Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

All announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender. The words "By Order" or any other equivocal matter will be charged for as an advertisement.

BIRTHS.

DAVIES—July 26, at 66, Pembroke-place, the wife of Richard Davies, of a daughter.

HEAVENER—July 24, at Tupsley, Troutbeck Hereford, of a daughter.

KENNEY—July 27, at 32, Rock Park, Rock Ferry, the wife of Arthur Kenney, prematurely, of a son (still-born).

M'MURRAGH—July 26, at Kilmallock, county Limerick, the wife of John M'Murrah, manager of the Munster Bank, and formerly of this town, of a daughter.

POWER—June 8, at Lecce Island, Perth, the wife of Capt. J. Power, ship Peruvian Congress, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

DIX VOSE—PETERS—July 24, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, London, by the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton-square, George William dix Vose, Esq., Administrator of the Government estate of St. Louis, to Marion Beaufoy, the younger daughter of John Peeters, Esq., M.P.

NORBURY—FITZGERALD—July 21, at the parish church, Hingham, by the Rev. W. W. Hickman, Rector of Watlerton, Norfolk, uncle of the bride-groom, Thomas William Norbury, of Hingham, Norfolk, second son of the late Thomas Norbury, Esq., of Upton Hall, to Ellen Persse, fourth daughter of Captain T. C. Fitzgerald, of Upton Grange, Macclesfield.

TOMKEY—MONSARRAT—July 26, at Neston Church, by the Rev. W. H. Hurray, curate, assisted by the Rev. J. E. Tetlock, curate of Linton-in-Craven, brother of the bride-groom, Marcus Tomkey, of Parkfield, Neston, son of J. W. Tomkey, late War Department, Dublin Castle, to Emily, youngest daughter of Henry, Monsarrat, of Castle Northwich, and niece of Jonathan Grindrod, of Leighton House, Neston, Cheshire.

DEATHS.

PRICE—July 19, at Santander, in his 67th year, Thomas Rouse, of St. John's-wood, Bexley.

CALLAS—June 10, at Fort Abbott, Rome, of typhoid fever, aged 25 years, Gunner Charles Callas, 13th brigade Royal Artillery. (Australian papers please copy.)

M'DONALD—At Tasmania, in his 52nd year, Hugh M'Donal, seventh son of Hugh M'Donald, of 153, Stanhope-terrace, Upper Stanhope-street, late of Ironside, Perth Wem.

GILLESPIE—July 22, at her residence, Derwent-road, Rock-ferry, aged 72 years, Wilhelmina Gillespie, relict of the Liverpool Mercantile Gazette. (Friends will kindly please to accept this intimation.)

PATERSON—July 26, at 67, Hamilton-street, Birkenhead, in her 5th year, Jane, second daughter of Mr. James Paterson.

POWER—June 9, at Lobos Island, Peru, Rose Frances, second daughter of Captain J. Power, ship Peruvian Congress.

SHERRATT—July 26, at 139, Brecknell-road, North Seacombe, aged 51 years, Ellen, wife of Joseph Robinson.

STUBBS—July 27, at 3, Bedford-terrace, Tabor-square, London, aged 72 years, Ann Stubbs, widow of Thomas, M.A., Vicar of Brigham, and Rector of Plumbland, Cumberland.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

LIVERPOOL POLICE COURTS. YESTERDAY.

(Before Mr. Mansfield.)

ROBBERIES AT LIME-STREET STATION.—George Hunt, a young man, was charged with stealing a pair watch and chain of fifty pounds, the property of Mr. William S. Birch. Prosecutor stated that he resided at Higher Broughton, near Manchester, and on Monday afternoon he was in the left luggage office at the Lime-street Station, when the prisoner came and stood near him. Suddenly prosecutor felt a twitch at his watch chain, and immediately afterwards found that his watch had been stolen. The prisoner was then walking slowly away. Prosecutor followed him out of the station, and, stopping him, found the watch in his possession. Prisoner pleaded guilty, and stated that he was a stranger in the town. He was committed to gaol for six months, with hard labour.—James Smith, a respectable looking lad, was charged with attempting to pick pockets also at the Lime-street Station. Evidence was adduced to the effect that the prisoner, who was in the company of the prisoner in the previous case, pushed against different persons at the station on Monday afternoon, and attempted to pick their pockets. A gentleman named Mark Thorne stopped him, and the prisoner tried to steal his watch, and managed to pull it from his pocket, but failed to obtain possession of it. The prisoner then directed his attention to the pocket of Miss Margaret Scott, who caught him in the act of stealing her purse, which contained 9s. He pleaded guilty, and was sent to gaol for three months with hard labour.

MORE POCKET-PICKING.—George Skelton, a middle-aged man, who stated that he was a discharged soldier, was sent to gaol for fourteen days for frequenting the Landing-stage on Saturday last with the intention of committing a felony by picking pockets.

A TASTE FOR SHERRY WINE.—Robert Anderson, an old soldier, was committed to gaol for fourteen days for stealing a bottle of sherry from the steamship Knight Templar, on which he had been engaged for one day as steward.

VIOLENCE IN LIVERPOOL.

At the Police Court, yesterday, before Mr. H. Mansfield, the deputy-stipendiary magistrate, the following charges of violence to the person were investigated:—

BRUTAL CONDUCT TO A WIFE.

Thomas Murphy, a discharged soldier, of Athens, was charged on remand with seriously assaulting his wife, Ellen Murray. Late on the night of the 19th inst. prisoner returned towards home, and when his wife had not prepared his supper he called her bad names, and behaved in a most disorderly manner. His conduct was so strange and threatening that prosecutrix jumped through the bedroom window to escape his violence. Subsequently prisoner seized her by the arm, kicked her, and knocked her head against the floor. She was pregnant, and from the injuries she had sustained her life was in danger for several days. Prisoner had really no excuse to offer for his conduct, and he was committed to prison for four months, with hard labour.

DASTARDLY ASSAULT ON A WOMAN.

A young man named Henry Hunter was brought up under a warrant, charged with assaulting a respectable-looking woman named Jane Leonard, who lives in Berry-street. While prosecutrix was looking into a shop window near her home on Monday afternoon last, the prisoner indecently assaulted her. Prosecutrix was enraged at his conduct, and knocked his hat over his eyes, whereupon he hit her with his fist, knocking her down. She got up, and prisoner knocked her down a second time by striking her on the eye. Her face was much discoloured, her nose was injured, and her eye was closed. Since the occurrence she had been under medical treatment.—Mr. Murphy, who appeared for the defence, admitted that prisoner had behaved improperly to the prosecutrix, and wished to apologise and recompense her for what had occurred. He had instructed her not to assisted the prisoner he would not have struck her. The magistrate sternly reprimanded the prisoner, who stated that he came from Standish, near Wigan, and fined him £5. The money was paid.

DRINKING SINCE CHRISTMAS.

A middle-aged man named George Kelly, and Anne Jane Kelly, described as man and wife, were charged with seriously assaulting Sarah Hughes. Prosecutrix lives at 40, Doncaster-street, and the prisoners for the last seven months have lived with her. On Monday evening prosecutrix accused the female prisoner of undue familiarity with her husband, and a quarrel ensued. While the two women were fighting, the male prisoner interfered and knocked the prosecutrix down, kicked her on the head, and dragged her into the back kitchen. A police constable was attracted to the place, and he saw the male prisoner kick the prosecutrix. On the way to bridewell Kelly expressed regret that he had not knocked the policeman's head off, and his wife showed approval of the sentiment. The male prisoner stated that for seven years he and his husband, who had been drinking since Christmas on the proceeds of some property they sold, were the aggressors and that he and his wife had only had done was in self-defence.—Mr. Mansfield stated that it was very fortunate that the policeman had not seen a portion of the assault, as he was not disposed to believe what the different parties in the case had said. He sentenced each of the prisoners to two months' imprisonment with hard labour.

MORE VIOLENT ASSAULTS.

Catherine Gray was sentenced to one month's hard labour for assaulting Mary Douglas, in Wigan-street, on Monday night. Another Irish woman named Margaret Todd was charged with dangerously assaulting Catherine Sprignall, a shirking-street. Between eight and nine o'clock on Monday night prosecutrix went into the street to see her daughter when the prisoner commenced to call her names. An altercation ensued, which culminated in the prisoner striking the prosecutrix on the head with a poker, inflicting two lacerated wounds of a serious nature. The evidence was incomplete, and the prisoner was remanded for a week.

EXTRACTS FROM "PUNCH."

THE JESUITS.—Officer of Militia: "Well, sir, who are you, and what's the matter?"—Excited Citizen: "Me? I'm the bailie, sir, head bailie, mon! I caution that drunken fisher mon on the Sawbath day! He says he's a Catahlic—a Roman Catahlic! Eh, it's just deeverting to see that a Catahlic in a Protestant loch, an' on the Sawbath! Lord save us!"

THOSE DISTINCTIONS.—Mamma (improving the occasion): "I like your new suit immensely, Gerald, but you must remember that it's not the coat that makes the gentleman."—Gerald: "No mamma, I know, it's the hat."

NO FEAR.—Fisherman: "Take care, Donald; you'll be drowned."—Donald: "Drowned in a dub like this. If I was I'd be ashamed to show my face in Oban again."

THE SLAUGHTERERS OF THE INNOCENTS (ON THE BABY TAX).—Mrs. Benjamin: "Why not put 'em out o' their misery? No, Mrs. Artington, mem. What's more, I don't believe it's not the case as long as they can. They'll be took soon enough, bless 'em, which it's well beknown, mem, both to you and me."

"CLERGY VACUUM."—Armed Burglar (to Brown) who had reversed his silver watch and his only sovereign): "Now you just hand over the rest, or I'll blow your brains out."

THE SPARLING-STREET STABBING CASE.

VERDICT OF WILFUL MURDER.

Yesterday Mr. C. Aspinall, the borough coroner, held an inquest touching the death of Peter Fatchence, a dock labourer, who lived in Shaw's-alley. Deceased died on Sunday last from injuries alleged to have been inflicted by a German named Jacob Schneider, in Sparling-street, on Thursday last, as previously reported. The man Schneider is at present under remand on a charge of seriously wounding the deceased.

Margaretta Fatchence, the widow of the deceased, was the first witness examined. She stated that the deceased was a Prussian, and worked at the docks. She had known the prisoner Schneider, who was also a dock labourer, for about twelve months. On Thursday evening last prosecutor's husband left home about half-past eight o'clock. The deceased was in bed at the time. Schneider was drunk, and witness was sitting at the door knitting. He went into a house two doors further down, and came back in about ten minutes. He stopped before the door, and seeing a lodger in the parlour, shouted, "Hallo!" to him. The lodger came out, and Schneider came out, as he wanted him. The lodger went out to him, and they talked for a few minutes. The lodger afterwards left him. Schneider then went a step or two away, and called out, "Hallo, you Prussian, you have had a woman." She had said nothing to him, but he called her a whore. He said, "Jack, why don't you give me a bad name?" He then went on the next door, and a woman threw some water on him from the parlour window. After this he went up Shaw's-alley, and witness went into her house. The neighbours gathered, and the deceased, hearing the noise, came down and asked what was the matter. She told the deceased that Schneider had called her a bad name, but it was not angry at that. He dressed himself and went out, saying at the door, "Mary, I am going to fight." She said she thought he had gone home, remembering that he had been drinking for many days. Two or three minutes afterwards the deceased was at the corner of Shaw's-alley and Sparling-street trying to see Schneider, and she endeavoured to persuade deceased not to look for him, asking him to go into the house. The deceased turned round to go in, when Schneider came behind him. The deceased spoke first, asking him, "Jacob, what is the matter with you?" "I am a bad name." The deceased seized Schneider by the collar and pushed him down on the floor of the house at their house. Then Schneider tried to pull the deceased down, but he left go of him, and struck the nose, causing it to bleed. Witness told the deceased to leave him alone, and the deceased did so, saying, "All right, my dear, I think I am stabbed. Seeing blood on his shirt she asked deceased about meeting him, but he denied it, but she did not see the wound or any knife in Schneider's hand. She did not see any more of her husband's hands, or see Schneider strike her husband. This was all she knew about the occurrence.

Charles Shaber, a native of Hanover, who keeps a boarding-house in Sir Sparling-street, was sworn on the night of Thursday last he saw Schneider standing in Shaw's-alley, and some one was there per standing him to go away. A man gave Schneider a push, and he then walked down Tabley-street, but he went into a house in Sparling-street, and previously witness saw him waving a knife in his hand. Witness and another gentleman previously saw him coming up Sparling-street to the corner of Shaw's-alley, and the deceased and his wife were standing there. Schneider, whom witness would not call drunk, said to the deceased or his wife, "Jack, you have had a bad woman." Witness closed, the two laying hold of each other at the same time, but only with their hands. The witness then saw Schneider pull a knife out, and make three attempts to cut the deceased. Immediately afterwards he saw deceased fall. Schneider ran the knife into the deceased's stomach. He did not see deceased strike at him. He saw deceased's wife endeavouring to get away from her husband. The wife of deceased came up and said, "Let him go, he has killed me." Deceased afterwards said that falling off the belt, said, "Oh, my God, I am stabbed." The deceased showed witness a wound in the stomach, from which his bowels were protruding. The injured man was taken to the Northern Hospital, but he died shortly after-wards, and witness told a bystander to give him into custody, as the deceased was stabbed. The prisoner was then in custody. He had not struck Schneider, or was in the act of striking him, when Schneider pulled out the knife. The affair was the work of a moment.

Charles Rose, a German cabinet maker, lodging in Sparling-street, was sworn. On the evening in question he saw Schneider standing on a doorstep in Sparling-street, and saw him go down Tabley-street, and into the house and said something, but witness did not hear what it was. He afterwards came out, and passed witness, who was at his own door. The next witness saw was the deceased, his wife, and another gentleman coming up Shaw's-alley, and said something about bad names, and the two gentlemen laid hold of each other in the same time. Schneider pulled open a knife from his right hand pocket, and made several attempts at the body of deceased. Out of the blows was a thrust under the stomach. They then fell, Schneider being underneath, and the deceased struck him several blows in the face. Mrs. Fatchence asked for husband to leave Schneider alone, and he did, the released man walking away. The deceased then said he was stabbed, and witness saw that he had a knife protruding from a wound in the lower part of the body. Witness went with the deceased to a druggist's shop, and while there a police-constable brought in Schneider. The witness was asked by the latter to ask about stabbing the deceased. He first replied in German that he did not do it, and afterwards in English. He said something about it because he was drunk. Schneider, who was being supported by two policemen, then said, pointing with the handcuffs, "This is nothing to me; I'll soon get used to it." The deceased was then taken to the hospital. The deceased was quite sober.

James M'Bride, a boy twelve years of age, who lives with his parents at 26, Sparling-street, was the next witness. He stated that he saw the deceased and Schneider wrestling at the corner of Sparling-street, in Shaw's-alley, on the evening in question. Schneider came down Sparling-street, and commenced to shake the deceased from the lamp-post round and knocked him down. After this Schneider got up and knocked the deceased down, striking him. The deceased then got up, and witness saw that the deceased was hurt, but he could not say what Schneider struck him with.

Herman Groesrick, a foreigner, living in Sparling-street, was the next witness. He heard Schneider calling Mrs. Patchence names on the evening in question, but he did not see deceased strike him.

Catherine Sullivan, who lives in Sparling-street, stated that on the evening in question she saw the two men quarrelling on some door steps. She saw the deceased strike Schneider in the face, and he struck deceased. They then fought, and the deceased fell on the stomach with something.

Thomas Robert Robertson stated that on Thursday evening last he was standing at the corner of Sparling street, when he heard the wife of the deceased call out that her husband was stabbed. He then met Schneider coming down Tabley-street, and Schneider said to witness, "I have killed him; I have killed him." Witness then went with Schneider to the hospital.

Detective-officer Redman stated that he removed the deceased to the Southern Hospital.

Dr. Williams, the senior house surgeon at the Southern Hospital, deposed that the deceased had died at half-past seven on Sunday last, and on a post-mortem examination of the body witness found the following injuries, but the one in the abdomen. It was one and a half inches long, and all the structures were cut through. The deceased had been a healthy man. The primary cause of death was the wound in the abdomen, and the secondary cause was the shock caused by the injury with a knife.

The deposition of the deceased, which have already been published, were then put in as evidence.

The coroner briefly summed up, and the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Jacob Schneider, who was then formally committed to the assizes for trial on the coroner's warrant.

FRAUD BY A HOTEL PROPRIETOR.

Mr. George Sanderson, proprietor of the Cadogan Hotel, Chelsea, was charged, at Westminster yesterday, with stealing an unused breakfast cruet case of gilt, the property of the London Gaslight Company. It appeared that defendant had burned the cruet in a cellar, which he rented, and had so altered the connecting pipe as to avoid payment. He was remanded on bail.

FORGERY OF A WILL.

Mary Cooper and William Hannah were charged on remand, at Bow-street, London, yesterday, with forging a will purporting to be that of Emma Adolphus.—Mr. Poland having opened the case, formal evidence was taken as to the deceased's property, which was sworn to be under £600. Some evidence was found not to be the will of Emma Adolphus, or allege. Another evidence took place. Mr. Poland stating that Amelia Jenkins, implicated in the offence, had been apprehended in Paris.

A BIT OF SCANDAL FROM THE "WORLD."

The *World* says:—"In these quiet times, when we are happily quit of great scandals, an eloquent furnishes the Pall Mall *Gazette* with conversation for almost the traditional nine days: Two young people who went off last week are consequently the hero and heroine of the hour. One of our crack regiments laments a temporary defection from its ranks, and aristocratic sportsmen and sportswomen sigh a gentle sigh when they recall and talk about the fair face which

BREACH OF PROMISE IN HIGH LIFE.

£4,000 DAMAGES.

At the Cork Assizes, on Monday, the breach of promise case of Graves *v.* Morris was heard. Damages were laid at £10,000.

Serjeant Armstrong, in opening the case, said the plaintiff was the second daughter of Colonel Graves, who was a retired officer of the 4th Regiment Light Dragoons, and resided at Castle Kerry family. Some few years ago Colonel Graves was appointed to the Staff, and he came to Cork in connection with the service, and during there he and his family were received at once into the first society, and were quite at home. It came to the notice sometimes which the gentry of the community pay to one of their own rank. The defendant occupied a high position in the county. His father was dead, but his grandfather, Mr. Sydney Oliver, lived; and from him he would inherit a property worth £8,000 a year. He had been for many years in the Indian service, and about the age of last year he was worth £15,000, and he himself stated that whatever happened he would have £5,000 a year. When Colonel Graves came to Cork amongst the first distinguished men with whom he met Sir John was on a intimacy sprang up between the young members of the families, and they were continually going backwards and forwards from their different houses. He would, before he proceeded further, like to state that a very warm friendship arose between young Mr. Arnott and Miss Graves, but in this case young Mr. Arnott, being charmed with the honour and high-mindedness which would be expected from the son of such a father, left the city very shortly after the introduction of seventeen years of age, Mr. Arnott said once to her, "Katie, if ever I should be in love with you, let this was at a time when neither had come to the age when they could be considered as capable of forming conclusions on such matters. The matter was spoken of between Colonel Graves and Sir John Arnott, and it was agreed that when his son had not learned his business yet, and it could not be expected that he would make an allowance on one to support a family there. In all this business there was nothing more than a childish fancy, and nothing serious was to be entertained. After the close acquaintance which young Mr. Arnott had caused the present plaintiff to be introduced to Mr. Morris in a marked manner by his uncle. When Colonel Graves came to the knowledge of the not unfavourably impression which Mr. Morris's Colonel Graves mentioned it to Sir John Arnott, who, from his acquaintance with Mr. Morris, was not entirely consulted Colonel Graves, and said, "He is a lucky fellow, and she is a lucky girl." Miss Kate Graves was most unassuming, a highly accomplished and active young lady—acting on horseback and accomplished in the drawing-room. She was a general favourite. The young lady was a favourite with the Queen of Spain. Lady Lotta Crabtree, the Ullamaine. On a Sunday in the month of June, 1874, Miss Graves, while staying at Lota Lodge, went to church, and there met Mr. Morris, and his wife, and when returning she was introduced to the defendant by his uncle. She had been previously acquainted with his sister. After the engagement became sometimes known to the public. The defendant stated to Colonel Graves that he considered it a very wise proceeding on the part of Mr. Morris—very creditable thing for the defendant's uncle, in fact, throughout no attempt at engagement by defendant was ever made by Colonel Graves. After his introduction to plaintiff he confessed that she made an indifferent impression on him the first moment he saw her. On July 16th the defendant went to the Waterford party to Lismore, broke Regatta. The defendant was one of the parties who went to Lismore to attend a party by his own invitation—in fact, a party given in his own honour. He had no idea what he was about. Several other significant attentions followed, and a ball was given. While the parties were alone, defendant declared his attachment to her. In a moment; another was in love with her. Mr. Morris proposed for her Sunday before he declared the warmth of his affections. The conduct of the plaintiff was the same throughout. She told the defendant of her relations with Mr. Arnott. Before she left Dublin she received a letter from Mr. Crawford that there was something serious in his mind with regard to her affections. Mr. Crawford mentioned that he was rather young, and that his friends might not like his marriage. Mr. Morris was in Dublin, and Mr. Crawford reminded him that it would be very unpleasant to her if anything occurred while a friend where she was not welcome. The defendant's mother wrote a letter highly approving of the match. Before she left Dublin she got a letter from her father, and got married by special license. She would not do such a thing, and very properly. She was not to be married upon the nuptials should be solemnised with the splendour befitting the wife of the heir apparent of a large estate. He went soon afterwards to Scotland to shoot, and called to see her father in Dublin on the way. He found the girls were at her father going. My mother and stepfather were not there, and now Mamma is in bed with a cold. I could do, and my uncle has written up a great account of you. I hope the people about have not seen the letter you wrote to Mr. Crawford. did you get on with the Osbornes? I wrote to my stepfather from Dublin, and he wrote to my father to make out a letter, and I think we made out a very good case. I am sorry you have got a touch of white heather, as it is supposed to be very lucky, and I know you are very fond of heather. Mamma and papa are very well, and desire to be remembered to you. I am very busy packing. In the next—My own darling—Many thanks for your kind letter; I shall be very much annoyed if you do not write to me every day. Don't mind meeting my uncle—you will find him very jolly, now that everything is settled. After telling her that he had written much to Hackett's, in Patrick-street, to have the diamond ring ready, he concluded with the words, "I don't know anything about omens (alluding to the accident to the ring), but I am sure we will be always very happy. By the way, Colonel Grant got a letter from my grandfather a few days ago. He heard of our engagement, and was pleased. He says he will be very glad to see you himself. "I wish I was sure enough to be with you on the 29th. But by September he wrote:—"My darling Katie—It is all nonsense what you say about Lady and Major Crawford not liking you. I am sure they have a better I received from my grandfather." On the 23rd September he wrote from Cork. "My own love, he wrote—" My dearest Katie,—I would have answered your letter before, but I was over and over stalking with a friend of Colonel Grant's. I am glad to tell you that my grandfather is pleased with you, and has written me a very kind letter, and another one to you. In the next—"My own darling—Many thanks for your kind letter; I shall be very much annoyed if you do not write to me every day. Don't mind meeting my uncle—you will find him very jolly, now that everything is settled." After telling her that he had written much to Hackett's, in Patrick-street, to have the diamond ring ready, he concluded with the words, "I don't know anything about omens (alluding to the accident to the ring), but I am sure we will be always very happy. By the way, Colonel Grant got a letter from my grandfather a few days ago. He heard of our engagement, and was pleased. He says he will be very glad to see you himself. "I wish I was sure enough to be with you on the 29th. But by September he wrote:—"My darling Katie—It is all nonsense what you say about Lady and Major Crawford not liking you. I am sure they have a better I received from my grandfather." On the 23rd September he wrote from Cork. "My own love, he wrote—" My dearest Katie,—I would have answered your letter before, but I was over and over stalking with a friend of Colonel Grant's. I am glad to tell you that my grandfather is pleased with you, and has written me a very kind letter, and another one to you. In the next—"My own darling—Many thanks for your kind letter; I shall be very much annoyed if you do not write to me every day. Don't mind meeting my uncle—you will find him very jolly, now that everything is settled.