

TRIAL AND SENTENCE

Of Annette Meyers,

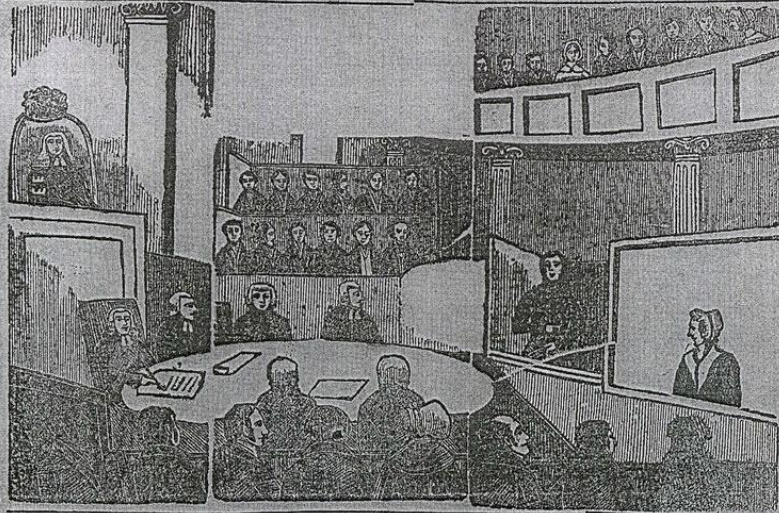
FOR THE MURDER OF HENRY DUCKER, IN SAINT JAMES'S PARK.

This day having been appointed for the Trial of Annette Meyers, for the murder of Henry Ducker, a private in the Coldstream guards, in the Birdcage-walk, Saint James's Park, the court was densely crowded by persons anxious to hear the proceedings.

Sarah Sexton was the first witness called, she said, I reside at No. 29 Wed-street, Pimlico, and am a servant out of place. About twenty minutes to five o'clock on Friday evening as I was walking along the Birdcage walk, in the direction of Storey's gate I saw the prisoner fire a pistol at a soldier. She was about two yards behind him when she fired, and she levelled the pistol at the back of his head, behind the ear. I had not particular noticed her before I saw her hand up, just as the pistol had gone off. It was then presented toward the soldier. The soldier fell, and the prisoner threw the pistol down by the side of him. I was not more than four or five yards from the prisoner when this occurred. I did not hear her say any thing, nor did I hear the soldier speak at all. After the prisoner threw the pistol down she walked quickly away in the direction of the barracks. I did not myself attempt to stop her, as I was so much frightened. A man did stop her, however, before she had proceeded many yards.

Henry Killington, of No. 4, Enly-street, Kensington, stated, that about twenty minutes to five on Friday, he was walking in St. James's enclosure near the Birdcage walk, and heard the report of a pistol, and, looking round I saw the pistol in the prisoner's hand. There was a soldier near her at the time. He was in the act of falling forwards. When he fell the prisoner threw down the pistol by his feet, and turning round, walked away towards the palace. She walked away very quietly, and not at a fast pace. As soon as I heard the report I ran out of the enclosure, at the nearest gate opposite Queen-square, and went towards the prisoner. Before I got to her a police-constable had stopped her. He asked her some question, to which she replied, she had done it. I do not recollect the precise words she uttered, but they were to that effect.

John Garwood, a private in the 2, battalion of the Coldstream Guards, was then called, he said, I knew the deceased, Henry Tucker. He was on parade about half past four on Friday afternoon with me, and followed me out of the yard of the Wellington barracks. He was about 10 or 15 yards behind me when I passed Queen-square. Immediately afterwards I heard the report of a pistol, and looking round, I saw the deceased fall suddenly forwards. I saw a woman near the deceased at this time. The prisoner at the bar is that woman. I ran towards the deceased on seeing him fall. I did not hear him speak. He stretched out his hands, and appeared to desire to speak, but could not. I saw a person standing near the deceased with a pistol in his hand. As I came out of the barracks I saw the prisoner standing against the railings. A private soldier with whom I was walking remarked to me as we passed her, That is Henry Tucker's mistress. I have seen the deceased and the prisoner walking together 2 or 3 times. I saw her also with the deceased inside the barracks on the night previous to the murder. He was on picket at the time. I did not hear any conversation pass between them on that occasion. When I saw her on Friday she looked very low in spirits.



Joseph Mills, another private in the same battalion said, I left the barrack yard, a few moments after the deceased, and followed him down the Birdcage-walk, in the direction of Storey's gate. I did not observe whether the prisoner and the deceased had any conversation together.

Mr. James Beattie, of 205, Regent-street, proved selling the pistol to the prisoner for 5s. He thought it was strange that a woman should purchase such a weapon, and asked her for what purpose she wanted it. She replied, to shoot a savage Newfoundland dog, which had bitten two or three persons. Mr. Beattie offered to send a man to shoot it, but the prisoner said that she lived at Hackney, and that the distance was too great to send a man for such a purpose, when her brother could kill the animal. Witness handed a pistol with powder and ball, and cautioned her, at the same time, to be careful. There was nothing in the prisoner's manner calculated to excite suspicion. She was perfectly calm.

The jury then retired to consider their verdict, and after a short absence returned into court with a verdict of Guilty.

The learned judge then put on the black cap and passed the awful sentence of the law in the usual form.

The prisoner was then removed from the bar, The following is a correct COPY OF A LETTER, Given up by the prisoner at the station-house Monday Evening.

"My dear Henry,—I take my pen in hand to write these few lines to tell you my mind. I must say there is something the matter with you, as on Sunday afternoon you did not as much as offer me your arm. We walked as though we did not know each other, people must have thought so to see us. And another thing for you to tell me you were going to see that young woman, and you would get some money. Was it kind for me to give you some? But I do not like such ways. You said if she had not got any money, she would lend you her clothes, more fool her, so young man would wish me to do such thing except it was for some good motive, but I think if any young man with a young woman well, and his meaning is good to her, he will not wish any thing of that kind from her, Henry, for you or any other young man I would not do such a thing and if you are not cautioned, it more, as I can give you ought. Look back since Christ was how much you have had from me, so that it is all the love you have for me. I don't care for such love—I know you care more for that young woman than you do for me, because she can give you more money than I can. She gets it easier than I can; she does not get it at all service. You know very well that my outfit man but you had my company since you work for my company, but you can please your self. Go and see her, or any of your young woman that can give you more than I have, but please to give me what you have had of money, that is two books, and the pencil that you have; but I wish to see you once more, to part in a friendly manner. You had the face to tell me one day that I could not do without you, or other men, I have done before, and I know I can do now, but I am sure you cannot do without a woman, Henry, do not be afraid to face me once more, for the last time, and write I don't all that lay in my power, and I am not going to do what they do to get you some money. I did not let you do what you liked to me because I thought of getting some money, but it was because I dearly loved you, and what did you say to me in the park the last evening? Henry, I little thought then I should have to write such a letter to you as this. Henry, our case will be a warning for others: You will see what kind love meant, soon. If you like to come next Sunday at half past 6 o'clock, I shall be able to go out then. We can talk at the last time to see each other, but please let me know, as I may tell Mrs. Beattie that I want to go out at that time, and if you have not got a penny, as you say, you can send your letter without paying for it. I hope I have said enough for you to think what your meaning are to me. No more, God bless you. Do not forget what I told you, I shall still remain yours, till we part next Sunday, or before if you like to come down.

From yours affectionately,
ANNETTE MEYERS."

Copy of Verses.

In Nevate goal there does bewail,
In sorrow, grief, and shame,
And young female doomed to die,
Annette Meyers is her name,
For murder in the name of office,
A dreadful sight to see,
Upon the fatal tree.

Chorus.
In grief and shame she does com-
plain,
and for forgiveness does cry,
For murdering a private soldier,
She is condemned to die.

A secret girl the female was,

As we can understand,
Henry Tucker was a soldier,
And sold twenty-one,
Belonging to the Coldstream guards
Of good character we find,
He loved his friend, the jealousy,
Had poisoned his mind,
She and the soldier loving words,
Did to each other to talk,
As they were walking arm & arm,
Along the Birdcage-walk,
When accident the weapon
dropt,
Unto her lovelies head,
And the trigger drew, & the soldier
dropt,
And on the ground fell dead,
Long time they had been courting

no loving and so kind,
Until that fatal injury,
Had entered in her mind,
When she the pistol did prepare,
To take his life away,
While walking in the Birdcage walk,
Upon that fatal day occurred,
When she the pistol fired, she
Prepared to draw away,
But the officer I think her,
And thus she a cruel story,
Did to the pistol fire?
I did, she said, indeed,
And I an unlice assisted,
As we may plainly read,
The soldiers blood in streams did
flow.

Upon the fatal ground,
And Annette Meyers' confessed
trial she,
That saw him his death wound
To answer for the sad story,
They took her speedily,
This dreadful deed as we may read
Occurred through jealousy.

Great consternation it has caused,
As we can understand,
The soldier one and twenty was,
A private young man;
Henry Ducker was his name,
Of the Coldstream guards, we see
What dreadful things to convey,
Unto his family.

Christopher Richards, police constable 187, A, said I was on duty in the Birdcage Walk, about twenty minutes to 5 on Friday evening, and while talking to a brother officer, he heard the report of a pistol. I immediately turned round and saw the smoke. At the same moment the deceased fell forward on his face and hands I went towards him directly, and found him bleeding from a wound in the back part of the lower part of his head. I then heard some one say,—A Stop that woman,—that is the woman who did it. I turned round, and saw a woman walking away in the direction of the palace. I followed her and took her into custody. The prisoner is that woman. She was about thirty yards from the soldier when I overtook her. She did not speak to me, but looked as if she was about to faint. I gave her into the charge of the constable with whom I had been talking, while I went to look for the pistol. I did not obtain the pistol; it was taken to the police station by the person who picked it up.

Thomas Mitchell Paul, police constable 80, A, said— I was in Birdcage Walk on Friday evening, about twenty minutes to 5, and was speaking to the last witness, when I heard the report of a pistol. I turned round, and saw the smoke, and at the same moment saw the deceased fall flat on his face. I took charge of the prisoner from the last witness. I took hold of her left hand, and put my arm round her. She threw her head back, and said, "I did it." These were the exact words. While proceeding into the station, the constable said, "I did it." I intended to do it—I have intended to do it for a long time." She also asked me if the deceased was dead. I told her I believed he was. She made no reply.

Mr. Irving Beckerson, said—I was the inspector on duty at the Sandeater's Lane station when the prisoner was brought on Friday evening. She was charged by police constable Paul, 80 A, with firing a pistol, and causing the death of a soldier. I took the charge, and on reading it over to her she said, "I did it."



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