

POLICE INTELLIGENCE

CURIOS CASE.—Mrs. E. Farrington was charged with an assault on Mrs. Elizabeth Day, of Drummond-street, Hampstead road. It appeared from the Complainant's evidence that the defendant came to her house on Tuesday, and, after acting very violently, struck her on the breast, and threatened "to butcher her," and "have her life."—Mrs. Farrington, on being called on for her defence, said, the fact is, your Worship, Mrs. Day wished me to live with her husband above a year ago. We agreed to exchange situations, when she gave me her wedding-ring, a four-post bedstead, and other furniture, wishing me success with my bargain. Day and I have since lived together for some time; but his wife gives me a vile character, and spites me on all occasions. This woman, your worship, if I am allowed to state it, after leaving her husband, intended to go to New York with another man; but he declined taking her, and she has now got her husband back again.—Mrs. Day—She is a good-for-nothing wretch, and has been in the family way twice by my husband; and the child she has in her arms is by my husband; she ought to be ashamed of herself. I've got my husband again, thank God, and I defy her. She may do her worst.—Mr. Rawlinson said both parties appeared to have acted very wickedly. As to the assault, he should fine the defendant 10s.

MANSON-HOUSE.—A True-hearted Sailor.—A weather-beaten old sailor, with a white beard, and skin which an eastern climate marked in the most determined manner, was brought before the Lord Mayor charged with having had a great deal too much grog on board on Monday night. A policeman stated, that the sailor caught hold of him by the arm, as he passed along the street, and said, "I say shipmate, give us a lift as far as the Blue Boar." Witness saw that the old man was far gone in liquor, and readily towed him along. At the Blue Boar, however, the landlord knew nothing about him, and refused to accommodate him. As the grog began to trip up his heels, the witness thought that the best thing to do with him, was to lodge him in the station-house. The sailor was unconscious of the difference between a watch-house and a public-house at the time, and was quietly deposited on the boards. In his pocket were found a few shillings, but next to his skin, near the waistband of his breeches, were seven Sovereigns and three 5l. notes.—The Lord Mayor. I am sorry to find an aged man shaming his grey hairs by getting into such a condition. How did it happen?—Sailor.—Why, your Lordship, I only happened to be getting forward a little.—The Lord Mayor.—Getting forward! Getting backward, you mean. You don't call tumbling about the street getting forward, do you?

(a laugh).—Sailor.—I did get a little too much, please your Lordship; but I hope I shan't be so bad next time.—(Laughter).—The Lord Mayor.—The next time! How can I think of giving this money back to you if I expect that you will repeat this conduct?—Sailor. I'll carry myself as steady as I can; that's all I can promise.—The Lord Mayor. Why, who are the best friends you have.—Sailor. The Lord only knows. I often get into rum hands; but the rest of my family is in Norfolk. I am the worst off of all of them; but I don't grumble.—The Lord Mayor. I am very sorry for it, for I believe you to be a very honest fellow.—Sailor. There you're right, my Lord; but I am quite satisfied.—The Policeman said, he thought he knew the defendant as a fisherman.—Sailor. Fisherman! what do you mean by a fisherman? I never fished in my life. I'm none of your half-and-half seaman. I'm a real ship-o-war's man. What the d— do you call me a fisherman for?—(laughter).—The Lord Mayor. I am sure you are a real seaman, and I dare say you would now fight for your King, old as you are?—Sailor. Aye, please your Lordship, or for any one else that I liked. I've had many a hard day's battle; but I can fight still, though my head is grey these thirty years.—The Lord Mayor. I can't give you these bank-notes until I find that you are in safe hands.—Sailor. Thank you, my lord. I think you had better not trust 'em to me to-day.—(Laughter). The Lord Mayor. Why, you don't intend to get drunk so soon?—Sailor. I hope not, but I would not swear it.—(Laughter.) But your Lordship had better keep the money.—The Lord Mayor. And suppose I don't give it to you if you drink too much to night?—Sailor. Why then, please your Lordship, give it to the poor, and good luck to 'em with it.—(Loud Laughter.)

Life, at the west end of London, continues as inanimate as it has been for several months past. There are no gay doings whatever. The city gentry give an occasional spread and a dance, but it is generally on the carpet, as economy is the order of the day.

The shopkeepers are at their doors early in the morning to see what change there is in the weather; they think the bad state of trade may be attributed to the bad weather. It is not to be expected that the sun will be long in obscurity: we shall then find out whether it is the atmosphere or other causes which create a stagnation of business.

The doctors carriages and the omnibusses cause a bustle in the streets; and mud and noise quite enough. It is a fact, that without the clatter of the doctors knocks at the doors of the invalids, and the perpetual stirrings of the omnibusses, London

would appear to be deserted. The vehicles of the nobility and gentry, are but few and far between."

CONS.—Why is Charity like Plum-pudding?—Because its very good in-deed.—When are you not a yord high?—When you're a-foot.

A broken-down cab being left, for a short time, at the corner of the street, a was contrived to erase the word "safety," which had been painted upon it, and inscribe in chalk "The Surgeon's Delight."

To prevent the practice of drinking during divine service, the following law has been passed in some parts of Germany: "All persons who may procure drink, in public houses, during divine service, on Sunday or any other festival day, are authorized to depart without paying."

Undeniable Authority. "Why, Mr. So-and-so told me, who heard from Mr. Such-a-one, who had it from Mr. What's-his-name, who said it came from Mr. Wladys-call-him, who repeated it after Mr. Thingumbob, who saw it in Mr. I-do-know-'s letter."

"Landlord," said a shrewd fellow, as he seated himself in the bar room, and bore the silent gaze of the surrounding advocates at the bar, "do you know of any body that has lost a handsome ivory handled jack-knife with four blades,—two large ones and two small ones—having a piece of silver on one side, and brass at the ends?" "No," replied the veteran landlord, whose proboscis resembled a ripe strawberry, tipped with a pearly drop of dew, "why have you found one?" "No," said the wag, "but I thought I would inquire, so that if I should find one, I might know whose it was."

Complimentary. A Yankee and an English Captain, each in a schooner, tried their speed in Gibraltar bay when our countryman beat John Bull all hollow. They met on shore the next day, and the Englishman swore he had never been out-sailed before. "Just like me," said Jonathan, "for my Jemima never beat nothing afore."

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