THE ILLUSTRATED POLICE NEWS.

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The Illustrated Police News.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

THE case of the "Queen v. Yates" has entered on another stage. In the Lord Chief Justice's Court, on Saturday, the business of the day was temporarily interrupted in order to enable the Attorney-General, on behalf of the Crown, and Mr. Chas. Russell, on behalf of Mr. Edmund Yates, to state the terms of an arrangement by means of which the important question of law raised and already decided in the Queen's Bench Division may be taken to a Court of error. Our readers may remember that there having appeared in the columns of the *World* a certain paragraph, alleged to be libellous, reflecting on persons of high rank, a rule for a criminal information was made absolute against the proprietor of the newspaper without any written fiat or allowance of the Director of Public Prosecutions having been first obtained. An attempt was made to quash that rule on the ground that the allowance of the Public Prosecutor was a condition precedent to the right to prosecute for libel any person responsible for the publication of a newspaper, and applied to criminal informations filed by order of the Court as well as to ordinary prosecutions. Three judges—Justices Field, Denman, and Mathew—were of opinion that the Legislature did not intend to include criminal informations or indictments when preferred by the direction or with the written consent of a judge or a law officer of the Crown. The Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Hawkins were of the contrary opinion, and gave their reasons for dissenting from the view of the majority. What has happened since, when divested of the technical language as to pleas in abatement, pleas in bar, and judgment of *respond. at ouster*, is simply this: The defendant has pleaded to the information simply the fact that the fiat of the Public Prosecutor had not been obtained when the prosecution was commenced. Upon that the Queen's Bench have given judgment against him, and from such judgment the defendant is at liberty to appeal, if necessary, to the House of Lords. Practically, therefore, the case has ceased to have any public interest, regarded in the point of view of a *cause célèbre*, and will henceforward be interesting mainly to the eminent counsel and solicitors who are fortunate enough to be retained in it.

A SUPPOSED BURGLAR SHOT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

AMONGST the charges at Woolwich Police-court on Friday, last week, was one of burglary, preferred against a man named Lester Copeland, described as a cattle-keeper, belonging to New York; but the prisoner was unable to appear, having being wounded by a pistol-shot fired by the prosecutor, Mr. Henry A. Smith, a gentleman residing at Little-heath, Charlton. Inspector Power stated that the prisoner was brought to Woolwich Police-station at three o'clock that morning by Police-constable Piper and the prosecutor, who charged him with burglary. Mr. Smith then stated that he was awoke at half-past one by the barking of his little dog outside his bedroom door, and the animal when admitted seemed unusually excited. Partly dressing, and taking his revolver, he went downstairs, and was going towards the back premises, when the dog directed his attention to the dining-room, which was in front of the house, and he opened the door of the room and went in. That portion of the house was under repair, and new bay windows had been constructed, to the sashes of which fastenings had not yet been attached. A gaslight had been left burning in that room, and, looking about, he saw the prisoner hiding behind some building materials. Seeing that he was discovered the man came from his hiding place in a menacing manner, and the prosecutor, after warning him, fired one barrel of his revolver at him. The prisoner then stopped, and said, "Was there a bullet in that pistol?" and prosecutor replied, "Yes; and there are some more for you if you do not stand off." Thereupon the prisoner felt his left arm with his right, and said, "The bullet is here." A coachman, named Johnson, in the service of Mr. Curtoys, a neighbour, then came to help, and the police at the same time appearing, attracted by the sound of firearms; the prisoner was secured and taken to the station without making any resistance. The police-surgeon then examined him, and found a bullet wound above the elbow, but could not trace the bullet, which was still undoubtedly in the fleshy part of the arm. The prisoner, who was a tall and muscular young man, and said his occupation was travelling between New York and Deptford with cattle, was then taken to the Woolwich Union Infirmary at Plumstead, and Dr. Rice, the medical superintendent, stated that he was not in a condition to attend the court at present. The bullet had not been discovered, and the arm was very much swollen. Mr. Smith, the prosecutor, who was in attendance, proffered his evidence, saying that he had only resorted to firearms under great necessity; but the magistrate (Mr. Marsham) remarked that until he had the prisoner before him he could not fairly hear his accuser. The charge-sheet was accordingly marked, "Reported too ill to appear." The revolver, which Mr. Smith had ready to produce in court, was one of the ordinary small-bore weapons of six barrels. Mr. Smith's residence is in rather a lonely spot on the road to Woolwich, and the prisoner states that seeing a light in a house which appeared to be unoccupied, he got in at the window in order to lie down and sleep.

STRAND THEATRE.

ON Monday night, last week, the Compton Comedy Company commenced a short season of six weeks at this bright little theatre. O'Keeffe's "Wild Oats," cut down into three acts, was chosen for the opening night, and went as "merry as a marriage bell." The audience were delighted, and testified their approval by continued roars of laughter and frequent bursts of applause. Mr. Compton is one of the best Jack Rovers we have ever seen. He seems to have seized hold of the true spirit of the character; and it may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the great Rover of the past was Bath Montague, Edward Compton's maternal grandfather. Miss Virginia Bateman (Mrs. Compton) was an excellent Lady Amaranth. The rest of the company were satisfactory, and worked well together. On Saturday, at a morning performance, "Twelfth Night" was given, and it was very creditable to the company, and was very entertaining to the audience. Mr. Compton presented a careful study of Malvolio, while Mr. Lewis Ball, as Sir Toby Belch, was in every way satisfactory, being, in short, a masterly rendering of the character.

A GHOSTLY ANNUAL.—THE TRUTH ABOUT GHOSTS. By A. J. Melhuish, F.R.A.S., &c.: Price Threepence. (H. Vicker, 317, Strand).—Most of our readers will doubtless remember the letters printed in the *Telegraph* some time since under the title "The Truth About Ghosts." They interested the public in no small degree at the time, and we are glad to find that they are now published in a collected form, complete for threepence. We strongly recommend "The Ghostly Annual" to our subscribers.

CAPITAL IDEA TO KEEP A SERVANT.—Hetherington, the well-known employment and emigration agent, 334, Strand, has quite a novel arrangement on hand respecting female domestic servants. In the first week of January is to appear No. 1 of *Domestic Help*, 16 pages, price one penny. According to Mr. Hetherington's prospectus, he has succeeded in placing no less than 39,000 servants in situations since he commenced business; but applicants for situations have fallen short, and to remedy this matter Mr. Hetherington has hit upon the happy idea of offering a reward, in the shape of a gold watch, to every servant girl who remains in one situation for two years. There are, of course, some conditions to be conformed to; but, from what we can see, they are only reasonable, and, no doubt, every girl wanting a situation will avail herself of the advantages offered.

A somewhat singular railway accident occurred at the Stratford-market Station of the Great Eastern Railway on Saturday morning. At about half-past seven o'clock a goods train from Temple Mills to Thames Wharf was about to pass through the station, and when going beneath Stratford Bridge a boiler on one of the trucks was overturned. The train proceeded a short distance with the disabled truck, which caused several other trucks laden with rye-seed, &c., to topple over, some on the main up line and others in the direction of the platform of the station, which was torn up for a distance of about a dozen yards. No one was injured, but the traffic between Woolwich and Liverpool-street was delayed for five hours. Communication from Canning Town was had with Fenchurch-street viâ the short route across the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company's line.

THE LAST REHEARSAL.

WITH this week's edition of THE POLICE NEWS a magnificent coloured plate is presented, bearing the above title. There is an old adage which runs thus:—"A modest man upon his own merits is dumb." Mindful of this, we will abstain from expatiating upon the "artistic merits" of our coloured plate, which we trust will speak for itself. It is a reproduction from an original painting in oil by J. A. Fitzgerald, Esq. It was exhibited at the City of London Institute.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

EARLY on Sunday morning, while Police-constable Barker, of the Manchester county constabulary, was on the high road near that city, he stopped a rough-looking fellow carrying a bundle, with the object of ascertaining what he was carrying. The man threw down the bundle and decamped. Barker gave chase, caught him in a narrow passage, and gave him into the custody of a sergeant while he went to fetch the bundle. On returning he found that the fellow had got the sergeant down, and a severe struggle ensued; but in the end the man was overpowered, handcuffed, and placed in a cab. On the way to the police-station he smashed the cab window with his head in endeavouring to escape. It was afterwards found that the house of Mrs. Greaves had been burglariously entered, and a large quantity of wearing apparel stolen, which was found in the bundle. Prisoner has been brought before the magistrates and remanded. It seems the prisoner has been living lately by following coal carts and being engaged to house the coal, by which means he obtained information as to the fastenings of the doors and windows.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

AT the Hammersmith Police-court Annie Player married, living in Bolton-road, Notting-hill, was charged with throwing her child Lillie Player, aged seven months, from a window, and with attempting to commit suicide. C. Tober, a tailor, living in the same house, said that on Tuesday night he was in his room, when he saw a child drop from above and the mother hanging by her hands to the ledge of the second-floor window. He ran upstairs and caught hold of her in time to prevent her falling. He and other persons pulled her into the room. She appeared insensible, and when she recovered she said she did not know what she was doing. The child was picked up, and taken to the hospital. Police-constable Regan, 245 H, said he was called to the house and saw the prisoner. He took her to the station, where she was charged, and she said, "I was looking out of window, and dropped the child. I wish I had not looked out." Mr. Sheil inquired as to the condition of the child. The constable said it was suffering from a fractured skull and internal injuries. The prisoner looked ill, and made no statement in Court. Mr. Sheil granted a remand. The child expired on Thursday.

A CLEVER CHIMNEY SWEEP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

ON Wednesday week an exciting scene occurred in a public-house in the town of Newton Abbot, Devonshire. A badger was brought into the tap-room by some working men, at about eight o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of selling it. In opening the bag the animal made his escape, running round the tap-room in a most furious manner, driving the whole of the company out of the room. At last it bolted up the chimney, to the great excitement of the household and those who had brought it there for sale, and who were so much frightened that they went in search of a chimney sweep. They were fortunate enough to find a sweep in the space of a few minutes, and he, finding out what had occurred, went to the rear of the house and procured some damp hay, which he set fire to, in the meantime stopping up the mouth of the fireplace with a large cloth. Soon after the damp hay gave rise to a lot of smoke, the poor animal quickened down from his hiding place, bringing with him about two bushels of soot. Strange to say, the badger was captured with a pair of tongs and taken to the tub, where the animal had a sucking cub. The cub would not recognise his mother until it had been round the cask in the straw about a dozen times, and become its natural colour; then the cub could acknowledge the parent. This terminated with a swart look from the sweep, with the hair on his head standing upright, saying to the landlady, "I suppose my services will not be required here in the morning, as I never saw so much soot down from any chimney by my machine or any other; therefore I wish you a very good night."

ALLEGED CRUELTY TO A CHILD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

AT the Thames Police-court William Best and Emma Best, man and wife, were charged before Mr. Saunders with cruelty to a child named Charles Best, aged nine years, and with neglecting to provide him with adequate food and clothing, whereby his health was endangered. Charles Crabtree, 24 G, said: At a quarter to five o'clock on Saturday evening I was on duty in Mile-end-road, when I was called by a man named Lovelock to 4, Lydia-street, Whitehorse-lane, Stepney, where the prisoners lived, and Lovelock said he had reason to believe they were ill-using their child. On opening a door I heard a moaning sound, and proceeding to a room upstairs, I knocked at the door, but received no answer, and on entering I saw Charles Best, aged nine years, seated in a chair moaning, and I noticed the female prisoner in the room. The child's legs did not reach the ground, and I found the rope produced was tied five times round his body and the back of the chair, and another rope was tied round his wrists in front of him. I cut the ropes, and the child fell in a fainting condition into my arms. I then noticed spots of blood on the rope, and there were marks round the child's wrists. I laid him on a bed. I went downstairs to Emma Best, and said, "What is the meaning of this?" to which she replied, "I have had to tie him in the chair to keep him out of mischief." I told her she would be charged with cruelly torturing her child, and she made no reply. I then spoke to the boy, who had then recovered, and said, "Who tied you in the chair?" to which he replied, "Auntie, sir." I got a woman lodging downstairs to take the boy to the station, and I took the female prisoner into custody, and sent for Dr. Houchin, who examined the boy, and he has since been taken to the infirmary. I found marks of bruises on the mouth, and on asking him how he accounted for them, he said, "My uncle struck me." At twelve o'clock on Saturday night I apprehended the male prisoner. Edwin William Houchin, divisional surgeon of police, said that at six o'clock on the evening of Saturday last he was called to Arbour-square Station to examine the child in question, a boy apparently about nine years of age, and in a very weak and emaciated condition, weighing twenty-four pounds. There were several sores and bruises on the head, his ears were swollen, red, and ulcerated, two old bruises on the forehead, one across the nose, and the edges of his nose were ulcerated. His lips were swollen and ulcerated, and there were several scratches on the face, the body, and right arm. One of the bruises was over the shoulder-blade, and another on the opposite shoulder. There were thirteen ulcers on the right arm, of various sizes, oblong in shape, and running transversely to the left; also four lines parallel with each other, transversely on the right arm, and a good deal of bruising. The tops of the first and second fingers were sore. On the left arm there were eight ulcers, principally on the forearm and hand. There were six transverse lines, apparently from pressure; the right leg had several scratches and bruises about the knee and thigh; and the foot was considerably swollen. The left leg had several scratches and bruises on it. The child was now lying in the infirmary of Mile-end, unable to be removed. In answer to Mr. Saunders, the doctor said the child was suffering from privation and want of food, but he found no disease to account for its condition. The female prisoner said she was guilty of striking the child with a cane, but the bruises were not caused by her. Mr. Saunders remanded the prisoners for a week.

A YORKSHIRE ELOPEMENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A LIVERPOOL paper records the elopement of a young lady of nineteen, "highly accomplished and of great personal attractions," the daughter of "a gentleman yeoman" on the Yorkshire wolds, with one of her father's farm servants, a young Irishman named Tim M'Guinness, described as "a somewhat rough, lumpy-looking fellow of a little more than twenty years." On Friday it was discovered that the couple had gone off together, and taken railway tickets for Liverpool. To this city they were promptly followed by the lady's father and mother. Detectives traced the runaways to a hotel in Dale-street, where "their relations had been perfectly decorous." The father and brother went to the hotel, and, the report says, "a terrible scene followed. The lady burst into tears and became hysterical. The Irishman was defiant. The enraged brother brought a horsewhip with him, and was commencing to belabour the fellow who had run off with his sister when the detectives interposed. It seemed that the runaways were to have been married by special licence at a Roman Catholic church had not the father and brother so unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. The upshot of the affair at present is that the lady has been taken back to her home by her father and brother. The Irishman was left behind. But he need not despair. The last words of his lady-love as she was being taken away from him were, 'Keep your spirits up, Tim; I'll have you yet. I could not live without you.'"

SINGULAR CAREER OF A CLOWN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

JOURNEYING through the village of Garmot, in Yorkshire, my attention was attracted by a hugh tent pitched upon a waste piece of ground, round which were gathered a number of people consisting of the usual calibre, and with eager gaping faces viewing the antics of certain theatrical characters outside, destined to attract their attention, headed by a noisy discordant band, consisting of a drum, cornet, and trombone, manipulated upon by three melancholy, weazy old men, whose pay undoubtedly was adequate to their appearance, and that was not much; also a full-bellied blustering fellow with a huge speaking trumpet, through which he intimated to the astonished crowd, the wonderous performance to be seen within, at the low charge of twopence. In fact, the energetic entreaties of the showman became so fierce in his demonstrative vernacular to his audience, "To walk up, that they were just about to begin," that his face resembled, by the colour brought into it, a gigantic tomato. Perceiving the motley crew of performers had retired by order of the trumpet speaking man to do business inside, he once more applied the trumpet to his mouth; he assured the audience that it was positively the last performance this evening. So pocketing my pride I soon found myself seated with a numerous gathering of the raw material to see what was to be seen. The entertainment was little removed from the conventional order of the circus, which it is needless here for me to speak of, with the exception of a certain person who became the conspicuous character of the evening, and one about whom I have interested myself, as the reader will shortly know. This personage, therefore, I give you to understand is no other than the clown—not in consequence of his drollery and funny ways do I write of him, but more particularly the reverse, his evident inability to please, brought about undoubtedly from indisposition and a severe hoarseness, that rendered his voice almost inaudible, which brought about among the mob a considerable deal of dissatisfaction. Invectives were showered down upon his poor head, so that quite chapfallen, and his occupation gone, he was compelled to retire from the arena with a parting volley as a warmer to his already dejected spirits. Very soon the head of the establishment came forward to make an apology on behalf of the clown, but he likewise was met with a shower of groans and hisses, and many went so far as to demand their money back. As the numerous assemblage were of a kind ready for any shindy, and such as you would not feel pleased to be too intimate with, I thought it best, therefore, to take my departure at once, and so wended my way to the inn—a few paces off—I had put up at. The evening was sharp and frosty, so that I was only too glad to find myself seated by the fireside, in the parlour of the said inn, beside a glass of hot grog and a long clay. I then meditated over the affair I had just left, and upon reflection perceived the sh[illegible]an looked gruffly and exceedingly ill-tempered at poor Joey, and bethought me the latter had fallen upon "hard times," and that his services for the future would be no longer required. While I was musing thus, three persons sitting near me, and who came in later on, were evidently interested in the same subject as myself, and had undoubtedly been to the show and seen the end of it. They were of a far superior type than the general crew. I overheard that a considerable disturbance had taken place, and that the clown was unceremoniously kicked out, and in his clown attire; his more sober or retiring garments were kept back or had been purloined. I was very sorry to hear this, as I afterwards learnt he was a well-disposed person, and with a considerably better share of education than generally falls to persons of his stamp, and with his natural comicality he possessed those essentials needful to keep an audience in good humour. But, leading a precarious life and shifting about in all weathers, disease had evidently crept in upon him, so that there was no alternative left but to hide his diminished head—or, I should say, self—from mortal gaze. But where should he retire to? particularly as I was further informed he was stopped of his pay. This I considered the most cruel bit of all, so after partaking of a parting glass I bid our worthy host and hostess a very good night, and shortly found myself rolled up between warm flannel blankets, and was soon consigned to the land of dreams; one of which was so peculiar that I'm constrained to give it to our numerous readers, which made me believe I was standing upon a bare-backed horse and whirled round and round at a fearful speed. That the horse had gone wrong was a certainty to my mind, and that there was not the slightest disposition in his nature to stop. My dizziness was intense, so that every moment I felt certain I should fly off into space, and so become a celestial body. In this fearful state of agony the scene momentarily changed, and I was seized by half a dozen dissatisfied-looking clowns, who handled me somewhat roughly, demanded satisfaction, in the way of pay, for the long ride I had been enjoying all to myself, till a good fairy came on the scene and soon appeased their wrath, with a promise of a new suit of clothes each, then presenting me with a penny bun and a sugarstick; and with the usual admonition and wave of her wand bade me be a good boy for the future, and not tickle horses ears again with bits of straw to make them frantic, and also not to paint my nose red without first obtaining my mother's permission. With that I awoke. The morning was very cold and ill-tempered-looking, with small flakes of snow falling. Descending a narrow flight of well-worn stairs I was soon with the two worthies I had bid good-night to the evening previous. Breakfast was all ready laid out in the cozy little bar parlour, and, as is usual in many country places, there were many good things to choose from, which, as far as I'm concerned, I did ample justice to. I then left with a promise to return in the evening, as it was my intention not to stray far. The morning, as I have previously stated, was far from inviting, and to any one starting the day with an empty or ill-furnished inside, and with a poor look out for filling it up, it would have told sorely with them; but, thanks to goodness, I had no complaint to make in that direction, so I trudged along regardless of wind and snow, with a fixed determination to seek out if possible the poor clown. For that reason I had provided against an emergency with a small flask of brandy and water, and meat sandwiches. Being Sunday morning, the little town was quiet, and but few people astir; of these I gathered all the information I could necessary for my purpose. One person directed me to an unused barn with a farm-house and stables adjacent, which had been unoccupied for many years, so that the property was hastening to decay, there being no absolute claimant to the same; the late occupier, it was reported, had hung himself in the barn through being unfortunate in business, and being waylaid on his way home and robbed of a considerable sum of money, the furniture and goods on the estate were seized for debt, so that the remaining portion of the family had to seek shelter elsewhere. It was reported the family relations had held possession of the estate nearly three hundred years. The latest accounts were that the place was haunted, and at the bewitching hour of night, when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead, it had been reported by several of the peasantry that they had seen the ghost of the supposed late occupier, and a strange moaning noise has been heard at various times, and near an unused dried-up well. The distance to the barn they considered to be nearly a mile, and there the object of my anxiety would in all probability be found, as the place was well known and frequently used by tramps and even better-class persons when they were put to it and had no other shelter to go to, and as there was a considerable deal of old hay strewed about, it made it a very desirable place to put up at for the evening. So, bidding my informant a very good morning, I made tracks for this mysterious barn. The snow had abated and the sun popped out with unusual vigour and warmed up the semi-whitened landscape, birds twitted joyfully at the unexpected look-up, and, as for myself, the gilded light gave me cheerful anticipations, so that my walk became pleasing and interesting from the many varied objects to be seen in country scenery, so strangely and peculiarly opposite to town life, with its busy hum of men, that the very fact of estranging one's self from one's kind for a time is a desire in my opinion, devoutly to be wished; the mind, untrammelled from all business pursuits, is brought to bear upon the many objects that engage its attention. In this pleasing, fancied mood my thoughts were arrested by observing a considerable cluster of gigantic trees in the distance, and what is known as a rookery, which it proved to be, by its being inhabited by many of the sable feathered kind flying too and fro and filling the air with their peculiar cawing noise. I was told, at the end of the cluster of trees, I should alight upon the barn. My heart quickened its beat, and strange ideas took possession of me, and particularly as the place began to wear a very lonely appearance; no sign of habitation met the eye, and the few humble farm labourers' cottages that were so pleasing to meet occasionally, with ruddy-faced children gazing curiously into the stranger's face as he passes and some of the little folks going so far as to courtesy, in the hope of a stray penny falling to their share, I had left far behind, so that I felt lonely, and in that condition I began to speak with myself. "Who knows, thought I, but that a dozen or more roughs may be in possession of the barn, using it as their rendezvous or place of meeting for evil transactions. Where should I be falling in with so many and unarmed; why, despatched undoubtedly for what filthy lucre I might have about me, and then buried in the barn, or that the persons I had last spoken with may have made up the story about the clown as a mere subterfuge, and then hastily directing their steps to the barn by some other route, and so wait my coming, and then in all sense to be done to death in cold blood for the purpose of gain." Oh! horrible, most horrible! The terrible idea I had brought to my mind I thought was not at all unreasonable or exaggerated, and it took such a fast hold upon me that I couldn't shake it off. In thus musing, I had brought myself to consider my position as anything but an unenviable one, till I found myself standing by an old rustic gate, half open, and a little way down the lane the rookery commenced, with its numerous family of rooks, crows, and ravens. This is the turning I must take, thought I, for yonder, distant about three hundred yards, stands the barn. No one could imagine a more secluded spot, or one more genial to the taste of a cut-throat. I cast an eager glance at the barn and its surroundings, in my anxiety to catch a glimpse at some of the marauding scoundrels I had conjured in my brain, and to give me a chance of making my exit in safety by having a fair start; but all seemed hushed in profound sleep. I hesitated, and bethought I would screen me behind one of the trees for a time and so watch. I mechanically fumbled my pockets o'er to ascertain what pieces I had got—that would in all probability be demanded of me either before or after being despatched, as Paddy would say. Come, come, no more of this childish fear! If I lend myself to brood thus about my miserable self, like a coward, I shall be for turning back, and so permit to fall through that which I had started upon with so much interest. So, shaking the dewdrops from my mane and rousing myself for action, I moved forward. Plainer and plainer stood out the old barn, with the other buildings adjacent, till I brought myself within a few paces of the same. I then scrutinised it intently and curiously, now and again looking down the lane I had come up, under some peculiar apprehension that someone was watching me. The lichen had covered much of the building with her velveted green, for the warm sun had proved too much for her mantle of white, which had gradually melted away under its influence. Finding myself considerably more at ease I occupied my time by observing the place generally, that I might muster confidence in myself. I beg to be excused entering into detail as to the appearances of the building that possessed many and various attractions, with this exception that it was exceedingly picturesque, and in summer time charming in the extreme. Shiver my Timbers! I beg pardon for the expression, but my frame is momentarily seized with a cold chill, for what noise is that I hear. I stood and listened—yes, distinctly I heard a low wailing sound as of some one in distress. So peeping in at an half-open door of the barn, I saw in the indistinct light a human being lying on the ground, and dressed in the costume of a clown. 'Tis he! indeed, 'tis he! Without a moments thought I was by his side. "Oh! don't hurt me," he said, "let me lie here and die." Assuring him I had no intention to commit such a cruel act, I briefly told him my mission. He graciously turned his face to mine, and, though painted to give it humour, I shall never forget the expression of gratitude. Ready with my medicine chest, I beg pardon, my diluted brandy, I applied it to the poor fellow's lips which brought about a movement in every portion of his limbs as it coursed its way through the gates and alleys of his chilled frame, that renewed life seemed to be coming in quickly upon him. I asked him if he could eat a thin sandwich, but he gently shook his head as a negative. What was I to do, thought I—no alternative but to carry him on my back to the next village. But what would be considered of such a grotesque picture? Why, we should be met with shouts of laughter and derision from all sides, and the ultimatum would be, in all probability, that the clown would be incarcerated in durance vile as drunk and incapable, and myself under lock and key as a dangerous lunatic. The day was on the wane. Some measure must be promptly seen and come to. By another application of weak brandy the patient seemed more composed. I then asked him if he thought he could walk, by easy stages, to the next village. He feebly assented by a move of the head. With no little difficulty I contrived to get him outside. Having done so, to my dismay I found it impossible for him to undertake the journey. At that moment I saw a lady and a little girl advancing towards the barn, and when within a few yards she looked at us with unspeakable astonishment, as well she might. For a moment I placed the poor fellow against the barn, and raising my hat to the lady, I briefly explained to her how matters stood. With that she readily gained confidence, and, kneeling down to the poor fellow, she poured forth words of encouragement and hope. Then turning to me she said, "No time must be lost. He must be nursed and cared for, and that without a moments delay. I live yonder," she said, "distance about one mile, called Oakley Farm, with my mother and father, and this little waif with me whom my parents have adopted. Will you kindly take this card, whereon I have written my name and address, explain the situation, and send on immediately John with cart and horse." Kindly thanking the young lady for her warm-heartedness I bounded away at full speed, arrived at Oakley Farm, a fine old-fashioned mansion with all the requisites that make up the English homestead, with cattle and poultry innumerable, pigs, and a couple of huge mastiffs securely chained, otherwise I think they would have made small work of me, for they seemed intensely dissatisfied with my appearance by barking loudly and bounding forward now and again at chain's length, till they were ordered by a farm labourer to get under. When he asked me my business, I handed him the card, with a request to give it to his master. He soon came out again, and quite unceremoniously told me to walk inside as if he had been the master of the house. I was soon confronted by the father and mother. They looked strangely at me for some moments. I therefore proceeded at once, in the hope to explain away any doubts that might exist in their minds. "Yes," said the farmer, "a better girl never broke the world's bread, and though she's our daughter I say it. I wish there were many more like her; it would tend to alleviate much of the misery that exists upon this earth." The kindly dame at her husband's observation brought her apron up to her eyes and wiped them. "However, we must not waste time." So he ordered Tommy, a fine grey roadster, to be put to at once, and in a few moments I found myself rattling down the road at a fine pace. Arrived at the barn, we soon got the clown seated in the cart, and well wrapped up in a huge horse-blanket, fur cap on head. The good lady reminded us to be careful he didn't fall forward; then, with a gentle wave of her hand she said she would make all haste after us. Having seen "Motley" housed with the kindly-hearted people of Oakley Farm, where every conceivable preparation had been made for his comfort, I took my departure, but not before they had urgently entreated me to stay the night. Thanking them very much I excused myself, owing to despatches of urgent moment I wanted to send off by early post in the morning, and my portmanteau, containing many necessary things to the purpose, I had left behind at the inn. "Well," said the farmer, "the horse and trap is at your service, and John will drive you home to the inn; and when you next call to see how the patient is getting on we mean detaining you for a few days." Thanking them again and again for their hospitality I got into the trap with John and drove off, after one of the most extraordinary adventures that ever occurred in my life. Arrived at the inn I despatched John, with a glass of warm grog by way of a comforter, and soon found myself seated in a soft arm-chair in the cozy bar-parlour, and having dispensed with my heavy boots and warmed myself up with a glass of hot rum at the expense of our worthy host, I was prevailed upon to tell my story, which I did. Some days had now elapsed when I again called at Oakley Farm, and was very warmly received by the family. I hadn't been in the place many minutes when a person of middle height, thin built, with exceedingly pleasing features, walked into the room, when he immediately extended his hand to me, which I mechanically took in mine, thinking it rather a bold intrusion on his part in being so familiar at first sight, but what more astonished me when I was informed that the person before me was no other than Paul Stimpson! Looking at the person steadfastly in the face, I said—"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance; perhaps you will kindly relieve my embarrassed position by informing me whom Mr. Paul Stimpson is?" He held out his hand again to me, and I proffered him mine, which he warmly grasped, when, overcome with deep emotion, he said—"The Clown."

TRAGIC OCCURRENCE NEAR WREXHAM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

ON Saturday afternoon week a shocking occurrence took place at Summerhill, near Wrexham. A little girl, named Emily Matthias, aged three years, the daughter of a collier, and another little girl, aged two, named Rhoda Bellis, the daughter of a shopkeeper, were playing together in the parlour at Bellis's house, when it is supposed the elder child took a gun from the corner of the room, and catching the trigger against the end of the sofa, discharged the weapon. The contents entered the face of the child Bellis, blowing the right side of her jaw completely away, and otherwise fearfully injuring her. Mrs. Bellis, the child's grandmother, who was in the shop, hearing the report rushed into the parlour, and found the child lying dead on the floor. The gun was an old muzzle-loading weapon, and when last used by Mr. Bellis it was left unloaded, and it is supposed that it was subsequently loaded clandestinely by one of his sons, who had been in the habit of going out shooting occasionally unknown to his father. The deceased was the daughter of Mrs. Bellis's son-in-law, and was adopted by them soon after her birth.

BETWEEN eight and nine o'clock on Friday morning a young man named John Maynard, aged about twenty-five years, committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a passenger train, near Tavistock. His body was cut in two. The deceased had been under medical treatment for about six weeks, and at times appeared in a most desponding state of mind.

THE TRAGEDY AT PLAISTOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

AT West Ham Police-court, on Monday week, William John Billing, aged twenty-nine, of 19, Sheppard-street, Blanche-street, Hermit-road, Plaistow, a stevedore, was charged with wilfully murdering his wife Elizabeth, by shooting her with a revolver, on the 1st inst. When the charge was read over the prisoner corrected the Christian name to "Henry John." The first witness called was Henry Herwin, police-constable 324 K, who said: At about nine p.m. on Saturday, December 1, I was on reserve duty at Plaistow Police station, when the prisoner came to me. He came walking very fast, and was out of breath, and said, "I have come to give myself up. I have shot my wife. Here is the revolver." He held out a revolver, but I did not take it. I then took him into the charge room to Inspector Lecocq, and said, "This man has come to give himself up for shooting his wife." The revolver was then handed to Inspector Lecocq by the prisoner. He examined it and took the cartridges out. He found one exploded cartridge and three which were not exploded—three chambers being loaded. I then went, in company with Inspector Lecocq—the prisoner in the meantime being detained at the station—to 19, Sheppard-street, Blanche street, Hermit-road, the residence of the prisoner. We there saw the deceased woman, the prisoner's wife, lying on the floor in the kitchen dead. The doctor (O'Flynn) was there. I procured the ambulance and conveyed the body to the mortuary. I there searched her and found in her outside skirt pocket two purses, both having a number of pawn-tickets in them; there were also a summons for her to attend Bow County Court, a tradesman's bill, a gold keeper ring, and a penknife. I went back to the police-station, and there handed the property to Inspector Lecocq. Inspector Lecocq said that when he asked the prisoner that morning whose revolver it was, he told him he had bought it on Saturday night. Dr. O'Flynn, of 1, Prospect-terrace, Barking-road, said he found the woman stretched on the floor in the kitchen quite dead. He examined her head and chest in a superficial manner, and found nothing on the head except some smearing of blood. There was some froth at her mouth. On the centre of the chest there was a wound from a bullet, which had apparently perforated the chest.

Inspector Lecocq here asked for a remand, which was granted by Mr. Phillips. Prisoner was again brought up on Saturday, but no evidence was offered, and a further remand took place.

Mr. Lewis held an inquest on Wednesday at the Victoria Tavern, Barking-road, on the body of deceased, and after a deal of evidence being given it was adjourned.

The funeral of the deceased woman took place on Sunday, her eldest child—who will be a witness against the father—being amongst the mourners.

In a statement drawn up for the defence, it is said: "The prisoner had been married to the deceased for the past eleven years, and there have been seven children, four of which are dead. During the first six years of their marriage they were very happy, but five years ago the deceased woman got into bad company, and took to drinking. She neglected her home and children, and destroyed and pawned the prisoner's home for drink. The prisoner, living in a lonely place at Barking-road, kept a revolver, and hit upon the plan of presenting it unloaded at his wife, and threatened her if she persisted in her bad habits. This for a time frightened her, and she began to reform. She broke out anew, and on her refusing to show him the rent-book, he said, 'I will go back to my old plan and make you show and give me the rent-book.' He then went and purchased a revolver, which was a self-acting one, and was quite new to the prisoner, who does not know how to handle a revolver. He returned home at half-past eight o'clock and again asked his wife for the rent-book. She refused to show it. He showed the deceased the revolver. As his sister, Mrs. Butler, was entering the room, he was about to hide the revolver, when a barrel exploded and unfortunately hit his wife, who was about three yards from him. She screamed and ran out of the house, being followed by Mrs. Butler. The prisoner, who was stunned for the moment, and saw that an unfortunate accident had occurred, ran at once to the police-station, and said, 'I have shot my wife.' The prisoner was much excited and overcome, and unable to say the words, 'It was an accident.' The prisoner solemnly declares that the pistol exploded accidently, and that he never wilfully fired it."

CAPTURE OF PRIZE FIGHTERS NEAR LONDON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

EARLY on Wednesday morning a prize fight was commenced at Hadley Wood, Barnet, but it was speedily interrupted by the police, who, acting upon timely information, posted themselves near the spot, and succeeded in capturing a number of those who were present, including the pugilists. The fight, it appears, had been arranged some time, and the stakes were £20 a side. The combatants were Edward Ryan, twenty-five, a tailor, and William Williams, twenty-two, who describes himself as a horsekeeper, and both of them, it appears, are well known in London as pugilists. A numerous crowd assembled in the wood soon after seven o'clock to witness the proceedings, and the friends of Williams anticipated an easy victory for their man. Both men appeared to be in excellent condition, but on commencing the fight Ryan was very cautious, and appeared anxious to avoid coming to close quarters. However, matters soon got more lively, and Williams succeeded in striking Ryan heavily on the nose, when a lively rally took place, of which Williams got the decided advantage, knocking his opponent all over the ring. When time was called the affair was interrupted by the arrival of the police. A stampede at once ensued, but the police captured the principals, as well as the referee and eight of the spectators. They were at once taken to the Barnet Police-station. The names of the prisoners are:—William Williams, twenty-two, horsekeeper, 2, North-street, Manchester-square, Marylebone; Edward Ryan, twenty-five, tailor, 101, High-street, Marylebone; James Styles, forty-five, tobacco-pipe maker, 29, Burn-street, Edgware-road; Charles Thomas, twenty-two, bootmaker, 6, Adams-mews, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square; William Ryan, twenty-eight, tobacconist, 29, Gt. Marylebone-street; Walter Head, thirty, plasterer, 20, Clarence-gardens, Osnaburgh-street; John Baker, twenty-one, clerk, 29, Thayer-street, Marylebone; Nick Thompson, twenty, barman, Park House, Chiswick; Richard Wilson, forty-two, 9, Belmont-grove, Turnham-green; William Driscoll, forty, bricklayer, 3, Warwick-street, Blackfriars-road; and Albert Woodstock, fifty, writer, 15, Stone's-buildings, Strand. The charge against the two first-mentioned was that of committing a breach of the peace by being engaged as principals in a prize-fight on Hadley-common; and against the others of aiding and abetting in a prize-fight, at the same time and place. Only two witnesses were called to formally prove the offence. Police-constable Fry and Police-serjeant Stemp were examined, and deposed to the facts given above, both officers stating that they found on the ground sponges, a bottle, and other articles used in connection with prize fights. On the application of the police the prisoners were remanded. They applied for bail, but the Bench refused the application. In the course of the afternoon the prisoners were removed to Holloway Prison. On Monday they were brought up at the Barnet Town Hall, and after some further evidence had been given, were committed to take their trial at the next sessions of the Central Criminal Court, bail for the whole of them being taken.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRAGEDY NEAR STROUD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

MR. BALL held an adjourned inquest, on Monday, at Stroud, as to the deaths of Samuel Smith and Mary Ann Smith, an old couple living at Ruscombe, who were found dead, under circumstances detailed last week. Mr. Wethere, surgeon, now proved that he was sent for on the discovery being made, and found the woman dying. He tried for upwards of an hour to get some account from her of what had happened, but to every question she answered only "No." She died next morning. On Saturday morning he made, in conjunction with Mr. Cooke, a post-mortem examination of both bodies. The woman was a stout and excessively fat woman. There was a superficial wound over the bridge of the nose, several quite recent bruises on the left side of the body, a small wound on each elbow, and a much larger one extending from the right breast to the shoulder. Internally, there was fatty degeneration of the kidneys and heart. The man was also internally much diseased, right lung congested, heart ossified, and brain congested and diseased. Externally, the only injury he could find was an abrasion on the left cheek and over the left eye. He had attended the man for some years, and knew him to be subject to fits. The external injuries described in each case were the immediate cause of death, but they were greatly accelerated by the state of organic disease in which both were. Such wounds would not have been likely to prove fatal to persons in ordinary health. It was possible, in the case of the man, that a fit might have come on and contributed to the death in the excitement arising from the strife. Mr. Cooke, who assisted the post-mortem, confirmed this statement and opinion. The jury consulted for a long time, and returned a verdict in the case of the man that he died of the wounds described by the doctor, which were received in a quarrel with his wife, but whether in attack or self-defence there was no evidence to show. A similar verdict was returned in the case of the wife, with the addition that her death was accelerated by exposure for many hours. The Coroner said he had never known a more terrible case than this.

Items of News.

DREADFUL TRAGEDY AT THE EAST-END.

ON Monday afternoon a tragedy of a very sad and painful description was discovered at the East-end of London. Information having been received at the Bow-street Police-station about mid-day respecting the occurrence, a number of police, with Chief Inspector Back, proceeded at once to the scene of the tragedy, 34, Sutherland-road, Rowan-road, North Bow, the residence of an elderly retired couple named Ancock, the husband having once been in business as a butcher. Both had long resided in the neighbourhood, and were much respected. Upon reaching and entering the house a shocking sight presented itself, Mrs. Ancock being found lying at the bottom of the stairs, and upon further inspection a fearful wound was found in her neck, the act appearing as if it were done by a violent stab with a knife which was afterwards twisted round. Medical assistance was at once sent for, and it having been ascertained he was out of the house, suspicion for a time fell upon him. However, the belief that he committed the deed is not now generally entertained, as he is so old and feeble that he is unable to get about without assistance, and when inquiry was made on Monday morning as to his whereabouts, he was discovered near at hand at the Roman Arms at the top of the street, and within a stone's throw of the house where he resides. He was, too, there awaiting for his wife to fetch and lead him home, as it was her custom to take him to and from the places he frequented. When he learned the terrible news about his wife, he was in a most distressful state, and appeared to be overwhelmed with grief, behaving almost as if insane. He was carried back to the house in Sutherland-road, where he is now staying with friends. Dr. Henry Jarman, the Bow-street police divisional surgeon, going to the house, he viewed the mutilated body, and at once pronounced life to be extinct. The body has since been searched and washed by female searchers, and remains in the house where the tragedy took place. A large crowd of persons have besieged the place all the afternoon, and a number of police are in attendance to preserve order. About five on Monday afternoon three detectives visited the house, and stayed a short time making inquiries about the occurrence. The suspicion that at first rested upon the husband seems not to be well founded for several reasons. First, because of his old and very enfeebled condition; secondly, because of the nature of the wound; and thirdly, because it is only a few weeks ago that the old couple were disturbed on the occasion of a robbery at the house. So far no weapon has been discovered which could have inflicted so terrible a wound as that which the neck of the poor woman presents.

At the Dartford Petty Sessions, on Saturday, John Seymour, a waterside labourer, was sent to gaol for three months' hard labour for stealing fifty fathoms of rope, of the value of 30s., the property of Messrs. Cubitt, Gosling, and Co., at Greenhithe, on the 30th ult. The accused denied his guilt.

Two sawyers, named respectively Francis Hodges and Joseph Moore, of Far Cotton, Northampton, were on Saturday committed for trial at the assizes for fowl stealing and assaulting the police at Hazelbeach. Two constables, named Todd and Stokes, met the prisoners on the high road and asked them to account for the possession of the fowls, when a desperate assault was made upon Todd by Hodges, Stokes having gone in pursuit of Moore. Believing Hodges meant to kick him, Police-constable Todd threw him to the ground. He gave Todd to understand he would give in, but on his rising he struck the constable across the face and head with a stick, seized Todd's staff, and having knocked him down, beat him about the head in a most determined manner, inflicting three wounds, closing up one eye, and splitting the upper lip. Stokes came up, and prisoner, who had received three wounds on the head, more or less dangerous, decamped, but was soon afterwards arrested. It will be a long time before Todd will be able to resume his duty.

On Saturday morning a serious explosion of gas took place in the engine-house of the Oswestry Gas Works. At first it was thought the fire would prove a very serious one, but fortunately at the time of the occurrence several men were on duty, and quickly extinguished the flames, but not, however, before considerable damage was done. Most of the windows of the building were smashed, and it is said the explosion occurred owing to a workman's carelessness.

On Thursday, at the Birmingham Police-court, Thomas Robb, aged thirty-one, publican, of the Freeholders' Arms, Scholfield-street, was charged with committing an assault upon John Broughton, a general dealer, Commercial-street, by throwing him upon a blazing fire. Prosecutor was led into the witness-box, his eyes being bandaged, owing to the injuries he had sustained. He stated that on Friday he, the prisoner, and a third man, took a drive to Castle Bromwich. They had something to drink, and upon returning they were refused more drink at a public-house. Shortly afterwards the third man fell out of the trap, and nearly broke his face to pieces. The men then went to prisoner's public-house, and had something to drink. Prosecutor then went home and soon afterwards missed all his money. Getting on horseback, he rode to the prisoner's house, and said, "Give me my silver, Tom." Prisoner replied, "No; I shall give it to the man (the third man) back again." Prosecutor afterwards charged the prisoner with robbing him, whereupon the latter, according to the former, exclaimed, "I will burn you to death," and immediately flung him upon the fire, and held him there until he struggled from his grasp. Prisoner then struck and kicked him several times about the body, rendering him insensible. Medical evidence showed that the prosecutor was severely burned about the body, besides having his nose broken, and sustaining other injuries which rendered recovery impossible for several weeks. Prisoner was committed for trial.

In the Queen's Bench Division, on Thursday, the case of Wakelin v. the London and South-Western Railway Company was heard. The plaintiff sued on behalf of herself and four children for damages for the loss of her husband, who was killed on a level crossing at Kew. The deceased was, in his lifetime, a builder's foreman, and lived at Chiswick. On the evening of the 1st May last he went out for a walk, and on his return he crossed the defendants' line at Dean's-crossing, between Chiswick Station and Kew Bridge, when he was run over and killed by a train. The case for the plaintiff was that the way to the crossing was narrow and overhung with trees, so that coming trains could not be well seen; that there was no watchman to caution passengers, he having gone off duty at eight p.m., and that the engine-driver did not sound his whistle. These circumstances, it was said, constituted negligence, and made the defendants liable for what had happened. His Lordship, after some discussion, declined to hold that there was no evidence of negligence for the jury, considering the state of recent decisions. The jury having considered the matter for half an hour, found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £800. His Lordship said he would not give judgment, and referred the plaintiff's counsel to the Divisional Court.

At the Stratford Petty Sessions, on Saturday, William Yates, a schoolmaster, living at Colworth-road, Leytonstone, was summoned to answer a charge of assaulting William Ernest Travers, a lad living with his parents at Colworth-road, on the 1st inst. The lad Travers deposed that he was with other boys playing near the defendant's house, and got meddling with defendant's gate. Mr. Yates rushed out of the house, caught hold of complainant by the ear and dragged him into the house, and then beat him most unmercifully on the head with a cane stick. The defendant, who keeps a private school, and is of respectable connection, said that he was much annoyed by the lad and others swinging his gates about, but he denied that he assaulted him as the complainant had asserted. The Bench considered the assault fully proved, and fined the defendant 40s. and the costs, or one month's imprisonment in default. The defendant, not having the requisite cash, was removed in custody.

At the Vestry Hall, St. George's-in-the-East, Mr. Collier, deputy-coroner, held an inquiry regarding the death of James Calman, thirty-eight, a labourer. It was stated by his wife that deceased had been out of work for some time. He had complained of pains in his chest, but had not had medical aid. The family had suffered from want, but deceased refused to apply to the parish authorities. He died on Friday morning. Mr. F. W. Blackwall attributed death to syncope, accelerated by want and privation. A verdict in accordance with the medical evidence was returned.

On Friday, at the Clerkenwell Police-court, Frederick Smith, thirty-four, a tailor, of 50, Hatton-wall, Hatton-garden; Simeon Solomon, forty-two, described as an artist, and Ada Smith, twenty-four, of 50, Hatton-wall, Holborn, were charged with being concerned together in feloniously breaking into the warehouse at 44, Hatton-wall, during the night of the 5th inst., and with stealing therefrom 50,000 gold leaves, 100,000 metal leaves, 20,000 aluminium leaves, and a quantity of skins, value in all £180, the property of Thomas Gates, goldbeater and dealer. Evidence was given that the premises had been entered through a skylight in the roof late on Wednesday night, and the property named stolen. Detective-sergeant Robinson, G Division, stated that on examining the warehouse after the burglary he found two large jemmies, twelve steel wedges, and a dark lantern inside. He afterwards examined the house in which the prisoners lived (a few doors off), and found some small portions of gold leaf lying about in different parts of the house. He also discovered a rope-ladder, which the prisoners were believed to have used in order to descend through the trap-door at the roof of the warehouse. There is a continued communication between the roof of the prisoners' house and the roof of the prosecutor's warehouse. The prisoners, who were apprehended on Friday morning, were remanded for further inquiries to be made.

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