

BROAD HINTS.

TO MAYOR MANNING.—There is a neat volume on "The Liberties of the Press and the Danger of Shutting Our Reporters" to be found at some of the city bookstores. It can be had either with paper or calf binding, and the price is very low. The name of the publisher has just now slipped our memory.

TO THE NEW CHIEF OF POLICE.—Dr. WATTS' little brochure on "Kindness" will well repay a reading.

TO SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.—The electoral division of West Toronto is at present believed to be the most bleak and cold section of this city. Several of the streams are frozen over, and the people talk of nothing but "Pacific Scandal."

TO MR. MACKENZIE.—"Cabinet Making Without a Master," a valuable little work, may be had at Irving's bookstore.

FUELISH COMPLAINTS.—The complaints we hear just now about the Fuel Association of this city, are generally unwarranted. Mr. McMERCHON, we are sure, honestly doing his best to make everybody happy.

TO THE GREAT READER.

(Picked up at the Music Hall Door.)

MR. BELLEVILLE please pardon my passion;
You have captured my heart, I declare!
But I really don't know which I love most—
Your reading, your face or your hair!

A YOUNG LADY.

HIGH COURT OF ASSIZE.

THE CROWN vs. BINGLES.

Before the Hon. Justice Croaker.

[BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

ONE of the most flagrant cases of cold-blooded cruelty which, for atrocity, far exceeds those exquisite tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, was tried before the Hon. JUSTICE CROAKER last week.

The counsel for the prosecution, ALGERSON SLASHER, Q.C., rested his case upon the following facts:—It appears the prisoner, HENRY BINGLES, a Life Insurance Agent, had been an intimate friend of the deceased, Thomas Jenson, who was a man of good habits, and quiet, inoffensive disposition; delicate in health, and of an extremely nervous temperament. It was proved, beyond question, that prisoner had laid a wager, that he could "talk him out of a Life Policy," and on the evening prior to Jenson's death, had called upon him with that view. He obtained admission to deceased's room, and carefully locked the door.

SARAH MASTERS, housemaid, stated that she went up to deceased's apartment on the evening in question, and heard the prisoner talking to deceased "in a hard, harsh, penetrating tone of voice." Also heard deceased say, piteously:—"Do, for pity's sake, give me a rest;" but prisoner went on remorselessly.

The deceased appeared to be suffering great agony. This occurred about 8 o'clock. About 2 o'clock a.m., the prisoner called the servant up to let him out of the house, observing, as he took his departure, "He had done for BINGLES at last; but it was precious hard work." Thinking something serious had happened, witness went to deceased's room, and saw the blood oozing freely from his left ear. He was quite dead. (Here the witness was so affected that she had to be carried out of court.)

SANDY McFAVISH, M.D., was next called. I am a medical practitioner. I have a diploma—I bought it. This case is the only one of the kind I ever saw. To explain its diagnosis I must ask the indulgence of the gentlemen of the jury, so that they will clearly comprehend the medical testimony—I will not take up the time of the court longer than is strictly necessary. The ear, gentlemen, is, properly speaking, a triple member, a *trio juncta*—you know; the external; the middle, or *tympanum* and the internal, or *labyrinth* ("Ear, Ear," by a jurymen.) The outer portion of the ear, or flap, is called the *Pinna*, the outer rim of which is named the *Helix*, which was supposed by the ancients to have been the Elixir of Life, and doubtless gave rise to the expression "to travel on one's ear," by which means the deceased travelled to an untimely end. The small promontories over the drum of the ear, or as it is called the *concha*, collects the sounds, which are transmitted through the auditory canal, and conducted to the middle ear or *Tympanum*. The drum is protected by tufted eminences (*Incusura-Intertragica*) which are situated between the two *tragæ*.

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION—Will you please make a note of that; it is important, my Lord.

Evidence continued.—To show you the effect of sound, gentlemen, I may say that inside the ear are the *lamina spirales*, upon which

the filaments of the auditory nerve are stretched. The sounds strike upon these *laminae*, and cause an impression to be made upon the auditory nerve, and are carried to the brain. In the internal ear, among the membranous labyrinth, is a fluid, the *vitric auditive*, which you can get at any drug store. This fluid answers the same purpose to the ear as whiskey does to the stomach—it gives it *tone*. In the thick *sub-cutaneous* tissue of the cartilaginous part of the *meatus auditoris externus*.—You see, gentlemen, the case is quite simple—the sound travels until it strikes the drum membrane, and when sound is excessive it naturally affects the tympanic branch of the *glossopharyngeal* nerve, or more commonly termed "Jacobson's" nerve; so-called because Jacobson was the first man who ever had one. Well, gentlemen of the jury, the effect of all this is that the continued excessive sound striking upon the *tympanum* of the deceased was so great that it caused the arteries to rupture, and produced apoplexy. Thus, you see, gentlemen, the deceased was literally and actually *talked to death*. My examination of deceased demonstrated this fact very plainly, for the drum membrane was completely torn away, so much so, indeed, that I may say that it was completely blown away!

Question by a jurymen—Would the rays of sound passing through the *aquea ductus Fallopi* connected with the *carotid fluxus* of the sympathetic, produce the same effect?

Witness, (thoughtfully)—Most undoubtedly, and I am pleased to observe the intelligence of the jury, who will, doubtless, understand the indescribable agonies deceased must have suffered.

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION—My Lord, that is the case for the Crown.

Symond Shockhead, Q.C.—My Lord, after the elaborate testimony of Dr. McFavish, I cannot conscientiously undertake the defence. The horrible barbarity of the crime with which the prisoner stands charged, and which has been so clearly proved by the evidence aforesaid, fully warrant me in my course of action—for, never, My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, never shall it be said that for a mere *pecuniary* consideration I ever took charge of any case so strongly opposed to law and justice as this undoubtedly is; and permit me to add, My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, that any one who *would* do so is a disgrace to the legal profession.

The learned counsel sat down amid a tumultuous burst of applause, which was promptly checked. The prisoner appeared to feel his position most acutely.

His Lordship in summing up the evidence said:—Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence, it is for you to say whether the prisoner is guilty or not guilty of wilful murder. It is my duty to point out to you that the prisoner did, for the sake of a wager, call upon the deceased and deliberately put him to much personal inconvenience, by carrying on his occupation as a life insurance agent after the usual office hours. You have heard, gentlemen, that the deceased was a quiet, inoffensive man, and was a fitting victim for the rapacity of the prisoner. Not content with merely gaining admission to his room, he locked the door, and, as the witness, Sarah Masters, says, "talked to him in a hard, harsh, penetrating voice." He paid no attention to these abject entreaties to stop; but pitilessly, unrelentingly, cruelly and wickedly persisted in his diabolical efforts to accomplish his base purposes. Gentlemen, there are no extenuating circumstances in prisoner's behalf. He has no wife or large family to support. Possessed of qualities which would eminently fit him for an Auctioneer or Member of Parliament, if rightly used, he has prostituted his talents to gratify his spleen. He has nothing to say in his defence, but stands there, gentlemen, with a hang-dog expression of countenance in the felon's dock. Not satisfied with causing the death of deceased, he leaves the house with a wicked leer of satisfaction, saying "he had done for BINGLES at last;" evincing no sorrow, and manifesting no remorse for his atrocity. Can you, gentlemen of the jury, imagine the human mind to be guilty of such baseness. It is almost incredible. It has been stated that the deceased was deaf—but I should say, gentlemen, it is the prisoner who is deaf—yes, gentlemen, deaf to all entreaties to spare his victim's sufferings—sufferings of which you or I have but a faint conception. Time, in this case, has not been taken by the fore-lock, but by the ear, gentlemen, and has led to oblivion. If there is any doubt at all, the benefit of which the prisoner is entitled to, it is this:—He might not have known of what he was talking about, and become mixed up in his own net-work of "minor profits" and large dividends. If you think so, gentlemen, he is entitled to the benefit of that doubt.

The jury, after fifteen minutes consideration, brought in a verdict of "guilty of wilful murder," against Henry BINGLES.

The Court having performed its official duties, the unhappy prisoner was conveyed to his cell amidst the execrations of an excited mob.