

NEWGATE'S WALLS TO FALL.

London's Famous and Historic Prison to Be Razed in Satisfaction of the Demands of Modern Progress.

Newgate, London's ancient prison, as historic as the Bastille, is about to be destroyed to make way for modern improvements. It has not been used since Dec. 31, 1881, except for the detention of prisoners awaiting trial or execution, but now it is to be entirely removed.

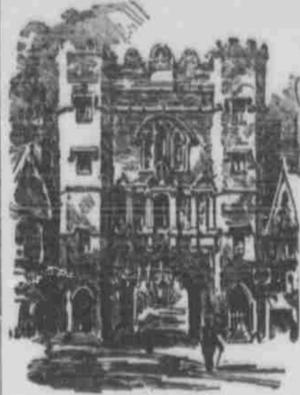
One of the oldest buildings in the City of London and one around which cluster many memories—most of them gruesome—is visited by nearly every American who goes to London. How old it is no one knows. It was used as a prison in 1188; for it is so named in the records of those times. It probably antedates that period by several hundred years and there is good reason to believe that it has lived for a thousand years, while hundreds of thousands of prisoners have been executed there. During this time it has been rebuilt often and continued additions have been made. In recent time it was rebuilt after a fire in 1526 and again about 1630. Destroyed in the great fire that followed the terrible plague of 1665, it was again rebuilt and there have been so many restorations since that it has been practically entirely renewed several times—in the same way that the man who breaks first the blade and then the handle of his knife has the same knife after frequent renewals.

The mere catalogue of the criminals who have been executed at Newgate would fill a volume the size of an unabridged dictionary. Thousands of famous malefactors have been executed there. Aside from those like Captain Macheath, Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard, criminals, but popular heroes, others have been confined there who are not remembered for their crimes alone. These include William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania; Sir Robert Wright, the lord chief justice who tried the seven bishops; De foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," and Elwood, Milton's friend.

Newgate's old walls could tell a story

ferred unspeakable torments. Burnings at the stake were common.

The eighteenth century saw but slight improvement in the punishments. Branding and mutilation were common, and aside from murder or theft, political prisoners were cruelly used. Wilkes and De foe were among those who stood in the Newgate pillory. Little more than a hundred years ago women were publicly whipped at the whipping post or at any cart's tail. The fierce statutes of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth made no distinction of sex, and their ferocious provisions that of-



NEWGATE PRISON.

fenders "should be stripped naked from the middle upwards and whipped till the body should be bloody" long continued in force. Men with their wives and children were flogged publicly, and sometimes by order of the clergy, who believed it was for their moral good.

As late as 1733 torture was used at Newgate. Stripping up by the thumbs, which survived long after in the army, was quite a usual proceeding. More terrible was the press. An accused person who persistently remained muti-

self by beating his head against the floor.

The gallows in these days were a simple affair. The condemned stood on a cart and his head was fastened in the noose. The cart was then driven away and he was left to die. Sometimes the bungling executioner did not kill his man at once, and frightful scenes were enacted at the foot of the scaffold. Often the man would not be strangled, and the executioner would catch hold of the rope and add his weight. The death was always slow, but this delighted the crowd which attended.

Executions were public until 1868, and were made a holiday. The rope broke sometimes. One case is that of Charles White, executed in 1833 for arson, of which Griffiths tells in his history of Newgate. White fought with the executioners before he was placed on the gallows, and afterwards the wretched man wrenched his hands free from the binding cords and seized the rope to prevent strangulation. The convict was half on the platform and half hanging, the convulsions of his body being appalling. The executioner prodded the victim and drove him from the platform. His face was visible to the crowd, as he had torn the cap from it, and it was fearful to behold. His death was not compassed until the executioner terminated his sufferings by hanging on to his legs.

Pepys, who supplies the lack of modern newspapers in that day, gives a detailed account of the way in which the extreme penalty of the law was carried out in 1662. It was the execution of John Turner. Turner was drawn in a cart from Newgate at 11 in the morning. Standing in the cart, he gave the crowd an address of great length, lasting over an hour. Then he prayed for an hour more aloud and distributed his money among the mob, which fought for it both as charity and as souvenirs. At last he directed the executioner to take the halter off his shoulders, and afterwards, taking it in his hands, he kissed it and put it on his neck himself; then he had fitted the cap and put it on. The executioner fastened his noose, and as he kissed his hand to a pretty woman who smiled at him, he was hanged. Pepys says there were 12,000 or 14,000 people in the street watching the affair. An execution was always the occa-

WE SAVED THE WRONG MAN.

Murd'ring Story Told by a Talented Life Insurance Agent.

From the Detroit Free Press: "I always take a pride in the business," said the zealous life insurance agent, "and never fail to take a step that will redound to the interests of my company. I think the company appreciates my efforts in its behalf, as a steady increase in salary has been my fortune ever since I began working for it. But I once had an experience that somewhat dampened my ardor and showed me that there is a limit in looking out for your company's interests. I insured a man for \$5,000. He was a splendid risk, sound as a dollar, and bid fair to die of old age. I felt sure that the company would win out on the risk, so I was feeling pretty good. One day soon afterward I was going down the river on a boat to get a breath of fresh air. Looking the passengers over, I noticed that the party I had insured was on board, sitting on the railing in a very careless position. It made me nervous to sit there and watch that fellow taking so many chances. I don't know why it is, but as soon as a man gets his life insured he seems to think that he can flirt with death like a yellow fever immune. At last the expected happened. He lost his balance and fell overboard. I rushed to the railing and saw at once that the fellow could not swim. I am a pretty good swimmer myself and the party in the water represented \$5,000. I couldn't afford to see the company lose that money right before my eyes, so I plunged in after him. I had a device of a time with him before help arrived and at one time I thought it was up with both of us. But help arrived at last and we were pulled out. Then I found that I was not yet out of the woods. The party was unconscious and it was a question whether he would live or die. I got him ashore and hired every doctor I could get to work over him, regardless of expenses. They succeeded in bringing him around at last and I was in the act of sending a glowing account to my company, together with a pretty stiff bill, when I made the discovery that he wasn't the fellow I had insured, only a man that looked like him. Worse than that, he was insured for \$25,000 in a rival company."

South American Pickpockets.

Practice makes perfect even in wrong-doing and in the use of what seem to be very awkward means. A writer in the Boston Transcript says: The Ganchos, or dwellers, on the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvelously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired, through long practice, such skill in using their toes instead of fingers that they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them. Some time ago a Frenchman, who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres, was warned to be on his guard against the light fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch upon his companions, but, nevertheless, one day when his attention was closely riveted on his float, a wily Gaucho drew near and delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuable from his pocket.

Scottish Frankness.

The lowland Scottish peasant has an extremely matter-of-fact way of speaking about his relatives' and friends' deaths. A good woman who had lost her aunt remarked to a sympathizing visitor: "Eh, yes, mem, aunty's died. But she was very auld and frail. She's far better awa' and far happier in glory and I got a hummer pounds o' a legacy." New York Tribune.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A Texan has patented a billiard cue which is chambered at the end and filled with chalk, to be discharged through small opening to the face of the cue as each shot is made.

In a new British bicycle saddle a metallic ring, supported by braces, is strung with straps or other flexible material to form a flat seat which springs with the weight of the rider.

To ascertain the size of finger rings a new measuring device has a flat base on which the finger is placed, with graduated bars to surround the finger and indicate the size of ring needed.

In an improved footrest for boot-blackening stands clamps are provided for the sole and heel portions, which can be adjusted to fit any foot and clamped in place by a lever at the side of the base.

A handy hitching post has a spring drum inserted in the top, on which is wound a cord with a snap hook at the outer end for attachment to the bridle, the spring pulling the rope into the post when not in use.

In a new jack-screw for raising heavy bodies the spiral ribs inside the frame are replaced by a series of steel balls which mesh in the grooves on the threaded shaft and decrease the friction as the shaft is turned.

Bags can be quickly fastened by an Ohio man's device, consisting of two steel members pivoted together, with a yoke on one which locks over teeth on the other member as they are pressed over the mouth of the sack.

A handy cup for drinking purposes has a weighted section formed under the flange in the bottom, so that the cup can be dropped into the spring when not in use, the weight keeping it in an upright position as it floats.

The French language, it appears, is better adapted to the purpose of the telephone than the English. It is stated that the large number of syllables or hissing syllables in English renders it a less easy and accurate means of communication.

OF JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE POET AT THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Return from the Klondike—Nasty Battered but Still in the Ring—Invoking the Holy God at the Ranch and Other Freaks.

Of all the versemakers in California—and there are many—Joaquin Miller leads the van. He is a true poet and not a little of his verse will live and give him name and honor when he has passed away. The worst that can be said of Miller is that he is a poseur, which, considering the material from which your real poet is made, is not very remarkable, says the Commercial Advertiser. Miller lives on a blue ranch at the head of a canon, a few miles back of Oakland—a picturesque and rocky country. When I went to call on him I was told to go as far as I could in the electric cars, walk until I was tired, and that was Miller's. Another man took me to the side of the road, and pointing to the distant hills opposite the "sundown sea," of which the poet writes so musically, asked me if I could see a cross on the hills. I finally did make it out. "That's Miller's," said my informant, triumphantly. "Great scheme, isn't it? Joaquin Miller, sign of the cross. It's a cold day when Joaquin gets left. When everything else fails he changes his name. Last time it was Heine Miller and the people thought a new poet had been discovered; but it was only Joaquin masquerading under a new name. Joaquin isn't his baptismal name; it was given him by one of his writer friends in Oakland and as it sounds well he took it up. Yes, just keep right on until you get to the cross and you'll find him."

I was then beyond the city and rising from the lowland and turning ever and anon I could see the charm of the country to a poetic or artistic mind; the barren rocky hills, the green canons—rivers of verdure; the clumps of oaks, the distant hills, caressed by flecks of clouds, and to the west the gate of gold, in through which rushed the fierce wind—the breath of the wind-gods with whom Joaquin is on familiar terms. I had been told that Miller moved out here to get away from the world, so that he could commune with nature; yet the first thing the amiable poet did when I entered his home was to point to a jug of fine old Kentucky blue grass whiskey; so it is evident that there were creature comforts here. The ranch is a rambling place, unartistic and far from poetic in its commonplaceness; a little house here, another there with the crescent over the door, and still another farther on for his mother, for the old poet had a mother, and his devotion to her was refreshing. One house was built for pure philanthropy, to give the poor of God's people a home or shelter for the night. Miller had a theory that tramps needed to be encouraged, so when they came—as they presently did, for tramps are but human; they know a good thing when they see it, to drop into their own sling and pass it along—the poet said: "Here is a shovel, go dig for your dinner; at night sleep in my house yonder; then go your way." But they got drunk, smashed his house and nearly burned it to the ground.

When the Klondike boom started the still rugged old poet offered his services to the press and went as a commissioner. He wrote wonderful letters to San Francisco—letters which only one or two men could read, but which painted the land of ice as the poet can paint. Joaquin had a hard time. It is said he parted with several toes in a long tramp to succeed his fellow-man, and he came home badly battered but, as a sporting friend said, "still in the ring." The home-coming was what was to be expected, and had Banquo's ghost been passing at the time his attention would have been arrested at the return of the poet of the Sierras. Joaquin may have had another outfit, but he did not wear it. He might have outfitted at Seattle, but probably it did not occur to him, and he entered San Francisco in a manner that could not be mistaken. Joaquin had returned and will be found at the old stand—"sign of the cross." His tawny hair was covered by a straw hat, torn and patched, it was said, with a piece of a child's dress. His hand, says the narrator—a reporter of the Berkeley World—was an old black cravat; yet the reporter could not discover. But perhaps he did not pull aside the poet's coat—there are modest reporters. On his lusty shoulders was a miner's shirt—probably of blue—and over his arm, despite the hot wave that left the Sacramento valley 110 degrees in the shade, a reindeer coat. For trousers he had thick blanket-cloth, to which were attached arctic boots, and in this costume the wanderer of a year returned to the land that knows him best. It is impossible to laugh at Miller, as he is so thoroughly in earnest in his attempts at sensationalism, so completely believes in it. In Washington, years ago, he lived in a tree; and now it is something else.

One can hardly help regretting that so interesting a man, so true a poet, cannot in dress and method make himself more amenable to the demands of modern civilization. It is unfortunate for Miller that the majority of cultivated people prefer the conventionality of Longfellow or Holmes or Emerson. When that day I approached the "sign of the cross," and Joaquin Miller came out to meet me with his trousers tucked in his boots, a highly colored scarf around his waist and a bearskin thrown over his shoulder, I saw that he enjoyed the display, and could have excused it if it had been artistic; but

it was only incongruous. The spirit of hospitality, however, was there; the ranch was ours, and all there was on it, and the poet dispensed hospitality and philosophy with a liberal hand.

In the living room of the home was a quaint dado, made up of letters and photographs of distinguished literary men and artists who have either written Miller or called. It was a mere cord that was fastened around the wall, four feet from the floor, and in it were piled scores of letters, pictures and souvenirs that would have been valuable to the writer of biographs.

THRILLING FIGHT WITH A FISH

Monster Tuna Landed After a Contest Lasting Four Hours.

From the San Francisco Examiner: Professor Charles F. Holder, the naturalist and author, describes how he caught what he believes to be the largest tuna ever taken with rod and reel. It was early morning, outside of Avalon bay, Catalina island, when he got a strike which threw the heavy flying fish bait which he was trolling far up the line. "Then," says the professor, "the magnificent fish came boiling along the surface, throwing the foam high in the air, in a manner that has given some anglers here the 'back fever.' Fortunately I hooked the fish, and its first rush took about 400 feet of line screaming and hissing from the reel, and had not the heavy brake been soaked the line would have burnt off at once. I succeeded in turning the fish, which then came in on me, with the greatest velocity. I had managed to reel in the slack, and when the fish reached within twenty feet of the boat it turned and was away again, taking 250 feet of the thread of a line. Again I turned it, and again it came in at me. Turning once more, the fish dashed away, towing the heavy boat a mile out to sea at a rapid rate. Finally I turned it, and, after a superb play on the surface, circling the boat, it turned toward us a mile inshore, so near the rocks that I thought we should lose it in the kelp. Here the fish fought me for nearly three hours, rushing in and out, plunging down into the blue channel, circling around, darting away, and then coming at me from unexpected points, showing the most remarkable cunning I have ever observed in many years' experience in rod and reel fishing. At 9:30 o'clock, after I had played the tuna three hours, I turned it after one of its rushes, when it gathered its energies and headed for Avalon, making a single run of six miles, and at just 10:30 a. m. I stopped it in front of the Hotel Metropole, where it gave a wonderful exhibition while surrounded by the launches of several friends who came out to see the fish. The tuna was, so far as I could judge, stronger than ever, yet it had towed the boat against the oars of my boatman at least eight miles. A heavy sea had picked up and threatened the boat, but this was forgotten, and at the supreme moment my boatman slipped the gaff under the fish and it was our (?)—not yet—the gaff went to pieces and the fish got away 100 feet again. I reeled it in; this time a big gaff was hooked into it, and, with a cheer, the monster fish was slid into the boat, almost capsizeing it. The tuna weighed 183 pounds. Its length was six feet two inches, girth four feet, and the catch gives to California the hardest fighting game fish in the world with rod and reel."

American Soldier's Justice.

A story concerning our troops in Manila is told by an English naval officer, who was an eye witness to the occurrence: "The city was quite crowded," he says, "with both American and Spanish soldiers, and they seemed to be on the friendliest terms. As I was crossing one of the numerous bridges across the Pasig river I saw a native Filipino spit in the face of a Spanish officer and then run to the American sentinel, who was guarding the bridge, demanding his protection. It was some time before the Filipino could make himself understood, and the sentry took some time to catch onto what had been done, but you can imagine my surprise when he handed his gun to the Spanish officer and caught the native by the nape of the neck and the seat of his trousers and pitched him off the bridge into the Pasig river. Then he calmly took his gun from the Spanish officer and began pacing his beat as if nothing had happened. The American soldier may not be so militarily as his brother in Europe, but he is made of the right stuff."—Argonaut.

Dramatic Note.

Wright—"I believe a good deal of human interest could be put into a play with the scenes laid in a pawnshop." Reed—"My dear boy, the interest in a pawnshop is something absolutely inhuman."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Only Way.

"Just think of his committing suicide for love! Wasn't it awful?" "It was the only way he could keep his word, poor boy, for he had vowed to her that he would never love another woman."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Justicial Opinion.

Cholly—"How do you know she won't marry you, dear boy?" Chappie—"Precedent, me dear fellow. She nevah has married any one." Cholly—"That's ro, by Jove."

Always the Same.

Briggs—"Isn't that the same suit you had last year?" Griggs—"Yes, and it's the same suit you asked me last year, if it wasn't the same suit that I had the year before."



SCENE DURING AN EXECUTION AT NEWGATE.

of many horrors enacted beneath them. The end of Newgate marks a reformation change in the methods of treatment of the condemned. Yet it is only in 1868, thirty years ago, that the hideous journey to Tyburn was abolished and an execution ceased to be a public holiday.

Executions were fewer in number in the latter days. This is not wholly due to the improvement in the morals of mankind, for in the olden times the theft of a loaf of bread or the snaring of a hare on a game preserve was punished with death. Historians say that during the reign of Henry VIII. 72,000 executions took place. Sir Thomas Moore in his "Utopia" declares that twenty thieves might be seen hanging from a single gibbet, and hangings were almost a daily occurrence.

Conviction of criminals was easy in those days. Torture was used to induce the prisoners to confess, and it was the especial delight of Henry VIII. to apply torture to those who differed from him in religious belief. Henry was vain of his polemical powers, and by their aid, with the assistance of the torture, he convinced many men and women of the erroneousness of their religious views. Porter, one popular preacher, was fettered in iron and hanged in an iron-spiked collar from the wall of a cell. Falling to recant, Porter remained there eight days, until he died. Men and women, stripped to the skin, were put upon the rack until the bones and joints were torn asunder.

Another means of extorting confession in those days was the boot. The legs of the victim were fastened in an iron-spiked apparatus and a wedge driven between the legs, forcing the ankles into the back. The victim suf-

fered solemnly warned three times of the penalty for obstinacy and given a few hours for consideration. If the prisoner remained contumacious the following sentence was passed upon him or her:

"That you be taken back to the prison whence you came, to a low dungeon which no light can enter; that you be laid on your back on the bare floor, with a cloth around your loins, but elsewhere naked; that there be set upon your body a weight of iron as great as you can bear—and greater;



IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

that you have no sustenance save upon the first day three morsels of the coarsest bread, on the second day three drafts of stagnant water from the pool nearest the prison door, on the third day again three morsels of bread, and such water alternately from day to day until you die."

In 1726, Burnworth, the leader of a notorious gang of robbers, while under the press, succeeded in killing him-

self of festivity in later days when they became less common. The governor of Newgate would give a breakfast to twelve or fourteen "persons of quality," his daughter or wife doing the honors. There all would adjourn to witness the affair. People of fashion would pay as much as £5 for a good vantage point in a window opposite, and would spend the night there to see the affair. The common people would begin to fill the streets in front of the prison sometimes twenty-four hours before the event, that they might have a good sight. Fathers would take their whole families to see the hanging, and that was only a hundred years ago.

When the time came for the affair, dense crowds thronged the approaches to Newgate. It was a ribald, reckless, brutal mob, violently combative, fighting for the foremost places, fiercely aggressive, and distinctly abusive. Spectators often had their limbs broken and their teeth knocked out. Barriers could not restrain the crowd, and were often borne down and trampled under foot. All along the route taken by the procession people vented their feelings upon the doomed convicts, cheering a popular criminal to the echo, and railing at or hurling things at those they hated or despised. Often there would be fights between the partisans and despisers of the criminal. At the moment of execution the mob would surge around the cart, some pelting the condemned with missiles, sometimes even when he was at prayer. Barbara Spoker was beaten down by a stone while on her knees. When Jack Sheppard was executed he was made a hero, and his body was seized after the hanging by the mob and passed around from hand to hand.