

Shocking Wife Murder

AT BRISTOL.

On Tuesday afternoon, at Bristol, a man named Deacon killed his wife by cutting her head open with a chopper. Deacon, who is a shoemaker, had been married twelve years, but not being able to agree had been apart five years, she supporting herself by working as a tailoress, but they met last Christmas and she went and lived with him again. It is said that Deacon, who had been out all the morning drinking with his wife returned home in the afternoon the worse for liquor. Soon after their return sounds of quarrelling were heard proceeding from their house, in Barton Street, St. James's, Barton. At length the door was opened, and the woman came out covered with blood flowing from a wound in her head, from which the brains protruded. She was removed in an unconscious state to the infirmary, but she never recovered consciousness, and died shortly after the attack. In the meantime he deliberately walked to the police station, where as a woman was about to prefer the charge of murder against him, he coolly said, "Allow me to speak if you please. I have killed my wife." He was then locked up. The Magistrate after hearing several witnesses committed him for trial.

Oh, what sad and dreadful murders
 The papers do unfold,
 And now another fearful one,
 As ever yet was told,
 It did occur in Bristol,
 Most dreadful to relate,
 And of this fearful tragedy,
 The facts now I will state.

Now the murderer, Edward Deacon,
 In anguish does bewail,
 For the murder of his own dear wife,
 Confined within a gaol.

Edward Deacon was a shoemaker,
 In Barton Street did dwell,
 With the wife he swore to love,
 The truth to you I'll tell,
 From whom he had been parted,
 In anger for five years,
 And now the sad deed I'll relate,
 The truth you soon shall hear,

He returned to her last Christmas,
 As plainly may be seen,
 And since the time he has been home,
 There has frequent quarrells been,
 He'd oft get drunk and neglect his work,
 Its truth what you shall hear,



And then the life of his poor wife,
 Was dreadful for to bear,
 Deacon went home the worse for drink,
 As it does now appear,
 And with a borrowed hatchet,
 Asailed his wife so dear,
 Her shrieks and cries were dreadful,
 And the neighbours did repair,
 At once into the woman's house,
 And a dreadful sight saw there.

She there was weltering in her blood,
 Sad wounds were on her head,
 From which the brain was coming out,
 Most dreadful it is said,
 Poor soul, she in that dreadful state;
 To the infirmary was borne,
 She lived but a few moments.
 Then he precious life was gone.

The murderer to the station went,
 And there confessed his crime,
 He said I've killed my own dear wife,
 With rage I must be blind,
 For wilful murder he's confined,
 Within a gaol so drear,
 And for his crime must answer,
 Before his judge he must appear.

