

*Old Bailey Proceedings Online* ([www.oldbaileyonline.org](http://www.oldbaileyonline.org), version 8.0, 19 May 2020), April 1835, trial of JOHN WRIGHT BALDOCK (t18350406-890).

## JOHN WRIGHT BALDOCK, Breaking Peace > wounding, 6th April 1835.

890. JOHN WRIGHT BALDOCK was indicted for that he, on the 15th of March, at St. Leonard, Shoreditch, in and upon Francis Brown, unlawfully, maliciously, and feloniously did make an assault, and unlawfully, &c. did wound him in and upon his head, arms, and legs, with intent feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, to kill and murder him, against the Statute, &c.—2nd COUNT, stating it to be with intent to maim and disable him. 3d COUNT, stating it to be with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm.

FRANCIS BROWN (*police-sergeant G 10.*) The prisoner was a police-constable in the same division as me, for about a year and a half—on Saturday, the 14th of March, I put him on his beat in Shoreditch—it is my duty to visit my men as often as I think necessary—on the morning of the 15th I visited the prisoner, about ten minutes after three o'clock—I found him in New Inn-yard—he was leaning his head against the wall, asleep—I asked him if all was right—he said "All right, sergeant"—he attempted to pass by me from where he was standing—he staggered off the pavement into the road—he then regained the pavement, and staggered against the side of the houses—I told him he had been drinking—upon which he said, "No,"—I then said, "The fact is, you" are drunk."—I walked up behind him, and considered him to be drunk—I told him he had better accompany me to the station-house, for the Inspector to see him—the station-house is in Featherstone-street, Bunhill-row—he went with me, and when I arrived at the station-house, I told Burney, the Inspector, that I brought the prisoner in for being drank—the prisoner heard that—and I said for Mr. Burney to pass his opinion upon him—Burney, the Inspector, got up off the bench where he was sleeping—he came out and saw the prisoner, and

said, "You have been drinking"—upon which the prisoner said, "No,"—the Inspector said, "It is evident to me that you have"—the prisoner then said, "Very well, you know best"—upon which the prisoner pulled off his cape, and sat down in a chair in the station-house—I then asked the Inspector what I was to do for another man to take the prisoner's beat—he said, "Oh, I don't know, let him take his beat again, he is not so very drunk"—I said, "Certainly he is more collected than he was when I first taw him"—the prisoner said, "Do your duty, Sergeant—do your duty, Sergeant"—Burney said, "You have no occasion to instruct him to that effect, bat you have no occasion to take your beat without you like"—the prisoner said, "Yes, I will"—and got up and went out with the intention of so doing—I then 'went out and visited the chief part of my men again—I went down into Shoreditch, as far as Plough-yard, where I saw Turin, 41 G. and Lambert, 33 G.—I accompanied Tustin, to Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, and on reaching the corner of Holywell-lane, the prisoner rushed out and struck me a blow on the head with his fist—my hat fell off with the violence of the blow, and at the same instant he struck me a violent blow with his truncheon—he said, "You b—, you will take me in for being drunk again, won't you?"—I was at a lots to know what to do, being taken unawares and unprepared—I had my right hand tacked in the breast of my coat, and the other hand in my cuff under my cape—it was raining at the time—on receiving the blow, I expected another, and took to my heels and ran away from the prisoner as fast as I could—I ran down Shoreditch, on my own side of the way—(on the G. division side of the way)—I saw one of the H. division, standing on the opposite side, and crossed over to him—I called out to him for assistance I was pursued by the prisoner, he at the same time striking me over the shoulder, on my back, and on the blade-bone with hit truncheon—on reaching the opposite side of Shoreditch, hearing him close behind me, I turned round and faced him—I held up my arm to defend my head, having no hat on my head at the time—he struck me over my shoulder, in the muscle part of my arm, from eight to ten times—at last he struck me over my elbow with the truncheon, and I heard it crack—I then attempted to seize him with my right hand, to close upon him, and in to doing, I received another blow on the side of my forehead, which knocked me down, and stunned me for some time—that blow was given with the truncheon—he said, at that time, "I will kill you, you b—"—on coming to myself again, I received a terrible kick on my cheek-bone—the blood gushed out of my cheek, upon which, the man of the H division, and Tustin, came to my assistance—I said to them, "For God's sake, pull him off me, or he will kill me"—I heard Tustin say, "Pull him off, or he will kill him"—they took him off—I then got up and

leaned my head against the shutters till I recovered myself—I then told the two constables I was a sergeant of the G division, and to bring the prisoner up to the station-house—I crossed over the way, on to my own side of the way, in Shoreditch—I had hardly gained the foot-pavement, when, upon looking round, I saw the prisoner running after me again—I saw he had no truncheon in his hand—I turned round and seized him by both hit arms—I then slang him round to my right, against some window-shutters in Shoreditch, the prisoner kicking me all the time on my legs—I said to him, "Baldock! Baldock! what do you want, what do you mean, why don't you govern your temper?"—he grinned with his teeth in the most savage manner, and said, "You b—b—, I will murder you—I will do for you yet"—he was kicking me all the time in a

tender part of my person, and also on my legs—I could not pacify him—I slung him round to the right, and my left foot caught one of his feet—he fell down first, and I on the top of him—the other two witnesses came up—I desired them to spring their rattles, which they did—that brought several people up, and he was secured and taken to the station-house—as we were going to the station-house, he said more than five times, "Let me get at the b—, I will kill him"—and at the station-house, he said so several times, and on leaving the station-house, he said so—Sergeant Beresford was at the station-house—he saw and heard what was going forward there, and prevented the prisoner from coming to me—I remained at the station-house some time, till I recovered myself, and then I was taken home by two men—I went to bed directly—I was attended by Mr. Whittel, a surgeon—I was in great pain—my face bled, and my forehead was terribly bruised—I have recovered now, all but my leg, which is now as open wound, from a kick, which the prisoner gave me—sometimes there is a faintness and giddiness comes over my head—I kept my bed part of three or four days.

*Cross-examined by MR. PHILLIPS. Q.* Did not this unfortunate man appear very much irritated and excited all through? *A.* Yes, he was irritated and excited—in my opinion he had drunk more than he ought—all the police carry truncheons—I carried one that day—I did not put my hand round to pull mine out when he struck me—I ran from him as fast as I could—I received one blow from the truncheon, and one from his fist, before I ran away, but it was all done at the same moment—I was taken on the Monday morning, in a cab, to the Police-office—this happened on Sunday morning—I was not detained at the Office long—I gave ray accout of it, and returned—the prisoner has been in the police force about a year and a half, if I am not mistaken—at the time he was secured, Tustin struck him over the legs—I did not see any blow struck on his head—he was kicking at the time he was struck on the legs.

ROBERT BELLNAP . I am a private watchman, of Holy well-lane. I remember this Sunday, at four o'clock in the morning, I saw the prisoner in Holy well-lane—he asked me if I had seen Sergeant Brown—I told him I had—he asked me which way he went—I told him, on the next man's beat—he said then he would wait for his coming back—I told him he had better go round his beat—he said nothing to that—I asked what was the matter—he said Sergeant Brown had taken him to the station-house, and reported him drunk—I said, "Never mind, you had better go round your beat"—he said no, he would wait till he saw Sergeant Brown, and then he would give it to him—with an oath I said, "You had better go round your beat"—he made no reply—I turned round and left him at the corner of the lane—in about five minutes I heard something pass between Brown and the prisoner, and two or three more police-constables, but I did not go to them.

JESSE TUSTIN . I am a policeman. On Sunday morning, March 15th, I was in company with Brown at a little after four o'clock—I saw the prisoner in Holy well-lane—I saw him cross over to the same side of the way as we were, in Shoreditch—he made a rush at Brown, struck him with his right hand, and with the truncheon in his left, he struck him on the head or face—he was swearing violently at the same time, and said d—n him he would learn him to report him for being drunk—Brown immediately turned round—his hat came off—he ran as hard as he could, the prisoner followed him, and I followed too—I called out to the prisoner "Baldock, for God's sake what

are you doing? come back," but they were ten yards before me, I could not reach them—I came up to them at last—they were then both on the ground, and the prisoner was kicking violently, and swearing—Brown begged me for God's to take him off, or he would kill him—I took his truncheon out of his hand, and pulled him off Brown—he then said, "Let me alone, let me alone; d—him I should like to kill him, and then I shall die happy."

RICHARD WEBB (*police-constable H 31.*) I was present part of the time—I saw Tustin strike the prisoner on the legs, once or twice, when he was on the ground.

*Cross-examined. Q.* was not the prisoner struck by somebody on the head? *A.* I did not see that—I did not see his head afterwards.

HENRY RAWES WHITTELL . I am a surgeon. I was sent for on the morning of Sunday, about four o'clock, as soon as the prosecutor got home—I found him in bed—I examined him, and found several bruises on both legs, on his arms, and a severe contusion on the upper part of his forehead—it was more a contused wound, evidently from the blow of a blunt instrument—the skin was broken—the blows on the legs, I should think, were caused by kicking—there was one on the elbow, more severe than the rest—it was more a bruise than a wound—the forehead was swollen, there was a slight appearance of blood—the skull was not fractured—the blow on the head certainly must have been severe—in cases of contusion, the patient does not appear in danger at the moment, still for forty-eight hours I could not say he was out of danger—he is under my care now, but is doing well.

*Cross-examined. Q.* Were you not aware of his going to the police-office on Monday morning? *A.* Yes—I allowed him to go in a cab, but to return immediately, and go to bed—if I had thought there was immediate danger from the exertion, I should not have allowed him to go.

*Prisoner's Defence.* I was very much excited at being reported as drunk, as I should be discharged—it was throwing my wife and family in great distress at the time.

(Joseph Nash, Goswell-street; and Richard Greening dyer, Park-street, Borough; gave the prisoner a good character for humanity and mildness of disposition.)

GUILTY On the 3rd Count— DEATH . Aged 23.