LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.—MONDAY.

THE KING VERSUS WILLIAM BLAKE.—This was an indictment for wilful and corrupt perjury, assigned to have been committed by the defendant in certain evidence which he gave, as a witness in a cause in the Court of Pleas.—Mr. Campbell conducted the prosecution. The prosecutors were Messrs. Bayley, of Holborn, respectable ironmongers; the defendant was formerly their servant, and, unlawfully, exercised his authority of a magistrate. From the affidavits of the prosecutor, John Mason, and other parties, it appeared that about several months in the evening of the 31st of August last, the prosecutor, who is a man in a humble station in life, was apprehended in Gray's-inn-lane, on a charge of assault by the defendant. The warrants directed a constable therein named to bring the body of Mason before the defendant, to answer two charges preferred against him by the persons named Joyce and King—namely, that the prosecutor's dog had killed some turkeys, the property of Joyce and King. The prosecutor was kept in custody all night, and on the following morning he was taken to the defendant's house at Hatcham, where he saw the defendant, who told him that Joyce and King had been positively at the office of the defendant, and had stated that the turkeys which his dog had killed, Mason said he knew nothing about the turkeys, that he was not present when they were killed, and that he was not in any way privy to the assault and battery complained of. The defendant, upon this, said, "You must pay the money, and I shall take nothing less." Mason then paid the defendant 8s., and the complainants, Joyce and King, paid him 17s. There was not a clerk in the room, nor did the defendant say that the money which he demanded, and which he actually put into his pocket, was for clerk's fees. The charges have been duly proposed of Mr. Roberts told Mason that an information had been lodged against him by King, under the Statute of 10 Geo. 4, for that he, Mason, did not, and did not want it, you will make it up before the sessions. I shall take the recognizances with me to Warwick." Mason asked the defendant if he should not pay the fees, and the defendant replied, "Yes, eight shillings." Mason said, "That is too much, will not 4s. 2d. enough?" The defendant replied, "Yes, I know it is enough." Mason, having tendered sureties, his recognizances to the amount of 20l., and two sureties in 10l. each, were entered into for his appearance at the next Warwick Sessions. Mason asked the defendant to give him in writing a statement of the charges preferred against him; but the defendant refused to do so, and said, "You can, if you will make it up before the sessions." Mason, in his affidavit, stated that Mr. Stanbury would do him some personal harm. He, Mr. Stanbury, said he was afraid that Mr. Stanbury would sometime in his passion, commit some outrage on his person.—Mr. Stanbury said the idea was absurd; and, in fact, Mr. Rogers, who was present, undertook to keep the peace towards the gamekeeper, that the magistrate would compel the gamekeeper to find bail.—Sir R. Birnie, said, "Mr. Rogers, if you will swear that you are in bodily fear of that man, Mr. Stanbury: I will not swear that I fear him.—Mr. Stanbury: Have entered into a recognizance, and am discharged.

MOVE ON.—On Monday a watchman of St. Marylebone, named Thompson, brought up the following charge against Mr. Lyall, a housekeeper, residing in Russell-court, Catherine-street, Strand:—The watchman, who is a tall, stout fellow, being sworn, said, that he was going along Little Catherine street the preceding night, about one o'clock, and he saw Mr. Lyall and four other persons in front of them talking. He told them to "move on," and they took not the least notice of him. He repeated his command, "Move on, gentlemen, move on, move on, I say, go up to the dock; I will be bound to say that they will not do it." Witness would take him to the watch-house; he would not put him at a distance, but he was force compelled to take him to the watch house.—Mr. Halls: What was he doing? Watchman: Doing! Why, he was standing in the street, talking to four or five others.—Mr. Halls: There was no very great crime in that. What had he done to induce you to bring him to the watch house? Watchman: He refused to go when I ordered him to "move on."—Sir Richard Birnie: Were the parties continuing in the place you first found them? Watchman: Yes, when you ordered them to "move on?" Watchman: They were conversing, and treated my orders with contempt; I told not touch him till he refused to move on; and, at last, I said, I reside within a stone's throw of the place where the watchman apprehended me; I had spent the evening with some friends, and was returning home, and was, when the watchman came up, and in a very peremptory tone, ordered me to "move on;" I told him that when I had taken a glass of wine, I always slept well, and having repeated his command, "move on," seized me by the collar, and dragged me to the watchhouse of St. Marylebone.—Sir R. Birnie: Were you aware that when he came down to her he seemed to be in a passion? Mrs. Lyall: Yes, sir; I had two housekeepers there who offered to bail me; but a deputy eight o'clock, named Edwards, was drunk, and refused to accept bail, and I remained in the dark hole till Sunday morning.—Sir R. Birnie: You have just remedy against the party by action or indictment; I advise you to go *before* the Watch Committee of St. Mary-le-Strand, and state the facts, which the watchman has admitted, and I think the Committee will agree with me, that he is unfit to be employed any longer as a watchman.—Mr. Halls concurred with Sir R. Birnie, and ordered the Lyall to be discharged.

A PATRON.—From among a crowd of disorderlies, brought from divers watchhouses before Mr. Halls, on Wednesday morning, there was a fine young man, in garden watchhouse picked out a young man of a very arrowful and sleepy aspect, whom he placed at the bar. This personage appeared in half-boots, and his hat was covered with mud, and his whole appearance was extremely rueful and debauched; but he did not appear to be lost in contrition, as he stood in the dock, in silence.—The constable, manifesting a degree of hesitation and awe about stating the charge, Mr. Halls was obliged to order him to proceed, and he, at last, said, "Sir, The Constable: Your Worship, the gentleman at the bar says he is Mr. Spring Rice, the Under Secretary. He got drunk in a public house, and fell down in the whisky shop, in York-street; so drunk, that one of our watchmen was obliged to carry him on his back to the watchhouse; very quietly, it was that the gentleman's merit was excited at this declaration, and all eyes were turned on the "Under Secretary." Of course it was impossible; and, accordingly, the veritable Under Secretary had been shamefully scandalized in the person of the prisoner; who, on being interrogated as to that particular, confessed that he was a "Patrick Martin, Esq." "Is not only plain "Patrick Martin, Esq.?"—Does any one make a charge against this person? asked the Magistrate.—M. Gulliver, wholesale and retail dealer in real Irish whisky, at No. 6, York street, Covent garden, stepped forward and said, that he made the charge against the prisoner for abusive language, and for other indecent pretences, by representing himself to be Thomas Spring Rice, the Under Secretary for the Home Department. He then called upon the brother of the prisoner to follow his statement:—About seven o'clock on Wednesday evening the prisoner came into our shop, during my brother's absence, and called for a pint of the best whisky. I gave him some to taste, and he then desired me to send three gallons off to "Mr. Spring Rice, at No. 39, Baker-street, Portman square." I marked him for the order, and expected he would leave the shop, but he lingered, and after swaggering about a little, as if he was trying to take a liberty or do something, he turned to me and said, "Oh, young man—a—I am Mr. Spring Rice, the Member for Limerick—and I shall be very glad you make the order." Now—now I am here, I should like to taste little more of your whisky; some of the different sorts, if you please." I gave him a little more, and he then represented, both from his own lips and from the lips of his brother, that he was the Under Secretary for State, and M. P. for Limerick." He then said he was a great friend to the poor, and he talked to me a great deal more than I could understand. He said he had a most perfect contempt for the present Ministry, but he was in hopes that they and the situation was forced upon him. I can't remember all he said, but he said a great deal more, and kept tasting the whisky the while. At last he said he should like to taste it with water as well. So I got him some water, and just at that time I was obliged to go into the shop to a customer, and I left him rummaging about, and when I returned to the parlour, Mr. Spring Rice, as I thought him, was sitting on the sofa, and looking very strange; and I thought he looked as if he had something empty on the table! I did not know what to think of it, and as the gentleman was too tipsy to speak or get up, I left the room and went into the shop to see if anything of his rank in such a state.—Mr. Gallaway himself said, I saw a part of this gentleman's performance. When I entered the shop, about eight o'clock last night, my brother said to me—Brother, Mr. Spring Rice is in our parlour very tipsy, and I don't know what to do with him; I wish you would attend of course, and I had some doubts about the matter; but I thought as Mr. Spring Rice, and only knew him by public report; I went immediately into the parlour, where I saw this gentleman sitting on the sofa; when I entered he rose, apparently with great dignity, and said, "Sir, I am the master; I am Mr. Spring Rice; I shall be very happy to serve you in the way of your business; I took off my hat and bowed to him, as I ought to do to such a person; he was very gracious to me, and made very handsome promises of the great things he would do for me if I would go and bring him a gallon of the whisky from the shop, and he talked a great deal of nonsense, much in the same strain my brother has told you of, and at last he staggered towards the door, and I then, of my own accord, ordered the gallon of whisky, and, when it was done, I gave it to him, as he was on the stairs, and he then, in the most gracious manner, said, "Oh, young man, I shall be very happy to see you, and I shall be very glad to see you, and I shall be very glad to be recognized in such a situation; and then upon he had himself behind the counter; but as "Mr. Spring Rice" passed through the shop, he called to people in the street, and ran out, and, being exclaiming, "I isn't Spring Rice! I therefore followed him and brought him back to the shop, and he was tipsy to a degree I never saw before, I gave him in charge to the watchman.—In answer to the questions of the magistrates, Mr. Gallaway said, that the first whisky the prisoner had taken was given him before he represented himself to be Mr. Spring Rice; that he did not send the three gallons of whisky, he ordered, and that the prisoner represent Mr. Spring Rice had left his house in Baker street some weeks, and, upon inquiry at his present residence, he had ascertained that he was not Mr. Spring Rice; consequently the complainant, and she was committed accordingly.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

On Tuesday morning, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, in the presence of several persons who were crossing Southwark-bridge, a gentleman was observed to throw himself over the parapet into the river. Boats were instantly in requisition, and his life was preserved. His name is Broadway; and his family are respectably connected. They reside in Berkeley-square. It appears that he has been at times under an infirmity of mind. As soon as his friends were made acquainted with the attempt to commit suicide, they conveyed him to an asylum at Bethnal-green.

On Monday morning a smith, named Singleton, residing in Hackney-road, cut his throat with a razor, while in bed with his wife, who was sleeping in the adjoining room. His groans awoke the child, and its screams brought the images of the house into the room. The wife ran to her husband, and, in the hurry, without the least hopes of recovery.—The poor man was but imperfectly recovered from the typhus fever, with which his whole family had been afflicted, and to which his wife had fallen a victim. The calamity had preyed on his mind, and no doubt caused the attempt at self-destruction.

A fire broke out at Newmarket about six o'clock on Tuesday evening, which threatened mischief to a great extent. It originated in the stables of the Five Bells, through the inebriety and carelessness of the ostler. Some idea may be formed of the consternation which the whole town was thrown, from the fact of the above stables immediately joining the training establishments of Mr. Day, and the stables of some of the valuable racing studs of the Marquis of Exeter, Mr. Payne, and several other noblemen and gentlemen; all of which were in the stables. It was some time before the ostler could be roused into life, and, in fetching of water being extremely short; indeed, had it not been for the exertions of Mr. John Clarke, jun., builder, Mr. Moody, jun., and Mr. Ely, jun., it is probable that not only the adjoining premises would have been destroyed, but many of the best racers at Newmarket.

On Wednesday morning, a stout youth was galloping a horse in Hyde-park, when, on approaching the Serpentine park, the animal stumbled, threw its rider, and fell upon him with such violence, that, upon the horse recovering, it was found that the young man was taken up merely lifeless, and immediately carried to Middlesex-hospital; upon his arrival there, he was found to be a corpse, and it was subsequently ascertained that his back was broken, and that death proceeded from the internal injury of so dreadful a nature that death must have almost instantly ensued.

The utmost consternation prevailed in Jermyn-street, Piccadilly, on Monday evening, in consequence of an alarming fire which broke out about six o'clock, in the house No. 41, in the above street, used as a lodging-house. The alarm reached the Wellington Hotel, and next door to the residence of Sir Frederick Baker, Bart. The flames first burst out from the upper story, and, from the rapid progress of the fire, it was supposed to do so, behind the mansion, or were supposed to do so, behind. The monotony of the two equal lines, the humming sotto-voce tone of the high mass, the buzzing of the Cardinal and Capuchin in reading the responses, the dim and mysterious light of yellow torches around the bier, or in the tall massive candlesticks at the railing of the altar—all this was in the best keeping, and was just that sort of sober livery of Death which the imagination might select for the array of its visionary funerals. A stillness, as of the grave, weighed on every thing—the very battledoors, the very pillars, seemed to be sleeping, leaving the glare of their picturesque costume over the works of Tintoret or Veronese, hung sleeply on their frames, and, if there was a break—so flaw—except, perhaps, the Body Guard, who, in their Spanish dress, with their modern French fopperies, or giddy chattering, in the midst of the costumes and gravities of the fifteenth century, in the Sistine Chapel, was felt the deepest, and I least expected it, burst the music—the Dies Irae—the famous requiem from the Papal choir opposite—without organ, violin, or instrument whatever—modulated by a pleasing, but, I thought, plaintive, and faint for grief. It is a noble thing, and few, I should hope, could hear it without feeling its connection with the grave, and the soul. As it is renewed and keen swells, its dwelling on and returning to the same searching note, its shrill simplicity, its decisive and unabused wailing, and sudden rushes to the Eternal Throne, it is, I know, a little too much; there are such direct appeals to all hearts, echoes so completely of human nature, that I very much doubt whether the Latin language be not the best of all rituals, and the most appropriate offering which can be claimed or received by the departed. Nor was the church ill calculated for the entire development of this effect, and, if it was, it was the artist who gave the human voice, unadulterated by any accompaniment, its full sweep; and the sounds descended, melancholy and sweet, from the lofty vault, or burthens, into the heart, which was never better prepared than at the moment to receive them. We expected a funeral oration and interment; but, instead of either, had a most magnificent and impressive ceremony, which, I was soon deserted—the ceremony had lasted for two hours. The body continued in its place till the evening, when it was committed to the vaults of the church (of which I believe his Eminence was the Rector) without any additional service, in private, and without show.—*New Monthly.*

WESTMINSTER COURT OF REQUE TS.

THURSDAY.—A MERRY WAY OF BURYING A WIFE.

LAMBERT *v.* TAYLOR.—The plaintiff Lambert, a jolly ruddy-faced tallow chandler, claimed of the defendant 18s. 6d. for the expense of the burial of his wife, a fillet of veal, weighing sixteen pounds and a quarter; but which Taylor denied owing.—Lambert was therefore obliged to make out his case by the examination of the Court. He said that Taylor came to him one day, and begged of him to give him credit for a fillet of veal, which he would pay for when he received his week's wages; and he (Lambert) had a large one because he said his son was going to *bury his wife* that evening, and there was to be a jolly meat as it was, much too large and coarse for the delicate stomachs of the friends and relations; moreover, the brother of his son's wife with their presence, principally journeymen smiths, sawyers, and carpenters, men at no time given to make a meal of meat, especially at supper, and not much liking such wishy-washy stuff as veal; but in proof of all this there was nothing more than his own bare assertion, for he had neither his son, nor friends with him, to have him out in an iota of it; moreover, the butcher seemed as respectable as he was rubicund, and the Court decided that if he swore to the debt, it should be against him. Having done this by the name of William Geo. Lambert, Taylor was ordered to pay the debt, and costs, in fourteen days.

Two French dramatists, Messrs. Scribe, and Mazeres, have been appointed Members of the Legion of Honour.

Police Reports.

GUILDHALL.

ROBBERY AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Robert Coleman, a carter, and George Davidson, a clerk, in the secretary, upon a machinist, were charged with stealing a cart load of pig iron. Mr. Bodkin conducted the prosecution. It appeared that Mr. Galloway having 40 tons of iron lying at the Steel-yard, in Thames street, he gave the prisoner Coleman, to fetch it home, and it was the duty of the clerk to see the contents of the cart weighed and deposited in the factory. He, after, detected the carman in the act of selling the cart loads in an inn yard in St. John-street, from whence Davidson caused it to be removed in another cart to some premises in Gray's-inn-lane. He, upon being apprehended, afterwards confessed, he gave the carman 2l. for conniving at the transaction. A tradesman in St. John-street, whose name is concealed by the prosecutors named Joyce and King—namely, that the prosecutor's dog had killed some turkeys, the property of Joyce and King. The prosecutor was kept in custody all night, and on the following morning he was taken to the defendant's house at Hatcham, where he saw the defendant, who told him that Joyce and King had been positively at the office of the defendant, and had stated that the turkeys which his dog had killed, Mason said he knew nothing about the turkeys, that he was not present when they were killed, and that he was not in any way privy to the assault and battery complained of. The defendant, upon this, said, "You must pay the money, and I shall take nothing less." Mason then paid the defendant 8s., and the complainants, Joyce and King, paid him 17s. There was not a clerk in the room, nor did the defendant say that the money which he demanded, and which he actually put into his pocket, was for clerk's fees. The charges have been duly proposed of Mr. Roberts told Mason that an information had been lodged against him by King, under the Statute of 10 Geo. 4, for that he, Mason, did not, and did not want it, you will make it up before the sessions. I shall take the recognizances with me to Warwick." Mason asked the defendant if he should not pay the fees, and the defendant replied, "Yes, eight shillings." Mason said, "That is too much, will not 4s. 2d. enough?" The defendant replied, "Yes, I know it is enough." Mason, having tendered sureties, his recognizances to the amount of 20l., and two sureties in 10l. each, were entered into for his appearance at the next Warwick Sessions. Mason asked the defendant to give him in writing a statement of the charges preferred against him; but the defendant refused to do so, and said, "You can, if