

GRAVE NO. 1,116.

Where Thomas W. Wood is Buried in Potter's Field. Movable Ending of an Old Soldier After Thirty-five Years' Service—Death Preferred to Dependency.

San Francisco Call, Feb. 11. "What is the number of Thomas W. Wood's grave?"

"Yesterday." The superintendent of the Potter's Field—burial place of unclaimed and indigent dead—took down a common bill file, and soon turned to a "permit to enter" bearing the name "Thomas W. Wood."

"Number 1,116," the superintendent said. The number was marked in pencil on the top margin of the permit. On the bottom margin was the single word "Morgue."

"What did the unusual length of time between the death and the burial mean? This: That Thomas W. Wood had served in the army and navy for thirty-five years, and the officers of the morgue thought some other than a pauper's burial was due him. They had kept his body, therefore, as long as possible. Their efforts to find some society willing to give the body a Christian burial were unavailing.

To be sure, he had only been a private in the army and a marine in the navy. Yet from 1847, when he was but twenty-two years old, until only a few weeks ago, worn out, and fifty-seven years old, he had served faithfully.

"Will you direct me to his grave?" the reporter asked.

"Certainly," the superintendent replied. "Come this way."

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

The path led through a field in which a few sturdy sage-brushes were beginning a war on the prevailing sand dunes. On the opposite side of a broken-down fence stood a black dead-wagon and a mournful looking, dirty white horse. Beyond the dead-wagon a man stood in a pit up to his waist, digging a grave in the soft, fine sand. He threw the sand into a half filled grave, separated a foot from the one he was digging. The half filled grave was marked by a plank, painted a rusty white, and numbered in black figures, "1,116." Another next beyond was "1,117."

"That's Wood's," the superintendent said, pointing to the third grave from the digger.

He pointed to a rusty white plank almost buried in the drifting sands, marked "1,116." There was no mound, no grass, no fence or flowers. There was a drifting waste of white sand, studded with four thousand one hundred and eighteen rusty-white and weather-beaten planks.

"Have you put in this morning's two?" the superintendent asked of the half-buried grave-digger.

"Yes sir," the man said, nodding his head toward the two planks sticking out of the sand between him and number "1,116." Then he bent over his work and threw more sand from the half-made grave into the half-filled grave, marked with a plank No. "1,118."

"The two brought out this morning have been buried," the superintendent said to the reporter.

"Why is he digging another grave, then?"

"Oh, it saves work. A grave has to be filled up, and it may as well be filled with the sand from the next grave number."

"But the drifting sand may fill this before it is used."

"It won't have time. We average forty a month. That's more than one a day. Two today."

WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

"Where do they come from?" "From the Morgue, mostly. Some come from the City Hospital, some from the Poor House, and some from the Foundling Asylum."

very good." On December 21, 1870, he first enlisted in the marine corps of the navy, at the Navy Yard in Washington, D. C. His last two honorable discharges from the marine are countersigned, "Character excellent." All of the certificates state that the honorable discharges are granted for expiration of term, except the last, dated Mars Island, November 27, 1891, which states that the discharge is granted upon report of "Board of Medical Survey."

After thirty-five years of continuous service, the poor old hulk, worn and battered by campaigns and cruises, by battle and action and time; the poor old hulk, condemned after over a third of a century of service, is supplied with a parliament certificate of good character, and sent adrift, and old hulk, indeed, is better off if he had been, for the craziest old worthless hulk in the navy, after years of service, is laid up in ordinary, and kept, if not in decent repairs, at least from going to pieces.

The Board of Medical Survey condemned him as too much worn for effective service, and knowing no way, at his time of life, to earn a living, having given his youth and middle-age to his country, he drifted to this city, without occupation, home or friends. He had in the world \$125 and the red-tape certificate of the Board of Medical Survey, that, having been worn out in thirty-five years' honorable service for his country, the honorable Board had cut him adrift.

At the Morgue, the hotel man, with whom Wood had deposited all his money, told the rest of the story. It is simple. Wood was penniless; drew only such money as was necessary for a bare cheap living, and when his money was all gone and no more to come, the old man, rather than find himself a penny in debt, or ask for a penny he did not earn, poisoned himself.

In his pockets were his bundles of honorable discharges, nicely tied with red tape, and a number of affectionate letters from a married daughter living near the old home, back in old Virginia. The Coroner's deputies, accustomed as they are to stories of hopeful or faithful lives, miserably ended, saw something in this which appealed to fraternal sympathy, and to the fraternities of veterans of various titles. To the navy and army departments they appealed while the body remained at the morgue, but in vain.

The burial could be delayed no longer. The dead wagon carried away the old private's body, and the burial, according to stipulations, took place at a cost of \$250 to the city and county of San Francisco.

The dead wagon drove over the field where the sage brush battles with the sand, to the sand beyond the tumble-down fence. The contract box, with the old soldier's body, was dumped into grave 1,116, and the sand from graves 1,117 and 1,118 was shoveled over the box, with no one by even to say the poor words, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes!"

The Superintendent filed away the permit to inter, which alone shows that Thomas W. Wood, thirty-five years a soldier and marine, lies beneath the white sand in grave 1,116.

A DUKE'S SON,

Who Proved to be an Adventurer of Extraordinary Skill.

At the Birmingham, England, Police Court on the 8th inst., a remarkable case of conspiracy involving charges of forging the signatures of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, several noblemen and the Lord Chief Justice, was heard before the Stipendiary Magistrate. Detective Price, of Birmingham, brought from Liverpool Mary Jane Furneaux, who had been arrested by the Liverpool police on charges of conspiracy and obtaining by fraud upwards of £5,000 by representing that she was Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton, who died, or, as she said, was supposed to have died soon after a warrant was issued for his arrest some years ago. The case was reported by the London Daily News. The charges at present are for conspiring with James Gething, a Birmingham engineer, and obtaining by fraud £2,000 from Edward Benyon, of Selly Oak, near Birmingham, and for obtaining in the same way £3,000 from Mr. Screen, the Brades, Oldbury; but there are several other charges to be brought forward. The male prisoner, who alleges that he is the dupe of the female prisoner, and that she has ruined him and nearly all his relatives, was brought before the magistrates in the morning and remanded pending the arrival of the woman, when they will be charged together. The woman, who is the niece of a most distinguished provincial physician, took lodgings at the house of Mrs. Drew, of Aston, Birmingham, about seven years since, and after staying a short time, stated as "a secret which must not be divulged," that she was Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton, who had only feigned to have died, and for whom a warrant was out, but for whose pardon and restore value estates which the Crown had confiscated. She graphically described how, as she alleged, the coffin of Lord Arthur Clinton was filled with stones and buried, while the lawyers and doctors were bribed not to inform that the "corpse" had walked away. Mrs. Drew, believing in promises that she would be handsomely repaid, did not trouble about her rent, but, on the contrary, willingly advanced money from time to time to the young "robberman," and besides this introduced "His Lordship" to several of her relations, who were eagerly anxious to lend money on the same favorable terms. Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Drew and her sister, Mrs. Ward, state that they introduced the woman to the male prisoner, who is their brother, and that he introduced her to Mr. Benyon, from whom she obtained £2,000, and to Mr. Screen, from whom she obtained £3,000 by various instalments, and £20 to £1,000, giving as "security" what purported to be valuable deeds and letters from Lord Coleridge, whom she represented as her trustee. During the time that she was borrowing the money, she frequently, or nearly all ways, dressed as a man "in the height of fashion," with gaiters, lavender kid gloves and walking-stick. In this costume she gained the attention of two young ladies, one of whom became so young ladies, one of whom became so deranged on discovering the fraud that she had to be placed in an asylum, where she is still confined. When arrested the woman was living with her mother at No. 4 Grosvenor street, Liverpool, and dressed in feminine attire. She is of very slender build, and of extremely masculine appearance. During the journey she several times complained of

illness, and wanted the detective to alight, but no notice was taken of the request, which was believed to be only a ruse to attempt to escape. When in the dock she might easily have been mistaken for a man, wearing as she did a Newmarket overcoat, and her hair being cut quite short. There is no doubt but that the woman has been assisted by some clever persons in her remarkable frauds. Some of the dupes have, at the woman's request, posted at different post-offices letters to Lord Coleridge, and letters purporting to come from His Lordship have been received in reply. In the same way have letters been sent to Her Majesty the Queen and various other illustrious persons. Some of the letters signed J. C. Coleridge thank the dupes for being kind to Lord A. P. Clinton, and state "they need have no fear of advancing the amount." On one occasion, after having been, as she said, on a visit to Her Majesty at Balmoral, the woman brought to Birmingham a poodle which she said was Prince Leopold's dog, and that it had been lent to her by His Royal Highness. She said that she was about to revisit Balmoral and asked Mr. Benyon to accompany her. The offer was accepted rather unexpectedly, the woman not thinking Mr. Benyon could spare the time. The woman and Mr. Benyon, however, started for Balmoral, and when in sight of the Castle the former pretended to be very faint and ill, and they returned, Mr. Benyon not, however, for a moment suspecting that he was being in the slightest degree deceived.

The male prisoner states that he has been thoroughly swindled by the woman, whom he said up to last week he thought to be Lord Arthur Clinton, and who by fraud has obtained all his money. He began, he says, by being bound to her by several loans, all of which he has had to pay. He has in his possession what purports to be a security from Lord Coleridge for £1,000. Three years since he wrote to Lord Coleridge reminding him of the "bond" and asking him for help, but he received a reply stating that His Lordship would put the matter into the hands of the police if he wrote again. He was not, he says, shaken in his confidence of the woman by this letter, and took the same to Mr. Benyon, who replied: "Don't write again to Lord Coleridge, or we shall none of us have a penny." Mr. Benyon at about the same time received a fictitious letter, purporting to come from Lord Coleridge, which "so satisfied him that the adventures were really Lord A. P. Clinton that since that occasion to this week he has never had any doubt upon the matter." The male prisoner adds that last week, being ill and having lost all of his money by lending it to "Lord A. P. Clinton," he wrote again to Lord Coleridge, reminding him of the previous letter and the bond he held of his £1,000. Lord Coleridge replied, stating, "I have placed your letters in the hands of the Birmingham police," and the result was the arrest of the man. So cleverly did the female prisoner act that there is one man in Birmingham—a well-known builder—who even now refuses to believe that she is other than Lord A. P. Clinton, and he believes that he has in his possession most valuable securities which he received from the woman. A letter from a relation of the woman was received in Birmingham shortly after her arrest setting forth that she was certainly the nobleman she professed to be. On several occasions she took her dupes to London and Liverpool, and is described as most lavish in the expenditure of money, taking a cab to go even a few yards or across the street. The Prince of Wales she stated to be her most intimate friend, and in the two thousand and more letters and documents in the possession of the police the name of His Royal Highness is of frequent occurrence. A strange feature in the case is that when unable to obtain further loans the woman took a situation of governess at Casemere Farm, Preston, Bassett, near Birmingham, but was given notice to leave under the belief that she was a man. She afterward took a situation as attendant at Prestwick Asylum, Manchester, but did not remain long. Her latest freak was to write to some of her dupes in Birmingham, stating that she had married a young lady in Liverpool. The reason she first gave for going to Liverpool was that it was at the request of some Cabinet Ministers, who did not wish her to be in London or Birmingham while they were preparing Her Majesty's pardon and the restoration of the confiscated estates.

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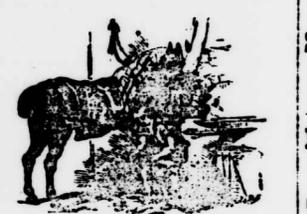
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