited. He contrived, however, to keep afloat for about three years after we travelled together to Abergavenny. By then his affairs had become utterly desperate; and he had no resource, if he would avoid practically perpetual imprisonment, but to attempt fighting his way through the Insolvency Court or to fly the country. The fell sergeant Death was, however, just as strict in his arrest,—a grave, the prison, from which another *fiat* than that of an Insolvent tribunal could only release him. Attempting to cross over from Lymington, Hampshire, to the Isle of Wight, in an open boat with some boon companions, whilst a rough sea was on, the frail skiff capsized, and all embarked in it were drowned. It was mid-day when the accident occurred, and that none in the boat escaped, was seen by many persons on the Lymington beach. All the bodies were ultimately washed on shore,—every one horribly disfigured, and recognizable only by their clothes. That of Ernest Marsden was so identified. There could be no question as to *his* fate, as he had been seen to go into the boat by many persons. The news,—not, one would suppose, very bad news,—reached Mrs. Marsden at her father's house, Cranberry Lodge, Seven Oaks, Kent, where she had been residing for the previous two years. I am but imperfectly acquainted with the family history of the Davenants of Kent; but, as I understood the matter, Lucy Lambton, daughter of the Rev. George Lambton, was not esteemed a fitting match for his only nephew and heir, by Sir Richard Davenant, of Elms Park,—a very wealthy bachelor-baronet. The young lady, though only rich in God-gifts, was as proud as Sir Richard himself, peremptorily declined the suit of young Davenant, who urged a private, clandestine marriage, and accepted the hand of Ernest Marsden—just then come into possession of a good estate in the neighborhood of Cranberry Lodge. The uncle-baronet had been gathered to his fathers several years before the accident occurred off Lymington; but his successor, Sir Henry Davenant, faithful to his first flame, was still unappropriated, unpromised, when that liberating catastrophe took place. A decent interval was allowed to elapse—quite sufficient to dry up the few natural tears the beauteous and still youthful widow may have shed—when Sir Henry again preferred his suit, and which, there being

no hunks of an uncle in the way, was graciously accepted. Sir Henry lived but two years after his marriage. He was thrown from his horse at a fox hunt, and killed on the spot, leaving issue two sons, Henry and Charles, the last a posthumous child. The landed Davenant estates were strictly entailed on the eldest son; but there was a large amount of disposable property, which had been settled upon Lady Davenant, with remainder to the younger children, should she have any.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more felicitous position than that of Lady Davenant. The world, with all which it inherits, was, in a practical sense, at her feet: the present, brilliant! the future, bright, calm, cloudless! Vanity of vanities: All *is* vanity, saith the preacher—and not only the inspired penman who traced the sacred text, but he who teacheth by examples which confront us at every turn of the strange, changeful road of life. And a more striking example than that afforded by Lady Davenant could hardly be found.

She was found one morning by her personal attendant, lying insensible on the carpet of her *boudoir*,—an open letter, which had been delivered at Elm Park a short time previously, held tightly in her clutched hand. Of course, proper restoratives were promptly applied, and it was not long before Lady Davenant was perfectly conscious that she was suddenly hurled down from her high estate, into an abyss of degradation, misery, shame,—if shame can attach to those who, in intention, are wholly blameless,

The letter was from Captain Lambton, her brother, then serving with his regiment at Quebec, Lower Canada; and contained a frightful revelation. Ernest Marsden was alive—well; had called upon, spoken, and sought to make a bargain, as the price of remaining dead to the world, with the brother of Lady Davenant, so called,—of whose marriage with Sir Henry Davenant, and subsequent death of the young baronet, he professed to have only recently heard. The story he told was, that supposing himself followed to Lymington by sheriff's officer, who might be lying in wait for him, he prevailed upon one of his friends to privately exchange clothes with him (his own dress being one of peculiar fashion), and embark with the others for Yarmouth. This would throw the officers, supposed to be on the look-out, off the scent; and if the counterfeit Ernest Marsden should be arrested, his detention would be a short one. So agreed, so done; the real Marsden leaving Lymington secretly, long before dawn, for Southampton where he embarked for Havre de Grace, and finally found his way to the States and British America. Should his offer—large sum down and well-secured bouncing annuity—be refused, he would at once return to England, face and settle (through the Court) with his creditors, and insist upon his wife returning to cohabitation with him.

On the same day that Lady Davenant received her brother's letter, she wrote to her late father's solicitor, Mr. Ames, of Gray's Inn, requesting his immediate presence at Elms Park. He set off thither at once, and upon his return sent for me. It had chanced that I was once in professional communication with him, in regard to Fanny Morris, one of Marsden's victims, who had forced her way, in search of the seducer, into Mrs. Marsden's presence, expecting to meet him. The unhappy girl—mad, desperate—behaved so outrageously, that it was necessary to send for the police. Forcibly ejected from the house, and warned not to go there again, Fanny Morris concealed herself in the neighborhood till Marsden came home; again went to the house, and with loud outcries, demanded to see, to speak with him. Thrust out—chased away by his order, given by him in her hearing—the ruined girl, about an hour afterwards, crawled, unobserved, to

the front entrance; knocked, rang, and, when the door opened, fell headlong into the hall. She had taken poison (laudanum), and came there to die. The dose was not, however, sufficiently powerful; and, in a few days, she was sufficiently well to leave Sevenoaks, by coach for London, where it was said Marsden met and renewed his illicit connection with her. I was employed by Mr. Ames, acting by direction of the Reverend Mr. Lambton, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of that report. I failed to do so. All that I could discover concerning her was that she had been met at the London coach-office by a highly respectable-looking middle-aged lady, with whom she went away in a cab. An advertisement procured me a meeting with the cabman—a quite useless one; all he knew being that he drove the two females to the White Bear coach-office, Piccadilly, where he set them down. Whither or in what direction they then proceeded, though I persevered during several weeks, I was unable to ascertain. I convinced myself, however, and Mr. Ames, that Mr. Marsden was as ignorant of Fanny Morris's abode as ourselves.

"This is a very terrible business," said Mr. Ames, after placing in strictest confidence Lady Davenant's cruel position clearly before me; "and, as I fear, beyond remedy. But drowning men catch at straws; and remembering that some years ago, when we were talking over the Fanny Morris affair, you mentioned having heard that Marsden had a wife, or lived with a woman—not 'a gay person'— who passed for his wife, somewhere in Wales—"

"In Monmouthshire, near Abergavenny."

"Ah, yes! Remembering that, I say, it occurred to me that it was just possible the reckless scoundrel might have been already a husband when he espoused Miss Lambton, and that the woman living with him near Abergavenny was really his wife. Such a fellow would not be likely to cohabit in obscurity with an aging woman unless bound to her by some tie which could not be broken or cast off without peril to himself. At all events, the chance of discovering that to be the case must not be neglected, and I confide in you to make the necessary inquiries."

I agreed to do so; set off the next day for Abergavenny; on my return sent the advertisement, already given, to the *Times*; left for Ireland; scoured the Queen's County in vain search of Fotheringay; and was disposed to utterly despair of success, when light broke in upon the gloom from an unexpected quarter.

"One Fanny Morris," said my landlady, "who has been to the office in Bow-street, wishes to see you."

"Fanny Morris! Say I will be with her in less than two twos."

Fanny Morris, indeed! But what a wonderful improvement for the better in her appearance. She was not finely dressed, as when I had last seen her—her clothes were indeed of the homeliest quality and make; but she was neatness itself, and the wild, haggard look, grimly visible through thickest paint, was replaced by the glow of health and contentment—not, however, untinged with a shade of sadness. I very heartily congratulated her.

“I have been rescued from destruction,” she said, “by compassionate friends; one of whom you yourself, I find by an advertisement which I first saw about three hours ago only, are desirous of meeting with—Mr. Russell.”

“Mr. Russell!”

“Yes; the gentleman who travelled with you and Marsden to Abergavenny when he was bound there on a voyage of discovery. I have heard him and ‘the Widow’—Mrs. Russell, of course—laugh over the story many times. I have been in their service from the day of their marriage. Mr. Russell knew me when I was a ballet-dancer at Drury-lane; and when the news of my sin and shame reached him through the newspapers, he prevailed upon his maiden sister to visit me at Sevenoaks, and offer me a home in her house as housemaid. I yielded to her entreaties with reluctance, and bless God every day of my life for giving me the grace to do so.”

“How is it that Mr. and Mrs. Russell have not seen the advertisement?”

“For the very sufficient reason that they have been travelling in France, Germany, and other countries during the last four months, and did not, I suppose, often see the *Times*. They will arrive home, No. 27, Great Ormond-street, tomorrow. I had a letter yesterday to say so. Mr. Russell will, I am sure, be glad to see and assist you in any way. When shall I say yon will call?”

“About noon on the day after tomorrow, if that hour will be convenient.”

Fanny Morris had no doubt that it would.

“By-the-bye, Mr. Russell is quite satisfied, I suppose, with the result of his voyage of discovery?”

“He would be a queer man if he were not satisfied with one of the best wives in the world. I need hardly say,” added Fanny Morris, with a laugh, “that she is neither so young nor so pretty as the portrait her husband showed you; but for all that, there are hundreds of women not half her age, and far from uncomely, who would give something to see her face and figure in the glass when they themselves look into it. Good-bye! I shall see you the day after tomorrow.”

The appearance of Mr. Russell, who received me very kindly, was scarcely changed from when I parted with him at the Angel, Abergavenny. Marriage with the widow had evidently agreed with him.

With respect to the immediate business in hand, he had no doubt that his wife could afford me valuable information. She would be there in a few minutes.

Mrs. Russell was really a very pleasant, graceful person; and making due allowance for the effect of time and the rose-colored spectacles tinted by youthful admiration through which he saw her, the husband’s enthusiasm did not seem so extravagant as, when first witnessed, I thought it to be.

With respect to the lady who was living with Mr. Marsden, near Abergavenny, Mrs. Russell was strongly of opinion that she was really his wife, although for some reason or other, she herself had been heard to say she had only been promised marriage, but that it had never been solemnized. She (Mrs. Russell) had known Julia Fotheringay—she was born in Kerry, not Queen's County—when she was one of the most beautiful girls in Dublin, and the least likely person in the world to throw herself away. But she (Mrs. Russell) could adduce the strongest moral proof that Miss Fotheringay was the legal wife of Ernest Marsden, and that she could not have been more than eighteen when they were married—many years, of course, before Marsden wooed the present Lady Davenant. Miss Fotheringay fell ill of an acute disease in Dublin when Marsden was absent, it was said, in England. Her life was despaired of; and believing herself to be dying, she solemnly declared to Mrs. Russell herself, who had been sedulously attentive during her illness, that she *was* married to Ernest Marsden, and though she had promised to keep the truth concealed from the world till circumstances should justify her, in a prudential sense, in making it known to the world, she held herself absolved, when life was passing, of the promise, and should disclose the truth, if but for the sake of her relatives.

"She was proceeding with her confession, as it may be called," added Mrs. Russell, "when the doctors entered and interrupted it. I left the room, intending to return immediately, but a message from my own home, stating that one of my daughters, Janette, had been suddenly taken ill, having arrived, I left the house; and before I again saw Miss Fotheringay, or rather Mrs. Marsden, her disorder had taken a favorable turn. All danger was over; and with the dread of death had passed away the lady's anxiety to speak the truth in respect of her marriage. In reply to my angry expostulation, she coolly remarked that she must have been either dreaming or delirious if she really had made such a statement, as she was not yet Ernest Marsden's wife. I never saw her to speak with her afterwards. My husband did frequently; and he was as convinced as myself of the reality of the marriage."

"Is it known if this lady is still alive, and where she may be found?"

"Oh, yes; I received a letter from Canada not very long since, from an old friend, who knew her as well as I did. 'You will be more grieved than surprised,' writes my friend, 'to hear that our old acquaintance, Julia Fotheringay, is an inmate of the Beaufort Lunatic Asylum, near Quebec, where she passes under the name of Mrs. Lee. I saw, but was not allowed to speak with her, she being then suffering under an access of her terrible malady, which is, however, more mopish, melancholy, in its character than violent. She did appear to know me. Dr. Douglas, chief physician to the establishment, has strong hope that she will finally recover, her lucid intervals being much more frequent and of longer duration than formerly.'"

I thanked Mr. and Mrs. Russell for the valuable information—invaluable to Lady Davenant I hoped it would prove—and at once hastened away to lay my budget of news before Mr. Ames. He was mightily pleased, and, for the first time, really hoped we should be able to trip up Marsden's heels, and at a moment, too, that he fancied himself planted firmly on a rock.

The next mail packet which left the port of London conveyed me to New York, whence I made my way without accident to Quebec. I immediately sought out and had an interview with Captain Lambton, in the citadel; and in a few minutes we were dashing through Palace Gate in a caleche,

on the road to Beaufort, near which village the Lower Canada Lunatic Asylum was situated. Mr. Wakeham, the warder, conducted us to Dr. Douglas, who, after listening with sympathetic interest to Captain Lambton, promised that every assistance in his power should be afforded us to defeat the machinations of such a villain as Marsden appeared to be. "He," said Dr. Douglas, "placed Mrs. Lee here as his sister, and has great influence over her—the influence of terror when actually in her presence; but I believe, from certain circumstances, that she writhes under the moral thraldom to which she is compelled to submit, and would willingly break her chains. Let me warn you, however, that in his presence she will say or unsay anything at his bidding. The poor lady—a very beautiful woman she must have been—is now quite sane. Her "brother" has sent notice that he intends removing her, and he may be here for that purpose at any moment. You must act with promptitude and vigor I will conduct you to her."

The unfortunate lady listened attentively to Captain Lambton and myself; appeared to feel sympathy and compassion for Lady Davenant, and something like abhorrence of Marsden; but the dominant, master feeling was evidently fear of that person. She would say nothing, not a word, whilst he could possibly avenge himself upon her. "He would kill me," she piteously exclaimed, "he would kill me; but if I found myself really in England (where, if I was, he dare not come), I would tell all—all."

Finding her immovable in that resolve, we left, to concert measures for carrying her off; and were dismayed to find that Marsden had, during our interview with his sister, sent a written notice that he should be at the asylum, with a carriage to fetch her away, in three or four hours at the latest.

That stroke, sudden and unexpected as it was, could be successfully parried. I explained how to Captain Lambton, and handed him over the funds I had been entrusted with to be immediately available in such an eventuality. A note was dispatched from the citadel, as soon as we reached it, from Captain Lambton, which informed Marsden that the parties in England had finally agreed to his terms, and had sent over the first installment of the money stipulated for. Mr. Marsden was, therefore, requested to call within an hour at the citadel, accompanied by his confidential *homme d'affaires*, as he (Captain Lambton) was about to start for Montreal, and might be some weeks absent. Meanwhile I was busy with a Quebec magistrate, securing the attendance of two Quebec police officers.

The papers, drawn up as guardedly as possible, were signed and sealed on both sides. One thousand pounds in Bank of England notes were handed over to Marsden, in exchange for which he gave his receipt. That done, one only ceremony remained to be performed, the signal for which was given by Captain Lambton's whistle.

"Your name," said my Canadian assistant, "is, I believe, Marsden—Ernest Marsden? Very good. Well, I shall take you to jail for robbing this gentleman of one thousand pounds, good moneys, by lies—false pretenses."

"By lies—false pretenses!" shouted Marsden. "What the devil do you mean, Lambton? Are you mad, that you seek to ruin your own sister—*my wife*!"

"Not your wife at all, Mr. Marsden," said I. How the fellow started at the sound of my voice, not having before noticed me. "Never was! You married Julia Fotheringay years before you went to church with the lady you speak of; and your real wife is now at the Beaufort Lunatic Asylum, confined under the name of Lee—'your sister,' Lee."

"Ah, my friend," said the Quebec officer, "it is no use to swear, and kick, and fight! You must come with us to jail. Ha, ha! You're caught!—charming! Come along; or must we have soldiers to prick you with bayonets, eh?"

Believing that his wife had really confessed everything, Marsden, as soon as he could sufficiently control his maddening rage, offered, through his *homme d'affaires*, to make a reasonable confession of his guilt, upon condition of not being prosecuted in Canada, nor dragged off to England to be there tried for bigamy. His terms were accepted; our success was complete. He and Julia Fotheringay had been married at a country church in Galway seven years before he led Lucy Lambton to the desecrated altar of God.

It was well we had not relied too implicitly upon his wife's help. We had not left the Asylum an hour when a carriage sent by Marsden arrived; in which she was driven, nothing loth, to his lodgings in Quebec, where, it is needless to say, she did not find him. Of course, good care was taken that she should hold no communication with the prisoner till he had settled finally with us.

Waters, Thomas. [Pseud.] [Attrib. William Russell.] *Autobiography of a London Detective*. NY: Dick and Fitzgerald, 1864.