

The Ards House Mystery.

A LEAF FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POLICE OFFICER.
By EDWARD HEINE.

The "Ards House Mystery," as it was called, made some noise at the time, but the circumstances are now, I dare say, pretty well forgotten, so I may as well set down here what I know about the matter. This is, indeed, all that is to know, and more than anybody else knows, for I happened to be intimately mixed up in it.

The "Ards" is the name of a small estate in the neighborhood of Ashbury, where I was stationed for a number of years, and Ards house, where the proprietor and his family resided, a moderate sized country mansion, was situated about a hundred yards off the London road. When the remarkable occurrences I am about to narrate took place the family consisted of Mr. Austin, the "uncle," as he was sometimes called by the country people of the old-fashioned type, a grandson, a granddaughter and a more distant relative, a young man to whom Miss Willoughby, the granddaughter, was reported to be engaged. The domestic affairs of the family were, as usual in such circles, not thickly peopled, pretty well known to their neighbors; but much of what I will here mention by way of introduction to my narrative was earned after events had brought me into closer contact with some of its members.

Till within eighteen months of the time when these events occurred the Austin family had consisted only of Mr. Austin and his two grandchildren. Horace Austin was the only son of an only son and had lived with Mr. Austin from childhood as he recognized as well as a faithful heir to the estate. He had grown up amid country occupations, and might have sat to a character painter as a model for the ideal country gentleman. Outwardly, a healthy, florid complexion, merry brown eyes, a mass of light, curly hair and a frank, pleasant smile were every one he met. Manners rather than refined, and more given to old sports than what are called "intellectual pursuits." His relations with his grandfather had hitherto been understood to be of the most cordial kind. Florence Willoughby was the child of a daughter who had married well, and she, Horace, was now an orphan. She is heiress in her own right to considerable wealth, and it was understood that a future provision would form no burden on the estate. When I first saw her she was 19 (Horace being about half a dozen years older), and a nicer young thing than she was then I never clapped eyes upon, and I have seen a few in my day. Mr. Austin's cherished wish was that the two cousins should marry, and an engagement had seemed likely to me about. So far as I could learn, Mr. Horace almost worshipped his young beautiful cousin, on the side of Florence there had been little reciprocation of the sentiment. She liked Horace, never, and seemed willing in time to satisfy the desire of her grandfather. But the introduction into the house of her young inmate altered matters entirely.

Gerald Lowe was the son of a distant poor connection of the family, to whom at one time Mr. Austin believed had been under deep obligation. By way of repaying this debt he had taken charge of Gerald's education, carried him ward in preparation for the legal profession, and just before starting him on an independent career had invited him to a long visit at Ards house. His studies had been prosecuted in London, where his home was, and this was his introduction to the family of his benefactor. Handsome, rather refined appearance, and of insinuating address, the new comer seems to have secured in a short time the good opinion of and more especially of the young heiress. The heart which had stood out against the solid merits of Horace Austin yielded to the more attractive accomplishments of Gerald Lowe. Horace was and "fleshy;" Gerald was dark, interestingly pale, and spiritual (as they in novels). Horace was neither literator musical; Gerald was both, and a favorable impression made by his exterior was deepened by an in-course which discovered common interests and sentiments. Whether Lowe a victim to the beauty of the girl or allured by the wealth of the heiress, hard to tell, but he was soon Miss Willoughby's declared and accepted suitor. It could not but be that he would fall in the estimation, or at least in the favor, of the two Austins; after some opposition on the part of grandfather, and a "last appeal" on the part of her cousin, the inevitable was effected in, and an engagement grudgingly sanctioned.

Gerald Lowe was, of course, no match worldly sense for the young heiress, his having availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his patron's absence to entrap the affections of granddaughter was considered by Mr. Austin, however, as a means to prove him unworthy of her in respects. Mr. Austin, however, as a friend of his to whom as in the habit of unburdening himself endeavored to take a more favorable view of the matter. "I am, of course, deeply grieved by the turn affairs have taken," he said, "but Gerald belongs to the same family stock, has been educated, is of good character so far as I know, and she has money for both. And love, you know, is no law—at least, none but its own."

also a hasty summons had been dispatched. We were ushered into the room where the body lay as it had been found. A short examination assured Dr. Gaylen that life was irretrievably gone.

"He has certainly died from violence," he said. "I should say from strangulation, by the grip of human hands; the marks of the fingers are but too apparent. A blow has also been given with some blunt weapon on the temple. He has been dead some hours. You must communicate with the coroner at once."

I now proceeded to examine and question, and the result, shortly stated, was as follows:

The servant on going to call his master at the usual hour found the bedroom door locked—an unusual circumstance, it appears—and, failing to obtain a reply after repeatedly knocking, had given the alarm. Access having been obtained another way, Mr. Austin was discovered as we saw him, his eyes glazed and staring, his hands clenched and the marks alluded to by the doctor on his temple and neck. The window was up, and a search proved that a gold watch and valuable appendages, and two silver cups with inscriptions, which had stood under glass covers on a side table, had been carried away. These were the only valuables missing, but it seemed enough to suggest—burglary.

I thoroughly scrutinized the room, the window, the doors. It was a large room, which Mr. Austin had used for an evening sitting room. The door which had been locked inside opened on the corridor, the other, by which entrance had been gained, communicated through a dressing room with another bedroom, in which Horace Austin slept. The housekeeper, a portly dame, who seemed half dazed by the horrible occurrence, thought the doors between the two bedrooms usually stood unlocked. The dressing room was shared between the two men, and had been so since Horace was a boy. Horace was in the habit of locking his bedroom door, the one that opened on the corridor, but thought he had found it open that morning, still could not be certain. No one, she told me, had heard any noise during the night, nor had any suspicious characters, so far as she knew, been lately noticed prowling about the premises. The window, she thought, was usually fastened by Mr. Austin when he went to bed—she had often found it so next morning—but he certainly might forget it sometimes. She sometimes found it open in the morning. She supposed it must have been left unfastened the previous night, as there were no panes broken. We next went outside, measured the height of the window, which was not great, and might easily have been scaled, and carefully examined the ground underneath. I was puzzled.

Leaving Simpkins below I re-entered the bedroom and took another look at the window sill. Neither there nor on the ground below were there any marks to indicate entrance or retreat. Musingly I approached the bed where the dead man lay, and in an absent manner lifted one of the clenched hands. Something dark, but hardly visible, protruded between two of the fingers. It had evidently escaped notice hitherto. With gentle and patient endeavor I opened the fingers a little, and released from their grasp a small piece of silk, which, after looking at it attentively, I placed carefully in my pocketbook.



It had evidently escaped notice hitherto. In another room the three relatives were anxiously awaiting the result of my inquiries. When I entered Miss Willoughby was half extended on a sofa, and Gerald Lowe (whom I knew well enough by sight) was bending over her. Young Mr. Austin came forward hurriedly.

"What do you make of it, Mr. —?"

"Denham."

"What do you make of this horrible business, Mr. Denham?"

"I can't say I make much yet."

"The villain or villains cannot yet have got far away. There must be no time lost. Offer a reward—any amount—if necessary. Spare no money."

"Not a moment will be lost, sir, you may depend, in following up whatever clue we get the end of."

"Nothing can be plainer," broke in Lowe impetuously. "Some scoundrels have got in by the window and my dear old friend having awakened while they were getting hold of their booty, they were silenced—in the way you see."

I looked at each alternately before answering, and then merely said I would like to see the servants.

I sat in a room, and the domestics were one by one sent in to me. I made a show of questioning them; they could tell me no more than I had already learned, but my object was hardly information. The fact was that I suspected this job had not been done from the outside at all, and I wished to see if any of the underlings were likely persons to be implicated in such an affair. As the last went I shook my head and said to myself, "Nothing there, Denham."

I next announced that we would look over the house.

"Do you mean the private apartments?" asked the lady.

"Yes."

"What?" said Lowe, with what I couldn't help thinking a startled look:

"do you mean you will search my—Miss Willoughby's dressing room and—bedroom?"

"I am sure they are quite at liberty," said she.

"Certainly, they are quite at liberty to search any room in the house," said Horace Austin.

"What is your object?" asked Lowe.

"Do you suspect any one here?"

"Well," I said evasively, "it is usual in such cases."

We went over the servants' apartments hurriedly, but I lingered long in Horace Austin's, turned over everything, had boxes unlocked, and wardrobes opened. Miss Willoughby's I merely scanned, but again lingered in Lowe's. Here I thought once I had found something—a silk cravat of a particular pattern. I furtively compared it with the scrap in my pocket book, and laid it down again with a sigh. At the close of the search I had really found nothing.

"Well," said Horace as I was going away.

"I have nothing to communicate at present, Mr. Austin, be sure you will hear from me as soon as I have. Here is my private address, in case you should want me."

On getting back to town I took one of my colleagues into counsel (Simpkins always agreed with me, so was of no use). We agreed that there was room for suspecting that the crime had been committed by some inmate of Ards House, but not sufficient ground to go upon for an arrest; that it was possible I was mistaken—that the window might have been left unfastened, and that a catlike burglar might have crept in and out without leaving any marks behind him; and that there was no presumption against any one in particular—the servants I had settled to be out of the question, Miss Willoughby was equally so, and Gerald Lowe had absolutely nothing to gain by the old man's death. Horace, who alone seemed to have access at night to his grandfather's room, came into his fortune, of course, a year or two sooner—but no, it would not do.

Accordingly, no time was lost in communicating to the police over the country the facts of the case, and a description (which I had taken down from Miss Willoughby) of the missing articles. In due time the coroner held his inquest, but nothing new was brought out. What I and others had to tell really bore hard against Horace Austin.

For one thing, the housekeeper was made to recollect having heard high words in her master's room as she passed the door on the evening before the murder, and having seen Horace come out some time thereafter. It would not have surprised me though he had been committed; but an open verdict was returned of willful murder against some person or persons unknown. I did not, for obvious reasons, produce on this occasion the rag of silk I had found in the dead man's hand. It could serve no purpose then, and to be of future use my possession of it must remain a secret.

All efforts on the part of the police in London and elsewhere to get on the track of the culprit or stolen articles proved vain. There were one or two arrests on suspicion, only to be followed by liberation of the suspects. This kept public expectation on the stretch, and very soon the usual impatient and severe remarks on the "inefficiency of our police officials" began to be made. The "Ards House Mystery" formed a staple paragraph in all the papers, and some of them hinted, in terms that could not be misunderstood, that Horace Austin should be brought to trial.

An official came down from London to investigate, and went away agreeing that a prosecution in the present state of our information would only lead to a disgraceful breakdown.

Going backwards and forwards to the house, I became in a sort of way intimate, and was treated by no one with more appearance of friendliness than by Gerald Lowe. I must confess, however, that it was on this last mentioned person that my suspicions had from the first turned. Looks and words, of little value when reported to a third party, had turned my attention in this direction. And I must further confess on my own account I had him watched from the first, and his doings quietly noted. Horace was the only one who had gained anything by the old man's death, yet I felt somehow that he was innocent.

Two or three weeks had gone past, and nothing had resulted from the watch. Gerald had wandered a good deal about, had taken to diving into tree clumps, and standing gazing dreamily into a little stream which ran through the grounds, but had never gone many miles from the house. Horace had ridden out occasionally for exercise; and Miss Willoughby had only left the house twice, when she called at my private office for "news."

Things were in this position when—it was the day after the London man had been down—I had occasion to call at the Ashbury bank on a piece of business which necessitated a prolonged interview with the manager. At the close our talk turned, as a matter of course, on the "mystery."

"Mr. Austin was here only one day before it happened," the manager remarked.

"Ah! he was an exact man of business, I believe."

"Yes; but do you know I thought I observed some falling off on that occasion—some confusion of mind not usual to him. In checking his account he objected to one draft—was positive he had not drawn that day, and supported himself by reference to his note book. I showed him the check. On looking at it first he declared it was a forgery, but afterwards drew in his words and admitted himself mistaken.

My ears felt like growing wider every word he uttered.

"May I ask you," I said, "to give me the particulars of that interview?"

"That is all," he answered; "when I told him what presented it he said he must have made a mistake, and went away abruptly, making his preparations in a hurried, nervous manner."

"And who presented it?"

"His young relative, who had been his messenger often before."

"Horace Austin?"

"No, no—Mr. Lowe."

"What was the amount, please?"

"Two hundred, and it was paid in four fifties."

I noted the date on which the check was cashed and the number of the notes, with which the manager readily furnished me, thanked him and took my leave.

Had I at last got hold of one end of the clue? What should I do next? After thinking the matter over I wrote to them in London to find out among the law people what were Gerald Lowe's character and habits, who were his associates, when he was last in town, and if he had then paid away any money. I could not trust our people to find out as much as that easily. I was not disappointed. In two days I learned that Lowe had been "fast" in a sly way, had been engaged in betting transactions, had associated much with one Dennis Dubois, had been last in London on June 15 (the check had been presented on the 14th), and had then paid money to said Dubois.

I determined to go up to town myself, and while preparing for the journey was startled by a visit from Horace Austin. His looks were gloomy and depressed in the extreme.

"Denham," he said, "I am going to demand to be put on trial."

"No, no; don't do that, sir."

"I must. I know what is being said, and I will be tried and cleared. I would not have hurt a hair of his head—my dear grandfather," and he fairly broke down.

"I believe you, Mr. Austin"—and so I did—"and I beseech you, do nothing in that direction."

"I must," he repeated.

"Promise me at least that you will delay for a few days. I have good reasons for insisting."

He looked at me wistfully and inquiringly.

"I can say nothing more," I said; "but you must promise."

After a little he acquiesced, and went away.

I was not long in London before I was in the presence of Mr. Dubois. I found him in a stable yard, and nothing loth to share a quart of beer. He was a small, swarthy, dapper fellow, markedly "horsey."

"You know one Gerald Lowe?" was a question I soon put.

"Oh, yes, I know Lowe."

"He paid you some money on June 15 last?"

"I don't know as to the date, but he paid me about that time what I had a deuced deal of trouble to get out of him."

"How did you manage to get it out of him?"

"I threatened to blow him up with his fine friends."

"And that did it?"

"Well, not at first. He staved me off with talk about a rich marriage coming on. But I didn't believe him—Lowe was always a shuffler—and I couldn't wait, being pressed myself. So I wrote him to pay up at once, or next post I would apply for the money to Mr. Austin. In a couple of days he came through and paid me the money."

"Would it be too much to ask you to name the sum?"

"Not at all—two hundred."

"How paid?"

"In four fifties."

"Did you take the numbers of the notes?"

He laughed at that, saying notes didn't usually stay so long with him as to require such precautions.

I looked disappointed.

"But I'll tell you what," he said, after a pause; "I shouldn't wonder but the skinflint to whom I passed them over does that kind of thing. He's the sort of fellow. Come over to his office and see."

The "skinflint" was a middle aged, cadaverous individual, seated behind a desk, with spectacles on his nose, over which he looked at us scrutinizingly as we entered. My business being stated, and seemingly pronounced inwardly not to be dangerous, a book was turned over and the numbers of the notes read off without hesitation. They coincided precisely with those in my note book.

So far, so good. As I traveled homeward I cogitated my next step. The check had evidently been forged, and Mr. Austin had known it to be so, though he had withdrawn his statement to that effect at the bank. But how to prove that? Lowe might say he got the money from Mr. Austin to pay the debt. What took place after Mr. Austin got home on June 30? Did he tax Lowe with the fraud? What was the secret of the loud words, heard by the housekeeper on the following night, proceeding from Mr. Austin's room? Lowe might have left and Horace gone in while she was away from the door. Lowe, I said to myself, must have scaled the window in the night, murdered the old man to prevent exposure, and taken away the valuables to throw everybody off the scent. But how did he get out and in at the house doors without being seen or heard? Stop—he might have gone into Mr. Austin's room by the door, which, by all accounts, stood usually unlocked. But how did he get out again? He might have got through the dressing room and Horace's bedroom, but hardly without detection. I had it all pretty distinctly set out in my own mind, but where were the probative facts? It looked pretty dark as yet. An unexpected light was to be thrown on the matter that very evening.

I was sitting at tea enjoying the sensation of rest after exertion, when I had again a visitor from Ards House. This time it was not Horace, but Miss Willoughby.

Since the event which first brought me in contact with this lady I had seen and spoken to her several times. On the first or the first two occasions she seemed merely prostrate with grief and horror, but afterwards had exhibited a nervous excitement, painful to witness. The burden of her talk with me had been, "Had no trace been yet got of the criminal or the stolen articles? Was I not sure

how that somebody must have broken in by the window? What were the people saying?" and so on.

When she lifted her veil as I entered the room into which she had been shown I was shocked to see how ill she looked. Cheeks pale and sunk, lips contracted as if in pain, eyes weary like and yet restless.

She rose and laid a morocco bound, brazen clasped volume on the table.

"There," she said, "I cannot hide it longer, let the worst come of it."

"My dear young lady," I said, laying my hand upon the book, "what is this?"

"I will tell you. A few days after—after that happened, I found it in one of my grandfather's private drawers. I recognized it at once as what he called his diary, in which he was in the habit of jotting something almost every night. I knew it well, for I often saw him writing in it, and he frequently referred to it when any question arose as to the date of particular domestic occurrences. I took it to my own room, promising myself a sad sort of pleasure in looking over some of his simple entries. It opened, when I unclasped it, at the last written page. It was dated at top July 1, the very night before his—his death. I turned back a leaf to June 30, and began to read. What I read shocked me very much, but it was not for a day or two that I began to connect it with my grandfather's end. Gradually, however, the horrible idea of this connection crept into my mind, and then began a struggle which has nearly torn me to pieces. You wonder at my speaking thus to you, almost a stranger, but I have no one else to speak to, except Horace, and I could not speak on this matter to him. Twenty times I have had that book in my hand to destroy it, but always seemed withheld by an unseen power. As often have I resolved to give it up to you, but my limbs as well as my heart failed me. I began to have terrible dreams nightly. It was always my grandfather urging me to something, and always some one else, whom you will find named there, struggling with him and dragging him away. At length I could bear it no longer. There it is, let the worst come of it. I cannot help it. Read it, perhaps," she added, wistfully, "you may think there is not much in it after all."

I opened the book, and this is what I found:

"June 30—I have received a great shock today. It is always painful to discover that you have been deceived by those you have trusted and benefited. In any case it would have been a great grief to me to find that Gerald Lowe was a base fellow; as it is, the grief is perhaps more, but it is tempered by the feeling of a danger escaped. I was about to give him my dearest Florence. What a mercy that he is found out before and not after! I never liked him from the heart. When at the bank this morning I found that my name had been forged to a check for £200. I repudiated the transaction, but after hearing it was Gerald who presented it I drew back, pretended to recollect myself and admitted a mistake. But it was no mistake. The check was from my book and the signature was well imitated, but it was not mine. Horace and Gerald are the only persons who have access to my desk. I knew it could only be Gerald."

"In the course of the afternoon I made up my mind what to do. I took an opportunity of speaking to him privately. I told him what I had discovered. He made an attempt at denial, but I showed him it was useless. He then pleaded for forgiveness, said it was to pay a debt of honor and save him from disgrace, and that he had intended to pay it back (with Florence's money). I said that I would not only refrain from prosecuting him, but fulfill my promise of starting him in business, if he would relinquish Florence and disappear at once from Ards House for good and all. He flatly refused to do this. Florence loved him and he would not give her up. She would 'stick to him,' whatever I did. I told him Florence would never marry him when his conduct was made known to her. I gave him a day to think of it, and he left me in sullen silence. This is a long entry; it is not often I have anything so disturbing to write about. I am tired and must be off to bed."

"July 1. Gerald is still stubborn. He seems to think that in the affection of Florence he has a mainstay of safety. In pressing that point he showed himself in a worse light than ever. His past life must have been different from what I thought. I tried to show him that her love was founded on a delusion; that when she saw him as he was my prohibition of the marriage would be unnecessary. I again put the alternative before him—to give up Florence or be publicly prosecuted for forgery. I am afraid I lost my temper and spoke loudly; he did the same. At the end he asked another day and I consented. Florence must be saved at all hazards. It is her wealth, and not herself, he is so much in love with. Horace has just been in to say 'good night.' I was strongly moved to tell him all, but refrained."

The importance of this evidence in the handwriting of the deceased (which could no doubt be sworn to) I saw at once, but to soothe Miss Willoughby's feelings I made somewhat light of it.

"My dear young lady," I said, "I must of course retain this; but I may tell you I had already

evidence of the forgery—was, in fact, in London today about it—so, whatever happens, you need not look on yourself as having materially contributed to the result."

"I do not care what happens now," she said wearily.

"You are still interested in Mr. Lowe?"

"Not in the way I was. I will never marry him now."

"Have you told him so?"

"No; but he sees I am changed."

"Does he suspect the cause?"

"Not in the least."

"Pardon me for using the freedom; but do you still love him?"

She shuddered. "I feel instead a sort of repulsion whenever he approaches me."

"Then I have less hesitation in asking you not to oppose another effort I intend making to get nearer the truth. Where is Mr. Lowe now?"

"I left him preparing to start on a long ride with Horace."

"Then do not oppose our forcing an entrance into his room during his absence."

She agreed in the same weary tone, and in less than half an hour Simpkins and I were once more in Lowe's rooms turning things out and over as only professionals can. I had learned, a few days before, through cautiously questioning one of the domestics, that Lowe, since the murder, took the key of his apartments with him when he went out, which he was not previously in the habit of doing, and felt convinced there was something still there to find out which had escaped us on our former visit. The sitting and dressing room, entered from the passage, was a large, old fashioned looking apartment, with a wide fireplace and narrow window. The bedroom led from this and had no other outlet. In these two rooms our business lay.

We overhauled the bedroom first, without result, and returned to the outer room. Here we examined every hole, corner and receptacle.

"I'm blowed!" said Simpkins, "he must have hid them outside."

"I don't think so," I said, and was crossing the room to make another dive into the wardrobe, among some loose gloves, ties, etc., when I felt my foot sink slightly on a plank of the flooring.

"Confound it!" I exclaimed. "What are we thinking of?"

In a few moments we had the carpet fastenings torn up—and I thought they came away astonishingly easy—the carpet rolled back, and the flooring bars, in front of the hearth we found a small round hole, into which, when I put my hand and pulled, a trap door rose easily on hinges. It was such a contrivance as I had seen before for stowing away conveniently a small supply of coals. I learned afterwards that such, in fact, had been the purpose of this construction, the rooms having been for many years occupied by an old and valued retainer of the family. On looking in I saw nothing but a heap of black dust; but Simpkins thrust his hand in, groped about, and pulled out a watch and chain. My heart bounded—we had him now. The reproach would be taken away from my order and its character vindicated. He next brought out one silver cup, then another, and finally a silk necktie. I seized on this last, shook it free from dust, and held it up. A small piece had been torn off from one end; that piece I had in my pocketbook. I had seen a tie of the same pattern on my first visit, but it was intact—he had had a pair of them. We had just gathered our prizes together when a key was thrust into the door, which we had fastened within. I quietly undid the fastening, and Gerald Lowe came in. It was now dusk, and he did not at first observe the state of his room. He came in and closed the door. We had come prepared for all contingencies. "You are my prisoner," I said, laying my hand upon his shoulder, and Simpkins quietly slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. By this time his eye had caught the open trap, and he sank on a chair speechless. He volunteered no remark, and we asked him no questions, but took him away quietly in a machine belonging to the house which was placed at our service.

I need not prolong my story; the result many will remember. Lowe asserted his innocence till after the trial, at which the evidence was strong enough to obtain a unanimous verdict of "willful murder," but, unlike many of his class, against whom the only evidence is circumstantial, he did not persist in falsehood to the end.

By his own account he had gone into Mr. Austin's room at a late hour to make a final appeal, and had found him partly undressed, preparing for bed. Mr. Austin had ordered him out of the room, when in a gust of passion he struck the old man on the head, and to prevent him crying out had grasped him by the neck and throttled him. After killing his victim he had coolly undressed him, put on his night clothes and laid him in bed, had then locked the door inside, opened the window and carried off the watch and cups to throw inquiry off the scent. Making himself certain that Horace was asleep, he had (as I surmised) stolen out that way, leaving of necessity the door of Horace's bedroom unlocked. When he reached his own room the question how to dispose of his booty presented itself, and after a little he remembered the box in the floor. He had discovered it one day during house cleaning operations. He took out the carpet fastenings carefully, and after depositing the articles replaced them as well as he could without using a hammer. His cravat, which had got torn somehow in the short struggle, he threw into the hole along with the other things. His design was to remove them as soon as possible and hide them away somewhere else, but day after day went past, and he never could summon courage to take them out, or fix on a suitable place for depositing of them safely.

He died professing to have repented of his crime, and a year afterwards the marriage was announced of Horace Austin, Esq., of Ards, to Florence, daughter of the late Sir Willoughby Willoughby, Bart.



I opened the book, and this is what I found.