Victorian England

Extract Booklet

Name:

Teacher:

The Victorians had faith in progress. One element of this faith was the conviction that crime could be beaten. Many in the poorer sections of the Victorian community, who had little faith in, or respect for, the police, probably did not bother to report offences.

While the general pattern of crime was one of decline, there were occasional panics and scares generated by particularly appalling offences. In the 1850s and early 1860s there were panics about street robbery, known then as 'garrotting'. A virulent press campaign against garrotters in 1862 developed following the robbery of an MP on his way home from a late-night sitting of parliament; and while the number of 'garrotte' robberies was tiny, the press created sensations out of minor incidents. The murders of Jack the Ripper in the autumn of 1888 were confined to a small area of London's East End, but similarly provoked a nation-wide panic whipped up by press sensationalism. Violence, especially violence with a sexual frisson, sold newspapers. But violent crime in the form of murder and street robbery never figured significantly in the statistics or in the courts.

Most offenders were young males, but most offences were petty thefts. The most common offences committed by women were linked to prostitution and were, essentially, 'victimless' crimes - soliciting, drunkenness, drunk and disorderly, vagrancy.

The discovery of one of the victims of the Whitechapel murders.

The press also made much of big financial scandals and frauds. A significant percentage of company flotation's were fraudulent during the nineteenth century. Although the behaviour of the corrupt businessman provoked outrage and, when caught and convicted, a hefty prison sentence, he was usually described as an exception to the rule, a 'black sheep' or a 'rotten apple' in contemporary parlance. He was not conceived as a member of those who, particularly in the 1860s, the Victorians labelled as 'the criminal class'.

'Criminal classes'

Police at work in London's East End, 1890

Across the nineteenth century broad shifts can be identified in the ways that 'criminals' were perceived. At the beginning of Victoria's reign key commentators like Edwin Chadwick tended to equate the criminal offender with individuals in the lower reaches of the working class who they considered were reluctant to do an honest day's work for an honest day's wage, and who preferred idleness, drink, 'luxury' and an easy life; in their eyes the problem was a moral one.

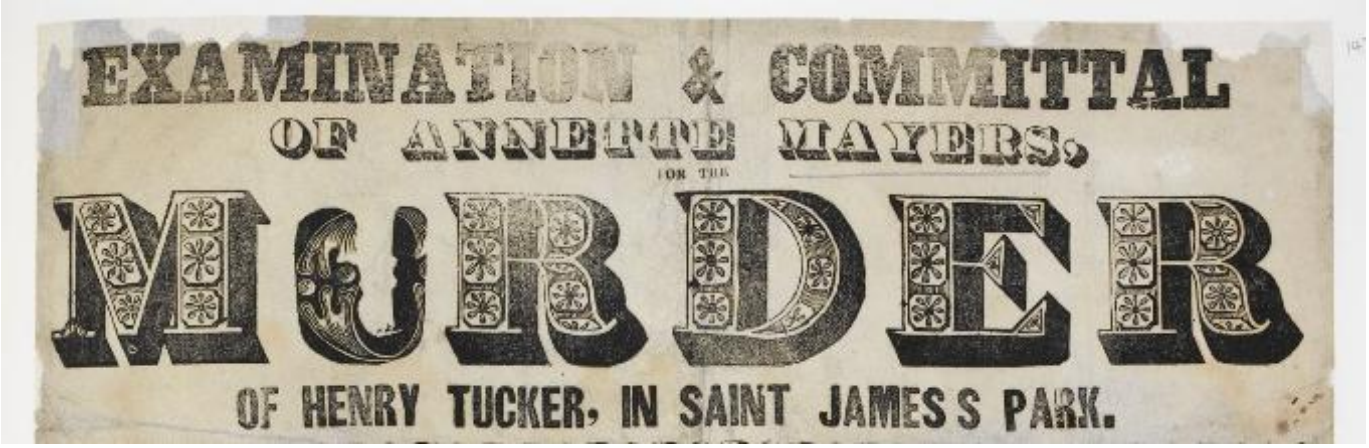
There were also concerns about 'the dangerous classes' who were thought to lurk in the slums waiting for the opportunity for disorder and plunder.
Towards the end of the century, developments in psychiatry and the popularity of Social Darwinism had led, in turn, to the criminal being identified as an individual suffering from some form of behavioural abnormality that had been either inherited or nurtured by dissolute and feckless parents. All such perceptions informed the way that criminals were treated by the criminal justice system.

Penal policies

The trial of Roderick Maclean at Reading, for shooting at Queen Victoria, 1882.

By the beginning of Victoria's reign the Bloody Code of the eighteenth century had all but disappeared. Capital punishment only remained for murderers and traitors. Transportation to Australia had reached its peak in the early 1830s; to all intents and purposes it ended in the early 1850s, not least because of the increasing hostility of colonists in Australia who objected to their land being used as a dumping ground.
Various experiments were tried in the treatment of prisoners. During the 1830s and 1840s attempts were made to enforce regimes of silence and/or isolation. If the problem was a moral one then, leaving offenders alone with their thoughts and their bibles, requiring them to work (thus learning of work's virtues), and providing them with occasional visits by the chaplain, was perceived as the way to their reformation.

By the end of the century, as the understanding of the criminal changed, the doctor and the psychiatrist had become at least as important as the chaplain. In addition, Victorian liberal ideas of improvement and philanthropy began to feed into penal policy. 1895 was a significant year for change in this respect. Sir Edmund Du Cane, a former officer of the Royal Engineers who had stamped his domineering personality on prison management as Chairman of the Prison Commissioners for nearly 20 years, resigned, and the Gladstone Committee published its report confirming the shift to a new, more liberal penal policy. In comparative perspective, however, this liberalism presents an interesting paradox. England had low murder rates in comparison with much of Europe, especially southern Europe, yet while many European governments were removing the death penalty, the abolition movement in England remained small and lacking in influence. Similarly, unlike many of their continental European neighbours, the English clung to corporal punishment as a penal sanction until well into the twentieth century.



AN ARTICLE ABOUT THE MURDER OF HENRY TUCKER BY ANNETTE MAYERS

The greatest excitement was occasioned on Friday at the west end of the metropolis, owing to a widely-circulated report that a soldier had been shot dead by a young female in St. James Park. We regret to say that the fact of a most determined murder having been committed proves to be too true. From careful inquiries instituted by our reporter, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following authentic particulars in reference to the dreadful event.

The deceased who was a young man, barely 21 years of age, and whose name is Henry Tucker, was a private soldier belonging to the 5th company of the 2nd battalion of the Coldstream Guards, and for some time past appears to have been on intimate terms with the wretched woman who had caused his death. The deceased with his company, was quartered at the Wellington Barracks, in Birdcage Walk, and so late as half-past four o'clock yesterday afternoon, was on parade with his battalion. A few moments subsequently he left the barracks, and proceeded along Birdcage-walk, in the direction of Storey gate, on arriving within a few yards of the entrance to Queen-square, the attention of several persons near the spot was attracted by the loud report of a pistol. At the same time the deceased was seen to fall heavily to the ground, while a young female, of very respectable appearance, who shortly before had been observed by his side was seen walking away in an opposite direction. An officer saw the woman throw down a pistol, ran towards her and asked whether she had not fired off the pistol just previously. The wretched woman at once admitted that she had, and resigned herself into the custody of the officer, who at once conveyed her to the new station of the A division in King-street.

The Examination

At ten o'clock on Saturday morning Annette Mayers, the young female charged with having murdered Henry Tucker, a private in the Coldstream Guards, in Birdcage Walk, on the previous evening, was brought from the Gardener's lane station in custody of Inspector Beckerson, for examination before Mr. Henry, the siting magistrate at Bow Street.

Sarah Sexton was the first witness called, she said: 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 aimed the pistol at the back of his head, behind the ear. 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 anything, 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.

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-sq. gate. 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 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 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.

Mr. James Beattle, of 203 Regent-street proved selling the pistol to the prisoner for 0's. 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 Hackeney, and that the distance was too great to send a man for such a purpose, when her brother could kill the animal. Witness loaded the 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.

Mr Barnaby here (addressing the prisoner) said "You stand committed to Newgate to take your trial for wilful murder." The prisoner was then removed from the bar.

Stretch and Challenge Tasks:

1. Using James Beattle's testimony, write 4 sentences that are true and 4 sentences that are **almost** true.

2. Write two different scenarios for why Annette Mayers wanted to kill Henry Tucker and find quotes that prove them.

COPY OF A LETTER

Monday Evening

"Mr dear Henry, - I take my pen in hand to write those few lincs 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 thought we did not know each other, people must have thought so to see us. And another thing for you to tell me you was going to see that young man, 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; no young man would wish me do such thing except it was for some good motive, but I think if any young man wish a young woman well, and his meaning is good to her, he will not wish anything 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 Christmas how much you have had from me, so if that is all the love you have for me, I do not 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 get it easier than I can; she does not get it at service. You know very well that no other man but you had my company since you wish for my company, but you can please yourself. Go and see her, or any other young woman that can give you more than I have, but please to give me what you have had of mine, that is two book, 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 done 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 means soon. If you like to come next Sunday at half-past 6 o'clock, I shall be able go out then. We can make it the last time to see each other, but please let me know, as I may tell Mrs, in that time, 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 MAYERS

Stretch and Challenge Task:

1. Find and analyse a quote that shows Annette Mayers feels:
    a. Angry
    b. Sad
    c. In Love
    d. Jealous

CUTTING EDGE: THE LIFE OF A FORMER LONDON GANG LEADER

Jean-Claude Dagrou sits in his living room, changes his baby's nappy, and explains why he became a gang member: "I wanted people to be scared of me. That's the only reason I got involved, to tell you the truth."

Sometimes, Dagrou says, he'd see people fighting and it frustrated him, because he knew he was tougher than them. "I'd think, I can fight better than that. Somehow that person who's weaker than me has got more respect than me, and this is a kind of violation."

At 24, he is talking as an ex-gangster. Five years ago, he met the Irish photographer Adam Patterson, who had just moved to London. Patterson was fascinated by knife culture in gangs – he had grown up in Belfast among violence, but this was something altogether different. Knife crime was at a high. A freedom of information request to the Metropolitan police revealed that there had been 14,192 knife crimes in London in 2007-8. A 2011 Home Office report found that gang members were responsible for 22% of serious violence in London, and 17% of all stabbings.

Back in 2008, Patterson began to hang out with London's gangs, who would pose for him in hoodies and balaclavas, but he felt it was all rather superficial; they weren't letting him in on their lives. Then he met Dagrou and took his portrait. Dagrou told him to pop round to his house and bring the photos. It was the first time that Patterson had got near a gang member's home. They've been working together ever since.

But this is more than the story of a photographer and his subject. Patterson and Dagrou now regard each other as collaborators – Dagrou writes short pieces to go with the pictures – and both feel they have transformed each other's lives. Since they started working together, Dagrou has left London and gangs for Doncaster, where he now lives with his partner, Mo, and son, Curtis.

Dagrou was born in Ivory Coast and moved to London via Paris when he was seven, but felt lost. In his first years at primary school in south London, he was quiet and restrained. But he quickly grew bigger and stronger. By the time he was at secondary school, he had started to hang around with gangs, battering his way to respect. The strange thing is, he says, he never even liked fighting. It was just something he was good at.

That was the first time he'd carried a knife? "Yes. This guy's big. I'm only young. What am I going to do? And once I did that, the guy backed down. After that, he always saluted me, respected me. If you don't put people in their place, they won't know." What would he have done if Viper had not backed down? "I knew he was going to back down." He repeats the sentence three times.

I tell Dagrou I don't understand knife culture. Is it regarded as a badge of honour to have stabbed somebody? "Think about it: if I know you've got a big name, then I know you've got a lot of people who will back you. What's the point of me and you fighting face to face? You might be stronger than me, you might knock me out. But if I've got a knife –

boom! No matter how big you are, you're going to become very small."
But he got cocky. One day, he was out with friends when a stranger became abusive. "He was giving mouth to one of my people and I said, 'If you're giving mouth to others, come and give mouth to me.' I said, 'Me and you are the same age, let's fight it out and I'll knock you out right now.' First the guy was all quiet and I thought, why's he all quiet?" A few minutes later, Dagrou, now by himself, saw a gang walk past him. "There were 15 of them, ballied-up, with baseball bats, dogs, all looking angry. "The next minute I hear, 'Yo! Yo!' and I look back and someone says, 'They're saying you're the bad one here' and I'm like, 'I am the bad one, what are you saying?'" He still couldn't believe they had come for him. "I turned around and one hit me with a baseball bat that opened my head. You know when someone hits you, you get an energy, so I grabbed it off him, then they let off their dogs and I got stabbed."

Dagrou didn't know he'd been stabbed. He lifts his sleeve to show me his arm – a patchwork of scars that looks like dried superglue, covered with tattooed names of close friends and family. “I didn't recognise my hand. You could see in deep into my arm. I was close to losing my arm."

A few months later, his cousin and best friend Steve was stabbed, almost fatally. "He was just in the wrong place. There's only so many people you can care about when you're on the street, and Steve was the person I cared most about."

"I thank God that Adam came," Dagrou tells me. "Everything's got a reason. When he came in, I thought, this world is yours, take that opportunity. I didn't want to see the people who were stoking the hype on the street. I didn't want those people around me."

We are looking at Patterson's photographs of him on the television screen. He agrees with Patterson that the most important portrait is the one with the scar. "This picture is basically my story. The scar, everything, it means a lot to me. It makes me proud when I see that picture." Of what? "Of where I am now. Of what I've become. A father. When I look at it, I can't believe that used to be me. It is a boy who's been struggling."

What difference does he see in himself now? "Now I see the father. It's changed me a lot. If a fight broke out now, I'd try to make peace. I'd talk it out. If I get arrested, how's that going to look to my son?" Things aren't perfect, he says, he's still got some way to go (a while ago he was arrested for damaging Mo's phone), but he's getting there. Recently, his brother Joel joined them in Doncaster - also escaping from gangs.

What Dagrou wants to do now is talk to teenagers who are in trouble. "I can tell them, your life might be rough, but there's nothing you can tell me that I've not seen. I want to talk to other gangbangers, ask people how it feels to come out of gangs." He pauses. "I didn't want to be known as a gangster."

"Gansterrrrr," echoes Curtis sweetly.

Dagrou says he can't wait for the new baby, another boy, to be born next April. "Like I say, I don't want the Dagrou name to die down. I want the Dagrous to be up there."

Stretch and Challenge Tasks:

1. Explode the quote below to answer the question: 'How does the writer use language to show Dagrou's redemption?'

He lifts his sleeve to show me his arm – a patchwork of scars that looks like dried superglue, covered with tattooed names of close friends and family.

2. Write 4 statements that are true about the previous extract and 4 statements that are trying to trick the reader into believing they are true.

1. .....
2. .....
3. .....
4. .....
5. .....
6. .....
7. .....
8. .....

A FEARFUL STATE OF THINGS IN SOUTH LAMBETH

ROUGHS RULE THE ROOST

(FROM THE "EVENING NEWS")

TERRORISM reigns supreme in Lambeth. For years the organised gangs of young ruffians who infest the neighbourhood have been getting worse and worse, until now it is no exaggeration to say that the more respectable portion of the community go in fear of their lives.

The Oakley Street tragedy and other similar outrages have called the attention of public at large to the matter, but the residents in that particular district have long since become in some measures accustomed to the ways of the "Hooligans" and similar brutes.

Probably the worst part of Lambeth is the New Cut and the streets immediately surrounding and it is from her that there pests of South London are mostly drawn. Sometimes they move about in gangs, dodging the police from street to street, and at other times go round in twos and threes waylaying anybody and everybody who looks as if he might have - to use their own expressive phrase - anything "wuth pinchin'."

An *Evening News* representative has seen a man who quite recently was the victim of one of these outrages.

"I am a barman," he said; "and the other night, after the house had closed, I was on my way home through Stamford Street. Up comes a chap and asks me for a light, and while I was feeling for the matches, another one comes up behind, blows out the light, hits me across the head with something sharp, and then they both sat on me while another one went through me."

As an evidence that the story is not the outcome of a vivid imagination, the man bears a deep scar over the eye, which is still black from the force of the blow. This is not an isolated case, for the man's employer informed our representative that he knew many people who had been similarly waylaid late at night.

A favourite occupation of the younger members of the gangs is to throw the newspaper placard-boards into the small shops which abound in the neighbourhood, and then if the shopkeeper dares to say anything he will probably have a stone put through his window. "It never used to be so," said an Oakley Street shopkeeper. "I've been here thirteen years, but lately the place is unbearable. In the evening I can't leave my shop a minute or I should have things stolen, and I've had my windows broken several times, and I do wish the police could do something to stop it."

The police, however, are under considerable difficulty and seem almost powerless. About three years ago the trouble was very bad, but by vigorous measures it was stamped out, but, like a hardy weed, it has grown again, and is as vigorous as ever.

There is little that these men, when in combination, will stop at, and the attempted rescue of Gould, the man on remand from Southwark charged with causing the death of a woman in Redcross Court, the threatening of the coroner and witnesses in the Oakley Street tragedy, are only instances showing that a very strong and determined hand will be wanted in the stamping out of the ruffians who are certainly more like

beasts than men.

There is nothing to distinguish the rough that terrorises these South London districts from his brother round Clerkenwell, Brick Lane, or Deptford. In every case his methods are much the same. He is an arrant bully and a coward, and alone, unless he can make a sudden assault from behind, is little to be feared, but as one of a gang he is capable of most horrible brutalities on the slightest provocation.

"No respectable man is safe at night in any of the streets round here," say men who have lived in Oakley Street for many years.

"I can take care of myself pretty well," said one, "but I never go out after dark without a loaded revolver, and if I was attacked I should shoot."

"Yes, I know I'm liable to get into trouble for that, but I'd rather get into trouble that be laid out by one of that gang. Why, they'd half murder a man for a shilling."

Scores of assaults are committed in the neighbourhood that the police never hear of, for the victim is frequently afraid to complain.

The chief witness of the Oakley Street crime, who has since been threatened for giving evidence, is specially watched over, the policemen patrolling Oakley Street in couples. She is being equally closely watched by the gang the criminal belongs to. One of the leading spirits of this gang is, as is frequently the case, a woman, and she and her "pals" keep a steady watch on the witness's shop from a neighbouring house.

From sixteen to twenty-five is the usual age of the Hooligan, and none can say that during that time he does any appreciable amount of honest work.

He preys by night, and if he comes out of his den during the day he generally slouches about comparatively harmless; it is after dark that he can be seen in all his glory. Then if a stranger repulses a woman who speaks to him, it is 'Wot are you a-doin' to my wife?" and even if the victim is assaulted and robbed he does not care to complain when there are several of the gang willing to swear he has been insulting a woman. And if he does complain the chances are he will obtain no witnesses, for the whole neighbourhood goes in fear of these gangs.

One of their sources of income is said to be the better-dressed rough who finds his victim coming up from the races. For half a sovereign the Lambeth Hooligans will cheerfully "bash" anyone the sporting blackguard chances to put them on to.

A resident who knows the gang well says:- "The thing that would stop them would be the lash. Give it them, just before they come out, so that their friends can see the effect, and I'll warrant the outrages will soon be put a stop to."

Illustrated Police News, 30 July 1898

Stretch and Challenge Tasks:

1. Re-read this and the previous extract. Find 3 differences and match them with a quote from each.

Extension: Explode the quotes.

2. Using quotes from the text, write a description of the ‘Hooligan’.

CHARLES DICKENS ESCAPES TRAIN WRECK, 9 JUNE 1865

My dear Mitton,
I should have written to you yesterday or the day before, if I had been quite up to writing. I am a little shaken, not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was, but by the hard work afterwards in getting out the dying and dead, which was most horrible.

I was in the only carriage that did not go over into the stream. It was caught upon the turn by some of the ruin of the bridge, and hung suspended and balanced in an apparently impossible manner. Two ladies were my fellow passengers; an old one, and a young one. This is exactly what passed:- you may judge from it the precise length of the suspense. Suddenly we were off the rail and beating the ground as the car of a half emptied balloon might. The old lady cried out "My God!" and the young one screamed.

Ellen Ternan, the "young lady sat opposite" and Charles Dickens' mistress.

I caught hold of them both (the old lady sat opposite, and the young one on my left) and said: "We can't help ourselves, but we can be quiet and composed. Pray don't cry out." The old lady immediately answered, "Thank you. Rely upon me. Upon my soul, I will be quiet." The young lady said in a frantic way, "Let us join hands and die friends." We were then all tilted down together in a corner of the carriage, and stopped. I said to them thereupon: "You may be sure nothing worse can happen. Our danger must be over. Will you remain here without stirring, while I get out of the window?" They both answered quite collectedly, "Yes," and I got out without the least notion of what had happened.

Fortunately, I got out with great caution and stood upon the step. Looking down, I saw the bridge gone and nothing below me but the line of the rail. Some people in the two other compartments were madly trying to plunge out of the window, and had no idea there was an open swampy field 15 feet down below them and nothing else! The two guards (one with his face cut) were running up and down on the down side of the bridge (which was not torn up) quite wildly. I called out to them "Look at me. Do stop an instant and look at me, and tell me whether you don't know me." One of them answered, "We know you very well, Mr Dickens." "Then," I said, "my good fellow for God's sake give me your key, and send one of those labourers here, and I'll empty this carriage."

We did it quite safely, by means of a plank or two and when it was done I saw all the rest of the train except the two baggage cars down in the stream. I got into the carriage again for my brandy flask, took off my

travelling hat for a basin, climbed down the brickwork, and filled my hat with water. Suddenly I came upon a staggering man covered with blood (I think he must have been flung clean out of his carriage) with such a frightful cut across the skull that I couldn't bear to look at him. I poured some water over his face, and gave him some to drink, and gave him some brandy, and laid him down on the grass, and he said, "I am gone", and died afterwards.

Then I stumbled over a lady lying on her back against a little pollard tree, with the blood streaming over her face (which was lead colour) in a number of distinct little streams from the head. I asked her if she could swallow a little brandy, and she just nodded, and I gave her some and left her for somebody else. The next time I passed her, she was dead.

Then a man examined at the Inquest yesterday (who evidently had not the least remembrance of what really passed) came running up to me and implored me to help him find his wife, who was afterwards found dead. No imagination can conceive the ruin of the carriages, or the extraordinary weights under which the people were lying, or the complications into which they were twisted up among iron and wood, and mud and water.

I don't want to be examined at the Inquests and I don't want to write about it. It could do no good either way, and I could only seem to speak about myself, which, of course, I would rather not do. I am keeping very quiet here. I have a – I don't know what to call it – constitutional (I suppose) presence of mind, and was not in the least flustered at the time. I instantly remembered that I had the MS of a Novel with me, and clambered back into the carriage for it. But in writing these scanty words of recollection, I feel the shake and am obliged to stop.

Ever faithfully,
Charles Dickens

Stretch and Challenge Tasks:

1. What do you think 'MS of a Novel' means?

2. How does Charles Dickens present himself in this letter? Write a short SQID paragraph.

3. Explode the quote below:

It was caught upon

the turn by some of the ruin

of the bridge, and hung

suspended and balanced

in an apparently

impossible manner.

HEATHROW PLANE CRASH: EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS

By Nick Britten
2:44PM GMT 17 Jan 2008
Fernando Pardo, who was on the plane, said there had been no warning anything was wrong until they crash landed.

He said: “As we landed I was looking out the window and saw there was a problem. I saw the engine on the tarmac and suddenly we were all evacuated. It happened all of a sudden just as we were landing.

“There was no panic and everybody was off in more than two minutes. Everything was very well conducted by the crew. People remained seated and we evacuated the plane very quickly. It was so quick that could not realise what had happened.”

He added: “I feel lucky - I won the lottery today.”

Witnesses said they saw the plane bank sharply to the left as it made its approach, and missed the tops of houses by 200ft.

As it struggled to reach the airport it missed hitting the perimeter fence by inches.

Passenger Jerome Ensink said that he did not realise the seriousness of what had happened until he was off the plane.

He said: “I wasn’t scared and there was no indication that we were going to have a bad landing but when we hit the ground it was extremely rough.

"I have flown a lot and it was probably the roughest landing I have ever had.

“When we landed the lighting had come down and people were in shock. Then the emergency exits were opened and we got down as quickly as possible."

His only thought while on the plane was that it had been a bumpy landing.

"It was only as I walked away I saw we had missed the runway by about 100 metres and that parts had come off," he added.

“When you look at the plane you realise you have a close call. It wasn’t that dramatic. Evacuation went extremely smoothly, it was handled every professionally.

"I feel lucky at the moment. I’m okay. We’ve had a close call and I’m okay.”

John Rowland, a taxi driver, said: “The plane's wheels collapsed, doors were flown open. On its approach it took the runway too low, just missing the roof of my cab.

"It crashed into the runway, debris was flying everywhere, there was an enormous bang and it skidded sideways."

Liam Collins, 33, was working alongside Terminal Four when he heard a loud noise.

"I heard a loud screech that seemed to go on for ages, and then a kind of thud," he said. "Then I turned around and saw a plane skidding, with its nose rocking towards the tarmac.

"Seconds later we got a call over the radio to tell us that there had been an incident and there would be lots of activity, but not to worry because there was no suggestion of foul play. There were bits of machinery all over the runway."

Another eyewitness, Nick Gray, who was on another plane, said: "We were taxiing along ready to take off and out of the window I could see a plane coming in to land.

"I'm not quite sure if the under carriage was missing or not, but certainly what we saw was the plane coming down.

"There were some sparks as the undercarriage or the bottom of the plane actually touched the runway - certainly a huge amount of smoke coming up from that.

"Then the plane came to a halt reasonably quickly. It was incredibly efficient the speed that people got off the aircraft.

"I could see that the chutes were deployed very quickly and people were coming down on that."

He added fire crews were on the scene immediately, dousing the engines with foam.

Neil Jones, who watched the plane come inside the airport's grounds, said: "As I was getting into my car I saw it bank very heavily to my left. This aircraft was banking 45 degrees to the left.

"It was very clear the pilot was desperate to get the plane back. It was much lower. There were piles of spray and dirt.

"The pilot was struggling to keep it straight, I knew it wasn't right.

"I have my own pilot's license and I could tell immediately something was wrong."

Paul Venter, who was also on board flight BA38, said the aircraft hit trouble just as it was about to land.

"We had a good flight, we came in to land, I could hear the undercarriage come out and the next moment the plane just dropped," he said.

"The wheels came out and went for touchdown, and the next moment we just dropped. I couldn't tell you how far.

"When everything came to a standstill, I looked out of the window and the undercarriage was gone and the plane was on its belly.

"I didn't speak to the pilot, but I saw him, and he looked very pale, but there was no communication in the cabin."

Stretch and Challenge Tasks:

1. How did people react differently to Charles Dickens?

2. What the difference between the report and the letter?

MR CHARLES DICKENS AND THE EXECUTION OF THE MANNINGS

Marie Manning

Mr. Editor – I was a witness of the execution at Horsemonger-Lane. I went there with the aim of observing the crowd gathered to behold it, and I had excellent opportunities of doing so, at breaks all through the night, and continuously from daybreak until after the display was over. I do not address you on the subject with any plan of discussing the intellectual question of capital punishment, or any of the arguments of its rivals or promoters. I simply wish to turn this dreadful experience to some account for the general good, by taking the easiest and most public means of talking about a suggestion given by Sir G. Grey in the last Session of Parliament, that the Government might be encouraged to give its support to a measure making capital punishment a private event within the prison walls (with such guarantees for the last sentence of the law being overseen as should be acceptable to the public at large), and of begging Sir G. Grey, as a serious duty which he owes to society, and a responsibility which he cannot for ever put away, to invent such a governmental change himself.

I believe that a sight so unthinkably awful as the wickedness and cheerfulness of the huge crowd collected at that execution could be imagined by no man and could be presented in no heathen land under the sun. The horrors of the hanging scaffold and of the crime which brought the vile murderers to it, faded in my mind before the terrible behaviour, looks and language, of the assembled audience. When I came upon the scene at midnight, the *shrillness* of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, meaning that they came from a group of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made my blood run cold. As the night went on, screeching and laughing, and yelling in strong chorus of parodies on songs, with replacements of 'Mrs. Manning' for 'Susannah,' and the like, were added to these. When the day dawned, all kinds of people flocked on to the ground, with every variety of offensive and foul behaviour. Fightings, fainting, whistlings, imitations of Punch, brutal jokes, wild demonstrations of rude joy when fainting women were dragged out of the crowd by the police with their dresses messy, gave a new light to the general entertainment. When the sun rose brightly – as it did – it lit thousands upon thousands of upturned faces, so deeply horrible in their cruel fun or cruelty, that a man had cause to feel ashamed and to try to

hide, as fashioned in the image of the Devil. When the two miserable creatures who attracted all this upsetting sight about them were turned trembling into the air, there was no more emotion, no more pity, no bit of thought that two immortal souls had gone to judgment, no more restraint in any of the previous indecencies, than if the name of Christ had never been heard in this world, and there were no belief among men but that they died like the beasts. I have seen, usually, some of the worse sources of general pollution and dishonesty in this country, and I think there are not many phases of London life that could surprise me. I am sadly convinced that nothing that cleverness could develop in this city could be as bad as one public execution, and I stand surprised and shocked by the wickedness it exhibits. I do not believe moralization as was enacted outside Horsemonger-lane Jail is presented to good citizens, and is passed by, unknown or forgotten. And when, in our prayers and thanksgivings for the season, we are simply expressing before God our desire to remove the moral evils of the land, I would ask your readers to consider whether it is not a time to think of this one, and to root it out.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Devonshire-terrace, Tuesday, Nov. 13.

Stretch and Challenge Tasks:

1. What is Charles Dickens' main argument?

2. How do the pubic behave and why does Charles Dickens dislike it?

SOURCE A: A LETTER IN *THE TIMES* NEWSPAPER

The following extract is taken from a letter published in* The Times *newspaper on 5th March 1850 and warns readers of a pickpocket working on the streets of London.

Sir, As *The Times* is always open for the insertion of any remarks likely to caution the unwary or to put the unsuspecting on their guard against the numerous thefts and robberies committed daily in the streets of London, I am induced to ask you to insert a case which happened on Saturday last, and which I trust may serve as a warning to those of your lady readers who still carry purses in their pockets.

A young lady of very **prepossessing** appearance, a relation of the narrator's, was walking between 12 and 1 o'clock with another young lady, a friend of hers, in Albany-street, where she resides, when she was accosted by a boy about 11 years of age, who asked her in the most beseeching tones "to buy a few oranges of a poor orphan who hadn't a bit of bread to set." She told him to go away, but he kept alongside, imploring assistance, and making some cutting remarks about "the ingratitude of the world in general and of young ladies in particular." As his manner became very troublesome the lady threatened to give him in charge of a policeman, and looked down every area to find one; but there was not one even there, and the boy kept up his sweet discourse and slight pushes alternately, until the lady reached her own doorstep. It then occurred to her that in the boy's ardour to sell his oranges he might have taken her purse; her friend through so too. A trembling hand was inserted into the pocket; the purse was gone, and so was the lady's happiness. She flew after the thief, who, knowing young ladies were not made for running, coolly deposited his basket on a door-step a little way off and ran away whistling. This brave young lady ran also, shouting "Stop thief! Stop thief!" (but then young ladies are not made for shouting, God forbid!) and she looked in the fond hope that a policeman might be found. But no such luck, the culprit got safely off with the purse and its contents; and no kind passer by tried to help the young lady, who was thus shamefully duped and robbed. Ladies, young and old, never carry your purses in your pockets; beware of **canting** beggars and beggars of all sorts, that infest the streets; and, above all, keep a watchful eye about you and give the widest possible berth to THE ORANGE BOY.

Prepossessing attractive

Canting pleading

SOURCE B: A LETTER IN *THE DAILY CHRONICLE* NEWSPAPER

In the Victorian era, children who were convicted of a crime could find themselves sent to adult prisons. The following extract is taken from a letter the author Oscar Wilder wrote to* The Daily Chronicle *newspaper in 1897 after his own release from Reading prison and shows his concern about the treatment of children in prisons.

Sir, I learn with great regret, through the columns of your paper, that the warder Martin, of Reading Prison, has been dismissed by the Prison Commissioners for having given some sweet biscuits to a little hungry child. I saw the three children myself on Monday preceding my release. They had just been convicted and were standing in a row in the central hall in their prison dress, carrying their sheets under the arms, previous to their being sent to the cells allotted to them.

They were quite small children, the youngest – the one to whom the warder gave the biscuits – being a tiny little chap, from whom they had evidently been unable to find clothes small enough to fit. I had, of course, seen many children in prison during the two years during which I was myself confined. Wandsworth Prison, especially contained always a large number of children. But the little child I saw on the afternoon of Monday the 17th at Reading, was tinier than any one of them.

I need not say how utterly distressed I was to see these children at Reading, for I knew the treatment in store for them. The cruelty that is practised by day and night on children in English prisons is incredible, except to those who have witnessed it and are aware of the brutality of the system.

The terror of a child in prison is quite limitless. I remember once, in Reading, as I was going out to exercise, seeing in the dimly-lit cell right opposite my own, a small boy. Two warders – not unkindly men – were talking to him with some sternness apparently, or perhaps giving him some useful advice about his conduct. One was in the cell with him, the other was standing outside. The child's face was like a white wedge of sheer terror. There was in his eyes the terror of a hunted animal.

The next morning I heard him at breakfast time crying and calling to be let out. His cry was for his parents. From time to time I could hear the deep voice of the warder on duty telling him to keep quiet. Yet he was not even convicted of whatever little offence he had been charged with. He was simply on remand. That I knew by his wearing his own clothes, which seemed neat enough. He was, however, wearing prison socks and shoes. This showed that he was a very poor boy, whose own shoes, if he had any, were in a bad state. Justices and magistrates, an entirely ignorant class as a rule, often remand children for a week, and then perhaps remit whatever sentence they are entitled to pass. They call this "not sending a child to prison". It is, of course, a stupid view on their part. To a little child whether he is in prison on remand, or after conviction is not a subtlety of social position he can comprehend. To him the horrible thing is to be there at all. In the eyes of humanity it should be a horrible thing for him to be there at all.

SOURCE A: A LETTER ABOUT RAGGED SCHOOLS

Ragged schools were schools set up to provide a free education for poor and deprived children in towns and cities. They relied on charitable donations and the following extract is taken from a fundraising pamphlet entitled* A Letter about Ragged Schools*, which was published in 1853.

There are hundreds of poor children who have either no home to go to, or such an one as you would fear to enter; that many pass the night under arches, or on the steps of doors, or wherever they can – poor unhappy little beings! Oh! When you pray for yourselves, and ask God to bless your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, then do not forget to ask Him also to help the poor outcasts.

Now, Ragged Schools have been set on foot by kind and Christian people on purpose to do good to these unhappy children. They are brought to these schools, and there they have their torn, dirty clothes taken off, and after being washed, and made nice and clean, they have others put on to wear all day, but at night they are obliged to have their dirty ones put on again, because their parents are so wicked, that if they went home in good clothes, they would take them from them and sell them, and spend the money on something to drink. Then they would send the children out again in miserable and filthy rags, or nearly without clothes at all; so the kind people at the schools take care of the clean clothing for them at night. The children stay at school all day and have food provided for them. Sometimes they have one thing, sometimes another. The day I was at **Dr Guthrie's school**, they had each a basin of nice hot soup and a good-sized piece of bread. What a treat for these poor, neglected, hungry things! Perhaps you, my young friends, never knew what it was to want a morsel of bread. It is a terrible thing to be very hungry and to have nothing to eat; a terrible thing to see the shop windows full of nice beard, and cakes, etc.; to be very, very hungry, and to have no means of obtaining anything but by stealing.

Dr Guthrie's school Thomas Guthrie was the founder of the Ragged Schools

SOURCE B: EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH BY CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens used his fame as a writer to help raise funds to educate poor and less fortunate children. The following extract is taken from the text of a speech that he gave on 5th November 1857, appealing for funds for a school for orphaned children.

Conspicuous on the card of admission to this dinner is the word "Schools." This set me thinking this morning what are the sorts of schools that I don't like. I found them consideration, to be rather numerous. I don't like to begin with, and to begin as charity does at home – I don't like the sort of school to which I once went myself – the respected **proprietor** of which was by far the most ignorant man I have ever had the pleasure to know; one of the worst-tempered men perhaps that ever lived, whose business it was to make as much out of us and put as little into us as possible, and who sold us at a figure which I remember we used to delight to estimate, as amounting to exactly 2 pounds, 4 shillings and 6 pence per head.

I don't like that sort of school, because I don't see what business the master had to be at the top of it instead of the bottom. Again, I don't like that sort of school – and I have seen a great many such in these latter times – where the bright childish imagination is utterly discouraged, and where those bright childish faces, which it is so very good for the wisest among us to remember in after life – when the world is too much with us, early and late – are gloomily and grimly scared out of countenance; where I have never seen among the pupils, whether boys or girls, anything but little parrots and small calculating machines. Lastly, I do not like, and I did not like some years ago, cheap distant schools, where neglected children pine from year to year under an amount of neglect, want, and youthful misery far too sad even to be glanced at in this cheerful **assembly**. And now, ladies and gentlemen, perhaps you wil permit me to sketch in a few words the sort of school that I do like. It is a children's school, which is at the same time no less a children's home, a home not to be confided to the care of cold or ignorant strangers, but to be from generation to generation administered by men living in precisely such homes as those poor children have lost; by men always bent upon making that replacement, such a home as their own dear children might find a happy refuge in if they themselves were taken early away. And I fearlessly ask you, is this a design which has any claim to your sympathy? Is this a sort of school which is undeserving of your support?

Ladies and gentlemen, this little "labour of love" of mine is now done. I most heartily wish that I could charm you now not to see me, not to think of me, not to hear me – I most heartily wish that I could make you see in my **stead** the multitude of innocent and bereaved children who are looking towards these schools, and **entreating** with uplifted hands to be let in. A very famous **advocate** once said, in speaking of his fears of failure when he had first to speak in court, being very poor, that he felt his little children tugging at his skirts, and that recovered him. Will you think of little children who are tugging at my skirts, when I ask you, in their names, on their behalf, and in their little persons, and in no strength of my own, to encourage and assist this work?

Conspicuous noticeable

Proprietor owner

Assembly group of people

Stead in place of another person

Entreating asking earnestly

Advocate lawyer