MRS. MAYBRICK

The Unfortunate American Woman in an English Prison.

HER ALLEGED CRIME.

The Visit of a Writer Who Caught a Glimpse of Her Sad Face—The Insane Judge Who Tried Her—England Will Never Give Her Up Until the Full Twenty Years is Served in Prison.

A writer who recently visited Aylesbury prison, England, and caught a glympse of the American martyr, Mrs. Maybrick, thus graphically narrates his impressions:

"The last time that I saw her a certain lady was dining, gowned by Worth and glittering with diamonds, at a fashionable restaurant. She was, as usual, the center of attraction, for who could have conceived those small white hands capable of injuring a fly, much less of poisoning a kind and indulgent husband? The latter was seized with symptoms of his fatal illness on the very day that I saw his wife entertaining a merry party, the man who expired, in horrible agony, a week later.

"It was a cruel and deliberate murder, according to the crown's counsel. Nevertheless the death sentence passed was eventually commuted to one of penal servitude for life. And a multitude of people have unshaken faith in her innocence.

"It was with the object of seeing this unhappy heroine of a famous 'cause celebre' that I recently visited Aylesbury prison. Permission to converse would, I knew, be refused me by the authorities, but I wanted to get a glimpse of one in whose innocence I have always been a firm believer. Without discussing the legal points of Mrs. Maybrick's case I shall show the conditions of life under which she has existed since the commutation of her capital sentence, nearly 13 years ago.

"On a bright summer day, with its clear sunshine and pure air, Aylesbury, where the prison is, would be almost Arcadian but for the square brick buildings, honeycombed with cells, which seems to scrawl the dismal word "prison" across the smiling landscape. And yet, on a closer inspection, Aylesbury prison is more suggestive of conventual than penal associations. A peal at the bell summons, not the usual surly janitor, but a benevolent old gentleman, who beams placidly through spectacles, and ushers me into a porter's lodge to await the arrival of the matron. The room is snugly furnished, a copy of the rules over the fireplace alone reminding me that I am in one of his majesty's prisons. Even my old friend in spectacles informs me that, although he wears a warder's uniform, he is only a gatekeeper, for there are no male warders here. The governor (a physician) and his deputy are the only men on the place.

"Aylesbury is essentially a convict prison, and is the only female establishment of the kind in England. Minor offenders are confined in local jails, but every woman throughout the United Kingdom sentenced to penal servitude is sent here. The life sentence, even for murder, is a misnomer, for it never exceeds 20 years. No social distinction whatever is made. When the prison gates have closed upon her the woman of fashion is no better off than her sister of the slums, the nature of the work assigned to either being regulated solely by health and physical strength.

"The daily routine is at first very trying to those who, like Mrs. Maybrick, have led before their arrest a life of ease and pleasure. At 6 A. M., summer and winter, a prisoner must clean her cell, and at 6.50 breakfast is served. At 8 A. M. a short service is chapel is followed by work until 5 P. M. Tea is the last meal at 5 P. M., and by 7 o'clock all have retired to rest. In summer time, when it is often light until past 10 o'clock, the weariness of lying awake in an uncurtained cell until darkness brings rest is, of itself, a severe punishment. The diet consists of roast or boiled meat and potatoes for four days in the week, soup on the fifth, on the others of soup, suet pudding, cold tinned beef or mutton. Breakfast, bread and cocoa. Supper, bread and tea, with milk and sugar. To the poorer classes this diet is palatable enough, but to others, accustomed to dainty fare, this unappetizing 'menu' is one of the greatest hardships of female captivity. Most of the prisoners are young, healthy looking women. Their straw bonnet for outdoor work is a nideous head dress, but indoors a neat white cap is worn, and as the wearer may dress her hair as she pleases, the effect is generally not unpleasing. A prisoner, on discharge, is entitled to liberty clothes (a black serge dress with bonnet to match), but this privilege is seldom taken advantage of by well-to-do convicts.

"We resume our inspection of the avenue of cells, their doors wide open for the sake of ventilation. Some are occupied by inmates temporarily unfit for harder work than sewing, knitting and bookbinding.

"Among the latter is the woman I seek. Prison etiquette precludes my questioning the matron as to her identity, nor would the cutodian answer me if I did. But although long weary years of imprisonment have somewhat hardened the once comely face, it is undoubtedly Mrs. Maybrick who looks languidly up from her work at our approach. I am not allowed to linger. The glimpse is only momentary, and yet it enables me to realize how the agony and degradation of prison life may in a few years transform the features of even the most beautiful woman.

"Mrs. Maybrick's cell is typical of the rest. The bed has coarse but snowy bed linen; there is a wash stand, a tin plate, mug and spoon are on one shelf; a bible, prayer-book and several works of fiction on another, while a stool and small table, littered with needlework, complete the furniture. On the walls are suspended a small mirror and a linen wash pocket stuffed with letters. These are read by the governor before delivery, while newspapers are strictly prohibited.

"A sunlit courtyard is next visited, and we enter a light, lofty workshop, where the click of many sewing machines is almost deafening, the tailoring department in which a score of women are busily turning out serge suits for Greenwich hospital.

"A walk through the laundry and its breezy drying yard brings us to the exercise yard, which has lately been a pleasure ground, with clumps of wild grasses, smooth lawns and bright flower beds. Two circular stone pathways sunk into the sward show where the convicts take their daily walk amid pleasanter surroundings than those genally afforded by iron bars, bricks and masonry.

"In the hospital hard by patients may almost forget that they are in durance vile, for the large, airy wards, with their polished floors and bowls of cut flowers, are quite as comfortable as any London hospital. Aylesbury is the healthiest prison in England, only three deaths having occurred there during the past four years.

"And that is about all I can show you," says the matron, as we pass through the gate and stand once more in the outer world.

"So I depart, and as the train bears me Londonward, and the bright lights of the great prison fade away in the dusk, there recurs to my mind other prisons that I have seen—fetid 'Kameras" in Siberia, foul dungeons in Siberia, foul dungeons in Paris, where delicately nurtured women are promiscuously herded with the vilest of her sex, and where vice and disease stalk rampant. And I am able to be thankful that in England things are different, and that although the strictest discipline prevails at Aylesbury, it is maintained in a humane, unobtrusive manner that must to a great extent militgate the horrors of penal servitude.

"Only one sad memory do I retain of my visit to Aylesbury—a fleeting vision of the pale and pleading face of a woman alone in her misery; only one disquieting thought haunts the hours of darkness that follow: 'Was she guilty?'

"'Guilty?' Tried by an insane judge and in the midst of public indignation over the hanging in St. Louis of a young Englishman who had chloroformed and cut up his companion, a fellow Englishman, how could Mrs. Maybrick obtain a fair trial?

The late Lord Chief Justice of England publicly declared his belief in her innocence and that she was the victim of an insane judge and designing relatives of her husband. And, notwithstanding the alleged friendship of England for this country, every Amabassador to London has failed to secure her release. English vengeance for the hanging of the St. Louis murderer will not permit of this innocent American woman's release, and The Globe is satisfied that she will serve out the full 20 years, which is the extreme length of the English life sentence.

THE PRICE OF COAL.

A Pertinent Letter on the Subject by a Posted Citizen.

Washington, August 11, 1901.

EDITOR SUNDAY GLOBE:

DEAR SIR: Your editorial on the price of coal is most apropos. It is passing strange that the people of this city, with the power in their own hands will allow themselves to be bled in the price of coal; other cities are not so afflicted. Mr. Morgan does not have anything to do in fixing the price of coal used in this city. He can, and does, through his men, fix the wholesale price, regulate the output at the mines, and name a schedule of wages for the miners, and also determine what the rate of freight shall be. Directly he has nothing to do with the price you and I pay for coal.

The citizens of Washington are in the hands of a worse set of men than Mr. Morgan. I am reliably informed that the price of coal on cars varies from $4.85 to 5.35 per ton, according to the size. The selling price of the former is $6.50 per ton, and of the latter $6.75. Now, Mr. Editor, here is a profit of about $1.50 per ton on each and every ton of coal used in this city. It seems to matter not to the coal barons whether the purchaser be the banker or the laboring man, each and all must be bled to the tune of $1.50 per cart load. A cart will make five or six and even more loads per day, and the profit obtained can be easily reckoned. Surely the percentage is enormous.

I believe the price of furnace coal at the Postoffice Department is about $4.50 per ton. Why should the people of the city pay more? The prices for other Departments are below $5 per ton, yet I am asked $6.50 per ton. Do these coal people fear to ask the Government too much?

Now, there is another thing. The price of coal was reduced in April 50 cents per ton, yet the coal dealers of this city did not reduce their prices. I am paying the same price now as last winter, yet it costs the dealer considerable less. In the language of Cicero we ought to ask: "How long, O Cataline, wilt thou abuse our patience?" and before the question is answered, if there be no law to reach such combinations in trade, go forthwith and organize a mutual coal company.

CONSTANT READER.

Davy Crockett and John C. Wright.

Davy Crockett, visiting a menagerie in Washington, remarked to a friend that a certain monkey resembled their friend John C. Wright. Davy had no sooner made the remark than he perceived Wright standing within hearing distance. Davy seemed in a great quandry. Looking first at Wright and then at the monkey, he at last stammered out, "If I knew which I have insulted I would humbly crave his pardon."

It may be remarked that Wright was a very able but very ugly Cincinnati editor.

Carolina Brights are not made by a Trust.

A Paris correspondent tells the following good story of an affectionate and interested husband: "The wife of a villager in Pootou, after a protracted illness, fell into a state of coma, and was believed to be dead. As is usual among the very poor peasantry there, the body was folded in a sheet and carried to the grave uncoffined. On the way to the graveyard the body had to be carried through a thicket, where the underwood consisted principally of thorn-bushes, and in passing through, the supposed corpse awakened from the trance by the prickles. Fourteen years afterward the woman really died, and on the way to the grave the same route was taken. As the mourners approached the thicket, the husband called out, vigorously, 'Take care—don't go near the thorn-bushes!'"

When a widow presses your hand and tells you how she has made four dozen clothes-pegs last her twelve years, and she droops her eyes and says a paper of pins lasts three years, and she looks up and smiles a rosy smile, how on earth is a fellow to break away and leave that house and convince himself that she loves him only for his wealth.

Mistress—Mary, has that parcel of stationery arrived yet from the stationer's?

Parlor-Maid—No, ma'am. But I can lend you a few sheets of my own notepaper, if you don't mind using my monnygram!

HOSKI TORU

The Former Japanese Minister in Washington.

HOW HE WAS SLAIN.

His Assassin One of the Most Highly Respected Educators and a Man of Many Dignities and Offices—His Reasons for the Assassination—Detailed Account of This Historical and Extraordinary Murder.

On the afternoon of June 21 Tokio was startled by a political assassination which presented many features of a very exceptional character. The victim was Mr. Hoshi Toru, undoubtedly the most influential politician in Japan after Marquis Ito, a man whose name has been in everybody's mouth for the past ten years, although it is difficult to say whether he possessed a larger share of notoriety or of fame. In his capacity of chairman of the Tokio City Council he repaired to the Municipal Buildings on the 21st inst., and took part in a discussion held with closed doors. This being concluded at 3:30 o'clock, the six members, including Mr. Hoshi, passed into an adjoining room, and were conversing on various topics when the door opened and a man entered the apartment. Attired in Japanese costume such as is worn by persons of the upper classes, and holding his card in his left hand, he addressed some semi-audible remark to Mr. Hoshi, and then, advancing quietly to the latter's side as though to deliver the card, hesuddenly drew a short sword from the folds of his garments and with lightning rapidity dealt Mr. Hoshi five stabs, all of a deadly character.

Mr. Hoshi, though a man of powerful physique, made no apparent resistance nor uttered any sound. The first stab disabled him completely, and he must have been held up by his assassin to receive the other blows. As soon as he was released he fell on the ground, vomiting blood, and expired in a few minutes. It is doubtful whether the assassin made any attempt to escape, but a momentary struggle took place between him and Mr. Hoshi's colleagues, who naturally used some violence in seizing him. Ultimately he surrendered his weapon quietly, and desired the City Council to bind him if they desired, as he had no intention of seeking to evade the consequences of an act performed in the interest of his country. On investigation he proved to be one Iba Sotaro, a man aged about fifty, who had acted a distinguished and creditable part in the world of education and finance, and who, at the moment of his crime, occupied a position of high trust and considerable emoluments. In his possession the police found a written declaration of motives such as is invariably carried by the political assassin in Japan. It ran thus:

THE MURDERER'S STATEMENT

"I am not intimate with Hoshi Toru, nor do I bear him any ill-will. My first and only meeting with him was when, having been undeservedly honored with the posts of chairman of the Educational Council of Yatsuya and member of the District Assembly, I attended a meeting of the Tokio Educational Society, of which Hoshi Toru had been chosen president. It was ispossible to regard with approval the appointment of a man so evil and depraved to a commanding position in the field of education, and I determined from that moment that his removal must be affected. Subsequently, I had no connection of any kind with him, but nothing, I was sensible, could be graver than that such an expert rascal should have the opportunity of debasing and corrupting the administration of the capital, as well as destroying the morality of the citizens, and that, while filling an office which made him inspector of the city's officials, he should bring trouble and disgrace on all, from sovereign to subject. His accomplices in bribery and corruption had been exposed and punished, but he alone, brazen-faced and incorrigible, continued with increasing vigor his career of insatiate plunder, spreading the poison of evil among all classes and undermining the morals of the youth.

"For many generations my family acted as instructors of swordsmanship in this city. I myself, indifferent as is my capacity, have sought earnestly not only to further the course of education and to encourage the taste for learning, but also to foster the spirit of military science. Further, I have felt it a duty to spare no effort for the improvement of agricultural and manufacturing industry, though I am well aware that my poor abilities are an indifferent qualification for such a task. I shall here set down a statement of the occupations that have hitherto engaged me, in order to prove that I have no connection whatever with any political party or society: Director of the Tokio Agricultural School for six years, manager of the Savings Bank of Japan for four years head of the Yedogawa Paper Factory for three years, Chairman of the Literary Publishing Company for four years, adviser to the Yatsuya Bank for one year. These details show that I have no sort of relation with anybody of politicians. Neither, I repeat it, do I bear any ill-will to Hoshi Toru. If I now invite the pain of parting forever from my wife and children—pain as cruel as that of being torn asunder; if I brave the comments of public opinion; if I ruin myself and my family for the sake of removing a universal evildoer, it is because I can not idly endure to see the arch rascal Hoshi Toru daily pursuing with fresh vigor his evil courses; teaching the youth to be crooked and corrupt by his example as President of the Tokio Educational Society and by his doings in the City Council, introducing demoralization and disorder into the municipal administration thus bringing misfortune upon all, from the Emperor downward. Men of judgment, I pray you to appreciate and sympathize with my sentiments."

It appears that, in addition to carrying this document on his person, Iba Sotaro, just before proceeding to the place of assassination, posted copies to the offices of some leading journals in time to appear in their columns simultaneously with the story of the tragedy. The statements of fact contained in the exposure are all correct, and the assassination thus becomes one of the most remarkable on record. There have been six murders of this class and three abortive attempts during the past thirty years in Japan, and in all cases the perpetrators were comparatively young men without any great stake in life; men who, however sincere their motives and however disinterested their belief in their own mission, were probably not influenced by a desire to achieve notoriety. But Iba Sotaro's career had been distinguished and successful. He had many ties which should have held him in the path of law and order. His mature age, his intellectual endowments, his extensive knowledge, the social consideration he enjoyed, and the pleasant circumstances of his existence ought to have effectually dissuaded him from an act of sanguinary violence, involving the separation from his wife and children, ruin for his house, and a felon's death for himself. His statement of motives, while not dwelling upon the sacrifice he was about to make, shows that he appreciated it, and that the pain was not alleviated by fanatical zeal. Then there is the fact that the murder was committed in open day and in the immediate presence of five persons, all friends of the victim.

Usually the assassin seeks to waylay his enemy or to gain private access to him. But Iba Sorato went to a chamber where he expected to find Mr. Hoshi seated or standing among a number of colleagues, and in going thither all his motions must have been orderly and his mien perfectly calm up to the very instant of delivering the attack. Such quiet self-possession in the preliminary stages contrasts vividly with the fierce energy of the act itself—five powerful stabs delivered with unerring aim and lightning rapidity from every side of the victim's body before any of those seated at the same table could stretch out a hand to interfere. It is here, indeed, that a partial explanation of the crime may be found. Iba Sorato's family enjoyed for many generations the hereditary right of furnishing a teacher of swordsmanship to the Court of the Tokugawa Shoguns. His father had been a celebrated fencer, his elder brother—who fell fighting at Hakodate in 1868 on the occasion of the Enomoto rebellion—had been equally famous, and Sotaro himself was an accomplished swordsman. Knowledge that he possessed skill of fence, without which the deed could never be achieved, doubtless helped to persuade the man that a special mission developed on him in the matter and the traditions of such a family would naturally lay stress upon a samurai's duty to immolate himself at any moment on the altar of public good. Japan has many men of the same temper and convictions, and their presence is unquestionably a danger, for a firm faith in each individual's heaven-sent mandate to redress wrongs by any and every means they add the essential condition that justification consists in their own readiness to die for the cause they champion. In the Occident the political assassin's aim with the bomb or the pistol is distrubed by solicitude for his own ultimate escape. In Japan the consequences of the act are wholly subordinated to its achievement.

Mr. Hoshi Toru was in his fifty-first year. His career had been very checkered. When only twenty-two his abilities were recognized, and from a humble station he was raised to the post of Assistant Inspector of Customs at Yokonama. In that office his attempts to check the illegal use of private landing places by foreign residents involved him in a controversy with Sir Harry Parkes, which ended in the youthful reformer's loss of his position as a penalty for writing the title of her late Majesty with an unsuitable ideograph. Subsequently he studied law in England, eating his dinners at the temple, and on his return to Japan he entered the political lists vigorously against the government and experienced several vicissitudes. He published two newspapers, both of which were suppressed, as calculated to disturb the peace. He was thrown into prison for a speech bringing officials into contempt, his name being at the same time removed from the list of barristers. He was expelled from Tokio under the provisions of the peace preservation law. Entering the Diet, he was elected to the important post of President of the House of Representatives, and was expelled from the House two years later, only to be returned again immediately by his constituency. His singular astuteness had shown him from the first that an implacable struggle against the "Clan Statesmen," must end in the discomfiture of the political parties, and the "Clan Statesmen," on their side, recognized in him the necessary link between the parties and themselves.

They sent him to Washington as minister in order to free him from inconvenient ties, and in 1898 he hastened back to effect a separation of the Liberals and the Progressives, who had united against the government. From that time he became the most prominent figure in the political arena, a dictator wielding almost autocratic power. Many scandals attached to his name, and it is certain that he built up his fortune with suspicious rapidity. His own avowed creed indicated a peculiar view of the rights and privileges attaching to political influence, and the outcry raised against him was too vehement and widespread to be quite fictitious. Indeed, he himself recognized the expediency, last December, of resigning his port folio of Communications in the Ito Cabinet, and not a few onlookers would have been glad to see him permanently discredited, for they regarded him as a Japanese exponent of the worst features of New York politics. He remained, however, leader of his party in the Diet, and president of the Tokio City Assembly, nor did his influence suffer any diminution whatever. Undoubtedly he must be written down as one of the strongest men of his era, probably of any era, in Japan. But although he could win followers he could not make friends. A cold, imperious manner, combined with almost brutal inflexibility of purpose, and an unforunate proneness to forget benefits, often shocked his most ardent admirers. Considering his very exceptional intellectual gifts and his great force of character, his untimely death ought to shock the nation more than it will be found to have done. In foreign eyes what seems most striking is that a man so essentially an outcome of modern conditions should have been the means of eliciting a conspicuous display of the mood and method of old Japan.

Carolina Brights are mild and fragrant.

A Scotch farmer, having buried his wife, was called upon by the sexton who had performed the necessary duties to pay him his fees. Being of a niggardly disposition, he endeavored to get the knight of the spade to abate his charges. The patience of the latter becoming exhausted, he grasped his shovel impulsively, and, with an angry look, exclaimed: "Doon wi' another shilling, or up she comes!" The threat had the desired effect.

Carolina Brights are mild and fragrant.

"Dearest Louise—Darling John died last night. Congestion of the lungs. Our loss is his gain. I will join him on the other shore. I have ordered the loveliest mohair for the funeral—made with polonaise and trimmed with real point lace. Loss covered by insurance on the 10-year-plan; will be paid in days. I know you sorrow with me.—Mary."

Say, you, smoke Carolina Brights

THE NEWS DEALERS.

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