CHAPTER FIVE

Brokerage and Brandy

If Slinkton had been running for his life from swift-footed savages, a dozen miles, he could not have shown more emphatic signs of being oppressed at heart and labouring for breath, than he showed now, when he looked at the pursuer who had so relentlessly hunted him down.

—Hunted Down

Strange as it may seem now, the use of the telegraph to pursue the fleeing Mannings added an element of wildest romance to the case. The “electric telegraph” then in its earliest days in England was not the Morse instrument but a device jointly invented by William Fothergill Cooke and Charles Wheatstone. In the Cooke-Wheatstone telegraph built in 1837, a letter of the alphabet was transmitted through two of five wires connecting the transmitter and receiver. The currents deflected two electromagnetic needles in a set of five contained in the receiver and caused them to point toward the designated letter on the face of a diamond-shaped board. In a later model the inventors reduced the number of wires and needles to two, and the transmitted letter was indicated by a code based on the number and direction of the deflections of the needles.

The telegraph was first developed along railroad rights-of-way, which provided security and convenient placement for the telegraph wires. Cooke, a great promoter, was able to arouse the interest of rail executives and engineers in his invention before governmental and public transmission of messages began, because the telegraph was capable of performing significant operating and safety functions for the railroads. It could be
used in place of noisy pneumatic whistles to give advance notice of approaching trains to engine houses that powered rope haulage of trains up steep gradients. The telegraph also flashed warnings to avoid train collisions in tunnels and on single-track lines.

Even prior to the Manning case the telegraph had been applied to police work. Several detectives had been assigned to identify known criminals boarding trains at London's Paddington Station. The value of this procedure was triumphantly demonstrated on 3 January 1845, when John Tawell, dressed as a Quaker in a long brown greatcoat, was arrested at a London lodging house after committing a murder at Salt Hill in the neighboring town of Slough. He had traveled to Slough with a vial of cyanide in his pocket and used the poison to dispose of his unwanted mistress, Sarah Hart. Her dying screams alerted neighbors, who sent for a local surgeon. Unable to save her and hearing that a Quaker was the last man seen leaving the house, the surgeon proceeded to the Slough station where he thought the murderer might take a train. He saw Tawell pass through the office and communicated his suspicion to the station superintendent, Mr. Howell. When Tawell was observed boarding a London-bound evening train, Howell dispatched the following message by telegraph to Paddington Station 18 miles away: "A murder has just been committed at Salt Hill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first-class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7:42 p.m. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown great coat which reaches nearly to his feet; he is in the last compartment of the second first-class carriage." The transmitting operator faced a bit of a puzzler in the word Quaker, since the receiving board in use on the Slough-Paddington line did not include a q. Nothing daunted, the operator proceeded to describe Tawell's pious costume phonetically as that of a "kwaker." The needle-watchers at Paddington could not believe that the first letters, kwa, were right and challenged them, but when the full word was transmitted, light dawned and Tawell was promptly arrested at a London boarding house. The capture of the criminal gave the public its first understanding of the sensational possibilities of
the telegraph, and its wires were dubbed "the cords that hung John Tawell."

The debut of the electric telegraph in the Manning case was technologically impressive but the results were disappointing except in comic relief. Immediately after the discovery of O'Connor's body, a number of detectives were sent to several seaport towns to see whether any persons answering the description of the Mannings had taken passage on ships leaving for abroad, and telegraphic bulletins were also dispatched along the various railway lines.

One police constable placed his faith in serendipity. He went down from London to Portsmouth in the company of a man whose wife had run away with some of his property. On boarding a vessel, the constable saw a man who he thought matched Manning's description in every detail. The suspect was talking with "another party of Jewish appearance who spoke through his nose." The second man "made use of a low expression" and addressed his companion as Manning. It appeared that the two men were engaging a berth in a ship sailing for New York, and steamships were reportedly dispatched to overtake it. The two suspects were never heard of again.

The telegraphs, however, continued to work furiously. A wire was sent to Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, regarding the murder, and his response was to order the immediate issuance of a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of both the Mannings or fifty pounds for either of them. The Secretary promised a royal pardon to any accomplice coming forward with information who had not actually fired the shot or inflicted the mortal wound. The main attention for the moment, however, was still on heading off escape by sea. It was reported on Monday, 20 August, that a general belief now existed that the fugitives were on board the ship Victoria bound for New York. The source of the lead was a newspaperman who discovered at 3 Minver Place two cards, one of which was a list of times of sailing of a line of packet ships between London and New York, including the Victoria, advertised to sail from London Docks on Friday. The other card was plain, with these words written on it: "Mr. Wright, passen-
ger to New York.” The reporter gave the cards to a policeman, who tore them up, observing that it was unlikely that the Mannings would have left the cards behind if they had intended to go to New York. On Sunday the reporter, undiscouraged, called at the London Docks with a clerk of the Victoria’s agent to request that the passenger list be examined. Only the steerage list was available, and it did not show the Mannings among the passengers; but the baggage officials told them that six packages had been taken on board by a person named Manning. This discovery was related in triumph to the police, and Scotland Yard finally took interest in the Victoria. Two London detectives went to sea from Portsmouth in pursuit of the ship and attempted to stop her by signals to “hove to,” but the Victoria for some reason refused to hove and proceeded on her way. At 4:00 Monday afternoon Detective Sergeant Edward Langley, who had been sent to the scene because he knew the Mannings by sight, received a wire from Inspector Haynes in London ordering that immediate pursuit of the Victoria should be undertaken. Langley communicated with the authorities at the Portsmouth Dockyards, and Admiral Capel immediately ordered the Fire Queen, a government steamer, to fire up its engines and proceed to the chase. The ship put to sea at 9:00 P.M. with Langley and Detective Sergeant Thornton aboard.

On Tuesday morning the London Daily News had a disappointing report on the Fire Queen’s mission. The Victoria had been overtaken off the Bill of Portland and boarded by Langley and Thornton. Two Mannings were indeed found on board, but they were not the parties searched for. They were mother and daughter, and the six parcels booked at the London Docks belonged to them.

The handwritten report of the detectives, which survives in Scotland Yard’s dossier of the Manning case, tells of their pursuit in laconic terms: “We went on board [the Fire Queen] at 8 p.m. and by 9 p.m. Captain Allen had collected his crew and steamed out of the harbour—we overhauled several ships during the night and about 1/4 to 2 a.m. boarded the Victoria and found the parties on board were not the ones we were in search of. We then returned to Portsmouth.” But the frustra-
tions of the detectives cried out for the more detailed attentions of a humorist. A year later Charles Dickens could not resist poking a bit of fun at Detective Sergeant Thornton's fruitless search of the Victoria in his account in *Household Words* of a party for Thornton and other London detectives:

One of our guests gave chase to and boarded the Emigrant Ship, in which the murderess . . . was supposed to have embarked. We learn from him that his errand was not announced to the passengers, who may have no idea of it to this hour. That he went below, with the captain, lamp in hand—it being dark, and the whole steerage abed and seasick—and engaged the Mrs. Manning who was on board, in a conversation about her luggage, until she was, with no small pains, induced to raise her head, and turn her face towards the light. Satisfied that she was not the object of his search, he quietly re-embarked in the Government steamer alongside, and steamed home again with the intelligence.

Fortunately, during all these dramatics on the high seas, the detective force was pursuing more substantial leads back in London. The first of many heroes in this phase of the police effort was Detective Sergeant Shaw. After the police had learned that Marie Manning left Minver Place on the afternoon of Monday, 13 August in a cab, their next task was to try to track down the driver. Shaw searched for the driver all week without success, but on the afternoon of the following Monday, 20 August, his inquiries led him to a man named Kirk, driver of Hackney Cab No. 1186. On being questioned, Kirk told Shaw that he had been called from the stand in Joiner Street, Southwark, to pick up a fare in the neighborhood of Weston Street. He could not describe the exact spot, nor could he remember his passenger in detail, but he recalled that she was “a female of very respectable exterior.” When Shaw took him to Minver Place, Kirk immediately recognized No. 3 as the place where he had picked up his fare, and he was able to detail the route he had taken. His passenger, who had taken along three large boxes and a carpet bag, first directed him to drive to the London Bridge Station of the South Eastern Railway, but just as he was turning into the road leading from the “Borough” (the
area of Southwark around Borough High Street) to the railway terminal, she pulled the cord and instructed him to stop at the door of Mr. Ash, stationer and printer at No. 5 Wellington Street. The woman got out and went into the shop, where she purchased, as the police later verified, six plain white cards. A pen being given to her at her request, she wrote directions on four of the cards. The fullest instruction read “Mrs. Smith, passenger to Paris. To be left till called for”; and the other notes were briefer variations. Having paid Mr. Ash for the cards, the woman reentered the cab and asked Kirk to drive her to the South Eastern Station. On her arrival there, she asked him to call a railway porter, and when a porter appeared, she requested that he obtain some tacks with which she might fasten the direction cards upon her boxes. The two boxes with the cards attached were conveyed to the luggage room with the instruction that they be taken care of until called for. The woman then reentered the cab and was driven by Kirk to the London and North Western Railway (Euston) Station, where she arrived at about a quarter to six o’clock. Kirk saw her remaining luggage, consisting of one box and the carpet bag, taken into the station.

Sergeant Shaw’s discoveries were communicated to Inspector John Haynes at Scotland Yard. At an early hour on Tuesday, 21 August, Haynes proceeded to the South Eastern Railway terminal, where he found the two boxes exactly as described. No inquiry had been made for them since they were deposited on Monday of the week before. Haynes at once requested an interview with Mr. G. S. Herbert, the railway secretary. He explained the course of the police search and said that it was absolutely necessary for him to be permitted an immediate examination of the contents of the boxes. Herbert conferred with two or three of the railway directors who happened to be at the station, and they agreed to Haynes’s request. The boxes were brought into the secretary’s offices and were forced open; they were found to contain female wearing apparel marked with the name of Maria Roux, linens, dinnerware, and an array of household goods from toast rack to tea caddies. A skirt, a piece of
muslin, and two toilette table covers appeared to be stained with blood. On further examination the searchers found a number of articles belonging to Patrick O'Connor and several letters he had written to Marie. Among the O'Connor property were several papers bearing witness to his money-lending activities—receipts for loans to various parties. There was also a document purporting to be the will of Frederick George Manning dated 6 June 1848. One of the attesting witnesses was known to the police—their old friend Henry Poole, who had by now been transported for the mail train robberies. Under the will, all of Manning's property was left to Marie.

Inspector Haynes then went to the London and North Western Station at Euston Square, where Marie had been dropped off by Kirk the week before. Here, too, his inquiries met with success. He found that a female passenger, whose luggage was marked with the name of Smith, had left Euston Station on the morning of Tuesday, 14 August by the 6:15 A.M. train, having booked a place to Edinburgh in the first-class carriage. Marie had fled in a style to which Lady Palk and the Duchess of Sutherland had accustomed her. Having resolved all doubt about Marie's escape route, Haynes at 12:50 P.M. sent a wire to the superintendent of the Edinburgh police alerting him to Marie's likely presence in the city and including a full description of the fugitive.

Marie had, in fact, arrived in Edinburgh on Wednesday, 15 August. She took lodgings with a woman named Hewart in Haddington Place. Marie had taken the same name she had given on her luggage, Mrs. Smith, which had become, according to one newspaper report, the "favorite cognomen nowadays with people who find themselves placed in any position of danger or difficulty." On Friday Marie called at the shop of a draper in the Lawnmarket and asked to see some stockings. The shopkeeper recalled her as "a woman of a somewhat elegant appearance and speaking with a foreign accent," who had had a quantity of stockings laid before her and chose one pair with obvious indifference. It was clear that the purchase was only a pretext for a question she put to the draper: Could he
refer her to a respectable stockbroker in Edinburgh? He gave her the name and address of Messrs. Hughson and Dobson, members of the Royal Exchange.

Marie called on the brokers on Saturday and spoke first to one and then to both of the partners. She told them rather grandly that she had dealt in Spanish bonds and that at the present she held some shares in the Amiens and Boulogne Railway and also in the Sambre and Meuse Railway, which she would not mind disposing of if she could do so advantageously. The brokers told her that foreign stock was not traded much in Edinburgh but that they had no doubt that they could sell the stock through their London agents. Marie also confided that she had in her possession about three hundred to five hundred pounds in money that she was inclined to invest in railway preferred shares. In discussing this possible investment, she was anxious to know whether the dividends would be payable abroad. Messrs. Hughson and Dobson answered her questions and at the same time told her “in the most courteous and friendly manner” that it was unsafe for her to travel with so much money and that it would be better for her to deposit it in a bank account on which she could draw interest until she made an investment decision. To this suggestion she replied, pointing to her breast: “I keep it here, where it is quite safe.”

In the course of her conversation, Marie informed Messrs. Hughson and Dobson that she had come to Edinburgh within the last few weeks. She told them expansively that she was highly pleased with the city as a place of residence and that she had enjoyed sea bathing in the neighboring town of Portobello. She added that her father resided in Glasgow and mentioned that his name was Robertson, which caused the brokers some surprise, since they had noticed that their new customer spoke in “a slightly foreign accent.” According to Marie her father had done a great deal of business and had lost a lot of money in railway shares. The interview was brought to a close by Marie’s handing the brokers a railway scrip certificate on which one pound per share had been paid, and, on her asking whether she could find out if any further payment was due, the brokers promised to correspond with their London agents and to get
back to her in the next day or so. She left the scrip certificate
with them and was given a receipt for it. Before leaving she left
them a note of her Edinburgh address. Strangely, she had not
told the brokers as much about her husband as she had about
her father, but they later recalled her having mentioned that
Mr. Smith was in England and would shortly visit her in
Edinburgh.

On Monday, 20 August, while Sergeant Shaw was still search­
ing for the elusive cabbie, Marie called again at the office of
Messrs. Hughson and Dobson. Only Dobson was in at the time.
After a few minutes of trivial conversation she stated that she
wished to have the scrip certificate she had deposited returned
to her. She did not give any reason at first but subsequently
stated that she intended to leave that afternoon or the next
morning for Newcastle to visit her mother, who was unwell. She
added with an inappropriate smile: “Of course I must pay every
attention to my beloved parents.” She expected to return in a
few days to Edinburgh and would then call on the brokers
again. Mr. Dobson immediately give her back the scrip certifi­
cate and she tore up the receipt. Before leaving she also asked,
as if in an afterthought, for the note of her name and address
she had left on her first visit. However, Mr. Dobson could not
find it.

On Tuesday morning, at the same time as Inspector Haynes
was breaking open Marie’s luggage at the South Eastern
Station, Messrs. Hughson and Dobson received an enlightening
circular in their mail. It was a printed letter advising that certain
shares in foreign railways had been stolen in London and
cautioning brokers against dealings in those shares. Their
suspicions were immediately aroused that “Mrs. Smith” must in
some way have been connected with the theft. Mr. Dobson
searched again for the note Mrs. Smith had been so anxious to
recover and this time he was successful. With the paper in hand
he rushed to the Edinburgh police office and communicated his
suspicions of Mrs. Smith to Richard Moxey, the police super­
intendent. Moxey consulted the wired description of Mrs.
Manning he had just received from Haynes as well as another
description given in the London papers, and he at once became
convinced, as were the brokers, that “Mrs. Smith” was in reality Mrs. Manning. Since a train was just about to leave for Newcastle from the station of the North British Railway Company, Moxey and Dobson immediately proceeded there and personally inspected the passengers in all the carriages, without, however, discovering Mrs. Smith. They then went to the lodging house of Mrs. Hewart, where Mrs. Smith had stated in her note that she lodged. On arriving at the house Mr. Moxey and a police officer who accompanied him knocked at the door and asked the landlady after Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Hewart told him that Mrs. Smith was there and showed the officers to her room with Dobson following close behind. As Moxey entered the room, he saw a young woman reading the *London Times* and said, “Mrs. Smith, I presume.”

The woman rose politely. “Yes,” she answered.

“I beg your pardon, but if you are Mrs. Smith, you are not the person of whom I am in request.”

The woman claimed that her husband’s name was indeed Smith and that he was dead. She could give no references to persons who knew her; she had come from Newcastle to benefit her health by bathing at Portobello. Moxey then called Dobson into the room and asked whether the woman was the Mrs. Smith who had called at his office; he replied without hesitation that she was. The superintendent then identified himself and acquainted Marie with the crimes of which she was accused. After cautioning her against making any statements that might prejudice her, Moxey asked her if she had any scrip. “Oh, yes,” she replied, “I have scrip of my own; you will find it in my trunk.”

Her luggage, consisting of a carpetbag, a trunk, and a box, was then examined by the two police officers whose findings convinced them that they had now come upon the greater part of the valuables said to have been stolen from the lodgings of Patrick O’Connor. Marie’s purse contained seventy-three sovereigns in gold; one fifty-pound note; a five-pound note; and six ten-pound notes, five of which bore numbers previously advertised as having been paid to Manning on Saturday, 11 August, as part of the proceeds of sale of certain of O’Connor’s
securities. In addition, the officers found all the missing scrip of the Sambre and Meuse and Boulogne and Amiens Railways, which was known to have been owned by O'Connor, and they also discovered some clothing that belonged to him. It was soon established that the fifty-pound note and one ten-pound note in Marie's possession belonged to Fred Manning, representing proceeds of sale of the King John's Head public house, and certain French securities (*rentes*) she had were likely hers. A Spanish bond was also found in the trunk, and it was assumed, without any strong reason, to be O'Connor's property.

When the securities and money had been examined, the police proceeded to make a careful inventory of Marie's jewelry and her elegant wardrobe, including two black merino gowns, three black satin dresses, a colored figured sarsenet dress, and a black lace pelerine. They also noted the papers she had packed in her luggage, including correspondence with the Blantyres, a volume of sacred poetry, and the "Psalms of David in French with music."

Marie asked their permission to retire to an adjoining apartment for a few minutes, but being refused she consoled herself with a glass of wine and took several more while the examination of her luggage was going on. When the search was completed, she was taken from her lodgings to the police office in a cab. After she was safely in hand at the station, Superintendent Moxey wired news of her arrest to Scotland Yard.

The telegram was delivered to Inspector Haynes shortly after his return to the Yard from the railroad station. Between the time of Haynes's wire to Edinburgh and the return message from Moxey announcing the arrest, only about an hour had expired. The electric telegraph had more than redeemed the fiasco of the pursuit of the *Victoria* and had made an even more stunning showing than in the Tawell case of four years before.

The news of Mrs. Manning's capture caused intense excitement in London. The immense crowds that had surrounded the Minver Place house for the first few days after discovery of the murder now converged on Scotland Yard. Their first treat was the sight of Marie's boxes that had been discovered at the South Eastern Railway Station. The luggage brought a shock of
recognition to one detective. “I’ve seen these boxes before,” he said. “We searched them at the time of the Bristol mail robbery.”

Meanwhile, the arrival of Mrs. Manning was momentarily expected, and a large throng packed Euston Square Station early on Wednesday, 22 August. However, the technicalities of Scottish law kept the crowd on tenterhooks. Prisoners taken in Scotland could not be sent across the very real border into England until an authorized English officer was sent to Edinburgh for the purpose of claiming the prisoner. Marie had been brought after her arrest before Sheriff Arklay of Edinburgh and charged with O’Connor’s murder. Having received again the usual warning that any incriminating statements could be used against her, she replied that she had nothing to say and was sent back to jail for removal to London as soon as the English officers should arrive. The *Edinburgh Courant* reported that Marie’s demeanor before the sheriff was calm and self-possessed, but that she was somewhat paler than at the time of her arrest. The Edinburgh reporter was the first to mention the prisoner’s stylish dress: “She was attired in an elegant black satin dress, and white crepe bonnet. . . . We understand that her manner and accomplishments are most lady-like, and that she talks French with great fluency.” (The British even then were clearly amazed by the ease with which French natives picked up the French language.)

While the Scots had their day in court with Mrs. Manning, the *London Times* reporter fretted about the delay in her return to England and wished that the police authorities had again made use of the electric telegraph or at least remembered that “England and Scotland are not governed by the same system of jurisprudence.” Mrs. Manning finally arrived at the Euston Square Station at five o’clock Friday morning accompanied by Superintendent Moxey. She was taken by cab from the station to the Southwark Police Station at Stone End, where a charge of the murder of O’Connor was immediately made against her by John Wright, the police constable who had accompanied Flynn in his visit to her on the day of her flight from London. Before the charge was made she asked for a cup of coffee and sipped it
while the accusation was registered. Observers did not find her in the least flurried by the customary questions that were addressed to her or alarmed by her dangerous situation. She gave her address as No. 3 Minver Place without hesitation and answered "yes" with great firmness when asked if she was married. To the question of Superintendent Evans of the Stone End Station whether she knew what crime she was accused of, she replied "with perfect composure: 'No, I know nothing.'" She addressed herself with great appetite to the substantial breakfast that was then served her and afterward became drowsy. During a fitful sleep that followed she was heard several times to mutter, "Oh dear, oh dear, where am I?"

Mr. Secker, a magistrate, arrived at Southwark police court at half past ten, and Marie was immediately placed before the bar of the court. The courtroom was jammed and the entrance besieged by men and women anxious to obtain a glimpse of the accused. The crowd did not show any reaction when Marie appeared in the dock. The *Times*, which had in an earlier report from Edinburgh expressed preliminary doubts of Marie's reputed beauty, now gave its first eyewitness description to its readership:

She wore a white straw bonnet with a white lace veil, which was tied under the chin, and disposed in such a manner as partially to conceal her forehead. She also wore a black silk *visite* [loose mantle], with satin stripes, and a gown of the same colour and fabric. She is rather above the middle height, and her figure is stout, without being clumsy. It would, however, be a mistake to call her either handsome or beautiful. Her manners and appearance are very much what might be expected in a domestic in one of the town establishments of our nobility. Her features are neither regular nor feminine, yet the general expression of her face is rather pleasing than otherwise and she has evidently been a comely woman.

The reporter then proceeded to make ungallant speculations about Marie's age:

Her age is entered on the charge sheet as 28, but she looks five or six years older at the least, and would be put down by a critic in these matters as decidedly *passée*. She has dark hair and eyes,
and by her cast of countenance would be set down as either a German or an English woman. She speaks slowly and distinctly, with a slight foreign accent, her voice having nothing harsh or disagreeable about it.

Although the reporter immediately envisioned her as a "foreign intriguer," the first impression of Marie's manner in court and of her response to the dreadful charges against her does not seem to have been wholly unfavorable:

There is nothing about her which can be considered indicative of the monstrous crime with which she stands charged; and though there is little difficulty in seeing that she has been a woman of intrigue, no one from her appearance would fancy her a murderer. Her manner in the dock was suitable to her position in life, being submissive and respectful, without any trace of alarm about herself. She did not appear at all agitated, and her eye moved freely and without embarrassment around the court. When first brought in her face was pale, but the colour soon returned to it.

The police had decided to submit as little evidence as would be necessary to support Marie's retention in prison. It was their hope that Manning would soon be captured and that the couple could then be confronted with each other in court.

Magistrate Seeker opened the proceedings by addressing the prisoner: "This is a most serious offence with which you are charged; have you any professional man in attendance?" Marie answered: "I have sent for one, but he is ill." Inspector John Yates was then called and charged Marie with the murder of Patrick O'Connor on Thursday, 9 August at 3 Minver Place, Bermondsey. In support of the charge, he testified that he had seen the body of the murdered man. Fourteen wounds had been inflicted on top of his head "as if with a plasterer's hammer," and a bullet had been taken from the front part of his head. The magistrate asked Marie whether she wished to ask any questions of Inspector Yates, advising her that it was not necessary for her to do so since this was merely a preliminary examination. Marie said in a firm tone: "I have no question to ask him at present." Constable Wright then testified as to Mr. Flynn's interview with Mrs. Manning and concluded his evi-
dence by saying: “I also believe the prisoner to be concerned in
the murder, and I ask for a remand until evidence can be
produced against her.” Marie again declined to ask any ques­
tions.

Magistrate Secker granted the request for a remand of Marie
to prison and ordered that she be held for a week. He permitted
Superintendent Moxey to return to Edinburgh and agreed that
for the time being he should keep the property the Edinburgh
police had taken from the prisoner. Moxey then told the
magistrate that the prisoner had expressed a strong desire to
see him again before he left town, and he asked whether he
would be permitted to see her in the presence of the officer in
charge of her. The permission granted, the superintendent
withdrew to the inspectors’ room, where Mrs. Manning was
being held, and asked her what she wanted to communicate to
him, cautioning her against self-incrimination. Perhaps the
cautions had been expressed effectively, because Mrs. Manning
replied that she had nothing to say except that she was quite
innocent of the charge. Her only request was for a change of
clothes and for some of the money that had been taken from
her. The magistrate granted the first request but not the
second, feeling that there was strong reason to believe that all
the money in Marie’s possession had belonged to O’Connor.
Marie was then quietly removed to Horsemonger Lane Gaol in
Southwalk. She rode in a covered van, which shielded her from
the eyes of her public.

Frederick Manning remained at large. Marie had been
tripped up by her passion for stock transactions but Fred
Manning, it was to appear, was more interested in drink. If we
are to judge by the immensely greater difficulty the police had
in tracking him down, it must be concluded that, for a fleeing
criminal, brokerage is more dangerous than brandy.

The police were quick to find the beginning of the trail that
Manning had left. Bainbridge, the furniture dealer, had told
them that Manning had slept at the Bainbridges, on Tuesday
night, 14 August. The next morning when Bainbridge raised
the blinds to let in the daylight, his guest showed sudden alarm.
Explaining that he had a two hundred pound note that fell due
that day, Manning unceremoniously left in a cab. On Sunday morning, 19 August, Inspector Perkins located the cabman, who recalled picking up a fare in Bermondsey Square on Wednesday morning. Manning had instructed him to drive to the Waterloo Station of the South Western Railway and insisted that he take a devious route through back streets. The mysterious passenger got off at Waterloo with two carpet bags, one of which, according to Bainbridge, contained two new suits of clothes. Manning had received only thirteen pounds for the furniture, and the police were counting on his quickly running out of funds unless he joined his wife. But they had not reckoned with the cheap tourist accommodations of Manning's chosen refuge.

Manning's unflattering description was advertised in the police bulletin, *Hue and Cry*, as well as in the general newspapers, and it was also posted in towns throughout England: "Frederick George Manning, 35 years old, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, stout, very fair and florid complexion, full bloated face, light hair, small sandy whiskers, light blue eyes, and a peculiar form of eyelids at the corners, and large mouth. Was dressed in an invisible-green [very dark green] overcoat, brown trousers, black hat, and wore a small-plaited linen shirtfront." During the chase Fred was to give a convincing demonstration of how his face had come to be florid and bloated. However, many of his countrymen must have shown the same bad habits in their faces because a disconcerting string of false identifications led his pursuers astray. From the time Manning's description was first publicized, the police received many reports from people who claimed to have seen Fred in London. The governor of Bath Gaol thought he saw Manning pass Basingstoke in a third-class up-train to London, and the overworked telegraph summoned Inspector Haynes to the pursuit. A special engine hauled Haynes, and two or three other officers who knew Manning by sight, from Waterloo to Wimbledon, where the up-train was stopped and examined. The suspected party was thoroughly rattled by the search but he was not Manning. Another Manning look-alike was taken into custody while bloating his face at a beer shop in the Caledonian Road, Islington. On
Friday afternoon, 24 August, a man who had some resemblance to Manning was chased through woods near Carshalton but outran his pursuers. At Bagnigge Wells Road Station people alerted the local authorities about a man who jumped out of the wrong side of the Greenwich train. As far away as Dublin, police were excited by rumors that the murderer Manning had arrived.

Grasping at every straw, Scotland Yard scattered its detectives in all directions. The Scotland Yard dossier indicates that the police from the very beginning were looking for a "French connection." An undated draft of a letter destined for France carried out the instruction of Commissioner Richard Mayne to inquire whether the Mannings might have murdered a second man who had resided in Paris:

It has been represented to the Commissioners that a gentleman had been in the habit of visiting the said Manning and his wife at their various residences in London and he not having been seen for some few months past it is conjectured that some foul play has been practiced towards him by Manning and his wife. The Commissioners beg to enclose the name, the signature and address [in Paris] of a gentleman cut from one of several letters from the same party addressed to M. Roux found in her boxes . . . and beg that you will be good enough to cause prompt inquiry to be made at the address given to ascertain if the gentleman is still living.

It was also thought at first that the Mannings might have escaped to France, and Inspector Field was sent to Paris to search for them. Field returned to London, empty-handed, but according to the Gazette des Tribunaux, his junket was not a complete failure. While he was waiting at the Paris terminus for the train to Le Havre, a passenger discovered that his pocket had been picked. Field, after casting an experienced eye over the crowd at the station, walked up to an elegantly dressed young man who was negligently playing with his cane and, seizing him, cried out in the manner of his famous successor Sherlock Holmes: "This is the thief—Wood, the celebrated Wood!" The young man was searched and the missing watch was found in his boot. Fresh from this unexpected triumph,
Field was now dispatched to Plymouth to check a report that Manning was bound for Australia on the emigrant ship *Constant*. The police had been informed that on 14 August a man answering Manning's description had applied for passage to Australia and, when told the price was fifteen pounds, exclaimed that thirteen pounds was all the money he had in the world. Were the passenger's pounds Mr. Bainbridge's well-publicized payment, or had the informant had his imagination jogged by too much newspaper reading? The energetic Field would not guess but had to search the ship; after all, the story might make sense if he could believe what Marie was just quoted as having said to a constable asking about her husband's whereabouts: "It's no use your looking after him, for he's a long way from here; in fact he is out of the country."

Then on 28 August it was reported that the police had come upon a clue indicating that the trail of Manning, which ended so abruptly at the South Western Station, led to the Channel Island of Jersey. An official communication was received from the Channel Islands that a young woman had recognized Fred Manning on a Channel steamship. The woman told the Island authorities that she was the sister of the keeper of a Guernsey lodging house where Manning had stayed for four days in March. She had not heard of the murder at the time she saw him on board and thought nothing of the chance meeting as she alighted at Guernsey, where she was greeted by headlines of the Bermondsey Horror. She was sure that Manning had gone on to Jersey. Scotland Yard noted her story with interest, because there were rumors that Manning had fled to Jersey on a previous occasion when he found it wise to lie low. The ubiquitous Sergeant Langley, who had been doggedly tracking Manning along the route of the South Western, was sent to Jersey. But Scotland Yard was not placing all its bets on the Jersey lead and proceeded with its plans to search the ship *Constant* on its arrival at Plymouth.

The young woman from the Channel steamer was, however, quite right. Manning had arrived in Southampton on the South Western at about two o'clock on Wednesday, 15 August, and took a room at the Oxford Arms Inn near the railway station.
He stayed there all afternoon and at midnight left for Jersey on the South Western Steam Packet Company's mail ship the *Despatch*. During the crossing he rarely appeared on deck, staying in the forecabin and drinking a large amount of brandy. At Jersey he disembarked with a fellow passenger named Turk, with whom he had become acquainted on board. The two men walked into the principal town of St. Helier and asked for rooms at the Navy Arms Inn near the harbor. The landlady, Mrs. Berry, told them that she only had a double-bedded room available, and they accepted this accommodation, Manning agreeing to pay. On Thursday Manning went out with Mr. Turk “to see the island.” He returned in the evening and had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Berry, subsequently joining the other guests in the parlor and entering freely into conversation with them. It did not take long for Manning to make himself thoroughly disliked by all who were present, including Mr. Turk. He was overbearing and rude, and strangely, despite the small amount of cash he was carrying, he contemptuously twitted Turk with claims of greater affluence: “I can show more fifty pound notes than you can sovereigns,” he told him. When Turk immediately put down five or six sovereigns on the parlor table, Manning rose from his seat and said, “Oh, never mind, old fellow. Why should you and I quarrel?”

On Saturday Manning was out for the day, and on the following morning he asked Mr. Berry where he could go to church. During the course of Sunday he was as talkative as ever, telling the landlord that he had lost all his money in the French Revolution of 1848 and that he must go to Paris to settle his affairs. He asked how much it would cost to cross to Granville, the opposite port on the French coast. When Berry told him that the fare would be about twenty shillings, Manning told him that he would make the crossing and asked Berry to accompany him as an interpreter. The landlord declined and advised Manning that if he wanted to go to Paris, the best way was to return to London and proceed by the usual route to the French capital. Manning pretended to accept the advice, but when he was roused early the next morning for the packet leaving Jersey, he stayed in bed and enjoyed the solitude of his room,
Mr. Turk having left Jersey that day. Berry noted that his guest's appetite was unflagging and that he ate "as much as any three ordinary men."

Manning continued to make it his business to annoy the local populace. On Sunday evening he had entered the parlor of the Bath Hotel, one of the most respectable establishments at St. Helier, and despite the vast quantities of Jersey cookery he had been putting away, he announced that he had had but one good dinner since coming to the island and that was of a conger eel. He should not have been surprised, he added, because before he left London a fellow clerk had told him: "Fred, my boy, you'll find the Jersey people a set of humbugs." While at the Bath Hotel he drank brandy and water steadily, and when the company in the parlor broke up for the night, he was rather drunk. He was not too drunk to lie, for he said he was staying at the Union Hotel. As he left the Bath Hotel, John Heulin, a Jersey resident whom Fred would meet again, observed that he was turning in the wrong direction to go to the Union and attempted to set him right. Manning replied, "I know perfectly well where I have got to go to. Good night."

On the following day, Monday, he treated the barroom at the Bath Hotel to his tactless behavior. He described himself as a traveling salesman for Sir Robert Burnett's British gin. This surprised the landlady, Mrs. Seward, who knew that her husband obtained his gin from Burnett's through an agent named Mr. Mann. Manning threw himself back in his chair and laughing heartily exclaimed: "How very strange! My name is Mann—" and then he stopped short. Mrs. Seward was able to recall some pleasant comments that Manning had made. He spoke of the island as "a most delightful place" and said he must bring "his dear wife" with him on his next visit. He added that his wife "was a very fine woman," that she was passionately fond of him, and that she always addressed him as her "dear Fred."

That night, while walking the streets of St. Helier, Manning met a man whom he had formerly known at Taunton. The man was spending his honeymoon on Jersey. Perhaps the appearance of an old acquaintance from home made Manning
feel suddenly uncomfortable at St. Helier, for his landlord at the Navy Arms noticed a remarkable change in his manner after Monday. It could have been that Manning was less affected by the inconvenient honeymooner than he was by a growing worry about his safety and the dwindling proceeds of Mr. Bainbridge's purchase. Certainly he had had no fear of old faces as recently as the day before. On Sunday afternoon Manning had hailed the driver of the St. Aubin's omnibus in St. Helier and enjoyed a ride along the coast in the direction of St. Lawrence. He had talked freely to the driver and praised the beauties of St. Peter's Valley through which the bus passed. On arriving at the hamlet of St. Lawrence, he waved his hand at a man who was walking by the roadside. When his greeting was not returned, Manning asked the driver whether the pedestrian's name was not Ford. The driver replied that it was, and Manning was delighted, exclaiming: "Dear me, how very odd, he is a most particular friend of mine; I knew him most intimately four or five years ago." Learning that Mr. Ford was staying at the British Lion, a small roadside inn nearby, Manning visited him there, chatted in a most pleasant manner, and invited himself to dinner at the inn. After dinner Manning returned to his fantasy about business affairs awaiting him in France. Ascertaining that Ford spoke French, Fred asked him to accompany him to France to help make arrangements for certain property there. Ford began to have some doubts about Manning's honesty and asked why he was traveling in Jersey alone. Manning told him that he had left his wife in London and that he had come over to see how he could invest two or three hundred pounds that he had at his disposal. When he had determined upon an investment, he told Ford, he would return to England and fetch his wife. He claimed that he was presently in negotiations for the purchase of a brewery at St. Helier but told Ford that he was not at liberty to disclose the name of the brewery for the moment. By this point Ford had had enough of his English friend. When Manning expressed a strong wish to see him again the next day, Ford put him off until Wednesday, and when Fred called at the Lion at the agreed hour, he found to his surprise that Ford was out and had left no message.
As he left the British Lion on Wednesday, Manning noticed about three hundred yards away a neat little cottage named Prospect House, whose windows looked directly into the Bay of St. Aubin and provided a fine view of Queen Elizabeth's Castle. The house was owned by an old Jersey couple named Berteau. The old man worked a little land, and his wife supplemented their income by renting rooms in the house. Two rooms were occupied by a Jersey carpenter and his wife, named Weildon, and neither family could speak more than a few words of English. Observing a notice in the window offering apartments for rent, Manning took a large bedroom for four shillings a week and arranged also to take his meals with the landlady, who would also make his bed and do his washing. Manning's limited funds were running low, and perhaps the modest rent overcame the obvious danger of hiding out virtually under the eyes of the unreliable Ford. In any case, Fred was tired of running, his ingenuity as exhausted as his funds, and Prospect House was his last burrow. He returned to St. Helier to inform the landlord at the Navy Arms that he would be leaving on Thursday for a short time to stay with his old friend Mr. Ford at St. Lawrence but that he would leave his trunk at the Navy Arms. He asked that his bedroom not be let and that the door be kept locked.

While Manning was announcing his planned departure from the Navy Arms, Mr. Utermarck, Crown Prosecutor of Guernsey, advised the British Home Secretary and the lieutenant governor of Jersey of the identification of Manning on board the Despatch by the young woman passenger. On the same day Commissioner Mayne of Scotland Yard wrote a note to the governor of Jersey stating his belief that Manning was on the island. The governor placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Chevalier, the chief of the Jersey police. Chevalier's first actions were stamped with more energy than success. On Thursday, while Manning was ensconcing himself at Prospect House, Chevalier was tracking two persons who engaged a small steamboat to take them across to Saint-Malo. One of them, he had been informed, bore a strong resemblance to the advertised description of the Bermondsey murderer. Catching up with
them at the pier, Chevalier was not satisfied with their statement that they were about to proceed to Saint-Malo to attend the funeral of a relative who had died of cholera, and he requested them to accompany him to the mayor’s office for further questioning. That same evening Chevalier received information that Manning had been seen in St. Helier by the honeymooner Trenchard, who had known him formerly at Taunton.

On Saturday morning, 25 August, Detective Sergeant Langley and Constable Lockyer arrived in Jersey by the same steam packet that had brought Manning to the island. Early Sunday morning Chevalier went with them to St. Lawrence and called upon Ford, who told them about his meeting with Manning. As they arrived at the British Lion and as they left, the policemen passed Prospect House, where Manning was in hiding, but he was so well concealed there that neither Ford nor the officers had any reason to believe that he was still on the island. Chevalier, in fact, thought that he must have escaped from the northern coast of the island, so he borrowed a small steamboat belonging to the harbor commissioners to make the crossing to Granville, where they arrived before noon on Sunday. No traces of Manning could be found there, so they returned to Jersey on Monday to look for other possible points from which Manning might have crossed the Channel.

In the meantime, Manning was leading a life of quiet drunkenness with the Berteaus. He was shown to his room by Madame Berteau about eight o’clock on Thursday morning, 23 August, and was told that he might receive friends in her own parlor downstairs. Fred thanked her for her kindness but said that he did not expect any callers since no one knew him in Jersey. He had not been in the house very long before he sent out for his first bottle of brandy, from which he drank frequently during the day. Early Friday morning he sent for a second bottle and repeated the same pattern on Saturday and Sunday without arousing any suspicion on the part of his landlord. Then on Sunday a friend of Madame Berteau called on her, and having heard something of the habits of the lodger, remarked that his conduct seemed very strange. She hoped that he was not the perpetrator of the dreadful murder that had just
been committed in England. Madame Berteau had not heard of the Bermondsey murder and paid little attention to her friend’s gossip.

However, the sellers of Manning’s brandy also had their suspicions aroused. For Manning Jersey was becoming in every sense a tight little island, and the circle of the brief acquaintances he had made was closing in on him. The brandy was being furnished to him from the establishment of a Mr. Heulin, who happened to be the father of John Heulin, on whom the doubtful pleasure of Manning’s company had been forced at the Bath Hotel in St. Helier. George Heulin, John’s brother, was in the habit of waiting on the girl who fetched the brandy to Prospect House, and he was amazed how much liquor was being consumed at the home of the Berteaus, whom he knew to be very temperate. He questioned the girl, who told him that the person drinking the brandy was a lodger who stayed indoors all day and drank, so he claimed, “to keep the cholera away.” Anticholera diets of the most exotic variety were being published at the time in the Illustrated London News, and brandy was at least as plausible a remedy as any. George Heulin was, however, a skeptic. He had heard in St. Helier that the murderer of Patrick O’Connor was holed up in Jersey, and suspecting that his freely imbibing customer was the man, he set out to watch daily for the lodger’s appearance in the Prospect House garden, where the girl had told him he generally went in the evening for a short time. He saw him there on Sunday and again on Monday, and was strengthened in his suspicions by the lodger’s evident effort to escape recognition by pulling his felt hat down over his face. Just after dusk on Monday George went to the back entrance of Berteau’s house, determined to ask him who his lodger was and what name he was using. He found Manning sitting with Berteau outside the back door in a little yard, smoking his pipe. Berteau advanced a few steps to greet Heulin, but Manning quickly retreated into the house. George’s questions to Berteau alarmed the old man, who was in poor health, but he was unwilling to believe that his lodger was the suspected fugitive. The man appeared to be a very nice gentleman and had given his name as Jennings. It was true that he did
not go out much, but this might be explained by his being unwell and afraid of the cholera, and no doubt he would get out more when he felt better.

The moment George Heulin had gone, Manning went up to Berteau in the back kitchen, where he had remained during their conversation, and asked him who George was, what he had come for, and why he wanted to know his name. While he asked these questions Manning trembled from head to foot and appeared scarcely able to get his words out. The thought instantly occurred to the old man that he was, in fact, harboring a murderer. As soon as he had satisfied Manning that the visitor was a neighbor and that his motives were only those of curiosity, he rushed to his wife and told her, pointing to Manning: "That's a murderer." In order to prevent the lodger from committing suicide or, still worse, another crime, he hid a hatchet and some pieces of rope that were lying about the house.

George Heulin was as sure as Berteau that the lodger was Manning and proceeded at once to St. Helier to consult with his brother John. When his brother heard him out, he shared George's suspicions, and they went out to look for Sergeant Langley. They found the detective within a few steps of the Bath Hotel, and George told him his story. Langley took the Heulins to Chevalier and urged that they go over to St. Lawrence immediately to arrest the lodger. It was already past nine o'clock P.M., and Chevalier suggested that the man would probably already be in bed and that it perhaps might be just as well to defer the arrest until the morning. However, Langley was not willing to wait, and Chevalier immediately acquiesced in the longer working hours of the London detective.

Chevalier was right at least in predicting Manning's bedtime hour. He was already in bed when the officers arrived at the house at about 9:30 P.M. They got out of their carriage about two hundred yards on the St. Helier side of the cottage and approached on foot. By arrangement Chevalier and George Heulin went around to the back and explained to Berteau that they had come to arrest his lodger on a charge of murder, an announcement that the old couple appeared to receive with
relief. It was agreed that Chevalier would return to the front of the house and knock at the door, which Berteau promised to open. The Heulins were to stay outside the cottage and prevent Manning's escape by the windows, of which there were three in his room alone. The plan was followed, Berteau opened the front door and handed Chevalier a lighted candle, and the officers went quickly upstairs prepared to break open Manning's door if it was locked. Unexpectedly they found the door ajar. Chevalier pushed the door fully open, and placing the candle on the table, he rushed to the bed in which Manning lay. At the same instant Langley caught a quick glimpse of Manning's face and immediately recognized him. Manning's arms were pinioned, and Chevalier threw himself on the bed to prevent him from making any resistance.

Manning did not take kindly to these rough measures, crying out: "Hallo, what are you about? Do you mean to murder me?" The moment he saw Langley he became calm and said, "Ah, Sergeant, is that you? I am glad you are come. I know what you are come about. If you had not come I was coming to town to explain all. I am innocent!" He then asked, 'Is the wretch taken?" At least that is what the polite Victorian papers said he asked. However, in some accounts the noun is blanked out, and it is likely that the word was "bitch." In any case, Langley supposed that he was referring to his wife. When the detective replied in the affirmative, Manning remarked: "Thank God, I am glad of it; that will save my life. She is the guilty party; I am as innocent as a lamb."

Chevalier commanded him to dress in the presence of the officers and, when he had done so, proceeded to handcuff him despite Manning's protests that it was unnecessary.

Fred remained in the talkative mood that the air of Jersey (and perhaps the brandy) had given him. He said that all the property in the room belonged to him and that the seven sovereigns found in his carpet bag were all that was left of the sum that had been paid to him for his furniture by a man in London. He was led out of Berteau's house and placed in the carriage to be conveyed back to St. Helier. On the way, without any questions being asked of him, he volunteered several
comments on the crime. He expressed the hope that his wife would not commit suicide before he got to London for when there he could soon clear himself. Later he said, "I suppose she must have fifteen hundred pounds upon her; at least she ought to have. She has often told me that she would be revenged upon O'Connor." Chevalier asked him what he meant by being revenged, and Manning answered: "Why he induced us to take the house in Minver Place, and to furnish it, on the understanding that he would come and live with us, which he did not do. And my wife got into a great rage, and said she would be revenged. I said, 'Don't be angry, dear'; and advised her to forget and forgive." He also told them that a little before the time of that conversation his wife had gone to O'Connor's apartment, where Patrick had shown her notes and railway coupons and promised that he would leave her the bulk of his estate under his will. He added that Marie had frequently gone to O'Connor's house. About two weeks before the murder she invited O'Connor to come and dine with them, but he did not come. Then

she wrote him another letter, asking him to dine with us on the fatal day. The dinner was laid upstairs when he arrived. My wife asked him if he would not go downstairs and wash his hands, as was his custom, before dinner. He replied, Yes, and immediately went downstairs followed closely by my wife. As soon as they reached the bottom of the staircase my wife put one of her arms around O'Connor's neck, and with the other hand she fired a pistol at the back part of his head. O'Connor immediately fell dead. I fainted, and do not know what became of the body.

Chevalier asked him whether he had not seen a hole dug in the back kitchen. Manning replied: "Oh! yes, I had seen it and I believed that it was intended for me. I believe my wife intended to murder me." And yet Fred had stayed on living with the murderess of 3 Minver Place.

At seven o'clock A.M. on Friday, 31 August, Chevalier and the London detectives went to St. Helier's Gaol for the purpose of bringing Manning to the packet boat for England. He had made the request that he be allowed to walk through the streets of St. Helier, and since it was so early Chevalier agreed. Fred
also asked for a cigar, which was given him. A reporter commented with wonder that "the suspected assassin of Patrick O'Connor actually walked a distance of nearly half a mile from the gaol to the pier through the streets of St. Helier's, smoking a cigar, with all the ease imaginable."

On the voyage to England Fred Manning's words continued to flow. He was sure that his wife, as soon as she came before the magistrate and saw clergymen, would confess at once to having committed the deed. She had threatened to kill O'Connor for the last six months and had said that she would not die happy if she did not do so. He could not help observing to the London detectives that he had been much amused at reading some of the newspaper accounts of the activity of the Jersey police in seeking him out while he had smoked his pipe opposite the chief police office for some days.

Langley and Lockyer kept their ship cabin as private as possible, but they were not able to prevent some passengers from catching a sight of the supposed murderer. Manning was delighted with the attention he was drawing and conversed with one woman for some time, remarking that he had had "two wives, and that was one too many." Captain Childers, the commander of the Despatch, recognized him immediately when he came on board and told the detectives that he remembered the night of Manning's first crossing: Manning had come up to him several times and pressed him to drink brandy and, in fact, had become so troublesome that the captain was obliged to ask the steward to get Manning to call it a night.

When the packet steamed into Southampton harbor, Inspector Haynes came on board to receive the prisoner and brought him to London's Vauxhall Station by special train. Manning was taken to Stone's End Police Station to be booked. It was odd, but somehow as soon as Fred returned to London, all his confidence and sangfroid vanished. He would not joke much anymore or lead a silent parade brandishing a cigar.

The reaction of the press to the capture of the Mannings shows that in the public mind there was much more at play than the apprehension of two suspects thought to be plainly responsible for a particularly brutal murder. The circumstances of the
arrest of the criminal conspirators in two distant hiding places at opposite points of the compass and beyond England's borders seemed to provide new ground for comfort in the security of modern England life and in the wonders that could be accomplished by technological advance. It was, as in the Tawell case, the marvelous efficacy of the telegraph that was singled out for special praise. An editorial in the *Illustrated London News* opined that "the benefits conferred by science" in the apprehension of great criminals had already been exemplified by the Tawell capture; but that the case of "Mrs. Manning, a woman in comparison with whose blackness of guilt the memory of Tawell appears white, is a still greater warning to future criminals of the folly of crime and the certainty of punishment." The usually cynical *Punch* indulged itself in what is virtually a prose poem in the honor of the telegraph:

God's lightning pursuing murder is become a true and active thing. What was a figure of speech is now a working minister. A phrase in the mouth of poetry, is now a familiar presence—a household retainer, doing hourly errands. We have brought devastation into servitude; we have made a bond-slave of destruction. Thus, Murder has hardly turned from its abomination—scarcely set forth upon its shuddering flight, when the avenging lightning stays the homicide.

Marvellous is the poetry of our daily life! We out-act the dreams of story-books. The Arabian tales are flat, crude gossip against the written activities of our social state. *Sindbad*, with his wonders, so many glories about him, is become a dull fellow, opposed by the electric workman—the Clerk of the Lightning.

Murder, with its black heart beating thick, its brain blood-gorged, reads the history of its damnation. Hundreds of miles away from its ghastly work, Murder in the stupidity of deepest guilt—for the greater the crime the greater the folly that ever as a shadow accompanies, and betrays it—Murder, with forced belief in its impunity, reads its own doings chronicled and commented upon in the newspaper sheet; and—so far away from the victim's grave; the retreat so cunningly assured, the hiding-place so wisely chosen—Murder draws freer breath, and holds itself secure!

—And the while, the inexorable lightning, the electric pulse—thrills in the wires—and in a moment idiot Murder stammers
and grows white in the face of Justice. In the marvellousness that sublimates the mind of man, our Electric Tales make poor work of the Arabian. Solomon's Genii may sleep in their brazen kettles. They are, in truth, the veriest smoke compared with the Genii of the Wires.

In the euphoria of retrospect, even the comedy of the Fire Queen's pursuit of the Victoria seemed to Punch to be "another cause of mournful pride," a "noble sermon, preached extempore to embryo crime." The warning uttered by the telegraphically ordered sea chase was this, in Punch's high-sounding phrases:

Though the sea encompass you; though you have baulked pursuit, and Justice—like a hound at fault—beats and gropes confounded; though you have begun to count the profits of blood, and how to make the most of them; how, in your new country, to live a life of impunity and ease,—nevertheless, give up the dream; dismiss the vision, and awake to horrid truth. For there, in the horizon miles away, is a thin dark vapour—the man at the mast has seen and reported it—and, with every ten minutes, it becomes more distinct,—and now the distant gun is heard across the water, booming command; and the ship's yards swing round;—she lays to; and—how rapid the ceremony, how brief the time! and Murder, aghast and manacled, is made again to turn its face towards the land it has outraged with the sacrifice of blood.

Several weeks later Punch followed up its panegyric to telegraphy with a cartoon showing a fleeing criminal ensnared by telegraph wires at the end of a line of poles, each of which the artist transformed into a scarecrow in the shape of a pursuing policeman swinging a club. Captioning the piece "Swift and Sure" and subtitling the moonlit picture "A vision very like reality," Punch concluded its accompanying commentary with a variant of the joke first propagated in the Tawell case: "No wonder the murderer is nervous, when he is, literally, very often 'hung upon wires.'"

The London Times shared Punch's enthusiasm for the swiftness of the work of the detective force in the Manning case and the vast increase of their powers lent by the science of telegraphy. However, the continuing toll of the cholera cast a shadow over
the *Times’s* rejoicing. Its editorial writer could not rid himself of the ironic vision of science enabling police detection to solve one mysterious death but leaving the medical profession powerless to deal with thousands. He noted that on 9 August, the day of the murder, and during the five previous days, the cholera epidemic in Wandsworth had taken the lives of nineteen residents of Albion Terrace, a row of suburban homes much like Minver Place. The “mean intangible instruments” of these deaths “can be invested with no dramatic interest,” he concluded, “but fixing our eyes on the victims, it is well worth considering whether substantially it is not as much a part of the sound policy of the country that lives like those in Albion Terrace should be saved as that the murderers of the man in Bermondsey should be hanged.”

For other commentators, however, the Manning case was a human drama of absorbing interest, wholly apart from what it might mean for the successes or failures of science and civilization. The crime novelist W. Harrison Ainsworth, who had read of the capture of Fred Manning when he was abroad, put the matter quite simply in a letter he wrote to his daughters from Paris: “So Manning is taken; I am glad of it.”