

*First Jury, before Mr. Baron Gurney.*

1933. MOSES HARRIS was indicted for burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling-house of Mary Eddels, about the hour of seven in the night of the 21st of September, at St. Mary-le-Bow, with intent to steal, and stealing therein nine yards of silk, value 2*l.* 4*s.*, the goods of the said Mary Eddels.

JOHN KERBY. I am shopman to Mrs. Mary Eddels, who lives in Cheap-side, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow. About six o'clock last Monday evening I lighted the gas—the shop window was whole at that time—about eight o'clock I discovered that it was broken—it was then dark, and had been dark nearly two hours, I think—two pieces of silk were gone—they were silk handkerchiefs in two pieces.

*Cross-examined by MR. DOANE.* Q. What time had you seen them last? A. About six o'clock.

WILLIAM SAVAGE. I am a police-constable. Last Monday evening, the 21st of September, I was on duty in High-street, Whitechapel, in plain clothes—I met the prisoner and two other boys coming from the City—another officer took the other two—the prisoner ran across the road—he was followed by Taylor, the street-keeper, and I saw him brought back by Taylor, who had this silk in his possession—it was about a quarter before eight o'clock.

SAMUEL TAYLOR. I am a street-keeper of Whitechapel. Last Monday evening I was on duty at about a quarter before eight o'clock, and saw the prisoner and two other boys coming from the City—I saw Savage take hold of two of them—the prisoner ran away—I followed him—he ran across High-street into Plough-street, and about half-way up that street I saw him throw something from him under a dark window—I caught him just round the corner of Colchester-street, and brought him back to the place—I found this silk where I had seen it thrown.

JOHN KERBY *re-examined.* This is one of the pieces I lost—I had cut it.

*Cross-examined.* Q. That is not a perfect piece of silk? A. Yes, it is; but I had cut off a handkerchief from it—I do not recollect when I cut it—I saw this on the day in question in its present state—I saw it safe when I lighted the gas in the window about six o'clock—I have no other person who assists in the business—Mrs. Eddels attends to it when I am out—there is no other shopman—I had not been out that evening—I know it from the quantity and quality—it is my own cutting.

SAMUEL TAYLOR *cross-examined.* Q. Was you in company with the other officer? A. No—when they were stopped the prisoner ran away—I was about ten yards from them—it was dark—I instantly crossed the road after the prisoner—I did not lose sight of him once—I am quite certain I saw him throw something away—I followed close behind him—I did not take it up till I caught him; and when I caught him, his things were all unbuttoned, which was not the case when I first saw him.

(George Swatton, licensed victualler, of North-street, Spitalfields-market, gave the prisoner a good character.)

GUILTY.—DEATH. Aged 16.

*Recommended to mercy by the Prosecutrix on account of his youth.*

*Third Jury, before Mr. Baron Gurney.*

1934. JOHN SMITH and JAMES PRATT were indicted for b—g—y

at the parish of Christ Church, Surrey; and WILLIAM BONILL was indicted as an accessory before the fact.

SMITH—GUILTY.—DEATH. Aged 40.

PRATT—GUILTY.—DEATH. Aged 30.

BONILL—GUILTY. Aged 68.—Transported for Fourteen Years.

*Third Jury, before Mr. Justice Williams.*

1835. ROBERT SWAN was indicted for a robbery on William Reynolds, on the 18th of August, at St. James's, Westminster, putting him in fear, and stealing from his person, and against his will, 1 watch, value 15*l.*; 1 seal, value 10*s.*; 1 watch-key, value 6*d.*; 1 purse, value 1*s.*; 1 sovereign, 1 half-sovereign, 1 half-crown, 2 shillings, and 1 sixpence; the goods and monies of the said William Reynolds.

Mr. SERGEANT ANDREWS and Mr. PHILLIPS conducted the Prosecution.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS (*affirmed.*) I am a member of the Society of Friends. On the 18th of August, about nine o'clock at night, I was in the Green Park—I had dined at the Garrick Club-house, in King-street, Covent-garden—I drank after dinner three or four glasses of claret—I had a very severe head-ache—I dined at half-past five or from that to six o'clock—I left the club-house with a friend, at about a quarter to eight o'clock, intending to visit the English Opera-house—I found, on getting there, that the order I anticipated taking my friend in with, was for myself only, and therefore declined going; and I went to my friend's rooms, 51, Lincoln's-inn-fields—his name is John Spedding Frowde—he is a solicitor—I went to his chambers with him—I staid there about three quarters of an hour, more or less—he left his chambers with me, and I went with him to Greek-street, Soho, to some billiard-rooms where he wished to play—I did not go into the billiard-rooms, but he did; and I went down the street leading to Cranbourne-street and Leicester-square and Piccadilly into the Green Park—I was not intoxicated in the slightest degree at any period that evening—I was perfectly sober—when I got into the park, I walked round the top of the basin, on the western side—I turned to my left when I got to the top, and walked straight across the open part of the park, in a diagonal line, till I got to the Duke of Sutherland's—I had got some way, when I turned out of the path for the purpose of making water; and while I was in the act of doing so, some one came behind me, and said, "Good night"—I replied, "Good night;" and, looking over my shoulder, saw it was a person in a light dress—he immediately seized me by the skirts of my coat, throwing himself rather upon me, saying, "This is just what I wanted, you are the sort of men that get soldiers bad names"—the horror of my situation I at once felt—I was entirely in his power, that he had the opportunity of bringing any charge against me he chose; and the horror of my situation was such, I cannot exactly bring to my recollection what happened from that time—I was so agitated I cannot remember very well what happened; but, to the best of my belief, I struggled, when he said, "You had better be quiet," and something about "expose"—he then pulled me on further down towards the bottom of the park, towards the palisades which separate the Green Park from St. James's, more towards the palace—he then said, "What will you give me to let you go?"—I replied "I will give you all, or any thing, or every thing (I forget which term I used) that I have"—he demanded my purse—he asked me for my purse, (I forget the very words he used,) and I gave it him instantly—it contained a sovereign, a