

Eardley Westmoreland

The New York Times (New York, New York); Monday 8 July 1867; pg. 4 col. 6

MURDER OF A BRITISH CONSUL AT BRUNSWICK, GA.

Savannah, Ga., Sunday, July 7.--E.J. Westmoreland, British Consul at Brunswick, Ga., was killed at that place by Capt. Martin on the 6th inst. The deceased had only been married four hours. Martin was arrested and brought to this city. A gross mystery exists regarding the affair.

Grand Traverse Herald (Traverse City, Michigan); Friday 15 November 1867; pg. 1 col. 3

It will be recollected that a few months since, Mr. Westmoreland, the British Consul at Brunswick, Georgia, was shot dead in about an hour after his marriage, by his unsuccessful rival, Major Egbert Martin. The case came up before the Superior Court of the district a few days ago, but it being found impossible to get a jury, the court adjourned and Martin was released on \$20,000 bail. Of course, that will be the last of it, and Martin will go unpunished.

Warren Village (Haverstraw, New York) Thursday 15 August 1867; pg. 1 cols. 5 & 6

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE

In Brunswick, Ga., a beautiful young lady, of barely eighteen years, was married at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 5th instant, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day her husband was shot dead by an unsuspected rival.

The name of the murdered bridegroom was Eardley G. Westmoreland. He was an Englishman of good family, and held the office of British Vice-Consul for the city of Brunswick. He came to this country during the war to represent an English mercantile house which had some relations with the South. He remained in Brunswick after the war, and entered into partnership with General John B. Gordon, in the saw mill business. Mr. Westmoreland was a young man of fine education, refined and accomplished, and, in all the relations of life, maintained the strictest of integrity and the highest sense of honor. The name of his rival and assassin is Edgar, or Egbert J. Martin. He was born in Virginia, and says he is a nephew of General Edward Johnson, of the confederate army, and that he served on his staff until General Johnson was taken prisoner, when he joined the Confederate artillery as lieutenant. He came to Brunswick in January last on some business, and there made the acquaintance of General Gordon, with whom, after a time, he entered into partnership in planting rice on the Altamaha River. He also made the acquaintance of young Westmoreland, and for a time they were on friendly, and even intimate terms. But a coldness and estrangement grew up between them; they were both the admirers of one young lady. This feeling originated with, or was first apparent on the part of Martin, and he exhibited it in an ungracious if not offensive manner. One day, while Westmoreland was in conversation with a gentleman and his daughter Martin passed by, and Westmoreland said to him, "Stop Martin, and I will go with you." Martin made no reply and, indeed, seemed not to hear it. Westmoreland repeated the words, when Martin answered, "Thank you, I prefer my own company." The next day Westmoreland asked for an explanation, and Martin replied he might interpret it in any way he thought fit. This led to a challenge from Westmoreland, which was accepted by Martin, but the interference of three gentlemen of authority in such matters, prevented duel; not, however, without difficulty, and only by earnest appeals to both young men.

From this time the estrangement between them was complete, though they did not cease entirely to speak to each other. They were both the open and avowed suitors of the young lady, and each one thought his own chance the best.

Thus stood matters, when a third suitor arrived from New York for the express

purpose of pressing his suit—a young German gentleman, every way worthy to aspire to so fair a hand. His presence seemed to bring the affair to a climax, and to determine young Westmoreland, who was in reality the favored lover and secretly engaged to the young lady, to bring the affair to a conclusion. They had agreed to elope and be married. An elopement was rendered necessary in consequence of the violent opposition on the part of the young lady's parents to the pretensions of Mr. Westmoreland. This opposition was most decided on the mother's part. She had forbidden all intercourse between them, and did not know that they ever met. But they were lovers, and they did meet. A clandestine intercourse had been kept up from the time that he was forbidden the house. On Thursday, July 4, a note written by Mr. Westmoreland to his affianced, and unfortunately entrusted to inexperienced hands to deliver, fell under the eyes of the mother. At once she knew all. She reproached her daughter, but her daughter was firm and avowed her determination to marry Mr. Westmoreland.

The next morning, Friday, July 5, the parents obtained a marriage license, sent for a minister, peremptorily summoned Mr. Westmoreland to their house, and had the young pair married. But their blessing did not rest on the head of their child; no sooner was the marriage ceremony ended than the young couple were told to leave the house. They went forth unblest.

Mr. Westmoreland having no house of his own, and intending to leave Brunswick the same evening, took his bride to his office, and informed his friends of his marriage. During the day they received several visits, and among those who called was Martin. So generous and trusting was the future of young Westmoreland, that he went out and left Martin alone with his wife. Martin assured her that as she was married to Westmoreland he would not pursue any feeling of resentment against her husband and left her with the impression that he meant to forget and bury the past. From here he went to call on the parents of the bride, but what passed between them is not known.

About four o'clock in the afternoon—the marriage had taken place at eleven in the morning—Martin was walking along the street and met the young German suitor, who had arrived in Brunswick a few days before. Martin asked him to accompany him down the street, and they walked together until they came opposite the door of Westmoreland's office. The latter was sitting on the doorstep in conversation with a gentleman who had called to speak to him on business. The young bride was in an inner room preparing for her departure in the steamer *Sylvan Shore* that very evening. Martin, leaving his companion, walked deliberately up to Westmoreland, drew a pistol, and without a word, fired. The ball entered full in the breast. Westmoreland rose and exclaimed, "My God! Martin, what have I done that you should shoot me?" Martin fired a second time, and the ball struck the groin. A third time, though his victim had fallen, did he pull the trigger, but only the cap exploded!

Westmoreland spoke no other words; he breathed a few minutes, and life was ended.

Martin was instantly arrested by the United States officials and taken to Savannah to be imprisoned and tried for murder.