

From "A Visit to My Discontented Cousin," to be published by Roberts Bros.

## *The Cipher Correspondence*

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The story I am about to tell relates to an incident in the history of England which is but little known, and which you will not find in books, but one which, nevertheless, had a great effect on her destinies.

About the beginning of this century, while the revolutionary wars were raging, communication in cipher was naturally very prevalent; and ingenuity was taxed to the utmost, one hand to invent, and on the other to detect, the medium used in secret correspondence. As a rule the decipherer had beaten the cipherer; and no known method was secure of detection. If conventional signs merely were used, the recurrence of the different symbols gave a key easily followed out. Some ingenious spirits corresponded by reference to the pages and lines of particular editions of particular books; others by an agreed-on vocabulary. But these last methods, although they might preserve the secret, disclosed, what was often quite as dangerous, that there was a secret. I am about to tell you of a plan which for long years was not only undetected, but unsuspected.

It was at the same time when the first Napoleon had assembled his fleet and transports at Brest, with the ostensible, and, as generally believed, the real view of making a descent on this island. The greatest precautions were observed by this government in regard to correspondence from France, and an amount of espionage was practiced at the [post-office] which left subsequent performances in that line far behind. The national excitement was intense, and the political departments of the government were administered with an [iron] sway.

My uncle, Sir George Treyor, was, as all the world then knew, high in the [Admiralty]; and, as it was from him that I heard this anecdote, its veracity may of course be depended on.

The dispatches to and from the [Admiralty] were the subject of the greatest [vigilance,] and the most stringent regulations. The clerks were not permitted to send or receive any letters which were not first submitted to the chief clerk; and it was believed that letters addressed even to their private residences were frequently opened at the post-office.

At the time I speak of, the chief clerk was an elderly man of the name of Parker, a wizened, wiry, dapper individual, so imbued with the official tincture of Whitehall that it had become second nature to him. He lived and breathed, and thought and slept solely for the [Admiralty], and knew no other pleasure or care. He was withal a genial and kindly soul, keen and energetic in the affairs of his office, and to all others a mere child.

He had assumed as his private secretary a young fellow of the name of Beaumont, who was one of the most promising subordinates of the establishment. He was a modest, unassuming young man, very good looking, with a countenance and air suggestive of depression and melancholy. He was evidently of good education, and probably well born also, for his manners were easy and indicated good breeding. He was a native of Jersey, and had been introduced to the notice of the Admiralty by some influential member of Parliament. He was much liked in the office, and discharged its duties to perfection.

One morning Parker presented himself before my uncle with visage pale with woe and trembling with excitement.

“Why, what is the matter, Parker? Has Bonaparte come?”

“He may have, for aught I know,” said Parker, “Things are all wrong Sir George!”

“What is wrong?”

“The letters are wrong. There is a spy among us. I have known it for long; now I am quite sure; but I can not find him out.”

Parker went on to explain that he had for some time suspected that some one in the office communicated their private information outside. He had redoubled his precautions; but, more than ever confirmed in his suspicions, was entirely baffled in his attempts to detect the culprit.

“But, Parker,” said my uncle, “how do you come to be so sure that your secrets have transpired?”

“By the funds, Sir George. They answer to the news as surely as the bell down stairs does to the bell rope. I find them going up and down as if they were sitting in the office,” said Parker, personifying the stock exchange for the moment.

“Have all the letters to the clerks been examined strictly?”

“Yes; I read them all myself.”

“Find nothing in them?”

“Mighty little. Some are from home and some from friends, and most of them from sweethearts,” said Parker twisting his face into a grim smile; “and rum things they say in them.”

“And the young men’s letters, are they rum, too?”

“They are more careful like, as they know I am to see them; but, Lord save you, sir, they are all stuff; not a ha’porth of harm in them.”

“This matter must be seen to,” said my uncle; “I have had my own misgivings on the same subject. Bring me all the letters which come to and are sent by the clerks for the next week. There is no reason why you should have all the rum things to yourself[.]”

So my uncle had the letters for a [week] and found them very much such as Parker had described them.

The suspicious symptoms increased; the stock exchange responded more sensitively than ever; but not the slightest ground for suspecting any one transpired. My uncle was bewildered, and Parker was rapidly verging to insanity.

“It is certainly not the clerks,” said my uncle. “There is no treason there,” said he, pushing back the letters of the day. “By the way, how does young Beaumont get on? She seems a nice creature, that sister of his, to judge by her letters.”

“He is the best hand in the office, a long sight; and his sister is a very sweet, ladylike creature. They are orphans, poor things; and he supports her out of his salary. She called at the office two months ago, and I gave him leave to see her for a few minutes in my room. But he knew it was against the rules, and has not seen her here again.”

“But what are we to do?” said my uncle. “I think I will speak to the First Lord.”

So he spoke to the First Lord, who thought the affair serious enough.

“It must in the letters,” said he.

“It cannot be in the letters,” said my uncle.

“As you please,” said the chief; “but although you cannot find it there, perhaps another can. I would try an expert.”

My uncle had no faith in experts, or Bow street runners, and mistrusted them. But he could not refuse to try the experiment suggested. So the most experienced decipherer in London was summoned into council, and to him the letters of the day were secretly submitted.

He read them all very carefully, looked at them in the light, and looked at the light through them. At last he put them all aside, excepting one from Elinor Beaumont.

“Who is the lady who writes this?” said the taciturn man of skill, at last.

“A very sweet young woman,” said Parker, smartly; “sister of my private secretary.”

“Does she write often?”

“Yes; she is his only correspondent, and writes about twice a week.”

“Where does she live?”

“She lives in Jersey, Beaumont told me. Their father was in business there.”

“And does she always write about the same kind of things—aunt’s rheumatism, picnics, ‘squires tea parties, and the like?”

“Much the same, expecting when she speaks of Beaumont himself.”

“Hum!” said the expert.

“Well, sir,” said my uncle, who was rather impatient of the man of skill’s pomposity, “and what may ‘Hum!’ mean? Have the young woman and the aunt’s rheumatism done the mischief?”

“Hum! She dates from Fleet street?”

“And why should she not date from Fleet street?”

“I should be sorry to prevent her,” said the unmoved philosopher. “Has this correspondence continued very long?”

“Oh, yes!—a couple of years or so; but not nearly so regularly as lately!”

“For how long regularly?”

“About two months.”

“That is about the time when you first suspected the betrayal of confidence?”

“Really, my friend, if you can’t see farther into a mill-stone than that, you may give up the profession,” said my uncle. “Take my word for it, the Beaumonts have nothing to do with it. Rubbish!”

“Hum!” And with that the man of skill took his hat and departed, saying he would return in two days. The two days, however, were five before he came back; and he was again closeted with my uncle and Parker, with whom he had fallen into great disfavor.

“Want’s to make a job,” said the latter; “a regular humbug.”

“Sir George,” said the regular humbug, “has Mr. Beaumont a locked desk in his room?”

“Yes, sir,” said Parker, “he has.”

“Have you a key which will open it?”

“I have—and what of that?”

“I wish to have that desk opened without his knowledge, and the contents brought to me.”

“And on what pretence,” said my uncle, “do you propose to put this insult on a man against whom there is no reasonable ground of suspicion and who has not been allowed to speak for himself?”

“There need be no insult, for he will know nothing of it; neither will any one else.”

“I will not permit it, sir”

“Hum! Then I can do no more in the business.”

“But,” said Parker, whose official notions made him unwilling to break off the negotiations in this manner; “what pretence have you for doing this to Mr. Beaumont, and not to other clerks?”

“Shall I tell you? There is no such person as Elinor Beaumont, and the address in Fleet street is a notorious haunt of suspected foreigners.”

120 FLEET STREET, Sept. 24, 1803.

MY DEAR CHARLES: —Although we had an adverse wind all the way, we made, without difficulty, the port we were bound for. My aunt, in spite of the weight of her fifty years, enjoyed the trip much, and is ready to sail again. I hope you will think of sending the line you promised on the 25th, and come yourself, as our party is now much smaller, and we should enjoy the visit.

When I was in London last week, I saw our cousin Harry, fresh from Windsor. There is little change to be observed in him—not as much as you would expect. Come to us on Friday.

Yours very afft.

ELINOR B.

My uncle read this out loud from beginning to end, and then he said, “Do you see anything suspicious in that? It seems to me very innocent.”

“Hum! It may be. Was there anything else in the desk?” said he, addressing Parker.

“You may go and look,” growled the potentate. And he led the way, the expert following.

The desk was quite empty, with the exception of two or three scraps of waste paper. On one of these the expert pounced, and returned with an air of elation to the other room. He then unfolded this scrap of paper and disclosed a half sheet, exactly the size of the paper on which Elinor Beaumont’s letters were written, in which oblong holes at intervals had been cut.

He then placed this half sheet over the letter, and handed both, thus placed, to my uncle, whose astonished eyes read the following words, which the holes left visible:

“Fleet wind-bound. Fifty sail of the line. Twenty-five smaller. Should the wind change, expect us Friday.”

“The Devil!” said my uncle; “and Nelson ordered off to the West Indies.”

Then was there, as you may suppose, hurrying and scurrying, and running and chasing, and dispatching of government couriers, and semaphore telegraphs, and carrier pigeons, and all the old-world means of communication then in fashion. The key, thus obtained, disclosed the whole correspondence, which turned out to be a connected series of letters from the French government, smuggled into Jersey[.] The result history knows; the intended invasion was abandoned, and Napoleon went elsewhere.

“But what put you on the scent?” asked my uncle afterward, with many apologies to the expert.

“I suspected the trick from the first, although it was a very good specimen of it. The letters were too innocent, and had too little point in them. But they were done with admirable skill. The grammar was complete; and the little dots or marks which bunglers use to guide them in writing the words which are to be read were entirely absent. The way in which the deception is effected is this: The correspondents, before commencing, take a sheet of paper and cut holes in it, which, of course, in two half-sheets exactly correspond. They each take one half-sheet; and when a letter is to be written the writer so arranges the words that those intended to be read shall appear in the holes when the half-sheet is placed over the paper, which is of the same size. When his correspondent receives the letter, he places half sheet over it, and reads off the words, as you did. The difficulty, which was so well conquered in this case, is to make the sense run fluently, and to prevent any visible break in the writing. Without the half-sheet with the holes in it, no one can have the slightest clue to the real meaning.

“My suspicions, once aroused, were confirmed by the inquiries which I made. The whole story about the sister was a fabrication. The letters did come Jersey, the answers [went] to Fleet street, to the charge of very notorious agents. But if our friend had not been fool enough to leave his half sheet in his desk, we might have groped in vail for the mystery.”

Beaumont disappeared that night, and was never heard of again at the Admiralty. It transpired afterward that some accomplice had warned him of the expert’s visit to the Admiralty, and his inquiries in Jersey. He has made an attempt to get admitted to his rooms, but was scared by the sounds he heard, and contrived to escape to France. The lady who acted the sister, and who visited the Admiralty, partly to put the authorities off their guard, and probably also to interchange the key to the cipher, was a Parisian celebrity, who, both before and afterwards, was renowned for her [daring] in political intrigue.

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