

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Extraordinary Impostors.—Mr. Gill, the City of London Passmaster, caused two Scotchwomen and an Irishwoman, and three children, to be brought before the Lord Mayor for having endeavored to procure passes for the road leading to Scotland, by doing which they were guilty of fraud.—The complainant's statement excited much curiosity. The three women, Mac Gregor, Brown, and Pearmain were brought to him by an officer of Surrey, for the purpose of being passed to Scotland. They told him, after having severally deposed that their husbands were in Scotland, that they had each of them two children. He suspected that they exaggerated in their account of the number of children, because he saw no more than one with each, and was aware that the penny a mile granted for every individual on the pass, was a temptation to paupers to add to their families by artificial means. He therefore told them that he could not give a single pass without seeing the absent children—"Oh! you shall see them, Sir," said they, and off they sent one of the little boys to bring in Jacky, and Mary, and Susan. In about half an hour the boy returned with a male and two female children.—"Here they are if you please Sir," cried the three paupers. It happened however, that during the boy's absence, the complainant ascertained that the women had actually sent to Westworth-street to borrow children, and that they and other paupers made a very decent livelihood by carrying with them other people's children, whom they adopted the moment they saw them.—The Lord Mayor proceeded to question the borrowed children, and sent for a man named Hurst, whom one of them called father, and with whom the paupers lodged. Pray, Mr. Hurst [said his Lordship], what kind of a house is his which I understand you keep in Westworth-street?—Hurst: It's a decentish house enough, my Lord, of lodging-house.—The Lord Mayor: How many beds do you keep in a room?—Hurst: How many! Let me see. I don't think's there's upon the havirage, more than eight or nine, my Lord (*Laughter*).—The Lord Mayor: And how many do you stow away in the beds?—Hurst: Why we puts man and wife into one bed, at four pence a head.—The Lord Mayor: Well, but if they have five or six children?—Hurst: Oh, then, my lord, they must take all the children into bed to themselves; and that's easy enough, for they aint troubled with bedsteads (*laughter*).—The Lord Mayor: And do you fill the other beds in the same room with married people also?—Hurst: Surely, my Lord; I suppose them as comes is married, for I dare say they wouldn't tell no lies about it (*great laughter*).—The Lord Mayor: So you have

eight or nine couple, and several children of both sexes, in one room together all night?—Hurst: Jist so, my Lord; when my house is what I calls properly attended.—The Lord Mayor: but don't you think it would be more decent and proper to put the men into one room and the females into another?—Hurst: Not by no means whatsoever, please your Lordship; we never separates man and wife; we puts the single men into a room by themselves always, but then if one o' em come home married of a night, why [we puts him and his wife in along with the steady old couples [*great laughter*].—The Lord Mayor. What an abomination! what a sink of vice and infamy!—Hurst: No such a thing, my Lord. There's no racket in my house—it all goes like clockwork. It was a coal shed at one time, but the business gave way in the neighborhood, for the lodgers was so thick together they couldn't have no fires.—The Lord Mayor: but you drive a roaring trade between letting lodgings and lending children? 'Tis a good double trade.—Hurst: I never lend children. Children may lend themselves, but I have nothing to do with that.—The Lord Mayor: Here's your little boy. What was he to have had for the loan of himself? Come, my boy, tell me the truth, and don't mind the winks and nods of any body.—Young Hurst: Please you my Lord, we was to have sixpence a-piece. We always gets that, and not a farde more for the loan of us.—Hurst: Aye, my Lord, that's the way these here people get's over the poor children. They don't care who they disgrace so as they gets their own ends (*laughter*).—The paupers denied that they had hired the children, and declared that their object was to get home.—The Lord Mayor: You are a set of vile impostors, and as for you, Mr. Hurst, you are worse even than they. The house you keep is nothing better than a brothel, and you are bringing up your children in the most disgraceful manner. You have been aiding these women in a conspiracy to defraud, and in the most horrible way encouraging them to proceed by perjury.—Hurst: I speaks only candid what's true, please your Lordship. These people comes and coaxes away the children for to pretend they was their own, and I'm sure I knowed nothing about it.—The Lord Mayor: Your lodging house shall be watched; you may rely upon it: and if you do not take care who your inmates are, you shall hear from me. As for these women they shall be brought up another day.

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