

## FRIGHTFUL MURDERS IN BURNLEY, AND SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The manufacturing town of Burnley, in Lancashire, has been thrown into a state of great excitement by the commission of a double murder, followed by the self-destruction of the assassin, Robert Morris, a private in the Regiment of the 60th Rifles, quartered in that place. Morris, who is a Scotchman, also officiated as a mess-waiter, and was servant to Lieutenant O'Grady. He had formed an intimacy with a girl named Isabella Hadden, daughter of John Hadden, the mess-master of the barracks, and it was jealousy of this young woman that led to the fatal results we have to state. On Sunday evening Morris observed Isabella Hadden going with Lieutenant O'Grady in the direction of the latter's bedroom. Providing himself with a carving-knife from the kitchen, he proceeded to the bedchamber, at the door of which he met his master and the girl. He stabbed them both with his destructive weapon, inflicting two wounds in the neck and one in the abdomen of the girl, and some dangerous abdominal wounds upon his officer. The wretched man then turned his weapon against himself, stabbing himself repeatedly in the abdomen, and in other parts of the body. Immediately afterwards he was discovered in the passage, unable to speak, and he only lived three minutes after he had been removed to his pantry. Lieutenant O'Grady, upon being wounded, rushed into the mess-room and exclaimed that Morris had murdered him. He was conveyed to bed, and medical attendance procured, but it was all in vain, the unfortunate officer living only until noon on Monday. Isabella Hadden was removed to the lodgings of her parents, and died in great agony at 1 o'clock on Monday morning. The bodies lie at the barracks, awaiting the inquest, which will be held over them by Mr. Hargreaves, one of the coroners for the northern division of Lancaster.

The Times, Thursday, Nov 18, 1841; pg. 6

### MURDERS AND SUICIDE AT BURNLEY.

The following is a more detailed statement respecting the recent murders at Burnley than that which appeared in The Times of yesterday.

The 1st battalion of the 60th Rifles; under the command of Major Cockburn, are now, and have been for about four months, stationed at Burnley barracks. They were removed from Windsor in the early part of July last. One of the unhappy victims was a lieutenant in the corps, named William Sharman O'Grady, and as far as we can learn, is of a very respectable Irish family. Mr. O'Grady's father died some time ago, and his widowed mother still resides in Dublin. Mr. O'Grady was a fine young man, 26 years of age, and has been only two years in the 60th. He had, however, served four years in the 16th Lancers. It is understood that he was related to Lord Guillamore. He is said to have been a man of very strong feeling and irritable disposition, which often led him into "scrapes". Mr. O'Grady's eldest brother was shot some time ago in a duel which he fought near Dublin with a gentleman named Smith. The other victim of Morris's fury is a female named Terrett, alias Hadden, and daughter of the mess-master. The unfortunate woman, who bore but a very indifferent character, married a private of the 97th Regiment about three years ago, by whom she had one child, now about two years old. When the 97th left this country for Corfu she was not allowed to go with her husband, and therefore remained with her father, who still lives in the barracks. The murderer was a private in the 60th Rifles, named Morris; he was a native of Scotland, and filled the situation of mess-waiter. He formed an intimacy with Mrs. Terrett, and was often seen walking with her in the vicinity of the barracks. She being of rather pleasing appearance Mr. O'Grady also formed an acquaintance with her, and the consequence was that Morris became jealous of his officer, and on several occasions threatened to be revenged. On the night of the murder Morris and the female were together in a public-house in

the neighbourhood of the barracks, where he got some drink, and being rather "fresh" he began to reproach her with her apparent affection for Mr. O'Grady, and threatened if she did not break off all connexion with him he would kill both him and her, and then destroy himself. They parted early in the evening, and both came home to the barracks. During the evening the unhappy woman took occasion to go to Mr. O'Grady's room, to inform him of the threats that Morris had used towards him, and request that he would be on his guard. When Mr. O'Grady had heard all she had to say he left her in his room and went to Morris, who was in the mess-waiter's pantry, to remonstrate with him for the language he had used, and requested him to give up his arms. Some angry words ensued, and eventually it came to a scuffle, in which Morris seized a large knife, and plunged it several inches into the left side of the unfortunate officer. This occurred exactly opposite the mess-room door, and the poor fellow, laying his hand upon the wound, ran amongst his brother officers and exclaimed, "Oh, Major, I am killed." He sank upon the floor almost lifeless. The assistant-surgeon was in the room at the time, and soon another surgeon from the village (Mr. White) was in attendance, but all their efforts to save him were fruitless. He lingered till 10 o'clock next morning, when he died. The murderer having thus killed his master and officer directed his attention to the female, and, proceeding to Mr. O'Grady's room, he found her just coming out of the door. Seeing the monster in such a state of desperation she retraced her steps, but had only time to reach the fireplace before she was overtaken by the murderer, who plunged the knife into her very heart; he drew the weapon from her body, and again stabbed her in the abdomen. She fell upon the floor, and, dreadful to relate, her bowels actually hung upon the ground. She lived till a little after 12 o'clock the same night, when she breathed her last. Morris instantly retired from the room where he had committed the second murder, and in the lobby, it is said, he attempted to kill the woman's mother, but she got out of the way. At this period he presented all the appearance of a madman; his features were dreadfully distorted, and, turning round in the lobby, he plunged the fatal knife four times into his body, just under the stomach, and as he was falling he struck the knife into the bottom part of his belly, and literally ripped himself open. It is needless to say that his death was instantaneous. The first murder was committed at 10 minutes past 8 o'clock, and less than three minutes the whole of this tragedy was completed.

The coroner's inquest will of course immediately take place.

The Times, Friday, Nov 19, 1841; pg. 6

#### THE MURDERS IN BURNLEY.

#### FURTHER PARTICULARS.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

The barracks at Burnley, erected in 1821, cover a large area, and are generally occupied by both cavalry and infantry. At present there are stationed there two or three troops of the Queen's Bays, or Second Dragoon Guards, occupying the cavalry part of the barracks. The infantry quarters are tenanted by two companies of the 60th Rifles, under the command of Major Cockburn. The regiment quitted Windsor about two months ago, and its present head quarters are at Bolton, under the command of Colonel Sir John Maclean. The recent death of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H.R. Molyneux, of this regiment, must be in the recollection of our readers. The double murder and suicide occurred within the mess-house, a detached building in the barrack-yard.

The officers dine in the mess-room at 7 o'clock: and on Sunday evening last they had dined, when the unfortunate officer, Lieutenant O'Grady, quitted the room about 8 o'clock, an earlier hour than that at which he generally retired after dinner. About half an hour afterwards, Major Cockburn and

several other officers being still in the room, they were astounded to see Lieutenant O'Grady rush into the room; and, as he staggered towards the hearth he exclaimed, "Major, Morris has murdered me!" He then fell upon the hearth, apparently exhausted from loss of blood, for his dress was by this time drenched in blood from a large wound on the left side. He was placed upon the hearth, and, while the officers were crowding around him, loud screams were heard from the direction of the unfortunate man's apartment, and Major Cockburn rushed from the room to ascertain the cause of this fresh alarm. He saw the unfortunate young woman whose life was the second sacrificed by the murderer in his fury lying in the lobby. He also saw the murderer, whose name is Robert Morris, brandishing a large carving knife, apparently the weapon with which he had stabbed both the officer and the female. Major Cockburn, with a view of intercepting what he supposed the flight of the murderer, turned round, and ran out of the front entrance of the mess-house, and in front of the building, towards the back door to the lobby, calling as he ran, "Order the guard out, and stop everybody that passes." Having reached the back door, Major Cockburn entered the building that way, and then found Morris, the murderer, stretched on his back, and apparently dead, from self-inflicted wounds with the knife, which was lying on the ground at a short distance from his feet. All these bloody deeds must have been perpetrated within about two minutes. It is impossible to describe the scene of horror and confusion from the moment it was discovered that Lieutenant O'Grady had been stabbed. People were rushing to the spot from all parts of the building: for it would seem that the mess-woman, the mother of the deceased girl, was in the mess-waiter's room when he stabbed his officer; and their shrieks and cries of "Murder!" followed by those of the unhappy girl herself, and of the persons who arrived in time to witness the flight and suicide of the murderer, spread the alarm throughout the barracks, and the officer's quarters were soon crowded by inquirers.

We now return to Lieutenant O'Grady, who during the latter part of these tragic occurrences had been placed by his brother officers on the hearth-rug, and attended by Mr. Cohen, the assistant-surgeon of the regiment; the principal surgeon, Dr. Fraser, being at the head-quarters at Bolton. The wounded officer exclaimed to those about him, "Oh! I have long expected this from that villain!" and immediately afterwards, he asked, "Is that poor girl dead?" Mr. Cohen told him she was not. Taking an officer's hand, Lieutenant O'Grady said to him with much earnestness and emotion, "Oh, this is a bad way to die. Anyway to die but this!" Mr. Cohen then desired him to keep himself quiet; that perhaps all would not be so bad as he anticipated; and he endeavoured, by holding the lips of the wound together, and compression, to stay the blood which was now pouring from the wound. Mr. O'Grady looked at him, and speaking as if in pain and with difficulty, said, "Oh, it is of no use; I shall not live many hours. This is the death of me." He was then placed on a table, conveyed to his own room, and laid upon the bed. By this time Mr. White, a surgeon in practice at Burnley (which is distant about a mile from the barracks), arrived, and, with Mr. Cohen, attended the unfortunate gentleman during the remainder of the night. He lingered till half-past 10 o'clock on Monday morning, and then expired.

When the poor girl was raised from the ground, it was found that she was bleeding profusely from several wounds inflicted below the shoulder on the left side and on the back. She was conveyed to one of the rooms of her mother, at the other extremity of the building; and a medical man shortly afterwards attended her. She appeared to suffer much pain; and twice in paroxysms of agony, she exclaimed, "Oh Morris! Oh Morris!" She survived only till 11 o'clock the same night, about two hours and half after the fatal deeds.

Robert Morris was almost instantly raised, and carried to his room. He expired in two or three minutes afterwards, having apparently stabbed himself with such desperation, as to inflict two or

three mortal wounds, besides others of a less serious nature. He never spoke after the fatal acts above described. The serjeant-major picked up the knife, which is about a foot in length, being an old carver, much ground, and so thin that the back had almost as sharp an edge as the true edge. The point, too, was very sharp. The force with which this deadly weapon had been used in its too fatal success, against three lives, was evident from the blade being quite bent for several inches next the point, and the point being also turned, as if it had come into contact with some hard substance.

As to the cause of this three-fold crime, though nothing can be ascertained with certainty until after the inquest on the bodies (which will take place to-day), we have heard enough to leave little, if any, doubt that Morris was actuated by jealousy. There seems to have been considerable intimacy between Lieutenant O'Grady and the girl; and Morris was jealous of this, and desirous that she should marry himself-strangely enough, for he was aware that she was already married.

With a few particulars as to the deceased persons, we must close this account. The unfortunate officer, William Sharman (or, as the Army List gives the name, William Staoner) O'Grady, was of a large and somewhat distinguished Irish family, being the nephew of the late Lord Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer (Baron O'Grady), who, in 1831, was raised to the Peerage, by the title of Viscount Guillamore, and died in April, 1840. The young officer, who has now come to an untimely end, was cousin to the present Lord Guillamore. Mr. O'Grady's father was one of the nine sons of Mr. Darby O'Grady, of Mount Prospect, county of Limerick. We believe the deceased's widowed mother at present resides in Dublin or Kingstown; and if report be correct, this will be the second time she is doomed to mourn over the premature death of a son. A brother of the deceased, we are told, was shot in a duel, some years ago, with Captain Smith-an affair which at the time caused considerable sensation in Dublin, where it occurred. Looking at the fate of two fine young men by hostile wounds, there would seem something strikingly remarkable in the family motto, "Va? Non Victus" (wounded, not conquered). The deceased officer was formerly a lieutenant in the 16th Lancers, and was with that gallant regiment in India. He appears to have joined the 60th Rifles on the 31st of October, 1834, and at the time of his death held the rank of first lieutenant. He was in his 29th or 30th year. He is described to us as having had many of the characteristics of the young Irish gentleman; he was hot-headed, and at times intemperate, but was much liked by the soldiers of the regiment. Indeed, we might say that both officers and men were much attached to him, and his death, especially under such circumstances, appears to have cast a deep gloom over the place. We understand that the Rev. T.G. James, M.A., chaplain of the garrison, was with him during the last few hours of his existence, fulfilling the last Christian duties, and offering consolations and prayers as the sad circumstances called forth. The dying officer declared to the chaplain that he had lost his life in endeavouring to save the life of another.

Robert Morris, whose age we were told by one person was 28 or 29, and by another 24 or 25, was a Scotchman, a native of Aberdeen, a private in the regiment, but also employed, as we have stated, as mess-waiter. We believe he had been about 11 years in the regiment. He was considered a good, steady, trustworthy man, and nothing had been alleged against him, except some former quarrels with the girl, to whom he appeared devoutly attached. It is said that Lieutenant O'Grady once ordered him into confinement for some neglect of duty or act of insubordination, but what that was we could not ascertain.

Isabella Hadden, as she was generally called, only completed her 20th year on the 21st of April last. We learn that this wretched girl, the fatal cause of all this crime had long been of indifferent character. When only 16 years of age she married a man named Patrick Territt, a private in the 97th Regiment, then stationed at Burnley-barracks. She had for four or five years lived separate from her husband, who we believe, is now with his regiment in Malta or Corfu, and she was employed by her

mother about the kitchen, assisting in cooking, &c. She has left an infant, a daughter, about two years old; this child was placed out at nurse in Burnley or the neighbourhood.

The Times, Saturday, Nov 20, 1841; pg. 6

#### THE BURNLEY MURDERS-INQUEST UPON THE BODIES.

On Wednesday morning an inquest was held before Mr. J. Hargreaves and most respectable jury, in the cavalry officers mess-room in Burnley barracks, upon the bodies of Lieutennat W. Stamer O'Grady, an infantry officer in the 60th Regiment (Rifles), which has recently removed from Windsor to Burnley, Robert Morris, a private in the same regiment, and Isabella Terrett, commonly known by her maiden name Hadden, the daughter of Archibald Hadden, mess-master to the barracks. Lieutenant O'Grady was nephew of the late Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer, and some time back lost a brother in a duel. He was about 30 years of age. Morris was 23 years old, and Isabella Terrett was in her 21st year. Her melancholy fate leaves a child she had by her husband motherless.

The Jury having been sworn, proceeded to view the bodies, which, with the exception of the officer's appeared very ghastly. The corpse of Mr. O'Grady, which was laid upon his own bed, presented a countenance as placid as that of a sleeping person. A great number of witnesses were examined, and we give evidence of those which bore most strongly upon the facts of the case.

Anne Lord, of Habergham Eaves, near Burnley, deposed, that shortly after 8 o'clock on Sunday night she met Isabella Terrett at the Garrison Hotel Barracks. She walked with her, and left deceased at the corner of the officer's barracks. Recrossing the square she heard the cry of "Murder!" from the passage in the officer's barracks. Upon entering the lobby she saw Morris fall. Hadden, the mess-master, came, and, lifting him up, said that he was dead. The body was conveyed by some soldiers to the hospital. Saw the deceased, Isabella Terrett, covered with blood, removed to her apartment. Her mother undressed her, and desired her to lie down, when she replied in an agonized tone, "Mother, I cannot."

Ann Appleton Hadden, mother of Isabella Terrett, was next examined. Her daughter was 20 years of age. On Sunday evening, after mess, about 8 o'clock, Morris was in the kitchen along with her daughter. Morris looking very strange, witness inquired of her daughter what ailed him, and whether there had been any quarrel among them. Without answering Isabella took up her cloak and bonnet and went out, Morris following her like a mad person. Witness went after them and called to them to come back. They returned to the back-door, and then commenced running again. Witness subsequently went into Morris's pantry, where she found him with two soldiers, whom she ordered out. Witness told him that he looked wild, and asked what was the matter with him. He said, "Leave me alone," and, going to the looking-glass, added, "Do you see anything about me that looks wild?" He continued, "That man spoke cross to me at table." She thought he meant his master, Mr. O'Grady. He declared that he had in his pocket 27s., which he would cast over the wall in the morning. Morris persisted in paying attention to witness's daughter, and she had heard him say that if Isabella would not have him she should have nobody. She went to the kitchen, and when she returned to the pantry she saw Lieutenant O'Grady there. He was giving some directions to Morris about his firearms, when the latter said, "What do you mean by that, Sir?" Mr. O'Grady replied. "I will let you know that in the morning." Morris then made a thrust with something which he had in his hand against Mr. O'Grady, and stabbed him twice in the side. Mr. O'Grady used the word "Treachery," applied his hand to his side, and ran out of the place. Witness went to the kitchen, where she gave the alarm; hearing a scream she cried, "Oh, he is murdering Isabella!" She ran down the lobby, where she saw Morris fall heavily on the floor. Witness proceeded as far as Mr. O'Grady's bedroom, the door of which was

open. She saw Isabella standing in the apartment, and asked what was the matter with her. Deceased replied "I don't know, mother," and began to vomit. Assistance being procured, the deceased was removed to a bedroom, where she expired about midnight. Witness had seen Morris before in a state of great excitement. He appeared in love with her daughter Isabella, and had often declared that if she did not like him he would destroy himself. Both she and her daughter had told him that the latter, being a married woman, could not encourage his attentions. He had often declared Lieutenant O'Grady to be an interloper in his affections.

Sergeant Rooney proved that soon after 8 on Sunday night he was walking by the guard-room, when he heard a scream issue from the officer's quarters. He entered Mr. O'Grady's bedroom, and saw the deceased, Isabella Terrett, standing on the floor. Her mother was with her. At that time she did not appear to be hurt. Going towards the mess-room he perceived a knife on the floor close to the wall a few yards beyond which he found Morris on the floor. He afterwards took up the knife, which was one used for carving. There was a spot of blood upon the haft, and the blade was greasy. (The knife was here produced. It was a white-handled balance one. The blade presented several spots of blood rusted into it, and it was bent, as if it had been run into a block of wood.) Witness proceeded to the mess-room, where he saw Mr. O'Grady lying across the hearthrug, with a pillow under his head. In answer to a question relative to the affair, the lieutenant said that "It was all on account of that unfortunate young woman." Witness then went into Isabella Terrett's room. She was supported by two guards, and exclaimed, "Oh, let me alone."

Charles William Hamilton Sotheby, a lieutenant in the 60th Rifles, stated that shortly after 8 on Sunday evening he was sitting in the mess-room with Major Colborne and Mr. Cowan. Lieutenant O'Grady, who had dined with them, had just gone out. A scream was heard, and simultaneously Mr. O'Grady rushed into the room, exclaiming, "Oh, Major, Morris has murdered me." The major left the apartment, and witness going into the passage saw what he believed to be Morris standing near the wall. He appeared to have a knife uplifted in his right hand. Witness turned back to the mess-room for a weapon, and upon coming into the passage again perceived Morris lying on the floor. Witness going after to Mr. O'Grady's bedroom found the door locked. He knocked and obtained admission. He saw there a young female, who seemed to be hiccoughing. She said she was very sick and faint, and he laid her on the bed, and then he perceived blood issuing from her neck. The mess-woman went in to her assistance.

Sergeant Hindle stated that he saw Isabella Terrett leaning against the wall in Mr. O'Grady's bedroom, her mother being with her. Witness asked whether Morris had done it, and deceased replied, "Yes," in a low tone of voice.

Robert Laking, a private, deposed that he assisted to carry Isabella Terrett into her room. Archibald Hadden, her father, came in and exclaimed, "Oh, good God, what have I done!" Deceased said that it was all jealousy, but, upon being asked, denied that Morris had stabbed her.

Archibald Hadden, father of the deceased girl, explained in reference to what had been stated by the previous witness, that the expression he had made use upon seeing his murdered daughter was, "Oh, God, what have I done to be thus oppressed?"

Major Wemyss Thomas Cockburn, of the 60th Rifles, spoke to the accuracy of Hadden's information.

Mr. Thomas Cowan, assistant-surgeon in the regiment, stated that he was in the mess-room when Lieutenant O'Grady rushed in. Upon the jacket of the unfortunate officer being removed witness found that he had received a wound in the left side. The deceased was removed to his bedroom, where the wound was sewn. Witness remained with him all night. The deceased, in giving an

account of the fatal transaction, said that he went into the pantry and told Morris he could not trust him with his arms, whereupon Morris stabbed him. During the night Mr. O'Grady asked after the girl, and, upon learning that she was dead, seemed to suffer much pain. He gradually grew weaker, and expired about 10 on Monday morning. Before he died he declared that he had lost his life in endeavouring to save that of another.

Mr. White, surgeon, Burnley, deposed that upon Isabella Hadden he found four wounds, three in the back, and one under the right arm. One of the wounds in the back had been the fatal injury. The deceased bled to death. Examined the body of Morris, upon which he found a wound immediately under the breast-bone, and serious one over the naval, a slight wound between those two, and fourth on the left side, whence the bowels protruded. The wound under the breast-bone was the cause of death. Mr. O'Grady expired partly from loss of blood, partly from inflammation.

The Rev. T.G. James, incumbent of Habergham Eaves, stated that he came to the barracks at 8 o'clock on Monday morning. Going into the room of Mr. O'Grady he inquired if he was afraid to die. The deceased answered, "Oh, no; I die in a glorious cause; I lose my life in endeavouring to save the life of another."

The Coroner proceeded to sum up the evidence, calling the attention of the jury to those points which demanded their consideration in coming to a decision.

After deliberation for a short time the jury came to the following verdict:-"That William Stamer O'Grady and Isabella Terrett had been murdered by Robert Morris, and that the said Robert Morris, in destroying himself, and been guilty of *felo de se*."

The Coroner issued the usual warrant for the interment of Morris, who was buried the same night, no funeral rites being performed over his remains.

The inquest occupied upwards of eight hours.