

A Thrilling Sketch

‘Mr. Robson, you are wanted over at the Bow street office immediately, sir,’ said my landlady to me one morning in the spring of 1806, just as I had arrived home after a tedious professional excursion into the country, and was pleasing myself with the anticipation of a day of rest

‘Curse the Bow street office,’ I muttered to myself, ‘what’s in the wind now? Is there no other officer that they can put on duty? Why should all the extras fall to my share?’

‘Who came with the message?’ I blandly enquired of the landlady.

‘One of the Bow street runners, sir. He said as how you was wanted by a nob to investigate some suspicious circumstances.’

‘Very well,’ said I, ‘I will be in attendance; meanwhile, Mrs. Warren, please get me some breakfast, for I am half famished.’

The breakfast was soon on the table, and very quickly dispatched, and then I changed my traveling dress and set forth for Bow street, bemoaning as I went the upsetting of my hopes of a few days respite from duty. When I reached the office I found the porter at the door.

‘Ah, Mr. Robson,’ said he, ‘[see] you have come home, eh? There has been a great outcry after you. The Inspector is inside, now, and a gent with him, as has been here for two days, waitin’ for two hours.’

I walked into the Inspector’s room, and there I found my respected superior engaged in earnest conversation with a gentleman whom I immediately recognized as the celebrated surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, whom I had seen repeatedly about six [months] before, when he was summoned as a medical witness on a matter in Ramsgate, Kent, which had come under my supervision.

‘Good morning, Mr. Robson,’ said the Inspector. ‘I am glad to see you back again. Sir Astley,’ turning to the distinguished surgeon, ‘here is Mr. Robson, a young man, but I am proud to say one of our most able and [vigilant] officers.’

‘How do you do, Mr. Robson,’ said Sir Astley. ‘I believe Mr. Robson and I are old acquaintances,’ he added, turning to the inspector, and then, addressing me again, he continued: ‘I was much pleased with the acuteness I saw you display in that Ramsgate affair, Mr. Robson, I have therefore considered you the most efficient person I could obtain to endeavor to discover the perpetrator of a murder which lately occurred; perhaps you have heard of it. The murdered man is Mr. Blight, of Deptford, and old friend and patron of mine, and a gentleman of a highly respectable and wealthy family. The relatives offer a large reward for the murderer, and I must confess that I so highly esteemed my poor friend that I shall use all my efforts to assist in discovering the perpetrator.’

‘I recollect reading the account in the newspapers, Sir Astley,’ said I, ‘but I paid but little attention to the time, as I was then exceedingly occupied.—Please to inform me, as well as you

can of the particulars of the case; also upon whom, if upon any one, your suspicions rest, and then I will think what had best be done. If I take the case in hand, be assured I will not leave a stone unturned to bring the guilty to punishment.’

‘The circumstances are simply as follows,’ said Sir Astley Cooper; ‘my poor, dear friend, who was as inoffensive a man as ever lived, was sitting in his parlor one evening about a fortnight since, playing whist with a party of friends, when a pistol shot was fired through the window, and the ball took effect in my friend Blight’s left side.—He fell to the floor mortally wounded, and was carried up stairs by his friends. Surgical assistance, such as could most readily be procured at Deptford, was immediately provided, and I was sent for from London; but it was too late. Indeed, no skill could have saved him; the bullet had penetrated a vital part, and he was dead when I arrived. I made a post mortem examination at the request of his friends, and I was particular to know in what position Mr. Blight was sitting when he was shot. The ball had slightly grazed the outer cuticle of the heart, severing some of the principal arteries leading from that organ, and lodged in the breast striking against the breast bone. The house in which Mr. Blight resided, is situated on the bank of the river, and the parlor in which he was sitting had a bow window facing the river. There is no place to obtain a footing between the house and the river, except by clinging hold of a parapet wall which juts on the left hand side of the window. Mr. Blight’s back was turned to the window, and his person was invisible to any one on the river bank, unless he had leaned over, holding on by the wall; consequently the pistol must have been fired with the left hand, and such was the precision of aim required, in consequence of the peculiar position of my friend, that I could almost swear that the pistol must have been fired by a left handed person. No other could have taken aim so steadily under the circumstances.’

‘Is this all the evidence?’ I asked; ‘have the family or yourself no suspicion of any person?’

‘Not the slightest; Mr. Blight was not thought to have an enemy in the world.’

‘Perhaps the shot was intended for some one else.’

‘No, that could not have been, because any one else at the table could have been shot without the murderer having occasion to lean over the wall and hold on by it; and have he not done so, the ball would have taken effect on any one else in quite a different manner.’

‘Have you mentioned to the friends of the murdered gentleman your suspicions, Sir Astley?’

‘Not as regards the pistol having been fired by a left-handed person. I thought it was better, to further the ends of justice that I should first have the advice of an able police officer.’

I stood for a few moments in thought, and meanwhile the Inspector handed me a handbill, which offered five hundred pounds reward to the person or persons who might discover the murderer and cause him to be apprehended and convicted of the crime.

The bait was a tempting one, besides I wished to keep in favor with Sir Astley Cooper, and I at once said that I would do my best, under the circumstances, to discover the guilty party; ‘but you must be aware, Sir Astley;’ said I, ‘that the scent is a very faint one, There is merely a suspicion

that the pistol was fired by a left-handed person, and the person is not only unknown, but unsuspected. You are not *sure* that the murderer must have been left-handed?’

‘I am not sure,’ replied Sir Astley; ‘but I’m as confident as I well can be, under the circumstances, not having actually seen the pistol fired.’

‘Very well,’ I replied, ‘I will go home to my longings, pack up a clean shirt, and start off for Deptford this very afternoon.’

‘Do, do,’ said Sir Astley, actually tendering me his hand—a mark of condescension I was greatly surprised at, for the knight was a great aristocrat in his notions.

‘Do, do, I like your promptitude. I could have had an officer employed before this; but I begged the Inspector to allow you to undertake the job.—You may not be successful, but do your best, and I and the other friends of Mr. Blight will take care that you shall not go unrewarded.’

That evening I reached Deptford, and immediately called at the house lately occupied by Mr. Blight, and still tenanted by his widow and family, consisting of a grown up son and daughter.

I had learned that Mr. Blight was a retired merchant who had accumulated large wealth, and who, for the last two years, had been leading the life of an independent gentleman. He was greatly esteemed in the town of Deptford, and had already made himself prominent as a public benefactor. The excitement occasioned by his murder was intense. It was the common talk of the place, and no one could possibly assign any reason for the perpetration of the fiendish outrage.

I was introduced to his son,—the widow had not as yet made her appearance since the death of her husband.

I briefly explained to the young man the object of my call.

‘It is a heart-rending affair,’ said he. ‘My poor father was so kind and generous to everybody that I did not think it possible he could have had an enemy.’

‘Had he not been engaged in any law suit of late—in nothing that could have led to animosity on the part of any one?’ I said, inquiringly.

‘In nothing that I am aware of. As to a law suit, I believe my father would have sooner forfeited almost any amount in reason, rather than have engaged in any such business, He had a perfect horror of the law.’

‘And with ample reason,’ I replied. ‘No sensible man who had ever read the fable of the “Monkey and the oyster,” would engage in law. But tell me, your father had no enemies, you say—had he any particular friends?’

‘Every one was his friend, but of course he had some friends who visited our house on terms of intimate friend-ship.’

‘What were their names?’

‘Let me see; there were the Jennings, and the Simpsons, and the Tompkins, and there was Mr. Peck and Mr. Patch.’

‘Stay,’ said I, ‘I am about to ask you a singular question. Were any of these friends whom you have named left-handed?’

‘It is a singular question, indeed,’ said he, ‘and no ways applicable to the present case; but to tell the truth, now I think of it, I have remarked that Mr. Patch was left-handed; but why do you ask?’

I honestly stated what Sir Astley Cooper had told me.

‘It is singular,’ said he, ‘and it shows a vast deal of skill on the part of Sir Astley to have discovered such a clue to lead to the arrest of the murderer; but I am afraid his penetration is at fault in the present instance. I would as soon suspect Sir Astley himself, and was an especial friend intimate of my father, as Mr. Patch.’

‘Who is Mr. Patch,’ I inquired.

‘He is an independent gentleman, a long resident of the neighborhood, who owns a large farm just on the outskirts of the town, adjoining some meadow land that belonged to my father.’

‘And he bears a good character?’

‘Certainly; he is one of the deacons of the Methodist Church in this town, and a gentleman of unimpeachable integrity.’

I made no further inquiries. Certainly as the young man had said, Mr. Patch, from the account that had been given of him, was not a man to be suspected of having been guilty of such a diabolical crime.

I therefore wished the young man good day and returned to my hotel.

In the course of that evening and the following day I made many inquiries respecting this Mr. Patch of my landlord, and occasional visitors whom I met in the hotel parlor.

All agreed with what had been told by the young man, with the exception that Mr. Patch was acknowledged to be, though in the main a kind hearted man, very violent; still he had been a special friend of Mr. Blight’s—had been inconsolable since his death, and been one of the most active of the foremost in devising means to ascertain who was the murderer of his friend.

The reader [will] perceive that altho’ Mr. Patch had the misfortune to be left-handed, there was a very poor ground of suspicion against him. Still strange as it may seem, some inexplicable

feeling in my mind led me, in spite of myself, to fix my suspicions upon this gentleman, and at all hazards I resolved to see him. How to obtain an introduction was the next thing to be thought of.

Fortunately looking over a newspaper I saw an advertisement notifying that Josiah Patch, Esq., of Deptford, desired to obtain the services of a young man to superintend a farm belonging to him in a distant part of the country. I had a cousin who was anxious to find such employment, and I made this an excuse to call upon the gentleman.

He lived in a handsome villa at the end of the town, within a hundred yards of the house lately occupied by Mr. Blight. I immediately called upon him and asked to see him.

I was shown into a parlor, and in the course of a few minutes Mr. Patch made his appearance and enquired what was my business with him.

‘I saw an advertisement in the paper this morning,’ said I, ‘stating that you wished to obtain the services of a young man capable of superintending the management of a farm?’

‘I do want a person,’ he replied, ‘but I shall require good reference as to his character and capability.’

‘Those,’ I said, ‘can, I believe, be furnished. My name is Robson, I am in business in London, and I have a cousin, at present out of employment, who I think will suit you.’

While we were conversing, I watched closely the appearance of Mr. Patch.—He was a thick set, coarse featured man, with a low, retreating forehead, and his head at the back part, where it joined the neck, was remarkable for its massive structure. He was, in fact, just the man, had he been of the lower classes of society and arraigned for some crime before a court of justice, to have created a very bad first impression upon the minds of the judge and jury. But this is neither here nor there. I had already had too much experience in my profession to know that great criminals are often found to possess apparently the most perfect physical organization, and to be superior, likewise, as regards mental capacity.

Still, I will allow that the coarse, hirsute appearance of Mr. Patch, had its effect upon me, and something seemed to tell me that he was the guilty man.

‘Where is this farm situated?’ I asked.

‘In Surrey,’ was the reply.

‘Have you had any other application?’

‘None as yet.’

‘Then may I hope, if the thing can be satisfactorily arranged between us, that my cousin will obtain the situation?’

‘Yes,’ said Mr. Patch, ‘I will give you the preference, but I should like to see the young man.’

I promised to send him over to Deptford as soon as possible, and wishing Mr. Patch good day, I left the house and proceeded to that occupied by the family of Mr. Blight.’

‘I have seen Mr. Patch,’ said I to the young man, who again entertained me.

‘Oh,’ he replied, ‘you are altogether wrong in your scent, Mr. Robson. Mr. Patch, I assure you, was a particular friend of my poor father’s.’

‘I called to see him with reference to a farm in Surrey, to superintend which he wishes to obtain the services of a good farmer. I had certainly a wish to see the man, who, as you informed me, was the only person of your acquaintance who was left-handed, but my visit had reference to other business.’

‘A farm in Surrey!’ he said in a tone of surprise and astonishment. ‘There was only one bone of contention between my father and Mr. Patch, and singularly enough it related to some land in Surrey. I never knew the right of it, but my mother does. I should not wish however to disturb her now. I believe that his claim was disputed.—The land was left by a distant relative of my father’s some years since. The owner was a relative likewise of Mr. Patch, to whose family we are related by marriage, and the will was so strangely worded that it was claimed by both Mr. Patch and my father. They were too good friends to allow a law suit to be entered with, and an agreement was made that if my father died first, Mr. Patch should have the farm, and *vice versa*. Until now, for some years past the land has been allowed to run to waste.’

‘May I ask,’ said I, ‘if the will has been duly registered?’

‘It has—in Doctors, Commons, I have no doubt it belonged to my father, clearly enough; but he was an easy man, and Mr. Patch managed to get the upper hands of him always in argument.

‘I should like to examine this will,’ I replied. ‘Would you have any objection to accompany me, Mr. Blight.’

‘I will accompany you with pleasure,’ returned the young man.

‘Then we will start for town this afternoon, if you please, and—it will be too late to day,—but tomorrow we will go to Doctors’ Commons together, and examine this will. In the meantime you will please keep silent with regard to our intentions.’

‘I shall be ready to accompany you,’ he replied, ‘but I assure you you are mistaken with regard to your opinion of Mr. Patch.’

‘Perhaps so,’ I replied, and desiring him to meet me at the Bull and Dragon Hotel, I left the house.

We went up by the stage that afternoon, and on the following morning, the youth called at my lodgings, and together we went to Doctors' Commons. After much search amongst the musty records in that cemetery of wills and deeds, we found the will we were in search of. The wording of the legacy respecting the farm was certainly ambiguous enough. After having disposed of his personal property to a nephew, who had been a crusty old bachelor of the name of Welsh, he left the farm to a cousin by marriage, in the following words:

'And whereas, having thus, as above, disposed of my entire personal effects, I bequeath to my cousin, who married my uncle Edward's daughter, in the year 1784, the estate known as Welsh's Farm, in the Parish of Weedon, county of Surrey, the said estate to him and his heirs forever.'

'Who is this cousin he speaks of?' I asked.

'Why,' said the young man, 'Mr. P and my father married two sisters, both in the same year, 1784, so that both he and my father had an equal claim to the property. My father's marriage, however, occurred in May, and Mr. Patch was not married until the month of August following. Thus my father, good humoredly, asserted his prior claim.—The old man was in his dotage when he made his will, and could not have clearly understood what he was dictating to the notary, who must have been himself a numskull; not to have urged him to state the matter more [explicitly].'

On the following morning I waited again upon Mr. Patch, with my cousin, and together we went to the farm, taking the Dorking state from Deptford.

I had arranged my plans as well as I could devise for the time being, and when we reached the estate, after we had perambulated over the property, and Mr. Patch having satisfied himself of my cousin's abilities, had invited us into the house to take some refreshment, I said:

'It is singular that such a fine estate should for so many years be allowed to waste, Mr. Patch. By the by, I heard that this property belonged to Mr. Blight, the poor gentleman who was lately so barbarously murdered.'

'The title was disputed,' replied he, 'but on his death it reverted to me by agreement.'

'That then was the cause why it has so long been neglected.'

'Yes.'

'It is singular,' said I, observing Mr. Patch to be lifting a glass of ale to his lips with his left hand, 'it is singular that no clue can be obtained with reference to the murderer of that unfortunate gentleman. He is represented to me as having been a most amiable man, who had, or was supposed to have had, no enemies. It is said that the surgeon who made the post mortem examination states that he believes the pistol to have been shot by a left-handed person.'

I looked hard, full into the face of Mr. Patch, as I spoke. He had sat down the glass and was carving himself a slice of ham.

‘Why say so? Who could make such a ridiculous assertion?’ said he suddenly, and his face flashing, he dropped the knife from his hand.

‘No less a personage than Sir Astley Cooper,’ I replied.

‘Pooh! Pooh!’ he continued, ‘no man could possibly pretend to such a discovery as that.’

‘He judged so,’ said I, ‘from the nature of the wound, the position in which Mr. Blight sat at the table, and the position of the window facing the river, through which the bullet entered.’

‘Why,’ said Mr. Patch, ‘a right-handed man might have easily held on to the wall by his right hand, and so of necessity been compelled to fire the weapon with his left-hand, because from the position in which Mr. Blight was sitting, having just finished dealing with cards—’

‘Mr. Patch,’ said I, interrupting him, ‘were you present on the occasion?’

‘No,’ he said, ‘why do you ask?’

Only because I have been told by a surgeon that none but those who were present know anything about the particulars, the coroner having, for the sake of furthering the ends of justice, requested everybody to keep secrecy. I was wondering how you knew that Mr. B. had just finished dealing cards.’

He colored to his temples, and stammered out some unintelligible reply.—At length he said:

‘How did you learn this, yourself, sir? How came you to be a confidant of Sir Astley Cooper?’

‘Simply because I am a detective officer of the Bow Street Court. Sir Astley said that the pistol was fired, he believed firmly, by a left-handed man,’ and I again looked steadily at Mr. Patch, who had unconsciously taken up his knife in his left [hand]. ‘But,’ I added, ‘Sir Astley himself did not know that Mr. Blight had just been dealing the cards.’

Mr. Patch had seen my glance, and he nervously let his knife and fork fall.

‘I was told such was the case by Mr. Germain,’ a gentleman who formed one of the party said.

‘Mr. Germain, then, violated the oath of secrecy,’ I said. ‘It is an unfortunate affair.’

‘Extremely so,’ said Mr. Patch, and then as if anxious to drop the subject, he adroitly changed the conversation to the farm.

I thought it advisably to say nothing more at present, but taken in connection with the will, I had heard enough to confirm my suspicions that Mr. Patch was the murderer, but had not, as yet, sufficient evidence to cause him to be arrested. We returned to Deptford together in the evening, Mr. Patch having arranged matters with my cousin, and having, with a forced, unnatural gaiety, endeavored to ingratiate himself with me.

When we got out of the stage, I directed my cousin to take the stage to London, and wishing Mr. Patch good night, I turned up the street which led to the hotel.

‘Are you going to remain in Deptford tonight?’ he inquired; ‘if so, pray make my house your home.’

‘No, I thank you; I am going to call on Mr. Germain, and I shall certainly reprimand him severely for having related any of the particulars he swore to keep secret.’

‘I will go with you,’ said he, in a husky voice.

‘As you please,’ I replied, I don’t exactly know the house myself, though I have heard the gentleman spoken of at the hotel, and have been told that he was a neighbor of Mr. Blight’s. You will save me a walk to the hotel by taking me direct to the house.

He walked on in silence for some time, several times hesitating, as if he was a little doubtful whether to proceed or not. At length we came in sight of the house, and pointing it out to me, he said:

‘That is the house, sir. I recollect I have an important engagement. I think I shall leave you here.’

I wished him good evening, and knocked at the door of the house he had pointed out.

‘Does Mr. Germain reside here?’ I asked of the servant who came to the door.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Is he in?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Will you tell him that a gentleman is waiting to speak with him?’

The servant showed me into the parlor, and in the course of a minute Mr. Germain, a puffy, plethoric old gentleman entered; and looking at me inquiringly, said:

‘My name is Germain, sir; I am informed that you wish to see me.’

‘I have called, Mr. Germain,’ said I, ‘on business connected with the murder of Mr. Blight.’

‘Ah, sir, a most unhappy business,’ he replied; ‘no person can know when he is safe in his own house, sir.’

‘You attended the coroner’s inquest, Mr. Germain?’

‘I did, sir.’

‘And you took an oath not to divulge any of the evidence then given?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘I am a Bow street officer,’ said I, showing my symbol of authority; ‘I have called to inquire why you gave any particulars of what occurred on that evidence, to Mr. Patch.’

‘Mr. Patch! God bless me, sir, I haven’t seen Mr. Patch since the lamentable occurrence.’

‘Indeed! Why he has just told me that you informed him of the position in which Mr. Blight was seated, and just when the pistol was fired he had finished dealing out the cards.’

‘I told him no such thing,’ said Mr. Germain, greatly excited. ‘Besides, nothing of the kind came out on the evidence. Now I think of it, though, I recollect that it was so. My poor friend had just turned up the Jack of Spades for trumps, when bang went the pistol, and whiz came the ball right past me, for I was sitting next to Mr. Blight.—But I recollect nothing afterwards, I was so frightened; nor should I have recollected now what I have told you, had you not recalled it to my mind.’

‘You recollect, however, that Sir Astley Cooper deposed that to the best of his judgement the pistol was fired by a left-handed person?’

‘Oh, yes, and the piece of wadding that was found, though it was considerably singed and shattered, was torn transversely towards the left, as though the paper—one of Morrison’s pill advertisements—bad been jerked asunder with a left-handed pull; but that evidence is so trifling that nothing can come of it.’

‘Is not Mr. Patch a left-handed man?’

‘God bless me! I believe he is.’

‘And without having been present, he knows as much of what occurred as you do, and says falsely that you told him.’

‘God bless me! yes,’ exclaimed the little man, evidently much excited.

‘Will you swear, should you be called upon to do so, that you never mentioned anything to Mr. Patch relative to the affair?’

‘To be sure I will. Why, I haven’t seen Mr. Patch. We were never very friendly. I don’t know why, but the man is generally disliked, and I have often wondered how he and Mr. Blight became so friendly together.’

‘You will keep my visit here a profound secret, and if Mr. Patch should call upon you, you will not see him.’

‘Not if you so advise, though I should like to ask him what he told such a falsehood of me for.’

‘I would wish you to deny yourself to him, Mr. Germain,’ said I, and then bidding him good night, left the house, and a stage passing by at the time, I immediately started for town. I thought now that I had, at least, sufficient reason to cause Mr. Patch to be arrested and examined, and so thought the Inspector, when I told him the particulars next morning.

A warrant was made out, and accompanied by two constables, I that afternoon went to Deptford, and knocking at the door of Mr. Patch’s house asked to see him.

He came downstairs, but started with evident alarm when he recognized me and the two myrmidons of justice who accompanied me.

‘Mr. Patch,’ said I, ‘I hold a warrant for your arrest on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of Mr. Blight. You will accompany us to London; but in the first place we will search the house.’

‘Ar—ar—rest me!’ he stammered out; ‘what for, sir? This is an outrage—I will not permit it, sir. You wish to rob the house—you—’

‘Mr. Patch,’ I interrupted, ‘this violence and abuse will avail you nothing. Here is my authority’—showing my baton of office and the warrant. ‘You had better behave peaceably and like a gentleman. If you can reply satisfactorily to the questions that may be put to you, all will no doubt be well. If you resort to violence, I shall be compelled to do so too.’

He was silent, and trembled violently. One of the constables remained with him in the parlor, while the other accompanied me in my search. We found nothing suspicious in the parlors, and I went upstairs, requesting a servant to show me into Mr. Patch’s study. There was a buffet under a book-case in the room, and in it was a case of pistols and a flask of powder, with a dozen or so of pistol balls. One of the pistols had not been cleaned since it was last discharged, and I took possession of the case. As I was revolving it I knocked down a package of papers. They were all advertisements of Morrison’s pills, and one of them was torn asunder.—Without saying anything, I put it quietly into my vest pocket, and then desiring the constable to order a carriage, I descended to the parlor.

The carriage soon arrived, and Mr. Patch, the two constables and I proceeded to town together, and Mr. Patch was detained that night at Bow street.

The next day he was privately examined at the Guildhall, and the evidence was considered sufficient, together with his hesitating manner and his tremor, and his unsatisfactory replies, to cause him to be fully committed for trial.

Six weeks afterwards the Old Baily Session came off, and Mr. Patch was arraigned at the bar. Meanwhile we had been busy collecting evidence. It was proved that Mr. Patch had more than once been heard to say, when in [his] cups—for he drank hard at times—that if Mr. Blight held out much longer with respect to the farm, it would be all the worse for him. He was proved to have been absent from home, and was seen close to Mr. Blight's just after the pistol shot had been heard, looking very much excited; and he was convicted and condemned to death, notwithstanding his strong protestations of innocence.

As the moment of his execution drew near, much sympathy began to be felt for him. The evidence was purely circumstantial, although the torn paper I had found had evidently been severed from the piece of wadding that had been picked up. Still some people thought that there was not evidence sufficient to justify his execution, and he was in hopes of a reprieve to the last. However, on the morning of his execution he sent for the chaplain of the jail, and anxiously inquired whether there was any hope of a pardon.

'None,' replied the chaplain, 'none whatever. Tell me,' continued the clergyman, earnestly, 'are you guilty or not? Recollect you must soon meet face to face with your Maker. Do not go to that dread tribunal with a lie on your lips.'

For a few moments the wretched man stood silent and irresolute, and then in a faltering voice he confessed that in a moment of semi intoxication, when his evil passions were always aroused, he had shot Mr. Blight for the purpose of getting possession of the much desired farm.

A few hours after he had made the confession, which greatly satisfied the public mind, the guilty man was [hung].

I will only add that the farm of course fell into possession of the family of Mr. Blight, and my cousin was engaged to superintend its cultivation. Moreover I received the £500 offered [by] the family for the discovery and arrest of the murderer, and much credit was given me by my superiors for my acuteness and perseverance in managing the affair.

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