

THE RESERVOIR TRAGEDY.

Principal Points of Interest Connected with the Death of Miss Fannie Lillian Madison, March 13th.

SKETCHES OF THE GROUNDS.

The Embankment and the Basin—The Hole in the Fence—The "Dead House" and the Graves of the Small-Pox Dead.

MR. DUNSTAN'S RESIDENCE.

Place where the Red Crochet Shawl of Miss Madison was Found Hanging on the Fence the Morning of the 14th.

CLUVERIUS, THE ACCUSED.

Engraving and Pen-and-Ink Sketch of the Man who is held on the Charge of Murder.

MISS LILIAN MADISON.

The Young Lady in the Case—Picture and Biographical Sketch of Her.

A REVIEW OF THE EVIDENCE.

The Main Facts so Far Developed—The Watch-Key and the Ring, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

The Marshall, or old reservoir, in which the body of Miss Francis Lillian Madison was found on the morning of Saturday, March 14th, is west of Hollywood cemetery. The Clark's-Spring property (Small-Pox Hospital and grounds), containing sixteen acres, is all that separates it from the cemetery.

Thousands of Confederate soldiers who were in the camps or Government hospitals at Camp Winder and Jackson; thousands of Union soldiers who were in 1865-6 at Camp Grant (now the village of Harvie) will remember this reservoir, for as they came into the city it was on their right and in plain view; a fort-like embankment, 30 feet high, inclosed by a high plank fence, that fence remains to this day on three sides of the grounds; on the fourth, the north side, it has been replaced by a high picket fence, which exposes to the view of all who pass along Ashland street the flower-beds and shrubbery at the base of the embankment.

Within the last ten or twelve years the grounds surrounding the reservoir have been highly improved, and on summer evenings it is a popular resort for young people. Walks run around the embankment, under arbors, and amidst beds of flowers. At two or three points flights of steps lead to the top of the embankment, on which a wide walk is laid in crushed granite. On warm evenings it is a usual thing to see couples promenading the embankment. A slight paling fence about three feet four inches high removes any danger of slipping into the water. The bank is well turfed, and slopes outwardly at such a grade that any active man can walk up it with a little effort. The bank slopes inwardly just as it does outwardly, but whereas the outward slope is turfed the inward slope is bricked and cemented, so as to make it water-tight.

Reservoir street, which runs from Main street southwardly, ends so as to give easy access to the reservoir or to the Clarke's-Spring property. In the time of Camp Grant—that is, when there were a great many Union soldiers camped where the village of Harvie now is—the street railway cars ran clear out to the Old reservoir, leaving Main street at Morton's flower-garden; but that track was removed years ago. Now, for instance, if you want to go from the American Hotel to the reservoir or to the Clarke's-Spring property you take a Main-street car. That car goes straight up Main street and stops at the corner of Main and Reservoir streets. Then you have near half a mile to walk.

One hundred and fifty yards after leaving the street-car you pass on the left the house where Mr. Dunstan lives. [See engraving.] There are two neat framed tenements standing together. Mr. Dunstan's is the tenement furthest from Cary street and nearest the reservoir. Here was found the red crochet-shawl, which is believed, but never yet fully proved, to be Lillian's. The shawl was found by Mr. Dunstan when he started to work on the 14th—the day the body was discovered—and he at first supposed that it belonged to one of his daughters. The shawl had a quantity of stickle-grass hanging on it—a grass not found in Mr. Dunstan's yard, but reported to be plentiful near the reservoir. From that point to the reservoir the houses are scattered along at irregular and somewhat distant intervals. The last house is on the left and at the end of Reservoir street—that is to say, at the corner of Ashland and Reservoir streets. This Ashland street, running almost at right angles to Reservoir street, leads to the New reservoir; upon it front the Old reservoir grounds and the Clarke-Spring property.

At night the gates of the reservoir grounds are all locked, and to gain access thereto one must first get in the hospital grounds adjoining. That is not difficult. There is a panel of the fence of the hospital grounds down. In other words, one can quietly walk from the corner of Main and Reservoir streets to the hospital buildings. Once the residence of Major Clarke, long an auto-bellum resort for picnic parties, of recent years the Clarke-Spring property has been used as a city small-pox hospital. The old farm-house, a picturesque country-place set in the midst of trees at the rise of a hill, is surrounded by plain framed houses, and these, with the old farm-house, constitute the small-pox hospital buildings. There is no one now employed to watch the buildings, but a Mr. Archer, a man seventy years old, sleeps in one of the out-houses. He retired to rest at an early hour on the night of the murder, and heard no sound to arouse his attention.

Our illustration shows one of these out-buildings of the hospital. It is what has come to be called the dead-house, and through the open window facing southwardly towards South Hollywood and the river Lillian's hat was thrown. The door was locked and bears no trace of having been opened; on the other hand, the window was out; had probably been taken by the boys of the neighborhood, who have stoned out all the window-glass in all the hospital buildings. In the view the dead-house is on the right. The octagonal-shaped building is a house belonging to the reservoir, and is used as a tool-house and to shelter the cocks which regulate the supply-pipes. This structure stands just between the reservoir and the hospital grounds. Its door opens on the former; its back is towards the latter. It is the back that is seen to the left of the dead-house.

Young men and boys going to bathe in the canal above Hollywood often pass through the Clarke's-Spring grounds or through the reservoir grounds. In the latter case they enter the gate on Ashland street and emerge at the often-referred to hole in the reservoir-grounds fence. Mr. Cluverius has said that to go bathing in the canal above Hollywood he and other college-boys have often taken the short cut through Clarke's-Spring and through the new part of Hollywood to the canal.

While the Clarke's-Spring property is sometimes visited in the day, it is a rare thing to hear of any one being there in the night. Hollywood cemetery runs along its eastern side, and also forms its southern boundary. The granite pyramid in memory of 12,000 Confederate dead is in sight, and stands out against the wintry sky gray, solid, cold. Monuments over the citizen dead are seen by hundreds through the bare trees, and stand like great white motionless sentinels overlooking the hospital grounds. The hospital, an old and rotten dilapidated-looking framed farm-house, now happily unoccupied, reminds one of disease and death in its most distressing form; the dead-house, near by, is even more painfully suggestive; but as you turn to go from the hospital grounds to the hole in the fence (which is the only way you can get into the reservoir grounds at night), you come smack upon about 50 graves; about 50 great white wooden head-boards rise up from the ground and tell that here lies buried so and so; each a small-pox victim. Who goes into the reservoir grounds at night must needs pass close by these head-boards.

Lilian and her murderer, no matter how they got in the hospital grounds in the dead hour of that cold, cloudy wintry night, must have passed close by these graves and through this hole in the fence to reach the reservoir. Remember that the reservoir grounds are surrounded by a fence eight or nine feet high, and that the keeper declares that the gates were all locked, and therefore that the man and woman could only have gained access to the reservoir grounds through this hole in the fence. One or two planks are off; another plank swings pendulum-like on a single nail, and altogether the opening (shown in the picture) is sufficiently large for the biggest sort of man to get through. Here, on the pathway between this hole in the fence and the graves, were found Lillian's veil and the gold watch-key—the real key of this murder mystery, but so far not fastened on the prisoner.

To describe the watch-key is very hard. It is not of solid gold, but gold plate. The size is the usual one. On the top of it is a crown-shaped head

ring. Below that is a cone-shaped section; below that a band with milled edges; below that another cone-shaped section terminating in the key point. There is a ring to attach the key to the watch- or chain-chain. It is what is



Miss Fannie Lillian Madison.

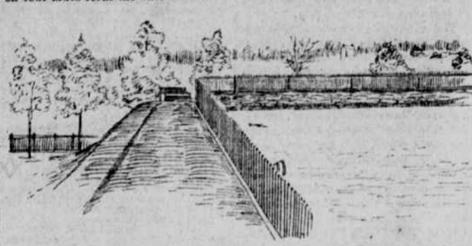
called a split ring—a ring quite small and after the fashion of the split rings much used for key-bunches. This ring has been much worn. The split has spread somewhat.

THE EMBANKMENT.

Passing through this hole one encounters a ditch made by the overflow of water from the safety-pipe of the reservoir. The ditch is crossed by a single plank. Crossing it and going forward (northward) about one hundred yards you reach the reservoir.

This is the Old or "Marshall reservoir." It was built in 1830, and has been added to since, and about ten years ago the city built a much larger one about a mile westward of this. This old reservoir, like the New reservoir, is supplied with water by the pumps at the old three-mile locks—that is, the old reservoir gets its supply from the new—the new from those pumps. But for over forty years the Old reservoir was supplied from the old works opposite Hollywood. Once the supply-pipes crossed the James River and Kanawha canal on a bridge at Hollywood; later a tunnel was built under the canal and the supply-pipes were run in that tunnel through Hollywood, through Clarke's-Spring property, and under the tool-house (shown in the picture to the left of the dead-house) up the embankment.

It has been said that at a distance the reservoir looks fort-like—a great earthwork. It is an artificial basin, made on an old field. Great walls of earth on four sides form the basin. The embankment is about twenty feet high. It



Section of the Reservoir in which the Body Was Found.

slopes inwardly and outwardly. The ridge, or top, is wide enough upon which to drive a carriage, and is a nicely-graded walkway. Near the southeast corner a flight of steps leads up from the base to the top, but anybody can walk up the turfed slope, and it is quite easy to do if one takes an oblique direction.

WHERE THE BODY WAS FOUND.

Our picture shows that portion of the reservoir where the body was found. It is a view taken by an artist standing on the embankment at the southeast corner—that is, the corner nearest the hole in the fence. You see the walkway on the embankment, the picket-fence (3 feet 4 inches high), and on the right the water. A dark speck on the right of the nearest picket-fence, and not far from the fence, shows where the body was found.

The water was low in the reservoir when Lillian met her death there. For some purpose it was being lowered, and had fallen about three or four feet. Had the water been deeper possibly the body would not have been found floating as it was.

THE BODY TAKEN OUT.

The following account of the finding of the body is taken from the testimony of Mr. Rose, and shows that those who reached the body first found traces of a scuffle on the walkway:

I am keeper of the Marshall or Old reservoir, and live on the reservoir grounds. Saturday morning last (March 14), about 7 o'clock, while walking around the grounds, I saw many tracks on the walk-way on the southern end of the parapet, and in the midst of them a red glove. I at once looked over the fence into the water and saw a dress. I then called Mr. Lucas, who was mending a pump, and suggested to him that there was a dead body, and upon examination we found it to be such. I then went to the office of the Superintendent of the Water-Works and laid information of the fact, and then notified the Coroner.

There were probably ten or fifteen tracks. There seemed to be two tracks apparently of a female and two or three of a man. It seemed that the ground



The Dead-House, in which the Hat was Found. Tool-House to the Left.

was furrowed up as if by scuffling over a space of about three feet in diameter. The general direction of the tracks was towards the reservoir. There was also in the path near the glove a piece of a shoestring. We don't run now during the night, and therefore there is no watchman. The fence around the reservoir is about four feet high. Mr. Archer, who lives about 300 yards from the spot, is about the nearest person, and there might be a right smart scuffle there without attracting any attention.

The distance from the top to the water was about fifty inches, the sides of brick, and sloping to the water. That might possibly account for the bruises on the face and forehead. In falling she would in all probability have struck the bricks, and the same thing might happen if she was thrown in. The depth of the water varies according to the drain. Except when the water is up to the waste-pipe a person thrown or falling in would be likely to strike the bricks. In the rear part of the reservoir the fence is a little defective, where a person could have gotten through. Saturday afternoon Mr. Archer told me that he had found a red glove and blue veil just about the spot I was talking about near this opening.

This place is about one hundred yards from where the body was found, and about a mile or more from the river and canal. I did not see any tracks near this opening. Some persons said they saw some tracks there, but they may possibly have been made by the boys who often steal through that way. I cannot tell whether those men's tracks were there the evening before, but there was no glove there then.

L. W. ROSE.

John Higgins, being sworn, deposed: I am a laborer employed at the reservoir. I have heard Mr. Rose's statement, and, being present all the time, concur in everything he says.

JOHN HIGGINS.

MURDER OR SUICIDE.

The medical testimony goes to show that death occurred in the water, but this by no means settles the question of murder. It is true that the hands of the deceased—particularly the right one—held in the clench of death a quantity of the slime of the reservoir; but the blow upon her forehead, if given with the full force of a man's fist, would have knocked her senseless. If she had been soon thereafter thrown into the water the chilling shock would have revived her and would have been followed by drowning and the clutching at the mud.

For a good while hundreds believed that Lillian committed suicide. There are some few firm in that faith, and that is no doubt the theory of the defence. It is possible for a woman in her condition to get over this picket-fence; but it would take a tremendous effort of a very active woman. She was very short and thickset, and was burdened with her condition.

It is not for the Dispatch to argue this case out, but still it may say that the suicide theory holds good in the minds of very few who have seen the locality. There is a hole (sustained by some evidence, it is said,) that instead of entering Clarke's-Spring property (Small-Pox Hospital grounds) by the open panel of the front fence Lillian and her murderer made a detour west of the reservoir grounds and came into the Clarke's-Spring property from that direction. If so, it was a still longer tramp. Either way was difficult.

The devious course required to reach this hole in the back fence of the reservoir, a woman's horror of being alone in a graveyard late at night, and many other circumstances, render it improbable that Lillian could have reached the spot alone. It is true she came to Richmond with many pretensions of evil; it is true that she left Bath fearing that she would see it no more; it is true that she wished the train would run off and kill her, but to consider her condition, she was an educated and ambitious woman, just turned twenty-one; she belonged to a proud family; she had kept from all the secret of her shame. She

was going to Richmond to have something done. That is a matter of belief; it is not proved yet. She knew that when she was brought to bed she would be, as it were, face to face with death. She knew that she was to have by her side no tender mother, no skilled and trusted family physician, no indulgent nurse, she was to become a mother in a strange house, in a strange bed, and surrounded by strange faces. Worse than all, the certain agencies of motherhood was the dread that her secret would be discovered; that after all her shame would be out and she become an outcast. That was enough to cause terrible forebodings; but it is hardly probable that she came here meditating suicide, or that having resolved upon it, that she would have put herself to the trouble first to go to the river and throw her clothes-bag in and then to go way out to the reservoir to drown herself.

The Evidence.

It is probable that the authorities have some evidence that they have not allowed to become public. They have what letters were found in the trunk, and it is given out that there is proof in their hands to show that the deceased had threatened to write Mrs. Tunstall and tell her the whole story unless the prisoner married her. This information comes from a high source, but the Dispatch does not know it to be true; it, therefore, does not state it as a fact. A few of the prisoner's writings were found in her trunk. There were numerous envelopes in his handwriting, but the letters were gone. She saved the letters of numerous other correspondents, but Cluverius's are nearly all missing. The envelopes are empty.

JANUARY MEETING.

It will be shown that the deceased and accused met here in Richmond on the 5th of January; that he put up at the Davis House and visited her at the Exchange Hotel, and some colored witnesses say, went to her room. Their next meeting—the Commonwealth expects to prove—was here on March 13th, at the American Hotel. On this point a colored witness, one of the servants of the hotel (Tyler), testifies quite positively. Then there is the note (which may or may not be admissible as evidence) which was addressed by deceased on the envelope, "T. J. Cluverius." The scrap of paper within, on which she wrote, contained only the words: "I will be there soon as possible. So do wait for me."

This note was in answer to a note brought into the hotel by a colored boy, who has never yet been found. It is supposed to be a reply to a note Cluverius wrote, telling deceased where he was to be found. When the boy took deceased's reply to Cluverius he was not to be found, and it is not known whether he got her message, or that the gentleman is Cluverius, who the gentleman and lady got married, who, after keeping it several days, tore it up and threw it into the wastebasket, whence it was rescued after the dead body was found.

THAT NOTE.

The Commonwealth, before it can make use of this note, has to connect it with the prisoner, which will certainly be impossible without the boy, and may not be practicable even should he be found.

Tyler states that he saw Cluverius (whom he has identified) and an "old man" in the American-Hotel parlor Friday P. M. of the 13th. A colored boy, who rides a "tug-horse" which pulls the street-cars up Main street from Fifteenth to Twelfth, testifies that he that night, at the request of a gentleman, stopped a fair-steam car near the American Hotel, that the gentleman and lady got on, and that the gentleman is Cluverius, whom subsequently he met and identified at the Coroner's inquest. It occurred to all those who heard this witness that he was entirely "too unanimous."

THE STREET-CAR DRIVER.

Next comes Mr. Williams, the street-car driver, a cautious, sensible, honest-looking man of about fifty, who remembers putting off a man and woman at the corner of Main and Reservoir streets that night at 9:35 (street-car time). The man asked him: "Mister, can you tell me where Reservoir street is?" and I said, "Yes, sir," and pointed to Reservoir street. He turned and said, "What building is that?" I replied, "Morton's flower-garden." He turned and said, "Did you say this is Reservoir street?" and I again said, "Yes, sir." He took the lady by the arm and walked towards Reservoir street, carrying a satchel in his hand. This witness, confronted by Cluverius (who then had no hat on), after a long and searching look—after eyeing him from head to foot, front and rear—swore, "I will not say he is the man; I will not say he isn't." Half a dozen searching questions failed to extract anything more positive from him. Next a man and woman were met by Dr. Stratton at the corner of Cary and Reservoir streets. There the man asked, "What streets are these?" and was told. Then he asked for the time of night, and the Doctor, taking out his watch, told him 9:15. Dr. Stratton, after seeing prisoner, said: "I can't swear that it was Cluverius I saw, and I can't swear that it was not." [Both Williams and Stratton, and indeed the witnesses generally, speak of the man they saw as wearing a moustache.] After that the man and woman were seen no more.

THE WATCH-KEY.

The next piece of evidence for the Commonwealth is the watch-key (and here let it be remembered that one of the colored servants at the American Hotel testified before the Coroner that she saw such a watch-key "in the lady's room"). Police-Justice Richardson, when sending the officers to arrest Cluverius, said to them, "The first thing you do you look at his watch-chain." Now, hear what Captain Epps says:

"I first arrested him and had on a watch-chain with a piece on it to which a charm is usually attached, but there was no charm on it. Officer Robins and myself went up stairs with the prisoner to his room. While up there I called Officer Robins's attention to the piece of chain by shaking my own. I searched the prisoner at the Third-station-house. In doing so I discovered that the piece of chain I had noticed was gone. I asked him where the chain was, and he replied that he never had any on there." I said: "Ah, but you did? Don't tell me that." He said: "I gave it to my brother last night." After searching him I went into my office in the station-house. Some half hour later, upon reflection, I went to the cell-door and called him and said:

"Cluverius, I saw that piece of chain on your watch-chain last night at King and Queen Court-house, I am sure." He replied: "No, Captain; I gave it to my brother. Why, do you want it?" I said: "Yes, I do. Can you get it?" "Yes, and I will get it for you."

I went home to tea, and came back and went into the rear of the station-house. His counsel and brother had come into the station-house while I was out. They went into my private office, where I joined them. There I found the prisoner, his brother, Judge Crump, and A. B. Evans. I talked with counsel about fifteen minutes. The prisoner and his brother were at this time about ten feet from me, and a little behind me, in conversation. I got up to retire, as I supposed they wanted to proceed to business. In passing the prisoner got up and said: "He will give it to you." The brother put his hand in his pocket, and was in the act of taking it out, when I replied I thought he had better consult his counsel, as they were present. Counsel replied (after I partially explained to them): "Give it to him" meaning me; "I could put it upon the chain"; which I have never done. His brother in giving it to me said: "I found it upon the table at home, and brought it over, thinking you might want it."

THE BARBER AND BELLE ISLE.

Two more points of evidence it is said the Commonwealth has—viz., testimony from Captain Hobson, a barber, that when prisoner was last here before his arrest he shaved a light moustache off his face.

That won't help the conflict of testimony, unless it can be shown that the shaving off of the moustache was subsequent to 9:35 P. M., when Mr. Williams saw the man said to be Cluverius.

The other point is that numerous workmen on Belle Isle saw Cluverius and a woman over there on the 13th. That may be important.

These two points have never been sifted; in fact, none of the evidence has been sifted as it will be on the trial.

FOR ACCUSED.

The Dispatch would like to give a broad side of the evidence for defence, but it can't be had. Neither the prisoner nor counsel will talk. That is all right and proper, and it ought not, in the minds of an intelligent community, to prejudice their case. In fact, it is better that they should not talk.

Mr. Mark Davis proves that Cluverius (commonly pronounced Kl'viers) was at his hotel about 8 P. M. on the 13th. On his way to Richmond upon arrest prisoner told Officer Robins that he went to the Dime Museum that night (13th). Mr. Mark Davis and Mr. Vashon prove that he returned to the hotel between 12 and 1 o'clock.

This is about all that is known of the defence's evidence. But it is likely that he is full-handed with the girl's letters, while the Commonwealth has but a few scraps of what he wrote her.

Accused denies that he saw deceased subsequent to September.

Miss Madison's Clothes-Bag.

Miss Madison's bag, sometimes described as a clothes-bag and sometimes as a satchel, is of stout brown canvas. Filled up with clothes and rounded off as it should be, it would have much the shape and be nearly as large as a mail-bag. It has a short flap and some half-dozen buttons to fasten it down.

After Miss Madison had filled the bag with wearing apparel she buttoned it up and strapped it with shawl-straps. She could then carry it in her hand as easily as a satchel, and it was to all effects and purposes a satchel, only it was cylindrical in shape. Miss Madison was the owner of a reasonable quantity of clothes, but nearly all of these she left at home in her trunk. The clothes she put in the bag—under-clothes chiefly—were about the poorest she had. The supply did not indicate that she expected to be here for six weeks. The clothes would hardly have proved sufficient for more than two weeks. If she expected to be detained in Richmond from six weeks to two months, as the necessity of her situation seemed to demand, it is likely that she would have brought her trunk with her. Possibly she may have intended to send for it after she was settled here.

It has been suggested that deceased selected her clothes to bring with her so as to have none marked with her name. Possibly that was her thought, but it so, she failed in her purpose. One of the garments in the bag did have her name on it, and it was that name, published in the Dispatch after the bag was found floating in the river, that roused the attention of Mr. Dunstan's family.

This bag must have been dropped in the river at or below the Free bridge. An examination of the river made by men tolerably expert shows that the stream is so obstructed with dams that if the bag had been thrown in the river near Hollywood it would have been several days getting down to the Chesapeake and Ohio railway wharves, where it was found. It is exceedingly improbable that it was thrown into the canal at any point. All the mill-gates have fish-traps over them, and there is but one waste-way without a trap between Hollywood and the basin. So the chances are five to one that it was thrown about 8 M. of the day the dead body was discovered. Near about the time the body was found in the reservoir this bag, with the clothes of the deceased in it, was found below Rockets.

Fannie Lillian Madison.

From the best evidence attainable it is safe to assert that Miss Madison was brought up with the strictest regard to the proprieties of life. She was born in King William county on the 27th of June, 1863, while the great struggle between the States was at its height.

Her father is a typical Virginia farmer, with plain, unassuming manners, and an honest bearing that would pass without question wherever he goes. In her

father's quiet home, away from the tempestuous strife of the world, breathing only of the joy that such a quiet home yields, Lillian Madison grew to womanhood. She saw in her early life the harvest and the spring-time, and



Mr. Thomas Judson Cluverius.

watched the seasons come and go, while health, not pain, caused her cheeks to be touched with bloom.

As soon as her years would admit the young girl was sent to the public school of Manquin school district, in the county of King William. Her progress here was satisfactory, and the father, after a session or two, thought he would take a stride further, and the daughter was taken from the public school and entered at a private one, taught by Miss Nannie Price, in the neighborhood in which Mr. Madison resided. How she walked to this school, what her ideas were when she heard the morning songs of the birds and enjoyed the fragrance of the wild flowers, or how she mastered the difficulties of study, has not been related.

Later she left this school and was sent to the home of her great-aunt, Mrs. Jane Tunstall, also the aunt of Thomas J. Cluverius, and from this home she for an entire session, except two months, was taught by Miss Mary Bland, near Little Plymouth. Afterwards Miss Madison went to Brington Academy, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Garlick. Her education ended at this institution, and she returned to her father's home and began to look out on life's prospect just as any young girl freed from the cares of the school-room would be apt to do.

One of her schoolmates here in Richmond, referring to her school-girl life, says that "Lily Madison," as she was called by her classmates, "was the model girl at Brington Academy. She was pointed to as the example in the school, and her kind ways and studious habits caused her teacher and classmates to love her and refer to her in terms of highest praise."

After coming home Miss Madison, actuated by a desire to do something for



Hole in the Fence.

herself, succeeded in getting a position as private teacher in the home of Mrs. Dickinson, a most estimable lady living in Bath county, Va. Accordingly, on the 10th day of October, 1884, she left her father's home, in King William, and without trouble reached Mrs. Dickinson's.

But before this a dark shadow had been thrown across her young life, and it grew darker and darker, until it finally culminated in the dread tragedy at the Old reservoir on the night of the 13th of this month.

To the officers of the law and the efforts of friends is left the task of unravelling the mystery which to-day shrouds the last hours that Lillian Madison saw on earth.

She was a grand niece of Mrs. Jane Tunstall (who is also the aunt of Thomas J. Cluverius) and a second cousin of Cluverius. From her childhood she and Cluverius had been intimate, and the bonds of blood, no doubt, added much to the strength of the ties that existed between them.

Her mother still lives, and her father has appeared here before our courts, stilling the deep sorrow that is in his bosom in order to do all that he can to bring to the bar of justice the party who is responsible for the untimely end to which his daughter was brought.

Perhaps Time, the Prime Minister of Death—the unrelenting agent that cannot be bribed by man or monarch—may yet show in clearest light who is responsible for the deep and dark crime which ended Fannie Lillian Madison's life.

Thomas Judson Cluverius.

Perhaps to-day there is no name more frequently spoken in Richmond than that of Thomas J. Cluverius. Before the 14th of March instant, outside of his own immediate circle of acquaintances, such a man was unheard of, to-day his name rings the country over. The reason is plain; he stands charged with the murder of a young woman, and that woman soon to have been a mother!

In all this cold and hollow world no crime is better calculated to stir the hearts of all than this. There is a deep and unfeeling spirit in such an act that dissipates sympathy and leaves only a feeling of horror.

Thomas Judson Cluverius is the son of Beverly W. and Mary Agnes Cluverius. He is in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and to the casual observer has a face that is not unimpressive. When closely studied there can be seen,



House of Mr. Dunstan.

however, a cold metallic look in the well-rounded and shapely features. His eye is of the darkest brown, round and full, and capable of powerful concentration and continuous gaze. His mouth is wide, lips thick and inclined to unfold, and chin massive. His nose is shapely, and the contour of the face regular. He has features that are impressive, and no doubt, when he feels inclined to do so, he can make himself very pleasant. His hair is dark-auburn and slightly inclined to curl, giving it a sort of wavy appearance.

In stature Mr. Cluverius is below the medium, but his figure is well knit, and he has the reputation of being a "mighty good man for his inches," to use an expression that one of his friends let fall yesterday. He will not weigh over 145 pounds at the most, to judge from his looks, but there are those who say that they know that he weighs more.

While a small boy Cluverius went to school to Colonel Counsel, who taught at an academy in King and Queen several years ago. Having received suitable preparation at this school young Cluverius came to Richmond and was entered as a student at the Richmond College, from which he was graduated in the law course in 1882.

Nothing special is said of his college-life except that he was referred to as a boy of great muscle, considering his size, and well calculated to deceive anyone who might judge of his feats by his size. He did not cultivate confidential relations with many of his college-mates, but, on the contrary, was reserved in his manners—never offensively so, but, on the contrary, polite and smiling when approached, but at the same time never inviting in his bearing.

Having graduated in law, he returned to King and Queen county, took up his residence with a maternal aunt, Mrs. Jane Tunstall, and commenced the practice of law. Several years ago he joined the Baptist Church, and at this time is a member of that denomination.

He is a second cousin of Fannie Lillian Madison, with whose murder he now stands charged, and has known her all his life. His father and mother are both living, and he has, besides, a brother and sister.

He denies in the most emphatic manner that he has seen Fannie Lillian Madison since last September, and treats the charge of murder made against him in the coolest manner imaginable.

With those who knew him well, and in fact with the community in which he lived, Mr. Cluverius bore a very excellent reputation, and the news of his arrest and the charge against him was a very great surprise to all.

Waived Examination.

Yesterday morning the case of T. J. Cluverius, charged with the murder of Fannie Lillian Madison, was called in the Police Court. When arrested and brought to Richmond last week by Captain Charles H. Epps the case was continued, on motion of the Commonwealth, until yesterday.

AT THE POLICE COURT.

Early in the morning people began to hang around the Police-Court building, and as the hours wore on the crowd augmented until, at 10 o'clock, there were between two and three thousand people in and around the place, and their curiosity seemed to be of the strongest sort.

Justice D. C. Richardson presided during the disposal of the usual docket, and as it was Monday, and two days had elapsed since justice had been dispensed from this tribunal, there were more than the usual number of cases to be heard. Consequently Cluverius had to wait some time before his case was reached.