

A NOTED CONVICT.

GARRETT, the well known bushranger and house breaker, died the other day from acute bronchitis at the Wellington gaol, and it is observed as a strange coincidence that the foreman of the jury at the inquest was one of the victims stuck up by him at Maungatua. Garrett's proper name was Henry Rousse, the son of a small farmer at Harby, in Leicester shire, England. He commenced his career of crime by breaking into a house in 1843, for which he was sentenced to penal servitude. At that time the most desperate class of criminals, instead of being sent to Tasmania, were conveyed direct to Norfolk Island. On the break up of the penal establishment there, he and other convicts were sent over to Tasmania, where they completed their sentence. During the excitement of the Victorian goldfields he migrated thither and formed a gang which committed a number of robberies, the most important being the sticking up of a bank at Ballarat early in the year 1854. A fine haul was made, and for a considerable time all the members of the gang escaped justice. Garrett, with a fair companion, went to London with his portion of the spoil. The home police were apprised of his absconding, and he was ultimately arrested and brought back to Victoria, where he was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. Shortly after his release the Otago Goldfields were discovered, and in 1862 along with Burgess, Levy, Kelly, and other noted criminals, he came over to Dunedin, with the view of going up country to practice their profession among the diggers. It is said that Garrett professed to have another object in view—to search out one of his accomplices in the Ballarat robbery, who had turned Queen's evidence. Early in 1862, Garrett, Burns, alias Anderson, and a number of them committed a series of robberies at Maungatua, taking possession of a particular point, one day from sunrise to

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sunset, and sticking up travellers who passed. Among these travellers was the late lamented Father Moreau, who was then returning from a mission on the Tuapeka goldfields. Garrett and one of his companions insisted on bailing him up, while the other desperadoes, some of whom knew the reverend gentleman, objected, and he was allowed to go by unmolested. It being mentioned to him afterwards, Father Moreau remarked that the bushrangers would not have got much if they had bailed him up, as all he had in his possession at the time was a threepenny bit. After this Garrett escaped to Sydney, where he was apprehended, and was returned to Dunedin. On the 15th May, 1862, he was tried in the old Supreme Court house, and received a sentence of eight years for the Mangatua affair. Before the completion of his sentence he had to be removed to the hospital. Knowing the man's desperate character, the then Commissioner of Police, the late Mr Brannigan, had him extradited to Melbourne as a ticket-of-leave man out of his district. There, however, the authorities were quite as anxious to be rid of him, and he was sent back. Mr Brunton then kindly took Garrett in hand, and he regularly attended his ministrations at Farley's Hall. One evening, instead of going upstairs to his devotions, Garrett deployed to the right, and managed to get into Mr Allan's seed shop. Fortunately for himself, Mr Allan and Mr Reid visited the shop that evening, and found Garrett in the act of robbing the till. The police being close at hand, he (the burglar) was given into safe keeping once more. Before this exploit many people were anxious that Garrett, whom they regarded as a reformed man, should have a chance of redeeming his character, and among others who provided him employment at his trade—that of a cooper—was the late Mr Thomas Birch. Prior to breaking into Mr Allan's shop he was arraigned on two indictments for housebreaking,

and being found with housebreaking tools in his possession. For these offences he received a sentence of twelve months. He pleaded guilty to breaking into Allan's shop, also to another charge, and was sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude. In his lodgings was found a large quantity of stolen property of various kinds. In January, 1881, he was transferred to Lyttleton, where he was released, but though about 74 years of age, he could not resist the inclination to burgling, and was soon in trouble again. Lately he was transferred to Wellington. A day or two before the opening of the Exhibition in Christchurch he met an old Dunedin fellow prisoner, and wished to enlist him for the purpose of committing robberies. No murders have been laid to his charge, though it was a favourite saying of his that "dead cocks cannot crow." During the whole of his career in the Norfolk Island, Tasmania, Victorian, and New Zealand gaols he was generally disliked by his fellow convicts, who looked upon him as a mean, low, cowardly fellow, as he is described by the notorious Burgess. While at liberty in Christchurch light manual labour was found him, and it will be remembered that he contributed a series of scurrilous articles on "Prison Experiences" to a now defunct Christchurch society paper.

BRAZIL has still 1,000,000 slaves.

A PHYSICIAN failed financially, and has thus acquired the title of "Dr." at both ends of his name.

A REGIMENT of bicycles is the latest innovation in the German army. The Munich garrison are, it is said, now busily practising cycling, as the bicycle is to be officially introduced among the Bavarian regiments, and its use is being first tested by orderly service.

A GENTLEMAN, writing from Auckland to a friend in Canterbury, mentions the following:—A lecturer here the other day, said that if the hotels in London could be kept closed, it would be a saving of 200,000 deaths, when an Irish-

man in the crowd asked for how long? This so puzzled the lecturer that he did not recover the interruption the whole evening. The Rev. Lewis, also lecturing on temperance, gave so many anecdotes on tea that the audience were fairly puzzled at the end of his lecture which was the more poisonous of the two—spirits or tea. One or two statements were that a friend of his boiled a pound of tea in a quart of water, and, after straining it off, boiled the quart of liquid to a pint, and, taking the cat on his knee, gave her three drops, and, to his surprise, it killed her instantly. So much for temperance! He evidently proved too much!

Remember This.

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