

AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure. To fast the door so firm the lock; But lo! he toiling came to lure My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand The sweetness of my baby's plea, That timorous, baby knocking, and, "Please let me in; it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book, Regardless of its tempting charms, And opening wide the door I said, My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity Like a traitor child, shall wait— The glories of a life to be, Beyond the heavenly Father's gate!

And will that heavenly Father heed The traitor's supplicating cry, As at the counter door I plead, "This, O Father, 'tis I!"

—ERGENE FIELD.

EXCHEQUER FORGERY.

A STRANGE STORY.

H. W. CHEMUN, IN TEMPLE BAR.

For several days there had been rumors in the city that something was wrong about Exchequer Bills. Two brokers, Mr. W. Morgan and Mr. F. de Berckhem, were trying to get loans to a large amount on Exchequer Bills, and offering a high rate of interest. Neither of these brokers was in much repute.

There was a stockjobber of the name of David Haas, with whom I subsequently became well acquainted, as we were both members of the Social Whist Club. From him I learned the following particulars:

Haas was talking to a friend, another stockjobber, as they were standing near the bank. De Berckhem passed and spoke to his friend. Haas said: "Do you know that fellow?" "Yes," said the other, "he came to me this morning and wanted to borrow on exchequer bills, offering me 6 per cent, and on my demurring, he added that he was not particular about another one-half per cent, but I refused, as I depend upon it, there's something smoky here. I had a transaction with him last year, and I determined then to have nothing more to do with him."

Haas then went to his counting-house and examined his books, and took a note of the date and numbers of some £1,000 Exchequer Bills on which he had advanced money to De Berckhem. He next called on Matthew Marshall, the chief cashier of the Bank of England, to consult him about the matter. When Marshall heard the numbers of the bills, he said: "You could not have held those bills, for we had them at the bank at that very time." But Haas was quite certain that he had noted correctly the numbers and date, and his suspicions were confirmed.

Haas's next step was to go to Downing street and see Mr. Goulburn, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom he related the circumstances, and expressed his suspicion of there being something wrong. Mr. Goulburn listened to him, but said he could hardly imagine anything wrong about Exchequer bills, and after a little conversation, he pulled out his watch and said: "Can you wait here for a short time; I have an appointment with Sir Robert Peel" (the Prime Minister), "but I will soon be back." Haas waited, and when Mr. Goulburn came back he thanked him for his information, took a note of the details, and asked for Haas's address.

At the club that evening Haas mentioned that he had been with Mr. Goulburn, and one of his friends asked: "At what hour?" "At 3 o'clock," he replied. His friend exclaimed: "Impossible! It is past 3 o'clock. Whitehall as the Horse Guards' clock struck 8, and I overtook Mr. Goulburn walking with Sir Robert Peel, and I heard him say: 'I tell you I never met with a man so positive in all my life.'" No doubt Mr. Goulburn had been to report the matter to Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Goulburn immediately took steps for investigating the affair. He ascertained from his own bankers that he had advanced money on Exchequer bills to Morgan, and these bills they placed at Mr. Goulburn's disposal. He sent his private secretary to call and with these bills, and Matthew Marshall found that duplicates of them were then held by the bank. Both sets of bills were handed over to Mr. Maule, the treasury solicitor, that he might trace out the matter.

On the morning of the 11th Mr. Maule came to the Exchequer Office and asked Beaumont Smith to explain how there could be duplicate bills. All this time there was no suspicion of forgery. The test of the genuineness of an Exchequer bill, apart from the peculiar paper, printing, color, and seal, was its comparison with the counterfoils. The book of counterfoils was produced, and the bills from the bank fitted accurately, and the counterfoils, while those from the private bankers did not fit at all. First, Beaumont Smith said there must be some mistake in the numbers, which at that time were in writing, and in Beaumont Smith's own handwriting (our guest on being that the junior clerk, Blake, numbered the counterfoils—the bills for £1,000 each, and £100 were numbered by me, while Beaumont Smith, numbered the £1,000 bills himself; then he tried to make the bills fit the counterfoils of nearly corresponding numbers, but in vain. At length he turned to Maule and said: "It is no use trying any more. It's all my doing." "Good God," exclaimed Maule, "what do you mean?"

Beaumont Smith then told him that he had taken surplus printed copies of £1,000 bills and filled them up with number and date, sealed them and signed "Montague," and that he had circulated them through an Italian Jew named Rappallo, clerk to a Jew stockbroker of the name of Solari. Upon this Maule said he had only one course to pursue, and called in a policeman, who took Smith into custody. He was taken to the Bow street and examined before the magistrate, who remanded him after hearing Maule's evidence.

The matter now became public, and as it was known that a large amount of exchequer bills had been deposited as security for loans, the alarm was very general. After consultation with Goulburn, the Controller-General issued a notice calling in all outstanding bills for examination, "those agreeing with the counterfoils to be declared genuine, and those not agreeing to be detained, and to be dealt with as might hereafter be determined."

On my arrival at the office I found the examination of bills in full progress, and a number of persons waiting to have their accounts examined. The total number of bills dated in March and June 1841, exceeded 50,000, and their amount was more than £30,000,000. The books of counterfoils were divided into six parcels and entrusted to six sets of two clerks each, who jointly compared the bills. I took the direction of this work, and the counterfoils of £1,000 duplicate bills were among those compared by myself and Edward Welch.

Beaumont Smith stated the fraudulent bills would be found to be all £1,000 bills of the highest numbers, as he knew that such bills were always held by the Bank of England, and never came into the public market; the result proved this to be the truth. Bills to an amount exceeding £400,000 had been forged by him, and these bills nearly £300,000 had been actually advanced by different persons.

The fraudulent bills all bore the signature "Montague" apparently in the handwriting of the Assistant Controller, Mr. Dudley Perceval, who had taken Mr. Eden's place for twelve months, with the sanction of the treasury. Mr. Eden having gone abroad for the sake of his health. The signature was a very good imitation of Mr. Perceval's writing. One person who brought in a bill for examination went straight into the room of Mr. Bully, the chief clerk, when Mr. Perceval happened to be there. Mr. Perceval was rather an impetuous nature; he took up the bill and most incautiously said, "Oh! I'll swear that's my handwriting." The bill was handed to me for examination, accompanied by a printed notice of particulars signed by the holder. It did not fit the counterfoils, and as by that time I had seen a large number of the forged bills, I perceived at once that the signature was Beaumont Smith's, and not Mr. Perceval's. The holder was taken to the bill being detained after Mr. Perceval's own admission of the signature being his. But it turned out that this person had advanced money upon bills to have them dealt with fraudulent bills, and this was one of them.

The examination of Exchequer bills took about a month, during which time we were obliged to be at the office every day from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. The whole staff was engaged at this work, together with Mr. Arthur Helps, who had been Lord Montague's private secretary, and Mr. Sampson from the Bank of England.

After his arrest I saw Beaumont Smith on

three occasions. On two of these I accompanied Mr. Perceval to Bow street during Smith's examinations, when upon Mr. Perceval's evidence he was committed for trial. My evidence was not then called for, but Mr. Perceval talked so carelessly during his examination that Mr. Maule told me they intended to put a few questions as possible to give full evidence of all the facts necessary to be proved.

In consequence of Beaumont Smith's confession Ernest Rappallo was taken into custody and committed for trial as an accomplice in the forgery. Solari, his master, had died in 1840, and Rappallo carried on the business for the widow. Madame Solari was a clever woman, well known in theatrical circles. When the rumors began to spread about the bills circulated by the two brokers (none having up to that time been actually sold, but merely deposited as security for loans raised upon them), Madame Solari took twenty of them (for £1,000 each) to a broker for sale, and got clear off to St. Petersburg with the proceeds. There was some question as to the complicity of the two brokers in the fraud; but as they came forward at once and offered to give all the information in their power, and to produce their books, their evidence against Smith and Rappallo was allowed.

On the day before the trial all the witnesses, including myself, were in attendance at the London Coffee House adjoining the Sessions House, Newgate, in case of our evidence being required, but without it a grand jury found a true bill against the prisoners.

On the 14th day of the trial—November 4th—we were all in court, where we expected to be kept all day, for Wilde was engaged as counsel for Beaumont Smith, a fee of £300 having been paid to retain him. But to my great relief Maule came and told me that it had been decided to admit Rappallo as a witness, and in consequence Smith had determined to plead guilty. When asked if he had anything to say against sentence being pronounced, Smith read a long paper, admitting his guilt and stating his compunction. He was sentenced to transportation for life, and several years received a pardon, on condition of not returning to England. It was nearly forty years afterward that I heard of his death in Van Diemen's Land at an advanced age.

After his conviction Beaumont Smith drew up a statement detailing all the circumstances of the forgery, and he sent it as a confidential paper to Lord Montague. It was kept very private, but Mrs. Smith had a copy of it which she allowed me to read, and from it I give the following particulars:

E. B. Smith was a highly connected man, as I have before mentioned. In his youth he was often in pecuniary entanglements, and his associates, young men like himself, were often in the same predicament. They used to depend on each other. After his first marriage Smith led a very different life, but he never got quite beforehand in money matters, or quite free from his old companions. It was just before the changes in the exchequer in 1834 that he accepted a bill for £100 drawn by a cousin of mine in the War Office. That bill got into the hands of Rappallo. When due it could not be met, and was renewed for a larger sum at heavy interest. In about two years Smith's debts and liabilities had increased to nearly £2,000, and he saw no prospect of meeting them. He had borrowed one sum of £400 from a money-lender on a bond at 20 per cent, thus having to pay £80 a year to this man alone. During this period Rappallo was continually coming to visit him at the office. I always disliked the looks of the fellow, but I believed that his business was connected with Sir Sidney Smith's affairs, which his nephew was arranging.

Rappallo saw heaps of exchequer bills lying in our two rooms, and his sharp eye soon detected that they were already signed and sealed, as was the custom when the bills issued the office early in 1834; indeed, the bills only required that either of us should write in the date to make them complete for issue and negotiable instruments. Accordingly Rappallo pointed out to Smith that it would be easy to raise money on such bills by mere depositing them at a banker's. He could then use the money in profitable speculations, the loans could be paid off and the bills destroyed without anybody being a bit the wiser, and so they could both make their fortune by depositing the bills at a banker's. He could then use the money in profitable speculations, the loans could be paid off and the bills destroyed without anybody being a bit the wiser, and so they could both make their fortune by depositing the bills at a banker's.

By continuing this system larger amounts were obtained from time to time from different quarters, the forged bill being always redeemed and destroyed before the time of presentation of bills of a similar date. Meanwhile interest had to be paid on the loans, and the speculations did not always succeed. In four years the amount of forged bills had risen to upwards of £100,000.

When Solari died in 1840 but little remained of the money thus raised. It became also more and more difficult to find capitalists willing to advance large sums of money on exchequer bills to agents of so very great credit like Rappallo, Morgan and De Berckhem. It was this difficulty that led to the exposure of the fraud. The most inexplicable part of the affair has puzzled me to this day. How the money was got rid of between Solari's death in October, 1840, and the discovery in October, 1841. More than £150,000 was raised in those twelve months, and the books of the brokers showed that there was no loss from the speculations during that period, that period of saving of interest and other charges to be paid, but those could not have amounted to more than £25,000; and Rappallo had lent £12,000 to Louis Napoleon for his Bonaparte expedition. During the four years Smith himself got very rich, and he had never had more than £2,000 out of the whole amount of £400,000, the value of the forged bills, and he never had been able to redeem the £400 bond. Rappallo was really the more guilty man of the two; but he escaped the gallows, and must have had a good share of the plunder.

In March, 1843, an act of Parliament was passed to indemnify the holders of the forged bills. These holders were divided into four classes, viz.: 1. Genuine holders in the usual course of business to the amount of £17,000. 2. Genuine holders, but who had perhaps not used sufficient caution, £42,000. 3. Genuine holders as to whom greater doubt was felt, £47,000. 4. The brokers employed in negotiating the bills, and about whose honesty there might be some suspicion.

Mr. Goulburn proposed by resolution in the House of Commons that, as to the first three classes, Parliaments should compensate the holders, but that the fourth class were not entitled to any compensation at all. The general result was that out of three hundred and seventy-seven forged £1,000 bills (of which thirty-three had been funded before the forgery was discovered), there was an amount of £282,000 for which Mr. Goulburn thought the public might be called upon to make compensation. And this was done accordingly. Mr. Goulburn also stated that "the precautions since taken were such as he believed would place it beyond the skill of the most ingenious person to repeat the forgery."

Given Away. The "Domestic Review" (and guide to Home Dressmaking) Spring Number, a book of ninety-two pages, 13x18 inches, containing 1,200 illustrations of garments for Ladies, Misses, Children, Boys and Men—a book which, given away with each 25 cent "Domestic" pattern you buy this week at the sales room of the Domestic Sewing Machine Company, No. 369 east Main street.

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When Baby was Sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

I am dying, Egypt! dying, I wish I hear the foeman's shout; I will send to Pluto's court, Souls to mark my passage out. Let me blow my trumpet's challenge, Which shall sound my own death knell; Gods of Egypt, ever guard the land, Lost world, lost love, farewell.

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ROUND ABOUT IN GOTHAM.

Talk of the Week in the Great Metropolis.

FINE CHANCES FOR POOR BACHELORS.

List of Unmarried and Disengaged Heiresses—Memory Culture—Lives of Rich Men—Gotham Gossip.

NEW YORK BUREAU, RICHMOND DAILY TIMES, April 4, 1891.

The one great need of the South is capital. Her immense resources need it to fully develop their wealth. In one field her gallant sons seem to have been remiss. We have here millions in the treasury awaiting their onset. A table showing the market value of heiresses, mostly New York's well-known belles, has been prepared for the information of young men matrimonially inclined.

By glancing at the following names it will be seen that all the beautiful girls and widows with ample fortunes have not yet been taken, and most of them are not, at the present writing, even engaged as far as the world knows:

- Miss Sallie Hargous..... \$1,000,000
Miss Mary Linn..... 2,500,000
Miss Jennie Flood..... 2,500,000
Miss Wendoline Caldwell..... 3,000,000
Miss Celeste Stauffer..... 1,000,000
Miss Florence Pullman..... 2,000,000
Miss Helen Gould..... 5,000,000
Misses Laurence..... 2,500,000
Miss Corbin..... 1,000,000
Miss Angie Berry..... 2,000,000
Miss Eva Morris..... 2,000,000
Miss Flora Davis..... 500,000
Miss Margaret Schieffelin..... 500,000
Miss Marie Ferry..... 2,000,000
Miss Estelle Schuyler..... 1,000,000
Miss Lillian Nathan..... 250,000
Miss Alida Seligman..... 300,000
Miss Green, daughter of Henry Green..... 1,000,000
Miss Flora Davis..... 700,000
Miss Anne Langdon..... 500,000
Misses Cameron..... 300,000
Miss Grace Wilcox..... 300,000
Miss Amy Bend..... 300,000
Miss Shafer..... 1,000,000
Miss Remsen..... 250,000
Miss Martine, daughter of Bradley Martin..... 1,000,000
Miss Edith Rip..... 250,000
Miss Esther Marie Lawson..... 300,000
Miss Van Wart..... 1,000,000
Miss Frances Syms..... 200,000
Miss Hewitt..... 1,000,000
Misses Lurline..... 2,000,000
Miss Helen Hambleton..... 300,000
Miss Berry..... 250,000
Misses Gift..... 1,000,000
Miss Lavinia..... 1,000,000
Miss Livingston..... 500,000
Miss Adelle Grant..... 300,000
Mrs. Marshall O. Berks..... 1,000,000
Mrs. Grace Turnbull..... 2,000,000
Mrs. Andrew Coffin..... 4,000,000
Mrs. Frederik Neilson..... 1,000,000
Mrs. De Barre..... 1,000,000

Memory culture is one of the latest fads, and professors claiming to teach that to forget is an impossibility are everywhere cropping up. Forgetfulness is a blessing at times, and it is neither wise nor healthy to remember too much. One of the professors, a German, has organized classes in all the large cities of the Middle and New England States. The course consists of three lectures, and the fee is \$5, which is small enough, but each member of the class before the first lecture commences is required to place himself under bonds for \$200 before he is allowed to attend the lectures. Memorization does not enter into the new system.

AFRAID OF "L" ROADS. The number of people in New York who have never ridden on an elevated railroad is wavy up among the hundreds. All of them are women, and there is one old woman who has been known to wait half an hour for a car sooner than trust herself on an elevated train. The surface cars find that they do not suffer from the elevated road competition. There is business enough for all.

RICH MEN'S LIVES. Comment is no longer caused by the simplicity of the lives of rich men. People who yearn for wealth that they may have an unimpeded course of terrestrial pleasures, and champagne, would find that when the money came, these delicacies would be a forbidden pleasure. A. T. Stewart sat at his table where a sixteen-course dinner was served, and lined of cold, nutmeg, and a slice of stale bread. His guests enjoyed the delicacies, but for him they meant agony. Jay Gould, Russell Sage and C. P. Huntington are in bed every night before 11 o'clock, and 9 o'clock in the morning finds the three of them at their desks in New York. H. P. Flower, G. W. Childs and Anthony Drexel never use either a cab or carriage. Their physicians' orders to avoid ease of movement are imperative. To prevent gout, copulency and apoplexy they must exercise all the time.

There is a man who has been a toll-taker at one of the entrances to the Brooklyn bridge for the past seven years, and during that time he has made a very fine collection of coppers. He has a coin in his collection dated 1793, and it has the inscription "100 cents make a dollar" engraved on its outer edge, where the milling is on a silver dollar.

A clock nearly nine feet in circumference decorates the wall of a Vesey-street saloon. It is the biggest clock in the city, except those that hang in the church steeples.

The Death of Antony. (A paragraph written after seeing the delineation of Cleopatra by Mrs. Anna Brown Potter, January, 1889. By the author of the Huguenot Lovers.) I am dying, Egypt! dying, And the boatman is approaching From the realms where horror reigns, Let mine eyes once more behold thee, With thy charms that once were mine. Hear the madman's wild confession Ere he fills a nameless grave.

Two for thee, impassioned Egypt! Peerless mistress of the Nile! That he cast aside ambition, For the charms that once were mine. Two for thee, the Great Triumver! Fled, away from hostile ships, Lost a world, a hero's honor, For the necker of thy lips.

When young Cesar's conquering lemons, Shall have sparred their fallen foe, And the world's Imperial Master, Drag thee hence to grace his show; Then shall daze the gasping rabble, With thy charms that once were mine. Even the cold and proud Octavia Will not grudge me love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt! dying, I wish I hear the foeman's shout; I will send to Pluto's court, Souls to mark my passage out. Let me blow my trumpet's challenge, Which shall sound my own death knell; Gods of Egypt, ever guard the land, Lost world, lost love, farewell.

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