

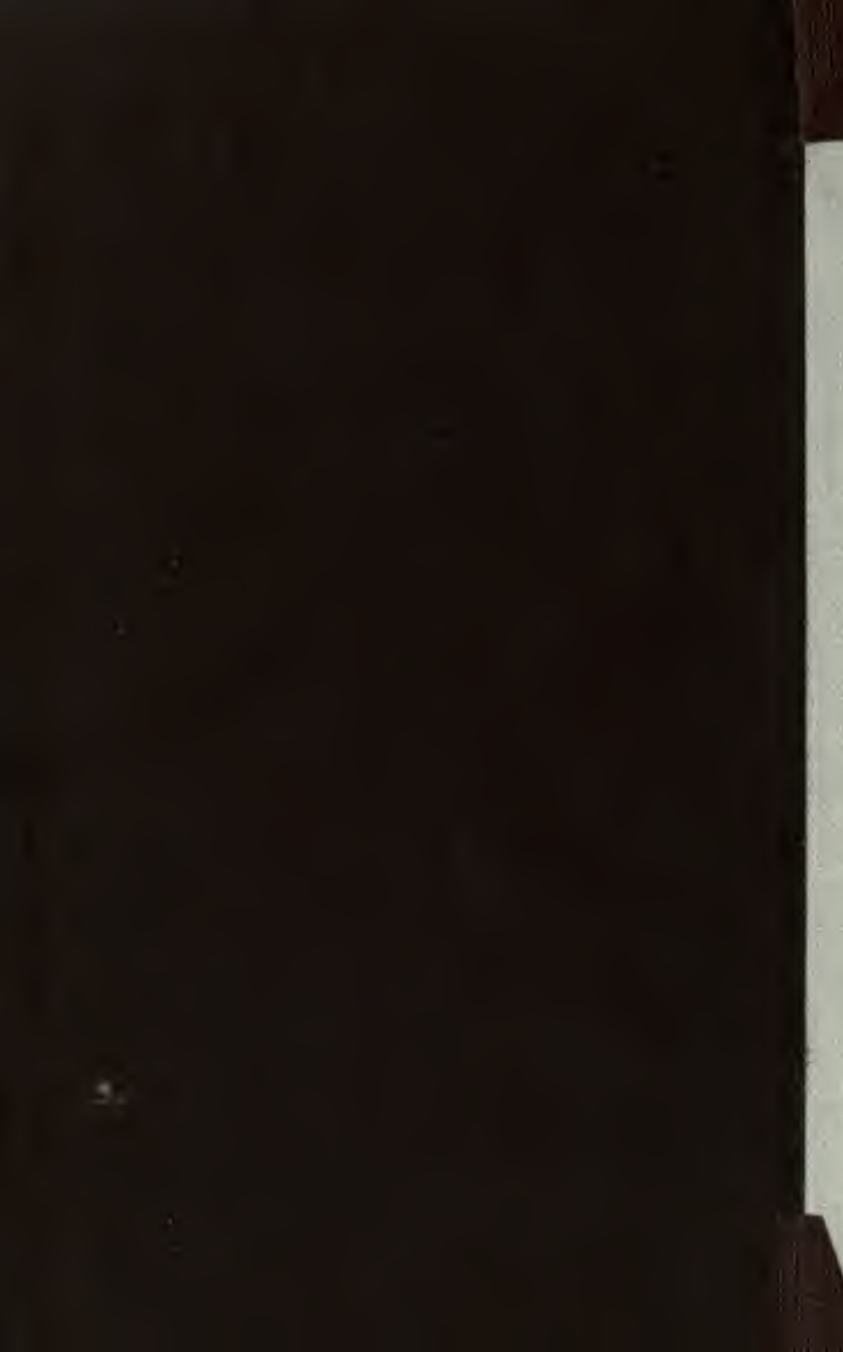


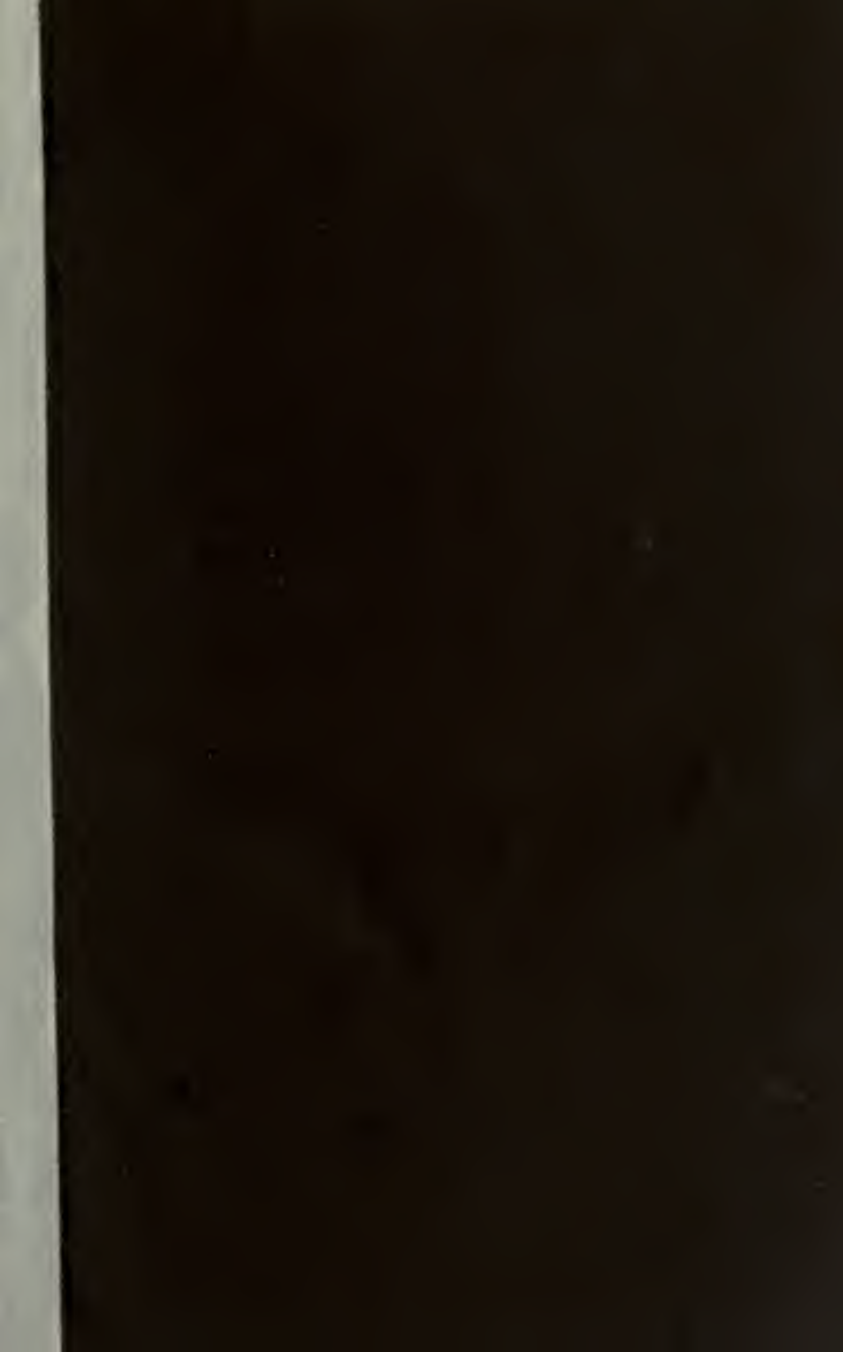
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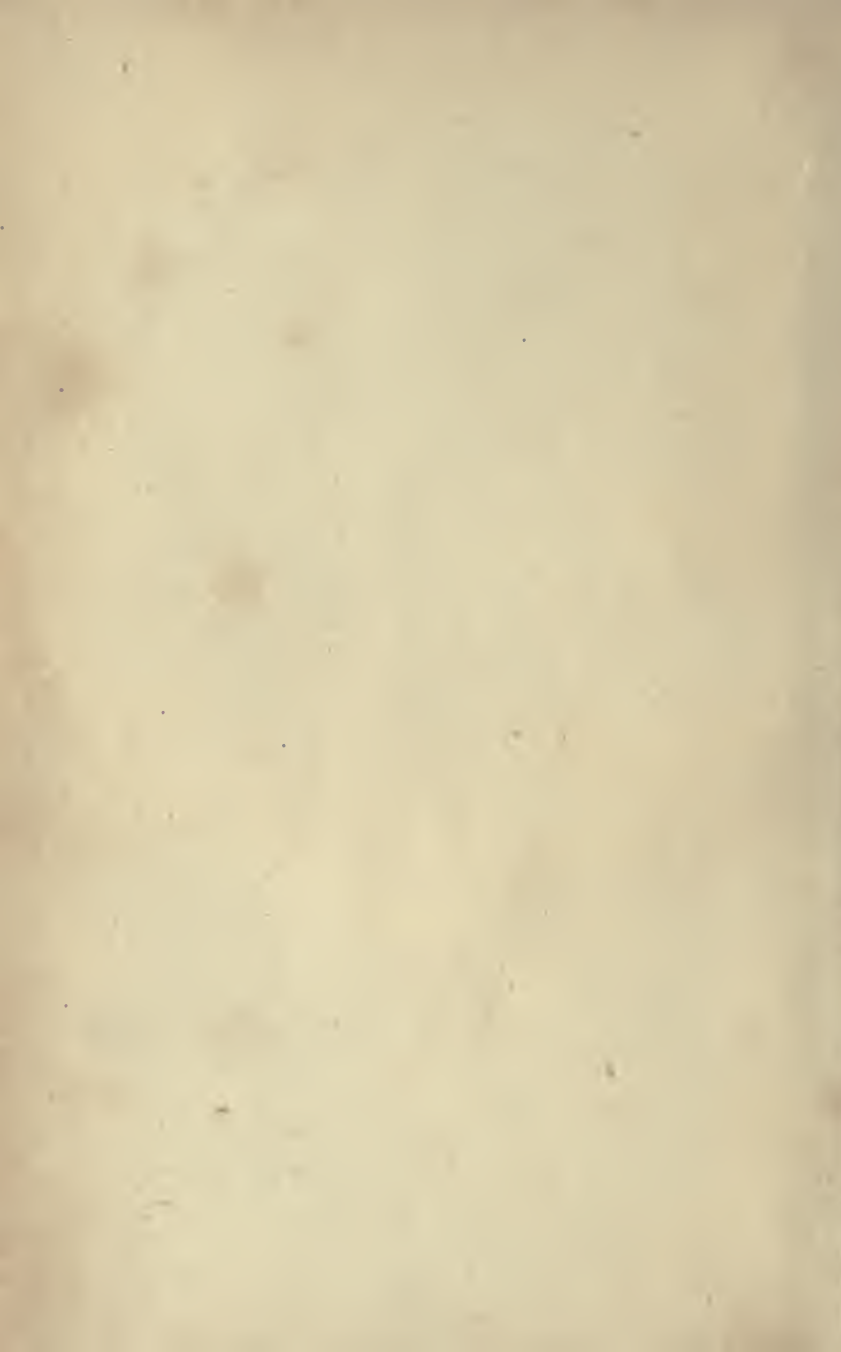












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DOWN CAME THE BLANKET, COMPLETELY ENVELOPING THE VILLAIN.

# WHISKEY DRIPS.

## A SERIES OF INTERESTING SKETCHES,

ILLUSTRATING THE OPERATIONS OF THE WHISKEY THIEVES IN  
THEIR EVASIONS OF THE LAW AND ITS PENALTIES.

BY

DETECTIVE JAMES J. BROOKS,  
OF THE U. S. REVENUE SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A CIRCUMSTANTIAL ACCOUNT OF HIS ATTEMPTED MURDER BY THE  
PHILADELPHIA WHISKEY RING:

GIVING AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE  
ONLY AUTHENTICATED INSTANCE OF HIRED ASSAS-  
SINS IN THE UNITED STATES.



PHILADELPHIA:  
WILLIAM B. EVANS & CO.,  
740 SANSON STREET.

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## PREFACE.

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**J**UST two months ago the Publisher of this work, then to me a stranger, invited me to write a book. The novel and startling proposition tickled my vanity, and I was purchased. So with all the pertness of youth, and the forwardness of inexperience—not being quite half a century old—I present myself to the public for the first time as an Author.

The manuscript has been prepared within the limits of five of the original thirteen States, of ever blessed memory, and much of it written while travelling in railroad cars, or amid the bustle of a bar-room in country taverns.

The sketches illustrating some of the thousand evasions of the law, are the experiences of others as well as of myself; and fictitious names are used therein, lest by giving real names an incredulous people should deem such persons the victims of a malevolent persecution, and as a compensation, elevate them to some remunerative place of public trust.

For other reasons, involving charity and



personal liberty, some of the worst phases of the truth have been suppressed—enough remains, the Author presumes, to sate the ordinary appetite.

The reader will please remember that this is not a work written to extol man's better nature, but to lay bare particular forms of fraud and crime.

There are many distillers who have never cheated the Government. These may see their counterpart in the original distillers of Philadelphia, and may be known by their neighbors as having closed during the great fraud times of 1867 and 1868.

There were thousands of honest officers even in those days in all departments of the Internal Revenue. Such are represented by Collector Hall, Assessor West, and the several detectives. Those who think I have been unjust or even unkind to distillers or officers, will read "Helps and Hindrances," and especially where "The Hon. E. A. Rollins speaks."

To those who think the day of frauds past, I have only to say, that since commencing to write this work, I have made ten important seizures for fraud, four of which were of a character that eclipsed in shrewdness of planning and success in execution any of those herein portrayed.

JAMES J. BROOKS.

PHILADELPHIA,  
February 24th, 1873.





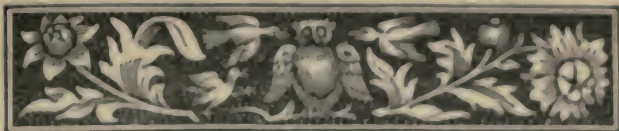
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# WHISKEY DRIPS.

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## THE FIRST JOB.

**S**AMUELS, you are stealing, you know it, and you suppose I am ignorant of it. Now unless this business of yours is conducted honestly, you will surely board in a bonded warehouse, at the expense of Uncle Sam."

"Mr. Brown, you flatter me by your insinuation against my honor; perhaps your goodness of heart will suggest to you the propriety of enlightening me as to the precise manner in which I am making myself a thief?"

"Is that necessary?"

"It is positively essential that you demonstrate the fact. You are a new man at this business, and like all unfledged Government officers, dreadfully vigilant; anxious, doubtless, to commend yourself to your superiors, you allow your zeal to becloud your judgment. A more extended knowledge of

distillery operations will beget a maturer experience, and you will regret having given utterance to such unjust suspicions."

"Do you think so?"

"Do I think so, Brown? I know it. Your predecessor was a man of your sort; at first, he suspected this thing, hinted at that, and hoped the other, until I compelled him to admit all was O. K. I am not surprised at your remarks, nor do I purpose to get mad at you, for I believe you to be too clever a fellow not to do me justice ultimately."

"Thank you, Samuels, I hope to do you justice. I shall try my level best on that lay," responded Brown.

"Now, look here, Brown, you are put in my distillery to take account of all grain brought in, and you do it?"

"I do."

"And all the whiskey that is taken out?" continued Samuels.

"*I do that, too,*" said Brown, with peculiar emphasis.

"Where then is the stealing?" queried Samuels, triumphantly.

This apparently posed Brown, for he was silent.

The two men thus introduced were dining at a fashionable restaurant in a neighboring city, in the

year of grace 1865. Brown was a short, thick-set man of middle age, with a homely, but rather pleasant face, slightly ministerial in appearance, and an imperturbable mien, indicating considerable self-control and quiet determination. His companion, Samuels, was a thorough man of the world, without moral principle, his greed was gain; the means used to obtain it were unquestioned, so long as money would purchase immunity from personal consequences. He was the younger of the two,—a small, dark man, with black curly hair, and restless black eyes. The events of the war had called him from obscurity. He had been by turns sutler, contractor, and bounty broker, finally fetching up as a distiller. A statement of these facts does not necessarily involve an opinion as to the honesty or respectability of either of the above callings, but fidelity to truth compels the admission that Samuels' affinity for the distilling business lay in the fact that it afforded him the best opportunities for indulgence in his natural proclivity to steal.

At the opening of our story, Samuels had been in the business but two years; yet the personal property in his distilleries had been already seized three times for fraudulent practices, he escaping each time the full penalties of his crime by the acceptance of a liberal offer of compromise in cash in lieu of



all fines and forfeitures. This method found much favor at Washington in those days, and in view of defective law, and the means resorted to by the Marshals of that delectable political era to obtain grand and petit jurors for United States Courts, it was perhaps more profitable for the Government Treasury, and the surest punishment for offenders.

Samuels was rich. He was liberal, but his liberality was ever selfish; he baited with a gudgeon to catch a whale; he leased the best appointed distilleries; engaged workmen of undoubted ability and enlarged experience; especially was he partial to those who attended exclusively to their own business. He was at this time in a new district; his counsel was said to have "seen" the Collector, and of course the matter being "squared," everything would run smoothly. A distillery inspector or storekeeper being then unknown, an Assistant Assessor named Howe had been assigned to day duty, and Brown came from private life to perform the duties of night watchman, at the urgent solicitation of the Collector, who had taken charge of the case because the Assessor lived at a distance. Both were required to make special daily reports of every event transpiring within the distillery in connection with its operations.

Brown's duties were but light—as the distillery

was run in daytime only—and consisted in making hourly circuits of the interior of the building; but he whiled away his leisure moments in seeking to cultivate friendly relations with old Stevens, the private watchman; and was for a time pre-eminently unsuccessful, for the latter personage was a morose, perverse man, and if at any time disposed to talk, would insist that his business was to watch the thieves put on honest people's property by a thieving Government. He was a Scotch Presbyterian, and among his intimates was considered an oracle on theology, and an authority on distillation.

All efforts to conciliate the old man proving fruitless, Brown resorted to strategy. Procuring a copy of Paley on "Divine Sovereignty" he made sorry attempts for several evenings to interest himself in its perusal, every time on relinquishing the book taking pains to carelessly leave it where Stevens would be most likely to examine it.

Upon returning from his hourly circuit on one occasion he found him reading. The old man seeing he was observed, exclaimed, with intense satisfaction:

"Ah, mon, but ye do weel to heed it."

The ice melted. Stevens was captured; and soon Brown became a close student of an earnest professor.

To a mind having the bent of Brown's, it was not difficult to slide from theology into that other branch of knowledge upon which the professor prided himself; so that in two weeks he had the theory of distillation, illustrated by numerous experiments by Stevens.

With this knowledge, close observation revealed to Brown the fact that, though Samuels elected ninety-six hours as the period of time necessary for the ripening of the mash, and though the producing capacity of his distillery was, by the Government, estimated on that basis, yet he was not taking more than one-third of the time so specified by him as necessary for the ripening of the beer; in other words, with two Government officers to supervise his distilling operations, he was robbing the Government of its tax on forty barrels of whiskey out of every sixty distilled by him.

Brown was not tardy in communicating his discoveries to the Collector. At first that functionary was incredulous; for how could such stealing occur? Howe, the officer on day duty, was considered both vigilant and honest; his reports were concise and regular, and showed that the grain used and the whiskey produced closely approximated to the estimated capacity of the distillery.

Stevens' theory was evidently at fault, or Brown



was an inapt scholar. Stevens, unaware of the use to which his pupil was putting his learning, could not, of course, be consulted on the question; but, determined to know the true state of affairs, Brown, on being relieved from duty the following morning, proceeded to occupy, by favor of his friend, the sexton, an eligible position in the steeple of a church adjacent, from which elevation a fine outlook could be had upon all distillery matters external. The following, from Brown's Diary, shows some of the transactions of that day:

"Oct. 6.—Went to church this day; roosted in the steeple. 9 A. M., Samuels arrived. 9.15, Howe and Samuels went to liquor. 9.30, two loads of grain delivered at distillery hurriedly. 9.40, Samuels and Howe returned while a load of empty barrels were being delivered. 11.00, load of grain delivered, Howe taking the weights. 12 M., Samuels and Howe leave for lunch. 12.10, three large trucks arrive at distillery, two loaded with grain, one with empty barrels; all unload, and at 12.35, all are loaded up with whiskey, two trucks containing eighteen barrels each, and one with fifteen barrels. All depart in same direction. Barrels must be full, or why *two* men handle them? McPherson watching on corner to warn on approach of officer; all hurry and excitement; that means stealing, sure as

death. Bully for Stevens! I'll go my pile on him yet. 1.20, Howe and Samuels returned, both in evident good humor. 2.00, chilled through; teeth chattering. One truck-load of grain delivered, eighteen barrels (full) taken away; Howe bristling around. 2.15, Samuels and Howe went to liquor, but soon returned. 3.00, four loads of coal delivered. 4 P. M., left roost for home, almost famished."

The day's revelations were reported to the Collector, as was also, in due time, Howe's version of the operations at the distillery for that day, which was, in brief, that "Two loads of grain, aggregating 300 bushels, were delivered at the distillery, and eighteen barrels of whiskey, containing nine hundred gallons, removed therefrom." Thus, either by design or carelessness, he reported less, by two-thirds, of grain delivered, and spirit or whiskey sent away.

But Brown, to still further prove the case, was instructed to pursue his investigations; but in endeavoring to do this, an unexpected obstacle presented itself in the absence of the sexton from the city, and the refusal of the wife to find the keys of the church.

Brown was equal to the emergency, however, for in his nightly vigils in the distillery he had become interested in the almost incessant toiling of a cobbler, occupying the fourth story front of a tenement

house at a short distance from thence. Remembering that his boots sadly needed foxing, he sought the cordwainer. That useful artizan was not at home, but was momentarily expected—"Would the gentleman take a seat?" Certainly he would, with thanks; which he did, and awaited the cobbler's return. Taking the boots off his feet, he stayed there until all, and more than all needed repairs were made; saw all he desired to see, which was simply a repetition of the doings of the day before, all of which he duly reported to his superior.

Mr. Howe's reports might have been stereotyped, all except the date, one day being the same as another, and every day's report written by the distiller's clerk, Howe only attaching his signature.

The next move was to discover to what houses the contraband whiskey was taken, and from whom the grain was purchased. This was accomplished by the employment of two trusty, smart fellows, to aid Brown in "shadowing" the trucks. A very few days of such work well done, would suffice to give all the points in *the case*, and hasten its culmination.

Howe, called to a distant part of the country by the death of his father, aided justice by obviating the necessity of his removal from office—which at such a juncture would have excited suspicion. Brown was installed day officer; an excellent young

man appointed to the vacancy occasioned by the promotion of Brown; but before entering upon his duties, he had taken pains to have at convenient points his "shadows," to work on the outside during his temporary absence from the distillery; for as yet, having no internal evidence of fraud, it was not deemed advisable to seize.

It was noon on the first day of Brown's advent at the distillery in Howe's place that Samuels invited him to lunch, and it was while lunching, and after a long silence indicating absent-mindedness on the part of Brown—he was wondering with what success his "shadows" were meeting—that he rather abruptly opened the conversation detailed at the commencement of our story.

The lunch concluded, they returned to the distillery, Samuels going to his office, Brown to his duties. After a while he returned, and resuming the subject of conversation at the restaurant, said:

"You want me to demonstrate that stealing is practised here; I will do so. When we left for lunch, there were fifty-four barrels of whiskey in the warehouse, now there are only eighteen."

"Are you quite sure as to the number?" asked Samuels.

"Certainly, I counted them."

"You know they were *full* barrels?"



"Most assuredly; I stood by and saw Mack fill them this morning," replied Brown.

"Let us verify your statement," said Samuels; and, accompanied by Brown, he sought out Mack the stillman, and questioned him as to the number of barrels of whiskey he had filled that morning.

"Eighteen, sir," responded Mack, with a wicked leer in his eye, as it rested maliciously upon Brown, who stood dumbfounded, for had he not supplied the barrels for Mack to fill? had he not stood by and seen fifty-four of them filled with whiskey, and even rolled many of them into the warehouse?—and Mack, standing there with that impudent, audacious look, knew it, yet all the while insisting that only *eighteen* barrels had been filled, and the emptied ones rolled back into the warehouse! True, there were in the warehouse thirty-six empty and eighteen full barrels; and as if further to confirm the lies of Mack, Samuels produced a paper from his pocket, given him by Hawk the U. S. Gauger, who had been there during Brown's temporary absence, certifying to the contents and proof of eighteen packages gauged, proved and marked by him, on that day for Samuels.

In those days burning brands were not used, only stencils; nor were stamps for spirits in vogue then as now.

Brown, though foiled, was nevertheless confident ; while Samuels, having gained his point, was ill at ease. Few words passed between them during the remainder of the day, each evidently cogitating plans for the future. In drawing off the whiskey on the following day Brown intended that there should be no mistake as to the number of barrels ; for with each barrel filled, he not only called off the number, but chalked it upon the barrel ; and upon the completion of the drawing called Mack's attention to the fact that fifty-six barrels had been filled. His curt rejoinder was to the effect that it was his business to fill the barrels, not to count them.

High noon came around, and with it the customary invitation to lunch. Before going, however, Samuels inquired of Brown if he had counted the full barrels of whiskey in the warehouse. An affirmative response was given, and the number stated. Surely there must be an error somewhere, for he could not make more than *twenty*. A recount by Brown disclosed the fact that the incorrigible scamp, Samuels, had placed a ten dollar "greenback" upon the upper head of each of thirty-six barrels, leaving twenty (the number to be returned to the Government for tax) without that distinguishing mark. Gathering up the notes he tendered them to Samuels, who with well-feigned astonishment and indig-

nation denied all knowledge of the money, utterly refusing to touch it, insisting that the finder was the owner until another claimant appeared and established his right thereto.

The trick was bold and susceptible of but one interpretation: money was Samuels' only argument, and had been in his history so eminently successful in winning weak men over to his base purposes, that it was not surprising he had unbounded faith in its potency. Seeing that controversy was useless, Brown excused himself for a few moments; and retiring to a secluded part of the distillery, privately marked each bill, and fearing "a set-up job" on himself, secreted the whole in a copper coil; then rejoining his tempter, both went to lunch.

Samuels on this day was particularly hilarious and kind; occasionally, too, he ventured to rally his companion on his "chicken-heartedness;" and varied the monotony by a narration of numerous instances where almost fabulous sums of his money had been distributed by discreet counsel to men in high position for certain privileges, even hinting that Brown's superior was not averse to such considerations—a favorite theme with that unprincipled sort to quiet the last qualms of conscience in any of their vacillating dupes.

On returning to the distillery, thirty-six empty

barrels had been substituted for the full ones. The gauger, as was his custom, had in the interval been there and marked the remaining twenty, leaving as unostentatiously as he came.

That evening, Samuels remained longer at the distillery than was his wont, and on Brown being relieved by the night officer, insisted, against all protestations to the contrary, in taking and introducing him to Mrs. Samuels and family.

His home was one of elegance ; his wife a refined, accomplished lady ; and a certain sadness of countenance seemed to indicate that she was not entirely ignorant of, nor without apprehension concerning, her husband's conduct. The family consisted of three sweet little girls, the eldest not six years old, who entertained Brown by their childish prattle, and the exhibition of their numerous toys.

Poor Brown, his foot was in it, and sympathy was struggling with duty so hard for the mastery, that unless his guardian angel interposed speedily he would be a "goner."

Supper was announced. Horror! to eat salt with them would surely be his undoing. Abruptly tearing himself away, under a remembrance of prior engagements, he rushed from the house, followed to the door by Samuels, who could not conceal his chagrin at the shape things had suddenly taken.



Hastening to the house of the Collector, whither his aids had already reported, Brown detailed the stirring events of the day. On comparing notes, it was seen that the fraud could be fully proved, and they decided that the case should be closed on the morrow if further stealing occurred.

Having ascertained that the whiskey thus clandestinely taken was received by Z. Q. Fish and Rable & Co., two leading firms in the rectifying business, two deputy collectors were to locate themselves at certain points in the vicinity of each house, and in the event of whiskey being brought there at noon, the aids "shadowing" the trucks were to connect with, and report to them; the establishments to be seized if the facts justified it, and held for the Government; Brown to swear out a warrant for the arrest of Samuels, and meet the Collector and the Marshal at the office of the former at noon, and there await report by messenger from aids as to removal of whiskey; the secreted money to remain where it was, and place of concealment not to be divulged until after the arrest.

The morrow came, and with it the usual routine duties. As the hour for the denouement approached, Brown's mind was filled with visions of that elegant home; of the sad hearts that would be within it when the cloud impending rested there.

Such thoughts or feelings, however sentimental, were inexcusable in him, for had not the "cloud" rested there three times already? and was it not something a person of the Samuels' stripe could get used to, especially if every time the cloud lifted it left that person in the possession of more lucre? But was *she* of the Samuels' stripe?

Before leaving the distillery at noon, Brown informed Samuels that business of importance requiring his presence would probably detain him from duty for an hour or more; that there were sixty-four barrels of whiskey in the warehouse, not a barrel of which must be removed during his absence or the worst consequences would follow; that the shallow trick of yesterday must not be repeated, for money thus expended would only return to plague him; and, getting sentimental, again reminded him of his interesting family, and the effects of his conduct upon it.

Samuels dismissed the homilist with a contemptuous remark about "preaching," which strengthened Brown's spinal cord wonderfully, and cured him of his incipient sentimentalism. Heedless of the warning given by Brown, in what may, by some, be regarded as a fit of indiscretion, immediately after his departure the trucks were ordered up and loaded; in fact, the homily seemed to have whetted Samuels'

appetite, for on this occasion *three* trucks were loaded, each truck holding fifteen barrels, and all moved quickly away. In less than half an hour from Brown's departure from the distillery, the removal of the whiskey was announced at the Collector's office; then, accompanied by that officer and the U. S. Marshal, he returned there, to find Mack busy drawing off whiskey from the cisterns into barrels, and Samuels, with sleeves rolled up, assisting—an unusual circumstance for him, but done, in this instance, probably, to gain time in making up the required number of barrels for the day's production.

"Mr. Samuels, you are acquainted with Collector Hall; but this gentleman is United States Marshal Bennet," said Brown.

"How d'ye do. Pleased at the acquaintance," stammered Samuels, strongly suspecting something; and, blanching a little, he proffered his hand to the Marshal, who, grasping it unnecessarily hard, responded:

"Are you? You don't look pleased; you are my prisoner."

Samuels at once recovered his self-possession, and rather impudently asked:

"Upon what charge am I arrested?"

"Removing distilled spirits without payment of tax, the warrant reads," said the Marshal.

"And who dare be my accuser?" excitedly demanded Samuels.

"I dare," quietly responded Brown.

"You? You? You thief! Take my money, and then betray me?"

"Listen, gentlemen," said the imperturbable Brown. "You are my witnesses. I took *his* money! The only money taken was that found by me yesterday upon the heads of a number of barrels, the existence of which he *then* was profoundly ignorant; but *now* it is *his* money. Oblige me, gentlemen, by coming up stairs, and bring your prisoner along."

Brown, leading the way, the quartet went to the fourth floor of the distillery; there he requested Collector Hall to search the coil of copper, which he did, bringing forth a roll of ten-dollar notes.

"If that be the money found on the barrels and secreted by me for its present use, each bill has a letter B marked in the figure 10, in the right upper corner."

The Collector examined the bills, finding each one marked as indicated, and intimated that for the present he would act as custodian of that as well as of other personal property. Samuels interrupted by an effort to say something. A noise occurring in the street, the party advanced to the window overlooking the same, and saw a truck loaded with

whiskey being hauled up to the warehouse door. The horses were in a heated condition, and already Mack had climbed into the driver's seat, and was in hurried, earnest conversation with him. Brown, taking the situation in at a glance, ran down stairs and saw the truck moving off at a rattling pace, Mack remaining by the side of the driver directing his movements. Brown gave chase to the fugitives, and succeeded in stopping their flight after a run of several squares. But the victory was not to be bloodless, for on the instant Brown grabbed the lines, he received three or four savage cuts across the face from the whip in the hands of the driver. Bewildered by the blows, and blinded by blood, he could do nothing but hold on, which he resolutely did; and when his wits returned, they found him master of the situation, both Mack and the driver having disappeared. An examination of the barrels on the truck, when both were brought back to the distillery, revealed the boldness with which the fraud was conducted, for not a Government inspection mark was found on any of the packages.

Mr. Samuels was taken before a U. S. Commissioner, and from thence to jail in default of heavy bail. Brown was installed manager of the distillery, to run off the mash, wort, or beer remaining, in which capacity the instructions of old Stevens served him well.



The secret of the truck returning, and which was subsequently captured, was known when the reports of the deputy collectors came in. It appears that two loads were taken to Z. Q. Fish, but by a misunderstanding the place was entered and seized on the delivery of the first load, a fact which the driver of the second truck was not slow in discovering, and with commendable zeal he sought to save the contraband property by flight. Driving in haste to the establishment of Rable & Co., a workman stationed near by informed him of that establishment also being in the custody of the Government. His last refuge was in a return to the distillery; how that resulted the reader is already informed.

Samuels, after remaining in jail a week, was released on bail, and was allowed, after paying all assessments found against him on account of his stealings, to compromise his case with the Government upon the payment of fifty thousand dollars.

Fish, and Rable & Co., receivers of the stolen whiskey, were unwisely let off on the payment, each, of thirty thousand dollars. Brown, by direction of the Commissioner, was allowed to retain the three hundred and sixty dollars found on the heads of the barrels. And let it not be said that Republics are ungrateful, for he was promoted to the rank of a Special Agent of the Treasury Department.

A year or two after the events just narrated, Samuels, meeting Brown "out west," informed him that his counsel played him a scurvy trick in the case, by taking from him five thousand dollars to "see" the Collector, and when the Collector refused to "be seen," coolly pocketed the entire amount, pretending the Collector had been "seen," and then charging, and obtaining, for legal services in "seeing" the Collector, an additional sum of two thousand dollars.





## A WHISKEY RING.



TAKE it for granted, dear reader, that you don't know Joe Leek. And yet he has cousins numerous; and the family resemblance is so close, it will not at all surprise me if you are acquainted with one or more of them.

My Joe lives at Johnsonville; he is fat, oily, unctuous. No work, good living, and an easy conscience have proved excellent tonics in his case, if appearances count anything.

It is of no importance to you or me that Joe had little or no boyhood. Brought up on the curbstone, his mind early turned from children's to men's pursuits; so that, while yet in his teens, he was alternately door-keeper and roper-in for a gambling hell in a fashionable quarter of that staid village. Being of genteel address, affable and insinuating manners and accommodating disposition—who was so well fitted to show people from the country the sights of his native place?



He was always on hand to welcome a stranger and—to take him in. Doubtless many a time he could have received compensation for these disinterested services, but he scorned such selfishness; and if occasionally he allowed himself to seek and receive a temporary loan at the hands of his newly-found acquaintances, his modesty—or something else—would induce him to hie away to solitude for a brief period of time, followed by the sincere regrets, and sometimes, I fear, the maledictions, of the lender.

A busy mind had Joe; ever planning some new enterprise—Micawber waited for something to turn up. Joe was always turning up something. Oil was struck; a splendid thing; company formed; Joe sought admission; company full; stock all taken.

Joe made tracks for West Virginia; bought from a son of Africa an acre of swamp land; gave him five dollars to dig a hole, two dollars more for nailing together a few pieces of plank and calling it a derrick; scratched gravel for house; formed the "Bubbling Spring Oil Company;" issued one thousand shares of stock, par value \$50 each; pocketed the first instalment of \$5 per share, and didn't lose a dollar by the operation.

As a lobbyist in the legislative halls of his State he was a success. At his instance, and in a spirit of accomodation, a country member of little judg-

ment would introduce a bill discriminating unjustly against certain industrial pursuits. Joe, fuming with indignation, would move among the men of that craft a self-constituted agent, levying upon them liberal contributions of cash to defeat "the villains whose hands were at the throats of all business enterprises," Joe being the only villain in the farce; and the cash safely in Joe's pocket, the defeat of such a bill was not difficult of accomplishment.

But Joe's "best holt" was whiskey. Not that he drank it; no, indeed; that was the drink of fools. Neither was he at all averse to others drinking it, as some might suppose; in fact, success in his operations depended so much upon people being fools, he rather preferred that they should drink it than otherwise.

Whiskey in its manufacture was subject to a heavy tax, and human nature was weak; and then—well, people became forgetful, and the whiskey would be taken from the distillery sometimes before the tax was paid. Then came trouble; and it was good to have a friend at Court who could help you out of a scrape, you know.

Joe was ever that friend. Had he not said to the President, with whom he was on the most familiar terms: "Andy, you must really tell Ed. Rollins to let up on Smith, or I shall have to cut your acquaint-

tance ; 'pon honor, I shall ?" And was it not done ? Of course, with such influence at his back, and so many weak men in trouble, it took both hands to reach out after the fees that were offered, and his pants, vest and coat pockets failed to be capacious enough to receive them.

But Joe was a philosopher, and thus he reasoned : " Money is the great want of the age ; for it distillers steal ; for it officers detect them, and give much trouble ; for it I negotiate with our revered Uncle of the suffix Samuel, to relieve them of their trouble. But that old curmudgeon wants everything, even to the cuticle and capillary covering. Now folks don't like trouble ; even I have an aversion for it ; there is too much of it around to render the air salubrious. It is the duty of man to help lift this load from the shoulders of his fellow, and I propose to undertake that task. I see where the balances of trade in this whiskey business may be so adjusted that each party in interest can have his fair share without the annoyance and useless waste of cash consequent upon the interference of our cormorant relative."

So, adopting the policy which gave such success in his lobbying schemes, he visited each of the distillers of Johnsonville, unfolded the details of his plan, and met with such marked encouragement that he

was induced to rent rooms and furnish them elegantly, for the use of the "Distiller's Preventive Association." Suspicious and low people would call this combination "A WHISKEY RING."

As already hinted at, its real object was to attain to unity of purpose and action in the commission of fraud. Ostensibly the union proposed was for protection—protection against whom? Surely not corrupt officials or other blackmailers, for the U. S. Courts afforded all needed relief on that score; or, not caring to trouble courts, swifter judgment was meted out to such people by the hands in the distillery at the bidding of their employers. It was purely and simply a union for stealing—scientific stealing, if you please. Just as an engineer, planning for the capture of an enemy's fort, will cut his parallels and ditches, form his scarps and counter-scarps, dig his mines, and mount his guns, demolishing the outerworks one by one, until finally the fort succumbs, so Joe, now aided by able and cunning coadjutors, laid his plans and formed his alliances for the capture of the tax legally due the United States on the whiskey distilled in Johnsonville.

That there might be no mistake as to the capacity of each distillery for the production of whiskey, a "Committee on Surveys" was appointed, composed of those expert in the science of distillation, who,



disregarding Government surveys, estimated the productive capacity on a basis equal to treble that under which the Government tax was collected. Upon the difference between the United States and the ring surveys a contribution of one dollar was levied on every bushel of grain distilled into whiskey for purposes more fully developed hereafter.

Among other important committees appointed was one upon "the rake." The business of this committee was to ascertain who were entitled to a share in the plunder thus wrung from the distillers, to initiate when found necessary new members into the grand order of "rakers," and to decide their market value, and pay it. The two latter points were kept profoundly secret, unless the "raker" became intractable, which seldom occurred. In such case each member of the ring was apprised of his value, the better to keep him in proper check.

To say that Joe was "a whole team and a spotted dog under the wagon" in this committee is faint praise. He was indefatigable, ubiquitous; he was in fact *the* committee. His list of official rakers showed that his seductive arts were plied in the most successful way. There was too much success, some of the knowing ones suggested, who saw their "divvy" in prospective growing beautifully small. The ban of secrecy being on the committee, all explanations



were out of the question; the list was heavy, and contained names of men never known as "rakers," and their value as estimated by Joe bid fair to swamp the "preventive fund." But then it was admitted he knew what was necessary to success. And in this matter, as in some others, there is nothing more successful than success.

The next important committee was that on "the goose." In those days two ways were known of removing hindrances to the success of a whiskey thief or his abettors: first, by "the rake," a favorite implement already described, and one that usually cleared the track pretty thoroughly; second, by "the goose." Why this silly fowl should symbolise all forms of brutality is not explained. When the committee on "the rake" failed to bring an officer to terms, he was reported, and eventually handed over to the tender mercies of the committee on "the goose." The members composing the latter committee were usually bruisers themselves, and associates of a class who prided themselves on their muscle. Though Joe was not on this committee—earnestly objecting to the honor of being its chairman—yet he favored it with his views frequently, and many an unfortunate fellow was subsequently indebted to his suggestion for an extraordinary sized head put there in honor of refusing "the rake."

It may be said, as a rule, the committee delegated its work to second parties, preferring to "double-bank" a poor fellow rather than take any chance of a "back cap" themselves from their intended victim. It was seldom that one or both of these combined influences failed of their object.

The "surety committee" of the ring claims more than a passing notice. By the act of July 13th, 1866, the distiller was required to give a distiller's bond with two sureties guaranteeing a faithful fulfilment of all the requirements of the law regulating the distillation of spirits; also a warehouse bond, with two sureties, covering the tax on all spirits warehoused by him. These sureties were to own real estate at least to the full amount of their responsibility on the bond, and the bond to be executed before, and approved by, the Collector.

This committee ascertained the names, antecedents, and whereabouts of all absent, obscure yet eligible property holders in Johnsonville, having their deeds in the safe of Fuzbuz & Co., conveyancers, so that when distillers' or warehouse bonds were to be given, Dinks, the factotum, for a five dollar bill would, without the knowledge of the firm, loan the deeds of John Smith for a few days, giving at the same time a history in brief of the man and the property. Another John Smith was found, who

being schooled for a short time in the back office of the legal pettifogger to the ring, went forth with story and deeds before the Collector, who listened, catechised and examined, frequently with an honest desire to do his whole duty to the Government; yet the deception was so complete at times that a legal investigation could alone expose it. A scheme also much in vogue with this same committee was to negotiate for the purchase of certain property, and under pretence of searching title, obtain the deeds, pending which a bond would be signed by some one personating the party owning the documents.

Lest it may be thought a thing improbable in such a village, I remark that Johnsonville has a heterogeneous scattered population, coming and going continually. A man there seldom is acquainted with his neighbor; and only the obscure men of the town were personated. It is not strongly putting the case to say, that by these and similar tricks practised in relation to bonds required under this same Act, the U. S. Government lost millions of its revenue.

On another point the Distillers Preventive Association needed protection, namely, the prying inquisitorial visits of any assessor who might be stubborn enough to take his chances of "the goose;" for this same Act gave him power to send for and

examine books, papers, and persons in case of fraud or evasion. To meet that question a committee of one was named—need the reader be told it was Joe? In due time he reported arrangements made with certain parties, who were to enter at once into the flour and feed business, agreeing to deliver grain to each distiller at his place of business in such quantities as the Government survey called for, and enter the same on their books to the debit of the respective distillers. All other demands for grain would be *cash* transactions, sold to John Waterman, who kept no books, and hauled the grain by his own teams, having drivers of bad memories, *so that quantity, time, place, and person, passed from recollection* as soon as the cash passed between them.

Under such bright auspices was the crowning act of Joe's meritorious life flung out upon whiskeydom in Johnsonville, and Joe celebrated the event by treating himself to a suit of jewelry of huge proportions.





## DAVIDS' DISTILLERY.



T was so much easier to tell who were not *bonâ fide* distillers than who were, that to see a man's name paraded in a conspicuous place on a distillery as the distiller, was a certain sign that he was nothing of the sort, but some simple nobody who, in screening the real parties, was willing to take his chances of getting into the penitentiary for the sake of a small weekly stipend, and who cared but little, and knew less, about distilling. Take, for example, the Davids' Distillery in the heart of Johnsonville. Enoch Davids was ostensibly proprietor; but Enoch was a sot, and for little more than would pay for repairing his boots (his character was past repairing), he consented to be the drudge and the proprietor of that large establishment; at first swearing to every return made to the Government, but afterwards by the kindly advice of Joe he affirmed, believing (if such a muddled brain could entertain a belief) to affirm a lie was not quite so bad as swearing to one.



Who the real proprietors were did not appear; one would suppose from the interest taken in its affairs by the magnates of the Distillers Preventive Association that it was a ring enterprise. To the uninitiated it would be rated as an honest, well conducted distillery, methodical in all its operations and arrangements; the Excise officers were night and day in charge of the premises, and several times during each week other Government officers paid official visits, always meeting there, however, some ring representative, who seemed to know the precise hour at which these visits would be made, and who was prepared to entertain the visitors with wine and cigars.

The whiskey manufactured at this establishment was transferred before sale from the distillery bonded warehouse to a general bonded warehouse, and there stored under provisions of the Act of July, 1866, which allowed such removal, subject to regulations, by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. The regulations provided for a bond with approved sureties; after which a permit for removal was issued by the Collector, stating the time of said removal, together with the number of packages and their serial numbers, and designating the warehouse to which they were to be removed.

The backers of Enoch, whoever they were, seemed

to have an extensive capital, or its equivalent, for of all the whiskey they made and stored in the general bonded warehouse, not a barrel was as yet withdrawn on payment of tax.

Fine whiskeys to remain in bond was evidence of the business tact of the owner, for they were improving all the time, and at a nominal expense to him; but for common whiskey or "high wines," to which age imparted no quality of goodness, no such reason could be advanced; and being made at a cost of thirty cents a gallon, with two dollars per gallons tax added, while market quotations were "high wines, ninety-four cents for contraband, with a downward tendency," it was plain that to make and sell the legitimate article at such a time would involve a loss of one hundred and thirty-six cents on each gallon; and as Davids' Distillery was surveyed by Government at a producing capacity of six hundred gallons per day, the loss would be absolutely enormous—say over \$20,000 per month. So, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, it was presumed that the Davids' Distillery was bonding all the whiskey they made for a prospective rise in the market, which prospect was both distant and of a decidedly bluish tint.

Singular as it may appear, considering the state of the market, everything went along lovely. Enoch

was drunk every day; Joe, roseate in smiles, was dodging in and out, frequently dispensing his cigars, counselling everybody, especially the clerk Woodson, who was really the only busy man in the establishment.

It was three months of serenity in the life of the Distillers Preventive Association, and of the distilleries within their mysterious influence, when the magic circle was invaded by a stranger, who suddenly appeared at Davids' one bright morning as Woodson was supervising the loading of a truck with whiskey for transportation to the general bonded warehouse as usual. The new-comer, approaching close to the truck where Stokes the Inspector and Woodson were standing, introduced himself as an Internal Revenue officer. He was a quiet, staid-looking old fellow, not at all imposing in appearance, and would pass very well for a superannuated merchant. He said his name was Jones. Stokes invited him into the office, whither he went with slight reluctance. When there, he was asked to take a seat, which he declined. Stokes, with a circumlocutory preface, demanded his credentials; Jones fumbled among his papers to find the document; and, hearing the sound of wheels while in the act of opening the parchment, he rushed out from the office as the truck was leaving the distillery

premises. Halting the team, he required of Woodson the destination of the whiskey, which information was withheld until Mr. Jones had proved himself a Government officer. The parchment was for a second time produced, and its contents read by Woodson, who refused to recognize its binding force in consequence of its age,—changes occurring frequently, Mr. Jones may have been dismissed from the service. It was therefore absolutely necessary he should be identified. Mr. Jones pleaded he was a stranger in Johnsonville. Mr. Woodson supposed so, and regretted the fact very much; but he must please leave the premises until vouched for as being the proper person.

He did so, and fifteen minutes later might have been seen in a baker's wagon, following, at a convenient distance, a truck loaded with whiskey, which was delivered at the general bonded warehouse of Headly & Co., a new firm in the liquor business, the upper part of whose building had been bonded to the United States for the storage of spirits, and the lower or first floor and basement used for the compounding and sale of distilled liquors.

That evening the Distillers Preventive Association convened, and instructed the committee on "the rake," to learn who this stranger was, and his value. But it was easier, in this instance, to instruct than to

obey instructions; for though the Distillers Preventive Association formed themselves into a committee of the whole, and searched the village, they failed to find Jones. A baker was found to whom a man answering the description of Jones gave a dollar for a short ride, but the man was *non est*.

There was worry in whiskey circles. Had it not been for that fellow, Woodson, the stranger could have been appraised; but now!—what next? Who is he—where is he?

The excitement had continued not more than two weeks, and had nearly passed off, when a ridiculous story was started by Dabney, a distiller on the outskirts of the village, of a stillman employed by him as a night hand about two weeks previously, and who, during his stay, had shown himself an expert, industrious man; rather inquisitive, however; but who had left his employment quite unceremoniously; and Mr. Dabney was sure now, since he had had time to ponder upon it, that his missing man and Jones were one and the same person. And still further to increase the feeling of distrust and insecurity, Mrs. McCoon, who kept a boarding house next door to Garson's Distillery, hearing Dabney's story, declared that his description of the person tallied exactly with that of a man who had boarded with her for nearly three weeks, and who



had spent his days in sleeping, as she supposed, in a room whose window overlooked Garson's premises ; but her boarder had paid his bill and departed for parts unknown.

Meanwhile Joe and the Distillers Preventive Association had not been idle ; they had learned from headquarters, through favored channels, that Jones was an agent of the Government ; and, though not considered superlatively smart, he could not be picked up as a " flat."

All further speculation was set at rest when, nearly three weeks after his first visit, Jones reappeared at Davids' just in the nick of time to again halt the team with its load of whiskey at the gate of the distillery. Woodson hastened to apologize for his former conduct, even before Jones had time to thrust under his eye a letter from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, certifying to the fact of his being in Government employ. Quietly ignoring the now obsequious clerk, Jones demanded to see the Collector's permit, under which alone the whiskey could be removed in bond. Woodson produced a paper designated a bond, which he said he was about to take to the Collector's office, and at the same time obtain the necessary permit. This paper set forth that Messrs. B. & C. held themselves jointly and severally bound, etc., and gave the serial numbers of the

packages to be removed, and the date on which the intended removal would occur. A close inspection of the bond revealed alterations in date and in the serial numbers of the barrels, and the worn appearance of the paper showed hard service and not unfrequent changes.

The fraud was adroitly concocted, but carelessly worked out. This had been their plan. A transportation bond was prepared for twelve barrels of whiskey, serial numbers from 1 to 12; this the clerk kept in his pocket, instead of delivering it to the Collector and obtaining the necessary permit for the removal of the twelve barrels. Following the truck at a safe distance, he would watch the delivery of the whiskey—not in the general bonded warehouse, but *in the liquor store* under the same roof with the bonded warehouse, where it was swiftly metamorphosed, so that its identity might be rendered impossible. Lest some curious eye should penetrate to the interior of this receptacle of fraud before the whiskey was disposed of, a miserable tool of the ring, bearing United States authority, was on hand to claim that he had the case under investigation, such examinations resulting usually in releasing the whiskey. Thus a second, third, even to a sixth load having the same serial numbers—from 1 to 12—would be taken and disposed of before the Collector

could see the bond and issue his permit, under which one load would go to the same building and be placed to the credit of the United States. The same process was repeated with all subsequent serial numbers, so long as the operation was not interfered with by any officious Jones. In the latter event, however, the clerk, observing an interruption of that kind while following the truck, would hasten to the Collector's office, deposit the bond, obtain the permit, and await the demand for its production at the office of the distillery, and it was always on hand.

In the present instance, Woodson had taken an old bond as a temporary expedient, the sureties being absent; and altering dates and numbers, had furnished a clue to the fraud Jones may not have otherwise obtained. Backing the team into the yard, and closing the gate, he drew a whistle from his pocket, and piping a shrill blast, brought over the distillery wall from different points two young fellows, who took charge of the office and team, permitting no disturbance of either.

The twelve barrels on the truck bore serial numbers from 145 to 156; and when Jones, accompanied by Stokes, went into the spirit room of the distillery, he found there three other sets of the same serial numbers—showing an intention to steal thirty-six

barrels of the forty-eight, if not the entire number. Stokes, with bold effrontery, claimed the marking of the barrels was merely a mistake of his, how made he did not explain. The mistake cost him his situation, and came near putting him in the penitentiary; for he, Woodson and Davids were subsequently arrested on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the United States of its revenue, and were held for trial by a U. S. Commissioner; but, strange to say, the commitment was lost on its way to the office of the clerk of the court, consequently the U. S. Attorney had no official notice of the criminal part of the case, and no indictment was ever found against them.

Clearing the distillery premises of all persons except his two aids, after securing the personal property beyond a peradventure of recapture, Jones entered the office of the distillery, and made a thorough examination of all papers and books, laying aside for removal such as could possibly be of any value in Court. The most remarkable part of his performance was to take the basket into which the waste paper had been thrown, empty its contents on the desk, and at once enter upon the difficult task of selecting and arranging the minute portions into which they had been torn, and so placing them as to be able to discover plainly the original contents of each document.

Hour after hour Jones worked without saying a word, with a patient perseverance that was truly admirable. It was long after dark when he rose from his self-imposed labor, and, after rolling up several patched documents culled from the mass of fragments, and placing them in an inner pocket of his vest, bade his aids "good night," admonishing them to keep a bright look-out for the "night hawks."

The better to conceal his whereabouts, so as to avoid making acquaintance with the many clever, social *good* fellows abounding in the distilling business, Jones had found shelter at a farmers' hotel on the outskirts of the village, known as the "Red Lion." Thither he hastened; and ordering a fire in his room, he betook himself there after supper. The door of his room was without bolt or catch, only a mortise lock of the commonest kind kept out intruders who had the politeness not to use nippers, but with them at hand, and a disposition to enter, the room was easy of access. Jones, putting on his slippers, and taking a mild Partaga between his teeth, to which he applied a lighted match, sat down to the perusal of his literature of the waste basket. Some of it was of an epistolary character, and related to distillery matters entirely; one note signed "Stephen" informed Woodson that the mysterious fellow



Jones was not alone, but had ten or twelve other fellows working with him, all sent from Washington at the instance of some traitor to the Distillers Preventive Association, that a visit was intended by some of them to the Davids' Distillery on the 6th (this was the 9th), and he must be sure to have things in apple-pie order, especially must he see that the bonded account was right.

Another note warned Woodson that things were getting hot; the writer was afraid something was going to "drap;" begged of him to run off all the beer into whiskey; and after making the bonded account good to send balance to store, and then stop for a while. This note was signed "H.," which doubtless meant Headley.

The third letter was the most interesting. It was in the handwriting of Woodson, but not signed, and seemed to be the original draft of a report, embracing the notable events occurring since last writing to his employer. It set forth that "the ugly mug of that old fellow Jones has not been seen since he got that wet blanket at my hands; but Stephen has written me a queer note about this same raw head and bloody bones—Jones has an army of spies—Jones was going to play the very—with everything and every body—Jones was coming on the 6th by way of reconnoitring, I suppose, and after that the

'gobble' I inferred was to occur. Your note received by the same mail as Stevens', in which you talk of stopping for a while, was of the same bug-a-boo order. I prepared for visitors, got things in apple-pie order; the 6th, the 7th, and now the 8th has come and gone, but no Jones yet. I shall have everything run dry by the 10th, and shall then close for a time as per order. You will perceive by accompanying balance sheet that our run of spirit has been immense for the last month; out of 46,000 gallons manufactured we have placed in bond 15,000, leaving us, as you will see, a good working margin of 31,000 gallons. It seems to me you should put the screws on that Government beat Whalen; not content with getting his dollar per barrel for covering the whiskey to your place, he demands the same amount for goods going elsewhere that he don't cover. Henniper was here to-day; he is the new man, seems a clever fellow: I guess he is poor, but he does love whiskey. Of course I treated him to the best, and he wearied me by staying and sucking it so long—was glad when he left. I understood you to say his rake was 25 dollars per week. He didn't say anything about it. I shall see him at his home to-night. He is too poor to resist long."

A draft of the balance sheet referred to was also among the papers, in which was succinctly given

the cash realised from the sale of the whiskey stolen ; and on the disbursement side of the account, in cabalistic figures, the various " divvies " made on account of protection, and the respective amounts.

It was late, and the fire was well nigh out before Jones had deciphered these and other papers taken from the basket. He disrobed and betook himself to rest, and was soon asleep. His sleep was always of that character described as being " with one eye open." It was refreshing, but light. For an hour or more he may have slept, when his slumbers were disturbed by the key being turned in the lock on the door of his room. Slipping quietly out of bed, he put his ear to the key-hole, and was positive he heard some one moving from the door, and down stairs, in stocking feet. His first impulse was to follow ; but he remembered he had no weapon. He was not yet certain the key had been turned in his door. He struck a match, examined the lock. Yes ; the key had been turned—the door was unlocked.

That was a move preliminary to something else. The thief, whoever he was, would return. Jones jumped into his nether garments, and concluded to see it out. But how about weapons ? The intended robber was doubtless armed. Is it possible to pinion him from behind as he came into the room ?

It is possible, thought Jones, snatching a blanket from the bed, and taking a position behind the door, holding the blanket by two corners.

All through the house silence reigned, broken occasionally by the snoring or coughing of some of the boarders. Twelve o'clock struck; all quiet; the distant shriek of a locomotive told of the 12.30 train nearing the depot. Jones' heart palpitated a little, for he heard some one, with muffled tread, approach. The handle of the lock turned. Jones pressed closer to the corner, and, as he did so, elevated the dark blanket above his head, ready for his prey. The door swung slowly, very slowly, open. Presently the dark outline of a head was visible, and a left hand grasped the door by its edge, as though to preserve a perpendicular. Then came the shoulders; then the hand loosed its hold, and the whole outline of the man was distinctly seen. He was fairly in the room, and stealthily gliding toward the bed. Down came the blanket, completely enveloping the villain; and before he had time to think he was pinioned fast.

The victory was not to be so easy, however; for by a dexterous move of the robber's legs Jones was knocked off his pins, and both rolled upon the floor. The thief kicked and struggled and choked under the blanket. Jones held firm, and roared out all



manner of alarming sounds. Doors were unlocked ; lights flashed ; and gentlemen, and men not gentle, came from their rooms *en deshabelle*, wanting to know what it all meant.

Jones was too busy to explain, for he had felt the sharp point of a knife in his antagonist's hands, and knew that all his frantic efforts were made with a view of inserting it in his opponent's abdomen. The robber's head being, so to speak, in a bag, it was no use expecting him to respond. But there was enough in the pantomime to convince the guests, so unceremoniously disturbed, that the blanketed fellow was the one to be secured ; so several of the boldest laid strong hands upon him, releasing Jones from his really perilous position ; for on carefully removing the blanket, in the hands of the intruder was discovered a shoemaker's knife, whetted to a fine edge. Jones received a slight puncture in the leg, but the blanket was badly slashed.

Two of the guests took the would-be assassin to the lock-up. Jones followed, and preferred a charge of attempt to murder against him ; but the miserable place in which the prisoner was held was so insecure that he regained his liberty before daylight. It was never known who the rascal was, or his motive for the attack. Robbery, no doubt, was intended, and murder, if resisted.



No defence was made against the cause of seizure, and the personal property of the Davids' Distillery was condemned and sold by the Government. Davids quit drinking, and was donated by the County a farm, six feet by two, and four feet deep. Nothing can now tempt him from his quiet retreat.





## HOW DABNEY DID IT.

**D**ABNEY heard the news of the seizure of the Davids' Distillery with a spice of satisfaction he did well to conceal. He could not, however, help expressing a contempt for those who while stealing were not smart enough to hide their plunder. He was irate with that sneak Jones, for playing so mean a trick upon him, and thought the ammunition he had expended as altogether out of proportion to the size of the game. Dabney was both a distiller and a compounder of spirits. His brand was a popular one, principally because it was cheap; the wonder of the trade was that he sold so cheap. He boasted of his honesty, which none questioned; he invited investigation; the invitation remained up to our writing unaccepted, or if attempted at all, it was more in a spirit of compliment to Dabney, than with the expectation of discovering irregularities.

The compounding house of Dabney stood on the same square with the distillery, but so far and en-

tirely separated from it as to disarm all suspicion of connection between the two, except by the ordinary method of travel on the paved street. Yet Dabney was uneasy. He wanted an officer to visit him, and he should be afforded all proper facilities for examination of the premises and manner in which business was conducted. He paced the office for a time, then went into the distillery to Perkins, the foreman, a man who was the equal of his employer in self-conceit, envy, and all low passions of poor human nature; having attained his present position by truckling, he held it against the claims of better and abler workmen.

Going to such a man, it was only necessary for Dabney to utter a suspicion, to readily find the confirmation. This he did, and it was against Fred, a clever, social German, of recent importation, who, in his native country, had been well educated in the science of distillation and the labor of a distillery. The knowledge and abilities of Fred had for some time excited the jealousy of Perkins, but against all his Argus-eyed watching and desire to find occasion for his discharge, the industry and good conduct of Fred was proof. But that which envy failed to discover in fact, a wicked heart conceived and a disordered mind wrought into shape; so that the good offices of Fred toward the missing man known as Mark,

and who Dabney was now sure was Jones—by showing him the easiest and most expeditious way of performing his labors—was construed by the suspicious Dabney as evidence that Fred had communicated facts to Mark which were before known only to himself and Perkins.

The latter required but little time and no argument to be convinced that Dabney was right; and as Fred moved busily about, testing the gravity of the beer in the fermenters, or the proof of the spirit running from the still, and humming snatches of some song of "faderland," the two men standing there passed sentence upon the unoffending German. The committee on "the goose" were notified of a traitor being in the camp.

At the close of the day's labor, and long after the sun had gone down, Perkins informed Fred that he was wanted in the office. Thither he repaired, and found Dabney with an envelope in his hands, which he passed to the astonished workman, with the remark that he had been a good fellow and was sorry to part with him, but he had to make a place for a friend. The poor fellow, in his broken speech, tried to get the decision reversed by appeals that might have touched any but a Dabney heart—his wife and little ones, in a strange country, without friends, his faithful service—though brief, were all of no avail.

Taking the envelope he left the distillery with a sad heart. Wending his way toward home, darkness without, gloom within, oblivious to everything save his own sudden overwhelming trouble, he saw not the dark forms of men as they flitted into an adjoining alley to allow him to pass, nor heard their swift noiseless tread pursuing him when past. Thud, thud! A shriek, a fall! Jump, jump! Kick, kick, by three pair of heavy boots! A few groans, and the insensible body of poor Fred rolled into the gutter.

The work cut out by Dabney was not half accomplished so long as Jones remained unscathed. And strangely enough it happened that all efforts to identify Jones as Mark or the name Mark Jones as belonging to one man, proved abortive. Equally impotent thought Dabney were the labors of "the goose" committee to place Mr. Jones where he could take more of that water fowl than he desired, or than would be found digestible. He seemed allied to that historical insect said to be the property of the gentleman of Celtic origin, whose movements were marked by agility and uncertainty. One fact well settled was, that on the first official visit paid by Jones to the Dabney Distillery three gentlemen would be in waiting to receive and administer to him a large dose of the two-legged animal.



All unconscious of the distinguished honor that awaited him, Jones sat in his room at a private boarding house, reading the *Johnsonville Press* of December 24, when his eye rested on the following item :

"A PROBABLE MURDER.—Last night, about eight o'clock, a German named Frederick Lauer was found on Front near Cross Street, in an insensible condition, by a fellow workman named Perkins, who providentially happened to be passing along that unfrequented thoroughfare. We say providentially, for two reasons: first, the night was one of the severest of the season thus far, and the man lying there would have died before morning from the effects of the cold; secondly, knowing the man, he was enabled to have the sufferer conveyed to his family, residing in scantily furnished apartments at 49 South George Street. Medical aid was summoned, and an examination made, discovering a severe fracture of the skull, the right forearm broken, and contused wounds in various parts of the body. As portions of the bone were pressing on the brain, trepanning was resorted to; and, though the patient is still insensible, it is hoped he may recover consciousness and eventually his life be saved. He was a workman in the distillery of our fellow townsman J. Dabney, Esq., and was returning from his labor to his home when the brutal attack was made upon him. He is represented to be a peaceful, inoffensive man, and was not known to have an enemy in the world."

Jones read the news with much concern, and pondered over it, and smoked as he pondered. "Perkins," he soliloquized, "discovered him. Remarkable—or, as the editor says, 'providential'—that Perkins was near by; first, because he could regulate the thing so as to stop a little short of murder; secondly, he could have taken a hand in case of accident, so the job should not fail. Rather guess

the victim's enemy was his own tongue. No objection to a man knowing, if he keep his mouth closed. Ah, Fred, I fear you have been indiscreet;—49 South George Street.”

It was past nine by the clock that night when a man groped his way up the stairs to the third floor of a frame building known as 49 South George Street. He knocked gently at a door, which was immediately opened by a plainly dressed, motherly-looking woman, with a type of countenance clearly indicating the good stock from which she sprang. As the light shone out from the room upon the visitor it revealed our old friend Jones.

“Mrs. Lauer?” queried Jones.

“Yes.”

“I come as a friend in your affliction,” he said, in a voice of much tenderness.

“Friend! We no friends,” she sadly responded; then added, “Come in.”

He stepped lightly into the room, and was at once facing the bed whereon lay the mutilated form of Fred, with head and face bandaged and arm in splints. In a bed at the other end of the room were sleeping three little fellows, huddled so compactly as to appear but one. This was the evening selected by Kris Kringle to annually visit and reward all good children; but it was evident he was not ex-

pected in this home, for no preparations had been made for his reception. The room was without carpet, but the floor was as clean as labor could make it, and the table, with trenchers to match. The covers on the beds were of snowy whiteness. Four chairs and a stove comprised the rest of the furniture.

She motioned him to be seated, but remained standing herself, and with her attention divided between the visitor and her helpless husband, she asked :

“ You know my man ? ”

“ No. I am a stranger in this place, and would help you. What do you need ? ”

“ Mine husband, mine husband ! ” she cried, with energy. “ Oh, mine boys, what you do ? What for we leave our country ? ” And she wept bitterly.

A movement by the patient, and she was at the bedside instantly, exchanging the hot cloths about his head for cold ones ; moistening his fever-parched lips ; or bending over him, seeking some indication of returning reason in his incoherent mutterings.

Returning to her visitor, in reply to a question by Jones as to whether he had so far recovered consciousness as to recognize her, she said :

“ No. He no spraken to me. He no open his eyes. He talk work, work, all the time. Hear, he talk now.”

"You let me stay, I do that all the time," murmured Fred. "In mine country I do not so. Mine frau, mine boys. The shutters are close, and doors fast. I turn water off. Mr. Shentz says ready—mine end ready, too. Mr. Perkins, let him come. Gott im himmel, what I do!" And, throwing his well arm over the pillow, he turned on his side groaning.

Jones proffered assistance in many helpful ways, all of which were thankfully declined. With a request that he might be permitted to call again he passed into the street, thence out to the glare of the main avenue for business in Johnsonville, where the stores exhibited tempting wares to the gay multitude of devotees at the shrine of the good "Christ of the Hearth." Stepping into several of these establishments, he told of what he had seen at No. 49; and the next day, very early, three little hearts and voices sang a welcome to the "Christ Child" amid a bouquet of good things dropped about their pillows as it were from angel fingers.

On the same day a fourth heart in that house was gladdened by the returning consciousness of him who was almost as dead to her; and Mark—the man who Dabney had convinced himself was Jones—turned up unexpectedly. Visiting his family, who lived at a distance, he had been taken suddenly sick,

and remained so for twelve days, unable to communicate the fact to his employer. Even now, at great risk of a relapse, he had come to town to visit his kind friend Fred, having read of his terrible misfortune.

Jones spent a part of his Christmas day in divining the import of Fred's words, in which he was materially assisted by his own observation; for though his boarding house was located three squares away, yet the neighborhood was so sparsely settled that from the rear windows could be seen both the distillery and rectifying house owned by Dabney; and it is not betraying secrets to tell that Jones, having "tumbled" to the Davids' fraud on his first visit, had spent much of his time in endeavors to "get the points" on Dabney. But the closest *surveillance* failed to indicate any excessive removal of whiskey. The receipts of grain coming by canal did not pass under his scrutiny. One point in Fred's utterances gave him a clue,—it was the remark: "The shutters are close." He had seen every day, at about an hour before dark, a man resembling Fred come out of the distillery and close certain shutters, the others remaining unclosed until far into the night, and oftentimes all night. "I turn water off." Who is "Mr. Shentz?" "*My end* ready too." The other end is doubtless where Mr. Shentz will be



found, thought Jones. So postponing all further consideration of business he turned to the enjoyment of his Christmas festivities.

Dabney was not in ecstasies over the probable results of the work of "the goose" committee. He did not like the tools they worked with. Fists and boots could be tolerated, because, as a rule, they broke no bones; but black-jacks were so uncertain in their operations, sometimes they took life, and that jeopardized necks; and for the latter reason he objected to their use.

Christmas morning found him troubled and anxious concerning the fate of Fred; and it was not until Perkins had visited 49 South George Street, learned of the improved condition of their victim, and reported it, that his mind found rest. And now he was the subject of other and mixed feelings; for Perkins, finding Mark there, and learning his story, which was confirmed by his condition and appearance, had induced the latter to accompany him to the distillery for a purpose better known to himself and Dabney than Mark.

Later in the day, when Joe Leek, Woodson and Dabney were discussing recent events in a sample room, Jones passed that way, and Dabney was convinced of his error. Henceforth, until Fred was fully restored to health, the committee on "the rake"

was the almoner of Dabney's bounty to the Lauer family, and not a need was unsupplied.

Jones saw the trio; but apparently unobservant of the fact, passed on, going directly to the first hotel of the place, registered his name, and casting an idle glance around, saw them again at his elbow.

Mr. Woodson introduced Mr. Leek, and Mr. Leek, Mr. Dabney. Mr. Leek tendered cigars. Mr. Jones, having a spare hour, sat down and listened to an oration from that liberal gentleman, the purport of which was that the only things appreciated and honored by the world were money and success. If a man takes position in society, it is never asked how he got there. If he has money, it is not inquired how he obtained it; citing the shoddy aristocracy as having its origin in fraud, and the perpetration of the most cruel impositions on our brave boys in blue; yet these same men now take their places as the real aristocrats of the land, many of them unable to write their names, and not a man in all our broad land to brand them as they deserve. From such premises the conclusions may be inferred: the tenure of office is short, the pay of an officer bears no adequate proportion to the toil and risk. The sun is shining;—make hay. Republics are ungrateful. All are careful for No. 1. Why not you?

On leaving, Mr. Leek presented his card, pressed

Mr. Jones to call at his office, promised better acquaintance with him, and exchanged winks with Dabney and Woodson, which indicated "we have him."

Taking tea at the hotel and settling his bill, Jones sought a room without board in another quarter of the village. It was a pleasant one and reasonably cheap. The former occupant of the room had left it so as to be nearer his employment. The man or his antecedents would have troubled Jones little, but for the fact that on his first night there he found in the drawer of the wash-stand an opened letter with a superscription on the envelope, the name of which excited his curiosity. It was "W. Shentz." The letter was from a married daughter to her father, in response to one of a confidential character from him. The writer of the opened letter regretted, for her departed mother's sake, that her father should lend himself to working such grievous wrong against his Government and the voice of conscience in his own heart; hoping that he would open a way of escape for himself even though it should lead to poverty. It was signed "Ada Ingram." It did not require much trouble to learn in whose employment Shentz was; nor was it a surprise to find that Fred's Mr. Shentz and this man were one, and that he worked in Dabney's rectifying house. So then, thought

Jones, Mr. Shentz is there. Between the family of the landlady and their late lodger there existed an intimacy, and upon his leaving he promised to pay her a friendly visit soon. All this Mrs. Cole, the lady of the house, was kind enough to inform Mr. Jones, who expressed a desire to become acquainted with the gentleman, and she of course was pleased to be able to gratify her new lodger in this respect.

True to his promise Mr. Shentz renewed the friendly relations; faithful to her obligations, Mrs. Cole informed Mr. Jones of his required presence in the parlor, and an evening of real social enjoyment followed. Throwing aside all reserve, the representative of the house of Dabney boasted of the *extraordinary* facilities of "our house," of the unparalleled increase in the business of "our house," of the system governing all the operations of "our house," exciting in the breast of Jones an anxiety to see the great establishment. No sooner was the desire expressed than Mr. Shentz kindly arranged for a visit. The business of the house closing by 3 o'clock, the visitor would necessarily have to be there before that time. True, the employés remained on duty to a much later hour, preparing for the next day's work,—such preparation was, however, of no interest to strangers, Dabney having all doors locked by 3



P. M. ; the hands left after that hour by a private way through the coopers' shop on Charles Street.

Mr. Shentz proved himself to be so clever, so colloquial, Jones did not wonder at the partiality of the Coles for him. At the leave-taking for the night Mr. Shentz's last words were: "Remember, before 3 o'clock."

On the following day, and near the hour of three, Jones might have been seen in his room at the old boarding house overlooking the Dabney establishments, in earnest conversation with two young men, the same who scaled the walls of Davids' Distillery. He seemed to be in no hurry to avail himself of Mr. Shentz's offer. On the contrary, while conversing, he was gazing intently out of the window, as though awaiting some one or something. For an hour the watch had been kept, when Jones descried Dabney come out of his distillery, close certain of the shutters, take a searching glance at the four cardinal points of the compass, and pass again into the building.

Swiftly the three men left the room and gained the door through which Dabney had re-entered, but found it locked. The gates were tried; they, too, were fast. Leaping upon the sills of the office and other windows they found all were fastened, and no one to give admittance. One chance remained; the



transom over the gates was open. Dent and Forbush hoisted Jones, who, grasping the sill, swung himself length on, and rolled through, dropping into the yard below. Quickly passing into the office, he opened the door, admitting his aids, and made for the spirit room. Again an obstacle interposed in the shape of a partition built directly across the still room and reaching from floor to ceiling. This proved a two-edged weapon in the present instance; for though built to obstruct ingress in sudden emergencies, and afford time to fix things, it had also veiled the operations of Jones and his followers from the distillers' view. The partition had a door in it; a lock was on the door, and in the lock a key. The door was locked. Dent took out of his pocket a pair of nippers and unlocked the door. A moment more and Dabney and his foreman stood revealed in the act of drawing whiskey from one of the large cisterns by means of a hose, one end being attached to the faucet of the cistern, the other by the aid of a union joint fastened to an iron pipe, the real use of which was to convey water from the distillery to the rectifying premises, but for fraudulent purposes had been so constructed that the flow of water could be cut off at a given point, a section of the pipe disconnected, hose substituted, and connection made with the spirit cistern, as already shown. It was an

original device, exceedingly ingenious, and had served Dabney so long and well that he should be pardoned if his success had made him a trifle egotistical.

He evidently did not intend to compromise the Inspector by the use of keys in opening the cistern room door, for there it stood swinging to and fro, carrying with it lock, hasp, staple and post. A closer scrutiny showed the post when in position was held by stout bolts at top and bottom, the heads of which were concealed by a movable lintel above, and loose lumber below.

A minute was sufficient to take a diagnosis of the case; and having nothing to explain to the astonished and scared Dabney, Jones, leaving Dent in charge, with orders to shoot the first man interfering (though neither of the three carried a weapon), dashed out for Charles Street, followed by Forbush. The coopers' shop was readily found. Not so the way to the rectifying house; but pressing a cooper's apprentice into the service to deliver a hurried message to Mr. Shentz, Jones followed through a labyrinth of dark passages, emerging finally in the immediate presence of that gentleman, who, with commendable judgment was timing the flow of untaxed spirits with the view of ascertaining the probable quantity in the vat.

"You are very late, sir," said the disconcerted Shentz, recognizing Mrs. Cole's lodger.

"I hope not. It appears I am just in the nick of time," replied Jones.

"I regret your visit at this unseasonable hour, because Mr. Dabney will not approve it."

"Suppose not. Some of your systematic men are very unreasonable if anything happens to interrupt their order of things."

Mr. Shentz stooped down and struck the pipe twice, but the whiskey flowed on.

"Mr. Shentz," said the aggravating Jones, "is that one of your 'extraordinary facilities,'" and going to the pipe, tasted the liquid to assure himself it was whiskey. "Where is the source of this spring?"

Shentz felt in his bones something had broken, and was silent; it was the silence of conscious guilt. Jones perceived it; and putting his hand into a side pocket he drew forth the letter of Ada Ingram found by him at Mrs. Cole's, and handing it to the silent man, said:

"Mr. Shentz, you should be more careful of your correspondence. You have a wise daughter, she a weak, wicked father. 'Find a way of escape, though it should lead to poverty.'"

Forbush was placed in charge of the rectifying house and contents. Jones on going back to the

distillery learned that both Dabney and Perkins had gone away. The absence of the Inspector was accounted for by the fact of having to make his daily reports, and he chose to deliver them in person near the close of office hours. Only the engineer remained, and Dent in charge.

After securing the necessary evidence, relating to the fraud, Jones started for his lodgings; and as it was dark, to avoid accidents arising from mistaken identity, he selected the middle of the street for his path. His foresight was commendable, for he had scarcely gone a square from the distillery before some reckless youth discharged a pistol, the ball from which spoiled Jones's hat. Whoever fired the weapon became alarmed at his own rashness, for he dashed through an alley rapidly; and, to Jones's credit be it said, he being unarmed, imitated the shooter by going with equal velocity in an opposite direction.

It afterward transpired that the specials hired by the committee on "the goose" were engaged in preparations for an annual ball to take place that evening, so that Mr. Jones's little scare was the work of an amateur. Not so, however, the episode that closed that memorable day.

Dent sat watching at the cistern room, the engineer lounged around, keeping an eye on Dent, vary-



ing the monotony by an occasional examination of the pipes, to prevent if possible their freezing.

At 11 o'clock Dabney appeared, flushed and unsteady, his thick tongue and random speech showed he had been "sampling" overmuch. Dent must go out and drink with him. Dent guessed not; he never drank whiskey. He would take a fry then? No. Dabney would bet him five hundred dollars he couldn't eat six oysters in five minutes. No. In ten minutes? No. He would bet a thousand dollars he couldn't go out and count all the lamps on the next square. Dent never bet. Dabney left in a huff, intimating that some folks would be sorry they never bet with their betters.

At 1 o'clock the ball was over, and the peaceful slumbers of respectable people were disturbed by the rude chorals of the gay ballers and their lady companions as they journeyed homeward—or to other, and less harmless enjoyments.

Of course the specials had been advised of all Dabney's trouble; and those gentle creatures, with a few of their friends who were spoiling for a frolic, visited Dent, Kuklux fashion, masked and armed, seized, and carrying him to a canal near the distillery, endeavored to extort a promise from him that he would at once leave for parts unknown. He refused so to pledge himself. The ice was broken,



and Dent was treated to a bath. Sputtering and choking they drew him from the water, placed him on his feet, and repeated the demand. Recovering his breath Dent again refused. A second bath was administered, the duration of which came near proving fatal to the resolute fellow, who when drawn out was nearly insensible. Remembering the recent case of Fred, they prudently refrained from further experiments of the kind; and liberating the half frozen man, he was ordered to make tracks for home, and to facilitate his movements, promised after giving him three minutes' start, to chase and shoot him on sight if overtaken. It is proper to say, he was not overtaken.

Forbush made a gallant fight; with no allies of theirs inside, he had the enemy at a disadvantage. Strengthening every vulnerable point by fulcrum and barricade, he awaited attack—from without. They coaxed, and promised; then threatened, and battered, and pried, and finally retired for consultation.

The nature of their deliberations are not disclosed. In a short time the gang, gaining access through the scuttle on the roof, came pouring down the stairways to the dismay of Forbush, who sought safety in flight. Foreseeing possible results, like a wise general, his lines of retreat were not

closed; so hastening to a secret and secure position, he witnessed the fruitless search for him, and the removal of nearly all of the whiskey from the place by Dabney, aided by his murder-loving assistants.

It was not until well-nigh noon of the next day that Jones and the Collector of the District appeared on the scene. Forbush then emerged from his hiding-place and told his story.

Much of the whiskey thus removed was subsequently recaptured. Dabney and Perkins were arrested, and also a portion of the gang identified by Forbush. Mr. Shentz disappeared. The faithful historian is sorry to have to record that not one of the parties named in connection with this fraud was lodged in the penitentiary. The personal property alone of the two establishments was forfeited to the United States.





## COLLECTOR BONUS.

**T**ELL, here's to limpy Smith. May he never come back for his hat and cane. Ha, ha, ha! How the old duffer footed it. You see, as I sat in my office this morning wondering how much you duckeroons were going to knock down on your uncle to-day, Mike announced John Smith, Esq., special agent, Treasury Department. 'Show me the gentleman with an uncommon name,' said I, and forthwith he limped into my dignified presence.

"'Collector Bonus?' said the gentleman.

"'Yours obediently,' I replied.

"'I am desirous—'

"'I know you are,' said I, interrupting him; 'every one of my distillers are beats. I tell 'em so; but they think I am joking. I told 'em that some of these days Mr. Smith would come and catch 'em all thieving, then they would catch blazes. You see,' said I, 'they can wool me. I aint travelled much. (A deprecating voice said, "Oh, Boney.") But you, Smith,

know the cable ; and I want you to let me show you around, so I can learn how to trap 'em. I have the ordinarist set of swindlers making whiskey in my district you ever seen. If you have any money in your pocket, leave it with my cashier; I never go among them with money in my pocket.' "

" Now, Boney," said one of the auditors, " that's coming it steep. Why didn't you tell old Smith that you always came away from them with your pockets full of it ?"

" Riley, you are impudent. Don't interrupt a gentleman while he is telling a story. Smith thought he had better defer his visit. I urged him that to take you roosters unawares was just the trick. I then sent Mike ahead to tell you we were coming, so we could surprise you. Ha, ha! And old Purity, with his white choker, paid no attention to the warning sent him, but was loading his 'juice' at the back door as we went in at the front. I saved him, however, by fussing around our lame friend, and asking him to explain to me the use of the saccharometer."

Purity growled in mitigation: " Couldn't get a wagon sooner." Bonus continued:

" Purity pays for oysters all round, and will obey orders more promptly in future. Meany received us like a gentleman. Riley, you made an ass of

yourself in trying to bespatter Smith with your vile stuff. You spoiled a suit for me. Send me an order on your tailor, or by St. Paul, etc. As for you, Farley, you are a disgrace to your profession. If Smith hadn't been blind, I must have seized you; the grain in your bins scarcely covered the barrels of whiskey hidden there. None of you will ever know anything until I charge you more for your learning.

“By the time we got to Joe's, I seen the pickets was out, and things looked squally. One fellow said, ‘That's Boney; but who's that flat with him?’ Thinks I, I'm safe, sure. So in we went, and found Joe busy. We looked around at the still, and the beer, and the book. Then Joe comes up and says, ‘Mr. Smith, a man wants to speak with you at the door.’ Smith went. Then we heard a noise, and got to the door just as Smith picked himself up, and was hopping away hatless, wiping the blood from his nose as he hopped. Such doings cannot be tolerated. It will give my district a bad name. Ha, ha, ha! Joe, you stand drinks for the party.”

At a pleasant little town named Parkinton, a few miles distant from Johnsonville, the subject of our sketch boarded. He was clever, illiterate, shrewd, vulgar, bold, brassy, and inordinately selfish. He had been drifting with the current of events for



years, landing nowhere, accomplishing no good thing for himself or others. Finally, resolving that the world was indebted to him to the extent of a comfortable living, he commenced a hunt for it. Presently catching a glimpse of that desirable object, he chased it to Washington, thence into the very presence of the Chief Executive of the nation, who, in humble imitation of Davy Crockett's coon, said, when he saw the roll of signatures of great men being drawn from the pocket of Bonus :

“ Don't show them ; you shall have the position.”

Bonus afterwards boasted that the loan of those signatures cost him just *five dollars*, and that for two dollars additional he could have received glowing eulogiums from the heads of departments, and representatives at foreign courts. When his appointment came up for confirmation before the Senate, he had so arranged it that from the principal cities in the Union, telegrams should pour in upon the Senators from their personal friends, urging the confirmation of Bonus. So it happened that the appointment was secured. And because his subordinates owed a continuance of their ill-paid services to the fact of his confirmation, they were allowed to pay all expenses attending it, and gave Mr. Bonus a complimentary dinner, in honor of the occasion.

Now firmly seated in power, he gathered about

him men supposed to be of his own stripe. He had heard of the Whiskey Ring at Johnsonville, and thought the machinery too complicated, too many committees, too many persons to "divvy" with; nothing like a man bossing his job. The Collector held the key to the position, thought he, and should dictate terms. He would allow no Joe Leek near him. Did any distiller at Johnsonville or elsewhere desire to ship whiskey to Parkinton, contraband or otherwise—and there was so little of the otherwise afloat it didn't pay to make distinctions—it could only be done safely by making terms with Bonus by the lot, or the week. This method, he remarked, was necessary to "protect home industries."

His system of protection was singularly original. The Government provided, free of charge to the distiller, certain blanks, and forms, for various purposes, such as "bonds," "entry for deposit" in, or withdrawal of, "spirit from bond," "returns," "reports," etc. These Mr. Bonus had printed, and placed in the hands of a confidential agent, with a schedule of prices, ranging from five hundred dollars for a "bond" to five dollars for an "entry of deposit." The profit can be estimated when it is known that either paper would cost Bonus two cents.

The first appearance of a Government blank from any distiller would be *prima facie* evidence of fraud;

or, in other words, that they were beating Bonus by not buying his blanks; and the distillery would be seized and held until the intractable became docile. It not unfrequently happened that the intractability was occasioned by the greed of the agent advancing on Bonus's prices.

Another source of profit to the unconscionable Collector was the duplication, triplication, and quadruplication of tax receipts to accompany contraband spirits, such papers passing in those days as evidence of the duty being paid on packages of distilled spirits bearing certain numbers. Stamps had not then been introduced. The distillery and other inspectors in his district, holding positions by his influence, or with his consent, were legitimate subjects for skinning by the Bonus process; and he was a lucky fellow who left the presence of this Robert Macaire with seventy-five per cent of his month's salary.

We have said he was clever. It was not assumed nor acquired; he came by it naturally; and before the base elements of low cunning and selfishness got so inextricably mixed with that better quality, Bonus must have been a very prince of good fellows. Even with these disadvantages so patent to every one surrounding him, he had a marvellous faculty of subordinating other minds to his, and compelling men, *volens volens*, to his purposes. Thus while

outrageously fleecing the distillers of his district, they consorted with him, submitting to any abuse he chose to heap upon them, responding to every call, dining and wining him, laughing at his vulgar wit, and, with hands in pockets emptied by him, standing on street corners praising him as a splendid fellow.

We have already seen him, with a few of his dupes in conclave, and from his lips learned the events of the day. The place of meeting was the second floor of an oyster and drinking saloon in Dark Alley. The room was rented by Bonus; but the meeting was spontaneous, caused by Smith's visit.

The deserted hat and cane were duly deposited by Joe in the Collector's office at an early hour next morning, and the owner put in his appearance soon after, having substituted a new cerebral covering for the one he had so incontinently fled from.

"Smith, my dear fellow, thank a merciful Heaven you are living,—eye discolored, nose like a Guinea negro's, no bones broke. Infernal villains! Pluck saved you. I'll arrest every one on 'em Do *not* know who struck you? You shall know. I'll make 'em tell. Thieves; Murderers; Assassins! *Keep cool?* See friends beaten to death and keep cool! The majesty and authority of the Government tram-

pled upon in the person of its agent, and keep cool! No, no, Mr. Smith," and Bonus grew very red in the face, and closed his peroration amid a miniature thunder-storm.

Mr. Smith was a kind man, unversed in the duplicity of the world, and generally took things for what they seemed to be. He had many friends, who, having faith in his integrity, obtained for him his present position. He came to its duties determined to learn, and then faithfully to discharge them.

"I hope you will not distress them, Mr. Bonus. When they know me better they will deal more kindly with me."

"Kindly? They are not of our kind at all. Brutes—worse than brutes, every one on 'em. Hope you'll stay and make 'em know you better," said Bonus, expecting Smith's answer would show hope deferred.

"I have come to stay," was the quiet reply.

Both men were silent for several seconds. At last Bonus drew his chair closer to Smith, and putting both hands in his, said:

"I like you,—love at first sight, by Jupiter. I need just such a counsellor. It delights me that you are here to stay. And now I say, with the fourth King Harry:



‘There’s my hand,  
 You shall be as a father to my youth;  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
 And I will stoop and humble mine intents  
 To your well practised wise directions.’

“So now, Smithee dear, where do you doze? and where rastle your hash? for I and thou must dwell under the same roof-tree. In an interesting, ancient book there is recorded a rare instance of affection between a widowed Mrs. Ruth and her old mother-in-law, to whom she used this remarkable language, ‘Where thou lodgest, I will lodge.’ So now, my dear boy, count me as Mrs. Ruth, and I will regard you as my mother-in-law.”

So saying he jumped up, and knocking his hat down over his eyes, led Smith captive out of the office. That night Bonus and Smith drank tea together, and slept in adjoining rooms. The former was perhaps a little too demonstrative in his affection for Smith to take kindly to him at first; but his vituperation of distillers generally, and those of his district particularly, impressed Smith with the belief that in Bonus he had found a powerful ally in suppressing fraud, and that fact induced him to overlook the idiosyncrasies of Bonus.

Meantime, our model Collector had not been slow to improve the opportunity presented by the fact of his intimacy with the special agent. It was an-

nounced that he had made terms with Smith, and each distillery was assessed fifty dollars per week in consequence.

Receiving the law from one skilled in all its evasions, it cannot be a wonder if the agent was slow to detect fraud. He kept his own counsel, watched matters closely, and made two seizures of spirits removed from a distillery without marks or brands on the barrels, which Bonus decided was the fault of the Inspector, whom he cursed, and threatened with dismissal if the offence was repeated; and the spirit was returned to the distillery to be marked. A third seizure was made for the same cause, and from the same distillery as the first, which the Collector promptly sent to the bonded warehouse, to await libel and condemnation.

Bonus saw Smith's movements meant war—aggressive war—and he was alarmed. So long as seizures were made and prompt release followed, no harm was done; but if libel succeeded seizure, and the property was confiscated, what would become of all his perquisites?

That night Smith had the last remnant of suspicion chased from his mind by the frank, rough, but manly utterances of Bonus, as in a confidential way he unfolded his plan for the breaking up of the fraudulent practices he was now sure had obtained

in his district. Mike, his deputy (an old distiller), but "true as steel," would get the points inside, and furnish the Collector, who in turn would apprise Smith, so that it was dead "open and shut" on success.

Two days after the plan was agreed upon Mr. Smith received an intimation that Bill Gliddon, doing business in the cellar of his house as a distiller, would fill and deliver ten barrels of whiskey at 3 o'clock that afternoon, during the temporary absence of the Inspector. Smith was on hand; and after waiting outside long past the hour named, he entered the dark den. The fumes of the whiskey, and inhalations of gas released by fermentation from the beer, almost overcame him. Gliddon came, lamp in hand, from the furthest recesses of the cellar, and casting a furtive glance at Smith as he passed, said not a word, but closed the cellar door and locked it, putting the key in his pocket, and placing the lamp on the head of a barrel, he faced Smith and demanded,

"Who are you?"

"John Smith, Treasury Agent. Do you want to see my commission?"

"What's that—a paper?"

"Yes."

"Has it Boney's name on't?"

"No; but the President's name is on it," said Smith.

"Can't read, and don't believe a word on't. Boney said if a fellow came sneaking into my place, what hadn't a paper with his name on't, I was to go for him."

"But if you cannot read, how can you know that any paper I may show you has or has not Mr. Bonus's name on it?" argued Smith.

"Oh, you can't fool me. Seen his straight strokes, curley-cues, up and down, zig-zags, too often; an' if you can't show me one of those kind o' things now, I'm going to lick you," and without more ado, he struck Smith a heavy blow that sent him reeling against the slimy wall of the cellar.

Smith, quiet and kind as he was, had seen hard service as a cavalry man, and had been desperately wounded in an engagement, hence his lameness. A remembrance of the former assault, and feeling that perhaps it was necessary for his protection in the future that he should now show he was able to defend himself, quickly stimulated him, and he stood at guard with uplifted cane. This suited Gliddon; it looked like fighting, and that he loved better than eating—ay than distilling even. He shot out his right fist for another lunge; but the cane descended almost like an electric bolt in sound and effect across



the eyes of Gliddon, as though it would allow his nose no longer to be an appendage to his face. A shriek of rage and pain escaped him as he reeled against a barrel, bewildered by the blow, the red current streaming from his nostrils, and his eyes rapidly closing. Only a moment's respite, and the half blinded man rushed again at the wary Smith, who rained blow after blow, hopping around with the utmost agility, and for every blow received, gave the madman interest many times compounded.

The fight continued much in favor of Smith, for Gliddon was nearly blind, and raging furiously. His noise had been heard by his family in the room overhead, and they were kicking at the door for admittance. In his efforts to avoid Gliddon, Smith overturned the barrel on which the lamp stood, and its light went out. The iron grasp of Gliddon enclosed the body of Smith; his mouth was feeling its way to his face; his teeth were already at the lips of his victim. Smith's arms were free and elevated above Gliddon's head; his hands twelve inches apart still firmly grasped the cane, which at that juncture he brought down between their faces, and forcing it under Gliddon's chin, pressed it violently against his windpipe. Spasmodic efforts to relieve the pressure followed; then a gurgling sound; then a relaxation of the iron grasp, and



Gliddon fell, carrying Smith with him. When the door was burst open, both men were found insensible, but after a while they recovered. Smith was badly bruised and cut in several places, but nowhere seriously. Gliddon suffered severely, and only escaped further punishment by promising to go out of the business, which promise he faithfully kept.

Mike continued giving points to his master, and Bonus had his confidential talks with Smith, which resulted sometimes in leading him for miles after a load of barrels filled with water, while his certain absence was improved by the distiller in removing contraband whiskey to some rectifying house. Occasionally, however, his vigilance was rewarded by the capture of one or two barrels of very weak whiskey—as Bonus told his intimates, “Just to keep the shutters closed on Brother Smith, you know.” These were sent by the Collector with a great flourish of trumpets to the bonded warehouse for libel.

Entering the office of Mr. Bonus one day during the absence of that gentleman, he observed one of the clerks indulging in considerable pantomimic action, as if to attract his attention; then taking his hat he left the office. Smith followed at a distance, until he saw him enter a millinery store. On passing the place the clerk beckoned him in, and soon agent and clerk were seated in a back room.

"My name is Gale," commenced the young man. "You are in my mother's house, and now in her presence"—introducing Mr. Smith to a middle-aged and exceedingly reserved gentlewoman. "Were I disposed to deceive you, I could not with her eye upon me. I have no confidential relations with Mr. Bonus. I perform my allotted task, and he pays my salary; but I cannot see Government interests sacrificed and human life trifled with, and sit with silent tongue, and folded hands. Sir, Mr. Bonus is a bold, bad man; pretending vigilance for the Government, but practising it to circumvent you. Your non-success is solely attributable to his deceptions. Your futile efforts are the subjects of his ridicule; but though futile, they are becoming wearisome to the distillers, and must be stopped, or Mr. Bonus, now so popular, will lose caste with that class. Mischievous is intended you."

"You astound me, young man," ejaculated Smith.

"It will astonish you more to learn that not two weeks ago he plotted with certain of his acquaintances to take from the bonded warehouse in his charge one thousand barrels of whiskey, and under the pretence of transportation in bond to some distant domestic port, dispose of it to several of the Parkinton liquor houses. Worthless bonds had been executed before him; five thousand dollars were de-

posited by him to the credit of the manager in chief of the fraud, when he received an anonymous note warning him if another step was taken by any one in the scheme the plotters should be exposed and punished. So for the présent it is abandoned, and \$100,000 saved to the Government."

"Have you any documentary evidence of the intended fraud, and his complicity therewith?" asked Smith, dubiously.

"It was in existence ten days ago. I read both the bonds and memorandums, and at the request of a friend took certified copies of all the papers. They shall be at your disposal. You believe that all the contraband whiskey seized by you, and by him sent to the bonded warehouse to await the decision of the Court, is now there. Go examine for yourself, and if a tithe of it is there, then disbelieve all I have said concerning him. Very little property seized in his district remains under seizure twenty-four hours, but is released by his order. And if by persistent effort of an officer making a seizure the Collector is compelled to ask for the libel of property seized, and delay occurs in bringing it to judgment, the prosecutor finds as a cause of the delay that Collector Bonus has written the U. S. Attorney, distorting facts to prove no cause of seizure, suppressing names of witnesses, and advising release of pro-

perty, and only when the cases are pressed to trial will you learn the incentive for such letter writing. Sir," said Mr. Gale, rising, "prove all I have said susceptible of proof, then trust your judgment alone in action; reveal none of your plans to Bonus, nor act upon any of his suggestions. Good-day;" and the young man walking out of the store, returned to his office.

Mr. Smith learned more of human nature in ten minutes from Mr. Gale than a life experience had hitherto taught him. He went quietly to work, satisfying himself that the release of goods from bonded warehouses, and the betrayal of Government interests in Court cases were not fiction. His investigations revealed numerous other dark transactions; all of which evidence being duly laid before the Commissioner, led to inquiries as to the antecedents of Bonus, and how he came by such influential endorsements, when his nice little game was unveiled.

As a just punishment for his crimes, he should have donned the convict's suit, and performed a convict's task; but he was simply removed from office, and for a brief season, with unparalleled audacity, sought as private counsel to defeat his friend Smith in all his whiskey cases by systematic subornation of perjury, until driven from Parkinton and the haunts of civilization.

He was last heard of in Patagonia. Possibly his presence in that unfortunate country may account for the great increase of switches exported from thence. Their hair is evidently going fast ; by and by, our market will be glutted with Patagonian hide, and this followed by large importations of bone phosphate. It is a scientific fact that the Patagonian stomach cannot digest carrion ; hence Bonus is safe. But the world should be comforted by the knowledge that frequently those gentle savages kill animals unfit for food.







## THE GOOD SHIP "NETHERLAND."



STAUNCH old ship she was too,—built in the days of innocence, when native Americans hung their shoes and axes about their necks as ornaments, used their stockings only as tobacco pouches, and covered themselves all over with their nudity,—built in those days when the prices of real estate became so inflated, that it required the enormous sum of twenty-four dollars to purchase an island containing not more than twenty-two thousand acres, and upon which to-day it is difficult to find pasture for a cow, or raise a respectable crop of corn. There was no hurry in her building. Mynheer Von Dert hewed the logs for her keel, and slept with his fathers. His son Petrus prepared the keelson, then keeled over, and was laid beside his venerable sire. His grandson Johann got out the knees, and lagered some over it, and smoked some more; when a friendly Indian, who didn't get his rake of the twenty-four dollars, put a sharp-pointed instrument

through his thorax; pinning Johann to one of the knees; then he was boxed, labelled, and laid away with his paternal relatives. But Dutch enterprise and persistence came out on the top. It was the first large vessel put on the stocks in the New World; the honor of New Amsterdam was invoked; and though her masts grew from saplings long after the keel of the vessel was laid, and though she had swallowed the little pile of guilders of many families through successive generations, yet she was *at last* finished, and for years she was the only channel of communication between the Old and New Amsterdam.

Every plank in her had a history. She had seen buccaneers, under the protection of the infamous Fletcher, crawling over her sides, and rifling her valuable cargoes, even while in the port of her nativity. She had subsequently been despoiled while in the Indian seas by the very man sent there under authority for her protection. The British press-gang had trodden her decks, and forced her sailors to a hateful service. She had been transferred to traitor hands, and used to give aid and comfort to her country's foes, and was made an instrument of oppression and death in the capacity of a prison ship. In 1812 she had seen off the Western Isles, while under convoy, the "United States" defeat the

"Macedonian," almost annihilating her crew. In pursuit of blubber and bone her timbers had chafed and fretted against ten thousand ice floes. Yet with a plurality of centuries upon her she was the pride of her owners, and had been lying up in ordinary for years, when, in 1848, the gold discoveries in California brought the "Netherland" again into active service, and she made several voyages round the Horn,—ever slow, but always sure.

A wonderful old ship, surviving tempest, and war, lawlessness and treachery, an instrument of cruelty, a herald of peace, an ark of safety, a carrier of wealth for owners whose name was Legion, having a life upon which the assaults of time and change had beaten innocuously. She still lived; and at the outgushing of our late family disagreement, was sold for something like the original cost—could that have been ascertained—to the United States for the transportation of supplies to the blockading squadrons. Some time after the close of the war an auctioneer was called in, and again the ship changed owners, at a price less than cord wood was then fetching in the market.

Mr. Eli Marks was the purchaser. He was a man of marks. No trouble to forge his name; he touched the penholder, while another made the sign manual. He was a cosmopolitan. Where he hap-

pened to lodge, that was his home. He knew everybody, and was in turn known by many. Any person could counterfeit his signature; few could counterfeit him. He was a man full of expedients for money making, and had the "ready John" and nerve to push through almost any enterprise. But the vessel, what could he do with that? We shall see.

Much of the legislation on Internal Revenue matters prior to July 20, 1868, may be termed "experimental." That a system necessitated by our intestine strife, and framed by a body of men without previous experience in such matters, and few, if any, lights to guide them, should be defective, ought not to be a matter of surprise to any one. To the initiated the wonder is that so few mistakes were made, especially when the influences surrounding and always operating upon the Congress of the nation are taken into account. Hence, no disparagement or odious comparison is involved in the statement that nearly all enactments antedating July 20, 1868, were as the ineffectual gropings of a blind man for an open door. The Congress of that year found the door; partially closed it; and more recent amendments bid fair to close and lock it.

In 1867 the door of fraud was wide open. The tax upon whiskey was two dollars per proof gallon.



To produce a gallon cost about 22 cents. Consider the prodigious disproportion—a tax nine times in excess of the cost of the production of the article taxed. To purchase spirits for less than the tax was to incur the loss of them, if the purchase was admitted; so that while the wholesale dealer actually paid the distiller but one dollar per gallon for spirits, the tax upon which was two dollars, he was always ready to swear he paid two dollars, and could, if it became necessary, show a check for the full amount involved in the purchase at that price. An exchange of checks between the parties usually adjusted all pecuniary differences arising out of the transaction.

It has already been intimated that a distiller was allowed to bond his spirits for some period of time; and the inference is clear, that with a full supply of the contraband in the market at less than one dollar, and but little risk in purchasing, there could be no market for the genuine at \$2.22 per gallon. As in the case of Enoch Davids, so with every distillery running common "high wines," they bonded the quota intended for taxation by the Government, and let it remain in bond for any one to take out who chose to pay the tax upon it, or desired it for export. In the latter event, the person exporting the spirits gave a bond that they should be delivered in a certain



port outside the limits of the United States, which bond was cancelled on presentation of proper certificates that the spirits had been duly landed there, or upon satisfactory proof that they were *lost* in transit.

Mr. Marks had gone to the Government sale, expecting to find bargains in the purchase of condemned stores; but his speculative propensity had made him the owner of a ship. As he stood hands in pockets mentally calculating how much it would cost to take her apart and bunch her timbers into kindlings, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a cheery voice said:

"How much for your bargain, Marks?"

"Hello, Leek! How's Johnsonville? What brings you here?"

"Same errand you came on, I reckon," said our stout friend, Joe, for it was he.

"Dabbling in stores some, eh?" asked Marks.

"Yes, a little whiskey occasionally."

"But none of that sold to-day," suggested Marks.

"No. I was after that vessel; but you cut me out. What do you intend doing with her?"

"Use her for carrying the mails between Frisco and Japan, providing Congress votes me a subsidy," replied the funny Marks.

"I know a bank better than that, and want a

partner in the business. Eli, you have the necessary perquisites—a vessel, the root and stamina for the job. Let us take a quiet lunch at Foster's, and I will unfold the prospectus," said Joe.

"Propel," responded Marks; and the worthies retired to a room in a genteel restaurant whose exterior indications were those of a private residence.

After ordering refreshments, Joe continued:

"What percentage will satisfy you upon an investment?"

"Five hundred—providing it's safe."

"Can give you two hundred, sure."

"Not worth examining; wouldn't put a dollar in it. What's the wrinkle anyhow?" asked Marks.

"You see the U. S. Bonded Warehouses are full of rum and whiskey that were put in with no intention of ever being taken out so long as the tax is two dollars; and I can assure you the chances of a reduction are few and slim. Cope & Co.'s warehouse, for instance, has two thousand barrels owned by twenty small distillers, all of whom I know, and who would be willing to transfer the ownership of those spirits to me as a matter of favor for a mere nominal sum, say, twenty cents per gallon."

"Nothing less?"

"Not a sou-markee. I have the matter down to dots. Saw Gorson and Farley, and the rest of the

fellows bonding there, and twenty is the lowest figure," said Joe.

"Beat number one," responded Marks, "Gorsou offered me one hundred and fifty barrels last week at the price of the barrels, or five cents a gallon; and Farley wants to give his eighty-five barrels away; with no takers. Let's see," continued Marks, mentally figuring: "Two thousand barrels—forty gallons to a barrel—eighty thousand gallons—fifteen cents profit per gallon—twelve thousand dollars profit to Leek—nix to Marks. Nice partnership. Your name should be Cheek. Drive ahead, horsey."

Joe, nowise disconcerted, merely remarked, "I see you have been there," and proceeded: "Somewhere in the Indian Ocean is a country called Southern Africa, where the Tambookies labor, where the Zoolas disport themselves, and the odds and ends of civilization and barbarism form an interesting family, which would be happy, but they cannot get the "consolation" vouchsafed to Americans, in sufficient quantities to appease their cravings; hence they fight, and depredate, and—"

"Which, I suppose, means that here's the rum, there are the idiots to buy it; yonder is the old hulk to convey it to them," interrupted the concise Marks. "And now, what are the profits after that fall in the price of whiskey?"

"Just what you please to make them. If the vessel fortunately reached her port of delivery, three hundred per cent.; but should she *accidentally* be wrecked, or spring a leak, or burn, it might exceed even your rate of profit."

"You shock me with your probabilities, Leek; you are a first-class fraud. However, I will examine as to insurance and other details, and see you again." And the men rose to depart, grasping each other by the hand. Marks, fixing his cold, gray eyes on the blushing Joe, said:

"Leek, you are a villain. Good-day."

They met again and again; the preliminaries were all arranged, but not to the satisfaction of Joe. He was overmatched. Marks had a habit of consulting Joe, but doing things in his own way afterward; in fact, he did too much, and left very little for Joe to do.

He selected a master for the good ship "Netherlands," and she was up for Delgoa Bay, and a market. The two thousand barrels of whiskey in Cope & Co.'s warehouse had changed ownership at an average price of four cents per gallon. Good and sufficient bonds had been entered for the fulfilment of all obligations pertaining to the exportation of spirits, and all that remained was to get it aboard. To this labor Joe assigned himself, with the cordial assent



of Marks, who, though able to read figures comparatively easy, was not equal to the task of making them. In compliance with law, a United States gauger ascertained the quantities and proof of the spirits in each package, and marked the same upon it before removal from bonded warehouse, Class B, to the vessel, and an Inspector of Customs received it on board, keeping tally of each package and its marks, which when complete, a clearance to the vessel was granted.

At Cope & Co.'s warehouse, under the eye and direction of Joe, everything was done systematically. The spirits gauged and marked yesterday would be taken on the vessel to-day; those gauged to-day would be delivered to-morrow, each package sheeted with tin over the bung, and receipted for as delivered in good order. Marks occasionally looked in upon the workers, but much of his time was spent in effecting insurances on the vessel and cargo.

A day or two before the shipment of the spirits was finished, Mr. Gray, the master of the "Netherland," was announced as a visitor at the lodgings of Mr. Eli Marks.

"Show him in," remarked that gentleman, who seemed to be busily engaged with pen, ink, and paper.

A man of fifty, with rubicund visage, and swag-



gering air, staggered into the room; and stationing himself behind the chair of Marks, placed both hands on the back, and leaned forward until his chin rested on the left shoulder of that gentleman, who was so absorbed in the laudable attempt to write his name, that Gray's presence was entirely ignored.

"Dot yer i's, old feller," hiccupped Gray.

"Shut your head, old whiskey butt, and take your perfumed carcase out of my presence, or I'll put you within two feet of this five-cent dip and blow you to atoms."

"Oh, if yer m-mad, why I-I'll say g-good n-night," and Gray staggered to the door, then turned and scowled on Marks, who continued attempting to write as though Mr. Gray was in Africa.

"Say, Mar-Marks," continued Gray, "s'pose I'm dru-u-nk on you-u-r whiskey? There ain't a bar'l of whi-iskey in the ship."

Marks dropped his pen, looked at the bald-headed, red-faced, shaggy-bearded sea-dog, and motioned him to a seat. He returned to the table, drew a chair and seated himself opposite Mr. Marks, with the air of a man having something of importance to communicate. Placing his elbows on the table, he awaited interlocution. Marks, pushing his writing materials on one side, folded his arms on the table, and looking steadily at the drunken skipper, asked :

"How do you know?"

"Don't smell like it."

"That aint the reason. You bored for whiskey and couldn't strike it. How many did you bore, Mr. Gray?" asked Marks, in a compromising tone.

"Sev'n—plugged 'em agen, sir."

"And you found what?"

"Water," growled Gray.

Marks went to a side-board, compounded a drink, and persuaded Mr. Gray to swallow it and lie upon the lounge for a short nap.

The town clock had just struck ten when he awoke in a sobered condition, and started on his return to the ship, accompanied by Marks, who, on the way, provided himself with the necessary implements for opening the barrels and testing their contents.

The next two hours were spent by the owner and the master in proving the character of the cargo.

Shipments on the "Netherland" went on the next day as usual, but Marks looked in upon the gauger at the warehouse in the afternoon as he was testing the spirit, and satisfied himself it was there. Before leaving the place, he privately marked each barrel. So, on the following day, when he saw his partner, Joe Leek, taking the numbers and gauge marks of the barrels loaded on the drays bound for the "Netherland," he readily discovered them to be

the packages examined by him on the day previous, because they bore his private mark.

Taking a bung-starter he opened several of the barrels and tasted the contents. It was *water*. This, then, was Joe's handiwork, after passing through the gauger's hands; probably during the night the whiskey was abstracted and water substituted. Of course the vats in the house of Cope & Co., doing business as rectifiers on the first floor of the building used as the bonded warehouse, were the receptacles of the stolen spirits.

Marks said not a word; but replaced the bungs, secured the tin over bungs, and the shipment continued. Joe had witnessed all his movements, and in silence.

At noon the partners met in Cope & Co.'s private office. They were alone.

"Well, Innocency, whiskey all aboard yet?" said Marks.

"Yes; last barrel was taken an hour ago," replied Joe, with some coldness of manner.

"What's contraband quoted at to-day?"

"Ninety-six," said Joe.

"You are good at writing and ciphering, Leek. Just take your pen and write out a bill for me. Yes; that piece of paper will be large enough. Now: 'Cope & Co. bought of Eli Marks forty thousand

gallons of whiskey, at ninety-six cents per gallon—thirty-eight thousand four hundred dollars. Received payment. Eli Marks, his mark.' There now, pass it this way," said Marks, taking the paper from the astonished Joe.

"What does all this mean?" he asked.

'It means that 'Cope' is Mr. Joseph Leek, that '& Co.' is Mr. Joseph Leek; that said Leek has transferred eighty thousand gallons of whiskey into his own tubs, that should have been taken on board the 'Netherland.' All this he has done, regardless of public interest or private obligations; and that his partner and friend, Eli Marks, demands, and will have, an undivided half of said property, or rather its equivalent in cash."

"You lie," shouted Joe, purple with rage, and drawing a pistol.

Marks sprung for his throat, pressed him down in his chair, and pinning him there, wrested the weapon from his grasp, and flung it into a corner of the office.

"My partner grows fast. Yesterday a fraud, and a villain; to-day a murderer. Here is my bill. Will you pay it?"

"Never," gasped Joe.

"Then it becomes my painful duty to denounce you to the authorities, who will take all you have

and your precious body into the bargain. Aha! Here comes the Collector."

"I'll give you ten thousand."

"No."

"Twenty," implored Joe.

"No."

"Don't breathe a word. I'll give you twenty-five thousand."

"Make it thirty, and I'll receipt the bill. He's at the door," said Marks.

"I'll do it," groaned Joe.

"How d'ye do, gentlemen," said the Collector of Customs. "What, Mr. Leek sick?"

"Only a little bilious," suggested Marks, as he looked from the Collector to Joe, who sat with half-closed eyes, trembling with excitement, yet deathly pale.

"Cargo all aboard, I understand."

"Yes, sir. And we want to sail if possible next Friday," said Marks.

"Friday," echoed the Collector. "Is not that unusual?"

"Yes. And because it is, we prefer it. We are not superstitious."

"Oh, well, that is your affair. Good-day, gentlemen," and the dapper little man left the partners to themselves again.



"Leek, I have reconsidered my decision, and I cannot afford to let you out on that venture for less than thirty-five thousand; then I am beat out of a little fortune."

"Give me thirty thousand and you may take all the whiskey," sighed Joe.

"I can't handle it; 'taint in my line," said Marks. "Shouldn't know what to do with it."

"What a fool I am," whined Joe, "taking such risks. It will be gobbled up by some revenue sharp; then I shall lose everything."

"Well," said Marks, relenting, "I wont go back on my word. Give me a check for thirty thousand, and the matter is squared."

Joe gave the check, and Marks attached his sign manual to the bill, and the transaction was closed.

The good ship "Netherland" sailed on her long voyage. She was spoken frequently, and the reports showed her progress to be slow. Finally reaching Cape Town, she anchored in Table Bay; and while replenishing her stock of provisions and water, a flame was seen issuing from her hold, which speedily ran up the rigging, and soon the ship was a sheet of flame, which there were no means at hand to subdue. So the grand old vessel, after having braved every other element successfully for over two centuries, succumbed at last to the element of fire.

The news of her destruction was received with great sorrow by the public generally, and glowing obituaries were written of her, from one of which her antecedents were gathered as given in the commencement of this sketch.

Marks consoled himself in the heavy insurances he had effected on the vessel and her cargo, consenting to no division, because the vessel was his, and his labors and cash alone were invested in procuring the policies of insurance.

Joe was outwitted and chagrined, but wisely maintained silence, finding some comfort in the fact that though the gain was not equal to his expectations, he had made thirty thousand dollars net.

One little drawback there existed, however. Mr. Gray, being on shore at the Cape when the vessel was destroyed, had lived to return, and putting his knowledge to good account, became a pensioner on the bounties of Marks and Leek. Marks took to the old skipper kindly, against whom in turn he moderated his demands. Leek, on the contrary, was rude and impatient, giving money grudgingly, but whiskey by the quart; yet, as the old salt said frequently when half-seas over: "No use try-ying, Mas'er Leek. Yer can't k-kill me."

So it seems, for the effort yet continues; and his constant salutation on meeting Joe is: "Loo-ook out, Mr. Leek; *we* ain't bur-buried yet."



## A SHIP THAT NEVER SAILED.



T was named the "Alice Weaver," clipper built, copper fastened, eight hundred tons burthen, built by Bowyer of Gates-ton. Wilkins was master, and Davis owner. All these facts were given by the *Porktown Observer*, together with many other statements eulogistic of Davis, which were not facts.

Porktown is near Sundown in the great West, where a man can stretch his limbs without reaching out over other people's lots, and sneeze more than twice in twenty-four hours without being declared a public nuisance. Folks learn fast in that country; they also remember all they don't forget, and are apt in improving on things that suit them. It is a noticeable fact, that smart journalists are nearly all discovered there; as, for instance, he of the *Observer*, for who but a genius of the highest type could take a subject like Davis, and with glowing rhapsody entrance the soul of the reader by a recital of the Davisonian qualities of mind and heart?

But Davis, *what of him? Who was he?* He was the central figure of the whiskeyite circle in Porktown, yet of all the members, he would have been voted as the least intelligent. He wore a look as though exhausted through lack of sleep; his countenance gave no indications of the operations of his mind. He was a man of few words, in language terse, in action imitative, full of expedients, none, however, did he originate. He had his preferences, but no friendships, and was an excellent judge of character. In his days of honest dealing he was a pork butcher and farmer, at a place still nearer Sundown than Porktown. The dull horizon of his life seemed undisturbed save by occasional streaks of unusual tact in business matters gleaned from outside sources, such as a corner in pork on a limited scale, or the admixture of fine white meal with his lard, until the doubtful recovery of a debt took him toward the rising sun, where he found the object of his trust, and source of his anxiety in the hands of the law, on the serious charge of tampering with the revenues of the Government.

To be more explicit, his debtor, Mr. McKelvey, a distiller and dairy man, had habitually withheld from taxation nearly three-fourths of his yield of whiskey, and clandestinely removed the same to a market, in fraud of the revenue. The *modus operandi*



was ingenious, and had been for a long time successful. Mr. McKelvey, in a confidential chat with his creditor, explained with some particularity how it was done:

"You see, Mr. Davis, twenty cows, a distillery, and a farm of a hundred acres, give me and my four boys a heap o' work to do; but we do it all ourselves; no hired folks about anywhere. It don't pay; they pry into things too much. So for three or four years past we've done pretty well, and only for our stupid Joe leaving that handle in the pump, they'd never have found us out."

"Pump?—handle?" interjected Davis.

"Yes. I'll tell you how it was. The whiskey we made and put in barrels we paid tax on. That we put down the well we—"

"Put down the well?" interrupted Davis again.

"I forgot to say," continued McKelvey, "we have a well that has been dry three years anyway. So I got a tub a leetle smaller in circumference than the well, and made tight at both ends, and slipped it down, connecting with it the old wooden pump that still stood there. When we took whiskey out we had to gear her up, but unshipped her lively soon as we were through. So in looking at that forlorn old post without an arm, nobody suspected it was a head-board for the grave o' whiskey."



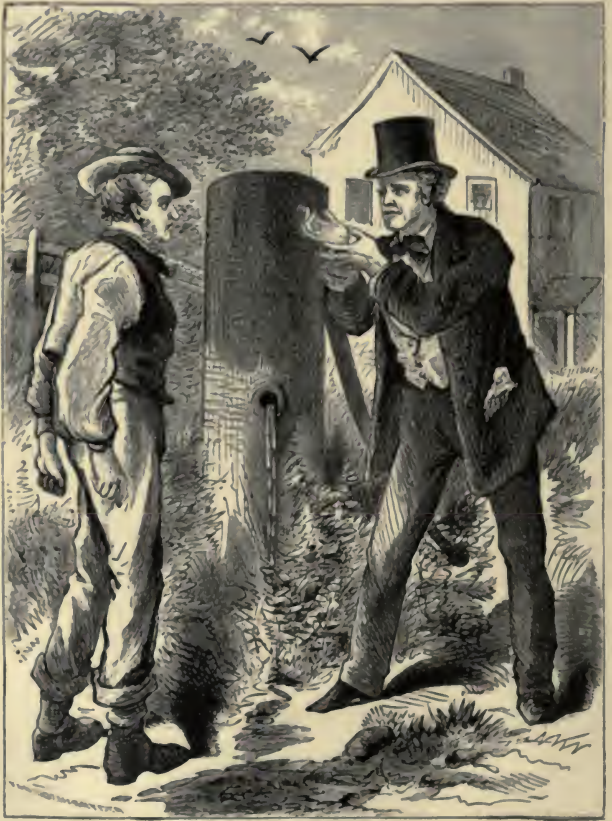
"Somebody did, it seems," said Davis, getting interested.

"The officers' suspected something, and at different times searched my barns and stables and cellars, and lay out in the fields to capture the stuff as it was taken away. They frequently seized my tax-paid goods, but always released them again in a few hours. *How did I get the whiskey away?* Why, just the easiest thing I had to do. You see, I ran two milk-wagons, and sometimes only one can in five was filled with milk, and that for use in case a stranger stood, with pitcher in hand, by the roadside to purchase. Such instances, though seldom, occurred. The rest we filled from the pump."

"And was caught at it?" said Davis.

"No; not exactly. The filling was all through, and wagon gone, when two of those revenue fellows popped in on me before break o' day—the Inspector hadn't come yet—and turned things over generally. They got through at last, and seemed satisfied all was right. Their hands were pretty dirty; so I said, leading the way toward the house, 'Gentlemen, come in and wash your hands.' One o' them started after me, the other made for the 'old pump, and when I turned to look, I felt just like sinking out o' sight. Joe, who used the pump last, had forgot to unship the handle, and the revenue man's hand was on it.





IT WAS ALL UP WITH ME.

I yelled to him, 'That pump don't suck!' It warn't no use. It did suck, and sent out a pretty good stream, which he commenced rubbing over his hands. He sniffed some, and, putting both hands under his nose, gave a long whistle. Then I knew it was all up with me."

"You'll go to prison," remarked Davis.

"Not if the entire Congressional Delegation o' the State can save me," said the distiller.

"Your property will be confiscated."

"Only so much as lies loose on the farm and in the still-house, and that don't take a hundredth part of my four years' gains," replied McKelvey.

The easy bearing, and confident, boastful language of the whiskey-thief, impressed Davis with the idea that pork-packing and trucking was not his vocation. So, on his return home, he killed his last hog, settled up his affairs, sold off his farm, forthwith removed to Porktown, and there invested his all in the business of distilling.

The telegraph and newspapers had long before brought intelligence of the wicked ways of the whiskey fraternity further East, and crude attempts had been made to engraft some of them upon that honorable craft in Porktown. When the distilling everywhere else was so tainted by fraud, it would be saying too much to declare that that special business

interest of this young and rising city was exempt from such practices. So, characterless raiders, with a thirty or sixty days' commission, being well aware of the general delinquency of distillers, would look in upon them frequently, demanding and receiving money under threats of immediate seizure of person and property, and away again like the flash of a meteor.

Mr. Davis, keeping eyes and ears open, was posted, and received one of these gentry in a fashion that tickled the risibles of those interested in such matters immensely.

"Mr. Davis, I presume," said a middle-sized young man, of saffron-hue, one day as that person sat in his office.

"That is my name. What is yours?"

"Charles Hart, officer of the Internal Revenue Department. I have just been through your distillery," replied the young man.

"What's the matter?" asked Davis.

"Oh, everything wrong," and the young gentleman elaborated on his enumeration of the wrongs and their penalties, kindly intimating that there was but one smart man in the service who could detect these things, and his name commenced with an H; ending with a further intimation that he was not an insuperable barrier in the way of Mr. Davis's success.



"Suppose I say there's nothing wrong?"

"Then I must take you into Court, and show there is," said Mr. Hart.

"When do you leave town?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Much depends upon what I discover."

"See me to-night at the Markwell House. I will get a room, and we can talk this over," said Davis.

"I will be there at eight, sharp time, as I have other appointments," replied Mr. Hart, and vanished.

Davis entered the Markwell House at eight precisely, and found Hart in waiting. The young gentleman accompanied him to the hotel clerk, and intently watched every look and movement.

"I want a room for an hour," said Davis.

"Yes, sir,—54, 48, and 11 are vacant. 48 just vacated, fire in it. Take that, Mr. Davis?" asked the bustling clerk.

"No; I don't want a fire," replied Davis.

"John, show the gentlemen to No. 11." And the gentlemen were shown in, and left there.

It was a medium-sized room, and had a communicating bath room. A bed, three chairs, a lounge, washstand, table, and bureau comprised the bedroom furniture. Davis locked the door on the inside. Hart looked into the bath room, under the bed, cast a searching glance around the room, and sat down at the table.

"These matters you spoke of to-day are only technical violations of law," said Davis, "why should you give me trouble?"

"The penalties are as severe for such infractions of law as for fraud. If you have trouble it will be of your own election," replied Hart.

"How so?"

"It is worth three thousand dollars to me to take you into Court. What is it worth to you to keep out?" asked the now emboldened Hart.

"Nothing, if I am right," responded Davis.

"But you are not right."

"I think I am."

"Look here," said Hart, throwing off all restraint; "chin music is cheap. What I want is cash. What you want is protection. I can give you the latter, you can give me the former. I'll let up and take care of you for a thousand dollars a month, payment in advance."

"I won't pay any such sum," said Davis, indignantly.

"Think again, old man, before making up your mind." Then in a mollifying tone Hart added: "I'll take five hundred and not a stiver less."

"And if I don't pay, what then?" asked Davis.

"I'll seize your distillery to-morrow morning," added Hart, with emphasis.

Davis approached the table, and reluctantly drew from his pocket a roll of greenbacks, and counted out five hundred dollars, which Mr. Hart took, and was about passing into his pocket when the lounge was suddenly overturned, and a person of rather small proportions named Leabank, holding the office of deputy U. S. Marshal, presented himself and arrested Mr. Hart with the price of his infamy in his hands. Of course this denouement had been pre-arranged by Davis, assisted by the hotel clerk and Leabank.

Hart was held for trial, tried and, unfortunately for the country, escaped punishment by a disagreement of the jury. This man had only been in the service eighteen days when thus brought to grief.

It is almost needless to remark that such characters ever after gave Porktown a wide berth. After this Davis took front rank among the distillers, organizing them for offence and defence:—for offence against those who from various motives refused to be bound by the will of the majority. The punishment of such parties was rather original. The society was advised of the movements of every member; knew the merits and ability of each revenue officer; and though not a dollar was used for the corruption of the latter, yet by some secret agency, they were always informed when and how the in-

tractable distiller cheated, and he was duly caught. It mattered not if an officer should daily seize the whiskey of one, or of all the members; there was no exhibition of unkind feeling. Officers and distillers were one happy family; no favors asked by the latter, none extended by the former. The defensive part of the organization seemed chiefly looking for, and preparing against unfavorable legislation, and incidentally keeping foreign whiskies and the Harts out of Porktown.

The happy relations existing between the two classes of citizens already hinted at suffered a disruption by the removal of the U. S. Attorney Hornby, and a more wide-awake man being appointed in his place.

Hornby was an easy old shoe; he would fit anybody's foot. He knew everybody in Porktown. Never refused a drink, yet he was never drunk. Davis knew Hornby; but having no friendships, he was not his friend.

One day, after the seizure and libel of a large lot of whiskey, Hornby met Davis, and suggested that he should name two men as Court appraisers for the same. He did so, and being distillers they knew their business. The whiskey was appraised at *cost of production exclusive of the tax*; bonds were given; the U. S. Marshal's stamp put on the barrels, which

gave their contents as tax paid whiskey in the market; and the spirits were released.

Thus a distiller, by having his whiskey seized as contraband, could get for 25 cents per gallon, and probably six months' time to pay it in, spirits which taken out in the regular way would cost him \$2.25 per gallon ready cash. Those men, or some of similar ilk, continued to act as appraisers during that era of good feeling. Davis and the society regretted the change, as it necessitated new combinations on their part.

What those were it is the mission of this story to develop. One thing was clear in the distiller's mind; seizures might be made, but bonding the spirits never, so long as the tax was included in the valuation. Another matter was equally clear. Distillation must continue, or what would become of the stock so dependent on the swill for subsistence? It continued, and the warehouses were filled until the beams fairly sagged.

Telegrams passed frequently between Porktown and various points on the coast. Sun-browned faces would appear in close proximity to Davis's at the Markwell House for a night, and then disappear. Davis was absent for a few days from his accustomed haunts, and it was rumored he was gone, to negotiate for the purchase of a ship. He returned, but



no one cared to question him, except the enterprising editor of the *Observer*, who gave the results of his interview in a double-leaded leader the following day.

The mayor saw it, and called on Davis to pay his respects to the first veritable ship-owner of Porktown. The Common Council, the Postmaster, and other officials congratulated him and themselves on the auspicious event; and every facility was extended to him by the Collector of Internal Revenue to perfect his transportation bonds when he announced his intention of removing his whiskey to a Class B bonded warehouse at the port of Movere, for exportation to Vera Cruz, in his own clipper, the "Alice Weaver." Before the transshipment of his own goods was half through, several other distillers had signified their desire to give bonds and transfer their whiskey in like manner. Tobacco manufacturers sent forward in bond for exportation hundreds of caddies of the best navy plug. In fact, the desire became epidemic to make the voyage of the "Alice Weaver," under Porktown auspices, a decided success.

Davis rejected all merchandize not bonded, and expressed his fears frequently that he would even have to turn away some of that character. But he managed to find a place for that class of goods, and in due time clearance was granted the vessel.

The transportation bonds were, after a proper lapse of time, cancelled, and the export bonds, and bonds not to reland in the United States, were discharged, when Mr. Davis, two months after, delivered to the Collector of Customs the declaration of the consignee that the goods had been received by him; the certificate of the Collector of the Port of Vera Cruz that the merchandize had been landed and duly entered at the custom house of the said port; and the certificate of the U. S. Consul at said port, certifying as to the truth of the statements of the consignee, and that the signature of the Collector of the Port of Vera Cruz was genuine.

Two years elapsed, and Mr. Davis sat in the same office where Mr. Hart once found him. He was now rich; and though he no longer followed the distilling business as principal, he had certain interests therein, which he liked to look after; besides, there was a fascination about it, and so he lingered around the premises. One day a seedy-looking person walked into the presence of the old gentleman and seated himself.

"Mr. Wilkins is my name," said the seedy individual.

"Well."

"Your name is Davis."

"Well."

"I was master of the fast clipper-ship 'Alice Weaver,'" and Mr. Wilkins tried to laugh, but the effort was a sorry one.

"You were? It was a bad appointment, I judge," and Mr. Davis moved uneasily.

"I saw you down at the port when you bought the *little sloop* 'Alice Weaver,'" continued Wilkins.

"Was your sight affected any by what you saw?"

"I was confidential clerk to Clangem & Co., with whom you made arrangements for the disposition of the tobacco and whiskey that should have gone on the 'Alice Weaver.'"

"They were honored in having such a clerk."

"I know the man who forged the papers that gave you a discharge from all your bonds in that matter."

"Your knowledge is wonderful," said Mr. Davis, adding, after a brief silence, "Anything more?"

"I want money," replied the dilapidated Wilkins.

"No doubt of it; the want is universal. Now, having heard your rigmarole," said Davis, going to the door and opening it, "I want you to get out."

The seedy Wilkins picked himself by pieces out of the chair, scowled threateningly upon Davis, and shuffled into the street.

A few days later, and Wilkins, by letter, gave all the main points of the transaction to the proper au-

thorities, who caused a thorough investigation to be made, which revealed the fact that there was no ship of that name on the United States register, no ship-builder by name of Bowyer at Gateston, and, in fact, no such seaport as Gateston; that the whiskey and tobacco were, by forged documents, released from the bonded warehouse and distributed as free goods all over the Union—some of it even coming back to Porktown, though in a changed condition. The forms and seals of the office of Collector of Customs at Movere had been tampered with to further the fraud, and the foreign certificates counterfeited by experts, whose peculiar talents commanded high prices in those exciting times.

The whole transaction was fully unearthed; but many links were wanting to make the chain of evidence so complete as to procure a conviction of the offenders, and, most important of all, the witness Wilkins never put in an appearance.

So, in the absence of the living witnesses, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue reluctantly accepted from Mr. Davis, on behalf of the United States, as a compromise, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars in lieu of all fines, forfeitures, and penalties.



## THE GAUGERS ARE COMING.



GALLON of good molasses weighs twelve pounds, and contains not less than seventy-five per cent of saccharine, or nine pounds to the gallon. It takes eight and a half pounds of sugar to produce one gallon of proof spirits. So it may be safely concluded that the spirit-producing quality of molasses is gallon for gallon.

The price of the article in the year 1868 ranged anywhere from ten to eighteen cents per gallon; a fair average would be fifteen cents. Add to this the cost of distillation, which, with the class of distillers under consideration, was merely nominal, but under legal restraints about five cents per gallon, and the actual cost was twenty cents per gallon, exclusive of the tax, which was then two dollars per gallon.

It would be difficult to imagine a combination of circumstances presenting stronger temptations to fraud than the illicit distilling of whiskey at that time. An article taxed ten times beyond the cost



of production, when distilled, remained an almost worthless thing until the gauger's rod, emblematical of the authority of the Government, passed over it like some magic wand in fairy story, and forthwith its nominal value rose from twenty cents to two dollars and twenty cents per gallon.

Now the night and day dreaming and scheming of the illicit distiller was to manufacture the whiskey in places secure from the visits of the "gaugers," (this term is here used in its broadest sense, and is intended to include all officers of Internal Revenue,) and convey it by equally secret agencies to rectifying or compounding establishments, where its identity would be destroyed, and the article placed on the market as genuine. Not alone was the extraordinary profit in this illegal traffic a strong temptation, but the fewness and simplicity of the utensils to be used, and the utter absence of skill and experience involved in the process of distillation must be taken into the account. Imagine a hog-pen, or stable, or shed, or even an open lot, a few bricks laid two feet apart and parallel with each other, to the height of twenty or thirty inches, several bars of iron stretched across these, a tin or copper kettle placed on the bars, filled with a fluid composed of one gallon of molasses to six of water, a cap on the kettle, the apex of said cap terminating in a pipe or tube, which

connected with a coil of iron or copper tubing submerged in a tub of water standing conveniently near to the still, the open end of the coil projecting from the lower part of the tub, a fire under the kettle, the liquid boiling, the steam passing through the cap of the kettle into the coil, the water in the tub condensing the vapor in the coil, and the condensed vapor running from the open end as spirits into an iron pot or its equivalent, and you have truly imagined an illicit molasses whiskey still in operation.

To prepare the decoction for distillation is equally simple, as in many instances it prepares itself. A vessel laden with sugar or molasses discharges her cargo. The weight of the hogsheads, one upon the other, having started them leaking during the voyage, or a storm on the ocean having caused the cargo to shift, and whole hogsheads to be broken up, or fermentation having set in, the gas thus generated, in escaping bursts the packages; so that the hold of the vessel and between-decks have to undergo thorough cleansing by scraping and washing. The product of both these operations is gathered into hogsheads, and sold to the illicit distiller through some middleman; the former as "scrapings," for half the price of molasses, the latter as "pumpings," consisting of human excrements, dead vermin and all ship filth, mingling with the molasses and sugared

water, at about five cents per gallon. This last fact is recorded as a pleasant reflection for the imbibers of that article of commerce. "Scrapings" and "pumpings" are generally fit for distillation when purchased; but if not fully ripe, letting them lie on the wharf a few hours in summer days ripens them. In the absence of a supply of this vile material, should molasses be resorted to, a little yeast thrown in, diluted with the hot refuse of the still, prepares it for distillation in twenty-four hours.

It will thus be seen that unskilled labor of the poorest sort, of which there is a glut in every market, the vicious, the drunken, the idle and improvident, men without self-respect, having forfeited the respect and confidence of the community, could find in this business employment from others of their own class, or by the investment of a few dollars a remuneration on a scale that ranged far above the average of the wages of skilled and honest artisans. So it came to pass in those days of high Internal Revenue taxation, that few of the cities of our Union were exempt from the presence, and pestilential practices of illicit distillers.

Although this class of persons were numerous, and their operations wide-spread, it is a mistake to suppose they largely affected the price of whiskey. A grain distiller, working under cover of law, having

a surveyed capacity of one hundred bushels of grain every twenty-four hours, yet mashing and distilling three hundred, thus defrauding the Government of the tax on the product of two hundred bushels, did more to affect the market price of whiskey than fifty ordinary illicit distillers of molasses; yet when respectable residents and property owners of any vicinity afflicted with the curse of these contrabandists raised their voice for the suppression of the evil, these same lawful distillers of grain, who were such unlawful thieves, would hypocritically join in the cry for suppression, declaring their business was being ruined by the contrabandists.

There could not, however, be two opinions as to the necessity for their suppression. Violated law called for it; the morals and health of the community demanded it. The abandoned of both sexes congregated about them, and were maddened or killed by quaffing the infernal spirits. The children were debauched by the devilish orgies nightly indulged in; and scenes too horrible to name passed constantly in review in these dens. No more certain agencies for the destruction of soul and body were ever devised than these same plague spots. Nightly the adjacent sewers belched forth the sickening fumes issuing from the refuse of the still, and the air of early morning was heavy with rank odors from the same source.



The straggling town of Coalton may be taken as a sample of the class. There was east and west Coalton, the two points being separated by a long stretch of common, either end being densely populated, the centre having only a few scattered dwellings. The people were largely engaged in the black art, as the name indicates; their virtues were modestly screened from public observation, unless it be a virtue to ignore allegiance to all laws, civil, moral, and physical, and live alone in the gratification of the animal appetites—in this case they were models of virtue. The illicit distilleries of Coalton—and it possessed none other—were not remarkable for architectural beauty, nor could they be considered monuments of strength and durability. Truth demands that it be recorded of the materials that they were not obtained in an honest way; in short, the manner of procuring them fairly epitomized the business to be conducted in the building, when completed. The bricks borrowed from a neighboring brick-yard during the absence of the owner and workmen; the lumber purloined on a stormy night from some edifice in course of construction; and the distillery building itself erected on another man's land without his knowledge or consent; the only honest part of the whole transaction—if it be honest to put together stolen materials—being the erection



of the shed. That operation was usually performed between two days, during which every able-bodied member of the family interested in the venture was expected to join even to the third or fourth generation.

There was no organization among the Coalton distillers, but a certain degree of cohesion resulting from their outlawed condition, which necessitated a means of warning and successful defence against the gaugers. Every mother's child was a picket, and no enemy could approach in force from whatever point, but the cry would issue from a hundred little throats: "The gaugers are coming! The gaugers are coming!" the refrain being taken up at each street corner; and every woman whose husband was a distiller would hasten to secrete the implements and product of the unlawful pursuit, then arm to meet the invaders, and hold them at bay until husband and sons could rally and rout them.

This was Coalton in the year of grace 1868. It was fast becoming historic ground, the scene of many a skirmish between the gaugers and the Coaltonians, in which both parties were wont to claim the victory; the former, because at the first onset they destroyed a few hogsheads of mash, or knocked a hole in a kettle; and the latter, because when their forces of women and children and men

rallied—taking rank here in the order of their efficiency as fighters—armed with brooms, brick-bats, and shovels, they drove the gaugers in disordered and undignified haste from the field. Nor were these conflicts always bloodless; occasionally a hapless gauger would get “bottled up.” Then of course Coaltonian blood was up, and their reckless valor exhausted itself on the “hireling,” who was lucky in escaping with a few fractured bones.

There was, however, one element of weakness in all this seeming unity of purpose, and it lay in the curious fact that certain of these distillers were never raided on by the authorities, and were more successful in getting their whiskey to a market than others; and the inference uncharitably drawn therefrom was, that to protect themselves they were “giving away” some of their coadjutors in fraud.

Take, for instance, Little Mike, and Big Dan, and Jemmy from Cork, all of West Coalton, who had been running for months, and not a gauger had visited their shebangs. The whiskey they made got on the market somehow, and they were salting down the greenbacks in a hurried manner. It was also noticed, as a further confirmation of the suspicions of the East Coaltonians, now ripening into a certainty, that every time, and all the time, the gaugers raided by way of East Coalton, it was East Coalton

property was destroyed. When East Coalton whiskey was taken to market, once across the dead line of its charmed circle, some beat, personating a revenue officer, would lay violent hands on the driver and his load, nor release his grip until a fifty-dollar bill was shaken in his face; and it was a fortunate circumstance if on the next corner the dose was not repeated on him. It is a fact, which East Coalton is willing to testify to, that two fifty-dollar bills have been extracted on one trip from the same driver, each by a different person, and finally the driver and his load "gobbled" by a genuine officer.

To head off these blackmailers, a committee of distillers was appointed to convoy the whiskey in safety to its destination; but the plan resulted disastrously, for a deputy collector, seizing the whiskey in transit, was in turn seized and beaten savagely by the committee, which caused one of its number to involuntarily render the State six months' service; for, being so intent on developing his muscles, he failed to discover a staff officer, conveniently near, until the staff of the official rattled on his cerebellum, sending him to sleep only to awake in a police station. Thus, the disasters of East and the successes of West Coalton set the teeth of the former on edge against the latter.

In spite of these and kindred drawbacks—among

which may be enumerated the manufacture of spurious molasses for these shrewd defiers of law, by others more crafty than they, and the skinning they got from dishonest middlemen and dealers, who, in addition to buying the whiskey at half price, took from them heavy percentages on the proofs of the article, not unfrequently cheating them of the entire amount of their bills—the evil multiplied, and citizens of that interesting burgh, whose garments were not redolent of molasses, refusing to see the incarnation of all evil run riot in their midst, remonstrated, and were maltreated, and their property defaced or destroyed. They asked United States authorities for a stronger force for the suppression of the abomination, and military aid was given for the protection of the gaugers while raiding on Coalton. This, however, defeated the primary object of such expeditions, which was the capture of the persons and property of the distillers; for the novel sight and slow movements of the troops gave warning of their approach and ample time to hide everything except the mash, besides affording the women and *gamins* an excellent opportunity for poking fun at the soldiers and gaugers, which they were not slow in improving.

Meantime the feeling of jealousy against West Coalton's success found vent in the sending of anonymous notes, in a chirography never surpassed by a



lately deceased and much-lamented statesman and journalist, which was sufficiently deciphered to lead to the discovery and destruction of the establishments so long and successfully run by Little Mike, and Big Dan, and the man from Cork.

It was about this time that Mrs. Mulvany—who had been made a grass-widow for six months by the forced absence of her Patsy on State duty for the assault on a deputy Collector, as heretofore reported—sat in her desolate home, cheerless and fireless. A sick child lay upon her lap, in the worst stage of that loathsome disease, the small-pox; and as she sat, now crooning over some wild, weird song of other lands, now counting the days that must intervene before Patsy's return, or cursing the cowardly poltroons who first deserted Patsy and now desert his family, a knock was heard on the door. It was not little Katy, nor Mary; they would come in without knocking; besides, the gentlemen took them to the Almshouse now a week ago, because of poor little Patsy's sickness. Yet another knock came, and with it the door opened, and a gray-haired man, looking very much like a missionary, stepped into the room, and, announcing himself as Mr. Ross, kindly inquired after the sick boy.

"Why are you here at all, sir? Are you a doctor?" asked she, with a little of the Milesian accent.



"No, ma'am, I'm not."

"Then it's better ye were away, an' leave me wi' my sorrows, as my neighbors do, bad luck to them," interrupted she.

"I came because I heard of your sorrows," said Mr. Ross. "I'm a gauger."

"Gauger—gauger! Sorrows, gauger!" said the woman, bewildered, rising with her sick charge and making for the door; but Mr. Ross spoke assuringly to her, and led her back to her seat.

"I have never been in this town before, and should not now be here, but for the help I hope to be able to render you and yours." And as he spoke a pair of jet black eyes were fixed on his, reading his inmost purpose, remaining there long after he had ceased talking, and until he had diverted his own object of vision. At last she said:

"His friends have deserted me an' the childer. But I've nothing to tell ye. An' a fool ye are—axing yer pardon for bad manners—in coming here at all. An' now, go; an' I wish ye well out of it."

"Mrs. Mulvany, had I come for information, other sources than this are open to me, free from contagious disease. Had I come on any other mission than that of kindness, I should have been armed. I have no weapon. So conscious am I of the good intent of my visit to you, that were the fact of my

presence here made known, not a finger would be raised against me. Allow me," said Mr. Ross, approaching the woman with outstretched arms, "to hold the sick boy while you go and inform your neighbors."

The woman hugged her child closer to her breast, and burying her face among the cloths on the head of her little one, swayed to and fro, sobbing audibly, but spoke not a word. The missionary gauger proceeded:

"The curse of God and his Church is resting on this traffic of whiskey-making. Had there been none of it here your house would not have been one of mourning. Other homes will yet suffer the loss of fathers and sons, until the curse is removed by the utter destruction of every still in the place. I do not now know where to find a still hereabout. I shall yet know where every still is in Coalton, and who runs it. I would not receive information at your hands, were you to volunteer it here and now. This is my card. My wife and I board at 415 Orchard street, Franklin. Mrs. Ross will come and aid you all she can in caring for your child, and anything you may need beside shall be supplied. Good-bye," and throwing down a ten-dollar bill, which he said a gentleman requested him to leave, the queer old gauger departed.

The poor woman, who had been striving to choke down her tears in the presence of Mr. Ross, now wept and wailed piteously.

The same day, towards evening, Mrs. Ross visited Mrs. Mulvany, and found her still crooning; and the money lay just where Mr. Ross had thrown it. A fire was built from fuel sent from the grocery by Mr. Ross; nourishing food prepared; and the woman aroused from her desponding condition to a sense of the necessity for action if she would save her child. It was too late for all human aid, however; for soon after the lady's departure little Patsy died, and on the day following was buried.

Mr. Ross, though a revenue officer, whose baliwick included Coalton, had studiously avoided taking any part in the frequent raids made on that classic locality, for the reason that his judgment and experience condemned such raids as puerile, tending only to exasperate the distillers and their allies, emboldening them for greater outrages, and covering the officers engaged therein with ridicule because of their repeated failures. He had noticed also that treachery existed somewhere, for however secretly a plan of attack was devised, and the time fixed for its execution, the information found its way to Coalton before the officers reached there. He consequently carefully avoided joining any of those expe-

ditions until it began to be whispered that Mr. Ross lacked in the essential element of pluck.

Mrs. Mulvany found remunerative work, and many friends through the Ross influence. She had frequent interviews with her incarcerated husband. Her children were home again, and she provided well for them; in short, a new life seemed opening up to her; and what with her altered condition and the prospective release of Patsy, she was a comparatively happy woman.

It had been a bleak, biting cold day. The snow, which lay thick on the earth, was sheeted with ice; pedestrians moved lively yet extremely cautious, with pocketed hands and enveloped heads. The sleigh bells jingling outside reminded Mr. Ross as he was lighting the gas that he had arranged for a stag party and a sleigh ride to take place that evening. It was near midnight before the invited guests made their appearance. Few in number were they—six all told; and though they were convivial enough, the sleigh ride gave promise of dulness. At 2 o'clock A. M. Mr. Ross announced the sleigh awaiting the stags at the door, at the same time revealing to their astonished senses the true object of inviting them to his house, which was for the purpose of a midnight raid on Coalton. Each guest, as a revenue officer, knew what Coalton was by day-



light, and dreaded to invade its precincts; and to venture there, a mere handful, at night seemed as it were to court destruction. They expressed decided disapproval of the plan.

Mr. Ross correctly reasoned that their coming at such an hour would be a surprise to an enemy weakened by the absence of three-fourths of his force; and the remainder, scattered over considerable territory, demoralized by the darkness, because left in doubt as to the real strength of the attacking party, would become an easy prey to the raiders. The men, naturally brave, and not willing to be considered as showing the white feather, accepted the situation, jumped into the sleigh, and away to Coalton.

It was so unusual a thing for sleigh bells to tinkle in the streets of that town at so early an hour in the morning, that it was deemed prudent to halt the team a few squares from the illicit quarters, and let the raiders foot it, leaving one of the officers in charge of the sleigh, with instructions to remain at a given point and convey all prisoners taken to the nearest police station. The party had proceeded but a few steps before the muffled figure of a woman was seen in advance. The apparition, while it caused comment among the men, did not seem to disconcert Mr. Ross, who was the acknowledged leader of the



party ; in fact, he seemed to note her movements with much interest. She was going north ; then she turned west, the party following. After awhile she again changed her course to the northward, the party still apparently guided by her movements. We designated her our "guiding star." At last she stood in front of an open lot, on the rear of which could be seen the dim outline of a shed.

Ross silently approached the building, and peering through its crevices, saw by the glow of the furnace fire that it was a distillery. Nearly the whole place was occupied by hogsheads standing on an end and filled with foaming liquid. A man lay at full length in front of the fire sleeping ; by his side a large dog stood with ears erect, as though scenting the danger. Near him was a tub set flush with the floor, in which was the streaming pottle recently emptied from the still.

Ross tried the door ; it was fast. On tip-toe he crept around to the rear of the building, and seeing a stout piece of scantling resting against the gable, he climbed up to an opening in the peak of the roof. By this time the man was wide awake, and the dog barking furiously. As the climber's face appeared at the opening the man leaped on the hogsheads, and kicking off several boards, sprang out on the roof, and slid down into the arms of the men—their first

prisoner. Ross jumped down, and was immediately seized by the dog, who fastened his teeth in the leg of his boot. Quick as a flash he grabbed the dog by the neck and tail, tore him from his grip, and threw him into the hot pottle in the open tub. The poor animal for a few seconds swam around, and Ross relenting sought to extricate him, but his attempts were ineffectual; so doggy rolled over and was no more.

The whiskey barrels were emptied, the mash destroyed, the still cut, and the party moved after their guiding star, who was still in advance. In a little while she again stood still near a shed standing on the line of the street. Ross reconnoitred. The still was just discharging; and a tall man stood with his back toward it, whistling a popular air. The door refused to open. Ross, groping around, fingered a rope; following its leadings, he found a board suspended, which when pulled aside revealed a hole at the base of the building only large enough to admit a man on all-fours. And this then was the entrance to the distillery when the ordinary door was made fast!

Accommodating his person to the requirements of the aperture, he crept in. The whistler, in all the rectitude of conscious innocence, continued his musical entertainment, doubtless imagining the

creeper was one of his familiars, until his solo received its *finale* by the affectionate hug of the officer, who held his man securely while the doorway was battered in by the rest of the force. The prisoner was taken to the sleigh.

The star continued its course. Again it stood still in the centre of the rear of a row of brick dwellings. The yard door was fast; it was necessary to climb the fence. The feat was easy, but the noise made in its performance was tremendous, and sounded an alarm. Two men ran from the still house, hotly pursued by the officers; one took refuge in the dwelling house, but immediately appeared on the roof of the extension, and delivered a few harmless shots from a pistol at his pursuers, and passing on to an adjoining roof escaped. The second man tripped in his flight, and was secured for a sleigh ride.

The star moved on, stopping at several places in which stills were found in operation, but no operators, and frequently no whiskey. These two omissions were explained by the fact that a distiller's presence is only necessary in the still house at given times, namely, once every two hours to change the charge in the still, and remove the whiskey, the remainder of the time being spent as best suits him. The whiskey when the running is complete is taken

by the wary ones in kettles and deposited probably under a bed in the upper room of the house, thus meanly cheating the gaugers.

The fair wanderer still guided the somewhat weary raiders, stopping over against a cow-yard run by one Mr. Boylan. Threading their mazy way around these quadruped distillers of the lacteal fluid, that gentleman was found immersed in the dirtiness attending the transmutation of the dense saccharine into the volatile alcoholic.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the jolly, good-natured fellow. "Out early this morning. Too cold to sleep, maybe. I'm here to attend me cows, and want a dhrink to warm me. Take one wid me, gentlemen? The man wont mind it at all."

Politely declining his invitation, he in turn was invited to accompany the party on a sleigh-ride, which he accepted, laughingly expressing the hope that his old 'oman wouldn't blather him for neglecting the cows.

Again the star moved on, until it stood by a dark entry, up which Ross felt his way, at the end of which he found a high fence; this he scaled, to be confronted by another; this surmounted, he entered a distillery of more than ordinary capacity for that class of evil workshops. Not a soul was present. Two large stills stood over the glowing coals. From



the tailpiece of each coil the spirit was flowing into small kettles. Five full barrels of whiskey were ranged alongside the wall near the stills; against the wall hung a silver watch and a vest. Ross knocked out the bungs of the full barrels, and, rolling them bung-hole down, denuded them of their fiery contents.

Taking his station behind one of the hogsheads of mash, he awaited the advent of the owner of the vest and watch. Presently a man appeared with a pipe in his mouth, and going to where the empty barrels lay, he looked, then removing his pipe he looked again. Turning around, he surveyed the whole place; then, laying down his pipe, he went to where the vest and watch hung, and taking them down, prepared for exit. Mr. Ross stepped out, and kindly took charge of the young man and his property.

A perplexing question now arose in Ross's mind, how to dispose of his prisoner, for it was out of the question to remove him by the way he himself came, and he knew no other way. So, assuming to know, he let his captive move slightly in advance. It was not a success, for only a few steps were taken when both violently tripped, and rolled over together in the filth of the yard—they had fallen over a cow. The rascal, discovering that his captor had lost his



way, was leading him about as he pleased; by the length of time it took to go through that yard Ross thought it must be an extensive one, having a succession of doors and gates. Finally, a light glimmered; they made for it, and soon stood on the threshold of a barn, in which twenty or thirty men were smoking, playing cards, and spinning yarns. This was a nicely-conceived plan for trapping a gauger, bringing him to the distillers' rendezvous; but it worked strangely at variance with the ideas of the prisoner, for the sudden appearance of one of their number in the grasp of a determined-looking man caused the gang to go. Neither stood they on the order of their going, but went at once, and in all directions, leaving Mr. Ross still master of the situation, who finally landed his man in good order for the involuntary ride.

So the muffled figure advanced, and stood, until more than a score of distilleries were dismantled, and their materials and products destroyed—until more than a dozen men were captured in the midst of their unlawful labors—until day began to break, and the Coaltonians were calling their forces to repel the gaugers. Then she disappeared, and the worn-down half dozen lifted their wearied bodies into the sleigh, and the first successful raid on Coalton was over.

The prisoners were all held for trial, but admitted to bail. Some skipped the town, forfeiting their bail, and Coalton never knew them afterwards; others were tried and sent to the penitentiary.

The kindness shown Mrs. Mulvany by Mr. Ross was repeated to the families of the other imprisoned men when practicable. Always kind and sympathetic towards the distressed, his soul went out after these unfortunates in many unmentionable ways, making them feel that in him they had a true friend. He would sit by the hour listening to their tales of sorrow and suffering, and, as far as in him lay, suggest and procure means of relief.

That such qualities exhibited in a man should raise him up friends, even among the vicious, need not excite wonder. That indomitable pluck, coupled with those finer feelings, should engender a respect akin to admiration, is not passing strange. Perhaps a little wholesome fear added to all these, was a powerful pleader for the toleration of the presence of the gaugers in Coalton. Be that as it may, Ross and his trusty subordinates, after that memorable night-raid, came and went as suited them; illicit distilling was not wholly suppressed there, for, like ill-temper in a man's life, it broke out by spurts. Experience taught the distillers, if they did not want their mash destroyed, they must sink their hogsheads

into the ground, so they could not be broken. That expedient lasted long enough for the gaugers to get a long, stout crowbar, with which they knocked the bottom out of the hogshead, and the mash filtered through the soil. Next they buried them from three to five feet under ground, and hid their kettles in like manner; but an anonymous note to the gaugers revealed the exact spot where to dig for the hidden treasure, or a woman with a red flower in her cap indicated the place of burial by standing thereon and cursing the gaugers for robbing her of a husband, and her children of a father. She was not the star already noticed, but one of a small constellation,—in other words, a woman into whose house the power of the law had penetrated and taken the head of the family, and upon whom a yet stronger law was operating—the law of kindness—making her a volunteer aid in the good work. The result of all this was, that in a few months Coalton and its distillers were honeycombed.

In speaking of illicit distillers it should be understood that both sexes are included, for the work was almost wholly conducted in the daylight by women, who with bare heads and brawny arms made the mash, fired up the furnace, and run the still; and so expert were they, that at the cry of "the gaugers are coming," they would take a kettle encased by

brick work, and holding one hundred and fifty gallons of scalding mash or beer, and using its long faucet as a lever, lift the mass out of place, throw down the brick-work, swash out the beer, and drag the immense kettle to a place of security a hundred feet away, in sixty seconds. Equally useful were they in conveying the whiskey to market. A favorite ruse with them for running the gauntlet of gaugers was to imitate the honest market woman, and beneath a pile of cabbages, or other farm products, hide the outlawed whiskey.

What Ross and his fellow officers lacked in cunning, was made up by vigilance. Every avenue leading from the infected town was closely watched; the old time tactics of the gaugers in seizing spirits on sight was abandoned, and their judgment affirming the truth of the adage "the receiver is worse than the thief," they allowed a suspected wagon filled with barrels of *oil* to pass to its destination, following at a respectful distance, and as the last barrel was rolled into some rectifying house for spirits, the officer would appear in the nick of time, to find molasses whiskey being hastily dumped from the barrels supposed to contain oil. This state of things inevitably led to the condemnation of all personal property found in such an establishment. A dozen such seizures made the dishonest dealer chary



in taking such risks, and after awhile even their doors were closed to the article.

Admonished by the imprisonment of some of the Coaltonians, and others, fugitives from justice, and alarmed by the frequent and serious losses through the capture and destruction of their property by the gaugers, many abandoned the business; a few stubborn, reckless ones yet remained, and gave evidence of their superior shrewdness by placing their fermenting tubs away down lower than formerly, and laying boards across them, they piled up a manure heap, or built a stable, or perchance a hog-pen over them, where, during the time of fermentation, the hogsheads would be the receptacle for all the liquid filth percolating through the slime of such places, and mingling with the mash eventually underwent the same process of vaporization. But these original designs availed nothing with tell-tales in their midst, and the disgrace of Coalton was at last effectually wiped out, and for more than a score of months not an illicit still has been set up there. But life is too short, the patience of the reader of too good a quality that it should be overstrained, and the subject too disgusting for further consideration.





## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

**H**E is crazy as a loon, and has scared us all so much that we are fast becoming as demented as he," said Mrs. Temple to her husband, as she concluded the recital of a series of mad freaks indulged in by one of the boarders of a summer resort, who had taken up his quarters there during the temporary absence of Mr. Temple, who was with his family spending the dog days in that delightful locality. "There he comes, now. Oh, for mercy's sake, Edwin, let us get away from this dreadful place." And the poor little woman shook as though struck with ague.

A tall, stout, fine looking young man, with shaggy beard, dishevelled hair, and good clothing very much soiled, stalked into the parlor. All the ladies, with the exception of Mrs. Temple, hastily left the room. She would have followed, had not her husband laid his hand upon her arm, and spoken a few assuring words to her.

"Aha! I drove them," said the Duke—an ap-

pellation given him by the boarders. "One shot did it. Their gibbering faces have troubled me long enough. What! fiends, here again?" his face assuming a half frightened, wholly wicked aspect.

Quick as thought he drew a revolver, and sent a shot whizzing into the ceiling. In a moment Mr. Temple seized him, wresting the pistol from his hand, and dragging the victim of *mania-potu* by the arm to the door of the hotel, shouted, "There they go," discharged every remaining load after the imaginary devils on their aërial retreat, and put the revolver in his pocket.

In his lucid intervals the poor inebriate was communicative, and enough of his history had been gleaned to know that he was the eldest of two sons of a merchant in good circumstances, who was doing a flourishing business as grocer, commission merchant, and liquor dealer in a city not far from the hub of the universe. His name was Frank Luchen. His grandfather had been a soldier in the Prussian Guard, and fought at Waterloo. The son, and father of Frank, was proud among his peers, overbearing toward his family and subordinates, and could brook no restraint; was withal of a grasping disposition, and had an accommodating conscience. The two latter qualities were not known to any great extent outside of the members of his own family.

The boys were not spoiled by the over-indulgence of the father ; in truth, the ordinary adornments and enjoyments of a young life to both the boys and girls of his family—which consisted of two of each sex—were only obtained by the practice of deceit and speculation. The appetites and passions restrained from indulgence in one direction, sought gratification in another ; so that when Frank attained his majority, acting as clerk in his father's store, and having free access to the liquors sold there, he graduated a sot. The father, unconscious of his own instrumentality in the ruin of his firstborn, was constant and severe in his upbraidings and declamations of him. Frequent promises of amendment only resulted in as frequent failures to amend. By almost superhuman effort Frank at last broke away from drinking, and after the lapse of a few months, the father so far softened toward the young man, as to advance him a few hundred dollars, and he was accepted as the partner of a young man in the dry goods business.

This move relieved the old gentleman of the care of Frank, and gave George, the second son—a wild youth—prominence in his father's store. Frank remained on his good behaviour for months ; was a good business man and clever ; made many friends, and was prosperous. It was a sad day for him when his partner proposed that Frank should go on a col-

lecting tour, which he accepted. After an absence of a few days, a telegram was received by his partner that he was found by the roadside near the town of Clifton insensible from intoxication, and robbed of all his money and valuables. He was brought home, nursed, and another, and yet another trial given him, all resulting disastrously to Frank and the business, until finally the partnership was dissolved, and he was turned loose with several hundred dollars in his pocket. Even in that extremity the poor fellow made an effort to save himself. Secreting the greater part of his cash about his person, he made his way to a watering place, and upon advice tried the effect of salt water bathing upon his malady. But the sharps of the place got on his track, and he fell an easy prey; *delirium tremens* ensued, the police took charge of him, and when able to travel, the authorities sent him bag and baggage to the village where Mr. Temple found him.

The two men sat on the porch, each eyeing the other. Frank at last said:

"You fixed them. Look at my eyes. They were bright as yours once. These hands how pale. Think, will they come again?"

"I expect so; but I'm just the boy to handle the jokers. Pass me the cartridges; I want to load and be ready for them."



Frank drew a box full of cartridges from his pocket, which Temple took and reloaded the weapon, taking special care to retain both. Frank raised no objection, but he evidently did not relish the movement; and casting a timid glance around, passed his hand into an inner pocket of his coat, but brought forth nothing. The movement did not escape the notice of Temple, but he seemed not to have observed it. Passing into the house, he soon reappeared with a small quantity of whiskey, at the sight of which Frank jumped to his feet and reached for it with trembling hands.

“When did you taste it last?” asked Temple.

He was answered by Mrs. Temple, who informed her husband that he drank nearly a gill of the liquid twenty-four hours before.

“Give me that razor from the inside pocket of your coat, and you shall have this drink.”

Slowly his right hand was raised to the pocket, and a razor was taken from thence and distrustfully placed in Temple's outstretched palm.

The drunkard took the potion, and greedily gulping it down begged for more. This, of course, was refused, but a promise that, on retiring, he should have another drink, caused the wretched man to take kindly to his newly-found friend, while the adulterated potion somewhat quieted his disordered brain.



By Temple's advice he was assigned another apartment on the ground-floor of the establishment, and for the sake of the drink, retired at an early hour, his self-constituted guardian taking the precaution of so fastening his chamber-door from the outside as to render exit by that way almost impossible.

The sickness of one of the children, during the night, brought Temple into the yard for water, when Frank suddenly appeared, coming up the garden from the direction of the woods, armed with an axe, taken from the wood-pile. He had on a single garment, and the light of the moon revealed his limbs lacerated and bleeding. The terrible delirium had been upon him, and in his fright and agony he had left his room by way of the window. Seeing Temple at the pump, he made straight for him; and that gentleman, having a pitcher of cold water in his hand, and, not liking the demonstration, gave the night-walker the full benefit of it on his face and breast, and before he could recover from the effects of the dose, he was disarmed and taken in charge.

For the safety of the guests the proprietor of the house determined on the following morning that his troublesome boarder should be sent away. For that purpose the team was hitched up, and Frank's baggage put aboard, but Frank was absent. At last he was found concealed in the barn; and while they

were endeavoring to remove him, he seized a scythe and made fruitless efforts to kill himself. He was finally forced into the wagon, and surrounded by a guard. It moved off toward the depot. As the cortége labored up the rise of a distant hill, the boarders intently watching its progress, Frank was seen to suddenly leap from the wagon and make for the woods, followed by his guard. An hour elapsed, and he was brought back a captive. But their force was not equal to the task of getting him into the wagon again; so the contest ended with Frank and his captors sitting down on a bank by the roadside.

In this dilemma Temple visited the party. As he approached, the fact was communicated to Frank that the gentleman was a detective; and that, together with his recent experience at Temple's hands, induced him to listen to kind counsel, which resulted in his consenting to go with the officer to an inebriate asylum, where he was finally landed, after several ineffectual attempts to escape his keeper by jumping off the train.

A few weeks later, and Temple, being in the vicinity of the residence of the father of Frank, in obedience to a promise made to that unfortunate young man, called upon the family. He was received by the mother and daughters with every demonstration of respect, and as the story of Frank's

dementia was told, the ladies mingled their tears freely. It was scarcely concluded when a white-haired man, with heavy moustache of the same color, tall, erect, and of dignified aspect, entered the room. Sighs were hushed, tears were dried; there was a strange leer of suspicion hanging about those restless eyes of his, and the hard lines now deepening on his florid face plainly told the visitor he was unwelcome. This was Frederick Luchen, the father of Frank.

"Mr. Temple," said Mrs. Luchen, introducing that gentleman, but not daring to name the object of his visit.

"Yes, sir. And I come with news of your son, Frank."

"If it be not news of his death—"

A stifled shriek bursting from the agonized mother, interrupted his sentence. Turning from Mr. Temple, he, in a sententious manner, ordered her and the young ladies from the room; then continuing, said:

"Your services are not appreciated."

Temple was nettled; but controlling his feelings, merely remarked:

"Your appreciation, sir, forms no part of my duty," and rising, left the heartless and stilted Mr. Luchen to his own thoughts.

Passing into the road, when a short distance from the house, his sense of smell was assailed by a decidedly nauseating stench, proceeding from an establishment located several hundred feet from the road, and enclosed by a high fence, entrance being obtained through a small door cut in the gates. Many persons would have passed the place hastily by, holding their breath and closing their nostrils as they ran; but Temple did no such thing. He was of an inquiring mind. So, going to the door, which he found unfastened, he entered a large yard, in which were barrels of offal from slaughter houses, carcasses of hogs killed by disease, and all variety of animal matter from which could be extracted a particle of fatty substance. It was a bone and fat-boiling establishment. The débris of the cauldrons lay in heaps awaiting removal by the farmers as phosphate. Empty molasses barrels, by the dozen, were gathered to be cleansed and used for grease, the product of the boiling.

Three men were busy at their various duties when Temple entered. Two of them approached him, and in an obsequious, garrulous manner, inquired if it was Mr. Luchen he was hunting for, volunteering the information that Mr. Luchen received his visitors at the house, that place being too dirty for gentlemen; then they called Paul, the third man, who had



suddenly disappeared, to show the gentleman to the house of the boss. The men were evidently far gone in intoxication; and had the curiosity of Temple led him to further investigation of the improved method of extracting the commercial article known as tallow, they were prepared to offer insolence and possibly violence. So, having seen enough of Mr. Luchen and his interesting establishment, the detective withdrew. Passing to the highway, he resumed his walk to the city. In doing so, he had not failed to discover the dignified, but sinister-eyed and supercilious Mr. Luchen leave his home and approach his factory.

It was not difficult to find the grocery commission and liquor house of the great Frederick Luchen. There were signs large and small, with a variety of banners, and all told of Frederick or F. Luchen. If the outside had the Luchen mark, it was easy to discover the same token inside the store. A young man of twenty years sat in the office in a state of semi-helpless inebriation.

The first sight startled Temple, who thought Frank sat before him. A second glance dispelled the illusion, the difference, however, being simply in age. It was Frank's younger brother. Two laboring men lounged near the door of the office, prepared to answer questions or fill orders. Temple



hesitated to open a conversation with the besotted youth; so, engaging the attention of one of the men, who proved to be thoroughly posted on all matters pertaining to the family and business, he interested him with the details of Frank's escapades, all the while taking in whatever of interest lay in his way in the store. Not caring to reveal the fact that he was a Government detective, he let pass without remark a serious violation of law existing there, in having empty barrels marked "rum," and bearing upon them stamps and serial numbers of packages, marked on the head. The penalty is severe for not obliterating stamp numbers and destroying stamps on empty packages having contained distilled spirits; and justly so, because a fraud can be so readily perpetrated upon the revenues of the Government by refilling the packages, and when thus refilled it takes more than an ordinary expert to detect the cheat. Temple had a habit of making mems of trivial matters apparently without motive. He therefore carried the numbers of these barrels and stamps on his mind, and before leaving the store had transferred them to his note book.

"John, what does the gentleman want?" asked George, in a maudlin way.

"Frank sent him," replied John.

"Frank? Frank sent you, Mr.?"

" Temple."

" Yes, Temple. Why don't the fool come home? He's afraid of the Gov'ner. I ain't afraid of him, and the old Turvey-drop knows it, too. Tell—"

With head bent, and eyes closed, the words fell from his lips by jerks, but the sentence remained incomplete, for opening his eyes he saw the father of whom he had spoken so disrespectfully standing in his presence. George wilted, but his perceptive faculties cleared remarkably.

" So, so, my sober, brave, affectionate scion, you are not afraid of old Turvey-drop?"

The boy was silent.

Mr. Luchen addressing Temple, said:

" You have seen Frank, and know of his condition. This boy you also see. If any apology be necessary for my language an hour ago respecting that ingrate, accept it in what you see and have seen. Their education and business training all thrown away, both have become to me a shame and a sorrow. They steal my substance to gratify their sensual appetites, and practise all deceitful arts on me and the mother who bore them."

" Father," responded George, pointing to Temple, " tell the gentleman who taught us to steal, and I will inform him that our mentor was a greater adept at deceit than we are."

“You imp of darkness, dare you thus insult me! Take that, and that!” dealing his son two powerful blows as he sat in his chair.

There was no outcry, but George staggered to his feet, flushed and angry, and taking his hat left the store.

The father sank into a seat, buried his face in his hands, groaning aloud, and his strong frame heaved convulsively.

Three months elapsed, and the press of other and more important matter had caused the circumstances just narrated to claim but an occasional passing thought, when an incident occurred that revived the whole subject, and led to a sad and terrible termination. As was his duty and practice, Temple was examining the stock of a wholesale dealer in liquors with a view of ascertaining if the balance claimed by the dealer, as shown by the Government book kept by him, was really on hand, when he discovered several packages of “rum” that had all the marks of old acquaintances. Rum or molasses whiskey—for reasons already given in another page—was always a subject of close scrutiny, and it seldom happened that its history was without the taint of fraud. So in the case under consideration, the thought flashed through his mind of the Luchen family, of the scene between father and son, and of the num-

bers in his diary. But the book had been filled and laid away, and he was in a town remote from home. By the aid of lightning and steam the desired evidence was obtained, and it confirmed all the suspicions of the detective. Two of the barrels now found *full* of "rum" bore the same stamps and serial numbers as those empty barrels he examined in Luchen's store. Yet another test remained. Taking the instruments prescribed by the Government for proving the strength, or more properly for weighing the spirits, he discovered a disagreement of ten degrees between the actual weight of the spirits in the barrels and the proof marks as scribed on the bung staves, showing clearly that they were illegal packages.

The person in whose possession they were found had come by them through the sheriff of the county. He had by process of law levied upon and sold to the highest bidder the remnant of a large stock of goods obtained by a couple of adventurers who, assuming the title of a firm in the same town—A. Marx & Co., having an unlimited credit—opened an office in a back street, sent out their orders to a distance for every kind of merchandise, being careful to sign themselves as "Marx & Co.," dropping the prefix "A." The bait took; the orders were promptly filled, and as fast as delivered to the office of Marx



& Co., the shipping marks were erased, and the goods transhipped to other and distant points. Thirty days sufficed to give them as many thousand dollars worth of goods, and to put those goods on the market at reduced prices, the swindle to be discovered, the swindlers to escape, and the sheriff to enter upon the premises and seize whatever property was found there; which he did, finding a schedule of all goods ordered in the invoices left behind by the rascals.

Temple, on examining these, found Mr. Frederick Luchen had been selected as a victim; and in addition to sending a large invoice of wines, brandies, and groceries ordered, he had sent two packages of "rum equal to the best Jamaica, which would no doubt find ready sale in their market," so a letter accompanying the invoice set forth.

The next thing in order was to move on Mr. Luchen's works. A day and night of travel brought Temple with two assistants into the vicinity of the great Luchen store. A brief rest, and breakfasting, made it near 10 o'clock when the detective and his aids entered. A dray was in front of the store loaded with barrels of tallow, which John the porter was assisting to unload. George was in the office, sober but hazy, as though not fully recovered from a recent debauch. He had bloated some within three



months. His eyes and general appearance gave promise of an investment by "Turvey-drop" in lumber and land on that young gentleman's account within a brief space of time.

The former recognized Temple, and hastened to introduce him as a friend of Frank; but the detective introduced himself in his official capacity, to the astonishment of both John and George.

An investigation of the Government book failed to show a sending of the two barrels of rum to Marx & Co., while other domestic spirits sent to the same firm were entered there.

George denied the shipment of such goods; but when a copy of the letter was found, he admitted the goods were sent, but not by his knowledge. When his handwriting was proved, he admitted all the facts, but could give no other reason for former denials than that he "hated to acknowledge how much the house had been swindled."

During the examination of the entries John had stored his tallow in the farthest and darkest corner of the place. In doing so, however, one of the aids had noticed a liquid trickling from the bung-hole of one of the barrels quite unlike the hard set fat with which it seemed filled. The attention of Temple being called to the matter, he examined the load just delivered, consisting of four barrels as they

stood on end, the white grease shining out from the dark recess. The investigation resulted in the discovery that the barrels had both heads in, but one was covered with tallow to the depth of an inch or more, conveying the supposition that the barrels contained simply that article. But the contents were molasses whiskey.

John was interrogated as to the origin of the barrels, but he knew nothing. It may be accepted as an axiom, that there are more "know-nothings" in the whiskey business than ever were in the political party bearing that name. George was questioned, but he supposed it was sent by some person who was "setting up a job" on the house. Temple thought so too, and to prevent such a catastrophe, he deemed it best to seize in the name of the Government the establishment, with books, papers, stock, etc.

Leaving one of his men in charge, Temple with the other man started for the fat rendering establishment of Mr. Luchen, situated two miles from the city, and not caring to waste time in searching for a horse and buggy on hire, concluded to walk there. When less than a mile from town they discovered George coming from behind on horseback at a furious pace. His purpose was divined, and it was then nip and tuck, horse and men. The latter did bravely,

but they were no match for the quadruped. George in passing yelled defiantly. As the bone establishment appeared in sight, the horseman entered the building. "Faint yet pursuing," the men held on their way, at last reaching the odoriferous enclosure; but neither men, man nor beast could be seen. The cauldrons were emitting their nauseating effluvia, while from a trap-door in the floor steam was issuing in great force, bearing another fragrance, which was scarcely neutralized by the sickening fumes.

There was no mistaking the scent. It was that of a molasses whiskey still. Groping their way through the superheated atmosphere to the cellar, they discovered all the paraphernalia of a distillery, two large copper stills, the fire glowing under, and the beer rushing from them. An attempt had also been hastily made to run the mash of a dozen fermenting tubs into the creek near by,—and whoever did it made their exit by a cellar door in the rear of the building, for not a living soul was about the premises.

Here then was the key to the presence of the empty molasses barrels, to the intoxication of the workmen, and their suspicious behaviour toward Temple,—to the demoralization of the boys,—to the poignancy of the rebuke to his father by the unfilial son George, and the significancy of the remark: "Father, tell the gentleman who taught us to steal."

So this dignified, and among those who knew least of him, influential gentleman, had, for purposes of gain, while having an abundance of this world's goods, bartered the peace and morals, and life even of those of his own blood; for upon going to the home of the Luchens, Temple found the ladies dressed in deep mourning, and learned that Frank, finding no legal restraint was upon him, had escaped from the asylum, returned to his wallowing, and being found in a helpless, insensible condition, was conveyed to the police station, and there in one of the cells died miserably.

Leaving the doubly grief-stricken women, and the utterly prostrated, because detected, Luchen senior, Temple made close seizure of the bone establishment, and the next day caused the arrest of Frederick Luchen, who was held for trial, but admitted to bail. As no defence could be made, both store and factory, with contents, were forfeited to the Government, and sold.

To add to the almost hopeless misery of the family, the graceless scamp George, seeing things were going up, on the day of the seizure raised a check from a small to a large amount, and drawing all the available funds from the bank, disappeared with them and was never more heard of.

The old man Luchen kept himself a close pris-



oner in his house, and those who at first gloated over his detection, now pitied the family, and made strenuous efforts to save him from the penitentiary.

The trial ensued in spite of all friendly effort, and Luchen was convicted. The court took into consideration the merciful recommendation of the jury, and sentenced him to eight months' imprisonment. The kind-hearted warden, to mitigate the horror of the situation, allowed him the range of the prison, and offered frequent interviews with his family. The latter Luchen declined, the former was accepted without any evidence of thankfulness. Only a few days of incarceration followed, for he liberated himself by nearly severing his head from his own body.

Cast from their home, the afflicted women left the scene of all their sorrows for Boston, where, reduced to poverty's verge, the daughters sought by their united efforts with the needle to provide for their more than widowed mother.

In these days of sewing machines, hand sewing finds no market, except in branches of lady's attire, the arts of which were unknown to them. It was hard struggling, and they were growing discontented under the burden, when the troubled soul of the mother found its final resting place.

The young women, graceful and handsome, pos-



sessing many of the father's characteristics, but none of the mother's qualities, soured at the world and its lack of sympathy, quitted their ill-paid labor, gave themselves over to frivolities and vice, and became of the number of those of whom the wise man said, "Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell." Truly did Hosea say, "They have sown to the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."





## RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

**I**F the reader will take the roof from the house of a good plump Saddle Rock or Princess Bay bivalve, and place it on the table in the same position relatively as it occupied over that molluscous animal, then drill several holes through the crown of the shell, and nailing it fast, leave the nails projecting at uneven heights above the shell, he will have a fair idea of the topography of Oysterford as seen from a distance. It is not a mushroom town of yesterday's origin, nor yet an old one gone to seed. It has the ripe experience of centuries, with all the go-ahead-ativeness and vaulting ambition of youth. As a class, its people are proud and somewhat boastful of their ancestry; but they realize that high birth butters no parsnips. So they take off their coats and roll up their sleeves, and work, earning the wherewithal to purchase parsnips and the butter to grease them. They are hospitable, too. If they like you they will give you the last oyster they have. You

can have oysters for breakfast, dinner, and supper, raw and roasted, steamed and scalloped, pickled and panned, fricaseed and fried ; and when your appetite is sated, you will be invited to go over the whole routine again. If they don't like you,—well,—when they hate they do it with a vim.

On looking at the town from a distant hill, and seeing its shores fringed with hundreds of factories and mills, whose chimneys night and day belch forth smoke and flames, one could imagine all their efforts concentrated to lift Oysterford from its foundations ; but to prevent such a calamity, public-spirited citizens had prudently spiked it down with granite, leaving enough of that material above ground for future use, if the accumulating adverse forces rendered it necessary that the spikes should be further driven.

It is a noteworthy fact, that the good old stock referred to, wherever found, does not take kindly to temperance societies ; in this particular Oysterford therefore could not be an exception. If it was oysters, it was whiskey ; if it was not oysters, it was whiskey. And this state of affairs inducing large demands for the article, necessitated and originated dealers in the ardent. Certain families for generations had monopolized the business and gave their patrons something they could swear by ; for they

not only sold, but, to put the matter beyond dispute as to its purity, they distilled all the whiskey they sold.

This enterprising spirit of the Oysterford liquor dealers excited the cupidity of the heathen in the same line of trade outside, and they entered upon an active competition with the old time gentry; so that in later years the vile decoctions of the former class had a marked effect in reducing the number of octogenarians there.

The imposition of the excise tax ruffled the feathers of the ancient birds exceedingly; so much in fact that distilling ceased for a time, rather than submit to a taxation of the spirits.

The heathen rejoiced thereat, and built distilleries, and ran them so profitably that the originals were distanced in the commercial race; and while attempting to solve the problem of such a defeat, the Government stepped in to their relief by seizing and confiscating the machinery and product of the iniquitous heathenish fraud.

Then the citizens of ancient lineage, not caring further to damage the appendage nasal in gratification of any spleen against the facial glands, recommenced the work of converting grain into whiskey, and honestly though grudgingly paying the tax thereon.

To read of contraband whiskey being a drug in other markets at ninety-four cents a gallon, and none but genuine at \$2.24 allowed to find its way to Oysterford, was, "intolerable and not to be borne." So thought the heathen, on finding their occupation as distillers gone, and the prestige of the old stock returning.

The watchfulness of the officers may have been considered by the distillers as commendable, but by the dealers it was deemed an insufferable outrage. This was Mr. Bancker's opinion—once a distiller, but now a dealer and rectifier of spirits—expressed to his friend and silent partner, Mr. Coram, as they sat in the office of the former on Charlton street. The latter gentleman was somewhat of a politician, in a quiet way, and was generally respected by his confreres because of his peculiar influence. The conference between the men was a long one, and at parting Mr. Bancker advised his friend to close the offer at twenty cents in bond delivered in Oysterford, which he promised to do. The next day at noon Mr. Coram's buggy containing that gentleman passed through the gate into the barn-yard of a farm and distillery that skirted the Susquehanna. The barn was new and commodious, built of brick. A marble slab set in the front wall bore this inscription: "Gottlieb Greiner, Ann Greiner, 1864"—a loving legend,



speaking of an indivisible interest. The farm had been in the Greiner family for nearly a century, and Gottlieb inherited it together with the distillery. He found no difficulty in disposing of his whiskey, until the tax was raised to two dollars per gallon; then it began to accumulate, until before selling his cattle, he had in his distillery bonded warehouse two hundred barrels of it, representing tax to the amount of twenty thousand dollars.

These Gottlieb had offered Mr. Coram at twenty cents per gallon in bond *at distillery*; and now the difference lay in the delivery. Coram taking the goods at the distillery, would have to furnish transportation bonds for delivery at Oysterford warehouse; or Gottlieb assuming the responsibility of delivery at Oysterford, would have to furnish the bonds. The old farmer was no match for Coram, and was after a severe struggle cajoled into an agreement to deliver the whiskey to bonded warehouse Class B at Oysterford, Coram paying all transfer charges.

That gentleman promised all faithful attention to the removal of the whiskey from the depot in Oysterford to the warehouse, and enjoined on Gottlieb a like duty from distillery to depot at his end of the line. The bonds were given by *bona fide* sureties, the goods shipped, and in due time passed the scrutiny of the vigilant revenue officers, who seeing they were

bonded goods, and learning from Coram they were of his purchase, reasonably concluded it was a legitimate transaction.

The two hundred barrels shipped and safely warehoused, Gottlieb went to Oysterford to have the spirits inspected, his bondsmen released, and to obtain cash for the whiskey.

A gauger was assigned the duty of ascertaining the quantity of spirits thus bonded, and, accompanied by Coram and Gottlieb, he went to the bonded warehouse.

The barrels lay in single file along the floor of the capacious room. The bungs were started, and the capacities of packages taken, when Gottlieb in a nervous manner inserted his fore-finger through a bung-hole into the liquid, then put it to his lips. This he did excitedly to several other barrels, and at last exclaiming, "Oh, mein Gott!" sank to the floor, helpless, pale and trembling, with staring eyes fixed on Coram,—of whom in truth it should be said, he stood the ordeal like a man upon whose life not a taint of wrong had ever rested. Hasting to Gottlieb, he would have raised him up, but the prostrate man refusing his aid, ejaculated:

"Robbed! robbed! ruined!"

It was Coram's turn to be astonished; for, following the example of Gottlieb, he inserted a finger in

the fluid, and drawing it over his lips exclaimed in wonder well feigned, if feigned at all :

“ You rascally old cheat ! And did you suppose the goods would not be examined, that you sought to palm off upon me water in lieu of whiskey ? ”

The retiring senses of the farmer rallied again, stung to the quick by the infamous charge, which sent his Dutch blood tingling through his veins. He rose, and taking in the full measure of the loss and responsibility involved in the discovery, he leaped upon Coram, and grasping his throat pressed him to the floor. The silent partner was as a child in the clutches of the despairing man. Coram was fast choking into insensibility, with tongue protruding, and eyes starting from their sockets. Still Gottlieb continued the pressure, until the gauger saved him from the crime of murder by delivering a well directed blow on his head with a bung-starter, which caused him to relax his grip, and release the almost unconscious Coram.

An investigation by the Collector revealed nothing, but rather exonerated Mr. Bancker's partner from all connection with the abstraction of the spirits, the draymen testifying that they took their loads directly from the freight depot to the bonded warehouse ; and Mr. Coram was particularly minute in his details of the supervision of the transfer.

Gottlieb was less fortunate; he was his only witness. He had personally and unaided removed the two hundred barrels from his distillery to the depot, which was near his farm. Under the circumstances the transportation bonds were not cancelled, and at the expiration of sixty days they were put in suit.

It was not poor Greiner's nature to allow those who had befriended him to suffer, so he sold his farm, and stock, together with his distillery, paid the twenty thousand dollars demanded by the bonds, and commenced life anew, as a farm hand.

The heathen of Oysterford chuckled at the success of the ruse, and several endeavored to get up a second edition thereof; but there were no takers, distillers thereafter selling whiskey in bond only at the distillery.

The unpleasant notoriety gained by Coram in the Greiner transaction caused him to prudently abstain from all prominence in matters alcoholic. It did not necessarily separate him from his friend Bancker, nor yet dissolve the rather intimate acquaintance subsisting between him and the vigilant officers who for so long a time had kept the city of caste invulnerable to the assaults of the contrabandists; in fact, their testimony as to Coram's faithful watch over the goods both at the depot and the warehouse was so important in vindicating his integrity, that he



took more kindly to them than ever, and it was something to count Coram as their friend and backer.

Again the silent partner sat in Mr. Bancker's office. The latter personage was also there, and, contrary to his usual taciturn manner, was laughing immoderately at the narration of some adventure by Coram.

"You had better select lighter subjects next time, or take a few lessons in the manly art, or future dividends will have to be made with your widow," said Bancker.

"That business being now closed, it devolves upon you to select the next subject, while I operate upon the vigilants Oakes and Burns. I have already convinced them that such unnecessary straining of duty is working our ruin commercially, and can only inure to the advantage of the old exclusives, who with all their boasted hospitality and benevolence are niggardly selfish."

"And the programme is what?" asked Bancker.

"Well, you see, the Yoka county fellows, who have been pestering us so much of late to take their goods, can now be accommodated on terms satisfactory to us. Every man of them who runs a still there has stolen more than he can hide; and while they are in no fear of their local revenue officers,



each of whom stands ready to vouch for their honesty, they are mortally afraid of some other man coming along who, not knowing how much honesty they have in possession, may discover it in their barns, cellars, corn-cribs, and other places, and levy on it for the benefit of the great and good Samuel."

"Such a consummation is not desirable in view of our markets. What terms do you suggest?"

"Price, press quotations for contraband; terms, half cash; balance, thirty days, and ten dollars per barrel for benefit of blockading squadron," responded Coram.

"Will thirty days pay?" asked Bancker.

"What with commissions on lawyer's fees, and 'divvies' on moieties, I reckon it will," said the partner.

So Mr. Bancker accepted the oft-repeated invitation of the Yoka county boys to visit them, and went on a fishing excursion. While angling for the shy yet simple trout he hooked several larger and much more valuable and silly fish; for in pursuing his piscatorial sport he prudently sandwiched it with business; and while eating salt with his several hosts, and enjoying their hospitalities, he was secretly planning the immolation of them and theirs in irretrievable ruin.

The plan worked admirably. He saw the whiskey.

Coram had not exaggerated the quantity. In their eagerness to dispose of it, the terms—somewhat hard—were accepted by them, with the mental reservation never to be caught in such a snap again.

The boys observed more caution in shipping their whiskey than they did in the making of it; for where it was possible they shipped in individual cars, which were not subjected to the same scrutiny as the company cars; and while in company cars whiskey was manifested as such, in individual cars it was manifested "merchandise," and not unfrequently as "grain," rendering it exceedingly difficult to trace origin or quantities. They shipped sparingly, and at first one or another would follow to Oysterford, carefully noting the process of running the blockade; and they were rejoiced to discover what a magic effect the letter B on each package had on the blockaders.

So shipments got through until there was no more anxiety concerning their safety. The last consignment of three hundred barrels was gone. The county was now denuded of the contraband, and the distilleries, stimulated by the inflowing of Bancker & Coram's cash, were again in full blast. True, the ten dollars per barrel, insisted upon for covering the whiskey by the officers, left a narrow margin for the distillers' profit; but it was better than remaining

idle—hence the activity of the Yoka distillers.

But sorrow was at the door; for a telegram was received from Mr. Bancker, announcing the seizure of the last shipment made by them. Alarm filled every soul, and trouble brooded over many households. None dare venture to Oysterford, for all were alike guilty. There was, however, much astonishment mingled with the craven feeling, for had they not paid heavily for protection, yet here was a condition of things that savored much of betrayal?

The mail of next day brought them all necessary particulars in a letter penned by Bancker, who attributed the disaster to the advent of an officer who was a stranger in Oysterford, and under whose auspices the entire consignment had been seized. For prudential reasons he advised their absence from Oysterford for the present, and volunteered to engage counsel for them if they desired it, hoping matters would be satisfactorily arranged in a few days.

By the request of each distiller individually, Mr. Bancker engaged the services of Mr. Floss, attorney-at-law, sharp and unscrupulous, ready for any enterprise, and an intimate of the silent partner. The cases were assuredly bad, for the seizure was genu-

ine, and the goods themselves bore all the earmarks of fraud. So the whole three hundred barrels of whiskey passed into the hands of the Government; yet, strange to say, no seizure of the Yoka county distilleries followed. Mr. Floss fussed and fumed, and attributed the result to his legal acumen and influence. Term after term of court came and went, and Mr. Floss was accommodated with continuances of his cases. He travelled to and fro between Washington and Oysterford, endeavoring, as he said, to effect a compromise; but the initiated knew that to compromise such cases was next to impossible, and that all these tricks were mere subterfuges indulged in to increase the volume of fees.

The Yoka boys were getting disheartened at delays, for pending the settlement of their cases Bancker withheld the cash due them, because he had made himself responsible for all legal expenses of the suits. Worn out by a procrastination of the evil day which was sure to come, in very desperation they sought the aid of other and respectable counsel, who, having learned their story, set about removing the large amount of confused materials the former lawyer had gathered around the cases, and soon obtained a full understanding of the whole transactions.

Floss, finding he was thrust aside for another

legal adviser, presented his bills for services rendered, which were duly paid by Bancker. The claims of the several bills were of such Titan proportions that the payment of them nearly exhausted all the means left at that gentleman's disposal, and filled the hearts of the Yoka boys with unutterable dismay, not unmixed with a desire for revenge on the author of all their mishaps. This feeling was greatly increased when the cases came up for trial, and they learned for the first time, that it was not a stranger who had seized their goods, but Oakes and Burns, the very men for whose benefit the ten dollars per barrel had been levied upon the distillers. The Yoka county whiskey had been allowed daily to pass unchallenged by these men until the payments due thereon had nearly matured, when seizure was made to afford further pretexts for extortion and robbery. The prosecution, while it took from the distillers all their whiskey under libel, developed the fraudulent designs of Bancker in seeking its purchase.

By the advice of their counsel, Mr. Avery, the Yoka boys entered a complaint against the establishment of the former gentleman as a receptacle of contraband whiskey. It was seized and libelled, the contents being appraised at fifty thousand dollars, and this sum eventually found its way into the United



States Treasury. But before that time arrived, Bancker had some revenges to gratify. He made disclosures concerning Oakes and Burns—whose services had afortime been so commendable, until brought under the influence of the silent partner—which induced those gentlemen to maintain their freedom by flight. Nor did he forget the Yoka county boys. Keeping a record of all business operations, when his turn again came around, he went before the United States Assessor of that district and produced conclusive testimony as to the quantities of illicit whiskey each distiller sold to him, and had assessments entered up against them, the payment of which swept away not alone all their property, but that of their sureties. It was financially the last scene of Samson's life in his revenge on the Philistines repeating itself.

Lest the reader should deem these instances of perfidy exaggerated or isolated, it may not be out of place to remark, that the adage of "honor among thieves" is false. The rule is, there is no honor among thieves. The man who will perjure his soul for a few gallons of whiskey, will cut a throat or sell out his best friend. There are men who, in the old fraud days of the Johnson administration, purchased whiskey at prices much below the tax rather than give the labors of a lifetime over to their neigh-

bors, but they would scorn to even lie about the price, much more perjure their souls by swearing. Such are not found among the Corams and Banckers ; and yet the latter class abound in the whiskey trade to-day, and instances might be multiplied of more heartless cruelty, and deeper perfidy than is here presented.





## INJURED INNOCENCE.

**J**OHN, John, rouse you, John; some one is knocking." And out of the darkness of the room came sounds as of stentorian whispering:

"Take him away. Put him below for six months—bad fellow."

"John, John Doucher, why don't you awake? They'll have the door down presently," the thin voice of a female uttered in tones of entreaty.

"Oh, ah! Bless me, yes, Mrs. Doucher. What's the matter? How the wind does blow, to be sure!" And Doucher sat bolt upright a-bed, rubbing his eyes, while the rapping on the door had in sound risen from a *pianissimo* to a *crescendo*. At last full consciousness and dignity returned, and he got out of bed as lively as three hundred pounds weight could be expected to do, and throwing up the window, bellowed:

"Go away. I'll take no more bail at my house; it has become intolerable," and slamming down the

window, ensconced himself again between the sheets.

After allowing sufficient time to elapse for John Doucher to have dressed and gone down stairs—but which time was profitably employed by him in travelling to dreamland—the knocking was resumed with more vigor than ever.

“Oh, dear me, Mr. Doucher, will you get up and see what those people mean? Maybe it’s somebody wants to get married,” said the considerate lady.

“Hum; yes,” said the now thoroughly awakened Doucher; “maybe so. I’ll see,” and going to the window, hoisted it again, and sticking his night-capped head out, asked:

“What do you good people want?”

“Doucher,” was the curt reply.

“That is *my* name.”

“John Doucher?”

“Yes.”

“Are you mayor of this town?”

“I am the incumbent of that office. And now, what is your business?” asked Mr. Doucher, with dignified severity.

“To talk with you on grave matters. So please come down quickly,” was the reply, in tones equally severe.

Mrs. Doucher had, meantime, arisen and lighted

a lamp. When the mayor had drawn himself again into the room, and closed the window, he stood silently contemplating the diminutive form of his loving spouse, her inquiring gaze in turn being fixed on the colossal proportions of her liege lord.

"What can this visit mean?" he asked; and receiving no reply, he rapidly reviewed his magisterial career, which was brief; and finally concluded that as he had no revengful enemies, perhaps robbery was intended. To frustrate that it was arranged that Mrs. Doucher should stand with the rattle at the head of the stairs, where she could hear all that passed below, and be guided by circumstances as to the use she made of that article.

So Mr. Doucher dressed, and, lamp in hand, went down and admitted his visitor—a slight built man of medium stature and middle age, who announced himself as William Bache, holding a commission as detective in the service of the United States.

He was a man of directness of purpose, for he came at once to the object of his business by saying:

"In addition to holding the honorable office of mayor of this flourishing borough, you are a distiller, a rectifier of distilled spirits, and a dealer in that article, I believe?"

"I do a little in each of those departments of commerce," replied his honor.



"You are also one of a band of conspirators whose ob—"

"Sir? Do you come here to insult and—"

"See here, Doucher. Put down that lamp, and let us sit and talk over this matter coolly, for I come here on business, and mean just that thing," and Bache seated himself; but Doucher, placing the lamp on a table, stood against it somewhat excited. Bache commenced anew :

"You are a man who stands well in this community, as your position indicates; and in all matters outside of whiskey your reputation compares favorably with that of any other citizen. It may be that your unfortunate position in whiskey matters has been brought about by an accommodating disposition, said to be somewhat marked in your character; rather than a love of gain. Be that as it may, you are one of a band of conspirators existing here. Now don't get mad. It's—"

"I warn you, sir, as chief magistrate of this town, not to use further such insulting language, or I shall commit you for endeavoring to provoke a breach of the peace," again interrupted Doucher, quite excitedly.

"And I warn you, that my coming here at this late hour to-night is to offer you one chance of saving yourself from the penitentiary; and unless you

embrace the opportunity thus offered you, before 6 o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall have you under lock and key in your own gaol by nine. There is Clark, Dale, and Dunham, each wants to tell all he knows; but the Government takes those usually who have the cleanest hands; and believing you are the best of a bad bunch, I am here to save you."

During the latter part of this recital Doucher dropped into a seat, and his little woman, all dressed, leaving the rattle behind, had crept down stairs, and now stood beside him, her arm resting on his shoulder. After a few minutes' pause he said:

"If I meet a man on the street, and that man makes a dishonorable proposal to me, and I do not accept it, can I be called a conspirator? If so, then perhaps I am one."

"But if you do accept it, and the proposal involves robbery, and you share its fruits, what then?" asked Bache; and continued: "But I cannot parley longer. May I expect to see you at room 19 in the Elon House at 6 to-morrow morning?"

"I shall not be awake at that hour," said the mayor.

"Yes, you will," replied Bache. "You wont sleep a wink all night."

"Tell the gentleman you will be there," suggested the nervous little wife.

"Say 7 o'clock, and I will see you," said Doucher.

"Well, 7 o'clock. But, remember, you need not come unless willing to tell all you know," was the parting advice of Bache, who immediately departing, returned to the hotel.

If the reader will take an ordinary map and compass, and sticking one point of the latter at Odin, in Illinois, near where the Ohio and Mississippi cross the Illinois Central Railroad, and describe a circle two inches in diameter, he may find within its circumference a place of growing importance, known among the Suckers by the euphonious name of Mushtown. It has one hotel and two distilleries, three churches and thirty drinking saloons. The elderly citizens are generally respectable and well to do, while the young men and lads drink more rum, chew more tobacco, and indulge in more profanity than the inhabitants of Sodom ever dared to do.

John Doucher had been elected mayor of Mushtown. Many persons hinted that it was because he ran a distillery and kept a liquor store; but such people were envious of John's success, and in consequence were incapable of judging correctly. Hiram Dale was the proprietor of the other distillery. He also kept a liquor store on the main street. He was a Yankee trader, frank, courteous, winning, or cunning, deceitful and tricky, as served his purpose best.

He was for business at all times, and ever ready for a chance to make money.

General Dunham, a small-fry politician, of weak mind, and many friends, had by a liberal use of their influence been appointed to take charge of the Government interests at Dale's distillery; while George Clark, a negative sort of man, performed similar duties at the distillery of John Doucher; and it was generally reported that between these four worthies their interests were so well cared for that the rights of the Government had not the spectre of a chance. They met nightly at Dale's store, to suggest the best means of improving the shining hour, and rake the pool for plunder; and there was no one to say them nay, until the arrival of Mr. Bache, whose visit was consequent upon information of a general character received from a citizen of Mush-town, who gave names and hinted at possible fraud existing.

The clock had just struck the hour of six the following morning when a rap was heard on the door of room No. 19 at the Elon House. Bache, ready to receive his visitor, admitted Doucher, who, in spite of cold and frost without, entered the room perspiring freely. Resting his ponderosity on a chair, and removing his cravat, he awaited the recuperation of his almost exhausted breathing apparatus.



"What a fool I was, Mr. Bache," at length he began.

"Stop a moment. I will get writing materials and take your statement down," interrupted Bache.

"No. You wont take down what I say. Bless me, was there ever such a fool,—a mayor, and in such a pickle? No. Don't put that down."

"I intend writing down every word you say; and if you tell more or less than the truth, I shall discover it. Proceed, Mr. Doucher."

"Well, that General Dunham, he did it.—Bless me, open the window, wont you?—He says to me, 'John, did you read the news how they did it at Picton?' 'Did what?' says I. 'Rusted all the hoops off the barrels in the bonded warehouse, and let the whiskey run,' said he. 'That was downright carelessness to let them rust,' said I; and he laughed, and asked me where I supposed the whiskey ran to; and I said on the floor. He said it was too valuable for that. Then he told how they put some kind of acid on the iron hoops, which eat them through in a few days; but before this was done all the contents of the lowest tiers of barrels of whiskey in the bonded warehouse were pumped out and conveyed away somewhere. Then the weight of the full barrels in the upper tiers pressing on the empty barrels beneath, and the rotten hoops giving way, the bar-



rels burst and gave the appearance of the whiskey having been spilt on the ground. 'Take this,' said he, handing me a bottle. I didn't want to; but he insisted. It was just a little bottle, you know. He said it was acid to rot iron. I never had seen anything of the sort.—Bless me, how hot I am!—So just by way of experiment I put a little on the hoops of the lower tiers of barrels in *my* warehouse, and sure enough, in a few days, all the hoops burst."

"What became of the whiskey?" asked Bache.

"I never knew. The General and George looked after those matters."

"Did you not get it?—Remember, the whole truth or—" significantly pointing toward the gaol.

"Bless me, Mr. Bache. Consider my position. I am doing the best I can," groaned the mayor. "You see, my rectifying house is not near my store; and the General or George would come and get the key, which I always keep, and in my simplicity I suspected nothing, until one day the General asked me for money, and I said, 'What for?' He replied, 'For all the whiskey I have taken to your rectifying house.' I told him I didn't want any of it, and wouldn't pay him for it. He said I had received it, and he would take his pay out of my safe—and he did. I bought all the grain I intended to use, and put it in the Government book; but the General

ordered more, and made them distil it without saying anything to me, or ever putting it in the book, and sent the bills to me to pay. Where the whiskey was taken I cannot tell. George got my key, and said he put it in the rectifying house. I never paid them any money for it, however; but I missed quite a sum from the safe, and expect they paid themselves. Bless me, how glad I am you have come to put a stop to such things. I shall now be able to conduct my own business. I knew the folks at Washington wouldn't allow such goings on when they heard of it. I'll never give anybody the key of my rectifying house again, nor let them take money out of my safe if I know it," and John Doucher tried to smile and feel glad.

"What does Hiram Dale know of these men?" asked Bache.

"Dale? He knows everything. It was he who set the thing agoing, I believe. When I told him what they wanted to do, he said, 'Let them do it, they are Government men, they are responsible, not us.' He is a bad fellow, in my opinion. They meet every night at his store, I am told. Say, Mr. Bache, you can't hurt me, can you?" anxiously asked Doucher.

"Wont break any bones. How long has your term of service as mayor of Mushtown to run?"

"Two years."

"There will be a mayor *pro tem.*, or a new one elected before two years has passed," said Bache.

"Do tell why, Mr. Bache?"

"Because the present incumbent will transfer his residence to Joliet," replied the latter gentleman.

"Oh, mercy! You can't mean that? I am innocent; indeed I am. I didn't mean to," whimpered the chief magistrate; and Bache turning the key in the lock of number 19, left Doucher a prisoner, and went to breakfast.

Upon the return of the detective, Doucher stood in the middle of the room, all charged and primed with his disjointed asseverations of innocence; but Bache stopped the percussion, by informing him that for the present he was at liberty to return home, provided he would lock his safe, and rectifying house, and taking both keys into his bed-chamber there deposit them, together with his own precious person, keeping all free from infectious contact with those wicked fellows, George the General, and Hiram.

Dale was found a much more satisfactory character. He received the detective as an old friend, calling him by name; said he was glad to see him, and supposed old Doucher had emptied himself of everything concerning other people. He seemed to

know every move made by Bache since his arrival in Mushtown, and was not astonished at the official visit paid him.

"Tell me, Bache," said he, "was Slouchey overwhelming?"

"Do you mean Doucher?" asked the detective.

"Yes. He trades on his magnificence and authority. He's a high old king bee. His masters permit him to swell and strut, while they bleed him. He's as weak as he is big. Use him kindly, he ain't half as bad as he looks," said Hiram; then added: "Have you visited the two beauties?"

"If you mean Dunham and Clark, no," replied Bache.

"They have learned you are here; and Dunham says you may handle Doucher, but you are not sharp enough for the balance of the party. He knows you."

"Yes; he knows me. I thought I knew him as an honest officer, but it appears I am mistaken in my man," sorrowfully responded Bache, and added: "What do you know that you are willing to tell?"

"Put leading questions, as the lawyers say, and find out. I wont lie to you. It don't pay good interest at best, but it would be a losing trade now."

"How many empty barrels with broken hoops have you in your distillery warehouse?"

"Perhaps fifty."

"What became of the whiskey taken from those barrels?"

"Now, Bache, that's a little further along. Ask who took the whiskey, and I'll say Jack Dunham. But I *pass* on your question. See here, my amiable, who are you gunning after, the distiller or the officer?"

"Both?"

"But suppose you can't bring down both, which then?"

"The officer, because he is well paid to take care of Government interests, and is sworn to fidelity, and diligence in the discharge of every duty pertaining to his office. Such a one, when faithful, is the honest distiller's protector; the unfaithful works ultimately the ruin and disgrace of himself and those over whom he has supervisory control."

"Spoken like a judge. Now, say you and I go on a hunt. You have the gun, I have the ammunition, and between us we'll bag the game," said Hiram. "Are you agreed?"

"Explain yourself, Mr. Dale."

"Well, Dunham and George Clark come to see me and talk over matters nearly every night; and because you are in town they will be here to-night. Suppose I make them talk for your benefit?"



"I see the point. Let me examine your premises," said Bache, and following Dale through the store and office, he passed into a room having a large sized heater with attachments for passing the caloric into a bedroom above, and so constructed as to convey not heat alone, but the faintest whisper as distinctly as heard in the room below.

"This arrangement suits me admirably," said Bache, rising to an appreciation of Dale's shrewd forecast.

I knew it would. It is so much nicer, you see, for folks to relate their own experiences, than for another to tell of them. Now there is nothing more natural than for the masters to shun my company while you are around. And how much more private my sitting room than the office or store. Of course they will toast their shins at the heater below, while you warm your feet, and prepare to warm their jackets at the register here. They will tell their sins, and you will be their father confessor. Taking this view of the case, and remembering I shall have something to say this evening at 7 o'clock, bid me good-day, and enter my premises by the rear gate at six, sharp time. Yours, and so forth to command," and Hiram led Mr. Bache passively back to the store.

From the store the detective passed to his hotel,

musings by the way on the contrast presented by the two men, Doucher and Dale, the latter character as yet but partially revealed.

Finding Dale's plan running in the same rut with his judgment, he determined to accept its leadings for the present. So the hour of six that evening saw him enter the premises of Hiram from the rear, and a few minutes thereafter occupy an eligible position in the sitting room, from which, with the door slightly ajar, he could observe whoever visited the store. Seven o'clock came, and soon after General Jack Dunham, accompanied by his subaltern Clark, entered and was met by Dale, who with mock gravity said:

"My grave and reverend seigniors, welcome. Pass this way, if you please," and leading the advance to the office, while the sitting room door was noiselessly closed and locked. The General suggested the necessity of having a private chat; Dale bid them wait a moment, and passing through the yard to the entrance of the dwelling and thence into the room just vacated by Bache, unlocked the door, admitting the gentlemen, with the significant quotation, "Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly,"—then adding, "Certainly; why not? And in the insect walked, and the spider sucked him dry. Come, masters, take a cigar and make your happy

lives miserable," and passing the Partagas around, they gathered about the heater.

"Has that fellow, Bache, been to see you yet?" inquired General Jack.

"Truly. And I received him with real Yankee hospitality, answering his questions by asking others; and referred him to you, my masters, for all necessary information."

"If he gets no more satisfaction from you than we do, he will go lean enough," growled Dunham.

"Wherefore, sonny, these vain regrets? Your labors were self-imposed, self-suggested in fact. If they were not a financial success, attribute it to the depressed condition of the market. But my brave General I fear has suddenly grown shaky through the advent of that small but exceedingly respectable noodle, Bache."

"Scared at him? I guess not," rejoined Jack. "He's light weight anyhow; good enough, perhaps, to ring the changes on that old porpoise Doucher, shutting him up a prisoner in his own house, with his bugaboo talk about penitentiaries and such like, but he will find metal of a different ring when he strikes us."

"So said the tin pots when they heard the Chinese gong getting a beating," jocosely remarked Hiram. "But say, what is it about Doucher?"

"We called to-day to stiffen the old fellow, but found the detective was ahead, and had so frightened him that he positively refused to see us," said Clark.

"That looks bad for somebody. Now it strikes me, that better time might be made in covering tracks, than in blistering your lips by vaporings against a hound who seems to have the scent. What do you intend doing with that whiskey I fondly thought was mine?"

"He means those fifty barrels you planted," interposed George.

"Say, George, aint you got some Yankee blood?" asked the garrulous Dale. "You are all-fired smart on a guess. Maybe they're sprouted by this time. If that drain aint opened soon, I'll buy Darrah a sub-soil plough, and read him an article from the *Prairie Farmer*, commencing, 'Plough deep while sluggards sleep,' etc., then he'll root out that whiskey in a—"

"Oh, hush!" impatiently interrupted Dunham. "I dare not disturb the soil until the corn is gathered. The drain dodge worked first rate. If Bache could unearthen that, I would credit him with being smart. But it's too much labor to repeat; and if I was well out of this arrangement I wouldn't touch another like it for less than treble the profits—not because I fear one or a dozen detectives like the man

now visiting us, for I have political influence enough to crush them all, but it don't pay. There's Doucher, for example. See how George and I have done all the risky work for him, from buying the extra grain to taking the whiskey into his rectifying house. He has made his thousands, and we our hundreds; yet he said in our hearing to-day that we had robbed him."

"Next comes that avaricious, money-making Dale," suggested Hiram.

"Well," continued the General, "you drive a close bargain; but you don't play off innocency like Doucher. And we know where to find the cash when the goods are delivered."

"And you like to deliver in quantities to suit yourselves, eh?" said the Yankee.

"Hiram, you acted mean in that. You might as well have taken those fifty as given us the trouble to hide them and wait for our cash."

"No, sir'ee. Those remarks are inapplicable to me. They refer to that other man. You should have stolen less, or he should have had a larger place for receiving."

"Your facetiousness is too personal to be pleasant," said Dunham, somewhat huffy, and rising to leave. "What if Bache should call on you again?" he asked.



"I will receive him with open arms ; give him my blessing, and tell him it's no use knocking any more."

"I would be very sorry that our matter should be known. You may depend on George and me. And if we three stick, all Hades can't hoist us."

"Don't forget there is a *good man above us* who hears and can punish," said Dale.

"You are growing sentimental. Good-night."

"Good-night, my masters."

Hiram saw his visitors safely away, and returning to the sitting-room, rapped on the pipe of the heater, and called out to Bache : "Will the *good man* come down? The coast is clear," when presently the detective reappeared.

"Come to my arms, and accept my blessing," said Dale, pretending to embrace the officer, who stood in mute surprise, contemplating his host. Finally he exclaimed :

"Well, you are an original."

"Is that all? Ask me some questions."

"There is no necessity for doing so," Bache replied. "Thanks for your aid. Good-night. But remember," and the index finger of the detective pressed his lips. Dale with a comical expression of countenance replied by sawing away at his throat with his right hand. And so the two parted.'

Warrants for the arrest of Dunham and Clark were issued; the latter person, however, fled the country before the execution of the process against him, and was never again heard of. To Bache was confided the duty of effecting the arrest of Dunham, whom he found at home in the midst of his family. He was at first indignant; then he wept, and beat his head against the wall, to the distraction and terror of his wife and little ones. Harder hearts than that of the detective's would have been touched by the scene; and remembering him when his reputation as an officer was good, Bache was moved to pity, and accepting Dunham's promise that he would appear at the United States Commissioner's on a given day to enter bail for his appearance at court, he left the miserable man with his weeping family.

On the suburbs of the town General John Dunham had a farm upon which his father had bestowed much labor and spent considerable money, and who in dying bequeathed it to John. The son having no taste for agricultural pursuits, allowed the place to be cultivated on shares. The last tenant, expecting to work it another year, had spent much time in the fall on draining; but the operation came to a stand still suddenly when he learned that another man had supplanted him, and would take possession of the farm at New Year's Day. The result was, that

right across a five-acre field a broad deep ditch was dug, but no drain tiles laid. So Mr. Darrah informed a visitor who called on him the same day officer Bache left Dunham's house. The ditch was filled up before the present tenant took possession, and Mr. Dunham did not want it reopened.

The farmer took the stranger into a corn-field where the giant stalks were beginning to "tassel," and pointed out the precise spot and course of the ditch, which was indicated by a swell on the surface of the land. The next day the stranger, who was none other than detective Bache, came with some laborers and damaged Mr. Darrah's corn by opening the ditch, and showing the astonished tiller of the soil that fifty barrels of whiskey had been secreted there.

John Dunham did not put in his appearance as promised. He did worse even than that. Advised by friends who believed his protestations of innocence, he went before a judge of the court, and charging with conspiracy Bache and another person who he supposed had incited that officer to prosecute him, he obtained warrants for their arrest.

The detective was not to be outwitted, however; for finding Dunham in the midst of a convivial party, he arrested him. In a few weeks thereafter he was confronted by overwhelming testimony, the nature

of which the reader can well understand. Dunham was convicted, and sentenced to two years' servitude in the State prison at Joliet.

Doucher and Dale were severally punished by loss of property and heavy penalties. But the former gentleman derived great comfort amidst all the persecution he endured from an abiding consciousness of his dignity and innocence.





## OVERMATCHED.

**A**SSessor WEST was a faithful, vigilant, industrious public servant, and well posted on the inside work of his office. Every duty there was promptly and systematically performed, and this gave him leisure to pass into Collector Weakman's domain occasionally, and take mental notes of current events.

It was fortunate for the Collector and the Government that he volunteered in such a service, for things were sadly out of joint there. The Collector, an easy honest soul—if honesty and the neglect of important trusts are compatible—was seldom there to administer the affairs himself, having divers speculations outside; and his office was run by unscrupulous subordinates, and always with two eyes towards the main chance.

The Assessor sat in his office, while before him, on a desk, lay a copy of the Internal Revenue Act of July 20th, 1868. He opened the book, and placing a finger on section fifty-seven of that Act, read:



“Any person owning or having in his possession any distilled spirits intended for sale exceeding in quantity fifty gallons, and not in a bonded warehouse at the time when this Act takes effect, shall immediately make a return, under oath, to the Collector of the district wherein such spirits may be held, stating the number and kind of packages, together with the marks and brands thereon, and the place where the same are stored, together with the quantity of spirits, as nearly as the owner can determine the same. Upon the receipt of such return the Collector, being first satisfied that the tax on said spirits has been paid, shall immediately cause the same to be gauged and proved by an Internal Revenue gauger, who shall mark by cutting the contents and proof on each cask or package, and shall affix and cancel an engraved stamp thereon . . . . All distilled spirits owned or held by any person, as aforesaid, shall be included in the same return, and the gauging shall be continuous, until all the spirits owned or held by such person are gauged and stamped.”

“‘Make a return under oath,’” soliloquized Assessor West. “‘Collector being first satisfied that the tax on said spirits has been paid, gauged, and proved, and stamps affixed by gauger. And must be continuous.’ What gross violations of all law are daily permitted by Weakman to pass unchallenged

through his office! There are those distillers Witmer, and Thornton and Dewey, neither of whom has in his rectifying house space to stow forty barrels; yet gauger Brady reports that he gauged and stamped for each of them three hundred barrels, and completed his work on nine hundred barrels in three consecutive days—an impossibility. To do the work properly would exhaust twelve days. It's a fraud from rind to core. They have made no return as required by law. The Collector is satisfied without investigation that the tax is paid, because his deputies are. There can have been but little if any gauging or stamping done, and the whole thing is intended to place stamps costing twenty-five cents each in the hands of distillers to cover whiskey they mean to steal, thus making each stamp worth to them one hundred dollars. But if there is no one else to circumvent them, I will do it, hoping to make up by my zeal what I lack in knowledge in the science of detection. I will begin first on that grand rascal of all, Job Dewey, and this very instant."

Mr. West, putting on his hat, left the office in charge of his clerk, and started on his praiseworthy undertaking.

Job Dewey, the "grand rascal of all," was half speculator, and the balance was unevenly divided

between distilling, rectifying and farming. He was the gawkiest, awkwardest simpleton in appearance in all the country around. An unmeaning smile was immovably set on his broad, square-built face; and an atrocious lisping speech nowise enhanced the opinion a person formed of him. It is no reflection on the Assessor to say, that of the two men the latter would have been pronounced "the grand rascal," for Job looked too much like a natural born idiot to be anything else.

Job was married. That fact, however, should not be adduced as further proof of his idiocy. While the Assessor in his office was thinking of Job, the latter sat with his wife in their cottage on the farm, his mind filled with thoughts of Mr. West. It was plain to be seen, by the occasional ripples near the corners of his eyes and mouth, and the wandering of those fishy orbs towards his Mary, that something was coming. At last it came. Taking a newspaper from his pocket, he threw it to his wife, saying:

"Put that away. It ith all right now. Old Wetht may come ath thoon ath convenient."

"Witmer and Thornton saw him yesterday, and he talked to them about the stamps."

"Yeth, and about me too, I gueth. He'th welcome to all he makth out of me. I paid enough for the thampth, and I thall uth them thure."

"Job, he's coming down the road now," cried Mrs. Dewey, with some trepidation in her manner.

"Take care of the thampth, Mary," said the grand rascal, moving to the door to welcome the Assessor.

"How do you do, Mr. Wetht? Glad to thee you. I jutht come from the thity."

"I am pleased to find you home, for I am here on official business. What stock of spirits had you on hand when the present law went into effect?" asked Mr. West.

"Three hundred barrelth, thir," was the reply.

"Indeed! Where did you store so many?"

"In my wagon thed, and barn, and theallar. Oh, it wath all there, very good old whithkey," said Job.

"And where is it now?"

"Thold every drop, Mr. Wetht."

"To whom, and where?"

"A broker in the thity thold it for me. Had no trouble; took it away in his own teamth." Seeing the Assessor looking incredulously he added: "Only ten milth to thity, stampth two monthth thinth."

"Job Dewey, you are deceiving me. I want to examine the Government book showing your sales of whiskey."

"Mary, give Mr. Wetht that paper."

Mrs. Dewey handed the Assessor a copy of the

*Ringtown Sunbeam*, in which he read: "Left in the nine P. M. train of the R. & C. Rail Road at the Catville junction, on the 29th instant, a large book, pasteboard cover, containing the purchases and sales of liquor made by Job Dewey. A suitable reward will be paid by him for its restoration."

Mr. West was nettled at this unexpected rebuff, and flinging the paper from him upon the floor, said:

"This is a pure and entire fabrication. You cannot thwart me so. Your book is in the house, and I will search until I find it," and the Assessor opened a closet in the initiatory work, when a long and piercing shriek issued from the lungs and throat of Job's Mary that almost raised the hair on the Assessor's head, and he desisted from his labors to watch the poor woman as she flung herself on a lounge, fighting the air convulsively, and grinding together her firmly-set teeth.

The tender-hearted officer and Job rushed simultaneously to her side, forcing open her hands, and chafing them vigorously. After awhile the sufferer gave signs of returning consciousness, and finally opened her eyes; but when in their wandering they rested on the Assessor, the patient gave another piercing shriek, and swooned away, the spasms again returning.



Mr. West was greatly distressed, and seeing his presence was the sole cause of the trouble, he moved to depart.

"Don't go, Mr. Wetht, the'll thoon revive," said the practical husband.

But Mr. West was not exactly proof against that kind of scene, and hastened from the house.

After watching the retreating form of the officer until he was out of hearing, and nearly out of sight, Job returned to the inanimate wife of his bosom.

"Mary, he'th gone," he whispered.

Mary rose from the lounge, and shaking into good order her disarranged garments, said: "If you dont take better care of your property I'll never save it again," and locking the door so as to be free from interruption, she returned to the lounge, and opening it took from thence the book advertised as lost, and a large number of stamps for stock on hand spirits, saying as she did so: "I'll take care of these by burning them."

Job, taking the stamps from the unresisting wife, bade her burn the book, remarking, "Thampth cotht money, Mary—three hundred dollarth. I'll hide them thith time."

Time passed on. Job was wary; the Assessor watchful. Job had a new book, in which to enter his purchases and sales. He was doing a thriving

business, and he was careful to record the transactions in spirits daily, as by law required. Again Mr. West paid a visit to Job, but this time in his rectifying house. In obedience to his call the Government book was produced, and while Job busied himself around the office, he noted the Assessor's every move. At night, on his return to Mary, he remarked:

“Weth ith around again ; he meanth trouble.”

A few days elapsed, and West again appeared with clouded brow.

“Let me see your book, Job,” he said.

“Yeth, thir. Here it ith.” Handing the book to the Assessor, he took especial pains to go and open the office door, then brutally kick an unoffending dog, sending him howling with pain into the street. The only explanation he vouchsafed for such conduct was that dogs were always making trouble, and he disliked to have them around.

“So I have caught you at last. In this book I find several entries of purchases of spirits from Macy, Tracy and Nux, distillers of the Fourth District, Illinois. I have written to the Collector of that district, and he replies that there are no distillers of that name in his district.”

“And he wath right. It ith the Fourth Dithtrict of Indiana. Thee thith letter from them,” and he

passed a letter into the hands of the officer, who saw that the wrong State had been entered by Job in his book, possibly by accident; and again Mr. West returned to his office in an unsatisfactory state of mind.

Mr. Job Dewey chuckled inwardly at this second success—for all his entries of purchases were bogus—but he was disposed to look upon these frequent visits of the persistent Assessor as boding him no good, and interfering with his nice little game of steal, which was usually played during the afternoon of each day.

After an interval of a week, Mr. West reappeared with letters and memoranda. To prove other entries said to be erroneous, the Government book was produced, or rather the remnants of it, for the destructive dog had torn it into a thousand shreds—leastwise Job said it was the animal, and he ought to know. To facilitate the Assessor in his examination, he tied all the pieces found into one bundle, so that that indefatigable officer could at his leisure work out the problem; but as the important pieces were not saved from the wreck, nothing came of the examination.

To the uninitiated reader it is necessary to state that the object of these entries of bogus purchases of spirits in the Government book, was to get a credit

of having emptied so many gallons of the fluid into rectifying tubs. When spirit is rectified, and drawn off into barrels, stamps are issued to cover the precise number of gallons said to have been emptied; hence, if Job gave notice that he was purchasing and emptying for rectification five hundred gallons of spirits per day, he was entitled to have gauged and stamped the same number of gallons of rectified spirits. If the record of purchase was false, he was receiving stamps to cover five hundred gallons of stolen whiskey daily; and this was his case exactly.

Before the stamps were in vogue, stencil plates were alone used; and as there was no penalty for counterfeiting an officer's stencil—though all goods were forfeitable upon which such imprint was found—there were ten counterfeits to one genuine stencil. Neither was there any debit and credit kept of spirits dumped and rectified then as now, by the Government. The absence of such checks rendered it an easy matter to cheat the Revenue.

It has already been seen how the prompt action of Mr. West stopped the use of the stock on hand stamps. Job then had recourse to the false entry dodge, which served his purpose for a time. Occasionally he would run off a package with a stock on hand stamp on; but these he used with great cau-

tion. His anxiety now was to divert the attention of the Assessor from this almost daily pursuit of him, which was fast becoming monotonous. At last his mind conceived a brilliant idea, and he carried the news to Mary.

"Get pen and ink and paper, Mary. I want you to write to Mr. Wetht."

She was a phenomenon of obedience, and presently sat at the table pen in hand, with Job somewhat in the rear looking over her shoulder. He said:

"Now you write and thpell the wortht you know, becauth you wont put your name to it, and I don't want he thall dithcover who wrote it. Begin," said Job, and he dictated in a slow deliberate style the following note:

"Mr. West.—Sur: Ef yu want to kach dooee, get out a nites, he's stelin evry nite sum wiskee, he's the biggest theef in oor cownte, don't go afor ten, and cum away to six—A friend."

"That'll fetth him," remarked the grand rascal, gleefully.

"What do you want to fetch him for?" asked Mary, somewhat surprised.

"If he watcheth me all night when I aint working, he'll thoon thicken of doing it all day when I do work," replied Job.



“But you work at night too sometimes,” suggested his better half; “and if you teach him to come at such hours now, he may appear when you don’t want him.”

“Yeth, that ith tho, Mary; but he comth now in the daytime, and that ith when I don’t want him.”

Evidently the wife’s intuition suggested near or remote danger from the act. But the note was sent, and the bait swallowed.

The next and several succeeding nights were spent in great unrest by the dog Dick, upon whom the sin of destroying the Government book had been laid. He growled, and barked, ran into the meadow, then under the canal bridge; now to the still house, and again to the barn. If Job waked up at midnight he would hear the dog; then nudging his partner, an audible chuckle, *in duo*, ensued. To give the outside watchers comfort he occasionally lighted a lamp in his bed-chamber, as though about to make a move; carrying the joke once or twice to the extent of going out to the stable or barn. If Job’s strategy was simply to call the Assessor off from the true scent, it was a perfect success, for it kept that gentleman not only from Job’s distillery, but also from his own office; and the net result of a week of nights spent in cold, cheerless watching may be summed up in the one word—“sold.”

It was nearly two weeks after the "sell" when Mr. West stepped into the office of the distillery, and found Mr. Joyce, the Government storekeeper, taking his afternoon siesta in a cosy chair. Arousing him he bade him follow into the distillery and explain all operations therein. Had the Assessor required of Mr. Joyce one of Saturn's rings he could have as readily complied, for he had not given himself the trouble to learn even his duties. So, enlisting the sympathy of George the foreman, he consented to chaperon the Assessor over the premises. The latter gentleman as he passed around noticed some little excitement among the workmen, but attributed it to the fact of his presence as an officer who seldom visited there.

George had lucidly explained the use of everything as they went along. "This, sir, as you know, is the cistern room, the key of which is with its legal custodian the gauger, who will not be here until to-morrow," said George.

"A strong room," said Mr. West, passing around on three sides of it and trying its door. Looking on the floor he asked: "But what is this trap in the floor doing so near the cistern room?"

"That, sir," explained George, "is the opening in fermenting tub number one. You see, we have three fermenters all under the floor, and all having trap

doors through which we put the molasses and water necessary to make the mash. Number one we emptied this morning, and by law of course it must remain empty until to-morrow morning. The others are filled."

"What a strong smell of whiskey there is," suggested the Assessor.

"Yes, sir. It is always so when the tubs are nearly full," responded George.

Little did Mr. West suspect how near then he was to the devoutly wished-for detection of Mr. Job Dewey, for while Mr. Joyce slept in the office, a wagon entered the distillery yard, containing five empty barrels having tax-paid stamps thereon; these had been unloaded and conveyed through the trap door into the empty fermenting tub, and were there received by the grand rascal of all—for he was in that tub, and in the act of filling the barrels with whiskey stolen from the cistern room, when the Assessor entered the premises. To render stealing easy and extensive, this fermenting tub was constructed under the floor of the spirit or cistern room, so that a person descending into the fermenting tub, and passing to its farthest side, would discover in the floor above him a secret door which led into the spirit room under one of the cisterns standing eighteen inches from the floor. Emerging from

thence a hose was seen connecting the faucet in the cistern with the barrel in the fermenting tub, and the rest is understood. Thus while the Assessor had a laudable curiosity to learn everything, Job inside the cistern room listened with bated breath, and earnestly thanked his good fortune that Mr. West knew so little of the subject.

Before passing from the distillery the latter gentleman did not fail to notice the empty wagon; so when well away from the place he turned into another road, and from an available point waited for the wagon. Job, for good and sufficient reasons, let the wagon go empty away on that occasion.

A month later, and Mr. West was called to Ringtown on official business. Having completed it, he was making his way to the depot, when a wagon passed him, which he recognized as the empty vehicle he saw at Dewey's distillery. He turned from his purpose and followed it, a long weary trudge through the town to its outskirts. The wagon dragged heavily; at length it stopped in front of a wholesale liquor store, and Job leaped from the inside to the pavement and unloaded four full barrels of whiskey, having on them the warehouse and tax-paid stamps.

The Assessor, from the window of a barber's shop near by, saw this, and his eyes snapped; and in his



transport of joy he could not repress the ejaculation, "Got him at last, by Jupiter!"

"Have they, indeed! Glad to hear it. The act was not justifiable, if she was his mother-in-law," interposed the bustling barber.

"Sir!" queried Mr. West, turning to the man, and laying aside the paper he held but had not read.

"Excuse me, sir. I supposed you referred to the capture of McKinney, who killed Mrs. Fahy, his wife's mother."

"No; I alluded to a man who would attend to matters that should not concern him, and his punishment ought to exceed that of McKinney. Good-day."

To make the exclamation of Mr. West understood and appreciated, it is necessary to state that though his success as an amateur detective was not brilliant, he had by his persistence driven Job from one device of fraud to another, until he had pretty nearly reached the end of his tether, or he would not have allowed himself to do so foolish a thing as the one upon which he was evidently caught.

In addition to a rectifier having to enter in a book all the marks and brands, together with the numbers of the stamps, on each package he purchased for rectification before he emptied them, he had to fur-



nish the Government a correct transcript of all such particulars, and when the packages are emptied such marks, brands and stamps must be obliterated or destroyed immediately.

The gist of Job's offence lay in the fact that the goods delivered by him were a portion of a lot of his own distillation which he had notified the Government he intended to rectify. The barrels he emptied of their contents; and then instead of destroying the marks, brands and stamps thereon, had refilled them with stolen whiskey, and taken them to Ringtown. The stupidity of the act is further demonstrated when it is remembered that the dealer receiving them must enter all particulars in his Government book, the same as a rectifier, and the record cannot legally be removed until the expiration of two years after the book containing the same has been filled.

Mr. West arrived at the full knowledge of the fraud by seeing even at a distance two stamps on each package. This could not possibly occur honestly, because all such goods had since the escapade of the torn book been taken to his own rectifying house and emptied; the stamps therefore upon them should have been destroyed. Job, he knew, had no goods of that kind in possession when the vicious dog cut such capers.

Examining the packages, and taking mems, the Assessor proceeded immediately to Catville, and searching Dewey's notices of emptying for rectification—known as Form 122—proved conclusively the fraud.

Nervously anxious not to be headed off by the grand rascal, he hurried back to Ringtown and secured the goods. An examination of the dealer's book there showed that every barrel of whiskey upon which Job had paid tax the previous six weeks had been emptied into his rectifying tubs, and then refilled with stolen whiskey and sold to that dealer. Such a purchase did not necessarily imply guilt on the part of the purchaser, for if the proofs of the spirits in the barrels did not remotely approximate the proofs marked on the bung staves, an expert even could not determine their fraudulent character.

It was near 9 o'clock that evening when Mr. West, accompanied by an assistant, passed out from the main avenue on to the pike running between Catville and Ringtown. Few persons were about. The moon was up; but enough of its borrowed capital was locked up in the clouds to cause a marked contraction of its usually acceptable currency. Its light amounted to a kind of diluted twilight, such a one as Giles Topham describes :

“The mountain seemed to cleave in twain, and

one part taking form and vitality, left its primeval bed and approached to where I stood. As it neared me its form gradually assumed the proportions of a son of Anak. Still nearer it came, and a pleasant voice called me by name. It was my little sister Josey. The phenomenon is aptly described by the blind man in Scripture, 'I see men as trees walking.'"

"Hist!" said the Assessor. "I hear the roll of wagon wheels. Follow me," and jumping the fence, both men crept along the field until they neared the rectifying house of Mr. Dewey. Voices were heard in the yard. Presently the gates were opened, and a horse, wagon, and two men emerged therefrom, going directly towards the distillery; and the wretched dog, of book notoriety, and which interested the Assessor so much in his nightly vigils, followed in their wake. An interval of five minutes occurred, and the party leaving the distillery headed back again and passed with loaded wagon into the yard. Before they had time to shut the gates, Mr. West and his aid, silently leaving their hiding place, were also within the enclosure. The men at once comprehended the situation, and one leaping a wall escaped, the other doubling on his tracks ran with might and main to the distillery, to alarm them. Hastily leaving the property just captured in the

custody of his assistant, the Assessor took up the chase for the distillery, arriving there to find all in scare and confusion—no storekeeper, the distillery in full blast, being fired up after that official had seen everything close and cold, and had left for home. As Mr. West entered the building he caught a glimpse of Job's silly face near the still, and made for him; but the grand rascal had mysteriously disappeared.

Excited and earnest the search was prolonged, until an explosion was heard that shook the place to its foundations, and suffocating smoke and blinding fire filled the room, cutting off the officer's retreat. He sought the door by which he had entered, and fell through the trap of one of the fermenters, barely saving his life by his outstretched arms catching the floor and nearly wrenching them from their sockets. Drenched to the skin by immersion in molasses mash, he crawled out from the tub, groped for the wall, and found it. The heat drove him farther from his hope of egress. The smoke growing more dense every moment crowded him down on his knees; and thus he felt his way until he had almost given up all hope of escape, when his right hand discovered a window. An instant, and he dashed the sash out. But before he could escape, dense volumes of smoke poured



HIS RIGHT HAND DISCOVERED A WINDOW.





through the aperture, and the forked tongued flame licked his person, so that in his desperation he threw himself headlong from the window, fortunately falling on a shed attached to the building, the roof of which rested a few inches below the window, and he rolled into the road.

An hour later, and the distillery of Job Dewey was among the things that were. It was fortunate for him that only a week before he had increased his insurance upon the property to the extent of ten thousand dollars; and in stating his loss he mentioned the peculiar circumstance of one of his men having been in four distillery fires, each time escaping with singed whiskers and eyebrows.

The load on the captured wagon consisted of six barrels of molasses whiskey, all properly stamped, which Job showed he had paid tax on the day before. These were condemned because removed at night.

Upon removing the débris of the fire, another set of fermenting tubs were discovered in a sub-cellar, with mash all set, showing conclusively the character of the business carried on there.

Job was arrested, indicted, and tried; but owing to the intricate and conflicting nature of the evidence, he received the benefit of a doubt, and was acquitted. Before he received any benefit from the

insurances effected on his distillery property, he fell under the moving wheels of a railroad train, and the smile and the lisp were crushed out of him with his life.

He left a legacy of litigation to his disconsolate widow, which the companies interested therein are in no mood to hurry or to compromise.





## HELPS AND HINDRANCES.

**T**HE imposition of an excise tax—a legacy from our late civil war—opened an unexplored field in American legislation, to which, owing to our Republican form of Government, and other peculiar conditions arising therefrom, the experience and precedents of the old world in such matters were found inapplicable. To say, therefore, that many unwise laws were early enacted, should not excite surprise, nor cause animadversion. Nearly all the evasions of law feebly illustrated in the preceding sketches belong to a time anterior to the year 1869, and could scarcely exist now. Legislation is possibly no more honest now than then; but based as it is on enlarged experience, and with laws more intelligently administered, the means for their violation must be more subtle; and as a consequence, such infractions of law are less frequent.

The inspiring cause of all this wickedness is found in the terrible lust for riches, which is fast dragging

our people down to perdition. Secondary causes were sometimes ascribed by the distillers as a justification of their unlawful acts. They complained of unfriendly legislation, which made the small distiller pay five dollars per day each to two store-keepers, being an additional cost in the production of his whiskey of perhaps ten or twelve cents per gallon, while to a distiller having a large capacity for the production of spirits it would not be over one cent per gallon. Experience proved that it was unwise to compel a distiller to pay officers' salaries at all, for no axiom is more true than that a man will work for those who pay him. A common argument for the fraudulent distiller was, that if he could not be allowed a "margin" he would have to close his distillery, and of course the store-keeper's pay would be stopped. To a poor man with a dependent family, it was a temptation not to be too vigilant. The same reasons, though not with equal force, could apply to the gauger, who was also paid by the distiller; and the law compelled that officer to count fractions of a gallon as one gallon. Thus if a barrel contained forty gallons and one hundredth of a gallon, the distiller was taxed for forty-one gallons of spirits, or at the rate of fifty dollars per gallon on the odd gallon. No one pretends this was ever done, but to enact such a law was compelling offi-



cers to use their own discretion in small matters, which eventually led to greater evils.

Next to taxing an article ten times beyond its cost of production, perhaps one of the most just and fruitful causes of complaints among distillers was the ever-recurring introduction into the business of some newfangled instrument or machine, which was going to give to the Government the tax on every gallon of whiskey made in every known distillery in the United States. The departments were besieged, Members of Congress buttonholed, prominent Revenue officers interviewed, and their influence solicited by inventors and their agents to recommend the adoption of their favorite article; and in many instances with success, whereby the distillers were robbed—ay, that is the word—of money which aggregated would amount to millions, and the Government expenses increased, only in the end to have the worthless thing substituted for another, which eventually proved equally worthless, or was set aside altogether.

It is not to be supposed that the distillers sat with folded hands and submitted to all this fleecing without an effort to make themselves whole again, where it was possible. So for all these things it was our patient Uncle Samuel that suffered. Other acts might be enumerated to show that

where pretext for robbery was wanted, it was readily discovered. Such matters may be freely commented upon now, as the abuses have long ceased to exist.

Then as to the officers of those times, much can be said in mitigation of the tergiversations of the few, for the many, doubtless, were true men. The influence obtaining for them their positions was usually of the sort a distiller could affect, and where the officer strove to honestly discharge his duty he was soon made aware that he was travelling on a thorny way. To shoot or even beat a man for doing simply his duty is justly regarded with detestation by the virtuous of a community, and the victim if he survives is an object of interest and respect; but a greater hero is he, and more worthy of honor, who is wearing his life away by anxieties lest a wrong should escape his notice, forced to companion with men who feel he alone stands between them and their object of plunder—tempted by offers of gain, tried by a thousand little acts of spite, or worried by innuendo, or covert threats of political pressure or personal violence, all too picayune to complain of, or, if reported, would possibly result in the substitution of another storekeeper of a more pliant nature at that distillery, and his retirement into private life. To the credit of our race, be it said, there were many

such heroes, while the uncertain tenure upon which all these positions were held demoralized the weak and time-serving.

It was not an uncommon occurrence for men of pecuniary and political status to band together to operate a distillery, and by deceit and lying obtain the influence of a Senator or Member of Congress for the appointment of one or more of their number as an officer of the Government to take charge of its interests in such distillery. How its revenues would be protected the reader is left to imagine. The summary disposition of cases sometimes of great magnitude was a prolific source of discontent and unfaithfulness among the officers, of which the distillers were not slow to take advantage. Collating all cases they had heard of, with much addenda and coloring, they rehearsed them for the benefit of those they desired to capture; and oftentimes the experience of their auditor had almost prepared his mind to admit the same conclusions. One case will serve to illustrate :

Ridley and Rancher were distillers, and did business a few miles northwest of Chicago. An officer found in a commission house of that city one hundred and fifty barrels of whiskey in the latter part of 1867. On one head of each barrel was the date of inspection, which bore the month of April,

1866, and which also, in conformity to a law passed July 13th, 1866, bore another brand, which said :

“ Manufactured prior to  
September 1st, 1866.

Inspected December 5th, 1866.

A. W. Lord, Inspector.”

Yet on the other head of nearly every barrel was the inspection marks of another Inspector of a city three hundred miles away, and bearing dates of inspection coming down to May, June and July of the year 1867—plainly indicating that they were second-hand barrels, which had been bought up by those distillers empty, and taken to their distillery and filled with whiskey upon which the tax had not been paid. Then the false brands of A. W. Lord, Inspector, were placed upon them, and so they were put on the market as genuine tax-paid goods. The officer visited Ridley and Rancher's distillery, and found the cellar filled with barrels similarly branded, nine-tenths of which proved, by other and foreign brands found upon them, to be refilled packages; and in other places adjoining the distillery he found a large lot of similar goods. The evidence of fraud was so conclusive that the Collector of the District seized all the property at once. An investigation



developed the fact that A. W. Lord was not a Government officer on Dec. 5th, 1866; that he left the United States several months prior to that date, and was permanently residing in Canada. Mr. Ridley admitted the truth regarding Mr. Lord; said he knew that gentleman had left the service, and was in Canada, but he had sent a note to his old address asking him to come and gauge and mark the packages, and in obedience to that call a stranger came to his distillery at midnight with Mr. Lord's stencil plates, and marked all the packages, for which he paid him twenty dollars, the stranger leaving again without being asked for, or giving his name.

Such a lame, stupid story only served to fasten the fraud more firmly upon him. The facts and the testimony were submitted, yet the officer had the mortification of learning some time afterward that all the property was restored to these men without the payment of a dollar into the Treasury. When it is remembered that the only incentive to a faithful discharge of duty in those days offered by the Government to its officer was a small percentage of the value of the property so forfeited, but to realize that, negligence or worse agencies were constantly at work to deprive him and the Government of their legal rights, it was a sore temptation for an officer to



compromise the cases made by him on his own terms.

A strange anomaly exists in the United States Internal Revenue law, which makes it a misdemeanor to hinder or obstruct an officer while in the discharge of his duty, and punishes the offender by fine and imprisonment; but if said officer is beaten, or shot, it takes no cognizance of the offence, beyond giving him authority to sue for damages in the Circuit Court of the United States. Besides there is no fund under the control of any officer of the United States Treasury Department from which money can be drawn to pay for medical attendance upon such injured officer. So that men ever so brave, in contemplating these defects in legislation, and remembering those dependent upon them for sustenance, find in such omissions sources of weakness and discouragement as they daily move among bodies of law-defying men, and a disinclination to provoke their hostility by a strict administration of the duties of their office under the law.

Hitherto the large-hearted kindness of various Commissioners of Internal Revenue has in some measure atoned for these defects; but the protection and care of an officer should not be thus left to accident.

While no amount of defection from duty, or lack

of appreciation, or even injustice on the part of others can justify similar delinquency in the officer, a brief review, such as the foregoing, of a few of the many unfavorable circumstances surrounding a tempted soul, may superinduce that Christian grace in the general public which "is kind and thinketh no evil."





## AN ESSAY ON BEATS.

**T**HE term Dead Beat is a vulgarism, but very expressive. The etymology of it is worthy of note: "dead," unprofitable; "beat," to strike repeatedly, to impress strongly. A Dead Beat then is one whose pressure is strong, but always unprofitable. He is dead, being a non-producer, useless, dead to honor, self-respect, public or private opinion, truth and friendship. If he carries about with him amenity in social life, it is but a pretence with the flimsiest sort of a crust, which is eventually subordinated to the central idea of his existence, namely, to beat. Strong pressure indeed! Why, he would press the life juices out of his father, if he could transmute them into legal tender; and beat the gold filling out of the molars of his departed grandsire, if he could coin it into dollars. He is a human buzzard, gorging on the carcass of unconvicted crime; a vampire, battenning on the fears of ignorant and honest, but timid souls; and as corrupted animal matter brings forth disgusting forms

of life, so the evil practices of civilized society originated this libel on man. If his birth antedates that of internal revenue taxation, he was up to that period only a puling youth, as no one seems to have noted his existence, save at country markets and fairs, where the full pocket-book was found which no one lost, or the little joker disappeared under the thimble. But when for purposes of robbery, distilleries were started by a class of men who knew as much about distillation as a tadpole knows of algebra, this abortion appeared full fledged, his capital consisting of a glibness of speech, insinuating manners, impudent assurance, and great push. He is known as a Political Beat. Not that he has any political status, for he has by spurts injected himself into the association of men of every hue of political thought, inviting himself to all the free lunches and party dinners. To quietly ignore his presence, was to afford him an opportunity to help himself to the choicest viands. To take him by the ear from the table, and leading him to the door, there give him a leather lift to the side-walk, was the only *argumentum ad hominem* that told on his perceptions, and he would even then suggest the bare possibility of his company being more desirable at some other time. Such an acquaintance with politicians was his stock in trade.

Of a still more limited character was his intimacy and influence with Government officers. Yet upon these shadowy claims he became the self-constituted channel of communication between the distiller and the Revenue authorities of the district. To serve his purpose, an informality in the distiller's bond, which necessitated its return for amendment, would be magnified by him into an obstacle which only a certain amount of cash could remove. When the amendment was made, the bond was approved, while the money given by the distiller found its way into the pocket of the Beat. The result attained was by him ascribed to his influence and the liberal use of cash. And thus through all the range of operations in fraudulently conducted distilleries, he bled the distiller, not always by consent, but more frequently by intimidation, all the while rendering no equivalent.

He would talk of his influence with the heads of departments and the leading Senators and Representatives in Congress as being unbounded; and in that statement he came nearer telling the truth than was his wont; but it was on the principle that "nowhere" cannot be bounded, for he was entirely without the influence he claimed.

Having fleeced them under the promise of immunity from trouble, when the crisis came he would



further delude the miserable practisers of fraud with the idea that by paying him a hundred dollars for each trip to Washington, he could help their cases through—though it was farthest from his expectations.

His brassiness of countenance carried him into the presence of the Secretary and Commissioner, in spite of orders being issued forbidding his entrance there. His push overturned all guards erected to bar his passage to the archives of the Government, and his prying curiosity delved through its boxes and seals, thereby learning the condition of cases in process of settlement, about what date they would be settled and upon what terms.

With such information in his possession it was safe to offer his valuable services and influence to effect, or even hasten the consummation so sure to come; and this he did on terms which involved a favorable settlement, or no fee. Thus the scheme opened up a perfect Golconda to him.

He played on the fears of an officer, on the uncertain tenure of his office, and for a certain percentage of his salary undertook to keep him in against adverse influences, which lasted until said influences put in an appearance.

He was the agent to receive all the funds necessary to engineer and hoodwink decent men into a

united effort for the removal of obnoxious officers, which effort always failed of its purpose. Nothing was too ponderous for him not to attempt its heft, nor too hot for his hands not to clutch at.

Failing at Washington to relieve his bleeding victims, he would give another turn of the screw, and the lucre drops would flow for a pretended assault on the grand jury. And though his labors were abortive, if indeed he moved in the matter at all, frequently a combination of other evil powers brought about the result desired, and he maintained his credit as a manager. But if compelled to follow to the petit jury, the screw would again be turned to buy off witnesses, or to suborn them to perjury, until the pressure extorted the last dollar, when the Political Beat sought new subjects for his high pressure unprofitableness.

The Legal Dead Beat was in no sense a member of the honorable profession of the law. He had, however, in early youth spent a happy three weeks in a lawyer's office as errand boy. He might have become eventually a follower of Gamaliel, but for a penchant in which he indulged, in mailing legal documents and other professional matter for his employer, and remembering to sell the stamps instead of satisfying the Government demand for postage on said matter. This little peccadillo put him

on the curbstone committee, where he has since operated, except at intervals, when seclusion in public institutions deprived him of the delightful employment of measuring granite. Still hankering after the law, he would vary the monotony of existence by playing eavesdropper on Revenue officials; and thus keeping well posted on transpiring events, he would tender his professional services to violators of the law.

A technical infraction was by him presented to the ignorant offender in its worst possible light. The officer detecting the offence was described as a terrible ogre, whose appetite could only be sated by the blood and bones of the guilty one; and his family, thus terrorized, a fee was extorted, the half of which would have secured the best legal talent in the city, had there been any serious trouble. And finally, in compromising the case, a sum of money would be demanded by the Beat from his victim in the name of the Government, which frequently exceeded three times the amount asked by the authorities in settlement. Had the poor fellow known enough he could in five minutes, and at the cost of five cents, himself have done all necessary work in the case.

Then there was the Common Informer Beat, happily not now extant, through the abolition of moie-

ties to informers. In this category are not included the honest taxpayer, who sees his own taxes increased, his business, and the morals of a community ruined by the delinquencies of others, and seeks to have the law enforced by exposing fraudulent practices; but he who without official position would enter the house of a widow with a family of six small children, one half of whom were mutes, and tempting her in her loneliness and poverty with hopes of gain, urge her to sell him a few unstamped cigars; then go before a grand jury and get her indicted as a criminal, expecting thereby a sympathizing public would come forward and offer money in settlement of the suit, a part of which would be awarded to him. Or, going into a respectable, well-to-do established drug firm, it may be located in a country place where the gauger gets around only once in a great while, he would induce the clerk, by lying and misrepresentation, to draw from a stamped package ten gallons of spirits and put it in an *unstamped* package; then going before a grand jury with such evidence, make a criminal of a man whose whole life had heretofore been unsullied. Such a character is a villain. May the night visions of such cormorants be filled with terrors, and their day-dreams peopled with hideous figures of starving houseless ones, whose wails shall ceaselessly reverbe-



rate through the calloused recesses of their indurate hearts. May their ill-gotten gains canker their peace, and fester their souls until repentance supervene for crimes so outraging to justice and humanity.

It is refreshing here to record that one of these gentry met with his deserts in Pittsburgh a year or more ago. Having tempted a weak one to some infraction of the law, when court time came and he saw a probability of his case failing, he made propositions looking to a settlement of the case outside of court for a money consideration. The prosecuting officer being advised of the matter, allowed negotiations to proceed until the informer was fairly trapped. He was arrested, indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment—and all within three hours of the commission of the offence.

The Ex-Treasury Clerk Beat is worthy of mention. Again the line of demarcation must be fairly drawn between these, and that large class of educated, honorable, high-minded gentlemen, who having spent the hey-day of their lives cooped up between walls of granite until, without ambition, shrivelled, and old, they are by the transitions of politics or patrons turned out to eke a precarious existence as agents for claims believed by them to



be honest,—and that other class of young and ambitious men who honored the Government while in its service by a wise and faithful administration of its affairs, but whose aspirations could not brook the dull routine of official life, nor be satisfied with its compensations, and who now with the knowledge at once varied and valuable, acquired while in Government employ, reap the legitimate fruits of a respectable profession. Against either of these two classes not one word of unkind criticism can be uttered. But the genuine Beat under consideration was the unprofitable, strong-pressured sponge of his town before he was deadheaded to Washington by his Congressman. His advent there was attributable to no influence or merit on his part. He was smart, graceless, clever, and unprincipled; but the impelling cause of his transmigration lay in the conclusions arrived at by the selectmen in conference, that it was better for the capital of the nation to find room for a smart man, than that the town should foster a dissolute rascal, or feed a criminal.

Duly inducted into a respectable position, and among the advanced intelligence of American civilization, he found his situation a novel one, and that for a season kept his evil disposition down. Time brought reflection, and a review of the situation. He saw a mine on his desk, in his pigeon holes.

He thought; he planned; he concocted. Still his smartness kept that other quality in abeyance. Finally connecting with his kind outside, the mine was worked to their mutual profit, until the old humor cropped out, and the Beat was driven from the position he had disgraced. Though discharged from its service, the doors of the departments were not closed against him. He was an American citizen, and the Republic closes no door upon those of her children who are free and to the manor born. He becomes a claim agent, and tries to follow the beaten track of the honest and worthy, but his craven instincts soon lead him into devious paths, and soon he is the full blown Beat. He seeks out those whose claims for compensation or refunding he when in the service was mainly instrumental in having set aside as unjust, and offers to collect them now for one-half the face value, providing the claimant will just affirm to certain little matters, which, not to put too fine a point on it, means providing the claimant will commit perjury.

It was a common thing to find these Beats on the track of every officer, and even while working up a case, seeking to forestall his judgment by telling him what views the Commissioner held concerning it. To hear one of them talk, one would conclude he was that gentleman's most confidential friend.

The pasture up North has been of late years rather poor for this stock to feed upon, but down South they flourish most exuberantly. How fortunate it is that for years a man may have suffered serious loss without discovering the fact; it saves such a world of worryment. And this is just what is now occurring away beyond Mason and Dixon's line. One man supposes that the family quarrel now so amicably settled cost him just two lengths of worm fence; but our Ex-Treasury Clerk Beat has offered his services, and is willing to prove that ten thousand dollars would not cover his client's loss, providing said client will do a little affirmation, and consent to part with two-thirds of the plunder for the proving.

There was also the Quasi-official Beat. When a man is appointed to a high subordinate position, he cannot kill all his brothers and cousins. That would be murder. Yet it would possibly have been a great relief to him if a few of such kinsfolk in the old time had committed suicide before he obtained his position. The Quasi-official Beat traded on his blood-relationship, leading people to infer therefrom other and most confidential intercourse with the powers that be. This gave him the *entrée* to all the larger whiskey combinations, and most remunerative sources of fraud. He would sit by the hour

with a recalcitrant officer, confidentially unfolding the unofficial views of cabinet officers and heads of departments with reference to the distillation of whiskey and the collection of the tax; all of which for a purpose he made point unerringly in one direction. Having delivered his dissertation, he was prepared usually to close the interview with some liberal offer of property or money, not his own, to cause his auditor to swerve from a faithful adherence to his trust. This was his self-imposed mission; and on that errand he was deemed so successful that he was called for from many parts of the Union.

In a few months he thus amassed much property; but in his eagerness for more he overstepped the mark,—was arrested and stripped of much he had gathered.

The race of Beats is of such an almost endless variety that it is impossible in the space allotted to give them more than a passing notice; but the experience of hundreds who read these pages will supply many instances of greater rascality practised by them, with its consequent hardship and suffering inflicted upon others, than is here recited. The object of the writer has been not to exaggerate,

“Nor set down aught in malice.”





## TOUGH BUT TRUE.



HOW strangely the law of compensation sometimes works. In their own estimation, men generally account themselves to be of much more importance than their neighbors have the perception to appreciate, and when that little germ of egotism each one of us fosters gets so rooted that it swells, breaks the soil, and blossoms for fruitage, the man sits down and writes an autobiography, which usually serves the purpose of an obituary; for such a person is by the public incontinently shelved—laid away with things that were, but are not, for nature cannot brook such an uncovering of its own weakness.

Warned by so sad a sequence, and lest the patient reader should get nauseated, the medicine herein administered will be sugar-coated by the disuse of the nominative case of the pronoun of the first person. The inadequacy also of the supply of that interesting Roman capital letter already referred to confirms the wisdom that suggests such a course.



Philadelphia is the city selected as the place wherein the events about to be narrated transpired. Not that her people were more demoralized than those of other large cities; but because she is a large city, and in common with her sisters of similar growth paid the penalty of her greatness in having her sources of strength sapped, and seeds of further and more gigantic wrongdoing sown, by the existence of such evil practices in her midst as are hereinafter related. The reader may rest assured that by substituting any other place where distilleries operated during the time covered by these records, the details will with equal fitness apply.

#### THOSE HAPPY DAYS

in which it could be said the city of Penn had no distillery, date back to the year 1820. The following year brought a hale young fellow from the northern part of that country that gave birth to Brian Boru. He had tended still, when cattle herder in his native hills, and none could extract more whiskey from a given amount of malt than he. To say that upon his arrival in America he purchased a still, and set it up, that he bought a bushel of grain and shouldered it home, that he borrowed a coffee-mill and chopped the grain, would be as supererogatory as to say of him, being alive, that

he breathed. The whiskey he made soon became a popular drink. It may have been because it was not made elsewhere.

Fifty years ago the art of whiskey making was in its infancy. It was not then considered necessary to steep the grain in sulphuric acid to eliminate the gluten; nor could they with poisonous flavorings added to corn whiskey make every variety of foreign and domestic liquors, of any age, from one year to a century. His still was a curiosity, being the only one in that goodly city. The mayor visited it, tasted the juice, smacked his lips, and tasted again. He told the aldermen; they informed the council; and so those who would now-a-days be termed "samplers" became so numerous that the little still was kept going day and night. The epidemic for the extract of malt in that particular form seized upon the brewers of that day, who, failing to find any profit in their manner of spoiling good grain, persuaded the man from Londonderry to take their stock and convert it into the drink suitable for the almost universal craving. So the little still gave place to a large one, and the rented place to a purchased one. The success of one distiller led to the adventure of a second; but their number was slow of increase, for the people were slow, and followed other pursuits besides that of whiskey drinking.

At the time of our family trouble there were two distilleries in operation in the brotherly city, and though the profits of the business were considered fair, it was conceded that the reputation of the distillers for producing a most saleable article was the proper cause, and no one thought of competing with either of them for their trade. A tax of twenty cents per gallon on the spirits allured no one. Sixty cents per gallon followed; yet only the two distilleries were run. One dollar and fifty cents tax per gallon was imposed with a foreshadowing of a still higher rate. Then the woollen and other mills, idle since the firing of the first gun in the war, were cleared of their rusted machinery, and hastily prepared with a view to take advantage of

#### THE GREAT LEGISLATIVE BLUNDER,

namely, the enactment of the two dollar per gallon tax, which became the *ignis fatuus*, tempting thousands of men from the honest industries of a lifetime by its promises of gain, and leading them into inextricable mires of shame and loss, and evils, the consequences of which will continue to follow them and theirs to life's end.

The provisions of this law, though enacted in 1865, were not to any great extent, in Philadelphia at least, violated, until the winter of that year, when, as

if by common consent, all classes seemed to have a mania for distilling whiskey—lawyers, doctors, post-masters, aldermen, select and common councilmen, railroad presidents and directors, gentlemen and men savage—the latter largely preponderating—nearly all of whom would have found it difficult to define a whiskey still other than as a machine for coining money, but who afterwards could tersely describe it as a delusion and a snare.

It is but the truth to say, that in one year the distilleries of that city increased from two to two hundred; and the ratio of increase continued till the close of the year 1866. The old houses closed up and waited for better times. The new distilleries operating under the law, only because too large to hide from official scrutiny, did liberally if they rendered for taxation one-sixth of their production of spirits. Yet they stood ready to hurl a whole vocabulary of expletives against the Government and its officers for not visitjng condign punishment upon the twopenny contraband, who daily trolled his thimble of a still to some new covert from the prying officer. The greater the stealings by the legalized distillers, the more numerous the complaints by them to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue respecting the molasses whiskey outlaws, until finally, in obedience to orders from that officer,



## DETECTIVE BROOKS PUT IN HIS APPEARANCE.

As he is likely to be a somewhat prominent character in this story, in obedience to a law governing similar narrations whether of fact or fiction, the hero must be photographed.

He was the last person one would think of making a hero, or selecting for a detective. The tall, commanding figure might have been there, if from four to six inches of leg had been spliced to the originals. The jet-black whiskers and moustache of conventional style, which cost so much to keep in repair, were supplanted by a clean shaven face. The sharp, shrewd appearance gave place to a benevolent look, which seemed to say: "I am at peace with all the world." Only two parts of his organism could be said to talk: his eyes bespoke a quick intelligence, and his lips expressed determination. His age was about forty years, but his whitening hair gave him the appearance of being a much older man. A dyed up old dandy of fifty, in his ridiculous attempt to deceive the world and himself into the belief that he was young, would have given the detective the preference of a seat in a crowded car, on the ground of his being so many years the dandy's senior. In short, the officer's appearance was his best disguise; and until he was known in a place his



presence excited no alarm. He was regarded as a tract-distributor, or agent for some charitable institution, and many a time as the illicit distiller pursued his wretched calling, would he explain to the "old parson" the process of distillation, and for his pay receive a kindly rebuke for engaging in so wicked a business.

The detective's clerical look once procured for him a ten mile ride. Upon one Saturday afternoon, early in the spring of 1868, he was travelling in Western Pennsylvania. The roads were in bad condition; his horse old and feeble, and mired so frequently, he was finally compelled to stable him, and proceed a-foot. After awhile a gentleman driving a splendid team of young horses attached to a wagon came along, and, nodding familiarly, invited the officer to a ride, expressing his regrets at not meeting him sooner. The offer was accepted, and the horses were headed for the return trip. The conversation on the journey, after exhausting itself on weather, and horses and politics, turned upon church matters. The officer, being frequently addressed as Mr. Turner, corrected the gentleman by giving his name. He was slightly taken aback by the information, but assuming his companion to be a supply, he hoped to be able to listen to Mr. Turner on the next Sabbath, having heard such glowing accounts of his preaching. The detective indulged in a similar hope.

Arriving at the village, the latter personage would have gone to a hotel, but his kind helper on the journey insisted on entertaining him; and it was late in the evening before it was discovered that Mr. Turner, the preacher, had arrived, having been met on another road by an equally attentive villager of the same faith and order. Explanations followed, and the gentleman, with great good humor, requested that he should continue to entertain his guest while remaining in the place as a penalty for not knowing the difference between a preacher and a detective.

#### MIDNIGHT EXPLORATIONS,

made alone by the officer of the new territory to which he was assigned, revealed an interesting state of affairs. Nearly every street in the city had its representative still, many of the streets containing ten or twelve. Whole rows of outhouses attached to dwellings would each be transformed into a distillery, stables, coal-yards, slaughter-pens, cellars, vacant houses, and other habitable and uninhabitable places, entered frequently without the consent of the owners, were appropriated to the base uses of the illicit distiller. The reckless manner in which they plied their vocation indicated that certainly at night they were in no fear of being disturbed. In many sections the gutters ran full of the scalding refuse

of the stills, all through each dark hour of every twenty-four, the Seventh Day offering no impediment to the work for these unscrupulous men.

It was impossible to contemplate such wholesale fraud on a small scale and not infer, considering the sameness and weakness of human nature, that distillers having large producing capacities, and working under the law, needed looking after also.

Nearly every distillery working under the law was therefore by night visited, and by external observation its producing capacity approximately determined—not according to the usual rule, but by observation as to time of still running, and length of time required to distil each charge, which latter was indicated by the discharge of the still. Then by comparing the boiling capacity of the still with the two latter points, the amount of whiskey could be for ordinary detective purposes ascertained.

When subsequently the detective revealed himself to the officers of the several districts wherein the distilleries were located, and the necessary papers as to capacities were examined, his results indicated that running under law was a mere pretext for greater stealing than could possibly be accomplished outside of the law, and that almost without exception the legal distillers were returning for taxation about one-fifth of their production.

## A FINE OPENING FOR A LIVE MAN

was here presented, which the officer was not slow to turn to good account. He knew no one, and was not known. He had no friends to serve, no entangling alliances; he owed no allegiance to any person who would be likely to attempt to stay his hand. So he started on the straight path of duty firmly, but kindly. He raided on the illicit distillers, and as opportunity served they in turn raided on him. He destroyed their property, or carried away what he did not destroy, and once in a while received from them a complimentary notice that would hurry his departure.

But the greater frauds of the legal distillers almost monopolized his time and energies, as may be seen in the fact that in the first eleven months of his service in Philadelphia and suburbs he made one hundred and twenty-five seizures of place or goods, out of which were *thirty-one licensed distilleries*, many of them being of large capacity, and none of which were seized unless fraud could be proven.

That men who thus lost their property should be the sworn enemies of officer Brooks might be expected. That the work should have been so unevenly divided as to have it almost concentrated on one man, thus centring their wrath on him, was

unjust, seeing there were twenty others commissioned for the business. That matters were so arose from causes which lay in the officers themselves. But let the veil fall.

In the earlier stages of seizures, the regulations gave the Collector the power to investigate facts and learn if sufficient cause for seizure existed, before reporting the property to court for libel. But such gross abuses clustered around the practice that it was soon annulled. During its continuance, however, the officer was in less fear of bodily harm in an infected district, for the property was generally released by certain Collectors for reasons satisfactory to themselves. A time came when to seize was to condemn, if fraud was shown. Then the distillers, yet without organization, contributed of their means, and sent committees to Washington to get the officers making the seizures, removed from the service; or, failing in that, get them sent into another district. These efforts, though oft-repeated, to the honor of the then Internal Revenue Commissioner, Hon. E. A. Rollins, failed of their purpose. Still the seizures and condemnations of distillery property continued.

At last a coterie of patient, long-suffering, *brave* men was formed, who because they were not smart enough with all the aid of those who had betrayed



important Government trusts to circumvent one man, deliberately

#### PLANNED HIS ASSAULT AND MURDER.

But antecedent to this, yet leading to it, came numerous threats, and lying in wait, pistol in hand, at street corners and in alleys, for the detective, beating and otherwise maltreating his aids, dogging his foot-steps, and setting traps for his disgrace or utter destruction. But all these efforts sprang from no concerted plan of a united body of men, being confined principally to the detected ones in particular cases.

Fabulous stories of tall profits in the distilling business drew gamblers from their dens, bruisers from their favorite pastime, and robbers from their more risky calling; and these, united with a few persons of avaricious disposition, with large bank account and small brain, started a distillery only to find their cunning eclipsed, their muscular development set at nought, their cash vainly distributed, their frauds detected, and their property confiscated.

Nothing daunted, they broke out in another spot; but were more wary. They engaged men no worse than themselves—no more desperate, but much more plucky—and such were placed as guards around their distilleries, with instructions to carry

out their own sweet will upon any unfortunate wight caught prowling around their honorably conducted establishment. They watched diligently, but as the officer had other methods of working out certain conclusions, he did not trouble them with his presence, only at such intervals as best suited his purposes.

At length, at the hour of midnight, he dashed in upon them, and away again before the guards were prepared to receive him. A few minutes later, and a man was seen passing the distillery. He halted but for a moment. The halt proved fatal, for he was felled to the earth. The light of the next day revealed the corpse of a poor violinist. A sad mistake, directly chargeable upon the detective who failed to wait for the blow which was intended for him.

Again was their property seized and condemned, which made them more clamorous for the vital fluid of their persecutor; and as he did not oblige their longings, nor fulfil their burning desires for a golden opportunity to anatomize him by going where they hoped to find him, they suggested to their operators the propriety of seeking him, scalpel in hand.

Like the immortal Barkis the guards were "will-in'," but the price offered was not at all adequate for the work proposed. Much haggling ensued, and

finally the price fixed upon was five hundred dollars each for three men, who were to undertake the job. The terms of payment alone remained to be adjusted. The operators desired cash in advance, giving a cogent reason therefor, namely, that there would be no time to collect the cash after the work was done. The bosses wanted the operation performed first, the payment of wages afterward.

Pending these negotiations the detective came near

#### GETTING HIS QUIETUS

without any such outlay of money, and at the hands of more respectable men, because, though deluded by the notion that the officer was their natural enemy, they earned the bread they eat by dint of hard labor.

It was the 13th of September, 1867, and just eleven months since Detective Brooks made his *début* in the Quaker City, when throwing aside the wearing cares of his position, he spent an afternoon in showing some New York friends the beauties of the far-famed Wissahickon. Remaining in their company until ten o'clock, he started for his home, passing on the way a distillery recently set in operation. Seeing it was running he sought admission to the premises by way of the fire-room, which was denied him. Going from thence toward the main entrance,

the movements of the fireman attracted his notice, and induced him to retrace his steps. The fireman passed rapidly up a flight of stairs, and entering a door closed it after him. The detective quickly followed, but found a bolted door barred his progress.

It was the work of a moment to administer a few kicks to the unyielding door; yet in that brief time the fire-room was filled with bareheaded and bare-breasted men, furious with excitement, who without explanation or parley at once gave themselves wholly up to the work in hand. Unfortunately for the officer, he was unarmed; so with eight savage men confronting him he could do nothing but take a full meal of the webfooted bird in preparation for him.

One giant, who should have scorned all aid in so small an affair, and been sole host in the entertainment, grasped the officer by his nether extremities, and jerking him summarily from his exalted position at the head of the short stairway, landed him broadside on the fire-room floor, where the combined weight of several heavy vibrating bodies tested to an extraordinary extent the elastic properties of the unfortunate detective's corporosity. At the same moment a sudden impulse seized certain others of the party to try the projectile force of mailed leather when encasing a little animated dust of a very com-

mon character. The experiments over, as the suffering subject supposed, he rose to his feet, only to have other and more severe demonstrations of the laws of propulsion and resistance made upon him; for while one half of the party was driving at him from the north, the other half was beating him from the south. This interesting illustration of opposing forces resulted in bringing him to the floor again for the second and third time, making him the recipient of the same series of attentions thrice repeated.

One man improvised a baton from a piece of firewood, and laid on with an energy never surpassed by that now venerable gentleman, Mr. Macduff; but being unskilled in the use of such a weapon, he struck random blows occasionally, one of which falling on the shoulder of the giant, incapacitated that innocent child from again taking part in such pleasing recreations for several months. The accident gave the officer a chance to escape, of which he not reluctantly availed himself, leaving the half of his coat in the hands of the coatless crowd.

This little escapade, though it somewhat disarranged his physical organization, gave no relief to his enemies, developed many true friends, and gave him a few weeks' vacation.

Throughout all this time, though strenuous and persistent were the



## EFFORTS MADE FOR BROOKS' REMOVAL,

they failed in that purpose ; but were decidedly successful in drawing much loose change from the pockets of the distillers, who of course footed the bills of the self-constituted delegates to Washington.

It was currently reported that when the badly beaten detective recovered he would ask a transference to another field of labor. Whiskeydom was therefore slightly taken aback when it was announced that he had reported for duty, and asked as a special favor that he be permitted to remain in Philadelphia, which request was granted. The stated trips to Washington were immediately resumed, and to the great delight of those who wished him over the Styx, but who would be thankful for smaller favors, he was unaccountably sent to New York, where he stayed until an honest protest from the Revenue Board, then recently organized, and composed of the leading federal officers high in position in the city, showed he was more needed in the place he was sent from, and his return to the city of parallels and right angles was at once ordered.

About this date, men in the distilling and other branches of business radiating from and dependent thereon, began to

## ORGANIZE FOR MUTUAL PROTECTION.

It would probably be as difficult to define what "mutual protection" meant, as it would be to determine what became of all the money subscribed ostensibly for that purpose. To one it was to get oppressive laws repealed; to another, to keep foreign whiskeys out of their home market; to a third, it was to crush out illicit distillation; to a fourth, to offer premiums to faithful officers; to a fifth, to procure the removal of the unfaithful; and so on to the end of the chapter. Every other city possessing such an association, Philadelphia could do no less than follow suit. One was organized. Subscriptions flowed in freely. It was an immense success. Little pieces of pasteboard, three inches by two, with two or three names on, sold for fifty dollars each;—they are offered now at much below cost, but there are no buyers.

What the association accomplished by way of breaking up illicit distillation may never be recorded, but the acts of some of its constituent members deserve to be, because of their originality. If the offering of three hundred dollars' reward by the association for the discovery and capture of an illicit still, and not paying it, failed to stop the business, then some thought the next best thing was to

purchase the illicit whiskey and not pay for that. So the contrabandist sold his whiskey; and having delivered it safely, as he supposed, got a check in payment and started to bank for the money. A pretended officer then stepped in and seized the goods, holding them until the payment of the check was stopped, and the contrabandist scared away by the story of the seizure, when the purchaser rewarded the officer, and emptied the spirits into his rectifying tubs.

Other equally ridiculous stories were circulated concerning the doings of some of that interesting body of commercial men in their unofficial character.

Finding a once estimable gentleman in deep trouble a short time since, the writer helped him to examine important papers, when he came across a cancelled thirty-day note, which the ex-estimable had given. There were two prominent names on the back as endorsers. It was paid at maturity by the maker; but the poor fellow's head was so turned by his trouble that he insisted he had been compelled to give the note to these men before he was allowed to beat the Government. No one, however, believes the story of a crazy man. One thing is certain: whatever the objects of the association, the business interests it represented seemed to reap no

advantages from its existence, and many men having paid their initiation fee were seen no more among its membership.

The frauds of 1867 were re-enacted during the first half of 1868. During the latter year it was found more difficult to bring the violators of law to justice. Jealousies arising from the proper interference of the Revenue Board, in the disposition made by certain administrative officers of important cases brought before them, inured to the injury of the revenues of the Government, to such an extent that the seizure of property used in fraud was as a rule confided to the Board. Emboldened by partial success, and that possibly as a fruit of unity of interest, courts of justice were entered, and witnesses corrupted, or spirited away on a promise of reward. One of these latter being captured was taken into court, and he there confessed to having gone away under a promise of receiving one thousand dollars from a member of the association. The member of the association, fearing the consequences of his unjustifiable act, fled, and the witness was remanded to prison.

On the suggestion of his superior officer, Revenue Agent Miller—than whom no more honest or capable officer ever entered the service—Detective Brooks organized a

## SYSTEM OF HOURLY VISITS

to the legal distilleries of the city, in which the condition of all the fermenting tubs was carefully noted and reported on prepared printed forms. Each inspector had to visit one distillery every hour, and did not visit the same distillery twice in one day. Each tub being by a given rule numbered, it was easy to discover if a tub was emptied oftener than the distiller reported. It was not a perfect system, but the best then known for an officer unacquainted with the art of distillation. This close surveillance again greatly excited the ire of distillers, for they therein saw their chances to defraud narrowed down to a thickening of the mash. Threats of vengeance against the author of the system again filled the air, and so startled Mr. Miller that he insisted on accompanying the detective on all convenient occasions, to prevent the impending trouble; and especially was he anxious that the latter should avoid being seen after nightfall. The net results of all the inspectors' visitations was the seizure and libel of nearly every distillery in operation.

In the first case tried in court under this system a verdict was rendered for the Government; but before any of the remaining cases could be brought to trial, the safe of the United States Attorney was entered,



and all the letters and documents relating thereto were stolen.

Pending these suits the legal distillers moved with great caution, and the

ILLICIT DISTILLERS, AGAIN ON THE RAMPAGE, made and sold their vile compounds readily. They had their secret agents in places least suspected. Every intended raid upon them, however secretly planned, was communicated to them; and either an organized resistance was made against the officers, compelling their hasty retreat, or everything was securely hidden away, and the raid was barren of results. Not so, however, in the final disposition of the whiskey. For several months scarcely a day elapsed but from one to four seizures of molasses whiskey would be made, while in transit to the receiver, by one officer. This evil cured itself after awhile; for the detective, following the goods, would allow them to be delivered, then seize the goods and the guilty receiver's establishment together.

About this time, certain revelations made by legalized distillers so agreed with the detective's experiences as to induce a belief that a few inspectors had so far ignored their obligations to the Government as to cover fraud instead of discovering it. This exposé accounted for much of the non-success

attending the dangerous expeditions undertaken by faithful men for the enforcement of the law; and such sources of weakness were at once removed. Following hard upon these events, a few heavy, well-directed blows were given that class of distillers at unexpected and frequent intervals, and the traffic ceased.

In an able and exhaustive report to the Secretary of the Treasury, under date of November 30th, 1867, on the failure to collect the tax on distilled spirits, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue,

THE HON. E. A. ROLLINS, SPEAKS,

and uses the following strong language:

“The frauds connected with the production and removal of spirits are of a very alarming character. . . . There is reason to believe that more public dissatisfaction arises from a failure to secure the tax upon spirits than from all other sources combined, and unless some remedy is obtained I apprehend further demoralization. . . . No fraud can be committed without the knowledge of responsible revenue officers. . . . I believe most of the illicit spirits in the market is the product of those establishments whose proprietors report for warehousing only a portion of their production. A *smaller* amount is from hidden and unrecognized dis-

tilleries. This illicit whiskey is conveyed unbranded to neighboring rectifying houses, and emptied immediately into vats, where it can never be identified; or it is shipped in barrels corruptly or falsely branded by the proprietors themselves, or our own officers in collusion with them. It is exceedingly difficult for superior officers to detect such collusion on the part of their subordinates. . . . These extensive frauds have not only robbed the national treasury, but have driven from their accustomed business many men of acknowledged integrity. Others have taken their places for the special and sole purpose of acquiring fortune through fraud. Men of capital, but without conscience, have sometimes been silent partners of those whom they have put to the front for bribery, or perjury, and the perils of detection. They have often been without reputation to lose, and with no local habitation to aid in their arrest when their frauds were discovered. . . . The decrease of the receipts observable during the spring and summer was due to the general transfer of the business of distilling into the hands of corrupt adventurers, who in turn in various ways corrupted revenue officers. . . . If all the various means resorted to by many modern distillers for the accomplishment of their designs upon the revenue and its officers, could be truthfully written, the

very safety of our institutions might well be questioned."

With this the Commissioner gave figures showing that sixty per cent. of the amount of spirits reported made and warehoused was afterwards stolen under color of law. When it is remembered that not more than one-third of the spirits made was reported for taxation, the inevitable conclusion is reached that only one-sixth of the spirits produced and put on the market was tax-paid under the two dollar per gallon tax.

In the same report many and valuable suggestions were given, showing an earnest purpose to have the glaring defects of legislation corrected and the evils complained of suppressed.

Mainly through his instrumentality was the Act of July 20th, 1868, framed and passed. It was a remarkable improvement on all Acts preceding it. Primarily, by reducing the tax to fifty cents per gallon, it lessened the temptation to wrong-doing. The wholesale liquor dealers under its provisions could buy at whatever price suited them, provided the goods were branded according to law, without being classed as thieves and perjurers. All known channels or prolific sources of fraud were closed; and a new set of officers with enlarged powers to meet the exigencies of

## THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS

created. The United States were divided into twenty-five districts, and a Supervisor and a Revenue Detective assigned to each district. Detective Brooks, being retained in the service, was allowed to remain in his old district, reporting to his superior officer, Supervisor Southworth, a gentleman of experience and ability, and against whom no taint of suspicion of wrong has thus far rested.

The requirements precedent to the running of a distillery under the new law were so numerous, and involved so many and radical changes of machinery, bonds, surveys, title to properties, etc., that the distilleries were closed for several months, the time being fully occupied in making surveys and superintending the necessary alterations to meet the conditions imposed by law.

As the work approached completion, old influences began to be felt, and familiar faces were seen around in places that boded new antagonisms. Old bug-bears of great frauds out West were revived; and Brooks was

## JUST THE MAN TO SEND

there. He was sounded by men in authority—  
influenced doubtless by others who wished to be,



but could not, as to his willingness for such a transfer, and he was finally sent on a mission toward the setting sun. This was late in 1868. The same influence which sent him out kept him there, through the month of January and a part of February, 1869, when, without having completed the work in hand in Ohio, he was ordered to a distant point.

Soured at the turn events had taken, and tired of fighting what seemed to him to be adverse fortune, he longed for a respite, and found in the latter order a reason for tendering his resignation, which he did, but which the Commissioner in a very complimentary letter refused to accept. The detective insisted, but still it was refused; and though tendered in February it was not accepted until the latter part of April, and then on condition that if Commissioner Rollins remained in office, the officer would be expected to resume his relations with the Government so soon as the discharge of business obligations, then but recently assumed, would permit.

The departure of the detective out West was the signal for nearly all the old legalized fraud distilleries to commence operations, which they did, but in full compliance with the letter of the law. Immediately the old army of Beats and Black-mailers put in their appearance, and by the unauthorized use of the names of gentlemen in power, plied their nefar-

rious practices. So numerous were they, and audacious, that it is stated as a verity that they waited for turns on the street corners, and when doors were shut against them they climbed in at the windows. If they could not get a hundred dollars from their victim, they would be content with the price of a drink, or failing in that, they accepted without complaint a twinge of the nasal appendage.

A want of system in such important matters was deplorable, and some of the enterprising gentry who had profited by the sale of pasteboard in 1867, were on hand with their specific remedies. They had grown older, and wiser, and richer since then, not by hard labor, however, for against that they interposed objections traditional, hereditary, and of course constitutional. In the old association they had been the subjects of too much scrutiny, and too many fingers wanted to

#### LIFT THE TREASURY LID.

True they did not succeed, but the unsatiated desire was resultant from publicity—hence now must be secrecy.

They met in a liquor store. The group was an interesting study. Had Mrs. Justice appeared about that time, and removing her handkerchief from her visual organs, taken each one of the innocents and administered her usually unpleasant dose even on the homœopathic principle, there would have been a

lively stretching of hemp. They met, and debated, and planned, and in the execution of their plans they obtained a suit of offices, and fitted them up appropriately; there was an inner and an outer office. The men who were to bleed were permitted to occupy the outer, while the bleeders alone entered the inner, where the blood-letting was determined upon, both as to quantity and frequency of bleeding. To prevent the presence of interlopers in the outer office, each distiller was furnished with a key, and if by chance he sought admission without his key, he was refused even though he entreated ever so earnestly. Managers alone had the right to enter the inner office, and they only by a second key, which was supplied to each of them.

None of the small fry of distillers were countenanced by the "ring." If a man wanted its protection as a distiller, he must increase the capacity of his distillery so as to come within the limits prescribed.

The Government surveys, constantly denounced as being unjust toward the distillers by reason of their excessive demand for spirit production, were for "ring" purposes set aside, and a committee of experts appointed, who visited each distillery, the proprietor of which had been admitted into the organization, measuring each still and tub, and the

steam capacity, prescribing for each operation of fermenting, and still running, on the shortest time known for fraudulent working; and on that basis—exceeding the Government survey by two-thirds at least—each distiller was taxed and paid into the “ring” fund his weekly quota of cash.

The demand of the public to know how that money was distributed may never be satisfied. Various pretences were urged at different times, not alone for the imposition of the first tax, which was said to be to present testimonials to certain gentlemen whom it was deemed necessary to propitiate for protective purposes, but also for subsequent impositions.

When the machinery was fairly set in motion, and the collectors passed around for the weekly stipend, it was found that some had been

#### PAYING TO THE WRONG COLLECTORS.

Though the payment was said to be for the testimonial fund, the payer, a trifle self-willed, refused to pay twice, or recognize the “ring” collector. He was thereupon threatened with a seizure of his distillery, which being run in fraud, was an event liable at any time to occur. Still refusing to come to terms, the seizure would really take place, and the distillery was never run in his name again.

Another plan of bringing a man to terms was to improvise a system of blackmailing operations on him, of so plausible yet so heavy a character as to lead him to see it was cheaper to get in the outer office; or, failing in that, the *dernier ressort* was to supply the evidence of fraud, when seizure must follow.

The small distillers were readily disposed of. A manager would meet a distiller on the street and addressing him, say :

“ Sam, are you running ? ”

“ Yes, a little.”

“ I advise you to stop.”

“ I can't. I must do something for a living.”

“ What is your property worth ? ”

“ Two thousand dollars.”

“ You don't run honestly, and will be seized this week.”

“ Other people are in the same boat, why aint they seized? But I'll stop if you say so.”

“ Take my advice and stop.” And he stops.

There was a finance committee; but its labors, as already foreshadowed, were monopolized by the pasteboard fraternity of the inner circle. To avoid the necessity of a numerically large committee, and so lessen the chances of the cash adhering to the honest fingers through which it was designed to pass, seven-



ral offices were concentrated in each individual, who became at once the ingatherers, reservoirs, and distributors of the fund—what little of the latter was done.

#### AN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

was also appointed, in which some hard work had occasionally to be done. The outer office was kindly permitted to enjoy that honor exclusively; and as the city was frequently the objective point of complaint, it became in consequence the subject of frequent visits and investigation. The main duty of the executive committee was to notify the distillers to cease their labors pending such official scrutiny; and the hardest and most dangerous part of their work lay in keeping them in a state of quiescence. It was never difficult to start them going. Two members in the discharge of the duties of their position would reconnoitre a distillery, and find it in operation contrary to orders from the "ring" officials. Knocking for admission, a head would be thrust out of an upper window, and a voice ask:

"Who are you?"

"We are the ex'ac'utive com'mittee."

"What do you want?"

"To stop you running."

"Just you wait till I get down, and I'll *start* you running."

The head disappeared, and as the owner of it was known to be a man who struck from the shoulder, the "ex'ac'utive com'mittee" spared themselves some painful experiences by the velocity with which they hurried to report progress.

The production of whiskey was so great under this liberal *régime* that the home market was soon glutted, and New York, not blest with such facilities, became the *entrepôt* for the surplus distillation. The New York distiller, not one whit more conscientious than his Quaker prototype, but with less opportunities for stealing, demurred to this, and caused several seizures to be made. Philadelphia retaliated, and there was war. A conference committee was sent from the former city to negotiate a peace; but the results of this negotiation history doth not record.

The "ring" organization was an undoubted success financially. The money came in without stint or grudge, which fact invoked the spirit of greed in the bleeders, and led them to

#### NEW MEASURES OF EXTORTION.

A certain meter had been adopted and prescribed by the Government for use in distilleries, which gave promise of making frauds in the manufacture of whiskey things of the past. Many of the distillers

paid their money for the articles long in advance of their production, but having done that, were in no hurry to have the meters applied.

An order was issued from Washington that all distilleries in the first five districts of Pennsylvania should be closed until the meters were attached; and they were, to the outer world. But those of the "ring" distillers, who were willing to pay an additional sum of money weekly for the privilege of defeating the tell-tale tendencies of the meter, were allowed secretly to run until the meters were attached, when afterward, by some unaccountable waywardness, they registered to suit the persons whose cash purchased them. Added to this pretence on the part of the pasteboard circle to control the meter, must be a score of other false pretences of the same character, for each and all of which at various times they levied percentages on the spirit-producing capacity of distilleries. To meet these exactions, distillation was carried on upon such an enormous scale that the whole country in that particular branch of business was affected by it.

Commission merchants in the city iterated and reiterated their complaints that hundreds of barrels of city made whiskey were being delivered daily at from five to eight dollars per barrel below the cost of production, to the extermination of the

legitimate distiller. Baltimore wept over Philadelphia whiskey in her markets at ninety-one cents. Peoria and Pekin, Chicago and Cincinnati in wailing chorus cried, "Philadelphia made whiskey in iron-bound barrels at eighty cents!" New York played detective upon the staid city of broad brims; and going among her unwary and degenerate children who carried but one key to the robbers' den, because they were distillers, ascertained how the thing was done, got their lowest prices, and then returned to New York and cruelly exposed them. The pressure from all parts of the country for a correction of the evil became so insupportable that an honorable gentleman, then prominent in the revenue service, wrote:

"Philadelphia is giving me more trouble than any city in the Union."

Late in July, 1869, Detective Brooks re-entered the service, and was assigned to duty by Commissioner of Internal Revenue, the Hon. Columbus Delano, at headquarters in Washington. He had been on duty but a few days when, on the 8th day of August, a telegram was received from Supervisor A. P. Tutton, who had recently taken charge of the Philadelphia district, requesting that Detective Brooks be sent to that city at once, which request was granted. In taking leave of old-time friends in Washington the

officer made use of a remark, which, while it proved him a false prophet, showed that he had a premonition of what was in store for him. Said he: "I am going to Philadelphia, and shall be killed there;" and in less than four weeks from that date he would have been honored with a large funeral had Mr. Marrow been a closer student of the science of anatomy.

The recall of the detective to his old hunting ground was ascribed to the fact of one of the "ring" managers waiting upon a certain officer in whose hands was the disposition of such matters, and suggesting to him the necessity of not disturbing the existing state of things, nor troubling himself overmuch with affairs outside the office; and above all he must not let officer Brooks return to Philadelphia again. If these suggestions were carried into practical effect

#### ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

would each week be put where said official could with safety handle it.

Brooks returned, and the man with the thousand dollars did not again put in an appearance.

Vigorous efforts to suppress the great frauds which had been so rampant, followed the advent of the new Supervisor and his subordinates. A number of



seizures were made, and soon the remainder of the fraud distilleries were either closing up or running with more circumspection than they had shown for months before.

Section forty-six of the new Act made it unlawful for any authorized dealers in liquors to receive a greater quantity than twenty gallons from any but authorized rectifiers of spirits, compounders of liquors, distillers or wholesale liquor dealers; but such sales could be made by an auctioneer who had paid the special tax as such. By a strange perversion of this plain language, certain men for fraudulent purposes construed it to mean that any man having taken out a licence as an auctioneer, could sit in his office and write out invoices of sales of barrels of whiskey which he had never sold, nor even seen, and thus allow the use of his name for a small commission to cover a dark transaction—fondly believing that while every one else who trafficked in large packages of distilled spirits was called upon to pay special tax as a wholesale liquor dealer, and to keep proper accounts in Government books, he as an auctioneer was under no such obligation.

Accordingly, McCabe, a distiller, ran his illicit whiskey into the rectifier's or wholesale dealer's establishment, where it was entered as being sold by Kinley, an auctioneer. Then the seller and the pur-

chaser went to Kinley, obtained a bill with particulars covering the goods recently delivered, for the writing of which, and other anticipated trouble, he received a commission of fifty cents per barrel, but kept no memorandum of the transaction.

This practice, with not the least color in law for its basis, had grown up to monstrous proportions, and every effort made by the detective to trace the history of suspected whiskey ended at these pseudo-auction stores.

At this time Brooks boarded at the Merchants' Hotel, on Fourth Street, where he would occasionally receive midnight visitors, members of the outer office, who communicated to him the cheering intelligence that his life was threatened and in immediate danger. He was requested to seek a more salubrious climate; but as Philadelphia air was remarkable for certain properties conducive to longevity, he courteously declined. Arguments were not wanting to show that other professions were more favorable to a whole cuticle than the one he had chosen to follow, and capital was offered on liberal terms for the establishment of any mechanical business. Receiving the suggestions as kindly meant, he continued to paddle the old canoe.

Living at the same house (the Merchants' Hotel) with his family was

A GENTLEMAN WHO RESEMBLED THE DETECTIVE, so closely, that the latter standing one day talking to the proprietor of the hotel, and having his hands behind him enclosing some letters just received, a member of that gentleman's household came up behind the officer and snatched the letters from his hands, supposing him to be her relative.

Following this, other and more strange adventures befell the respected head of that family. He was addressed as "Mr. Brooks;" he was watched and followed; seized and threatened. Even such annoyances had a bright side; for he was tempted, but the mistake was discovered before the cash was paid. Such occurrences were almost of daily narration to the complaisant Brooks, who was willing that all such friendly attentions should be lavished on any acquaintance who bore his name or resemblance.

To test the truth of these statements he on several occasions started in the evening from his hotel, as though upon business, and when half a square away doubled on his track, to find he was followed. These experiments, together with the warnings now multiplying fast, locked him in his private room between sunset and sunrise.

Again the warnings came. Foiled in their pur-

pose of destroying him under cover of night, he was informed that he was to be

#### PUT THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT.

That was unpleasant news, because a healthy man disliked being cooped up in a six by ten room fourteen hundred and forty minutes out of every twenty-four hours. It afforded too little time for business or pleasure. The joke was getting too practical. It was all well enough to indulge in a little fun at the expense of the old man, but such persistence was very objectionable. So the detective began to get his dander up; and he got out his shooter, cleaned off the rust, and declared if any of those fellows cut any capers with him, he would not be answerable for what he did to them in return.

The Supervisor gave him an aid, and the two went together in the discharge of duty each day through the crowded streets of a great city, in broad daylight, with hands in pockets grasping revolvers loaded ready for use, expecting momentarily to use them. With minds excited, and feelings wrought to the highest pitch, it was almost a miracle that some innocent person unconsciously demonstrating in a manner not suitable to the hunted officer was not shot down.

The auction stores for spirits were still subjects

of investigation and unceasing watchfulness. In pursuit of important information the detective had several times visited the store 112 North Front Street, for the purpose of examining a Government book he insisted should be kept. Finally a certain day, and time of day, was appointed in which the book should be forthcoming. That day was Monday, September 6th, at noon. Stowing his weapon away in a side pocket, and dispensing with the services of his aid, all unsuspecting he went to keep his appointment at the auction store. On arriving there he found a young lad the only occupant, who from an inner office produced the book, which the officer laid on a desk in front of him, and commenced its examination. As he did so three men entered the store, and approaching the office inquired for the proprietor. The detective scanned them sharply, then resumed his investigations. Presently an explosion near by startled him and he was instantaneously struck as if by a blunt instrument. It was the concussion from the powder, doubtless, which exploded so near as to burn his coat, and

#### HE REALIZED HE WAS SHOT.

Turning suddenly round, he saw one man escaping from the office, while a second had a blackjack uplifted, and was in the act of throwing it at the





AN EXPLOSION NEAR BY STARTLED HIM.



already wounded officer. It came with great force, and striking him on the temple he fell insensible to the floor. Quickly recovering, he gave chase to his assassins. Seeking his now much-needed weapon, he found it fastened by the hammer to the lining of his pocket, and before he could extricate it, he was mortified to witness their escape in a carriage, which was driven at a fearful rate of speed through the crowded thoroughfare. The bleeding man followed bareheaded and pistol in hand. Seeing him, and fearing a shot, the driver cowered in his seat, but with might and main, and whip, urged his willing horses. At length the officer as he ran announced the fact to the passers-by that he was shot, and that the assassins were in the retreating carriage. The effort brought the blood from his wounded lungs into his throat, choking him; and while others took up the fruitless chase he was taken into friendly shelter, and from thence conveyed to his home in a supposed dying condition.

The intelligence of the deed sped lightning-winged to the farthest corner of our vast country, and sent a thrill of surprise and horror into every honest soul. The press throughout the land, for months previously, had been ringing the changes on the glaring frauds constantly practised by these depleters of the revenue, and destroyers of morals,

and had thereby created a healthy public sentiment on that question. Yet none but those intimately acquainted with the men composing the "whiskey rings" were credulous enough to believe that *murder* was a word in their vocabulary, or a deed in their great calendar of sins; but awakening to a realization of the fact, excitement and alarm followed. The crime was without a parallel in the history of the country. Enough of the doings antecedent of the act were known to show it to be the result of a deliberately planned conspiracy to murder by hired agencies, whose only interest in the case was the price to be obtained for the deed.

The assassination of that good man, the lamented President Lincoln, was not in the same category of crime. His death was the result of a conspiracy, it is true, but he met it at the hands of one who thought he was removing an obstacle to the accomplishment of Southern independence, and who could cry as he fired the fatal shot: "*Sic semper tyrannis.*"

In less time than it takes to write it, detectives were upon the track of the flying fugitives. The story of

#### THE CHASE AND ESCAPE

cannot be told better than was given in the newspapers of the following day:

Detectives Franklin and Tryon were in Callowhill street, near Second, passing eastward, and noticed a chaise being driven rapidly up Callowhill Street. Mr. Franklin raised his hand, and told the driver he would be arrested for fast driving. The driver instantly checked his horses, but the moment he got a little distance from the officers he put whip to his horses, and dashed away. A moment or so afterwards Mr. Franklin saw a crowd coming, and, apprehending something was wrong, directed Detective Tryon to follow the carriage, and he would see the occasion of the crowd.

Mr. Tryon ran after the carriage until nearly exhausted. He met with Lieutenant Brurein, and, hastily communicating to him his desires, the lieutenant procured a carriage, and was in quick pursuit. He drove to the Park, gave the alarm, and driving through the Park reached Girard Avenue Bridge, and on being informed that a carriage passed over rapidly he went over the various roads of the new Park until he met the Guard, or persons driving towards him. He soon ascertained that the vehicle containing the assassins had not entered the new Park. His next move was for the New York depot, in the Twenty-fourth ward, but here he was doomed to disappointment. Not satisfied, he redrove over every avenue where he supposed it conceivable for the assassins to have passed.

The curtains of the carriage were drawn down, and the only thing Detectives Franklin and Tryon saw of the inmates was that one of them wore dark pants.

There can be no doubt but that the men who perpetrated this horrible deed were hired assassins. Detective Brooks knew a very large number of the roughest of this city, but these men were entire strangers to him.



About five o'clock all of the detectives returned to the Central Station, and reported to Chief Mulholland and Acting Chief Kelly the escape of the Assassins.

U. S. Attorney A. H. Smith, his able assistant, J. K. Valentine, and U. S. Marshal E. M. Gregory—the latter now deceased—were immediately in attendance at the bedside of the wounded officer, ministering to his needs, and projecting plans for the capture of the assassins. They immediately communicated the facts of the case to the authorities at Washington.

The same kind friends also procured the attendance of Drs. Mitchell and Hunt, under whose skilful treatment, by the mercy of God, the life of the detective was eventually saved.

Later in the day the bland, genial, gentle and good man, Daniel M. Fox, then mayor of the city, visited the supposed mortally injured officer, and took his deposition. It is worthy of note, in view of certain evidence given on the trial afterward, that in the document subscribed to before the mayor on that occasion, Mr. Brooks said:

“I think I could recognize one or more of the men who assaulted me.”

Going from the presence of the dying man the mayor immediately issued the following proclamation:

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR OF THE CITY  
OF PHILADELPHIA, *September 6, 1869.*

Whereas, JAMES J. BROOKS, a detective officer in the service of the United States Government, and a resident of the city, whilst in the discharge of his duty, was this day cowardly shot, with the intent to assassinate him, by two or more wickedly disposed persons, in the store situate in the neighborhood of Front and Arch Streets, about half-past 12 o'clock, P. M., the assassins hastening to a chaise with two horses attached, and a driver, which was in waiting on Front Street close by, and which, after the dastardly deed was done, was driven furiously, the driver lashing his horses up Front Street to Callow-hill Street, thence to St. John Street, thence to Button-wood Street, thence to Sixth Street, thence to Spring Garden Street, thence to Fairmount Park, where the traces, so far, have been lost.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me, I do hereby offer a reward of

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

for information which will lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty perpetrators of this dreadful act.

The attention of all good citizens is called to this outrage, and their assistance is most earnestly invoked.

DANIEL M. FOX,  
*Mayor of Philadelphia.*

The communications sent by the Federal officers named, elicited the next day instructions from Washington, and the annexed was published :

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S OFFICE,  
EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA,  
PHILADELPHIA, *September 7, 1869.*

\$5000 REWARD

Will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the persons who assaulted and shot JAMES J. BROOKS, United States Revenue Detective, on the 6th instant, or for information that will lead to their arrest and conviction.

A proportionate reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person concerned in the said assault and shooting, or for any information that will lead to such arrest and conviction.

E. M. GREGORY,

*United States Marshal.*

In addition thereto, one thousand dollars were placed at the Marshal's disposal for incidental purposes; to aid in the detection of the villains.

Arrests followed of suspected parties, but with one or two exceptions none had a guilty knowledge of the transactions; and even those who had, finally escaped. The mayor and his officers were indefatigable in their efforts to discover the assassins, searching all suspected places.

Ex-Commissioner Rollins, took a lively interest in his former subordinate, visiting him, and condoling with his stricken family, and laid the details of the outrage before his honorable successor in office, which elicited the following response :

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 9, 1869.

Hon. E. A. Rollins, Philadelphia, Pa. :—Communicate to Detective Brooks my thanks for his fidelity, my sympathy for his sufferings, and my prayer for his recovery. I have renewed his commission, dating from first of September, fixing his pay at ten dollars per day, with leave of absence until otherwise ordered.

C. DELANO, *Commissioner*.

The press of the nation were unanimous and unsparing in their denunciations of the dastardly "ring" and its hirelings, and exceedingly kind and comforting in their treatment of its victim.

The limits prescribed for this narrative will not permit more than one excerpt, which pretty accurately embodies the sentiment and feeling of all the periodicals of the day. It is from the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, of September 8th, 1869:

#### THE BROOKS ASSASSINATION.

Although every murder is a heinous crime against society as well as against the individual victim, the murder or attempted murder of officer Brooks, on Monday, is by far the most startling and serious of recent crimes, for it goes to the very foundation of all order and safety in society. The assassin's bullet was aimed not only at the officer, but at the laws themselves, of which he is the minister. It has been well known for two or three years past that the combination styled the "whiskey ring" has been too powerful for the ordinary appliances of the

law ; too strong for the courts, too potent for the Government. There can be no doubt that through its operations the Government has been defrauded of more than a hundred million of dollars—perhaps two hundred millions—and that all of the deficit in the revenues caused by these frauds had to be made up by onerous taxes on useful productive labor. To accomplish such enormous frauds, crime upon crime had to be committed. Threats, assaults, riots, bribery, robbery, forgery, perjury and arson are among those which have come to light, and there are, perhaps, as many others which time will yet unveil. But even these crimes, as well as the direct frauds upon the revenues of the country, and upon the industry of all the people, have for the greater part escaped the reach of the officers of justice, and have gone unpunished. The “ring” has shown itself to be all-powerful as it is all-pervading, as potent in procuring immunity for those who commit crimes in its service, as it is pervading in having its emissaries, tools and agents everywhere, from the floors of Congress to the courts of justice. Never until this time, however, has it been so atrociously wicked as to add assassination to its long and black catalogue of crimes. It is clear now, that the infamous combination, which for such a length of time has been amassing ill-gotten wealth, by defying the laws and robbing the people, does not even stop at murder. Whether officer Brooks shall die or live, the crime of the tools of the “whiskey ring” is equally murder, for murder was their intent.

When matters come to such a pass that there must be a mortal struggle as to whether a law-defying combination shall prevail over the Government by shooting down its faithful officers, it is time for all honest citizens to



lay aside apathy and to give their best efforts and attention towards upholding the laws. That officer Brooks was deliberately shot down in cold blood because of his vigilance, his efficiency and fidelity, there seems to be no room for doubt. Here was a man upon whom the usual devices of the "ring" were powerless. He could not be bought off or corrupted in any way. He had been brutally beaten, and his life had been threatened time after time, but he could not be frightened off. No embarrassments of his action, no delays of prosecution, no trick or device could discourage him. He was resolutely bent on doing all in his power to protect the revenue and to break up the operations of the "ring," and went on in spite of all threats and all perils. Nothing was left but to murder him, and this, after weeks of contemplation, as the testimony shows, has been attempted, and has probably been effected. If he dies, he is a martyr to his effort to test the great question, whether a combination of scoundrels is stronger than the law—more powerful than the Government of the United States. This is the aspect in which this assassination should be viewed by the whole body of the people, not only here, but everywhere throughout the country. It should be the beginning of the end of that infamous power which has so long disgraced as well as defied the administration of justice in the United States.

#### THE "WHISKEY RING" MOVEMENTS

are a part of this history, and must be recorded.

Melancholy were the meetings of the outer office men, when they saw the boasted influence of the

bleeders unable to save their property, or remove the obnoxious Supervisor and his more detested detective. They very pertinently asked for what were they paying their money? and were mollified by the advice to wait and see. Politicians noways identified with whiskey operations were roped in as delegates to Washington on some specious pretence, and when there, were induced to countenance efforts looking to the removal of both those officers. To the lasting credit of Senator Cameron be it said, he firmly set his face against all such attempts; and though he had never seen Detective Brooks, but believing him to be a faithful officer, he insisted on his retention in opposition to the wishes of many of his political friends.

Foiled in that quarter, mysterious hints of "double banking" the old man were dropped for the benefit of the outer office men. It was intimated that probably a second old man would be included, who was then boarding at the "Girard" (Mr. Tutton). After awhile it was known the job was determined upon, and the gang named who had the matter in charge. Even then most of the poor dupes thought it meant only a severe thrashing, that might break a few bones, but was not designed to kill. So near was the consummation by some conceived to be, that having nothing better to do, they could be

seen daily lounging around headquarters, or at a certain liquor store near by, waiting for the news.

Some of the principal bleeders, anticipating the near approach of trouble, unlimbered their heels and betook themselves to the country, in a vain attempt to fumigate their unclean souls, and wash their allover-stained bodies in some trout stream, to the poisoning of the spotted beauties hiding there.

The day following the shooting of the officer, another of these inner office worthies, having a prophetic soul—for he was a descendant of the prophets—and seeing no further use for the furniture or the offices, vacated the latter, and gathered the former into a heap and carted them to his own store, hiding them away in his highest loft and in the darkest corner thereof, plainly indicating by such an act, begotten of a craven fear, "I am of the guilty ones."

Still another, who had remained behind, hoping yet to find one more occasion for an assessment, and not willing the officer lying at the point of death should be comforted by the plaudits of the good, hissed his fetid breath laden with atrocious falsehoods, fortunately into unwilling ears, seeking to turn the current of popular feeling against the victim, the price of whose blood he had in his pocket.

The work was done. But considering how much

of that kind of work the operators had done, it was a bungled job. To look for a man's heart on his right side was absurd. To shoot with a Smith and Wesson when there were so many Derringer's or twelve pound howitzers so handy, was ridiculous. For men to plan, and froth, to wear out so much shoe-leather, to raise such a crop of corns, to expend valuable cash, to lose refreshing sleep, to practise ceaseless vigils in finding one man, and when found, only one of a trio brave enough to sneak up and shoot him, and that from behind—while a second, fearing a man shot through the lungs might grow desperate, stands five yards away and throws a blackjack at him, in a manner as though handing it to him for self-defence,—and a third man, remembering it was high noon, starts before the job is through to hunt a dinner,—all this appears equally ridiculous and absurd.

But the work was done, and had to be paid for. It was said to be done in the interest of distillers. They very naturally deny it, but before the world they should have the crime charged to their account, because they were weak enough to allow men to lead them into wrong doing, and keep them there that they might give these unprincipled men occasion to rob the revenues of the Government through them, and finally absorb their property also.

The most reasonable thing to be done after the shooting, therefore, was to levy on the distillers for expenses. The process is thus described by an intended victim:

"After Brooks was shot —, —, —, and — came to my office, — called me to one side, and demanded a check for \$500. I asked, 'What for?' He replied, 'Oh, never mind what for. I want the check, and must have it.' I said, 'But you can't have it until I know what it is for.' 'Well,' said he, 'charge it to the Avondale sufferers.' I refused, and sent for —. He came, and — appealed to him, and wished that he might never see his family again if he had not had to pay \$750 toward *that job*, and referred — to Alderman —. But — positively refused to pay a dollar."

Another and less fortunate distiller said:

"I was assessed, and paid my money to — in a saloon on Chestnut Street; but I understood it was for the defence of those who had shot Brooks."

For ten days the life of the detective hung upon a slender thread. Bulletins were published daily of his condition, and in a hundred ways the sympathies of the people daily expressed themselves, which tended greatly to aid in his recovery.

The Commissioner, true to his promise given to the Hon. E. A. Rollins, forwarded the officer a per-



manent commission in the service, advancing his pay from four to ten dollars per day, which continued for some time after his convalescence. The following letter accompanied the commission :

TREASURY DEPARTMENT OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,  
WASHINGTON, *September 10th, 1869.*

Sir:—I send you enclosed herewith your warrant of employment as Detective in the Internal Revenue service 'from the 1st instant, at a compensation of ten dollars per diem, until otherwise ordered, and also grant you leave of absence until further notice.

This is given you as a recognition of the important services which you have rendered this department under your former commission, and as a slight recompense for the dangerous wound which you have received while in the courageous and faithful discharge of your duty.

I beg to tender you my personal sympathy, and trust that you may defeat the dastardly attempt upon your life by a speedy recovery.

Very respectfully,

C. DELANO, *Commissioner.*

James J. Brooks, Philadelphia, Pa.

A hack driver named

TOM HUGHES,

had seen a hack waiting around the place where the shooting subsequently took place, and knowing the driver, conversed with him, and endeavored to learn the reason of such waiting, with information as to the men hiring him. When he afterward heard of

the shooting, he sought out the driver a second time, and from him ascertained so much that it was found necessary first to nearly beat Hughes to death for his curiosity; but possessing the knowledge he did, he was not a safe person to be at large. So a charge of theft being manufactured against him, he was arrested, and an alderman sent him to Moyamensing Prison to await trial. That place, however, was too handy for the mayor's detectives, and Tom was a dangerous witness in their hands; accordingly a proposition was made to send him out West to cut hoop-poles; to which he assented. A ticket was purchased, and a constable sent to safely convey the now important Tom from confinement to the railroad depot, and freedom. On the way thither he escaped from the officer, and ran directly to the mayor's office for protection. The mayor heard his story, put Hughes in safe hands, and issued his second proclamation:

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF  
PHILADELPHIA, *September 18th 1869.*

Whereas, James J. Brooks, a Revenue Officer of the United States, was assaulted and shot on Monday, the 6th day of September, instant, in a most cowardly and dastardly manner, in the neighborhood of Front and Arch Streets, in this city, while in the discharge of his duties, his would-be assassins escaping in a carriage; And whereas, From affidavits now in my possession,

HUGH MAHER or MARRA, NEIL McLAUGHLIN and JAMES DOUGHERTY are believed to be implicated in this nefarious crime ; And whereas, After diligent search for said persons, there is reason to believe that they have fled this jurisdiction and are now eluding the officers of the law ; Now I, Daniel M. Fox, Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, do hereby offer a reward of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the arrest and delivery to me at my office in the said city of each of the above named persons, and this in addition to the reward already offered.

The attention of the entire Police Department is directed to the matter of this proclamation, and all good citizens are earnestly invoked to furnish all the information and assistance possible, that the perpetrators of such an unwarranted outrage may not escape the punishment due their crime.

DANIEL M. FOX,

*Mayor of Philadelphia.*

#### DESCRIPTION.

The said HUGH MAHER or MARRA, is described as being about 27 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs about 140 pounds, light in complexion and hair—smooth face.

The said NEIL McLAUGHLIN about 21 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches in height. Weight from 125 to 130 pounds ; light in complexion, and hair brushed back off ears. Small pimples in his face ; tip of left ear sore.

The said JAMES DOUGHERTY, from 28 to 30 years of age, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches in height, weight about 150 pounds.

The five thousand dollars offered by the United States, the one thousand first, and now fifteen hun-

dred dollars additional offered by the City, aggregated a small fortune; and such liberality was not barren of results. In one month from the date of shooting the three men were captured by Inspector Wallen, and officers Scott and Wilkinson, of the New York police, in that city. Neil McLaughlin consented to return to Philadelphia without awaiting the Governor's requisition; which he did in the custody of a New York officer. When before the mayor he made what was believed to be a full and truthful statement of his connection with the affair as the hack driver, implicating Hugh Marra, or more correctly spelt Marrow, and James Dougherty fully as principals. Before being remanded to prison he was confronted by detective Brooks, whom he immediately recognized by saying:

"That is the gentleman who chased us with a pistol in his hand."

Neil was communicative, and willing to be used as a witness. But knowing the "ring" influences, Mayor Fox forbade all intercourse with the prisoner. Subsequently he was brought before Judge Ludlow on a writ of *habeas corpus*. When it was made known that McLaughlin had not applied for the writ, nor directed counsel to appear for him, the writ was quashed, and the prisoner remanded.

The "whiskey ring" had their hands full from

this time forward, nor was it a labor of love or profit.

Marrow and Dougherty in New York sought to escape justice by *habeas corpus* before Judge McCunn, but failed; and their return to the city of their birth was thus announced:

At about 8 o'clock last evening, Marra and Dougherty, the two men arrested in New York, reached this city in charge of Detective Gordon and a number of New York officers. The prisoners were received at Walnut Street wharf by a squad of twenty policemen, headed by Chief Mulholland, and being handcuffed together and placed in the hollow square formed by the police, were marched to the Central Station. The cells were all cleared in advance, and the two prisoners were the sole occupants of this portion of the building. An extra detail of policemen were placed on guard at the Station, and no one was allowed access to the men except Mr. Cassidy, who appeared as their counsel.

On September 6th the shot was fired. On October 6th the men were brought back to the scene of their crime; and the next day Judge Ludlow committed them to await trial in default of \$20,000 bail each.

Pending their detention in New York

TRUE BILLS AGAINST MARROW AND DOUGHERTY were found by the grand jury of the Court of Quarter Sessions in Philadelphia, charging them with



assault and battery, with intent to kill and murder James J. Brooks ; and on the 11th of October they were brought by the sheriff into that court before Judge Ludlow, to be arraigned. Their counsel at once took out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and prayed the court for a hearing before the prisoners be compelled to plead.

The writ was returnable forthwith. The sheriff made his return, and counsel to this return filed a traverse on behalf of Marrow, setting forth reasons why a hearing should be had, and the amount of bail demanded be reduced in his case. After much legal sparring between opposing counsel, the Judge decided to quash the writ, and fixed the day of trial for the 20th of October. Although the effort to make the Commonwealth show its hand had failed, there were not wanting agencies through which all the evidence relied upon by the prosecution for conviction could be ascertained by the "ring," and where it was not possible to tamper with the witnesses, it was determined that counter testimony should be manufactured.

Neil McLaughlin, in spite of all the vigilance exercised to prohibit intercourse between the outer world and him, was influenced by a very near relative, acting under orders from the legal left arm of the "whiskey ring," to deny the sworn statement he

had made before the mayor; and his subsequent imprisonment and death—which occurred six months after his conviction—is directly chargeable upon those who suborned him to perjury. The evidence the “ring” managers already had bearing upon the detective’s recognition of the assassins was not by them deemed sufficiently strong for success; so they appealed to a gentleman whose respectability would bespeak credibility, to corroborate what the other witnesses doubtless believed they heard Brooks say as he lay wounded.

“But,” said the gentleman, “I was not there, and could have heard no such words.”

“Well, you might swear you was, just to help us out,” was the reply.

The gentleman was not so disposed, and mildly, but firmly, refused.

Police officer Kelly, an important witness against the men—having seen them get out of the carriage when the chase was ended after the shooting—was mysteriously spirited away. It is also said to be susceptible of proof that the *alibi* upon which the defence intended mainly to rest their hopes of success was concocted without the least regard for truth. It became self-evident that whatever violence, misrepresentation, subornation of perjury, and money could do to save the assassins, would be done.

On Thursday, October 21st, the trial of Marrow and Dougherty commenced in the Court of Quarter Sessions, Judge Ludlow presiding. In the few days intervening between the finding of the indictments and

#### THE DAY OF TRIAL,

District Attorney Sheppard, and his assistant Hagert, who were well posted and zealous in the prosecution of the case, had by a decision of the courts been superseded in office by Messrs. Gibbons and Dwight, who did exceedingly well as prosecuting counsel, despite the brief time they had for preparation. His honor, the Judge, while strictly impartial, was rigidly determined that the prisoners' counsel should have no undue advantage. He was terse in all his utterances, and promptly clinched all his decisions by recognized authorities.

The trial lasted three days, the interest increasing as the case progressed. The court-room was densely packed. Bench and bar, pulpit and counting-room, "ring" masters and puppets, blackleg and rounder, jostled each other in the steaming crowd, and watched with unflagging interest the vain writhings and struggles of detected crime to evade the sharp thrusts of the avenging sword in the hands of Justice.

Even if space permitted, it would be unkind to weary the reader with the details of the trial, much of which would be a repetition of facts already given.

But to show what influences were at work to thwart a just administration of the law, a portion of the evidence is here reproduced, showing

#### NEIL McLAUGHLIN'S PERJURY.

Neil McLaughlin was called, and brought to the stand and sworn.

These gentlemen came to me and engaged me to drive them to Front and Arch.

Mr. Dwight—One minute.

Witness resumed—I remember the day Mr. Brooks was shot, Monday, September 6 ; I know James Dougherty.

Mr. Dwight—Turn and see if you see him.

McLaughlin looked at the dock and said them ain't the men I had in the carriage that day ; they were bigger men than them ; I got acquainted with them men in New York ; the first place I saw them men was in New York ; I got acquainted with them in Mr. Murray's about two weeks ago ; I got an introduction to them by a young man named Bottles.

*Q.* Do you know Hugh Marrow and James Dougherty? *A.* I got an introduction to two men of that name.

*Q.* Did you ever know Hugh Marrow and James Dougherty here in Philadelphia? *A.* No, sir.

*Q.* You never did? *A.* No, sir.

*Q.* Did you see Hugh Marrow and James Dougherty on the morning of the 6th of September, the day Mr. Brooks was shot? *A.* No, sir.

*Q.* Did you see either of them at Seventh and Christian Streets on the Monday and after Mr. Brooks was shot. *A.* I did not.

*Q.* Did you see those two men in the dock on the day Mr. Brooks was shot? *A.* I did not.

*Q.* Did you ever see these two men before? *A.* No; the first place I ever saw these two men was at Johnny Murray's, Amity Street, below Broadway.

*Q.* Where did you see them next? *A.* Not seen them since; we went out to take a walk and got arrested, and I was separated from them.

*Q.* I ask you once again. Did you ever know a Hugh Marrow or James Dougherty in Philadelphia? *A.* No, I did not. I hear of such men in the papers, but I don't know no James Dougherty but the one that drives a hack.

*Q.* Were you in Front Street when Mr. Brooks was shot? *A.* Yes. I was there about half past 11 or 12 o'clock.

*Q.* Whereabouts were you? *A.* In Front Street, above Arch.

*Q.* What were you doing? *A.* I had my team there.

*Q.* Anybody with you? *A.* Yes, I was engaged by two gentlemen at Walnut Street wharf, and told to drive to Front and Arch.

*Q.* Did you ever see the men before. *A.* No, but I would know them if I saw them again.

*Q.* That was the first time you saw them? *A.* Yes, I drove them to Front and Arch, and waited an hour or



half an hour, and then they told me to drive them to Fairmount Park as fast as I could.

*Q.* Where did they come from? *A.* I can't tell where they came from. A gentleman came running, holding a pistol up.

*Q.* What did you do? *A.* I drove off as fast as I could; I did not know the man's intentions with the pistol.

*Q.* Where did you drive? *A.* To Fairmount Park.

*Q.* Where then? *A.* The two men got out then and paid me.

*Q.* Have you ever made a statement about this before? *A.* Yes, sir; I have.

Mr. Mann—We object. They have no right to break this witness down. If you call a witness, and he fails to prove what you expect, you cannot break down, blacken, and tarnish your own witness. We have the right to ask if he made contrary statements, but the other side have no such right. The witness cannot be impeached, for if he had made a different statement it could not be proved.

Mr. Dwight rose to reply, but Judge Ludlow said a man had a right to cross-examine his own witness, and was not precluded by what he said. The Commonwealth had a right to cross-examine this witness.

Mr. Dwight asked for a few minutes to send for the mayor.

Mr. Mann—We object. We don't want constituted authorities to be brought in here to intimidate this witness.

Judge Ludlow—Of course I will grant a few minutes' time.

. . . . .

*Q.* Who did you make your statement to? *A.* To the mayor.

*Q.* Was any one else there? *A.* Yes, Mr. Tryon and Franklin.

*Q.* Did you swear to it? *A.* Yes, sir.

Mayor Fox now came in and sat by the District Attorney.

*Q.* You said the first time you saw these men in the dock was at Murray's, in New York, the Friday before you were arrested? *A.* Yes; I said so.

*Q.* Do you say you told the mayor this? *A.* I was skeered, and I don't know what I told him.

*Q.* Did you tell the mayor that the men in the dock had been with you at Coney Island? *A.* I don't know half what I said.

*Q.* Did you tell the mayor you saw these two men at Coney Island? *A.* I might have told him that, but the first place I saw these two men was in New York.

*Q.* You have testified that Dougherty, Marrow, and you were arrested together? *A.* Yes.

*Q.* Do you say you never saw these men at Coney Island? *A.* I never did.

*Q.* Did you not tell the mayor you had conversation with them at Coney Island? *A.* I may have told him that, but I did not see them there.

The Hon. Daniel M. Fox was subsequently called to the stand to prove the original statement made by McLaughlin to him. After being sworn he said:

I am Mayor of the city of Philadelphia; I have seen Neil McLaughlin; I saw him in court this afternoon on this stand; I have seen him several times before.

Q. Has he made a statement to you relative to the circumstances of the shooting of James J. Brooks? A. He has made a statement to me ; it is in my own handwriting, to which he affixed his mark or signature underneath ; he made a second statement additional to the first ; the body of it is not in my handwriting ; it was read to him by me to know whether they were the facts, to which he has also affixed his mark or signature, also under oath.

Mr. Dwight offered the statement.

Mr. Mann—We object.

Mr. Dwight—It is the very statement of Neil McLaughlin we offer.

Judge Ludlow said the witness might refresh his memory and testify as to the statement.

Mr. Cassidy—McLaughlin has said he made a statement when he was frightened.

Witness resumed—Neil McLaughlin said he was driver of a carriage belonging to Michael Kerwin ; with that carriage, on Monday, September 6, he was at Walnut Street wharf ; while there he was employed by two men, who ordered him to drive to the base-ball ground ; he started up Walnut Street, and when his horses' heads were a little west of Front Street, with the two men inside, one of them, he could not recollect which, said, " Driver, hold up, turn up Front Street ; " he stopped in Front Street, by their order, somewhere by Arch ; they got out of the carriage ; he drove first one side, then the other, waiting for his company, for several hours ; he was tired, sat upon the box, let the reins hang loose, when suddenly the two men who had employed him came running to the carriage ; one of them got in in a great hurry ; the other put his foot on the steps of the

carriage, with the door open, and this happened just as a stunning noise occurred ; one of them said drive on, and swore at him to urge him ; it came so sudden upon him that he did not grasp his reins firmly, and struck his blows with the stump of a whip he had in his hand ; he said just before the men reached him he heard a sudden noise, like a hammer sound or a huge bump ; just as he started he looked around ; he observed a short stout gentleman hastening towards them, with a pistol presented, and he started with his horses as fast as he could ; the men inside instructed him what corners to turn ; he described the direction he took, and what ultimately became of them ; he said he drove up Front to Callowhill, and on Callowhill he noticed two gentlemen shouting to him to stop or not drive so fast ; he described them and pointed them out as officers Franklin and Tryon ; he drove up Callowhill Street to St. John Street ; up St. John Street to Buttonwood Street ; out Buttonwood to Sixth, up Sixth to Spring Garden, and out Spring Garden Street to Seventeenth, when they told him to turn down Seventeenth ; as the carriage drove straight down Seventeenth Street he slackened his pace, and discovered they had got out while he was moving ; these were the main features of the first statement ; the names of the men were not mentioned at that time ; I recollect of the second statement, that he said he had been employed by Hugh Marrow and James Dougherty on the morning of the 6th of September, and had driven them to Front and Arch Streets ; that they there got out ; that he waited a considerable length of time for them ; that they had directed him to place his carriage sometimes on the east and at others on the west side ; that Marrow and Dougherty hastened back to the carriage a



short time after 12 o'clock; that it was Mr. James J. Brooks who presented a pistol; that he knew Hugh Marrow and James Dougherty; that they had employed him on a number of occasions previous to that day, generally engaging him at Walnut Street wharf; perhaps to the number of four or five times; I speak with hesitancy as to the number of times; that nearly every time he would be ordered to drive around and ultimately come in the neighborhood of Front and Arch, or Front and Race; on some of the occasions the men got out, and at others would direct him from the inside; that they had regularly paid him, naming his charge, which I can't recollect, except on the last occasion, the 6th of September, for which he had not been paid; that he had met some one on Front Street with whom he held some conversation, before he was ordered to drive away rapidly, who met him again in Fitzwater or Christian Street; he gave the name of that person as Hughes; that on his rapid drive, I think on Spring Garden Street, one of the two men reached out a hat through the window behind the box of the carriage and asked him to exchange hats; that he found it too large for him, and said he did not want it; the man insisted on his taking it, and he at last took it and handed his own into the body of the carriage; that he went to the Baltimore depot, and on the way there he found his carriage empty, the men having got out whilst it was moving; on turning some of the corners, I cannot recollect which, the same two men got in again, calling him to stop; when he reached the depot he discovered the train was in; he then drove towards the stable, the men getting out somewhere on Christian Street; he went to the stable, and after he attended to the horses and took his dinner, he



came out on Kerwin's step, on Fitzwater Street, and he there again met Mr. Hughes; he subsequently went around to a tavern, I do not recollect where; that Hughes and he went in; Hughes took a drink and he a cigar; at one or the other of those two places Hughes talked to him about the Brooks matter, that Brooks, the revenue officer, had been shot; McLaughlin said he had had a chase that day, and that he was in that affair, but he wanted nothing said about it; that night some one said they are after you about the Brooks affair, and he said, "Why are they after me—I didn't do it;" he purchased a paper, read the statement, and it alarmed him, and he purchased a ticket and went to New York; he said he went to a saloon kept by John Murray, in Amity Street, then to Troy, back to New York, and to Coney Island, where he met Marrow and Dougherty, and some one named Pete Bottles.

Mr. Cassidy inquired if all this came with the witness.

Judge Ludlow said this evidence was admitted solely to contradict the statement of the Commonwealth's witness. It was an exception to the rule, and admitted to show that McLaughlin had tricked the Commonwealth. The witness was requested to confine himself to the identity of the prisoners.

Witness resumed—He said while at Coney Island, Marrow, Dougherty, and Bottles came there to the Ocean House; he remained with them a number of days; left before they did, and went back to Murray's place; that Marrow and Dougherty came to Murray's whilst he was there, and they remained together until on one occasion the four, Marrow, Dougherty, Bottles, and himself, went out together and were arrested; that he

came voluntarily with the officers, Scott and Wilkinson, of the New York force.

Tom Hughes, who, to elude the scent of the emissaries of the "ring," had been travelling from point to point in New Jersey, in the care of an officer ever since he sought the protection of the mayor, was put on the witness stand, and told a straight story, fully identifying the three men, McLaughlin, Marrow, and Dougherty, as being near the scene of assassination five minutes before it occurred; and subsequently, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, near Devitt's tavern. He also testified to having seen them in a carriage together four days previously.

This honest fellow's testimony was not impeached, and a portion of the reward offered by the city and the General Government was afterwards awarded to him.

One day a man suddenly died on the street. The body was identified by a letter found upon it. The letter was addressed to Thomas Hughes, and came from the Treasury Department. It announced that one thousand dollars had been awarded to him as giving the first information which led to the arrest of the assassins of James J. Brooks. Tom Hughes was on his way to get the thousand dollars when he died.

Detective Brooks testified to general facts already detailed, the only noteworthy incident occurring was on the recognition of the two men on trial. Mr. Dwight asked: Do you recognize either of the defendants?

Mr. Brooks—"I recognize that man (*Marrow*) as being one of the men in the store, forming one of the triangle. The other man I did not recognize there. When I got on the sidewalk there was a man struggling to get into a carriage. I kept my eye on that man and did not look to my pocket, and that was the reason I had difficulty in getting my pistol. I believe the man *James Dougherty* to be the man struggling to get into the carriage."

At this there was a commotion throughout the court-room, and it was whispered, "That settles it—sure conviction."

Mr. Brooks also testified on cross-examination:

"I never said in *Martin's* that I would not recognize the men who assaulted me. I have said there were two men I could identify."

Police officer *Kelly* was called, but he was *non est*, and the court adjourned, hoping the witness might be found; but the trial had to proceed without him, for it was confessed three years afterwards, that some one promised him a year's pay not to be found when wanted.

The defence produced four witnesses, who testified to having heard Brooks say he would not be able to recognize the men who shot him. But the "great holt" they depended upon was the *alibi*. Nine witnesses swore to the presence of the two men at Devitt's tavern on the 6th of September, covering the time from 10 o'clock in the forenoon until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The Judge, in charging the jury, said in relation to this point in the defence :

"An *alibi* is either overwhelming or *destructive*. It is a defence easily made, and often through bribery and subornation of perjury, and the testimony adduced to sustain it should be subjected to the closest scrutiny. If it is made out it is conclusive, but *if it fails it is fatal*."

Mr. L. C. Cassidy, counsel for the defence, on the same point said: "You are to say that the witnesses to prove an *alibi* had committed perjury, or they had not. If the verdict be for the Commonwealth, you class these men as perjurers. If the verdict be otherwise, you believe them. It is one thing or the other."

#### CONVICTION AND SENTENCE.

The verdict was for the Commonwealth. So the nine witnesses were classed as perjurers. A motion was made for a new trial, and argued at length ;



and on the 22d of November Judge Ludlow, after a very elaborate review of all the reasons advanced, refused the motion.

District Attorney Gibbons moved for sentence.

The prisoners were directed to stand up; when the Judge addressed them as follows:

You ought to be very thankful that you do not stand in this tribunal to hear the dreadful judgment of the law which would consign each of you to the grave. A merciful Providence permits your intended victim yet to live, although he carries in his body the ball discharged from the pistol on the 6th of September last.

Although not convicted of murder of the first degree, yet you, and each of you, committed the offence of assault and battery with intent to kill and murder—a crime of the most serious nature, and one which, under circumstances such as surround you, ought to be punished with imprisonment for life. It has been my lot to pass judgment upon felons of every grade, but never before have supposed hired assassins stood before me in this court.

It is well that this crime is of rare occurrence, for it ought to be distinctly understood now and here, that the law can and will overtake and punish any man who dares to perpetrate such an offence. You may have supposed that an escape was possible, or that money could open your prison doors and shield you from punishment. But you will now learn, and let others be warned by your fate, that in no way can justice here be thus perverted or destroyed.

Had you placed a great ocean between this city and



your abode, God's lightning would have flashed through three thousand miles of water, and you would have stood trembling fugitives before a magistrate. The events of this trial have proved that there are officers of justice, and witnesses whose sense of duty rises superior to their love of gain, and who would have scorned to touch the price of your liberty had it been offered to them.

One other lesson this trial teaches. It is this: that an assassin cannot live in Pennsylvania outside of the penitentiary.

I feel for you sincere pity. It seems almost impossible to believe that men as young as you are could commit such a crime; and while my duty is as plain as it is both imperative and painful, yet I can in all sincerity say that I hope you will during the years of your imprisonment consider the grave errors of your past lives, and endeavor to return to society reformed, not only in name but in fact, and then in some measure atone for this great crime by lives of industry and usefulness.

It remains for me to pronounce the sentence, which, under the circumstances of the case, must be fixed at the maximum limit directed by the penal code.

The prisoners were then sentenced in the usual form to pay a fine of \$1000, and to undergo an imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary for the period of six years, eleven months and twenty days. (No sentence in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is allowed to expire between the 15th day of November and the 15th day of February in any year.)

General Mulholland, Chief of Police, and High Constable John Curley, took charge of the police

details. The prisoners were taken down into the yard, and placed in the van, an ambulance loaded with policemen escorting it to the penitentiary. On reaching its destination a file of policemen was drawn up and ready to receive the guests. As the door of the prison closed on the convicts, Marrow was heard to remark with an oath that "*They* did not keep their promise."

#### ACCOMPLICES.

Robert Hamilton, an alleged accomplice in the attempted murder, was brought to trial. He went into the *alibi* business, and was more successful, for he was acquitted.

One man accused of participation in the crime, sought through his counsel pecuniary aid from the "ring;" but it was denied, with the curt remark: "The innocent must take care of themselves."

Neil McLaughlin was tried and found guilty as accessory to the shooting, and was sentenced to the term of imprisonment meted out to two of his confederates.

#### FUTURE CAREER OF THE CONVICTS.

Two years had elapsed since the conviction and sentence of the three men—during which time McLaughlin died—when the Statute of Limitations,

barring action against the "ring" allies of the assassination scheme, a pardon of the convicts Marrow and Dougherty began to be talked of. At intervals during the two years indirect efforts had been made to get at their accomplices through the convicts themselves, but it failed, because their faith in the political influence and power of their backers kept their mouths sealed. Knowing they had not received the price of their infamy, and hoping on that account to profit by their liberation, Detective Brooks when appealed to wrote a letter to the Governor, requesting their pardon. This was done by Brooks with a specific purpose in view; in the interests of good order, and the hope of retributive justice. If any apology was necessary on account of the act, it is found in the results which flowed therefrom as hereinafter narrated, the character of which as to a quarrel between the parties was fully anticipated, only the extent of the falling out exceeded expectations.

The men having served two years and six months of their time, were released from confinement, by the Governor's pardon, and each went his own way—Dougherty to his wife and family, and to follow his trade, which was that of a carpenter; Marrow, failing to find occupation, returned to his old haunts and associates, and soon became as reckless and dissipated as formerly. Requests frequent and persistent

for money were met with refusals couched in no elegant phrasology. Differences relating to other pecuniary matters also arose, engendering bitter animosities, when the community was again startled by the intelligence that Hugh Marrow had shot his old-time patron and friend Alderman Wm. McMullen.

Filling up the intervals between each debauch by tending bar at Devitt's tavern, adjacent to the Hall of the Moyamensing Hose company, Marrow had selected the anniversary of that company's origin—July 22d—as the time, and the taking of a bouquet from the banqueting table offered the occasion for a culmination of the quarrel between McMullen and Marrow; whereupon the latter committed the felonious assault on the former that came near terminating a chequered life.

Marrow escaped capture at the time of the assault, but did not leave the city. Wearied with hiding from men whom he did not fear, and from the consequences of an act he did not dread to meet, he walked the streets night after night. Meantime Dougherty, being brought again into notoriety by the shooting of McMullen, and being charged with complicity therein, though unjustly so, was discharged from his employment, and again sought the companionship of the vicious. In such company the staple of conversation was of course the recent



affair between Marrow and McMullen. Much speculation was indulged in concerning the ultimate result to the former, and on that point Dougherty was decided in his utterances that *while he lived* Marrow could not be again immured in a penitentiary. What this covert threat had to do with his untimely taking off can only be inferred.

On a Sunday evening he was found in a beer saloon drinking with men he was not accustomed to associate with. Disputes arose; and Dougherty, seeing trouble was intended, hastily left their company, and by a somewhat circuitous route made for his home. Before reaching it, however, his companions of the saloon headed him off, knocked him down, and with a razor laid open his abdomen, completely disembowelling him. He was taken to his home, where the next morning he died, refusing to reveal the names of his murderers.

Alderman McMullen, under the treatment of experienced medical men, was during this time recovering from the effects of the shot.

#### MARROW AGAIN CAPTURED.

On the night of August 29th Alderman John B. Buck saw Marrow passing the corner of Broad and Vine Streets, and arrested him, conveying him to the Central Police Station, where he admitted his iden-



tity, and was subsequently committed to the county prison to await trial on a charge of assault and battery with attempt to kill.

On September 3d, having obtained a permit from District Attorney Wm. B. Manp, Detective Brooks visited the man whose name was Marrow, and who had aforetime bored for his narrow. The two distinguished individuals greeted each other semi-cordially. It was almost like father and son meeting to adjust a little misunderstanding arising from the latter's canticoes. A vivid imagination could have discovered a tear standing in the southwest corner of the right eye of the young person as he looked on the man who had given him so much trouble to catch, and then was worth so little when caught; but practically there was no tear to be seen. His motto was "Better luck next time."

Marrow was performing his ablutions preparatory to taking his mid-day meal. He passed to the officer the only stool he had, which gave evidence of superior insight into human character in offering his visitor so appropriate an article on which to exhibit a penitential spirit.

Remembering to have read somewhere of the manner in which a great man should be interviewed, the visitor commenced by a series of questions relating to the composition of the dinner he had

laid on one side to cool, or warm—it is of no consequence which. This led to the discovery that the only soul Marrow cared a button for on earth was a dear sister, who was daily ministering to his wants; and his only expressed regrets were that he had not treated her more kindly, and that the author of all his misfortunes could not go to the sulphur pit with him.

Going from the interesting period when another unit was added to the census, he was kindly allowed to show by what easy steps a bright intelligent boy, with a fair common school education, but without parental restraint, could be brought to companion with thieves, drunkards, gamblers, and murderers, until dazed by the halo of false glory which surrounded them, he with more of the strong positive qualities of the man than they all—yet wholly in a state of subversion—took front rank with a reckless bravado in all their dangerous enterprises. He expressed a loathing contempt for certain of his late confederates in crime, and by way of apology for his lapses from virtue explained the remarkable difference between Marrow drunk and Marrow sober, and in such characteristic language and gestures as caused the detective to rejoice that his second meeting was with Marrow sober.

On the subject of the Brooks' shooting Marrow

was coy as sweet sixteen. Being frequently entreated to talk he as frequently suggested some future time. Finally he consented that his visitor should listen to his version of the 6th of September outrage, and make notes of the same. This was done, and when the statement was written out in full, it was corrected by the narrator and signed and sworn to before his Honor Wm. S. Stokely, Mayor of Philadelphia. The full text of the document was published immediately following Marrow's second trial, conviction and sentence, and is here reproduced as a fitting link in the chain of this remarkable story of retributive justice.

#### HUGH MARROW'S CONFESSION.

I had been on a drunk with a friend and was at his house sobering up, when a companion came to me and asked if I would like to make a stake. I replied that I would. He then took me to a distiller, and he told me that I could make \$50 and two barrels of whiskey if I would assist in beating Brooks the whiskey detective. I expected it would be a troublesome job, and would not consent.

The next day I went to a liquor store on Race above Third, saw several persons there, talked the matter over, and concluded I would help in the job.

Brooks at that time boarded at the Merchants' Hotel on Fourth Street. I and the other man laid around the hotel all one day, and came near getting into a bad scrape, for we followed one of the boarders much of the

build and appearance of Brooks ; and just as we were about to lick him we discovered our mistake. After trying it another day I began to think it was no use getting into the workhouse for other people, so I dropped it and would have nothing more to do with it.

Two or three days after this (it was about 10 o'clock in the morning), I was sitting on Devitt's step with Tom McGonigle, when Dougherty and two other persons came along on the other side of the way. Dougherty crossed over, called Tom to one side, and broached to him the subject of Brooks' assault. Tom refused to have anything to do with it ; and they went away mad.

The next day Dougherty told me what they wanted, and asked me to join him and another in it. I refused, and said I was a witness in a case at Harrisburg (though I was not). I was at that time working at night. Shortly after this, at a time when I was half full of whiskey, I consented again to aid in an assault on Brooks.

The rendezvous of the gang was at a place on South Fourth Street, near Harmony Court ; and when my services were secured, they threw out a big fellow (I forget his name) said to belong to a certain engine company.

So Jemmy Dougherty, Billy — and I started out to hunt Brooks. They had blackjacks ; I had nothing. We were on foot, and for two or three days diligently searching, but could not find him. At last the news came that Brooks had gone to Andy Craig's on Front Street. Four of us went down there. Our informant went into Craig's, came out again, and said Brooks had gone to a store on South Water Street. We started for the place indicated. I was told to stand on the corner of Water and Walnut, while the informant went up Water Street followed closely by Dougherty and Billy. I watched,



and saw him go into the store and come out again. He came down to me and said : " Go on up, he is in there." (I think he told me he spoke to Brooks.)

I then joined the others, and while waiting outside for Brooks we discussed the improbability of Bill's escape if an assault was made, for he had a very sore heel and could scarcely walk. So we concluded it was not safe to make the assault.

Presently Brooks came out, and, looking us squarely in the face, passed on and up into Front Street, where we followed, hoping a better chance would offer; but it did not. The keeper of the store afterwards said he would have given each of us a good suit of clothes if we had beaten Brooks then. Our employers hooted at and abused us roundly for not doing our work. I told them Bill was lame and could not run. They then told us to get a hack, and we engaged Neil McLaughlin because his horses were fast.

For two or three days we went in the hack from eight or nine o'clock in the morning till three or four in the afternoon, but did not see anything of Brooks. Finally, one day we got sight of our man going into Martin's store on Front Street. When he came out we were scattered. I saw him go up Apple Tree Alley, but when we followed he had suddenly disappeared.

An evening or two after this, while standing at Ninth and Chestnut Streets waiting until an arrangement should be made with two men, to get Brooks to go down to Darby on a pretence of seizing a distillery, one of the Continental gang came running with the information that Brooks was at Upham's drug store on Eighth Street. It was early in the evening, before Dougherty and I went to work, for we both worked at night then.



Dougherty, Bill and myself, with another, went down Ninth to Sansom, stopped at Sansom until the rest of the gang came up. Some one offered me a Derringer pistol, but I would not take it. We started down Sansom (after telling the hackman where to stand for us), and up Eighth Street to Upham's, and found Brooks there. We waited for him—Bill and I on the corner of the alley below the store, Dougherty above the store; and the gang at Chestnut Street (the name of one of them I will not now give, because he is lying very low, and the worrying over this case has had much to do with it, I believe). When Brooks came out, in passing us he looked straight at us, and put his hand as though he would draw a pistol, and we let him pass on.

For this failure we again got abused. I told them I had no pistol, and I was not going to take any chances of getting shot. The same man who had before offered me the Derringer then said he would furnish me with a pistol, when he that is now sick said this thing had gone far enough, and if pistols were to be used he would have nothing more to do with it.

The next day a pistol was given to Dougherty, and he gave it to me. This same person who is now sick said: "Don't you use that." I replied, "No," looking toward one of the party, when he said to me in a low voice: "Shoot; what do you care whether you kill him or not?" I merely nodded all right, and kept the pistol.

Two or three days more we travelled over the city in search of Brooks, without success. I think it was about this time that Billy left us, went into the hospital, and another took his place. By appointment we met several times at a liquor store on Walnut Street, but usually

waited outside while the man who directed our movements went in ; and one night we stayed off from work (Dougherty and I), and watched Brooks' house until very late, but did not see him.

Finally, we were told if we wanted to do the job things were all fixed, and that this was our last chance. We were then informed—this was Sunday night—that Brooks was to be at a store on N. Front Street to-morrow (Monday) noon. All right. We went early, and were knocking around there drinking whiskey, etc. One of the party went into a barber's shop, and was being shaved when Brooks appeared. I ran in and got him out of the chair. We followed Brooks into the store. When there, and while talking to the boy in charge of the store, I nodded to Dougherty and the other man to make the attack, but neither of them would stir. I saw they were "weakening," as we call it ; and I was ashamed to face those fellows a third time without doing something. So I went to within two steps of my man, and instead of putting a ball through his head, I shot him under the shoulder blade, the least vital part. As soon as I shot, the other fellow ran away ; but as Brooks turned, Dougherty threw a black-jack, which struck him on the head.

We then escaped, and in fifteen minutes were at Eighth and Fitzwater Streets. Soon after we got another hack, and went to the races. Finding they were postponed, we returned, and I think the next day a man came along and told Dougherty and I we were accused of shooting Brooks, and that warrants were out for our arrest. We then went to Eighth and Shippen, and got a friend to see certain persons and tell them the officers were after us. They sent word back that we were "fools," and that we must go to work. I stayed there

until ten o'clock that night, then went to Eleventh and Chestnut, where I worked, and remained there one hour, when I left and returned to Eighth and Shippen.

About twelve o'clock two of these persons came to see us, and discussed the question where we should hide. We stayed there all that night, and the next day until midnight, when one of them took us to his own house, and put us in the third story front room, where we remained for about two weeks, and were waited upon by the lady who kept house for him.

While there our host often came to see us, and in answer to our inquiries "if Brooks was dead yet," he would reply: "No; I wish he was." I once remarked I didn't want him to die, when he replied: "If he dies you will get clear; if he lives you will get in the work-house."

From that house we were taken again to Eighth and Shippen one midnight, and on the next night we were taken to Ninth below South, where a friend was waiting with a Dearborn wagon. We jumped in, and were taken to West Philadelphia depot, where we met the train from Washington, and went aboard in charge of one of the gang for New York. Two others were there to see us off.

Arriving in New York we went to the "St. Nicholas," and there took a hack to the "Prescott House." Here our custodian registered Dougherty as "James Jones," me as "Henry Stratton," and himself as "John Purnell." After this he left us, and returned at noon with a barouche accompanied by another man. We were ordered into the barouche and taken to Coney Island. Here we met McLaughlin in company, in fact in the custody of "Bottles," for McLaughlin had been sent

away to Troy, and had returned to Philadelphia, where he was recaptured and sent to Coney Island, with "Bottles" to take care of him.

After staying at Coney Island some time we sent "Bottles" to New York for news. He returned in a wagon with one of our Philadelphia friends, who took Neil McLaughlin away with him, and ordered us to follow to the city.

In the city we went to a tavern and all stopped in one room, but eat our meals out; and it was on our second day there when, on going out to our meals, we were captured.

We were to have gotten two hundred dollars apiece for the assault on Brooks, but I only received five dollars.

(Signed) HUGH MARROW.

In juxtaposition with the foregoing, and with an earnest desire to do no one injustice, the views of the District Attorney on this matter, given in an interview with Detective Brooks when he applied for a permit to visit Marrow, are here set forth. He said: "I was, as you know, counsel for Marrow in your case, and I believe I know enough to say that your murder was not intended by those who directed these men. The intention was to hammer you, beat you, do anything to you that would drive you from your duty, or from the city. And when they saw what the cowardly wretches had done, I expect they were more astonished and frightened than you were.



It is wrong, very wrong to conspire to beat a man ; but there is a great difference between hiring a man to beat another, and hiring him to kill another."

In answer to the question if the death of the officer was not intended why should he have been warned several times that he was about to be killed? Mr. Mann said :

"Oh, I suppose that was a part of the plan to drive you away from the scene of your labors ; so that if it were possible to discover the parties to this conspiracy it would not be just to charge them with concocting a murder where only an assault was intended."

The detective remarking that he had sometimes tried charitably to believe that only an assault was intended, but the strong testimony of impartial witnesses had prevented him from arriving at any such conclusions, Mr. Mann terminated the interview by saying :

"That is my view of the case—an assault ; but which cowardice and intoxication in the instruments came near making a murder."

Having obtained a document of such importance, though coming at so late a day, to a mind not versed in legal lore, it seemed impossible that, with witnesses ready to corroborate the material parts of such a statement, an investigation should be barren



of results. For it is a fact that before Marrow's confession was made public, five respectable witnesses made statements which seemed literally to confirm the truth of as many portions of the strange story. Hoping therefore to be able to use the document and the man, and having pity on his forlorn condition—he being without money or friends—officer Brooks, learning that U. S. District Attorney Swoope, under whom he worked in the Western District of Pennsylvania, was lying sick at the Continental Hotel, visited him, and laying the whole case before him, that gentleman consented without fee or reward, and at an expense of several hundred dollars to himself, to do what he possibly could to uncover the dark deed; in which effort he was ably seconded by John Goforth, Mayor Stokely, and Chief of Police Jones.

In view of these and other important revelations made by Marrow, and seeing the desperate man was safely caged, the public demanded that there should be no haste in closing again the doors of the penitentiary upon him, hoping and expecting that his blacker confederates in crime would accompany him. The effort was honestly made to bring about so desirable a result, the law officer at Washington ably seconding it, but some legal defect in both United States law and the law of the Commonwealth

prevented it. A cloud of witnesses stood ready to prove the crime, but the law was inoperative.

### MARROW'S SECOND TRIAL.

On the 23d day of October, 1872, Hugh Marrow was placed upon trial for shooting with intent to murder William McMullen. His honor Judge Paxson presided. District Attorney Mann prosecuted. H. Bucher Swoope and John Goforth defended. Had opportunity presented during the trial of the case, it was intended to prove that the channel through which all or nearly all of the statements given in the confession by Marrow would have been substantiated, or otherwise. But the watchfulness of the prosecuting officer forstalled all efforts in that direction, by objections which were sustained by the court. The fairness of the trial and the justness of the conviction have never been questioned; but one singular fact is worthy of record. On the 23d day of October, 1869, Marrow and Dougherty were found guilty of assault and battery with intent to murder James J. Brooks. *On the same day of the same month*, in 1872, Marrow was found guilty of assault and battery with intent to murder William McMullen. The rule for a new trial being refused, on the 23d of November following Marrow was

brought up for sentence. Judge Paxson addressing the prisoner said :

For the second time in your brief career you stand at the bar of this court for judgment. Your history is full of sad and impressive warning. Two of your associates in your former crime have been summoned before a higher tribunal. One died in prison, the other by the knife of an assassin—showing it to be true now, as it was four thousand years ago, that "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." You have been spared to repeat your crime, and suffer again its penalty. The sentence of the court is, that you pay a fine of \$1000 to the Commonwealth for the use of the county; that you pay the costs of prosecution; that you undergo imprisonment in the State Penitentiary for the Eastern District by separate and solitary confinement at labor, for the period of six years and nine months; and that you stand committed until this sentence is complied with.

A contemptuous smile was on Marrow's lips as the extent of the penalty was uttered from the bench.

Though the reader has not been introduced directly into the inner circle of the "whiskey ring," there to learn the names of its members and listen to their plans for robbery and violence, the existence of that "ring" is not now for a moment doubted. Its general objects have been fully revealed, and when it is known that not a name alleged as being

actively engaged in promoting its wicked purpose of murder but was in some way connected with the fraudulent distillation of whiskey at one or more distilleries, and when a segment of the inner circle is shown to have been connected with the man who directed the assassins' movements, no further proof of the origin of the plot should be required.

#### WHERE IS THE "RING" NOW?

has become a stereotyped question. Some of its members being in torments have fled the city, others with commendable judgment are shading themselves, while others, feeling they are environed by forces of no ordinary character, lay tribute upon falsehood, perjury and intimidation to ward off the impending blow. But it can only procrastinate the end. "The mill of the gods grinds slow," it may be, but none the less surely; and such will discover that it grinds exceedingly small. How small let the many declare who, allured by hopes of gain and promises of protection in their pursuit of it, entered the unholy alliance of the whiskey thieves, with fortune, ambition, and fair reputation, now to find themselves bankrupt in everything a good man delights in, ekeing out an existence for their families as best they may, while hastening their own transit to the valley of darkness by the use of that deadly potion whose manufacture started them on the road to ruin.



## CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

Kossuth preferred to measure distances by the shortest time known to have elapsed in passing from point to point. Thus England was said to be seven days distant from the United States of America. If time be measured by the multitude of stirring events that have crowded themselves into each year of the past decade, even the ordinary day laborer when compared with his peer of a quarter of a century ago, may be said to have lived a century. How much more can this be said of him whose duty it is to study the weaknesses of human nature, and seek to divine purposes and motives, and watch transpiring events! He sees men, fresh from honest callings, enter daily upon the dangerous ground of fraud, flushed with cash and great expectancy, protesting honesty of purpose, when, if true to his mission, he tears away the flimsy disguise, lays bare the motive, brings cause and effect together. That done, they pursue their own course, and when disaster and ruin overtake them, the faithful warning is remembered, but too late.

As these lines are penned the busy brain passes in review scenes not half a decade old, yet so numerous and startling that the experience of a Methuselah's life was as that of a youth in comparison—and all illustrating the truth that he who wages a



warfare against God, surely gets worsted in the conflict.

How unerringly the law of compensation works. It is a notable fact, and one of encouragement to the virtuous, that of all the persons known to have been interested in the fraudulent distillation of whiskey in the centennial city, not more than two can be said to be able to show to-day any of their ill-gotten treasure. And when their deaths are announced there will be no need of any wills being admitted to probate, while the thirty-seventh psalm of the poet king, written three thousand years ago, will be read with an appropriate freshness never before so marked in its history.

NOTE.—When a man receives favors oft-repeated at the hands of certain of his fellow citizens, as I have, it is but proper that he should acknowledge their receipt in some suitable manner. In my manuscript of this work I have endeavored to do this by mentioning the names of some of the most conspicuous projectors and dispensers of such favors. The Publishers of the book consulted eminent legal counsel as to the propriety of parading these men and their virtues before an unappreciative world, when they were advised that the legal status of a truth-teller under such circumstances was worse than

that of a common thief, and would consign him to a worse fate. Not being ambitious of further honors, especially of that sort, I have carefully expunged names of persons where their mention would excite ridicule or contempt, being well able to bide the coming of that time when law shall not be the shelter and a gag for the use only of the evil-doer.

J. J. B.

THE END.



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