

# THE MIRFIELD MURDERS.

## EXAMINATION OF THE PRISONERS.

DEWSBURY, Saturday Morning, May 22.

This morning, at ten o'clock, the Magistrates assembled at the Court-house, behind the new prison, to conduct an examination of the two persons in custody, or rather to examine the witnesses who had evidence to give against them, in an official manner what the nature of that evidence might be. There were present John Beswick, Esq., of London, chairman; Joshua Ingham, Esq., John Haigh, Esq., Edward B. Wheatley, Esq., and W. Wickham, Esq.

It may be imagined, the greatest excitement prevailed in the Court-house, which is but a small building, but was not excessive. A considerable number of witnesses were waiting to be examined.

Before the examination took place, the Magistrates determined that there were some twenty or thirty witnesses waiting to be produced.

The prisoner Mc Cabe is rather a pleasant looking man, about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, of strong muscular power. He does not appear at all likely to be one to engage in such a criminal act as the one laid to his charge. Patrick Reid is a very good looking young man, some 22 years of age, stands some 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and is of strong build.

Mr. Haxby, solicitor, appeared to watch the proceedings on behalf of the prisoner Reid. The prisoners were ushered into the dock before the Magistrates and took their seats on the bench.

Mr. McCabe appeared fully as composed as he did before the Coroner's Court, and looked quite calm and collected.

Mr. Kinneil was the first witness examined. I live at the King's Head Inn, distant about 100 yards from the house lately occupied by the late Mr. Wraith. I saw him about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Wednesday, the 12th inst. I was then at home, and saw Mr. Wraith in the direction from his own house towards his nephew's house. I did not see him return, and did not speak to him. About a quarter to two o'clock in the afternoon on the same day, I received information received, I went to the house of Mr. Wraith. When I got there I saw Thomas Green, Mr. Wraith's son, in the kitchen. I asked if the door was open, and he said it was. In consequence I went in at the window. The window was closed before I opened it, and the inside shutters were nearly closed before I opened it. The window was not fastened, but readily opened. When I entered the room I saw a young girl Caroline Ellis laid dead. She was servant to Mr. and Mrs. Wraith. She was laid on her back with her arms protruding through the passage and there I saw the body of Mrs. Wraith, laid with her head towards the outer door. She was quite dead, with her head all beaten to pieces. Went out of the passage into the parlour on the right hand, and there saw the body of the late Mr. Wraith, laid on his back near the door, with the skull broken; gave an alarm to the constable of Mirfield: was accompanied in my search by Mr. Thomas Green. Did not leave the house till John Wraith came. Saw also a poker laid in the parlour on the table, and a razor on the breast of the deceased, Mr. Wraith: the razor was shut: the place was in confusion, as if parties had been ransacking the house. Two drawers in a chest in the parlour were open. The dinner table was set out in the parlour, and the dinner, partly eaten, standing upon it. There was a knife and fork and plate opposite the place where I have seen the late Mr. Wraith sit to dine. There was a silver pint on the table, which was covered with blood both inside and outside. There was blood on the table cloth round about where the pint stood. There was a low fire burning in the grate; when Mr. Wraith came we examined the other parts of the house, but we found none one there, nor any evidence of anything having been disturbed.

Mr. McCabe, at the close of this examination, said, that "he had nothing to ask." Nor had Mr. Haxby for the prisoner Reid.

Henry John Watkinson—Is a surgeon at Mirfield. On Wednesday, the 12th inst., I went to the house of the late Mr. Wraith about ten minutes past two o'clock. Went in by the kitchen window, and found John Mc Kinneil and a young man named Green in the inside of the house. Saw the body of a female laid on her back on the floor. There was also much blood about where she lay. The body was that of Caroline Ellis, whom I knew very well. Blood was sprinkled on the wall near to the place where she lay, for about a yard and a quarter high. In the passage I saw the body of an elderly female, who was then quite dead. Near the head there was a great deal of blood. The face and body were all covered with blood. In the parlour I saw the dead body of James Wraith. There was a quantity of blood about the head. The appearance of the house was such as had been described by the last witness. All the bodies were warm, and life had been extinct a short time—from a half to three quarters of an hour. He (witness) then stated that he made a more minute examination of the bodies, and found the skull of each fractured, and the throat of each cut. The bruises on the head had evidently been inflicted by a blunt instrument, and the throats cut with a sharp instrument. In the case of Mrs. Wraith, it appeared as if the attempt to cut her throat had been made with an instrument not very sharp, but finished afterwards with a sharp one. In his opinion each case of death had been produced by the blows on the face and head. The throats had been cut after the bodies were dead, or nearly so, for the blood had not flowed in a rush through the severed arteries. None of the three could by any possibility have committed suicide, from the manner and cause from which death had in each case occurred. After describing the appearance of the house, the furniture, the dinner-table, &c., the witness also deposed that he remained until Mr. Green, the superintendent of constabulary of Dewsbury, arrived, and that all the things were advisedly left in the same state as when found till Mr. Green came, when he made a more minute examination of the place, and a still more minute medical examination of the bodies was also made. The bodies were stripped in the place where they were first found, and when that of Caroline Ellis was stripped, it was found that one of the garters was missing; the other was taken off by one Betty Sheard, and given to me. I have had it in my possession ever since, and now produce it. I know the house where the prisoner Mc Cabe lives. Went there on the afternoon of Saturday, the 13th inst., along with constables Leadwater and Whittaker. Assisted to make a search. Was shown a box by prisoner's wife, who said that it was their box. Found in the box a pair of stocking feet, and part of a garter. The garter I took possession of, and I have had it in my possession ever since. I now produce it. In my opinion it corresponds with the garter that was taken from the leg of the deceased Caroline Ellis. It is of the same description of fabric, and the wear of each appears about the same. It appears also to have been recently torn.

The garters were a pair of common knitted ones, and appeared to have been much worn. Mr. Haxby had no questions to put. Mr. McCabe had no questions to ask.

Ruth Ellis (the sister of the murdered girl) lives at Sunny Bank, at Mirfield. Remembers Wednesday, the 12th inst. saw the prisoner (Mc Cabe) about ten o'clock in the forenoon. He was in my house hawking pots; he went from my house down into Mirfield. Mr. Wraith lived about half a mile from my house, which is in the direct road from the place where the prisoner lives to Mirfield. He has frequently called to see if we wanted any pots.

Mr. McCabe had nothing to say, but did not deny having been there. Ellen Hoaley—Is married, and lives at Sunny Bank, near to the residence of the last witness: saw the prisoner Mc Cabe at my house about ten o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 12th, and again about half-past one in the afternoon of the same day, but in which direction he came or went in the morning, I do not know; but in the afternoon he came in the direction from Mirfield to Robert Town: he did not then call at my house.

Mr. McCabe had nothing to ask, but remarked "it was about the time of his going back." Susan Morton—Is a single woman. Lives at Greenside, about half a mile from Mr. Wraith's house. On Wednesday week saw the prisoner Mc Cabe at our house. He was hawking pots, and staid there about ten minutes. He then went on the bank towards James Wraith's. He came to our house about a quarter past ten o'clock. Did not see him again on that day.

Mary Smithson, wife of George Smithson, lives at Royd Nook, about half a mile from Mr. Wraith's. Knows the prisoner Mc Cabe. On the morning of Wednesday week, saw Mc Cabe, between the hours of ten and eleven. He was at our house, and I exchanged with him a few rags for some pots. He did not stay long at that time, but left behind him the bundle of rags I had sought up for him, saying he would call again for them. He did call again, between the hours of one and two. He then stayed about a quarter of an hour, and smoked his pipe, having asked permission to do so; when he left he went in the direction of his home. He took the rags with him. Did not notice his appearance when he called the second time; but there was nothing at all different from his general appearance. He has called several times and smoked his pipe.

Mr. McCabe had nothing to ask of this witness. Joshua Senior—Lives at Lee Green, about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Wraith's. Knew the prisoner, Mc Cabe, and saw him on Wednesday week, coming down the lane at Lee Green, in the direction from Mr. Wraith's house. This would be about twelve o'clock. Saw also Patrick Reid on the same day.

Mr. McCabe—"He is talking about another prisoner now." This was also about twelve o'clock. Saw Mc Cabe the first, and in about ten minutes saw Patrick Reid. I spoke to the latter, and asked him if he had any shoe-horns to sell. He said he had not. He was then going in the direction of Mr. Wraith's house. Did not see the prisoners together. Patrick wore a dark green coat, light coloured trousers; and a light coloured waistcoat, and a plaid cap. Michael had the coat on he has now (an old brown one). Has known Patrick for several years, but has never spoken to Michael, though I have seen him a good many times.

By Mr. Haxby.—Are you sure as to the dress Reid had on? Witness—Am sure he had on a plaid cap; am quite sure of it, and will stick to it. Mrs. Jane Chadwick—Is married. Her husband keeps the Shoulder of Mutton Inn, at Lee Green, Mirfield, about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Wraith's house. Knows both the prisoners from their calling when hawking. On Wednesday week, Mc Cabe called about twelve o'clock; the clock struck whilst he was in. He stayed while I gave him an order for some paints and glasses, to be delivered next morning early. He brought them the same afternoon. When he left at noon, I went in the direction of Mr. Wraith's house. About five o'clock in the afternoon he brought the pots and glasses. The constable then had him in custody. He left the glasses and paints. Never ordered anything of him before; and did not expect those then ordered of him till the following morning. On the same day also saw Patrick Reid, about ten minutes after Mc Cabe had left at noon. He stayed a few minutes, but did not notice which way he came or went, and did not see him again that day.

By Mr. Haxby.—Neither of the prisoners, when they called, asked any questions respecting the other. George Hyslop—Is a tailor at Lee Green, opposite the Shoulder of Mutton Inn. Saw the prisoner, Michael Mc Cabe, about 12 o'clock, on Wednesday week, selling pots. Did not see which way he came or went.

Hannah Halls, who was examined at the inquest, lives a little above Lee Green: saw Mc Cabe on Wednesday week, about ten minutes. When he departed, he went up the road towards Mr. Wraith's. Before he left, he said that Chadwick had given him an order for some paints and glasses, and he would call at a few hours, and then take down to Mr. Wraith's and fetch them. Did not see Patrick again on that day.

Martha Ann Lockwood—Single woman; lives at top of Lee Green, about 200 yards from Mr. Wraith's. On Wednesday, saw both of the prisoners; Patrick Reid first; this was about half-past twelve; he was at our house for a few minutes. When he left he went down the footpath leading directly to Mr. Wraith's house: did not see Patrick again that day. About 20 minutes after Reid left our house, Michael Mc Cabe came to our window; he also went away down the same footpath that Patrick Reid had gone: did not see Michael again that day; he was dressed in the same coat he now wears. Reid had a cap on, but did not notice anything else. The footpath is about three yards from their kitchen door, a hedge parting the house from it: can see down the footpath for some 20 yards, as we sit in the kitchen: saw Patrick Reid going down the footpath: the road leads direct to Mr. Wraith's house.

Mr. McCabe had no questions to ask of this witness, but wished to ask a question or two of the witness Susan Morton. She was recalled, and the prisoner asked—"Have I not called at your house and got from your father some 7 lbs. of rags?"—"Yes." Has not your father told me that he had some old rags at the mill, which he wanted to get up for me?"—Yes.

Mr. McCabe.—That is all, sir. That was my reason for calling on that morning. Alice Moore—Is a married woman. Lives in Pump-house lane, about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Wraith's. Knows Patrick, the prisoner, by sight; he called at our house on Wednesday about a quarter to twelve. He went down the lane in the direction of Lee Green, leading to Mr. Wraith's.

Marmaduke Shepley—Lives in the "City" of Lee Green, about one-eighth of a mile from Mr. Wraith's house. On Wednesday, the 12th May, I was in one of my fields adjoining Mr. Wraith's property. The footpath leading to Mr. Wraith's house is in my field. It passes from my field to Mr. Wraith's field, and passes his kitchen door within eight or ten yards, leading forwards to the west field, and to the Water Royd; a very short distance of Mr. Wraith's house. About half-past twelve I was near the gate in my field opposite Lockwood's house, leading my team, when I saw the prisoner Reid going down the footpath towards Wraith's house. Did not see him afterwards.

By Mr. Haxby.—I was stooping down at the time when Patrick spoke to me. He said to me it was a fine day: I did not see his face, only one side of it, but I looked at him as well as I could, particularly his back: Patrick Reid was the man I saw: I have seen him before, and can undertake to swear that he was the man I saw. He was the man that went down my field. I stated to my wife, that same day when I went to my dinner, that I had seen Reid; and remarked how well he was dressed, and he was dressed in a dark invisible green coat. The sun was shining, and I was between him and the sun. The coat had metal buttons on: my wife said when I remarked that Patrick was well dressed, that he was always well dressed.

By the Court.—Did not know that the prisoner was called Reid before the murder. I knew him from seeing him before. Harriette Webster—Is married. Lives in Water Royd-lane, a little length from Mr. Wraith's house. Saw the prisoner Reid

pass our door towards Mr. Wraith's house just before we got our dinner, which would be about half-past twelve. Did not see him afterwards. Isabella Webster—Is married. Lives in Water Royd-lane, next door to the last witness. On Wednesday week, Patrick Reid called at our house, hawking, from half past twelve to one o'clock. He went on the lane towards Mr. Wraith's.

By Mr. Haxby.—Did not notice where Patrick went when he left. He went out of our yard towards Mr. Wraith's, but I do not know where he went to when he got out of the yard. He did not stay as long this time as he has done at other times, even when we did not want anything.

Benjamin Morton—Lives at Nab-lane. Hawks thread and tape. Was out hawking on Wednesday week: was coming on the road from Cross-ways towards J. M. Kinneil's. The road turns shortly there, and one cannot see far down. Passed J. M. Kinneil's, and part of the way down the road, leading towards Water Royd. Mr. Garside's house is the first on the right hand in this part of the road, and the Baptist chapel is below on the left: I was going down between the two and on "accidentally" turning my head towards Mr. Wraith's house, I saw Patrick Reid at Mr. Wraith's lath-end, which adjoins Mr. Wraith's house. Cannot say that he was going to the house, but he had his head that way. I also saw Michael Mc Cabe about ten yards off Mr. Kinneil's garden corner, going towards Mr. Wraith's. I passed on; and a shower of rain came on in a very short time. I saw nothing belonging to them.

By Mr. Haxby.—Have known Reid by sight for a few months. Did not know his name, but one of the neighbours told me. The reason why I was told was, that they were talking about it. Some called him (Reid) Peter, and some Patrick. I first said I had seen the prisoners to some neighbours. Have seen both before, and know both of them were there that day. John Howarth first came to ask me whether I had not seen something, and I told him I had. Have seen both of the prisoners in the places I have described. I only saw the back of the prisoner Reid, but I knew him. He had his basket with him. He had the coat on he now wears. He was walking when I saw him, but I cannot say whether he was going to or from the house, for he was at the lath-end. Mc Cabe was going towards the house. Heard of the murder the day it occurred, but did not then say that I had seen the prisoners. In a day or two afterwards I did say so. Have not seen the two men from that day to this.

John Barker—Lives at Lee Green, about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Wraith's. On Wednesday week had two "warps out" in a field adjoining Mr. Wraith's field. I was in this field at different times from nine o'clock to twelve. At the latter hour I looked up into "Huddersfield hoyle," and saw that it threatened to rain, and was afraid that it would catch me. I therefore took the warps in, and whilst engaged with the last I heard a kind of shout or a strike; I thought at the time it was from Mr. Albricht's scholars (in a school in the neighbourhood adjoining the Baptist chapel).

Mr. Watkinson was here recalled to produce the two garters, before deposed to. They were submitted to the examination of two gentlemen in court, and the following evidence was the result. Joshua Ellis, of the firm of James Ellis and Son, Batley Carr. Have examined the one garter, and the part of the other garter now produced, and am of opinion that they are neither of the same material nor the same make. They are neither of the same wool, nor the same spinning. In this opinion I am confirmed by Mr. Matthew Hale, merchant and manufacturer, Huddersfield and Dewsbury.

A conference now took place on the Bench, which the prisoner Mc Cabe interrupted by asking—"Gentlemen, would you allow me to speak a word or two?" Mr. Ingham, the Chairman.—"No, don't; I would recommend you not." Prisoner—"Very well."

The Magistrates here retired for a while, and while they were absent, the prisoners had a little refreshment in the dock. Mc Cabe divided his with his fellow prisoner, and also with the constable that sat between them.

On their return the CHAIRMAN said, addressing the prisoners, Michael Mc. Cabe and Patrick Reid, you will be remanded until this day week (Saturday), when the examination will be resumed. About you making any statement, you will exercise your own discretion, but we do not call on you to make any.

Mr. McCabe.—I have only a few words to say. The CHAIRMAN—"Why, you had better not." Mr. McCabe—You know best, but I have only to say about this basket with blood on it, that I bought two sheep's heads and sheep's hearts on Friday week, from a butcher in Castlegate, Huddersfield, which I carried home in that basket.

The BENCH here remarked that nothing had been said about a basket with blood on it, which was true as far as the "evidence" was concerned, but the witness Mr. Watkinson did make a statement in open court that a basket had been brought away from this prisoner's house stained with blood. This was not taken down, but it was in reference to it that the prisoner made his observation.

(Continued in another column.)



# THE MIRFIELD MURDERS.

(Continued from our Supplement.)

The excitement consequent on the most atrocious and barbarous deeds at Mirfield, is far from being allayed. The place continues to be visited by thousands—although now nearly all trace of the more revolting circumstances and appearances has been obliterated. Last Sunday it was computed that upwards of 10,000 persons were in the neighbourhood—great numbers of whom passed through the house, being conducted in certain numbers at a time. Flowers, branches of trees, leaves, and other little trifling matters have been taken possession of by many of the visitors, to keep by them as mementos of the fatal spot. This morbid mania has been exhibited by parties, too, from whom better things might have been expected.

We understand that so annoying has this "visiting" become, that it is determined to close the premises to all access, but such as is needful to further the investigation now being actively carried on by the authorities.

It will be seen by the report of the adjourned inquest given below, that one or two other circumstances have transpired, which, added to the chain of evidence formerly obtained, strengthens the suspicion against the parties in custody. We have been minute in detailing the evidence at the inquest, that those circumstances may be seen in their full force.

The evidence of Mr. West will be found to be all-important.

The threats uttered by the prisoner Patrick Reid against the young girl, and also against old Mr. Wraith when he ordered him from the premises, as deposed to by Wraith Green and Rose Hallas, tell much against Reid, coupled with the other circumstances, and particularly the one deposed to by Benjamin Morton, who says he saw Reid within a score yards or so of the kitchen door, a little after noon of the day of the murder.

As yet no evidence has been offered at any of the investigations of robbery having been committed on the premises; but we understand that the constabulary are in possession of some facts on this head which will in due time be made public. One thing, however, is certain: no property has, as yet, been found, either in the possession of the prisoners, their friends, or other parties. There was ample time before Reid was apprehended for him to have securely secreted any he might have (supposing the suspicions against him to be well founded, which we are far from saying in the case), though it would hardly appear that Mc Cabe had much opportunity for this purpose; for he is traced from the neighbourhood of Mirfield to Robert Town, within an hour after he was seen at Mirfield; he remains in Flint's house there about another hour, before he went home to High Town; then he immediately returns to Mirfield with his "pints and glasses," and is taken into custody. When apprehended, he has nothing on him in the shape of property taken from the premises—not even money.

If Mc Cabe has been at all concerned in the dreadful affair, he has been anxious to prevent suspicion, by appearing to be without money, and by exhibiting himself in the neighbourhood after the transaction. Witness borrows money of Charles Flint; and returns to Mirfield the same afternoon with "the pints and glasses" bought with that borrowed money, when, according to the evidence of Mrs. Chadwick, at Dewsbury, he need not have gone, and was not expected until the next morning. Unfortunately for himself, and perhaps fortunately for the ends of justice, all his other proceedings have not been as cautiously conceived nor as well executed; for undoubtedly the wanderings of his own tongue first directed suspicion towards himself. It will be seen from the corroborated evidence of Martha Webster that some scissor grinders were about in the immediate neighbourhood some ten minutes before Patrick Reid called at the houses in Water Royd Lane. This is the first time that this fact has been made public; but it will be well for others that saw them, if they know them, to point out who they were. They were umbrella menders as well, and might in such occupation have need of a soldering iron.

## ADJOURNED INQUEST.

On Thursday last, the adjourned inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of Mr. and Mrs. Wraith, and Caroline Ellis, their servant, took place before G. D. Barker, Esq., the deputy coroner. On this occasion, owing to the large number of persons assembled, the place of investigation was the Wesleyan School-room.

The following additional evidence was adduced:—

**Ann Lockwood** was sworn: lives at Lee Green, Mirfield. Left the Wraith's family seven months ago; they generally dined between twelve and one: usually were about half-an-hour at dinner.

**Ann Brooke** lived with the family before Caroline Ellis. Witness lived betwixt two and three years with them. Mrs. Wraith kept cats, and usually fed them on the floor from a plate: knows Michael McCabe and Patrick Reid; the latter is a hawker, and has seen him at Mr. Wraith's house: has not seen Mc Cabe there: Reid frequently came nearly every week while I lived there: never had any quarrel or dispute with Reid whilst there.

**Richard Green**, superintendent of police, took Patrick Reid into custody on Friday morning, the 14th inst., at his father's house in Daw Green. After he got to the lock-up, I told him he was suspected of the murder of Mr. James Wraith, his wife, and servant girl, on Wednesday noon. I told him I had received information that he was seen near the house about that time. He said "I was at that house about that time with my basket selling things; I knocked at the door; no one answered and I went on." I asked him, "Did he wish to inform me which way he went on leaving there, as I should make inquiries?" He said, "It was the last house I called at before I went home. I went down the footpath besides Mr. Wraith's garden and right forward down the fields till I came to the Town-gate. I then went over a stile into a field where there is a foot-path that leads to Mirfield Church. While in that field I saw a woman with a basket hawking things. I waited till she overtook me. We then went on together as far as Mirfield church-yard. I waited in the church-yard till she went into the public house, near to the church-yard. We then went together down the footpath through the church-yard until we got to Burraslane. She there left me, and I went straight home past Mr. Hague's house (the Magistrate) direct to Dawgreen." I asked him if he knew the woman with whom he had been walking. He said—"Yes, it was my mother." The next morning I took off his coat and trowsers. His coat was dark green, and his trowsers were fustian. There were apparently marks of blood upon the coat. The marks on his trowsers were not satisfactory. Delivered the clothes to Mr. West, of Leeds. When Patrick Reid was told of the marks, he said—"Oh, no, it will not be blood." Does not remember anything else was said. I also gave Mr. West the stockings found by Mr. Watkinson and Mr. Bradbury. I have also given to Mr. West a brown coat I took from Michael McCabe, together with a pair of shoes. I also gave to Mr. West a soldering iron which I received from John Leadbeater, and a piece of brown paper which I found in Reid's basket. I got the key from Leadbeater and found it would open the door. His mother showed me his basket the morning I apprehended the prisoner. I asked him if he chose to say what dress he wore on Wednesday. He said he had on the same coat then he had at that time, as well as trowsers and hat. I remarked his hat was a very good one, better than what I wore myself. Prisoners were taken before the Magistrates at Dewsbury, on Saturday last, and remanded, and are detained under that remand at the House of Correction at Wakefield.

**John Leadbeater**, constable of Liversedge, searched the well in Mr. Wraith's yard, on Wednesday, the 13th May. I pumped the water out. The well is about seven yards from the back-door; is a draw-well open at the top, about twelve feet deep. When the water was pumped out, I sent down a boy with only his trowsers on: I believe his name is Jonathan Ashton. I sent down a bucket after him. He sent up a key and part of a soldering iron. I gave the soldering iron and key the same day to Mr. Green. I saw something like the appearance of blood both on the iron and the key. I tried the key, and it opened the back door; I apprehended the prisoner McCabe on the afternoon of the 12th May, in Mirfield, at Royd Nook, between four and five o'clock. He was not in a house. I told him I took him on suspicion of the murder at Mr. Wraith's. He said he would go with me any where. I took him down to the Shoulder of Mutton. He said he went to the back-door of Mr. Wraith's house. When he got there, he heard footsteps up stairs. He knocked, and no one answered. He knocked again a second time, and he could hear some one coming down stairs, and walk towards the fire place in the kitchen. He said, "I knocked again, and I heard dreadful groaning at the time." He said, "I have no doubt the person who was lying at the back of the door was alive at the time." The person he also said, "Came from towards the fire-place with a slow step to the back of the door. As he was coming, I rattled my pots to let them know who was there. He unlocked the door and opened it about three or four inches, and I said to the man, 'No, you want anything in my way?' to which he replied, 'No, Sir.'" He said likewise, "I saw his face; he was a good-looking man, from 26 to 28 years of age. He had on a jacket with fustian sleeves; he stood for about three minutes with the door in his hand. I saw a deal of blood on the floor: I felt alarmed, and was afraid he was going to knock my head off. I went away up the close. I looked back two or three times. I felt very much frightened." He then went to John M'Kinnell's. I then said to the prisoner, "Why did you not tell John M'Kinnell at the time?" and he said, "If men in my business were to tell all they saw at the next house they came to, they would not have to go again." He thought (he added) the old lady was poorly, and that somebody had been killing fowls for the feast. When prisoner and I were at the Shoulder of Mutton, prisoner said Wm. Sheard had come from Mirfield; that he had seen old Mr. Wraith through the window in the front room, Mrs. Wraith in the passage, and the servant girl in the kitchen. He said Sheard told this in Charles Flint's house while he was there.

**Jonathan Ashton** sworn—Lives in Mirfield. I am twenty-three years of age. Went down into a well in Mr. Wraith's yard a week since last Wednesday. I went down by the order of John Leadbeater, who was there. When I got into the well I found a soldering-iron and a key. The handle of the soldering-iron, which is of wood, was broken from the iron. I sent up in my hand. When I found the iron, it was separate from the handle. The water had left it dry in the well.

**William West, Esq.**, of Leeds, was then examined. On the 14th May, I received certain articles from Mr. Green, a dark green coat, fustian trowsers, a pair of stockings, and a pair of shoes. I have subsequently received a brown coat, a piece of paper, a soldering iron, a key, and a basket. The key and soldering iron were received at one time, and last time a piece of paper. On the dark green coat were several marks, which had to the eye more or less the appearance of dried blood. I cut out several portions of the marks, and submitted them to a variety of experiments. Some of the marks showed no chemical signs of having arisen from blood; others I am perfectly convinced were marks of blood. The marks of blood appeared all on one side on the right lap of the coat. On the left sleeve of the brown coat, I found one spot of blood. I have not found satisfactory proof of blood on any of the other garments. I have clear proof by several experiments of the presence of animal matter on the soldering iron and key; and I have established to my own satisfaction that the animal matter in question is "fibrine," which means the principal portion of muscle or flesh, and also of that portion of blood which after coagulation resists solution in water. I would rather at present decline giving an opinion as to whether the marks are those of human blood or not; there was a small speck on the handle of the basket, which I think I proved sufficiently clear to be blood. I wish to reserve my opinion on the paper produced. The blood and spots on the green coat when I received it showed very clearly the direction in which the splash and spurring had come. Would not undertake to say to a nicety how long the stains had been on, but should call them fresh in my opinion. The marks had only been on a few days. Found no chemical evidence of blood on the stockings.

**Uriah Bradbury**, surgeon, was then examined as to the effects resulting from a person being beat on the head with a blunt instrument, and said that blood would not flow so freely after vitality was diminished by such blow. The blood appeared to have run out from the wounds. The splashes I observed on the ceiling, wall, and chimney piece, in the dining-room, appeared to have been thrown from some weapon or instrument. When a blood vessel is struck by a blunt instrument very little blood flows. If a person were struck on the head with a blunt instrument blood would splash from the instrument; but if struck with a sharp one it might spurt out from the body freely. Any party might have cut the throats of the deceased persons without being very bloody, by reason of the wounds inflicted on the head destroying all nervous and muscular power. I observed a mark on the leg of Caroline Ellis, which at first I thought had been done with nailed shoes, but which it likely had been produced by the instrument produced to-day, the soldering iron, upon which there is a small square mark. Either the poker or soldering iron would produce the wounds on the leg.

**Wraith Green**—Lives at Mirfield. Am 19 years of age. The deceased, Mr. James Wraith, was my great uncle. Saw Patrick Reid at his house about six weeks ago getting some beer. Caroline Ellis, witness, and the prisoner Reid were all that were there. Patrick and Caroline Ellis had some words. He stopped nearly an hour, and then went away. He returned in about ten minutes. I was still there. He said he had lost a tea-caddy. He charged her with taking it out of his basket. She said she had not. He repeated she had, and then I fetched my uncle over the road, who ordered him away. My uncle did not remain to hear about the quarrel. When the prisoner Reid left he said—"I'll have my revenge of you either one time or another." He came back again, and refused to go, when my uncle told me to fetch the caddy; but when I had proceeded a short distance, my uncle called me back, and told me the prisoner had gone. He went up the hill towards home. I was in the habit of going to my uncle's two or three times a day. My uncle said to Reid—"Go away from this place, and never come near again." He had not had any conversation with Reid on the subject since. I have frequently seen Reid at my uncle's house before this.

**Rose Ann Hallas**—I am wife of Marmaduke Hallas. Knows Patrick Reid, a hawker. I was going to Huddersfield about

five or six weeks ago, when he overtook me. I was walking, and so was he; only went with him a few yards; he asked me what they called the girl that lives in that house, pointing in the direction of Mr. Wraith's. I said, what house? He said, "Oh! the bitch has taken something out of my basket, but I'll serve her out for it." I laughed at him, and said, he should not be plagued with the girls. He then went away; never had any other conversation with him on the subject at any other time; it might be from nine to ten o'clock in the morning when this conversation took place.

**Martha Ann Lockwood**, **Luke Shepley**, and **Benjamin Morton**, were examined, and repeated the depositions given by them before the magistrates, at the Court-house, in Dewsbury, on Saturday last. They severally stated that they had been resident in Mirfield a number of years, and the usual dinner hour in that neighbourhood was about half-past twelve, and at that hour the principal part of the population were within doors.

**Isola Webster**, wife of Frank Webster, who is a clothier, living in Water Royd Lane, said Reid called at their house about half-past twelve o'clock. There were some scissor grinders at our house the same day, but I never saw them before. There was about ten minutes' difference between them and Patrick Reid. They went out in the same direction. The man who called was a middle aged man. I only saw one, but understood there were two. They were mending umbrellas as well; and he asked if we wanted any scissors grinding. He also called at Isaac Webster's while I was there.

**Harriet Webster**, wife of Joseph Webster. Lived near Mr. Wraith's; within a field length. Saw Patrick Reid on the 12th inst. He passed our door, and went towards the dwelling of the last witness. He did not call on me, though he has done so before time, but lately, for I have never bought anything of him. A scissor grinder called some ten minutes before I saw Patrick Reid. He was a very good-looking man. He asked me if we had any scissors wanted grinding, or umbrellas to mend. He did not ask if we had any pots or pans to mend. I saw no machine that he had.

**Charles Flint**—Lives at Mirfield; recollects the 12th of May; got home about three o'clock in the afternoon, as nearly as I can remember. Michael McCabe was at my house when I got home. I had heard of the murder as I went home; asked my housekeeper, Mary Scholey, and him, if they had heard of the murder at Mr. Wraith's house, at Mirfield? McCabe said—"There was nothing in it, sure? I have been at the place." I asked him what he had seen; he said, "he tapped twice; he thought he heard a footstep coming down stairs, and a good-looking man opened the door, and he asked him if he wanted anything in his line; he said, 'No, Sir.' He asked him a second time, and he said 'No, again.' I asked him if he had seen anything else; he said 'he had seen lots of blood at the bottom of the kitchen door; he said he did not name the blood to the man; he should know him again.' I asked him if he had seen anything else. He said 'No, but he heard some very heavy groans.' He then put his basket on his head, and went towards John M'Kinnell's; asked if they wanted any pots; they said 'No'; then went to Robert Town, and never mentioned it to any one. William Sheard came to my house about an hour after I got home, or rather more. He talked with McCabe about the murder.

**William Sheard**—Lives at Robert Town. I am a hawker, went to Charles Flint's house about half-past four in the afternoon, on the 12th of May. Saw McCabe there. I told him I had been informed he had been at the place of the murder. He said he had. I asked him which way he went to the house; he said "down the fields opposite Mr. Wraith's house; that when he got into the yard the shutters were closed and the blinds down; that he heard a foot in the chamber; then he thought he heard some one coming down step by step; the person then came to the kitchen door and unlocked and opened it; that he asked him if they wanted to buy any pots, and the man said 'No, Sir.'" I then asked him how long he kept the door open, and he said "for about the space of three minutes." I then asked him how wide it was open. He said "about three or four inches; that he could see great lots of blood lying within the door." I asked him where he thought the blood had come from, he said "he thought the old man had been killing a hen at the back of the door." He said he also "heard very heavy groans; he thought the old woman might be poorly, and that they might come from her;" he said "he saw nothing more; the man shut the door and locked it." In answer to another question from me, he said, "It was not James Wraith who opened the door; he was a stout good-looking young man; that he knew Mr. Wraith very well, better than I did." He said he then went to Mc Kinnell's, and going from thence called at a cottage house, and then went to Charles Flint's. After this conversation, I said to him I was sure if Mr. Ingham knew, he would certainly come for him or send for him. McCabe heard Charles Flint order me to put the saddle on the galloway, and go tell Mr. Ingham. I said it was a job I did not like, when McCabe said "don't go, Bill, I'm going down to the Shoulder of Mutton, and I can declare it myself." When he said that, I saddled the galloway and went direct to Mr. Wraith's house, and gave information to Mr. Howarth, the constable of Mirfield.

It was now after eight o'clock, when the Coroner informed the Jury that in the present position of the evidence he should not feel justified in leaving it to them, and he hoped that by an adjournment for a fortnight, more light might be thrown upon this mysterious and horrid affair. The Jury severally entered into their recognizances to appear on the 10th June, to further prosecute the inquiry.