

DEATH OF GARRETT, THE BUSHRANGER.

(New Zealand Times, September 3.)

The news of the death of Henry Garrett will be of interest to those who remember the records of crime in Australia and New Zealand. He died last night, aged 72, of decay of the system. The career of a man who has spent 50 Christmasses in goal was necessarily a strange one; and though a great criminal, there were some points in Garrett's character which were not unamiable or altogether bad. It is believed that he was first driven to evil courses by domestic trouble, and that he began by committing petty offences. His first long sentence was passed in Birmingham, in the year 1842, when he was condemned to 10 years' transportation, and sent to Norfolk Island. In 1885 he committed a most daring bank robbery in Ballarat. The robbery was done in broad daylight. Garrett posted a notice on the bank door that it would be closed for an hour, and then entering the building, presented a revolver at the heads of the officials. He thus managed to take about £6000, and escaped with it to London. He was followed thither by a detective from Australia and captured. The detective saw him in the street, and, not being sure of his man, gave a "cooey." At this, Garrett, to whom the sound was familiar, turned round sharply, and the detective, being certain that he was the person sought, took him into custody. On being taken out to Australia he was tried, and received a sentence of 10 years. He was present when Mr Price, at one time superintendent of the convict establishments in Australia, was murdered by the prisoners.

On the breaking out of the diggings Garrett came over to New Zealand, and distinguished himself by sticking up and tying to trees 17 men on the road between Dunedin and Gabriel's Gully. Among the victims was Father Moreau, a French priest, whose memory is held in reverence both in Otago and in this district. When he had the 17 tied up and their pockets emptied, like a gentle thief as he was, he made tea for them, and filled and lighted the pipes of such as smoked, and rode away, ordering them not to move for two hours.

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4

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MOVE FOR TWO HOURS. IT IS stated that there are men now in Wellington, who made his acquaintance on that occasion, and among them possibly a member of Parliament. He seldom, however, long enjoyed the fruits of his industry, and in May 1862 he was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. This sentence he cannot have served to the end, as in 1868 he got one year for being found with house-breaking tools in his possession, and not long afterwards 20 years for breaking into a shop and stealing valuable goods. He was released in 1882 by special permission, and for a short while devoted himself to literature. He contributed several biographies of gentlemen in his own way of business, in weekly parts, to a society journal in Christchurch. The name he wrote under was "Clodhopper," and among the lives were those of Silas Eli, Frederick Plummer, Robert Butler, and several other practitioners of eminence. They are said to have been exceedingly well done, showing great knowledge of character, and a curious and accurate acquaintance with facts. He also began a life of himself, which, unfortunately for literature, was interrupted. He was arrested in November 1882, for being found in a wholesale warehouse with about 40 or 50 skeleton keys in his possession, and received a sentence of seven years, from which he was released by death last night at 12 o'clock. Garrett sometimes called himself Rouse, which the Wellington gaol authorities believe to have been his real name.

Through all his career of crime it is not recorded against him that he once shed human blood, and, like some of the highwaymen of old, he never injured or robbed a woman. He was a man who had from his secluded life read much, and yet at the same time he had mixed and conversed with men sprung from all positions and of the most curious experiences. His memory was good, and he had a vast fund of information. His name was a household word at Pentridge, where he was regarded as a high legal authority. He had studied science as well as law, and was a warm disciple of Mr Darwin, being fully convinced that his principles were fully proved. He was not sound in his religious views, and it is stated he had no belief in God or devil. Shortly before his death, however, there were signs that this was not altogether the case. While in Dunedin and other gaols Garrett

was a most turbulent prisoner. At one time he threatened the life of a gaoler, and was kept in solitary confinement for three years. In Wellington, however, his conduct has been quite different, and for Mr Garvey, the Governor of the Gaol, he would do anything. Mr Garvey says he could have trusted Garrett at any time to go a message outside the prison with the certainty that he would return at the appointed hour. He was a capital, industrious workman, and while he was at Mount Cook was found exceedingly useful, doing, while in health, the work of three ordinary men. Certain work in connection with the laying of rails for the gaol tramways he did particularly well, saving a good deal of money to the department. To common thieves he had a strong objection, and would never associate with them, holding them in high contempt. Whenever any of those belonging to the humbler branches of his business went to him for advice he sent them away. With all the prison officials in Wellington he was perfectly well behaved, and he also showed himself amenable to discipline, there never being a complaint against him.

On July 10 Garrett was taken ill, and Mr Garvey, seeing that he required special treatment, recommended his removal from Mount Cook to the Terrace Gaol, where there is a hospital. Mr J. S. M. Thomson, the visiting justice, accordingly ordered his removal, and he has been there ever since. The old man has been treated kindly in his last illness, and as an instance of this, Dr Johnson only yesterday afternoon sent him a bottle of wine from his own cellar. Everything, also, that could be done by the gaoler, warders, and the other prisoners. In cold weather he has always been weak for the last 18 months, but in fine weather he has always worked. The Ven. Archdeacon Stock has been most kind and attentive to Garrett, who was grateful and attached to him, though the latter never would take part in conversation on religious subjects. Last night Garrett was evidently very ill. He was in bed, and about 7 o'clock he turned to the wall, and moaned "My God! my God!" Mr Garvey immediately sent for Archdeacon Stock, who hurried to the gaol. Though Garrett listened to the archdeacon with respect, he asked him not to talk of religious matters, as it harassed him. After that he sank fast, and closed

His strange and turbulent life just at mid-
night.