

## WANGARATTA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDANT.)

Wangaratta, 18th January, 1855.

A man who gave his name as William Henry Vernon, but whose proper cognomen, I understand, is Macnamara, was arrested here yesterday by the police on a charge of attempting to defraud Mr. William Clarke, the proprietor of the Hope Inn, by uttering two spurious Bills of Exchange, one for £20 and the other for £16, and both purporting to be drawn in London on the Union Bank of Australasia. The prisoner, who is a notoriously bad character, put up at Mr. Clarke's on Tuesday afternoon, and through some plausible statements contrived to run up a score to the amount of £2 10s.

Having then retired to bed, and enjoyed the blessings of "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," he got up about 8 o'clock the next morning, and regaled himself with a substantial breakfast, for the payment of which, together with the £2 10s. before alluded to, he presented "mine host" with either of the two bills. Old Bill Clarke, however, evinced a better knowledge of the documents than Mr. Mac had anticipated, he stuck to them both, and instantly despatched a messenger for the police. Sergeants Meyers and Brady, two active members of the Wangaratta force, were shortly in attendance, but before their arrival Macnamara had made his escape. On the matter having been reported to Lieutenant Hare, that gentleman at once

Lieutenant Hare, that gentleman at once repaired in pursuit, as also did all the men available under his orders. It may be as well to mention that Mr. Clarke himself took an active part in the chase, and what is somewhat surprising, he rivalled all our peace officers in detective tactics, for in a very short space of time he pulled the prisoner up, concealed in the bush convenient to his own stock-yard, and immediately gave him over to the proper authorities, who introduced him to the P. M., and had him remanded, in order to communicate with the bank.

We had a great deal of thunder and lightening here yesterday, and about four o'clock in the afternoon the inhabitants of the township, particularly those residing in the neighbourhood of the Hope Inn, were very much alarmed from the fact of the electric fluid striking a tree about fifty yards from the front of Mr. Clarke's house. It struck the tree about thirty feet from the ground, and rent it nearly in two, making a report in its explosion which I cannot compare to anything excepting the roar of heavy artillery. You can imagine what it was, when I tell you that a woman fell down in a state of insensibility through the fright. It was fortunate, however, that no further damage was done, no person being near the spot at the time.

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