THE AMERICAN TRAUPMANN.

An Interview Under Difficulties.

Rulloff, the Condemned Murderer, Writing a Book on the Origin of Language.

A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF THE THUG.

HIS MANNER AND CHARACTERISTICS

Something New About His Previous History.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1871.

In the entire calendar of crime there can be found no case equal in tragic interest to that of Edward H. Rulloff, now under sentence of death in the jail of Binghamton. Eugene Aram murdered that he might obtain the necessary means for the prosecution of his studies, and Traupmann slaughtered to obtain money for his parents; but this man Rulloff's motive in engaging in murder as the business of his life is utterly past comprehension. But who can fathom the depth of evil minds or measure the character of souls lost beyond redemption? A flow of light from books was let in upon this man's mind; he was intimately acquainted with the philosophy of the ancients; was familiar with their language; understood thoroughly everyism of the Christian faith; was learned in the law; was educated in *materia medica*. He understood sciences that, to many professors, whose outpourings fill second class journals, are occult, and was, throughout his infamous and misdirected career, in intellect a tower of strength and

A MAN OF MARKED ABILITY.

But too much learning had made him mad. He cherished a little providence of his own, obedient to his wishes, and German philosophy, the flimsy food upon which he was early nurtured, with feverish heat, sent up the mercury of his mind to the highest point. There was no God but him, and no hereafter, when he consented to leave the dull clay that held his spirit.

These thoughts flashed through my mind after reading a full account of the trial of Rulloff, on the road from Owego to this place. We were more than one hour behind time on the Erie and were making it up in exhilarating jumps over uncertain rails. Fifty miles an hour was the pace, and under the managerial circumstances it was quite enough. But I was glad of it. Rapid travelling, I think, aids rapid thought. To carry out my instructions I had to see Rulloff in quick time. Jumping from the cars the moment the train touched the platform I made my way across town to the Court House and soon sent my card to Sheriff Martin. I was ushered into his office and courteously received. A jolly fellow was the Sheriff, and there was that indescribable but delightful flavor of the turnip field about him which is so very grateful to the city nose.

"Ha! ha! ha! no! ho! o! o! o!" chuckled the bulky Sheriff, all down the gamut of laughter, and the Under Sheriff chuckled in tune, "Ho! ho! you are from the HERALD and want to see Rulloff? Ha! ha! why the *Times* and the *World* sent men here and Rulloff would not see them."

I mildly waived a hint over the broad shoulders of a fat countryman in my way that

THE CASE MIGHT BE DIFFERENT

when taken up by a representative of the HERALD. Blinking at me from under a heavy pair of eyebrows, the good-natured Sheriff grunted comfortably, "Perhaps it might," and promised to do his best. In a few minutes after the Sheriff convulsively seized a quill pen and slashed his name across the face of a dangerous looking document. Then he got up, kicked an aggravating spittoon under the table, and opened the door for me with the air and grace of Chesterfield. Leaving the office, we turned back from the Court House building and walked toward the jail.

"I don't see how you are going to do it, sir," said the Sheriff, as he twisted a bunch of keys in his hands; "Rulloff is very much of a dog, and it is very hard to get him to speak when he don't want to, and a cunnin' villain he is."

INSIDE THE JAIL.

"Well, Sheriff," I replied, handing him my card, on which I had previously written a few words in pencil, "would you please hand him this and let me plead my cause afterwards?"

Granting a good-humored affirmative the Sheriff opened the door, and we soon found ourselves in front of the iron door, thrice locked and barred, which shut in the most cold, calculating and desperate murderer of his time. There were two men in the corridor, and these grinned as the card was pushed through the bars, and Rulloff's attention was attracted by a lusty shout. Having refused everybody, they did not think that he would see me. There was a pause of a few minutes, and then a squeaking voice came from a cell on the left hand side of the gloomy corridor, peremptorily denying admittance to any one.

"But look at the writing on the card," shouted the Sheriff, "the gentlemen wants to make some inquiry about your book."

Then there was another pause, ending in another squeak, which signified that the condemned man had now no objections to being interviewed. I felt that I had touched his vanity, and that my task was half accomplished.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MURDERER.

The Sheriff ordered his attendants to unlock and unbar the ponderous door, and in we stepped to the hall of the cells. From the third door on our left a bright light streamed across the passage to a dark cavern opposite, where stood two men, eager and attentive listeners to what was going on. Rulloff was reading from a pile of closely written manuscript in his left hand—his other arm was employed in sustaining his body—close to the light which burned from a candlestick of rude shape hung against the door. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his whole mind was seemingly bent on the subject matter in the paper before him as I stepped up and placed my face against the bars of his cell

"Mr. Rulloff?" I said, quietly enough, when in an instant his studiously inclined head shot up towards the window; his bleared and savage looking eyes gleamed with a dangerous light, while his wide brows seemed to meet with a convulsive twitch.

"Well, well! What do you want? what do you want?" he asked nervously, but looking at me straight in the eyes.

FEEDING HIS VANITY.

"It having been stated in some of the papers," I began, "that you were engaged on a work of the greatest value—I allude to your book on the 'Origin of Languages'—the literary world is greatly excited in consequence, and the utmost anxiety is felt as to the time and terms of the publication of the work. Being somewhat interested in that subject myself I persuaded the Sheriff to let me talk to you for a few minutes."

A strange smile lit up the countenance of the murderer, and he exclaimed with animation, "Then the literary world, sir, expect aright, and certainly will be astonished when my book appears. Tapping his pile of manuscript affectionately, "contains some of the roots of my more important theories. I am just correcting them for the press."

I expressed my pleasure at seeing even a portion of the very valuable work, though I could not read it through the bars, and—O literary vanity!—this man of six murders, rape, burglar and desperado, smiled happily. Following up my advantages I remarked that though several books had been written on languages there were none extant that even attempted to show that all tongues sprang from a common source.

"Precisely so," he said quickly, and for a moment his face beamed with the radiance of intellectual power. "I see you are appreciative. Men are born for certain work. No man can write a book just because he desires to write a book. This, the science of language, has been my life-long study. I was created that I might make it plain.

A BATCHED EGG

can no more refuse to emit a chicken than I can abstain from writing on languages. You cannot imagine what ideas come into my head. I take up a word; my mind sizes upon it, analyzes it and fixes its place. Do you know the meaning of the Arabic word Cadi?"

"Magistrate."

"Yes; police justice. Do you think that an original Arabic word, with an Arabic application and meaning? Not at all. It is Greek. Let me explain"—

Having now got him going, and knowing the impossibility of making a note, I let him wander into the lanes and byways of language, nodding approval now and then, and took the opportunity of

A MENTAL PICTURE OF THE BUTCHER

and studying the peculiarities of his manner. This was done quickly. The most marked feature of that countenance is the mouth; neither large nor sensual, it has a hard, unrelenting expression, which experts would possibly classify as cruel; but no strong emotion plays around those lips, whether of joy or despair; that is all in the infernal little gray eyes, glistening under a parted hedge of eyebrows. The face is one of a cast iron man, cold, unimpressionable, but "the windows of the soul" gleam with the light of the hell within. Rulloff's forehead is not high, but it is broad, and the space between the eyebrows is certainly not less than an inch and a half. An average crop of brown, or apparently brown, hair crowns the edifice of the ruffian's superstructure.

PASSIONLESS AND UNSYMPATHETIC

as seems the face, it is one capable of almost any expression, and there is no doubt that he long since profited by the knowledge of that fact. The face of the criminal is, therefore, no index to his age. He may be forty or he may be fifty, but he is probably forty-five. In excellent health, strong in mind and limb, and apparently pleased with himself, he seemed, as he sat there talking to me on his pet theme, and with an enthusiasm fired by flattery, the finest physical representative of the Evil One my mind ever conceived. Suppose, as Beecher, Frothingham, and all of that ilk consistently assure us, there is no hell? Surely this wild wolf in sheep's clothing will delight in playing in the spirit land dread havoc among the lambs of Plymouth church and Lyric Hall to prove a theory just for exercise.

I forgot altogether about Rulloff's origin of language in these and other speculations, and was only recalled by being asked quite sharply if I followed him in his argument. I nodded and he went on.

COMING TO THE POINT.

But knowing that the Sheriff, whose kindness I had already tasked too much, was making impatient movements a few feet from me, I ventured on a bold move.

"You are quite right," I said; "your book will make an immense sensation. But a man of your learning and research and bent of mind could not have gone through life without evolving some valuable thoughts on philosophy. I would like to hear you on that subject. Some think that the German writers of the present era will tincture the literature of the world with the philosophy of their schools. Contempt of death and a disbelief in religion—materialistic doctrines—seem now in the ascendant. I am quite curious to learn your views on the future state."

SUSPICION AROUSED.

During this long preamble to my leading question the eyes of the murderer looked closely into mine. It was no use; he read me through and through and divined my purpose. Bounding from his partly recumbent position, he pushed his dreadful face against the bars, while an infernal light shot out from his glowing eyes. I was glad that he was inside and secure and that I was outside and safe.

"Now I know you," he hissed, rather than spoke. "You deceived me; you don't want to know about my book. You want to question me on matters on which I will not speak. Begone, sir!"

The Sheriff led the way and I walked out into the hall, and the door was shut behind us.

"I tell you what," remarked the officer, as we gained the outside of the jail, "this litt'ry bisness of his is all humbug. He used it for a cover. Now, I'll tell you

A STORY ABOUT HIM.

"In 1851 he went to Monticello, in Sullivan county, and, through his litt'ry ability, speech making and sich, he got acquainted with the best men—Judge Bliss and others. He opened an account in the Monticello Bank for a few hundred dollars, and was there every few days depositing or drawing a few dollars. In this way he got quite intimate with the President of the bank, who thought a great deal of him. One day while the cashier, a cautious man, was absent, he said to the President, quite easy like, 'I have just invented and patented a vault lock that crowds over anything out. Take me down and I'll show you how it works.' The President consented, and down they went. They had an argument about the relative merits of the locks and the President showed him how

THE BURGLAR SAVE VAULT LOCK

was worked. Of course that was what Rulloff wanted. When they got back into the office the cashier was there. Having heard from the clerks of the indiscretion of the President the cashier drew him aside and remonstrated with him about it. Seeing them whispering together, Rulloff (then going by the name of Dalton, mind you,) suspected his game was up, walked out of the bank and was never seen in Monticello since. He has in the bank there now some few hundred dollars. So you see what he meant by his science and his inventions. Now, seems to me that his litt'ry rubbish was used by him in business. Mind you, now!" concluded the Sheriff, with a wink.

After thanking the Sheriff for his courtesy and his story I took my leave, not quite satisfied, certainly, but not utterly displeased with the results of my attempt to interview the murderer Rulloff.

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN RULLOFF'S CAREER.

How He Was Hunted Down by Detectives—His Death Warrant.

(From the Binghamton Republican.)

We have been in possession, confidentially, for months, of the facts, for the most part, of the search for evidence in the Mirick murder and of the prisoner, Edward H. Rulloff, indicted for the perpetration of that murder; but upon the proper request of District Attorney Peter W. Hopkins, for the people, no fact of that investigation, which might give the defence a clue to the proposed line of action of the prosecution, reached the public through these columns. Nor has anything appeared in print, until to-day, that contained in a fair sense a history of the case or any part of it; though the New York police have tried to tell what they know of it, which was very little. Hence we make our account ample, as it deserves to be, for what has been done, for those who did it, and for the information of the thousands who will be glad to know something of the private details of a prosecution which is to pass into our criminal records as one of the most complete, best conducted and most successful, in a case of so momentous interest, of any known in purely criminal history.

We should like to state with exactness the names of all those who are entitled to the credit of doing effective public duty, and the part each took; but we are unable to do so fully. The District Attorney had charge of the investigation, and for his nothing industry, his sound discrimination and ability, displayed from first to last, he must have the greater award. Of the other, we should mention Judge Balcolm, who recognized Rulloff; A. C. Matthews, upon whose information and by the aid of whose exertions the best clue to the detection of the murderer was established; the Coroner and the Coroner's jury, the court over which Judge Hogeboom presided, and the jury of that court; Lewis Seymour, who gave his fine legal talents to the prosecution; the Attorney General, whose sensible presentation to the jury aided in the work; Mayor Congdon, who acted with great promptness and public spirit in the beginning and afterward; Sheriff Martin, who has a similar record; Chief of Police Flynn, who participated in the investigations; Recorder Andrews, who also took part, and very many among our citizens and residents elsewhere, more or less prominently connected with the case, we should mention with adequate praise if it were practicable.

There is no reason to rewrite facts of the arrest of Rulloff, the refusal to give the information, the ingenious defence set up by him and other matters, to the end of the inquest. We pass over these and enter at once upon the narrative of what was done.

A TRIP TO ITHACA—THE DROWNED MURDERER JARVIS AND RULLOFF.

At the conclusion of Coroner Worthing's inquest District Attorney Hopkins and Chief of Police Flynn went to Ithaca in response to a letter received by D. D. Grant, of this city, concerning the fact that the friends of Albert Jarvis recognized in the picture of one of the drowned murderers, taken as the two were photographed when their bodies were recovered from the Chenango river, the likeness of Jarvis. This was in the first week after the inquest. They found by application to Sheriff Root, ex-Sheriff Van Kirk and others that the man supposed to be Jarvis was that person, and the spectacles and the watch found on the body were identified there. It was ascertained that Albert Jarvis, as had been ascertained here on rumor, was really a pupil of Rulloff's, and that when Rulloff was liberated from the Ithaca jail Albert went with him. Rulloff had not been heard of, while Jarvis had been occasionally. The relatives of Jarvis are excellent and highly respectable people; and a curious fact was that they had no knowledge of young Jarvis' business, his whereabouts or his course of life. It was also learned there that Albert Jarvis' mother resided at North Adams, Mass., when last heard of; and that one of her daughters had married a man named Otis Wardwell. The people of Ithaca entered with enthusiasm into the search for evidence, on account of their great desire to see Rulloff held upon adequate proofs; and they rendered great service in finally establishing the fact that Rulloff and Jarvis were fast friends. They thoroughly believed that Jarvis' identity proved constituted a very important element of the case. This was the first evidence obtained out of Binghamton. The officers remained in Ithaca two days, and during their stay there they saw Judge Boardman, Mr. Finch and Marcus Lyon (who was, at the time Rulloff made a motion for discharge in Delaware county, the District Attorney of Tompkins), with perhaps a hundred other persons. Through the gentlemen above named the fact was ascertained that the shorthand, or cipher key, found upon Davenport was in Rulloff's hand. Thus both of the drowned members were connected with Rulloff, although the identity of Davenport was not then known.

WHAT WAS LEARNED AT CORTLAND—RULLOFF AT DAVENPORT.

On the return from Ithaca the District Attorney saw D. S. Richards, who had been to Cortland on business, and received from him information that the singular man in the picture was recognized there as being one who had been in the Cortland county jail during the summer of 1869, and that Rulloff came there, as Cortland people said, under the name of James E. Dalton. We may as well mention here that the recognition of Rulloff there occurred through the presence of Judge Balcom, who had assisted to try Rulloff at Owego, and who, seeing him at Cortland, had mentioned the fact that his rear name was Rulloff. The business of Rulloff there, as the public know, was to defend a prisoner in the jail, arrested and indicted for stealing silks, and who was known as Davenport.

The District Attorney and the Chief went at once to Cortland; these statements were found true; and while there the important fact was learned from Mr. H. W. Warren, an eminent lawyer at that place, whom Rulloff had employed to assist in the trial of Davenport, that when Rulloff was there he wore low patent leather shoes, and that the left shoe was crumpled at the toe, as though for a deformed foot. This, in connection with the fact of the shoe found at the store, was indeed a startling coincidence. Sheriff Brown and the Deputy Sheriff of Cortland recognized a bunch of keys taken from Davenport as being the same bunch as was delivered to him when he was discharged from Cortland county jail, the discharge having taken place without trial, evidence enough to sustain the indictment not being found. They also recognized the smaller man in the picture as the one in the jail. A letter was found in the possession of the Sheriff written by Rulloff, under the name of James E. Dalton, stating that his address was in Newark, N. J. In Ithaca, as we have stated, the acquaintance of Jarvis and Rulloff was ascertained; in Cortland the fact of Davenport and Rulloff's acquaintance was in like manner established. It was further learned that while Davenport was in Cortland jail he wrote to some person in Brooklyn by the name of Dexter. With these facts the District Attorney and Chief of Police went to prosecute their inquiries in New Jersey, in Brooklyn, in New York and elsewhere.

IN NEW YORK CITY.

Taking specimens of Rulloff's handwriting, the pictures of the drowned men and the one of Rulloff taken at the jail here (under so much difficulty) and a stereoscopic glass, the District Attorney, Chief of Police and Mayor Congdon, Recorder Andrews went to New York city. Their first act was to secure the services of Captain Hedden, of the Fifteenth precinct, New York, and Detective Riley, of the Fifteenth precinct. These officers were willing to undertake the case, but said that they could do nothing except they had a starting point, and the evidence already secured threw no light, as they thought, that might enable them to prosecute the investigation. So delicate and doubtful the threads of information are, that without probable identity of any one of the three persons—Rulloff, Davenport or Jarvis—with any known to the police, it was impracticable to take a step. A large city is the best possible hiding ground.

THE UNAVAILING SEARCH FOR EVIDENCE.

What was done in this emergency was this:—The gentlemen from this city went with the detective to the various police stations and police courts in New York and to the Tombs, searching all records, making inquiries from criminal lawyers, among whom was Judge Stuart, who knows more scamps than any man in America; visited District Attorney Garvin, &c., without any result, except that the party were thoroughly disgusted with the paucity of the resources and ability of the New York police and the courts to catch an unknown thief or murderer, though every other man they met might have been that thief or murderer.

IN BROOKLYN.

The District Attorney then suggested they should try their luck in Brooklyn. He remembered that he had in some way learned that Rulloff had gone by the name of William Charles B. Thornton, and that his office was at No. 9 Court street, Brooklyn. With the detective they went to that place, and found the office occupied by a lawyer of high standing, named William Charles B. Thornton. The District Attorney, seeing no resemblance to Rulloff, excused himself for making the visit by saying that he thought he had the occupant of that office in jail in Binghamton. Mr. Thornton made a pleasant reply, and the District Attorney, in order to have a tangible cause for his visit, showed to Mr. Thornton a memorandum he had made in Cortland county, in which the name of Dexter appeared.

LIGHT.

Mr. Thornton said he knew a family named Dexter. The District Attorney then asked him to look at the stereoscopic picture of the drowned murderers (which had before been shown to hundreds of persons). Mr. Thornton noticed particularly the picture of the man called Davenport, and though he did not recognize it, yet he said it bore a remote resemblance to William T. Dexter, whom he had known. He at once told the District Attorney that this Dexter was a thief, did nothing but steal for a living, and that he had already served one term in Sing Sing Prison. He had lived at No. 10 Graham street, in the Eastern district of Brooklyn.

The visit at Thornton's thoroughly convinced the District Attorney that he had an available clue as to the identity and character of the Davenport of Cortland county jail.

MORE LIGHT.

A visit was at once made to Graham street. A house was found in which lived a family of Dexters—a mother and two sons, William and John. A Mrs. Brady occupied the upper part of the Dexter house, and from her (neither of the Dexters being at home) the fact was learned that "Billy" Dexter left there about the middle of August last. On further inquiry it appeared that during the summer of 1869 "Billy" had been, according to the woman's recollection, "up the country, in jail."

A FULL BLAZE.

She was then asked to look at the picture of the drowned man through the stereoscope. Upon seeing the smaller picture she said, "That is Billy Dexter; is he dead? If he is he must have been shot, for he was the devil's own boy." Then the District Attorney, feeling that he was in truth "in the midst of things," but with no small degree of anxiety, exhibited a photograph of Rulloff. With the utmost unconcern, not having been informed that so much of importance depended upon her recognition, she quickly and decidedly said that the picture was that of Jim Howard, a lawyer, who collected the rent of her rooms, as agent of Billy Dexter. The District Attorney's memorandum from Cortland contained this specification, that a letter had been forwarded by Davenport to Dexter himself for "Jim." (That fact, corroborative of the woman's recognition, was a very essential link in the new chain of evidence.) But Mrs. Brady could tell nothing about John, the brother of Billy Dexter, except that he worked in New York. The mother of the Dexters had lost her mind and memory. John Dexter, Mrs. Brady said, generally came home on Saturday night (this being Friday). The woman brought into her house several of her neighbors, all of whom unhesitatingly identified the likeness of Davenport-Dexter. The District Attorney, hoping to secure evidence in writing of the identity of Howard and Rulloff, asked Mrs. Brady if she had any receipts for her rent, given to her by Howard. She answered that she had a great many; and by request of the District Attorney she delivered them to him. These were at once recognized by Mr. Hopkins, who knew Rulloff's handwriting. They were signed "Wm. T. Dexter, per E. C. Howard, agent." The facts were deemed so conclusive of the complicity of the Dexters and Rulloff that the party with the detective lost no time in gaining admission to the rooms occupied by the Dexters. This might or might not have been in strict accordance with legal rights; but the purpose of the party was to convict a murderer, and they had no intention of permitting any mere technicality of law to come between them and the fulfilment of the essential object of law and justice. So they went in. They found letters from Rulloff to the drowned Dexter, dated as far back as 1865. It was here demonstrated fully that the Brooklyn Dexter was the Cortland Davenport. The personal relations of Dexter and Jarvis, aside from the fact of acquaintance, that appeared in Cortland, were likewise shown; so that the clue which the New York police desired was not only found, but the case, so far as it affected Dexter, was substantially "worked up." It depended, however, upon so slight a circumstance as the memorandum obtained in Cortland county, which, when it was received, seemed not to have the remotest connection with the case. Hence, the fact of the superscription of a letter written more than a year before that time, and casually remembered, furnished the key which unravelled the mystery.

RULLOFF'S HOUSEKEEPER FOUND.

The next step was to find John Dexter. In order to do that detective Riley was assigned to watch the house, and when Dexter came home to see him. This closed the investigation by the Binghamton party. Previous to return here they called on Captain Hedden and gave into his charge the further examination of the matter in New York and Brooklyn. Riley found Dexter on Saturday night at the house in Graham street, and also found a note from a person named Maggie Graham, who proved to have been once a housekeeper of Rulloff, asking Dexter to come to the house No. 76 Carmine street. Riley went to this place and saw Maggie Graham, who at first insisted that she knew nothing of Rulloff or the Dexters. On being told by Riley she must go to Police Headquarters she admitted she did know Howard, and that she "kept house for him a spell at No. 170 Third avenue."

THE THREE MURDERERS—THEIR LAST HOME IN NEW YORK.

The place in Third avenue was visited by Riley, who unlocked the front door with a key taken from Rulloff when arrested in Binghamton. This accomplished, he shut the door and rang the bell, which brought the inmates. He then presented another key to the landlady, and asked if they had any door about the house that that key would unlock. On being told they had, Riley was invited to the second story, and with this key he unlocked a room that had been locked since the 15th day of August, when its occupants disappeared. He inquired who were the tenants of the room, and was told that it had been occupied by two men, one named E. Leurio, and the other Charles Curtis. He showed the people—whose name was Jakobs—the photograph of the drowned men, and they recognized the larger man at once as Charles Curtis. A photograph of Rulloff was shown them, and they recognized that as of Leurio. Here was Rulloff fully identified as Leurio and Jarvis as Curtis, while their personal relations, as those of Dexter and Rulloff, were likewise shown. It also appeared, from the statements of the Jakobs, that the two men left their rooms between one and two days before the burglary and murder occurred in this city. Dexter had been at the house of the Jakobs as the associate of Leurio and Curtis (Rulloff and Jarvis), and was known to the Jakobs, from his manners, by the nickname of "Curtis' tool," by which they meant his waiter or servant.

SEIZURE BY THE POLICE.

While the District Attorney was in Binghamton attending county court, for which purpose he had come from New York, on the occasion of his first visit, that we have described, he received a telegram from Captain Hedden saying they had found the house where the burglar-murderers lived, and requesting that he should come at once to the city. The District Attorney returned for answer that he could not spare the time then, but that the police should hold the rooms of the burglars, and all that was in them, "at all hazards." This, we suppose, was a military-legal reference, and meant never surrender. The police took possession of the room, &c. Its contents consisted, as careful readers of the *Republican* know, of many letters, scraps of papers, particularly of the *Times*, three manuscript books, being Rulloff's philological work, and a large quantity of burglar's tools. These were collected, brought to Binghamton and delivered to the chief of Police here.

ANOTHER TRIP TO NEW YORK—THE MESH OF THE MURDERERS.

The District Attorney and Chief of Police again returned to the city of New York, taking with them the satchel and contents that had been found near the city a few days after the murder, and also all the articles left by the burglars in Halbert's store. These were in a very remarkable manner directly connected with all three of the murderers. One pair of shoes, the Oxford ties, was identified by the Jakobs family as belonging to Rulloff. They knew these shoes by their peculiar shape. A cap found in the store the Jakobs remembered as one that had been worn by Jarvis, and the hat as worn by Dexter on his visit to their house. The contents of the satchel were recognized as belonging to either Rulloff or Jarvis. [It happened that the drawers found in the satchel, containing the mark No. 3 J. A. and three letters addressed to Jane A. Jarvis, were identified here as having been marked or written by the same hand—this link of evidence appearing before anything was known of Jarvis' connection with Rulloff.] The second pair of shoes found at the store was taken to the Dexter house, in Williamsburg, and identified as the shoes of William T. Dexter. Hence, not only were the three men connected by the articles found in the store, but the proof was placed beyond doubt by the contents of the satchel.

The evidence of each person in New York subsequently subpœnaed as a witness, was carefully examined and noted, so that their testimony here might be known beforehand.

A CURIOUS PAPER.

Among the incidents connected with the search for Rulloff's antecedents, which might be used as evidence against him, was the discovery of a paper, written in a curious system of shorthand writing, corresponding to the characters of the "cipher-key," so-called, to which reference has been made. The paper came to the hand of Mr. Wykoff, the shorthand writer for the courts here, while he was at Owego, we believe. The paper was addressed, "Ladies and Gentlemen," in ordinary writing, and there were at intervals through it a few words in the common style, evidently the beginning of sentences, or words the writer designed should catch his eye readily, in reading. The paper had been in the possession of an old man who knew little or nothing of it. Mr. Wykoff gave it to the District Attorney. Mr. Osgoodby, also a reporter, who was in attendance at the next term of court here, was shown the manuscript and the key, and was asked to decipher the writing if he could. He made examination of many systems of shorthand and found none corresponding with Rulloff's; whence he came to the conclusion that the system was an invention of Rulloff. We have examined the old manuscript, and find that its chief merit is that the elements of words are simple geometrical signs, the basis of all shorthand writing; but that the junctions are less artistic than those of phonography or stenography, while in application of signs to words, the system is mainly valuable as a cypher; though we presume when it was invented the writer of it meant to improve on the systems of shorthand then in use. This was before the days of Pitman, Andrews, Graham and Munson, whose combined system has no rival in the world.

For curiosity we copy a few sentences from this paper, which is on the subject of phrenology, and embodies a lecture delivered in Dryden, we believe soon after his appearance there, astonishing the people with his mysterious learning, written as some of them thought, in cabalistic forms, which learning, we may infer, was an attraction to the mind of Harriet Schutt, his pupil, that his faults never overbore. The speculative drift of Rulloff's character is apparent in the paper:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I presume the object of my appearing before you this evening has been in some measure communicated to you; and I must say I am pleased to witness your numbers, so encouraging a testimonial of interest in a science which seems to me in an especial manner calculated to convey practical moral instruction to the mind of man, and whose principles, when once they become generally known and admitted, must exercise a powerful influence upon society at large, and prove irresistible agents in eradicating many evils of our present social system and political institutions, and in affecting that temporal regeneration of our race, which is anticipated by all classes of good and intelligent men, whether unbelievers or Christians, whether the advocates of reason or of revelation, whether those who believe man is perfectible here on earth, or those who look for perfection only in the world to come. But while the number of you who honor me with your attendance this evening gives undoubted evidence of a curiosity to know what can be said on such a subject, it by no means assures me that there are not here, as well as elsewhere, a great many who fairly ridicule the pretences of this humpology science, who are far from giving the slighest credence to anything, and——of Phrenology, or who at the farthest are——only——to consider it as a sort of get-up that may answer very well for social pastime, and which, by the help of shrewd guesses and prying squints at the countenance of an individual, may——and——lead to the detecting of particular traits in his character, which, after all, they consider more determined by the crook of the person's nose, by the curve of his limbs or the length of his ears, than by any ostensible peculiarities and the simple configuration of his brain.

THE TRIAL.

We know from thorough acquaintance with the case that the facts were gained after an amount of painstaking labor that can scarcely be conceived of, and so connected and interwoven that there could be no failure of any essential proof; while there was at the same time no evidence which it would be possible to exclude that might not be replaced by other evidence establishing the same or similar points.

The public was not prepared to see so much completeness, so absolute a certainty, if Rulloff's crimes pass upon record as among the most daring and successful known to the people of this country, we may fairly claim that the measures taken for his conviction and punishment were skilful and able beyond question, and that they reflect lasting credit upon the persons through whose instrumentality the result was accomplished.

RULLOFF'S DEATH WARRANT.

We close our account of the case, remarkable alike in its beginning, its progress and its inevitable ending, with the death warrant of Rulloff, which warrant has a less dramatic interest, it is true, than legal and personal interest, yet it is none the less significant:—

The People of the State of New York to the Sheriff of the County of Broome, Greeting:—

Whereas at a Court of Oyer and Terminer, held at the Court House, in the city of Binghamton, in said county, on the 11th day of January, A. D. 1871, by and before Hon. Henry Hogeboom, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of said State, presiding in the place and stead of William B. Edwards, County Judge of said county of Broome, and Addison Miller and Ruff Finch, Justices of Sessions of said county, Edward H. Rulloff was convicted of murder in the first degree for having murdered Frederick A. Mirick on the 17th day of August, A. D. 1869, and was thereupon, on the 12th day of January, 1871, sentenced by said Court of Oyer and Terminer to be hanged by the neck on Friday, the 3d day of March next, between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and two o'clock in the afternoon, until he shall be dead.

Now, we do by this warrant, pursuant to the statute in such cases made and provided, require and appoint that you cause the said sentence to be executed on the day and between the hours therein mentioned, and at the place and in the manner prescribed by law.

Given under our hands and seals this 12th day of January, A. D. 1871.

HENRY HOGEBOOM,
Justice of the Supreme Court.
WILLIAM B. EDWARDS,
County Judge of the county of Broome.
ADDISON MILLER,
RUFF FINCH,
Justices of Sessions.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE ENDORSED BY A GRAND JURY.

The Grand Jury of Los Angelos, California, on the 14th inst., presented sixteen indictments, two for murder, two for manslaughter and four for grand larceny. Their report regarding the late action of the Vigilance Committee says:—The Grand Jury concur in the opinion that had the laws been faithfully executed, and had criminals been punished by the courts in a thorough and rigorous manner, the disgraceful scenes enacted in Los Angelos county would never have taken place. Criminals of the deepest dye have, upon flimsy bail, paraded our streets; criminals deserving punishment by death are punished, if at all, by short terms in the State Prison, with a good chance for reprieval in a few months; crimes deserving of long terms in the State Prison are punished here by insignificant fines of five dollars. These long forbearing and law-abiding people were exasperated and unlawfully took the law in their own hands.

REMARKABLE SURGICAL OPERATION.

A Man's Feet Both Amputated at Once.

(From the Nashville Banner, Jan. 19.)

On Tuesday last we gave a short sketch of an old man named James Tatum, who served seven terms in the penitentiary of Tennessee, making altogether twenty-seven years. He was let out about the 25th of last December, but had hardly been a free man for a week before he robbed a store in Manchester, Tenn., and fled to the mountains. After he had lain out in the bitter cold for three days and nights he was discovered lying under a tree by a party of fox hunters, and was so benumbed by the cold that he could scarcely move. He was taken into Manchester, after being properly revived. It was found that his feet had been frozen so badly that he could not use them. He was nevertheless tried and sentenced to serve a term of two years. He arrived in Nashville on Monday in charge of the Sheriff of Coffee county. It was found that the old man's feet were so frozen that mortification had set in, and amputation was absolutely necessary. The operation was performed yesterday by Drs. Eve and Briggs, each amputating a foot at the same time. This mode of procedure had been determined upon in order, if possible, to reduce the shock which would result were the feet amputated separately. The old man is about seventy-six years of age, so there is some doubt as to his final recovery. This unusual operation was witnessed by a large number of the medical class of the University of Nashville.

A WOMAN KILLED BY HER LOVER IN BALTIMORE—SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.—Since the killing of her four children by Mrs. Marsh there has not been enacted a more terrible tragedy in Baltimore than that which took place about half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning, at the dwelling No. 85 South Caroline street. At about ten o'clock the dead bodies of Mrs. Mary Ann Anderson and a seaman named Peter Nasborg were found lying in the kitchen of the dwelling—both of them having been shot in the right temple, and it is supposed causing instant death. The news of the dreadful affair spread rapidly throughout the neighborhood and hundreds of persons flocked to the scene of the tragedy, anxious to learn the particulars. The floor of the room in which the bodies were found was covered with blood, clotted in streams and in pools, presenting a horrible scene. The body of Mrs. Anderson was found lying on the back, with the head toward the wall, while the body of Nasborg was discovered in the same position, with the head propped upon the stairs. The left hand of the murderer and suicide (as Nasborg is presumed to be) was laid closely to his side, while in his right hand he grasped a revolver, two of the barrels of which had been discharged. The first discovery of the tragedy was made by Mrs. Mary Kidd, who boarded in the house of Mrs. Anderson. She states that upon coming down stairs she first saw the body of Nasborg, and immediately ran up stairs and informed a young son of Mrs. Anderson. They then discovered that a double murder had been committed by finding the dead body of Mrs. Anderson in the position stated above. From information received, it appears that Nasborg, who was a seaman by occupation, and who was about thirty-five years, has for some time past boarded in the house of Mrs. Anderson, a widow about forty-five years of age. She had two children—one a girl aged eleven years, at school in New York, and the other, a son, seventeen years old, living at home with his mother. It is stated that Nasborg has frequently asked Mrs. Anderson to become his wife but she refused to do so, when in a state of [illegible] he perpetrated the fearful crime narrated above. *Baltimore Gazette, Jan. 21.*

THE NATHAN MURDER.

George Jones the Basest Man in New York.

The Jones-Hughes-Nathan Murder Fizzle.

The Court of General Sessions was crowded yesterday, the readers of the interesting proceedings that take place every day here remembering that Judge Bedford directed one George Jones to appear before him and make good his charge against a prisoner named Hughes, as being the murderer of Benjamin Nathan.

At the opening of the court District Attorney Garvin rose and said that he was ready for the trial of James Hughes, charged with larceny.

George Jones, of no where in particular, said:—In obedience to the commission of the Court that I should be here this day upon this matter, and that all the incidents attached to it should remain precisely as they were until to-day, I am here to fulfil my duty as counsel, and I am also here to unfold to the Court, if required, the original affidavit as accusation against this man being the murderer of Benjamin Nathan.

SNUB NO. 1—JONES SET ASIDE.

District Attorney Garvin—I suggest, your Honor, that if there is any such thing as that to be done that this Court does not sit to hear preliminary examinations nor original offences in regard to offences. The Grand Jury are in session and are prepared to hear anything that is to be said on that subject.

SNUB NO. 2—JONES REPUDIATED.

Judge Bedford to Hughes (the prisoner)—Do you desire me to assign you counsel, or are you satisfied with your present counsel?

Hughes (the prisoner)—I do not want to have anything to do with this man (Jones). I repudiate him altogether. His own action shows that he had no faith in the story that he told here; for if he had, why did he take money from me to defend me on the charge of larceny?

SNUB NO. 3—JONES CAUTIONED TO BE CAREFUL.

Judge Bedford said:—I would say to you (addressing Jones "of the Supreme Court"), that on Tuesday last, upon the arraignment of James Hughes, you pleaded not guilty in his behalf to the charge of larceny, at the same time you boldly asserted that he was the murderer of Mr. Nathan.

George Jones (interrupting)—That he was the accused murderer.

Judge Bedford, resuming—You asked for one week and said that at the expiration of that time you would offer convincing proof to establish your assertion.

George Jones, again interrupting—That he was accused.

Judge Bedford—I am one of those who believe that the authorities in the investigation of this matter should not leave a single stone unturned, but that every effort should be put forth to arrest the murderer. On that ground alone I saw fit to grant your request. You now tell me that you have the necessary proof, and, with the concurrence of the District Attorney, I now direct you to go before the Grand Jury and under oath offer that testimony; and then, after the Grand Jury shall have taken official action in the matter, it will become a just and discriminating public to render the proper and fitting verdict as regards your position in this case.

JONES GETTING WEAK-KNEED.

George Jones—I am very happy to hear that from Judge Bedford. I hold here the original accusation on oath (flourishing a paper in a theatrical style). I am willing now to go before the Grand Jury.

Judge Bedford to Hughes—I assign Messrs. Roche and McClelland to defend you.

George Jones—I have no more responsibility as his counsel?

Judge Bedford—Unquestionably not as regards the larceny charge.

Thus ended the colloquy between the Court and George Jones of the Supreme Court. If any proof were needed to show that this wild, harem-scarem fellow, who has succeeded in keeping his name before the public for the last few years, is a sham, it has only to be mentioned that instead of at once proceeding to the Grand Jury room, there to redeem his word, he retained his seat at the bar during a lengthy argument between Mr. Howe and Assistant District Attorney Fellows upon a demurrer to an indictment against the Kit Burns crowd for being present at a dog fight. Mr. Howe made one or two good "points" in the course of his speech at the expense of the "learned counsel" at his elbow. While speaking of a certain "count" in the indictment being bad Mr. Fellows facetiously interrupted him by inquiring, "Which count?"

Mr. Howe quickly replied—On, a fellow of no "count at all."

This double pun was the signal for a general laugh in court.

Judge Bedford said, after coming to himself, he would decide the motion in reference to the dog fighting case on Friday.

THE CASE OF DR. WOLFF.

Dr. Wolff, the Alleged Abortionist, on