

WAYLAI'D BY HIS OWN DOOR

**MR. WILLIAM M. VALENTINE, OF
ROSLYN, ASSAULTED BY THIEVES.**

**ROBBED OF A SMALL SUM OF MONEY,
BEATEN AND LEFT UNCONSCIOUS NEAR
HIS HOME—A COLORED MAN ARRESTED
ON SUSPICION.**

A most brutal and cowardly outrage was perpetrated in the village of Roslyn, Long Island, Tuesday night. William M. Valentine, a venerable and wealthy merchant of that place was waylaid, cruelly beaten, and left in an unconscious condition on his own grounds, and within a very few rods of his house. The scoundrels who attacked him succeeded in making their escape. The motive of the assault was undoubtedly robbery, but the robbers were seemingly new at the business, and did their work so clumsily that they got little for their pains. Mr. Valentine was not discovered until after he had been on the cold ground for upward of two hours, and then through the efforts of his anxious wife. Some of the neighbors were aroused, and after a brief search his inanimate form was found stretched on a sloping declivity about 20 rods from the house. The store kept by Mr. Valentine is a good sized brick building on Main-street, near the Post Office. It is a regular country sales place for all kinds of domestic commodities, and is one of the largest in the village. Immediately back of it is what is known as the grist mill pond, and on the opposite side of this pond is the old Valentine homestead, a large two-story frame house, surrounded by spacious grounds. Mr. Valentine has always kept a small row-boat, and it has been his frequent custom to row himself across this pond to his home, that being a much quicker way of getting there than around by the roadway. About 9:10 o'clock Tuesday night Mr. Valentine took what money there was in the store, some two or three hundred dollars, and, putting it in a pocket-book, placed the book in the inside breast pocket of his coat. He then bid his clerk, Elias Velsor, good-bye and started down toward the boat landing alone. He wore no overcoat. As he was stepping into his boat Michael Lyons, who lives near by, called out and asked him why he went across the pond on such a dark night. The old man said he was not afraid, and took up the oars and rowed away. He must have made a landing on his own grounds unmolested, for the boat was subsequently found securely moored in its usual place. Mr. Valentine, to reach his house, should climb a short hill and then walk about 300 feet along a broad dirt walk lined by evergreen trees and shrubbery. His assailants, it is believed, were in wait for him behind the largest of these evergreen trees, for it was near that one that he was found, and there was a large pool of blood in the immediate vicinity.

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Mr. Valentine has always been very regular in his habits, and, of course, his wife began to grow uneasy when he failed to make his appearance half an hour after the usual time. She had placed lights in the windows to guide him, as was her custom on dark nights, and about 10 o'clock she grew so nervous that she went to the window nearest the pond several times and lifted the sash to listen for the sound of the oars. Her nervousness and anxiety kept increasing as the night passed away, and when it was 11:30 o'clock she hurried to the house of the nearest neighbor, Justice Washington Losee, and asked him to go and look for her husband. Mr. Losee accompanied her home, and went at once toward the boat-landing. As he neared the large evergreen he saw Mr. Valentine lying on the ground. He spoke to the prostrate man, but received no answer. Mrs. Valentine was informed of her husband's condition, and she went to him, took his bleeding head in her lap, and tried to get him to speak to her, but his lips were silent, and the only sign of life displayed was by his clutching at the shawl she threw over him, as if he were cold. As soon as additional assistance arrived Mr. Valentine was carried into the house and messengers dispatched for Samuel Hooper, the druggist, and Dr. Bogart, the family physician. Both men promptly arrived, and the former remained with the injured man all night. It was found that a terrible wound had been inflicted by some blunt instrument just back of the left ear, and Dr. Bogart expressed the fear that the skull had been fractured and that the injury was fatal. So cold was the old gentleman that it took his anxious nurses until 5 o'clock in the morning to restore his body to its normal temperature. The cut in the head was about three inches long and an inch and a quarter wide, and the fact that the stud stick of a wagon was found on the ground near where Mr. Valentine fell leads to the suspicion that it was with that instrument that the blow was struck. As soon as the wounded man was got into the house an examination of his clothing was made, and it was found that nothing had been taken from him except a small wallet containing \$10 or \$12 which he had in his trousers pocket. His watch and the well filled pocket-book were safe. Dr. Hoag, of Manhasset, was sent for early in the morning, and united with Dr. Bogart in endeavoring to restore Mr. Valentine to consciousness. Later Dr. Hendrickson, of Jamaica, was summoned, and after carefully diagnosing the case he said that there was some hope that Mr. Valentine would recover. The wounded man is said to have bled copiously during the day although unconscious all the time.

Soon after daylight search was begun for the unknown assailants. The deep footprints of two men were found in the soft earth in the vicinity of the spot where the assault occurred, and it was soon found that the tracks led across a small patch of plowed land to the road east of the house. One set of prints had evidently been made by rubber boots and the other set by leather boots or shoes. Sheriff Wright and the village constables were notified, and Col. Aaron A. Degraw, of Jamaica, a relative of the family, came early in the day in response to a telegraphic summons. The Sheriff placed the matter of hunting the rascals in his hands. Deputy Sheriff Titus and village Officers James Ayers and James Cummings at once went to work, and a detective from New-York subsequently joined in the task of tracing the missing men. A colored man named Edward Alberson, aged 22 years, was arrested about noon on suspicion. He is a village vagrant, and the only apparent ground upon which he is suspected is that he wears rubber boots which exactly fit into one set of the foot-prints. A young lad named Edward Bennett was also arrested on suspicion, but subsequently released. Two or three other persons are suspected, and it was thought that additional arrests will be made this morning.

There is little doubt that the assault was the work of men unused to such work, as professional thieves would have stripped their victim of every valuable thing on his person. Presumably the wretches were frightened away by Mrs. Valentine putting the lights in the window. Mr. Valentine is a native of Roslyn, and he has lived in his present residence and kept store in the village for more than half a century. Although a trifle eccentric, he was well liked and esteemed for his uprightness and genial, manly qualities. The assault upon him has created a good deal of excitement in the village. Both his wife and himself are Quakers, and for several years they have lived almost alone in the large old homestead by the mill pond, the only other person in the house as a general thing being the servant. The aged couple have but one child, Mr. James E. Valentine, who lives a short distance from his parents' house but does business in New-York on Front-street. Mr. Valentine is 73 years of age, and is reputed to be worth about \$75,000. It was not known that he had an enemy in the village.