The anxious Mother with a Parents Care,

Presents our Labours to her future Heir

"The Wise, the Brave, the temperate and the Just,

Who love their neighbour, and in God who trust

Safe through the Dang'rous paths of Life may Steer,

Nor dread those Evils we exhibit Here".
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The Newgate Calendar was one of those books, along with a Bible, Foxe's Book of Martyrs and the Pilgrim's Progress, most likely to be found in any English home between 1750 and 1850. Children were encouraged to read it because it was believed to inculcate principles of right living — by fear of punishment if not by the dull and earnest morals appended to the stories of highwaymen and other felons. The editors of one version even included as a frontispiece a picture of a devoted mother giving a copy to her son (who seems to be about eight years of age) while pointing out the window at a body hanging on a gibbet. They waxed lyrical on this theme, as follows:

The anxious Mother with a Parents Care,
Present our Labours to her future Heir
"The Wise, the Brave, the temperate and the Just,
Who love their neighbour, and in God who trust
Safe through the Dang'rous paths of Life may Steer,
Nor dread those Evils we exhibit Here".

Thus most writers, like most literate people of any occupation, would have read it as children. And whatever the moral effects, it certainly provided them with plenty of material. Charles Dickens's Barnaby Rudge, Bulwer Lytton's Eugene Aram, Henry Fielding's Jonathan Wild and Gerald Griffin's The Collegians are only a few of the many novels directly based on stories in the Newgate Calendar. Even the illiterate would have seen stage versions of the stories, which were a staple of the popular drama of the time. Many of Sam Weller's comments of the "as the — said ven —" type are derived from such plays. Some of them - e.g. Dick Turpin, Sawney Bean, Captain Kidd — are seen even today in pantomimes. There is, or any rate was in 1995, a restaurant in Dumfries called Sawney Bean's(!)
1. History and Early editions

There is no single book called The Newgate Calendar. The first readily available accounts of crimes and criminals in England were broadsheets and chapbooks, produced in significant numbers from the beginning of the eighteenth century. A broadsheet was a single sheet of paper with typically four pages printed on each side in such a way that the buyer could fold, stitch and cut it to form a booklet; a chapbook was one of these sold ready made up. Both were very cheap — a penny or so — and were sold at fairs, by itinerant pedlars, and particularly, at executions. Many of these included accounts of the execution itself, including the last words of the condemned man before he had even spoken them.

The first "Newgate Calendars" were collections of these accounts, and as the eighteenth century progressed, more and more crimes were added; the various collections plagiarized their predecessors shamelessly. Some of them added prosy morals to the stories. It was because of these that they were considered uplifting reading and few literate homes would have been without one; often the only book apart from a bible.

The name "Newgate Calendar" can refer to all or any of the following:

- *The Tyburn Calendar, or Malefactors Bloody Register*, published by G. Swindell (c. 1705)

- *A Compleat History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen, Foot-Pads, Shop-Lifts and Cheats of both sexes, in and about London and Westminster, and all parts of Great Britain, for above an hundred years past, continued to the present time* by Captain Alexander Smith (1719)

- *The Chronicle of Tyburn, or Villainy Display'd in all its Branches* (1720)

- *A General and True History of the Lives and Adventures of the Most Famous Highwaymen, Murderers, Street-Robbers etc. To which is added a genuine Account of the Voyages and Plunders of the Most Noted Pirates, Interspersed with several remarkable Tryals of the most Notorious Malefactors, at the Sessions-House in the Old Bailey, London* by Captain Charles Johnson (1734)

- *Lives of the nost remarkable criminals condemned and executed for Murder, Highway Robberies, Housebreaking, Street Robberies and other Offences* by John Osborn (1735)

- *The Tyburn Chronicle* (1768)

- *The Newgate Calendar or or MALEFACTORS’ BLOODY REGISTER containing: Genuine and Circumstantial Narrative of the lives and transactions, various exploits and Dying Speeches of the Most Notorious Criminals of both sexes who suffered Death Punishment in Gt. Britain and Ireland for High Treason Petty Treason Murder Piracy Felony Thieving*
Highway Robberies Forgery Rapes Bigamy Burglaries Riots and various other horrid crimes and misdemeanours on a plan entirely new, wherein will be fully displayed the regular progress from virtue to vice interspersed with striking reflexions on the conduct of those unhappy wretches who have fallen a sacrifice to the laws of their country. (3 vols., 1774-1778) - the first to bear this title.

THE MALEFACTOR’S REGISTER; OR, New NEWGATE and TYBURN CALENDAR. CONTAINING THE AUTHENTIC LIVES, TRIALS, ACCOUNTS OF EXECUTIONS, DYING SPEECHES, AND OTHER CURIOUS PARTICULARS, Relating to ALL the most notorious VIOLATERS OF THE LAWS OF THEIR COUNTRY; WHO HAVE Suffered DEATH, and other exemplary PUNISHMENTS, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, from the commencement of the Year 1700, to the MIDSUMMER SESSIONS of next Year. Together with NUMEROUS TRIALS in EXTRAORDINARY CASES, where the Parties have been ACQUITTED. This Work also comprehends all the most material Passages in the SESSIONS-PAPERS for a long Series of Years, and complete NARRATIVES of all the Capital TRIALS for BIGAMY, HIGH-TREASON, RIOTS, BURGLARY, HORSE-STEALING, STREET-ROBBERY, FELONY, MURDER, UNNATURAL CRIMES, FORGERY, PETIT-TREASON, FOOTPAD-ROBBERY, PIRACY, HIGHWAY-ROBBERY, RAPES, And various other OFFENCES, and MISDEMEANORS. To which is added, A correct List of all the Capital Convictions at the Old Bailey, &c. &c. since the Commencement of the present Century; which will be of the highest Use to refer to on many Occasions. The Whole tending, by a general Display of the Progress and Consequence of Vice, to impress on the Mind proper Ideas of the Happiness resulting from a Life of strict Honor and Integrity: and to convince Individuals of the superior Excellence of those Laws framed for the Protection of our Lives and Properties. Offered not only as an Object of Curiosity and Entertainment, but as a Work of real and substantial Use. Dedicated to Sir JOHN FIELDING, Knight. (1780)

The Criminal Recorder (1804)

The New and Complete Newgate Calendar or Malefactor's Universal Register, Comprising INTERESTING MEMOIRS of the MOST NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS who have been convicted of outrages on the LAWS OF ENGLAND, with SPEECHES, CONFESSIONS, and LAST EXCLAMATIONS of SUFFERERS by William Jackson (1818)

The Newgate Calendar Improved; Being interesting memoirs of notorious characters who have been convicted of Offence against the laws of England, During the seventeenth century; and continued to the present time, chronologically arranged; comprising Traitors, Murderers, Incendiaries, Ravishers, Pirates, Mutineers, Coiners, Highwaymen, Footpads, Housebreakers, Rioters, Extortioners, Sharpers, Forgers, Pickpockets, Fraudulent Bankrupts, Money droppers, Impostors, and Thieves of every Description. And Containing a number of interesting cases never before published: with Occasional remarks on Crimes and Punishments, Original Anecdotes, Moral reflections and Observations on particular Cases; Explanations of the Criminal Laws, the Speeches, Confessions and Last
Exclamations of Sufferers. To which is added a Correct Account of the Various Modes of Punishment of criminals in Different Parts of the World by George Theodore Wilkinson, esq. (1822)

- Celebrated Trials, and remarkable cases of Criminal Jurisprudence from the earliest Records to the Year 1825 by George Borrow (1825)

- The Newgate Calendar by Andrew Knapp and William Baldwin (1826)

- The Chronicles of Crime or the New Newgate Calendar, being a series of memoirs and anecdotes of notorious characters who have outraged the laws of Great Britain from the earliest period to 1841 by Camden Pelham. (1841, reprinted 1886)

Taken together, these contain considerably over one thousand cases. Every editor of the many subsequent collections and abridgements has chosen those he regarded as most interesting or important, discarding the rest, so there is no complete edition. This Ex-Classics edition is based chiefly on the Navarre Society 1926 edition (see below) supplemented with other material collated from various sources, and contains 717 cases.

2. 20th and 21st Century printed editions of the Newgate Calendar


- The Complete Newgate Calendar. Edited by J.L. Rayner and G.T Crook. London, Navarre Society, 5 vols., 1926. Illustrated. Despite its name, it is not at all complete; about half the cases have been omitted, and many of the ones included have been abridged, some very heavily. However it contains 512 cases collated from various editions, an index and appendices.

- The Newgate Calendar, Comprising INTERESTING MEMOIRS of the MOST NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS who have been convicted of outrages on the LAWS OF ENGLAND, with SPEECHES, CONFESSIONS, and LAST EXCLAMATIONS of SUFFERERS. Edited by Edwin Valentine Mitchell. London, John Lane The Bodley Head, 1928. Illustrated. Introduction by Henry Savage. Contains 43 cases, taken from Knapp and Baldwin's 1826 edition.


- The Newgate Calendar and The New Newgate Calendar. London, Folio Society, 1951 & 1960 respectively; also republished as a two-volume set in 1992. Edited by Sir Norman Birkett / Lord Birkett (he evidently got promoted in between the two editions). Illustrated. The first contains 28 cases taken from The Malefactors Register of 1780. The second has 23 cases from an
THE NEWGATE CALENDAR

unidentified source — possibly Camden Pelham's 1841 edition. Introduction and afterwords to each case by the editor.


- The Newgate Calendar, London, Panther Books. 3 vols, 1962-1963. Contains 95 cases from Wilkinson's 1822 edition. No illustrations, but lurid and inauthentic cover pictures — one shows a man being racked, a form of torture not used in Britain during the period covered by the Calendars.

- Tales from the Newgate Calendar by Rayner Heppenstal. London, Constable, 1981. A retelling of about 25 cases, mostly from Jackson's 1818 edition. Also interesting is a work by the same author —


3. Electronic Editions

- The Complete Newgate Calendar at the Unbiversity of Texas web site. tarlton.law.utexas.edu/lpop/etext/completenewgate.htm. A html version of the Navarre Society edition (See above)


- The Newgate Calendar at the Ex-classics web site. http://www.exclassics.com/newgate/ngintro.htm. This edition, readable online or can be downloaded in various formats.

IN an age abandoned to dissipation, and when the ties of religion and morality fail to have their accustomed influence on the mind, the publication of a New Work of his nature makes its appearance with peculiar propriety.

It has not been unusual, of late years, to complain of the sanguinary complexion of our laws; and if there were any reason to expect that the practice of felony would be lessened by the institution of any laws less sanguinary than those now in force, it would be a good argument for the enacting of such laws.

Wise and virtuous legislators can wish nothing more ardently than the general welfare of the community; and those who have from time to time given birth to the laws of England, have indisputably done it with a view to this general welfare. But as the wisest productions of the human mind are liable to error, and as there is visibly an increasing depravity in the manners of the age, it is no wonder that our laws are found, in some instances, inadequate to the purposes for which they were enacted:
and, perhaps, if, in a few instances they were made more, and in others less severe
than they are at present, the happiest consequences might result to the public.

It is with the utmost deference to the wisdom of their superiors, that the editors
of this work offer the following hints for the improvement of the police of this
country, and the security of the lives and properties of the subject: and,

1stly. If his majesty would be graciously pleased to let the law operate in its
full force against every convicted house-breaker, it would probably greatly lessen the
number of those atrocious offenders; and consequently add to the repose of every
family of property in the kingdom. What can be conceived more dreadful than a band
of ruffians drawing the curtains of the bed at midnight, and presenting the drawn
dagger, and the loaded pistol? The imagination will paint the terrors of such a
situation, in a light more striking than language can display them.

2dly. If the same royal prerogative was exerted for the punishment of women
convicts, it would indisputably produce very happy effects. It is to the low and
abandoned women that hundreds of young fellows owe their destruction. They rob,
they plunder, to support these wretches. Let it not seem cruel that we make one
remark, of which we are convinced experience would justify the propriety. The
execution of ten women would do more public service than that of an hundred men;
for, exclusive of the force of example, it would perhaps tend to the preservation of
more than an hundred.

3dly. Notorious defrauds, by gambling, or otherwise, should he rendered
capital felonies by a statute; for, as the law now stands, after a temporary punishment,
the common cheat is turned loose to make fresh depredations on the public.

4thly. Forgery, enormous as the crime is, in a commercial state, might perhaps
be more effectually punished and prevented than at present, by dooming the convict to
labour for life on board the ballast-lighters. Forgers are seldom among the low and
abandoned part of mankind. Forgery is very often the last dreadful refuge to which the
distressed tradesman flies. These people then are sensible of shame, and perpetual
infamy would be abundantly more terrible to such men than the mere dread of death.

5thly. Highwaymen, we conceive, might with propriety be punished by
labouring on the high-way, chained by the legs, agreeable to a design we have given
in a plate in this work. Many a young fellow is hardened enough to think of taking a
purse on the highway, to supply his extravagancies, who would be terrified from the
practice, if he knew he could not ride half a dozen miles out of London, without
seeing a number of highwaymen working together, under the ignominious
circumstances above-mentioned.

With regard to murderers, and persons convicted of unnatural crimes, we
cannot think of altering the present mode of punishment. 'Him that sheddeth man's
blood, by man shall his blood be shed:' as to the other wretches, it is highly to be
lamented that their deaths cannot be aggravated by every species of torment!

Having said thus much, we submit our labours to the candid revision of the
public, nothing doubting that, on a careful perusal, they will be found to answer the
purpose of guarding the minds of youth against the approaches of vice; and, in
consequence, of advancing the happiness of the community.
THE penal laws of the British empire are, by foreign writers, charged with being too sanguinary in the cases of lesser offences. They hold that the punishment of death ought to be inflicted only for crimes of the highest magnitude; and philanthropists of our own nation have accorded with their opinion. Such persons as have had no opportunity of inquiring into the subject will hardly credit the assertion that there are above one hundred and sixty offences punishable by death, or, as it is denominated, without benefit of clergy. The multiplicity of punishments, it is argued, in many instances defeat their own ends; for the object is alone the prevention of crime.

One of these writers says, "The injured, through compassion, will often forbear to prosecute: juries, through compassion, will sometimes forget their oaths, and acquit the guilty, or mitigate the nature of their offence; and judges, through compassion, will rescue one half of the convicts, and recommend them to royal mercy;" yet, from the great population of the British islands, and the extensive commerce carried on by its subjects, it is absolutely necessary that every means of protection of persons and property should be adopted. The finger of God pointed at Cain the first murderer, and because, at the creation of the world, it contained but one family, he did not doom the guilty man to death; but we are taught that a mark was set upon him, as a terror to others in the like case offending. When mortals increased, laws were enacted to punish the murderer with death; and, when empires were formed, they extended to treason against the state: the introduction of commerce caused them to be inflicted on forgers and thus, as luxury increased the catalogue of crimes, they have progressively reached the number already mentioned.

The Roman empire never flourished so much as during the era of the Portian law, which abrogated the punishment of death; and it fell soon after the revival of the utmost severity of its penal laws. But Rome was not a commercial nation, or it never could, under such an abrogation, have so long remained the mistress of Europe. In the present state of society it has become indispensably necessary that offences which in their nature are highly injurious to the community, and where no precept will avail, should be punished with the forfeiture of life: but those dreadful examples should be exhibited as seldom as possible; for while, on the one hand, such punishment often proves inadequate to its intended effect, by not being carried into execution; so, on the other, by being often repeated, the minds of the multitude are rendered callous to the dreadful example.

Mr. Colquhoun observes, "Can it be thought a correct system of jurisprudence, which inflicts the penalty of death for breaking down the mound of a fish-pond, whereby the fish may escape; or cutting down a fruit-tree in a garden or orchard; or stealing a handkerchief or any trifle from a person's pocket, above the value of twelve-pence; while the number of other crimes, of much greater enormity, are only punished with transportation and imprisonment; and while the punishment of murder itself is, nd can be, only death, with circumstances of additional ignominy?"
The punishment awaiting this most dreadful of all crimes, from the earliest ages of civilized nations, has been the same as that inflicted by the laws of the British empire, varying alone in the mode of putting the sentence into execution. We find the murderer punished by death in the ancient laws of the Jews, the Romans, and the Athenians; in nations of heathens and idolaters. The Persians, who worship the sun as their deity, press murderers to death between two stones. Throughout the Chinese empire, and the vast dominions of the east, they are beheaded; a death in England esteemed the least dishonourable; but here considered the most ignominious. Mahometans impale them alive, where they long writhe in agony before death comes to their relief. In Roman Catholic countries the murderer expiated his crime upon the rack. Several writers on crimes and punishments deny the right of man to take away life, given to us by God alone; but a crime like murder, however sanguinary they may find our laws in regard to lesser offences, unquestionably calls loudly for death. "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," saith Holy Writ; but with the life of the murderer the crime should be fully expiated. The English law on this head goes still further — the effects of the murderer revert to the state, thus, as it were, carrying punishment beyond the grave, and involving in its consequences the utter ruin of many a virtuous widow and innocent children. Yet may we be thankful for laws, the dread of which affords us such ample security for our lives and property. Our Saxon ancestors afforded themselves no such protection. In Britain, one of the last nations of Europe emerging from a state of barbarity, this crime was suffered to be expiated by private revenge, or by such pecuniary composition as the friends of the murdered were base enough to accept. Hence resulted the most pernicious consequences, rather adding blood to blood, than serving as an example to evil-doers. The dreadful passion of revenge, knowing no bounds, oft fell upon the innocent, while the guilty escaped with impunity. On the other hand, the security of a compromise was, in those days of brutal ferocity, but a weak barrier against the passion, hatred, or caprice, of the rich and powerful. We have much reason to revere those laws, which make no discrimination of rank, wealth, or power; and, however corrupt our parliaments may be, our judges remain upright, and, in every case of doubt, ever inclining to mercy. Of this we have a striking instance in the execution of Laurence Earl Ferrers, a peer of the realm, descended from the royal blood of the Plantagenets, and who had been convicted of the crime of murder. Interest, rank, and wealth, could not save him from death, ignominious as the execution of the meanest criminal; even his suit to King George the Second, to receive his death from the axe instead of the halter, was refused. That upright monarch answered by observing, that, though ennobled, he should die according to the strict letter of the law; and he was consequently hanged at Tyburn. The powerful but unsuccessful interest exerted for the lives of Doctor Dodd, the Perreaus, Ryland, Fauntleroy, and many others, cuts off all hopes of mercy in this world on conviction of the commission of heinous crimes.

The end of punishment is no other than to prevent the criminal from doing further injury to society, and to deter others from committing the like offence. Such punishments, therefore, and such modes of inflicting them, ought to be chosen, as will make the strongest and most lasting impression on the minds of others, with the least torment to the body of the criminal.

The more immediately, after the conviction of a crime, a punishment is inflicted, the greater will be the lesson to mankind. It will also be more just, because it spares the criminal the superfluous torments of uncertainty. The time alone necessary to make his peace with God should be granted; and respites, unless they eventually
prove the royal mind entirely inclined to mercy, are little better than torment to the malefactor. "An immediate punishment," says another commentator, is, in this respect, more useful, because the smaller the interval of time between the punishment and the crime, the stronger and more lasting will be the association of the two ideas of CRIME and PUNISHMENT so that they may be considered, one as the cause and the other as the unavoidable and necessary effect. It is demonstrated that an association of ideas is the cement which unites the fabric of the human intellect, without which pleasure and pain would be simple and ineffectual sensations. Men who have no general ideas, or universal principles, act in consequence of the most immediate and familiar associations; but the more remote and complex only present themselves to the minds of those who are passionately attached to a single object or to those of a greater understanding, who have acquired a habit of rapidly comparing together a number of objects and of forming a conclusion; and the result, that is, the action, in consequence, by these means becomes less dangerous and uncertain.

It is, then, of the greatest importance that punishment should succeed the crime as immediately as possible, if we intend that in the rude minds of the multitude the picture of the crime shall instantly awaken the attendant idea of punishment, delaying which serves only to separate these two ideas; and thus affects the minds of the spectators rather as a terrible sight than the necessary consequences of a crime. The horror should contribute to heighten the idea of the punishment.

Next to the necessary example of punishment to offenders is the record of such examples, in order that such as are unhappily moved with the sordid passion of acquiring wealth by violence, or stimulated by the heinous sin of revenge to shed the blood of a fellow-creature, may have before them a picture of the torment of mind and bodily sufferings of such offenders. In this light the following Criminal Chronology must prove highly acceptable to all ranks and conditions of men; for we shall find, in the course of these volumes, that even the sacred character, the noble, and the wealthy, are not free from those passions, which are in them more unworthy, because education ought to have taught them better, than in the lowest individual.
THOMAS DUN

Head of a Gang of Outlaws, on Account of whom King Henry I. is credibly supposed to have built Dunstable. Executed Piecemeal.

THIS person was of very mean extraction, and born in a little village between Kempston and Elstow, in Bedfordshire. It is said he had contracted thieving so much from his childhood, that everything he touched stuck to his fingers like birdlime, and that, the better to carry on his villainies, he changed himself into as many shapes as Proteus, being a man that understood the world so well — I mean the tricks and fallacies of it — that there was nothing which he could not humour, nor any part of villainy that came amiss to him. To-day he was a merchant, on the morrow a soldier, the next day a gentleman, and the day following a beggar. In short, he was every day what he pleased himself. When he had committed any remarkable roguery his usual custom was to cover his body all over with nauseous and stinking sear cloths and ointments, and his face with plasters, so that his own mother could not know him. He would be a blind harper to commit one villainy, and a cripple with crutches to bring about another; nay, he would hang artificial arms to his body. Besides, his natural barbarity and cruel temper was such, that two or three men together durst scarcely meet him; for one day, being upon the road, he saw a wagoner driving his wagon full of corn to Bedford, which was drawn by five good horses, the sight of which inflamed him to put the driver to death; accordingly, without making any reflection on the event, he falls on the wagoner, and with two stabs killed him on the spot, boldly took so much time as to bury him, not out of any compassion for the deceased, for he never had any, but the better to conceal his design; and then, mounting the wagon, drives it to Bedford, where he sells it, horses and all, and marched off with the money. Dun at first thought it the best way to commit his robberies by himself, but finding, upon trial, the method not so safe as where they were a company together, he betook himself to the woods, where he was soon joined by gangs of thieves as wicked as himself. These woods served them as a retreat on all occasions, and the caverns and hollow rocks for hiding places, from whence, night and day, they committed a thousand villainies. The report of their barbarity diffusing itself round about, caused all the country to keep off from them, and more especially to avoid the road leading from St Albans to Towcester, betwixt which they every day acted insupportable mischiefs, murdering and robbing all travellers they met, insomuch that King Henry I. built the town of Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, to bridle the outrageousness of this Dun, who gave name to the aforesaid place. However this precaution of the King was no impediment to Dun's designs, who still pursued his old courses, and though the age he lived in was not so ripe for all manner of villainy as it is now, yet the gang under his command consisted of several sorts of artists, who were made to serve different purposes and uses, just as he observed which way every man's particular genius directed him. Some of these being very expert in making false keys and betties, he never suffered them to remain idle or without business; others were ingenious at wrenching of locks and making deaf files, which wasted the iron without noise, making the strongest bolts give way for their passage. His fraternity being thus composed of lifters, pickpockets and filers, he refines, corrects, augments and establishes their laws, and one day having read to them some few comments on the art and mystery of robbing on the highway, he for a while leaves them, but in a short time
returns. Dun having intelligence that the Sheriff of Bedford with his men were in
search of him, and that they had determined to beset the wood where he then was,
obliged him to be upon his defence, which, however, did not make him lose his usual
courage; wherefore, to prevent any danger that might happen, he musters up his
company of grand rogues and retires into the thickest part of the wood, to a place in
his opinion the most advantageous; where, having left necessary orders, he sent out
scouts; but judging it not safe to put his confidence in spies, in a case of such
importance, he puts on a canvas doublet and breeches, old boots without spurs, and a
steeple crowned hat on his head, and so draws near them, where taking notice that
they were unequal to him, both in number and strength, he comes back to his
companions, makes them stand to their arms, and so encourages them, by words and
example, that in setting upon them, as they did immediately, they were presently
routed; and pursuing them closely, they took eleven prisoners, whom they stripped of
their liveries, and hanged them on several trees in the wood, after which they made
their coats serve them to commit several robberies in. For Dun, going one night to a
castle near this wood, ordered, in the King’s name, the gates to be opened, pretending
that Dun and his companions had hid themselves there. Accordingly the gates were
opened without the least suspicion of what afterwards fell out. Dun made a pretence
of searching into every corner for thieves, bustling everywhere throughout the castle
with the greatest eagerness imaginable; but happening to find none, he would needs
persuade the waiters that they had concealed themselves in the trunks. Upon this he
gave orders for the keys to be immediately brought him; when, opening the trunks,
and having loaded himself and companions with everything that was any way
valuable, he returns back to the wood. Meantime the lord of the castle was extremely
enraged at this proceeding, and could not brook to think that he should be thus robbed,
concluding that the sheriff’s men, under colour of searching for thieves, had thus
pillaged him. Upon this he addresses the King and Parliament, giving an account by
whom he thought he was thus robbed, who immediately issued out an order for
examining the sheriff’s men, one of whom was hanged to see what influence it would
have on the other; but they persisting (as well they might) on their innocency, and
discovering how eleven of their companions had been used by Dun and his associates,
were set at liberty. By this time the person we are speaking of was become formidable
to all; for not only the peers and other great personages of the kingdom stood in awe
of him, but also those of the lower rank durst not frequent the roads as usual. What a
melancholy circumstance in his conduct was his generally committing murder; and we
find but one instance, among the several particulars of his life, in which he refrained
from this barbarity. We shall draw now to his last period and only endeavour to show
the extraordinary struggles he made to obtain his usual liberty and preserve his life,
without being called to give an account of his actions or answer the laws of his
country what he was indebted to them for the many villainies and barbarities he had
committed. He had continued in his wild and infamous course of life for above twenty
years, and about the River Ouse in Yorkshire was the general scene where he played
his pernicious and destructive pranks, where men, women and children fell a prey to
his attempts, for he went constantly attended with fifty horse, and the men of the
country round about were so much terrified at his inhuman cruelties, and the number
of his partisans, that very few had the courage or even durst venture to attack him, in
order to apprehend and bring him to justice. We may venture to affirm that if his life
contained many unaccountable and strange exploits, yet that his death was as
remarkable. He having transacted things beyond imagination, his fame, or rather
infamy, increased every day, so that the country was determined to put up with his
insolencies no longer. It seems threatenings against him came from all parts, but
these, instead of working a reformation, or making him reflect on his past conduct,
only the more inflamed his audacious and villainous temper. A stout fellow, we are
told, about Dunstable, had made five or six of the sheriff's officers to come to his
house with a design to apprehend Dun, who sometimes would venture to walk out by
himself. But Dun, having got previous information of this design against him, came in
the night-time with his partisans to the man's house, and filled it with a thousand oaths
and curses, which presently got wind throughout the town, and among the sheriff's
men, who came and pursued him with all their forces. The fellows, his partisans,
finding they were closely pursued, divided themselves into separate companies, and
fled away to what places they could come to; but Dun got out into a certain village,
where he took up his quarters for that time. However, the pursuit still continued very
warm, and his adversaries, arriving at the house where he had concealed himself,
asked where he was hid, and at last found that he was concealed there. Immediately
on this report, the people in crowds gathered together about the house, and two
especially posted themselves in the threshold of the door to apprehend him; but Dun,
with an insurmountable courage, started up, with his dagger in his hand, from the
table, and laid one dead that instant, and then dispatched his companion, who
ventured to oppose him. But what was the most surprising, he had the boldness to
bridle his horse in the very midst of this confused uproar, mount and force his way out
of the inn. The people no sooner saw this but they fell upon him to the number of one
hundred and fifty, armed with clubs, forks, rakes and what else they could next come
at. With these weapons they forced him from his horse, but this was so far from
dismaying our adventurer that he mounted again, in spite of all oppositions and made
his way clear through the crowd that opposed him, with his sword. The countrymen
upon this found there was more difficulty than they at first apprehended in taking him;
but, fresh supplies coming in to their assistance, they gave him chase still. Our
adventurer, now finding the last period of his life drawing on, made all the haste he
was able, and got among the standing corn, and then taking to his heels (for by this
time he was forced to quit his horse) outstripped his pursuers a matter of two miles, a
circumstance that seems almost incredible. Dun having procured this advantage, as he
thought, would have lain him down to rest, and composed himself a while, but was
presently, to his exceeding surprise, hemmed in with no less a number than three
hundred men. Thus was he brought into as great a dilemma as before, but, resuming
his wonted courage, he pushed valiantly through them, and got to some valleys,
where, considering there was but one expedient left to save himself, he presently
undressed himself, and then, taking his sword between his teeth, plunged into the river
below, and fell a-swimming. Instantly were all the banks covered with multitudes of
people, some of whom were drawn together merely out of curiosity to be eye-
Witnesses of the event; while others got ready boats, with a design to give him chase,
and try if they could take him. It was an astonishing sight to behold him, with the
sword all the time between his teeth, swimming so many cross and various ways as
still to elude his pursuers. At length he got upon a little island which was in the river,
where he sat down to get breath a while; but his adversaries, having determined not to
let him have any rest, followed him in their boats, but were forced to return back
wounded in the attempt. After this he jumps in again, falls to swimming, and tries to
gain the shore at another place; but ill-fortune attends him, and the people, crowding
thither, make at him with all their oars, when they found it no way possible to take
him without blows. Several times they struck him on the head, and, the blows
stunning him, it was no hard matter then to apprehend him, which they did, and
conveyed him to a surgeon, in order to have his wounds cured and care taken of him. When his wounds were dressed, he was conducted before a magistrate, who, with very little examination, sent him to Bedford Jail, under a strong guard, to hinder his being rescued by his companions. Within a fortnight after this, being tolerably well cured, he was brought into the market-place at Bedford, without being put to the trouble of undergoing a formal trial, where a stage was erected for his execution and two executioners appointed to finish his last scene of life. Dun, on beholding these dreadful men, was so far from giving in to the least concern or dismay, that he warned them, with an unconcerned air, not to approach him for fear of the consequences, telling them he would never suffer himself to undergo the punishments determined him from their hands. Accordingly, to convince the spectators round him that his usual intrepidity and greatness of mind had not left him, he grasped both the executioners, and struggled so long with them that he was seen nine times successively upon the scaffold, and the men upon him. However, he had still strength to rise up from them, and taking his solemn walks from one end of the stage to the other, all which time he cursed the day of his birth, vented a thousand imprecations on those who had been the cause of his being apprehended, but chiefly on him who had been the first to beset him. But his cruel destiny is determined not to leave him; he finds his strength diminish, and that he cannot, in spite of himself, defend himself any longer. He yields, and the executioners chop off his hands at the wrists, then cut off his arms at the elbows, and all above next, within an inch or two of his shoulders; next his feet were cut off beneath the ankles, his legs chopped off at the knees, and his thighs cut off about five inches from his trunk, which, after severing his head from it, was burnt to ashes. So after a long struggle with death, as dying by piecemeal, he put a period to his wicked and abominable life; and the several members cut off from his body, being twelve in all, besides his head, were fixed up in the principal places in Bedfordshire, to be a terror to such villains as survived him.
SIR GOSSELIN DENVILLE

Head of a Gang of Robbers who had the audacity, so it is said, to hold up King Edward II.

THE gentleman we are going to give an account of was descended of very honourable parents at Northallerton, a market-town in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The family was very ancient, and came into England with William the Conqueror, who assigned them lands for the services done him in the North of England, where they lived in great esteem, and the successors after them for several ages, till the time of Sir Gosselin. The father of this gentleman, being a pious and devout man, sent his son to Peter College, in Cambridge, where for some time he pursued his studies with great warmth, and to outward appearance gave signs of making a fine man. This gave the ancient father extreme joy, who began to think of placing his son in the priesthood; but it seems Gosselin sat at his books purely to amuse his father and to gain some advantage he had in view by it. It was found out afterwards that a religious life, as his father had designed for him, was not the thing he relished; but that the prosecution of amours and love intrigues had the greatest ascendant over his mind; nay, he began now to display his natural propensity to a luxurious and profligate life.

These steps creating great discontent in the breast of the father, he took the violent courses of his son so much to heart that it was not long before he died, leaving our gentleman in full possession both of the dignity of the family and his estate, valued at twelve hundred pounds per annum, a considerable fortune in those days. Thus our gentleman becomes a knight, rolls in a plentiful fortune, and gives a loose more extravagant than ever to his ill course. He associates a brother of his, named Robert, with him, and they two together, by their profuseness, soon made an end of the estate.

Being now out of the reach of maintaining themselves as usual, and finding the poverty of their circumstances still increasing upon them, they perceived there was no other way of supporting themselves than by raising contributions on the highway. To this end, being men of extraordinary valour and courage, they equipped themselves out for a daring enterprise, which was to rob two cardinals, sent into this kingdom by the Pope to mediate a peace between England and Scotland and terminate the differences then on foot between Edward II. and the Earl of Lancaster.

One Middleton and Selby, two robbers of these times, having heard of Denville's design, came and joined him with all the forces under their command, which were no inconsiderable number. In short, the cardinals were robbed, and a very large booty taken from them, which put our bravo into a tolerable way of subsistence for some time; but there happening some difference between Middleton and him, with regard to the sharing of this booty, the former left the association, and went some time on the road by himself; but being soon apprehended, was brought up to London, and there executed.

All this while Sir Gosselin pursued his illegal practices; the valour of his arm and the continual preys he and his men made on all travellers put the whole country into a terrible panic; for there was no such thing as travelling with any safety; and the
great number of persons, of whom his gang was composed, plainly showed that they defied the laws, and everything else. What they could not obtain on the highway, they sought for in houses, monasteries, churches and nunneries, which were rifled without any distinction, and the most valuable and sacred things carried off. The men under Sir Gosselin's conduct led a most licentious life, and, like their master, committed the worst of villainies and barbarities. Persons were murdered in their houses when their goods might have been taken without using bloodshed: so that killing and doing havoc rather looked like sport or pastime with these desperadoes. Our countryman Tom Shadwell seems to point at our knight in his play called *The Libertine*; nay, to have founded the main plot of that piece upon his barbarous and licentious conduct. They who have a mind to be further informed in this particular may, by perusing that dramatic performance, see how near the whole conduct of the libertine squares with that of the person we are speaking of.

A while after, our knight and his associates marching on the road between Marlow in Buckinghamshire and Henley-upon-Thames, met with a Dominican monk, named Andrew Sympson, who not only was obliged to deliver what little gold he had to them, but also to climb into a tree and preach them a sermon, which he did with a great deal of judgment and good sense, though pronounced extempore. This sermon is at the very time recorded in the Bodleian Library as a piece containing sound divinity and a great deal of wit.

This sermon was vastly well received by Sir Gosselin and his associates, who returned the monk their extraordinary thanks for the excellent sermon he had made; in short, they gave back not only the gold they had taken from him, but, making a collection among themselves, presented to him a purse (above his money) by Sir Gosselin, their spokesman, who, after a few ceremonies on either side, left the monk to descend out of the tree quietly, and go home in peace.

If accounts be true that are transmitted down to us concerning this knight and his confederates, whole parties of horse and foot sent out to suppress their career were several times defeated; at which the whole kingdom was put into so much terror and amazement that none durst take a journey or appear on the roads. The King then reigning having acquainted his nobles of his intention to make a progress through the north of England, Sir Gosselin came timely to heat of it, and accordingly put himself and his whole gang in priests' habits. Now the King being on his progress, and near Norwich, our adventurers, being a considerable number, drew up to him in their venerable habits, which making the King halt to observe them a little more closely, Sir Gosselin closed up with him. The King upon this seemed desirous to hear what he had to say, which Sir Gosselin observing, after a low obeisance made to his Majesty, he told him that he was not come to discourse about religious matters, but secular affairs, which was to lend him and his needy brothers what money he had about him, otherwise not all the indulgences he could obtain from the Pope should save him from being exposed to a very hard and rigid penance. The King, having but about forty to attend him, found it impossible to get clear of his adversary, or save his money, but was obliged to surrender all, nay, look on while his noblemen's pockets were searched; after which Sir Gosselin and his associates left them to perform the remaining part of their progress.

This attempt upon the King was highly resented; and several proclamations, with considerable rewards inserted, were issued to apprehend any of the persons...
concerned in this robbery, alive or dead. In less than six months above sixty were treacherously taken by people in order to obtain the premium. Notwithstanding, this change of fortune was so far from working any reformation in our knight, that he and his brother robbed with greater boldness; so that those noblemen and gentlemen who had seats in the country were afraid to reside at them, and were obliged to secure themselves and their effects in the fortified cities and towns of the kingdom.

The last adventure which we have on record of this knight was this: Sir Gosselin and the remaining part of the associates being in the north of England were determined to see what the rich Bishop of Durham could afford them; accordingly they got into his palace, which they rifled from top to bottom of all the valuable things in it; and, not content with the spoil they found, bound the reverend prelate and his servants hand and foot, while they went down into the cellar, drank as much wine as they could well digest, and then let the rest run out of the barrels; after which they departed, leaving the ecclesiastic to call upon God to deliver him in his necessities.

But fortune now weighs down the scale of our knight's iniquities It seems a man kept a public house in a by-place in Yorkshire, where Sir Gosselin frequently went, not so much for the liquors there, as the beauty of the woman of the house. A freer acquaintance than consisted with decency had been kept up very openly some time between the knight and the landlady; which the husband at first connived at, through a notion his dignified customer, and the company he brought to his house, would be of considerable advantage to his trade. But Sir Gosselin and his wife pursuing their love intrigues in broad daylights to the small scandal of his family, and he beginning too late to think himself injured, found no other resource to repair the ill name thrown upon him by the people in the neighbourhood than by removing the knight out of the way. To which end he goes to the sheriff of the county, and acquaints him how Sir Gosselin might be apprehended with little difficulty at his house, provided he came that night. The sheriff rejoiced at the opportunity, but considered that the knight and his associates were men of desperate fortunes, vast courage, and resolved to hazard the last rather than surrender or be taken; upon which he mustered up between five and six hundred men-at-arms, came privately at night with them to the house, which they vigorously attacked as our knight and his company were revelling over their cups. Now or never was an important battle, or rather siege, to be determined. The persons within resolutely defended themselves for some time, and the men-at-arms without were not less valiant. Good fortune seemed to incline to our knight's side, who, in conjunction with his men, laid two hundred of his adversaries dead on the spot; but being tired with the slaughter, and fresh enemies pouring in upon him he was presently hemmed in on every side, and obliged to surrender, though not without fighting to the last. The sheriff, exasperated to think of losing so many men, took care to put the captive knight, and three and twenty of his comrades, who were made prisoners at the same time, under a very strong guard, who safely conducted them to York, where, without any trial, or other proceedings had upon them, they were executed, to the joy of thousands, the satisfaction of the great, and the desire of the common people, who waited upon them to the gallows, triumphing at their ignominious exit.
ALICE ARDEN of FEVERSHAM

Executed with her lover Mosbie and Others in the Year 1551 for the Murder of her Husband

THOMAS ARDEN was but a private gentleman, living at Feversham, in the county of Kent; yet the circumstance of his murder, the detection of it, and the punishment of the offenders were so exceeding remarkable, that they may very well be inserted in this place. He was a tall and comely person, and married a gentlewoman who was young, well shaped, and every way handsome; who having unhappily contracted an unlawful familiarity with one Mosbie, a black swarthy fellow, servant to Lord North, it happened by some means or other that they fell out, and so continued at variance for some time: but she being desirous of a reconciliation, and to use her former familiarity with him, sent him a pair of silver dice by the hands of one Adam Fowle, living at the Flower-de-Luce, in Feversham, for a present.

This brought them together again, so that Mosbie lay often in Arden's house, and in a short time the intercourse between them was so open that Mr Arden could not but perceive it; although common report says that he winked at it, for fear of disobligeing her relations, from whom he had some great expectations. Having continued their lewd practices for a considerable time, the woman doted more and more upon Mosbie, and began to loathe her husband extremely; insomuch that she would have been glad to have found out a way to get rid of him. There was a painter at Feversham who was reported to be versed in the art of poisoning; to him she applied herself, and asked him whether he had any skill in that or not. The man seeming to own it, she told him she would have such a dose prepared as would make a quick dispatch. "That I can do," said he. So he presently went to work, and gave it her, with directions to put it into the bottom of a porringer and so to pour milk upon it; but the woman, forgetting the direction, put in the milk first, and then the poison. Now her husband designing that day to take his horse and ride to Canterbury, his wife brought him his breakfast, which was usually milk and butter. Having taken a spoonful or two of the milk, and liking neither the taste nor colour of it, he said: "Mrs Alice, what sort of milk is it you gave me?" Upon which she threw down the dish and said: "I find nothing can please you." Upon which he went away for Canterbury, and by the way vomited extremely, so that he escaped for that time.

Arden's wife became afterwards acquainted with one Green, of Feversham, a servant of Sir Anthony Agers; from which Green, Arden had wrested a piece of ground lying on the back side of the abbey of Feversham; about which some blows and many menacing expressions had passed between them; and therefore the woman knowing that Green hated her husband, she began to concert with him how to make away with Arden. The agreement at last was thus: that if they could procure anyone to murder her husband, he should have ten pounds for his wicked pains. Now Green having some business to be transacted at London for his master Sir Anthony, set out for that city, where his master then was, and having a charge of money about him, he desired one Bradshaw, a goldsmith of Feversham and his neighbour, to go with him as far as Gravesend, and he would satisfy him for his trouble. When they had got as far as Rainhan Down they saw some gentlemen coming; Bradshaw discerned a man coming up the hill from Rochester, armed with a sword and buckler, and another with
a huge staff upon his shoulder, and thereupon said to Green: "It is well that there is some company coming after us, for there is coming up against us as murdering a villain as any in England; and were it not for the other people we should scarce be able to come off without the loss of our lives and money." Green, as he afterwards confessed, imagining that such a one was fit for his purpose, asked the other "Which is he?" "That's he," quoth Bradshaw, "who has the sword and buckler; his name is Black Will." "How do you know that?" said Green. Bradshaw answered: "I knew him at Boulogne, where he was a soldier and I was Sir Richard Cavendish's man, and there he committed several robberies and horrid murders between the passes of that town and France." By this time the company having overtaken them, they advanced all together and met Black Will and his companion. Some of the strangers, knowing Black Will, asked him how he did, and whither he was going. He answered by his blood, for he accented almost every word with an oath, "I know not, neither do I care; I'll set up my stick and go as it falls." Then said they to him, "If you will go back with us to Gravesend we will give you a supper." "By my blood," said he, "I care not, I'll go along with you." As they travelled on, Black Will claimed an acquaintance with Bradshaw, saying, "Friend Bradshaw, how dost thou do?" Bradshaw having no mind to renew his acquaintance, or to have anything to do with such a horrid fellow, replied: "Why, do you know me?" "Yes, that I do," said he; "did we not serve together at Boulogne?" "I beg your pardon," said Bradshaw, "I had forgot you."

Then Green entered into discourse with Black Will and said: "When you have supped, come to my quarters at such a sign, and I will give you some sack and sugar." "By my blood," said he, "I thank you." Thither he went, according to his promise, and was well treated. Then Green and he went and talked together, aside from Bradshaw, and the former proposing to give the other ten pounds to kill Mr Arden, he answered, with a great oath, he would if he could but know him. "I'll show him to you tomorrow in St Paul's," said Green. When they had done talking, Green bade him go home to his quarters; and then, sitting down, he wrote a letter to Mrs Arden, wherein, among others, he made use of these expressions: "We have got a man for our purpose; we may thank my brother Bradshaw for it." Bradshaw, knowing nothing of the matter, took the letter, and went the next morning and delivered it to Mrs Arden, while Green and Black Will bent their course to London.

Green, at the time appointed, showed Black Will Mr Arden walking in St Paul's; upon which Black Will asked him: "Who is he that follows him?" "Marry," said Green, "one of his men." "By my blood," quoth Will, "I'll kill them both." "Nay," said Green, "do not do that, for he is in the secret." "By my blood, I care not for that, I will kill them both," replied he. "By no means," said Green. Then Black Will proposed to murder Mr Arden in Paul's Churchyard, but there were so many gentlemen with him that he could not affect it. Green imparted the whole discourse to Arden's man, whose name was Michael, and who ever after was afraid lest Black Will should kill him. The reason why Michael conspired with the rest against his master was because he should marry a kinswoman of Mosbie's.

Mr Arden taking up his lodgings in a certain parsonage-house which he had in London, Michael and Green agreed that Black Will should go thither in the nighttime, where he should find the doors left open for him to go in and murder Mr Arden. Michael having put his master to bed, left the doors open according to agreement, though Mr Arden, after he was in bed, asked him if he had made them all fast, to which he answered Yes. But afterwards growing afraid when he had got to bed, lest
Black Will should kill him as well as his master, he rose, shut the doors, and bolted them very fast; insomuch that when Black Will came thither, and could find no entrance, he returned in great fury that he should be so disappointed, and in that mood he went next day to Green, swearing and staring like a madman, and with many horrible oaths and execrations threatened to kill Arden's man first, wherever he met him. "Nay," said Green, "pray forbear that; let me first know the reason why the doors were shut." Green having found out Arden's man, and expostulated the matter with him about his not leaving the doors open, according to his promise, Michael, who had framed his answer before, said: "Marry, I will tell you the reason: my master last night did that which I never found him to do before; for, after I was in bed, he got up himself and shut the doors, and chid me severely in the morning for my carelessness in leaving them open." This pacified Green and Black Will.

Now Arden having done his business in London, and being ready to return home, his man went to Green and informed him his master would go down that night. Upon this they agreed that Black Will should kill him on Rainham Down. When Mr Arden had got to Rochester, his man growing apprehensive that Black Will would murder him as well as his master, he pricked his horse on purpose, and made him go lame, that so he might protract the time and stay behind. His master observing the lameness of his horse, and asking him the reason of it, Michael said he did not know. "Well," quoth his master, "when we come to the smith's forge, which is between Rochester and the foot of the hill over against Chatham, let him take off his shoe and search, and then come after me." So that his master rode on; but before he came to the place where Black Will lay in wait for him he was overtaken by several gentlemen of his acquaintance, so that the assassin failed here also to accomplish his bloody design.

After Mr Arden had got home he sent his man to the Isle of Sheppey, to Sir Thomas Cheney, then Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, about some business; by whom Sir Thomas sent a letter back to his master. But when he came home, his good mistress took and concealed the letter, and ordered the fellow to tell his master that he had a letter for him from Sir Thomas Cheney, but that he had unfortunately lost it; and added withal, that he thought it would be his best way to go in the morning himself to Sir Thomas's, because he knew nothing of the contents of it. Having resolved to do so, he ordered his man to be up betimes in the morning. In the meanwhile Black Will and one George Shakebag, his companion, were, by Green's appointment, concealed in a storehouse of Sir Anthony Agers, at Preston, to which place Mrs Arden went to see him, who brought and sent him victuals and drink several times. He was charged very strictly to be up early in the morning to waylay Mr Arden in a broom-close between Feversham and the Ferry, and there to murder him. Now Black Will was up in the morning betimes, but, missing his way, he tarried in a wrong place.

Arden and his man, early in the morning, riding towards Shoreham, where Sir Thomas Cheney lay, when they were come near the broom-close, Michael, who was ever afraid that Black Will would murder him with his master, pretended he had lost his money purse. "Why," said his master," thou foolish fellow, couldst thou take no more care of thy purse? How much was there in it?" "Three Pounds," said he. "Go back, you fool," quoth his master, "and look for it! it is so early that there is nobody yet stirring; thou mayst be sure to find it, and so make haste and over take me at the ferry." But Arden nevertheless escaped this time by reason of the mistake of Black Will, who thought he was sure of him in his return home. But whether some of the lord warden's servants attended him back to Feversham, or that he considered it was
too late for him to go through the broom-close and so took another way, Black Will once more failed to execute his murdering designs. St Valentine's Day being near, the villainous crew thought it a proper time to perpetrate their wicked devices. Mosbie intended to pick some quarrel or other with Arden at the fair, and so fight with him, saying he could not find in his heart to murder a gentleman in such a manner as his wife would have it; though they had made mutual promises to each other to be altogether as man and wife, and had there upon received the sacrament at London openly together. But this project of quarrelling with Mr Arden would not do, for though he had been often before and was then also highly provoked by Mosbie, he would not fight. Mosbie had a sister who lived in a tenement of Arden's near his house in Feversham, so that Black Will, on the eve of the fair, was sent for to come thither. Green was the man who brought him, and met Mrs Arden, accompanied with Michael her man and one of her maids; there were also present Mosbie and George Shakebag, and here the plot was laid to murder Arden in the manner they afterwards perpetrated the horrid fact.

Mosbie indeed at first would not consent to so base and cowardly an act, but flung away in a fury, and went up Abbey Street towards the Flower-de-Luce, the house of Adam Fowle, whither he often resorted; but before he got thither he was overtaken by a messenger sent after him by Mrs Arden, importuning him by all means to return, which he did accordingly; and then she fell down upon her knees before him, and pressed him to go through with the business if he had any manner of love for her, and as she had several times told him, he might be assured there was nobody that would be concerned at his death, or make any search after them that dispatched him. The importunity of the wicked woman at length prevailing, he was brought to a compliance with the accursed project, and thereupon Black Will was conveyed into Mr Arden's house, and hid in a closet at the end of the parlour, before which they had sent all the servants out upon some pretence or other, except those who were privy and consenting to the villainous design. Mosbie went and stood at the door in a silk night-gown tied about him, between the hours of six and seven at night; soon after which Arden, who had been at a neighbour's house called Dunding, and had cleared some accounts that were between them, went home, and finding Mosbie at the door, asked him if it was not supper-time. "I think not," said he; "I believe it is not yet ready." "Then," quoth Mr Arden, "let us in the meantime go and play a game at tables"; and so going directly into the parlour through the hall where his wife was walking, Mr Arden said to her: "How now, Mrs Alice?" but she made him little or no answer. In the meantime the wicket door of the entry was chained by somebody, and when they had got into the parlour Mosbie sat down on the bench, facing the closet wherein Black Will was hid; Michael, Arden's man, stood behind his master, with a candle in his hand to shadow Black Will, that his master might by no means perceive him come out of the closet. In their play Mosbie said (and that was the signal for Black Will to come out): "Now, sir, I can take you if I please." "Take me!" said Arden. "Which way?" With that Black Will rushed out of the closet and threw a towel about his neck to stop his breath and strangle him; then Mosbie having a pressing iron, weighing fourteen pounds, at his girdle, struck him so on the head with it that he knocked him down, upon which he gave a loud groan, which made them believe he was killed. From the parlour they carried him into the counting-house, where, as they were about to lay him down, the pangs of death came upon him, and groaning in a most grievous manner, he extended himself, and Black Will, giving him a terrible gash in the face, slew him outright; then he laid him along, took his money out of his
pocket and the rings off his fingers, and coming out of the counting-house said: "The business is over, give me my money." Upon which Mrs Arden gave him ten pounds, and then he went to Green's, borrowed a horse of him, and rode away. After Black Will was gone, Mrs Arden went into the counting-house and with a knife stuck the corpse seven or eight times in the breast; then they cleaned the parlour, wiped away the blood with a cloth, and strewed the rushes which had been disordered during the struggle. The cloth and the bloody knife wherewith she had wounded her husband they threw into a tub by the well's side, where they were afterwards both found. This done, she sent for two Londoners then at Feversham to come to supper, to which they had been invited before the horrid murder was committed. They were grocers by trade, and their names were Prune and Cole. When they came she said: "I wonder where Mr Arden is? He will not stay long. Come, let us sit down, he will be quickly with us." Then Mosbie's sister was sent for, and sat down with them, and they were all very merry. When supper was over, Mrs Arden made her daughter play on the virginals, and they danced, and she amongst them, frequently saying, "I wonder Mr Arden stays so long; come, let us sit down, he will surely soon be with us; let us play a game at tables." But the Londoners said they must go to their lodgings, or else they should be locked out and so took their leave of the company and departed. As soon as they were gone, the servants who were not privy to the murder were sent into the towns some to look for their master, and others upon other errands; then Michael, a maid, Mosbie's sister, and one of Mrs Arden's own daughters took the dead body, and carried it out into a field adjoining to the churchyard, and to his own garden wall, through which he went to church. In the meantime it began to snow, and when they came to the garden door they had forgot the key, so that one of them was sent to fetch it. It was brought at last, and the door being unlocked, they conveyed the corpse into the field, about ten paces from the door of that garden, and laid it down on its back, in its night-gown and slippers, between one of which and the foot stuck a long rush or two.

Having by this management effectually secured themselves, as they imagined, from all manner of discovery, they returned the same way into the house; the doors were opened, and the servants, who had been sent into the town, being come back, it was by this time grown very late. However, the wicked woman sent her people out again in search for their master, directing them to go to such places where he mostly frequented, but they could hear no manner of tidings of him; then she began to exclaim, and wept like a crocodile. This brought some of her neighbours in, who found her very sorrowful, and lamenting her case, that she could not find out what was become of her husband. At last the mayor of the town and others went upon the search for him. Here we are to observe that the fair was wont to be kept partly in the town and partly in the abbey, but Arden procured it to be wholly kept in the abbey ground, of which he had made a purchase; and by this means, being like to have all the benefit of it, to the prejudice of the town and inhabitants, he was bitterly cursed for it. After they had searched other places up and down, they came at length to the ground where the dead body was laid; where Prune, the London grocer above mentioned, happening to spy it first, called to the rest of the company, who, narrowly viewing the same, found it to be the corpse of Arden, and how it was wounded. They found the rushes sticking in his slippers, and found some footsteps of people in the snow between the place where he lay and the garden door. This causing suspicion, the mayor ordered everybody to stand still, and then appointed some of the company to go about to the other side of the house and get in that way, and so through into the
garden, towards the place; where, finding the prints of people's feet all along before
them in the snow, it appeared very plain that he was conveyed that way, through the
garden into the place where they had laid him.

The mayor and the company hereupon went into the house, and being no
strangers to the ill conduct of Mrs Arden, they very strictly examined her about her
husband's murder. She defied them and said: "I would have you to know I am no such
woman"; but they having found some of his hair and blood near the house, in the way
he was carried out, as also the bloody knife she had thrust into his body, and the cloth
werewith the murderers had wiped off the blood spilt in the parlour — these things
were so urged home, that she confessed the murder, and upon beholding her husband's
blood, cried out: "Oh! the blood of God help me, for this blood have I shed." She then
discovered her guilty associates.

Mrs Arden, her daughter, Michael, and the maid were seized and sent to
prison; then the mayor and the rest that attended him went to the Flower-de-Luce,
where they found Mosbie in bed. They soon discovered some of the murdered
person's blood upon his stockings and purse, and when he asked them what they
meant by coming in that manner, they said, "You may easily see the reason"; and
showing him the blood on his purse and hose, "these are our evidences." He thereupon
confessed the horrid fact, and was committed to prison, as well as all the rest of the
bloody crew, except Green, Black Will, and the painter, which last was never heard of
after.

Some time after, the assizes were held at Feversham, where all the prisoners
were arraigned and condemned. There are no parts extant that we can possibly meet
with of the formality of their trials; the confession they had made of the cruel fact
could not admit much of it; only there was one unhappy circumstance which attended
it — that an innocent man should suffer with the guilty; for Mrs Arden accused
Bradshaw, upon the account of the letter sent by Green from Gravesend about Black
Will, as before related. All the business was, that by the description Bradshaw gave of
Black Will's qualities, he judged him to be a proper instrument for the perpetration of
the intended murder; to which, as Green some years after at his death declared, he was
no way privy. Nevertheless the man, upon Mrs Arden's accusation, was presently
taken up and indicted as a procurer of Black Will to murder Mr Arden. The man made
all the defence he could for his life, and desiring to see the condemned persons, he
asked if they knew him, or ever had any conversation with him, and they all said No.
Then the letter was produced and read. Here the prisoner told the Court the very truth
of the matter, and upon what occasion he had told Green what he said of Black Will,
but it availed him nothing; condemned he was, and suffered death for a murder he had
no manner of knowledge of, and which he denied to the last.

As for the real bloody criminals, they were executed in several places; for
Michael, Mr Arden's man, was hanged in chains at Feversham, and one of the maid
servants was burned there, most bitterly lamenting her condition, and loudly
exclaiming against her mistress, who had brought her to that deplorable end, for
which she would never forgive her. Mosbie and his sister were hanged in Smithfield,
at London. As for Mrs Arden, the founder of all the mischief, she was burnt at
Canterbury. Green returned some years after, was apprehended, tried, condemned, and
hanged in chains in the highway between Ospringe and Boughton, over against
Feversham; but before his death he proclaimed the innocence of Bradshaw, though it
was then too late. Black Will was burnt on a scaffold at Flushing, in Zeeland. Adam Fowle, who lived at the Flower-de-Luce, in Feversham, was brought into trouble about this unhappy affair; he was carried up to London with his legs tied under the horse's belly, and committed to the Marshalsea. The chief ground for this was Mosbie's saying is that had it not been for Adam Fowle, he had not been brought into that trouble -meaning the silver dice he had brought for a token from Mrs Arden to him; but when the matter was thoroughly searched into, and Mosbie had cleared him of any manner of privity to the murder, he was at length discharged.
LORD STOURTON AND FOUR OF HIS SERVANTS
Executed 6th of March, 1556, for the Murder Of William Hartgill, Esq., and his Son John, of Kilmington, Somerset, after an implacable Persecution

On the 28th of February, 1556, Lord Stourton was arraigned at Westminster Hall before the judges and several of the council. It was long before he would answer to the charge laid against him, till at last the Lord Chief Justice declared to him that he must be pressed to death, according to the laws of the land, if he would not answer; after which he made answer, and was convicted, and condemned to be hanged, together with his four men, for the following murders. In the reign of Edward VI., William Lord Stourton, having charge of one of the King's places near Boulogne, died; and shortly after his death, Charles Lord Stourton, his son and heir, went to Kilmington, to the house of William Hartgill, Esq., where Dame Elizabeth, late wife to Lord William and mother to the said Charles Lord Stourton, sojourned, and earnestly persuaded William Hartgill to be a means that Dame Elizabeth should enter into a bond to him, in a great sum of money, that she should not marry; which the said William Hartgill refused, unless Lord Stourton would assign some yearly portion for his mother to live upon.

In discoursing on this matter Lord Stourton quarrelled with William Hartgill; and on Whitsunday, in the morning, he went to Kilmington Church with several men, with bows and arrows, and guns; and when he arrived at the church door, John Hartgill, son of William, being told of the said Lord Stourton's coming, went out of the church, drew his sword, and ran to his father's house adjoining the churchyard side. Several arrows were shot at him in passing, but he was not hurt. His father and mother were forced to go up into the tower of the church with two or three of their servants for safety. When John Hartgill arrived at his father's house he took his long-bow and arrow, bent a cross bow, charged a gun, and caused a woman to bring the cross-bow and gun after him, and he with his long-bow came forth and drove away the said Lord Charles and his men from the house, and from about the church, except half-a-score that had entered the church, among whom one was hurt in the shoulder with a hail shot. His father advised him to take his horse and ride up to the court, and tell the council how he had been used. On Monday, towards evening, he reported to the honourable council how his father had been dealt with, whereupon they sent down Sir Thomas Speak, the High Sheriff of Somerset, not only to deliver the captives, but to bring with him the said Charles Lord Stourton, who, when he came, was committed to the Fleet, where he remained but for a short time.

It appeared that as soon as John Hartgill had set off towards London, Lord Stourton's men returned to the church of Kilmington, and about Mr Hartgill's house, and continued about there till the arrival of the sheriff, which was on Wednesday; during which time William Hartgill's wife was permitted to go home on Whitsunday, towards night. But in the meantime Lord Stourton's men went to the pasture of William Hartgill, took his riding gelding, and carried him to Stourton Park pales and shot him with a cross bow, reporting that Hartgill had been hunting in his park upon the gelding. Thus Lord Stourton continued his malice throughout King Edward's reign, and with violence took from William Hartgill all his corn, cattle, etc.
On the death of King Edward, William Hartgill and his son petitioned Queen Mary and her council for redress, her Majesty being then at Basing End, in Hampshire. The council called Lord Stourton and William Hartgill before them, and Lord Stourton promised that if William Hartgill and his son would come to his house, and desire his good will, they should not only have it, but also be restored to their goods and cattle; where upon his promise, made in such presence, they took John Dackcombe, Esq., with them to witness their submission. When they came near Stourton House, in a lane half-a-dozen of Lord Stourton's men rushed forth, and letting Mr Dackcombe and William Hartgill pass them, they stepped before John Hartgill, and when he turned his horse to ride away, six others of the said lord's men beset him before and behind; and, before he could draw his sword and get from his horse, wounded him in three or four places, and left him for dead. Nevertheless, in half-an-hour, he recovered himself, got upon his horse, and took refuge in the house of Richard Mumpesson, of Maiden Bradley, gent.

This at last became a subject of Star Chamber inquiry, and Lord Stourton was fined in a certain sum to be paid to the Hartgills, and imprisoned in the Fleet, whence he obtained licence, upon some pretence, to retire to his house in the country, and took an opportunity to murder both the Hartgills.

Within three or four days after his arrival at Stourton Caundle he sent advice to the Hartgills that he was ready to pay them the sums of money as ordered by the Star Chamber, and to end all disputes between them.

They agreed to meet him at Kilmington church on Monday after Twelfth Day, at ten o'clock; and Lord Stourton came accordingly to Kilmington, accompanied by fifteen or sixteen of his servants, sundry tenants, and some gentlemen and justices, to the number of sixty. He went to the church house and sent word to the Hartgills, who were in the church, that the church was no place to talk of worldly matters, and that he thought the church house a fitter place. The Hartgills came out of the church; but fearing ill, refused to enter into any covered place, the church excepted; whereupon it was proposed that a table should be set upon the open green, which was done accordingly.

Lord Stourton laid thereupon a cap-case and a purse, as though he intended to make payment, and calling the two Hartgills, said that the council had ordered him to pay them a certain sum of money, every penny of which they should have. Marry, he would first know them to be true men; and then laid hands upon them, saying, "I arrest you of felony"; on which his men, to the number of ten or twelve, by violence thrust them into the church house, where, with his own hand, the lord took from them their purses. Then having in readiness two cords, he delivered them to his man to bind the Hartgills; and to the younger of the Hartgills, when bound, he gave a blow in his face, and coming out of the house with his sword, and finding at the door young Hartgill's wife, he kicked at her, and gave her such a stroke with his sword between her neck and head, that she fell to the ground nearly dead. From hence he caused the two Hartgills to be conveyed to the parsonage of Kilmington, where they were kept with their arms bound behind them, and without meat or drink. About one o'clock in the morning they were conveyed to a house called Bonham near Stourton; and arriving on Tuesday about three in the morning, they were laid, fast bound, in separate places, without meat, drink, or fire, or anything to lie upon.
About ten o'clock Lord Stourton sent to Bonham, William Farree, Roger Gough, John Welshman and Macute Jacob, commanding them to convey to the Hartgills to a place appointed, and warning them, that in case they should make any noise, to kill them at once. These four brought them into a close adjoining Stourton, and knocked them on the head with two clubs, till the murderers thought they had been dead (his lordship in the meantime standing at the gallery door, which was but a small distance from the place). This done, they wrapped themselves in their own gowns, and carried the bodies through a garden into his lordship's gallery, and from thence into a place at the end, his lordship bearing the candle before them. Being not quite dead, they groaned much, especially old Hartgill. When William Farree, one of the murderers, swearing by God's blood they were not yet dead, his lordship himself ordered their throats to be cut, lest a French priest, lying near to the place, might hear them; and William Farree took out his knife and cut both their throats, Lord Stourton standing by with the candle in his hand. One of the murderers then said: "Ah! my lord, this is a pitiful sight. Had I thought what I now think before the thing was done, your whole land should not have won me to consent to such an act." His lordship answered: "What a fainthearted knave is this: is it any more than ridding us of two knaves that, living, were troublesome both to God's love and man's? There is no more account to be made of them than the killing of two sheep." Then their bodies were tumbled into a dungeon; and after Henry Sims and Roger Gough had been let down with cords, for there were no steps, they dug a pit and buried them together; Lord Stourton often calling to them from above to make speed.

The bodies were afterwards taken up by Sir Anthony Hungerford, and were found in the same apparel that they were taken in, buried very deep, covered first with earth, then two courses of thick paving, and finally with chips and shavings of timber, above the quantity of two cartloads.

In the examination of the atrocities of Lord Stourton it appeared that he had caused, not long before, a barn of one Thomas Chaffin to be set on fire by three of his servants; and then against Chaffin, for saying it was not done without the knowledge of the said Lord Stourton, or some of his servants, he brought an action, and recovering a hundred pounds damage, he took for the payment out of his pasture by force twelve hundred sheep, with the wool upon their backs, and all the oxen, kine, horses and mares that he could find. On another occasion, from one Willoughby he caused to be taken, for his pleasure, a whole team of oxen, whereof two were found fatting in the stall of his house when he was apprehended.

On the 2nd of March Lord Stourton and four of his servants rode from the Tower with Sir Robert Oxenbridge, the lieutenant, with certain of the guards, through London towards Salisbury. The first night they lay at Hounslow, the next day they went to Staines, thence to Basingstoke, and to Salisbury.

Lord Stourton was accordingly executed on the 6th of March, in the market place at Salisbury, and his four men in the country near the place where the murder was committed; and previous to his death he made great lamentation for his wilful and impious deeds.
THOMAS WYNNE

Housebreaker and Palacebreaker, whom Conscience made confess a Murder twenty years afterwards. Executed in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth

THIS notorious criminal was born at Ipswich in Suffolk, where, for aught we find to the contrary, he continued till he was between fifteen and sixteen, at which age he betook himself to the sea, which he followed between eight and nine years. Happening then to come to London, and habituating himself with ill company, especially lewd women, he left no villainy unperpetrated for the support of himself and them in their extravagances, till at last he became so expert in housebreaking, and, in short, all sorts of theft, that he was reckoned the most notable artist in his way of those times.

It was in the reign of that glorious monarch, Queen Elizabeth, that our artist flourished; accordingly we find that, scorning a meaner prey, he had once the boldness, or rather impudence, to rob the royal lodgings at Whitehall Palace of as much plate as amounted to above four hundred pounds; for which he had the ill-luck to be taken and committed to Newgate. But, fortunately for him, her Majesty's Act of Grace coming out soon afterwards, granting a free pardon for all offences, except treason, murder, and some other notorious crimes, he was allowed the benefit thereof, and obtained his liberty, amongst many other criminals, whom their evil courses had brought into the same condition.

But Wynne, making a very ill use of the royal mercy, and taking no warning, still pursued his vicious ways, till at last, being in imminent danger of being apprehended, he got into the service of the Earl of Salisbury, into whose kitchen he was received in the capacity of a scullion.

Whilst he was in this post he had the impudence to pretend love to the countess's woman, who, admiring such insolence in a fellow of his rank, returned his addresses with the greatest scorn and contempt. This exasperating Wynne, his pretended love turned to hatred, and he vowed revenge, which he effected soon after in this manner.

As she was coming downstairs one night after undressing her lady and putting her to bed, he used her so roughly that the poor gentlewoman was immediately put to bed very ill; and the earl being next day made acquainted with the whole story, took upon himself to be his judge, and ordered him to be forthwith stripped, and severely lashed by his coachman, which was executed to some tune upon the spot. However his lordship, not thinking this a sufficient punishment, threatened to have it repeated once a week for a month together, but Wynne, not liking his sentence, thought proper to seek out fresh quarters, and accordingly packed up his awls and went off. But resolving to be revenged on his prosecutors, before he took his final leave of the family, he broke open the trunk of the coachman who had flayed him, and robbed him of nine pounds. He borrowed likewise fifteen pounds of the master cook's, a silver dish of his lord's, and all the best clothes of the poor woman whom he had handled so unmercifully; after which he set out in quest of new adventures.
It seems that in Wynne's time innkeepers were not so sharp as they are at present; wherefore our artist would frequently dress himself in a porter's habit, with a knot and cord, and going to one of the best inns, fix his eye on any bundle or parcel which seemed to be of value, and throwing it upon his shoulders, when he saw the coast clear, walk off with it directly, without the servants having the least suspicion of him, although they met him, each of them thinking he was known by one of his fellow-servants.

He followed this course about two years, in which time he got above two hundred pounds, which fell heavy on the carriers, who were obliged to make good what was lost. But dear-bought experience making them look better after what they were entrusted with for the future, he had no opportunity of supporting himself any longer that way, which obliged him to have recourse to other methods.

One day then, hearing a man, as he was going out of his house, tell his wife he should not be back again in less than five or six hours, he dogged him to the place whither he went, and going to an ale-house hard by, inquired the name of the people of the house. This done, he went back into the tradesman's neighbourhood, and getting his name after the same manner, goes to his wife and tells her that he was sent by Mr Such-a-one, where her husband was taken on a sudden so violent ill that it was questioned whether he would live or die; wherefore she was desired to make all the haste she could thither. At this the poor wife fell a-shrieking terribly, and after bidding the maid take care of the house, hurried away with the sham messenger, either to assist her husband or take her leave of him before he departed this world.

They had not gone very far together before Wynne pretended business another way, left the woman to pursue her journey by herself, and returning to the house again, told the maid her mistress had sent him to acquaint her that if she did not come back by such an hour she might go to bed, for she should not come home all night. As Wynne pretended to be mightily tired with having made so much haste, the maid asked him very civilly to walk into the kitchen and rest himself, which being what he wanted, he readily accepted. In the meanwhile, the poor wench going to fetch him something to eat, whilst her back was turned he knocked her down suddenly, and binding her hand and foot, and gagging her, he rifled all the trunks, boxes, chests of drawers and cupboards, carrying off to the value of two hundred pounds in plate and money.

He had now reigned about eight years in his villainy when, taking notice of an old man who had formerly been a linen-draper, but being rich had left off trade and lived on what he had, together with his wife, in Honey Lane, near Cheapside, he had for a long time a strong desire of robbing them. Accordingly one night he resolved to put it in execution, and broke into their house; but not content with robbing them, he determined also to murder them, to prevent a discovery, which he did by cutting their throats in a most barbarous manner, as they were sleeping in their bed together. This done, he robbed the house to the value of two thousand five hundred pounds, and fled away, with his wife and four children he had by her, to Virginia.

Next day, the old people being not seen by their neighbours either to go out or in as usual, and the house being close shut up from morning to nights they began to be surprised at the meaning of it; and some among them suspecting some foul play, a constable was sent for and the door broken open, when upon entering the chamber the
old couple were found in their bed, to their great astonishment and horror, with their throats cut from ear to ear, and weltering in their blood.

A great inquiry and search was then made after the murderer; and a poor man who begged his bread, having been observed to walk to and fro about the door, and sometimes to sit on a bench belonging to the house, the day before the murder was perpetrated, he was apprehended on suspicion, and being carried before a justice of peace, was by him committed to Newgate. The poor wretch was afterwards brought upon his trial; and though there was no other proof against him than some suspicious circumstances, he was cast for his life, and sentenced to be hanged before the door of the murdered persons; which was accordingly executed, though he denied the fact to the last, as well he might, and he was afterwards hanged in chains at Holloway.

In the meanwhile Wynne was safe enough with his family beyond sea, where it pleased God that he thrived prodigiously with his ill-got money, the price of innocent blood. But having now been absent from his native country twenty years, and being very desirous of seeing it once before he died, designing afterwards to return back and lay his bones in Virginia, he took his leave of his wife, children and grandchildren (or his family had multiplied as well as his riches), and came over to England. But mark how Providence pursued him.

Being one day at a goldsmith's shop in Cheapside to buy a parcel of plate, which he designed to carry with him to Virginia, whilst he was bargaining for it and the master of the shop was weighing it, a great uproar arose in the street — some sergeants having arrested a gentleman, and he breaking from the catchpoles who were in pursuit of him. Hereupon Wynne ran out of the shop the same way as the mob, and some that were behind him crying out, "Stop him! Stop him!") his conscience flew in his face, so that he stopped short, and said: "I am the man." "You the man!" cried the people. "What man?" "The man," replied Wynne, "that committed such a murder in Honey Lane twenty years ago, for which a poor man was hanged wrongfully."

Upon this confession he was taken into custody and carried to a magistrate, before whom he again owned the same; and being committed to Newgate, was tried, condemned and executed also before the house where he had perpetrated the murder; after which he was carried to Holloway and hanged in chains.

Thus the just judgment of God at last overtook him for shedding innocent blood, when he thought himself secure from the stroke of justice. Neither was it wanting to punish his wife and posterity for being privy thereunto, and living upon the fruits thereof, for his wife ran distracted upon receiving the news of his shameful end, and died so. Two of his sons also were hanged in Virginia, for a robbery and murder they committed there; and what plantations he had purchased were seized upon for the Queen's use, as forfeited by his conviction of murder and felony; so that his posterity were reduced to beggary ever after, and died very miserable.
ALISTER MACGREGOR

Who, for slaughtering the Laird of Luss's Friends, caused the Name of Macgregor to be abolished. Executed in 1604

THIS trial, relating to the Clan Gregor, affords characteristic evidence of the barbarous state of the Highlands in those times, of the lawless manners of the people, and the despicable imbecility of the executive arm.

The crimes with which the prisoner was charged resemble more the outrage and desolation of war than the guilt of a felon. He was accused of having conspired the destruction of the name of Colquhoun, its friends and allies, and the plunder of the lands of Luss; of having, on the 7th of February preceding, invaded the lands of Sir Alexander Colquhoun of Luss, with a body of four hundred men, composed partly of his own clan and of the clan of Cameron, and of lawless thieves and robbers, equipped in arms, and drawn up on the field of Lennox, in battle array; of having fought with Sir Alexander, who, being authorised by a warrant from the Privy Council, had convoked his friends and followers to resist this lawless host; of having killed about one hundred and forty of Sir Alexander's men, most of them in cold blood, after they were made their prisoners; of having carried off eighty horses, six hundred cows, and eight hundred sheep; and of burning houses, corn-yards, etc.

The Jury unanimously convicted the prisoner, who, in consequence of the verdict, was condemned to be hanged and quartered at the Cross of Edinburgh, his limbs to be stuck up in the chief towns, and his whole estate, heritable and movable, to be forfeited.

Four of the Laird of Macgregor's followers who stood trial along with him were convicted and condemned to the same punishment, eleven on the 17th of February, and six on the 1st of March. A statute was passed in the year 1633 ordaining that the whole of the Clan Macgregor, which should be within the realm on the 15th of March thereafter, should appear before the Privy Council, and give surety for their good behaviour; that each of the clan, on arriving at the sixteenth year of his age, should appear before the Privy Council on the 24th of July and find surety as above required; that the surname of Macgregor should be abolished, and the individuals adopt some other; that no minister should baptize a child, or clerk or notary subscribe a bond or other security, under the name of Macgregor under pain of deprivation; but this Act was rescinded at the Restoration.
ROBERT CREIGHTON, BARON OF SANQUIRE
Executed in 1612 for the Murder of John Turner, who had accidentally put out one of his Eyes

THE indictment charged the prisoner, as accessory before the fact, to the murder of John Turner, fencing-master.

Robert Creighton, Baron of Sanquire (or Sanchar, in Scotland), while playing at foils with John Turner, about five years before the murder, had an eye thrust out by one of Turner's foils; whereupon the baron, resolving to be revenged, tampered with several assassins to murder Turner.

He had not an opportunity of effecting it till the year 1612, when he prevailed on Gilbert Gray, one of his servants, and Robert Carliel, a dependent, both Scotsmen, to undertake it; but Gray afterwards declining the attempt, Robert Carliel associated himself with one James Irweng, another Scotsman, and these two, on the 11th of May, 1612, about seven in the evening, went to a public-house in the Friars, which Turner frequented as he came from his school, and finding Turner there they saluted him, and fell into conversation with him; when Carliel, on a sudden, fired a pistol at Turner, and shot him in the breast; and he immediately dropped down dead, saying only, "Lord have mercy upon me, I am killed."

After this, Carliel fled to Scotland, Lord Sanquire absconded, but Irweng and Gray were taken while endeavouring to make their escape; and Gray was afterwards made an evidence against the rest.

At length, Lord Sanquire surrendering himself, and Carliel, the principal assassin, being brought back from Scotland, Carliel and Irweng were tried at the old Bailey, London, and being convicted of the murder, they were executed in Fleet Street, near the Friars; and Lord Sanquire being afterwards arraigned at the King's Bench bar as accessory before the fact, confessed the indictment, and was thereupon condemned, and executed in Palace Yard.
SAWNEY BEAN

An incredible Monster who, with his Wife, lived by Murder and Cannibalism in a Cave. Executed at Leith with his whole Family in the Reign of James the First

THE following account, though as well attested as any historical fact can be, is almost incredible; for the monstrous and unparalleled barbarities that it relates; there being nothing that we ever heard of, with the same degree of certainty, that may be compared with it, or that shews how far a brutal temper, untamed by education, may carry a man in such glaring and horrible colours.

Sawney Bean was born in the county of East Lothian, about eight or nine miles eastward of the city of Edinburgh, some time in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whilst King James I. governed only in Scotland. His parents worked at hedging and ditching for their livelihood, and brought up their son to the same occupation. He got his daily bread in his youth by these means, but being very much prone to idleness, and not caring for being confined to any honest employment, he left his father and mother, and ran away into the desert part of the country, taking with him a woman as viciously inclined as himself. These two took up their habitation in a cave, by the seaside on the shore of the county of Galloway, where they lived upwards of twenty-five years without going into any city, town, or village.
In this time they had a great number of children and grandchildren, whom they brought up after their own manner, without any notions of humanity or civil society. They never kept any company, but among themselves, and supported themselves wholly by robbing; being, moreover, so very cruel, that they never robbed anyone whom they did not murder.

By this bloody method, and their living so retiredly from the world, they continued such a long time undiscovered, there being nobody able to guess how the people were lost that went by the place where they lived. As soon as they had robbed and murdered any man, woman or child, they used to carry off the carcass to the den, where, cutting it into quarters, they would pickle the mangled limbs, and afterwards eat it; this being their only sustenance. And, notwithstanding, they were at last so numerous, they commonly had superfluity of this their abominable food; so that in the night time they frequently threw legs and arms of the unhappy wretches they had murdered into the sea, at a great distance from their bloody habitation. The limbs were often cast up by the tide in several parts of the country, to the astonishment and terror of all the beholders, and others who heard of it.

Persons who had gone about their lawful occasions fell so often into their hands that it caused a general outcry in the country round about, no man knowing what was become of his friend or relation, if they were once seen by these merciless cannibals.

All the people in the adjacent parts were at last alarmed at such a common loss of their neighbours and acquaintance; for there was no travelling in safety near the den of these wretches. This occasioned the sending frequent spies into these parts, many of whom never returned again, and those who did, after the strictest search and inquiry, could not find how these melancholy matters happened. Several honest travellers were taken up on suspicion, and wrongfully hanged upon bare circumstances; several innocent innkeepers were executed for no other reason than that persons who had been thus lost were known to have lain at their houses, which occasioned a suspicion of their being murdered by them and their bodies privately buried in obscure places to prevent a discovery. Thus an illplaced justice was executed with the greatest severity imaginable, in order to prevent these frequent atrocious deeds; so that not a few innkeepers, who lived on the Western Road of Scotland, left off their business, for fear of being made examples, and followed other employments. This on the other hand occasioned many great inconveniences to travellers, who were now in great distress for accommodation for themselves and their horses when they were disposed to refresh themselves and their horses, or put up for lodging at night. In a word, the whole country was almost depopulated.

Still the King's subjects were missing as much as before; so that it was the admiration of the whole kingdom how such villainies could be carried on and the perpetrators not discovered. A great many had been executed, and not one of them all made any confession at the gallows, but stood to it at the last that they were perfectly innocent of the crimes for which they suffered. When the magistrates found all was in vain, they left off these rigorous proceedings, and trusted wholly to Providence for the bringing to light the authors of these unparalleled barbarities, when it should seem proper to the Divine wisdom.
Sawney's family was at last grown very large, and every branch of it, as soon as able, assisted in perpetrating their wicked deeds, which they still followed with impunity. Sometimes they would attack four, five or six foot men together, but never more than two if they were on horseback. They were, moreover, so careful that not one whom they set upon should escape, that an ambuscade was placed on every side to secure them, let them fly which way they would, provided it should ever so happen that one or more got away from the first assailants. How was it possible they should be detected, when not one that saw them ever saw anybody else afterwards? The place where they inhabited was quite solitary and lonesome; and when the tide came up, the water went for near two hundred yards into their subterraneous habitation, which reached almost a mile underground; so that when people, who had been sent armed to search all the places about had passed by the mouth of their cave, they had never taken any notice of it, not supposing that anything human would reside in such a place of perpetual horror and darkness.

The number of the people these savages destroyed was never exactly known, but it was generally computed that in the twenty-five years they continued their butcheries they had washed their hands in the blood of a thousand, at least, men, women and children. The manner how they were at last discovered was as follows.

A man and his wife behind him on the same horse coming one evening home from a fair, and falling into the ambuscade of these merciless wretches, they fell upon them in a most furious manner. The man, to save himself as well as he could, fought very bravely against them with sword and pistol, riding some of them down, by main force of his horse. In the conflict the poor woman fell from behind him, and was instantly murdered before her husband's face; for the female cannibals cut her throat and fell to sucking her blood with as great a gust as if it had been wine. This done, they ripped up her belly and pulled out all her entrails. Such a dreadful spectacle made the man make the more obstinate resistance, as expecting the same fate if he fell into their hands. It pleased Providence, while he was engaged, that twenty or thirty from the same fair came together in a body; upon which Sawney Bean and his bloodthirsty clan withdrew, and made the best of their way through a thick wood to their den.

This man, who was the first that had ever fallen in their way and came off alive, told the whole company what had happened, and showed them the horrid spectacle of his wife, whom the murderers had dragged to some distance, but had not time to carry her entirely off. They were all struck with stupefaction and amazement at what he related, took him with them to Glasgow, and told the affair to the provost of that city, who immediately sent to the King concerning it.

In about three or four days after, his Majesty himself in person, with a body of about four hundred men, set out for the place where this dismal tragedy was acted, in order to search all the rocks and thickets, that, if possible, they might apprehend this hellish crew, which had been so long pernicious to all the western parts of the kingdom.

The man who had been attacked was the guide, and care was taken to have a large number of bloodhounds with them, that no human means might be wanting towards their putting an entire end to these cruelties.

No sign of any habitation was to be found for a long time, and even when they came to the wretches' cave they took no notice of it, but were going to pursue their
search along the seashore, the tide being then out. But some of the bloodhounds
luckily entered this Cimmerian den, and instantly set up a most hideous barking,
howling and yelping; so that the King, with his attendants, came back, and looked into
it. They could not yet tell how to conceive that anything human could be concealed in
a place where they saw nothing but darkness. Never the less, as the bloodhounds
increased their noise, went farther in, and refused to come back again, they began to
imagine there was some reason more than ordinary. Torches were now immediately
sent for, and a great many men ventured in through the most intricate turnings and
windings, till at last they arrived at that private recess from all the world, which was
the habitation of these monsters.

Now the whole body, or as many of them as could, went in, and were all so
shocked at what they beheld that they were almost ready to sink into the earth. Legs,
arms, thighs, hands and feet of men, women and children were hung up in rows, like
dried beef. A great many limbs lay in pickle, and a great mass of money, both gold
and silver, with watches, rings, swords, pistols, and a large quantity of clothes, both
linen and woollen, and an infinite number of other things, which they had taken from
those whom they had murdered, were thrown together in heaps, or hung up against the
sides of the den.

Sawney's family at this time, besides him, consisted of his wife, eight sons, six
daughters, eighteen grandsons, and fourteen granddaughters, who were all begotten in
incest.

These were all seized and pinioned by his Majesty's order in the first place;
then they took what human flesh they found and buried it in the sands; afterwards
loading themselves with the spoils which they found, they returned to Edinburgh with
their prisoners, all the country, as they passed along, flocking to see this cursed tribe.
When they were come to their journey's end, the wretches were all committed to the
Tolbooth, from whence they were the next day conducted under a strong guard to
Leith, where they were all executed without any process, it being thought needless to
try creatures who were even professed enemies to mankind. The men had their privy-
members cut off and thrown into the fire; their hands and legs were severed from their
bodies; by which amputations they bled to death in some hours. The wife, daughters
and grandchildren, having been made spectators of this just punishment inflicted on
the men, were afterwards burnt to death in three several fires. They all in general died
without the least signs of repentance; but continued, to the very last gasp of life
cursing and venting the most dreadful imprecations upon all around, and upon all
those who were instrumental in bringing them to such well merited punishments.
THOMAS WITHERINGTON, JONATHAN WOODWARD AND JAMES PHILPOT

Who, in the Reign of King James I. were the first to hear the Exhortation of the Bellman of St Sepulchre's

WITHERINGTON was the son of a very worthy gentleman of Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, who possessed a plentiful estate, and brought up his children handsomely and suitably to his condition. Thomas, of whom we are going to speak, had extraordinary education given him, and was designed for a gentleman, to live at his ease, free from the toil and hazard of business. The good old gentleman dying, Thomas came into possession of a considerable estate, which soon procured him a rich wife; but she proving loose, and violating his bed, pushed him on, in revenge, to extravagances, which otherwise he had no inclination to. Her falsehood to his bed was a mortification to his thoughts he could never reconcile to his mind, and being resolved to requite her perfidy and treachery, he abandoned himself to the company of all manner of women. These by degrees perverted all the good qualities he possessed. Nor was his estate less subject to ruin and decay; for the mortgages he made of it, in order to support his profusion and luxury, soon reduced his circumstances to a low ebb, and made him miserably poor. What should a gentleman of Mr Witherington's late affluent fortune do in this wretched case? He was above the mean submission of stooping to either relations or friends for a dependence; and to ask charity or crave the benevolence of his brother men was a circumstance his soul abhorred. One way he must do to live; to starve presented nothing but frightful and melancholy ideas to the mind. Collecting money on the road was judged the best, though not the surest, expedient of raising his fortune. And with this view he committed robberies in most parts of England for six or seven years with admirable success.

But between Acton and Uxbridge he committed a robbery on the highway for which he was sent to Newgate, where he lived a very profligate life to the very day of his execution.

At the same time flourished one Jonathan Woodward and one James Philpot, two most notorious housebreakers, who, in the cities of London and Westminster, the suburbs thereof, Southwark, and most towns and villages in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, had committed daily robberies for some years, for which they were sent to the Marshalsea, and condemned to be hanged upon St Margaret's Hill, in the borough of Southwark; but King James I. happening that year to come to the throne of England, they were both pardoned upon an Act then put out for all criminals, excepting for high treason and wilful murder. However, these villains, not making good use of this mercy, still pursued their old wicked courses, and committed frequent burglaries and robberies, till at last, being apprehended again, and sent to Newgate, they were tried, with the above-mentioned Thomas Witherington, at the Sessions House in the old Bailey, and with eight other malefactors were condemned; but only these three, being most notorious offenders, were appointed for death. And while they continued in the condemned hold they led abominable lives, abandoning themselves to all manner of cursing and swearing, notwithstanding the extraordinary pains and cares of the ordinary to reclaim them.
At the same time there was living one Mrs Elizabeth Elliot, who having a son that about two or three years before was condemned to be hanged for the like practices, but received mercy, and became a good man, in compassion for other criminals, and in acknowledgement of the King's royal favour, on her death-bed willed two hundred and fifty pounds to the parish of St Sepulchre's in London to find a man who should for ever, betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve of the clock of the night before any prisoners were to die, go under Newgate, and giving them notice of his being come, by a solemn ringing of a hand-bell,* should then put them in mind of their approaching end, by repeating several godly expressions, tending to instruct them for a true preparation for death. After which he says to the prisoners appointed for death: "Gentlemen, are you awake?" Who from the condemned hold answering "Yes," he then proceeds thus:

"Gentlemen, I am the unwelcome messenger who brings you the fatal news that you must to-morrow die. Your time is but short, the hours slide away apace, the glass runs fast, and the last sand being upon dropping, when you must launch out into boundless eternity, give not yourselves to sleep, but watch and pray to gain eternal life. Repent sooner than St Peter, and weep before the cock crows, for now repentance is the only road to salvation; be fervent in this great duty, and without doubt to-morrow you may be with the penitent thief on the cross in Paradise. Pray without ceasing. Quench not the Spirit. Abstain from all appearance of evil. As your own wickedness has caused all this evil to fall upon you, and brought the day of tribulation near at hand, so let goodness be your sole comfort, that your souls may find perpetual rest with Your blessed Saviour, Who died for the sins of the world; He will wipe all tears from your eyes, remove your sorrows, and assuage your grief, so that your sin-sick souls shall be healed for evermore. I exhort you earnestly not to be negligent of the work of Your salvation, which depends upon your sincere devotion betwixt this and to-morrow, when the sword of justice shall send you out of the land of the living. Fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold of eternal life whilst you may, for there is no repentance in the grave. Ye have pierced yourselves through with many sorrows, but a few hours will bring you to a place where you will know nothing but joy and gladness. Love righteousness, and hate iniquity, then God, even your God, will anoint you with the oil of gladness, above your fellows. Go now boldly to the throne of grace, that ye may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. The God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirits, and souls, and bodies may be preserved blameless unto the meeting of your blessed Redeemer. The Lord have mercy upon you; Christ have mercy upon you! Sweet Jesus receive your souls; and to-morrow may you sup with Him in Paradise."

To all which the spectators cry "Amen."

Next day, on which they are to die, the bell in the steeple is to toll for them, and under St Sepulchre's churchyard wall, the cart or carts stopping, the aforesaid man, after ringing his hand-bell again from over the wall, repeats again some religious exhortations to the prisoners, which are as follows: —

Said by the Bellman over St Sepulchre's Church Wall

"Gentlemen, consider now you are going out of this world into another, where you will live in happiness or woe for evermore. Make your peace with God Almighty, and let your whole thoughts be entirely bent upon your latter end. Cursed is he that
hangeth on a tree; but it is hoped the fatal tie will bring your precious souls to a union with the great Creator of heaven and earth, to Whom I recommend your souls in this your final hour of distress. Lord have mercy upon you; Christ look down upon you, and comfort you. Sweet Jesus receive your souls this day into eternal life. Amen."

I thought inserting these particulars would not be unacceptable to the candid reader, since the three persons above mentioned were the first to whom these exhortations and warnings were given.

And thus ended the life of our adventurer, Thomas Witherington.

* This bell is still preserved in the church, hanging in a glass case on the north side.
THE NEWGATE CALENDAR

ARTHUR NORCOTT AND MARY NORCOTT, HIS MOTHER

Executed in 1629 for the Murder of the former's Wife after the Test of touching the Body

THE following relation was found among the papers of Sir John Maynard, an eminent lawyer, and formerly one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal of England. We think proper to give it in his own words.

The case, or rather history of a case, that happened in the county of Hertford, I thought good to report here, though it happened in the fourth year of King Charles I., that the memory of it may not be lost, by miscarriage of my papers, or otherwise. I wrote the evidence that was given, which I and many others did hear; and I wrote it exactly according to what was deposed at the trial, at the bar of the King's Bench — viz.

Joan Norcott, wife of Arthur Norcott, being murdered, the question was, How came she by her death? The coroner's inquest, on view of the body, and depositions of Mary Norcott, John Okeman, and Agnes his wife, inclined to find Joan Norcott felo-de-se, they informed the coroner and jury that she was found dead in her bed, the knife sticking in the floor, and her throat cut. That the night before, she went to bed with her child, her husband being absent; and that no other person, after such time as she was gone to bed, came into the house. That the examinants, lying in the outer room, must needs have seen or known if any stranger had come in.

The jury, upon these evidences, gave up their verdict to the coroner that she was felo-de-se. But afterwards, upon rumour among the neighbourhood, and their observation, divers circumstances, which manifested that she did not, nor, according to those circumstances, could not possibly, murder herself, the jury, whose verdict was not yet drawn up in form by the coroner, desired the coroner that the body, which was buried, might be taken out of the grave, which the coroner assented to. So that thirty days after her death she was taken up in the presence of the jury and a great number of people; whereupon the jury changed their verdict. The persons, being tried at Hertford Assizes, were acquitted; but so much against the evidence, that judge Harvey let fall his opinion that it were better an appeal were brought than so foul a murder escape unpunished. Whereupon, Pascha 4 Car., they were tried on the appeal which was brought by the young child against his father, grandmother, aunt and her husband, Okeman; and because the evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular notice, and it was as follows: —

After the matters above mentioned were related, an ancient and grave person, minister of the parish where the fact was committed (being sworn to give evidence according to custom), deposed that the body being taken out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants pressed, they were required each to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife fell on her knees and prayed God to show some token of her innocency, or to that purpose; her very words I have forgot. The appellees did touch the dead body, which was before of a livid and carrion colour (that was the verbal expression in terminis of the witness), whereupon
the brow of the dead began to have a dew, or gentle sweat, arising on it, which increased by degrees, till the sweat ran down by drops on her face. The brow changed to a lively colour, and the dead opened one of her eyes and shut it again; and this opening of the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring - or wedding-finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood from it on the grass.

Sir Nicholas Hyde, Lord Chief justice, seeming to doubt the evidence, asked the witness: "Who saw this besides you?"

WITNESS: I cannot swear what others saw; but, my Lord, I do believe the whole company saw it; and if it had been thought a doubt, proof would have been made of it, and many would have attested with me.

Then the witness, observing some admiration in the auditors, spake further:

"My Lord, I am minister of the parish, and have long known all the parties, but never had any occasion of displeasure against any of them, nor anything to do with them, or they with me, but as I was their minister. The thing was wonderful to me, but I have no interest in the matter; only as I am called upon to testify the truth, I have done it."

This witness was a very reverend person, as I guessed, about seventy years of age; his testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of all the auditory; whereupon, applying himself to the Lord Chief justice, he said further:

"My Lord, my brother here present is minister of the next parish adjacent, and I am assured he saw all done that I have affirmed."

Here that person was also sworn to give evidence, and deposed the same in every point — viz. the sweating of the brow, the change of the colour, the opening of the eye, the thrice moving of the finger and drawing it in again. Only the first witness added that he himself dipped his finger in the blood which came from the dead body, to examine it, and he swore that he believed it was blood.

I conferred afterwards with Sir Edward Powel, barrister-at-law, and others, who all concurred in the observation; and for myself, if I were upon my oath, I can testify that these depositions, especially the first witness, are truly reported in substance.

The other evidence was given against the prisoners — viz. the grandmother of the plaintiff, and against Okeman and his wife — that they confessed that they lay in the next room to the dead person that night, and that none came into the house till they found her dead in the morning. Therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers.

To prove that she did not murder herself it was further deposed:

Firstly, that she lay in a composed manner in her bed, the bed-clothes nothing at all disturbed, and her child by her in bed.

Secondly, that her neck was broken, and she could not possibly break her neck in the bed if she first cut her throat, nor contra.
Thirdly, that there was no blood in the bed, saving a tincture of blood on the bolster whereon her head lay, but no substance of blood at all.

Fourthly, that from the bed's head there was a stream of blood on the floor, which ran along till it ponded in the bending of the floor in a very great quantity; and that there was also another stream of blood on the floor at the bed's foot, which ponded also on the floor, to another great quantity, but no continuance or communication of blood, at either of these two places, from one to the other, neither upon the bed; so that she bled in two places severally. And it was deposed, that upon turning up the mat of the bed, there were found clots of congealed blood in the straw of the mat underneath.

Fifthly, that the bloody knife was found in the morning sticking in the floor, at a good distance from the bed; and that the point of the knife, as it stuck, was towards the bed, and the haft from the bed.

Lastly, that there was the print of a thumb and four fingers of a left hand.

Sir Nicholas Hyde, Lord Chief justice, said to the witness: "How can you know the print of a left hand from the print of a right in such a case?

WITNESS: My Lord, it is hard to describe; but if it please that honourable judge to put his left hand upon your left hand, you cannot possibly place your own right hand in the same posture. This was tried and approved.

The prisoners had now time to make their defence, but gave no evidence to any purpose; whereupon the jury departed out of the court; and returning, acquitted Okeman and found the other three guilty; who being severally demanded what they could say why judgment should not be pronounced, they only cried out after one another: "I did not do it, I did not do it."

Judgment was given, and the grandmother and the husband executed; but the aunt, being with child, had the privilege to be spared execution.

I inquired if they confessed anything at the gallows, but could not hear that they did.
WALTER TRACEY

To whom is attributed a poetic Encounter with Ben Jonson. Executed in 1634 after a Robbery on the Duke of Buckingham

THIS person was the younger son of a gentleman worth nine hundred pounds per annum in the county of Norfolk. He was sent to the university to qualify him for divinity, and had a hundred and twenty pounds left him by his father when he died. But his studies not having a relish pleasing enough to his mind, and his estate being too little to support his extravagances, he, to uphold himself in his profuse expenses, would now and then appear well accoutred on the highway, and make his collections. But happening once to rob some persons who knew him, he was obliged to leave the college, and directly went down into Cheshire, where he put himself into the service of a wealthy grazier in the country, whose daughter he married and then, having obtained her estate, decamped.

Tracey made his way to Ware, where, taking up his lodgings for that night, he got into the company of a young Oxonian, who had brought a large portmanteau behind him. The student seemed very well pleased at his friend's conversation, as he thought, and, to increase a better understanding betwixt them, they supped together, and drank a couple of bottles of wine afterwards. They lay together in the same bed, and an hour or two before they went to sleep had a great deal of conversation about the ways of mankind, which terminated at last about the university, which Tracey pretended to be an entire stranger to. In the morning both drank sack posset, mounted, and pursued their journey together. Tracey endeavoured to amuse his fellow-traveller with a series of foreign adventures which he had never performed; the scholar, on his part, laid open the wicked practices of the colleges, so that both seemed to be fit and choice companions for each other. Tracey would now and then take hold of the student's portmanteau and tell him it was very heavy, and wondered he did not bring a servant along with him, so much undervaluing his profession by being master and man himself. The student constantly answered that the times were exceeding hard, and he travelled by himself to save charges. "How," replies the other, "charges!"

"Why, the charges of a servant are vastly insignificant in comparison of the loss you may probably sustain on the road for want of one. I hope, sir, you have not got any great charge of money within your portmanteau, for I think you act a very unwise part if you carry much about you without having someone or other in company with you." The student told him he had no less than threescore pounds within it, which he was carrying to the university to defray the customary fees for taking up his degrees of Master of Arts. "Ah," says Tracey, "that's a round sum, on my word! and it is a thousand pities so much should be given to persons that no way deserve a far thing of it. If I had known of Your having threescore pounds about you when we were at the inn, I could have procured you a chap that would have sold you a place for it much more beneficial than anything you hope for by being a Master of Arts; but as we are too far a distance off from Ware to return in time, you shall be eased of your money and portmanteau presently; for I have an occasion at this very conjuncture for such a quantity of money, and there's no better person myself you can lend it to." After which words Tracey unloosens the straps, takes the portmanteau, and puts it on own horse. The student observing this, immediately cried aloud: "Oh, dear sir, I hope your design is not to rob me; I shall lose a pretty good parsonage that is offered me in
Essex if you take away my money from me. Pray, sir, consider the crime you are going to act, for the loss of my threescore pounds will not only deprive me of a competent means of livelihood, but also the Almighty will lose a minister of His Word. And for the sake of heaven, I beseech you to be compassionate, and not so severe on a poor man who was obliged to borrow this money of several persons, who would not have lent it but through a view of being soon repaid. Sir, you commit a thing against the laws of your country, and the precepts of humanity, to wrest thus by force what belongs to another man, and I dare say you are not so much a stranger to the injustice of it but you know it is an error and a great one. The sin, too, is vastly enlarged when a specious pretence of friendship made use of for such a dishonourable deed; for how will any man know he is safe in travelling if everyone he meets with on the road converses with him in the sincere manner (I mean outwardly) as you have pretended to me. But, sir, not to enlarge further, let me entreat you over and over again not to take my all from me; for if so, I am inevitably ruined, and am an undone man for ever." Tracey seemed to mind the student's desire of having his portmanteau again with a grave attention; but the thought of having obtained such a considerable booty made him banish every compassionate sentiment out of his breast, till, no longer able to bear with the tedious importunities of the scholar, he pulled out of his breeches pocket a leathern purse with four pounds odd money in it, and gave it the collegian, saying: "Friend, I am not yet so much lost to the sense of compassion but I can extend my charity and generosity; it is not customary for a gentleman of my fortune to give money, but your intercession has won me over to it. Here are four pounds odd money to bear your expenses to the university, so that you will not be all the loser, and when you come to the college, acquaint all those whom it may concern that you have paid your Master of Arts fees already to a collector on the road, who had a thousand times more occasions for the money than a parcel of old mollies, who live by whoring and stealing out of other authors' works." And so saying, he bid the poor collegian farewell, leaving him to pursue his journey and obtain his degree as well as he could, while he himself made the nearest way to the next village; where opening the portmanteau, he found nothing but two old shirts, half-a-dozen dirty bands, a threadbare student's torn gown, a pair of stockings without feet, a pair of shoes but with one heel to them, some other old trumpery, and a great ham of bacon, but not one farthing of money; which set him a-swearing and cursing like a devil, to think he should be such a preposterous ass, to give four pounds and more for that which was not worth forty shillings.

We have but two adventures more of Tracey which we find on record; the first relating to a robbery he committed on the famous poet, Ben Jonson, the other to another on the Duke of Buckingham, who was slain by Fenton as he was going to embark at Portsmouth.

Ben Jonson had been down in Buckinghamshire to transact some business, but in returning to London happened to meet with Tracey, who, knowing the poet, bid him stand and deliver his money. But Ben, putting on a courageous look, spoke to him thus:

"Fly, villain, hence, or by thy coat of steel
I'll make thy heart my leaden bullet feel,
And send that thrice as thievish soul of thine
To Hell, to wean the devil's valentine."

Upon which Tracey made this answer:
"Art thou great Ben? or the revived ghost
Of famous Shakespeare? or some drunken host
Who, being tipsy with thy muddy beer,
Dost think thy rhymes will daunt my soul with fear?
Nay, know, base slave, that I am one of those
Can take a purse, as well in verse, as prose,
And when thou art dead write this upon thy hearse,
'Here lies a poet who was robbed in verse.'"

These words alarmed Jonson, who found he had met with a resolute fellow: he endeavoured to save his money, but to no purpose, and was obliged to give our adventurer ten jacobuses. But the loss of these was not the only misfortune he met with in this journey; for, coming within two or three miles of London, it was his ill chance to fall into the hands of worse rogue, who knocked him off his horse, stripped him, and tied him neck and heels in a field, wherein some other passengers were enduring the same hard fate, having been also robbed. One of them cried out that he, his wife and children were all undone, while another who was bound, overhearing, said, "Pray, if you are all of you undone, come and undo me." This made Ben, though under his misfortunes, burst out into a loud laugh, who, being delivered in the morning from his bands by some reapers, made the following verses: —

"Both robbed and bound as I one night did ride,
With two men more, their arms behind them tied,
The one lamenting what did them befall,
Cried, 'I'm undone, my wife and children all,'
The other hearing it, aloud did cry,
'Undo me then, let me no longer lie,'
But to be plain, those men laid on the ground
Were both undone, indeed, but both fast bound."

The last robbery he committed was on the Duke of Buckingham above mentioned; but some say he endeavoured to commit many more. Now as we have neither the place nor in what manner this attempt was made, nor how much he took from his Grace, nor any other circumstances to help us to a discovery of this adventure, we are obliged to be silent, and only say that he suffered for it at Winchester in 1634, aged thirty-eight years.
SAWNEY CUNNINGHAM

An abandoned Villain who inveigled and murdered his Wife's Lover, murdered his Uncle, terrorised the Country-side, and was executed at Leith, 12th of April, 1635

Sawney Cunningham with the Astrologer

THIS person had no reason to say he was come of mean parents, or that good education or tuition was denied him, whereby he might have avoided the several pernicious actions and villainies he committed, as will presently be shown in the sequel. His family lived in tolerable good repute at Glasgow in Scotland, where he was born; but, in spite of all the learning his parents had given him, or good examples they had set before him to regulate his passions and direct his conduct right, he abandoned himself, from his earliest acquaintance with the world, to little shuffling and pilfering tricks; which growing habitual to him as he advanced in age, he increased in his wicked practices, till at last he became a monster of profaneness and wicked living. However, these (which one would take to be) great disadvantages hindered him not from making a very honourable match in wedlock. As his parents could not be blamed with any misconduct, but still kept up an honest and genteel character in the neighbourhood where they lived; and as it would have been infamous to have reproached them for those miscarriages in the son which they had strove all they could to root out of his mind, and could not help, so an old gentleman, who had preserved for a long time an inviolable friendship for the family, entered into an alliance with Mr Cunningham the elder, which at last terminated in giving his daughter to Sawney, and an estate in portion with her of above one hundred and forty
pounds per annum, thinking that marriage might be a means to reclaim our adventurer from his ill course of life, and at last settle his mind, to the mutual satisfaction of both families, for which he thought his daughter's portion would be a good purchase, and well laid out. But how are mankind deceived, and, in short, all our foresight and consultation. Sawney no sooner found himself in possession of an estate able to support his extravagances but he immediately gave a more violent loose to his passions than he had hitherto done. He made taverns and alehouses the frequent places of his resort; and, not content idly to waste the day in debauches and drunkenness, the night too must come in to make up the reckoning. These destructive steps could not be attended but with hurtful consequences, and he was too soon an eye-witness of some of them; for not having always wherewithal to indulge his usual expenses and method of living, he was forced to have recourse to indirect measures, which ended in pawning everything he had, not only of his wife's but of his own. Melancholy things were unavoidably to follow, if some redress or care was not taken to put a restraint on this destructive course. Sawney laughed at his follies, and could not bring himself to believe he should ever want while he had either hands or heart to support him. He was determined to enter upon business as soon as possible — I mean such business as generally brings so many unhappy men to the gallows. His wife, who was vastly beautiful and handsome, saw this, but with a prudence that became her sex stifled her uneasiness so long, till, no longer able to bear the torment upon her mind, she first began with kind entreaties, since all they had in the world was gone, to fall into some honest way of livelihood to support themselves, for it was much and more commendable to do so than for him to give his countrymen every day so many instances of his riotous and profuse living.

Had Sawney been so good to himself as to have given ear to this remonstrance, without doubt things had succeeded well, and we should never have read the miserable end he suffered. But all admonition was lost on a man abandoned to wickedness, and determined to support his usual extravagances at any rate. The poor young gentlewoman, instead of being answered civilly for her love and affection to him, met with nothing but harsh and terrifying words, attended with a thousand oaths and imprecations. The parents on both sides, observing this, were in extreme grief and concern, and determined, after a serious consultation, to dissolve the couple; but the young and handsome wife would never consent to part from her husband, though so base to her.

Before we enter upon the first remarkable transaction of Sawney's life, we think ourselves under an obligation to lay before our readers some account of this young bride's rare qualifications. In the first place, as I have taken notice above, she was extremely beautiful, not only in a perfect symmetry of features, but likewise to these were joined an exquisite person. She was tall, finely shaped, full-breasted, and had all the other exterior ornaments of her sex. For her temper and the qualifications of her interior part or soul, she was sincere in her love to the last, ever patient under the greatest difficulties, and ready at all times to extricate her husband out of the misfortunes he involved himself in, by lawful and justifiable methods; she had a nice conduct, and an extraordinary restraint upon every passion that might betray her into unforeseen miscarriages. In Glasgow, where a university was, and consequently young gentlemen of fortune and address, it was impossible for Mrs Cunningham to hide the charms of her face and person so as not to be taken notice of. Several immediately offered their respects, and money was not wanting to promote their suits; but all were below the prudent sentiments of her mind. She could not endure to think
of dishonouring the bed of her husband by a base compliance with the richest man in
the kingdom, and always she put off her suitor with a frown and a seemingly
disdainful air. But this only served to animate her lovers the more, who now seemed
to attack her with a resolution not to quit the siege till she had either capitulated or
surrendered herself. Amongst the rest was a certain lawyer, who was so frequent in
his importunities that she was quite tired out. However, she was so discreet all the
while as to conceal from her husband Sawney the importunities of her several lovers;
but their solicitations increasing, and being determined to be delivered of them as
soon as possible, she one night, as she lay in bed with her husband, began to discourse
to him in words to the following effect: "You are sensible, my dear, of the inviolable
love I have, from the first day of my marriage to you, preserved for you, which shall
still, let whatever will happen, be as chastely maintained; for the infernal regions shall
sooner open and receive me alive than I will dare to break the laws of your bed, or
bring dishonour to my person, by a shameless prostitution of my person in the
embraces of any man alive. As a proof of what I tell you, you need only be acquainted
that for these several months I have been strongly importuned by Mr Hamilton the
lawyer to consent to his embraces, but still I have warded off from his addresses, yet
cannot be free from him; which makes me now discourse thus, in order to hear your
opinion in the matter, and see which will be the safest and best expedient to be
delivered of his company." Here she ended, and Sawney, being thoroughly convinced
of his wife's loyalty and fidelity, first answered her with a desire she should forget all
his irregularities, confessing their present poverty had been the immediate
consequences of his too liberal and profuse livings but that for the future she should
see a good alteration in his conduct, and he would make one of the best of husbands.
"As for Mr Hamilton," said he, "it is my advice that you do not give him an absolute
refusal, but pretending a kind of love at a distance, make him think that a considerable
sum of money will finish his expectations, and gain him what he so much longs for.
You have youth and beauty on your side, and you may, consequently, command him
as you please: for I am not so much a stranger to Mr Hamilton's temper and
inclination but that I know love will influence him to perform generous things. My
dear, I have no occasion to acquaint you with our poverty at this time, which, to my
extreme grief, has been the consequence of my irregular and profane living; but our
wants and necessities may be amply made up by dextrously managing this adventure,
the prosecution of which I leave to your own prudence and conduct; and for my part, I
shall take effectual care to extricate you and myself out of any consequences that may
happen upon it."

Mrs Cunningham, after this conference with her husband, had a thousand
thoughts in her head how to manage this scheme so as to make the most advantage of
it. She saw that the want of money in her family must oblige her to it, though never so
much against the bent of her inclination to the contrary, and therefore, determining to
put it in execution as soon as possible, she composed herself to rest for that night. The
next day Sawney got purposely out of the way, but not without a longing expectation
of receiving extraordinary matters from his wife's conduct. Hamilton appeared as
usual; and, protesting his love for her was the sincerest in the world, said that it was
impossible for him to enjoy a moment's rest without tasting those joys she could so
easily afford him. Mrs Cunningham at first reproved him for such a bare declaration
of his desires, and said that so long as her husband lived she could not, without the
most manifest breach of conjugal fidelity, and an eternal infamy to herself, give way
to comply with his demands. "Your person, Mr Hamilton," said she, "is none of the
worst, neither is your sense to be despised; but, alas! heaven has decreed it that I am already another man's wife, and therefore deprived from gratifying you as I would were the case otherwise. And I have apprehensions of my husband, who is a choleric person, and presently urged into a passion upon the most trifling affairs, which either he doth not like, or squares not with his happiness or interest." "Interest!" replied Hamilton. "Why, if that be the case, neither your husband nor you shall have any reason to complain; for, let me tell you once and for all, I do not require a gratification from anyone without making a suitable return. Your circumstances, madam, are not unknown to me; and I am sorry to think that, after having brought Mr Cunningham so plentiful a fortune, I should have a just occasion to say that you are poor. But mistake me not, I scorn to make a handle of your circumstances; neither do I believe Mrs Cunningham would ever consent to my desires on such servile terms." Upon this madam answered him with a great deal of prudence and art: she told him that he pleaded handsomely for himself, and if she was not a married woman there should be nothing to obstruct their desires. Mr Hamilton, finding this, made her a long harangue, in which he endeavoured to show how weak her objection was, with respect to her husband, concluding that what they did might be so artfully contrived that neither Mr Cunningham nor the world should know anything of it. In fine, the lawyer pleaded as if it were for life for her consent, which madam observing, and not caring to prolong the time too far, but dispatch a great deal of business in a little time, she artfully told him that since her stars had so directed the actions of her life that she had no power of herself to contradict them, she resigned herself to him, and said that it was to no purpose to stifle her inclinations for him any longer; for, to be plain with him, she had loved him from their first acquaintance together, before all the men she had ever seen, and that she hoped there was no transgression in an affair which her destiny overruled; and if the world proved censorious, she did not care, and left her cause to be determined by the stars, who, together with Mr Hamilton's fine person, had influenced her to it. To be short, an assignation was made, and a porch of one of the churches in Glasgow designed to be the place where these two lovers were to meet. Nothing in the world gave the lawyer so much satisfaction as the thought of having obtained the consent of his fair mistress, who had declared her love to him, and resigned herself up to his arms. Hamilton promised to make her a present of a purse of a hundred pounds sterling before anything was done, and she on her side assured him she would please him to the utmost, and acquainted him that he might expect all the kindness she was able to afford him. Here they parted, and the lawyer thought the time contained a thousand days till the hour appointed was come, and he in the arms of his mistress. It arrives, and both appear in the porch; they caress and toy, but no further than the laws of modesty permitted. Hamilton wants to know where Mr Cunningham, her husband, is, and is acquainted that he has gone a short journey into the country, which, however, will take him up eight days; whereas madam has posted him, or he has done it himself, in a private place in his chamber at home. Hamilton seems extraordinarily pleased at his success, and the repose he should find in humouring his appetites now his antagonist was out of the way, as he thought. In a little time both these lovers come to Sawney's house, and having entered his bedchamber, where he was concealed, and a good fire burning, Mr Hamilton pulls out two purses of gold and gives them to her; and then, going to undress himself, Sawney springs out from his secret place, and with one stroke lays Mr Hamilton flat on the floor with a club he had in his hand; for, not contented with his wife's having received the two purses of gold, he must have the lawyer's clothes too; and therefore, to make sure of them, he redoubles his blows, till the poor gentleman gave up the ghost at Mrs
Cunningham's feet. This was a sacrifice to love with a witness. The lawyer had contributed handsomely before for a night's lodging, and must he give his life into the bargain? I know not how mankind may think on it; but the affair was carried to a desperate length. Now Mrs Cunningham, not dreaming her husband would have carried matters to such an issue, seemed frightened to the last extreme at what had been done; but Sawney endeavoured to give her ease by telling her that he would work himself out of the scrape immediately; and, so saying, hoisted the body on his shoulders and went out at a back door which led directly to Hamilton's house, which easily opening, as a profound sleep in the family and the darkness of the night favoured him, he carried the lawyer to the vault, and placed him upright upon the seat, to the end that the first who found him there might conclude he had died in that place and posture.

Now it seems Mr Hamilton, the day before, had acquainted a particular friend who lived in his house with his success, and how he was to have a meeting with Mrs Cunningham that night. This friend had had the gripes upon him for three or four days, which made him have a very violent looseness, and being obliged to untruss a point about midnight, rises in his night-gown and steps down to the vault, where, opening the door, he spies Mr Hamilton sitting, as he supposed; and taking it that he was come there on the very same errand as himself, stays without a while to let him have a quiet play. But finding he made no motion to stir, after having waited a considerable time, to his own uneasiness, he opens the door again, and taking him by the sleeve of his coat was surprised to find him fall down. He stoops to take him up, but finds him dead; at which, being in a thousand perplexities, and fearing to be thought the murderer, he brings to mind his acquainting him with the assignation between him and Mrs Cunningham; upon which he concludes his friend had found no fair play there, knowing the husband to be none of the easiest of men. What should this lodger do in this case? Why, he takes up the body, throws it upon his shoulders, and carries it to Sawney's house door, where he sets it down. Madam, a little after midnight, having occasion to discharge, gets out of bed and, opening the door, lets the body of her late lover tumble into the house, which putting her into a fright, she runs upstairs into the chamber and tells Sawney how that the lawyer has come back. "Aye, aye," says he (just waking out of his sleep), "I'll warrant he shall come back no more, I'll secure him presently"; and so saying, gets immediately out of bed, puts on his clothes, and hoists the dead lawyer once more on his shoulders, with a design to carry him to the river and throw him in; but seeing some persons at some distance coming towards him, he steps up to the side of the street till they were got by, fearing his design might be discovered, and consequences were dangerous. But what should these persons be but half-a-dozen thieves, who were returning from a plunder they had made of two large flitches of bacon out of a cheese-monger's shop, and as they came along were talking of a vintner hard by, who sold a bottle of extraordinary wine. Sawney was somewhat relieved from his fears (for fears he could not miss from having) at hearing this conversation. He had not been in his post long before he had the satisfaction of seeing this company put their bacon, which was in a sack, into an empty cellar, and knock the master of the tavern up to let them in. The coast being now clear, Sawney conveys the dead lawyer into the cellar, and taking out the purloined goods, put his uneasy cargo in the room, and then marches home. Meanwhile the thieves were carousing, little dreaming what a change they should presently find in their sack. Little or no money was found amongst them, and the flitches were to answer the full reckoning, so that they continued drinking till they
thought the bacon was become an equivalent for the wine they had drank. One of
them, who pretended to be spokesman, addressing the landlord, told him that he must
excuse him and his comrades for bringing no money in their pockets to defray what
they had expended, especially at such an unseasonable time of night, when he had
been called out of his bed to let them in; "but, landlord, in saying this, we have no
design of doing you any wrong, or drinking your wine for nothing. For if we cannot
answer the shot with the ready cole, we will make it up by an exchange of goods.
Now we have got two flitches of bacon in a cellar hard by, which will more than
answer our expenses, and if you care to have them, they are at your service; otherwise
we must be obliged to leave word with you where we live, or you lie under a necessity
of trusting us till the morning, when, on sending anybody along with us, you may
depend on receiving the money." "Gentlemen," says the vintner, "you are all mere
strangers to me, for to my eyes and knowledge I cannot say I ever saw one of you
before; but we will avoid making any uneasiness about my reckoning. I do not care to
purchase a commodity I never saw, or, as the saying is, to buy a pig in a poke. If the
flitches of bacon you say you have are good, I'll take them off your hands, and quit
scores with you so they but answer my demands." Immediately one of them, who had
drunk more plentiful than the rest, said he would go and fetch them, and accordingly
coming into the cellar, strove to hoist the sack up. "Zounds," says he, "why, I think
the bacon's multiplied, or I am damnably deceived. What a pox of a load is here to
gall a man's shoulders! Tom might well complain they were heavy, and, by gad!
heavy and large ones they are, and the vintner will have a rare bargain of them; much
good go along with them!" And, so saying, he lugs the corpse on his shoulders to the
tavern. On coming to open the mouth of the sack, lord! what a surprise were all in to
see a man's head peep out. Mr Dash presently knew the lineaments of the deceased's
face, and cried out: "You eternal dogs! did you think to impose a dead corpse on me
for two flitches of bacon? Why, you rascals, this is the body of Mr Hamilton the
lawyer, and you have murdered him, have you, you miscreants! But your merits shall
soon be soundly rewarded, I'll warrant you." At this all the six were in the saddest
plight that could be imagined; nothing but horror and dismay sat on their looks, and
they really appeared as the guilty persons. But the vintner, observing them bustling to
get away, made such a thundering noise of murderers, murderers, murderers, that
immediately all the family were out of their beds, and the watch at the house door to
know the reason of such an alarm. The thieves were instantly conveyed to a place of
durance for that night, and in the morning were sent to the main prison, when after a
little time they took their trials, were found guilty (though innocent) of Mr Hamilton's
death, and executed accordingly.

Sawney came off very wonderfully from this matter, though neither his wife's
admonitions nor his own frequent asseverations to her to leave off his irregular course
of life were of any force to make him abandon it. The bent of doing ill, and living
extravagantly, was too deeply rooted within him ever to suppose now that any
amendment would come; nay, he began to show himself a monster in iniquity, and
committed every wickedness that could exaggerate the character of a most profane
wretch. For it is impossible to enumerate, much more to describe, the quantity and
qualities of his villainies, they being a series of such horrid and incredible actions, that
the very inserting them here would only make the reader think an imposition were put
upon him in transmitting accounts so shocking and glaring. The money he had
obtained of Mr Hamilton was a dear purchase; it was soon played away with and
consumed, which made him throw himself on other shifts to support his pockets; to
which end he visited the highway, and put those to death who offered to oppose him. His character was too well known in the west of Scotland to want any further information about him, which obliged him to retract towards Edinburgh, where, meeting with a gang of his profession who knew him to be most accomplished in their way, he was constituted generalissimo of their body, and each man had his particular lodging in the city. But Sawney, who ever chose to act the principal part in all encounters, industriously took lodgings at a house noted for entertaining strangers, where he was not long in insinuating himself into their acquaintance, by making them believe that he was a stranger as well as they, and was come to Edinburgh on no other account than purely to see the city, and make his observations upon its public buildings and other curiosities; and that his ambition has been always to procure honest and genteel acquaintance. Sawney, indeed, had a most artful method to conceal the real sentiments of his mind and hide his actions, which in a little time so gained upon the belief of these strangers, that they could not help taking him for one of the sincerest men breathing. For it was his custom sometimes to take them along with him two or three miles out of the city to partake of some handsome dinner or supper, when he was sure never to let them be at a far thing expense, but generously discharge the reckoning himself. The design of all this was to make his advantage of them, and force them to pay an extravagant interest for the money he had been out of pocket in treating them. For constantly were persons planted in one place or other of the road by his immediate direction, who fell upon them as they returned to the city, and robbed them of what they had. But the cream of all was, that to avoid suspicion they always made Sawney their first prize, and rifled him, who was sure in the morning to obtain his own loss back again, and a considerable share of the other booty into the bargain.

Some time after this our adventurer, with two of his companions, meeting on the road with three citizens of Edinburgh, affronted them in a very audacious manner, and threw such language at them as plainly discovered that either death or bloodshed was near at hand. He had the impudence to tell the person who seemed the genteallest and best dressed of the three that the horse he rode on was his, and had been lately stolen from him, and that he must return it to him, or else the sword he wore should do him right. Sawney's companions began with the others after the same manners and would needs force them to believe that the horses they rode upon were theirs. The citizens, astonished at this gross piece of impudence, endeavoured to convince them the horses they rode on were their own, and they had paid for them, and wondered how they durst pretend to dispute an affair which was so essentially wrong; but these words were far from having any effect on Cunningham, and the citizens, in the conclusion, were forced to dismount and give them their horses, and money into the bargain, being somewhat satisfied they had suffered no worse consequences, for Sawney, by this time, was drenched in all manner of villainy, and bloodshed was now accounted a trifle, so little value did he set on the lives of any persons.

Sawney having run a merry course of roguery and villainy in and about Edinburgh for some time, where he made a considerable advantage to himself, so that fortune seemed to have required him for all the poverty and want he had before endured, determined now to go home to his wife, and spend the remainder of his days agreeably with her, on the acquisitions and plunder he had made on his countrymen. Accordingly he came to Glasgow, where, among a few acquaintances he conversed with, for he did not care to make himself too public, he gave signs of amendment, which struck those who knew him with such astonishment that at first they could hardly be brought to believe it.
One night, being in bed with his wife, they had a close discourse together on all their foregoing life, and the good woman expressed an extraordinary emotion of joy at the seeming alteration and change in her husband; she could not imagine what reason to impute it to, for she had been so much terrified from time to time with his barbarities that she had no room to think his conversion was real; neither, on reflecting on the many robberies and murders he had committed, could she persuade herself that he could so soon abandon his licentious and wicked courses; for she supposed, if his altered conduct (as she thought) was real, it was miraculous, and an original piece of goodness hardly to be met with. The sequel will prove that this woman had better notions of her husband than the rest of his acquaintance and those who knew him, and that she built all her fears on a solid and good foundation. The proverb says: "What is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh"; and this will be remarkably verified in Cunningham, as we shall endeavour to show in its proper place. For all the signs he gave of an altered conduct, and all the plausible hints to rectify his former mistaken steps, were no other than only to amuse the world into a good opinion of him, that so he might make his advantage, through this pretended conversion, with the greater freedom and impunity. And he was not out in his aim; for it seems, whenever he committed anything sinister, or to the disadvantage of any of his countrymen, and he was pitched on as the transgressor, the town would say: "It could not be, for Mr Cunningham was too much reclaimed from his former courses ever to give in to them again." I shall insert a very notable adventure Sawney had with a conjurer, or fortune-teller, to which end I shall trace it up from the fountain-head, and give my readers the first cause that induced him to it. When Sawney was an infant, he was put out to nurse to a poor countrywoman in a little village a mile or two out of Glasgow. The woman, as the boy grew up, could not help increasing in her love for him, and he being an exceeding snotty child, would often say to her neighbours: "Oh, I shall see this lad a rich man one day!" This saying coming to the ears of his parents, they would frequently make themselves merry with it, and thought no more of it than as a pure result of the nurse's fondling. Sawney, having enriched himself with the spoils about Edinburgh, actually thought his old nurse's words were verified, and sent for her to give her a gratification for her prediction. She came, but Sawney had changed his clothes, so that the poor woman did not know him at first. He told her that he was an acquaintance of Mr Cunningham's, who, on her coming, had ordered him to carry her to Mr Peterson the astrologer's, where she would be sure to see and speak to him; for he was gone there to get some information about an affair that nearly concerned him. The nurse and her pretended conductor went to the fortune-teller's, where, desiring admittance, Peterson thought they were persons who wanted his assistance, and bade them sit down when Sawney, taking a freedom with the reverend old gentleman, as he was known to use with all mankind, began to give a harangue about astrology, and the laudable practice of it. "I and this old woman," said he, "are two of the most accomplished astrologers or fortune-tellers in Scotland; but I would not, reverend sir, by so saying, seem to depreciate from your knowledge and understanding in so venerable a science. I came to communicate a small affair to you, to the end that, not relying on my judgment and this woman's, I might partake of yours. You are to know, sir, that from six years of age I have led a very untoward life, and been guilty of many egregious sins, too numerous to tell you at present, and what your ears would not care to hear; for my employment has been to lie with other men's wives, make a share of other people's money, bilk my lodging, and ruin the vintners; for a whore and a bottle I have sold the twelve signs in the zodiac, and all the houses in a horoscope; neither sextile, quartile, nor trine ever had power over me to keep my
hands out of my neighbours' pockets; and if I had not a profound respect for the persons of my venerable order and profession, I should call Mercury the ascendant in the fourth house at this minute, to lug half-a-score pieces of yours. By my exceeding deep knowledge in astrology I can perfectly acquaint all manner of persons, except myself, with every occurrence of their lives; and were it not to frighten yourself, I would conclude, from the appearance and conjunction of Saturn and Vulcan, that your worship would be hanged for your profession. But, sir, though destiny hangs this unfortunate death over your head, it is at some distance from it, and may be some years before it strikes you. Is it not surprising that a man shall be able to read the fates of mankind, and not have any preknowledge of his own? And is it not extremely afflicting to think that one who has done so much good in his generation, and assisted so many thousands to the recovery of things that would have been inevitably lost, without his advice, should come at last to meet with an ignominious halter, as a fit recompense for his services? Good heavens! where is the equity of all this? Certainly, sir, if we are to measure the justice of things by the laws of reason, we must naturally conclude that laudable and good actions deserve a laudable and good recompense; but can hanging be said to be this good recompense? No: but the stars will have it so, and how can mankind say to the contrary?" Cunningham paused here a while, and the astrologer and old nurse wondered who in the devil's name they had got in company with. Mr Peterson could not help staring, and well he might, at the physiognomy of our adventurer, And, in spite of himself, began to be in a panic at his words, which so terribly frightened him. The nurse was in expectation of seeing Sawney come in every minute, little dreaming the person she was so near was the man she wanted. Cunningham's harangue was a medley of inconsistencies and downright banter. It is true the man had received tolerable education in his youth, and consequently might obtain a jingle in several sciences, as is evinced from the foregoing. "Well, venerable sir," says he, "do not be terrified at my words, for what cannot be avoided must be submitted to. To put you out of your pain, I'll tell you a story. A gentleman had a son who was his darling and consequently trained up in all the virtuous ways that either money could purchase or good examples teach. The youth, it seems, took to a kind and laudable course of life, and gave promising signs of making a fine man; nor indeed were their expectations deceived, for he led a very exemplary life of prudence, excellent conduct and good manners, which pleased the parents so much, that they thought everything they could do for him too little. But the mother, out of an inexpressible fondness for him, must needs go to an astrologer, and inquire how the remaining part of his life must succeed. Accordingly the horoscope is drawn, but a dismal appearance results from it; it acquaints the mother that her son shall remain virtuous for two and thirty years, and then be hanged. 'Monstrous and incredible,' says she, 'but I'll take care to secure him in the right way; or all my care will be to no purpose.' Well, the family are all soon acquainted with this threatening warning. The person determined to be the sacrifice is already nine and twenty years old, and surely they suppose they can easily get the other three years, when all shall go well with their kinsman. But what avails all the precaution of mankind? This same son obtains a commission of a ship, goes to sea, and, acting quite contrary to his orders, turns pirate, and in an encounter happens to kill a man, for which, on his return to his native country, he is tried, condemned and hanged. What think you of this, venerable brother? Is not he a sad instance of an overruling influence of the stars? But, not to prolong too much time on a discourse of this nature, let us come to the purpose. You are now, as I cannot do it myself, to tell me my fortune, and this old woman is to confront you if you tell me a lie. There is no excuse to be made in the matter; for, by
heavens, on your refusal, I'll ease this room of your damnable trumpery, and send you packing to the devil after them!" These words were enough to frighten any man out of his senses; nor could Peterson well discover the intention or drift of his talkative and uneasy visitant. "What would you be at?" says the astrologer. "Why, do not you see what a terror you have put that good woman into, who trembles like an aspen leaf? I am not used, friend, to have persons come into my house and tell me to my face that I am to be hanged, and then to confirm it, as you pretend, tell me an old woman's cock-and-bull story of a young man who went to sea, and was hanged for robbing, for which he certainly deserved the punishment he met with. As for telling your fortune, I'll be so plain with you, that you'll swing in a halter, as sure as your name is "Sawney Cunningham." "Sawney Cunningham!" quoth the mawk, who straight way throwing her arms about his neck, began to kiss him very eagerly, and then, looking earnestly in his face, cried aloud: "O laird! and art thou Sawney Cunningham? Why, I thought thou wouldst come to be a great man, thou wast such a Scotty lad!" "Do you see now," says Sawney, "what a damnable lie you have told me, in impudently acquainting me that I shall be hanged, when my good prophetess here tells me, I am a great man; for great men can never be hanged." "I do not care for what she says, nor you neither, for hanged you'll be, and that in a month's time, or else there never was a dog hanged in Scotland." "Pray, brother, how came you to know this, without consulting my horoscope?" "Know it! Why, your very condition tells me you have deserved hanging these dozen years, but the laws have been too favourable to you, else Mr Hamilton's death had been revenged before this time of day. Now, to convince you of my superior knowledge in astrology, I mean in telling how far their influence extends over any man's actions, I will point to you the very action and persons that will bring you to the gallows. This very day month you shall go, in spite of all your foresight and endeavour to the contrary, to pay a visit to Mr William Bean, your uncle by the mother's side, who is a man of an unblamable character and conversation. Him shall you kill, and assuredly be hanged." Was there ever such a prophetic or divining tongue, especially in these modern days, heard of? For the sequel will presently discover how every circumstance of this prediction fell out accordingly. Sawney, having observed the air of gravity wherewith Mr Peterson delivered his words, could not help falling into a serious reflection about them, and thinking the place he was in not convenient enough to indulge the thought he found rising within him, abruptly left the fortune-teller, and giving his old nurse five shillings returned home.

But what does he determine on now? After having seriously weighed on the several particulars of Peterson's words, he could not for his heart but think that the old man, in order to be even with him for telling him of being hanged, had only served him in his own coin; so that, after a few hours, every syllable was vanished out of his mind, and he resolved to keep up to his usual course of life.

King James I. sitting on the throne of Scotland at this time, and keeping his Court at Edinburgh, the greatest part of the Scottish nobility resided there, when our adventurer used frequently to go to make the best hand he could of what spoil he found there. The Earl of Inchiquin, having a considerable post under the King, and several valuable matters being under his care, had a sentinel assigned, who constantly kept guard at this lord's lodgings' door. Guards were not much in fashion at this time, and about two or three hundred in the same livery were kept only on the establishment. Cunningham having a desire of breaking into this minister's lodgings, and having no way so likely to succeed as by putting on a soldier's livery, went in that
dress to the Sentinel, and after some little talk together they dropped accidentally into some military duty and exercise; which Cunningham so well displayed that the sentinel, seeming to like his brother's notions, and smile extraordinarily, it made Cunningham stay a considerable time, till in the end he asked the sentinel to partake of two mugs of ale, and put sixpence into his hand to fetch them from an ale-house at some distance from his post, giving some reason for it that it was the best drink in the city, and none else could please his palate half so well as that. Hereupon the sentinel acquainted him that he could not but know the consequences that attended leaving his post, and that he had rather enjoy his company without the ale, than run any risk by fetching it. "Oh!" says our adventurer, "I am not a stranger to the penalties we incur on such an action, but there can no harm come of it if I stand in your place while you are gone." And with that the sentinel gave Cunningham his musket, and goes to the place directed for the drink; but, on returning, he must needs fetch a pennyworth of tobacco from the same place, during which some of our adventurer's companions had broken into the lord's apartments, and rifled the same of three hundred pounds' value. Cunningham was, however, so generous as to leave the sentinel his musket. The poor soldier returns in expectation of drinking with his friend, and enjoying his company some time longer; but alas! the bird has flown, and he is taken up to answer for his forthcoming, and committed to the Tolbooth Prison, where he was kept nine months in very heavy irons, and had only bread and water all the while allowed him to subsist on. At length he is tried, condemned and hanged. Thus did several innocent persons suffer death for that which ought to have been the portion of our adventurer.

We draw on to his last scene now, which shall be dispatched with all the brevity we are masters of. Sawney having thus escaped so many dangers, and run through so many villainies with impunity, must needs go to his Uncle Bean's house, who was a very good Christian, and a reputable man, as we have before observed, to pay him a visit, with no other design than to boast to him of his late successes, and how fortune had repaired the injuries his former misconduct and remissness had done him. He went, and his uncle, with his moral frankness, bade him sit down, and call for anything his house could afford him. "Nephew," says he, "I have desired a long time to see an alteration in your conduct, that I might say I had a nephew worthy of my acquaintance, and one to whom I might leave my estate, as deserving of it; but I am acquainted from all hands that you go on worse and worse, and rather than produce an amendment, abandon yourself to the worst of crimes." The good old man followed this with a long exhortation, after which he issued a flood of tears, which pity and compassion had forced from his eyes; nor could Sawney forbear shedding a tear or two at hearing. But it was all pretence, and an imitation of the crocodile; for he was determined to take this reverend old gentleman out of the world to get possession of his estate, which, for want of male issue, was unavoidably to devolve upon him after his death. With this view, after he had made an end of his exhortation, he steps up and, without once speaking, thrusts a dagger to his heart, and so ends his life. Thus fell a venerable old uncle for pronouncing a little seasonable advice to a monster of a nephew who, finding the servant maid come into the room at the noise of her master's falling on the floor, cut her throat from ear to ear, and then to avoid a discovery being made, set fire to the house, after he had rifled it of all valuable things in it. But the divine vengeance was resolved not to let this barbarous act go unpunished; for the neighbourhood, observing a more than ordinary smoke issuing out of the house, concluded it was on fire, and accordingly unanimously joined to extinguish it, which they effectually did, and then going into the house, found Mr Bean and his maid...
inhumanly murdered. Our adventurer was got out of the way, and no one could be
found to fix these cruelties upon; but it was not long before justice overtook
Cunningham, who being impeached by a gang of thieves that had been apprehended,
and were privy to several of his villainies, was taken up and committed a close
prisoner to the Tolbooth, where so many witnesses appeared against him that he was
condemned and hanged for his tricks at Leith, in company with the same robbers that
had sworn against him. When he went to the place of execution he betrayed no signs
of fear, nor seemed any way daunted at his approaching fate. As he lived, so he died,
valiantly and obstinately to the last, unwilling to have it said that he, whose hand had
been the instrument of so many murders, proved pusillanimous at the last.
ISAAC ATKINSON

A Highwayman who specialised in robbing Lawyers. Hanged at Tyburn in 1640

ISAAC ATKINSON was the only son of a gentleman of a good estate at Faringdon in Berkshire. His father took care to put him to the most celebrated schools in the country, where, with the doctrines, he imbibed the vices which are too apt to prevail in large seminaries. At sixteen years of age he was sent to Brazen Nose College in Oxford, together with others of his school-fellows, where he soon learned to rail at the statutes of the university and lampoon the rulers, to wear his clothes after the mode, to curse his tutor, and sell his books. In a word, he forgot in the second year after his admittance what, for form's sake, he had condescended to learn in the first, concluding still that he had knowledge enough for himself and his posterity after him for ever.

Everyone may imagine the grief which the good old gentleman went through. There were no hopes, after such a discovery as this, that his son would ever get any advantage by being at school; so that, though he would have given half his estate to make young Isaac what in reality he once took him to be, he thought it was better to take him home and employ him in the management of his rural affairs, than suffer him to spend such a large income to no purpose. Accordingly he sent to the heads of the college, and procured his discharge, taking him now into his own care, and constituting him steward in ordinary.

Had there been the least spark of grace left in young Atkinson, his father's indulgence in not punishing his neglect at the university more severely must have had some effect on him, and have made him at least more dutiful for the future; but he had hardened himself, before he was aware, against every tender sentiment, as is frequently the case with young extravagants; so that this removal from the academy was but the forerunner of greater misfortunes to this unhappy youth. In the country he gave himself up to all manner of sports and diversions, to the entire neglect of his father's affairs. Nor did he only pursue pastimes in themselves innocent to excess, but abandoned himself to all manner of lawless delights. Not a maidservant could live with the old gentleman for the son's importunities, unless she gave up her honour to his desires. Not a handsome wife or daughter in the neighbourhood but either submitted to his pleasure or complained of him to his father. The scandal of these things was not all; for the old gentleman perceived (what with bastard children, and paying for other mischievous actions, besides a continual round of expenses) he should let his son spend all the substance of the family before his eyes, unless he found some way to put a stop to these unwarrantable courses.

The last resource of an injured, abused father was the only one left for poor old Atkinson, which was to turn his only son out of doors, and disinherit him. This, to be sure, was hard work to a parent who hardly knew till lately what it was to be angry with his child. However, after frequent unsuccessful remonstrances, rather than be entirely ruined, he put the first part of this sentence in execution upon him, and threatened him very hardly with the other; though in his mind he was determined to defer it till he saw what effect his exile would have upon Isaac's behaviour.
Now was our young hero turned into the wide world, with but a very small matter of money in his pocket, and not a friend to apply to; such was the character which his extravagances had procured him amongst his relations. These desperate circumstances determined him, when the little he had was gone, to get possessed of more by any means whatsoever, whether lawful or unlawful. Atkinson came up to London, where the vices of the place soon drained him of all his money. Now was he so put to his shifts again, that he was obliged to return into the country, where he committed several petty robberies to support him till he came to his father's house. He had been long sensible that he must never expect to re-enter those once hospitable doors with his father's consent, at least till he had given manifest proof of a thorough reformation.

To enter the windows therefore, without asking any leave at all, was now his resolution. In order to this, he skulked about unobserved till the family was gone to bed, and then very easily got into the kitchen, as there were no shutters to oppose him. He found means here to get possessed of about fifty pounds in silver, and one hundred and twenty broad-pieces of gold; five of the latter he wrapped up in a copy of verses, which were ready written in his pocket, and put them into his father's clasped Bible. The verses were:

Sir, you your son did often bully,
Because he never read in Tully;
What parents teach they ought to practise,
And I confess your test exact is
'Tis just to turn it on yourself
Your Bible stands upon the shelf;
The gold is yours, if you unclose it;
Else I shall find the dear deposit
Safe in a place by all forgotten,
When you, good man, are dead and rotten."

What a graceless, hopeless young heir was here! — first to rob his father, and then to banter him in this ludicrous manner. Anyone may imagine what was the consequence of all this, as soon as the old gentleman discovered the writing. A lawyer was sent for, and the estate was given, after old Atkinson's demise, to a near kinsman, who had a very large income before, and knew how to make use of it to his own advantage as well as any man in England. Shortly after this the old gentleman died with grief, and Isaac had the mortification to see another in possession of what he had forfeited by his extravagances.

Besides the money, he took the best horse in his father's stable to bring him to London. It happened to be Sunday when he came through Uxbridge, and a whim came into his head that he would put up his horse and go to church. The parson took for his text these words of the Apostle Paul: "For ye know that the day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night" (i Thes. V. 2). The sermon was full of zealous and pious exhortations to a timely preparation for the great and terrible day; so that any man less hardened in impiety than Atkinson was, must have gone away deeply affected. But he, instead of that, made it his business to dog the parson home after church was done; and was very well pleased when he saw him go across the fields alone. About half-a-mile out of town Isaac stops the reverend priest and demands his money. The good man was sufficiently surprised, and desired to know his meaning. "I mean," says Isaac, "to let you know that all thieves do not come in the night; so the
next time you preach, you may tell the people that the day of the Lord cometh like a
thief at noon, which, in my opinion, is a much better simile. For at night we are apt to
expect thieves; but who the devil ever feared being robbed at noonday so near a
town?" The parson, notwithstanding his logic, was obliged to concede both to his
argument and demand. A good silver watch and about one pound eighteen shillings
were delivered. After which Atkinson carried his reverence as far as he could out of
the path, and there bound him, and left him, while he got off towards London
unsuspected.

Another time he met with the famous Noy, Attorney-General to King Charles
I., on horseback. As he knew him very well, he was resolved to accost him in his own
language: "Sir," says he, "I have a writ of Capias ad Computandum against you,
which requires an account of all the money in your pocket." Noy was a merry man
naturally, and he was sure it would do him little service to be sour upon this occasion,
so he pleasantly asked our desperado by what authority he acted. Isaac, upon this,
pulled out a brace of pistols, and told him that those weapons had as much authority in
them as any tipstaff in England, which he should be convinced of, if he made any
delays. The Attorney-General had no more to say, but very contentedly gave him a
purse well lined, and then they parted with mutual compliments.

Atkinson was in general the greatest plague to the lawyers of any highwayman
that ever was in England. He had the impudence to follow the circuits, and rob all of
that profession that ever came in his way. It is reported that once in less than eight
months he stopped above one hundred and sixty attorneys only in the county of
Norfolk, and took from them upwards of three thousand pounds. He was so intrepid as
frequently to assault three, four or five men himself, and so successful as always to
escape, till the unfortunate action that brought him to Tyburn. But almost all our
celebrated robbers have been taken in a very silly manner.

He met a market-woman upon Turnham Green, with a bag of halfpence in her
lap. He eyed the bag as he passed by her, and supposing it to be a larger booty than it
really was, returned and bid her deliver. The woman, being of a bold daring spirit,
immediately tossed the bag over a hedge on the roadside, and made the best of her
way towards Brentford. Atkinson thought it much better to secure the money than to
be revenged on the woman; so alighting, and hanging his horse's bridle to a stump, he
went over the hedge. It seems his horse had taken a fancy to the poor woman's mare,
for he instantly got loose and ran after her, neighing and snuffing up the wind. The
market-woman looked back, and observed the particulars, which she related as soon
as she came into Brentford. Half-a-score of men immediately went out after poor
Isaac, and it was not long before they found him in a field, unable to make his escape
by reason of a great pair of jack-boots which he could not get off; nor had he any
knife to cut them down. When he saw himself surrounded he pulled out several
pocket-pistols and discharged them; so that he killed four of the men on the spot, and
afterwards mortally wounded another with a hanger, which he wore by his side. But
there were still enough left to secure him, which at last they did.

Being carried before a magistrate, he was committed to Newgate, where, and
at the Old Bailey, he behaved with intolerable insolence. After condemnation he
continued to scoff at the ordinary, and turn all his wholesome admonitions into
ridicule.
When the day for his execution was come, he desperately stabbed himself with a pen-knife; but the wound not proving mortal he was afterwards carried to Tyburn, and hanged, in the year 1640, being twenty-six years of age.

As he was such a noted highwayman, and was besides known to be a gentleman and a scholar, it was generally expected he would at least have left a speech behind him in writing; but instead of that, he only stood up at the gallows and said: "Gentlemen, there's nothing like a merry life, and a short one."
IN various instances, it will be observed, that as we handle ancient records, and turn over musty leaves of books, which treat of the final sentence of the law, we seize upon each scrap which can possibly interest our readers. Though the present case goes beyond the time in which we first date our chronology, yet so remarkable a historical anecdote, cannot, we think, be deemed an intrusion.

When King Charles I. was doomed to death by the mock tribunal, and self-created judges, the tools of the usurper, Oliver Cromwell, a man named Richard Brandon was the common executioner in London; and, as it were, to heap additional degradation on the head of the royal martyr, he was ordered to perform the bloody work.

Brandon survived the death of the king but a very short time, having, as it was said, been seized with such severe compunction for being the instrument of the fatal deed, that he could never after look up and smile in the face of heaven. He died on Wednesday the 20th of June, 1649, being within five months of the day of the martyrdom.

"The Sunday before Brandon's death," said the old accounts, "a young man of his acquaintance being to visit him, asked him how he did; and if he was not troubled in conscience, for cutting off the King's head. Brandon replied; yes, because he was at the King's trial, and heard the sentence denounced against him; which caused the said Brandon to make this solemn vow or protestation, viz. "Wishing God to perish his body and soul, if he ever appeared on the scaffold to do the act, or lift up his hand against him." And he further declared, that "he was no sooner on the scaffold (to do that wicked act) but he immediately felt a trembling, and ever since, to his death, continued in the like agony."

"He likewise confessed, that he had thirty pounds* for his pains, and all paid him in half crowns, within an hour after the fatal blow was struck, and that he took an orange stuck full of cloves, and a handkerchief, out of the King's coat-pocket. As soon as he had descended from the scaffold, he was proffered twenty shillings for that orange, by a gentleman in Whitehall, but he refused the same, and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary-lane.

"About six o'clock that evening, he returned to his wife, living in Rosemary-lane, and gave her the money, saying, it was the dearest money he ever earned in his life, which prophetical words were soon made manifest. About three days before his death, he lay speechless, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and in a most deplorable manner departed his bed of sorrow.

"For his burial, great store of wine was sent by the sheriffs of the city of London, and a great multitude of people stood waiting, to see his corpse carried to the church-yard; some crying out, hang him, the rogue, bury him in a dung-hill; others pressed upon the coffin, saying, 'they would quarter him, for executing the King;' insomuch that the church-wardens and overseers were fain to come for the
suppressing them, and with great difficulty he was at last carried to Whitechapel
church-yard, having a bunch of rosemary at the end of the coffin, and on the top
thereof, a rope, tied across, from one end to the other.

"The man who waited on this executioner, when he gave the fatal blow to the
King, was a rag-man in Rosemary-lane."

[*Note: According to the present difference of the value of money, this was an
enormous fee, and may be calculated not much short of one hundred pounds; and this
shews the difficulty which the regicides found to get a man to do so foul a deed.]

Editor's Note: For an alternative identification of the executioner, see the
appendix on the Maiden, or Scottish Guillotine.
PATRICK FLEMMING
An Irish Highwayman who held Sway near the Bog of Allen and, after numerous Murders, was executed on 24th of April, 1650

PATRICK FLEMMING was a native of Ireland, and born at Athlone, which is remarkably situated in the counties of East and West Meath, as well as in the provinces of Leinster and Connaught. His parents rented a potato garden of about fifteen shillings per annum, upon the produce of which, and the increase of their geese, hens, pigs, etc., they wholly depended for the subsistence of themselves and nine children. They, and their whole family of swine, poultry and progeny, all took up their lodging at night not only under the same roof, but in the same room; according to the practice of abundance of their country-people, who build only for necessity, without any idea of what we call beauty and order. One may guess from the circumstances of the father that the son had small share of liberal education, though he had the most claim to it of any one of the children, as he was the eldest. But what he wanted in acquirements was made up with impudence, a quality which in most ignorant people happily fills up their void of knowledge.

When he was about thirteen years of age the Countess of Kildare took him into her service, in the capacity of foot-boy; and finding him so utterly destitute of learning, she was so indulgent as to put him to school. But instead of being grateful to her ladyship in improving his time to the best advantage, he was entirely negligent, and discovered no inclination to his book. His lady admonished him frequently, but to no purpose; for he grew not only careless but insolent, till at last, being found incorrigible, he was discharged from the family.

It was not long, however, before he was so fortunate as to get to be a domestic of the Earl of Antrim's; but here his behaviour was worse than before. He was a scandal to the whole family, for the little wit he had he had altogether turned on mischief. His Lord bore it a pretty while, notwithstanding the repeated complaints of his fellow servants, and took no notice so long as he could avoid it; but at last this nobleman also was obliged to turn him out of doors; and this was the occasion. The Earl of Antrim was a Roman Catholic, and kept a priest in the house as his chaplain and confessor, to whom every one of the servants was required to pay great respect. Patrick, on account of his disorderliness, was often reproved by this gentleman, and he received it very well, till one day he happened to find the holy father asleep in some private part of the house in a very indecent pose, whereupon he went and got all the family to that place, and showed them what he had discovered as a revenge upon the parson, who at that instant awoke. With respect to the servants this had the desired effect, and exposed the priest to ridicule. But the earl, when he heard it, took the part of his chaplain, believed the story a slander, and immediately gave Flemming a discharge, as desired. Patrick found means, however, before he entirely left the neighbourhood, to rob his lordship of money and plate to the value of about two hundred pounds, with which he fled to Athenrea, in the province of Connaught.

He hid himself here in a little hut that he found for ten or twelve days, till he imagined the hue and cry after him might be over, and then made the best of his way to Dublin, where he soon entered into a gang of housebreakers, and during the space
of six years was concerned in more robberies than had ever before been committed in
that city in the memory of man.

While he continued in Dublin he was twice in danger of being hanged for his
offences, which were so great as to make him the subject of public conversation all
over the city. He now perceived he began to be too well known to stay there any
longer in safety, and so he retired into the country and turned highwayman. The chief
place of his haunt was about the Bog of Allen, where he attacked almost all who
passed that way, of whatever quality; telling them that he was absolute lord of that
road, and had a right to demand contribution of all that travelled it, and to punish
those with death who refused to comply; therefore, if they had any regard for their
lives, he advised them to deliver what they had peaceably, and not put him to the
trouble of exerting his prerogative. By these means he became more dreaded in the
counties where he robbed than any thief of his time, for he not only threatened those
with death who disputed with him, but actually murdered several, and used many
others with abundance of barbarity.

It is reported that in a few days he robbed one hundred and twenty five men
and women upon the mountain of Barnsmoor, near which is a wood which they call
Colorockedie, where he had assembled a numerous gang, out of which not a few at
several times were taken and executed. Persons of quality he usually addressed in
their own style, and told them he was as well bred as they, and therefore they must
subscribe towards maintaining him according to his rank and dignity.

Among the principal persons whom he stopped and robbed were the
Archbishop of Armagh and the Bishop of Rapho, both in one coach; the Archbishop
of Tuam; and the Lady Baltimore, with her young son, a child of four years old,
whom he took from her, and obliged her to send him a ransom within twenty four
hours, or else, he told her, he would cut the young puppy's throat and make a pie of
him. From the Archbishop of Tuam he got a thousand pounds. After this he fled into
Munster, and continued the same trade there, till he was apprehended for robbing a
nobleman of two hundred and fifty pounds, or which fact he was carried to Cork and
committed to prison.

But even now they were far from having him so safe as they imagined; for the
county jail was not strong enough to hold him. He was no sooner confined than his
eyes were about him, and his head plotting an escape. At last he found means to get
up a chimney and, by removing some few obstacles, to get out at the top, and so avoid
hanging for that offence.

He followed his villainies for some years after his breaking out of prison,
during which time he murdered five men, two women and a boy of fourteen years old.
Besides which he mangled and wounded a great many others; in particular, Sir
Donagh O'Brien, whose nose, lips and ears he cut off, for making some small
resistance while he robbed him. At last he was apprehended by the landlord of a house
where he used to drink, near Mancoth. The landlord sent advice to the sheriff of the
county when he would be there with several of his associates, and the sheriff,
according to the instruction, came one evening with a strong guard, and beset the
house. Patrick and his company would have defended themselves, but the landlord
had taken care to wet all their fire arms and prevent their going off, by which means
they became useless; and our desperado, with fourteen more, was taken, carried to
Dublin, and there executed, on Wednesday, the 24th of April, in the year 1650. After which Patrick Flemming was hanged in chains on the high road a little without the city.
CAPTAIN ZACHARY HOWARD

A Royalist who lost his Estates and turned Highwayman. Executed 1652.

This unhappy person was a gentleman born and bred. He came to an estate in Gloucestershire, of fourteen hundred pounds per annum, just about the breaking out of the Civil War in 1641, his father dying that year. A sincere love of loyalty and allegiance inspiring him with the gallantry of fighting for his King and country, he soon mortgaged his estate for twenty thousand pounds, with which he raised a troop of horse for the service of King Charles I., who gave him the command of them. He remained in the army till the republican party became sole conqueror, and triumphed over religion and monarchy, when he, with many other Cavaliers, was obliged to retire into exile, for fear of the prevailing power.

It was not long that he continued abroad before he returned to England with King Charles II., on whom he attended at Worcester fight, where he performed wonders to the honour of the Royal army, and more especially to his own glory and praise; for he was even taken notice of and applauded by his Majesty himself, who also that day showed himself worthy of the crown he fought for, by his uncommon courage. Everyone knows that the Parliamentarians carried the field in this engagement, and that his Majesty escaped with much difficulty, by hiding himself in an oak in Warwickshire, whence, after six weeks' wandering up and down, he at length found a passage into France. We need not add that he continued twelve years in foreign countries, and that he was afterwards restored to the throne of his ancestors by the general consent of the nation. Zachary Howard, in the meantime, remained in England, and having lost his estate, and being out of all employment, he could find no other way of supporting himself than by robbing on the highway — a very indifferent method indeed, but what a great many gentlemen in those days were either obliged to take to, or to want bread.

It is said of Howard that when he resolved on this course of life, he did like Hind, and some others of his contemporaries, in swearing he would be revenged, as far as lay in his power, on all persons who were against the interest of his Royal master. Accordingly we are told that he attacked all whom he met and knew to be of that party. It appears too by the following accounts that he succeeded in hunting out those regicides.

The first whom he assaulted on the road was the Earl of Essex, who had been general-in-chief of all the Parliament's forces. His lordship was riding over Bagshot Heath, with five or six in retinue; nevertheless Zachary rode boldly up to the coach door, commanded the driver to stand, and my lord to deliver, adding, that if he did not comply with his demand without words, neither he nor any of his servants should have any quarter. It was unaccountable how a general, who had been always used to success, with so many attendants, should be terrified at the menaces of a single highwayman. But so it was, that his Honour gave him twelve hundred pounds which he had in the coach, and which had been squeezed out of forfeited estates, church lands and sequestrations, not being willing to venture his life for such a trifle at a time when the party had such a plentiful harvest to reap. Zachary was so well contented with his booty that he let the rebellious nobleman pass without punishing him any
further for his disloyalty, only desiring him to get such another sum together against meeting him again in some other convenient place. Another time he overtook, on Newmarket Heath, the factious Earl of P — ——, so famous for his comical speeches in the House of Commons. Only one footman attended his Honour, and Zachary, going in company with them, held his lordship in discourse for about half-a-mile, when, coming to a place proper for his design, he pulled out a pistol, and spoke the terrifying precept, with the addition of a whole volley of oaths, what he would do to him if he did not surrender that minute. "You seem," says the earl, "by your swearing, to be a ranting Cavalier. Have you taken a lease of your life, sir, that you dare venture it thus against two men?" Howard answered: "I would venture it against two more, with your idol Cromwell at the head of you, notwithstanding the great noise he has made." "Oh," says P — ——, "he's a precious man, and has fought the Lord's battles with success." Zachary replied with calling Oliver and all his crew a company of dastardly cowards; and putting his lordship in mind that talking bred delays, and delays are dangerous. "Therefore," says he, "out with your purse this moment, or I shall out with your soul, if you have any."

The earl still delaying, Howard dismounted him, by shooting his horse, and then took from him a purse full of broad-pieces of gold, and a rich diamond ring; then making him mount behind his man, he tied them back to back, and in that condition left them. My lord rode swearing, cursing and damning to the next town, with his face towards the horse's tail, when a great multitude of people gathered about him; some laughing, others wondering at his riding in that preposterous manner, till he declared the occasion, and the people very civilly released him.

One time Fairfax, who was also general of the Parliament army after Essex, being with some forces in the county of Northumberland, took up his own quarters at Newcastle-upon-Tyne at the same time that Howard chanced to be in the same town. It came to the captain's ear that Fairfax was about to send a man to his lady with some plate which had been presented to him by the mayor and aldermen of that corporation, so that when the day came that the fellow set out with the prize, our highwayman also took leave of Newcastle, and rode after the Roundhead servant. He overtook him on the road, and fell into deep discourse with him about the present times, which Howard seemed as well pleased with as the other, who took him really for an honest fellow, as he seemed, and offered still to bear him Company. They baited, dined, supped and lay together, and so continued in this friendly manner till the messenger came within a day's journey of the seat where his lady resided. Next morning being the last day they were to be together, Howard thought it was now high time to execute his design, which he did with a great deal of difficulty. Being come to a place proper to act his part in, Zachary pulled out his commission, and commanded the fellow to deliver the portmanteau, in which was the plate, to the value of two hundred and fifty pounds. The other, being as resolute to preserve as Howard was to take it from him, refused to comply; whereupon a sharp combat ensued between them, in which the captain had his horse shot under him, after a discharge of two or three pistols on either side. The encounter still listed, for our highwayman continued to fire on foot, till he shot his adversary through the head, which occasioned him to fall, and breathe his last in a moment.

When Howard saw the man dead, he thought it his best way to get off the ground as fast as he could; so nimbly mounting the remaining horse, which carried the treasure, he rode about five miles from the place where the fact was committed, and
then deposited the portmanteau in a hollow tree, and went to dinner at the next town. From thence he made the best of his way to Faringdon in Berkshire, where Madam Fairfax was, and whither the fellow he had killed was bound. He reached thither that evening, and delivered the following letter to the lady, which he had found in the pockets of the deceased.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, Aug. 12, 1650.

MY DEAR, Hoping that you and my daughter Elizabeth, are in good health, this comes to acquaint you that my presence is so agreeable to the inhabitants of this place, that the mayor and aldermen have presented me with a large quantity of plate, which I have sent to you by my man Thomas, a new servant; whom I would have you treat very kindly, he being recommended to me by several gentlemen as a very honest, worthy man. The Lord be praised, I am very well, and earnestly long for the happiness of enjoying your company, which I hope to do within this month or five weeks at farthest. In the meantime, I subscribe myself, your loving husband, till death, 
FAIRFAX.

The lady, learning by the contents that a parcel of plate was sent by the bearer, inquired of him where it was. Her supposed man readily told her that he was in danger of being robbed of it on such a heath by some suspicious persons, and that therefore, lest he should meet with the same men again, or others like them, he had lodged his charge in the hands of a substantial innkeeper at such a town; from whence he could fetch it in two days. This pretence of his carefulness pleased his new mistress very much, and confirmed the character which her husband had sent; so that she made very much of him, and desired him to go to bed betimes, that he might rest from the fatigues of his journey.

The whole family at this time consisted only of the lady, her daughter, two maids, and two men-servants. No sooner were all these gone to their repose than Howard arose, dressed himself, and with sword and pistol in hand went into the servants' apartments, whom he threatened with present death if they made the least noise. All four of these he tied with the bed-cords, and gagged them. Having secured these, whom he most feared, he went into Mrs Fairfax's chamber, and served her and her daughter as he had done the servants; then he ravished them both, beginning with the daughter, and next proceeded to make a strict scrutiny into the trunks, boxes and chests of drawers finding in all two thousand broad-pieces of gold and some silver, with which he departed to his portmanteau in the tree, which he also carried off.

After he had committed this robbery and murder there was a proclamation issued out by the Commonwealth, promising five hundred pounds to anyone who should apprehend him; whereupon, to avoid being taken, he fled into Ireland, where he continued his former courses till, being grown as notorious there as in England, he thought it advisable to return. He landed at Highlake, and came to the city of Chester at the same time that Oliver Cromwell lay there with a party of horse, putting up in the same inn where that arch-traitor had taken up his quarters. Here he passed for a gentleman who was going to travel into foreign countries for his improvement, and behaved himself agreeably to such a character, spending his money with a great deal of profuseness.

He moreover counterfeited himself a Roundhead, and frequently spoke against the Royal family, applauding the murder of King Charles I. up to the skies. By this
means he got familiar with Cromwell, who was so taken with his conversation that he would seldom dine or sup without him, or hardly suffer him to be ever out of his company. About a fortnight after this acquaintance between them was confirmed, Howard went one morning very early to pay old Nol a visit in his bedchamber, which was on the same floor with his own. He found an easy admittance, and the hypocritical villain desired, that as he had come before he had been at prayers, would he please to join with him in that exercise. Zachary consented; but no sooner was Cromwell down upon his marrow-bones than he knocked him down with the butt-end of a pistol, presenting it afterwards to his breast, and swearing that if he did but attempt to make the least noise he would shoot him through the heart, though he were sure to be hanged for it the next minute on the sign-post before the door. These terrifying words struck the republican hero with such a panic fear that he permitted the assaulter to do what he pleased, who thereupon gagged him, and bound him hand and foot. After this he rifled a couple of trunks, out of which he took about eleven hundred jacobuses, and then taking the pan out of a close-stool that stood in the room, which happened to be pretty well filled, he clapped it on the head of the rebel, crowning him in such a manner as he deserved. Having finished what he designed, he went hastily downstairs and mounted his horse, which he had before ordered to be ready, under pretence of some urgent business a few miles out of town.

By this means he got clear off before Oliver, who fell to knocking as soon as he thought the enemy safe, could make anybody hear him.

At last several of the family went upstairs, and were guided by their noses to where the poor general sat, in the miserable pickle we have described, unable to move out of the place. Some of them, at first sight, thought he had put his headpiece on, till the nauseous filth, which ran down his face and shoulders convinced them of their mistake, and made them speedily unbind him.

As soon as he was loose, and pretty well wiped, he fell upon his knees to give thanks for so signal a deliverance from the fury of a wicked Cavalier, for such he now believed Howard to be.

Within a week after this, Howard sent Oliver a letter, wherein he signified that he was in good health, and that what he had done was only to make him reflect that, notwithstanding his great successes, his life was still in the power of any single man who would be bold enough to execute justice. Then he made very merry with the old villain about the condition he had left him in, adding that he would have him for the future be more cautious how he entered into friendship with a man before he knew him. "For," says he, "the cruelties of you and your party have made us like yourselves; so that the bravest gentlemen in the kingdom are glad to turn hypocrites, either to secure themselves, or be nobly revenged, as I have been."

Our captain enjoyed his liberty but a very little time after this exploit, for venturing one day to attack half-a-dozen republican officers together, as they were riding over Blackheath, he was overpowered by their number; and though he vigorously defended himself, so as to kill one and wound two more of them, he was at last taken by the remaining three. These were soon assisted by several passengers who came by, and joined in carrying this bold robber before a magistrate, who forthwith committed him to Maidstone jail. Thither Oliver went to see him, and insulted him.
with a great many reproaches. To all which Howard replied with his usual bravery and wit, to the utter confusion of poor Nol.

When he came on his trial at the ensuing assizes he had evidences enough appear against him to have convicted him if he had had twenty lives to have lost. Not only the officers who took him, but even Cromwell himself, and General Fairfax's wife and daughter gave in their depositions, besides a vast number of others whom he had robbed at several times. So that he was sentenced for two rapes, two murders, and as many robberies, to be hanged till he was dead.

When he came to the place of execution, apparelled all in white, he confessed himself guilty of everything he stood charged with; but declared he was sorry for nothing but the murders he had committed. Yet even these, he said, appeared to him the less criminal when he considered the persons on whom they were acted. He professed further, that if he were pardoned, and at liberty again, he would never leave off robbing the Roundheads, so long as there were any of them left in England.

What was most remarkable at Howard's death was his smiling on Oliver, who came into the country on purpose to see the last of him, with an air of scorn and contempt, telling him that if he had had his reward he had been in the same circumstances as he himself was now in several years ago.

He ended his life in 1652, being thirty-two years of age.
CAPTAIN JAMES HIND
A Famous Highwayman who robbed Roundheads and even made an Attempt on Cromwell. Executed 24th of September, 1652

THE father of Captain Hind was a saddler, an inhabitant of Chipping-Norton in Oxfordshire, where the captain was born. The old man lived there many years in very good reputation among his neighbours, was an honest companion, and a constant churchman. As James was his only son, he was willing to give him the best education he was able, and to that purpose sent him to school till he was fifteen years of age, in which time he learned to read and write very well, and knew arithmetic enough to make him capable of any common business.

After this he was put apprentice to a butcher in his native town, where he served about two years of his time, and then ran away from his master, who was a very morose man, and continually finding something or another to quarrel with him about.

When he made this elopement he applied immediately to his mother for money to carry him up to London, telling her a lamentable story of the hardships he had suffered from his master's severity. Mothers are generally easily wrought upon with stories of that kind; she therefore very tenderly supplied him with three pounds for his expenses, and sent him away with tears in her eyes.

He had not been long in London before he got a relish of the pleasures of the place (pleasures I call them in compliance with the opinion of gentlemen of the captain's taste) — I mean the enjoyment of his bottle and his mistress; both which, as
far as his circumstances would allow, he pursued very earnestly. One night he was
taken in company with a woman of the town, who had just before picked a
gentleman's pocket of five guineas, and sent with her to the Poultry Compter till
morning, when he was released for want of any evidence against him, he having in
reality no hand in the affair. The woman was committed to Newgate. The captain by
this accident fell into company with one Thomas Allen, a noted highwayman, who
had been put into the Compter upon suspicion of some robbery, and was released at
the same time with Hind, and for the same reason. These two men going to drink
together after their confinement, they contracted a friendship which was the ruin of
them both.

Their first adventure was at Shooters Hill, where they met with a gentleman
and his servant. Hind being perfectly raw and inexperienced, his companion was
willing to have a proof of his courage, and therefore stayed at some distance while the
captain rode up and, singly, took from them fifteen pounds; but returned the
gentleman twenty shillings, to bear his expenses on the road, with such a pleasant air
that the gentleman protested he would never hurt a hair of his head if it should at any
time be in his power. Allen was prodigiously pleased both with the bravery and
generosity of his new comrade, and they mutually swore to stand by one another to
the utmost of their power.

It was about the time that the inhuman and unnatural murder of King Charles
I. was perpetrated at his own palace gate, by the fanatics of that time, when our two
adventurers began their progress on the road. One part of their engagement together
was like Captain Stafford's resolution, never to spare any of the regicides that came in
their way. It was not long before they met the grand usurper, Cromwell, as he was
coming from Huntingdon, the place of his nativity, to London. Oliver had no less than
seven men in his train, who all came immediately upon their stopping the coach and
overpowered our two heroes; so that poor Tom Allen was taken on the spot, and soon
after executed, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that Hind made his escape,
who resolved from this time to act with a little more caution. He could not, however,
think of quitting a course of life which he had just begun to taste, and which he found
so profitable.

The captain rode so hard to get out of danger after this adventure with
Cromwell that he killed his horse, and he had not at that time money enough to buy
another. He resolved, therefore, to procure one as soon as possible, and to this purpose
tramped it along the road on foot. It was not long before he saw a horse hung to a
hedge with a brace of pistols before him; and looking round him, he observed on the
other side of the hedge a gentleman untrussing a point. "This is my horse," says the
captain, and immediately vaults into the saddle. The gentleman calling to him, and
telling him that the horse was his — "Sir," says Hind, "you may think yourself well
off that I have left you all the money in your pockets to buy another, which you had
best lay out before I meet you again, lest you should be worse used." So he rode away
in search of new adventures.

There is another story of the captain's getting himself remounted, which I have
seen in a printed account of his life. Being reduced to the humble capacity of a
footpad, he hired a common hack from a man who made it his business to let out
horses, and took the road on his back. He was overtaken (for he was not able to
overtake anybody) by a gentleman well mounted, with a portmanteau behind him.
They fell into discourse upon such topics as are common to travellers, and Hind was very particular in praising the gentleman's horse, till the gentleman repeated everything his horse could do. There was upon the side of the road a wall, over which was another way, and the gentleman told Hind that his horse could leap that wall. Hind offered to lay a bottle of it; upon which the gentleman attempted and accomplished what he proposed. The captain confessed he had lost his wager, but desired the gentleman to let him try if he would do the same with him upon his back, which the gentleman consenting to, the captain rode away with his portmanteau, and left him to return his horse to the owner.

Another time Captain Hind met the celebrated regicide, Hugh Peters, in Enfield Chase, and commanded him to deliver his money. Hugh, who had his share of confidence, began to lay about him with texts of Scripture, and to cudgel our bold robber with the eighth commandment. "It is written in the Law," says he, "that thou shalt not steal. And furthermore, Solomon, who was surely a very wise man, speaketh in this manner: 'Rob not the poor, because he is poor.'" Hind was willing to answer the finished old cant in his own strain; and for that end began to rub up his memory for some of the scraps of the Bible which he had learned by heart in his minority. "Verily," said Hind, "if thou hadst regarded the divine precepts as thou oughtest to have done, thou wouldst not have wrested them to such an abominable and wicked sense as thou didst the words of the prophet, when he saith, 'Bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron.' Didst thou not, thou detestable hypocrite, endeavour from these words to aggravate the misfortunes of thy Royal master, whom thy accursed republican party unjustly murdered before the door of his own palace?"

Here Hugh Peters began to extenuate that horrid crime, and to allege other parts of Scripture in his defence, and in order to preserve his money. "Pray, sir," replied Hind, "make no reflections on my profession; for Solomon plainly says, 'Do not despise a thief'; but it is to little purpose for us to dispute. The substance of what I have to say is this: deliver thy money presently, or else I shall send thee out of the world to thy master in an instant."

These terrible words of the captain frightened the old Presbyterian in such a manner that he gave him thirty broad-pieces of gold, and then they parted. But Hind was not thoroughly satisfied with letting such a notorious enemy to the Royal cause depart in so easy a manner. He therefore rode after him, full speed, and overtaking him, spoke as follows: — "Sir, now I think of it, I am convinced that this misfortune has happened to you because you did not obey the words of the Scripture, which say expressly, 'Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses for your journey'; whereas it is evident that you had provided a pretty deal of gold. However, as it is now in my power to make you fulfil another command, I would by no means slip the opportunity. Therefore pray give me your cloak." Peters was so surprised that he stood neither to dispute nor to examine what was the drift of Hind's demand; but Hind soon let him understand his meaning when he added: "You know, sir, our Saviour has commanded, that if any man take away thy cloak, thou must not refuse thy coat also; therefore I cannot suppose you will act in direct contradiction to such an express direction, especially now you, can't pretend you have forgot it, because I have reminded you of your duty." The old Puritan shrugged his shoulders for some time before he proceeded to uncase them; but Hind told him his delay would do him no service, for he would be punctually obeyed, because he was sure what he requested was consonant to the Scripture. Accordingly Hugh Peters delivered his coat, and Hind carried all off.
Next Sunday when Hugh came to preach he chose an invective against theft for the subject of his sermon, and took his text in the Canticles, chap. v, 3: "I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on." An honest Cavalier who was present, and knew the occasion of his choosing these words, cried out aloud: "Upon my word, sir, I believe there is nobody here can tell you, unless Captain Hind was here!" Which ready answer to Hugh Peter's scriptural question put the congregation into such an excessive fit of laughter that the fanatic parson was ashamed of himself, and descended from his prattling box without proceeding any further in his harangue.

It has been observed before that Hind was a professed enemy to all the regicides; and, indeed, fortune was so favourable to his desires as to put one or other of those celebrated villains often into his power.

He met one day with that arch-traitor, Sergeant Bradshaw, who had some time before the insolence to sit as judge of his lawful Sovereign, and to pass sentence of death upon his Majesty. The place where this renounter happened was upon the road between Sherborne and Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire. Hind rode up to the coach side and demanded the sergeant's money; who, supposing his name would carry terror with it, told him who he was. Quoth Hind: "I fear neither you nor any king-killing son of a whore alive. I have now as much power over you as you lately had over the King, and I should do God and my country good service if I made the same use of it; but live, villain, to suffer the pangs of thine own conscience; till Justice shall lay her iron hand upon thee, and require an answer for thy crimes in a way more proper for such a monster, who art unworthy to die by any hands but those of the common hangman, and at any other place than Tyburn. Nevertheless, though I spare thy life as a regicide, be assured that, unless thou deliverest thy money immediately, thou shalt die for thy obstinacy."

Bradshaw began to be sensible that the case was not now with him, as it had been when he sat at Westminster Hall, attended with the whole strength of the rebellion. A horror, naturally arising from a mind conscious of the blackest villainies, took possession of his soul, upon the apprehensions of death, which the pistol gave him, and discovered itself in his countenance. He put his trembling hand into his pocket and pulled out about forty shillings in silver, which he presented to the captain, who swore he would that minute shoot him through the heart if he did not find coin of another species. The sergeant at last, to save a miserable life, pulled out that which he valued next to it, as of two evils all men choose the least, and gave the captain a purse full of jacobuses.

Hind, having thus got possession of the cash, made Bradshaw yet wait a considerable time longer, while he made the following eulogium on money; which, though in the nature of it, it be something different from the harangues which the sergeant generally heard on a Sunday, contains, nevertheless, as much truth, and might have been altogether as pleasing had it come from another mouth: — "This, sir, is the metal that wins my heart for ever! O precious gold, I admire and adore thee as much as either Bradshaw, Pryn, or any other villain of the same stamp, who, for the sake of thee, would sell their Redeemer again, were He now upon earth. This is that incomparable medicament which the republican physicians call 'The Wonder-working Plaster.' It is truly Catholic in operation, and somewhat of a kin to the Jesuits' powder, but more effectual. The virtues of it are strange and various: it makes justice deaf as well as blind, and takes out spots of the deepest treason as easily as Castile
soap does common stains; it alters a man's constitution in two or three days, more than the Virtuoso's transfusion of blood can do in seven years. It is a great alexipharmic, and helps poisonous principles of rebellion, and those that use them. It miraculously exalts and purifies the eyesight, and makes traitors behold nothing but innocence in the blackest malefactors. It is a mighty cordial for a declining cause; it stifles faction and schism as certainly as the itch is destroyed by butter and brimstone. In a word, it makes fools wise men, and wise men fools; and both of them knaves. The very colour of this precious balm is bright and dazzling. If it be properly applied to the fist — that is, in a decent manner and a competent dose — it infallibly performs all the above-said cures, and many others too numerous to be here mentioned."

The captain, having finished his panegyric, pulled out his pistol and said further:

"You and your infernal crew have a long while run on, like Jehu, in a career of blood and impiety, pretending that zeal for the Lord of Hosts has been your only motive. How long you may be suffered to continue in the same course, God only knows. I will however, for this time, stop your race in a literal sense of the words." With that he shot all the six horses which were in the sergeant's coach and then rode off in pursuit of another booty.

Some time after, Hind met a coach on the road between Petersfield and Portsmouth, filled with gentlewomen. He went up to them in a genteel manner, told them that he was a patron of the fair sex, and that it was purely to win the favour of a hard-hearted mistress that he travelled the country. "But, ladies," added he, "I am at this time reduced to the necessity of asking relief, having nothing to carry me on in my intended prosecution of adventures." The young ladies, who had most of them read a pretty many romances, could not help conceiting they had met with some Quixote or Amadis de Gaul, who was saluting them in the strain of knight-errantry. "Sir Knight," said one of the pleasantest among them, "we heartily commiserate your condition, and are very much troubled that we cannot contribute towards your support; but we have nothing about us but a sacred depositum, which the laws of your order will not suffer you to violate." Hind was pleased to think he had met with such agreeable gentlewomen, and for the sake of the jest could freely have let them pass unmolested if his necessities at this time had not been very pressing. "May I, bright ladies, be favoured with the knowledge of what this sacred depositum, which you speak of, is, that so I may employ my utmost abilities in its defence, as the laws of knight-errantry require?" The lady who spoke before, and who suspected the least of any one in the company, told him that the depositum she had spoken of was three thousand pounds, the portion of one of the company, who was going to bestow it upon the knight who had won her good will by his many past services. "My humble duty be presented to the knight," said he, "and be pleased to tell him that my name is Captain Hind; that out of mere necessity I have made bold to borrow part of what, for his sake, I wish were twice as much; and that I promise to expend the sum in defence of injured lovers and the support of gentlemen who profess knight-errantry." At the name of Captain Hind they were sufficiently startled, there being nobody then living in England who had not heard of him. Hind, however, bid them not be affrighted, for he would not do them the least hurt, and desired no more than one thousand pounds out of the three. This the ladies very thankfully gave in an instant (for the money was tied up in separate bags), and the captain wished them all a good journey, and much joy to the bride.
We must leave the captain a little, to display the corruption of human nature in an instance which the captain has often protested was a great trouble to him. The young lady, when she met her intended husband, told him all that had passed upon the road, and the mercenary wretch, as soon as he heard of the money that was lost, adjourned the marriage till he had sent to her father to ask whether or no he would make up the original sum agreed upon, which he refusing (partly because he had sufficiently exhausted his substance before, and partly because he resented the sordid proposal), our fervent lover entirely broke through all his vows, and the unfortunate young lady died of grief and indignation.

Another time Hind was obliged to abscond for a considerable time in the country, there being great inquiries made after him; during this interval his money began to run short, and he was a great while before he could think of a way to replenish his purse. He would have taken another turn or two on the highway, but he had lived so long here that he had spent his very horse. While he was in this extremity, a noted doctor in his neighbourhood went to receive a large sum of money for a cure which he had performed, and our captain had got information of the time. It was in the doctor's way home to ride directly by Hind's door, who had hired a little house on the side of a common. Our adventurer took care to be ready at the hour the doctor was to return, and when he was riding by the house he addressed himself to him in the most submissive style he was master of, telling him that he had a wife within who was violent bad with a flux, so that she could not live without present help; entreating him to come in but two or three minutes, and he would show his gratitude as soon as he was able. The doctor was moved with compassion at the poor man's request and immediately alighted, and accompanied him in, assuring him that he should be very glad if it was in his power to do him any service. Hind conducted him upstairs, and, as soon as they were got into the chamber, shut the door and pulled out a loaded pistol and an empty purse, while the doctor was looking round for his patient. "This," quoth Hind, holding up the purse, "is my wife; she has had a flux so long, that there is now nothing at all within her. I know, sir, you have a sovereign remedy in your pocket for her distemper, and if you do not apply it without a word, this pistol shall make the day shine into your body." The doctor would have been glad to have lost a considerable fee, provided he might have had nothing to do with the patient; but when he saw there was no getting off, he took forty guineas out of his pocket, and emptied them out of his own purse into the captain's, which now seemed to be in pretty good health. Hind then told the doctor that he would leave him in full possession of his house, to make amends for the money he had taken from him. Upon which he went out and locked the door upon poor Galen, mounting his horse, and riding away as fast as he was able, to find another country to live in, well knowing that this would now be too hot to hold him.

Hind has often been celebrated for his generosity to all sorts of people, more especially for his kindness to the poor, which it is reported was so extraordinary, that he never injured the property of any person who had not a complete share of riches. We shall give one instance, in stead of a great many which we could produce, which will sufficiently confirm this general opinion of his tenderness for those who were needy.

At a time when he was out of cash (as he frequently was, by reason of his extravagance), and had been upon the watch a pretty while, without seeing any worth his notice, he at last espied an old man jogging along the road upon an ass. He rode up
to meet him, and asked, him very courteously where he was going. "To the market," said the old man, "at Wantage, to buy me a cow, that I may have some milk for my children." "How many children," quoth Hind, "may you have?" The old man answered ten. "And how much do you think to give for a cow?" said Hind. "I have but forty shillings, master, and that I have been saving together these two years," says the poor wretch. Hind's heart asked for the poor man's condition, at the same time that he could not help admiring his simplicity; but being in so great a strait as I have intimated, he thought of an expedient which would serve both him and the old man too. "Father," said he, "the money you have got about you I must have at this time; but I will not wrong your children of their milk. My name is Hind, and if you will give me your forty shillings quietly, and meet me again this day sevennight at this place, I promise to make the sum double. Only be cautious that you never mention a word of the matter to anybody between this and that." At the day appointed the old man came, and Hind was as good as his word, bidding him buy two cows, instead of one, and adding twenty shillings to the sum promised, that he might purchase the best in the market.

Never was highwayman more careful than Hind to avoid bloodshed; yet we have one instance in his life that proves how hard it is for a man to engage in such an occupation without being exposed to a sort of wretched necessity some time or other to take away the life of another man, in order to preserve his own.

Hind had one morning committed several robberies in and about Maidenhead Thicket, and, among others, had stopped Colonel Harrison, a celebrated regicide, in his coach and six, and taken from him seventy odd pounds. The colonel immediately procured a hue and cry for taking him, which was come into that country before the captain was aware of it. However, he heard at a house of intelligence, which he always had upon every road he used, of the danger he was in, and thereupon he instantly thought of making his escape, by riding as fast as he could from the pursuers, until he could find some safer way of concealing himself.

In this condition, as anyone would imagine, the captain was apprehensive of every man he saw. He had got no farther than a place called Knole Hill, which is but a little way of the thicket, before he heard a man riding behind him full speed. It was a gentleman's servant endeavouring to overtake his master, who was gone before, with something he had forgotten. Hind just now thought of nothing but his own preservation; and therefore resolved either to ride off or fire at the man, who, he concluded, was pursuing him. As the other horse was fresh, and Hind had pretty well tired his, he soon perceived the man got ground of him; upon which he pulls out a pistol, and just as the unfortunate countryman was at his horse's heels, he turns about and shoots him through the head, so that he fell down dead on the spot. The captain, after the fact, got entirely off; but it was for this that he was afterwards condemned at Reading.

After King Charles I. was beheaded, the Scots received and acknowledged his son King Charles II., and resolved to maintain his right against the reigning usurpation. To this end they raised an army, and marched towards England, which they entered with great precipitation. Abundance of gentry, and others, who were loyal in their principles, flocked to the standard of their Sovereign, and resolved to lose their lives in his service, or restore him to his dignity. Among these Hind, who had as much natural bravery as almost any man that ever lived, resolved to try his
fortune. Cromwell was sent by the Parliament into the north to intercept the Royal army, but in spite of that vigilant traitor's expedition the King advanced as far as Worcester, where he waited the enemy's coming.

Oliver came to Worcester soon after, and the consequence of the two armies meeting was a very fierce and bloody battle, in which the Royalists were defeated. Hind had the good fortune to escape at that time, and came to London, where he lodged with one Mr Denzle, a barber, over against St Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, and went by the name of Brown. But Providence had now ordered that he should no longer pursue his extravagances; for he was discovered by a very intimate acquaintance. It must be granted that he had sufficiently deserved the stroke of justice; but there yet appears something so shocking in a breach of friendship that we cannot help wishing somebody else had been the instrument.

As soon as he was apprehended he was carried before the Speaker of the House of Commons, who then lived in Chancery Lane, and after a long examination was committed to Newgate, and loaded with irons. He was conveyed to prison by one Captain Compton, under a strong guard; and the warrant for his commitment commanded that he should be kept in close confinement, and that nobody should be admitted to see him without orders.

On Friday, the 12th of December, 1651, Captain James Hind was brought to the bar of the sessions house in the Old Bailey, and indicted for several crimes; but nothing being proved against him that could reach his life, he was conveyed in a coach from Newgate to Reading in Berkshire, where on the 1st of March, 1651, he was arraigned before Judge Warberton for killing one George Sympson at Knole, a small village in that county. The evidence here was very plain against him, and he was found guilty of wilful murder; but an Act of Oblivion being issued out the next day, to for give all former offences but those against the State, he was in great hopes of saving his life, until by an Order of Council he was removed by habeas corpus to Worcester jail.

At the beginning of September, 1652, he was condemned for high treason, and on the 24th of the same month he was drawn, hanged and quartered, in pursuance of the same sentence, being thirty-four years of age. At the place of execution he declared that most of the robberies which he had ever committed were upon the republican party, of whose principles he professed he always had an utter abhorrence. He added that nothing troubled him so much as to die before he saw his Royal master established on his throne, from which he was most unjustly and illegally excluded by a rebellious and disloyal crew, who deserved hanging more than him.

After he was executed his head was set upon the Bridge Gate, over the River Severn, from whence it was privately taken down and buried within a week afterwards. His quarters were put upon the other gates of the city, where they remained till they were destroyed by wind and weather.
CAPTAIN PHILIP STAFFORD

Whose Patrimony being sequestered by the Roundheads took to the Highway
and was hanged at Reading

CAPTAIN STAFFORD was born about the year 1622, at a small village in Berkshire, about seven miles from Newbury. His father was a sort of gentleman farmer, having about fifty pounds a year of his own estate; upon which, by the help of his industry, he lived in a very comfortable manner. Our Philip was an only child, which made the farmer very careful to bring him up as handsomely as he was able. He sent him to school first in the country, afterwards to the free school at Reading, at both of which places his improvements were as considerable as could be expected from one of his age; and indeed might have been much greater had his application been equal to the sprightliness of his wit and the uncommon vivacity of his temper. These qualifications, however, showed themselves more to advantage in the other parts of his life than they did in a sedentary course of study. His conversation, even almost in his childhood, was very agreeable, as his resentment was generally fatal to those of his own age and stature. Never a lad in all the parishes round but would shudder at the name of Philip Stafford, and if he was not always the best scholar, he was indisputably the head boy in every school he went to.

His father designed him for the heir of his industry, as well as of his estate, and therefore put him out to no trade; but when the time generally allotted for the education of young men of a moderate fortune was expired, he took him home to the plough, and, as soon as he conceived him equal to the burden, gave him the whole management of his affairs. Philip was a tolerable good farmer, but a much better ringer, wrestler and back-sword player; in all which exercises he was looked upon as the hero of the whole country.

He had imbibed in his infancy such principles of religion and loyalty as are common to men in his father's circumstances; these were strengthened by the company he afterwards kept, and the manly amusements he daily followed; so that when the Civil war broke out between King Charles I. and his Parliament, Stafford was one of the first of his country who voluntarily entered into the service of his Sovereign. He continued in the army through the whole series of that unnatural rebellion; and we have no reason to doubt but he behaved with a great deal of bravery, though his actions are buried and lost in the universal confusion of the times. We have not only all the other particulars of his life which are recorded to support such a presumption, but the military honours he received are an undeniable proof that he distinguished himself on some extraordinary occasion; for the title of Captain, which he afterwards bore, was really conferred on him while he was in the service.

Everyone is acquainted with the dismal catastrophe of those unhappy troubles. As soon as the King was dead, and the rebels had got all into their hands, the Royalists were obliged to shift from place to place all over the nation, and to use all the cautionary means they could invent to secure themselves. The small patrimony of Mr Stafford was sequestered, among the many larger estates of gentlemen who had continued in their duty to the last; and he soon found himself in no capacity of getting a moderate subsistence. What was to be done in such a situation as this? He looked
every way and could see no prospect of an honest livelihood. This at last determined
him in the course which he immediately fell into, and which entitles him to a place in
this collection. The resolution he set out with was to raise contributions among the
enemies of his master only, whom he vowed never to spare in anything wherein he
had an opportunity of doing any damage either to their persons or estates.

He first cast his eyes upon an old republican who had drunk deep in the
troubled stream of the times, and had married a young lady in order to obtain her
fortune. In the character of a servant, and assuming the dress and the language of the
party, he succeeded in hiring himself as a servant into that family. By his insinuating
address and engaging manners, he won the affections of his master, and was soon
admitted to enter into conversation with his master and mistress, and in the most
dexterous manner imitated the religious phrases and sentiments of that party. But he
soon employed language of a different kind to his mistress; alienated her affections
from her lawful husband, and so grossly imposed upon him, that when he would
sometimes unexpectedly find them alone and in close conversation, he would
conclude that religion was the subject of their earnest conversation. Under the
disguise of religion, and emboldened by the credulity of the old husband, Stafford
remained with increasing favour in that family, until an heir was born to enjoy the
fortune of the good old republican.

Indifferent to all the ties of honour and of religion, Stafford and the lady
carried on their criminal correspondence; and often amused themselves with the
credulity of the husband, and his unabated attachment to Stafford. In the moments of
wanton levity, the lady had made him a present of a ring, and also of some jewels, and
had not only informed him of a quantity of jewels which her husband had collected,
but actually showed him the place where they were deposited. The violent passion of
avarice now assumed the superiority in his criminal mind, and he formed the
resolution to seize the cabinet of jewels, and even to abandon his favourite mistress in
quest of new adventures.

But his plan could not be effected without the aid of some other person, and he
was long doubtful whom he could trust in so delicate and important a matter. At last
he fixed upon one of the name of Tom Pretty, the son of a French refugee, whom he
had formerly known at school, and with whose temper and disposition he was
thoroughly acquainted. He accordingly provided a key to the door of the place where
the jewels were deposited, took care to have the window so broke and injured that it
appeared to have suffered violence from without, and a ladder brought and laid at the
foot of the window, and such noise made as might be heard by some of the servants.
Stafford, always attentive to his duty and master's interest, was the first to give the
alarm in the morning. The rest of the servants were called, they remembered to have
heard the noise, they saw the ladder, and suspicion could rest upon none of them, far
less upon the faithful Stafford.

Tom Pretty was successful in disposing of the jewels at a good price, received
such a gratuity as was sufficient to retain him in the service of his new employer, who
remained for some time in his station to prevent the shadow of guilt staining the fair
character which he had so dexterously maintained.

Fully convinced that he could always render the ladies subservient to the
accomplishment of his plans, Stafford next directed his attack upon the virtue of a
very handsome lady who had been two years married. To his no small mortification, however, he found that she estimated its value at the sum of one hundred guineas. When all his attempts to alter her first proposal were unsuccessful, his inventive mind devised the following scheme to effectuate his purpose. Being upon friendly terms with the husband, and frequently visiting in the family, he one day took an opportunity to borrow an hundred guineas, under the pretence that he stood in need of that sum to complete a L.500 purchase, in the meantime showing him L.400 which he had in reserve from the late sale of the jewels. He readily obtained his request, and having arranged matters with the lady, he came, according to appointment, one day to her house, when several persons were at dinner, and the husband absent. He immediately pulled out his purse, and addressed her, saying, "I have borrowed one hundred guineas from your husband, and as he is not here, I will leave the money with you, and those here present will be witnesses to the payment." The good lady, unacquainted with the fact, that he had borrowed that sum from her husband, only supposed that this was a dexterous manoeuvre to prevent suspicion, received the money with all good humour. It is unnecessary to relate the sequel of the adventure.

In a few days after, Stafford took an opportunity, when the husband was present, to inform him, that, in the presence of several guests at his table, he had repaid the hundred guineas to his wife that he had lately borrowed from him. The lady changed colour, but could not deny the fact, and the husband was satisfied with the punctual repayment of his money. Nor was Stafford contented with the success of his adventure, but took care to have the same whispered all over the neighbourhood.

It happened that Stafford was riding along very solitary on the Western Road one miserable cold day. His design was only to go and see his relations, having at that time money enough; and it was not customary with him to rob anybody while the stock was high. But fortune threw a very considerable prize in his way in the following manner.

Just as he came to the entrance of Maidenhead Thicket he espied an old formal gentleman trotting before him. As he looked upon him, by his plain coat and broad-brimmed hat, to be one of the godly, as they were then universally called, he immediately resolved, contrary to his intention in travelling, to take hold of the opportunity, and try the depth of the old man's pocket. He soon came up with Mr Primitive, and began such conversation as is common to travellers, more particularly the severity of the season occasioned pretty many reflections, as they both felt it to a high degree. "I hope," says Stafford, "after such a terrible journey as this, I shall meet with a very good lodging at night, or else I shall think the stars are against me indeed." The old man upon this assumes an air of piety, and begins to reprehend the captain for his profaneness in mentioning the stars as if they had any influence over a man's circumstances. He told him it was a heathenish manner of expressing himself, and very unwelcoming the mouth of a Christian. "For my part," says he, "I ascribe everything that befalls me to a wise Providence, and am always content with any lot, as being assured in myself that all things are for the best, and work together for the good of the elect." "And do you believe yourself to be one of those elect?" says Stafford." It is the earnest desire of my soul," replied the old man, "to find the evidences of it in myself; it is what I pray for earnestly day and night; and I truly hope that my prayers ascend with a savour sweet-smelling and acceptable, and that I shall receive an answer of joy and peace. of this I am the more confident, as I have hitherto found that the pious ejaculations of my heart have not been in vain upon particular
occasions." Here the captain endeavoured to reform his phiz, and to look as demurely as his companion. "Verily, brother," said he, "whoever thou art, thy reproof is just; but as I was upon a journey, and uncertain what the company was that I was thus providentially fallen into, I was willing to conform myself to it, for the security of the outward man. If I had found thee speaking in such a manner as had discovered the corruption of thy heart, and proved thee to be one of the unregenerate, I should have endeavoured, as far as it would have appeared consistent with my high character as a Christian, to have given thee thine own way in conversation. But since, to my unspeakable joy and consolation in this desert place, I have found thee such as my heart would wish, I make no scruple to unbosom myself unto thee, begging that thou wouldst extend thy bowels of Christian compassion unto my weakness, which occasioned me to conceal the real sentiments of my soul, through timidity of thy person, to me unknown. I would furthermore entreat that thou wouldst endeavour to make our journeying together profitable unto our mutual edification, by a relation of some of those experiences which thou hast hinted to, as the effect of thy being found in the way of thy duty." The old hypocrite was transported to hear such a speech as this, and made no question but he was luckily fallen into company with a stone of the spiritual building, and a brother member of the sacred body of the Church. "Forasmuch," replied he, "as it seemeth to thee thy desire that I should communicate unto thee something of what I have done in the course of my duty, and inwardly experienced as the return of my humble petitions, know that I have always, since I have been made sensible what hard work and the divine influence mean, constantly called for a blessing upon what I have undertaken. In an especial manner, when I have set out on a journey, as at present, I have been more earnest in entreating that I might pass the road in safety; and that at night in a good inn I might take up my quarters, and repose upon a bed of down. Not so much that I desire to indulge my tenement of clay in the course of this my pilgrimage, as that I look upon it to be typical of that eternal rest into which I hope to be received when I shall put off this outward man, this earthly tabernacle of flesh. It is, my friend, a help to my meditation on these things, when I lie extended at ease in the night; and I never yet found but that every particular has been answerable to my desires, and, indeed, proportioned to the degree of warmth with which I have expressed them. It is for this reason, that when I have been diligent in my duty, and taken such a quantity of money in my pocket as will bear my expenses in a comfortable manner, I am under no apprehensions of any danger that may attend me." "I hope then," quoth Stafford," thou wert not at all wanting this morning in thy exercises, both for thy sake and my own; forasmuch as with thy good liking I am determined to accompany thee this evening." Hereupon the old man assuring him that he was never in all his life more fervent than that morning, the captain seemed pretty contented, till they came to the middle of the thicket, when he thought it very proper to take advantage of the place, and ease the old hypocrite of his money, which was of more service to him in his getting good lodging than all his boasted piety, the latter being only superficial. To this end he addressed him in the following manner: — "Brother, I perceive by what you have related that you are a man favoured by heaven in an extraordinary degree, and that it is impossible to hinder you of anything that you have once prayed for. To what purpose then should you carry money with you? Now, for my part, I cannot pretend to any such particular token of the divine regard, and therefore I have no room to expect anything out of the common way; so that I think what money you have about you will be much more serviceable to me than to your who are certain of the best usage wherever you go." The old man began to stare upon his new companion, and wondered what he was
driving at; but he did not remain long in suspense, for Stafford told him very plainly that it would be to no purpose for him to make many words, since he was now in earnest. "Therefore," says he, "without ceremony deliver your money." At these words he clapped a pistol to his breasts which terrified the venerable saint to such a degree that he pulled out a purse with forty guineas in it and gave it with a trembling hand. It was now plain that, how sure soever our good man was of heaven, he was not willing to leave the world on a sudden, which is no uncommon case. Stafford being willing to spoil the old man's lodging entirely, shot his horse, after he had rifled him of everything that he had which was valuable, and then forced him a considerable way into the thicket, where he bound him fast, and left him on the cold ground. In this condition he lay till next morning, when he was taken up half dead.

The captain, after this robbery was very sensible that, how bad soever the lodging of his Roundhead companion might be, his own would be as little to his satisfaction if he were taken; he therefore thought it most advisable to get out of the main road as fast as he could. This he did by crossing the country into Buckinghamshire and riding till he thought he was out of all danger for that night.

Having, upon a certain time, got together a considerable quantity of money, and being under some apprehensions of a discovery, he made off into the north of England, and took shelter in a country village, so obscure that it was next to impossible he should ever be detected. He was afraid in this place to make any great figure, or to seem extravagant, because he well knew that country people are apt to be very inquisitive into the circumstances of such men; and as he was resolved to be as godly as he was able while he resided here, it was not expedient for him to put the congregation to any trouble; for he had now joined himself to a people who assembled in the neighbourhood, and was customary in those days for a new member, if he was in any respect suspicious, to give a very particular account of himself. By this prudent management the captain not only avoided their inquisition, but made his ready cash last a great deal longer than it otherwise would have done.

In this place Stafford soon got the reputation of a very good man; he attended constantly at public service, and not only that, but also at all their private meetings and conferences, when he would frequently exercise his own gift, and pour out a tedious rhapsody of unintelligible jargon, with a great deal of seeming warmth and affection. As it was no difficult thing for a man of the captain's good sense to be the greatest orator in such a congregation as this, it was but a very little while before his talents were every where talked of; he was sent for to all the meetings round about, and public thanks were frequently returned to Providence, who had sent such an eminent Christian among them. It was not above a year that he had been in this place before their venerable pastor, who had formerly been an indifferent good tailor, departed this life. The sorrow on this melancholy occasion was universal, and the cause of religion a thousand times said to be in danger, by the loss of such a substantial pillar of the Church (for so they called themselves) as their dear glorified minister. When the general lamentation was a little over, the flock began to look round for one to feed them in the room of the deceased. All their eyes were immediately fixed on Stafford, who was esteemed the most able brother for the important charge. The captain had by this time wasted his capital stock pretty considerably, and he must very soon have been under an absolute necessity of recruiting by some means or other; he durst not as yet appear on the road again, for he had made himself so notorious just before his retirement that a large reward had been
offered for taking him, and his person had been so particularly described that it was in vain to think of disguising himself. An offer of forty pounds a year, besides a prospect of other acquisitions, was not it may be imagined, at this time very unacceptable; so when the elders of the congregation waited on him in a body with their resolution he consented, after due form, to accept of the proposal. The ceremony of his ordination is foreign to our purpose, and therefore we omit it. Behold Captain Philip Stafford, our hero, in a stiff band, a black coat and skull cap, mounted behind a velvet cushion, holding forth, with all the eloquence he was master of against all sin, and even the very appearance of sin; advising them to crush the first motions of it in their hearts, and never suffer it to break forth into practice. Hear him describe the pleasures of a good conscience, void of difference towards God and man! What a load of accusations he lays upon his friend Satan the grand enemy of souls — enough to break the back of any poor devil in Christendom! Never was preaching more effectual, or more weeping and repentance than among the old women of Stafford's congregation. Everyone exerted herself to the utmost that the circumstances of their minister might be as easy as possible, and that such a faithful labourer in the vineyard of the church might not go without his reward. Presents were sent him continually, he was invited to dinner every day by one or another of the members; and he has often protested since that, bating the hypocrisy he was obliged to use, the time he was a teacher was the pleasantest part of his life.

At last, as the revenue did not now answer his purpose, he took an opportunity to leave his little flock, without giving them any warning, carrying on with him all the sacramental plate and linen, to a pretty large value.

The last adventure which we shall relate of the captain is that for which he suffered. A farmer of considerable note in Berkshire had been at Reading to sell his corn at a time when that commodity was very dear. The farmer had the reputation of being a very honest good man; but as the price of corn was very advantageous to him he could not help being elated by the success he had met with at market, and he was now riding home in a very pleasant temper, meditating (as he himself confessed) on the riches he was about to get for his family. The captain overtook him about forty miles from Reading, and accosted him in a very friendly manner with "Pray farmer, what is it o'clock?" The farmer being, as I said before, pretty full of his good fortune, immediately thought Mr Stafford had known him, and when he asked him what corn was a load he therefore very readily answered: "Sixteen pound ten the best wheat." Stafford guessed the honest countryman's mistake; but at that time thought their conversation was likely to turn upon a subject that would be to his advantage. "And have you, farmer," said he, "sold any wheat for that price today?" "Yes," says the countryman, "I have sold two loads, and I thank God I have got the money for it in my pocket." This was spoken very innocently, for the farmer thought all the while he was with somebody who asked him these questions out of kindness; he soon found to the contrary, for the captain pulled a pistol out of his pocket, and clapping it to the farmer's breast, he made him refund the thirty three pounds he had received a little before.

The captain's good fortune this day began to leave him, for he was scarce got three hundred yards from the ground where he committed the robbery before two gentlemen came up to the farmer, who told them how he had been used. The gentlemen being well mounted rode after him with all the speed they could, and in less than a quarter of an hour overtook and dismounted him. The money was all found
upon him, and several of the pieces were very remarkable; so that he was carried to
the next Justice of the Peace, and by him committed to the county jail, where he lay
till the ensuing assizes, which were not for a great while afterwards.

At the assizes the farmer, who was a very conscientious man, refused to
appear against the prisoner, because he was not certain whether or no it was the same
man who had robbed him. The evidence, nevertheless, of the two gentle-men, and the
money, which answered exactly to the account which the farmer had given of what he
had lost, together with the bad character of the captain himself in his own country,
where he now was, were thought sufficient to condemn him; and the sentence passed
accordingly, and a day was fixed for his execution.

While Stafford was in prison, before his condemnation, he lived in a very
grand manner. He had a wicket made before the jail porch to hide his fetters, where he
used to sit frequently with one of the keepers, and converse with gentlemen of the best
fashion in the whole town. He had, moreover, settled a correspondence with several of
his own profession, who came to see him in prison. These, then, undertook to rescue
him from the gallows, and afterwards to constitute him their head. The report of this
compact, by some means or other, took wind before the time, and the post-boy was
ordered what to say if any man should ask him any questions on the road. This charge
to the post-boy was thought to be the only reason why they did not come as they had
promised; for two or three men well mounted one day demanded of him when
Stafford was to be executed, and the boy told them the usual day, which was now
changed to another purely upon the account of this report.

The captain had a new light-coloured suit of clothes made to go to the gallows
(for he did not expect to be hanged), in which he appeared as though he had been
going to a wedding. He had a nosegay in his bosom, and his countenance was without
the least appearance of concern all the way. As he passed by a tavern he ordered the
cart to stop, and called for a pint of wine, which he drank all off, and told the vintner
he would pay him when he came back. At the gallows he stood up and looked round
him very wistfully some minutes, still desiring more time. At last, when the sheriff
bid him prepare, and he saw no remedy, his colour was observed to change, and he
trembled very much, but said nothing. Just at the instant that the cart was ordered to
be drawn away he delivered a paper to the sheriff, and then was turned off in a great
deal of confusion. The contents of the paper were as follows: —

"It is not merely in compliance with the common custom of malefactors that I
write anything to leave behind me in the world; if there had not seemed a more than
ordinary necessity for this declaration from me, upon the account of my having been
so universally talked of, I should have been contented to have suffered in silence what
the justice of the law has required.

"I confess not only the fact for which I die, but also almost all those that are
laid to my charge by common fame, besides innumerable others of the same nature;
yet I hope that what I am about to offer will plead a little in my favour, and in some
measure abate the horror which many sober people are apt to conceive at the bare
recital of my crimes.

"I was brought up in principles of honour and virtue by my parents, and I
continued to act agreeably to those principles for many years, as several worthy
gentlemen now living can testify. I can moreover call upon a greater witness than any
mortal to attest that I have always thought in my soul nothing so mean and so
unworthy of human nature as fraud, of what kind soever it might be. It was only the
iniquity of the times in which it has been my unhappiness to have lived that
occasioned my abandoning in practice what my judgment always approved of,
notwithstanding the pains I have taken to work myself into a belief that virtue is
nothing but a vain chimera.

"The cruelty with which all the loyal party was prosecuted during the late
Civil War gave me a very despicable opinion of those who executed it. This opinion
was afterwards strengthened when I beheld the same people dividing among
themselves, and using an equal severity towards each other, as any one party got
uppermost. I soon found that their religion was but a pretence, and their appearance of
sanctity nothing more than hypocrisy; that interest was the only point they pursued,
and their hyperbolical cant concerning another world a mere engine to draw to
themselves larger possessions in this, which they had the confidence to affirm they
had learned entirely to despise. These things made me determine, when my estate was
quartered, and my principles prevented my getting an honourable subsistence, to take
openly from some of those hypocrites what they unjustly, though more craftily, had
taken from better people.

"What lies most heavily upon my conscience is my having ever condescended
to deal with these men in their own way, by imposing upon them under a show of
piety. May God forgive me in this particular! I must, however, take the freedom to say
that I was never able to match several that I have met with, to whom I have not
thought myself inferior as to my genius in this their darling vice, hypocrisy; and that
when I most succeeded in my impostures, it was more owing to a fluency of words,
which I always had, than to my art in counterfeiting their formality in my common
behaviour.

" I shall not trouble the world with any more of these things, which only relate
to my Maker, and my own conscience. Give me leave to say that as I have not been a
common offender, I would hope my remains will be treated with a little more decency
than the bodies of the unhappy wretches who suffer at this place commonly are.

"As I die justly, I have no occasion to say anything concerning the instruments
of my death, who only exercise what the law demands. If there are any other persons
who are conscious that they have given me just cause of offence, let them know that I
forgive them from my very heart; and that I die in peace with all the world to which I
can very calmly bid farewell."

In compliance with Mr Stafford's request concerning his body, the sheriff
ordered him to be buried under the tower of St Mary's Church at Reading. Several
persons of fashion honoured his funeral with their attendance, and the women in
particular were observed to shed abundance of tears.
MR GEORGE STRANGWAYES was the second son of Mr James Strangways, of Mussen in Dorsetshire, a gentleman of an ancient and unblemished family. He was a person that had a brave and generous soul in a stout and active body, being tall of stature, and framed to the most masculine proportion of man. The virtues of his father he rather seemed to improve than degenerate from, till he was hurried on by an ungovernable passion to commit the horrid fact which we are going to relate. As his constitution in his youth made him fitter to follow Mars than the Muses, he attained to the degree of a major in the service of King Charles I., which military office he executed with a great deal of bravery and gallantry during the whole course of the Civil War. Yet was he not a stranger to those arts that finish a gentleman; for (as Mr Dryden says of my Lord Roscommon) he had made both Miner's his own. In the most important consultations he had always a head as dextrous to advise, as a heart daring to act. Only in love he appeared either unskilful or unsuccessful, for he was never married. The father of Mr Strangwayes died about ten years before the unhappy accident happened which brought destruction upon his son. At his death the major was left in possession of Mussen Farm, and his eldest sister, Mrs Mabellah Strangways, was constituted executrix by will. This sister, being then an ancient maid, rented her brother's farm, and stocked it at her own cost; engaging herself to him in a bond of three hundred and fifty pounds, which she borrowed towards the procuring of the said stock. The major, presuming upon her continuance of a single life, and expecting that the greatest part, if not all, of her personal estate would in time revert to him as her heir, entrusted her not only with the bond, but also with that part of the stock, and such utensils of the house, as, by his father's will, properly belonged to him. His reason for doing this was, that they would be more secure by passing for hers, forasmuch as his whole estate was liable to sequestration; by which, at that time of day, a great many thousand gentlemen were ruined. Sad times, indeed, when honesty, which, by those who have just notions of Providence, is esteemed a common preservative against calamity, was the principal means that made people obnoxious to it! But this was not the only age in which that noble principle has been out of fashion. His estate being thus in a fair probability of being preserved from those vultures of the Commonwealth who had then the administration of public affairs, he lived for some time very happily with his sister, of whose prudence and discretion he had a very high opinion, at his farm of Mussen. But all of a sudden the scene altered, and she, whom he thought sufficiently proof against all inclinations to matrimony began to express some affection for Mr Fussel, a gentleman well esteemed at Blandford, the place of his residence, and of much repute for his eminent abilities in matters of law. Mrs Mabellah Strangways had now contracted an intimacy with Mr Fussel, and she made it the least part of her care to disguise her sentiments concerning him; so that it was not long before her brother came to a perfect knowledge of their mutual resolutions. Whether it was that he had any former dislike to the man, or that he imagined one of that profession might injure him in his property; or whether it was only the being disappointed in the hopes he had conceived of enjoying after his sister the whole substance of the family, is not easy to determine; but certain it is, that he no sooner
heard of a proposal of marriage between this gentleman and his sister than he showed himself absolutely against it, and took an opportunity of telling his sister privately how much he disapproved her design. Mrs Mabellah as freely told him how steadfast she was in her purpose; upon which he broke out into the most violent expressions of passion, affirming with bitter imprecations that if ever she married Mr Fussel he would certainly be the death of him soon afterwards. These family quarrels soon occasioned a separation between our unhappy brother and sister; and the rupture was still increased by mutual complaints between them. She pretends that he unjustly detains from her much of the stock of the farm, which, either by her father's will, or her own purchase, was lawfully hers; at the same time she denies that ever she sealed the aforementioned bond, insinuating that it was only a forgery of her brother's. The major, on the other hand cried out as loudly against his sister, accusing her with nothing less than a design to defraud him of part of his estate, besides the money due by the bond. These were the differences which first fomented a rage that was not to be quenched but by blood. Soon after their parting Mrs Mabellah and Mr Fussel were married, and the grievances between the brother and sister commenced a lawsuit; for the prosecuting of which, as well as for the carrying on of several other causes which lie was employed in, he being a man of great business, Mr Fussel was come up to London, it being Hilary Term, at the unhappy time when he lost his life, in the following manner. Mr Fussel lodged up one pair of stairs, at the sign of the George and Half Moon, three doors from the Palsgrave's Head Tavern, without Temple Bar, opposite to a pewterer's shop. He came in one evening between nine and ten, and retired to his study, which fronted the street, sitting behind a desk, with his face towards the window, the curtains being so near drawn that there was but just room enough left to discern him. In this manner he had not sat above a quarter of an hour before two bullets shot from a carbine struck him, the one through the forehead and the other in about his mouth; a third bullet, or slug, stuck in the lower part of the timber of the window, and the passage by which the two former entered was so narrow that little less than an inch over or under had obstructed their passage. He dropped down upon his desk without so much as a groan, so that his clerk, who was in the room at the same time, did not at first apprehend anything of what was done; till at last, perceiving him lean his head, and knowing him not to fall asleep as he wrote, he imagined something more than ordinary was the matter. Upon this he drew near to be satisfied, when he was suddenly struck with such horror and amazement at the unexpected sight of blood that for the present, he was utterly incapable of action. As soon as he had recollected himself, he called up some of the family, by whose assistance he discovered what an unhappy accident had bereaved him of his master. Instantly they all ran down into the street, but could see nothing that might give them the least information, everything appearing, as they conceived, more silent and still than is usual at that time of night in the public parts of the city. Officers were sent for and Mr Fussel's son (for he had been married before) was acquainted with the melancholy news; who immediately made use of all the means he could think of to discover the authors of this horrid fact. Several places were searched in vain, and a barber, who lodged in the same house with Mr Fussel, was apprehended on suspicion, he having been absent at the time when the deed was perpetrated. While they were considering what could induce anybody to such an action, young Fussel called to mind those irreconcilable quarrels which had for some time subsisted between his father and his Uncle Strangwayes; and thereupon proposed the apprehending of him to the officers, which motion they, in general, approved of. They now proceed to put it in execution, and between two and three in the morning the major is apprehended in
his bed, at his lodging, over against Ivy Bridge in the Strand, at the house of one Mr Pym, a tailor, next door to the Black Bull Inn which is now Bull Inn Court. Being in the custody of the officers, he was had before Justice Blake, before whom he denied the fact with an undaunted confidence. However, as there was so much room for suspicion, the justice committed him to Newgate, where remaining till next morning, he was then conveyed to the place where Mr Fussel's body was. When he came there, he was commanded to take his dead brother-in-law by the hand, and touch his wounds before the coroner's inquest — a method mightily relied on by the defenders of sympathy. But there having been nothing discovered by this experiment, he was remanded back to prison, and the jury proceeded in their inquiry, though with little hopes of satisfaction. Several ways were propounded by the foreman for the detection of the murderer; one of which was, that all the gunsmiths in London, and the adjacent places, should be examined what guns they had either lent or sold that day. This, in the opinion of most of the jurymen, was an unpracticable task; and one Mr Holloway, a gunsmith in the Strand, who was one of the number, told them all that the men of his profession were so numerous that he thought it next to impossible for them to make such an inquiry without missing many; that, for his own part, he had that day lent a carbine, and did not question but several of the trade did the same every day that passed. This saying of Mr Holloway's was presently taken hold of by the foreman, who desired him, for the satisfaction of them all, to declare to whom he had lent the said piece. Mr Holloway, after some small recollection, answered: "To one Mr Thompson in Long Acre, who had formerly been a major in the King's army, and was now married to a daughter of Sir James Aston." Upon this a speedy search was made after Major Thompson, who being abroad, his wife was taken into custody, and detained a prisoner till her husband should be produced, though she cleared herself very handsomely from having any knowledge of borrowing or even seeing any such thing as a gun. Mr Thompson had that morning gone into the country on some urgent occasions; but on the first news of his wife's confinement he returned hastily to London, where being examined before a justice of the peace, he confessed that he had borrowed a carbine from Mr Holloway at the time mentioned, for the use of Major Strangways, who told him that all he intended to do with it was to kill a deer; and that having loaded it with a brace of bullets and a slug, he delivered it to the said Major Strangways, in St Clement's churchyard, between the hours of seven and eight at night. This was all the certain intelligence they could get of what passed before the firing of the gun. Who did the desperate deed was never known; for Mr Strangways carried that great secret with him to the grave, refusing to confess anything before man, and reserving this discovery for the general assize hereafter, when the inmost recesses of men's hearts shall be laid open. Thus much further they learned of Major Thompson, that between the hours of ten and eleven Major Strangways brought back the gun to his house, left it, and retired to his lodging. These circumstances were enough to increase the suspicion of the inquisitive jury, and when they were told to Mr Strangways he seemed to be struck with terror, so that he continued some moments in a profound silence; afterwards he acknowledged in a very pathetic manner that the immediate hand of God was in the affair, for nothing less could have brought about such a wonderful detection. He further owned that, the night the murder was committed, he left one at his quarters to personate him, whom he took care to introduce about seven in the evening, while the people of the house were employed in their necessary affairs, and not at leisure to take any notice of his actions. This friend, he said, walked about the chamber, so as to be heard by all the family, which occasioned them to give a wrong deposition concerning Major Strangways being at
home when he was examined before the magistrate. He added, that when the fact was committed (by whom, as we have observed already, he would never confess) he returned to his lodging, found means to discharge his friend, then hastened to bed, and lay there till he was apprehended at three in the morning. On the 24th of February, 1658, Major George Strangeways was brought to his trial at the sessions house in the Old Bailey; where, his indictment being read, and he commanded to plead, he absolutely refused to comply with the method of the Court unless, he said, he might be permitted, when he was condemned, to die in the same manner as his brother-in-law had done. If they refused this, he told them, he would continue in his contempt of the Court, that he might preserve his estate, which would be forfeited on his conviction, in order to bestow it on such friends as he had most affection for, as well as to free himself from the ignominious death of a public gibbet. Many arguments were urged by the Lord Chief Justice Glyn, and the rest of the bench, to induce him to plead; particularly the great sin he committed in refusing to submit to the ordinary course of the law, and the terror of the death which his obstinate silence would oblige them to inflict upon him. But these, and all the other motives they made use of, were ineffectual; he still remained immovable, refusing either to plead or to discover who it was that fired the gun; only affirming, both then and always afterwards till his death, that, whoever did it, it was done by his direction. When the Court perceived they could work nothing on him, the Lord Chief justice read the following dreadful sentence: — "That the prisoner be sent back to the place from whence he came, and there put into a mean room, where no light can enter; that he be laid upon his back, with his body bare, save something to cover his privy parts; that his arms be stretched forth with a cord, one to one side of the prison, and the other to the other side of the prison, and in like manner his legs shall be used; that upon his body be laid as much iron and stone as he can bear, and more; that the first day he shall have three morsels of barley bread, and the next day he shall drink thrice of the water in the next channel to the prison door, but no spring or fountain water; and this shall be his punishment till he dies." Sentence being passed upon him, he was remanded back to Newgate, where he was attended by several eminent and pious divines till the day of his death — namely, Dr Wild, Dr Warmstrey, Mr Jenkins, Mr Watson and Mr Norton. Monday, the last day of February, was the fatal day appointed for executing the judgment passed on him, when, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, accompanied with several of their officers, came to the press-yard in Newgate. After a short stay, Major Strangeways was guarded down, clothed all in white, waistcoat, stockings, drawers and cap, over which was cast a long mourning cloak. From whence he was conducted to the dungeon, the dismal place of execution, being still attended with a few of his friends, among whom was the Reverend Dr Warmstrey, turning to whom he said: "Sir, will you be pleased to assist me with your prayers?" The doctor answered: "Yes, Major, I came on purpose to officiate in that Christian work. The Lord strengthen your faith, and give you confidence and assurance in Jesus Christ." After they had spent some time in prayers, the major addressed himself to the company in general, and with a voice something more elevated than ordinary spoke as follows: — "I thank my God I never had a thought in my heart to doubt the truth of the religion I profess. I die a Christian, and am assured of my interest in Christ Jesus, through whose merits I question not but ere long my soul shall triumph over her present afflictions in an eternity of glory, being reconciled to God by the blood of my Saviour. The Lord bless you all in this world, and bring you at last to a world of blessedness, which is the reward of the elect. The Lord bless me in this last and dreadful trial. So let us all pray, Jesus, Jesus, have mercy on me!"
Having said this, he took his solemn last leave of all his lamenting friends, and prepared himself for the dreadful assault of Death, with whom he was speedily to encounter. He desired his friends, when he gave the signal, to lay on the weights, and they placed themselves at the corners of the press for that purpose. His arms and legs were extended, according to the sentence, in which action he cried out: "Thus were the sacred limbs of my ever blessed Saviour stretched forth on the Cross, when He suffered to free the sin-polluted world from an eternal curse." Then crying with a sprightly voice, "Lord Jesus receive my soul," which were the words he had told them, his mournful attendants performed their dreadful task. They soon perceived that the weight they laid on was not sufficient to put him suddenly out of pain, so several of them added their own weight, that they might the sooner release his soul. While he was dying, it was horrible to all who stood by, as well as dreadful to himself, to see the agonies he was put into, and hear his loud and doleful groans. But this dismal scene was over in about eight or ten minutes, when his spirit departed, and left her tortured mansion, till the great day that shall unite them again. His body having lain some time in the press, was brought forth and exposed to public view, so that a great many beheld the bruises made by the press, one angle of which being purposely placed over his heart, he was the sooner deprived of life, though he was denied what is usual in these cases, to have a sharp piece of timber under his back to hasten the execution. The body appeared void of scars, and not deformed with blood, save where the extremities of the press came on the breasts and upper part of the belly. The face was bloody, not from any external injury, but the violent forcing of the blood from the larger vessels into the veins of the face and eyes. After the dead corpse had been thus examined it was put into a coffin, and in a cart that attended at the prison door conveyed to Christ Church, where it was interred. While he was under sentence he wrote the following letter to Major Dewey, a Member of Parliament, who had married one of his sisters: —

DEAR BROTHER, — I hope for forgiveness from you and the rest of my friends; for my conscience bears me witness that I was grievously provoked by my brother-in-law's wrongs. It was after he had abused me by prosecutions, and refused to fight me in single combat, that I suffered myself to be tempted to do what I did, though I intended only to have terrified and not killed him. In a word, each hath his desert; he fell to my revenge, and I to the law. I suffer willingly, being satisfied that my crime is cancelled before the Almighty. From your dying brother,

G. STRANGWAYES.

It is said the major had often fallen into most impetuous storms of rage at the sight of Mr Fussel, and had offered him odds in length of weapon, to fight with him. Once in particular he met him in Westminster Hall, when they had a cause there depending, and told him that Calico Sands was a much fitter place for them, who were both Cavaliers, to dispute in, than that court, where most of the judges were their enemies. But Mr Fussel not only refused that way of deciding their quarrel, but indicted him as a challenger, which added fuel to his former rage, and put him upon the dreadful manner of satisfying his passion for which he suffered.
GILDER-ROY
*A most barbarous Murderer of his Mother and Sister, who led a bloodthirsty Gang of Outlaws in Scotland and hanged a Judge. Executed in April, 1658*

THIS offender was descended of a very good family in the Highlands of Scotland. His father died just when he had seen his son reach that age at which the law supposes a man capable to manage his own affairs, and left him an estate in Perthshire of about eighty marks per annum. But though Gilder-roy was twenty-one years old, he was a worse economist than the old gentleman expected; so that in about a year and a half all his substance was destroyed, his estate sold, and himself reduced to the most extreme necessity, notwithstanding the frequent admonitions of his friends against his profuseness, and their honest entreaties that he would reflect upon his condition before it would be too late.

His mother had a small jointure, with the income of which she supplied him, till she saw it was to no purpose, he still consuming all she could raise in a little time. At last she withheld her hand, and let him for the future shift for himself. This so irritated the villain that nothing but the death of the good old woman could pacify him; in order to accomplish which, he arose one night and burst into his mother's bed-chamber violently while she was asleep, who had still been so unhappily tender as to let him lodge in her house. The rest of this action is shocking to relate. He cut the throat of his indulgent parent from ear to ear, ravished his own sister and a maidservant, left them both bound, took everything valuable out of the house, then set fire to it, burning that and the two deflowered maidens all together.

This almost unparalleled piece of barbarity filled the whole country round with horror; the author of it was suspected, and a considerable reward was offered in a proclamation issued out for apprehending him. The money, with the abhorrence everybody had of his crime, made it unsafe for him to stay any longer in his native country; so he fled into France, where he lived upon the spoil of his murdered mother until it was all spent, and he was obliged to make use of his wits for a livelihood.

Being once at St Denis, he went to the cathedral, a mausoleum for the kings of France, situated not far from the city of Paris, where during the solemnisation of High Mass several of the best quality were present. Here he applied himself to one who was seated most suitably for his design, and immediately with an air of assurance, as though he had known the gentleman, pointed to several of the fairest ladies, and endeavoured to make himself pass for a gallant to the ladies; which he might well enough do, he being as well dressed as anybody there. The French gentleman had by this time directed his attention more to his new acquaintance than to the devotion of the day; which Gilder-roy perceiving, he made signs that he intended to take a fine gold watch of great value from a lady's side just by, whom he perceived to be acquainted with monsieur. There being no mistrust of anything more than a joke (the Frenchman little thinking a thief had made him his companion), they whispered together where they should meet after service was over, and carry their prize to the fair owner, when she had been sufficiently grieved for her loss.
Satisfied with this fallacy, the French gentleman made the best of his way out of the church when High Mass was over, and left Gilder-roy to take care of himself, not doubting in the least but his new acquaintance would punctually meet him at the place appointed. But Gilder-roy was far enough in two hours' time, and the French gentleman did not suspect any treachery before, but imagined his delay might be occasioned by meeting a friend, or the like. However, being impatient, he went at last in confusion enough to inform the lady of what had passed. It was agreed the sharper had outwitted him, and that by his connivance he had stolen the watch in earnest; so he humbly asked her ladyship's pardon, and entreated her to accept of another watch of equal value from him, which he owned was but a just penance for the folly he had been guilty of in so credulously placing too much confidence in a stranger. In short, the lady, though full of resentment, accepted of the present, but discarded him from his former capacity of being her suitor, telling him she would never have a man so tame as to sit by and see her robbed, without taking her part.

From France he took a tour over the Pyrenean mountains into Spain, committing several notorious robberies in divers parts of that kingdom, particularly in Madrid. In this capital he found means to get a large quantity of plate from the Duke of Medina Celi, when all his servants were busied in an entertainment for foreign ambassadors. This trick was performed by a previous acquaintance with the steward, who introduced him at his pleasure.

Gilder-roy, after he had been about three years abroad, had the confidence to venture home again, supposing that though the horrible crime he had there committed would never be forgotten, yet the heat of inquiry after him was pretty well over. He now got together a great company of men, and made his name almost as terrible in some of the remote parts of Scotland as that of Robin Hood was formerly about the forest of Sherwood in England. Particularly in the counties of Athol, Lockable, Angus, Mar, Baquahan, Moray and Sutherland, he was dreaded as much as a common enemy in time of war. The confusion of affairs in these kingdoms, we may conclude, contributed a great deal towards the establishing him in this manner, and his evading the stroke of justice so long as he did. All the common people he laid under contribution, and obliged them to allow him so many head of cattle quarterly for his protection, which he was so impudent as to grant them in form, by the means of which they might travel without molestation from him or any of his gang. It was in vain to think of not coming into his articles; for those who were not willing to allow him part of their substance were sure to lose it all without any ceremony.

Among the persons said to be robbed by Gilder-roy we find the Earl of Linlithgow, from whom he took a gold watch, a diamond ring, and eighty broad-pieces. Oliver Cromwell is another mentioned on this occasion; but the writers of that time, who endeavoured to throw all the indignities they could on the republican party, have probably made this usurper and his friends to be served in this manner much oftener than they really were. One gentle man, however, who fell in Gilder-roy's way, made a stout opposition with two of his servants, till one of the men was killed, and the master himself wounded; Gilder-roy shot all their horses, mounted the gentleman upon an ass, and sent him to seek his fortune.

Three of this company were at last apprehended and sent to the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, out of which prison they broke, but were soon retaken, condemned, and
executed at a distance without the city, where their bodies were left hanging as a terror to others, till they should drop down of themselves.

These three men were part of Gilder-roy's particular favourites; whereupon he vowed revenge, and communicated his design to the rest of the gang, who all agreed to join with him in the execution of it. Their business was to waylay the judge — or Lord of Session, as they are there called — who had passed the sentence, and who was soon after so unhappy as to fall into their hands. His coachman and two footmen they stripped stark naked, tied them hand and foot, and threw them into a great pond, where they were immediately drowned. Then they killed the four coach horses, cut the coach all to pieces, and rifled his lordship of everything about him that was valuable. This was not, however, half the punishment they designed him, for they kept him confined in a wood till dead of night, and then they put him on horseback and brought him to the gallows where their comrades were hanging. The form of a gallows or gibbet in Scotland is something like our turnstiles, and consists of two beams that cross one another upon the top of a high post, so that they point four several ways. It was upon such a machine as this that those fellows were hung, and there was one of the points vacant. When they arrived at the place, Gilder-roy told the judge that, forasmuch as the structure was not uniform without a fourth person, his lordship must fill the vacancy, and take a swing upon the empty beam. As soon as he had delivered his jest he let the poor judge see that he intended to act in earnest, for a rope was instantly put round his lordship's neck, and he was fairly tucked up to keep the malefactors company.

We have not been informed of the name of this judge; but the action, we are assured, was the occasion of a law that was soon after passed in Scotland for the hanging of a highwayman as soon as ever he was taken. This statute was afterwards often put in force against gentlemen of the pad, whom they convicted and condemned after their death, to keep up the form of justice.

A long series of success made Gilder-roy so insolent that he thought nothing of killing those who disputed the delivery of their money. He ravished almost all the women that he could get into his power, set fire to houses and barns upon the least affront, and spread an inexpressible fear in every part where he haunted. The great complaints that were raised were the occasion of a second proclamation for the taking of him either dead or alive, in which the reward offered was no less than one thousand marks. This obliged him again to take a little more care of his conduct, and live privately as often and as much as his money would permit.

One Peg Cunningham, whom he kept for a mistress, hearing of the proclamation, and perceiving that it hindered him from bringing her so much money as usual, thought it her best way to lay hold of this opportunity, play the downright whore, and betray him. This she accomplished in her own house, which she caused to be surrounded with a body of men one night when he was with her. Gilder-roy heard a noise, and perceived that he was trepanned; nor was he at a loss to think by whom. Seeing therefore that he could no way escape, he resolved to be revenged on his betrayer; which he was before the guards could seize him. He took a knife and ripped up her belly as she lay in bed, where she kept, to prevent his suspecting her. After this he made as desperate a defence as ever was heard of, killing several of his adversaries as they attempted to come to him. But all this served only to aggravate his crimes; for he was taken and put into prison, where his hands, feet and waist were all loaded with
irons for the greater security. Having been kept three days in this condition, he was conveyed to Edinburgh by a strong guard, and there executed, according to the law just now mentioned, on a gibbet thirty feet high, in April, 1658. He was thirty-four years of age, and died in a sullen temper, without any confession. His body was hung in chains on another gibbet erected for that purpose between Edinburgh and Leith.
THOMAS GRAY

Nephew to the Exeter Hangman, who turned Thief and Highwayman, and ended by marrying an Heiress. His Autobiography written about 1660

WE here present our readers with the remarkable life of a very great thief and cheat, as written by himself above fourscore years ago. This witty rogue is much talked of at this time in the west of England, where he was born, and where he wrote his life and actions — a life famous in those parts, and which we believe will prove diverting and agreeable to our readers here. The account which he gives of himself is as follows:

I was born in Exeter, a city in the county of Devon. My father's name was Thomas Gray, a native of the same city, and by trade a barber. His wife (who I believe was my mother) was a good-natured woman, and one who never denied a handsome spark any favour. My father was accused of keeping a younger brother of mine always at hand to pick his customers' pockets whilst they were shaving; but the little diver was caught, and died in prison under the penance of a discipline applied to him with a little too much rigour. My father was much afflicted at it, for he drove a pretty trade with him, and he never had been a prisoner before, but always came off with honour.

As to my own part, after many disputes between my parents about placing me out in the world, and they not agreeing to what trade, I was furnished with the first rudiments of Art, vulgarly called the Horn Book, and sent to school. I had not been there above eight days, before my mistress, who was a likely lass, perceived I was a lad of mettle, and might be proper to go her errands, and for that reason was kinder to me than the rest of the scholars, which made them envy me. From that time I began to keep company with those who were bigger than myself, and became intimate with a gentleman's son of the city, whose name was Mr Robert Langdon. Every holiday we went to play together; hens' nests and orchards we robbed together. In short, I was never out of his company, which made my fellow-scholars either angry that I slighted them, or, thinking me presumptuous, they twitted me with my father's trade. One would call me Lord of the Razor, another Little Trimmer, and a third Young Soapsuds; but these I did not regard, until one of my comrades, with whom I was playing, called me son of a whore. Upon which I threw a stone hard at him and broke his head, then took to my heels, ran to my mother, and told her the case, who commended my valour and rejoiced to see how great an empire honour had already obtained over me. Away goes my father to seek out the boy, that he might wipe off this reproach, who asking his pardon, and peace being made, I was returned to school again.

Whilst I remained here I was always in company with the scholar before-mentioned, with whom I had contracted a great friendship, I used to exchange my tops and marbles with him, though mine were better. I gave him pictures, and complied so with his humours, that at last his father and mother, who knew nothing of the ill-repute of mine, finding their child took such delight in my company, were very well pleased when I dined, supped, or lay with their son, who in a short time was removed to a grammar school at Cullumpton, with myself to accompany him, to wean him from his parents' fondness, which commonly makes children dunces.
At this school we remained about five years, during which time nothing extraordinary intervened, but such tricks as are usually played at school. I and my young master made pretty good progress in our learning, and he being now arrived to the age of eighteen, his father took him from the school, and after he had kept him at home about three months, desirous of making his son a scholar, resolved to send him to Oxford, and I was asked if I thought fit to wait on him. My consent was easily obtained. Our clothes were packed up, and we mounted on horseback, accompanied by an old servant to carry our portmanteaus, defray the expenses of our journey, and bring back the horses. Nothing remarkable happened on the road; we arrived safe at Oxford. My young master was entered of B — — College, and I had lodgings at a private house (with several other gentlemen's servants), and waited on him only by day. My landlady was a mighty woman for what she called country affairs; so that the yard was well stocked with fowls of all sorts, sucking-pigs, etc.

On an evening, being at play in my room with some of the other servants, we heard a grunting without the door, which we opened, and presently in came a brace of young pigs, which we punished severely for their presumption in coming so near us; and that night carried them to an ale-house, and made a brave feast of them. My master heard of it, and was very angry, but most of the gentlemen of the college laughed at it, and interposed in my behalf. It was not long before my young master came into the like opinion with me of now and then borrowing some of our neighbours' goods; for he, with three more of his fellow-collegians, being apprised of a very fat calf which belonged to a farmer a little way from their college, made bold to take it away, but could not for a long time contrive how to get it into the college; for it being late, and the gates shut, the porter would inevitably see them. But one more cunning than the rest bids two of them lift the calf upon the hind feet, then put his gown and cap on it, and thus supported the calf was led in. The porter, inquiring what was the reason they supported the gentleman so, was told it was a scholar a little in liquor, and by that stratagem they made many good meals on veal.

These and many other pranks we played there, when my master received a letter from his father, wherein was enclosed one for myself from an uncle of mine, the most noted man in Exeter; for he was a finisher of the law, alias the hangman. This was the person who sent me the letter, a copy of which I have here transcribed, that you may see what a great affection he bore me.

TO MY DEAR NEPHEW, Mr THOMAS GRAY

The great employment which I have under his Majesty has hitherto hindered me from writing to you. I am much afflicted to be the conveyancer of such news unto you as cannot be very welcome. Your father died eight days since, but the most generously I ever saw man. I will say this of him everywhere; for he was a finisher of the law, alias the hangman. This was the person who sent me the letter, a copy of which I have here transcribed, that you may see what a great affection he bore me.
was tried for a bawd, and convicted; was condemned to follow a cart through the city; but never received her punishment, dying of the jail distemper. I am extremely afflicted she should so dishonour our family, in which I have no small interest, being an officer of the King's; for the relation I had unto her is no mean discredit to me amongst persons of quality. I have your father's effects in my hands, which he bequeathed to you. I believe they will be worth about fourscore pounds. I am your uncle, and have no children, and design to resign my office to you. You may therefore on sight hereof provide yourself to come hither; for I persuade myself you will make a very worthy successor to me. I desire your speedy answer, and am, your affectionate uncle,

ROGER GRAY.

I must confess I was out of countenance at the shame and discredit of my parents, and the only comfort I had left was that I should shortly receive the money. I went to my young master, whom I still found reading his letters, in which his father commanded him to turn me off. He told me of it with some concern, and that he did not dare to disobey him; but offered to recommend me to a gentleman of his acquaintance. "Sir," says I to him, "my thoughts are higher than serving anybody; I renounce the meanness of all those conditions. I intend to scale honour, and if hitherto I have had one foot upon the ladder, as everyone knows, be pleased to understand that my father has mounted to the very top of it." I expounded my meaning to him by showing my uncle's letter; for he knowing who I was I might the more freely, and with less shame, discover the whole affair unto him. He was sorry at it, and asked me what I intended to do. I acquainted him with my designs. He paid me my wages, and made me a handsome present besides. I took my leave of him with a great deal of reluctance, went to my lodgings, dissembling my grief the best I could. I burnt my letter, fearing somebody might find it and discover my shame. Then I resolved to go to Exeter and take possession of my legacy, and also to know my relations, that I might the better avoid them, and shun the place of their habitation.

At length the day came when I was to abandon the most pleasant life I had yet known. God knows with what regret I bade adieu to so many friends and companions. I sold what things I could, and by that and some other means had got above twenty pounds in my pocket. I bought a horse for about three pounds, and mounting him, left Oxford. Now being at large, I was willing to take a little pleasure, and for that reason visited Bath on my way home. There it was I met with a very ignorant self-conceited fellow, who called himself a poet. Our acquaintance began at supper, by his asking me (according to the custom of travellers) from whence I came. I told him from Oxford. "A curse light upon that place," replied he; "there's hardly a man of understanding there." "I wonder," says I, "you should so undervalue them; for I assure you there are many ingenious men at that university." "Ingenious men, say you!" replied he, all in a fury. "Who are they? I am sure I have been a country schoolmaster above these ten years, and am the author of several Christmas carols, yet none of your famous university ever took any notice of me. To convince you further, I will read one of them," Which he accordingly did. The subject was, The Shepherds Meeting at Bethlehem; but not one good line in it. However I flattered him, and commended what he called verses to the skies, and told him I entirely agreed with him that there was no comparison between the Oxonians and him, and asked him if he had ever read the Ordinances made lately against poets. He answered in the negative, and desired me to let him see them. The company joining with him in his request, I condescended; and taking them out of my pocket began to read them as follows: —
ORDINANCES AGAINST A SET OF CRACK-BRAINED FELLOWS, COMMONLY CALLED OR KNOWN BY THE NAME OF POETS

I. Although we are credibly informed that there is a certain kind of vermin, called poets, who are much given to idolatry, worshipping ribbons, fans, gloves, shoe-strings, and the like; as also who daily commit infinite other sins much more heinous, as if they were barbarians, or Pagans; yet in regard they are Christians, and our neighbours, we are charitably inclined to work their reformation, and do therefore ordain that, in Easter Week, they be assembled together in some public space, then and there to be admonished of their errors. And in case any are touched with a sense of their errors, and willing to renounce their superstition, we shall discharge such with a proper certificate, and the rest we shall send with an order to the keeper of some eminent madhouse.

II. Forasmuch as divers have forsaken their idolatrous life (though they yet retain some relics of it) and delight in groves and woods, we ordain they leave off such foolish notions, or that such as affect to be solitary shall go and build cottages in the deserts of Arabia; and as for those who will not submit hereunto, we give them liberty to hire themselves out to old nurses, to sing and rock their children asleep in their cradles.

Here the pedant could no longer hold, but up he rose in a fury, and protested against the Ordinances, and appealed to Apollo in his Court of Parnassus. I had much ado to forbear laughing; but that I might be kept up no longer, for it was pretty late, I told him the Ordinances were only made in jest, and that he might choose whether he would obey them; which quieted him for the present, and then I proceeded:

III. We do adjudge that all women who shall fall in love with these kind of poets shall be comprised within the number of wilful murderers. And we further command that they be not buried in holy ground, but in the highway.

IV. Considering the great numbers of plays, songs, and miscellanies — of which collections have been made of late years — we ordain that all such bundles of copies as the pastrycooks' and chandlers' shops have saved shall be forthwith carried to the houses of office, there to be used as occasion shall require, any prohibition or injunction to the contrary notwithstanding.

V. Considering that there are three sorts of people in the kingdom who are so extremely miserable that they cannot live without poets, as lovers, ballad-singers, and stage-players, we, being charitably inclined to supply their wants, do permit that there be a certain number of poets tolerated for their use, provided they subscribe their works, and give notice of their dwellings, that they be brought to give an account of their misdemeanours and detractions, which for the most part they commit against persons of honour in their lampoons.

VI. Lastly, we command all poets in general to correct and amend their style; and that for the future they cease profaning of heavenly things, or adopting the names of angels, stars, suns and divinities unto such women as are ready for all comers; and this under pain of being sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

They who heard those Ordinances read, desired copies of them, except our exasperated poet, who cried out in a pet that he need not make any defence, but
appealed to all men of sense. At this passage all the company laughed very heartily, which made the jingler ten times worse. He called for the reckoning, paid his share, and left us; and for my own part, seeing it was late, I made an end of our liquor, and went to bed.

Day came. I rose and took leave of the company — I mean such as were out of their beds — and proceeded on my journey. But nothing extraordinary happened till I got to Exeter, where I inquired of several people for my uncle, but could get nothing from them but a command to go and look for him, until I accosted a beggar in St Peter's churchyard, who informed me where he lived, and that he was for the present employed in brushing the shoulders of a brace of females who would not leave other people's shirts upon their hedges. I went to a neighbouring ale-house and gave a boy twopence to go and tell my worshipful relation I waited for him; for I did not much care for his expressions of joy at my arrival in the open streets. In about two hours he came, and seemed extraordinary glad to see me, conducting me to his house, which was near a very large slaughter-house, the most noisome place in the whole city. "This is not a palace," said he, as he went into his house; "but I can assure you, my dear nephew, it is very commodious for my office." We went in together to a place he called his parlour, which was hung round with the utensils of his trade, as whips, cords, branding-irons, etc. Never was galley-slave more astonished than myself. He asked me to sit down, which I did without much ceremony. "You are very lucky," says he, "in coming to-day. You will meet with a good supper, there being some friends of mine to sup with me." In the midst of his discourse in came a certain man in a tattered coat, and by what I could find by his discourse he was one of the jail solicitors. He laid down a bag he brought with him in a corner, which, instead of being filled with papers, was stuffed with goose, roast beef, etc. "Is not old Twister come yet?" said he. "No," quoth my uncle; but the word was hardly out of his mouth before a great scoundrel fellow entered the room. His face was all chequer-work, flat-nosed, with a hat the crown of which would have almost cased a steeple, and the brims were so large it might have served for a pent-house for three or four in rainy weather. "I must needs confess, dear godfather," said he to my uncle, "you have served your penitents to-day like good children indeed." With that the twig of the law took up the discourse. "They were poor sneaky rascals, who had not anything to buy a favour. I gave six shillings to the beadle of Launceston to befriend me as he did when I was forced to dance a couranto there." "For my part," said the other, "I did not grudge the money I gave at Salisbury, and yet the old thief made me sensible that one of more credit than myself had recommended me to him." "These officers," said my uncle, interposing, "are not men of honour as I am; for when I treat with anyone, I know how to acquit myself as becomes my quality." I listened to their discourse with abundance of regret, which one of them perceiving — "Is that one of the young men who passed through your hands last?" said he. "No, no," said my uncle, "it is a nephew of mine, a Master of Arts at Oxford, and a very ingenious young man." He begged my pardon, and proffered me his service; for which I thanked him very kindly, he being my uncle's assistant, who helped him at a pinch. In the meantime I was almost mad to get my money out of my uncle's hands, that I might be gone from him. To be short, the cloth was laid, and a boy they had got to attend them was sent for a lusty jug of ale. This boy was an ingenious lad, who knew how to get sixpence clear when they sent him for a groat's worth of ale. The case was, he would sell the pitcher for twopence, and pretend he had broken it and spilt the liquor.
They sat themselves down at the table, and I, being a stranger, was placed at
the upper end. In a word, they stuffed their bellies so full that, what with the meat, and
what with the wine, the vapours crept up into their pericraniums. They began to see
double, and some to see such things as were not near them; for the ragamuffin lawyer
took a plate of fried tripe, which swam in butter as black as ink, and thinking it to be
broth, clapped it to his mouth to sup it up, saying, "It is good to have something of
one's own"; and thinking to put it to his mouth, spilt one half in his bosom and the
other on his clothes. Perceiving himself in that pickle, he rose from the table to clean
himself, but his head was too heavy for his body, so that at the first step his nose
kissed the ground; with that he took hold of the leg of the table and, endeavouring to
rise, upset it upon the other two. My uncle tried to get up, but being as far gone as the
others, fell upon his colleague, who, finding himself down before he expected it,
asked my uncle why he pushed him, and whether he was used to entertain his guests
so; and with that he took up a bone, intending to slay my uncle, who lay at full length
dead drunk.

About a fortnight passed much after the above manner, during which time I
was daily talking to my uncle about the money left by my father; but he, being a man
who understood little of good behaviour, put me to a great deal of trouble before I
could bring him to my own bow. But at length he yielded, though with some
reluctance; for I could only make him bleed three of the four score pounds left me by
my father, which he got by his industry, and entrusted to a person of honour, who was
the depository of all the thefts committed within ten miles of Exeter. To her we went,
who received us with many welcomes, and wishes I might prove as honest and as able
a man as my deceased father.

The money was tolled out, and my uncle seeing me take possession of my
fortune — "My dear nephew," said he, "you will do very ill should you squander
away this money. Did I not know you to be a person of understanding, and withal
mindful of the family from whence you are descended, I should be very cautious of
delivering it into your hands; but you have it, and God give you grace to make good
use of it, and then, perhaps, you may enjoy part of my labours." I returned him thanks
for his kind offers, and having drunk sufficiently, took leave of the good woman, and
with my uncle returned home, where we found his two companions, to whom we gave
an account of what he had done. I perceived by their countenances and their discourse
they expected a treat. I accordingly sent for a large jug of ale but not contented with
that, my uncle was for a walk to Topsham the next day to see the ships, and I was to
bear the expense of the day.

The morning being come, my uncle, his two pot-companions and myself took
a walk to Topsham, and got into company with some sailors, who would have us go
on board their ship and drink some flip; and my uncle, who was never backward in
drinking, agreed to it, though in the sequel it proved but bad for him, for here he died
a watery death, though he never delighted in that element. But the fault was in his
tongue, and thinking himself as great as a lord (especially when drunk), he gave the
captain of the ship some very scurrilous language, who, in return, tipped him over the
side of the ship, and the water, which he had so naturally abhorred whilst living, took
revenge on him at his death.

At first we made a great noise, and swore to hang the captain; but he soon
quieted us, by getting us into his cabin. He plied us well with punch; and applying
some gold to me and my companions, we signed a paper wherein we acknowledged that nobody had hurt my uncle, or touched a hair of his head (which was true, because he was bald), but that he, being very much in liquor, had tumbled overboard by accident. The coroner summoned a jury the next morning, who, after they had separately examined me and the two ragamuffins, found that my uncle's death was by accident. All that now remained was to lay him underground, desiring the earth, as it conceals so many gross faults committed by doctors, apothecaries, surgeons, etc., to hide one small fault of a captain and a little salt water. I shall give no further account of my relations or ancestors; but I suppose the latter descended from some great Norman who came over with William the Conqueror. Those who desire to know more of them may search the Heralds' Office, where, perhaps, they may satisfy their curiosity.

After the funeral was over (at which I did not shed one tear, because I saw nobody else do it), I took possession of my uncle's house and effects, the latter of which I sold off for about three and twenty pounds; and not caring to stay any longer in my native place, I was resolved to make the best of my way to London; and accordingly, hearing that the carrier had a spare horse, I hired him, and on we jogged the next morning.

Nothing remarkable happened till I got to Hounslow Heath, where it was my ill-fortune to meet as great a rogue as myself. I could not be contented to follow the wagon, but being in a hurry to view the metropolis of the kingdom, I rode on before, and about the middle of the heath met one of your highway collectors, who dismounted me, and robbed me of all my money; and though I told him I was as great a rogue as himself, it would not save my money, for he demanded my credentials — that is, my pistols — but I had none. However, after much entreaty, he returned me about fifteen shillings, and in lieu of it took away the horse with him. The devil had a long time owed me a spite, and took this opportunity to pay it. I was left in a sweet condition. I did not dare to stay for the carrier, fearing he might stop me for the horse, and money I had none to pay him for it, except what the highwayman so charitably returned me. I even resolved to foot it the rest of the way, and got to London that evening, very weary and heavy-hearted. All I had to depend on was my industry, which is the only philosopher's stone, and converts all things to gold.

"A man by art, and by deceit,
Half a year may live complete.
By the same deceit and art,
He may live the other part."

It was my fortune to take up my quarters in a street pretty famous for furnishing young apprentices with women's flesh, and for being the common receptacle of bullies. Here in less than four days I got acquainted with as great a rogue as ever was hanged, and he was my master of the ceremonies to introduce me to a gang of fellows like himself. I found them in a cellar, drinking and carousing, and was welcomed by three loud huzzas, and a stool ordered for me. Scarce was I sat down but in came one of the fraternity with a good cloak on his back, which he had exchanged for his own at a billiard-table, where he made as if he would play, but having the industry not to make one, he got to the place where the cloaks lay, and very dexterously borrowed the best of them, leaving his own in its stead. This was nothing in comparison with the next that came, who was always attended by a number of children all troubled with one disease or another.
That which drew such a rout after him was his pretending to cure and charm all diseases, either by saying some magical words, or giving them scrolls of paper to carry about them; by which means he got a pretty income.

After him came another, a grave demure man, who looked like a saint. His business was to go about the streets and sell little books of prayers and hymns. He had always some text of Scripture ready to vindicate what he said. He was thought to be a very holy man by the vulgar, and by this device got good store of money. If in his walk he chanced to find any door open, he went in with a great deal of confidence; if he found no one within, or if they were asleep, he never came away empty-handed. In case he found anyone, or if they happened to awake, he told them he came in, finding the door open, to advise of it, and that they had need be careful of night-walkers; and always concluded with some hypocritical advice.

I passed one month in observing the many ways of stealing practised by the society, but never went out upon the shark by myself, having always for my companion the person who first brought me acquainted with their ways. We two made a pretty good hand of it, and brought as much to the common stock as any. We had an old woman who sold everything we stole. She used to go from house to house, saying she was a poor woman forced to sell her goods by piecemeal to buy bread for herself and family. She would weep at every word, and sob and cry like a child, with which, and her other industry, she cheated charitable people, and sometimes to good purposes. This right venerable and no less reverend old woman was grand protectress of our society, and chief treasurer. But upon a certain day, as the devil (who is never idle in such things as concern his good subjects) would have it, our good woman, going to sell a suit of clothes, and some other things, fell upon one who knew, among the rest, something that once belonged to himself. Presently he got a constable, who took her into custody. She soon squeaked, confessed all, and impeached our whole order; upon which we were soon secured, and guarded to Newgate.

At length the sessions came; we were arraigned at the bar, and after a pretty long trial our poor old woman was condemned to follow a cart's tail from Newgate to Tyburn, with a fellow to brush her shoulders. My comrades were condemned to live seven years in another country. My innocence appeared, God-a-mercy horse-gold I mean and so I got clear for that bout.

I resolved to leave London and go to Bristol. The first stage I went was to Reading, where it was my fortune to meet with a company of players, and amongst the rest one who had been an acquaintance of mine at Oxford. He embraced me very kindly, and so far prevailed upon his friends that they admitted me into the company, and gave me several parts to get by heart. I had got such a trick, that I could not forbear walking up and down the chamber with the same earnestness as if I had been upon the stage.

It happened that the maid of the house was coming up with dinner just as I was upon a description of the hunting of wild beasts, and of a man being pulled down by a bear, as if it had been my own self; I began to cry out in a piteful tone:

"Save thyself, and fly this grisly bear,
Or else thy body he will surely tear:
Fast in my flesh are fix'd his direful claws;
I fall a prey to his rapacious jaws."
O fly away; for this I plainly see,
As soon as I am dead, he'll murder thee."

The poor wench was so terrified with my cry, and action, that she verily believed I had really advised her to save herself from being devoured. The great haste in which she was in to be gone made her make but one step from the top to the bottom of the stairs: down she went, and the dishes with her. Away she got into the street, crying there was a bear in the house, killing and eating a man. I heard a noise, and, apprehending whence it came, went out to disabuse the girl; but notwithstanding all my haste, I found about a dozen men at the door, some with spits, some with halters, and others with swords, swearing and staring, and inquiring for the bear. I told them the whole story, and repeated the lines. They were mad and vexed at being made such fools of, and cursed the verses, and the poet too, to the pit of hell. But that little troubled me; that which concerned me most was, I was forced to lose my dinner.

My companions hearing of this adventure made the town ring with it, and I had the honour of being the subject of several ballads. Not long after, another accident happened which confounded us all. The master of our company had run into debt with a tailor for a very considerable sum for clothes and other necessaries for our use, and he, perceiving there was no likelihood of getting his money, arrested him, and his other creditors coming in, he lay under so many locks and keys that there was no likelihood of his getting out. By this means our company dwindled, and everyone shifted for himself. The truth is, I might have got into another company, but I was quite tired with that way of life.

My friend (who, I told you before, first introduced me into the above set of strollers, and with whom I had contracted a very intimate friendship) was resolved to accompany me to whatever part of the world I went. His name was Richard Brown. By his advice I took a resolution to revisit London, and on comparing our stock, found we could muster up two hundred pounds, by which we hoped to improve our fortune. Brown was a genteel, well-made fellow, had a tongue as smooth as oil, and a good address, and could cog a die or slip a card with anyone. We were both desperate as to our fortunes, and therefore resolved to make a bold push, either to gain more or be stripped; and if the latter happened, we thought of nothing but the last resort of gamesters, which was, either to hang ourselves, or get the county to furnish us with a proper officer.

We had not been in London above a week before we lost all our money, and almost all our senses; but recalling some of the latter, we (by pawning part of our clothes) got each of us a brace of pistols, and took an airing towards Barnet. On the road we met a chariot and four horses, furnished with an elderly gentleman and his daughter, from whom we took about forty pounds in money, a brace of watches and a silver snuff-box, the last of which the young lady begged very hard for; but we were inexorable, and lucky for us that we were so, for when we got to our lodgings we found a diamond ring in the box, which we sold for ninety-three pounds. This being my first setting out as a highwayman, I was unwilling to be caught, so that to prevent being pursued I shot one of the wheel-horses, which vexed the old gentleman more than his money; for he lost all patience, calling us rogues, villains, highwaymen and murderers. "What harm," says old crusty, "has the horse done you? Can you get anything by killing him, or do ye think he has got any money hid about him?" My companion did not like the old chap's expressions; so with a great oath commanded
him to come out of the chariot, that he might search him. "For," said he, "you old fox, I'll rummage you all over." We found nothing about him but a tobacco-box, a silver dram-bottle and a pocket-book; the last of which we returned, on his promising not to give such scurrilous language any more to gentlemen of our profession; and the same night we got safe to London.

Flushed with our success, we often ventured out in the evening; but the worst was, whatever we got on the road, the dice swallowed. Our last exploit was near Richmond, where we attacked a gentleman and his man, well armed. We had no sooner bid them stand than the gentleman fired at us, but luckily missed us. The servant rode off as fast as his horse could go, whilst my comrade lodged a ball in the gentleman's arm, which made him yield. We robbed him of near three hundred pounds, wished him good-night, and rode off. Not far had we got before we found ourselves pursued, for the gentleman's servant had raised the county; but, however, after a pretty deal of difficulty, we again got safe home.

This last adventure frightened both of us so much we did not venture at that sport any more; for by a kind turn of fortune my friend got, in one night, above nine hundred pounds. It was then my advice that we should buy each of us a good horse, and go into the country for some time. My companion agreed to it, and pitched upon Bath and Bristol to pay a visit to; and because we would set out with a good grace, we hired a servant to attend us, who proved an excellent one, for he was one of the most arch dogs I ever knew. He was by trade a saddler; he sung tolerably, and played upon the violin. In short, we could put him upon nothing but he would undertake it; so that we did not keep long upon the reserve of our servant, but let him into our designs, which were, to go a-fortune-hunting.

At last we arrived at Bath, where we pushed into all company, and had not been there a fortnight before our dexterous servant had got acquainted with a young girl who waited on two sisters, who were guarded by their mother and watchful uncle; but, however, I made my addresses to one of them, wrote letters, and received answers, by help of my man, and found they were ten thousand pounds fortunes. My friend Brown cried me up in all places for a person of a great estate; but the mother and uncle were inexorable. However the young lady was not; for by means of a strolling clergyman, well daubed in the fist, we were married and fairly bedded in my own lodgings, nobody being privy to it but my spouse's sister, my landlady, my friend Brown, and my servant. My spouse's sister was a brisk lass, and, as I thought, wanted something. I persuaded Brown to address her, which he did, and the same parson joined them. However, this might have happened but poorly at last, had not the young ladies' father died, who was a Bristol merchant. He went over some time before to Jamaica to settle some affairs, but on his return was unfortunately (but fortunately for me and my brother adventurer) drowned; the news of which I received about a month after marriage. Hither to all this had been secret, but on this news our marriages were publicly owned, and we demanded our spouses' fortunes. At first we were roughly treated; but the mother and uncle, both considering the indissoluble knot could not be untied, were reconciled, and in a little time we had their fortunes, and now both of us live happily.

It was but reason we should make some amends to our man for his services, so we proposed a match between him and his sweetheart, the latter of whom was very glad; for he had been pretty busy with her, she being then with child, which she
confessed to her mistresses. When we asked our faithful servant the question, and told him of her confession, says he: "I fancy the sin is worth the owning, the creature is a sound piece of mortality. 'Tis but supposing the first night we lie together that we have been married four or five months, and all is well; so that, gentlemen, I am ready to obey your commands." In short, they were married, and we and our spouses gave them nigh on a thousand pounds. They have lately set up an inn within fifteen miles of Bristol, have good business, and live comfortably.

Thus far the wheel of fortune has gone round with me; what may hereafter happen I cannot foresee, but at present I'm resolved to live easy, and repent my former follies. Perhaps, gentle reader, you might have expected a tragical end had been my fate, but as yet I have got no further than matrimony and hanging; and that, you know, goes by destiny.
ON the 16th of August, 1660, Mr William Harrison, aged seventy, steward to Lady Campden of Campden, in Gloucestershire, walked from Campden to Charringworth to receive her ladyship's rents. As he did not return at the usual time, his wife, about nine o'clock in the evening, sent her servant, John Perry, to meet him; but neither Harrison nor the servant returned that night. On the following morning Edward Harrison, son of the aforesaid William Harrison, went towards Charringworth, and meeting the servant Perry on the road, he learned that his father was not to be found there. They next went together to Ebrington, a village between Charringworth and Campden, where they were told by one Daniel that a Mr Harrison called at his house the previous evening, but stayed there only a few minutes. They then went to Paxford, about half-a-mile distant, where, hearing nothing of Mr Harrison, they returned to Campden. On their road thither they accidentally heard that a hat, band and comb had been recently picked up by a poor woman on the highway between Ebrington and Campden. They therefore sought for the woman, in whose possession these articles were said to be, and having found her, and identified the hat, band and comb to be the property of Harrison, they were conducted to the precise spot where they were picked up. Adjoining the road was a large furze field, which they searched, supposing that Mr Harrison might have been murdered there, as the hat, band and comb were much hacked, and the latter stained with blood. Their search was, however, in vain; and the news soon reaching Campden, so alarmed the inhabitants, that men, women and children commenced a general search for Mr Harrison, but with no success. Mrs Harrison's fear for her husband's safety now increased, and as her servant Perry, whom she had sent on the previous evening, had not duly returned, suspicion fell upon him as the murderer. On the next day Perry was apprehended, and examined before a Justice of the Peace concerning his master's absence, and his reason for staying from home all night — when he gave this account: that in consequence of his mistress sending him to meet his master between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, he went down Campden field towards Charringworth, where meeting one William Reed, of Campden, he apprised him of the object of his journey; and further told him that, as it was growing dark, he durst not venture on his journey on foot, but would return and saddle his young master's horse. He accordingly returned with Reed to Mr Harrison's gate, where they parted. He (Perry) remained there till, on one Pierce passing by, he joined him, walked a short distance into the fields, and returned with him also to Mr Harrison's gate, where they also parted. That he, John Perry, then went into his master's hen-roost, where he lay about an hour, but slept not. That when the clock struck twelve he rose and went towards Charringworth, till a great mist rising he lost his way, and so lay the rest of the night under a hedge. That at the break of day on Friday morning he went to Charringworth, where he inquired for his master of one Edward Plaisterer, who told him that he had paid him twenty-three pounds on the previous afternoon, but that he remained with him only for a short time. He then went to one William Curtis of the same town, who likewise told him that he had heard of Mr Harrison having been there the day previous, but being from home he did not see
him. He then returned home, it being about five o'clock in the morning, when on the road he met his master's son, with whom he went to Ebrington and Paxford, as before stated.

Reed, Pierce, Plaisterer and Curtis, in their examination, corroborated the whole of Perry's statement.

On Perry being asked by the justice why he was afraid to go to Charringworth at nine o'clock, and so willing to go at twelve, he replied that at nine o'clock it was dark, but at twelve the moon shone. And on being further asked why, on returning home twice, after his mistress had sent him to meet Mr Harrison, and staying till twelve o'clock, he did not inquire at home whether his master had returned before he went a third time to seek him, he answered that he knew his master was not come home, because he saw a light in his chamber window, which was usual during Mr Harrison's absence from home. Notwithstanding this explanation, it was not thought prudent to discharge Perry till further inquiry was made after his master; and accordingly he remained in custody six days, during which time he was again examined at Campden, but nothing further was elicited.

Various reports now obtained circulation, one of which was that Perry, on being again pressed to confess what he knew of the matter, said that a tinker had killed his master. He told others that a gentleman's servant of the neighbourhood had robbed and murdered him; and to others he said that he was murdered and hid in a certain bean-rick, where search was made for the body but in vain. At length he promised to disclose the whole affair if he were examined by the justice before whom he had deposed his former statement. On Friday the 24th of August, he was again examined, when, in reply to the question whether he would confess what had become of his master, he said that he was murdered, but not by him. On the justice telling him that if he knew him to be murdered it was most probable that he knew the murderer, he confessed that he did; and further, that his mother and brother had murdered Mr Harrison. The justice warned him of the serious nature of the charge, but he persisted in his assertion, which he justified by the following circumstances.

The prisoner now deposed that his mother and brother had depended on him ever since he entered into his master's service, telling him that it was in his power to relieve them, by apprising them of the day on which Mr Harrison went to collect his rents, when they proposed to waylay him and rob him. That accordingly he acquainted his brother of the day, and walked with him a short distance on his leaving home to search for Mr Harrison in the evening. That they then parted; but meeting again near Campden church, he proposed that his brother should pursue his master through some adjoining gardens, while he walked in the fields. That he soon afterwards found his master on the ground in the middle of the garden, his brother leaning over the body, and his mother standing beside him. That on being asked whether his master was dead he answered No; and that after he came up to them Mr Harrison cried: "Ah, rogues! will you kill me?" He now told his brother he hoped he would kill his master, when he replied: "Peace! peace! you're a fool," and then strangled him. Which being done, he took a bag of money out of Mr Harrison's pocket and threw it into his mother's lap. Then he and his brother agreed to throw the body into a great sink by Wallington's Mill, behind the garden; but his mother and brother requesting him to watch at a distance, and listen if all were they undertook to dispose of the body accordingly.
On being asked whether it was thrown there, he replied that he knew not; but that his mother and brother having promised to dispose of it, he left them, and went into the village of Campden. Here he met John Pierce, with whom he went into the fields, and returned to his master's gate; after which he went into the hen-roost, as before stated. Having brought with him his master's hat, band and comb, after cutting them in pieces, he threw them into the highroad, that it might be believed that his master was murdered there.

Upon this confession and accusation, warrants were issued against Joan and Richard Perry, the mother and brother of the aforesaid John Perry; but all attempts to find the body proved ineffectual. On Saturday, 25th of August, the three prisoners were examined, when Joan and Richard, on being confronted with John, denied the charge in the most positive terms; as also an accusation made by John of their having broken open Mr. Harrison's house, and robbed him of a hundred and forty pounds in the previous year. At the next assizes two indictments were accordingly found against the three. As the body had not been found, the judge refused to try them for the murder. They were, however, induced to plead guilty to the indictment for the burglary. John still persisted in the story that his mother and brother had murdered Harrison, and further, that they had attempted to poison him while in prison.

At the following spring assizes they were again indicted for the murder, and severally pleaded not guilty, when John's confession being produced in evidence, he said that he was mad at the time when such confession was made. They were, however, found guilty, and were executed shortly afterwards on a hill near Campden, John Perry being hung in chains.

About two years after the execution of these unfortunate persons Mr. Harrison returned to Campden, in good health. As the case excited considerable interest, Mr. Harrison explained the whole of the circumstances which had thus detained him, in the following letter to Sir Thomas Overbury, a magistrate of the county of Gloucester:

FOR Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, Kt.

HONOURED SIR, — In obedience to your commands, I give you this true account of my being carried away beyond the seas, my continuance there, and return home. One Thursday, in the afternoon, in the time of harvest, I went to Charringworth, to demand rents due to Lady Campden, at which time the tenants were busy in the field, and late before they came home, which occasioned my stay there till the close of the evening. I expected a considerable sum, but received only three and twenty pounds. In my return home, in the narrow passage amongst Ebrington furzes, there met me one horseman, and said, "Art thou there?" and I, fearing he would have rode over me, struck his horse on the nose. Whereupon he struck at me with his sword several blows, and ran it into my side, while I, with my little cane, made my defence as well as I could. At last another came behind me, ran me into the thigh, laid hold on the collar of my doublet, and drew me to a hedge near to the place, when another came up. They did not take my money, but mounted me behind one of them, drew my arms about his middle, and fastened my wrists together with something that had a spring lock to it, as I conceived; they then threw a great cloak over me, and carried me away. In the night they alighted at a hay-rick, which stood near a stone-pit, by a wall side, where they took away my money. About two hours before daybreak, as I heard
one of them tell the other he thought it to be then, they tumbled me into the stone-pit. They stayed, as I thought, about an hour at the hay-rick; when they took horse again, one of them bid me come out of the pit. I answered, they had my money already, and asked what they would do with me. Whereupon he struck me again, drew me out, put a great quantity of money into my pockets, and mounted me again after the same manner; and on the Friday, about sunset, they brought me to a lone house upon a heath, by a thicket of bushes, where they took me down almost dead. When the woman of the house saw that I could neither stand nor speak, she asked them whether they had brought a dead man. They answered No; but a friend that was hurt, and they were carrying him to a surgeon. She answered, if they did not make haste, their friend would be dead before they could reach one. There they laid me on cushions, and suffered none to come into the room but a little girl. We stayed there all night, they giving me some broth. In the morning, very early, they mounted me, as before, and on Saturday night they brought me to a place where were two or three houses, in one of which I lay all night on cushions by their bedside. On Saturday morning they carried me from thence, and about three or four o'clock they brought me to a place by the seaside, called Deal, where they laid me down on the ground; and one of them staying by me, the other two walked a little off to meet a man, with whom they tackled, and in their discourse I heard them mention seven pounds; after which they went away together, and after half-an-hour returned. The man, whose name, as I afterwards heard, was Wrenshaw, said he feared I should die before he could get me on board. They then put me into a boat, and carried me on shipboard, where my wounds were dressed. I remained in the ship, as near as I can reckon, about six weeks; in which time I was indifferently recovered of my wounds and weakness. Then came the master of the ship and told me, and the rest who were in the same condition, that he discovered three Turkish ships. We all offered to fight in defence of the ship, and ourselves, but he commanded us to keep close, and said he would deal with them well enough. A little while after we were called up, and when we came on the deck we saw two Turkish ships close by us; into one of them we were put, and placed in a dark hole, where how long we continued before we were landed I know not. When we were landed they led us two days' journey, and put us into prison where we remained four days and a half. Eight men next came to view us, who seemed to be officers; they called us, and examined us of our trades, which everyone answered: one said that he was a surgeon, another that he was a weaver, and I said I had some skill in physic. We three were set by, and taken by three of those eight men who came to view us. It was my chance to be chosen by a grave physician of eighty-seven years of age, who lived near to Smyrna, had formerly been in England, and knew Crowland in Lincolnshire, which he preferred before all other places in England. I was there about a year and three-quarters, and then my master fell sick on a Thursday, and sent for me; and calling me as he used, by the name of Bell, told me he should die, and bid me shift for myself. He died on Saturday following, and I presently hastened to a port, almost a day's journey distant, when I addressed myself to two men who came out of a ship belonging to Hamburgh, which, as they said, was bound for Portugal within two or three days.

I enquired of them for an English ship; they answered there was none. I entreated them to take me into their ship; but they durst not, for fear of being discovered by the searchers, which might occasion the forfeiture not only of their goods but also of their lives. At length they took me on board, and placed me below in the vessel, and hid me with boards and other things, so that I lay undiscovered,
notwithstanding the strict search that was made in the vessel. On arriving at Lisbon in Portugal, as soon as the master had left the ship, and was gone into the city, they set me on shore moneyless, to shift for myself. I now met four gentlemen discoursing together; after a while one of them came to me and spoke to me in a foreign language. I told him I was an Englishman. He then spoke to me in English, and told me that he was an Englishman himself, and born near Wisbeach, in Lincolnshire. I then related to him how I had been carried away, and my present condition; upon which he took me along with him, and by his interest with the master of a ship bound for England, procured my passage, and commended me to the master of the ship, who landed me safe at Dover, from whence I proceeded to London, where being furnished with necessaries, I came into the country. Having arrived at Crowland, I was told of the unhappy fate of my servant Perry, and his mother and brother. What caused John so falsely to accuse them and himself, I know not. He has not only brought his blood upon his own head, but that also of his innocent mother and brother. For I never saw either of them that evening; nor do I know who they were that carried me away after that rude and barbarous manner.

Thus, honoured sir, I have given you a true account of my great sufferings and happy deliverance. Your Worship's, in all dutiful respects,

William Harrison
COLONEL JAMES TURNER

A Spendthrift London Merchant, against whom three Robberies from other Merchants were proved. Executed 21st of January, 1663

THIS gentleman was born in the city of Worcester, in the year 1609, of very wealthy parents, who placed him with a goldsmith of reputation in London as soon as of years for a trade. With this man he served his apprentice-ship very faithfully, and had the character of being a young man well qualified for business. When his father thought proper to put him into trade for himself he gave him a stock of no less than three thousand pounds, to which he soon added two thousand pounds more by marriage. He had great success in business for some years, and was esteemed the wealthiest man in his neighbourhood, so that his word would have passed for almost any sum.

Mr Turner had always a considerable inclination for pleasure and company, taking peculiar delight in associating himself with the gentlemen who were officers of the city Militia. Among these he was complimented with a captain's commission, then a major's, then a lieutenant-colonel's, and at last with the command of one of the regiments, in which he continued till the unhappy action that brought him to his end was discovered, to the surprise of all the world.

The colonel's temper was very generous and noble, which, it is thought, in some measure brought on him that decay of his fortune which he afterwards laboured under. In his post, particularly, whenever he marched out with his regiment, he was very liberal in his entertainments, and commonly ran himself to four times the expense that was necessary. It was the same on every other occasion; no man was more free with his money, or more ambitious of living in splendour and reputation, than Colonel Turner.

This disposition had with him the same effect as it commonly has with others who ruin themselves by their generosity. He had no notion of retrenching his expenses when he perceived his substance waste, but was resolved to support himself with the same pomp as usual, however he came by the money. It was easy for such a man to commit a great many little secret actions that were in themselves dishonourable, before he lost his character, on account of his great business. Several of these things discovered themselves after he was convicted, which even the persons who were wronged did not suspect before. One instance in particular will be well worth relating, and was as follows.

He applied himself one day to a merchant, and bought of him as much train oil and rice as came to three hundred and sixty pounds, which he promised to pay for as soon as the goods were delivered. Accordingly the day after he went to the merchant's house, and gave him the full sum in money and notes; for which the merchant wrote a receipt while it all lay on the desk. Two of Turner's accomplices (for he made use of assistants) came just at this time, and pretended some urgent business with the merchant, and, in short, played their part so well that one of them got off with the greatest part of Turner's payment while the other kept the innocent man in discourse. Neither of them took any more notice of the colonel than if they had not known him,
nor did the merchant imagine he had any concern in the matter till he was found guilty of another crime, of which take this short account.

There was one Mr Francis Tryon, a great merchant, who lived in Lime Street, whom Colonel Turner knew to be very rich. In order to rob this man, one of the above-mentioned fellows conveyed himself into his cellar in the dusk of the evening, and as soon as Mr Tryon was abed and, as he thought, asleep, he let the colonel in at the door. They went up together to his bedchamber, bound him, gagged him, and used him in a very barbarous manner; and then, going into his warehouse, they took from thence a large quantity of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, etc., which Turner knew where to find. Then they took all the money in the house, which amounted to a very large sum; so that the whole booty was reputed to be of the value of five thousand nine hundred and forty-six pounds four shillings and threepence. They made off with all this quietly. Mr Tryon had a man and a maidservant, but they both lay abroad this night by permission, of which the colonel had before received information.

Strict inquiry was made after the thieves, and all such jewels as were remarkable were particularly described. Turner thought himself secure in his character, which had so long screened him, but some of the things described were seen in his house, and the discoverers were resolved to examine further. Whereupon the colonel, his wife and three sons, John, William and Ely, were apprehended, and upon search almost all the jewels were found, There was now no room for evasion; the whole family were carried before Sir Thomas Allen, Knight and alderman, and all committed to Newgate.

At the next sessions they were all indicted for the said robbery; but after a full examination of what evidence they had, and considering what the colonel himself said in his defence, it was thought proper by the Court to acquit the wife and sons, and to bring the colonel in guilty. Whereupon the usual sentence of death was passed on him, and he was executed on the 21st of January, 1663, when he was drawn in a cart from Newgate to the end of Lime Street in Leadenhall Street, and there hanged on a gibbet erected for that purpose, being fifty-three years old.

The colonel left a paper behind him full of expressions of piety and contrition, too long to be inserted here. We would only observe that though all who knew him wondered at the fact, yet everyone believed him guilty, because the proofs were so clear.

There was a robbery in his lifetime which nobody could then find out, but after his death it was generally thought he was the manager. A letter was sent to a wealthy dealer at Chichester, signed with the name of a merchant his acquaintance in London, informing him of a profitable purchase in his way, and inviting him to town. The Chichester man had before received advices of this kind from the same friend, and found them of service, therefore scrupled not, but set out the next day with what money and notes he had in the house; but before he got half-way to London he was robbed of all by two men in disguise. He soon found his correspondent had not sent to him, and was astonished. Colonel Turner’s death cleared all, he knowing both their circumstances.
MOSES DRAYNE

Ostler, hanged at Brentwood in 1667 for the Murder (by a Chelmsford Innkeeper and his Family some Years before) of Thomas Kidderminster, a Guest.

THOMAS KIDDERMINSTER was the only son of Walter Kidderminster of Tupsley, in the county of Hereford; but being wronged out of his paternal estate by the intrigues of his stepmother, he was compelled very early in life to enter into the service of the Bishop of Ely, who at length employed him as his steward till the commencement of the Civil War and the commitment of that prelate to the Tower for his unshaken loyalty.

Mr Kidderminster was employed in the management of other gentlemen's estates in Cambridgeshire till, thinking it prudent to convert his property into money, and endeavour to settle upon or sell his estate which he claimed in Herefordshire, after sending his wife to London, who was then pregnant, and telling her he would return in about ten days, he departed from Cambridgeshire, through Essex, with a number of writings, taking with him about five or six hundred pounds in gold.

Travelling in a by road for safety, Mr Kidderminster took a guide with him; but on reaching Chelmsford at night he was discharged. Mr Kidderminster then put up at the White Horse Inn, where it appears he had lain at other times, and was very well known; but there he was murdered on the same night, in April, 1654. The last place his wife heard of him was Cambridge. Then a report was spread that he was gone to Amsterdam, where she sent to inquire for him, but was assured he was not there. After some time she heard he was at Cork, in Ireland; thither she also sent, and made a most diligent and exact search for him, both in Cork and Munster. Again there was a report that he was in Barbadoes, and they sent to Barbadoes to make inquiries after him. She continued constantly inquiring after her husband, till her sister, one day, in 1662 or 1663, reading the newspaper of the day, suddenly cried out: "Sister, here's news of your husband!" upon which she read in the news to this effect — viz. "That the bones of an unknown person, supposed to be robbed and murdered, were found buried in a backyard in Chelmsford. Whosoever can give notice of any person missing, let them give notice to Mr Talcott, coroner, in Feering, or to the constable of Chelmsford, or to Mr Roper, bookseller, over against St Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street"; and upon comparing the time of her husband's being missing with the time in the newspaper of the supposed murdered body's lying concealed, it appeared to be extremely probable; upon which she immediately went to Mr Roper's, and by his advice set off for Chelmsford, and for want of conveyance went on foot with a friend.

They proceeded on their journey as far as Stratford, where, a little beyond the town, they lost their way, turning to the left hand of the road. At last they came to Romford; and by that time being very weary, went, into a house at the farther end of the town, the sign of the Black Bull, where they accidentally found one Mary Mattocks, who lived at Hornchurch.

Mrs Kidderminster being now very weary, and not able to go on foot any farther, inquired whether any horse could be hired in that town. Mrs Mattocks being
present, interposed and answered that there was no horse to be hired, nor any convenience of coach or wagon to be had upon that day. They asked Mrs Mattocks how far it was to Chelmsford; she answered, fifteen miles. Mrs Kidderminster asked her again whether she knew Chelmsford. She replied that she did very well, for she was born and bred there. Did she know the White Horse? She answered very well, and that one Turner, a very honest man, kept it; but that he who kept it formerly was one Sewell, who, if he had had his deserts, had been hanged long ago, for there was certainly a gentleman murdered in the house.

Mrs Kidderminster was now induced to make further inquiry, and told Mattocks that her husband was missed much about that time. Mattocks informed her that the ostler who lived in Sewell's time at the White Horse now lived at Romford. With an intention to gather from him what circumstances she could, she sent for him, but he refused to come; for the messenger having heard part of the discourse communicated it to him, which made him unwilling to come.

Mrs Kidderminster went directly to the White Horse Inn, Chelmsford, where, after some conversation with Mr Turner, then master of the house, he advised them to go to Mrs Sewell's house, at the Shears, in Colchester Lane. When her friend went out to Mrs Sewell, and inquired for the White Horse Inn, Mrs Sewell asked what business he had there; to which he answered that he was come to inquire about a gentleman who had been murdered there some years ago. To this Mrs Sewell replied: "Aye, this is Turner's doings; he has put us to great trouble about it already, but I will be avenged on him." They now returned to the White Horse, where Mr Turner gave his account concerning the discovery and disinterment of the corpse — viz. that he, Mr Turner, had pales between his neighbour's meadow and his orchard; a great wind having blown them down, he had resolved to make a mud wall; in digging which, they had found a skull with all the teeth in it but one, and a hole on the left side of the skull about the size of a crown. Upon digging on they had perceived that the corpse had been crammed in double. The coroner had sat upon the bones, and the jury had found a verdict of murder committed. A blow upon the side of the head was the cause of the person's death.

Mr Turner, to vindicate the reputation of the house, had applied to the Justices of the Peace of the county. These had issued out warrants against Sewell, who formerly kept the inn, and his wife, who were taken before the justices; but upon their examination they had denied all knowledge of the matter. The magistrates, however, had bound them to appear at the next assizes. Sewell had died about a fortnight before the assizes, but it was suspected that he had been poisoned by his wife. He had shown visible signs of a troubled mind. He had often desired his wife to allow him to speak to some of the chief men of the town, for otherwise he could not die; which his wife would not permit.

At the assizes Mrs Sewell had appeared, and nothing being positively proved against her, she had been continued under bail till the next assizes, at which time the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Orlando Bridgman, had gone the circuit, and finding that no clear account of the person murdered could be ascertained, nor who were the murderers, he had ordered that notice should be inserted in the newspapers, at Lent Assizes, by which means Mrs Kidderminster had the first intimation of it.
Mrs Kidderminster, returning from Chelmsford, made inquiry at Romford for the ostler, Moses Drayne.

She asked him to describe a man who left his horse behind him when he was ostler at the White Horse, in Chelmsford what clothes he wore for she had some suspicion it might be her husband. He answered that the gentleman was a tall, big, portly man, with his own hair, dark brown, not very long, curled up at the ends; that he wore a black satin cap, and that his clothes were of a dark grey; which she found agreed with her husband's figure. She then asked him what hat he wore. He replied, "A black one." "Nay," said she, "my husband's was a grey one." At which words he changed colour several times, and never looked up in her face afterwards, but told her that one Mary Kendall, who had been a servant at Chelmsford at the time of the gentleman's stay there, could inform her much better.

The justice (Mildmay) now issued out a warrant for the apprehension of Moses Drayne, the ostler, who was immediately committed. After which Mary Kendall was traced to London, and was committed to Newgate. Here she was told by the prisoners that her running away was an argument of guilt, and that therefore she would be hanged; upon which she confessed all to Mrs Kidderminster, and told her she would not have continued so long in an obstinate denial, but that Sewell's daughters had threatened her that if she confessed, they would swear against her, and have her hanged first.

Sewell's wife in the meantime died of the plague; but Mrs Kidderminster, with the special consent of the Lord Chief Justice Bridgman, caused Mary Kendall to be removed from Newgate to Brentwood the day before the assizes.

On the arraignment of Drayne, Mary Kendall gave in evidence that she was a servant maid in the inn where the gentleman was murdered, and that she, having dressed herself in her best clothes, had leave of her master to go to Kilden, where her father lived; and upon her return home that night her mistress bid her fetch a pair of sheets, and lay them upon the bed in the room called the King's Arms. When she came into the room she found the gentleman standing with his back towards the fire, and with his hands behind him. He drank to her, and made her drink up her glass of beer, and bid her go and fetch him a napkin, to make him a cap. He asked her whether she was the man of the house's daughter, or his maid. She answered she was his servant. The master and mistress being in the room all this while, and having supped together with the gentleman, he, in the presence of the maid and the mistress, delivered his cloak bag to the master of the house, and told him there was in it near six hundred pounds and writings of considerable value. Then her mistress bade her go to bed, and lie with the younger children in the farther end of the house, that being not her usual lodging, where she was locked in that night, and her mistress unlocked the door in the morning. She said that between one and two of the clock in the morning she heard a great fall of something, and that it shook part of the house. When she came down in the morning she found her master and mistress, and the ostler, sitting very merrily at the fire, with a flagon of drink before them, none of them having been in bed that night, nor the two daughters, Betty and Priss, who were appointed to lie in the same room where the maid used to lie. She not seeing the gentleman stirring in the morning, after some time asked her mistress if the gentleman had gone. "Yes," answered she, "though you were so good a housewife that you could not get up;" and blamed her for lying in bed so long. She asked her mistress whether the gentleman left her anything.
"Yes," said her mistress, "he left you a groat," and put her hand in her purse and gave it her. Then," said the maid, "I will go and make clean the chamber." "No," said the mistress, "my daughters and I have set that to rights already; do you what you are about, and then go to your flax wheel." The chamber door was kept locked for eight or nine weeks afterwards, and no person admitted to enter it but themselves. Once she asked her mistress why that room was locked, and not kept clean for guests as usual: the mistress answered they had no guests fit for that room, for it was kept for gentlemen.

Some time afterwards, on a Sunday, her master gave her the key to fetch his cloak out of his chest in his chamber; there she saw the gentleman's suit of clothes, and his cloak bag, which she saw him deliver to them. About nine weeks afterwards her mistress sent her up into the room where the gentleman had been murdered to fetch something, it being the first time she had been in that room since it had been locked. She searched over the room, and looked upon the tester of the bed, and there she saw the gentleman's hat, his hanger, boots, and the satin cap which she took off the gentleman's head and hung upon his hat and laid it upon the table, when she made a cap of the napkin, and put it on the gentleman's head. She took the gentleman's hat, his hanger, boots and cap, and carried them down to her mistress and the ostler. She said to her mistress: "You said the gentleman was gone to London in a coach; did he go without clothes, or did you lend him some? For I saw his clothes in my master's chest, and these thing are his too." The ostler said: "You lie like a w — —; those things are mine." The maid answered: "You are a rogue; I am sure they were the gentleman's; I know not whose they are now." Her mistress hearing the maid and the ostler quarrelling, she fell upon the maid, and there arose violent words betwixt them, when her mistress broke her head in three several places, so that the blood ran about her ears. The maid talked the louder, and asked her mistress whether she intended to murder her, as she did the gentleman. Then her master hearing this disturbance came to them, and persuaded her to hold her tongue and be quiet. She further deposed that the ostler had from his master sixty pounds of the gentleman's money, for that some short time after the murder he lent sixty pounds to a woman who kept the Greyhound Inn in the same town; and that that must be the money, for the ostler was worth nothing of his own at the time of the murder; and that the ostler had the gentleman's clothes, which she had seen in her master's chest; and that the ostler sent them to one Clarke, a dyer in Modsam, to have them dyed into a liver colour. The dyer asked him why he would have the colour altered, since they were of a better colour before: the ostler answered that he would have them dyed because he did not like the colour; and that about a twelvemonth after he dyed the grey hat black. Then she deposed further, that her master raised himself to a good condition on a sudden; for before, he was so poor that his landlord would not trust him for a quarter's rent, but would make him pay every six weeks; and that he could not be trusted for malt, but was forced to pay for one barrel under another. That shortly after, they bought a ruined malt house and new built it, and usually laid out forty pound in a day to buy barley. There was seen, upon a sudden, a great change in the daughters' condition, both as to their clothes and otherwise; and if she bought but a hood for one of the daughters, there was a piece of gold changed; and they were observed to have gold in great plenty.

There were two women, one of them a washerwoman of that town, and the other a Quaker, that lived next house to Mr Sewell, who both gave evidence at the trial. The washerwoman was going by the house very early, between one and two in the morning, to wash in the town, and the Quaker was sitting up for her husband, who
was not then come home. They both of them made oath that about those hours they heard a noise in Mr Sewell's house, and a man's voice crying: "What! will you rob me of my money, and murder me too? If you take my money, spare my life." Then they heard something that fell very heavy, and a noise as it were of chairs and stools thrown about the room, and all the lights put out, and after that no further noise was heard.

The next morning these women inquired at the inn what might be the occasion of the noise the night before, for they thought they heard somebody cry out "Murder!" But they were answered they must be mistaken, for there was no noise there, nor was any person in the house but their own family.

William Denton, Mr Kidderminster's servant in the Isle of Ely, was produced as evidence to prove the horse and the gentleman's clothes and hat, which he did.

Upon this evidence the jury found Moses Drayne, the ostler, guilty; and after sentence he was remanded to prison, where he was about to make a sincere confession, but his wife, coming in in the meantime, took hold of him, and bade him hold his tongue and confess no more, for if he died for it he should hang nobody else.

Moses Drayne having confessed that Betty, the eldest daughter, had a share in the murder, and Mary Kendall having sworn at the trial that the two sisters were not in bed that night the murder was committed, moved the coroner to procure a warrant from a Justice of the Peace to apprehend the two sisters; which being done, they were bound over to appear at the next assizes. When the assizes came, both the daughters appeared, and a bill of indictment was preferred against them to the grand jury; against whom Mary Kendall gave the same evidence that she had done before at the trial of Moses Drayne, and also what he had confessed in the prison. But the grand jury, thinking the evidence not sufficient to find the bill, returned an ignoramus, and the two sisters were discharged by proclamation.
MARY FRITH OTHERWISE MOLL CUTPURSE
A famous Master-Thief and an Ugly, who dressed like a Man, and died in 1663.

MARY FRITH, otherwise called Moll Cutpurse, from her original profession of cutting purses, was born in Barbican in Aldersgate Street, in the year 1589. Her father was a shoemaker; and though no remarkable thing happened at her nativity, such as the flattering soothsayers pretend in eclipses, and other the like motions above, or tides, and whales, and great fires, adjusted and timed to the genitures of crowned heads, yet, for a she-politician, she was not much inferior to Pope Joan; for in her time she was superior in the mystery of diving in purses and pockets, and was very well read and skilled too in the affairs of the placket among the great ones.

Both the parents (as having no other child living) were very tender of this daughter, but especially the mother, according to the tenderness of that sex, which is naturally more indulgent than the male; most affectionate she was to her in her infancy, most careful of her in her youth, manifested especially in her education, which was the most strictly and diligently attended, by reason of her boisterous and masculine spirit, which then showed itself, and soon after became predominant. She was above all breeding and instruction. She was a very tomrig or hoyden, and delighted only in boys' play and pastime, not minding or companying with the girls. Many a bang and blow this hoyting procured her, but she was not so to be tamed, or taken off from her rude inclinations. She could not endure that sedentary life of sewing or stitching; a sampler was as grievous to her as a winding sheet; and on her needle, bodkin and thimble she could not think quietly, wishing them changed into sword and dagger for a bout at cudgels. Her headgear and handkerchief (or what the fashion of those times was for girls to be dressed in) were alike tedious to her, she wearing them as handsomely as a dog would a doublet; and so cleanly, that the sooty pot hooks were above the comparison. This perplexed her friends, who had only this proverb favourable to their hope, that "An unlucky girl may make a good woman"; but they lived not to the length of that expectation, dying in her minority, and leaving her to the swing and sway of her own unruly temper and disposition.

She would fight with boys, and courageously beat them; run, jump, leap or hop with any of her contrary sex, or recreate herself with any other play whatsoever. She had an uncle, brother to her father, who was a minister, and of him she stood in some awe, but not so much as to restrain her in these courses; so that seeing he could not effectually remedy that inveterating evil in her manners, he trepanned her on board a merchant ship lying at Gravesend, and bound for New England, whither he designed to have sent her. But having learned to swim, she one night jumped overboard and swam to shore, and after that escape would never go near her uncle again. Furthermore, it is to be observed that Mercury was in conjunction with, or rather in the house of, Venus at the time of her nativity, the former of which planets is of a thievish, cheating, deceitful influence; and the other hath dominion over all whores, bawds and pimps, and, joined with Mercury, over all trepanners and hectors. She hath a more general influence than all the other six planets put together; for no place nor person is exempted from her, invading alike both sacred and profane — nunneries and monasteries, as well as the common places of prostitution — Cheapside...
and Cornhill, as well as Bloomsbury or Covent Garden. Under these benevolent and kind stars she grew up to some maturity. She was now a lusty and sturdy wench, and fit to put out to service, having not a competency of her own left her by her friends to maintain her without working; but as she was a great libertine, she lived too much in common to be enclosed in the limits of a private domestic life. A quarter staff was fitter for her than a distaff. She would go to the ale house when she had made shift to get a little stock, spend her penny, come into anyone's company, and club till she had none left; and then she was fit for any enterprise. Moreover, she had a natural abhorrence to tending of children, to whom she ever had an averseness in her mind, equal to the sterility and barrenness in her womb, never (to our best information) being made a mother.

She generally went dressed in man's apparel. No doubt but Moll's converse with herself informed her of her defects, and that she was not made for the pleasure or delight of man; and therefore, since she could not be honoured with him, she would be honoured by him, in that garb and manner of raiment which he wore. This she took to from her first entrance into a competency of age, and to her dying day she would not leave it off.

Though she was so ugly in any dress as never to be wooed nor solicited by any man, yet she never had the green sickness, that epidemic disease of maidens after they have once passed their puberty; she never ate lime, coals, oatmeal, tobacco pipes, cinders, or such like trash; no sighs, dejected looks, or melancholy clouded her vigorous spirits, or repressed her joviality; she was troubled with none of those longings which poor maidens are subject to. She had the power and strength to command her own pleasure of any person who had reasonable ability of body; and therefore she needed not to whine for it, as she was able to beat a fellow to compliance, without the unnecessary trouble of entreaties.

Now Moll thinking what course of life she should betake herself to, she got acquainted with some fortune tellers of the town, from whom, learning some smatch and relish of that cheat, by their insignificant schemes, and calculating of figures, she got a tolerably good livelihood. But her income being not equivalent to her expenses, she entered herself into the Society of Divers, otherwise called file clyers, cutpurses or pickpockets; which people are a kind of land pirates, trading altogether in other men's bottoms for no other merchandise than bullion and ready coin, and they keep most of the great fairs and marts in the world. In this unlawful way she got a vast deal of money; but having been very often in Old Bridewell, the Compters and Newgate for her irregular practices, and burnt in the hand four times, she left off this petty sort of theft, and went on the highway, committing many great robberies, but all of them on the Roundheads, or rebels, that fomented the Civil War against King Charles I.; against which villains she had as great an antipathy as an unhappy man that, for counterfeiting a half crown in those rebellious times, was executed at Tyburn, where he said that he was adjudged to die but for counterfeiting a half crown; but those that usurped the whole Crown, and stole away its revenue, and had counterfeited its seal, were above justice, and escaped unpunished.

A long time had Moll Cutpurse robbed on the road; but at last, robbing General Fairfax of two hundred and fifty jacobuses on Hounslow Heath, shooting him through the arm for opposing her, and killing two horses on which a couple of his servants rode, a close pursuit was made after her by some Parliamentarian officers
quartering in the town of Hounslow, to whom Fairfax had told his misfortune. Her horse failed her at Turnham Green, where they apprehended her, and carried her to Newgate. After this she was condemned, but procured her pardon by giving her adversary two thousand pounds. Now Moll being frightened by this disaster, she left off going on the highway any more, and took a house, within two doors of the Globe tavern in Fleet Street, over against the Conduit, almost facing Shoe Lane and Salisbury Court, where she dispensed justice among the wrangling tankard bearers, by often exchanging their burden of water for a burden of beer, as far the lighter carriage, though not so portable.

In her time tobacco being grown a great mode, she was mightily taken with the pastime of smoking, because of its singularity, and that no woman ever smoked before her, though a great many of her sex since have followed her example.

Moll being quite scared from thieving herself, she turned fence that is to say, a buyer of stolen goods; by which occupation she got a great deal of money. In her house she set up a kind of brokery, or a distinct factory for jewels, rings and watches which had been pinched or stolen any manner of way, at never so great distance, from any person. It might properly enough be called the Insurance Office for such merchandise, for the losers were sure, upon composition, to recover their goods again, and the pirates were sure to have a good ransom, and she so much in the gross for brokage, without any more danger, the hue and cry being always directed to her for the discovery of the goods, not the takers.

Once a gentleman who had lost his watch by the busy fingers of a pickpocket came very anxiously to Moll, inquiring if she could help him to it again. She demanded of him the marks and signs thereof, with the time when, and where, he had lost it, or by what crowd or other accident. He replied that, coming through Shoe Lane, there was a quarrel betwixt two men; one of which, as he afterwards heard, was a grazier, whom they had set in Smithfield, having seen him receive the sum of two hundred pounds or thereabouts in gold. There was one Bat Rud, as he was since informed, who, observing the man hold his hand in his pocket where his gold was, just in the middle of a lane whitherto they dogged him, overthrew a barrel trimming at an ale house door, while one behind the grazier pushed him over, who, withal, threw down Bat, who was ready for the fall. Betwixt these two presently arose a quarrel, the pickpocket demanding satisfaction, while his comrades interposing, after two or three blows in favour of the countryman, who had drawn his hand out of his pocket to defend himself, soon drew out his treasure; and while he was looking on at the scuffle, some of them had lent him a hand too, and fingered out his watch. Moll smiled at the adventure, and told him he should hear further of it within a day or two at the furthest. When the gentleman came again, she understood by his discourse that he would not lose it for twice its value, because it was given him by a particular friend; so she squeezed twenty guineas out of him before he could obtain his watch.

Moll was always accounted by her neighbours to be an hermaphrodite, but at her death was found otherwise. She had not lived long in Fleet Street before she became acquainted with a new sort of thieves, called heavers, whose employment was stealing shop books from drapers and mercers, or other rich traders; which bringing to her, she, for some considerable profit for herself, got them a quantum meruit for restoring them again to the losers. While she thus reigned free from the danger of the common law, an apparitor, set on by an adversary of hers, cited her to appear in the
Court of Arches, where was an accusation exhibited against her for wearing indecent and manly apparel. She was advised by her proctor to demur the jurisdiction of the Court, as for a crime, if such, not cognisable there. But he did it to spin out the cause and get her money; for, in the end, she was there sentenced to stand and do penance in a white sheet at St Paul's Cross during morning sermon on a Sunday. They might as soon have shamed a black dog as Moll with any kind of such punishment; for a halfpenny she would have travelled through all the market towns in England with her penitential habit, and been as proud of it as that citizen who rode to his friends in the country in his livery gown and hood. Besides, many of the spectators had little cause to sport themselves then at the sight; for some of her emissaries, without any regard to the sacredness of the place, spoiled a good many clothes, by cutting part of their cloaks and gowns, and sending them home as naked behind as Aesop's crow, when every bird took its own feather from her.

However, this penance did not reclaim her, for she still went in men's apparel, very decently dressed; nor were the ornaments of her house less curious and pleasing in pictures than in the delight of looking glasses; so that she could see her sweet self all over in any part of her rooms. This gave occasion for folks to say that she used magical glasses, wherein she could show the querists, who resorted to her for information, those who, stole their goods; as likewise to others, curious to know the shapes and features of their husbands that should be, the very true and perfect idea of them; as is very credibly reported of your African sorcerers. We have a tradition of it in the story of Jane Shore's husband, who, by one of the like glasses, saw the unchaste embraces of his wife and Edward IV.

One night late, Moll going home almost drunk from the Devil Tavern, she tumbled over a great black sow that was roosting in a dunghill near the kennel; but getting up again, in a sad dirty pickle, she drove her to her house, where, finding her full of pigs, she made her a drench to hasten her farrowing, and the next morning she brought her eleven curious pigs, which Moll and her companions made fat and ate; and then she turned the sow out of doors, which presently repaired to her old master, a bumpkin at Islington, who with wonder received her again. Having given her some grain, he turned her out of his gates, watching what course she would take, and intending to have satisfaction for his pigs wheresoever he should find her to have laid them. The sow, naturally mindful of her squeaking brood, went directly to Moll's door, and there kept a lamentable noise to be admitted. This was evidence enough for the fellow that there his sow had laid her belly; when knocking, and having entrance, he tells Moll a tale of a sow and her litter. She replied he was mad. He swore he knew his sow's meaning by her grunting, and that he would give her sauce to her pigs. "Goodman Coxcomb," quoth Moll, "come in, and see if this house looks like a hog sty"; when, going into all her rooms, and seeing how neat and clean they were kept, he was convinced that the litter was not laid there, and went home cursing his sow for misinforming him.

To get money, Moll would not stick out to bawd for either men or women; insomuch that her house became a double temple for Priapus and Venus, frequented by votaries of both sorts. Those who were generous to her labour, their desires were favourably accommodated with expedition; whilst she lingered with others, laying before them the difficult but certain attainment of their wishes, which served as a spur to the dullness of their purses. For the Lady Pecunia and she kept the same pace, but still in the end she did the feat. Moll having a great antipathy against the Rump
Parliament, she lit on a fellow very dexterous at imitating people's hands; with him she communicated her thoughts, and they concurred to forge and counterfeit their commissioners' and treasurers' hands to the respective receivers and collectors, to pay the sums of money they had in their hands, without delay, to such as he in his counterfeited orders appointed. So that, wheresoever he had intelligence of any great sum in the country, they were sure to forestall the market. This cheat lasted for half a year, till it was found out at Guildhall, and such a politic course taken to avoid cozenage that no warrants would pass among themselves. But when the government was seized and usurped by that arch traitor, Oliver Cromwell, they began this trade afresh, it being very easy to imitate his single sign manual, as that ambitious usurper would have it styled; by which means her man also drew good sums of money out of the Customs and Excise nay, out of the Exchequer itself, till Oliver was forced to use a private mark, to make his credit authentic among his own villains.

After seventy four years of age, Moll being grown crazy in her body, and discontented in mind, she yielded to the next distemper that approached her, which was the dropsy; a disease which had such strange and terrible symptoms that she thought she was possessed, and that the devil had got within her doublet. Her belly, from a withered, dried, wrinkled piece of skin, was grown to the tightest, roundest globe of flesh that ever any beauteous young lady strutted with. However, there was no blood that was generative in her womb, but only that destructive of the grape, which by her excesses was now turned into water; so that the tympanied skin thereof sounded like a conduit door. If we anatomise her any further, we must say her legs represented a couple of mill posts, and her head was so wrapped with cloths that she looked like Mother Shipton.

It may well be expected that, considering what a deal of money she got by her wicked practices, she might make a will; but yet, of five thousand pounds which she had once by her in gold, she had not above one hundred pounds left her latterly which she thought too little to give to the charitable uses of building hospitals and almshouses. The money that might have been designed that way, as it came from the devil, so it returned to the devil again, in the Rump's Exchequer and Treasury at Haberdashers and Goldsmiths Hall. Yet, to preserve something of her memory, and not leave it to the courtesy of an executor, she anticipated her funeral expenses; for it being the fashion of those times to give rings, to the undoing of the confectioners, who lived altogether by the dead and new born, she distributed some that she had by her among her chief companions and friends.

These rings (like princes' jewels) were notable ones, and had their particular names likewise; as the Bartholomew, the Ludgate, the Exchange, and so forth; deriving their appellations from the places whence they were stolen. They needed no admonition of a death's head, nor the motto Memento mori, for they were the wages and monuments of their thieving masters and mistresses, who were interred at Tyburn; and she hoped her friends would wear them, both for her sake and theirs. In short, she made no will at all, because she had had it so long before to no better purpose; and that if she had had her desert, she should have had an executioner instead of an executor.

Out of the one hundred pounds which she had by her, she disposed of thirty pounds to her three maids which she kept, and charged them to occupy it the best way they could; for that, and some of her arts in which they had had time to be expert,
would be beyond the advantage of their spinning and reeling, and would be able to keep them in repair, and promote them to weavers, shoemakers and tailors. The rest of her personal estate, in money, movables and household goods, she bequeathed to her kinsman Frith, a master of a ship, dwelling at Reddrieff, whom she advised not to make any ventures therewith, but stay at home and be drunk, rather than go to sea and be drowned with them.

And now the time of her dissolution drawing near, she desired to be buried with her breech upwards, that she might be as preposterous in her death as she had been all along in her infamous life. When she was dead she was interred in St Bridget's churchyard, having a fair marble stone put over her grave; on which was cut the following epitaph, composed by the ingenious Mr Milton, but destroyed in the great conflagration of London:

"Here lies, under this same marble,  
Dust, for Time's last sieve to garble;  
Dust, to perplex a Sadducee,  
Whether it rise a He or She,  
Or two in one, a single pair,  
Nature's sport, and now her care.  
For how she'll clothe it at last day,  
Unless she sighs it all away;  
Or where she'll place it, none can tell:  
Some middle place 'twixt Heaven and Hell  
And well 'tis Purgatory's found,  
Else she must hide her under ground.  
These reliques do deserve the doom,  
Of that cheat Mahomet's fine tomb  
For no communion she had,  
Nor sorted with the good or bad;  
That when the world shall be calcin'd,  
And the mix'd mass of human kind  
Shall sep'rate by that melting fire,  
She'll stand alone, and none come nigh her.  
Reader, here she lies till then,  
When, truly, you'll see her again."
SAWNY DOUGLAS

A Scottish Highwayman who laid England under toll, and took a Copy of "Chevy Chase" to Tyburn when he was hanged on 10th of September, 1664.

SAWNY DOUGLAS, a Scotsman, was the son of a tanner, and born at Portpatrick in the shire of Galloway, where he lived till the unnatural Civil War broke out in 1641. Sawny at this time being very zealous on the side of the Kirk, and consequently against the King, entered himself into the service of the Parliament, was at the siege of Dundee, and boasted after that bloody action was over that he killed with his own hands no less than twenty-nine persons. Those who have read the histories of that time will remember that Dundee was taken by storm, and that the garrison was put to the sword; which gave Sawny an opportunity to discover his cruelty.

After the restoration of King Charles II., when the Scots were reduced to obedience, Sawny found himself obliged to seek some other subsistence than the army. He had now been a soldier about twenty years, and though he had never been advanced higher than to carry a halberd, yet he was something loth to lay down his commission. However, there was no opposing necessity, and he was obliged to submit, as well as many of his betters, who were glad they could come off thus, after having been so deeply concerned in the rebellion.

Coming into England, and being destitute of both money and bread, he was not long in resolving what course to take in order to supply himself. The highway, he thought, was as free for him as for anybody else, and he was both strong and desperate. But the question was, where should he get a horse and accoutrements? "What," said he again, "should hinder my taking the first that comes in my way, and seems fit for my purpose?" Pursuant to this last resolution he kept on the main road, with a good crab-tree stick in his hand, till he saw a gentleman's servant alone, well mounted, with pistols before him. He had some question ready to ask, and after that another, till the poor footman was engaged in a discourse with him, and rode along gently by his side. At last Sawny observes an opportunity, and gives him an effectual knock on the pate, which, followed with four or five more, left him insensible on the ground, while our young adventurer rode off with the horse till he thought himself out of the way of any inquiry.

The first robbery he committed was in Maidenhead Thicket, in Berkshire, in those times a very noted haunt for highwaymen. The person he stopped was one Mr Thurston, at that time Mayor of Thornbury, in Gloucestershire. He got about eighteen pounds, and was so uncivil as to refuse the poor gentleman ten shillings to bear his charges home; which was all he required, and for which he begged very hard.

Another time he robbed the Duchess of Albemarle of diamond rings to the value of two hundred pounds, besides a pearl necklace, rich bracelets and ear-rings. After this he came and took lodgings at the house of one Mr Knowles, an apothecary in Tuthil Street, Westminster, where he set up for a gentleman, appeared very fine, and made love to his landlord's daughter, who was reputed to be a two thousand pounds fortune. For some time he was very well received both by the young lady and
her father; but when his money was gone, and they found him full of shifts, arts and evasions, they not only discarded him as a husband and son-in-law, but turned him fairly out of doors.

Sawny now took to the road again, and committed more robberies than before, ranging all over the north of England, and being often so fortunate as to escape justice when it pursued him. He moreover contracted a familiarity with Du Vall, the most generous-spirited highwayman that ever lived, which friendship continued till Death parted them by his deputy Jack Ketch. Sawny's last attempt was on the Earl of Sandwich, who was afterwards admiral in the Dutch war, and unfortunately lost his life, together with his ship. This noble commander, having arms in the coach, resolved not to be insulted by a highwayman, and discharged a pistol into Sawny's horse, which immediately dropping down under him, the servants came up and secured our bonny North Briton, who was thereupon committed to Newgate, and in less than a month after ordered for Tyburn.

While he was under sentence he behaved in a very profane and indecent manner, cursing the bellman for his bad English when he repeated the usual Memento the night before his execution. At St Sepulchre's the next day, when the appointed ceremony was performed, instead of composing his countenance, and looking as a man in his condition ought to do, he only told the spectators that it was hard a man could not be suffered to go to the gallows in peace; and that he had rather be hanged twice over without ceremony, than once after this superstitious manner. He read no Prayer Book, but carried the ballad of Chevy Chase in his hand all the way to Tyburn. When he came thither he took no notice of the ordinary, but bid the hangman be speedy, and not make a great deal of work about nothing, or at most about a mere trifle. He died 10th of September, 1664, aged fifty-three, and was buried in Tyburn Road.
THE following is the life and adventures of an arch-villain born in the first
year of the reign of King James I:

I suppose, according to custom, the reader will expect some account of my
genealogy, and as I was always a mighty admirer of fashions, I will follow the mode,
and give some account of my parents and relations, beginning with my grandfather,
who had the great fortune to marry a woman excellently skilled in vaulting and rope-
dancing, and would play her part with any man. She, though above fifty years of age,
and troubled with the phthisis, died in the air. Her husband would not marry again —
to avoid seeing other women fly as she had done — but kept a puppet-show in
Moorfields, and it was reckoned the most curious that ever had been seen in the city.
Besides, my grandfather was so little that the only difference between him and his
puppets was, that they spoke through a trunk and he without one. He made such
speeches before his shows that the audience would wish he had never done, for he had
a tongue like a parrot. All the apple-women, hawkers and fish-women were so
charmed with his wit among his puppets that they would run to hear him without
leaving any guard upon their goods but their straw hats. Unfortunate man! being so
like a cock-sparrow, he took to so many hens that, when they had devoured his
money, clothes and puppets, they consumed his health, and left him like a naked baby
in a hospital.

When he thought to have died soberly, he fell into a frenzy, to such a degree
that one day he fancied he was a bull in a puppet-show, and was to encounter a stone
cross that stood near the hospital gate; and after several essays he made at the same
cross, crying: "Now I have you!" This said, he ran his head so furiously against the
cross that he dropped down and said no more. A good hospital nurse, who was one of
the family of the Innocents, seeing him die in that manner, cried: "O the precious
soul! he died at the foot of the Cross, and directing his discourse to it."

My father had two trades, or two strings to his bow, for he was a painter and a
gamester, and a master much alike at both; for his paintings would hardly rise so high
as a signpost, and his sleight-of-hand at play was of such an ancient date that it would
hardly pass upon the mob. He had one misfortune, which he entailed on all his
children, like original sin; and that was his being born a gentleman, which is as bad as
a poet, few of whom escape eternal poverty, or are above perpetual want.

My mother died, unluckily, of a longing for mushrooms when they were not to
be had, being then with child by my father, as she said, and departed as quiet as a bird.
She left two daughters, great devotees of Venus, though they were Christians, just at
the age the doctors prescribe they are fit to eat; both very handsome and very young;
and I was left very little, but much better skilled in sharping than my age seemed to
promise. When the funeral ceremonies were over, and the tears dried up, which were
not very many, my father fell again to his daubing, my sisters to stitching, and I
returned to my little-frequented school, where my posteriors paid for the slowness of my feet and the lightness of my hands.

I had such an excellent memory, that though my wicked idle temper was the same it has ever since continued, yet I soon learned to read, write and cast accounts well enough to have taken a better course than I have done. I put so many unlucky tricks upon my master, and so often set the boys together by the ears, that everybody called me the little Judas. It was hard for any book to escape me; and if once I cast my eye on a picture, it was surely my own, which cost me many a boxing bout every day, or else the complaints were carried home to my father and sisters. The eldest of them had it in charge to reprove and convert me; she would sometimes give me a soft cuff with her delicate white hand, at other times she would tell me I should be a disgrace to the family.

All this nonsense, and her reproof, signified no more to me than the barking of a dog; it went in at one ear and out at the other; so that, in short, I played so many unlucky pranks, and was so full of roguery, that I was expelled the school in as solemn a manner as if it had been by beat of drum. My father, after currying my hide very well, carried me to a friend of his, who was barber to Count Gondemar, the Spanish Ambassador, then residing here, with whom he left me upon trial, in order to be bound apprentice. Having delivered his hopeful son he returned home, and my master ordered me into the kitchen to my mistress, who presently found me employment, giving me a basket full of children's blankets, clouts, slabberring-bibs, barrows, etc., and opening the yard door, furnished me with about an ounce of soap; then showing me the cistern, with a great trough under it — "Jemmy," says she, "mind your wits, there's a good boy; for this work belongs to the apprentices." I hung down my head, and tumbled all the filthy clouts from the basket into the trough and washed them as well as I could, and hung the linen to dry. I managed it very well for myself, since I was soon discarded from my office, which, had it continued longer, there had been an end of Jemmy in less than a fortnight.

The next day I went over my task again, and what I wanted in washing of clouts was made up in running errands.

The third day, my master having just given me a small note to receive, there came into the shop a bully ruffian with a pair of whiskers that covered his face, and would have been worth money to have made brushes on. He told my master he would have his whiskers turned up. It being then so early that the journeyman he kept was not come, he was going to turn them up himself, and bid me light a fire and heat the irons. I did as I was ordered; and just as my master had turned up one whisker there happened to be a quarrel in the street, and my master, being always a busy man, must needs step out to see what was the matter, leaving the stern bravo with one whisker hanging quite down, and the other turned up. The scuffle lasting long, and my master staying to see the end of it, the furious kill-crow never ceased swearing and cursing. He asked me in a harsh tone whether I understood my trade; and I, thinking it an undervaluing to myself to say I did not, boldly answered I did. "Why then, you son of a whore," says he, "turn up this whisker for me, or I shall go into the street as I am and kick your master." I was unwilling to be found in a lie, and, thinking it no hard matter to turn up a whisker, never showed the least concern, but took up one of the irons that was at the fire, which had been heating ever since the first alarm of the fray, and having nothing to try it on, but desiring to be thought expeditious, I took a comb,
stuck it into his bristly bush, and clapped the iron to it. No sooner did they meet but
there arose a smoke as if it had been out of a chimney, with a whizzing noise, and all
the hair vanished. He cried out furiously: "Thou son of a thousand dogs and ten
thousand whores, dost thou take me for Saint Laurence, that thou burnest me alive?"
With that he let fly such a bang at me that, the comb dropping out of my hand, I could
not avoid in the fright laying the hot iron close along his cheek, and cauterising him
on one side of his face. This made him give such a shriek as shook the very house,
and at the same time he drew his sword to send me to the other world; but I,
remembering the proverb that "One pair of heels is worth two pairs of hands," got so
nimbly into the street, and so swiftly scoured out of that part of the town, that, though
I was a good runner, I was amazed when I found myself above a mile from home,
with the iron in my hand and the spark's whisker sticking to it. As good luck would
have it, I was near the person who was to pay the note my master gave me to receive
for him. I carried it, and received the money; but thought fit to apply it to my own use,
not daring to return home again.

My money lasted me for about a month, when I began to think of returning to
my father, but I understood he was gone into the country to receive some money
owing to him. I rejoiced at the news, and went very boldly into the house as sole lord
and master of it. My sisters received me very coldly, giving me many a sour look, and
upbraiding me with the money my father was forced to pay for my pranks. We had a
thousand squabbles every day, particularly about their giving me small instead of
strong beer.

These animosities ran so high that, perceiving they did not mend, I resolved to
make them know me. Accordingly one day, they having brought me sour beer, and the
meat being on the table, I threw the dish at my elder sister and the pot with the beer at
the younger, overthrew the table, and marched out of doors on a ramble; but
accidentally met a messenger from the country, who informed me of my father's death
by a fever. At this news I quickly went back to my sisters, who were more compliable,
finding by my father's will I was left executor without restraint of age. I sold the
goods, got in what debts I could, and led a merry life whilst the money lasted, keeping
all the rakes about the town company, who at last drained me of every farthing.

They obliged me one night to go abroad with them; though much against my
will, and one of them having the keys, like St Peter, opened the door of a house,
whence they took several trunks, to ease the owner of lumber. A cur dog, who was
upon guard, gave the alarm, and the people of the house came running into the street,
which compelled my companions to lay down their burdens and act upon the
defensive with their swords. For my part, I stood quaking for fear before the robbery,
at the time of the robbery, and after the robbery; and always kept at a distance,
repenting that I had not been acquainted with their way of living before I came out of
my lodging, that I might have avoided that danger. So that, seeing my companions fly,
and the wounded men return to their houses, I kept my post all in a cold sweat, lest I
should be taken up as a party concerned; and when I should have gone away had not
the power to stir one foot. At the noise the watch came in, who, finding three trunks in
the street, besides two men dangerously wounded, and me not far off, came up to see
who I was. By the disorder they found me in they concluded I was one of those who
had done the mischief. They took care of me that night, and the next day I was
ordered to a place where I had occasion to try all my friends and acquaintance, who
all proved as I deserved. In about ten days I was called to my trial, and my excuses
being very frivolous, and my answers contradictory, I was condemned to be hoisted up by the neck, and go to heaven in a string. However, just as I was singing the last stave, a reprieve came, and in about two months after I got a full pardon.

Frightened at this last disaster, I was resolved to associate myself no more with anyone, but went about the streets selling wash balls, toothpicks and tooth powder. I played the merry-Andrew myself, cried up my rubbish, extolled the virtues of it, and sold very dear. For whoever has a mind to put off his trumpery, and make a good hand of it, must pretend his trash comes from Japan, Peru or Tartary, because all nations undervalue their own product and workmanship, though never so excellent, and set a great rate on foreign trifles.

All my ware tending to make fine teeth and white hands, the ladies were my best customers, but especially the actresses. There was at that time one of the best companies of players that ever diverted England, and a man at the head of them famed for his excellency that way. By virtue of my scurvy ware I became acquainted with his imaginary queens and pretended princesses, one of whom, about eighteen years of age, and married to one of the actors, told me one day that she had taken a liking to me, because I was a confidant, sharp, forward youth, and therefore if I would serve her, she would entertain me with all her heart; and that when the company went strolling I might beat the drum and stick up the bills. I fancied that was an easier sort of a life, so consented at first word, desiring only two days to sell my wares off, which she courteously granted; and to encourage me gave me a crown.

Having sold off my trumpery, I waited on my mistress, who appointed me four several employments: the first was tiresome, the second uneasy, the third sluggish and the fourth dangerous. At home I was her valet de chambre, folding and laying up all her clothes. Abroad I was her porter, fetching and carrying her clothes to the playhouse. I was her gentleman usher in her attiring room, and her trusty secretary and ambassador in all places. My master quarrelled with her every night about me, because he supposed I was no eunuch, saw I had a tolerably good face, and thought me not so young but that I knew what was what; for which reason he was looking out for another servant, that he might turn me off. Such a multitude of young beaux resorted daily to my mistress's house that it looked like a fair. They all told me their secrets, and acquainted me with their sufferings. Some made me presents, others promised mountains, and others delivered me copies of verses, which being gathered in the morning on Parnassus, were buried at night in the necessary house. I played the part of a Prime Minister, and Secretary of State and War, receiving those memorials and the fees, promising every one my favour and interest. Some of them I dispatched with my mistress, and many more, considering she was so dilatory, I answered of my own head, after this manner: If the petitioner was poor or niggardly, rejected. If he was a young spark near coming to his estate, he shall be heard another time. If rich and generous, granted. Thus I kept them all in hand, absolutely dismissing none, but rather feeding them with hopes.

When I happened to lose at play — for it is impossible a scoundrel should ever be wise — as I took out or laid up her clothes I filled my pocket with ribbons and garters, and giving them, in her name, as favours to the gallants, they requited me so plentifully that I could make what I had filched, and enough left to game all the week after.
The devil, who they say never sleeps, so ordered it that, my master and mistress being gone a visiting, and I left at home, two of the servants belonging to the playhouse and the wardrobe keeper came to call me out to take a walk, it being a leisure day. I went away with them. We dropped in to a tavern, drank six bottles of the best, played at cards for the reckoning, and that falling upon me, I was so nettled that I challenged the wardrobe keeper to play with me at putt; and he, being no fool at that sport, soon stripped me of all I had. This provoked me so highly that I told him, if he would but stay, I would go fetch more money. He consented. I ran home with all speed, took out a rich laced petticoat my mistress had, and carried it to a pastrycook I was acquainted with, desiring him to lend me three jacobuses upon it, pretending they were for my mistress, who wanted so much to make up a sum to pay for a ring she had bought, assuring him of his money when my master returned home, with something for the favour. The pastry cook, finding the pawn sufficient, delivered me the money, with which I hurried back to play, and lost as I had done before. I got one jacobus back again off the winner, by way of wrangling with him as if he had not played fair, with which I turned out into the street, full of vexation that I had lost so beneficial a place. I went to an inn, where I supped and lay that night, but with little rest or satisfaction. As soon as ever I discovered the first dawn of day I got up, full of sorrow to think what a base return I had made my mistress for all her kindness; and, considering the danger I should be in when she missed her petticoat, I left London, directing my course towards Colchester.

Travelling somewhat hastily, for fear of being followed, I overtook two of those sort of soldiers called decoy ducks, who serve to draw in others when there are levies. After some discourse, they told me they were going my way, being informed that at Colchester there was a captain raising men, and that none who listed under him would ever want. I travelled on with them very fairly, every one paying his club by the way. The next day we got to that town, and being kindly received by the captain, and listed, we lived in clover for a fortnight, making our landlords furnish us with dainties, and demanding impossibilities. At last we received orders to march, and having left the town, our captain moved like a snail, still leaving the quarters appointed us on one side, and taking the contrary way, because the towns paid him to be exempted. He continued this cheat three days; but on the fourth, as we were passing by a wood, all his men, about thirty in number, left him with only the colours, drum, sergeant and ensign, and five wenches, who went with the baggage; for he is not likely to keep up a company who contrives only how to make his advantage of them, without considering that it is very easy to find a captain, and no less difficult to get thirty soldiers.

However, I liked my captain well enough, for he was civil to me. I stuck by him, and came to London with him, where he was so laughed at that he resolved to quit the kingdom, and, having a good estate, intended to go abroad a volunteer, and desired my company. He embarked for Barcelona, and in a little time got a company, which was ordered, with several others, to sail for Alicant. I being a good accountant, and writing a fair hand, stuck close all the while we were at sea to the steward of the ship, to help him deliver out the allowances to the sailors and land men. He, to keep up a good old custom, and avoid being blamed by others of his trade, gave the soldiers all the broken biscuits, and kept that which was whole; and so for the fish, they had what was rotten. As for the bacon, he stuck a knife into it, and if it stunk, the soldiers had it; if otherwise, he put it up carefully. However he took care to make much of the officers, which made them all keep council and see nothing; and whilst the poor
soldiers fared hard, we lived well. At length we arrived at Alicant, where we were quartered, and had a mixture of good and bad; for as soon as they had shown us any favour they were over us with a Cap de Dieu! - which is that country's oath and out came two or three cases of pistols. My captain and I were at variance, because he had cheated me of my pay, and I had made my complaint to recover it. For this reason he bore me ill will, there being nothing so certain as that if a soldier does not put up with any wrong in point of interest, but pretends to complain, or to stand upon terms with his officers, all that he says, though never so true, will pass for a lie. He will never be advanced, but rather slighted and hated. My quarters were in a tavern, where I was one day drinking with a soldier, and happened to fall out about a lie given, and my sword unluckily running into his throat, he kicked up his heels, through his own fault, for he ran upon my point; so that he may thank his own hastiness. To prevent my captain's taking revenge, or giving him an opportunity of satisfying his malice, by taking upon himself to make an example of me, I went away to Barcelona, and took refuge in a monastery. My captain, as if I had murdered his father, stolen his goods, or taken away his mistress, sent after me to have me secured, and a little whippersnapper of his, who was the tale carrier of the company, followed his business so close that, in despite of the fathers, and in contempt of the Church, he had me taken out of the sanctuary and cast into the prison of the arsenal. They put me into irons, bolted my hands and feet, and so left me. I was prosecuted as a murderer, deserter and raiser of mutinies; and without any regard to the pain my mother endured when she brought me into the world, they put me into a fright with these terrible words: "You shall return to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution," etc.

In short, as if it had been a thing of nothing, or but a matter of pastime, they gave sentence that I should be led in state along the streets, then mount upon a ladder, kick up my heels before all the people, and take a swing in the open air, as if I had another life in my snapsack. I was made acquainted with it by a public notary, who was so nice a Christian that he never asked any gratuity for the good news, nor any fees for the trial. It was impossible to avoid making some wry faces when I heard it; some sighs broke loose in spite of my manhood, and the salt tears trickled down my cheeks. The jailer bid me make peace with God, without the least supply from Bacchus to raise my spirits; and I, considering what I had to go through, gently squeezed my throat with my hand; and though it was done very tenderly, I did not like the test, but said to myself, "If the hand, which is soft flesh, hurts so much, what will it be when a hard hempen rope is there." I kneeled down, and cried to Heaven for mercy, solemnly protesting, if I regained my liberty, that I would do penance for my sins, and begin a new life; but these were like vows made in storms. The news was quickly spread, and several friends came to see me, others to condemn me. Some said it was a pity I should lose my life in the prime of my age; others that I looked like a rank knave; and some, that I was not come to that for my goodness. At last, in came a Franciscan friar, all in a sweat, and full of zeal, asking, "Where is the condemned person?" I answered: "Reverend Father, I am the man, though you don't know me." He said: "Dear child, it is now time for you to think of another world, since sentence is passed; and therefore you must employ this short time allowed you in confessing your sins, and asking forgiveness for your offences." I answered: "Reverend Father, in obedience to the commands of the Church, I confess but once a year, and that is in Lent. But if, according to human laws, I must atone with my life for the crime I've committed, your reverence being so learned must be truly sensible that there is no divine precept which says, 'Thou shalt not eat or drink '; and therefore, since it is not
contrary to the law of God, I desire that you will give order that I have meat and
drink, and then we will discourse of what is best for us both; for I am in a Christian
country, and plead the privilege of sanctuary." The good father, much disturbed to
hear me talk so wildly at a time when I should be serious, took a small crucifix out of
his bosom and began to make a sermon to me on the text of the lost sheep and the
repentance of the good thief; and this with such an audible voice that he might be
heard all over the arsenal. I turned pale, my heart failed me, and my tongue was
numbed when I heard the charity bells, which ring when criminals are executed. I
cleared my apartment and, kneeling down before my ghostly father, disgorged a
wonderful budget of sins, and cleared my storehouse of iniquity; and having received
his blessing and absolution, found myself so changed, that it only troubled me to die
because I thought myself so truly contrite that all the bells would ring out of
themselves, the whole city would be in an uproar, and the poor people would lose
their day's work to come and see me.

In the height of this fright, which I would freely bestow on anyone that could
be fond of it, the Marquis D'Este, then commanding officer, ordered me to be brought
before him, I having got a petition presented to him. He, like a merciful man, being
informed that I pleaded the privilege of sanctuary, ordered the execution to be
respited, the sentence of death reversed, and me sent to the galleys for ten years. My
master was so much my friend that he opposed it, alleging my constitution was too
dainty to make a water thresher, and therefore it were better to send me out of this
wicked world, that I might serve as an example to all the army; and that it would have
been never the worse had it been done three or four years sooner. Not withstanding all
this, I took a little courage, finding myself backed by some friends, and told the
marquis it was malice, spite and hatred made my master so much my enemy, that he
had detained my pay, upon which I threatened to complain, and he vowed revenge,
and now would have it by my death. The general said it was strange that two
countrymen could not agree; that he would not trouble himself with my complaints,
but ordered me to be immediately discharged without paying any fees. I threw myself
at his feet for the kindness he had done me, to the disappointment of the mob, and the
loss of the executioner. I presently departed the palace, and went to be blooded to
prevent any ill consequence of the fright I had been in.

When the bodily fear I had been put into was over, the danger I had escaped
forgotten, and the blood I let out recruited in a tavern, I went out one day to take a
walk upon the Mole, and understanding there was a new regiment to be raised, I
inquired after the officers, and by accident met one of them, who asked me to list. I
easily consented for the sake of a little ready money. My new master seemed to take a
fancy to me, and ordered me to his own quarters, where it was not long before I got a
new place; for the cook going away, I was asked if I understood anything that way,
and I, always resolved to answer in the affirmative, declared I did understand cookery
to the greatest perfection; so that I was both soldier and cook.

After several voyages by sea to Rosas, and other places, we were ordered to
succour Alsace, and for our winter residence had the woods of Bavaria. My master
took up his residence in the house of one of the richest men in those parts, though he
pretended to be very poor, because he had driven away all his cattle, and removed the
best of his goods. This contrivance did not serve his turn. I got information from the
servants. With this, in a very stately manner, I acquainted him that I was my master's
steward, quartermaster and cook, and as such must inform him that he had a captain of
horse in his house, who was a person of considerable quality, and therefore must take care to make very much of him and his servants; that my master was very much fatigued, and it was dinner time, and he must order all things that were necessary. He answered I need only tell him what provision I wanted for the kitchen, and he would order his servants to fetch it immediately. I told him we always kept three tables, the first for the gentlemen and pages, the second for the butler and under officers, and the third for the footmen, grooms, and other livers; for all which tables he must furnish one ox, two calves, four sheep, twelve pullets, six capons, two dozen pigeons, six pounds of bacon for larding, four pounds of sugar, two of all sorts of spice, a hundred eggs, half a dozen dishes of fish, a pot of wine to every plate, and six hogsheads to stand by. He blessed himself, as if he had seen all the devils in hell, and answered: "If all that your worship speaks of be only for the servants' tables, the whole village will not be able to furnish the master's." I replied: "My master is such a worthy person that he had rather see the servants made much of than please himself; and therefore he and his friends never put their landlords to any more charge than a dish of imperial stuffed meat, with an egg in it." He asked me what that stuffed meat was made of, and I bid him order me a new laid egg, a squab pigeon, and two loads of coals, and to send for a cobbler with his nawl and ends, and a gravedigger with his spade, and then he should know what else was wanting, that he might provide it whilst we were at work. The landlord went and fetched what I demanded except the two loads of coals. I took the egg and the pigeon, which I gutted, and cutting it open enough with my knife (for I had all my tools about me) I clapped the egg into the belly of it; then said I to him: "Sir, take notice this egg is in the pigeon, the pigeon is to be put into a partridge, the partridge into a pheasant, the pheasant into a pullet, the pullet into a turkey, the turkey into a kid, the kid into a sheep, the sheep into a calf, the calf into a cow; all these creatures are to be pulled, flead and larded, except the cow, which is to have her hide on; and as they are thrust one into another, like a nest of boxes, the cobbler is to sew every one of them with an end, that they may not slip out; and when they are all fast sewed into the cow's belly, the gravedigger is to throw up a deep trench, into which one load of coals is to be cast, and the cow laid on top of it; the other load upon her, the fuel set on fire to burn about four hours, more or less, when the meat being taken out, is incorporated, and becomes such a delicious dish that formerly the emperors used to dine upon it on their coronation day; for which reason, and because an egg is the foundation of all that curious mess, it was called the imperial egg stuffed meat."

The landlord, who stood listening to me with his mouth open, and no more motion than a statue, gave such entire credit to all I said, because I spoke so seriously, and was very earnest to have the ingredients, that, squeezing me by the hand, he said, "Sir, I am very poor "; and I, under standing what he would be at, answered, "Fear nothing." Then leading him into the kitchen, we agreed the matter very well between us, and I told my master he was very poor indeed, and ruined by our troops, having had all his cattle stolen. My master ordered he should not be oppressed, and left the management of him to me.

The other servants, observing that I had plenty of wine in the kitchen, and was supplied with choice bits, suspected the fraud, and informed my master, who upon inquiry found just the contrary to what I had told him. He sent for my landlord and discovered all my roguery. My master upon this paid me a visit in the kitchen and, taking up one of the nearest cudgels he found about it, dusted my jacket so furiously that he wanted a cook for a fortnight.
During our stay here we were attacked by a parcel of French scoundrels. My master ordered me out with the rest, but I kept back, fearing a chance bullet might mistake me for somebody else. But when I heard the French were beaten, I ventured into the field with my drawn sword, hacking and hewing the dead carcasses in a furious manner. It happened, as a special instance of my valour, that as I came up to one of the enemies to give him half a dozen good gashes, thinking he was as dead as the rest, at the first stroke I let fall he gave such a dreadful groan that I was quite terrified, and thinking he made a motion to get up to be revenged on me, I had not the courage to stay so long to draw my sword out again, but faced about, and ran as fast as I could to the place our baggage was, looking back a thousand times for fear he should overtake me. I bought a good sword of one who had been in the pursuit, and some other booty, boasting all about the army that I had gained it in the fight. I met my master, who, being brought along desperately wounded, and past all hopes, said to me: "You scoundrel! why did you not do as I ordered you?" I answered: "Because, sir, I was afraid to be in your condition." He was carried into the town, where he soon ended his days, for want of being so discreet as I. He left me, rather out of his own innate goodness and generosity than for any good service I had done him, a horse and fifty ducats. God grant him fifty thousand ages of bliss for his kindness, and double that term to anyone who shall hereafter so far oblige me as to do the like.

By this time you may suppose I was pretty remarkable, for I had got the name of the merry Englishman, and being out of place spent my money like a lord. My purse being exhausted, I got into the service of Count Picolomeni; and a little afterwards we were ordered to march towards Hainault, and in a few days encamped under the walls of Mons.

A comical adventure befell me one day in this place. I happened to go abroad, after dining in the town, with my head so full that I took children for men and blue for black. Staggering along in this condition, I came up to a chandler's shop, which was all hung about with rows of tallow candles, and I, taking them for bunches of radishes, asked the owner why he pulled the leaves off. He not understanding what I meant, and perceiving the pickle I was in, made me no answer, but fell a laughing very heartily; but I, who had doubtless a drunken longing for radishes, put out my hand to one of the rows that hung upon a long stick, and laying hold of two candles pulled so hard that all the range came down. The shopkeeper, seeing his goods broken, took up a cudgel and exercised it so, you would have thought he had been beating off stock fish. Though drunk, I was so sensible of the pain that, drawing my sword, I charged him as my mortal enemy. He, seeing me void of fear and reason, fled into a room behind the shop, and shut the door after him. Finding that, though I made a hundred passes at the door, the smart of my bones did nothing abate, I vented my spleen against the candles and, laying about me, left the whole shop strewed with grease.

It happened a gang of soldiers were passing by, and they, at the request of the neighbours, carried me out into the street by force, I still crying: "What! cudgel me for a radish or two which are not worth a farthing." A complaint was carried to my master, who ordered me to be sent to jail, and the next day, when I awoke, I found myself in irons.

There I suffered for the radish fray, there I fasted though it was not Lent, and there was dieted, without any liberty of getting drunk. At length my mistress took pity on me, and begged my master to forgive me, who, seeing me protected by such an
angel, ordered me to be set free, on my paying for the damage done to the candles. I
left the jail with a full resolution never more to disoblige my master. I lived so sedate
and modest for a little time after this that it surprised my master, who continually
heaped new favours upon me, and I, leaving off drinking for the present, grew
amorous. To this purpose I made choice of a waiting maid, a country lass in dress, but
a courtier in keeping her word. She was young in years, but old in cunning, carried all
her fortune about her, and, being fatherless, for the more decency and security of her
person served an aunt of hers, who kept a tavern, where I was acquainted. I set my
heart on this virgin pullet, and one day, putting my hand upon her soft bubbies, she
gave me such a kick that I defy the best Flanders mare to have outdone her. She
withdrew into her chamber, and from that time fled from me as if I had been the devil.
I was up to the ears in love, and knew not what to do. However, at last, I wrote a billet
doux, and accompanied it with a present. The poor harmless creature, who had been
several times upon trial before, and still pleaded, "Lord, I know not what you mean,"
bit at the bait, received the present, heard the message, and gave me leave, under the
pretence of quenching my thirst, to pay her a visit, which I did, and from that moment
she began to fleece me, and her aunt to pluck my feathers. Our love grew so hot that
the customers who used the tavern took notice of it; therefore, to save her reputation,
for she passed for a maid, I took lodgings for her, and by that means got her from her
aunt. My lady was so nice that she could not eat snails, because they had horns; nor
fish, because of the bones; nor rabbits, because they had tails. She swooned away at
the sight of a mouse; but rejoiced to see a company of grenadiers. Before me she fed
by ounces and in my absence by pounds. She hated to be confined, and loved liberty;
and, under colour of melancholy, was never from the window or door. At first she
used to receive abundance of visitors, pretending that all the men were her cousins;
but I being informed they were carnal kindred put her into an enclosure, taking a room
that had no window to the street, and when I went abroad left a spy upon her actions.

    Every now and then she would be lost, and rise again the third day, as
drowned bodies do. Though she shed abundance of tears, and swore a thousand oaths
to persuade me that my ill nature made her withdraw herself to her aunt's, and that she
had never been out of her doors, nor seen by anybody, yet I did not forbear thrashing
her so severely that she did not for a good while show any more of her tricks.

    I was confoundedly jealous of this creature, and not without a reason, for I had
her not in keeping above four months, before she very civilly tipped me a distemper
very common in Naples. Enraged at this, I beat her unmercifully, took away all her
clothes but a few rags, and kicked her out of doors. I advised with a surgeon and a
physician about my case, who both condemned me to be anointed like a witch, and to
slabber like a natural. But I, hoping to find some way to avoid enduring the pains of
hell in this world, went to every doctor of note. I told them of my distemper, and they
all unanimously told me that if I designed to live I must forbear drinking (and they
had as good have bid me cut my own throat), and that the wine I had so plentifully
swallowed was to be distilled out of my body in water. Perceiving they all agreed in
the same story, I resolved to get into the hospital, and take a gentle salivation.

    I was kindly received, those good people being willing to entertain one
madman more in their godly house, and, treating me like a soul in purgatory, they
scalded my entrails and stifled me for want of breath, keeping me always, like Dives,
with my tongue hanging out of my mouth a quarter of a yard, still begging a drop of
wine off some poor Lazarus, and preaching up the works of mercy; but they told me
that patience was a virtue, and would carry me to heaven, and that I must suffer for
my former excesses. At the end of two months I had been in the hospital I was
dismissed perfectly cured, but my legs looked like trap sticks, my body like a shotten
herring, and my voice like a eunuch. The first inquiry I made was for the next tavern,
and there I ate everything I could come at, as if I had been a man in perfect health,
making a jest of the doctor, and laughing at the surgeon, bestowing a thousand
blessings on the good man that first found out the vine, and double the number on
those who plant and prune it. After I had got a good refreshment, I inquired after my
kind mistress and her aunt, both of whom had left the place just after I had entered the
hospital. I was not at all sorry for it; but went to find out some of my old comrades,
whom I found merrily carousing. At last a dispute arose among them, and swords
were drawn. I was fool enough to concern myself, and one of the party against me
gave me such a blow with his sword (but as it happened it was the flat part) that he
made me void a flood of claret at my mouth. All the skip-kennel troop took to their
heels, thinking I was killed, and I, believing myself not far from it, bawled out for a
surgeon, who was called, and he feeling my pulse beat very unregular, and observing
how I retched and sweated, never inquired into the cause of my distemper, but bid the
landlord get a priest to prepare me for death. The good man, being unwilling I should
die like a heathen in a Christian country, ran in all haste and brought one, who, being
curious to see the wound, took off my hat, and found my head clear from blood, and
without any other hurt but a bump raised by the stroke I had received. He asked those
who had seen the fray whether I had any other wounds besides that; and being
informed I had not said to the master of the house: "If this man was to make his
confession every time he is troubled with this distemper, he ought always to have a
chaplain along with him. Sleep is the only thing will cure this disorder; therefore carry
him to bed, and I will answer for his life." His orders were obeyed, and the next
morning I found myself out of danger, and went to wait on my master, who received
me with a frowning brow, and bid me be gone about my business; that he discarded
me his service, and left me at liberty to go where I pleased. This was a terrible blow to
me; but I was comforted the next morning by my generous master sending me a
handsome present in gold, with a command from him to leave the place, which I did
the next morning, resolving to go to France, and from thence to my native country.
The carrier with whom I set out was a great gamester, and the second night invited me
to his room, which was next the stable, and there by the light of a scurvy lamp I won
all his money. Enraged at his ill fortune, he threw the cards in my face, and I in return
wiped him across the face with my hat. He ran to a corner to lay hold of a rusty sword,
and I discharged the lamp at him so furiously that he was oil all over, and I half dead
with fear, being in the dark, and the door shut. However, I was fortunate to find the
sally port, and fled to the watch, whither my greasy carrier followed me with his rusty
tilter. A corporal met and disarmed him, after giving each of us half a dozen bangs,
and then inquired into the affair, and endeavoured to reconcile us, but in vain, the
carrier refusing to consent till I paid the damage done to his coat. I gave him half his
money again, and the other part I spent on the corporal, watchmen, myself and the
carrier, drowning the quarrel, and forgetting all wrongs.

After travelling many a tedious mile I at last got to Calais, and from thence to
London. Being come to the metropolis, I went directly to my father's house that had
been, which upon inquiry I found in the hands of a stranger. I asked for my sisters,
and was told they were removed into another world. I found they had both been
married, and had left children; so that my hopes of getting anything by their deaths
proved abortive. Destitute of friends, I knew not what to do, especially finding the gout come upon me. At last, by the advice of an acquaintance, I took a public house and, understanding several languages, have now very good custom from foreigners. I intend to leave off my foolish pranks; and as I have spent my juvenile years and money in keeping company, hope to find some fools as bad as myself, who delight in throwing away their estates and impairing their healths.

This is all the account he gives of himself and all the information we can get further of him is that he kept an inn in Smithfield, and got a considerable fortune. But being eager to be rich at once, he, jointly with his ostler, committed a most barbarous and cruel murder; for a gentleman who had purchased an estate in the country was obliged to pay the money in London, and accordingly came to town for that purpose, putting up at Batson's inn. The ostler, in taking the gentleman's bags off, perceived they were very heavy, and acquainted his master with it, and they two soon agreed to murder the gentleman, and divide the booty, the first of which was barbarously executed by the ostler, who cut the guest's throat, and then they removed the body into a closet. But a dispute arose in dividing the money, which made the ostler leave his master with what he could get; and he getting drunk the same night discovered the inhuman deed, producing several pieces of gold as a confirmation. The neighbours at first thought it was all fiction, until the fellow often calling God to witness of the truth, and vowing revenge on his master (thinking by his discovery to save himself), a stander-by more penetrating than the rest sent for a constable and got him secured, who being carried, before a magistrate persisted in it, and desired the house of his master might be searched, which was accordingly done, and the body found. In a small time after they were both arraigned and convicted. The ostler died just after that but Batson was deservedly executed, dying penitent, and in the communion of the Church of Rome, the principles of which he had imbibed by going into foreign parts. And thus ended the life of this detestable villain about a year before the restoration of King Charles II.
THOMAS SAVAGE

A Profligate Apprentice who murdered a Fellow-Servant, was executed twice, and finally buried 28th of October, 1668

THIS unhappy wretch was born of very honest parents in the parish of St Giles's in the Fields, and between fourteen and fifteen years of age bound apprentice to one Mr Collins, a vintner, at the Ship Tavern at Ratcliff Cross, with whom he led but a very loose and profligate sort of life for about two years.

Breaking the Sabbath (by his own confession, he having never once heard a whole sermon during that time) was the first inlet to all his other vices, especially whoredom, drunkenness and theft, for he used commonly to pass away the Sabbaths at a bawdy-house in Ratcliff Highway with one Hannah Blay, a vile common strumpet, who was the cause of his ruin, and brought him to his shameful end.

He was carried at first to drink there by an acquaintance, who afterwards went to sea; but having once found the way, he went after that alone, without his companion, and would often carry a bottle or two of wine to junket with her. This, however, not satisfying her wicked desires, she told him frequently that if he would enjoy her company he must bring good store of money with him. To this he always replied that he could bring none but his master's, and that he had never wronged him of twopence in his life. Nevertheless she still continued urging him to rob him privately, but he answered he could. not, because the maid was always at home with him. "Hang her, a jade!" said this limb of the devil; "knock her brains out, and I'll
receive the money, and go anywhere with you beyond sea, to avoid the stroke of justice."

She was often giving him this bad advice and preaching this infernal doctrine, and she repeated it in particular on the very day when he unhappily took her counsel and perpetrated the murder; for being at her house in the morning, she made him drunk with burnt brandy, and he wanting a groat to pay his reckoning, she again persuaded him to knock the maid's brains out, and bring her what money he could find.

Hereupon he went home, between twelve and one o'clock, and seeing his master standing at the street door did not dare to go in that way, but climbed over a wall, and getting in at the back door went into the room where his fellow-servants were at dinner. "Oh, sirrah," said the maid to him, you have been now at the bawdy-house; you will never leave it till you are utterly ruined thereby."

These words provoked him highly, and he was so much enraged at her that from that moment the devil took firm possession of him, and he fully resolved, even while he was at dinner, to be her butcher. Accordingly, when his master with the rest of the family were gone to church, leaving only the maid and Tom Savage at home, he went into the bar and fetched a hammer, with which he began to make a great noise, as he sat by the fire, by knocking on the bellows. Hereupon says the maid to him: "Sure the boy is mad! Sirrah, what do you make this noise for?"

To this he made no answer, but going to the kitchen-window began to knock and make the same noise there, of which the maid then taking no notice, he, to provoke her, got on the clean dresser, and walked up and down thereon several times with his dirty shoes. This piece of malice exasperating the maid, so that she scolded at him pretty heartily, he threw the hammer at her suddenly with such violence that, hitting her on the head, it felled her to the ground, and she shrieked out. He then went and took up the hammer, intending to repeat the blow, but laid it down again thrice, not being yet hardened enough in cruelty to strike her any more; but at last, taking it up the fourth time, the devil had then gained such an absolute mastery over him that he gave her several strokes with all the force he could, and quickly dispatched her out of the world.

The inhuman wretch, having perpetrated this hellish piece of barbarity, immediately broke open a cupboard in his master's chamber, and taking out a bag, wherein was about sixty pounds, hid it under his coat, and went out at a back door directly away to Hannah Blay again. When he came there, and informed her what he had done, the cunning slut, who was hardened in wickedness, would fain have had the money from him; but he would part with no more than half-a-crown, which having given her, he went away without the least remorse for what he had done.

But he had not gone very far, when, meeting with a stile, he sat down thereon to rest himself, and then began to reflect on the horrid deed he had perpetrated, and to cry out to himself, "Lord, what have I done!" wishing that he could have recalled the fatal blows, even at the price of ten thousand worlds, if so many had been in his power. After this he was in so much horror and dread of mind that he stirred not a step but he thought everyone he met came to apprehend him.
That night he reached Greenwich, where he took up his lodging, telling the people of the house he was going to Gravesend; but being got to bed he could not sleep, through the terror of a guilty conscience, but got up again, and walked about the room for several hours. Next morning the mistress of the house, perceiving he had a large quantity of money in a bag not sealed up, began to examine him about it, doubting he came not by it honestly. Hereupon, to avoid her just suspicion, he told her he was carrying it down to Gravesend to his master, who was a wine-cooper, and lived on London Bridge; and that if she would not believe she might send to his mistress, and in the meantime he would leave the money in her hands.

This was agreed upon, and accordingly he wrote a note himself to his pretended mistress, which was to be carried by some people who were then going to London, whilst he went his way, wandering towards Woolwich, where he was in the shipyard much about the time the hue and cry came to Greenwich of a murder committed at Ratcliff Cross by a youth upon a maid, who was his fellow-servant; and that he had also robbed his master of a bag of money. Upon this news the mistress of the house where he had lain presently concluded that it was the same youth who had lodged there, and that the bag he had left with her was that whereof he had robbed his master. Hereupon she immediately dispatched several men in search of him, who found him asleep in an ale-house, with his head upon a table and a pot of beer by him. Upon this, one of the men, calling him by his name, said: "Tom, did you not live at Ratcliff?" He answered Yes. "And did not you murder your fellow-servant?" He answered likewise in the affirmative. "And you took so much money from your master?" He acknowledged all. "Then," continued he, "you must go along with us." To which he replied: "Yes, with all my heart." Accordingly they went forthwith to Greenwich, to the house where he had lain the night before.

By the time he got thither his master and some friends had arrived there likewise, who exaggerated to him the barbarity of the fact, wherewith he was not much affected at first, though a little after he burst out into tears. From thence he was carried back to Ratcliff, and had before a Justice of Peace, who committed him to Newgate.

Being now in safe custody, he was visited by one Mr Baker, to whom, after some little acquaintance, he gave the foregoing account; and he found him at first but little sensible of the heinousness of the crime he had committed. But the next time, asking him whether he was sorry for the fact, he answered with tears in his eyes, wringing his hands, and striking his breast, "Yes, sir; for it cuts me to the heart to think that I should take away the life of an innocent creature; and that is not all, but for anything I know, I have sent her soul to hell. Oh I how can I think of appearing before God's tribunal, when she shall stand before me and say, 'Lord, this wretch took away my life, and gave me not the least time to consider of the state of my soul, that so I might have repented of my sins, and have turned to Thee; he gave me no warning at all, Lord.' Oh, then, what will become of me?"

He was then visited by Mr Robert Franklyn, Mr Thomas Vincent, Mr Thomas Doolittle and Mr James Janeway, who asked him if he was the person that murdered the maid at Ratcliff. To which he answered Yes. Hereupon they endeavoured to set the sin home upon his conscience, telling him the danger he was in, not only of a temporal but of an eternal death, without true repentance, and a sincere and strong faith.
The day he went down to the sessions his fellow-prisoners gave him something to drink, which very much disordered him; and Hannah Blay, whom he had accused, and who was taken into custody thereupon, was heard to say to him: "Others have made you drunk to-day, but I will make thee drunk to-morrow." He lamented this backsliding grievously, but said that it was not the quantity he had drunk, which was much less than he was able to drink at other times without being in the least disordered, but it was something they had infused into his liquor to intoxicate his senses; which made him ever afterwards very cautious and fearful of drinking in their company.

After he had received sentence of death he was again visited by Mr Baker; and the Saturday before his execution he was again with him, when Savage said to him, taking him by the hand, "Oh, my dear friend, come hither." Then opening his coffin, "Look here," continued he, "this is the ship wherein I must launch out into the ocean of eternity. Is it not a terrible thing to see one's own coffin and burial clothes, when at the same time (as to my bodily health) I am every whit as well as you?"

On the Sunday, expecting to be executed next day, he desired to be alone and spent it in prayer and other religious duties. Next morning the sheriff's men and cart came for him, but the Sheriff of Middlesex not having notice, it was deferred till Wednesday, when, invoking upon his clothes that he had put on to die in, he said: "What! have I got on my dying clothes? Dying clothes, did I say? They are my living clothes, the clothes out of which I shall go into eternal glory. They are the best clothes that ever I put on!"

Being brought to the place of execution at Ratcliff Cross, he made a short speech, wherein he exhorted people, both old and young, to take warning by his untimely end how they offended against the laws of God and man. After which, having said a very pathetic prayer, and breathed forth such pious ejaculations as drew tears from the eyes of the beholders, he was turned off the cart, and struggled for a while, heaving up his body. Which a young man, his friend, perceiving, he struck him several blows upon his breast with all his strength, to put him out of his pain, till no motion could be perceived in him. Wherefore after he had hung a considerable time, and was to all appearance dead, the people moving away, the sheriff ordered him to be cut down, when, being received into the arms of some of his friends, he was conveyed into a house not far from the place of execution. There being laid upon a table, he began, to the astonishment of the beholders, to breathe, and rattle in the throat, so that it was evident life was whole in him. Hereupon he was carried from thence to a bed in the same house, where he breathed more strongly, and opened his eyes and mouth, though his teeth were set before, and he offered to speak, but could not recover the use of his tongue.

However, his reviving being blazed abroad within an hour, the sheriff's officers came to the house where he was, and carrying him back to the place of execution, hung him up again till he was really dead. After which his body was carried by his mourning friends to Islington, and buried on 28th of October, 1668, being seventeen years of age.
THE REV. ROBERT HAWKINS

The Subject of a foul Conspiracy on the Part of Henry Larrimore and Sir John Croke that failed at Aylesbury Assizes, 11th of March, 1669

A FOUL conspiracy against the life of a clerk in holy orders was laid bare at the assizes at Aylesbury on 11th of March, 1669, when Robert Hawkins, clerk of Chilton, was indicted with breaking into the dwelling-house of Henry Larrimore and stealing his gold rings and other articles.

Larrimore deposed that on Friday, 18th of September, 1668, between twelve and one o'clock at noon, he locked up his doors and went into a hemp-plat, about two furlongs from his house, with all his family, to pull hemp. Coming home an hour and a half before sunset he found his doors open, and ran upstairs to a loft over the chamber where he lay, and, looking through the chinks of the boards, there he saw the prisoner rifling a box, in which, among other goods, was a white holland apron and a purse, in which were two gold rings of the value of ten shillings each, two ten-shilling pieces of gold, and nineteen shillings in silver. The prisoner hearing some noise, the deponent saw him glance by the stair-foot door, and so run out of his house, down the yard, with a great bunch of keys; and the deponent saw the prisoner hide himself in a close where there were some beans and weeds. The next day he procured a warrant from Sir Richard Piggot to search for his rings and money, and with the constable of the place, and some others, he went to search the prisoner's house, who refusing to open his doors, the constable broke them open, and in a basket filled with paper, rags and other trumpery he found one of the rings, and a five-shilling piece of silver, which he positively swore were the same which he had seen the prisoner the day before take out of his purse.

HAWKINS: Why did not Larrimore, when he saw his doors open, which he expected to have found locked, call some of his neighbours to assist in searching the house and securing me, or whoever the person it was that he found robbing him?

To this Larrimore answered he did not then well consider what he did.

HAWKINS: If he saw me commit the robbery in his house, why then did he search other houses for the goods he saw me steal?

LARRIMORE: I had been robbed at several other times.

HAWKINS: How came he not to charge me positively with the felony before Sir Richard Piggot, of whom he had the warrant, if he had been sure I robbed him?

To this Larrimore made no direct answer.

Henry Larrimore, the son, and Joan Beamsley gave evidence as to seeing Hawkins run from the house, where upon Lord Chief Baron Hales said: "Here is evidence enough to hang twenty men."

HAWKINS: I doubt not but to clear myself, notwithstanding this evidence. Pray, Sir Richard Piggot, when Larrimore came for the warrant to search, did he not
say he suspected several persons of robbing him of them, and that I was but one of the suspected persons?

Sir Richard Piggot, being upon the bench, acknowledged this to be true.

HAWKINS: And yet Larrimore swears he saw me steal them out of his house on the 18th of September, an hour and a half before sunset, which I desire the Court and the jury would take notice of.

John Chilton was called, and said that Mr Hawkins brought him a pair of boots to put new legs to them, and that he told the prisoner he would lay them in his shop window, and he might take them as he came by; for he should be abroad; which accordingly the prisoner did, and paid him for doing them, at Sir John Croke's; but that when the prisoner came to demand his tithes, and sued for them, then this Larrimore, Mr Dodsworth Croke, Richard Maine the constable, and others, came to the deponent and plagued him night and day to charge the prisoner with felony for stealing the boots; and they would have forced him to fetch a warrant to search for them, and threatened, in case he would not, that Sir John Croke would indict him at the assizes, as accessory to the stealing his own goods; and Larrimore said he would make him swear that Mr Hawkins had stolen his boots, and subpoenaed him to the assizes for that purpose.

LARRIMORE: My Lord, this fellow is hired by Mr Hawkins to swear this.

CHILTON: I am not hired to swear by Mr Hawkins; but Thomas Croxton told me last Monday, if I would swear Mr Hawkins stole my boots, he would bear me out against Mr Hawkins as far as one hundred pounds would go; and if that would not do, as far as five hundred pounds would go; and if I doubted it, he would give me a bond to make good his promise.

HAWKINS: My Lord, this is an easy way for the fanatics to pay their tithes. If they can but hang up the clergy, they may cease their pleas for liberty of conscience. I desire the Court and the jury will observe that this Chilton is one of Larrimore's witnesses, and yet he swears that Croxton and others used their utmost endeavours to persuade him to charge me with felony.

Mr Hawkins added that Larrimore was a notorious Anabaptist, and an enemy to the Church of England and ministry in general, but particularly to himself; he having sued him for tithes, and indicted him for not coming to church or baptizing his children; that Larrimore's malice had sufficiently appeared before this, by dissuading those who owed him money from paying him, and persuading others, whom he owed money to, to arrest him; by dissuading those he had sued for tithes from agreeing with him, and telling them Sir John Croke would force him to run his country, etc. And if the jury doubted of any of these particulars, he was ready to prove them.

Proceeding in his defence, he said it was very unlikely he should commit a robbery in his own parish in the daytime, where everybody that saw him must needs know him; and that if he had been conscious of his guilt he had twenty-four hours 'time to have made his escape; and it was strange he could find no other place to conceal this ring and five-shilling piece but in a little basket that hung up upon a pin; and that if Larrimore had seen him rob him, it was strange he did not tell his neighbours of it, or take any care to secure him till the next day; nor did he declare it
to Sir Richard Piggot, from whom, he fetched the warrant to search, as might appear by the contents of it.

Hereupon my Lord Chief Baron ordered the constable to produce the warrant; and it being delivered to my Lord, he observed that it bore date before the robbery was committed. Turning to Larrimore he said: "Thou art very cunning, to be provided with a warrant a day before you were robbed. It seems you knew upon the 17th day that you should be robbed on the 18th, and that this person now at the bar should rob you. But, Mr Hawkins, if you were innocent of this robbery, why did you refuse to open your doors and let your house be searched?" HAWKINS: Most of those persons present were my inveterate enemies. As for Sir John Croke and Larrimore, they had often threatened to pull down my house, and hired people to make a forcible entry upon it; particularly they hired one Jaires to get down the chimney and open my doors when we were all abroad; they had also contracted with one Tyler for the same purpose. Besides, they had an execution against me which Larrimore's son had a few days before executed in part, and he was then present; and, my Lord, I offered at the same time that Mr Sanders, the other constable, who lived but next door, might search as narrowly as he pleased.

These statements having been corroborated, the Lord Chief Baron said the business appeared very foul; and looking towards Sir John Croke asked if that were the Sir John Croke who was concerned in that business.

HAWKINS: I doubt not to make appear to the world that Sir John is deeply concerned in this conspiracy. Mr Brown was called, and said that Sir John Croke and this Larrimore had threatened that if he came down to this assizes to testify what he had heard of this conspiracy they would ruin him and his family, and for that reason he dare not speak; but the Court promising him protection, he gave this evidence:

Being entrusted by Sir John Lentall as keeper to Sir John Croke, who is a prisoner in the King's Bench, on Wednesday, the 16th of September last, as I was in bed at Sir John Croke's house in Chilton, I heard a great noise, and fearing they were contriving Sir John Croke's escape, I started out of bed in my shirt and stood at the dining-room door behind the hangings, and there I heard this Larrimore tell Sir John Croke that he had undone him by causing him to contend with the parson; for that he had entered him in most of the courts of England, and summoned him into the Crown Office and Chancery, and he could not maintain so many suits. Sir John replied: "Is that all? Come, brother Larrimore, be contented; we will have one trick more for Hawkins yet, which shall do his work." Larrimore answered: "You have put me upon too many tricks already — more than I can manage — and the parson is too hard for us still." Sir John replied: "If thou wilt but act, I will hatch enough to hang Hawkins. Cannot thou convey some gold or silver into his house, and have a warrant ready to search his house? — and then our work is done"; and, says he: "Do you but go to Sir John Piggot and inform him you have lost your money and goods, and desire his warrant to search for them; and take Dick Maine the constable, who is one of us, and will do what we desire him, and search the house, and when you find these things, charge him with flat felony, and force him before me, and I will send him to jail without bail, and we will hang him at the next assizes."

On the Sunday morning I went to the ale-house, where they had kept Mr Hawkins all night, and saw them carrying him to jail. I said to Sir John, when I came
home, "They have carried the poor parson to jail," and he answered, "Let him go, and the devil go with him, and more shall follow after. Have I not often told you," says he, "if my brother Larrimore and I laid our heads together, nobody could stand against us?" And I replied: "Yes, Sir John, I have often heard you say so, but never believed it till now."

THE LORD CHIEF BARON: Is all this true, which you have related?

BROWN: Yes, my Lord; and there sits Sir John Croke (pointing to him), who knows that every word I have said is true.

Soon after Sir John Croke stole off the bench, without taking leave of the Chief Baron.

LARRIMORE: My Lord, what I have sworn as to Mr Hawkins is true.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON: Larrimore, thou art a very villain; nay, I think thou art a devil. Gentlemen, where is this Sir John Croke?

It was answered he was gone.

THE LORD CHIEF BARON: Gentlemen, I must acquaint you Sir John Croke sent me this morning two sugar loaves, to excuse his absence yesterday, but I sent them back again I did not then so well know what he meant by them as I do now. Surely Sir John does not think the King's justices will take bribes. Somebody may have used his name (here the Chief Baron showed Sir John's letter). Is this his hand?

Some of the justices on the bench said they believed it might be; and it being compared with the mittimus, the hands appeared to be the same.

His Lordship, summing up, said that it appeared upon the evidence, and from all the circumstances, to be a most foul and malicious conspiracy against the life of Mr Hawkins. Then the jury, without stirring from the bar, gave their verdict, that the prisoner was not guilty.

Mr Hawkins moved that he might be discharged without paying his fees, for that he was very poor — this, and other troubles the prosecutors had brought upon him, having cost him a great deal of money. My Lord Chief Baron answered he could not help it; he could not give away other people's rights: if they would not remit their fees, he must pay them.

As soon as the trial was over, Sir John Croke, Larrimore the prosecutor, and their accomplices in the conspiracy, fled privately out of town.
STEPHEN EATON, GEORGE ROADES AND SARAH SWIFT

Executed 14th of July, 1669, for the Murder of the Rev. John Talbot; their Accomplice, Henry Prichard, being reprieved

THIS gentleman (Talbot) had been chaplain to a regiment in Portugal in the reign of King Charles II., where he continued in the discharge of his office till the recalling of the said regiment, when, arriving in London, he preached three months at St Alphage in the Wall. Afterwards he was curate at a town called Laindon, in Essex, where a lawsuit commenced between him and some persons of the said parish, upon the account of which he came up to London at the unhappy time when a period was put to his life in the following manner: —

Several profligate abandoned wretches, to the number of six men and one woman, took into their heads one day to waylay, rob and murder this poor man. Whether, hearing his business, they might think he had a pretty deal of money about him, or whether they acted at the instigations of some of Mr Talbot's enemies, is not certain; however it was, they dogged him from four o'clock in the afternoon whithersoever he went. The names of some of these miscreants were Stephen Eaton, a confectioner; George Roades, a broker; Henry Prichard, a tailor; and Sarah Swift.

Mr Talbot had received information that his adversaries designed to arrest him, which made him a little circumspect while he was abroad; for everyone who took any notice of him he imagined to be an officer. This occasioned him the sooner to be alarmed when he saw himself followed by five or six people from place to place; so that, turn which way soever he would, he was certain of meeting one or more of them.

After he had shifted about a long time to no purpose in order to avoid, as he thought, their clapping a writ on his back, he betook himself to Gray's Inn, whither, being still pursued, he had there a good opportunity to take particular and accurate notice of some or all of these evil-disposed persons. Here he took shelter a little while and wrote letters to some of his acquaintances and friends, requesting them to come and lend him their assistance in order to secure his person.

The persons whom he sent to failing him, he got admittance into the chambers of one of the gentlemen of the place, where he stayed till he supposed all the danger was over; then, taking a little refreshment, he took the back way, through Old Street, and so over the fields to Shoreditch.

Not long after he had got into the fields he perceived the same persons at his heels who had dogged him before. He was now more surprised than ever, it being eleven o'clock at night. The most probable method of escaping that he could see was by breaking through a reed hedge to a garden house; but before he could reach the place one or more of the villains seized him, and began to pick his pockets. They found about twenty shillings, and his knife, with which they attempted to kill him, by cutting his throat.

Whether it was by chance, or these wretches pretended to have an extraordinary skill in butchering men, is uncertain; but they first cut out a piece of his
throat, about the breadth of a crown-piece, without touching the windpipe, and then, in the dependent part of the orifice, they stabbed him with the knife so deep that the point almost reached his lungs. However, Providence so far overruled their cruelty that they did not cut the recurrent nerves, which would have stopped his speech, nor the jugular veins and arteries, which if they had done he had instantly bled to death without remedy, and then possibly no discovery had been made.

There was a cut in the collar of his doublet, which seemed to show that they attempted this piece of butchery before they stripped him; but then the nature of the wound intimated, on the contrary, that they pulled off his coat and doublet before they accomplished their design.

This bloody deed was perpetrated at Aniseed Clear on Friday night, the 2nd of July, 1669. While the wretches were committing their butchery the dogs barked and the beasts bellowed in an uncommon manner; so that several gardeners rose out of their beds to prepare for the market, supposing it had been daylight. Soon after it thundered and rained in a terrible manner, which drew several brick makers out of their lodgings to secure their bricks from the weather, and was also the occasion that the murderers did not get far from the place where their barbarity was acted before they were apprehended; so that heaven and earth seemed to unite in crying out against the inhuman deed, and detecting the wicked authors of it.

Some of the brick makers who had been alarmed by the thunder and rain discovered Mr Talbot lying in his shirt and drawers, all bloody. These gave notice to their companions, who also came up. They then raised him, and cherished him with a dram which one of them had at hand; whereupon he immediately pointed which way the murderers went. The watch near Shoreditch were soon informed of what had happened, and some of them came, as well to take care of the wounded gentleman as to apprehend the authors of his misfortune. One of the number quickly discovered a man lying among the nettles, and called up his companions, supposing he also had been murdered; but when they came to a nearer examination they saw a bloody knife on one side of him and the minister's doublet on the other. Upon these circumstances, presuming he was guilty of the murder, they apprehended him. At first he feigned himself asleep, and then, suddenly starting up, he attempted to make his escape, but in vain. A pewter pot, with the mark newly scraped out, was found near him, and one of the watchmen broke his head with it, which made him a little more tractable. In the meantime Mr Talbot, by the great care of the officers of the night, was carried to the Star Inn, at Shoreditch church, where he was put to bed, and whither a surgeon was sent for to dress and take care of his wounds.

This man who was apprehended was Eaton, the confectioner. He was carried before Mr Talbot, who instantly knew him, and by writing declared that he was the man who cut his throat; and that five more men and a woman were his associates. A second time, upon Mr Talbot's own request, Eaton was brought before him, when he continued his former accusation against him; whereupon he was carried before Justice Pitfield, and by him committed to Newgate. It was not long after Eaton, before the woman was found, who also pretended to be asleep. Mr Talbot swore as positively to her as he had done to the other, and inquired of the constable whether her name was not Sarah, for he had heard one of her comrades say to her, when in Holborn: "Shall we have a coach, Sarah?" The constable demanded her name, and she, not suspecting the reason, told him right, which confirmed the evidence of the dying gentleman.
Shortly after a third, and then a fourth, was taken, who were also committed to Newgate, Mr Talbot knowing one of these also.

The care of Mr Talbot's wounds was committed to one Mr Litchfield, an able surgeon, who diligently attended him; and that nothing be omitted which might conduce to his recovery, Dr Hodges, one of the physicians employed by the city during the dreadful visitation in 1665, was likewise called. To these, at the request of the minister of the Charter-house, Dr Ridgely was added. By their joint direction he was in a fair way to be cured, no ill symptoms appearing from Monday morning to the Sabbath Day following, either upon account of his wounds, or otherwise; for though he lay some time in the wet, yet through the experience of these gentlemen he was kept from a fever. Several other surgeons also freely offered their assistance.

About noon on Sunday he was dressed. The wound looked well, and he seemed more cheerful than ordinary; but within two or three hours after, a violent fit of coughing seized him, which broke the jugular vein, and caused such an effusion of blood that he fainted, and his extreme parts were cold, before anyone could come to his assistance. The flux was once stopped, but upon coughing he bled again, so that his case was almost past hope.

About one or two next morning he sent for Dr Atfield, minister of Shoreditch church; and though he had before said little more than Aye or No, and his physicians desired him not to strain those parts where his danger lay, but rather write his minds notwithstanding all this, he talked very familiarly to the doctor, telling him that he hoped to be saved by the merits of Jesus Christ only. Then the doctor pressed him to declare whether he were still fully satisfied as to the persons he swore against. To which he readily answered that he was certain he was not mistaken in what he had done. Being asked whether or no he could freely forgive them, he replied that he prayed for the welfare of their souls, but desired the law might be executed on their bodies. In a word, this reverend gentleman seemed very submissive under this severe dispensation, believing a Providence in everything that happens. The doctor prayed by him, and departed, and within two hours after he expired, having been very devout and composed to the last moment.

Several attestations were made before the justice and at the trial of the prisoners concerning Mr Talbot's having been dogged and murdered by those who had either seen him the day before, or came up to him first, when he was left in the lamentable condition we have been describing. Mr Went, in particular, who was constable of the night when this murder was committed, gave a particular relation of taking the prisoners, and of what Mr Talbot said and wrote when he saw any one of them. The papers which the deceased wrote were likewise produced in court, and it was observable that he particularly exclaimed against the woman, whom he called bloody every time he mentioned her, affirming that she said to her companions several times, "Kill the dog, kill him."

The facts and circumstances were so plain that the jury found all the four that had been taken guilty of the murder, not one of them being able to give a satisfactory account of themselves, or to prove where they were after six o'clock on the night the bloody deed was done. The names of these four were given at the beginning of this relation.
Mr Cowper the coroner, and Mr Litchfield the surgeon, gave in their informations an exact account of Mr Talbot's wound, and both of them deposed that they verily thought it to be the occasion of his death. Mr Litchfield said the knife really penetrated his lungs.

The night before Mr Talbot died he wrote to Mr Went, the constable, desiring him to go to the ordinary and inquire with him of Eaton whether any of Laindon's people employed or abetted him in the fact he had committed; if they did, to get their names of him. But Eaton persisted in denying not only that, but even the fact itself, telling them in the most solemn manner that to his knowledge he never in his life saw Mr Talbot till he was brought before him, after he was taken. Sarah Swift likewise being questioned concerning her guilt, and urged to confess what she knew, she answered that she would burn in hell before she would own anything of the matter. To such an uncommon degree had these wretches hardened themselves in their crimes.

Mr Talbot wrote also several letters to his friends, with an exact account of the manner how he had been followed for seven hours together, and how he was at last set upon, and used in the barbarous manner herein related; but the substance of these letters being interspersed in the story itself it is needless to give them at large.

On Wednesday, the 14th of July, 1669, Stephen Eaton, Gorge Roades and Sarah Swift were conveyed in a cart to Tyburn, where the two men confessed the murder; but the woman continued obstinate to the last. Henry Prichard was reprieved upon some favourable circumstances that were produced.
SOME have affirmed that this very celebrated highwayman was born in Smock Alley, without Bishopsgate; but this is without ground, for he really received his first breath at a place called Damfront in Normandy. His father was a miller, and his mother the daughter of a tailor. By these parents he was brought up strictly in the Roman Catholic religion, and his promising genius was cultivated with as much learning as qualified him for a footman.

But though the father was so careful as to see that his son had some religion, we have good reason to think that he had none himself. He used to talk much more of good cheer than of the Church, and of great feasts than of great faith; good wine was to him better than good works; and a sound courtesan was far more agreeable than a sound Christian. Being once so very sick there were great hopes of his dying a natural death, a ghostly father came to him with his Corpus Domini, and told him that, hearing of the extremity he was in, he had brought him his Saviour to comfort him before his departure. Old Du Vall, upon this, drew aside the curtain and beheld a goodly fat friar with the Host in his hand. "I know," said he, "that it is our Saviour, because He came to me in the same manner as He went to Jerusalem: C'est un asne que le porte" ("It is an ass that carries Him.")

Neither father nor mother took any notice of young Claude after he was about thirteen years of age. Perhaps their circumstances might then oblige them to send him abroad to seek his fortune. His first stage was at Rouen, the capital city of Normandy, where he fortunately met with post-horses to be returned to Paris, upon one of which he got leave to ride, by promising to help dress them at night. At the same time falling in with some English gentlemen who were going to the same place, he got his expenses discharged by those generous travellers. They arrived at Paris in the usual time, and the gentle men took lodgings in the Faubourg St Germain, where the English generally quarter. Du Vall was willing to be as near as possible to his benefactors, and by their intercession he was admitted to run errands and do the meanest offices at the St Esprit in the Rue de Bourchiere, a house of general entertainment, something between a tavern and an ale-house, a cook's shop and a bawdy-house. In this condition he continued till the restoration of King Charles II. in 1660 at which time, multitudes of all nations flocking into England, among them came Du Vall, in the capacity of a footman to a person of quality.

The universal joy upon the return of the Royal family made the whole nation almost mad. Everyone ran into extravagances, and Du Vall, whose inclinations were as vicious as any man's, soon became an extraordinary proficient in gaming, whoring, drunkenness, and all manner of debauchery. The natural effect of these courses is want of money; this our adventurer experienced in a very little time; and as he could not think of labouring he took to the highway to support his irregularities. In this profession he was within a little while so famous as to have the honour of being named first in a proclamation for apprehending several notorious highwaymen. And
here we have reason to complain that our informations are too short for our assistance in writing the life of such a celebrated offender. However, such stories as have been delivered down to us we shall give our readers faithfully, and in the best manner we are able.

He had one day received intelligence of a knight and his lady who were travelling with four hundred pounds in their coach. Upon this he takes four or five more along with him and overtakes them on the road. The gentry soon perceived they were likely to be beset when they beheld several horsemen riding backwards and forwards, and whispering to one another; whereupon the lady, who was a young sprightly creature, pulls out a flageolet, and begins to play very briskly. Du Vall takes the hint and plays excellently well upon a flageolet of his own, in answer to the lady, and in this posture rides up to the coach door. "Sir," says he to the knight "your lady plays excellently, and I make no doubt but she dances as well. Will you please to step out of the coach and let me have the honour to dance one courant with her on the heath?" "I dare not deny anything, sir," the knight readily replied, "to a gentleman of your quality and good behaviour. You seem a man of generosity, and your request is perfectly reasonable. Immediately the footman opens the door and the knight comes out; Du Vall leaps lightly off his horse and hands the lady down. It was surprising to see how gracefully he moved upon the grass; scarce a dancing-master in London but would have been proud to have shown such agility in a pair of pumps as Du Vall showed in a great pair of French riding-boots. As soon as the dance was over he waits on the lady back to the coach, without offering her the least affront; but just as the knight was stepping in — "Sir," says he, "you have forgot to pay the music." His worship replied that he never forgot such things; and instantly put his hand under the seat of the coach and pulled out a hundred pounds in a bag, which he delivered to Du Vall, who received it with a very good grace, and courteously answered: "Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so. This hundred given so generously is better than ten times the sum taken by force. Your noble behaviour has excused you the other three hundred which you have in the coach with you." After this he gave him the word, that he might pass undisturbed if he met any more of their crew, and then very civilly wished them a good journey.

It happened another time, as Du Vall was upon his vocation of robbing on Blackheath, he meets with a coach richly fraught with ladies of quality, and with one child who had a silver sucking-bottle; he robs them rudely, takes away their money, watches, rings, and even the little child's sucking-bottle; nor would he, upon the child's tears, nor the ladies' earnest intercession, be wrought upon to restore it, until at last one of his companions forced him to deliver it.

A little after the above-mentioned action another lucky turn in Du Vall's favour happened, as much as that to his advantage. In the course of his rambles he came into the Crown Inn, in Beaconsfield where he heard great singing, dancing, and playing upon the hautboy and violin. He instantly inquired into the reason of it, and found that there was a wake or fair kept there that day, at which were present most of the young men and maids for several miles about. This, he thought, was a promising place; and therefore he set up his horse for that evening, went into the kitchen, and called for a pint of wine. Here he met with an old rich farmer, who had just received a hundred pounds, and had tied it up in a bag, putting it into his coat pocket. Du Vall was very attentive to all that passed, and by this means he heard the farmer tell an acquaintance what money he had about him, which our sharper immediately put down
for his own; more especially did he depend upon it when the countryman asked leave
to go into the room where the music was, to see and hear the diversions. It was his
next business to ask the same favour, which he as easily obtained, and very innocently
to all appearance entered to see the country dancing, making an apology to the
company when he came in, and telling them that he hoped it would be no offence,
they replying as courteously that he might stay there and welcome.

His business now was more to watch the old farmer's bag of money than to
mind the diversions of the young people; and, after considering some time for a way
to execute his designs in the most dexterous manner, he observed a chimney with a
large funnel, which he thought would favour his project. Having contrived the whole
affair, he went out and communicated it to the ostler, who, being a downright ostler,
consented for a reward of two guineas to assist him. He was to dress up a great mastiff
dog in a cowhide, which he had in the stable, placing the horns directly on his
forehead, and then by the help of a ladder and a rope to let him down the chimney. All
this he performed while the company were merry in the chamber. Du Vall being re
turned from the yard, the dog howling as he descended the chimney, and pushing
among them in this frightful manner, they were all put into a hurry and confusion. The
music was silenced, the table overthrown, and the drink spilt; the people all the while
screaming, and crowding downstairs as fast as they were able, everyone crowding to
be foremost, as they supposed the devil would unavoidably take the hindmost. Their
heels flew up, the women's coats flew over their heads, and the pipe and the fiddle
were trod to pieces. While they were in this condition the supposed devil made his
way over them all and got into the stable, where the ostler instantly uncased him; so
that when the company came to examine the matter, as they could hear no more of
him, they concluded he had vanished into the air.

Now was the time for Du Vall to take care of the farmer's hundred pounds,
which he very easily did by diving into his pocket. As soon as he had got the money
he took horse, and spared neither whip nor spur until he came to London, where he
thought himself safe. As soon as things were a little in order again at the inn there was
a dismal outcry for the money. All the suspicious persons were searched, and the
house was examined from top to bottom, to no purpose. What could they suppose
after this but that the devil had taken it away? It passed in this manner, and was
looked upon as a judgment inflicted by permission of Providence on the farmer for his
covetousness; the farmer being, in reality, a miserable wretch, who made it his
business to get money by all the methods he could, whether lawful or otherwise.

One time Du Vall met with Esquire Roper, master of the buck-hounds to King
Charles II., as he was hunting in Windsor Forest. As their rencounter happened in a
thicket, Du Vall took advantage of the place, and commanded him to stand and
deliver his money, or else he would shoot him. Mr Roper, to save his life, gave our
adventurer a purse full of guineas, containing at least fifty, and Du Vall afterwards
bound him neck and heels, fastened his horse by him, and rode away across the
country.

The hunting, to be sure, was over for that time, but it was a pretty while before
the huntsman could find his master. When the squire was unbound, he made all the
haste he could to Windsor, and as he entered the town was met by Sir Stephen Fox,
who asked him whether or no he had had any sport. Mr Roper replied in a great
passion: "Yes, Sir, I have had sport enough from a son of a whore, who made me pay
damned dear for it. He bound me neck and heels, contrary to my desire, and then took fifty guineas from me, to pay him for his labour, which I had much rather he had omitted."

But the proclamation which we spoke of at the beginning of this life, and the large reward that was promised for taking him, made Du Vall think it unsafe to stay any longer in England; whereupon he retired into France. At Paris he lived very highly, boasting prodigiously of the success of his arms and amours, and affirming proudly that he never encountered with any one person of either sex whom he did not overcome. He had not been long here before he relapsed into his old disease, want of money, which obliged him to have recourse to his wits again. He had an uncommon talent at contrivance, particularly at suiting his stratagems to the temper of the person they were designed to ensnare, as the following instance will prove.

A learned Jesuit, who was confessor to the French King, was as much noted for his avarice as he was for his politics, by which latter he had rendered himself very eminent. His thirst for money was insatiable; and though he was exceeding rich, his desires seemed to increase with his wealth. It came immediately into Du Vall's head that the only way to squeeze a little money out of him was to amuse him with hopes of getting a great deal, which he did in the following manner.

He put himself into a scholar's garb, to facilitate his admittance into the miser's company, and then waited very diligently for a proper time to make his address, which he met with in a few days. Seeing him alone in the piazza of the Faubourg, he went up to him very confidently and said: "May it please your reverence, I am a poor scholar who has been several years travelling over strange countries, to learn experience in the sciences, purely to serve my native country, to whose advantage I am determined to apply my knowledge, if I may be favoured with the patronage of a man so eminent as yourself." "And what may this knowledge of yours be?" replied the father, very much pleased. "If you will communicate anything to me that may be beneficial to France, I assure you no proper encouragement shall be wanting on my side." Du Vall, upon this, growing yet bolder, proceeded: "Sir, I have spent most of my time in the study of alchemy, or the transmutation of metals, and have profited so much at Rome and Venice, from great men learned in that science, that I can change several base metals into gold, by the help of a philosophical powder, which I can prepare very speedily."

The father confessor appeared to brighten with joy at this relation. "Friend," says he, "such a thing as this will be serviceable indeed to the whole state, and peculiarly grateful to the King, who, as his affairs go at present, stands in some need of such a curious invention. But you must let me see some experiment of your skill before I credit what you say so far as to communicate it to his Majesty, who will sufficiently reward you if what you promise be demonstrated." Upon this, he conducted Du Vall home to his house, and furnished him with money to build a laboratory and purchase such other materials as he told him were requisite in order to proceed in this invaluable operation, charging him to keep the secret from every living soul until he thought proper, which Du Vall promised to perform.

The utensils being fixed, and everything in readiness, the Jesuit came to behold the wonderful operation. Du Vall took several metals and minerals of the basest sort and put them into a crucible, his reverence viewing every one as he put
them in. Our learned alchemist had prepared a hollow stick, into which he had conveyed several sprigs of pure gold, as blacklead is in a pencil. With this stick he stirred the preparation as it melted, which with its heat melted the gold in the stick at the same time; so that it sunk imperceptibly into the vessel. When the excessive fire had consumed in a great measure all the lead, tin, brass and powder which he had put in for a show, the gold remained pure to the quantity of an ounce and a half. This the Jesuit caused to be assayed, and finding it what it really was — all fine gold — he was immediately so devoted to Du Vall, and blinded with the prospect of future advantage, that he believed everything our impostor could say, still furnishing him with whatever he demanded, in hopes to be at last made master of this extraordinary secret, the whole fame as well as profit of which, he did not question, would redound to him, as Du Vall was but an obscure person.

Thus were our alchemist and Jesuit, according to the old saying, as great as two pickpockets; which proverbial sentence, if we examine it a little closely, hits both their characters. Du Vall was a professed robber, and what is any Court favourite but a picker of the common people's pockets? So that it was only two sharers endeavouring to outsharp one another. The confessor was as open as Du Vall could wish. He showed him all his treasure, and among it several rich jewels which he had received as presents from the King, hoping by these obligations to make him discover his art the sooner. In a word, he grew by degrees so importunate and urgent that Du Vall began to apprehend a too close inquiry if he denied the request any longer; and therefore he appointed a day when everything was to be communicated. In the meantime he took an opportunity to steal into the chamber where all the riches were deposited, and where his reverence generally slept after dinner, and finding him at that time very fast, with his mouth wide open, he gagged and bound him, then took his keys, and unhoarded as much of his wealth as he could conveniently carry out unsuspected; and so bade farewell to both him and France.

Du Vall had several other ways of getting money besides those which I have mentioned, particularly by gaming, at which he was so expert that few men in his age were able to play with him. No man living could slip a card more dexterously than he, nor better understood all the advantages that could be taken of an adversary; yet, to appearance, no man played fairer. He would frequently carry off ten, twenty, thirty, or sometimes a hundred pounds at a sitting, and had the pleasure commonly to hear it all attributed to his good fortune so that few were dissuaded by their losses with him from playing with him a second, third or fourth time.

He was moreover a mighty man for laying wagers, and no less successful in this particular than any of the former. He made it a great part of his study to learn all the intricate questions, deceitful propositions and paradoxical assertions that are made use of in conversation. Add to this the smattering he had attained in all the sciences, particularly the mathematics, by means of which he frequently won considerable sums on the situation of a place, the length of a stick, and a hundred such little things, which a man may practise without being liable to any suspicion, or casting any blemish upon his character as an honest man, or even a gentleman, which Du Vall affected to appear.

But what he was most of all celebrated for, was his conquests among the ladies, which were almost incredible to those who had not been acquainted with intrigue. He was a handsome man, and had abundance of that sort of wit which is
most apt to take with the fair sex. Every agreeable woman he saw he certainly died for, so that he was ten thousand times a martyr to love. "Those eyes of yours, madam, have undone me." "I am captivated with that pretty good-natured smile." "Oh, that I could by any means in the world recommend myself to your ladyship's notice!" "What a poor silly loving fool am I!" These, and a million of such expressions, full of flames, darts, racks, tortures, death, eyes, bubbies, waist, cheeks, etc., were much more familiar to him than his prayers, and he had the same fortune in the field of love as Marlborough had in that of war — viz. never to lay siege but he took the place.

There is no certain account how long Du Vall followed his vicious courses in England before he was detected, after his coming from France, and fell into the hands of justice. All we know is, that he was taken drunk at the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chandois Street, committed to Newgate, arraigned, convicted, condemned, and (on Friday the 21st day of January, 1670) executed at Tyburn in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

Abundance of ladies, and those not of the meanest degree, visited him in prison, and interceded for his pardon. Not a few accompanied him to the gallows, under their vizards, with swollen eyes and blubbered cheeks. After he had hanged a convenient time he was cut down, and, by persons well dressed, conveyed into a mourning coach. In this he was carried to the Tangier tavern at St Giles's, where he lay in state all night. The room was hung with black cloth, the hearse covered with 'scutcheons, eight wax tapers were burning, and as many tall gentlemen attended with long cloaks. All was in profound silence, and the ceremony had lasted much longer had not one of the judges sent to interrupt the pageantry.

As they were undressing him, in order to his lying-in-state, one of his friends put his hand into his pocket and found therein the following paper, which, as appears by the contents, he intended as a legacy to the ladies. It was written in a very fair hand: —

"I should be very ungrateful to you, fair English ladies, should I not acknowledge the obligations you have laid me under. I could not have hoped that a person of my birth, nation, education and condition could have had charms enough to captivate you all; though the contrary has appeared, by your firm attachment to my interest, which you have not abandoned even in my last distress. You have visited me in prison, and even accompanied me to an ignominious death.

"From the experience of your former loves, I am confident that many among you would be glad to receive me to your arms, even from the gallows.

"How mightily and how generously have you rewarded my former services! Shall I ever forget the universal consternation that appeared upon your faces when I was taken; your chargeable visits to me in Newgate; your shrieks and swoonings when I was condemned, and your zealous intercession and importunity for my pardon! You could not have erected fairer pillars of honour and respect to me had I been a Hercules, able to get fifty of you with child in one night.

"It has been the misfortune of several English gentlemen to die at this place, in the time of the late usurpation, upon the most honourable occasion that ever presented itself; yet none of these, as I could ever learn, received so many marks of your esteem as myself. How much the greater, therefore, is my obligation.
"It does not, however, grieve me that your intercession for me proved ineffectual; for now I shall die with a healthful body, and, I hope, a prepared mind. My confessor has shown me the evil of my ways, and wrought in me a true repentance. Whereas, had you prevailed for my life, I must in gratitude have devoted it to your service, which would certainly have made it very short; for had you been sound, I should have died of a consumption; if otherwise, of a pox."

He was buried with many flambeaux, amid a numerous train of mourners (most of them ladies), in Covent Garden. A white marble stone was laid over him, with his arms and the following epitaph engraven on it: —

"Here lies Du Vall, reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse; if female, to thy heart.
Much havoc hath he made of both; for all
Men he made stand, and women he made fall.
The second conqueror of the Norman race,
Knights to his arms did yield, and ladies to his face.
Old Tyburn's glory, England's bravest thief,
Du Vall the ladies' joy! Du Vall the ladies' grief."
THOMAS WILMOT

A Notorious Highwayman who hated and maltreated Women. Executed 30th of April, 1670

THOMAS WILMOT, the unfortunate subject of the few following pages, was the eldest son of John Wilmot, Esq., in the county of Suffolk. He was born at Ipswich, a noted seaport, and the capital town of all the county. When his father died he came immediately into the possession of an estate of six hundred pounds a year, entirely free from all encumbrances; which any reasonable person would think was sufficient to support a gentleman very handsomely.

It was but a few years, however, before the whole was mortgaged, and soon after sold, to maintain him in his expensive way of living, which was only a course of intrigues and debauchery. Not a beautiful woman in the country round but he was in pursuit of, without any regard to her degree or circumstances; yet was he almost always unsuccessful in his amours, for he was very deficient in that fine manner of address which recommends a man to the regards of the fair sex, who are generally prevailed upon with splendid appearances.

When our adventurer had very much reduced his estate by attempts upon the honour of women of character, he spent the last remains of it upon those who are always to be won with gold, and who also slighted him when they perceived he had no more of that shining metal.

Tom had an education suitable to his degree. He could write several hands very finely, and speak the French, Dutch, Spanish and Italian tongues tolerably well. Nevertheless, when he found himself ruined by his extravagances, he could think of no other way to support himself but the highway, supposing it below a gentleman to follow any honest profession. In this vocation he was so intrepid and desperate as frequently to attack two or three passengers together, without any assistance, and his fortune, for a long time, was equal to his courage.

One time, meeting a gentleman between Chelmsford and Colchester, and saluting him with the unwelcome words, "Stand and deliver," the person assaulted positively alleged that he had not any money about him. As it was contrary to Tom's interest, as well as to reason, for him to think a well-dressed man would travel on horseback without money, he proceeded to search his pockets, when he found the gentleman's asseveration true, or so nearly true that there was nothing worth taking. However, as his own coat was but indifferent, and the gentleman's very good, he made an exchange to keep his hands in exercise, and so took his leave. But Tom had this time better luck than he expected, for as he rode along he heard something jingle in his pockets, which made him examine them. It was no disagreeable surprise to find eighteen guineas and a crown-piece in an old steel tobacco-box. Another time, as he lay perdu in a thicket between Dorking in Surrey and Petworth in Sussex, he saw three gentlewomen riding along the road. He immediately rushed out upon them in a violent manner and demanded what they had. They gave him about eight pounds, which was their whole stock of money; but one of them had a large diamond ring on her finger, which Tom ordered her to deliver instantly. The poor woman could not
easily get it off; upon which our inhuman villain pulled out a sharp knife and
barbarously cut off finger and all, swearing at the same time that as he was now
compelled to rob on the highway through his former extravagances, which had been
occasioned by his fondness for their sex, he was resolved in all his actions to show a
woman the least favour.

Wilmot's principal places of haunt for a great many years were about the
western roads, where at last there was scarce a stage-coach or wagon could travel in
safety long together; but he became in time so very noted, and so much sought after,
that he was obliged to fly into the north of England, where he fell into the same way
of living. Here he also continued some time to rob by himself, till he fell in company
with several others of the same profession. It was agreed among these, for their
mutual safety, to form themselves into a society; and as Tom was a gentleman,
besides his being the most experienced among them, it was unanimously agreed that
he should be their captain. As soon as he was entered into his commission he called
for pen, ink and paper, and drew up the following articles to be observed by their
community; obliging them all to swear to them, and subscribe their names at the
bottom of the paper: —

WE WHOSE NAMES ARE UNDERWRITTEN, HAVING BY MUTUAL
AGREEMENT FORMED OURSELVES INTO A SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPORT
OF EACH OTHER, WE DO ALL SOLEMNLY ENGAGE OURSELVES TO
OBSERVE THESE PARTICULARS

I. To be obedient to our captain in all his commands, and faithful to our companions
in all their designs and attempts.

II. To be always present at such meetings as the captain by his sole authority shall
appoint, except we have his leave for the contrary.

III. To stand by one another in any danger to the last breath, and never to fly from an
equal number of opposers.

IV. To help one another when taken and imprisoned, in sickness, and in any distress
whatsoever.

V. Never to leave, if possibly we can help it, the body of any companion behind us,
whether dead or only wounded.

VI. To confess nothing, if taken, to the damage of our accomplices, though punished
even with death itself for our faithfulness.

This our compact, when any one of us shall break, in any one article, may the
greatest plagues fall on him in this world, and eternal damnation seize him hereafter.

The oath at the time of subscribing was in these words:

"I, A.B., do swear, by the head and soul of our captain, to perform, to the
utmost of my ability, everything agreed to in this writing. So help me honour."

It is a pity that those who have furnished us with the preceding articles have
not also obliged us with some of Wilmot's adventures in concert with his companions;
but as we meet with nothing of this nature in any account which we have seen, the
reader must content himself with being told that the gang held together till the
captain's exit, which was some years after the first institution. In such a series of time,
there is no doubt but their robberies were very numerous. There are, however, two or
three stories more of our hero himself, which are very well worth rehearsing.

He one day met with the Lincoln stage-coach, in which was only the wife of
Mr Blood, who stole the Crown of England out of the Tower in the reign of King
Charles II. and conveyed it away under a parson's gown. Wilmot knew her very well,
and so made bold to stop the horses and demand her money. Mrs Blood seemed to be
much frightened, and begged of him to use her civilly, as she was a poor defenceless
woman, and he appeared like a gentleman. "Madam," says Tom, "the falsehood of
women has been the only cause of my misfortunes, the only thing that has reduced me
to the wretched necessity of seeing a livelihood in this manner. The whole sex are
alike. You are all false, perfidious and perjured, at least all of you that ever received
any tenders of love. As you are a woman, madam, you must expect no favour from
my hands, who am a professed enemy to the whole species. Therefore, dear Mrs
Blood, be pleased to deliver your money this moment, or I'm afraid blood will come
of it the next." The gentlewoman, finding he was in earnest, and that there was no way
of coming off but by satisfying his demands, offered him half-a-crown, telling him
she had no more about her. "You saucy b—ch," quoth Wilmot, "do you think I will
be put off with half-a-crown, when nothing less than a whole one would satisfy your
husband when he robbed the King? No, no, pray let us see what you have got." Upon
this he searched her, and found about fifteen guineas in her pockets, besides a silver
thimble, and several things of value.

A little while after this he met with another adventure upon the road between
Abingdon and Oxford. Mr Molloy, a famous counsel for thieves and pickpockets, was
riding from one of these places to the other, it being the assize time. Wilmot knew
him very well, and consulted with himself some time before he could resolve to
meddle with a man so useful to his profession. At last he considered that Mr Molloy
was an advocate only for the sake of a fee; and that, as he had got so much money by
this means, it was just that he should refund a little to supply the necessities of one
who might soon be a client. With this thought he rode up and commanded him to
contribute. Mr Molloy thought to have escaped by telling him who he was, but
Wilmot replied with, "Every man to his trade, sir. Another time, it is very possible,
you may be the receiver, and then you must make the best market you can, as I intend
to do at present." The poor counsellor saw there was no evading question, and he was
very sensible how dangerous it would be to oppose a brace of pistols, vi et armis; so
without any more words he surrendered three pounds odd money, and Tom, to prevent
his doing any mischief, shot his horse, and then rode off on his own, quite across the
country, until he thought himself pretty well out of danger.

Another of his adventures was on Newmarket Heath, where he stopped a
gentleman in his coach-and-six, notwithstanding he had several servants on horseback
to attend him. The gentleman was obliged to order all his men to let him alone, for
fear of his own life, which Tom threatened very hard, if one of them offered to stir.
The booty he now met with was very large, though we have no certain account of the
sum. It may be imagined that the gentleman was sufficiently irritated at being robbed
in this manner. He cursed his servants that they could not see the highwayman
coming, and cursed himself that he did not suffer them to fire at him afterwards; but
all was now too late. The only method to be revenged on him was to pursue him with a hue and cry, of which Wilmot being aware, he got off by a byway to Chester.

Here he consumed a considerable time, without doing anything worthy of notice, gaming and living high, till he had wasted all his ready cash. After this his clothes, his horse, and everything he had valuable were sold or lost, till he was reduced to extreme necessity, and obliged to leave the place and seek his fortune.

As he wandered about the country in a miserable poor condition he saw, one evening, a house at a distance, to which he made. It was the seat of an ancient family in Shropshire. As he came near, his ears were saluted with music and merry songs, which gave him great hopes of meeting with good entertainment. In this confidence he went to the door and knocked, demanding if the master of the house was within. He was answered Yes by the master himself, who was within hearing, and desired to know his business. Wilmot readily told him that, being a stranger in those parts, and destitute of friends and money, he made bold to entreat that he would favour him with a lodging for one night. The gentleman answered him in a very civil manner, but said he feared he could not grant his request; for it was the anniversary of his birthday, and he had a great many friends within, most of whom must be obliged to stay all night. Tom continued to press his suit in very moving terms; upon which the good man told him that he had one room in his house that he could spare. "But," continued he, "if you venture to lie there, you may chance to repent it; for it is ten to one but you fall into some misfortune much greater than being all night in the fields. To tell you the truth, sir, it is haunted with a spirit ever since my grandfather's barber cut his throat in it, for the love of a coy chambermaid. The spirit appears at usual times with a razor in one hand, and a basin and light in the other, crying in a hoarse tone, 'Will you be shaved?' We have ventured to put several to bed there who knew nothing of the matter, but they have been all thrown violently out of their beds, and bruised in a strange manner for refusing to let him shave them."

Tom Wilmot heard the gentleman's relation very attentively; but as he had more wit than to believe the reality of apparitions, which he looked upon to be only delusions — either the fancies of whimsical brains, or the invention of crafty men for some sinister purposes — he told the gentleman in very obliging language that, if he pleased, he would accept of the proffer, notwithstanding the dreadful report he had made. "For I know not," says he, "but by the learning I have attained I may be able to give rest to this poor distressed ghost, and confine him to the lower shades, from whence he shall never return to wander about the world any more."

The gentleman, upon Tom's discovering such a willingness to run all hazards rather than want a lodging, invited him into the parlour, and desired him to sit down and make merry with the rest of the company, telling all that were present what the stranger had undertaken. They all wondered that he should venture upon such a dreadful thing, and looked upon him to be something more than a common man. Some dissuaded him from engaging in an affair so full of danger, telling him that they could not help thinking there was presumption in the very attempt. Others laughed in their sleeves to think what sport they should have in the morning when he related his night's adventure, not at all doubting but they should find him half-dead, with all his hair standing on end. Tom answered but little to either of them, yet what he did say was with such a solemn air that they all began to think him either a parson or a conjurer, who travelled in disguise.
Supper being ended, the company adjourned into a large old-fashioned hall, and fell to cards and dice. As soon as Tom saw them set, and the stakes thrown down pretty briskly upon the table, a merry crotchet came into his head, which he thus executed.

He retired into one side of the hall, and desired a servant to show him up into his appointed lodging, because he was very weary with hard travelling. The fellow gave him a candle, and such directions as were necessary, bidding him good-night at the stair-foot; for, though he was a lusty lubber, he was so terrified with what our hero had undertaken that he could not have ventured himself any farther for the world. Tom expected the goblin in vain at least for two hours, and then resolved to personate him, that such an ancient member of the family might not be wanting at a time of general joy. Thus concluding, he rubbed over his face with the white off the wall, and then tying a knot at one end, to place directly upon his head, he covered himself with a sheet. He had a razor in his pocket, and the pewter chamber-pot, he concluded, would serve by the glimmering of the candles for a basin. Thus accoutred he softly descended the stairs.

By the noise they made, he perceived that the wine had pretty well got into the noodies of all the company, which made him proceed in his ghostly expedition with the more courage. They were so busy at gaming that he was almost upon them before he was seen; at last a servant who attended, looking up, started several yards backwards, and cried out, "The ghost! The ghost!" running out of the room in an instant. This alarmed the whole company, who turned round. Tom advanced with his chamber-pot and razor (which he had made all bloody by cutting his finger), and in a hoarse and dreadful tone repeated the words he had been taught: "Will you be shaved?" Immediately they all rose from their seats, without any regard to the money upon the table, and endeavoured to make the best of their way off the ground. It was now everyone for himself and God for us all, with a witness! They tumbled over each other, and happy was he who could get before his companion by treading on him. Tom pursued them, repeating the same terrible words, till he had cleared the hall of every soul of them. Some got into the cellars, others into the stables and outhouses; everyone keeping his castle till morning, so strongly had their fears enchanted them. When our ghost perceived all still, he went and lined his visionary pockets with the material money, and then departed to bed, and put out his candle.

The next morning, as soon as he heard anybody stirring below, Tom came downstairs, and gave a woeful relation of what he had suffered in the night. "The ghost," says he, "came to me exactly in the manner you told me he used to appear, and upon my refusing to let him shave me he attempted to cut my throat; but, as Providence would have it, I so defended myself with my hands that he only cut one of my fingers." Then he showed them the finger which he had cut on purpose to make the razor bloody. "Afterwards," continued he, "he went downstairs, and in about five minutes returned, rattling something in his hands." "Pox on him!" says one of the company," then that was our money, which he stole off the table, I suppose." Upon this they fell into a dispute about a spirit taking money; some of them, who were well read in the history of apparitions, affirming that a ghost never meddled with anything, but often discovered hidden treasures for the advantage of others. To this Tom smartly replied: "It may be, gentlemen, that some of your forefathers owed him money for trimming, and he took this opportunity to come and collect his quarterage." At this they all smiled, and so the matter passed off without further inquiry.
The collection which Wilmot made in his ghostly capacity set him up for a highwayman again. He bought a horse and a pair of pistols, and went on after his old manner, robbing everyone who came in his way.

Tom again followed his trade so closely that he found himself in great danger, from the many descriptions of his person that were sent all over the kingdom, and the large rewards that were offered daily for apprehending him. He skulked about from place to place, but was in continual fear, till at last he concluded that it was no longer safe for him to continue in England. In this opinion he gathered together all his substance and took shipping for France, from whence he proceeded to Switzerland, as a country more likely to conceal him.

Here he committed an action which, from the general account we have of it, appears to be the most bloody of his whole life. We are told that he broke into the house of an honest country gentleman and murdered him, his wife, three children, and a maidservant, carrying off everything that was valuable, and getting it privately conveyed out of the country before the tragedy was discovered. What makes this story appear yet more horrible is that he stayed in the same province long enough to see two innocent persons executed for this inhuman fact.

Wilmot's reign, after he returned into England, was but very short. One of the first persons he attempted to rob was George Villiers, late Duke of Buckingham, a nobleman who made himself sufficiently famous by his extravagances in the last age. He succeeded in that bold adventure so far as to get off for the present with above two hundred guineas, but the action made so much noise, that it was not many days before he was taken, in the county of Northampton, where the robbery was committed. At the next assizes he was condemned, and on Saturday, the 30th of April, 1670, was hanged, being thirty-eight years of age.

The following speech was taken in shorthand from his own mouth at the place of execution:

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN, — I am come, by the appointment of the law, to suffer a shameful death for the crimes of which I stand convicted. The laws are just, and I acquiesce in the sentence passed upon me.

As the vices of my youth were the immediate springs of all my irregular actions since, and the unhappy causes of my present misfortune, I shall address a few words to the young who are as yet under the care of parents or masters, and have never been trusted with the direction of their own actions.

The time of your entrance into the world is the most important part of your lives. Look round you before you begin to give a loose to your inclinations, and take a view of virtue and vice in their proper colours. Your appetites are now very strong, and must be put under the restraint of reason, or they will certainly plunge you into destruction.

Love, in particular, of the fair sex, is now very powerful, and if it be not properly directed, will carry you headlong into such circumstances as you will never disengage your self from. I speak this by experience. It was to gratify this inclination that I spent a good estate, and reduced myself to such a necessity as tempted me to the way of life for which I am going to suffer.
It is not now a proper time to make a long discourse. The few moments I have to live must be spent in suitable exercises of devotion. A word or two from a dying man, it is to be hoped, will have more effect than a tedious harangue from one who may be suspected of pursuing the interest of this life. Pray earnestly for my departing soul, and remember to follow my advice, but not my example.
THOMAS BLOOD, GENERALLY CALLED COLONEL BLOOD

Who stole the Crown from the Tower of London on 9th of May, 1671

THIS desperate man was the son of a blacksmith in Ireland; but from other accounts his father appears to have been concerned in iron-works, and to have acquired an easy fortune in that kingdom. He was born about the year 1628, and came to England while a young man, and married, in Lancashire, the daughter of Mr Holcroft, a gentleman of good character in that county. He returned afterwards into Ireland, served as a lieutenant with the Parliament forces, and obtained an assignment of land for his pay; besides which, Henry Cromwell put him into the Commission of the Peace, though scarcely twenty-two years of age. These favours gave him such an inclination to the republican party as was not to be altered; and after the King's restoration some accidents contributed to increase his disaffection to the Government. Upon associating a little with the malcontents, he found his notions exactly justified, and that there was a design on foot for a general insurrection, which was to be begun by surprising the castle of Dublin, and seizing the person of the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant. Into this scheme he entered without any hesitation; and though many of the persons involved in the dangerous undertaking were much his superiors in rank, yet he was very soon at the head of the affair, presided in all their councils, was the oracle in all their projects, and generally relied on in the execution of them. But, on the very eve of its execution the whole conspiracy, which had been long suspected, was discovered, His brother-in-law, one Lackie, a minister, was, with many others, apprehended, tried, convicted, and executed; but Blood made his escape, and kept out of reach, not withstanding the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Orrery laboured to have him secured, and a proclamation was published by the former, with the promise of an ample reward for apprehending him.

He found means to get over into Holland, where he was well received, and admitted into great intimacy with some of the most considerable persons in the republic, particularly Admiral de Ruyter. He went from thence to England with such recommendations to the Fifth-Monarchy Men, and other malcontents, that he was immediately admitted into all their councils, and had a large share in all the dark intrigues that were then carrying on for throwing the nation again into confusion. In this situation he gave another strong instance of his bold and enterprising genius; but finding the Government apprised of their designs, and foreseeing that the persons principally concerned could not escape being apprehended, he resolved to withdraw into Scotland, where he so wrought upon the discontents of the people that he contributed not a little to the breaking out of the insurrection there, and was present in the action of Pentland Hills, 27th of November, 1666, in which the insurgents were routed and about five hundred killed. He fled after this defeat back to England, and from thence to Ireland, where he landed within three miles of Carrickfergus; but Lord Dungannon pursued him so closely that he was obliged to retire into England. He had not been long in this kingdom before he performed a fresh exploit, which was as extraordinary, more successful, and made greater interest in the world than anything he had yet done. This was the rescue of his friend Captain Mason from a guard of soldiers who were conducting him to his trial at the assizes.
Whether his next enterprise was entirely of his own contrivance is a point not to be decided; it was seizing the person of his old antagonist, the Duke of Ormond, in the streets of London; but whether with a view to murder, or carry him off till he had answered their expectation, is not perfectly clear. He actually put his design in execution on 6th of December, 1670, and was very near completing his purpose. However, the Duke was fortunately rescued out of his hands; but himself and his associates escaped, though closely pursued. An account of this transaction was immediately published by authority, together with a Royal Proclamation, offering a reward of one thousand pounds for apprehending any of the persons concerned. The miscarriage of this daring design, instead of daunting him, or creating the least intention of flying out of the kingdom, put him on another more strange and hazardous scheme to repair his broken fortunes. He proposed to those desperate persons who assisted him in his former attempt to seize and divide amongst them the Royal Insignia of Majesty kept in the Tower of London — viz. the crown, globe, sceptre and dove — and as they were blindly devoted to his service, they very readily accepted the proposal, and left it to him to contrive the means of putting it into execution. He devised a scheme of putting himself into the habit of a Doctor of Divinity, with a little band, a long false beard, a cap with ears, and all the formalities of garb belonging to that degree, except the gown, choosing rather to make use of a cloak, as most proper for his design. Thus habited, he, with a woman whom he called his wife, went to see the curiosities in the Tower; and while they were viewing the regalia the supposed Mrs Blood pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and desired Mr Edwards (the keeper of the regalia) to assist her with some refreshment. Mr Edwards not only complied with this request, but also invited her to repose herself on a bed, which she did, and after a pretended recovery took her leave, together with Blood, with many expressions of gratitude. A few days after, Blood returned and presented Mrs Edwards, the keeper's wife, with four pairs of white gloves, in return for her kindness. This brought on an acquaintance, which being soon improved into a strict intimacy, a marriage was proposed between a son of Edwards and a supposed daughter of Colonel Blood.

The night before the 9th of May, 1671, the doctor told the old man that he had some friends at his house who wanted to see the regalia, but that they were to go out of town early in the morning, and therefore hoped he would gratify them with the sight, though they might come a little before the usual hour. [In this enterprise Blood had engaged three accomplices, named Desborough, Kelfy and Perrot.] Accordingly two of them came, accompanied by the doctor, about eight in the morning, and the third held their horses, that waited for them at the outer gate of the Tower ready saddled. They had no other apparatus but a wallet and a wooden mallet, which there was no great difficulty to secrete.

Edwards received them with great civility, and immediately admitted them into his office; but as it is usual for the keeper of the regalia, when he shows them, to lock himself up in a kind of grate with open bars, the old man had no sooner opened the door of this place than the doctor and his companions were in at his heels, and without giving him time to ask questions, silenced him, by knocking him down with the wooden mallet. They then instantly made flat the bows of the crown to make it more portable, seized the sceptre and dove, put them together into the wallet, and were preparing to make their escape when, unfortunately for them, the old man's son, who had not been at home for ten years before, returned from sea at the very instant; and being told that his father was with some friends who would be very glad to see
him at the Jewel Office, he hastened thither immediately, and met Blood and his companions as they were just coming out, who, instead of returning and securing him, as in good policy they should have done, hurried away with the crown and globe, but not having time to file the sceptre, they left it behind them. Old Edwards, who was not so much hurt as the villains had apprehended, by this time recovered his legs, and cried out murder, which being heard by his daughter, she ran out and gave an alarm; and Blood and Perrot, making great haste, were observed to jog each other's elbows as they went, which gave great reason for suspecting them. Blood and his accomplices were now advanced beyond the main-guard; but the alarm being given to the warder at the drawbridge, he put himself in a posture to stop their progress. Blood discharged a pistol at the warder, who, though unhurt, fell to the ground through fear; by which they got safe to the little ward-house gate, where one Still, who had been a soldier under Oliver Cromwell, stood sentinel. But though this man saw the warder, to all appearance, shot, he made no resistance against Blood and his associates, who now got over the drawbridge and through the outer gate upon the wharf.

At this place they were overtaken by one Captain Beckman, who had pursued them from Edwards's house. Blood immediately discharged a pistol at Beckman's head; but he stooping down at the instant, the shot missed him, and he seized Blood, who had the crown under his cloak. Blood struggled a long while to preserve his prize; and when it was at length wrested from him he said: "It was a gallant attempt, how unsuccessful soever; for it was for a crown!" Before Blood was taken, Perrot had been seized by another person; and young Edwards, observing a man that was bloody in the scuffle, was about to run him through the body, but was prevented by Captain Beckman.

Upon this disappointment Blood's spirits failed him; and while he remained a prisoner in the jail of the Tower he appeared not only silent and reserved, but dogged and sullen. He soon changed his temper, however, when, contrary to all reason, probability, and his own expectation, he was informed the King intended to see and examine him himself. This was brought about by the Duke of Buckingham, then the great favourite and Prime Minister, who infused into his Majesty (over whom he had for some time a great ascendancy) the curiosity of seeing so extraordinary a person, whose crime, great as it was, displayed extraordinary force of mind, and made it probable that, if so disposed, he might be capable of making great discoveries. He is allowed on all hands to have performed admirably on this occasion. He answered whatever his Majesty demanded of him clearly and without reserve; he did not pretend to capitulate or make terms, but seemed rather pleased to throw his life into the King's hands by an open and boundless confession. He took care, however, to prepossess his Majesty in his favour by various, and those very different, methods. At the same time that he laid himself open to the law he absolutely refused to impeach others. While he magnified the spirit and resolution of the party to which he adhered, and had always acted against monarchy, he insinuated his own and their veneration for the person of the King; and though he omitted nothing that might create a belief of his contemning death, yet he expressed infinite awe and respect for a monarch who had condescended to treat him with such unusual indulgence. It was foreseen by the Duke of Ormond, as soon as he knew the King designed to examine him, that Blood had no cause to fear; and indeed his story and behaviour made such an impression on the mind of his Sovereign that he was not only pardoned but set at liberty, and had a pension given him to subsist on. This conduct of his Majesty towards so high and so notorious an offender occasioned much speculation and many conjectures.
His interest was for some time very great at Court, where he solicited the suits of many of the unfortunate people of his party with success. But as this gave great offence to some very worthy persons while it lasted, so, after the disgrace and dissolution of the ministry styled the Cabal, it began quickly to decline, and perhaps his pension also was ill paid; for he again joined the malcontents, and acted in favour of popular measures that were obnoxious to the Court.

In this manner he passed between nine and ten years, sometimes about the Court, sometimes excluded from it, always uneasy and in some scheme or other of an untoward kind, till at last he was met with in his own way, and either circumvented by some of his own instruments, or drawn within the vortex of a sham plot, by some who were too cunning for this master in his profession. It seems there were certain people who had formed a design of fixing an imputation of a most scandalous nature upon the Duke of Buckingham, who was then at the head of a vigorous opposition against the Court, and who, notwithstanding he always courted and protected the fanatics, had not, in respect to his moral character, so fair a reputation as to render any charge of that kind incredible. But whether this was conducted by Colonel Blood, whether a counter-plot was set on foot to defeat it and entrap Blood, or whether some whisper thrown out to alarm the Duke, which he suspected came from Blood, led his Grace to secure himself by a contrivance of the same stamp, better concerted, and more effectually executed, is uncertain; but his Grace, who was formerly supposed a patron of the colonel, thought it requisite, for his own safety, to contribute to his ruin. The notion Blood induced the world to entertain of this affair may be discovered from the case which he caused to be printed of it; but it fell out that the Court of King's Bench viewed the affair in so different a light that he was convicted upon a criminal information for the conspiracy, and committed to the King's Bench prison; and, while in custody there, he was charged with an action of scandalum magnatum, at the suit of the Duke of Buckingham, in which the damages were laid at ten thousand pounds. Notwithstanding this, Colonel Blood found bail, and was discharged from his imprisonment. He then retired to his house in the Bowling Alley, in Westminster, in order to take such measures as were requisite to free himself from these difficulties; but finding fewer friends than he expected, and meeting with other and more grievous disappointments, he was so much affected thereby as to fall into a distemper, that speedily threatened his life. He was attended in his sickness by a clergyman, who found him sensible, but reserved, declaring he was not at all afraid of death. In a few days he fell into a lethargy, and on Wednesday, 24th of August, 1680, he departed this life. On the Friday following he was privately, but decently, interred in the new chapel in Tothill Fields. Yet such was the notion entertained by the generality of the world of this man's subtlety and restless spirit, that they could neither be persuaded he would be quiet in his grave, nor would they permit him to remain so; for a story being spread that this dying, and being buried, was only a new trick of Colonel Blood's, preparatory to some more extraordinary exploit than any he had been concerned in, it became in a few days so current, and so many circumstances were added to render it credible, that the coroner thought fit to interpose, ordered the body to be taken up again on the Thursday following, and appointed a jury to sit upon it. By the various depositions of persons attending him in his last illness they were convinced, and the coroner caused him to be once more interred, and left in quiet.
MARY CARLETON, THE GERMAN PRINCESS
A Kentish Adventuress who travelled the Continent, acquired several Husbands, and was executed on 22nd of January, 1673, for returning from Transportation

The German princess and her Admirers

THIS woman was so called from her pretending to be born at Cologne in Germany, and that her father was Henry van Wolway, a Doctor of the Civil Law, and Lord of Holmsteim. But this story was of a piece with her actions, for she was really the daughter of one Meders, a chorister at the cathedral of Canterbury, and, some say, only an indifferent trader of that city, in which she was born, the 11th of January, 1642. We can say little of her education; only from her inclinations afterwards we may suppose she had as much learning as is commonly given to her sex. She took great delight in reading, especially of romances and books of knight-errantry — Parismus and Parismenus, Don Belianis of Greece, and Amadis de Gaul, were some of her favourite books; and she was so touched with the character of Oriana in the latter that she frequently conceited herself a princess, or a lady of high quality. Cassandra and Cleopatra were also read in their turns, and her memory was so tenacious that she could repeat a great part of their amours and adventures very readily.

Her marriage was not agreeable to the high opinion she had entertained of her own merit; instead of a knight, or a squire at least, which she had promised herself, she took up with a journeyman shoemaker, whose name was Stedman, by whom she had two children, who both died in their infancy. This man being unable to maintain
her extravagances, and support her in the splendour she always aimed at, she was continually discontented, till at last she resolved to leave him and seek her fortune. A woman of her spirit is never long in executing things of this nature; she made an elopement, and went to Dover, where she married another husband, who was a surgeon of that town.

Information of this affair was soon taken, and she was apprehended and indicted at Maidstone for having two husbands, but by some masterly stroke, which she never wanted on a pressing occasion, she was quickly acquitted. This emboldened her to a third marriage, with one John Carleton, a Londoner, which was the occasion of her being first publicly known in town; for some of her old acquaintance giving Carleton's brother an account of her former weddings, she was again taken, committed to Newgate, and tried at the Old Bailey for polygamy. Here again the evidence against her was insufficient, so that she was a second time acquitted.

It is requisite, before we proceed any further in our relation, to observe that between the two last marriages she embarked on board a merchant ship, which carried her to Holland, from whence she travelled by land to the place she had so often talked of, the city of Cologne, where, being now mistress of a considerable sum of money, she took a fine lodging at a house of entertainment, and lived in greater splendour than she had ever before done. As it is customary in England to go to Epsom or Tunbridge Wells in the summer season, so in Germany the quality usually frequent the Spa. Here our adventuress had the picking of a few feathers from an old gentleman who fell in love with her, and who had a good estate not many miles distant from Cologne, at Liege or Luget. By the assistance of the landlady she managed this affair with so much artifice that he presented her with several fine and valuable jewels, besides a gold chain with a very costly medal, which had been formerly given him for some remarkable good service under Count Tilley against the valiant King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus. The foolish old dotard urged his passion with all the vehemence of a young vigorous lover, pressing her to matrimony, and making her very large promises, till at last she gave her consent to espouse him in three days, and he left the preparation of things necessary to her care, giving her large sums of money for that purpose. Madam now perceived it was high time to be gone, and, in order to her setting off with the greater security, she acquainted her landlady with the design, who had before shared pretty largely in the spoils of the old captain. The hostess, to be sure, was willing to hearken to any proposal that would help her a little more to fleece the doting inamorato. The princess, however, was resolved this time to have all the booty to herself, and to accomplish this she persuaded her landlady to go into the town and get a place for her in some carriage that did not go to Cologne; because, she said, her lover should not know whither to follow her. The old trot saw that this precaution was very necessary, and therefore away goes she to provide for the safety of her guest, who was now sufficiently to reward her out of her dotard's favours. This was all our adventuress wanted, for as soon as she found herself left alone she broke open a chest, where she had observed her landlady to put all her treasure, and there she found not only what she had shared with her out of the old man's benevolence, but also an additional sum of money not inconsiderable. There is little reason to tell the reader that she took all that was worth taking, there being none of her character apt to spare what it is in their power to seize, though it be from a brother or sister of their own profession. Madam soon packed up her parcel, and having before privately made sure of a passage to Utrecht, she fled thither; from thence she went to Amsterdam, where she sold her gold chain, medal, and some of the
jewels, then proceeded to Rotterdam, and then to the Brill, where she took shipping for England. She landed at Billingsgate one morning very early, about the latter end of March, in the year 1663, but found no house open till she came to the Exchange tavern, where she first obtained the title of "the German Princess," in the following manner.

She was got into the aforesaid tavern, in company with some gentlemen, who, she perceived, were pretty full of money. These gentlemen addressing her in the manner usual on such occasions, she immediately feigned a cry, which she had always at command. The tears trickled down her cheeks, she sighed, she sobbed, and the cause being demanded, she told them that she little thought once of being reduced to such a wretched necessity as she was now in, of exposing her body to the pleasure of every bidder. Here she repeated the history of her extraction and education, telling them a great deal about her pretended father, the Lord Henry van Wolway, who, she said, was a sovereign Prince of the Empire, independent of any man but his sacred Imperial Majesty. "Certainly," continued she, "any gentleman may suppose what a mortification it must be to a woman born of such noble parents, and bred up in all the pomp of a Court, under the care of an indulgent father line missing out of mere pity, all the money they had about them, promising to meet her again with more. This they also accomplished, and ever afterwards called her the poor unfortunate German princess; which name she laid claim to in all companies.

The Exchange tavern was kept by one Mr King, who was the same that kept it when our princess received her honorary title. As she was now come from foreign parts with a great deal of riches, he believed more than ever the truth of what she had before affirmed. Nor was madam backward in telling him that she had raised all her wealth by private contribution from some princes of the Empire who were acquainted with her circumstances, and to whom she had made herself known: adding, that not one of those who had given her anything dared to acquaint her father that they knew where she was, because they were all his neighbours, and vastly inferior to him in the number and strength of their forces. "For," said she, "my father is so inexorable that he would make war upon any prince whom he knew to extend his pity to me." John Carleton, whom we mentioned before as her third husband, was brother-in-law to Mr King. He made his addresses to the Princess van Wolway in the most dutiful and submissive manner that could be imagined, making use of his brother's interest to negotiate the affair between them, till with a great deal of seeming reluctance at marrying one of common blood, her highness consented to take him to her embraces. Now was Mr Carleton as great as his Majesty, in the arms of an imaginary princess; he formed to himself a thousand pleasures, which the vulgar herd could have no notion of; he threw himself at her feet in transport, and made use of all the rhetoric he could collect to thank her for the prodigious honour she had done him. But alas! how was he surprised when Mr King presented him with the following letter: —

SIR, I am an entire stranger to your person, yet common justice and humanity oblige me to give you notice that the pretended princess, who has passed herself upon your brother, Mr John Carleton, is a cheat and an impostor. If I tell you, sir, that she has already married several men in our county of Kent, and afterwards made off with all the money she could get into her hands, I say no more than could be proved were she brought in the face of justice. That you may be certain I am not mistaken in the woman, please to observe that she has high breasts, a very graceful appearance, and
speaks several languages fluently. Yours unknown,  
T. B.

After Mrs Carleton (for so we may at present call her) had got rid of her 
husband, and of the prosecution for marrying him, she was entertained by the players, 
who were in hopes of gaining by a woman who had made such a considerable figure 
on the real theatre of the world. The house was very much resorted to upon her 
account, and she got a great deal of applause in her dramatical capacity, by the several 
characters she performed, which were generally jilt, coquette, or chambermaid, any 
one of which was agreeable to her artful intriguing genius; but what contributed most 
to her fame was a play, written purely upon her account, called *The German Princess*, 
from her name, and in which she performed a principal part, besides speaking the 
following epilogue: —

"I've passed one trial, but it is my fear
I shall receive a rigid sentence here:
You think me a bold cheat, put case 'twere so,
Which of you are not? Now you'd swear I know.
But do not, lest that you deserve to be
Censur'd worse than you can censure me:
The world's a cheat, and we that move in it,
In our degrees, do exercise our wit;
And better 'tis to get a glorious name,
However got, than live by common fame."

The princess had too much mercury in her constitution to be long settled in 
any way of life whatsoever. The whole City of London was too little for her to act in. 
How was it possible then that she should be confined in the narrow limits of a theatre? 
She did not, however, leave the stage so soon but she had procured a considerable 
number of adorers, who, having either seen her person or heard of her fame, were 
desirous of a nearer acquaintance with her. As she was naturally given to company 
and gallantry, she was not very difficult of access; yet when you were in her presence, 
you were certain to meet with an air of indifference. There were two of her bullies 
who doted on her beyond all the rest, a couple of smart young fellows, who had 
abundance more in their pockets than they had in their heads. These, from a 
deficiency of wit in themselves, were very fond, in the large quantity, of that 
commodity which they discovered in our princess, and for that reason were frequently 
in her company. There is no doubt but they had other designs than just to converse 
with her, for they several times discovered an inclination to come a little nearer to her 
body. And madam was not so ignorant but she knew their meaning by their whining; 
she therefore gave them encouragement, till she had drained about three hundred 
pounds apiece out of them, and then, finding their stock pretty well exhausted, she 
turned them both off, telling them she wondered how they could have the impudence 
to pretend love to a princess.

After this, an elderly gentleman fell into the same condition at seeing her as 
several had done before, though he was fifty years of age, and not ignorant of her 
former tricks. He was worth about four hundred pounds per annum, and immediately 
resolved to be at the charge of a constant maintenance, provided she would consent to 
live with him. To bring about which he made her several valuable presents of rings, 
jewels, etc. At last, after a long siege, he became master of the fort; yet in such a 
manner, that it seemed rather to be surrendered out of pure love and generosity than 
from any mercenary views, for she always protested against being corrupted, so far as
to part with her honour, for the sake of filthy lucre, which is a common artifice of the sex. Our gentleman, though, as has been remarked, was sensible of what she was; yet by degrees he became so enamoured as to believe everything she said, and to look upon her as the most virtuous woman alive.

Living now as man and wife, she seemed to redouble her endearments, and to give them all a greater air of sincerity, so that he was continually gratifying her with some costly present or another, which she always took care to receive with an appearance of being ashamed he should bear so many obligations on her, telling him continually that she was not worthy of so many favours. Thus did she vary her behaviour according to the circumstances and temper of the persons she had to deal with. At last our old lover came home one night very much in liquor, and gave her a jewel of five pounds value, and our princess thought this as proper a time as any she was like to meet with for her to make the most of his worship's passion. Accordingly, having got him to bed, and seen him fast asleep, which he soon was at this time, she proceeded to rifle him, finding his pocket-book, with a bill for one hundred pounds upon a goldsmith in the city, and the keys of his trunks and escritoires.

She now proceeded to secure all that was worth her while; among other things she made herself mistress of twenty pieces of old gold, a gold watch, a gold seal, an old silver watch, and several pieces of plate, with other valuable movables, to the value in all of one hundred and fifty pounds. Now she thought it best for her to make off as fast as she could with her prize. So as soon as it was day she took coach and drove to the goldsmith, who mistrusted nothing, having seen her before with the gentleman, and instantly paid the ten pounds, upon which she delivered up the bill. Having thus overreached her old lover, madam took a convenient lodging, at which she passed for a virgin, with a fortune of one thousand pounds left her by an uncle; to this she added that her father was very rich, and able to give her as much more, but that disliking a man whom he had provided for her husband, she had left the country and retired to London, where she was in hopes none of her relations would find her. That this story might appear the more probable, she contrived letters from a friend, which were brought her continually, and in which she pretended she received an account of all that passed, with respect to her father and lover. These letters, being loosely laid about the chamber, were picked up by her landlady, who out of curiosity perused the contents, and by that means became more and more satisfied in her tenant.

This landlady had a nephew of considerable substance, and it was now all her endeavour to make a match between him and her young gentlewoman, whom she soon brought to be pretty intimately acquainted together. The new lover presented her with a watch, as a token of his esteem for her person, but the poor innocent creature refused it with abundance of modesty. However, she was at last prevailed upon to accept this little favour, and the young man thought himself with one foot in Paradise already, that she was so condescending. Their amour after this went on to both their satisfactions, madam seeing a fair prospect of making a penny of her inamorato, and he not in the least doubting but he should obtain his wish, and one day or another enjoy that heaven of bliss which, as he frequently expressed it, was treasured in her arms.

One day as they were conversing together, and entertaining each other with all the soft and tender endearments of young lovers, a porter knocks at the door, and, upon being admitted, delivers a letter to our lady, being introduced by the maid, who
had received her instructions beforehand. Madam immediately opens and reads the letter; but scarce had she made an end before, altering her countenance, she shrieked out: "Oh, I am undone! I am undone!" All the company could scarce prevent her falling into a swoon, though the smelling bottle was at hand, and her young lover sitting by her who, to be sure, did not fail to use all the rhetoric he was master of, in order to comfort her, and learn the cause of her surprise. "Sir," quoth she at last, since you are already acquainted with most of my concerns, I shall not make a secret of this. Therefore, if you please, read this letter, and know the occasion of my affliction."

The young gentleman received it at her hands, and read as follows: —

DEAR MADAM, —I have several times taken my pen in hand, on purpose to write to you, and as often laid it aside again, for fear of giving you more trouble than you already labour under. However, as the affair so immediately concerns you, I cannot in justice hide what I tremble to disclose, but must in duty tell you the worst of news, whatever may be the consequence of my so doing. Know, then, that your affectionate and tender brother is dead. I am sensible how dear he was to you, and you to him; yet let me entreat you for your own sake to acquiesce in the will of Providence as much as possible, since our lives are all at His disposal Who gave us being. I could use another argument to comfort you, that with a sister less loving than you would be of more weight than that I have urged, but I know your soul is above all mercenary views. I cannot, however, forbear just to inform you that he has left you all he had; and you know further, that your father's estate of two hundred pounds per annum can now devolve upon nobody after his decease but yourself, who are now his only child.

What I am next to acquaint you with may perhaps be almost as bad as the former particular. Your hated lover has been so importunate with your father, especially since your brother's decease, that the old gentleman resolves, if ever he should hear of you any more, to marry you to him, and he makes this the condition of your being received again into his favour, and having your former disobedience, as he calls it, forgiven. While your brother lived he was every day endeavouring to soften the heart of your father, and we were but last week in hopes he would have consented to let you follow your inclinations, if you would come home to him again; but now there is never an advocate in your cause who can work upon the old man's peevish temper, for he says, as you are now his sole heir, he ought to be more resolute in the disposal of you in marriage.

While I am writing, I am surprised with an account that your father and lover are both preparing to come to London, where they say they can find you out. Whether or no this be only a device, I cannot tell, nor can I imagine where they could receive their information if it be true. However, to prevent the worst, consider whether or no you can cast off your old aversion, and submit to your father's commands; for if you cannot, it will be most advisable, in my opinion, to change your habitation. I have no more to say in the affair, being unwilling to direct you in such a very nice circumstance; the temper of your own mind will be the best instructor you can apply to, for your future happiness or misery, during life, depends on your choice. God grant that everything may turn for the better. From your friend,

S. E.

Our young lover having read the letter, found that she had real cause to be afflicted. Pity for her, and, above all, a concern for his own interest, and the fear of
losing his mistress to the country lover, put him upon persuading her to remove from her habitation and come to reside with him, having very handsome rooms, fit for the reception of a person of such high quality. Thither she went the next day with her maid, who knew her design, and had engaged to assist her therein to the utmost of her ability. When they were come into madam's bedchamber they resolved not to go to rest, that they might be ready to move off in the morning at the first opportunity. By turns they slept in their clothes on the bed, and towards morning, when all were fast but themselves, they went to work, broke open a trunk, took a bag with one hundred pounds in it, and several suits of apparel, and then slipped out, leaving our poor lover to look for his money and mistress together when he was stirring, both being by that time far enough out of his way.

In a word, it would be impossible to relate half the tricks which she played, or mention half the lodgings in which she at times resided. Seldom did she miss carrying off a considerable booty wheresoever she came; at best she never failed of something, for all was fish that came to her net; where there was no plate, a pair of sheets, half-a-dozen napkins or a pillow-bier — nay, even things of a less value than these — would serve her turn, rather than she would suffer her hands to be out of practice.

One time she went to a mercer's in Cheapside with her pretended maid, where she agreed for as much silk as came to six pounds, and pulled out her purse to pay for it, but there was nothing therein but several particular pieces of gold, which she pretended to have a great value for. The mercer, to be sure, would not be so rude as to let a gentlewoman of figure part with what she had so much esteem for; so he ordered one of his men to go along with her to her lodgings, and receive the money there. A coach was ready, which she had brought along with her, and they all three went up into it. When they came to the Royal Exchange, madam ordered the coachman to set her down, pretending to the mercer that she wanted to buy some ribbons suitable to the silk; upon which he suffered the maid, without any scruple, to take the goods along with her, staying in the coach for their return. But he might have stayed long enough if he had attended till they came again, for they found means to get off into Threadneedle Street, and the young man having waited till he was quite weary made the best of his way home to rehearse his misfortune to his master.

Something of a piece with this was a cheat she put upon a French master weaver in Spitalfields, from whom she bought to the value of forty pounds, taking him home with her to her lodging, and bidding him make a bill of parcels, for half the silk was for a kinswoman of hers in the next room. The Frenchman sat down very orderly to do as she bid him, whilst she took the silk into the next room for her niece to see it. Half-an-hour he waited pretty contentedly, drinking some wine which madam had left him. At last, beginning to be a little uneasy, he made bold to knock, when the people of the house came up, and upon his asking for the gentlewoman, told him she had been gone out some time, and was to come there no more. The poor man seeming surprised, they took him into the next room and showed him a pair of back stairs, which was the proper way to her apartment. Monsieur was at first in a passion with the people, till they convinced him that they knew nothing more of his gentlewoman than that she had taken their room for a month, which being expired, she had removed, they could not tell whither.

The next landlord she had was a tailor, whom she employed to make up what she bilked the mercer and weaver of. The tailor imagined he had got an excellent job,
as well as a topping woman for his lodger, so he fell to work immediately, and by the
assistance of some journeymen, which he hired on this occasion, he got the clothes
finished against a day which she appointed, when she pretended she was to receive a
great number of visitors. Against the same time she gave her landlady twenty shillings
to provide a supper, desiring her to send for what was needful, and she would pay the
overplus next day. Accordingly an elegant entertainment was prepared, abundance of
wine was drunk, and the poor tailor was as drunk as a beast. This was what our
princess wanted, for the landlady going up to put her husband to bed, she and all her
guests slipped out, one with a silver tankard, another with a salt, her maid with their
clothes which were not on their backs; and, in a word, not one of them all went off
empty-handed. Being got into the street, they put the maid and the booty into the
coach, getting themselves into others, and driving by different ways to the place of
their next residence, not one of them being discovered.

Another time she had a mighty mind, it seems, to put herself into mourning, to
which purpose she sent her woman to a shop in the New Exchange in the Strand,
where she had bought some things the day before, to desire that the people would
bring choice of hoods, knots, scarves, aprons, cuffs and other mourning accoutrements
to her lodging instantly, for her father was dead, and she must be ready in so many
days to appear at his funeral. The woman of the shop presently looked out the best she
had of each of these commodities, and made the best of her way to madam's quarters.
When she came there, the poor lady was sadly indisposed, so that she was not able to
look over the things till after dinner; when, if madam milliner would please to come
again, she did not doubt but they should deal. The good woman was very well
satisfied, and refused to take her goods back again, but desired she might trouble her
ladyship so far as to leave them there till she came again; which was very readily
granted. At the time appointed comes our tradeswoman, and asks if the gentlewoman
above-stairs was at home, but was told, to her great mortification, that she was gone
out, they could not till whither, and that they believed she would never return again;
for she had found means, before her departure, to convey away several of the most
valuable parts of furniture in the room which she had hired. The next day confirmed
their suspicions, and made both the landlord and milliner give her up for an impostor,
and their goods for lost.

Being habited, a la mode, all in sable, she took rooms in Fuller's Rents in
Holborn, and sent for a young barrister of Gray's Inn. When Mr Justinian came, she
told him she was heir to her deceased father, but that having an extravagant husband,
with whom she did not live, she was willing to secure her estate in such a manner as
that he might not enjoy the benefit of it, or have any command over it, for, if he had,
she was certain of coming to want bread in a little time. Here she wept plentifully, to
make her case have the greater effect, and engage the lawyer to stay with her till the
plot she had laid could be executed. While the grave young man was putting his face
into a proper position, and speaking to the affair in hand with all the learning of Coke,
a woman came upstairs on a sudden, crying out: "O Lord, madam, we are all undone,
for my master is below! He has been asking after you, and swears he will come up to
your chamber. I am afraid the people of the house will not be able to hinder him, he
appears so resolute." "O heavens!" says our counterfeit, "what shall I do?" "Why?"
says the lawyer. "Why?" quoth she, "I mean for you, dear me; what excuse shall I
make for your being here? I dare not tell him your quality and business; for that would
endanger all. And, on the other side, he is extremely jealous. Therefore, good sir, step
into that closet till I can send him away." The lawyer being surprised, and not
knowing what to do on a sudden, complied with her request, and she locked him into the closet, drawing the curtains of the bed, and going to the door to receive her counterfeit husband, who by this time had demanded entrance.

No sooner was our gentleman entered but he began to give his spouse the most opprobrious language he could invent. "O Mrs Devil," says he, "I understand you have a man in the room! A pretty companion for a poor innocent woman, truly! — one who is always complaining how hardly I use her. Where is the son of a whore? I shall sacrifice him this moment. Is this your modesty, madam? This your virtue? Let me see your gallant immediately, or, by the light, you shall be the first victim yourself." Upon this he made to the closet door, and forced it open in a great fury, as he had before been directed. Here he discovers our young lawyer, all pale and trembling, ready to sink through the floor at the sight of one from whom he could expect no mercy. Out flies the sword, and poor Littleton was upon his marrow-bones in a moment, just in this instant madam interposed, being resolved rather to die herself than see the blood of an innocent man spilt in her apartment, and upon her account. A companion also of our bully husband stepped up, and wrested the sword out of his hand by main strength, endeavouring to pacify him with all the reason and art he was master of. But still, that there might be no appearance of imposture, the more they strove the more enraged our injured poor cornuto appeared, for such he thought to make the lawyer believe he imagined himself. They could not, however, so effectually impose on our limb of the law as that he discerned nothing of the artifice. He began to see himself trepanned, and ventured to speak on his own behalf, and tell the whole truth of the story. But he might as well have said nothing; for the other insisted upon it that this was only pretence, and that he came there for other purposes. His honour was injured, and nothing would serve but blood, or other sufficient reparation. It was at last referred to the arbitration of the other man who came with the sham husband; and he proposed the sum of five hundred pounds to make up the matter. This was a large sum, and, indeed, more than the lawyer could well raise. However, he at last consented to pay down one hundred pounds rather than bring himself into fresh inconveniences which they obliged him immediately to send for, first looking over the note, to see that he did not send for a constable instead of the money. Upon the payment, they discharged him from his confinement.

Not long after this our princess was apprehended for stealing a silver tankard in Covent Garden and, after examination, committed to Newgate. At the following sessions she was found guilty, and condemned, but was afterwards reprieved, and ordered for transportation. This sentence was executed, and she was sent to Jamaica, where she had not been above two years before she returned to England again, and set up for a rich heiress. By this means she got married to a very wealthy apothecary at Westminster, whom she robbed of above three hundred pounds and then left him. After this she took a lodging in a house where nobody lived but the landlady, a watchmaker, who was also a lodger, and herself and maid. When she thought her character here pretty well established, she one night invited the watchmaker and her landlady to go with her to see a play, pretending she had a present of some tickets. They consented, and only madam's maid, who was almost as good as herself, was left at home. She, according to agreement, in their absence broke open almost all the locks in the house, stole two hundred pounds in money, and about thirty watches; so that the prize, in all, amounted to about six hundred pounds, which she carried to a place before provided, in another part of the town. After the play was over, our princess
invited her companions to drink with her at the Green Dragon tavern in Fleet Street, where she gave them the slip and went to her maid.

We now proceed to the catastrophe of this prodigious woman, who, had she been virtuously inclined, was capable of being the phoenix of her age; for it was impossible for her not to be admired in everything she said and did. The manner of her last and fatal apprehension was as follows, we having taken the account from the papers of those times. One Mr Freeman, a brewer in Southwark, had been robbed of about two hundred pounds, whereupon he went to Mr Lowman, keeper of the Marshalsea, and desired him to search all suspicious places, in order to discover the thieves. One Lancaster was the person most suspected, and while they were searching a house near New Spring Gardens for him they spied a gentlewoman, as she seemed to be, walking in the two-pairs-of-stairs room in a night-gown. Mr Lowman immediately enters the room, spies three letters on the table, and begins to examine them. Madam seems offended with him, and their dispute caused him to look on her so steadfastly that he knew her, called her by her name, and carried away both her and her letters.

This was in December 1672, and she was kept close prisoner till the 16th of January following, when she was brought by writ of habeas corpus to the Old Bailey, and asked whether or no she was the woman who usually went by the name of Mary Carleton, to which she answered that she was the same. The Court then demanded the reason of her returning so soon from the transportation she had been sentenced to. Here she made a great many trifling evasions to gain time, by which means she gave the bench two or three days' trouble. At last, when she found nothing else would do, she pleaded her belly; but a jury of matrons being called, they brought her in not quick with child. So that on the last day of the sessions she received sentence of death, in the usual form, with a great deal of intrepidity.

After condemnation she had abundance of visitants, some out of curiosity, others to converse with her, learn her sentiments of futurity, and give her such instructions as were needful. Among the latter was a gentleman to whom she gave a great many regular responses; in which she discovered herself to be a Roman Catholic, professed her sorrow for her past life, and wished she had her days to live over again. She also blamed the women who were her jury for their verdict, saying she believed they could not be sure of what they testified, and that they might have given her a little more time.

On the 22nd of January, which was the day of her execution, she appeared rather more gay and brisk than ever before. When her irons were taken off (for she was shackled) she pinned the picture of her husband Carleton on her sleeve, and in that manner carried it with her to Tyburn. Seeing the gentleman who had conversed with her, she said to him in French, "Mon ami, le bon Dieu vous benisse" — "My friend, God bless you." At hearing St Sepulchre's bell toll, she made use of several ejaculations. One Mr Crouch, a friend of hers, rode with her in the cart, to whom she gave at the gallows two Popish books, called The Key of Paradise and The Manual of Daily Devotion. At the place of execution she told the people that she had been a very vain woman, and expected to be made a precedent for sin; that though the world had condemned her, she had much to say for herself; that she prayed God to forgive her, as she did her enemies; and a little more to the same effect. After which she was turned off, in the thirty-eighth year of her age, and in the same month she was born in.
Her body was put into a coffin and decently buried in St. Martin's churchyard, on which occasion a merry wag wrote this distich:

"The German princess here, against her will, Lies underneath, and yet oh, strange! lies still."
ANDREW RUTHERFORD OF TOWNHEAD

Executed for the Murder of James Douglass, Brother to Sir William Douglass of Cavers, on 25th of November, 1674

ANDREW RUTHERFORD was accused of having conceived deadly malice against James Douglass; that having dined together in a farmer's house on the 9th of July preceding, in company with several gentlemen, he, urged by this malevolent passion, on their way home from dinner, within half-a-mile of the town of Jedburgh, did murder Douglass, by giving him a mortal wound with a small sword through the arm, and through the body under the right pap, of which wounds he died within four hours; that he immediately fled to England, and would have embarked at South Shields, for Holland, had he not been apprehended. The prisoner pleaded self-defence.

Robert Scott of Horslehill deposed that, about ten at night on the 9th of July, he, with Charles Ker of Abbotrule, William Ker of Newtown, and their servants, the prisoner, and the deceased, after dining at Swanside, called in the evening at the house of John Ker at Berchope, in their way to Jedburgh. Douglass was riding a little way before him, and Rutherford, who was at a distance behind, galloped up beyond him to Douglass. They rode a little way together, then alighted and drew their swords. On galloping up, he saw them pushing at each other, and called to them to desist; but before he could alight they were in each other's arms. He asked if there was any hurt done; to which Rutherford answered, none that he knew of; but at the same time Douglass held out his right hand, and said that he had got blood. He demanded their swords, which they immediately delivered to him. Instantly thereafter Douglass sunk down, and Rutherford fled. A surgeon was sent for from Jedburgh, they being but a quarter of a mile from the town. By his order Douglass was put on a horse — a man sitting behind, and one walking on each side. When they arrived at Jedburgh, Douglass was laid on a bed, but he died within two hours after receiving the wounds. Both in the field and when laid in bed he exclaimed: "Fie! fie! that I should be affronted by such a base man!" The witness did not hear him say he was wounded before he drew; as little did he hear him urge anything before his death in vindication of the prisoner.

The jury returned their verdict on the 12th of November, unanimously finding the prisoner guilty; and on the 16th the Court passed sentence of death upon him, ordaining him to be beheaded on the 25th, at the Cross of Edinburgh.
JOHN RAMSAY, servant to the deceased John Anderson, and George Clerk, late servant to Mr John Clerk of Penicuik, were prosecuted for the murder of John Anderson, merchant in Edinburgh, at the instance of Mr John Clerk of Penicuik, and James Clerk, merchant in Edinburgh, nephews to the deceased, and of Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton, his Majesty's advocate.

The indictment set forth that the prisoners lived in the house with the deceased, and waited on him at the time of his death, and for some months preceding. The deceased was an unmarried person, and had nobody living in the house with him but the prisoners, who perfidiously abused the trust reposed in them. When their master was counting his money, having the room door shut upon him, they were in use to rap at the door, and when he opened it they slipped in and stole part of his money. The season was very sickly; a flux in particular raged with such violence that many died of it daily, and it was deemed so contagious that those who were not infected were afraid to approach the sick, from the danger of infection. The prisoners conspired to bring this disease upon their master. They consulted one Kennedy, apprentice to Thomas Henryson, apothecary in Edinburgh, in the month of October or November preceding, and got from him some purgative powders and drugs, which they administered to the deceased in his drink and otherwise. The first purging powder wrought slowly. They then got a white powder, which operated to their wishes; so that the deceased had recourse to Hugh Brown, apothecary, his ordinary medical adviser. The prisoners took advantage of the sickness they had brought on him, by combining to steal his money and jewels, which he kept in an iron chest. That they might steal with the greater security, they also applied to Kennedy for intoxicating or somniferous draughts, obtained from him a medicine which he called syrup of poppy, and gave it to their master when he was bad, and keeping the house, without his knowledge or that of Brown his apothecary. It was mixed in his drink, and he fell into a deep sleep. They took out his keys, opened his chest, carried off a large gold chain, gold bracelets, a gold ring with a blue stone, two pieces of gold, twelve of silver, and five purse pennies, silver buttons, brooches, and various other articles. They then got from Kennedy several drugs, which he called powder of jalap and crystal of tartar, which they gave to their master. Clerk told Kennedy that, their master being ill, they had stolen several pieces of coin from him, and that there were three bags of money in his chest; that they were resolved to take some of it, and would give Kennedy a part. They gave the jalap and the tartar to their master, to counteract the effect of Brown's prescriptions.

On the Wednesday preceding their master's death, which happened on Monday, the 15th of November, 1674, Anderson's friends visited him, and he told them he was greatly better. On this the prisoners, fearing his recovery, and that he should discover their practices, came to a positive resolution to murder him, communicated it to Kennedy, and sought poison from him to effect their purpose. But Kennedy would not give poison, saying the body would swell, and so they would be
discovered; but he would give a powder which would do the business slowly, and which he would engage would kill their master in a month. They got a powder accordingly, which Kennedy called powder of jalap, but which either in quality, quantity, or frequency of being administered, was truly poison. On the five days immediately preceding his death the prisoners and their associate Kennedy held frequent consultations in the shop of Kennedy's master, in the house of the deceased, and in the King's Park. They gave Kennedy part of what they had already stolen, and promised him an equal share of their future plunder. On Saturday night the deceased was so well that his apothecary said he would not visit him next day. On Sunday he was not thought near death, but rose, dressed himself, and supped in his usual style. On Sunday night the prisoners mixed some drugs in conserve of roses that had been prescribed for him by his own apothecary. These were so poisonous that he died on Monday morning at ten o'clock. At five o'clock their master called for the bed-pan, which they gave him; they then ran to the iron chest, filled their hands with jewels, goods, and money belonging to their dying master, and did not look near him till about eight o'clock, when they found him speechless, the whites of his eyes turned up, and the bed swimming around him. They then called in the neighbours to see him die.

Both the prisoners emitted confessions corresponding in general to the charge in the indictment. They added that, before they conceived the idea of giving their master drugs to bereave him of life, they had frequently been in use to infuse powders in his drink, which made him outrageously drunk, that they might make sport of him in his drunkenness — a dreadful lesson to beware of the first steps in vice. Had they not infused powders to make their master drunk, in order to gratify a barbarous and disrespectful mirth, the idea of taking away his life by similar means would not have occurred to them.

They were convicted, and sentenced on the 8th of February to be hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 1st of March, and their movable goods to be forfeited. The trial of Kennedy, the apothecary's apprentice, for furnishing the medicines, was brought on upon the 22nd of February, 1676, and after various adjournments, and a tedious confinement of eighteen months, he, on his own petition, on the 30th of July, 1677, was banished for life.
PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY
*Tried for the Murder of Nathaniel Cony by his Brother Peers in 1678 and
found guilty of Manslaughter later*

AN indictment for murder against a peer, which necessitated his being tried by
his brother peers, occurred in 1678, accused being Philip, Earl of Pembroke and
Montgomery, and the dead man Nathaniel Cony, gentleman.

The Lords came from their House above, in their usual order, to the court
erected for them in Westminster Hall; and the Lord High Steward's commission being
read, as also the certiorari to the commissioners, before whom the indictment was
found, and the return thereof, the Constable of the Tower was commanded to return
his precept, and bring his prisoner to the bar. The Constable of the Tower being a
peer, Sir John Robinson, his lieutenant, brought the Earl of Pembroke to the bar; after
which the Lord High Steward made a speech to the prisoner, wherein he acquainted
him that he stood charged with no less a crime than murder by the grand jury of the
county of Middlesex, who were all men of quality; but that this was no more than an
accusation, upon which their Lordships should not prejudge him, the examination of
the grand jury having been but partial. That his lordship was now to be tried in full
Parliament, and not by a select number of Lords. That the being made a spectacle to
such august assembly, and having his faults and weaknesses exposed, must be very
mortifying; and it behoved his lordship to recollect himself, and use his utmost
cautions in his defence, but advised him not to let the disgrace of standing as a felon at
the bar too much deject him, or the terrors of justice amaze him; for whatever might
lawfully be hoped for, his lordship might expect from the peers; and if he were
dismayed, when he considered how inexorable the rule of law was in the case of
blood (which their Lordships indeed could not depart from), yet it might be a support
to him to consider that nothing but plain and positive proof, and such as deserved to
be called evidence, would be received against him. That their Lordships thought
themselves bound in honour to be counsel for him in matters of law; and that, though
there were counsel to plead against him, no skill or arguments could pervert their
Lordships' justice. He should not fall by the charms of eloquence, or be depressed by
anything but the burden of his crime, and even as to that all candid allowances would
be made.

Then the prisoner was arraigned, and held up his hand. Mr Richard Savage
deposed that, being in company with my Lord Pembroke at Mr Long's in the
Haymarket on 4th of February, 1678, and Mr Cony making a great noise at the bar,
my lord looked out at the door of the room where they were, and seeing Mr Cony,
invited him and his friend Mr Goring into the room, and after some time falling into
discourse, Mr Goring used some impertinent language to my lord, and told his
lordship he was as good or a better gentleman than he; upon which my lord threw a
glass of wine in Goring's face, and stepped back and drew his sword; and Goring
being about to draw his, the deponent took it from him and broke it, and persuaded
my lord to put up his sword again; but to prevent more words, the deponent shoved
Mr Goring out of the room, and while the deponent was thrusting him out he heard a
bustle be hind him, and, leaving the drawer to keep Mr Goring out, he turned, and saw
my Lord Pembroke strike Mr Cony, who immediately fell down, and then my lord
gave him a kick; and then, finding Mr Cony did not stir, my lord and the deponent took him off the ground and laid him on the chairs, and covered him up warm.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL: Did my lord kick him but once?

SAVAGE: My lord kicked him but once that I saw, and that was on the body, and not with a very great force. We chafed his temples, and he opened his eyes, but did not speak; when I asked him if he knew me he shook his head as if he did, and then closed his eyes again.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL: What condition was he in before that accident?

SAVAGE: He was very drunk, and, I think, proposed some thing about play to my lord; but how my lord came to strike him I cannot tell, for I was putting Goring out of the room.

Similar evidence and evidence as to the dead man's internal injuries having been given, the Lord High Steward asked: Will your lordship say anything for yourself?

EARL OF PEMBROKE: I have nothing more to say, my Lord.

Mr Solicitor having summed up the evidence for the King, the Lords went to their House above, and after two hours' debate returned, and having taken their places, the Lord High Steward, beginning with the puisne baron (my Lord Butler), demanded of their Lordships severally in their order if Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, were guilty of the felony and murder whereof he stood indicted, or not guilty. And my Lord High Steward having numbered them, declared that six of their Lordships had found the prisoner guilty of murder, eighteen had found him not guilty, and forty had found him guilty of manslaughter. Then the prisoner was commanded to be brought to the bar again, and the Lord High Steward acquainted him that the judgment of the Lords was, that he was guilty of manslaughter; and demanded what he could say why judgment should not pass upon him to die, according to law.

The Earl of Pembroke answered that he claimed the privilege of the statute.

The Lord High Steward told him he must have it; for as by the Act clergy was allowed to a commoner by reading and burning in the hand, a peer convicted of such felony was to be delivered without either; but his lordship would do well to take notice that no man could have the benefit of that statute but once.
THE REV. ROBERT FOULKES

Executed 31st of January, 1679, for the Murder of his newly-born Babe

THIS unhappy gentleman was a divine of the Church of England, and had been very much esteemed for his learning and abilities. Few men were more capable of shining in a church, or had a greater share of that sacred eloquence so requisite in a preacher. He was minister of Stanton-Lacy, in the county of Salop, where he was exceedingly followed and admired till his crimes came to be known, and where he might have been beloved till death in a natural way had taken him hence, and then universally lamented, if his heart had been as well furnished with grace as his head was with knowledge and his tongue with expressions.

A young gentlewoman of a considerable fortune, who had been left an infant by her parents, was committed to his care by her executors, as to a man who, they trusted, would not only deal justly by her, but also instruct her betimes in the principles of religion, and her several duties as a Christian. But, alas! how weak is human nature, and how soon are we tempted aside from the ways of piety! Mr Foulkes, instead of answering the purpose of the young woman's friends, was soon smitten with her charms, and took an opportunity of discovering a criminal passion for her, though he had at that time a virtuous wife and two children living. The young lady too easily consented to gratify his lust, and they continued their conversation together till she became pregnant.

All the means he could think of to procure abortion were now tried, and they all proved ineffectual; so that they must be both exposed to scandal, unless she could be removed to some convenient place, remote from the eyes of the world, and from the jealousies of Mrs Foulkes, where she might be delivered of her burden, which was not yet perceived. A plausible excuse for his going up to London was soon formed, and for his taking Miss along with him, who at that time was under twenty years of age. When they arrived in town they took a lodging in York Buildings in the Strand, where she lay in, and where (shocking to think of!) the child was privately murdered, to prevent the infamy that might follow.

But divine vengeance would not suffer this horrible deed to remain long concealed, for before Mr Foulkes went out of town the girl was examined upon the suspicion of some women, when she confessed the whole, and charged Mr Foulkes with the murder, who was thereupon apprehended and committed to Newgate; in a short time after which he was condemned at the sessions house in the Old Bailey, upon the evidence of the young woman. On the 31st of January, 1679, he was executed at Tyburn.
CAPTAIN RICHARD DUDLEY

[Note: The two versions of this man's life given in different editions are so dissimilar that they may be two different men. Both are given here]

VERSION A

RICHARD DUDLEY was a gentleman descended of a very good family in Northamptonshire, but his father being ruined for exerting his loyalty in the time of the unhappy rebellion, when a cursed republican party most villainously murdered King Charles I. before his own palace, he had little or no estate left him; yet, for his father's sake, King Charles II., after his restoration, gave him a captain's commission in a regiment of foot; in which post he behaved himself very sincere; for being at Tangier, and one day the regiment ordered to be drawn out in battalia, Captain Dudley perceiving one of the men belonging to his company to stand a little out of his rank, he presently commanded a sergeant to knock him down. Accordingly the command was obeyed, but not to his liking; for calling the sergeant to him again, and taking the halberd out of his hand, quoth he: "When I command you to knock down a man, knock him down thus." So with the right end of the halberd he cleft his skull in two; of which he immediately died. When Tangier was demolished, and all our forces were then recalled from thence, Dick Dudley came into England at the same time; but living here at a very extravagant rate, he could support himself in no manner of way but by taking on the road what he thought was a fair prize. The highway he quickly made his exchange, and would venture very boldly for what he got; but one time, being apprehended in London for robbing the Duke of Monmouth near Harrow-on-the-Hill, he was committed to the Poultry Compter, whither a man need not sail, for this prison is a ship of itself, where the master-side is the upper deck, and they in the common-side lie under hutches, and help to ballast it. Intricate cases are the tacklings, executions the anchors, capiases the cables, Chancery bills the huge sails, a long term the mainmast, law the helm, a judge the pilot, a barrister the purser, an attorney the boatswain, his clerk the swabber, bonds the waves, outlawries sudden gusts, the verdicts of juries rough winds, and extents the rocks that split all in pieces. Or, if it be not a ship, yet this and a ship, differ not much in the building, for the one is a moving misery, the other standing. The first is seated on a spring, the second on piles. Either this place is the emblem of a bawdy-house or a bawdy-house of it, for nothing is to be seen in any room but scurvy beds and bare walls; nevertheless it is a sort of a university of poor scholars, in which three arts are chiefly studied — viz. to pray, to curse and to write letters. But Dudley, breaking out of this mansion of sorrow and tribulation, not long after obtaining his liberty met with John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, coming from his seat at Woodstock, and setting on his lordship and his retinue, which was his chaplain, a couple of footmen and a groom, he took from him above one hundred guineas and a gold watch. The chaplain then beginning to catechise Dudley for his unlawful actions, quoth he: "I don't think I commit any sin in robbing a person of quality, because I keep generally pretty close to the text, 'Feed the hungry and send the rich empty away'"; which was true in the main, for whenever he had got any considerable booty from great people, he would very generously extend his charity to such as he really knew to be poor. After this exploit, Dick Dudley meeting Captain Richardson, the keeper of Newgate, on the road betwixt London and Tunbridge, in whose clutches he had been three or four times, he commanded him to

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stand and deliver; but Richardson refusing to deliver, withal threatening what he would do if ever he came into his custody again, quoth he: "I expect no favour from the hands of a jailer, who comes of the race of those angels that fell with Lucifer from Heaven, whither you'll never return again. Of all your bunches of keys, not one hath wards to open that door; for a jailer's soul stands not upon those two pillars that support Heaven, Justice and Mercy; it rather sits upon those two footstools of Hell, Wrong and Cruelty. So make no more words about your purse, for have it I will, or else your life." Hereupon Captain Richardson was obliged to grant his request, and betwixt Dudley and the waters drinking at Tunbridge, went home as well purged and cleansed as a man could desire. This daring robber had committed several most notorious robberies on the road with that famous highwayman on whom King Charles II. was pleased to confer the name of Swiftnicks, from his robbing a gentleman near Barnet about five in the morning, being come then from Bosom's Inn in London, and taking from him five hundred and sixty guineas. He rode straight to York, and appeared there on the bowling-green about six in the evening of the same day; and being apprehended and tried for the aforesaid robbery, before Judge Twisden, being acquitted of it, and the judge mistrusting something of the matter, after strictly examining him, Mr Nicks, otherwise called Swiftnicks, owned the fact when he was out of danger, and was made a captain in the Lord Moncastle's regiment in Ireland, where he married a great fortune, and afterwards lived very honest. But at last, this country being too hot for Dick Dudley, upon the account of robbing General Monk, who had ordered a strict search to be made after him, he was forced to fly into France; from whence, travelling to Rome, he was in very great necessity indeed. Not long after his arrival into this kingdom again, meeting with a Justice of the Peace on the road betwixt Midhurst and Horsham, in the county of Sussex, "Stand and deliver" was the language which he spoke to his worship, who, making a very stout resistance, shot Dudley's horse under him; but at the same time, being wounded in his arm, he was obliged to surrender at discretion. Then the resolute highwayman, searching his pockets, out of which he took twenty-eight guineas, a gold watch and silver tobacco-box, next securing the magistrate's horse, quoth he: "Since your worship has previously broke the peace, in committing a most horrid and barbarous murder on my prancer, which, with my assistance, was able to get his living in any ground in England, I must make bold to take your horse by way of reprisal; however, I'll not be so uncivil as to let a man of your character go home afoot, for, for once, and not use it, I'll make one Justice of the Peace carry another." So, stepping into a field where an ass was grazing, he brought him into the road, and putting the justice on his back, as he was tying his legs under the beast's belly, quoth he: "I know I offend against the rules of heraldry, in putting metal upon metal, but as there's no general rule without an exception, I doubt not but all the heralds will excuse this solecism committed in their art, which I look upon to be as great a bite and cheat as astrology." Thus taking his leave of the justice, his worship rode a very solemn pace, till the grave creature brought him safe into Petworth, where his worship had as many people staring at him as if he had been riding through the town in triumph.

At last, Dick Dudley attempting to rob the Duke of Lauderdale, when riding over Hounslow Heath, he was conquered in his enterprise, and committed to Newgate; and when he came to his trial at justice hall in the Old Bailey, above eighty indictments being preferred against him for robberies committed only in the county of Middlesex, he pleaded guilty. Then, receiving sentence of death, he was (though great
intercession was made for his life to King Charles) executed at Tyburn, on Wednesday, the 22nd of February, 1681, aged forty-six years.

VERSION B

Captain Dudley was born at Swepston in Leicestershire. His father once possessed a considerable estate, but through extravagance he lost the whole except sixty pounds per annum. In these reduced circumstances he went to London, intending to live in obscurity, corresponding to the state of his finances.

Richard his son had a promising genius, and received a liberal education at St Paul's school. But a natural vicious disposition baffled all restraints. When only nine years old he showed his covetous disposition, by robbing his sister of thirty shillings, and flying off with that sum. In a few days, however, he was found, brought home, and sent to school. But his vicious disposition strengthened by indulgence. Impatient at the confinement of a school, he next robbed his father of a considerable sum of money, and absconded. But his father discovered his retreat, and found him a little way from the town in the company of two lewd women.

Despairing of his settling at home, his father sent him on board a man of war, in which he sailed up the Straits, and behaved gallantly in several actions. Upon his arrival in England, he left the ship, on pretence that a younger officer had been preferred before him, upon the death of one of the lieutenants. In a short time he joined a band of thieves, assisted them in robbing the country house of Admiral Carter, and escaped detection.

The next remarkable robbery in which he was engaged, was that of breaking into the house of a lady of Blackheath, and carrying off a large quantity of plate.

He and his associates were also successful in selling the plate to a refiner; but in a short time he was apprehended for this robbery, and committed to Newgate prison. While there, he sent for the refiner, and severely reproached him in the following manner: 'It is,' said he, 'a hard thing to find an honest man and a fair dealer: for, you cursed rogue, among the plate you bought, there was a cup with a cover; which you told us was but silver gilt, and bought it at the same price with the rest; but it plainly appeared, by the advertisement in the gazette, that it was a gold cup and cover; but I see you are a rogue, and that there is no trusting anybody.' Dudley was tried, convicted for this robbery, and sentenced to death; but his youth and the interest of his friends, procured him a royal pardon.

For two years he conducted himself to the satisfaction of his father, so that he purchased for him a commission in the army. In that situation he also acquitted himself honourably, and married a young lady of a respectable family, with whom he received an estate of an hundred and forty pounds a year. This, with his commission, enabled them to live in a genteel manner. Delighting, however, in company, and having become security for one of his companions of a debt, and that person being arrested for it, one of the bailiffs was killed in the scuffle, and Dudley was suspected as having been the murderer.

Having by frequent crimes vanquished every virtuous feeling, and being more inclined to live upon the ruins of his country than the fruits of industry, he abandoned his own house, and joined a band of robbers. Dudley soon became so expert, that
there was scarcely any robbery committed, but he acted a principal part. Pleased with
this easy way of obtaining money, and supporting an extravagant expense, he also
prevailed upon Will his brother to join him in his employment. It happened, however,
that Will had not been long in his new occupation, when the Captain was apprehended
for robbing a gentleman of a watch, a sword, a whip, and nine shillings. But
fortunately for him the evidence was defective, and he escaped death a second time.

Now, hardened in vice, he immediately returned to his old trade. He robbed on
the highway, broke into houses, picked pockets, or performed any act of violence or
cunning by which he could procure money. For a length of time he went on with
impunity, but was at last apprehended for robbing Sir John Friend's house. Upon trial
the evidence was decisive, and he received sentence of death. His friends again
interposed, and through their influence his sentence was changed for that of
banishment. Accordingly, he and several other convicts were put on board a ship
bound for Barbados. But they had scarcely reached the Isle of Wight, when he excited
his companions to a conspiracy, and having concerted their measures while the ship's
company were under the hatches, they went off with the long boat.

No sooner had he reached the shore than he abandoned his companions, and
travelled through woods and by-paths. Being in a very mean dress, he begged when
he had no opportunity to steal. Arriving however at Hounslow Heath, he met with a
farmer, robbed him, seized his horse, and having mounted, set forward in quest of
new spoils. This was a fortunate day, for Dudley had not proceeded far on the heath
when a gentleman well dressed, and better mounted than the farmer, made his
appearance. He was commanded to halt and surrender. Dudley led him aside in a
secret thicket, exchanged clothes and horse, rifled his pockets, then addressed him,
saying, "That he ought never to accuse him of robbing him, for, according to the old
proverb, exchange was no robbery;" so bidding him good day, he rode off for London.
Arrived there he went in search of his old associates, who were glad to see their
friend; who in consequence of his fortunate adventures and high reputation among
them, received the title of Captain, and all agreed to be subject to his commands.
Thus, at the head of such an experienced and desperate band, no part of the country
was secure from his rapine, nor any house sufficiently strong to keep him out. The
natural consequences were, that he soon became known and dreaded all over the
country.

To avoid being taken, and to prevent all enquiries, he paid a visit to the north
of England, and being one day in search of plunder, he robbed a Dutch Colonel of his
horse, arms, and fine laced coat. Thus equipped, he committed several robberies. He
at length, however, laid aside his colonel's habit, only using his horse, who soon
became dexterous at his new employment. But one day meeting a gentleman near
Epsom, he resisted the Captain's demands, and discharged his pistol at Dudley. In the
combat, however, he was victorious, wounded the gentleman in the leg, and having
stripped him of his money, conveyed him to the next village, that he might receive
medical assistance, and then rode off in search of new adventures. The Captain and
his men were very successful in this quarter. No stage, nor coach, nor passenger, of
which they had intelligence, could escape their depredations, and scarcely a day
passed without some notorious robbery being committed.
Captain Dudley and his men went on in a continued course of success, acquiring much wealth, which was as soon dissipated in riot and extravagance, as their extravagance was equal to their gains.

One day, however, having attacked and robbed the Southampton coach, they were keenly pursued, and several of them taken, but Dudley escaped. Deprived of the chief of his own forces, he now joined himself to some house-breakers, and with them continued to commit many robberies; in particular, with three others, he entered the house of an old woman in Spitalfields, gagged her, bound her to a chair, and rifled the house of a considerable sum of money, which the good woman had been long in scraping together. Hearing the money clink that was going to be taken from her, she struggled in her chair, fell down upon her face, and was stifled to death, while the Captain and his companions went off with impunity. But when the old woman came to be interred, a grandchild of hers, who had been one of the robbers, when about to be fitted with a pair of gloves, changed his countenance, was strongly agitated, and began to tremble. He was suspected, charged with the murder, confessed the crime, and, informing upon the rest, two of them were taken, tried and condemned, and all three hung in chains.

But though Dudley's name was published as accessory to the murder, yet he long escaped detection. At length, however, he was apprehended, and charged with several robberies, of which he, by dexterous management, evaded the deserved punishment. He was also called to stand trial for the murder of the old woman; but the principal evidence, upon whose testimony the other three were chiefly condemned, being absent, he escaped suffering for that crime. The dexterous manner in which he managed that trial, the witnesses that he had suborned, and the manner in which he maintained his innocence before the jury were often the cause of his boast and amusement.

The profligate Dudley was no sooner relieved from prison than he hastened to join his own companions in vice. Exulting to see their Captain again at their head, they redoubled their activity, and committed all manner of depredations. Among other adventures, they robbed a nobleman on Hounslow Heath of fifteen hundred pounds, after a severe engagement with his servants, three of whom were wounded, and two had their horses shot under them.

Having at length with his companions committed so many robberies upon the highway, a proclamation was issued against them, offering a reward to those who should bring them, either dead or alive. This occasioned their detection in the following manner: Having committed a robbery, and being closely pursued to Westminster ferry, the wherrymen refused to carry any more that night. Two of them then rode off, and the other four gave their horses to a waterman to lead to the next inn. The horses being foaming with sweat, he began to suspect that they were robbers who had been keenly pursued. He communicated his suspicions to the constable, who secured the horses, and went in search of the men.

He was not long in seizing one of them. He confessed, and the constable hastening to the inn, secured the rest, and having placed a strong guard upon them, rode to Lambeth and securing the other two, led them before a justice of the peace, who committed them to Newgate.
At the next sessions Captain Dudley, his brother, and three other accomplices, were tried, and condemned to suffer death. After sentence, Captain Dudley was brought to Newgate, where he conducted himself agreeably to his sad situation. He was conveyed from Newgate with six other prisoners. He appeared cheerful, but his brother lay all the time sick in the cart. The ceremonies of religion being performed, they were launched into another world, to answer for the numerous crimes of their guilty lives.

The bodies of the Captain and his brother were put into separate coffins, to be conveyed to a disconsolate father; at the sight he was so overwhelmed, that he sunk upon the dead bodies and expired. Thus the father and the two sons were buried in one grave.
CHRISTOPHER VRATZ, the youngest son of a very good gentleman, and born in Pomerania, a country adjoining Poland, having but a very small patrimony left him, he was incited, through the slenderness of his fortune, to betake himself to the highway; and, being a man of great courage and undaunted spirit, he ventured on such attempts by himself which would not be undertaken by half-a-dozen men; for once John Sobieski, King of Poland, who, with the Duke of Lorraine, raised the siege of Vienna, going disguised out of the Christian camp, in company only with three officers, to observe the motion of the Turks, he intercepted his coming back, and robbed him and his attendants of as many diamonds, which he sold to a Jew at Vienna for above eight thousand ducatoons, besides taking from them a considerable quantity of gold. He had also committed some robberies in Hungary; but, having somewhat of a more generous soul than always to get his bread by that diminutive way of living, he was, contrary to all others of that profession, not extravagant whilst he maintained himself by those scouring words, "Stand and deliver;" therefore having saved a good purse by him, he bought a captain's commission in a regiment in the Emperor of Germany's service.

Whilst he was in this post he became acquainted with Charles John, Count Coningsmark, and came over with him into England; where the said Count, being balked in his amours with a certain Lady Ogleby Thomas Thynn, Esq., his ill success therein he so highly resented that nothing could pacify his resentment but the death of his rival. Captain Vratz being made privy to his disgust procured two other assassins — namely, John Stern, a lieutenant, and George Borosky alias Boratzi — who, about a quarter after eight at night, on Sunday, the 12th of February, 1681, meeting Esquire Thynn riding in his coach up to St James's Street, from the Countess of Northumberland's, Borosky, a Polander, shot him with a blunderbuss, which mortified him after such a barbarous manner that Mr Hobbs, an eminent chirurgeon, found in his body four bullets, which had torn his guts, wounded his liver and stomach and gall, broke one of his ribs, and wounded the great bone below, of which wounds he died.

These murderers being taken the next day, and carried before justice Bridgman, he committed them to Newgate; from whence being brought to the Old Bailey on Tuesday, the 28th of February following, they were tried before the Lord Chief Justice Pemberton, before a jury half English and half foreigners (all three prisoners being foreign).

The jury, after retiring half-an-hour, brought in the three principals guilty, but acquitted the Count of the charge of procuring the others to commit the murder. He was ordered, however, to enter into a recognizance with three sureties, to appear the next sessions, and answer any appeal that might be brought by Mr Thynn's relations. The other three being brought to the bar again, and asked what they had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, Vratz insisted he had not had a fair
trial, and Stern said it was for Captain Vratz's sake he was concerned in the fact. And as to Borosky, he did not pretend to make any apology for the murder, considering himself to be under an obligation of obeying his superiors without reserve.

Whereupon sentence of death was pronounced upon the principals by the recorder, the judges having left the bench. Dr Gilbert Burnet writes thus of Captain Vratz: It is certain that never man died with more resolution and less signs of fear, or the least disorder. His carriage in the cart, both as he was led along and at the place of execution, was astonishing; he was not only undaunted, but looked cheerful, and smiled often. When the rope was put about his neck he did not change colour nor tremble; his legs were firm under him. He looked often about on those who stood in balconies and windows, and seemed to fix his eyes on some persons. Three or four times he smiled. He would not cover his face as the rest did, but continued in that state, often looking up to heaven, with a cheerfulness in his countenance, and a little motion of his hands. I asked him if he had anything to say to the people. He said "No." After he had whispered a short word to a gentleman, he was willing the rope should be tied to the gibbet. He called for the German minister; but the crowd was such that it was not possible for him to come near. So he desired me to pray with him in French; but I told him I could not venture to pray in that language, but, since he understood English, I would pray in English. I observed he had some touches in his mind when I offered up that petition that for the sake of the blood of Christ the innocent blood shed in that place might be forgiven and that the cry of the one for mercy might prevail over the cry of the other for justice.

At these words he looked up to heaven with the greatest sense that I had at any time observed in him. After I prayed he said nothing but that he was now going to be happy with God; so I left him. He continued in his undaunted manner, looking up often to heaven, and sometimes round about him, to the spectators. After he and his two fellow-sufferers had stood about a quarter of an hour under the gibbet they were asked when they would give the signal for their being turned off. He answered that they were ready, and that the cart might be driven away when it pleased the sheriff to order it. So, a little while after, it was driven away. And thus they all ended their lives.

As for Lieutenant Stern, the illegitimate son of a baron of Sweden, afterwards made a count, and Borosky the Polander, they were very penitent from first to last, being with Captain Vratz, aged thirty-eight, executed in the Pall Mall on Friday, the 10th of March, 1682; but Borosky was afterwards hung up in chains, a little beyond Mile End, by the command of King Charles II.

Mr Echard gives us the following account of Lady Ogle, — "Josceline, late Earl of Northumberland, of the family of Percy, dying in the year 1670, left no issue but the Lady Elizabeth, his daughter and sole heir (at the time of his death about four years of age), who, possessing a great fortune, was in her minority married to Henry, Earl of Ogle, son and heir to the Duke of Newcastle, who, dying soon after, left her a virgin widow; after which many people of the first quality made their addresses to her, and among the rest Count Coningsmark, whose pretensions, it is said, were countenanced by the King. But the young lady, by her grandmother's contrivance, was married privately, the summer before the accident happened, to Mr Thynn, a gentleman of ten-thousand-pounds-a-year estate, who had been a member of several Parliaments and made some figure both within the House and out of it. But whether the lady herself did not approve of the match, or was put upon it by others, she
privately went over to Holland in Michaelmas Term, 1681, before Mr Thynn had ever cohabited with her."
WILLIAM NEVISON

A Highwayman who, dying Of the Plague as was thought, reappeared as his own Ghost, and was finally executed at York in 1684

WILLIAM NEVISON was born at Pomfret in Yorkshire, about the year 1639, of well-reputed, honest, and reasonably estated parents, who bred him up at school, where he made some progress as to his learning, and in the spring of his youth promised a better harvest than the summer of his life produced; for, to say truth, he was very forward and hopeful until he arrived at thirteen or fourteen years of age, when he began to be the ringleader of all his young companions to rudeness and debauchery. So early as this he also took to thieving, and stole a silver spoon from his father; for which being severely punished at school, the punishment was the subject of the next night's meditation, which issued into a resolution of revenge on his master, whatever fate he met with in the execution thereof. To which end, having hit on a project for his purpose, and lying in his father's chamber, he gets softly up before such time as the day appeared, and hearing that his father slept he put his hand into his pocket, where he found the key of his closet, which unperceived he drew hence, and down he creeps to the said closet, where he supplies himself with what cash he could readily find, which amounted to about ten pounds, and with this, knowing that his said master had a horse he had particular delight for, that then grazed behind his house, he gets a bridle and saddle from his father's stable, and an hour before morning arrays and mounts the said horse onwards for London, at which he arrives within four days; when, the evening coming upon him, he cuts the throat of the horse, within a mile or two of the town, for fear it should prove a means of his discovery if he should have carried it to an inn. When he came to London he changed his garb and name, and being a lusty well-looking lad put himself into the service of a brewer, where for two or three years he lived, not at all changed in mind, though opportunity was not, during that time, ripe to put his ill intentions into practice, though he watched all seasons to advance himself, by having several times attempted to rob his master, which at last he thus effected. Taking the advantage one night of the clerk's drunkenness, who was his master's cashier, he got up by stealth after him into the counting-house, where, the said clerk falling asleep, he rifled the same of all such cash as he could conveniently come at, which amounted to near two hundred pounds, and fled to Holland, where, running away with a burgher's daughter, who had robbed her father of a great deal of money and jewels, he was apprehended, had the booty taken from him, and clapped in jail; and had he not broken out, he had certainly made his exit beyond sea. Having thus made his escape, he got, after divers difficulties, into Flanders, and listed himself amongst the English volunteers, who were under the command of the Duke of York, who about the same time was made Lieutenant-General of the Spanish forces, under Don John of Austria, that were then designed to raise the siege of Dunkirk, which was besieged by the English and French armies, and behaved himself very well while he was in a military employment; but not greatly liking it, and having got some money whilst he was in the service, he came over to England, and bought himself a horse and arms, and resolved for the road, and perhaps a pleasant life, at the hazard of his neck, rather than toil out a long remainder of unhappy days in want and poverty, which he was always averse to. Being thus supplied, every day one booty or other enriched his stores, which he would never admit a sharer in, choosing to manage his designs alone,
rather than trust his life into the hands of others, who by favour or misfortune might be drawn in to accuse him.

One day Nevison, who went otherwise by the name of Johnson, travelling on the road, and scouring about in search of prize, met two countrymen, who, coming up towards him, informed him that it was very dangerous travelling forwards, for that the way was set, and they had been robbed by three highwaymen, about half-a-mile off; and if he had any charge of money about him it were his safest course to turn back. Nevison asking them what they had lost, they told him forty pounds; whereupon he replied: "Turn back with me, and show me the way they took, and, my life to a farthing, I'll make them return you your money again." They rode along with him till they had sight of the highwaymen; when Nevison, ordering the countrymen to stay behind him at some distance, rode up and spoke to the foremost of them, saying: "Sir, by your garb, and the colour of your horse, you should be one of those I look after, and, if so, my business is to tell you that you borrowed of two friends of mine forty pounds, which they desired me to demand of you, and which before we part you must restore." "How!" quoth the highway-man. "Forty pounds! Damn you, sir, is the fellow mad?" "So mad," replied Nevison, "as that your life shall answer me if you do not give me better satisfaction." With that he draws his pistol and suddenly claps it to his breast, and finding then that Nevison had also his rein, and that he could not get his sword or pistols, he yielded, telling him his life was at his mercy. "No," says Nevison, "it is not that I seek for, but the money you robbed these two men of, who are riding up to me, which you must refund." The thief was forced to consent, and ready to deliver such part thereof as he had, saying his companions had the rest; so that Nevison having made him dismount, and taking away his pistols, which he gave to the countrymen, ordered them to secure him, and hold his own horse, whilst he took the thief's and pursued the other two, who he soon overtook; for they, thinking him their companion, stopped as soon as they saw him; so that he came up to them in the midst of a common. "How now, Jack," says one of them, "what made you engage with yon fellow?" "No, gentle-men," replies Nevison; "you are mistaken in your man. Thomas, by the token of your horse and arms, he hath sent me to you for the ransom of his life, which comes to no less than the prize of the day, which if you presently surrender you may go about your business; if not, I must have a little dispute with you at sword and pistol." At which one of them let fly at him, but missing his aim received Nevison's bullet into his right shoulder; and being thereby disabled, and Nevison about to discharge at the other, he called for quarter, and came to a parley, which, in short, was made up, with Nevison's promise to send their friend, and their delivering him all the ready money they had, which amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds, and silver. With this, Nevison rides back to the two countrymen, and releases their prisoner, giving them their whole forty pounds, with a caution for the future to look better after it, and not, like cowards, as they were, to surrender the same on such easy terms again.

In all his pranks he was very favourable to the female sex, who generally gave him the character of a civil obliging robber; he was charitable also to the poor, relieving them out of the spoils which he took from them that could better spare it; and being a true Royalist, he never attempted anything against that party. One time Nevison, meeting with an old sequestrator on the road, stopped the coach and demanded some of that money which he had thievishly extorted from poor widows and orphans, and ought to be returned. At which words the old man, in a fit of terror, and especially so when a pistol was clamped to his breast, began to expostulate for his
life; offering whatsoever he had about him for his ransom, which he readily delivered, to the value of sixty broad-pieces of gold. But this not serving the turn, Nevison told him that he must come thence, and go with him about some other affairs he had to concert with him, and beg leave of three young gentlewomen who were also passengers in the coach with him that they would spare one of the coach-horses for an hour or two, which should certainly be returned that night for the next day's journey. So Nevison left them, and took his prize with him on the postilion, which he loosed from his coach, and carried him from them in a great fright, thinking he was now near his end. The gentlewomen pursued their journey. About two hours after they were got to their inn, in comes the old sequestrator on the postilion's horse before mentioned, and gave a lamentable relation of how he had been used; and forced to sign a bill under his hand of five hundred pounds for his redemption, payable by a scrivener in London on sight, which he doubted not but would be received before he could prevent the same; and indeed he did not doubt amiss, for Nevison made the best of his way all night, and the next day by noon received the money, to the no small vexation of him that owned it.

About the year 1661, having one day met a considerable prize, to the value of four hundred and fifty pounds, from a rich country grazier, with this he was resolved to settle down quietly and go back to Pomfret, where he was most joyfully received by his father, who, never hearing of him in his absence of seven or eight years, thought he had been really dead. He lived very honestly with his father till he died, and then returned to his old courses again, committing such robberies as rendered his name the terror of the road; insomuch that no carrier or drover who passed the same but was either forced to compound for their safety by a constant rent, which he usually received from them at such and such houses, where he appointed them to leave it, or they were sure to be rifled for the failure thereof.

Committing some robberies in Leicestershire, he was there taken, and committed to Leicester Jail, where he was so narrowly watched, and strongly ironed, that he could scarce stir; yet by a cunning stratagem he procured his enlargement before the assizes came. For one day, feigning himself extremely ill, he sent for two or three trusty friends, one of whom was a physician, who gave out that he was sick of a pestilential fever; and that unless he had the benefit of some open air, in some chamber, he would certainly infect the whole jail, and die of the said distemper. Hereupon the jailer takes off his fetters and removes him into another room, to lie by himself. In the meantime a nurse was provided him, and his physician came twice or thrice a day to visit him, who gave out there was no hopes of his life, and that his distemper was extremely contagious. On which report, the jailer's wife would not let her husband, nor any of the servants, go nearer than the door; which gave Nevison's confederates a full liberty to practise their intent, which they did thus. A painter was one day brought in, who made all over his breast blue spots, resembling those that are the forerunners of death in the disease commonly called the plague; as likewise several marks on his hands, face and body, which are usually on such that so die. All which being done, the physician prepared a dose whereby his spirits were confined for the space of an hour or two, and then immediately gave out that he was dead. Hereupon his friends demand his body, bringing a coffin to carry him away in. The jailer, as customary, orders a jury — the nurse having formally laid him out — to examine the cause of his death, who, fearing the contagion he was said to die of, stayed not long to consider thereon; but having viewed him, seeing the spots and marks of death about him, his eyes set, and his jaws close muffled, they brought in
their verdict that he died of the plague; and thereupon he was put in the coffin and carried off.

Being thus discharged, he falls to his trade again, and meeting several of his old tenants the carriers, who used to pay him his rents as aforesaid, told them they must advance the same, for that his last imprisonment had cost him a great sum of money, which he expected to be reimbursed among them. They being strangely surprised at sight of Mr Nevison, after the reports of his death, brooked about that his ghost walked, and took upon him the employment it was wont when living, which was the more confirmed by the jailer at Leicester, who had brought in his verdict of the jury on oath, who had examined the body and had found it dead, as above mentioned; whereby he had been discharged by the Court, as to the warrant of his commitment. But afterwards, when the same came to be known, and the cheat detected, the said jailer was ordered to fetch him in, at his peril. Whereupon great search was made for him in all places, and a reward of twenty pounds set upon his head for any person who should apprehend him.

Nevison, after this, was determined to visit London. and the company he happened to fall in with upon the road was a crew of canting beggars, pilgrims of the earth, the offspring of Cain, vagabonds and wanderers over the whole world, fit companions for such as made a trade of idleness and roguery, and these were at this time fit companions for him, who, seeing the merry life they led, resolved to make one of their company. Whereupon, after he had a little more ingratiated himself amongst them, and taken two or three cups more of rum booze, he imparted his inventions to one of the chief of them, telling him he was an apprentice who had a cursed master, whose cruelties had caused him to run away from him; and that whatever fortune might betide him, yet should not the most necessitous conditions he could be plunged into ever make him to return to him again. And therefore, if he might be admitted into their society, he should faithfully observe and perform what rules and orders were imposed upon him. The chief beggar very much applauded him for his resolution, telling him that to be a beggar was to be a brave man, since it was then in fashion. "Do not we," said he, "come into the world like arrant beggars, without a rag upon us? And do not we all go out of the world like beggars, without anything, saving only an old sheet over us? Shall we then be ashamed to walk up and down in the world like beggars, with old blankets pinned about us? No, no; that would be a shame to us indeed. Have we not the whole kingdom to walk, at our pleasure? Are we afraid of the approach of quarter day? Do we walk in fear of bailiffs, sergeants and catchpoles? Whoever knew an arrant beggar arrested for debt? Is not our meat dressed in every man's kitchen? Does not every man's cellar afford us beers? And the best men's purses keep a penny for us to spend?" Having these words, as he thought, fully fixed him in love with begging, he then acquainted the company with Nevison's desires, who were all of them very joyful thereat, being as glad to add one to their society as a Turk is to gain a proselyte to Mahomet. The first question they asked him was, if he had any loure in his bung. He stared at them, not knowing what they meant; till at last one told him it was money in his purse. He told them he had but eighteen pence, which he freely gave them. This, by a general vote, was condemned to be spent on booze for his initiation. Then they commanded him to kneel down, which being done, one of the chief of them took a gage of booze, which is a quart of drink, and poured the same on his head, saying: "I do by virtue of this sovereign liquor install thee in the roage, and make thee a free denizen of our ragged regiment. So that
henceforth it shall be lawful for thee to cant, and to carry a doxy or mot along with thee, only observing these rules: First, that thou art not to wander up and down all countries, but to keep to that quarter that is allotted to thee. And, secondly, thou art to give way to any of us that have borne all the offices of the wallet before; and upon holding up a finger, to avoid any town or country village where thou seest we are foraging for victuals for our army that march along with us. Observing these two rules, we take thee into our protection, and adopt thee a brother of our numerous society."

Having ended his oration, Nevison rose up, and was congratulated by all the company's hanging about him like so many dogs about a bear, and leaping and shouting like so many madmen, making such a confused noise with their gabbling that the melody of a dozen of oyster-wives, the scolding at ten conduits, and the gossiping of fifteen bake-houses were not comparable unto it. At length he that installed him cried out for silence, bidding the French and English pox to light on their throats for making such a yelping. Then fixing their eyes upon Nevison, he read a lecture to him out of the devil's horn-book, as followeth.

"Now," saith he, "that thou art entered into our fraternity, thou must not scruple to act any villainies which thou shalt be able to perform, whether it be to nip a bung, bite the Peter Cloy, the lurries crash, either a bleating cheat, cackling cheat, grunting cheat, quacking cheat, Tib-oth-buttery, Margery Prater, or to cloy a mish from the crack man's — that is, to cut a purse, steal a cloak-bag or portmanteau, convey all manner of things, whether a chicken, sucking-pig, duck, goose, hen, or steal a shirt from the hedge; for he that will be a quier cove, a professed rogue, must observe this rule, set down by an ancient pat Rico in these words:

'Wilt thou a-begging go. o per se-o, o per se-o.  
Then must thou God forsake,  
And to the devil thee be take.  
O per se-o, etc.'

"And because thou art yet but a novice in begging, and understandest not the mysteries of the canting language, to principle thee the better thou shalt have a doxy to be thy companion, by whom thou mayst receive fit instructions for thy purpose."
And thereupon he singled him out a girl of about fourteen years of age, which tickled his fancy very much, that he had gotten a young wanton to dally withal. But this was not all; he must presently be married to her, after the fashion of their pat Rico, who amongst beggars is their priest; which was done after this manner.

They got a hen, and having cut off the head of it, laid the dead body on the ground, placing him on the one side, and his doxy on the other; this being done, the pat Rico, standing by, with a loud voice bid them live together till death did them part. Then one of the company went into the yard and fetched a dry cow-turd, which was broken over his doxy's head, in imitation of a bride-cake; and so, shaking hands and kissing each other, the ceremony of the wedding was over, and for joy of the marriage they were all as drunk as beggars; but then to hear the gabbling noise they made would have made anyone burst himself with laughing. Some were jabbering in the canting language, others in their own; some did nothing but weep, and profess love to their mots; others swore swords and daggers to cut the throats of their doxies if they found them tripping; one would drink a health to the bride till he slavered again; some were for singing bawdy songs, others were devising oaths for justices of peace, head-
boroughs and constables. At last, night approaching, and all their money being spent, they betook themselves to a barn not far off, where they couched a hogshead in the dark man's, and went to sleep.

Nevison, having met with this odd piece of diversion in his journey, slipped out of the barn, when all were asleep, took horse and posted directly away. But coming to London, and finding his name too much noised about to induce him to stay there, he returned into the country, and fell to his own pranks again. Several who had been robbed by him happened to meet him, and could not help thinking but his ghost walked, considering the report of his pestilential death in Lincoln Jail. In short, his crimes became so notorious that a reward was offered to anyone who would apprehend him. This made many waylay him, especially two brothers named Fletcher, one of whom Nevison shooting dead, he got off; from whence going into a little village about thirteen miles from York, he was taken by Captain Hardcastle and sent to York Jail, where in a week's time he was tried, condemned, and executed, aged forty-five.
JOHN COTTINGTON *ALIAS* MUL-SACK
Chimney-Sweep, Pickpocket and Highwayman, who brought off some big Coups. Executed in April, 1655

The father of John Cottington, or Mul-Sack, as he was oftener called, was a haberdasher of small wares in Cheapside, and one time reputed to be pretty wealthy; but having a large extensive family, and being himself very fond of what is commonly called good company, he so far wasted his substance as to die very poor — even so poor as to be buried by the parish. This was an unhappy thing for his children, who were no less than nineteen in number, fifteen of which were daughters, and John was the youngest of them all of either sex, which exposed him perhaps to more misfortunes than those who had some reason to govern themselves by, at the time when they became orphans.

At about eight years of age he was put out apprentice to a trade no less honourable than chimney-sweeping. He was bound for a great many years, as he was so young at the time of going to his master; but he took care not to make his servitude longer than ordinary, for instead of adding six or seven years, he cut off two from the usual term, and ran away in the fifth year of his apprenticeship, apprehending that as he was got into his teens he was as good a man as his master, and being confident that he had learned enough of his trade for him to live upon.

He had not been long gone from his master before he perceived business coming on him even as fast as he could wish, and he made all the advantage possible.
of his good fortune — not in the usual sneaking manner, by hoarding up all he got, but by behaving himself like a gentleman, swearing at everyone that offended him, and assuming to himself almost as much state as the old chimney-sweeper below, who we may be certain is haughty, because to say anyone is as proud as Lucifer is become a proverb. Nor was it only in Cottington's carriage that you might observe the effects of his good fortune, for he lived in the best manner possible; no liquor but sack, forsooth, would go down with him, and that too must always be mulled, to make it the more pleasant. It was from this that he got his name of Mul-Sack, by which he was commonly called, and by which we shall choose to distinguish him in the following account of his exploits.

One evening Mul-Sack was drinking at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street when he observed what he thought was a beautiful woman; and being naturally pretty amorous, and at that time in particular warm with his favourite liquor, he made his addresses to her. Madam appeared to be none of the coyest, for she received him very freely, only nothing but matrimony would go down with her, which did not thoroughly please him. "Yet why," thought he at last, "should I be against it? I can keep myself and a wife very well, and I never saw a woman whom I could like better than this; therefore, hang it! I'll e'en take her, for better for worse." Upon this he immediately gave her his hand, and there were no more words to the bargain, but away they tramped to the Fleet together; where divinity linked their hands, pronounced them man and wife, and prayed heartily for their welfare; in particular, that they might be successful in their honest and lawful endeavours for the procreation of children, which, as the holy office of the Church informs us, is the principal end of matrimony.

But how was our jolly bridegroom deceived at night when he found himself espoused to an hermaphrodite, and that the lady he had married was no other than a person well known by the name of Aniseed Robin? The redundancy of nature was soon discovered, and the bride confessed her fault, or, if you please, his fault, with abundance of seeming contrition, while poor Mul-Sack had nothing more to do in bed than to go to sleep as usual.

This disappointment in matrimony had a great effect upon our gentleman's manners; for whereas he was never before known to be guilty of any worse crime than spending his money, sitting up late, and keeping jovial company, he now ran into all sorts of extravagances. In particular, he got acquainted with five noted amazons in Drury Lane, who were called the women shavers, and whose actions were then much talked of about town, till, being apprehended for a riot, and one or two of them severely punished, the rest fled to Barbados. Mul-Sack was once present when these furies got a poor woman among them whom one of them suspected of having been great with her husband. As a punishment for this they stripped her as naked as she was born, beat her with rods in a terrible manner, and then shaved off all the hair about her whole body. After that they soused her in a tub of soapsuds over head and ears, and in fine almost killed her, in spite of all her tears, cries and protestations of innocence.

After the law — the greatest enemy that people of this character have in the world — had deprived Mul-Sack of these worthy companions, he resolved to pursue his amours elsewhere, and to that purpose appeared, when out of his business, in a very smart and genteel manner; being withal a graceful person, and having a very extraordinary flow of words for a man of his calling. With these accomplishments he
found means to insinuate himself into the good liking of a merchant's wife in Mark Lane, who had before this none of the best of characters. This lady had originally been very handsome, but by a long course of amours her beauty was a little the worse for wearing when Mul-Sack became acquainted with her. However, what she wanted in person she made up in purse; for our smut made a shift to squeeze out of her about one hundred and twenty pounds before she fell sick and died, which happened not a great while afterwards.

Mul-Sack had lately been so plentifully supplied with money, that when his kind benefactress departed this life, and changed this vain world, as we ought in Christian charity to believe, for a better, he could not think of applying himself to business anew, and relapsing again to his sooty occupation.

Mul-Sack now turned pickpocket — a calling that generally serves for an introduction to the gentlemen who make the heroes of this history. As a trial of his dexterity, the first thing he did was to take a very valuable gold watch, set with diamonds, from a lady of chief quality in those times of usurpation. One Mr Jacob, a man very much followed by the Precisians, preached at that time a weekly lecture at Ludgate church, and the gentlewoman we are speaking of was one of his admirers and constant attendants. Mul-Sack had taken notice for some time how the pretty bauble hung dangling at her side by a gold chain. One of the companions he had engaged on this occasion found means to take out the pin of one of the coach wheels, so that the wheel fell, and the coach caused an obstruction just under the gate. The end of this was to make a crowd, and oblige madam to alight before she came to the church door; all which was effected, and Mul-Sack stood ready, dressed in what was then the height of the mode, to offer the lady his arm into the church. He presented himself very impudently, the favour was kindly accepted, and by the way he found means to cut the gold chain in two, and secure the watch as they passed through the crowd. The loss was not perceived till Mr Jacob concluded, when the devout gentlewoman was going to see how long the spiritual meal had lasted. But, alas! all the consolation she had received vanished after her darling watch.

We are informed that, before Mul-Sack left off this trade, he was once so impudent as to attempt the pocket of Cromwell himself, and the danger he then ran of being detected was the occasion of his leaving this secret sort of knavery and taking to the highway, in company with one Tom Cheney.

These two fellows had the courage and confidence to set upon Colonel Hewson, a great man in those times, and one who had been advanced from a cobbler to the dignity he then enjoyed merely because his conscience was according to the measure of that time; that is very large, or if you please very small, which expressions, the witty author of Hudibras tells us, signify the same thing. The colonel's regiment was then marching to Hounslow, and he not so far before it but some of the troopers saw the action of our bravoes. Nobody can doubt but they were soon pursued; yet by the help of a good horse Mul-Sack got clear off; but Cheney's beast failing him he was obliged to stand in his own defence, which he did very stoutly, till he was overpowered by numbers, desperately wounded, taken prisoner, and carried to Newgate. Sessions began at the Old Bailey within a few days after, and Cheney, being brought to the bar, begged to have his trial put off on account of his wounds. But the favour could not be obtained; for they caused a chair to be brought for him to sit in, obliged him to plead, and passed sentence of death upon him. What
The next companion Mul-Sack entered into articles with was one Mr Horne, a very bold man, and a pewterer by trade, though he had been formerly a captain in Colonel Downe's regiment of foot. Their engagement was to act in concert, offensively and defensively, like generous highwaymen. But neither did this partnership subsist long; for the first considerable action they ventured on was fatal to the poor captain, he being taken in the pursuit, while Mul-Sack had still the good fortune to escape. The captain's fate was the same as Cheney's, saving that he continued in good health till the hour of his execution, when he behaved with so much bravery and gallantry that his death drew tears from a great part of the spectators, particularly from that sex who know the value of a brave man so well as always to be grieved when such a one dies, especially at Tyburn.

His companions having such ill success, Mul-Sack was resolved to try his fortune alone, and he several times practised his calling upon committee-men, sequestrators, Members of Parliament, etc., who were then almost the only men in the nation worth robbing, they having plundered everybody else, and gotten the wealth of England into their own hands. In all these adventures he was as fortunate as he could wish, which prompted him forwards to attempt still greater things. Being informed that four thousand pounds were coming from London to pay the regiments quartered at Oxford and Gloucester, he resolved to venture his life for so considerable a sum, though two or three men well armed were appointed for a convoy. Just at the close of day, when the wagon was past Wheatley, and at the foot of a hill, he started from an ambuscade, presented his pistol, and bid the carrier stand. He would have certainly now gone to pot if the guard had not thought it impossible he should attempt such an action without company, but the apprehension of more behind the hedge made these sturdy fellows ride for their lives, and leave our adventurer to secure the booty; which he spent with as much mirth as he had obtained it with danger.

There were also two or three passengers in this wagon who were frightened terribly; but Mul-Sack generously told them he had no design upon what they had. "This," says he, "that I have taken, is as much mine as theirs who own it; being all extorted from the public by the rapacious members of our Commonwealth, to enrich themselves, maintain their janizaries, and keep honest people in subjection; the most effectual way to do which is to keep them very poor."

It is said that Mul-Sack got more money than any highwayman of his time, though no man was less suspected than he by his acquaintance in town. When out of his calling he appeared like a merchant, talked always about business, and was seen on 'Change very often, these being the methods he used to conceal his trade; for nothing betrays a man so soon as endeavouring to hide himself.

One time, having notice that the Receiver-General at Reading was to send up six thousand pounds to London by an ammunition wagon, he immediately contrived to save that trouble, and bring it up to town himself on his own horse. An accomplice was necessary in this undertaking, and he soon found one, by whose assistance he scaled the receiver's house the night before the money was to be carted. The window
They got in at was next to the garden, where they left the ladder standing, and came off at the present very well, having bound all the family, to prevent any alarm whereby they might be discovered.

But an affair of this kind, as might very well be expected, made a great noise, and Mul-Sack was apprehended in town by some who had seen him in Reading the evening the fact was committed. Upon this he was sent down to Reading, and tried at the next assizes for Berkshire before Judge Jermyn, who did all he could to hang him. Nevertheless, by his cunning, he found means either to baffle the evidence or to corrupt the jury by his money, so far that he was acquitted, the proofs against him being only circumstantial.

Not long after this narrow escape our offender, growing in wickedness, added murder to his former crimes. The person on whom it was committed was one John Bridges, with whose wife he had before contracted a familiarity. On this account he fled beyond the sea, and got himself introduced at the Court of King Charles II., who was then in exile.

He got so much intelligence here, that he ventured home again, upon a presumption of obtaining his pardon from Oliver Cromwell, as a reward for what he could discover of affairs amongst the King's friends. Accordingly, he applied himself to the usurper, confessed his crime, and made very large promises, upon the performance of which Cromwell assured him of his life. But whether he could not be as good as his word, or whether the Protector thought such an abandoned wretch utterly unfit to live, so it was that he was apprehended, condemned, and executed in Smithfield Rounds, in April, 1655, being forty-five years of age.
EDWARD AND JOAN BRACEY

Who robbed on the Highway together, the Woman being executed in 1685
and the Man being killed by a Gunshot Wound

THese two criminals flourished from the year 1680 to 1684, during which
time they committed a great number of robberies and frauds. Their natural inclinations
to such a manner of living first brought them together, and kept up the union between
them till they were separated by justice, though we cannot learn that they were ever
married, Joan only assuming the name of her companion, as is common in such cases,
the better to colour their living together, and impose on the world.

Edward Bracey had been a highwayman before he fell into company with his
pretended wife, who was the daughter of a wealthy farmer in Northamptonshire,
named John Phillips. The beginning of their acquaintance was Bracey's making love
to her in hopes of getting a large sum of money out of the old man for a marriage
portion, and then leaving both wife and father-in-law. But he was very agreeably
deceived; for Joan was as good as he. She suffered herself to be first debauched by
him, and then consented to rob her father, and go along with him on the pad; all which
she accordingly accomplished. They now passed for husband and wife wheresoever
they went, frequently robbed together on the highway, and as often united in picking
of pockets and shoplifting at all the country fairs and markets round about.

It was next to impossible that they should continue this course of life long
together without coming into trouble. One or the other of them was often in danger of
the gallows, but they had both the good fortune to escape till they had got a large
quantity of money. The dread of justice more than a desire to live honestly now
prevailed upon them to quit their vocation and take to some creditable business, in
which they might spend the remainder of their days in quiet, and live comfortably
upon what they had acquired by their industry. In order to do this they took an inn in
the suburbs of Bristol, where they met with success, having a large trade in particular
for wine, which was occasioned by the beauty of our landlady. It is no uncommon
thing for a husband to get money by his having a handsome wife, especially if they
have both art enough to manage an intrigue, which was the present case. All the gay
young fellows of the place came to drink with Madam Bracey, purely for the sake of
having an opportunity to discover their love. She gave them all encouragement so
long as they could spend a great deal of money, and then took care not only to turn
them out of doors, but to expose them sufficiently.

It may not be amiss to give an instance of this her manner of using her suitors.
One Mr Day, an eminent citizen of Bristol, was among the number of her humble
servants. He made her a great many fine proposals, and she received them all with
abundance of complaisance, consenting at last that he should make use of the first
opportunity that offered to take a night's lodging with her. In a little time Mr Day was
informed that his landlord, Bracey, was to be abroad on such a night, and that nothing
could happen more favourably to his wishes. He went at the time appointed with all
the ardour of a lover, and was received by a maidservant, who told him her mistress
had gone to bed, and waited impatiently for him; but desiring him however to pull off
his clothes, and leave them in another room, where he might be concealed, and have
time to dress himself again, in case any surprise should happen. The innocent Mr Day thanked her for the contrivance, and hugged himself in the thought of the mistress's sincere affection, because the maid was so careful for his safety.

Mrs Abigail led him to the room appointed, put out the candle on account of mere modesty, and stayed at the door while Mr Day undressed himself; which he did in two minutes. Now the best of the comedy was to be played: our tractable maid conducted the gallant to a door, which she told him opened into her mistress's chamber, bid him enter softly, and immediately turned the key upon him. Here Mr Day wandered about to find the bed, and pronounced the name of Mrs Bracey as loud as he dared, that she might give him directions; but no Mrs Bracey answered. He was sufficiently amazed at the oddness of the scene, but was yet more surprised when he tumbled down a pair of stairs against the back door of the house. The contrivance was now plain; he saw that mistress and maid were agreed not only to balk his passion, but to strip him of his clothes also. It was in vain to call and make protestations; he received no other answer than that the back door was only bolted, and he might open if he pleased, and go about his business.

This door opened into a narrow dirty lane, down which the common sewer ran; and there was no going out at it unless you got into a coach, or upon a horse, directly off the steps, which was the only use made of it, and that not often, especially in the winter-time, as it was at present. Mr Day knew all these inconveniences; but the terrible pinching cold, and the shame of being discovered if he stayed till broad daylight, made him go out, wade through the mud, and make the best of his way home, where he was heartily laughed at by those friends to whom he told the story; which were only such as he could not conceal it from, and even upon these he laid the severest injunctions imaginable never to divulge a word of it. They kept the secret from everybody else, but diverted themselves privately with poor Mr Day all his life afterwards.

Everyone whom our honest innkeepers imposed on were not, however, so easy as Mr Day; so that in less than a twelvemonth's time their house became so scandalous that they were obliged to leave it, and then they had nothing to do but to take to their old courses again, being by this time pretty well got over the apprehensions they were under of a halter. At their first setting out again they played such a trick as was hardly ever matched, which was the woman's contrivance as well as Bracey's. We shall relate this also, in as few words as we can conveniently.

A young gentleman who had spent his fortune had used their house all the time they had been at Bristol, and got a pretty deal into their debt. They knew he was heir to an estate of about a hundred pounds a year, which was kept from him only by the life of an old distempered uncle, and they had a mighty itching to get this reversion into their hands. In order to this, Joan threatened him grievously with a prison for what he owed them, till she perceived he was heartily frightened, and would do anything to keep his liberty. She knew besides that he was viciously inclined, and only wanted a little introduction to be made anything of that they could wish. Upon this she told him what she and her husband were going upon, and prevailed with him to join them. In a day or two after she informed him that a rich tradesman was coming to Bristol with a large quantity of money, and that he must accompany her husband to-morrow to take it from him. Accordingly Bracey and the young man set out, stopped a person on the road, and took from him above a hundred
pounds, with which they returned home together. The man that was robbed had been sent out with the money in his pocket for that very purpose.

As soon as the fact was over, and they had got their dupe safe, madam told him plainly that he must make over the reversion of his estate to them, or her husband should immediately swear the robbery upon him, and get him hanged for it. The terror he was under, and the promise of liberty upon complying, made him do all they desired. After which they still kept him in their house till they had sold it again, obliging him to assure the purchaser that he had received a valuable consideration of Mr Bracey; which was readily enough believed, because everybody knew the young gentleman's extravagances. They got fourteen hundred pounds by this bargain, with which they immediately made off, leaving the unfortunate spark to lament his folly. The name of this young man was Rumbald.

Joan after this usually dressed herself in men's apparel, and she and her fellow-adventurer committed a great many robberies together on the highway. At last, however, fortune put an end to their progress in iniquity; for as they were robbing a person of quality's coach together in Nottinghamshire, madam was apprehended, and carried to Nottingham Jail. At the next assizes she was condemned by the name of Joan Bracey, and in April, 1685, she was executed, aged twenty-nine years.

Her pretended husband got off at the time she was taken, and concealed himself for some time after by skulking about the country. One day, being at a public inn, he was seen by somebody whom he had robbed, who immediately got assistance, and came to take him, being at the stair-foot with armed men before Bracey knew anything of the matter. It happened that in the room where he was, one of the drawers had left his cap and apron, which Bracey in a moment snatched up and put on, running downstairs ready to break his neck, and crying out as he ran, "Coming, gentlemen, coming," as if he were waiting upon company above. This stratagem preserved his life a little longer, for the gentleman who came to secure him, not apprehending anything, let him pass as a drawer, though he had taken so much notice of his face before; so that he got his horse out of the stable and rode off while they were searching the house for him. Two or three of his companions, who were with him in the inn, and knew nothing of the occasion of his running down so, were apprehended and brought to justice.

This escape, however, did him but little service; for about three or four days after, stopping at a little house to drink, and leaving his white mare, on which he usually robbed, at the door, another gentleman who had suffered by him came by, alarmed the neighbourhood upon his knowledge of the beast, and beset the house before he had the least notice. As soon as he heard a noise of men at the door he ran out, and attempted to mount; but two or three pieces were instantly discharged at him, one of them killing his mare, and another taking off several of his fingers. He then endeavoured to leap over some pales, and get off by the back side of the house, when another discharge was made at him from a fowling-piece, which lodged several great goose-shot in his guts, and wounded him so that he dropped down on the place and died in three days afterwards.
JONATHAN SIMPSON

A Highwayman who was witty with a Halter round his Neck and, being reprieved, found that Newgate would not have him. Executed 8th of September, 1686

JONATHAN SIMPSON was the son of a very wealthy inhabitant of Launceston, in Cornwall, and his father put him apprentice to a linen-draper in Bristol when he was about fourteen years of age. When he had served out his time, which he did with reputation, the same indulgent father gave him fifteen hundred pounds to set up with in the city, where he was free, and where he soon fell into great business and got money apace.

In less than a year after he had kept shop he married a merchant's daughter of the same place, who brought him a fortune of two thousand pounds. This was a great addition to his wealth; but the union proved unhappy, because the young lady was before engaged in affection to a gentleman of less fortune in the neighbourhood, whom her father hindered her from having, and with whom she continued a familiarity that soon displeased her husband.

Such a crisis as this must be a great trial for any man; but there can be no excuse sufficient to defend a person that invades the property of another. Almost any man in such a case would have run into extravagances; but none but a man who was viciously inclined would have turned highwayman, as Simpson now did. He had above five thousand pounds of his own, but his expenses were of a piece with the rest of his actions; for at the end of eighteen months he had not a penny left of all this large sum, or of all the money he had during that time taken on the road.

While his money lasted he played with the law; for though he was once or twice discovered, he made up the matter, and prevented a prosecution.

No sooner had Simpson wasted all his substance but he was apprehended and condemned at the Old Bailey for a robbery on the highway, and he must certainly have swung for it if some of his rich relations had not procured him a reprieve from above. It came when he was at Tyburn, with the halter about his neck, and just ready to be turned off in company with several others. As he was riding back to Newgate behind one of the sheriff's officers, the officer asked him if he thought anything of a reprieve when he came to the gallows. "No more," said Simpson, "than I thought of my dying day." A very pretty expression at that time.

When he was brought to the prison door, the turnkey refused to receive him, telling the officer that, as he was sent to be executed, they were discharged of him, and would not have anything to do with him again, unless there was a fresh warrant for his commitment; whereupon Simpson made this reflection: "What an unhappy cast-off dog am I, that both Tyburn and Newgate should in one day refuse to entertain me! Well, I'll mend my manners for the future, and try whether I can't merit a reception at them both the next time I am brought hither." He was as good as his word; for it was believed he committed above forty robberies in the county of Middlesex within six weeks after his discharge.
He was a very good skater, and made a practice of robbing people on the ice between Fulham and Kingston Bridge, in the great frost of 1689, which held thirteen weeks. He used to kick up their heels and then search their pockets.

One time a gentleman whom he stopped gave him a fine silk purse full of counters, which he took for gold, and so did not examine them till he came to his inn at night. When he found himself outwitted he made no words of it, but kept the brass booty in his pocket, looking out frequently for his benefactor, whom he knew to be often on the road. At the end of about four months he met his worship again, on Bagshot Heath, when, riding up to the coach — "Sir, ' says he, "I believe you made a mistake the last time I had the happiness to see you, in giving me these pieces; I have been troubled ever since for fear you should have wanted them at cards, and am glad of this opportunity to return them. Only for my care I require you to come this moment out of your coach and give me your breeches, that I may search them at leisure, and not trust any more to your generosity, lest you should mistake again." The gentleman was obliged to comply by a pistol, and Simpson found at night that the freight of his breeches was a gold watch, a gold snuff-box, and a purse containing ninety-eight guineas and five jacobuses.

Another time he robbed the Lord Delamere on Dunmoor Heath of three hundred and fifty guineas, persuading his lordship first to send away all his attendants, on a sham pretence of two highwaymen that were just before who had robbed him of forty pounds. This action made his lordship swear never to do a good-natured deed again to a stranger. The robberies he committed on drovers, pedlars, market-people, etc., were almost innumerable. He stopped in one day nineteen of those people between London and Barnet, and took from them above two hundred pounds. He even ventured to attack the Duke of Berwick, natural son to King James II., and take from him his watch, rings and money, amounting in all to a great value.

This great malefactor was at last apprehended near Acton, by means of two captains of the Foot Guards, whom he attempted to rob both together. There was an obstinate fight between them, and Simpson behaved himself with so much bravery that in all probability he would not have been taken if one of the officers had not shot his horse under him, though he was before that wounded in both his arms and one of his legs. Nay, even when he was dismounted he defended himself till other passengers came up and secured him, which his adversaries were scarce able to do, they being also both very much hurt. When he was sent to Newgate he now found the keeper so much his friend as to receive him; neither did Tyburn this time refuse to bear his burden. He was hanged on Wednesday, the 8th of September, 1686, aged thirty-two years.
WILLIAM CADY

A Highwayman who shot a Woman before the Eyes of her Husband for the Wedding-Ring she had swallowed. Executed in 1687

THIS unhappy gentleman was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk. His father was an eminent surgeon in that place, and very careful of his son's education. After a course of grammar learning, Will was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he was servitor to the father of the present Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Townshend, at that time a student in Trinity College. He profited so well as in time to be made Bachelor of Arts, and continued at his studies till the death of his father. The decease of a parent to a young gentleman, as Cady was, is often the crisis of fortune and the time that fixes his future fate. When a man becomes his own master, we learn in what he places his happiness, and what has before given a prevailing turn to his thoughts then influences his actions. Will, immediately upon the news, withdrew from the Muses and went up to London, where he professed physic; for his father made so good use of what he had in his lifetime, that he left nothing behind him. The first patient he had was his own uncle, who was dangerously ill of an imposthume; and the manner how he cured him is very well worth relating in this place.

When he came into his uncle's chamber, the first thing he did was to examine the state of the old gentleman's stomach. To this purpose he hunted the room all over, moved every dish, plate and basin he could see, all under a pretence of finding out what they gave him to eat, though in reality to find a proper occasion for the experiment he afterwards tried. At last he spied an old saddle under the bed. Upon which he seemed to start, crying out: "Uncle, your case is very desperate." "Not so bad, I hope," says the uncle, "as to make me past recovery." "Heaven knows that!" cried Cady; "but a surfeit is a terrible thing, and I perceive you have got a violent one." "A surfeit!" replied the old gentleman. "You mistake, nephew; it is an imposthume that I am afflicted with." "The devil it is!" quoth Cady. "Why, I could have sworn it was a surfeit; for I perceive you have eaten a whole horse, and left us only the saddle!" At this he held up the saddle in his hands, and the old gentleman fell into such a fit of laughing that instantly his imposthume broke; so that he became a well man again in less than a fortnight.

Cady's uncle gave him fifty guineas for performing so speedy and unexpected a cure; all which he spent in less than a month. It was not long after that he bid adieu to Galen and Hippocrates, and betook himself to the highway for a livelihood. The first exploit which he performed was on Hounslow Heath, where, meeting with Monsieur Chevalier, Captain of Grenadiers in the first regiment of Foot Guards — afterwards killed in the West in the engagement against the Duke of Monmouth — and another gentleman, he rode boldly up to them and inquired the way to Staines, telling them he was a stranger in the country. They courteously told him they were going thither themselves, and that they should be very glad of his company, if he pleased to keep pace with them. Will thanked them for their civility and accepted of their proffer, riding and talking by the side of them for about a mile. At last seeing the coast clear, he without ceremony shot one of the good-natured guides through the head; then turning upon Chevalier, he told him if he did not deliver his money he should suffer the same fate with his companion. Chevalier said he was a captain of the
Guards, and therefore he must fight if he got anything from him. "If you are a soldier, sir," quoth Cady, "you ought to obey the word of command, other wise you know the sentence: I have nothing to do but to tie you neck and heels." "You are an unconscionable son of a b——h," says Monsieur, "to demand money of me, who never owed you any." "Sir," replied Cady, "there's not a man travels the road but what owes me money, if he has any about him. Therefore, as you are one of my debtors, if you do not pay me instantly, your blood shall satisfy my demands. The noble captain exchanged a shot or two with our highwayman, but had the misfortune at last to have his horse killed; upon which, seeing it was in vain to make any more resistance, he surrendered his gold watch, a diamond ring, and a purse of twenty-six guineas. Will, having collected all he could, tied the Frenchman neck and heels, nailed the hind lappets of his coat to a tree, and then rode off with his booty.

The next person he robbed was on Bagshot Heath. It was Lord Viscount Dundee, who was killed at the fight of Killiecrankie in Scotland, after the revolution. His honour was on horseback, attended only by a couple of footmen. Cady rode up to them full speed, inquiring if they did not see a single man ride that way harder than ordinary. Being told Yes, he presently added: "He has robbed me of twenty pounds, which I was going to pay my landlord, and I am utterly ruined." The man who had rode by was a confederate of Cady's, who had parted from him for that very purpose. My lord was touched with compassion at Will's complaint, and immediately ordered his footmen to pursue the villain. The servants rode away full stretch, and Cady after them some distance, till he thought they were far enough; then he turned back on his lordship, and robbed him of a gold watch, a gold snuff-box and sixty guineas in money. To make all safe, he shot the Viscount's horse, and then rode after the footmen, whom he found a mile off, with his comrade between them, prisoner. The fellows were surprised when Will bid them let the man go and seemed to laugh at them for what they had done, till at last they absolutely refused to part with their prize. Cady, upon that, swore they should, and a warm engagement ensued, continuing till one of the footmen was killed and the other was obliged to fly, who found his lord dismounted and robbed.

Dundee complained at Court of this abuse, and a reward of one hundred pounds was promised in the London Gazette to anyone who should apprehend Cady or his comrade, who were both very particularly described. Our adventurer now thought it safest to get out of the reach of justice; and to that end made the best of his way to Douay, in Flanders, where was an English seminary. As he was a scholar, he was easily admitted, upon the superior's examination, into the fraternity of Benedictine Friars, among whom he behaved with a great deal of seeming devotion and piety; so that he shortly attained a very extraordinary character. The natural result of this was his having a great number of penitents continually resorting to him to make a confession of their sins. Cady's piety, however, at last began to sit very uneasy upon him, and he was afraid his hypocrisy would in time be found out, for he looked upon himself as incapable of keeping the vows of poverty and chastity which he had made. This made him resolve to return to England again at all hazards, choosing to enjoy a merry though but a short life, rather than drag out many years under the strictness of ecclesiastical discipline. But there was money wanting before this could be done, and now his invention was racked for some method of raising a sufficient quantity.
He feigned himself indisposed, and kept his chamber several days, during which time he received visits from abundance of people, and, among others, from all of the fair sex who usually made him their confessor. He had singled out in his mind a couple of young gentlewomen who commonly came together, and were both very rich and very handsome. A brace of pistols he had also found means to procure. At last the ladies came, and when they had made their confession, he desired them to hear his. In short, he told them he was in great want of money, and if they did not instantly supply him, they should never depart alive. At the same time he held the pistols to their breasts, and commanded them not to make the least noise. The poor gentlewomen were almost out of their wits with fear, and trembled like aspen leaves while Cady made inquiry into their pockets, and found them lined with about fifty pistoles. To this he compelled them to make an offering of two diamond rings, which were on their fingers, and then laying them both on the bed, he gave them, after one another, a taste of his manhood, and robbed them of their virginity into the bargain. Next he gagged and tied them neck and heels, and then went out, pretending to the father of the convent that he would only take the air in the fields a little. But he went much farther afield than they expected; for he never returned again, but changed his canonical habit, and returned to England.

Even before he arrived at London he fell again into his old courses, though he had been two years out of his native country; for as he rode over Blackheath he met with one Sandal, a great hop merchant, and his wife, whom he commanded to "Stand and deliver." Sandal stood up smartly in his own defence, and fired two pistols without success; after which he was obliged to lie at the mercy of the enemy, who presently dismounted them both, and killed their horse (for they had but one), and then fell to rifling their pockets. He found about twenty-eight pounds upon the husband, but the wife had no more than half-a-crown. "Is this your way of travelling?" says Cady. "What! carry but half-a-crown in your pocket, when you are to meet a gentleman collector on the highway! I assure you, madam, I shall be even with you; therefore off with that ring on your finger." Mrs Sandal begged him to spare her wedding-ring, because she would not lose it for double the value, as she had kept and worn it above twenty years. "You whining bitch!" quothe Will. "Marriage may be d—d and you too. What, because you are a whore by licence, I must be more favourable to you than another woman I'll warrant! Give me the ring in a moment without any more cant, or I shall make bold to cut off your finger with it for dispatch, as I have served several of your sex before."

The good woman, finding all entreaties were in vain, pulled off her ring; but instead of giving it to Cady, instantly clapped it into her mouth and swallowed it, in hopes, by that means, of preserving what she so superstitiously prized. Cady fell to swearing and stamping like a madman, telling her that all her tricks were in vain; for he would that moment send her to the devil without her wedding-ring. Accordingly he shot her through the head, ripped her open, and took the ring out of her body in the presence of her husband, whom he had before bound, and who was in capable of uttering a word at the sight of such an unheard-of piece of barbarity. "Your wife's a bite, Sir," says the butcherly villain, "but I think I have bit the biter." And remounting his horse, he rode away with as little concern as if he had done no crime, leaving the sorrowful widower bound by his wife's body till some passengers came by and loosed him, and then carried the mangled corpse to the next inn.
The same night Cady came straight to London, but was afraid that even that
great city was not large enough to conceal him from the inquiry which such a horrid
action would naturally occasion. He did not stay therefore above an hour before he
took horse for Scotland, where he arrived and stayed about a month, without any
notice being taken of him. After this he came into England again, and as he was
making towards London, between Ferry Bridge and Doncaster in Yorkshire, he
overtook Dr Moreton, a prebendary of Durham. It would not be more strange to see a
horse refuse oats than to hear that such a gentleman as Cady would let a plump, sleek
clergyman pass unmolested, when he was in his power. "Stand and deliver" was the
precept, with the addition of "D — n you are a dead man if you hesitate." The
clergyman had never been used to such language before, and began to give him good
advice, counselling him very gravely to refrain from such ill courses, and telling him
the hazard he ran, both with respect to his soul and his body. But all his preaching was
in vain; for Cady looked upon him with all the moroseness he could collect in his
countenance, and told him that his doctrine had no effect, and the pretence of religion
was framed only to preserve what he had before got in the same way. Adding, that if
he did not speedily deliver what he had, he should send him out of the world. "But
that," quoth he with a sneer, "is nothing to a man of your cloth; for doubtless all the
clergymen are prepared for death at any time, and certain of eternal happiness."

While Cady was uttering these words, a stone-horse in an adjacent field,
smelling his mare, leaped over the hedge, and came snorting and neighing to her like a
mad creature. Will was so busy with Mr Doctor that he took no notice of the stallion
till his mare was covered and he dismounted. The poor parson was glad of an
opportunity to save his bacon; so as soon as he saw Cady on the ground he rode off as
fast as he could. "The devil take all whoring," cried Will, "if horses must practise it
too! However, Mr Mettle, I shall go nigh to spoil your sport before the game be over."
He was as good as his word, for instantly pulling out a pistol he shot the horse, and
then remounted his mare and rode after divinity.

In three quarters of a. mile he overtook poor Moreton, and accosted him with
"You unreasonable unmannerly dog! what do you mean to leave a man in the midst of
his journey, without giving him anything to pay his charges?" The doctor had taken
care, as he rode off, to hide his money in a hedge, so that when Cady searched him he
found never a farthing. He could not, however, think that a man of his figure would
travel on horseback without any money in his breeches; so that he swore the reverend
priest should never go home alive if he did not inform him what he had done with his
mammon. The doctor standing to it that he had none, our bloody wretch instantly shot
him through the heart, which to him was no more than making a good meal when he
was hungry.

After this he took a journey into Norfolk with an intent to see his friends and
relations at Thetford, but meeting a coach within two or three miles of that town, with
three gentlemen and a gentlewoman in it, could not forbear riding up to it and making
the usual compliment. The gentlemen were resolved to dispute a point with him, and
stood bravely upon their guard, one of them firing off a blunderbuss without doing
him any other damage than just grazing across his left arm, and tearing his coat,
waistcoat and shirt. This put him into a violent passion, so that after he had taken
about one hundred and thirty pounds from them all, he swore that the loss of his
money should not entitle him that had shot him to any quarter. He was always as good
as his word in these cases — the poor gentleman was left dead in the coach; and then,
cutting the reins and traces off the horses, he rode off, without going to Thetford to see his acquaintance.

Now he steers his course towards London as fast as he can; and coming over Finchley Common attacks a lady, who was riding there for the air, attended by a single footman. He fell upon her in a very rude manner, pulling a diamond ring from her finger and a gold watch from her side; taking a purse with eighty guineas in it out of her pocket, and giving her a great deal of ill language. The honest footman, though the lady had commanded him not to meddle, could not forbear showing his resentment at Cady's unmanly behaviour. He returned his foul words with others of the same kind, calling him villain, rascal, thief, and other names of the same import, which were suitable to his character. Will Cady, without speaking a word, answered the poor fellow by sending a brace of balls through his head; then he cut the girths of the lady's saddle, and was going to make off, but the time which Providence had fixed for a period to his wicked actions was now come. Two gentlemen, who had seen the transaction at a distance, intercepted him, just as he put spurs to his horse, with pistols in their hands. Cady was very desperate when he saw his own danger. He fired as fast as he was able, and they as nimbly returned the same compliment, till a lucky ball lodged in his horse, and made him fall under him. After this he resolutely maintained his ground on foot for a considerable time, even till he had discharged all his pistols and entirely wearied himself. He was then apprehended and carried before a Justice of the Peace at Highgate, who committed him under a strong guard to Newgate, where he continued till the next sessions without any signs of remorse for the blood he had so plentifully shed within four years before.

When his trial came on at the Old Bailey he behaved agreeably to his character before that venerable court. The Lord Mayor and Recorder, he said, were a couple of old almshouses, and the jurymen were treated in the same manner. The matter of fact which he was indicted for was proved so plainly against him that he received sentence of death, and was put into the condemned hold; but even this place of horror and darkness had no effect upon his mind, for he continued to swear, curse, sing, roar, and get drunk, as he had always done before. What hardened him the more, was the dependence he had on some friends at Court, who had given him room to hope for a reprieve from King James II. who then reigned; but the many murders he had committed put a stop to the mercy which he might otherwise have obtained. His day of execution being come, and the cart stopping as usual under St Sepulchre's church wall, whilst the bellman rang his bell and repeated his exhortatory lines, instead of being affected with the admonition, he fell to swearing at the sheriff's officers, asking them why they detained him there to hear an old puppy chatter nonsense. At Tyburn he was just the same, being turned off without either conversing with the ordinary, praying by himself, or making any speech to the people. His exit was in 1687 when he was just twenty-five years of age.
PHILIP STANSFIELD, SON OF SIR JAMES STANSFIELD

Executed 15th of February, 1688, for the Murder of his Father and for High Treason

SIR JAMES STANSFIELD held the rank of colonel in the Parliamentary army. After Cromwell's victory at Dunbar he went to Scotland and established a woollen manufactory at Newmilns (now Amisfield) in the neighbourhood of Haddington, under the patronage of the Protectorate. At the Restoration, Parliament granted certain annuities and privileges to Colonel Stansfield, on whom Charles II. conferred the honour of knighthood. His prospects were, however, soon blasted, for in 1687 he was found murdered, as was supposed, by his eldest son, Philip, whom he had disinherited for his debauchery. This unfortunate man was brought up for trial, 6th of February, 1688, the indictment stating that, although his father had given him a liberal education, he had taken ill courses, and been detained prisoner in the Marshalsea, in Southwark, and in the public prisons of Antwerp, Orleans, and other places, from whence his said father had released him; and that notwithstanding, he fell to his debauched and villainous courses again. Whereupon, his father signifying his intentions to disinherit him and settle his estate upon John Stansfield, his second son, the said Philip Stansfield did declare he would cut his father's throat, and did attempt to assassinate his father by pursuing him in the highway, etc., and firing pistols upon him; which the said Sir James, his father, had declared to several persons of honour in his lifetime.

The court at Edinburgh, the 7th of February, 1688, met, and the assize, consisting of fifteen merchants and trades-men, being sworn without any challenge or exception to any of them, his Majesty's advocate produced his witnesses.

After evidence as to prisoner having drunk confusion to the King, and made others drink likewise, Agnes Bruce further deposed that she had often heard the prisoner vow and swear he would kill any person that offended him. That he conversed much with Janet Johnston, George Thomson and his wife (charged with being concerned in this murder), and used after supper at his father's to go to these persons. That she had frequently heard the prisoner curse his father, and express his hatred and abhorrence of him, and say he had hated his father these seven years; and this in his mother's presence. That the Friday before Sir James's death, Janet Johnston was a considerable time with the prisoner in his chamber. That she thought Sir James not so merry as usual the night before his death. That on the Saturday night when Sir James came home he went to his lady's chamber, where he did not stay a quarter of an hour; and that his lady fell a-quarrelling with him for going to another house before he came there. That the next morning, when Sir James was missed, the deponent went into his chamber to make a fire, and found the bed in better order than usual, and the candle at the bed's foot which used to be at the head. That the deponent desiring the body might be brought up to the chamber, the prisoner answered it should not enter there, for he had died more like a beast than a man; and that it was brought to a cellar within the close, where was very little light. That she heard the prisoner cry and lament when his father's body was found, but saw no tears. That he would have forced his father's chamber door open, but the key being found he entered, and took the gold
and money out of his pocket, and then searched the cabinet; that within an hour after
his father was brought from the water he got the buckles off his shoes and put them on
his own. That a short time before Sir James died, his lady having fallen into a swoon,
and afterwards telling the prisoner he was likely in a short time to lose his mother, he
answered in the deponent's hearing that his father should be dead first. That two
nights after Sir James's death the lady told this deponent that she heard the prisoner
had vowed his brother's death, and little less as to his father, upon his hearing Sir
James was about to settle his estate upon his brother; and that the lady renewed the
same expression to this deponent at Edinburgh, and added, what if they should put her
bairn in prison.

James Murehead, surgeon, deposed that upon the prisoner's assisting to lift the
body, after it had been sewed up, and clean linen put on, it darted out blood through
the linen, from the left side of the neck, which the prisoner touched; but that when the
deponent and the other surgeon put on the linen, and stirred and moved the head and
neck before, he saw no blood at all. (Sir Patrick Hume, in the prisoner's defence, said
that this was a superstitious observation, founded neither upon law nor reason.) His
Majesty's advocate desired that James Thomson, son to George Thomson, and Anna,
dughter to Janet Johnston, spouse to the said James Thomson, might be examined as
witnesses against the prisoner; but the prisoner's counsel opposed it, for that they were
but children, the boy being about thirteen, and the girl about ten years of age.
Whereupon the Court refused to admit them, but the jury desired that they be
permitted to declare what they knew, viz. —

The said James Thomson declared that Janet Johnston came to George
Thomson's (his father's) house between nine and ten o'clock that night Sir James was
killed, and the prisoner came thither soon after. His mother ordered him to go to bed,
which was in the same room, and beat him because he did not go presently. Anna
Mark, the said Janet's daughter, came for her to give her child suck, but Janet stayed a
considerable time after, and whispered with the said George Thomson, and he heard
the prisoner complain that his father would not give him money, and prayed the devil
might take his father, and God d —n his own soul if he should not make an end of his
father, and then all would be his, and he would be kind to them. Philip Stansfield and
Janet Johnston went away about eleven o'clock, and soon after his father and mother
came to bed. But his father and mother rose afterwards in the night and went out of
the house, and stayed away an hour and a half or two hours. His mother came in first,
and he pretended to be asleep when they returned, and he heard his father say the deed
was done; that the prisoner guarded the door with a drawn sword and a bended pistol;
that he never thought a man would have died so soon; that they carried him out to the
water-side and tied a stone about his neck, and leaving him there, they came back to
the little kiln, and considered if they should cast him in the water with the stone about
his neck or not, and whether they should cast him in far, or near the side; and that at
length they returned and took away the stone from about his neck, and threw him in
the water. His father said he was afraid, for all that, that the murder would come out.
And his mother said, "Hout, fool, there is no fear of that; it will be thought he has
drowned himself." When Sir James was found in the morning his mother said to his
father: "Rise quickly, for if you be found in your bed, they will say that you have had
a hand in the murder." The coat and waistcoat Sir James had on in the water being
sent to their house, his mother said she was frightened at it, and desired his father to
send it away. His mother said she was afraid to stay in the house in the evening, and
therefore went out with his father, if he went out, ever since Sir James died, which she
did not use to do before.

Anna Mark, daughter of Janet Johnston, declared that on the Saturday night
Sir James was killed the prisoner came to her mother's house and sent for George
Thomson and his wife, and then sent her to see if Sir James was come home. Upon
her bringing word that Sir James was come the prisoner ran down to Newmilns.
About eleven o'clock the same night her father sent her to find her mother, and she
found her with the prisoner at George Thomson's house, but her mother did not come
home till two in the morning. Whereupon her father said: "B — —, w — —, where
have you been so long?" She answered, "Wherever I have been, the deed is done," and
then went to bed. Her mother, ever after that, was afraid to be alone.

The jury found the prisoner guilty of all the facts laid in the indictment — viz.
of treason, cursing his father, and being accessory to his murder.

The assize finding him guilty, the Lords of Justiciary ordered him to be
hanged on the 15th of February, at the Cross of Edinburgh, and his tongue to be cut
out for cursing his father, and his right hand to be cut off for the parricide, and his
head to be put upon the East Port of Haddington, as nearest to the place of murder,
and his body to be hung up in chains betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and his lands and
goods to be confiscated for the treason.

All this was rigorously put into execution. Some thought," says Lord
Fontainhall, a contemporary judge, "if not a miraculous, yet an extraordinary return of
the imprecations was the accident of the slipping of the knots on the cross, whereby
his feet and knees were on the scaffold, which necessitated them to strangle him,
bearing therein a near resemblance to his father's death; and a new application having
been made that they might be allowed to bury him, Duke Hamilton was for it, but the
Chancellor would not consent, because he had mocked his religion. So his body was
hung up, and some days after being stolen down, it was found lying in a ditch among
some water, as his father's was; and by order was hung up again, and then a second
time was taken down."
THE NEWGATE CALENDAR

JOHN CHISLIE OF DALRY
Hanged 3rd of April, 1689, for the Murder of the Right Hon. Sir George Lockhart, of Cornwath, Lord President of the Court of Sessions, after being tortured under a Special Act

JOHN CHISLIE of Dalry was brought before the Lord Provost on the 1st of April, 1689, to be examined concerning the murder of Sir George Lockhart, committed on the day preceding. Sir John Lockhart of Castlehill, brother, and Cromwell Lockhart of Lee, nephew, of the deceased, appeared in court; and in their own name, and in that of the children of the deceased, gave an Act of the meeting of Estates of Parliament, passed that day, of the following purport: — That the Estates having considered the supplication of the friends of the deceased Sir George Lockhart, for granting warrant to the magistrates of Edinburgh to torture John Chislie of Dalry, perpetrator of the murder, and William Calderwood, writer in Edinburgh, an accomplice; therefore, in respect of the notoriety of the murder, and of the extraordinary circumstances attending it, the Estates appoint and authorise the Provost, and two of the bailies of Edinburgh, and likewise the Earl of Errol, Lord High Constable, and his deputies, not only to judge of the murder, but to proceed to torture Chislie, to discover if he had any accomplices in the crime. [Note: By the Act and declaration which the Estates of Parliament passed, just ten days after this trial, declaring King James to have forfaulted the crown, by illegal assumption and exercise of power, they declared, "That the use of torture, without evidence, and in ordinary crimes, is contrary to law."-Act of Estates, 11th of April, 1684.] The Estates at the same time declare that this extraordinary case shall be no precedent to warrant torture in time coming, nor argument to ratify it as to the time past.

The prisoner was then put to the torture, and declared that he was not advised to the assassination of Sir George Lockhart by any person whatever. That when at London he told James Stewart, advocate, that if he got no satisfaction from the President, he would assassinate him; and told the same to a person there of the name of Callender, and to Mr William Chislie, his uncle. He confessed that he charged his pistol on Sunday morning, and went to the new kirk, and having seen the President coming from the church, he went to the close where the President lodged, followed him, and when just behind his back shot him. That he was satisfied when he heard of the President's being dead; and on hearing it he said he was not used to doing things by halves. He also confessed that when at London he walked up and down Pall Mall with a pistol beneath his coat, lying in wait for the President.

The prisoner judicially confessed the crime libelled, and declared that he committed the murder because he thought the deceased had given an unjust sentence against him. Being asked if it was not a sentence pronounced in favour of his wife and children for their aliment, he declared he would not answer to that point, nor give any account thereof. Among other witnesses, Mr William Chislie, Writer to the Signet, deposed that he had not seen the prisoner since April, 1688, who then expressed his resentment against Sir George Lockhart, threatening to assassinate him for having decreed an aliment of seventeen hundred merks [about L.93 sterling] yearly to the prisoner's wife and ten children. The witness told the President of it, but he despised the threat. The jury all in one voice, by the mouth of Sir John Foulis of Ravelston,
their chancellor (i.e. foreman), found, by the prisoner's judicial confession, that he was guilty of the murder of Sir George Lockhart, etc.; and by the deposition of witnesses, that he was guilty of "murder, out of forethought felony."

The verdict was subscribed by the whole jury. The Lord Provost and bailies of Edinburgh sentenced the prisoner as follows:-

"That he be carried on a hurdle from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh to the Market Cross on Wednesday, the 3rd of April, inst.; and there, between the hours of two and four of the afternoon, to have his right hand cut off alive, and then to be hanged upon a gibbet, with the pistol about his neck with which he committed the murder. His body to be hung in chains between Leith and Edinburgh; his right hand fixed on the West Port; and his movable goods to be confiscated."
WILLIAM BEW

*Who practised the Art of Flattery on the Highway. Executed 17th of April, 1689*

WE have little more to say of this fellow than that he was the brother of Captain Bew, the notorious highwayman who was killed some years ago at Knightsbridge by one Figg and some thief-takers, and that he was himself as great an offender in that way as his said brother for most of his time; only his reign was shorter than that of some others, he being apprehended at Brainford before he had pursued the course many years, brought from thence to Newgate, and at the next execution tucked up at Tyburn. This fatal day to him was Wednesday, the 17th of April, in the year 1689.

The following story, which Bew himself used to tell, is of an adventure of Bew with a young lady, whom he overtook on the road, with her footman behind her. He made bold to keep them company a pretty way, talking all along of the lady's extraordinary beauty, and carrying his compliments to her to an unreasonable height. Madam was not at all displeased with what he said, for she looked upon herself to be every bit as handsome as he made her. However, she seemed to contradict all he told her, and professed with a mighty formal air that she had none of the perfections he mentioned, and was therefore highly obliged to him for his good opinion of a woman who deserved it so little. They went on in this manner, Bew still protesting that she was the most agreeable lady he ever saw, and she declaring that he was the most complaisant gentleman she ever met with. This was the discourse till they came to a convenient place, when Bew took an opportunity to knock the footman off his horse; and then addressing himself to the lady, "Madam," says he, "I have been a great while disputing with you about the beauty of your person; but you insist so strongly on my being mistaken, that I cannot in good manners contradict you any longer. However, I am not satisfied yet that you have nothing handsome about you, and therefore I must beg leave to examine your pocket, and see what charms are contained there." Having delivered his speech he made no more ceremony, but thrust his hand into her pocket and pulled out a purse with fifty guineas in it. "These are the charms I mean," says he; and away he rode, leaving her to meditate a little upon the nature of flattery, which commonly picks the pocket of the person it is most busy about.
PATRICK O'BRYAN
Hanged once for Highway Robbery, but lived to rob and murder the Man for whom he had been executed. Finally hanged 30th of April, 1689

THE parents of Patrick O'Bryan were very poor; they lived at Loughrea, a market-town in the county of Galway and province of Connaught in Ireland. Patrick came over into England in the reign of King Charles II., and listed himself into his Majesty's Coldstream Regiment of Guards, so called from their being first raised at a place in Scotland which bears that name. But the small allowance of a private sentinel was far too little for him. The first thing he did was to run into debt at all the public-houses and shops that would trust him; and when his credit would maintain him no longer, he had recourse to borrowing of all he knew, being pretty well furnished with the common defence of his countrymen — a front that would brazen out anything, and even laugh at the persons whom he had imposed on to their very faces. By such means as these he subsisted for some time.

At last, when he found fraud would no longer support him, he went out upon the footpad. Dr Clewer, the parson of Croydon, was one of those whom he stopped. This man had in his youth been tried at the Old Bailey, and burnt in the hand, for stealing a silver cup. Patrick knew him very well, and greeted him upon their lucky meeting; telling him that he could not refuse lending a little assistance to one of his old profession. The doctor assured him that he had not made a word if he had had any money about him, but he had not so much as a single farthing. "Then," says Patrick, "I must have your gown, sir." "If you can win it," quoth the doctor, "so you shall; but let me have the chance of a game at cards." To this O'Bryan consented, and the reverend gentleman pulled out a pack of the devil's books; with which they fairly played at all-fours, to decide who should have the black robe. Patrick had the fortune to win, and the other went home very contentedly, as he had lost his divinity in such an equitable manner.

There was in Patrick's time a famous posture master in Pall Mall; his name was Clark. Our adventurer met him one day on Primrose Hill, and saluted him with "Stand and deliver." But he was mightily disappointed, for the nimble harlequin jumped over his head, and instead of reviving his heart with a few guineas, made it sink into his breeches for fear, he imagining the devil was come to be merry with him before his time, for no human creature, he thought, could do the like. This belief was a little mortification to him at first; but he soon saw the truth of the story in the public prints, where Mr Clark's friends took care to put it, and then our Teague's qualm of conscience was changed into a vow of revenge if ever he met with his tumblership again; which, however, he never did.

O'Bryan at last entirely deserted from his regiment, and got a horse, on which he robbed on the highway a long time. One day in particular he met Nell Gwyn in her coach on the road to Winchester, and addressed himself to her in the following manner:- "Madam, I am a gentleman, and, as you may see, a very able one. I have done a great many signal services to the fair sex, and have in return been all my life long maintained by them. Now, as I know you are a charitable w—e, and have a great value for men of my abilities, I make bold to ask you for a little money, though I
never have had the honour of serving you in particular. However, if an opportunity should ever fall in my way, you may depend upon it I will exert myself to the uttermost, for I scorn to be ungrateful." Nell seemed very well pleased with what he had said, and made him a present of ten guineas. However, whether she wished for the opportunity he spoke of, or no, cannot be determined, because she did not explain herself; but if a person may guess from her general character, she never was afraid of a man in her life.

When Patrick robbed on the highway he perverted several young men to the same bad course of life. One Claudius Wilt in particular was hanged at Worcester for a robbery committed in his company, though it was the first he was ever concerned in. Several others came to the same end through his seductions; and he himself was at last executed at Gloucester for a fact committed within two miles of that city. When he had hung the usual time, his body was cut down and delivered to his acquaintance, that they might bury him as they pleased. But being carried home to one of their houses, somebody imagined they perceived life in him; whereupon an able surgeon was privately procured to bleed him, who by that and other means which he used brought him again to his senses. The thing was kept an entire secret from the world, and it was hoped by his friends that he would spend the remainder of his forfeited life, which he had so surprisingly retrieved, to a much better purpose than he had employed the former part of it. These friends offered to contribute in any manner he should desire towards his living privately and honestly. He promised them very fairly, and for some time kept within due bounds, while the sense of what he had escaped remained fresh in his mind; but the time was not long before, in spite of all the admonitions and assistance he received, he returned again to his villainies like a dog to his vomit, leaving his kind benefactors, stealing a fresh horse, and taking once more to the highway, where he grew as audacious as ever. It was not above a year after his former execution before he met with the gentleman again who had convicted him before, and attacked him in the same manner. The poor gentleman was not so much surprised at being stopped on the road as he was at seeing the person who did it, being certain it was the very man whom he had seen executed. This consternation was so great that he could not help discovering it, by saying: "How comes this to pass? I thought you had been hanged a twelvemonth ago." "So I was," says Patrick," and therefore you ought to imagine that what you see now is only my ghost. However, lest you should be so uncivil as to hang my ghost too, I think it my best way to secure you." Upon this he discharged a pistol through the gentleman's head; and, not content with that, dismounting from his horse, he drew out a sharp hanger from his side and cut the dead carcass into several pieces. This piece of barbarity was followed by another, which was rather more horrible yet. Patrick, with four more as bad as himself, having intelligence that Lancelot Wilmot, Esq., of Wiltshire, had a great deal of money and plate in his house which stood in a lonely place about a mile and a half from Trowbridge, they beset it one night and got in. When they were entered they tied and gagged the three servants, and then proceeded to the old gentleman's room, where he was in bed with his lady. They served both these in the same manner, and then went into the daughter's chamber. This young lady they severally forced one after another to their brutal pleasure, and when they had done, most inhumanly stabbed her, because she endeavoured to get from their arms. They next acted the same tragedy on the father and mother, which, they told them, was because they did not breed up their daughter to better manners. Then they rifled the house of everything valuable which they could find in it that was fit to be carried off, to the value in all of two thousand
five hundred pounds, After which they set the building on fire, and left it to consume, with the unhappy servants who were in it. Patrick continued above two years after this before he was apprehended, and possibly might never have been suspected of this fact if one of his bloody accomplices had not been hanged for another crime at Bedford. This wretch at the gallows confessed all the particulars, and discovered the persons concerned with him; a little while after which, O'Bryan was seized at his lodging in Little Suffolk Street, near the Haymarket, and committed to Newgate; from whence before the next assizes he was conveyed to Salisbury, where he owned the fact himself, and all the other particulars of his wicked actions that have been here related. He was now a second time executed, and great care was taken to do it effectually. There was not, indeed, much danger of his recovering any more, because his body was immediately hung in chains near the place where the barbarous deed was perpetrated. He was in the thirty-first year of his age at the time of his execution, which was on Tuesday, the 30th of April, in the year 1689.
THOMAS RUMBOLD

Who, if all the Stories about him be true, was a very notable Cheat.

Executed in 1689

THIS Thomas Rumbold was descended from honest and creditable parents at Ipswich, in Suffolk. In his youth he was put apprentice to a bricklayer, but evil inclinations having an ascendant over his mind, he went from his master before he had well served two-thirds of his time.

This elopement obliged him to pursue some irregularities to support himself. He absconded from his father's house, and having a desire to see London, he came up to town, where, getting into the company of a notorious gang of robbers, he went on the highway, and frequently took a purse. This course he continued some time, in conjunction with confederates; but having a mind to make prizes by himself, he ventured by himself, committing several depredations on his countrymen, the following whereof have come to our hands.

One time, being informed that the Most Reverend Dr William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of King James II., was to make a journey from Lambeth Palace to the city of Canterbury, he was determined to waylay him; and accordingly, getting sight of him between Rochester and Sittingbourne, in Kent, he gets into a field, and spreading a large tablecloth on the grass, on which he had placed several handfuls of gold, he then takes a box and dice out of his pocket, and falls a-playing at hazard by himself. His Grace riding by that place, and espying a man shaking his elbows by himself, sent one of his footmen to know the meaning of it. The man was no sooner come up to Rumbold, who was still laying very eagerly, swearing and staring like a fury at his losses, but he returns to the reverend prelate, and telling him what he had seen, his Grace stepped out of his coach to him, and seeing none but him, asked him who he was to play with? "Damn it," said Rumbold, "there's five hundred pounds gone. Pray, sir, be silent." His Grace going to speak again: "Aye," said Rumbold, "there's a hundred pounds more lost." "Prithee," said the Archbishop, "who art thou to play with?" Rumbold replied, With — —.—." "And how will you send the money to him?" "By," said Rumbold, "his ambassadors; and therefore, looking upon your Grace to be one of them extraordinary, I shall beg the favour of you to carry it him." Accordingly, giving his Grace about six hundred pounds in gold and silver, he put it into the seat of his coach, and away he rode to Sittingbourne to bait. Rumbold rode thither also to bait in another inn; and riding some short while before his Grace, as soon as he had sight of him again, he planted himself in another field in the same playing posture as he had before; which his Grace seeing, when riding by, went again to see this strange gamester, whom he then took to be really a madman. No sooner was his Grace approaching Rumbold, who then had little or no money upon his cloth, than he cried out: "Six hundred pounds." "What!" said the Archbishop, "lost again?" "No," replied Rumbold; "I won, by gad! I'll play this hand out, and then leave off. So, eight hundred pounds more, sir, won, I'll leave off while I'm well." "And whom have you won off?" said his Grace. "Off the same person," replied Rumbold, "that I left the six hundred pounds with you for before you went to dinner." "And how," said his Grace, "will you get your winnings?" Says Rumbold, "Off his ambassador too." So, riding up with sword and pistol in hand to his Grace's coach, he
took fourteen hundred pounds out of the seat thereof above his own money, which he had entrusted in his hands to give to —, and rode off.

One day, at Colebrook, being informed that a couple of travellers lay at a certain inn in the abovesaid town he rose early the next morning to waylay them in their journey to Reading, so went before them to surprise them at Maidenhead Thicket; but the travellers being cunning, they had given out in public the wrong road they were to go, for instead of riding to Reading, they went to Windsor, so that Rumbold, missing his prey, rode back again very melancholy, when meeting with the Earl of Oxford, who was attended only with one groom and a footman, he clapped his hair into his mouth to disguise himself for his intended design, and attacked his lordship with the terrifying words "Stand and deliver," withal swearing that if he made any resistance he was a dead man. The expostulations the Earl used to save what he had were as much in vain as to pretend to wash a blackamoor white; however he swore too that, since he must lose what he had, Rumbold should search his pockets himself, for he would not be at that trouble.

Upon this, our adventurer, commanding his lordship's servants to keep at above a hundred-foot distance upon pain of death, took the pains of searching the Earl, when, finding nothing but boxes and dice in the pockets of his coat and waistcoat, he began to rend the skies with many first-rate oaths, swearing also that he believed he was the groom-porter, or else some gaming sharper going to bite the poor country people at their fairs and markets, till searching his breeches, he found within a good gold watch and six guineas. He changed his angry countenance into smiling features, and giving his lordship eighteen-pence, bade him be of good cheer, go up to his regiment then at London as fast as he could, and do his duty as he ought, and when he next met with him he would give him better encouragement.

Rumbold having a long time observed a goldsmith in Lombard Street to be very intent in counting several bags of money was resolved to have a share out of some of them; but having tried several essays, still came off disappointed. He had several rings about him which he had got by robbing, one of which had a very fine diamond set in it. Money being wanting, and so many disappointments crossing his desires, he went to the goldsmith's to sell him the ring, in company with a servant he kept. On entering the shop he pulled the ring off his finger and asked him what it was worth. The goldsmith, looking on him, and then on the ring, hoped to make the ring his own for a small matter; and seeing our adventurer (who had disguised himself in a plain country dress), believed that he had little skill in diamonds, and that this came accidentally into his possession, and that he might purchase it very easily. Wherefore being doubtful what to answer as to the price, he told the countryman that the worth of it was uncertain, for he could not directly tell whether it was a right or a counterfeit one. As for that, said our pretended countryman, "I believe it is a right one, and dare warrant it; and indeed I intend to sell it, and therefore would know what you intend to give me for it." "Truly," replied the goldsmith," it may be worth ten pounds." "Yes, and more money," said the countryman.

"Not much more," answered the goldsmith; "for look you here," said he, "here is a ring which I will warrant is much better than yours, and I will also warrant it to be a good diamond, and I will sell it you for twenty pounds." This the goldsmith said, supposing that the countryman, who came to sell, had no skill, inclination or money to buy. But our pretended countryman, believing that the goldsmith only said this
thinking to draw him on to part with his own ring the more easily, and by that means cheat him, resolved, if he could, to be too wise for the goldsmith; wherefore, taking both the rings into his hands, through a pretence of comparing them together, he thus said: "I am sure mine is a right diamond." "And so is mine," replied the goldsmith. "And," said the countryman, "shall I have it for twenty pounds? Yes," replied the goldsmith. "But," said he, "I suppose you came to sell and not to buy; and since you shall see I will be a good customer, I will give you fifteen pounds for yours." "Nay," replied the countryman, "since I have the choice to buy or sell, I will never refuse a good pennyworth, as I think this is; therefore Master Goldsmith, I will keep my own, and give you money for yours." "Where is it?" said the goldsmith hastily. And endeavours then to seize on his ring —" Hold a blow there," said Rumbold; "here's your money, but the ring I will keep." The goldsmith, seeing himself thus caught, fluttered and bounced like a madman, and Rumbold, pulling out a little purse, tolled down twenty pieces of gold, and said: "Here, shopkeeper, here's your money, but I hope you will allow the eighteen-pence apiece in exchange for my gold." "Tell me not of exchange, but give me my ring," said the goldsmith. "It is mine," said the countryman, "for I have bought it, and paid for it, and have witness of my bargain." All this would not serve the goldsmith's turn, but he cursed and swore that Rumbold, the pretended countryman, came to cheat him, and the ring he would have; and at the noise several people came about the shop, but he was so perplexed he could not tell his tale. At length a constable came, and although the goldsmith knew not to what purpose, yet before a justice he would go. Rumbold seemed content, and therefore before a justice they went together. When they came there, the goldsmith, who was the plaintiff, began his tale, and said that the countryman had taken a diamond ring from him worth one hundred pounds, and would give him but twenty pounds for it. "Have a care," replied Rumbold, "for if you charge me with taking a ring from you, I suppose that is stealing, and if you say so, I shall vex you more than I have yet done"; and then he told the justice the whole story as here related, which was then a very plain case, and for the proof of the matter our pretended country gentleman's man was a witness. The goldsmith, hearing this, alleged that he believed the country gentleman and his man were both impostors and cheats. To this our adventurer replied, as before, that he had better have a care he did not make his case worse, and bring an old house over his head by slandering him thus; for it was well known that he was a gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, and lived at a place not above twenty miles from London, and that he, being desirous to sell a ring, came to his shop for that purpose; and he would have cheated him, but it proved that he only made a rod for his own breech, and what he intended for him had fallen upon himself. Thus did our adventurer make good his case; and the justice, seeing there was no injustice done, dismissed him, and ordered that his neighbour the goldsmith should have the twenty pieces of gold for twenty pounds, though they were worth more in exchange, and this was all the satisfaction he had.

Rumbold had a mighty itching after the goldsmiths' money in Lombard Street; he could not pass through that street and hear those tradesmen telling their sums but his hands longed to be feeling them. He had a boy who constantly attended him, who, every time his master had a mind to make some advantage to himself, went into a gold-smith's shop, took up a handful of money, and then, letting it all fall down on the counter, ran out. One time the boy performed this trick the servants in the shop ran after him and taxed him with stealing some of the money. Rumbold, who always vindicated his youngster, bade them take care what they said, and positively affirmed
that his boy had not taken a farthing, and must be so plain with them as to tell them that the goldsmith should pay for it. Hereupon they fell to hot words, and the goldsmith, calling our adventurer a shirking fellow, said he would have both him and the boy sent to Newgate for robbing him, and that in conclusion he must and should pay for it. At first our adventurer desired to know with what sum they pretended to charge the boy; they said they knew not, but that he had taken money from a heap they were telling, and which was a hundred pounds. Rumbold, hearing them say thus, told them that he would stay the telling of it, and then they might judge who had the abuse. They were content with it, and accordingly went to telling. Half-an-hour had dispatched that matter, and then they found all their money was right to a farthing. The goldsmith, seeing this, asked our adventurer's pardon for the affront they had done him, saying it was a mistake. Rumbold answered to this that he must pay for his prating; and that being a person of quality, he would not put up with the affront, and that he must expect to hear further from him. The goldsmith, seeing our adventurer hot, was as choleric as he, and so they parted for that time. Rumbold the next day got the goldsmith to be arrested in an action of defamation, and the serjeant who arrested him, being well fed by our adventurer, told the goldsmith that he had better by far compound the matter, for the gentleman he had injured was a person of quality, and would not put it up, but make him pay soundly for it if he proceeded any further. The goldsmith, being desirous of quiet, hearkened to his counsel, and agreed to give ten pounds; but that would not be taken, so twenty pounds was given to our adventurer, and the business was made up for the present.

Rumbold having got some of the goldsmith's money was determined to have more, or venture hard for it; wherefore having again given instructions to his boy what to do, he made several journeys to the goldsmith's, walking by his door to watch an opportunity. At length he found one; for seeing the servants tell a considerable quantity of gold, he gave the sign to his boy, who presently went in and, clapping his hand on the heap, took up and brought away a full handful, and coming to his master gave it him. Neither did the boy make so much haste out of the shop but that he could hear a stranger, who was in the shop receiving of money, say to the apprentice: "Why, do not you stop the boy?" "No," said the apprentice, "I do not mean to; I know him well enough. My master paid sauce lately for stopping of him." And so they continued telling of their money.

Rumbold being intimately acquainted with a jeweller in Foster Lane, whom he had often helped to the sale of rings and jewels, which made his credit good with him, went one time into his workroom, and chancing to spy a very rich jewel he told him that he could help him to the sale thereof, my lady such-an-one having spoken to him about such a thing. The jeweller, glad of the opportunity, delivered it to our adventurer at such a price to sell for him. But Rumbold only carried it to another workman to have another made like it with counterfeit stones. Before he went, he asked if the lady disliked it whether he might leave it with his wife or servant. "Aye, aye," says he, "either will be sufficient." Rumbold was forced to watch a whole day to see when he went out, and being gone, presently went to the shop and inquired of his wife for her husband. She answered him that he was but just gone. "Well, madam," said he, "you can do my business as well as he; it is only to deliver these stones into your custody"; and so he went his way. Not long after, Rumbold met the jeweller in the street with displeasing looks. "Sir," said he, "I thought a friend would not have served me so." But our adventurer denied it stiffly; whereupon he was very angry, and told him he would prosecute him. Rumbold seemed not to value his threats, and so left
Rumbold was gone many paces before he met with a friend who complained to him that he had lost a very valuable locket of his wife's, it being stolen from her. Rumbold was glad to hear of such a circumstance that had fallen out so favourably to his present purpose; he asked him to give him a description of it, which he did punctually. "Now," said Rumbold, "what will you give me if I tell you where it is?" "Anything in reason." "Then go to such a shop in Foster Lane" (the same shop where he had cheated the man of his ring) "and there ask peremptorily for it, for I was there at such a time and saw it — nay, he would have had me help him to a customer for it; meantime I'll stay at the Star Tavern for you" Away he went and demanded his locket. The jeweller denied he had any such thing (as well he might). Upon this, Rumbold advised him to have a warrant for him, and to fetch him before a Justice of the Peace; and that he and the person who was with him would swear it. The goldsmith was instantly seized on by a constable, and as soon as he saw who they were that would swear against him, desired the gentleman to drink a glass of wine, and then ordered him satisfaction. But Rumbold had so ordered the business that it would not be taken unless he would give all three general releases. The goldsmith, knowing the danger that might ensue to life and estate if he persisted, consented to the proposal.

Rumbold walking one time in the fields with an attendant or two, who should be constantly bare before him if in company with any person of quality, but otherwise kind- fellow-well-met, he was got as far as Hackney before he knew he was, for his thoughts were busied in forming designs, and his wit was contriving how to put them into execution. Casting his eye on one side of him, he saw the prettiest- built and well-situated house that ever his eyes beheld. He had immediately a covetous desire to be master thereof. He was then, as fortune would have it, in a very handsome dress. He walked but a little way farther before he found out a plot to accomplish his desires. And thus it was. He returned and knocked at the gate, and demanded of the servant whether his master was within. He understood he was, and thereupon desired to speak with him. The gentleman came out to him himself, and desired him to walk in.

After Rumbold had made a general apology, he told him his business, which was only to request the favour of him that he might have the privilege to bring a workman to survey his house and to take his dimensions thereof, because he was so well pleased with the building that he earnestly desired to have another built exactly after that pattern. The gentleman could do no less than grant him so much civility. Coming home, he went to a carpenter, telling him he was about to buy a house at Hackney, and that he would have him go along with him, to give him (in private) the estimate. Accordingly they went, and found the gentleman at home, who entertained our adventurer kindly as a stranger. In the meantime the carpenter took an exact account of the buts and bounds of the house on paper, which was as much as he desired at that time. Paying the carpenter well, he dismissed him, and by that paper had a lease drawn with a very great fine (mentioned to have been paid) at a small rent. Witnesses he did not want to his deed, and shortly after he demanded possession. The gentleman, thinking our adventurer out of his wits, only laughed at him. Rumbold commenced a suit of law against him, and produced his creatures to swear to his sealing and delivery of the lease, and the carpenter's evidence, with many other probable circumstances to corroborate his cause; whereupon he had a verdict. The gentleman, by this time understanding who our adventurer was, thought it safer to compound with him and lose something rather than all.
Another time, Rumbold, coming early one morning to an inn in the country, called for a flagon of beer, and desired a private room — "For," said he, "I have company coming to me, and we have business together." The tapster accordingly showed him a room, and brought him a flagon of beer, and with it a silver cup worth three pounds. Rumbold drank off his beer and called for another flagon, and at the same time desired the landlord to bear him company. The landlord, seeing him alone, sat and talked with him about State affairs till they were both weary and the landlord was ready to leave him. "Well," said our adventurer, "I see my company will not come, and therefore I will not stay any longer." Neither did he; but having drunk up his beer, he called to pay. "Fourpence," said the tapster. "There it is," answered our adventurer, laying it down, and so he went out of the room. The tapster stayed behind to bring away the flagon and silver cup, yet though he found the flagon, the cup was not to be found; wherefore, running hastily out of the room, he cried: "Stop the man!" Rumbold was not in such haste but that he quickly stopped of himself; he was not quite gone out of the doors, and therefore soon returned to the bar; where, when he was come — "Well," said he, what is the matter? What would you have?" "The cup," answered the tapster, "that I brought to you." "I left it in the room," replied Rumbold. "I cannot find it," answered the tapster; and at this noise the landlord appeared, who, hearing what was the matter, said: "I am sure the cup was there but just now, for I drank out of it." "Aye, and it is there for me," replied our adventurer. "Look then further," said the landlord. The tapster did so, but neither high nor low could he find the cup. "Well, then," said the landlord, "if it be gone you must pay for it, countryman, for you must either have it or know of its going, and therefore you must pay for it." "Not I, indeed," replied our adventurer; "you see I have none of it. I have not been out of your house, nor nobody has been with me, how then can I have it? You may search me." The landlord immediately caused him to be searched, but there was no cup to be found. However, the landlord was resolved not to lose his cup so, and therefore he sent for a constable, and charged him with our adventurer, and threatened him with the justice. All this would not do, and Rumbold told him that threatened folks live long, and if he would go before a justice, he was ready to bear him company to him. The landlord was more and more perplexed at this, and seeing he could not have his cup, nor nothing confessed, before the justice they went. When they came, the landlord told the story as truly as it was, and our pretended countryman made the same answer there as he had done before to the landlord. The justice was perplexed, not knowing how to do justice. Here was a cup lost, and Rumbold did not deny but he had it; but gone it was, and although Rumbold was pursued, yet he did not fly; he had nobody with him, and therefore it could not be conveyed away by confederacy; and for his own part he had been and was again searched, but no such thing found about him, and he in all respects pleaded innocence. This though considered, and weighed in the balance of justice, he could not think that our adventurer had it, and therefore to commit him would be injustice. He considered all he could, and was inclined to favour the countryman, who was altogether a stranger, and he believed innocent, especially when he considered what kind of person the landlord was, of whose life and conversation he had both heard and known enough to cause him to believe that it might be possible that all this might be a trick of the landlord's to cheat our adventurer; and therefore he gave his judgment that he did not believe by the evidence that was given that the countryman had the cup, and that he would not commit him unless the landlord would lay and swear point-blank felony to his charge, and of that he desired the landlord to beware. The landlord, seeing how the affair was likely to go, said no more, but he left it to Mr Justice, who, being of the
opinion above-mentioned, discharged Rumbold, and advised the landlord to let him hear no more of such matters, and if he could not secure his plate, and know what company he had delivered it to, then to keep it up. The landlord thanked the justice for his advice, and so departed, our pretended countryman going about his business, and he returning home, being heartily vexed at his loss and the carriage of the whole affair, which was neither for his profit nor credit; but he was forced to sit down with the loss, being extremely uneasy at thinking which way he had lost the cup. He threw away some money upon a cunning man to know what was become of it, but all he could tell him was that he would hear of it again; and so he did shortly after, though it was to his further cost, and to little purpose.

He had some occasion to go to the market-town during the time of the assizes, and there seeing the prisoners brought to their trials, among others he espied Rumbold, whom he had charged with the silver cup. He inquired what was his crime, and was told it was for picking of a pocket. "Nay, then," said the landlord, "probably I may hear of my cup again." And therefore, when the trial was over and the prisoners carried back to the jail, he went and inquired for our adventurer, to whose presence he was soon brought. "O Lord, master! how do you do? Who thought to have seen you here? I believe you have not met with so good friends in this country as you did at our town of our justice; but let that pass. Come, let us drink together." Hereupon a jug of ale was called for and some tobacco which they very lovingly drank off, and smoked together; which done, said the landlord to our adventurer: "I would gladly be resolved in one point, which I question not but you can do." "I suppose you mean," said Rumbold, "about the old business of the silver cup you lost?" "Yes," said the landlord; and the losing of it does not so much vex me as the manner how it was lost, and therefore," continued he, "if you would do me the kindness to give me the satisfaction how you came by it, I do protest I will acquit you although you are directly guilty." "No, that will not do," replied Rumbold; "there is somewhat else in the case." "Well, then," said the landlord, "if you will tell me, I will give you ten shillings to drink." "Ready money does very well in a prison," said our adventurer, "and will prevail much; but how shall I be assured that you will not prosecute me if I should chance to be concerned?" "For that," replied the landlord, "I can give you no other warrant than my oath, which I will inviolably keep." "Well, then," said Rumbold, "down with the merry grigs; let me handle the money, and I'll be very true to you, and as for your charging me with it I fear you not." The landlord, being big with expectation to know how this clean conveyance was wrought, soon laid down the ten shillings, and then our countryman thus proceeded: "I must confess that I know which way your cup went, but when you charged me with it I had it not, neither was it out of the room, and I must tell you this, that if you had sought narrowly you might have found it, but it was not there long after. We who live by our wits must act by policy more than downright strength, and this cannot be done without confederates, and I had such in the management of this affair, for I left the cup fastened with soft wax under the middle of the board of the table where I drank; which place of the table, by reason it was covered with a cloth, as you may remember it was, it could not well be seen, and therefore you and your servants missed it. You know that very willingly I went with you to the justice; and whilst we were gone, those friends and confederates of mine, whom I had appointed, and who knew the room and everything else, went into the house, and into the same room, where they found the silver cup, and without the least suspicion went fairly off with it; and at a place appointed we met, and there acquainted one another with our adventures; and what purchases we
had made we equally shared them between us." The landlord, at hearing this discourse, was extremely surprised, although fully satisfied. "But yet," said he, "I would be resolved one question, which is this: How if we had found it where you had put it whilst you were there?" "Why, truly," said Rumbold, "then you would have charged me with nothing, and I would have put it off with a jest; and if that would not have done, the most you could have done would have been only to have kicked and beaten me, and those things we of our quality must venture. You know the old proverbs, 'Nothing venture, nothing have'; and 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' And we have this other proverb to help us: 'Fortune favours the bold,' as it commonly does those of our quality, and she did me, I thank her, in that attempt." Rumbold thus descanted upon his actions, and the landlord, finding no likelihood of getting his cup, or anything else, from our adventurer, returned home.

We shall give our readers now the last adventure of Rumbold which he performed upon this mortal stage. It is this: Our adventurer, in company with two or three more cheats going together, saw a countryman who had a purse of money in his hand; they had observed him draw it to pay for some gingerbread he had bought on the road, wherefore they closed with him and endeavoured to nip his bung — pick his pocket — but could not, for he, knowing he was in a dangerous place, and among as dangerous company, put his purse of money into his breeches, which being close at the knees secured it from falling out, and besides he was very sly in having anybody come too near him. Our practitioners in the art of thieving, seeing this would not do, set their wits to working further, and having all their tools ready about them, and taking a convenient time and place, one of them goes before and drops a letter. Another of our adventurers, who had joined himself to the countryman, seeing it lie fairly for the purpose, says to him: "Look you, what is here!" But although the countryman did stoop to take it up, yet our adventurer was too nimble for him in that, and having it in hand, said: "Here is somewhat else besides a letter." "I cry half," said the countryman. "Well," said Rumbold, "you stooped indeed as well as I, but I have it; however I'll be fair with you. Let us see what it is, and whether it is worth the dividing." And thereupon he breaks open the letter and there sees a fair chain or necklace of gold. "Good fortune," says Rumbold, "if this be right gold." "How shall we know that?" replied the countryman. "Let us see what the letter says." Which being short, and to the purpose, spoke thus:

BROTHER JOHN,—I have here sent you back this necklace of gold you have sent me, not for any dislike I have to it, but my wife is covetous and would have a bigger; this comes not to above seven pounds, and she would have one of ten pounds; therefore pray get it changed for one of that price, and send it by the bearer to your loving brother,

JACOB THORNTON.

"Nay, then, we have good luck," said the cheating dog, our adventurer; "but I hope," continued he to the countryman, "you will not expect a full share, for you know I found it, and besides, if we should divide it, I know not how to break it in pieces, but I doubt it would spoil it, therefore I had rather have my share in money." "Well," said the countryman, "I'll give you your share in money, provided I may have a full share." "That you shall," said Rumbold, "and therefore I must have of you three pounds ten shillings, the price in all being as you see seven pounds." "Aye," said the countryman (thinking to be too cunning for our adventurer), "it may be worth seven pounds in money in all, fashion and all, but we must not value that, but only the gold;
therefore I think three pounds in money is better than half the chain, and so much I'll give you if you'll let me have it."
"Well, I'm contented," said Rumbold, "but then you shall give me a pint of wine over and above." To this the countryman also agreed, and to a tavern they went, where Rumbold received the three pounds, and the countryman the chain, who believed he had met with good fortune. They drank off their wine and were going away, but Rumbold, having not yet done with him, intending to get the rest of the money from him, offered him his pint of wine, which the countryman accepted of; but before they had drank it off, in comes another of the same tribe, who asked whether such a man, naming one, were there. "No," said the bar-keeper.
Rumbold — the countryman sitting near the other cheat all the while — asked of the inquirer: "Did not you inquire for such a man?" "Yes," said the inquirer. "Why," said Rumbold, "I can tell you this news of him, that it will not be long before he comes hither, for I met him as I came in, and he appointed me to come in here and stay with him." "Well then, it is best for me to stay," said the inquirer; "but," continued he, "it would be more proper for us to take a larger room, for we cannot stir ourselves in this." "Agreed," said Rumbold. So the reckoning was paid, and they agreed to take a larger room, leaving word at the bar that if any inquiry should be made for them, there they should find them. Accordingly they went into another room, and the countryman, having done his business, gave signs of going away. "No," said Rumbold, "I beg you would stay and keep us company; it shall not cost you anything." "Well then," said the countryman, "I am content to stay a little." Being now in the room they called for a quart of wine, and drank it off. "What shall we do to spend time?" said the last cheat, "for I am weary of staying for this man. Are you sure you are not mistaken?" "No," said the other. One of them upon this pretended to walk a turn round the room and, coming to the window, behind a cushion finds a pack of cards, which indeed he himself had laid there. "Look you here," said he to the countryman and the other, "I have found some tools; now we may go to work and spend our time, if you will play." "Not I," said the countryman, "I'll not play." "Then I will," said Rumbold; "but not for money." "Why then," said the other, "for sixpence to be spent, and the game shall be putt." They being agreed, and the countryman being made overseer of the game, fell to playing, and the countryman's first acquaintance had the better of it, winning twelve games to the other's four. "Come," said he, "what shall we do with all this drink? We will play twopence wet and fourpence dry." To this the other agreed, and so they played; and at this low gaming Rumbold had, in short, won off his confederate ten shillings in money. The loser seemed to be angry, and therefore proposed to play for all money, hoping to make himself whole again. "Nay," said the other, "I shall not refuse your proposition, because I have won your money." And therefore to it they went, and Rumbold had still the same luck, and won ten shillings more. Then the other would play for twelve-pence a game. "No," said Rumbold, "I am not willing to exceed sixpence a game; I will not alter what I have begun, lest I change my fortune, unless this honest countryman will go my halves." "I have no mind to gaming," replied the countryman. "You need not play," said the other; "I'll do that, and you see my fortune is good. Venture a crown with me; you know we have both had fortune, which I hope will continue propitious to us still." "Well content," said the countryman, and so they proceeded. Still Rumbold had good fortune, and he and the countryman won ten shillings apiece more off the other, which made them merry, and the other was extremely enraged; he therefore told them he would either win the horse or lose the saddle, and venture all now; and drawing out about thirty shillings, "Come, take it all, win it and wear it," and so they played. But they had now drawn the countryman in sufficiently, and he was flush, but it lasted not long thus before he was
taken down a buttonhole lower, for the fortune changed, and what he had won was lost, and forty shillings more. He was now angry, but to no purpose, for he did not discover their foul play; and he, in hopes of his good fortune, ventured and lost the other forty shillings. And then he said he would go halves no longer, for he thought he would be merry and wise, and if he could not make a winning, he would be sure to make a secure bargain; which he reckoned he should do, because although he had lost four pounds in money, and given Rumbold three pounds for his share of the chain, that yet he should make seven pounds off the chain, and so be no loser. They seeing he would not play, left off, and he that had won the money was content to give a collation, which was called for; but Rumbold, pretending much anger at his loss, was resolved to venture more, and to playing again he went, and in a short time he recovered a great deal of his losses. This vexed the countryman that he had not joined with him, and in the end, seeing his good fortune continue, and that he won, he again went halves, but it was not long that they thrived. The countryman was obliged to draw his purse, and in the end lost all his money, which was near twenty pounds. He did not think his condition to be so bad as it was, because he believed he had a chain worth seven pounds in his pocket, and therefore he reckoned he had not lost all. By this time several other confederates (having been abroad, employed on the same account, cozening and cheating of others) came into the tavern, which was the place appointed for their rendezvous then they acquainted one another of their several gains and prizes, and afterwards fell to drinking, which they did very plentifully, and the countryman for anger called up the landlord to make one of the company. He soon understood what kind of guests he had in his house, and how they had cheated the poor countryman, and therefore he was resolved to serve them in the same sort. Accordingly he put forward the affair of drinking; and some, being hungered, called for victuals. He told them he would get them what they pleased, and they being determined to take up their quarters there for that night, a supper was bespoke for all the company, such as the master of the house in his discretion should think fit. He told them they should have it, and accordingly went down to provide supper. He soon returned and helped them off with their liquor till supper-time: by this time they were all perfectly drunk. He then commanded up supper, and they fell to with a shoulder of mutton and two capons. After supper, and having consumed more liquor, they went to bed, and it was time, for it was past midnight. They all slept better than the countryman, who could hardly sleep a wink for thinking on his misfortunes, and having such good fortune in the morning it should prove so bad before night. But morning being come, he and they all arose, and the countryman's money being all spent he knew it was to no purpose for him to stay there; wherefore he resolved to go to a goldsmith in the city and sell or pawn his chain, that he might have some money to carry him home. Being come to the goldsmith's he produced the chain, which though at first sight he took to be gold, yet upon trial he found it otherwise, and that it was but brass gilt. He told the countryman the same, who at this heavy news was like to break his heart. The goldsmith, seeing the countryman in such a melancholy taking, inquired of him how he came by it. He soon acquainted him with the manner, and every circumstance. The goldsmith, seeing the countryman in such a melancholy taking, advised him to go to a justice and get a warrant for him that had thus cheated him; and the countryman telling him he had no money nor friend, being a stranger, he himself went with him to the justice, who soon understood the matter, and granted his warrant. The goldsmith procured a constable to go with him to the tavern, or night-house, where Rumbold was apprehended; but he found means some way or other to make his escape out of the house, as did the rest by main force. Rumbold was not, as men of his
profession generally are, very lavish with his money, for he had got above six hundred pounds, which he put into a friend's hands, with a resolution to improve it to the best advantage, without venturing his neck any more by robbing; but his banker (which makes good the old proverb, "To deceive the deceiver is no deceit ") running off with his cash, he was forced to take to the old trade of padding again, till he was like to have been taken at a lodging in Golden Lane, at the end of Red Cross Street, by Barbican, but by a very narrow escape getting free of his pursuers, he still followed his wicked course of life, till he was at last apprehended and sent to Newgate. Being afterwards brought to his trial at the sessions-house in the Old Bailey, he was condemned, and whilst under sentence of death was particularly visited by one Mr Downs, formerly a factor at Virginia and Maryland in America. Whilst Rumbold was in the condemned hold he began to have serious meditations of his former ill-spent life; and through the great pains Mr Downs took with him in his melancholy moments he entertained good thoughts about preparing himself for his latter end, earnestly requiring him that he would vouchsafe the favour of seeing him ride up Holborn to make his last exit at Tyburn. Accordingly Mr Downs granted his request, by not only standing in an ale-house to see him go by, but also charitably calling out to him, saying, "Dear friend Rumbold, I wish you a good journey," which he took so kindly at his hands that he went with a great deal of joy to the gallows, saying that now he plainly saw, to his great consolation, that his old acquaintance would not forget him to the last. So he ended his wicked life, aged about forty-six years, in 1689.
THE Golden Farmer was so called from his occupation and from paying people, if it was any considerable sum, always in gold; but his real name was William Davis, born at Wrexham, in Denbighshire, in North Wales, from whence he removed, in his younger years, to Salisbury, in Gloucestershire, where he married the daughter of a wealthy innkeeper, by whom he had eighteen children, and followed the farmer's business to the day of his death, to shroud his robbing on the highway, which irregular practice he had followed for forty-two years without any suspicion among his neighbours. He generally robbed alone, and one day, meeting three or four stage-coaches going to Salisbury, he stopped one of them which was full of gentlewomen, one of whom was a Quaker. All of them satisfied the Golden Farmer's desire excepting this precisian, with whom he had a long argument to no purpose, for upon her solemn vow and affirmation she told him she had no money, nor anything valuable about her; whereupon, fearing he should lose the booty of the other coaches, he told her he would go and see what they had to afford him, and he would wait on her again. So having robbed the other three coaches he returned, according to his word, and the Quaker persisting still in her old tone of having nothing for him it put the Golden Farmer into a rage, and taking hold of her shoulder, shaking her as a mastiff does a bull, he cried: "You canting bitch! if you dally with me at this rate, you'll certainly provoke my spirit to be damnably rude with you. You see these good women here were so tender-hearted as to be charitable to me, and you, you whining whore, are so covetous as to lose your life for the sake of mammon. Come, come, you hollow-hearted bitch, unpin your purse-string quickly, or else I shall send you out of the land of the living." Now the poor Quaker, being frightened out of her wits at the bullying expressions of the wicked one, gave him a purse of guineas, a gold watch and a diamond ring, and they parted then as good friends as if they had never fallen out at all.

Another time this desperado, meeting with the Duchess of Albemarle in her coach, riding over Salisbury Plain, was put to his trumps before he could assault her Grace, by reason he had a long engagement with a postilion, a coachman and two footmen before he could proceed in his robbery; but having wounded them all, by the discharging of several pistols, he then approached to his prey, whom he found more refractory than his female Quaker had been, which made him very saucy, and more eager for fear of any passengers coming by in the meanwhile; but still her Grace would not part with anything. Whereupon by main violence he pulled three diamond rings off her fingers, and snatched a rich gold watch from her side, crying to her at the same time, because he saw her face painted: "You bitch incarnate, you had rather read over your face in the glass every moment, and blot out pale to put in red, than give an honest man, as I am, a small matter to support him on his lawful occasions on the road," and then rode away as fast as he could, without searching her Grace for any money, because he perceived another person of quality's coach making towards them, with a good retinue of servants belonging to it.
Not long after this exploit, the Golden Farmer meeting with Sir Thomas Day, a Justice of Peace living at Bristol, on the road betwixt Gloucester and Worcester, they fell into discourse together, and riding along he told Sir Thomas, whom he knew, though the other did not know him, how he was like to have been robbed but a little before by a couple of highwaymen; but as good luck would have it, his horse having better heels than theirs, he got clear of them, or else, if they had robbed him of his money, which was about forty pounds, they would certainly have undone him for ever. "Truly," quoth Sir Thomas Day," that would have been very hard; but nevertheless, as you would have been robbed between sun and sun, the county, upon your suing it, would have been obliged to have made your loss good again." But not long after this chatting together, coming to a convenient place, the Golden Farmer, shooting Sir Thomas's man's horse under him, and obliging him to retire some distance from it, that he might not make use of the pistols that were in his holsters, presented a pistol to Sir Thomas's breast, and demanded his money of him. Quoth Sir Thomas: "I thought, sir, that you had been an honest man." The Golden Farmer replied: "You see your Worship's mistaken, and had you had any guts in your brains you might have perceived by my face that my countenance was the very picture of mere necessity; therefore deliver presently, for I am in haste." Then, Sir Thomas Day giving the Golden Farmer what money he had, which was about sixty pounds in gold and silver, he humbly thanked his Worship, and told him, that what he had parted with was not lost, because he was robbed betwixt sun and sun, therefore the county, as he told him, must pay it again.

One Mr Hart, a young gentleman of Enfield, who had a good estate, but was not overburdened with wit, and therefore could sooner change a piece of gold than a piece of sense, riding one day over Finchley Common, where the Golden Farmer had been hunting about four or five hours for a prey, he rides up to him and, giving the gentleman a slap with the flat of his drawn hanger over his shoulders, quoth he: "A plague on you! How slow you are, to make a man wait on you all this morning. Come, deliver what you have, and be poxed to you, and go to hell for orders!" The gentleman, who was wont to find a more agreeable entertainment betwixt his mistress and his snuff-box, being surprised at the rustic sort of greeting, began to make several sorts of excuses, and say he had no money about him; but his antagonist, not believing him, made bold to search his pockets himself, and finding in them above a hundred guineas, besides a gold watch, he gave him two or three slaps over the shoulder again with his hanger; and at the same time bade him not give his mind to lying any more, when an honest gentleman desired a small boon of him.

Another time this notorious robber had paid his landlord above forty pounds for rent, who going home with it, the goodly tenant, disguising himself, met the grave old gentleman, and bidding him stand, quoth he: "Come, Mr Gravity from head to foot, but from neither head nor foot to the heart, deliver what you have in a trice." The old man, fetching a deep sigh, to the hazard of losing several buttons of his waistcoat, said that he had not above two shillings about him; therefore he thought he was more of a gentleman than to take a small matter from a poor man. Quoth the Golden Farmer: "I have not the faith to believe you; for you seem by your mien and habit to be a man of better circumstance than you pretend; therefore open your budget or else I shall fall foul about your house. "Dear sir," replied his landlord, "you cannot be so barbarous to an old man. What! Have you no religion, pity or com- passion in you? Have you no conscience? Have you no respect for your own body and soul, which must be certainly in a miserable condition, if you follow unlawful courses?" "Damn
"you!" said the tenant to him, "don't talk of age and barbarity to me; for I show neither pity nor compassion to any. Damn you, don't talk of conscience to me! I have no more of that dull commodity than you have; nor do I allow my soul and body to be governed by religion, but interest; therefore, deliver what you have, before this pistol makes you repent your obstinacy." So, delivering his money to the Golden Farmer, he received it without giving the landlord any receipt for it, as his landlord had him. Not long after committing this robbery, overtaking an old grazier at Putney Heath, in a very ordinary attire, but yet very rich, he takes half-a-score guineas out of his pocket, and giving them to the old man he said there were three or four persons behind them who looked very suspicious, therefore he desired the favour of him to put that gold into his pocket; for in case they were highwaymen, his indifferent apparel would make them believe he had no such charge about him. The old grazier, looking upon his intentions to be honest, quoth: "I have fifty guineas tied up in the fore-lappet of my shirt, and I'll put it to that for security." So riding along, both of them check by jowl, for above half-a-mile, and the coast being clear, the Golden Farmer said to the old man: "I believe there's nobody will take the pains of robbing you or me to-day; therefore, I think I had as good take the trouble of robbing you myself; so instead of delivering your purse, pray give me the lappet of your shirt." The old grazier was horridly startled at these words, and began to beseech him not to be so cruel in robbing a poor old man. "Prithee," quoth the Golden Farmer, "don't tell me of cruelty; for who can be more cruel than men of your age, whose pride it is to teach their servants their duties with as much cruelty as some people teach their dogs to fetch and carry?" So being obliged to cut off the lappet of the old man's shirt himself, for he would not, he rode away to seek out another booty.

Another time this bold robber, lying at an inn in Uxbridge, happened into company with one Squire Broughton, a barrister of the Middle Temple, which he understanding, pretended to him that he was going up to London to advise with a lawyer about some business; wherefore, he should be much obliged to him if he could recommend him to a good one. Counsellor Broughton, thinking he might be a good client, bespoke him for himself. Then, the Golden Farmer telling his business was about several of his neighbours' cattle breaking into his grounds and doing a great deal of mischief, the barrister told him that was very actionable, as being damage feasant. "Damage feasant," said the Golden Farmer; "what's that, pray, sir?" He told him that it was an action brought against persons when their cattle broke through hedges, or other fences, into other people's grounds, and did them damage. Next morning, as they both were riding toward London, says the Golden Farmer to the barrister: "If I may be so bold as to ask you, sir, what is that you call 'trover' and 'conversion'?" He told him that it was an action brought against persons when their cattle broke through hedges, or other fences, into other people's grounds, and did them damage. Next morning, as they both were riding toward London, says the Golden Farmer to the barrister: "If I may be so bold as to ask you, sir, what is that you call 'trover' and 'conversion'?" He told him that it was an action brought against persons when their cattle broke through hedges, or other fences, into other people's grounds, and did them damage. Next morning, as they both were riding toward London, says the Golden Farmer to the barrister: "If I may be so bold as to ask you, sir, what is that you call 'trover' and 'conversion'?" He told him that it was an action brought against persons when their cattle broke through hedges, or other fences, into other people's grounds, and did them damage. Next morning, as they both were riding toward London, says the Golden Farmer to the barrister: "If I may be so bold as to ask you, sir, what is that you call 'trover' and 'conversion'?" He told him that it was an action brought against persons when their cattle broke through hedges, or other fences, into other people's grounds, and did them damage. Next morning, as they both were riding toward London, says the Golden Farmer to the barrister: "If I may be so bold as to ask you, sir, what is that you call 'trover' and 'conversion'?" He told him that it was an action brought against persons when their cattle broke through hedges, or other fences, into other people's grounds, and did them damage.
heaven or hell to me, when you think there's no way to heaven but through Westminster Hall. Come, come, down with your rhino this minute; for I have other guess customers to mind, than to wait on you all day." The barrister was very loath to part with his money, still insisting on the injustice of the action, saying it was against law and conscience to rob any man. However the Golden Farmer, heeding not his pleading, swore he was not to be guided by law and conscience any more than any of his profession, whose law is always furnished with a commission to arraign their consciences; but upon judgment given they usually had the knack of setting it at large. So putting a pistol to the barrister's breast, he quickly delivered his money, amounting to about thirty guineas, and eleven broad-pieces of gold, besides some silver, and a gold watch.

Thus the Golden Farmer, having run a long course in wickedness, was at last discovered in Salisbury Court; but as he was running along, a butcher, endeavouring to stop him, was shot dead by him with a pistol; being apprehended nevertheless, he was committed to Newgate, and shortly after executed, at the end of Salisbury Court, in Fleet Street, on Friday the 20th of December, 1689; and afterwards was hanged in chains, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, on Bagshot Heath.
THIS notorious malefactor was born at Stainford in Lincolnshire, of very honest parents, by whom, after he had been at school to learn reading, writing and accounts, he was put apprentice to a baker at Godmanchester, near Huntington. He had not served three years before he ran away from his master, came to Lincoln, and enlisted in the foot-guards. While he was in the army he was at the Siege of Maestricht, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth, who was General of the English Forces in the Low Countries.

Here he was reduced to such necessities as are common to men who engage themselves to kill one another for a groat or fivepence a day. This occasioned him to run away from his colours, and fly to Amsterdam, where he stole a piece of silk off a stall; for which fact he was apprehended and dragged before a magistrate. The effect of this was a commitment to the rasp-house, where he was put to hard labour, such as rasping logwood, and other drudgeries, for a twelvemonth.

As Jack had never been used to work, he fainted under the sentence, though to little purpose; for his taskmasters, imputing it to a stubborn laziness, inflicted a severer punishment upon him, the manner of which was as follows. He was chained down to the bottom of a dry cistern by one foot; immediately upon which, several cocks were set a-running into it, and he was obliged to pump for his life. The cistern was much deeper than he was high; so that if the water had prevailed he must inevitably have been drowned, without relief or pity. Jack was very sensible of his danger, which occasioned him to labour with all his might for an hour, which was as long as the sentence was to continue. Having overcome this difficulty, he plied his business very well the remaining part of the year, when being released he returned into England, with a resolution to try his fortune on the highway. Near St Edmundsbury he stole a horse, and he had before provided half-a-dozen good pistols and a sword. Success attended him in his three or four first robberies, but an unlucky adventure soon brought about a turn in his affairs.

In the road between Gravesend and Chatham he met with one Mr Joseph Pinnis, a pilot of Dover, who had lost both his hands in an engagement. He had been at London to receive ten or twelve pounds for carrying a Dutch ship up the river. When Bird accosted him with the salutation common to gentlemen of his profession, "You see, sir," quoth Pinnis, "that I have never a hand; so that I am not able to take my money out of my pocket myself. Be so kind, therefore, as to take the trouble of searching me." Jack soon consented to this very reasonable request; but while he was very busy in examining the contents of the pilot's purse the boisterous old tar suddenly clapped his arms about his neck, and spurring his own horse pulled our adventurer from his; then falling directly upon him, and being a very strong man, he kept him under, and mauled him with his stirrups, which were plated. In the midst of the scuffle some passengers came by, and inquired the occasion of it. Mr Pinnis replied with telling them the particulars and desiring them to supply his place, and give the villain a little more of the same, adding that he was almost out of breath with what he had
done already. When the company understood what was the reason of the pilot's labouring so hard upon the bones of our ruffian they apprehended him, and carried him before a justice, who committed him to Maidstone jail, where he continued till the assizes, and then was condemned to be hanged.

This time Jack had the good fortune to receive mercy, and afterwards to obtain his liberty. The remembrance of his being so heartily thumped by a man without hands stuck so much in his stomach that he had almost a mind to grow honest; and indeed he continued pretty orderly till he was again reduced to necessitous circumstances for want of employment. He had no trade that he was master of, nor learning enough to secure him a maintenance in a genteel way; so that when he found himself in the utmost straits, he could see no other method of supporting himself than what he had formerly followed. The first that he met with, after he had resolved to set out in pursuit of new enterprises, was a Welsh drover, about a mile beyond Acton. The fellow, being almost as stout as Mr Pinnis, would not obey the usual precept, but began to lay about him with a good quarter-staff, which he had in his hands. Jack, when he saw Taffy's courage, leaped nimbly out of the way of his staff, and told him that he had been taken once by a son of a whore without hands; "and for that trick," says he, "I shall not venture my carcass within reach of one that has hands, for fear of something worse." While he was speaking he pulled out a pistol, and instantly shot him through the head. Rifling his pockets, and finding but eighteen-pence, he said ironically: "This is a prize worth killing a man for at any time." He then rode away about his business, as little concerned as if he had done no mischief at all.

Being again encouraged by a series of successful adventures, and having remounted himself on a very good horse, he was resolved to venture on higher exploits. An opportunity for putting this resolution into practice soon fell in his way, by his meeting the mad Earl of P —, and his chaplain, who was little better than himself, in a coach, with no more attendants than the coachman and one footman. "Stand and deliver!" was the word. His lordship told him that he did not trouble himself about losing the small matter he had about him. "But then," says he, "I hope you will fight for it." Jack, upon this, pulled out a brace of pistols, and let off a volley of imprecations. "Don't put yourself into a passion, friend," says his honour, "but lay down your pistols, and I will box you fairly for all the money I have, against nothing." "That's an honourable challenge, my Lord," quoth Jack, "provided none of your servants be near us." The Earl immediately ordered them to keep at a distance.

The chaplain, like Withrington in the old ballad of Chevy Chase, could not bear to see an earl fight on foot while he stood looking on; so he desired the honour of espousing the cause of his lordship. To which both parties readily agreeing, off went the divinity in a minute, and to blows and bloody noses they came.

Though Jack had once the ill-fortune to be stumped out of his liberty by a sturdy old sailor, he was nevertheless too hard for his Reverence in less than a quarter of an hour. He beat him in such a manner that he could not see, and had but just breath enough to cry: "I'll fight no more." About two minutes after this victory (which he took for a breathing time) Jack told his lordship that now, if he pleased, he would take a turn with him. "By no means," quoth the Earl, "for if you beat my chaplain, you will beat me, he and I having tried our manhood before." So giving our hero twenty guineas, his honour rode off in a whole skin.
While Jack resided in town he married a young woman who had been servant to a dyer near Exeter Exchange, in the Strand. But though Bird was married, he did not confine himself to any one woman; for we are told that he was continually in company with whores and bawds. One night in particular, having a woman with him, he knocked down a man, between Dutchy Lane and the Great Savoy Gate in the Strand, and, having robbed him, made off safely; but the woman was apprehended, and sent to Newgate. Jack went to her, in hopes to make up the affair with the prosecutor, and was thereupon taken, on suspicion, and confined with her.

At his trial he confessed the fact, and took it wholly upon himself; so that the woman was acquitted, and he condemned to suffer death; which sentence was inflicted on him at Tyburn, on Wednesday, the 12th of March, 1690, he being forty-two years of age. After execution his body was conveyed to Surgeons' Hall, and there anatomised. He spoke but very little at the gallows; what he did say consisted chiefly of invectives against lewd women, and advice to young men not to be seduced by their conversation from the rules of virtue and morality.
OLD MOBB

A Highwayman who took to cheating the Citizens of London. Executed 30th of May, 1690

THIS man was born at Ramsey, in Hampshire, which continued to be the place of his habitation, when he resided anywhere under his right name, till the day of his apprehending; and he had a wife and five children, besides grandchildren, living there at the time of his shameful death.

We have no particular account of his education and private life, from whence we may conclude there was nothing remarkable in either. His adventures on the road we shall relate in the order which we have received them, which is the only method we can follow. Riding one time between Honiton and Exeter, he met with Sir Bartholomew Shower, whom he immediately called to account for the money he had about him. Sir Bartholomew gave him all he had without any words, which proved to be but a very little. Old Mobb looked upon his prize, and finding it infinitely short of his expectations readily told him that there was not enough to answer his present demands, which were very large, and very pressing. "And therefore, sir," says he, "as you are my banker in general, you must instantly draw a bill upon somebody at Exeter for one hundred and fifty pounds, and remain in the next field, as security for the payment, till I have received it." The Knight would fain have made some evasion, and protested that there was nobody in Exeter who would pay such a sum at a moment's warning; but Old Mobb so terrified him with holding a pistol to his breast that his worship at last consented, and drew upon a rich goldsmith.

As soon as Old Mobb had got the note, he made Sir Bartholomew dismount, and walk far enough from the road to be out of everybody's hearing, then bound him hand and foot and left him under a hedge, while he rode to Exeter, and received the money, which was paid without any scruple, the goldsmith knowing the handwriting perfectly well. When he returned, he found the poor Knight where he left him. "Sir," says he, "I am come with a Habeas Corpus to remove you out of your present captivity"; which he accordingly did by untying him and sending him about his business. But Sir Bartholomew was obliged to walk home, which was fully three miles, for our adventurer had cut the girths and bridle of his horse, and turned him stray, ever since he went to Exeter with the note.

Mr John Gadbury, the astrologer, was another who fell into the hands of Old Mobb, who, notwithstanding his familiarity with the stars, was not wise enough to foresee his own misfortune, which has been a common case with men of his profession. This encounter was on the road between Winchester and London. Poor Gadbury trembled, and turned as white as a clout, when Old Mobb told him what he wanted, professing that he had no more money about him than just enough to bear his expenses to London; but our highwayman was not at all moved with compassion at what he said. "Are not you a lying son of a whore," quoth he, "to pretend you want money when you hold twelve large houses of the planets by lease parole, which you let out again to the Stationers' Company at so much per annum? You must not sham poverty upon me, sir, who know as good things as yourself, and who have a pistol that may prove as fatal as Sirius in the dog days, if you stand trifling with me." Mr
Gadbury was at this time, indeed, more apprehensive of Old Mobb's pistol than of any star in the firmament; for he was sensible the influence of it, if discharged, would be much more violent and sudden; so that he looked like one out of his senses. He was now even afraid to deliver his money, lest he should suffer for telling a lie. However, as he saw there was no remedy, he pulled out a bag, in which was about nine pounds in gold and silver, which he gave with a few grumbling expressions. Old Mobb told him he should take no exception at what he said, for it was but just that the loser should have leave to speak, so, setting spurs to his horse, he left the star-gazer to curse the disastrous constellations.

One day Old Mobb overtook the stage-coach going for Bath, with only one gentlewoman in it. When he had commanded the coachman to stop, and was come to the door to raise contribution after his usual manner, the passenger made a great many excuses, and wept very plentifully, in order to move him to pity; she told him she was a poor widow, who had lately lost her husband, and therefore she hoped he would have some compassion on her. "And is your losing your husband then," says he, "an argument that I must lose my booty? I know your sex too well, madam, to suffer myself to be prevailed on by a woman's tears. Those crocodile drops are always at your command; and no doubt but that dear cuckold of yours, whom you have lately buried, has frequently been persuaded out of his reason by their interposition in your domestic debates. Weeping is so customary to you, that everybody would be disappointed if a woman was to bury her husband and not weep for him; but you would be more disappointed if nobody was to take notice of your crying; for according to the old proverb, the end of a husband is a widow's tears; and the end of those tears is another husband."

The poor gentlewoman upon this ran out into an extravagant detail of her deceased husband's virtues, solemnly protesting that she would never be married again to the best man that wore a head, for she should not expect a blessing to attend her afterwards; with a thousand other things of the same kind. Old Mobb at last interrupted her, and told her he would repeat a pleasant story in verse which he had learned by heart, so, first looking round him to see that the coast was clear on every side, he began as follows: —

"A widow prude had often swore
No bracelet should approach her more;
Had often proved that second marriage
Was ten times worse than maid's miscarriage,
And always told them of their sin,
When widows would be wives agen:
Women who'd thus themselves abuse,
Should die, she thought, like honest Jews
Let her alone to throw the stones;
If 'twere but law, she'd make no bones.

Thus long she led a life demure;
But not with character secure:
For people said (what won't folks say?)
That she with Edward went astray:
(This Edward was her servant-man)
The rumour through the parish ran,
She heard, she wept, she called up Ned,
Wiped her eyes dry, sighed, sobbed, and said:
'Alas! what sland'rous times are these! 
What shall we come to by degrees! 
This wicked world! I quite abhor it! 
The Lord give me a better for it! 
On me this scandal do they fix? 
On me? who, God knows, hate such tricks! 
Have mercy, Heaven, upon mankind, 
And grant us all a better mind! 
My husband — Ah that dearest man! 
Forget his love I never can; 
He took such care of my good name, 
And put all sland'rous tongues to shame. — 
But, ah! he's dead —' Here grief amain, 
Came bubbling up, and stopped the strain. 

Ned was no fool; he saw his cue, 
And how to use good fortune knew: 
Old Opportunity at hand, 
He seized the lock, and bid him stand; 
Urged of what use a husband was 
To vindicate a woman's cause, 
Exclaimed against the sland'rous age; 
And swore he could his soul engage 
That madam was so free from fault 
Vowing he'd lose each drop of blood 
To make that just assertion good. 

This logic, which well pleased the dame, 
At the same time eludes her shame: 
A husband, for a husband's sake, 
Was what she'd ne'er consent to take. 
Yet, as the age was so censorious, 
And Ned's proposals were so glorious, 
She thought 'twas best to take upon her, 
A second guardian of her honour." 

"This," says Old Mobb, "is an exact picture of woman-kind, and as such I committed it to memory; you are very much obliged to me for the recital, which has taken me up more time than I usually spend in taking a purse; let us now pass from the dead to the living, for it is these that I live by. I am in a pretty good humour, and so will not deal rudely by you. Be so kind, therefore, as to search yourself, and use me as honestly as you are able; you know I can examine afterwards, if I am not satisfied with what you give me." The gentlewoman found he was resolute, and so thought it the best way to keep him in temper, which she did by pulling out forty guineas in a silk purse, and presented them to him. It is fifty to one but Old Mobb got more by repeating the verses above than the poor poet that wrote them ever made of his copy. Such is the fate of the sons of Apollo. 

Scarce was Old Mobb parted from this gentlewoman before he saw the appearance of another prize at some distance. Who should it be but the famous Lincoln's Inn Fields mountebank, Cornelius a Tilburgh, who was going to set up a stage at Wells. Our adventurer knew him very well, as indeed did almost everyone at that time, which occasioned his demanding his money in a little rougher language
than usual. The poor quacksalver was willing to preserve what he had; and to that end used a great many fruitless expostulations, pretending that he had expended all the money he had brought out with him, and was himself in necessity. But Old Mobb soon gave him to understand that he would not be put off with fine words; and that he had more wit than to believe a mountebank, whose profession is lying. "You get your money," says he, "as easily as I do, and it is only fulfilling an old proverb if you give me all you have: 'Lightly come, lightly go.' Next market-day, doctor, will make up all, if you have any luck. It will excite people to buy your packets if, as an instance of your great desire to serve them, you tell them what you suffered upon your journey, which nevertheless could not hinder your coming to exercise your bowels of compassion among them, and to restore such as are in a languishing condition."

The empiric could scarce forbear laughing to hear Old Mobb hold forth so excellently well, and lay open the craft of his occupation with so much dexterity. He was, notwithstanding, very unwilling to part with his money, and began to read a lecture of morality to our desperado, upon the unlawfulness of his actions, telling him that what he did might frequently be the ruin of poor families, and oblige them afterwards to follow irregular courses, in order to make up what they had lost. "And then," says he, "you are answerable for the sins of such people." "This is the devil correcting sin with a witness," quoth Old Mobb. "Can I ruin more people than you, dear Mr Theophrastus Bombastus? You are a scrupulous, conscientious son of a whore, indeed, to tell me of ruining people. I only take their money away from them; but you frequently take away their lives: and what makes it the worse you do it safely, under a pretence of restoring them to health; whereas I should be hanged for killing a man, or even robbing him, if I were taken. You have put out more eyes than the smallpox, made more deaf than the cataracts of Nile; in a word, destroyed more than the pestilence. It is in vain to trifle with me, doctor, unless you have a remedy against the force of gunpowder and lead. If you have any such excellent specific, make use of it instantly, or else deliver your money." Our itinerant quack still continuing his delays, Old Mobb made bold to take a portmanteau from his horse, and put it upon his own, riding off with it, till he came to a convenient place for opening it. Upon examining the inside, he found five and twenty pounds in money and a large golden medal, which King Charles II. had given him for poisoning himself in his Majesty's presence; besides all his instruments and implements of quackery.

Another time Old Mobb met with the Duchess of Portsmouth, on the road between Newmarket and London, attended with a very small retinue. He made bold to stop the coach, and ask her Grace for what she had about her; but madam, who had been long used to command a monarch, did not understand the meaning of being spoken to in this manner by a common man. Whereupon she briskly demanded if he knew who she was. "Yes, madam," replied Old Mobb, "I know you to be the greatest whore in the kingdom; and that you are maintained at the public charge. I know that all the courtiers depend on your smiles, and that even the K — himself is your slave. But what of all that? A gentleman collector is a greater man upon the road, and much more absolute than his Majesty is at Court. You may now say, madam, that a single highwayman has exercised his authority where Charles II. of England has often begged a favour, and thought himself happy to obtain it at the expense of his treasure, as well as his breath." Her Grace continued to look upon him with a superior lofty air, and told him he was a very insolent fellow; that she would give him nothing, and that he should severely suffer for this affront. Adding that he might touch her if he durst.
"Madam," says Old Mobb, "that haughty French spirit will do you no good here. I am an English freebooter; and insist upon it as my native privilege to seize all foreign commodities. Your money indeed is English, and the prodigious sums that have been lavished on you will be a lasting proof of English folly; nevertheless, all you have is confiscated to me by being bestowed on such a worthless b---h. I am king here, madam, and I have a whore to keep on the public contributions as well as King Charles. It is for this that I collect of all that pass, and you shall have no favour from me." As soon as he had spoken he fell on board her in a very boisterous manner, so that her Grace cry out for quarter, telling him she would deliver all she had. She was as good as her word; for she surrendered two hundred pounds in money, which was in the seat of the coach, besides a very rich necklace, which her royal cully had lately given her, a gold watch and two diamond rings. Not long after the committing of this robbery, Old Mobb met with Sir George Jeffreys, at that time Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, as he was going to his country seat. My Lord Chief Justice upon the road was no more than another man; for Old Mobb disabled two servants that attended him, by shooting one through the arm, and the other through the thigh, and then stopped the coach, and demanded his Lordship's money. Jeffreys had before this made himself sufficiently famous, by his Western Assizes, and other very severe proceedings, so that he imagined his name carried terror enough in it to intimidate any man; but he was mistaken in Old Mobb, who had courage to speak his mind without any respect to persons, and when his Lordship told him his name only said he was glad he could be revenged on him in any manner for putting him in bodily fear at Hertford Assizes a few months before. "According to law, my Lord," says he, "I might charge a constable with you, and bind you over to the Quarterly Sessions, for threatening to take away my life. However, if you please, as I don't love to be spiteful, I will make up the matter with you for what money you have in the coach, which, I think, is as easy as you can desire, and easier than you deserve." Jeffreys expostulated with him upon the great hazard he ran, both of soul and body, by following such wicked courses, telling him that he must expect justice to follow his crimes if he believed there was any such thing as a Providence that governed the world. "I don't doubt," says Old Mobb, "but that when justice has overtaken us both, I shall stand at least as good a chance as your Lordship; who have already written your name in indelible characters of blood, by putting to death so many innocent men, for only standing up in defence of our common liberties, that you might secure the favour of your Prince. It is enough for you to preach morality upon the Bench, where nobody dares to contradict you; but your lessons can have no effect upon me at this time; for I know you too well not to see that they are only calculated to preserve money." This speech of Old Mobb was followed with fifty oaths and imprecations against the poor Judge, which threatened him with nothing but immediate death if he did not deliver his money. Jeffreys saw his authority would now stand him in no stead; so he gave what money he had, which amounted to about fifty-six guineas.

We took notice at the beginning of this life of Old Mobb that he sometimes was engaged with the Golden Farmer; the reader may therefore justly expect an account of some of their actions in concert; two stories, the most remarkable and diverting that we have seen concerning them, now follow. Having both of them a pretty deal of ready cash, and being willing to retire a little while from the highway, where they had lately made a great noise, and were now very much sought after, they came to London, in order to make use of their wits, of which they had both as great shares as they had of strength and courage. Here their first work was to observe the
humours and manners of the citizens, which neither of them was well acquainted with before, that they might know the better how to proceed, and impose upon them in their own way.

Everyone knows that London is all hurry and noise; every man there is a man of business, and those who make good appearances never want credit. All people there live by mutual dependence upon one another, and he who has dealt for two or three hundred pounds, and made good his payments, may afterwards be trusted for five. Our adventurers soon perceived all this, and what advantages many designing men made of the general confidence that people reposed in each other. They saw that nobody could teach them how to cheat a citizen so well as a citizen himself, and thereupon they concluded that the best way they could take was, to both turn tradesmen.

Each of them now takes a large handsome house, hires two or three servants, and sets up for a great dealer. The Golden Farmer's habitation was in Thames Street, where he passed for a corn chandler, which occupation he had the most knowledge in of any. Old Mobb took up his residence somewhere near the Tower, and called himself a Holland trader, he having been abroad when a boy, and knowing pretty well what commodities were exported to that country, of the language of which he had also a small smattering. They went for near relations, of the name of Bryan, and said they were North Country men.

They now employ all their time in inquiring after goods in their several ways, buying whatever comes to their hands, and either paying ready money themselves, or drawing upon each other for one, two or three days; at which time payment was always punctually made. This constant tide of money was kept up by their continually selling privately what they bought (sometimes, perhaps, not a little to loss) to such persons as are glad to make use of their cash in this manner; and always wink at things which they can't comprehend, while they find their interest in it. As they dealt in very different ways, the chapmen of the one had no knowledge of those of the other; so that though every one of them had been sent at one time or another, by his respective customer, to receive money off his kinsman, none of them had any notion that the correspondence was mutual, and consequently no suspicion of a fraud at the bottom.

Thus they continued till they both found their characters thoroughly established. Perhaps in this time they may each of them have lost a hundred or two pounds, but they very well knew that this loss would get them as many thousands. When they saw that all who dealt with them were ready to send in what goods they required, and not in the least care about their money, they thought their project ripe for execution. Accordingly a day was appointed for that purpose.

They now ordered all their customers to bring them in goods on such a day, as much, at least, in quantity, as they had ever before received at one time of the respective sorts, confining them all to particular hours for the delivery of what they brought, that they might not interfere with one another, and so suspect that some unfair design was on foot. At the same time they informed those who usually bought everything off their hands that they should have such-and-such quantities of so many sorts to dispose of, naming the next day to that when they were to receive them; that they would sell them cheap, because they were obliged to make up a large sum of
ready money; that therefore they desired them to be punctual, and bring only cash for what they designed to buy. The whole scheme succeeded as well as they could wish: on one side there was no suspicion; and on the other, if there was any, it was not the interest of the parties to discover what they thought, because every one of them promised himself some advantage.

The goods were all delivered according to order, at the day and hour appointed, and notes were mutually drawn by the kinsman in Thames Street upon him by the Tower, and by the kinsman by the Tower upon him in Thames Street, for the several sums, to be paid at three days after date. Never were men better satisfied than these poor dupes, not one of them doubting but he should have all his money the moment he went for it, as usual. They went home and slept soundly that night, and the two nights succeeding. Next day came the buyers, and entirely cleared both houses, paying down ready money for all they carried off. These too were as well pleased as the rest, and with much better reason. They imagined indeed that their chapmen were going to break, but what was that to them? No matter how the poor men were to live for the future, so long as they could have good bargains at present.

There was now time enough before the day of payment for our two merchants to take care of themselves, and the money they had raised, which they did very effectually. When they came to computation they found that by this one bold stroke they had got clear into their pockets about sixteen hundred and thirty pounds — a pretty considerable sum for three months, which was the longest time they were in trade. When the creditors came to receive their money they were surprised at both places to see the doors fast, and the windows shut, till they were informed by the neighbours that the birds were flown the day before, and that all their furniture was either carried off in the night, or seized for rent. How the men now looked upon one another! Every one began to suspect that the rest who were attending came about the same business as himself, and indeed, when they came to examine the matter, they found themselves not mistaken. Those who were earliest in Thames Street, and had heard the melancholy news, went forthwith to the Tower to complain that Mr Cousin was gone; and those at the Tower set out for Thames Street. Now was the whole plot unravelled, when they saw both were departed quietly, and had learned of each other how they had been mutually imposed upon by the pretended relations, when they told their several cases.

One such trick as this is enough for a man's whole life, and as much as he can safely play in the same kingdom. Our two Bryans now, therefore, resumed their old names and habits, taking to the highway again for some time, till fresh danger of being apprehended put them once more to their shifts. There was not less art in what they now did than in what we have just related, only they acted in a lower sphere, not daring to aspire so high as to be merchants, after they had brought so much scandal upon the name. Men whose thoughts are all turned upon money have no regard to the manner in which they get what they desire — nor need they, provided they come off with impunity; for all people honour the rich, without inquiring how they came to be so.

There were two wealthy brothers of the name of Seals, Philip and Charles, both jewellers. Philip lived in London, and Charles resided at Bristol. The Golden Farmer and Old Mobb knew every circumstance of the family from which these men were descended, and were moreover particularly instructed in the private history of
our brothers. This made our desperadoes fix on them for their next prize, now they were again reduced to extremity. The brothers were sickly, consumptive men, which inclined these arch-villains to undertake and perform what will be as diverting in the relation as it was unparalleled in itself, and worthy of the men who acted in it. Having contrived and ordered the whole affair, the first step they took towards executing it was writing, and copying, the following letter, making only the alteration of the place and name, as they saw necessary: —

March 26, 1686.

DEAR BROTHER, — This comes to bring you the sorrowful news that you have lost the best of brothers, and I the kindest of husbands, at a time when we were in hopes of his growing better, as the spring advanced, and continuing with us at least one summer longer. He died this morning, about eleven of the clock, after he had kept his bed only three days. I send so hastily to you, that you may be here before we prepare for the funeral, which was the desire of my dear husband, who informed me that he had made you joint-executor with me. The will is in my hands, and I shall defer opening it till you arrive here. I am too full of grief to add any more; the messenger, who is a very honest man, and a neighbour of mine, shall inform you of such particulars as are needful from, your sorrowful sister,

— SEALS.

P.S.-I employed a friend to write for me, which I desire you to excuse; for I was not able to do it myself, nor indeed to dictate any more.

These letters being sealed and properly directed, our two adventurers dressed themselves according to the characters they were to bear, and parted from each other; one of them riding towards London, and the other towards Bristol, having so ordered it beforehand that they might both come to the end of their journey at the same time. They arrived, they delivered their credentials, and were kindly received. It is not to our purpose to declare how many tears were shed upon opening the letters, and how many eulogies each of the living brothers bestowed upon him whom he supposed to be dead. Much less shall we pretend to describe the secret joy which they both concealed under a sorrowful countenance; but which naturally arose in their breasts when they understood that an addition would now accrue to their fortunes by the death of a brother. It is true they both loved one another; but of all love, self-love is the strongest.

The evening at each place was spent in talking over several particulars of the family, subjects that at such a time as this always come in the way. Our messengers were both very expert, and each brother was convinced that the man whom his sister had sent had been long conversant in the family, by the exact account which he gave of things. They moreover added of their own heads a great deal of stuff concerning the manner of the respected Mr Seals' death, and what he said in his last moments, which at this time was doubtless very moving. In a word, the best bed in both houses was made ready for our two sharpers, who were to depart the next morning, and tell the sisters-in-law that their brothers would come two days after, which was as soon as their mourning could be made, and other things prepared for the journey.

It may be proper to observe that Old Mobb went to Bristol, and the Golden Farmer to London. The first of these found means in the evening to secure jewels to the value of two hundred pounds, which was all the booty he had any opportunity to make. But the Golden Farmer, having well observed the position of Mr Philip Seals'
shop, arose in the night, came silently downstairs, and took to a much greater value; among other things a diamond necklace — which was just made for a lady of the first quality, but not to be delivered till some days after — three very large diamond rings, and five small ones. In the morning both our adventurers set out, one from Bristol, and the other from London. They met at a place before appointed, and congratulated one another upon their success.

But we must leave them together, and return to the brothers, who were both getting ready for their journey. Such was the hurry and confusion which our messengers had put the two families in, that nobody in either of them took any notice of the shops, so that nothing of the robberies was discovered in time enough to prevent the masters setting out, and let them see that they were imposed on. The shops were well furnished out, and what was carried off took up but little room; wherefore it was not surprising that such a thing should be overlooked, at a time when no business was thought of but the preparations for travelling, and appearing decently at the funeral.

The merriest part of the whole story was our two brothers setting out the same morning, and coming the same evening to Newbury, where they took up their lodging also at the same inn. He from London came in first, and being fatigued went to bed before the other arrived. The Bristol man, about two hours after, passed through his brother's room, and a companion with him, whom he had engaged to attend him, and reposed themselves where but a thin partition was between the two chambers. Philip, the Londoner, was asleep when his brother went by him, but the discourse between Charles and his friend surprised him; he could not tell what they talked of; but was certain one of the tongues was his brother's, whom he was going to see buried. By and by Charles had occasion to go to the necessary house; upon which he rises, and attempts to go through Philip's chamber again, who by the moonlight was still more convinced that he had not been deceived in the voice. Upon this he screamed out, and Charles was now as much surprised as his brother; so that he ran back to bed half dead with fear. In a word, they both continued sweating, and frightening themselves, till morning, when they arose and dressed themselves in their mourning apparel. Below stairs for some time they shunned one another, till they were taken notice of by the people of the house, who with some difficulty brought them together, after they had heard both their stories. They now saw themselves imposed on, but could not imagine the reason of it, till, after spending two days together at the inn, they both returned, and found themselves robbed. Now was the plot unravelled.

Old Mobb was at last apprehended in Tuthill Street, Westminster, committed to Newgate, and tried at the Old Bailey, on thirty-six indictments, of thirty-two of which he was found guilty.

On Friday, the 30th of May, 1690, he was executed at Tyburn, without making any speech or confession, but continuing to act with his usual intrepidity.
THOMAS KELSEY

An audacious young Thief who robbed the Tent of King William in Flanders and stabbed a Newgate Turnkey. Executed 13th of June, 1690

THOMAS KELSEY was born in Leather Lane, in the parish of St Andrew, Holborn; but his mother being a Welsh woman, and she having an estate of about forty pounds per annum, left her by an uncle at Wrexham, in Denbighshire, the whole family — which consisted only of the two old people, and this their son — went down thither to live upon it.

Tom was from his infancy a stubborn, untoward brat, and this temper increased as he grew up; so that at fourteen years of age he was prevailed on by one Jones, who has since been a victualler in London, to leave his father and come up to town, in order to seek his fortune. Having neither of them any money, they were obliged to beg their way along in the best English they were masters of. Going one day to a gentleman's house with their complaint, he took a liking to the boys, and received them both into his house: Kelsey in the quality of a horsekeeper and Jones as a falconer. It may be supposed they were both awkward enough in their callings, but Tom's place was the least difficult, so that he kept it the longest, the gentleman being soon weary of his falconer, and glad to send him about his business again.

It was not a great while after, before Tom Kelsey was detected in some little pilfering tricks, and turned out of doors after his companion, whom he could not find when he came to London. His being out of place till he could subsist no longer, and his natural inclination to dishonesty, soon brought him forward in the course of life for which he was afterwards so infamous. He fell into company with thieves, and was as bold and as dexterous in a little time as the best of them, if not even beyond them all.

Going one day by the house of Mr Norton, a silversmith in Burleigh Street, near Exeter Change, a couple of his companions came by him like strangers, and one of them snatched off his hat, and flung it into the goldsmith's chamber window, which stood open, running away as fast as they could. Tom, who had a look innocent enough to deceive anybody, made a sad complaint to Mr Norton, who stood at his door and saw all that passed. It happened that at that time there was nobody at home but himself, of which Tom had got intelligence before. "Poor lad!" says Mr Norton, "you shall not lose your hat; go upstairs and fetch it yourself, for I cannot leave the shop." This was just what Tom wanted; he went up and took his hat, and with it a dozen of silver spoons that lay in his way, coming down in a minute, and making a very submissive bow to Mr Norton for his civility, who let him go without suspicion. This prize was divided between him and his two associates, as is common in such-like cases.

Tom was not, however, so successful in his villainies but that he was condemned to be hanged before he was sixteen years of age. The fact was breaking open the house of one Mr Johnson, a grocer in the Strand, and stealing from thence two silver tankards, a silver cup, six silver spoons, a silver porringer, and forty pounds in money. But he got off this time on account of his youth, and the interest his father
made at court; for, hearing of his son's condemnation, the old gentleman came directly up to town, and arrived before the day appointed for his execution, procuring a full pardon by the mediation of some powerful friends.

To prevent his following the same courses again, and exposing himself afresh to the sentence of the law, the old gentleman put his son apprentice to a weaver, but before he had served half-a-year of his time he ran away from his master, and took to his old courses again. It was his pride to make all whom he conversed with as bad as himself, an instance of which appeared in what he did by one David Hughes, a cousin of his by the mother's side. This youth, going to Kingston Assizes along with Tom a few days after he came to town, was prevailed upon by him to pick a pocket in the court; in which action being apprehended, he was immediately tried, and condemned to be hanged upon a gibbet within sight of the Bench, as a terror to others. This week was fatal enough to young Hughes; for he came to London on the Monday, on Tuesday and Wednesday spent and lost ten pounds, which was all the money he had, along with whores and sharpers, on Thursday in the evening picked a pocket, was condemned on Friday morning, and hanged on Saturday. This was the end of one of Kelsey's hopeful pupils, who had the impudence to boast of it.

Another of the actions of this extravagant was his robbing the Earl of Feversham's lodgings. This nobleman was General of the Forces in the reign of King James II., and consequently had a sentinel always at his door. Tom dressed himself in a foot-soldier's habit one evening, and went up to the fellow who was then on duty, asking him a great many questions, and offering at last to stand a drink, if he knew where to get a couple of pots of good beer. The soldier told him there was very good a little beyond Catherine Street, but he durst not leave his post so long as to fetch it. "Can't I take your place, brother soldier?" quoth Tom. "I am sure if somebody be at the post there can be no danger." The soldier thanked him, took the sixpence, and went his way; meanwhile Tom's associates got into the house, and were rifling it as fast as they could. They had not quite done when the soldier came back; whereupon Tom gave him twopence more, and desired him to get a little tobacco also. While the poor fellow was gone for this the villains came out, and Tom went with them, carrying off not only above two hundred pounds worth of plate, but even the soldier's musket. The next day the sentinel was called to account, and committed to prison. At the ensuing court martial he was ordered to run the gauntlet for losing his piece, and then was sent to Newgate, and loaded with irons, on suspicion of being privy to the robbery, where, after nine months' confinement, he miserably perished. Kelsey, after this, broke open the house of the Lady Grace Pierpont, at Thistleworth, and stole from thence a great many valuable things. But soon after one of his companions impeached him for this fact; whereupon, being informed that the officers were in search after him, he fled to the camp of King William in Flanders. Here he got a considerable booty out of his Majesty's tent, and from other general officers, with which he got to Amsterdam, and sold it to a Jew; whom he also robbed afterwards, and sold what he had gotten to another Jew at Rotterdam, from whence he re-embarked for England.

He had not been long returned to his native country before he was detected in breaking open the house of a linen-draper in Cheapside, which put a final end to his liberty, though not to his villainy, for, being sent to Newgate, and having no hopes of ever getting out any more, unless to go to Tyburn, he grew desperate, and resolved to do all the mischief he could there. Mr Goodman, one of the turnkeys of that jail, being one day drinking in the common-side cellar, Kelsey privately stabbed him in the belly
with a knife, of which wound he instantly died. For this murder he received sentence of death at the next session in the Old Bailey, and a gibbet being erected in Newgate Street, near the prison, he was thereon executed, on Friday, the 13th of June, 1690, being then no more than twenty years of age. As a terror to the other prisoners who were then in confinement, his body was suffered to hang on the gibbet the space of three hours.
SIR JOHN JOHNSTON

Executed at Tyburn, 23rd of December, 1690, for assisting to steal an Heiress

SIR JOHN JOHNSTON was born at Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire. His father had had a good estate, but had diminished it by extravagant living, so Sir John went young into the army to improve his fortune. He went over to Ireland, where he thought to better his circumstances by marriage; and getting into the acquaintance of a Mr Magrath, in the county of Clare, he, by his urbane conversation, so gained his good opinion, that he frequently invited him to dinner. Mr Magrath having a daughter, with ten thousand pounds as her portion, Sir John took every opportunity to insinuate himself into her company, and so far gained upon her affections as to obtain her consent to elope with him; but the father, having some hints given him of their private courtship, kept a very watchful eye over their actions, and at last, being confirmed in his suspicions, forbade Sir John his house, and kept his daughter close.

Miss Magrath being uneasy under her confinement, and deprived of the company of Sir John, whom she loved to distraction, made a kinswoman her confidante, and entrusted her with a letter to Sir John, to let him know how uneasy her life was, and that if he would come to such a place, at a stated time, she would endeavour to make her escape, and meet him. But the lady, thinking she should gain most by obliging her uncle, delivered the letter to him, instead of Sir John. Mr Magrath, having read it, sealed it up again, and sent it to Sir John, who received it with a great deal of satisfaction, and immediately wrote an answer, and returned it by the same messenger. But, repairing to the place of rendezvous, instead of meeting the lady, he fell into an ambuscade of fellows with sticks and clubs, who beat him so unmercifully that he promised to relinquish his pursuit.

Having been in London some time, and spent his money, he was obliged to apply to some of his countrymen for support; and Captain James Campbell, brother of the Earl of Argyll, having a design to steal an heiress, one Miss Mary Wharton, he and Mr Montgomery were assistants in the affair. Miss Wharton was the daughter of Philip Wharton, Esq., and at the age of thirteen, by his death, inherited fifteen hundred pounds per annum, besides a personal property to the amount of one thousand pounds. This young lady resided with her mother in Great Queen Street, and Captain James Campbell, brother of the Earl of Argyll, wishing to possess so rich a prize, determined to marry her perforce, and for that purpose prevailed upon Sir John Johnston and Archibald Montgomery to assist him in conveying Miss Wharton from her home, which being done, and a reward of a hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of Captain Campbell, and fifty pounds a-piece for him and Mr Montgomery. Sir John, being betrayed by his landlord, was apprehended and indicted for it, the 11th of December, 1690.

The evidence was, in substance, that Miss Mary Wharton, being an heiress of considerable fortune, and under the care of her guardian (Mr Bierly), was decoyed out on the 10th of November, and being met with by Sir John Johnston, Captain Campbell and Mr Montgomery, in Queen Street, was forced into a coach with six horses (appointed to wait there by Captain Campbell) and carried to the coachman's house,
and there married to Captain Campbell, against the consent of herself, or knowledge of her guardian. The jury having found the prisoner guilty, he received sentence of death.

The enterprise succeeded but too well to Johnston's cost. Campbell, who was the real culprit, escaped punishment, and married Margaret Leslie, daughter of David Lord Newark, after Parliament had dissolved his first marriage; but every effort to save Johnston proved ineffectual. Miss Wharton afterwards married Colonel Bierly, who commanded a regiment of horse in the service of William III.

At the place of execution, Sir John addressed the spectators in a long speech, in which he not only endeavoured to make it appear he was blameless in the transaction for which he suffered, but that he had been greatly wronged by printed papers, in which he was charged with a rape at Chester, and a similar crime at Utrecht, in Holland. He was executed at Tyburn, the 23rd of December, 1690.
JACK WITHRINGTON

*One of five Brothers, all of whom were hanged. He earned Fame for his Courage, challenged the Captain of his Regiment; turned Gamester, Thief and Highwayman. Executed 1st of April, 1691*

THIS fellow was the youngest of five brothers, who were all born at Blandford, in Dorsetshire. The other four were all hanged in the country, but Jack had the good fortune to be reserved for Tyburn, and by that means to have his name transmitted to posterity. He was bound to a tanner in Shaftesbury, a town in his native county, with whom he served about three years. Then he entered into the Earl of Oxford's Regiment of Horse, in which, when Monmouth's rebellion was suppressed in the West of England, he came up to London, where he soon met with opportunities of discovering his valour to the world. These occasions were two quarrels in which he was engaged: the first with a man famous for fighting, against whom he behaved with so much bravery and skill that it won him a vast reputation; the second with a person of great estate, but a noted coward, when he showed himself a gentleman by his adherence to the point of honour and good breeding. By these duels he won abundance of applause, so as thereby to contract a familiarity with all the greatest fighting men of the time, especially those in his own regiment. Withrington however carried his manhood so far as to get himself turned out of the regiment within a year after, for challenging his captain. He then became a perfect bully and gamester; and, being fortunate, in a little time by these means saw himself master of a considerable sum of money. Notwithstanding all this good luck at first, he found himself afterwards subject to the fate of gamesters — viz. to be frequently without money in spite of his large winnings. This brought him at last to consider the uncertainty of Fortune and endeavour to make himself master of her, by supplying with fraud what he might want in plain open skill. But this also did not continue long; for everyone began to be aware of him as a common sharper, and none who knew him would venture to play with him.

In the common scale of knavery the next step above a sharper is a downright thief. Withrington made bold to ascend this degree, and was resolved to take the most honourable station thereon, that of a highwayman. He had money enough to buy him a good horse and accoutrements, so that the resolution and the real attempt were not long asunder. His first adventure was with a farmer, from whom he took forty pounds, giving him in return only an impudent harangue, occasioned by the countryman's reproaching him with the robbery.

The next that fell in Withrington's way was Mr Edward Clark, gentleman usher to the Duchess of Mazarin. They met in Devonshire, on the road between Chudleigh and Ashburton. Mr Clark made some resistance, so that in the scuffle Withrington's mask fell off and discovered his face, which Mr Clark knowing, he called him by his name, and said he hoped he would not rob an old acquaintance. "Indeed I shall, sir," quoth Withrington, "for you get your money much easier than I do, who am forced to venture my life for a maintenance; you have so much a year for eating, drinking and entertaining your lady with scandal and nonsense. What I shall take from you will do you little harm; it is only putting a higher price upon half-a-score reputations, which you know how to do as well as any coxcomb in England."
Ladies never let such faithful servants go unrewarded, nor will yours suffer your loss to fall on yourself." He got about eight guineas out of this gentleman's pocket, and for old acquaintance sake bade him "Good-b'w'ye" very heartily.

Withrington's robberies in less than a year and a half were talked of almost all over the kingdom. But alas! he met with a diversion, common to mankind, that draws even the most stupid into the rank of polite persons. The poor man was in love; and with whom but a rich widow inn-keeper in Bristol! Farewell to the highway: Withrington has another scent to pursue. No more robberies to be thought of from a man who was himself robbed of his heart! He employed an old bawd in the affair, who was intimately acquainted with our hostess, and by this flesh-broker's mediation things had like to have come to an issue, and Jack to have been master of the Swan Inn. In short, there was nothing prevented it but the accidental coming of a certain gentleman, who knew our highwayman, and informed his mistress what he was. The effects of this discovery were Jack's being kicked out of doors by the ostler and chamberlain, and the commitment of madam the negotiatress to Bridewell, in order to mill Dolly.

After his return to the highway he and one of his companions met with Mr Thompson, a noted tailor, in a part of Hertfordshire that was convenient for robbing. They took from him about thirty pounds in silver, and then, dismounting him, they ordered him to stay where he was till they brought him more company. As soon as they were gone from him he remounted his horse and attempted to ride off as fast as he could; but our highwaymen perceiving what he was at, and having the best horses, they fetched him back, and mistrusting he had more money, by his being in so much haste, they searched him afresh, he protesting all the while that he had not so much as a farthing left if it were to save his soul. In a literal sense he might be right; but they made a shift to find forty guineas, which they thought better than farthings. Withrington upon this exclaimed that it was a sad thing that one Christian could not believe another! They then shot his horse, to put a stop to his speed, and so rode away and left him.

The last robbery Withrington committed was alone. He stopped a nobleman on Hounslow Heath attended by two footmen. There was a short dispute, but Withrington having the best of it, he took a portmanteau in which were two hundred and eighty guineas, sixty pounds in silver, and a parcel of fine linen. A hue and cry was soon issued out after him, and he was apprehended by means of it at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, from whence he was removed to London, where he was condemned for this fact.

The sentence of death seemed to have no effect on his temper, for he was as gay and humorous under that circumstance as ever he had been before. When he was riding up Holborn Hill he ordered the cart to stop, and calling up the Sheriff's deputy, "Sir," said he, "I owe a small matter at the Three Cups, a little farther on, for which I am afraid of being arrested as I go by the door; therefore I shall be much obliged to you if you will be pleased to carry me down Shoe Lane and bring me up Drury Lane again into the road by which I am to travel this devilish long journey." The deputy informed him that if such a mischance should happen he should come to no damage. "For," says he, "I'll be bail for you myself, rather than you shall go back to prison again." "Thank you heartily, sir," quoth Jack; "I protest I could not have thought that I had a friend in the world who would have stood by me so in such a time of need."
After this he rode very contentedly to the place of execution, where he was tucked up with as little ceremony as usual. This fatal day was Wednesday, the 1st of April, in the year 1691.
JACOB HALSEY

The Quaker Highwayman, who after being fooled by a "Spirit" led a Life of Crime, and was executed at Maidstone in April, 1691

MISSING TEXT

JACOB HALSEY was born in Bedford, the chief town in Bedfordshire, of very wealthy parents, who were Quakers, and accordingly bred him up in that persuasion from his infancy.

When he was arrived at man's estate he pretended to be wonderfully gifted, and the spirit abounded so powerfully in him that he frequently held forth in the meetings of the Friends twice or thrice a week. Nay, he either pretended to be, or was, so very enthusiastically given, that he affirmed, with all the gravity imaginable, that he nightly dreamed dreams and saw visions, and had sundry comfortable and enlightening revelations.

Hereupon one of his neighbours, an arch unlucky weed, resolved to put Halsey's faith, or rather folly, to the test whether he really believed what he pretended to affirm and preach to others; which brought poor Jacob into a very ugly scrape, as we shall see in the sequel; for this neighbour, getting upon the house one night when it was very late, called out twice or thrice, with a loud voice, to Halsey: Jacob, where art thou? Halsey, at last hearing the voice, starts out of his bed naked, and, running to the window whence the voice seemed to come, cries out: "Here am I! Oh, what is thy will?" Quoth the wag in the same voice, who could hardly forbear laughing: "Arise presently, Jacob, my beloved, my chosen one, and go to the church, or rather steeple-house, and break all the windows."

Immediately Halsey hurries on his clothes, gets a long pole, runs to the church, and demolishes all the windows, lead and all; zeal being never so well pleased as when it is set a-tearing and doing mischief. But poor Yea-and-Nay suffered severely in the flesh for this zealous fit; for, being taken in the fact, he was committed to Bedford jail, and before the matter was made up it cost him above four hundred pounds, between the charges of the Spiritual Court and at common law. He was above three months under confinement, during which time, being a facetious sort of a fellow — what we call a "wet Quaker" — he would drink and keep company, notwithstanding his persuasion, with the felons in Bedford Jail, asking them several questions, and being very inquisitive in examining into the art and mystery of thieving. There was one rogue more acute than the rest, with whom he would daily converse, and one time, as the were drinking together, he acquainted him with the several lays which the thieves went upon, and amongst the rest informed him of a set of rascals who wore cloaks and hats cocked up on one side, with a plume of feathers on the other, whence their fraternity received the name of "Plumers."

The exercise of these gentry by daytime was to stroll about the streets and create quarrels upon nothing, only to draw a crowd together, that they might twitch a cloak, or pick a pocket, among the confused multitude. But in the night they had recourse to a different method of practice. Some of them had the industry to insinuate themselves into gentlemen's company and, enticing them to play, pick their pockets of their money by new-invented cheats. These had the policy to keep so fair a
correspondence with the constables and justices' clerks that they very seldom under-
went any disgrace or punishment, unless they encountered some very powerful
adversary, whose purse was not only better lined than theirs, but who had interest
enough to make even the justices' commission shake if they offered to protect or
screen them, as those trading justices always do who go snacks with their clerks.

In short, after this thief had acquainted Halsey with the chief secrets of his
calling and profession, he took the liberty of asking him if none of them apprehended
hanging. "Scarce any of us," answered he, "ever suffer such a thing to enter into our
thoughts; so far from it that we frequently are present at the execution of our
comrades, without the least fear or terror; for nothing dazzles our eyes or is capable of
moving our hearts like the insatiate thirst of invaluable gold."

As soon as he was set at liberty, Halsey, being sensible how he had been
imposed upon in the affair of the voice which commanded him to break the church
windows, was very much ashamed of his ridiculous folly, and would willingly have
had it forgotten; but the people flouted him, and jeered him continually, throughout
the town of Bedford. Nay, what was worst of all, he could never appear in the streets
or go about his business without having a whole tribe of boys and girls hollowing and
hooting after him. This exasperated him so much at last, that, being weary of his life,
he was resolved to quit the country, and be revenged of all the churchmen that fell
into his clutches, though it were at the hazard of his own neck. He resolved then upon
following the road; and, in order thereunto, metamorphosed his cropped hair into a
peruke, his formal hat to one pinched and cocked, his diminutive cravat to a ranting
neck-cloth, and his precise coat, without plaits, to one more fashionable, designing to
hide his knavery as much as he possibly could by such an alteration. But nevertheless,
even under this disguise, he would always rob in the language of the lambs.

Accordingly, one day, meeting with an old wicked usurer of Bedford, between
Barnet and St Albans, he rode on with him very peaceably for three or four miles;
when, coming to a convenient place for his intended purpose, "Look thee, friend,"
says he, "I am not like one of those profane ones, who spoil men in the terrifying
words of 'Stand and deliver.' No, I say again, I am not one of that wicked stamp, but
an Israelite that spoils an Egyptian with all the good humour, peace and quietness in
the world; so open thy purse-strings straight, and lend what thou hast, without any
grumbling."

The old usurer, not liking this mild way of parting with his mammon any more
than that of being more roughly handled, refused Jacob his money, and made great
resistance; whereupon Halsey shot his horse, and after taking from him about sixty
pounds, resolving to punish him yet further, for moving his righteous spirit to wrath,
made him cast his arms about a large elm-tree, and bound them fast together with a
strong cord. This done, he left him to stretch out his neck like the cock of a conduit,
whose head, not being fixed to the body, may be set higher or lower at pleasure, and
look out to see when some good person would come by and deliver him.

Another time, Jacob, overtaking a country curate between Abingdon and
Oxford, accosts him in this manner: "Friend, imagining thee to be some Philistine
going to spoil an honest Israelite for tithes, I must make bold to spoil thee first;
wherefore, thou wicked one, deliver thy mammon to the righteous, that he may
convert it to a better use than to exhaust it in gluttony and pride, otherwise I shall send
thee to the bottomless pit before thy time is come by the course of nature." The parson made several hums upon the matter, but finding the resolute Quaker would not be said nay, gave him a bag containing thirty-two pounds, after which they parted.

Jacob was at last apprehended in attempting to rob the Earl of Westmoreland, not far from his seat near Wateringbury, in Kent, and being committed to Maidstone jail, was condemned at the assizes held there in April, 1691, and executed a few days afterwards.
WILL MACQUEER

Who stole the Lord Chancellor's Mace and delighted in robbing Army Officers on the Highway. Executed at Tyburn, 1st of May, 1691

THIS notorious offender was the bastard son of an Irish priest, and born at Athenrea, in the county of Galway and province of Connaught in Ireland. Coming young to England and not readily falling into any business was the occasion of his first taking to ill courses, he being exposed, as most idle fellows are, to bad company, which is the most common introduction to thieving, and as it were the first step towards Tyburn.

The first of William Macqueer's offences was a burglary committed at Brentwood, in Essex, in company with three more. They entered a gentleman's house there, stole four diamond rings, a very large quantity of plate, and six hundred pounds in money. Not long after this he and one more broke open the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys' house, in Duke Street, Westminster, whence they carried off the purse and mace belonging to his office. Macqueer has been often heard to boast how he made his companion carry the two prizes before him through the park in the same manner as they were carried before the Chancellor, while he walked in state behind them, and swelled as much as any country cobbler could do when he arises to the dignity of mayor of his borough. The next morning early there was a terrible hue and cry after these ensigns of dignity, which Macqueer had secured in his closet at his lodgings, going out all day to hear what would be the event of the inquiry. The maid going up that day to clean his chamber found a small jewel on the floor, which had been dropped from the purse. This she instantly carried down to her master, who having heard the news that day, and not liking his lodger very well before, began to suspect what afterwards appeared to be the truth. For, sending for a constable and breaking open the door, they found both the mace and the purse, which were the same day restored to the Chancellor. Macqueer informed himself abroad of all that had happened, and never came near his landlord and house again till he broke it open about a quarter of a year after and stole away as many goods as were valued at eighty pounds, by way of revenge for what was done.

Nothing would serve him now but the highway, and he was resolved to be furnished with accoutrements at the expense of the public. He stole a good horse and saddle out of the stable of one Councillor Thursby, in Burleigh Street, in the Strand; and a pair of pistols he got from Mr Robert Williams, a gunsmith in George Yard, Westminster. Thus equipped he set out.

There was at that time a poet, whose name was Alexander Oldys, a man as deformed as AESop, and so small that there was hardly such another to be seen. It was the fate of our bard to meet Macqueer between Hammersmith and Brentford, when he was accosted with the customary salutation. He now found he was got into other company than that of the Muses, and began to apprehend that his sword would do him small service against a pistol, upon which he gave Teague all the money he had, amounting in whole, as it is reported, to no more than threepence-farthing. We are certain the sum did not satisfy Macqueer, who deprived him of his sword also, in a most ungentlemanly manner; which loss was the cause of greater grief to our bard.
than any other affliction he could have suffered, except that of being obliged never to write any more verses.

Not long after, Macqueer met the Lady Auverquerque coming from the bath in a coach-and-six, stopped her, and desired her to lend him what money she had about her, because he had at that time great occasion; promising her to pay the whole again very honestly at their next encounter, and offering to give his bond if she demanded it. "I believe," says the lady, "you had as good tell me at once you are come to rob me, for this is an odd way of borrowing. I am a stranger in this country," the Irishman said, "and so if I don't know the difference between robbing and borrowing, you must excuse me; for all I mean is, give me your money." The lady told him it was well he had explained himself at last, and so gave him her gold watch, two diamond rings and what money she had. He then shot two of the coach horses and the horses of two footmen that attended, and so rode off with his booty as fast as he could. Macqueer took a particular delight in robbing the officers of the army, because he imagined that in so doing he gave a greater proof of his valour than he could by any other means.

The first he robbed was one Mr Adams, a lieutenant of the Second Regiment of Foot Guards, whom he met between Uxbridge and Beaconsfield. The lieutenant, being stopped before he was aware, gave our highwayman very good words; but perceiving that Macqueer was not to be talked out of his booty delivered six pounds to him, out of which Macqueer gave him back ten shillings to bear his charges.

Another officer whom he robbed was Captain Shooter, a man of bravery and resolution, who would not tamely part with what he had, and had like to have made our highwayman pay dearly for his affected courage. Their meeting was on Hampstead Heath, where they fired several pistols at each other without doing any damage on either side. They then rode up together, with their swords drawn, and made a great many pushes. Macqueer had certainly been worsted at this exercise if he had not bethought himself of another pistol in his breeches' pocket, which he pulled out and discharged suddenly through the captain's head, when he apprehended nothing but the sword. He got at least fifty guineas and a silver watch by this murder. The last robbery he was concerned in was in company with William Selwood, alias Jenkins, another old offender. They took two hundred and fifty guineas from one Mr Benjamin Watts on Hounslow Heath. For this fact they were both taken, condemned, and on Friday, the 1st of May, 1691, executed together at Tyburn, Macqueer being in the twenty-eighth year of his age.
TOM COX
A Handsome Highwayman who robbed the King's Jester and even held up men of his own Trade. Executed 3rd of June, 1691

THOMAS COX was born at Blandford, in Dorsetshire. He was the youngest son of a gentleman, so that, having but a small patrimony, he soon consumed it in riotous living. Upon the decay of his fortune he came up to London, where he fell in with a gang of highwaymen, and easily complied with their measures in order to support himself in his dissolute course of life. He was three times tried for his life before the last fatal trial, and had, after all these imputations, a prospect once more of making himself a gentleman, so indulgent was Providence to him. A young lady fell in love with him at Worcester, he being a very handsome man, and she went so far as to communicate her passion, and almost make him a direct offer of herself and fifteen hundred pounds. Cox married her; but instead of settling himself in the world, and improving his fortune, he spent it all in less than two years, broke the poor gentlewoman's heart with his ill-usage, and then took to his old courses again.

The robberies he committed after this were almost innumerable. One day he met with Killigrew, who had been jester to King Charles II., and ordered him to deliver. "Are you in earnest, friend?" said the buffoon. Tom replied: "Yes, by G-d am I! for though you live by jesting, I can't." Killigrew found he spoke truth; for well as he loved jesting, he could not conceive that to be a jest which cost him twenty-five guineas; for so much Tom took from him.

Another time he robbed Mr Hitchcock, an attorney of New Inn, of three hundred and fifty guineas, on the road between Midhurst and Tetworth, in the county of Sussex, giving him in return a lesson on the corruption of his practice, and throwing him a single guinea to bear his charges. Mr Hitchcock was a little surprised at the highwayman's generosity, but more at his morality, imagining the world must needs be near its end when the devil undertook to reform it.

Our offender was at last apprehended for a robbery on the highway, committed near Chard, in Somersetshire. But he had not been long confined in Ilchester jail before he found an opportunity of escaping. He broke out of his ward into the keeper's apartment, who, as good luck would have it, had been drunk overnight, and was now in a profound sleep. It was a moonlight night, and Cox could see a silver tankard on a table in the room, which he secured, and then let himself out with authority into the street, by the help of the keys, leaving the doors all unlocked as he passed. The tankard he had stolen was worth ten pounds, and besides that he got into a stable just by and took a good horse, with proper furniture, to carry him off. It is reported of Tom Cox that he more than once robbed persons of his own trade. Indeed there is an old proverb that "Two of a trade can't agree"; but it must certainly be a very dangerous thing for highwaymen to make so bold one with another, because every one of them is so much exposed to the revenge of the rest; and as Cox sometimes robbed in company, it discovers that he was not an unsociable thief. Tom's last robbery was on a farmer, from whom he took about twenty pounds. It was not above a week after the fact before the said farmer came to London on business and saw Tom come out of his lodgings in Essex Street, in the Strand; whereupon crying out "Stop,
thief," he was immediately apprehended in St Clement's Churchyard, and committed by a neighbouring magistrate to Newgate, where he lived till the sessions in an extravagant manner, being very full of money. Receiving sentence of death on the farmer's deposition at justice Hall on Wednesday, the 3rd day of June, 1691, he was hanged at Tyburn, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. He was so resolute to the last that when Mr Smith, the ordinary, asked him, a few moments before he was turned off, whether he would join with his fellow-sufferers in prayer — "D—n you, no!" says he, and kicked both ordinary and executioner out of the cart.
JACK COLLET *ALIAS COLE*

*Highwayman, who robbed in the Habit of a Bishop. Executed at Tyburn, 5th of July, 1691, for Sacrilegious Burglary*

This unfortunate person was the son of a grocer in the borough of Southwark, where he was born, and from whence, at fifteen years of age, he was put out apprentice to an upholsterer in Cheapside. He did not serve above four years of his time before he ran away from his master and took to the highway. We have not an account of abundance of his robberies, though it is said he committed a great many; but there is this remarkable particular recorded of him, that he frequently robbed in the habit of a bishop, with four or five of his companions at his heels in the quality of servants, who were ready to assist him on occasion. Collet had once the ill fortune to lose his canonical habit at dice, so that he was forced to take a turn or two on the road to supply his present necessities in unsanctifying garments. But it was not long before he met with a good opportunity of taking orders again and becoming as holy as ever.

Riding from London down into Surrey, a little on this side of Farnham, he met with Dr Mew, Bishop of Winchester, and commanded his coachman to stop. The Bishop was not at all surprised at being asked for his money, because when he saw his coach stopped he expected that would follow. But when Collet told him he must have his robes too, his lordship thought him a madman. There was no resisting, however; the old doctor was obliged to strip into his waistcoat, besides giving him about fifty guineas, which Collet told him he had now a right to demand, by having the sacerdotal habit in his possession.

Collet followed this trade till he was about thirty-two years of age, and, as if he had been determined to live by the Church, he was at last apprehended for sacrilege and burglary, in breaking open the vestry of Great St Bartholomew's, in London, in company with one Christopher Ashley, alias Brown, and stealing from thence the pulpit cloth and all the communion plate. For this fact he received sentence of death, and was executed at Tyburn on Friday, the 5th of July, in the year 1691. This Brown and Collet had before robbed St Saviour's Church, in Southwark, in conjunction.
TOM WATERS

Highwayman, who held up Gipsies, robbed a Vice-Admiral, and was executed on 17th of July, 1691

THOMAS WATERS was born of very reputable parents at Henley-on-Thames, in Oxfordshire. His father and mother both died when he was very young, and left him to the care of an uncle, who put him apprentice to a Notary-Public behind the Royal Exchange. But business was what his mind was not turned for, and the servitude of seven years appeared to him a grievous thing; whereupon he gave himself a discharge without the leave of his master before he had served half the term. What little money he had was soon expended, and he was exposed to the wide world, without any visible way of getting a living in it. These circumstances soon inclined him to apply himself to the highway, as the only method he could see of supporting himself.

His first exploit was on about twenty or thirty gipsies, whom he saw near Bromley, in Kent, as they were coming one morning early out of a barn, where they had lain all night. He rode up to them and commanded them to stand, threatening to shoot half-a-score of them through the head if they did not obey his command instantly. These strollers were pretty patient thus far; but when he ordered them to draw their purse-strings they set up an outcry as terrible as the "Hololoo" of the wild Irish when they lose a cock or a hen. The being robbed on the highway was something new to them, who had all their lives long been used to defraud everyone they met with. Some of them entreated his pity and compassion in a miserable tone. Others began to tell his fortune, promising him abundance of riches, and everything else they could think of that was desirable, and bestowing on him more blessings than the Pope would have sold for all the wealth they had to lose. Tom was not so superstitious at this time as to take notice either of their predictions or their blessings; he wanted the ready money, for the old proverb that "One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" was one of his darling maxims.

When our tribe of jugglers found he was resolutely bent upon taking what they had, they began to empty their pockets of a large quantity of silver spoons, tasters, gold rings, etc., which they either stole or persuaded some of the silly country people to give them for having their fortunes told. These movables, together with what money they produced, amounted in all to sixty pounds.

One time he met with an ostler on the road from Yorkshire to London, who was once like to have betrayed him at an inn in Doncaster. This fellow had saved together forty pounds and was coming to town in order to improve it, either by jockeying or keeping an ale-house — the two ways his countrymen commonly apply themselves to. Tom knew him again, and the remembrance of such a gross affront was enough to make him a little rough; however, he promised to spare his life, though he did not deserve such a favour, if he delivered what he had without words. The ostler was conscious of what he had done and so he surrendered.

Another of Waters's adventures was with Sir Ralph Delaval, at that time Vice-Admiral of the English Fleet, whom he knew very well. The meeting was on the road...
between Portsmouth and Petersfield. "Well overtaken, Brother Tar," quoth Tom; "pray what religion are you of?" Sir Ralph stared at him, and seemed astonished at his impudence. What business have you," says he, "to inquire about my religion?" "Nay, Sir Ralph," Waters replied, "I had only a mind to ask a civil question, because I have been informed that you sailors have no religion at all. But since you are so crusty upon this head, give me leave to ask you another thing. Pray do you apprehend you shall be robbed before you come to the end of your journey?" "Not at all," quoth the Admiral," I have my footman behind me." "Now there you and I are of two opinions," says Tom, "for I believe you will be robbed very quickly." While he was speaking his pistols were out, and master and man were threatened with death if they offered to stir hand or foot. In this condition the Knight thought it his best way to save his life by delivering his money; which he did, to the tune of ninety guineas, besides a gold watch. For the space of five years and upwards Tom continued his robberies, during which time he committed an almost incredible number. His last robbery was on Hounslow Heath, a place where almost all of them at one time or another try their fortunes. He took from one John Hosey, a Bristol carrier, above fourteen hundred pounds in money and plate, some of which latter was found on him when he was apprehended. For this fact he received sentence of death; and being conveyed to Tyburn in a coach, on Friday, the 17th day of July, in the year 1691, he was there executed, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, going off the stage in a very resolute manner.
MARY JONES was born in Chancery Lane, where her parents lived in a great deal of credit. She was brought up to the making of hoods and scarves at the New Exchange in the Strand. She married an apprentice, whom she loved extremely, and whose extravagances were thought to be the first occasion of her taking to a dishonest course of life; for as he was not in a capacity to get any money himself, she was willing to do anything in order to furnish him with whatever he wanted, being fond of having him always appear like a gentleman. The first species of thieving she took to was picking pockets.

One day, meeting near Rosamond's Pond, in St James's Park, with one Mr Price, a milliner, keeping shop in the same Exchange in which she was bred, Moll pretended to ask him some questions about Mrs Zouch, a servant of his, who had murdered her bastard child; whereupon he pulled out a tin trumpet, which he usually carried in his pocket to hold to his ear, being so very deaf that he could not hear otherwise. Whilst he was earnestly hearkening to what Moll said to him through this vehicle, she picked a purse out of his breeches in which were fifteen guineas and a broad-piece. Mr Price never missed it till he came home, and then where to find her he could not tell.

Shortly after this she was apprehended for picking the pocket of one Mr Jacob Delafay, a Jew, who was chocolate-maker to King James II. and King William III., and lived over against York Buildings in the Strand. For this fact she was committed to Newgate and burned in the hand; which punishment making her out of conceit with the trade of diving or filing, she turned shoplifter, in which she was very successful for three or four years; at the end of which, privately stealing half-a-dozen pairs of silk stockings from one Mr Wansel, a hosier in Exeter 'Change, she was detected actually committing the theft by one Smith, a victualler, at the Rose and Crown ale-house, over against the little Savoy Gate in the Strand, who was buying a pair of stockings there at the same time. This Smith, being a constable, seized her, and carrying her before Justice Brydal, he committed her to Newgate, after which she was burned in the hand again. Still following the art and mystery of shoplifting, she was apprehended for privately stealing a piece of satin out of a mercer's shop on Ludgate Hill, whither she went in a very splendid equipage and personated the late Duchess of Norfolk, to avoid suspicion of her dishonesty; but her graceless Grace being sent to Newgate, and condemned for her life at the Old Bailey, she was hanged at Tyburn in the twenty-fifth year of her age, on Friday, the 18th day of December, in the year 1691.
TOM TAYLOR

Who, getting literally hooked as a Pickpocket, turned House-breaker.
Executed 18th of December, 1691, for using Arson as a means to Theft

TOM TAYLOR, a parson's son, was born at Colchester, in Essex; who, accustoming himself to gaming from twelve years of age, was so addicted to idleness that he would not be brought up to any honest employment. Furthermore, rejecting the good counsel of his parents, and joining himself to bad company, he soon got into a gang of pick-pockets, with whom he often went out to learn their evil profession and find the ready way to the gallows. Going once, with three or four of these diving sparks, to Guildford, a market-town in Surrey, where there was next day a fair to be kept, and fearing to be discovered in that concourse of so many people, they resolved to do their business that very evening, when the people were very busy in fitting up their stalls, and some little trading was stirring besides. Their first consultation was how to draw the folks together to make one job of it, which was agreed on in this manner. Tom Taylor, pretending to be an ignorant clown, got his head into the pillory, which was elevated near the market-house, as if he had only a mind to be laughed at. The noise thereof causing the whole town to run together to see this spectacle, his companions so plied their work, while the people gazed, laughed and stared, that they left but few of them any money in their pockets. Nay, the very keeper of the pillory, who was as well pleased at this curious sight as anybody, was served in the same manner with the rest.

Tom seeing the work was done, and having the sign given him that his comrades were departing, came down from his wooden machine; whereupon the company dispersed themselves. A little while after, some of them clapping their hands into their pockets, they cried out with one voice that their pockets were picked, while in the confusion Tom slunk away to his companions, who were out of the reach of apprehension.

At last, Taylor being pretty expert at picking of pockets, he set up for himself; and one day going to the playhouse in Drury Lane, very well dressed, he seated himself by a gentleman in the pit, whose pocket he picked of about forty guineas, and went clean off. This good success tempted Tom to go thither the next day in a different suit of clothes, when, perceiving the same gentleman in the pit whose pocket he had picked but the day before, he takes his seat by him again. The gentleman was so sharp as to know his face again, for all his change of apparel, though he seemed to take no notice of him; whereupon putting a great quantity of guineas into the pocket next Tom, it was not long before he fell to diving for them. The gentleman had sewed fishing-hooks all round the mouth of that pocket, and our gudgeon venturing too deep, by unconscionably plunging down to the very bottom, his hand was caught and held so fast that he could in no manner of way disentangle it.

Tom angled up and down in the pocket for nearly a quarter of an hour; the gentleman, all the while feeling his struggling to get his hand out, took no notice, till at last Tom, very courteously pulling off his hat, quoth: "Sir, by a mistake, I have somehow put my hand into your pocket instead of my own." The gentleman, without making any noise, arose and went to the Rose Tavern at the corner of Bridget Street,
and Tom along with him, with his hand in his pocket, where it remained till he had sent for some of his cronies, who paid down eighty guineas to get the gudgeon out of this dry pond. However, the gentleman, being not altogether contented with this double satisfaction for his loss, most unmercifully caned him, and then turning him over to the mob, they as unmercifully pumped him and ducked him in a horse-pond, and after that so cruelly used him that they broke one of his legs and an arm.

Tom meeting with such bad usage in his first setting up for himself, he was so much out of conceit with the trade of picking pockets that he left it quite off and followed house-breaking; in which kind of villainy he was so notorious that he had committed above sixty felonies and burglaries in the county of Middlesex only in less than fourteen months. He reigned eight years in his crimes; but at length, setting a barn on fire betwixt Brentford and Austirly, a little village lying about a mile north from that town, while the servants came from the dwelling-house to quench it he ran up into a chamber, pretending to help to preserve the goods, but ran away with a trunk in which was a great deal of plate and a hundred and forty pounds in money. He was apprehended before he got to Hammersmith, where, being carried before a magistrate, he was committed to Newgate; and receiving sentence of death at the Old Bailey, when about twenty-nine years of age, he was hanged at Tyburn on Friday, the 18th day of December, in the year 1691.
HENRY HARRISON, GENT.

_Henry Harrison, gent., appeared at the Old Bailey on 6th of April, 1692, charged with murdering (with the assistance of some person unknown) Dr Andrew Clenche, by strangling him in a coach. According to witnesses Dr Clenche had advanced one hundred and twenty pounds to Mrs Vanwicke, a widow, on a mortgage, and when a trustee for her and her children, named Rowe was unable to meet his covenants, the doctor served an ejectment order on the tenant of the house under mortgage. This incensed Harrison, who was a friend of Mrs Vanwicke. Mrs Mary Sheriff deposed that Mrs Vanwicke and Mr Harrison came to her house; and Mrs Vanwicke desired the deponent to go with her to Dr Clenche, which she did; and Mrs Vanwicke desiring the doctor to let her have twenty pounds more, he said he would lend her no more so long as she kept company with Harrison, for he would spend it; and told her he would recommend her to be some gentleman's housekeeper, and that though she owed him one hundred and twenty pounds he would take one hundred pounds. That when they returned to the deponent's house, Mrs Vanwicke told Mr Harrison what the doctor said; and Mr Harrison answered: "God d—n him! Would he have a person of your quality go to service? He deserves to have his throat cut"; and added: "Let me alone; I'll manage him as never man was managed," and then Mrs Vanwicke and Harrison went away together. That Mr Harrison was always talking against the doctor, and said he was an old rogue, and Mrs Vanwicke was almost starved to death. John Giles, coachman, deposed that on Monday, the 4th of January, he set down a fare at the Green Dragon in Fleet Street about nine in the evening, and was driving from thence towards the Temple, when two men, who stood about Fetter Lane end, asked him if he knew Dr Clenche, who lived in Brownlow Street, in Holborn. And the deponent saying he knew the street, they came into his coach, and he drove them to the end of Brownlow Street; and one of them bade him go and tell the doctor two gentlemen in a coach desired him to go with them to see one who was not well. That the doctor asked the deponent if he knew them, but he said he did not; and the doctor dressed himself (being before in his gown and slippers); and when he came to the coach, one of the men removed and gave him the hinder part of the coach, and bade the deponent drive to Leadenhall Market; and when he came about Holborn Bars, one of them bade him drive faster, which he did, and came to Leadenhall. Then one of them bade him drive to the Pye Tavern without Aldgate, where they bade him ask for one Hunt, a surgeon; but no such person was there. Then one of them bade him drive back to Leaden-hall, and Aldgate being shut they gave the watch sixpence to open it; and when he stopped again at Leadenhall Gate one of them gave him three shillings and sixpence and bade him buy a couple of fowls of Hunt, the poulterer; but not being able to find such a man, he bought them of another; and coming back to his coach he found Dr Clenche (as he thought). sitting against the fore-seat, with his head against the cushion: that he pulled him and called to him, but could not get a word from him; and, calling the watch, he found he was strangled with a handkerchief about his neck, and a coal in it, placed just upon his windpipe; but the other two men were gone. That he could not tell what clothes the prisoner had on, but one of them had a light wig, and he verily believed it was the prisoner, and that the other person was taller, and wore his own hair. Mrs Ashbolt deposed that, being sent out on an_
errand the night Dr Clenche was murdered, she saw a coach stop at Brownlow Street end between nine and ten o'clock, and one in the coach bade the coachman go and tell Dr Clenche that two gentlemen waited for him in a coach, and one of them leaned out of the coach and swore at the coachman as he was going that he made no more haste. That the deponent went round the coach and could discern Mr Harrison's face, and she saw Dr Clenche go into the coach, and one of them gave his place to the doctor.

MR DARNEL (prosecuting): Tell us how you came to be so curious, and what you observed further.

MRS ASHBOLT: I thought they would give the coachman the slip; and I clearly observed Mr Harrison, there being a lamp burning on each side the coach, which lighted quite through; and when the men saw me look at them they pulled themselves back. Afterwards, when Madam Clenche desired me to go see Mr Harrison in Newgate, I knew the voice to be one of those who were in the coach, as he was talking very loud, before I came into the room, and I told the company so that were with me. And I knew the prisoner to be one of those who were in the coach as soon as I saw him. But Mr Darnel produced a record to prove that Baker, one of the prisoner's witnesses, was convicted of cheating the parish of St Giles's when he was a scavenger, by altering the figures in the book and then extorting greater sums from the parishioners than they ought to pay, and he called two other witnesses, who deposed that Maccaffee, another of Harrison's witnesses, kept a very disorderly house, where thieves and housebreakers and lewd women resorted. The Lord Chief justice summed up the evidence very impartially, and the jury withdrew to consider of their verdict; and, after retiring half-an-hour, they brought the prisoner in guilty of wilful murder; and the last day of the sessions the prisoner received sentence of death.
JOCELIN HARWOOD

Highwayman, who committed such Barbarous Murders that his Associates gave him up to Justice. Executed in 1692

JOCELIN HARWOOD was a degenerate plant from a good tree. His father was honest — moderately rich, and of undoubted reputation; and the greatest misfortune of his life was his having a child so unworthy of him. Jocelin was born in the year 1669, at Wateringbury, in Kent, where he was educated with all the caution necessary in such cases. When he grew towards seventeen years of age he ran away from his father, carrying off with him about sixty pounds. When he had wasted what he took from his father in luxury and wantonness he made no scruple of getting more in the same dishonest way. Being now in London, also, he had every disadvantage that a young man can have who has given way a little to the allurements of vice. His money brought him into bad company, and then that bad company persuaded him to seek for more money. He submitted at first only to pilfering and picking of pockets, which he followed for about three years, and then he resolved to move in a higher sphere, make a greater blaze in the world for a time, and receive his fate, when it came, with more honour.

The ill success of his first adventure on the highway was enough to have reformed him, and deterred him from ever attempting the like again. He had stolen a horse, bridle, saddle, holsters and pistols, with which he set out on Black-Heath, and was so hardy as to order two men at once to stand and deliver. The gentlemen engaged him, shot his new horse, and had certainly taken him, if the wounds they had received in the encounter had not disabled them from exerting themselves. Harwood was terribly frightened at the bravery of his antagonists, and was glad he could get off with only the loss of a horse.

Jocelin continued to rob on the highway for about two or three years, during which time he lived in all manner of excess, passing from county to county as it suited either his pleasure or his safety.

The last and worst action of his life was committed at the house of Sir Nehemiah Burroughs, in Shropshire, where he was informed of an immense treasure in plate and money. In company with two more he went one night and broke open this house, gagging and binding all the servants as fast as they could get into their chambers. When the rest of the family was secure he went to the knight and bound him and his lady; then going into his daughters' room, one of the young ladies said to Harwood: "Pray, sir, use us civilly; which if you do, we will use you in the same manner, in case you and your companions should be taken; for I am sure we shall know you again." "Shall you so?" said the inhuman wretch. "I'll take care then to prevent your doing any mischief."; Upon this he cut them both in pieces with his hanger, and then running into the old people's room again — "What," says he, "and do you know me too?" They told him no. "D —n you," said he, "you are only a little more artful than your daughters, but I shan't trust you." Then he run them both through, and left them wallowing in their blood, seeming as well satisfied as if he had done a meritorious deed.
His companions were so astonished at the barbarity of this fellow that they stood like stocks, unable either to prevent him in his bloody attempts, or to apprehend him for them on the place, which latter they had most mind to. But the horror continued so strong on their minds that, though they were both old offenders themselves, they could not help exposing him to justice as soon as they had left the house of this unhappy family. Being on the road, one of them by agreement shot his horse, and then they joined to bind him hand and foot, and leave him on the ground, with a piece of the knight's plate by his side, telling him it was but a just requital for his inhumanity.

The next day, an inquiry being made all over the country, he was found in the condition he had been left by his companions. He was sent under a strong guard to Shrewsbury jail, where he behaved very audaciously. At his trial he was even so impudent as to spit in the faces of the judge and jury, and talk to them without any regard to decency. The matter of fact being plainly proved against him, he was condemned to be first hanged on the gallows till he was dead, and then to have his body hanged in chains on a gibbet for a public spectacle. This sentence made no impression on him; so that he continued the same horrid course of oaths, profaneness and blasphemies till his death. When he was at the gallows, with a steady countenance he said that he should act the same murder again, in the same case. This was all he would say to anybody. It is shocking to think that such a wretch should be but twenty-three years of age at the time of his death, which was in the year 1692.
SIMON FLETCHER

A most expert Pickpocket, who captained the Thieves of London. Executed in 1692

THIS offender was the son of a baker in Rosemary Lane, to which trade he served about four years with his father; but happening several times to fall into bad company, and being of a vicious inclination, he was prevailed on, without much difficulty, to run away from his servitude, and enter with a gang of thieves. The chief sort of thieving at that time was cutting off people's purses or pockets, which was in use long before the modern and more dexterous practice of picking out the money and leaving the case behind. The latter, however, must be allowed to be only an improvement of the former, and therefore the performances of any of our pickpockets cannot be said to derogate from the merit of those gentlemen of the last age; for the inventors of all sciences have generally been looked upon to deserve a greater share of praise than they that have brought those sciences to perfection, because it is much easier to refine upon the thought of another person than to start any new thought of our own.

Simon Fletcher was looked upon to be the greatest artist of his age by all his contemporaries of the same trade; and it is affirmed that he was constituted captain of all the thieves, in and about London, by general consent. All that we know more of him is that he was at last taken, committed to Newgate, and hanged at Tyburn. His exit was in 1692, when he was about fifty-three years of age.
MADAM MARY BUTLER
Mistress of the Duke of Buckingham, fined Five Hundred Pounds for forging a Bond for Forty Thousand Pounds, and died in Newgate Prison in 1692

MADAM MARY BUTLER, alias Strickland, mistress to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, on the 13th of October, the year after his death, was indicted at Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey, for a misdemeanour in forging a bond in the name of the Worshipful Sir Robert Clayton, knight and alderman of the City of London, for forty thousand pounds, with a condition to pay twelve hundred pounds per annum, with interest, and that after the decease of the said Sir Robert Clayton there should be twenty thousand pounds paid her within six months; which bond had a seal, and was witnessed by four persons.

The first evidence was Mr Woodward, an eminent attorney in the city, who deposed that Mary Butler had been his client for several years; and that about two or three years before that time she came to him and brought him a bond to look over, and desired him that another should be drawn by it, which bond was signed Robert Clayton, and had a seal affixed to it, and the names of four persons subscribed to the same, and was of the penalty of forty thousand pounds, and dated in the year 1687, or thereabouts, to pay twelve hundred pounds yearly so long as Sir Robert should live, and after his decease to pay the sum of twenty thousand pounds; and that she desired it might be kept a secret, and that his servants should not know anything of it, for that it was to be delivered up to Sir Robert, and she was to disclaim her interest by a bill in Chancery. And she told him she had received money upon the said bond, and desired him to cast up what was in arrears; which he did, and then took a copy of the bond to draw the other by, by reason it was a special condition (which copy he produced in court, and said that he did believe it to be a true copy of the same); and that afterwards he drew a bond of the penalty of fifty-four thousand pounds for the payment of twenty-seven thousand pounds; upon which he told Mrs Butler it was a great sum, and required people of credit to see it executed, and offered her to be one of the witnesses to see it done himself. Upon which she replied that Sir Robert knew him very well, and did not desire him to be a witness, and that she then took away the bond and the draft from him; and he did not know what she did with it afterwards.

The next evidence was a very worthy gentleman, who deposed that he was present when she was brought before the Lord Chief Justice Holt, and that she did then acknowledge that she did cause the bond to be made by one Lucas, a scrivener in Bishopsgate Street, and owned that she did it herself and directed him to make it by her order.

Mrs Butler denied the fact upon her trial, and called persons to her reputation; but that did not avail her: the jury found her guilty of a misdemeanour, and the Court fined her five hundred pounds, and ordered her to remain in prison till it was paid. But she never paid it, for after four years’ imprisonment she died, in the common side of Newgate.
WILLIAM JONES (Alias Goodwin) AND JOHN BARBER

Two Highwaymen caught at the same Robbery and executed together on 26th of July, 1693

These two malefactors were executed at Tyburn on Wednesday, the 26th of July, 1693, for the same fact, which was robbing one Mr Salter, of Stoke, in Buckinghamshire. They had both been great offenders before, according to their age, though abundance of their robberies are not recorded. William Jones, alias Goodwin (which latter was said to be his right name, though he went by the former), was born in Gloucestershire, at a village near Campden, called Weston Subedge. He was kept at school till sixteen years of age, with one Mr Taylor, whom he was like to have killed with a pistol. At their breaking up at Christmas the boys had shut their master out of the school in the midst of their diversion, and refused him entrance. Mr Taylor upon this endeavouring to force open the door upon them, Jones discharged a bullet through the keyhole and narrowly missed his breast.

Complaint being made to his father of this misdemeanour, he was severely corrected and removed to another school, the master of which was called Bedford, with whom he continued about two years more. He now thought himself too old to be restrained, and requested his parents to take him home; which was done, according to his desire. Some time after this he had a small estate left him by his grandfather, which made him still more desirous of being fully his own master; to which also his indulgent father consented, and promoted his liberty (if marriage may not rather be called a slavery) by matching him to a fortune as good as his own. The woman, however, not proving so good as she should do, a sense of her ill-usage made him extravagant. He now abandoned himself wholly to excesses. He had one night a small quarrel in company, when he made no more to-do but pull out his sword and stab the person who gave the affront to the very heart. A dread of the consequences of this murder made him get off as fast as he could, and the want he was in of a maintenance, when he was from home, and durst not send to his friends, made him take to the highway, where he committed a great many robberies.

In particular, he robbed the Worcester and Bridgnorth stage-coaches several times over, and within the compass of a few days stopped a great number of passengers, horse and foot, upon Sarney Downs, near Winchester. His reign was not very long, but no man ever was more industrious to improve the little time that his fortune permitted him to go on in his villainies.

John Barber was born at Chard, in Somersetshire, from whence, coming up to London when he was very young, he got into a gentleman's service, and lived, among others, with Dr Boorne, at the Two Twins, in Moorfields, where he was detected in cheating his master of small sums of money, and turned out of doors for the knavery.

When he was out of place he took to gaming, at which he soon lost all his unjust gains, and whatever else he had saved. The same persons that won his money put him into a way to get more, by going out with them on the footpad. He was concerned in all the robberies that were committed by this gang from the time of his
entering among them till he joined himself with Jones, and had more than once been guilty of murder, particularly at a gardener's at Fulham, whose house he broke open.

Jones and Barber had not been long united before they came to the fatal union at Tyburn already mentioned. The only facts they had been concerned in together, that we have heard of, were the breaking open the houses of four or five farmers about Eversley and Blackwater, out of one of which they took a hundred and thirty pounds in gold and silver, and in another took away the life of one who attempted to resist them in their enterprise.

When they were under sentence of death for Mr Salter's robbery they both behaved in a very indecent, or rather impudent, manner. At the place of execution they gave a great many ill words to the ordinary, who desired them to be serious in their last moments, and consider that they were going to appear before God to give an account of their actions. Just as they were going to be turned off Jones cried out: "What a sad, wicked, silly dog have I been to bring myself into this devilish scrape! Well, it is a dismal thing, for all our jesting, to be hanged up by the neck, and not to know where we are to be the next quarter of an hour!" Jones was twenty-six and Barber twenty-four years of age.
JAMES LEONARD

Eighteen-year-old Highwayman, who tried to cut the Fatal Rope, and died with a Laugh in 1693

JAMES LEONARD, a youth of no more than eighteen years old, who had been at the reduction of Ireland, and afterwards in Flanders, under the late King William (we may suppose only in the quality of a waiting-boy at first), was but just returned to England when he was apprehended, condemned and executed, for a robbery on the highway. He was so little concerned at the gallows that he smiled at his misfortune, and pulling a knife out of his pocket attempted to cut the rope. When he was asked the reason of his so doing — "Nothing more" says he, "than that I should have given you the trouble of buying a new rope, if my knife had been good." Leaning his back against his coffin as it stood on the cope of the cart, he laughed out heartily and spoke as follows: —

GOOD PEOPLE, — I am a Roman Catholic, and so I die. You see I am but very young; however I have made good use of my time, for I have been as great a rogue as those that are older. Methinks 'tis a plaguey cold morning; they need not have brought one to be hanged in such weather as will freeze a body before the job's over.
EDWARD HINTON

Highwayman, who was such a Danger to Society that he was condemned and executed on the same Day, in 1694

EDWARD HINTON was born in London, in the year 1673, of very reputable parents. In his younger years he discovered a strong bent to learning, which his father cherished by putting him to St Paul's School, that celebrated seminary for youth. This good turn of mind was, however, soon overcome by a vicious one, which seemed also to be innate, and grew stronger as he grew older. Even at nine years of age, it is said, he robbed one of his sisters of sixpences and other small pieces to the value of thirty shillings, and kept abroad in company with boys like himself till he had spent and lost it all.

After a little correction young Hinton was sent to school again, upon his promising to be a better boy for the future. But in vain, alas, were his promises. Thieving soon grew into a habit with him, and there was no opportunity of getting money, or anything else, clandestinely that ever escaped him. He went so far at last as to rob his father's counting-house of a considerable sum of money, which he carried to a lewd woman, with whom he was soon after taken on Cambridge Heath.

The first action which he performed in conjunction with others was the robbing of Admiral Carter's country house. Soon after this he and his comrades broke open the Lady Dartmouth's house on Black Heath, and stole plate to a great value, which they sold to a refiner near Cripplegate. Hinton was some time after apprehended for this robbery, and condemned at Maidstone Assizes; but his youth, and the intercession of his friends, procured him a pardon. He was again taken up for breaking open and robbing the house of Sir John Friend, at Hackney, for which he also received sentence of death; but was a second time so far indulged as to have a halter transmuted into transportation, in order to which he was soon after put aboard with other convicts. One would have thought he had now been safe enough; however those who thought so were mistaken, for he drew the rest of the convicts into a conspiracy to get the ship's company under the hatches, and make their escape in the long boat, which they effected near the Isle of Wight, Hinton having first beat the captain with a rope's end, as a return for being served so himself.

He was no sooner ashore than he left his company and travelled alone through the woods and byways, being in a very torn and rusty habit. This distress obliged him to sink from stealing to begging, which he practised all the way to Hounslow Heath, telling the people a lamentable story of his having been shipwrecked. But he soon altered his tone when he saw a convenient opportunity; for on Hounslow Heath he unhorsed a country farmer and mounted in his place. Nor was it long after before he changed this horse for a better, and his own ragged suit for a very genteel one, with a gentleman he met.

Being now got among some of his old gang, they continued some months to rob on the highway almost every day that passed. The Buckinghamshire lacemen and stage-coaches in particular were afraid to travel for them. Hinton by himself, at two several times, robbed a Dutch colonel of his money, horse, arms and cloak; and
another gentleman, who had courage enough to exchange a pistol with him. This gentleman was wounded in the leg by Hinton's fire, and our young highwayman, perceiving it, was so generous as to lend him his assistance, and accompany him as far as within a little way of Epsom; when he left him in order to take care of himself.

One day, after robbing the passengers in the Southampton coach, they were so closely pursued that some of the gang were taken; and though Hinton had the good fortune this time to escape, yet the society being broken, he did not care to venture any more on the highway alone; whereupon he returned to his old vocation of housebreaking, picking of pockets, etc.

At length several bills were presented against him for robberies committed in the counties of Surrey and Hertford, to answer which he was detained a prisoner. One of his own gang had made himself an evidence against him, which made the case look very doubtful; yet even here he had again hopes of escaping, by stopping the mouth of this fellow. Some of Hinton's friends undertook to manage the matter, and they threatened to bring in several indictments against their false brother if he did not retract in court what he had before sworn; which for his own safety he did, pretending that he had recollected himself, and that Mr Hinton was never concerned with him in any robbery whatsoever.

This, and the other assistances he received from his old friends, brought him off with honour at the Surrey Assizes, and he did not at all doubt but that he should escape as well at Hertford, there being no evidence against him that he knew of; so that he went thither with abundance of confidence. But when his trial came on, in spite of all that could be deposed in his favour, one of the gentlemen whom he had robbed, and whom he did not expect to appear, swore so positively that he was the very person who unhorsed him and took away his watch that the Court believed him. It is true they had begun to imagine that Hinton really must be concerned in some of those things that he had been acquitted of, because it is unprecedented for a man to be so often accused and not be at all guilty. Besides, Hinton was known to be an old offender, which gave room both to suspect the evidences he brought and to believe that he had not perfectly left off his trade, though he had art enough to make himself seem innocent. In a word, where Hinton fancied himself safest he met with his deserved fate, being convicted, condemned and executed the same day — a thing seldom heard of, but at this time occasioned by the judge's being informed what a dangerous person he was on account of his interest among the thieves, and how proper it would be to take him out of the way as soon as they possibly could; the jailer protesting that he was afraid he could not keep him a week in custody.
THOMAS Austin was born at Columpton, in Devonshire, of very honest parents, who at their death left him a farm of their own, worth about eighty pounds per annum, which is a pretty estate in that country; and as his land was without encumbrances, and he had a good character at that time, he soon got a wife with a suitable fortune, she having no less than eight hundred pounds to her portion. But this increase of his riches, and the thought of having so much ready money by him, made him neglect the improvement of his living and take to an idle, extravagant course, by means of which, in less than four years' time, he had consumed all that his wife had brought him and mortgaged his own estate.

Being now reduced to pinching circumstances, and not knowing which way to turn himself for a livelihood, the devil so far got the upper hand of him as to excite him to the commission of all manner of unlawful actions for the support of himself and his family. Several frauds he was detected in, which his neighbours were so good as to forgive, out of respect to his family and to what he had once been. At last he was so desperate as to venture on the highway, where, assaulting Sir Zachary Wilmot on the road between Wellington and Taunton Dean, that unfortunate gentleman was murdered by him for making some attempts to save his money.

The booty he got from Sir Zachary was forty-six guineas and a silver-hilted sword, with which he got home undiscovered and unsuspected. This did not, however, last him long, for he followed his old riotous course. When it was all spent he pretended a visit to an uncle of his, who lived at about a mile from his own habitation, and it was one of the bloodiest visits that ever was made.

When he came to the house he found nobody at home but his aunt and five small children, who informed him that his uncle was gone out on business and would not be at home till evening, and desired him to stay a little and keep them company. He seemingly consented to stay; but had not sat many minutes before he snatched up a hatchet that was at hand and cleaved the skull of his aunt in two; after which he cut the throats of all the children and laid the dead bodies in a heap, all weltering in their gore. Then he went upstairs and robbed the house of sixty pounds. He made all the haste he could home to his wife, who, perceiving some drops of blood on his clothes, asked him how they came there. "You bitch," says he, "I'll soon show you the manner of it!" pulling at the same time the bloody razor which he had before used out of his pocket and cutting her throat from ear to ear. When he had gone thus far, to complete the tragedy he ripped out the bowels of his own two children, the elder of whom was not three years of age.

Scarcely had he finished all his butcheries before his uncle, whom he had been to visit, came accidentally to pay him the same compliment on the way home; when, entering the house, and beholding the horrid spectacle, he was almost thunderstruck with the sight, though as yet he little thought the same tragedy had been acted on all his family too, as he soon after fatally found. What he saw, however, was enough to
point out the offender, whom he immediately laid hold of, and carried him before a
magistrate, who sent him to Exeter Jail.

In the month of August, 1694, this inhuman wretch suffered the punishment
provided by the law, which appears much too mild for such a black unnatural
monster.
JAMES WHITNEY

Notorious Highwayman, who believed in dressing well. Executed at Smithfield, 19th of December, 1694

THIS notorious malefactor was born at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, where he was put apprentice to a butcher as soon as he was fit for servitude. He served his time, as far as we have heard, very faithfully; but was not long his own master before he took to the irregular courses that brought destruction upon him and branded his name with infamy.

He took the George Inn, at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, where he entertained all sorts of bad company; but not thriving in this way he was in a little time obliged to shut up his doors and entirely give over the occupation. He now came up to London, the common sanctuary of such men, where he lived very irregularly, and at last, when necessitous circumstances came on him apace, wholly gave himself up to villainy.

It was still some time before he took to the highway, following only the common tricks practised by the sharpeners of the town, in which he was the more successful as he always went dressed like a gentleman, it being easier to impose upon mankind with a good suit of clothes than any other way whatsoever.

When Whitney was grown a confirmed highwayman he one day met a gentleman on Bagshot Heath, whom he commanded to stand and deliver. To which the gentleman replied: "Sir, 'tis well you spoke first, for I was just going to say the same thing to you." "Why, are you a gentleman thief then?" quoth Whitney. "Yes," said the stranger; but I have had very bad success to-day; for I have been riding up and down all this morning without meeting with any prize." Whitney, upon this, wished him better luck and took his leave, really supposing him to be what he pretended.

At night it was the fortune of Whitney and this impostor to put up at the same inn, when our gentleman told some other travellers by what a stratagem he had escaped being robbed on the road. Whitney had so altered his habit and speech that the gentleman did not know him again; so that he heard all the story without being taken any notice of. Among other things he heard him tell one of the company, softly, that he had saved a hundred pounds by his contrivance. The person to whom he whispered this was going the same way the next morning, and said he also had a considerable sum about him, and, if he pleased, should be glad to travel with him for security. It was agreed between them, and Whitney at the same time resolved to make one with them.

When morning came our fellow-travellers set out, and Whitney about a quarter of an hour after them. All the discourse of the gentlemen was about cheating the highwaymen, if they should meet with any, and all Whitney's thoughts were upon being revenged for the abuse which was put on him the day before.

At a convenient place he got before them and bade them stand. The gentleman whom he had met before, not knowing him, he having disguised himself after another manner, briskly cried out: "We were going to say the same to you, sir." "Were you
"so?" quoth Whitney. "And are you of my profession then?" "Yes," said they both. "If you are," replied Whitney, "I suppose you remember the old proverb, 'Two of a trade can never agree,' so that you must not expect any favour on that score. But to be plain, gentlemen, the trick will do no longer. I know you very well, and must have your hundred pounds, sir; and your considerable sum, sir," turning to the other, "let it be what it will, or I shall make bold to send a brace of bullets through each of your heads. You, Mr Highwayman, should have kept your secret a little longer, and not have boasted so soon of having outwitted a thief. There is now nothing for you to do but deliver, or die." These terrible words put them both into a sad consternation. They were loath to lose their money, but more loath to lose their lives; so of two evils they chose the least, the tell-tale coxcomb disbursing his hundred pounds, and the other a somewhat larger sum, professing that they would be careful for the future not to count without their host.

Whitney, like a great many others of the same profession, affected always to appear generous and noble. There is one instance of this temper in him which it may not be amiss to relate. Meeting one day with a gentleman on Newmarket Heath, whose name was Long, and having robbed him of a hundred pounds in silver, which was in his portmanteau tied up in a great bag, the gentleman told him that he had a great way to go, and as he was unknown upon the road should meet with many difficulties if he did not restore as much as would bear his expenses. Whitney upon this opened the mouth of the bag, and held it out to Mr Long. "Here," says he, "take what you have occasion for." Mr Long put in his hand and took out as much as he could hold. To which Whitney made no opposition, but only said with a smile: "I thought you would have had more conscience, sir."

Not long after his arrival in town, after a series of other adventures in the country, he was apprehended in Whitefriars, upon the information of one Mother Cosens, who kept a house in Milford Lane, over against St Clement's Church. The magistrate who took the information committed him to Newgate, where he remained till the next sessions at the Old Bailey.

After his conviction, Sir S —l L —e, Knight, Recorder of London, made an excellent speech before he passed sentence of death, and on Wednesday, the 19th of December, 1694, Whitney was carried to the place of execution, which was at Porter's Block, near Smithfield. When he came there, and saw no hopes of any favour, he addressed these few words to the people:

"I have been a very great offender, both against God and my country, by transgressing all laws, both human and divine. The sentence passed on me is just, and I can see the footsteps of a Providence, which I had before profanely laughed at, in my apprehending and conviction. I hope the sense which I have of these things has enabled me to make my peace with Heaven, the only thing that is now of any concern to me. join in your prayers with me, my dear countrymen, that God will not forsake me in my last moments."

Having spoken thus, and afterwards spent a few moments in private devotion, he was turned off, being about thirty-four years of age.
GEORGE SEAGER

_A Rogue of a Soldier, who deserted from Johnny Gibson's Regiment and turned Burglar. Executed 27th of January, 1697_

GEORGE SEAGER, aged twenty-six years at the time of his death, was born at Portsmouth, in Hampshire, where, his father and mother dying, his sister took care of him for a while; but she, not being able to support herself, left it to the parish to keep him, the overseers whereof placed him out to spin packthread. After two years he left that employment and went to a silk-throwster for a year and a half, when, running away from his master, he took to bad courses, being addicted to gaming, swearing, drunkenness and theft; but a gang of the _Ruby_ man-of-war pressing him, he went on board that ship to sea, where, robbing the seamen's chests, he was often whipped at the capstan, put in the bilboes, and once keel-hauled. Keel-hauling a man is tying a rope round his middle, to which two other ropes are so fastened that, carrying him to the end of the main-yardarm on the starboard-side of the ship, he is flung from thence into the water and hauled under the ship by a man standing on the main-yardarm on the larboard-side, where a gun is fired over the criminal's head as he is drawn up.

However, as no punishment would deter him from pilfering, the captain of the ship, rather than be plagued with him, put him ashore at Plymouth, from whence he begged his way to Portsmouth, where he enlisted himself into Johnny Gibson's Regiment, to whom he was a continual plague. The first time he mounted the guard, being put sentry on the ramparts and ordered by the corporal not to let the grand rounds pass without challenging, he said he would take care of them, imagining that if he challenged them he must fight them too. So the grand rounds going about at twelve at night, with Johnny Gibson at the head of them, Seager, who had got a whole hatful of stones by him, because he chose to fight at a distance, cries out: "Who comes there?" Being told they were the grand rounds — "Oh, d —n ye!" quoth George, "the grand rounds, are ye? Have at you then; for I have waited for you this hour and above." So pelting them with stones as fast as he could fling, the grand rounds could not pass any farther till they called out to the captain of Lamport Guard, who sent the corporal to relieve him, in order to his being examined; but Johnny Gibson finding him to be a raw soldier, who had never been on duty before, he escaped any punishment inflicted on offenders by martial law.

After this George also ran the gauntlet several times for robbing the soldiers' barracks of victuals, linen or anything else that he could find; but no punishment deterring him from his pilfering tricks, he was in a draft sent over to Flanders, where, going one day into a great church in Brussels, he espied a Capuchin friar confessing a young woman in a very private place; and as soon as the good old Father had given absolution to his penitentary, he made up to him, under pretence of confessing his sins, for, as it happened, the friar was an Englishman. But, instead of confessing his manifold crimes, his intention was to commit more; for, pulling a pistol out of his pocket and clapping it to his breast, quothe: "Reverend Father, I perceived the young gentlewoman, whom you just now confessed, gave you something; but, let it be more or less, unless you surrender it to me, who have most need of it, I will shoot you through the heart, although I were sure to be hanged this very moment for it."
The friar, being much surprised at these dangerous words, and deeming life sweet, gave him what he had got from his female penitentiary, which was two louis d'or; then binding him hand and foot, in a corner adjacent to his confession box, he went away; and that same day, deserting his regiment, he made the best of his way to England, where he committed several most notorious burglaries in the cities of London and Westminster, and the outparts thereof. But at last being apprehended, and sent to Newgate, for breaking open the house of the Lord Cutts and taking from thence plate and fine linen valued at two hundred and forty pounds, he was hanged at Tyburn, on Wednesday, the 27th day of January, in the year 1697.
WILLIAM JOYCE
A Chawbacon who, coming to London, was fleeced, so took to fleecing others. Executed in July, 1696

THIS unhappy criminal was the son of an honest farmer, born at Nantwich, in Cheshire, and brought up to his father's occupation; but at about twenty years of age, being very desirous to see London, he having scarce ever been ten miles from home, his father, who was a wealthy man, put twenty-five guineas into his pockets, and he set out to visit the metropolis of the nation. The father and son might have now taken their last farewell of each other, for they never saw one another any more.

The very first day he came into London, which was in the forenoon, taking, after dinner, a walk into Moorfields to see the lunatics in Bedlam, a couple of women of the town, perceiving by his garb and mien that he was no small country fool, picked him up, and carrying him to a vaulting school they there had a very pretty collation both of eating and drinking; after which sweet William, being a brisk young fellow, had a game at hey grammar-cook with them both, in which he lost all the money he had in his breeches. He began to be uneasy at his loss, but they coaxing him up with promises of his having or finding his money again, then drank him to a pitch of being non compos mentis, when, falling asleep, they left him to pay the reckoning of four pounds odd money.

Then he roved down to the waterside, where, seeing a waterman taking a good heavy trunk into his boat to carry to Fulham, without any company, he told the waterman, whose name was William Bennet, that he had business at Fulham too, and asked what he must have to carry him thither. The waterman demanded a shilling, to which he consented; so into the boat he steps. It being night before they arrived within a mile of the place, what does Joyce do but, with a good oaken plant he had in his hand, give the waterman such a shrewd blow under the ear that, being stunned, he fell all along backwards. Joyce followed it with another sharp blow on the head, then presently tied his hands and feet with his garters, crammed a handkerchief into his mouth, and rowing the boat to Barn Elms there breaks open the trunk. He found a great deal of good clothes, which he would not meddle with; but searching to the bottom, he found a hundred pounds in silver in a bag, forty guineas in a green purse, a gold watch, and a silver box in which were four rich diamond rings.

With this booty he went ashore, and lived riotously up and down the country till it was almost consumed; and being then at Chatham, he there happened into the company of one James Corbet, a young reformade, just come ashore from on board the Royal Oak. Now, understanding that he had about fifty or sixty guineas about him, and that he was to ride post to London next morning, Joyce was resolved to make himself master of this money that night. In order thereto, pretending that he was invited to one Captain Mosely's house, about a mile off, to supper, where they should have also a most noble bowl of punch, he told the poor sailor that he should be very glad of his good company, and would undertake for his being as welcome as himself. Corbet knowing there was such a captain, and Joyce seeming a man of fashion (for he was well clothed, had a good watch in his fob, a diamond ring on his finger, and five or six guineas in his pockets, out of which he paid his own and Corbet's reckoning
too), he condescended to go along with him. Over the fields they went, but were not got above half-a-mile out of Chatham ere a convenient place offered for Joyce to execute his design; so pulling out a couple of pistols he demanded Corbet's money, who, knowing it was impossible to parry bullets with a sword (which he also lost as it was a silver-hilted one), complied with his demands, and also suffered himself to be tied neck and heels. One time Joyce, meeting with one John Hicks on Putney Heath, commanded him to stand and deliver; but he being as stout a fellow as the highwayman a fight ensued betwixt them, in which they discharged several shots at one another without doing any damage. Joyce, admiring the courage of Hicks, said that if he could put so much confidence in him to think he would not betray him he should be very glad to drink a glass of wine with him in the town of Putney. Hicks being a generous-spirited man promised upon honour he would not discover him. To the tavern they went, and having passed the time away for an hour or two in chat, the highwayman paid the reckoning, presented Hicks with five guineas, and then they parted. But ere Joyce went far, meeting with one Robert Williams, a goldsmith, living in George Yard at Westminster, and one Samuel Winfield a blacksmith, living in Southwark, he took from them four pounds towards defraying the charges of his late conversation with John Hicks.

Afterwards he went to Bristol, where, marrying a citizen's daughter, with whom he had about five hundred pounds, he was by marrying her made (according to the custom of that city) free thereof. Now pretending he was a linen-draper by trade, and had fifteen hundred pounds to receive of his own father, he takes the lease of a great house next to an eminent goldsmith in the High Street. The key being delivered to him, he took some of his accomplices with him the same night into this house, which yet was empty, and with iron instruments forcing a hole through the party wall of the goldsmith's shop, they cleared, without going into it, all the plate off the shelves quite along that side they had made an entrance.

They were carrying off their prize in hampers on a couple of horses when, being stopped by the watch at Laifford's Gate, he and two others were apprehended and sent to Newgate, and in some short time after, being tried and condemned for this fact, they were sentenced to be hanged. Accordingly they were executed (though great intercession in particular was made for Joyce) in July, 1696.
FRANCIS SALISBURY was born in the city of Worcester, had a good education, was a student in divinity, and a man of an excellent acquired knowledge, as well as a quick natural understanding. Thomas Houghton, his brother offender, was a tallow-chandler, of St Margaret's, Westminster. These two were indicted at the sessions-house in the Old Bailey, the 15th day of October, 1697, for felony, in forging a counterfeit sixpenny stamp to stamp vellum, paper and parchment; and that after the 12th of September they did stamp five hundred sheets of paper with the said stamp, and did utter and sell a hundred sheets of the said paper, they knowing it to be false and counterfeit.

The first evidence declared that he met Dr Salisbury at the Physic Garden in Westminster, who told him he could put him in a way to make up his losses, and this way was by stamped paper; that he (the evidence) waited on the doctor the next day, and then he told him the rest would not entrust him with the secret till he came out of the country. That some time after he heard that the doctor was at the Fountain Tavern, in High Holborn, whither he went to him and spoke with him, and that he bade him come to him the next morning and he would let him have some. That this evidence accordingly went, and the doctor took him into a stable, and in a hole from under the manger he took out five quires, and gave them to him, and asked him whether it was well done. And then he let him out of the back door. That he met with him at another time after that, and he delivered him fifteen quires more, which made it up a ream, and that he gave him five pounds for it. Another evidence deposed that he met Dr Salisbury at the Thatched House, by Charing Cross, to buy some counterfeit stamped paper of him, and that he desired him to go into the next room, which he did, and believed that Houghton brought it in; and he gave Salisbury six pounds for it; and that they were to get him some more against the next night at the Goat Tavern, where they were to meet, and that Houghton told him they could not get so much done by that time, for the old man was sick; telling him likewise that the old man was as ingenious a man as any was in England; and that if they would put down thirty shillings apiece, they would make such a die as Captain Harris, who made the true die, should not discover it. And that afterwards they went to Houghton's lodgings in Westminster, where they found in a chest a quantity of counterfeit stamped paper.

Salisbury altogether denied the fact, and Houghton said he had taken the paper for a debt; but the fact being plainly proved upon them, the jury found them both guilty of the indictment.

On the day of his execution at Tyburn, after the other criminals who then suffered (on the 3rd of November, 1697) were tied up, Dr Salisbury came in a mourning-coach attended by two ministers, and being brought into the cart, he fell upon his knees, and, praying a considerable time by himself, he afterwards joined with the ordinary in the usual offices performed on such melancholy occasions, and then was turned off.
WILLIAM HOLLYDAY was born of very poor parents, in the parish of St Giles-in-the-Fields, who dying when he was very young, he was forced to shift for himself. Entering himself upon this in the ragged regiment of the Black Guards, which in the reign of King Charles II. was in as great estimation as the janizaries in the Ottoman Court, his acute genius and prompt wit, without the advantage of any education, soon made him be taken notice of by the superiors of his tattered fraternity.

But that which gained Hollyday most reputation was his being chosen Lord High Steward in a mock trial of the Viscount Stafford, held in the Mews at Charing Cross; in which, though he had not consulted Fortescue, Fleta, Plowden, Coke upon Littleton, or any other ancient law author, his natural parts most floridly set forth the heinousness of that peer's crime, whose person was represented by one of their tatterdemonials. But instead of executing the poor boy in jest, he was hanged in earnest, and in that pendent posture left till next morning; when one of the king's grooms, finding his lordship hanging in the stable, cut him down and delivered his dead body to his friends to be decently interred.

A little after this piece of mock justice was over, Will's credit increasing more and more, by reason his ingenuity was attended with a great deal of courage, he was, by the unanimous consent of the whole regiment of the Black Guards, chosen their captain; in which post he behaved himself with a great deal of prudence and circumspection, and by virtue of the great authority he bore among them he brought them, nemine contradicente, to be conformable to the following orders: —

I. That none of the Black Guards should presume to wear a shirt upon pain of being cashiered out of the regiment for ever.

II. That none of them should reside, either by day or night, in any other places than stables, empty houses or under bulks.

III. That they should eat no victuals but what was given them; therefore what money they got by cleaning Life Guardsmen's boots or shoes, and rubbing down horses, should either be lost or increased by gaming among their own fraternity.

IV. That if any of them could read or write they should, by not practising either, forget both, like the Czar of Muscovy, for their captain would not have any under his command more learned than himself.

V. That they should daily appear every morning by nine of the clock on the parade in St James's Park, provided they were not letted by sickness, or upon any extraordinary duty, to receive the necessary orders which the present exigency of affairs then required.

VI. That none shall presume to follow the King and Court to Windsor, or upon any Royal progress whatever, but such as were commanded to go on that party.
VII. That if any charitable person bestowed a pair of old shoes or stockings upon any one of their ragged society, he should presently convert the same into money to play.

VIII. That they should not steal anything which lay out of their reach, for fear of bringing a scandal on their regiment.

IX. That they should not endeavour to clear themselves of vermin, by killing or eating them; nor for profit dispose of them to any apothecary that might now and then want a quillful or two to cure some lady's gentlewoman or chambermaid of the yellow jaundice.

X. That they should cant better than the best proficients of that language in Newgate; pick pockets without bungling; outlie a Quaker; outswear a losing lord at the Groom Porter's; and brazen out all their villainies with the unparalleled impudence of an Irishman.

In this employment Will Hollyday remained till he was near twenty years of age, when looking upon himself as too old to continue longer in that station, wherein he had behaved himself with a great deal of bravery, candour and justice, he surrendered his commission and turned highwayman; which profession he followed till the hangman provided for him, on Wednesday, the 22nd of December, 1697.
JOHN SHORTER

*Highwayman, who conspired a Revolt in Newgate and saw the Ghost of another Malefactor there. Executed 22nd of December, 1697*

EXECUTED on 22nd of December, 1697, was a highwayman named John Shorter, of about thirty years of age. Whilst this fellow was in Newgate, about two years before, he had designed with some other malefactors to have seized on the waiters of Newgate, and to have burnt Mr Tofield's papers, the notary then in the lodge of that prison; withal designing to wrest the officers' arms from them, and to fire upon them if they opposed. They further designed to have bound the officers as they came one day from the chapel, and if they made the least opposition to have cut their throats; and that after their escape they would go on the highways, take travellers' horses, and, mounting them, would ride off. Moreover they had agreed that if anyone knocked at the lodge under the gate they would let them in and bind them also, and then lock them up with the officers in the dungeon or condemned hold. One of these confederates being a smith, he was to have been employed in knocking off the others' fetters; and if the turnkeys had any money in their pockets they would take it from them, to carry themselves off and buy provisions. And if the trained bands, or the mob, should come to seize them, they would fire upon them with the officers' blunderbusses, and would be masters of the prison till the King should send them a pardon, or else they would be starved or shot to death.

Shorter not only confessed this crime, but also owned that he knew of the murder of one Lorimer, in Newgate, but was prevailed upon by one Tokefield, and John Hart, not to discover it; he further said that the latter of these persons carried the bloody knife three days in his pocket; and he verily believed that the day before he suffered death himself at the gallows he saw Lorimer's ghost as he was at prayers in the chapel of Newgate, which put him into a great consternation, as was visibly observed by Mr Smith, the ordinary. Thomas Randol was one of the persons concerned with Shorter in this conspiracy. This offender was executed on Wednesday, the 22nd of January, 1695, for the murder of Robert Stevens, a Quaker. He was conveyed in a cart to the deceased's door, in Whitechapel, and from thence to Stone Bridge, by Kingsland, where, after he was dead, his body was hanged in chains on the gibbet he suffered on, and continued there till it was consumed by the weather.
SPENCER COWPER, ESQ.; JOHN MARSON, ELLIS STEVENS AND WILLIAM ROGERS, GENTS.

Tried for murder at Hertford Assizes and acquitted, 16th of July, 1699

THE prisoners being severally arraigned, and pleading not guilty, it was demanded if they would join in their challenges, or challenge separately. To which Mr Cowper answered, if they should challenge separately, there must be so many separate trials; and therefore, to prevent the trouble of the Court, they were content there should be but one challenge for all. Then the panel was called over, and there being so many challenged for the King and the prisoners that there was not a full jury on the principal panel, Mr Cowper moved that the counsel for the King might show their cause of challenge, now the panel was gone through: to which Mr Jones, counsel for the King, answered that it never was put upon the King's Counsel to show cause; and insisting upon it, though the judge was of another opinion, Mr Cowper gave it up, and others were added to the principal panel, till twelve were sworn.

Then the Clerk of the Arraigns read the indictment to the prisoners, which set forth:

That Spencer Cowper, late of the parish of St John's, in the town of Hertford, in the county of Hertford, Esq.; John Marson, late of the parish and county aforesaid, gent.; Ellis Stevens and William Rogers, of the said parish and county, gents., not having the fear of God before their eyes, etc., did, on the 13th day of March, in the eleventh year of the King, at the parish of St John's aforesaid, make an assault upon Sarah Stout, spinster, and a certain rope about the neck of the said Sarah Stout did fix and bind, and the neck and throat of the said Sarah did hold, squeeze and grip, and thereby the said Sarah Stout did choke and strangle, of which choking and strangling she instantly died; and so the said Spencer Cowper, John Marson, Ellis Stevens and William Rogers did kill and murder her; and the said Sarah Stout being so choked and strangled, they the said Spencer Cowper, etc., in order to conceal the said murder, did afterwards throw her into a certain river, called the Priory river, against the King's peace, etc.

Mr Jones afterwards opened the indictment and the evidence in the following manner: —

"May it please your Lordship, and you gentlemen that are sworn, I am of counsel for the King in this cause, and it is upon an indictment by which the gentlemen at the bar stand accused for one of the foulest and most wicked crimes almost that any age can remember. I believe in your county you never knew a fact of this nature; for here is a young gentlewoman of this county murdered and strangled in the night-time. The thing was done in the dark, therefore the evidence cannot be so plain as otherwise might be. After she was strangled and murdered she was carried and thrown into a river to stifle the fact and to make it be supposed she had murdered herself; so that it may indeed be called a double murder, a murder accompanied with all the circumstances of wickedness and villainy that I can remember in all my practice, or ever read of."
This fact being committed in the night-time, it was carried on very secretly. We have here in a manner two trials, one to acquit the party that is dead, and to satisfy the world and vindicate her reputation that she did not murder herself, but was murdered by other hands. For my part, I shall never, as counsel in the case of blood, aggravate; I will not improve or enlarge the evidence at all: it shall be only my business to set the fact as it is, and to give the evidence, and state it as it stands here in my instructions. My Lord, in order to lead to the fact, it will be necessary to inform you that upon Monday, the 13th of March, the first day of the last assizes here, Mr Cowper, one of the gentlemen at the bar, came to this town, and alighted at Mr Barefoot's house, and stayed there some time, I suppose to dry himself, the weather being dirty, but sent his horse to Mrs Stout's, the mother of this gentlewoman. Some time after he came thither himself and dined there, and stayed till four in the afternoon; and when he went away he told them he would come and lodge there that night, and sup. According to his word he came there, and had the supper he desired. After supper, Sarah Stout, the young gentlewoman, and he, sat together till near eleven o'clock. At eleven o'clock there were orders given to warm his bed, openly, in his hearing. The maid of the house, gentlemen, upon this, went upstairs to warm his bed, expecting the gentleman would have come up and followed her before she had done; but it seems, while she was warming the bed, she heard the door clap together; and that door is such that it makes a great noise at the clapping of it to, so that any person in the house may be sensible of another's going out. The maid, upon this, was concerned, and wondered at the meaning of it, as he promised to sleep there that night. She came down, but there was neither Mr Cowper nor Sarah Stout; so that we suppose they must have gone out together. After this the maid and mother came into the room, and, neither the young gentlewoman nor Mr Cowper returning, they sat up all night in the house, expecting the young gentlewoman would return. The next morning the first news of this lady was that she lay floating and swimming in the water by the mill dam. Upon that there were several persons called; for it was a wonder how this should come to pass. When her body came to be viewed, it was very much wondered at; for, in the first place, it is contrary to nature that any persons that drown themselves should float upon the water. We have sufficient evidence that it is a thing that never was. If persons go alive into the water, then they sink; if dead, then they float: that made some more curious to look into this matter. At first it was thought that such an accident might happen, though they could not imagine any cause for this woman to do so, who had so great prosperity, had so good an estate and had no occasion to do an action upon herself so wicked and so barbarous; nor can they learn she had any reason to induce her to such a thing. Upon viewing the body it did appear there had been violence used to the woman: there was a crease round her neck, and she was bruised about her ear, so that it seemed as if she had been strangled, either by hands or a rope. Gentlemen, upon the examination it was wondered how this matter came about; it was dark and obscure. The coroner at that time, nor these people, had no evidence given but the ordinary evidence, and it passed in a day.

We must call our witnesses to this fact, that of necessity you must conclude she was strangled, and did not drown herself. If we give you as strong a proof as can be upon the nature of the fact that she was strangled, then the second matter under your inquiry will be to know who or what persons should be the men that did the fact. Truly, gentlemen, as to the persons at the bar, the evidence of the fact will be very short, and will be to this purpose. Mr Cowper was the last man, unfortunately, in her company; I could wish he had not been so with all my heart. Here happens to be three
gentlemen, Mr Marson, Mr Rogers and Mr Stevens. As to these three men, my Lord, I do not hear of any business they had here, unless it was to do this matter to serve some interest or friend that sent them upon this message; for, my Lord, these persons, Mr Stevens, Mr Rogers and Mr Marson, came to town here on the 13th of March last, the assize day. My Lord, when they came to town they went to a house and took lodging at one Gurrey's, having hired a room with a large bed in it; and afterwards they went to the Glove and Dolphin, and then, about eight o'clock, one Marson came to them there. They stayed there, my Lord, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they say. At eleven these three gentlemen came all in to their lodging together at this Gurrey's. My Lord, when they came in, it was very remarkable, just as if there had been a sort of fate in it, for, my Lord, they called for fire, and the fire was made them; and while the people of the house were going about they observed and heard these gentlemen talk of Sarah Stout: that happened to be their discourse. One said to the other: "Marson, she was an old sweetheart of yours." "Aye," said he, "but she cast me off; but I reckon by this time a friend of mine has done her business." Another piece of discourse was: "I believe a friend of mine is even with her by this time." They had a bundle of linen with them, but what it was is not known; and one takes the bundle and throws it upon the bed "Well," said he, "her business is done. Mrs Sarah Stout's courting days are over"; and they sent for wine, my Lord. So, after they had drunk of the wine, they talked, and one pulled out a great deal of money. Said one to the other: "What money have you spent to-day?" Said the other: "Thou hast had forty or fifty pounds for thy share." Said the other: "I will spend all the money I have, for joy the business is done."

My Lord, this discourse happened to be among them, which made people of the house consider and bethink themselves, when the next day they heard of Sarah Stout's being found in the river."

After witnesses for the Crown had been called, Mr Cowper spoke in his own defence, saying: "It is utterly impossible I could be concerned in this fact, if I had had all the motives and provocations in the world to have done it. The maid, Sarah Walker, who is the single witness, I take it, that says anything in the least relating to me, said but now the clock had struck eleven before she carried up the coals, and about a quarter of an hour after, while she was warming the bed, she heard the door clap, and some time after she came down and found that I and her mistress were gone. Now, in point of time, I shall prove it utterly impossible I could be guilty of the fact I am accused of, being seen to come into the Glove Inn as the clock struck eleven, and staying there more than a quarter of an hour was, after several things done at my lodging, in bed before twelve o'clock, and went no more out that night, as I shall prove."

After Mr Cowper the other prisoners entered upon their defence, which was that they did not murder Sarah Stout, and knew nothing whatever about her death. Medical witnesses were called, and several of the dead woman's friends testified to her being of a melancholy disposition. The jury, withdrawing for about half-an-hour, returned with their verdict that neither Mr Cowper nor any one of the other three prisoners was guilty; and thereupon they were all discharged.
TOM ROWLAND was born at Ware, in Hertfordshire, and by his parents was put an apprentice to a bricklayer; but after he had served his time, being then of a slothful, idle disposition, he kept such company as soon brought him to follow evil courses; and, to support his extravagancy in a most riotous way of living, he stole a horse out of the Duke of Beaufort's stables, at his seat at Badminton, in Gloucestershire; and then, going on the highway, committed several most notorious robberies, for above eighteen years; but he always robbed in women's apparel, which disguise was the means of his reigning so long in his villainy. Whenever he was pursued he then rode astride; but at last, being apprehended in this unlawful habit for robbing a person on Hounslow Heath of a quantity of bone-lace, to the value of twelve hundred pounds sterling, he was condemned for this fact, and found guilty also upon another indictment preferred against him for robbing another person, near Barnet, of eighty-four pounds, nine shillings. However, whilst he lay under sentence of death he was very refractory, and was so abominably wicked that the very morning on which he died, lying in the Press Yard, for he wanted for no money whilst under confinement, a common woman coming to visit him, he had the unparalleled audaciousness to act carnally with her, and gloried in the sin as he was going to execution, which was at Tyburn, on Friday, the 24th of October, 1699, aged forty years.
JOHN BELLINGHAM

Son of a Justice, who took to the Highway, and was executed 27th of October, 1699, for Forgery

JOHN BELLINGHAM, after having been concerned with one John Arthur in several highway robberies, was indicted at the Old Bailey, the 13th of October, 1699, upon two indictments for forgery. The first was for altering the endorsement of a bank note and taking out the name of Sir John Ellwell and putting in the name of Mr James Carr; but the evidence to this indictment being not sufficient to convict him, the jury acquitted him. The second indictment was for altering an Exchequer bill of five pounds, with a farthing a day interest, and making it a bill of forty pounds, with twopence a day interest for the same, and likewise altering the endorsement; and that he, after the 6th of August, 1699, knowing the same to be falsified, did offer the same in payment with an intent to cheat his Majesty's subjects.

The first evidence deposed that, about the 18th or 19th of July last, he met Mr Bellingham in Lincoln's Inn Walks, who told him he had a business would do him a kindness; and that he had a bank bill, but it was not fairly come by; and that thereupon he (the witness) asked him whether it was one of Arthur's bills. To which Bellingham replied: "No"; and told him if he could get him some Exchequer bills, he had a friend could make a five-pound a ten-pound one, and he would have thirty shillings for his pains. With that they parted, and he communicated the matter to the trustees of the Exchequer and got a five-pound bill, and carried it to Bellingham, and they agreed together, and he was to have ten pounds for his share, which he afterwards received of Bellingham.

Another evidence deposed that Bellingham's wife and one Mrs Easton came with the Exchequer bills, the first by the name of Hill, and the other by the name of Holmes, and bought as much linen as came to twenty pounds odd money, and offered the bill in payment which was made forty pounds; upon which he went out to advise with some acquaintance whether it was a good bill or no, who told him that it was a good bill; and then he held it up against the light, and could not see anything amiss in it, upon which he paid them the rest of the money, and they went away. However, being not thoroughly satisfied, he goes to the Exchequer, and there found it to be only a five-pound bill altered, the same bill that the first evidence produced to the prisoner; that upon this he got Bellingham apprehended, and he was carried before Secretary Vernon, and, being examined about it, after an hour's hesitation he asked if there was any mercy. To which it was replied it was not long since he had received mercy. Whereupon he freely confessed the fact, and said that nobody did it but himself. It likewise appeared that he was in the robbery with John Arthur and his brother, who some time before robbed the western mail, and were executed the 23rd of March before, and by that means he got the bank bill.

The prisoner upon his trial objected against the first evidence, and would have the jury believe he had done it himself; and as for what he had confessed before Secretary Vernon, he said it was an old maxim in the law that what a prisoner should confess before a justice should not be given in evidence against him. But he was answered by the Court that, if there was such a maxim, it was so old it was forgotten.
And they asked him if he could produce any such record. To which he answered, "No." The jury found him guilty, and he received sentence of death. On the morning of his execution, 27th of October, 1699, he declared that he was born in Surrey, son to Justice Bellingham, who kept a glasshouse at Vauxhall, by Lambeth; that he had a good education given him, but in his younger years hearkened to bad advice, and, having scarce attained to the age of thirteen years, joined with some persons who made it their practice to rob on the highway. He said he could not remember one half of the robberies that he had been concerned in, but that a great part of them were committed in company with Arthur, lately executed, as above-mentioned.

He said, also, that after so many robberies justice at last overtook him, for committing a robbery on Bristow Causey, in Surrey. He and his gang killed the person they robbed — he being something obstinate, though he had no great purchase about him — for which he was apprehended and committed to the Marshalsea, and tried for the crime, and convicted the next Surrey Assizes. But after condemnation he made use of several stratagems to make his escape, and among the rest he, feigning himself sick, so deceived the keepers that, by means of the liberty they allowed him, he got away in woman's clothes.
WILLIAM MORELL was born at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, of very reputable parents, in 1650. He was put apprentice to a surgeon as soon as his father thought him fit for servitude. He went through the usual time, with abundance of satisfaction to his master and honour to himself, having acquired a knowledge beyond what is commonly found in young theorists. He understood anatomy very well, and would reason finely upon all the systems of the human economy. All this knowledge was afterwards confirmed and increased by practice when he came to set up at Banbury, on the death of his master, where he continued some time in very great reputation, which he really deserved both for his penetration and diligence. What put an end to his living here was his running beyond his income, though that was large, and exposing himself daily to vexatious suits and arrests, till at last he was obliged to leave the place and seek his fortune.

The first means that presented itself to his thought was turning quack and travelling the country as a mountebank; for which profession he was the more fit as he was very capable of performing such manual operations as these impostors generally pretend to, and of letting the judicious see that he understood something, if the family should ever challenge him to a trial of skill, as it frequently happened. He was resolved, however, not to do any hurt with the medicines he sold, as a great many ignorant fellows do, who destroy the lives of others purely to maintain their own. To this end he made up a quantity of very innocent pills with a little fine flour and treacle, making use of the same powder to roll them in as other physicians do. These pills were a sovereign remedy for all internal distempers whatsoever. They were the only specific under the sun, and took up, as he said, a great deal of time, as well as expense, in preparing. For all green wounds, bruises and pains he had a plaster altogether as harmless, having no other quality than that of sticking to the skin, wheresoever it was placed. He had, moreover, a little spring water, tinctured with something that changed the colour without altering the property in the least, and this was to cure all the blind people in the kingdom. For agues, colds and such diseases as are most common among the country people he had plenty of amulets, which were to be disposed of to those who had most faith and least reason; for such people prefer remedies of this kind to those that operate in a natural way and give some rational ground for our expecting a good effect from them.

Being thus prepared he set out, without any retinue at all, designing to be only a "cavalier" doctor, which was far less expensive than keeping a stage would be, and far more honourable than travelling on foot. He had still two or three good suits of clothes left, in all of which he appeared at several times in every place he came to. By his rhetoric he prevailed upon the poor ignorant country people, so that they bought up his remedies as fast as he could wish. It was not, however, to his interest to appear above two or three times in a place, which he was sensible of; and therefore he shifted his ground very often, living all the time in splendour, admired and even adored by his deluded patients. Besides what he professed to do by his medicines already named he also had a great deal of practice in surgery, in which he was really expert, as has been
before noted, and this served to raise his character upon other accounts, as his operations were skilful and worthy of the best surgeons.

Being in the north of England, and having quacked it from town to town as long as he could with safety, he had a mighty inclination to come up to London, but had not at that time money enough to pay the expense of such a journey, nor even to discharge his lodging where he now resided. How to get out of this scrape he could not for some days tell; for it was impossible to come at his horse without money, unless he broke open the stable, which was a remedy worse than the disease. What did he do at last but take several sheets of clean paper, folded them up, and sealed them very carefully in the form of letters, directing one to my Lord Middleton, another to another nobleman, and so on to all the officers of King James's Court at St Germains. Everyone knows that in the reign of King William it was high treason to hold any correspondence with the abdicated monarch, and consequently with any in trust under him. These blank letters, if I may so call them, he laid carefully on one corner of a table in the room where he lay, and went out, as about business,

While he was gone, the maid went, according to custom, to make his bed, and being able to read writing she had the curiosity to look on our gentleman's letters, when she was surprised to see so many great names upon the outside of them. Downstairs she runs as soon as ever she had done her work and tells her master what great men the doctor was acquainted with. Our host was like his servant, and, indeed, like all of the same profession — very inquisitive. He was, moreover, pretty well acquainted with the national affairs of that time, by reading the news and hearing the conversation of gentlemen; all which Morell had before noted, and concluded from it that the consequence of what he had done would be as he desired it.

The landlord goes up as fast as he could and takes hold of the papers; but what a consternation was he in when he beheld to whom they were directed! Treason without dispute! "Oh, Mr Doctor, we see now what you are; you don't travel to heal the bodies of people only, but to corrupt their minds and converse with the enemies of the nation. These shall all be opened, my boy, and I warrant I shall lose nothing by making such a discovery. My Lord Middleton and my Lord Middleton's master may wait long enough before they have any news from you. 'Tis like indeed that they may hear of you soon, when you are drawn in state up Holborn Hill on a sledge."

The next thing was to apply to the chief magistrate of the city (for it was at Carlisle) for a warrant to secure the person of William Morell as a dangerous man to the State. This, to be sure, was readily granted, and a messenger sent to the Secretary of State with an account of the whole affair, who immediately dispatched a proper officer, with orders to bring up both prisoner and papers to town, that they might be examined in form.

Now had Morell all he desired — the allowance of a State prisoner and a safe conduct up to town; where he was kept on his arrival at the house of a Messenger of State till next day, when he was carried to the Secretary's office. The secretaries were as much surprised at the inside of the letters as our landlord had been at the outside, when they saw nothing there but blank paper. All the ways they could think of to make the writing appear were made use of, for they imagined he had found out some art to conceal his business if the letters should happen to be intercepted. At last, when everything else was found in vain a free pardon was offered him upon condition that
he should discover all the secrets of his correspondence, and tell the persons who were concerned in it here in England, that they might be apprehended.

To make short of the story, he now frankly confessed the whole truth, begging pardon of their honours for giving them so much trouble, and professing he was as loyal a subject of King William as anyone in the three kingdoms: adding, that he had been reduced to extreme necessity and could think of no other way of coming up to London. Those who examined him could see no reason for disbelieving what he said; and therefore, though they were a little offended that such an insignificant fellow should make free with men in their high station, yet, as there appeared something so masterly in the invention and execution of this piece of policy, they could not help forgiving him, and laughing at the affair among themselves, while they dismissed him with an air of severity and abundance of threatenings, which they were to execute if ever he did such a thing again. But Morell knew as well as they could tell him that once was enough to play such a trick as this upon secretaries of State.

This man was as great a gallant as anyone we have ever heard of, for his story informs us that he had no less than six wives living at one time in different parts of the kingdom, it being customary with him to marry for the sake of enjoying his desires when he could prevail upon the woman he had a fancy to no other way.

There was scarce a character to be thought of in which Morell did not at one time or other appear, and always with success; sometimes he was a fortune-teller and astrologer, sometimes a decayed gentleman, sometimes a clergyman, and sometimes a foreigner who left his own country for the sake of religion. There was no shape, no pretence that might move pity but he put on, and never failed of gaining belief. Not a few times he was a man of great fortune, and made love to the richest young ladies he could hear of, having his servants at his heels, like our modern Irish fortune hunters, there being always men wicked enough to assist in such enterprises, with a view to sharing in the booty. Two or three virtuous women he married and ruined by these means, besides making a great many cuckolds, and winning abundance to his desires who never submitted to the common ceremony, most of whom he wheedled out of a pretty deal of money and afterwards blasted their characters, taking care to let their husbands know their foibles, if they were married, or, if they were single, to send an account of his success to their friends or sweethearts, if they had any. He continued these practices so long in every part of the country that it was become dangerous for him to continue them any longer. Several gentlemen made inquiry after him, in order to have him punished for personating them in places where they had interest and were not personally known, by which means he imposed upon abundance of tradesmen and cheated them of their goods. In short, he had no hopes left of hiding himself anywhere but in London. Being in town, and having got such information as was necessary for his proceeding, he applied himself for lodging to a rich baker in the Strand, telling him that his name was Humphry Wickham, Esq., of —.

The baker knew the family of the Wickhams very well, being their countryman, though he was not acquainted with the gentleman who at present enjoyed the estate, as he had not been in the country for a great many years. However he made no scruple of entertaining our sham esquire. Nay, he was so far from it that he caressed him, and returned him a thousand thanks for doing him so much honour as to reside at his house. Morell told him that he had a private affair in town, which would detain him for some time, and that he came in such an obscure manner because he was
not willing to be known; his own family, all but his steward and the man who waited on him, being ignorant of the place of his residence. He added that when the business was over he would inform him of the particulars, and take him down to his country seat with him for a month or two. Several days passed, and still our baker was satisfied, never mentioning a word to any of his friends concerning Mr Wickham, lest he should injure him in the business of which he spoke. A fellow in a livery came every morning, cap in hand, to receive his worship's commands, and was very diligent in dispatching everything he set him about. After about a week our good-natured host heard Mr Wickham talk aloud to his man about the steward's neglect in not sending up the linen and money which he had written for. Proud to make a merit of this carelessness of the servant, he took the first opportunity to tell his worship in a very submissive manner what he had overheard, desiring him to make use of what he had till his own box came, and complaining that he did not honour him so far as to let him know his necessity. Our pretended esquire protested he was ashamed to abuse his generosity. However, as he had understood how things were, he would accept of his love. Upon this the baker in a minute fetches down half-a-dozen of his best holland shirts, one of which Mr Wickham put on, and prevailed on his worship further to accept of fifty guineas till his money arrived.

The next day after this Morell fell sick, and now is the time that we are to see him play such a farce as was never before heard of. As soon as his illness was known, a doctor was sent for, who found him in a high fever, and wrote a prescription to the apothecary, in conjunction with whom he waited on him every day afterwards. The baker asked him if he should write into the country, but Mr Wickham said no, for he had never a wife, and servants would but disturb him, so that he had rather they should know nothing of the matter till he saw how it was like to go with him. The fever began to increase, and after a few days his life was thought in danger. The doctor told him his sentiments freely, and he desired Mr Baker to send for an attorney to make his will, which was accordingly done, and the writing lodged in the hands of our landlord, whom he enjoined to open it as soon as he was dead, which was no longer than the next day. Now the neighbours are sent for and the will is unsealed. The baker is constituted one of the executors; a considerable estate is given him, besides abundance of plate, linen and jewels to his wife, and large legacies to all his children; several sums are allotted to charitable uses; all the servants are rewarded according to their places and merit. He is to be interred in town, and the whole management of the funeral is left to the care of his good friend the baker, who is over and over again mentioned with a good deal of respect. To complete all, the lawyer is named who has all the writings of his estates, and who is to produce the several sums of money at the time specified.

The baker knew the lawyer whom he mentioned, and was certain that he used to do business for the family. He did not, however, go to him directly, as he had money in the house to defray necessary expenses, and as he was willing to show as much respect as possible to the deceased. His house is hung with mourning, a leaden coffin is made, the body is embowelled, and laid in state. The best of cloth and silk is bought for himself and family, besides rings and other particulars. An undertaker is agreed with, and in short everything is got ready for solemnising the obsequies on such a day, till when wax tapers are continually burning in the room where the corpse lies.
The day before the interment was to be, our baker goes to the lawyer and invites him, telling him the particulars of Mr Wickham's will, and desiring he would let him have some money in a few days to pay such things as were not paid, because he had exhausted all his cash. The lawyer was startled to hear him talk of Mr Wickham's death, he having received a letter from him but the day before on some special business. It was a pretty while before they could come to a right understanding. At last all was found to be an imposture, and confirmed by a letter from the fellow who had waited upon Morell, and who was willing to make some merit of discovering a cheat which he could no longer carry on. The body was now stripped of all its finery and thrown with little ceremony into a common grave in St Clement's Churchyard.

This was the end of Morell, in the year 1700. An account of the affair was soon sent to the real Mr Wickham, who, being a man of honour and generosity, made up the baker's loss, telling him that though he had been thus imposed on, he looked on the deed as though it really had been done to himself. The undertaker and all who had furnished anything towards the funeral considered the case, and took their goods again as they were.
JOHN LARKIN

Who committed so many Forgeries and Cheats that he had not Time to confess them all before he died, on 19th of April, 1700

JOHN LARKIN was born at Antrim, in Ireland, of very creditable parents, who, observing that their son possessed a very considerable share of genius, took some pains to cultivate it by a liberal education.

When he had been some years at school, and obtained a competent knowledge of several arts and sciences, he was entered as a student in the University of Glasgow, in Scotland, where he went through his studies with applause, and then, returning to Ireland, commenced as schoolmaster, in which station he behaved himself so well that he met with the greatest success; but being of an unsettled disposition he left his school, and taking upon him the gown visited the remotest parts of the kingdom and officiated in several places as a clergyman.

After some time he came to England, and was made master of a free school in Lancashire, where he had about a hundred scholars under his care; but he was so bad an economist that he could by no means live within the bounds of his income, and was therefore frequently contriving some new methods by which he might support his extravagance. At length he came to a resolution to forge bonds and other papers, in which pernicious practices he became so great a proficient that he said he could forge almost any hand so artfully that it would be difficult for a person to know his own handwriting from the forgery. He acknowledged that he had frequently affixed the hand of a bishop and several other eminent divines to letters-testimonial, by which he had collected considerable sums of money, under pretence of redeeming poor Christian captives who were in slavery.

He used also to forge goldsmiths' notes and bills of exchange, and continued these practices for a considerable time, but being at length detected he was pilloried, and committed to prison till such time as he should discharge a fine which was imposed on him, and which was so large that he had little or no hopes of regaining his liberty. While he remained in prison some persons, who were afterwards evidences against him at his trial, used to coin money, and endeavoured to prevail upon him to assist them; but he declared that he constantly refused to do it, that he never shared any money with them, and had no further concern than merely as a spectator. But as the contrary to this had been so positively sworn, the ordinary of Newgate suspected his sincerity, and urged him to make an ingenuous confession. To which he replied that he knew his duty extremely well, though he had acted contrary to it; but if it should be his fate to die, he would, at the place of execution, discover something which might be a warning to several persons who had been concerned in the like wicked practices with himself.

At the place of execution he informed the ordinary that being confined in Newgate with one Charles Newey, who was convicted of felony, and had been fined and pilloried for suborning an evidence to swear falsely, he was prevailed upon by Newey, in consideration of a sum of money, to write a scurrilous libel, called The Case of Captain Charles Newey, containing very notorious falsehoods and scandalous

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reflections on the Lord Chief Baron, the Recorder, and other judges who tried the said Newey; for which he now sincerely begged pardon of those gentlemen.

He took a decent leave of the spectators, and having returned thanks to the ordinary for his charitable visits to him while under condemnation, he delivered him a paper in which he said that though he was not guilty of the crime of coining (for which he died), yet that he had committed so many forgeries, cheats, etc., that it was almost impossible to recount them. He thought it his duty to make all the reparation in his power, by leaving the world a true narrative of all his irregular proceedings, but not having sufficient time to complete such a work, he mentioned only certain circumstances, which included a pretended plot, supposed to have been carried on by the Earls of Marlborough (whose hand he counterfeited with so much dexterity that it was very difficult to discern the true from the false) and Salisbury, the Bishop of Rochester, and several others. This malefactor was executed at Tyburn, on the 19th of April, 1700.
MICHAEL VAN BERGHEN, CATHERINE VAN BERGHEN AND DROMELIUS, THEIR SERVANT, PUBLICANS

Executed 10th of July, 1700, for the Murder of their Guest, Mr Oliver Norris

THESE criminals were natives of Holland, who, having settled in England, kept a public-house in East Smithfield in 1700, and where Geraldius Dromelius acted as their servant. Mr Oliver Norris was a country gentleman who lodged at an inn near Aldgate, and who went into the house of Van Berghen about eight o'clock in the evening, and continued to drink there till about eleven. Finding himself rather intoxicated, he desired the maidservant to call a coach to carry him home. As she was going to do so her mistress whispered to her, and bade her return in a little time and say that a coach was not to be procured. These directions being observed, Norris, on the maid's return, resolved to go without a coach, and accordingly took his leave of the family; but he had not gone far before he discovered that he had been robbed of a purse containing a sum of money; whereupon he returned and charged Van Berghen and his wife with having been guilty of the robbery. This they positively denied, and threatened to turn him out of the house; but he refused to go, and resolutely went into a room where the cloth was laid for supper. At this time Dromelius entered the room, and threatening Mr Norris in a cavalier manner, the latter resented the insult, and at length a quarrel ensued. At this juncture, Van Berghen seized a poker, with which he fractured Mr Norris's skull, and in the meantime Dromelius stabbed him in different parts of the body, Mrs Van Berghen being present during the perpetration of the horrid act. When Mr Norris was dead they stripped him of his coat, waistcoat, hat, wig, etc., and then Van Berghen and Dromelius carried the body and threw it into a ditch which communicated with the Thames; and in the meantime Mrs Van Berghen washed the blood of the deceased from the floor of the room. The clothes which had been stripped from the deceased were put up in a hamper and committed to the care of Dromelius, who took a boat and carried them over to Rotherhithe, where he employed the waterman to carry the hamper to lodgings which he had taken, and in which he proposed to remain until he could find a favourable opportunity of embarking for Holland. The next morning, at low water, the body of a man was found, and several of the neighbours went to take a view of it, and endeavoured to try if they could trace any blood to the place where the murder might have been committed; but not succeeding in this, some of them who were up at a very early hour recollected that they had seen Van Berghen and Dromelius coming almost from the spot where the body was found, and remarked that a light had been carried backwards and forwards in Van Berghen's house. Upon this the house was searched; but no discovery was made, except that a little blood was found behind the door of a room which appeared to have been lately mopped. Inquiry was made after Dromelius, but Van Berghen and his wife would give no other account than that he had left their service. On which they were taken into custody, with the servant-maid, who was the principal evidence against them. At this time the waterman who had carried Dromelius to Rotherhithe, and who knew him very well, appeared, and he was likewise taken into custody. The prisoners were tried by a jury of half Englishmen and half foreigners, to circumstances above mentioned appeared so striking that they did not hesitate to find the prisoners guilty, and accordingly they received sentence of death. They were
executed near the Hartshorn brewhouse, East Smithfield, being the nearest convenient spot to the place where the murder was committed, on the 10th of July, in the year 1700. The bodies of the men were hung in chains between Bow and Mile End, but the woman was buried.
GEORGE CADDELL

Executed for the Cruel Murder of Miss Price, Whom he had Seduced and Promised Marriage

George Caddell was a native of the town of Broomsgrove, in Worcestershire, where he was articled to an apothecary, with whom he served his time, and then repaired to London, where he attended several of the hospitals to obtain an insight into the art of surgery. As soon as he became tolerably acquainted with the profession he went to Worcester, and lived with Mr. Randall, a capital surgeon of that city: in this situation he was equally admired for the depth of his abilities and amiableness of his temper. Here he married the daughter of Mr. Randall, who died in labour of her first child.

After this melancholy event he went to reside at Litchfield, and continued upwards of two years with Mr. Dean, a surgeon of that place. During his residence here, he courted Mr. Dean's daughter, to whom he would probably have been married but for the commission of the following crime, which cost him his life:

A young lady, named Elizabeth Price, who had been seduced by an officer in the army, lived near Mr. Caddell's place of residence, and, after her misfortune, supported herself by her skill in needle-work. Caddell becoming acquainted with her,
a considerable degree of intimacy subsisted between them; and Miss Price, degraded as she was by the unfortunate step she had taken, still thought herself an equal match for one of Mr. Caddell's rank of life.

As pregnancy was shortly the consequence of their intimacy, she repeatedly urged him to marry her, but Mr. Caddell resisted her importunities for a considerable time: at last Miss Price heard of his paying his addresses to Miss Dean; she then became more importunate than ever, and threatened, in case of his non-compliance, to put an end to all his prospects with that young lady, by discovering every thing that had passed between them. Hereupon Caddell formed the horrible resolution of murdering Miss Price; for he could neither bear the thought of forfeiting the esteem of a woman that he courted, nor of marrying her who had been as condescending to another as to himself.

This dreadful scheme having entered his head, he called on Miss Price on a Saturday evening, and requested that she would walk in the fields with him on the afternoon of the following day, in order to adjust the plan of their intended marriage. Miss Price, thus deluded, met him at the time appointed, on the road leading towards Burton-upon-Trent, at a house known by the sign of the Nag's Head. Having accompanied her supposed lover into the fields, and walked about till towards evening, they then sat down under the hedge, where, after a little conversation, Caddell suddenly pulled out a knife, cut her throat, and made his escape. In the distraction of his mind, he left behind him the knife with which he had perpetrated the deed, together with his case of instruments.

When he came home it was observed that he appeared exceedingly confused, though the reason of the perturbation of his mind could not even be guessed at. But, on the following morning, Miss Price being found murdered in the field, great numbers of people went to take a view of the body, among whom was the woman of the house where she lodged, who recollected that she had said she was going to walk with Mr. Caddell; on which the instruments were examined, and known to have belonged to him. He was accordingly taken into custody, and committed to the gaol of Stafford; and, being soon afterwards tried, was found guilty, condemned, and executed at Stafford on the 21st of July, 1700.

We have no particular account of the behaviour of this malefactor while under sentence of death, or at the place of execution; yet his fate will afford an instructive lesson to youth. Let no young man, who has connexions of any kind with one woman, think of paying his addresses to another. There can be no such thing as honourable courtship while dishonourable love subsists. Mr. Caddell might have lived a credit to himself, and an ornament to his profession, if he had not held a criminal connexion with Miss Price. Her fate ought to impress on the mind of our female readers the importance of modest reserve to a woman. We would not be severe on the failings of the sex; but we cannot help observing, that a woman who has fallen a sacrifice to the arts of one man should be very cautious in yielding to the addresses of another. One false step may be recovered; but the progress of vice is a downhill road; and the farther we depart from the paths of virtue, still the faster we run. On the contrary, the ways of Virtue are pleasant; and "all her paths are paths of peace." From this story likewise the young officers of our army may learn an useful lesson: for, if Miss Price had not been debauched by one of that profession, the fatal catastrophe above-mentioned had never happened.
JOHN HOLLIDAY OR SIMPSON
Housebreaker and Highwayman, who robbed a King at Hertford, and a Church, and was hanged at Tyburn in 1700

THIS man, whose career of villainy in England was not long, had committed a variety of depredations in Flanders, where he served as a soldier under King William III. On the Peace of Ryswick he received his discharge, and with several of his confederates in acts of villainy repaired to London, where they formed themselves into a gang of robbers, of which Holliday, under the name of Simpson, was appointed their captain. They were alternately highwaymen and housebreakers.

In the year 1700 Holliday was indicted in the name of Simpson for a burglary in the house of Elizabeth Gawden, of stealing thereout two feather beds and other articles; to which he pleaded guilty, and was, for that offence, hanged at Tyburn.

While under sentence of death he said that his name was not Simpson, but Holliday, and that during a great part of the war in the reign of King William he was a soldier in Flanders, where he used to take frequent opportunities of robbing the tents of the officers; and once, when the army lay before Mons, and his Majesty commanded in person, Simpson happened to be one of those who were selected to guard the Royal tent. On an evening when the King, accompanied by the Earl (afterwards Duke) of Marlborough and Lord Cutts, went out to take a view of the situation of the army, Simpson, with a degree of impudence peculiar to himself, went into his Majesty's tent and stole about a thousand pounds. It was some days before this money was missed, and when the robbery was discovered, Simpson escaped all suspicion. He said he had committed more robberies than he could possibly recollect, having been a highwayman as well as a housebreaker.

He committed numerous robberies in Flanders as well as in England, and he affirmed that the gates of the city of Ghent had been twice shut up within a fortnight to prevent his escape; and that when he was taken, his arms, legs, back and neck were secured with irons; in which condition he was carried through the streets, that he might be seen by the crowd.

Simpson and two of his companions used frequently to stop and rob the Roman Catholics at five o'clock in the morning as they were going to Mass; he repeatedly broke into the churches of Brussels, Mechlin and Antwerp, and stole the silver plate from the altar.

This offender further acknowledged that, having killed one of his companions in a quarrel, he was apprehended, tried and condemned for the fact by a court martial of officers, and sentenced to be executed on the following day, in sight of the army, which was to be drawn up to see the execution. During the night, however, he found means to escape, and took refuge in the Church of St Peter, in Ghent, where the army then lay. Being thus in a place of sanctuary, he applied to the priests, who made interest with Prince Eugene; and their joint intercession with King William, who arrived in the city about four days afterwards, obtained his full pardon, and he was permitted immediately to join the army.
A few days after he had obtained his pardon he broke into the church and robbed it of plate to the value of twelve hundred pounds; which he was the better enabled to do as he was acquainted with the avenues of the church and knew where the plate was deposited. He was apprehended on suspicion of this sacrilege; for as a crime of this kind is seldom committed by the natives of the country it was conjectured that it must have been perpetrated by some one at least of the soldiers. And information being given that two Jews had embarked in a boat on the Scheldt for Middleburg, on the day succeeding the robbery, and that Simpson had been seen in company with these Jews, this occasioned his being taken into custody. But as no proof arose that he had sold any plate to these men, it was thought necessary to dismiss him.
THE NEWGATE CALENDAR

GEORGE GRIFFITHS
Who courted his Master's Daughter and then robbed him. Hanged at Tyburn on 1st of August, 1700.

THIS young man received the education of a gentleman, was articled as clerk to an attorney of high repute, and enjoyed the utmost latitude of confidence in his master: but which a course of dissipation destroyed, and finally brought him to an untimely fate. His misfortunes may prove a lesson to young gentlemen intended for the learned professions, while the danger into which a young lady, his master's daughter, had through him nearly fallen into, will, we trust, be a caution to females against engaging their affections without the sanction of their parents.

He was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, and was the son of an eminent apothecary of that town. On the expiration of the term of his clerkship he was retained by his master, on a handsome salary, to manage his business, and he discharged his duty for a considerable time with great regularity; but unhappily, becoming acquainted with some young lawyers who possessed more money than discretion, he soon spent the little fortune which his father had bequeathed to him, and also became indebted to several of his master's employers.

During a great part of Griffiths's servitude the only daughter of his employer had been at a boarding-school at Windsor for the advantage of education; and now returning home, her father, who was uncommonly tender of her, requested that she would take his domestic affairs under her own management.

This old gentleman being frequently from home, the business of the office was committed to the care of Mr Griffiths; and an intimacy soon ensued between him and the young lady, in whose company he spent all those evenings in which he had not particular engagements with his old associates. The consequence was that their acquaintance ripened into esteem; their esteem into love. The reciprocal declaration soon took place, and the young lady considered Mr Griffiths as the man who was to be her future husband. Some short time after this attachment Griffiths was under the necessity of attending his master on the Norfolk Circuit, and while he was in the country he held a constant correspondence with the young lady; but the father was totally unacquainted with all that had passed, and had not formed the least idea that his daughter had any kind of connection with his clerk. But at length the circumstance of the affair transpired in the following manner.

The daughter having gone to Windsor for a few days, on a visit to her former acquaintance, continued to correspond with Mr Griffiths. On a particular day, when Griffiths was not at home, it happened that a letter was brought to the office, directed to this unfortunate man; when one of the clerks, imagining that it might be of consequence, carried it to the master, at an adjacent coffee-house. It is impossible that any language could express the surprise of the old gentleman when he saw the name of his daughter subscribed to a letter in which she acknowledged herself as the future wife of the clerk.

The father knew that Griffiths had no fortune, but he soon found that he had been master of sufficient art to prevail on the daughter to believe that he was
possessed of considerable property. Hereupon he represented to his daughter the great impropriety of her conduct; in answer to which she said that Mr Griffiths was a man of fortune, though he had hitherto carefully concealed this circumstance from her father. However, it was not long before a discovery was made which presented Mr Griffiths's situation in a light equally new and contemptible.

His master, for a considerable time past, had acted as the solicitor in a capital cause depending in Chancery; but the determination respecting it had been put off on account of Lord Somers being removed from the office of Chancellor and the Great Seal given in commission to Sir Nathan Wright. The solicitor had received immense sums while the cause was depending, which he had committed to the care of his clerk; but the latter, pressed for cash to supply his extravagance, purloined some of this money. At length the cause was determined, and Griffiths was called upon to account to his master for the money in his hands.

Alarmed at this sudden demand, he knew not what course to take. He came to the resolution of breaking open his master's bureau, which he did while the family were asleep, and stole a considerable sum of money. At this time the old gentleman and his daughter went to Tunbridge; and during their residence at that place of amusement Griffiths procured a key that would unlock his master's bureau, from whence again he took money to a considerable amount. On the master's return he missed this sum, but still he did not suspect Griffiths, as the drawer was found locked; but hereupon he deposited his jewels in the bureau, and locked up his money in another place.

The amour betwixt Griffiths and the young lady still continued, and they would soon have been married at the Fleet, but that a fatal circumstance now arose, which (happily for her) brought their connection to a period. Griffiths being (as already observed) possessed of a key that would open his master's bureau, and disposed to go out and spend a cheerful evening with his old associates, now, during their absence, opened the drawer, but was greatly disappointed in not meeting with the money that was usually left there: finding, however, jewels in its stead, he stole a diamond ring, which he carried to a jeweller and sold for twelve pounds, and then went to spend his evening as he had intended. The old lawyer came home about ten o'clock at night, and casually looking into his drawer found the ring was gone; and, being enraged at this renewed robbery, he had every person in the house carefully searched, but no discovery was made.

Griffiths did not return until a late hour, and on the following day his employer told him what had happened, and requested that he would go to the several jeweller's shops, and make enquiry for the lost ring. Griffiths pretended obedience, and when he returned, acquainted his master that all his enquiries respecting it had been ineffectual.

However, a discovery of the party who had been guilty of the robbery was made in the following singular manner. The jeweller who had bought the ring frequented the same coffee-house with the gentleman who had lost it, and was intimately acquainted with him, though he knew nothing of Griffiths. Now the jeweller, having carefully examined the ring after he had bought it, concluded that it had been obtained in an illegal manner, and, being a man who was much above the idea of having his integrity suspected, he related the particulars of his purchase at the
coffee-house, which the person who had lost the ring hearing, desired to have a sight of it; and on the first inspection knew it to be that which he had lost.

The person of Griffiths was now so exactly described by the jeweller that there could be little doubt but that he was the thief; wherefore he was desired to go to the chambers with a constable, and take him into custody. He was carried before a Justice of the Peace and accused of the crime, which he immediately confessed, and likewise that he had robbed his master of money.

Griffiths was committed to Newgate, and being arraigned at the next sessions at the Old Bailey he pleaded guilty to the indictment, and sentence of death was passed on him accordingly.

As in his situation it was natural to suppose that he would attempt to correspond with the young lady to whom he had aspired as a wife, a proper person was employed by her father to intercept her letters, a service that was performed with such care, that not one reached her hands, though a considerable number were written.

When Mr Griffiths found that he had nothing to hope from the intervention of the royal mercy, and consequently that all the views with which he had flattered himself in wedlock were vanished, he began seriously to prepare himself for that state in which persons "neither marry, nor are given in marriage," he very justly attributed his misfortunes to the associating with persons who were his superiors in point of circumstances, and the making of an appearance which he was unable to support, in order to secure the object of his wishes. He died a penitent, at Tyburn, the 1st of August, 1700.
THE REV. THOMAS HUNTER, M.A.
Executed on 22nd of August, 1700, near Edinburgh, for the diabolical Murder out of Revenge of the Two Children of Mr Gordon

It is with deep regret that we are compelled to bring before the reader a murderer, in a character which ever should be held most sacred. A crime more premeditated, and more fraught with cruelty, never stained the annals of history. Ambition has often impelled tyrants to shed innocent blood; revenge has stimulated men to kill each other; jealousy with 'jaundiced eye' destroys the object of its love; but God forbid that we should ever again have to record the fact of a tutor, a minister of the Gospel, premeditatedly murdering his pupils! — the sons of his benefactor. When we add, that this most miserable sinner expiated his offence in avowing himself an atheist, we arrive, at once, at the very depth of human depravity. This detestable culprit was born in the county of Fife, in Scotland, and was the son of a rich farmer, who sent him to the University of St Andrews for education. When he had acquired a sufficient share of classical learning he was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, and began to prosecute his studies in divinity with no small degree of success. Several of the younger clergymen act as tutors to wealthy and distinguished families till a proper period arrives for their entering into orders, which they never do till they obtain a benefice. While in this rank of life they bear the name of chaplains; and in this station Hunter lived about two years in the house of Mr Gordon, a very eminent merchant, and one of the bailies of Edinburgh, which is a rank equal to that of
alderman of London. Mr Gordon's family consisted of himself, his lady, two sons and a daughter, a young woman who attended Mrs Gordon and her daughter, the malefactor in question, some clerks and menial servants. To the care of Hunter was committed the education of the two sons; and for a considerable time he discharged his duty in a manner highly satisfactory to the parents, who considered him as a youth of superior genius and great goodness of heart. Unfortunately a connection took place between Hunter and the young woman, which soon increased to a criminal degree, and was maintained for a considerable time without the knowledge of the family. One day, however, when Mr and Mrs Gordon were on a visit, Hunter and his girl met in their chamber as usual; but, having been so incautious as not to make their door fast, the children went into the room and found them in such a situation as could not admit of any doubt of the nature of their intercourse. No suspicion was entertained that these children would mention to their parents what had happened, the eldest boy being not quite ten years of age; but when the children were at supper with their parents they disclosed so much as left no room to doubt of what had passed. Hereupon the female servant was directed to quit the house on the following day; but Hunter was continued in the family, after making a proper apology for the crime of which he had been guilty, attributing it to the thoughtlessness of youth, and promising never to offend in the same way again. From this period he entertained the most inveterate hatred to all the children, on whom he determined in his own mind to wreak the most diabolical vengeance. Nothing less than murder was his intention; but it was a considerable time after he had formed this horrid plan before he had an opportunity of carrying it into execution. Whenever it was a fine day he was accustomed to walk in the fields with his pupils for an hour before dinner, and in these excursions the young lady generally attended her brothers. At the period immediately preceding the commission of the fatal act Mr Gordon and his family were at their country retreat, very near Edinburgh; and having received an invitation to dine in that city, he and his lady proposed to go thither about the time that Hunter usually took his noontide walk with the children. Mrs Gordon was very anxious for all the children to accompany them on this visit, but this was strenuously opposed by her husband, who would consent that only the little girl should attend them. By this circumstance Hunter's intention of murdering all the three children was frustrated; but he held the resolution of destroying the boys while they were yet in his power. With this view he took them into the fields and sat down as if to repose himself on the grass. This event took place soon after the middle of the month of August, 1700 and Hunter was preparing his knife to put a period to the lives of the children at the very moment they were busied in catching butterflies and gathering wild flowers. Having sharpened his knife, he called the lads to him, and when he had reprimanded them for acquainting their father and mother to the scene to which they had been witnesses, said that he would immediately put them to death. Terrified by this threat, the children ran from him; but he immediately followed and brought them back. He then placed his knee on the body of the one while he cut the throat of the other with his penknife, and then treated the second in the same inhuman manner that he had done the first. These horrid murders were committed within half-a-mile of the Castle of Edinburgh; and as the deed was perpetrated in the middle of the day, and in the open fields, it would have been very wonderful indeed if the murderer had not been immediately taken into custody. At the very time a gentleman was walking on the Castle hill of Edinburgh, who had a tolerably perfect view of what passed. Alarmed by the incident, he called some people, who ran with him to the place where the children were lying dead. Hunter now had advanced towards a river, with a view to drown himself. Those who pursued came up with him just as he
reached the brink of the river; and his person being immediately known to them, a messenger was instantly dispatched to Mr and Mrs Gordon, who were at that moment going to dinner with their friend, to inform them of the horrid murder of their sons. Language is too weak to describe the effects resulting from the communication of this dreadful news; the astonishment of the afflicted father, the agony of the frantic mother, may possibly be conceived, though it cannot be painted. According to an old Scottish law it was decreed that "if a murderer should be taken with the blood of the murdered person on his clothes, he should be prosecuted in the Sheriff's Court, and executed within three days after the commission of the fact." It was not common to execute this sentence with rigour; but this offender's crime was of so aggravated a nature, that it was not thought proper to remit anything of the utmost severity of the law. The prisoner was therefore committed to jail and chained down to the floor all night, and on the following day the sheriff issued his precept for the jury to meet; and in consequence of their verdict Hunter was brought to his trial, when he pleaded guilty, and added to the offence he had already committed the horrid crime of declaring that he only lamented not having murdered Mr Gordon's daughter as well as his sons. The sheriff now passed sentence on the convict, which was to the following purpose: that "on the succeeding day he should be executed on a gibbet, erected for that purpose on the spot where he had committed the murders; but that, previous to his execution, his right hand should be cut off with a hatchet, near the wrist; that then he should be drawn up to the gibbet by a rope, and when he was dead, hung in chains between Edinburgh and Leith, the knife with which he committed the murders being stuck through his hand, which should be advanced over his head and fixed therewith to the top of the gibbet." Mr Hunter was executed in strict conformity to the above sentence on the 22nd of August, 1700. But Mr Gordon soon afterwards petitioned the sheriff that the body might be removed to a more distant spot, as its hanging on the side of the highway, through which he frequently passed, tended to re-excite his grief for the occasion that had first given rise to it. This requisition was immediately complied with, and in a few days the body was removed to the skirts of a small village near Edinburgh, named Broughton. It is equally true and horrid to relate, that, at the place of execution, Hunter closed his life with the following shocking declaration: "There is no God — I do not believe there is any or if there is, I hold him in defiance." Yet this infidel had professed himself to be a minister of the Gospel!
JOHN COWLAND, GENTLEMAN
Who suffered Death on 20th of December, 1700, for stabbing Sir Andrew Slanning, Baronet, near Drury Lane Theatre

The crime for which this man suffered will show the danger ever to be apprehended from indiscriminate connexion with females, and a caution against intemperance.

John Cowland was the son of reputable parents, who apprenticed him to a goldsmith, but of a vicious irascible disposition. He and some other bon-vivants had followed Sir Andrew Slanning, Bart., who had made a temporary acquaintance with an orange-woman, while in the pit at Drury Lane playhouse, and retired with her as soon as the play was ended. They had gone but a few yards before Mr Cowland put his arm round the woman's neck; on which Sir Andrew desired he would desist, as she was his wife. Cowland, knowing that Sir Andrew was married to a woman of honour, gave him the lie, and swords were drawn on both sides; but some gentlemen coming up at this juncture, no immediate ill consequences ensued.

They all now agreed to adjourn to the Rose Tavern, and Captain Waggett having there used his utmost endeavours to reconcile the offended parties, it appeared that his mediation was attended with success; but as they were going upstairs to drink a glass of wine, Mr Cowland drew his sword and stabbed Sir Andrew in the belly, who, finding himself wounded, cried out "Murder!" Hereupon one of Lord Warwick's servants and two other persons who were in the house ran up and disarmed Cowland of his sword, which was bloody to the depth of five inches, and took him into custody. Cowland now desired to see Sir Andrew, which being granted, he jumped down the stairs and endeavoured to make his escape, but being pursued he was easily retaken.

He was instantly conducted before a Justice of the Peace, who committed him; and on the 5th of December, 1700, he was tried at the Old Bailey on three indictments: the first at common law, the second on the statute of stabbing, and the third on the coroner's inquest for the murder. The facts above mentioned were fully proved on the trial, and among other things it was deposed that the deceased had possessed an estate of twenty thousand pounds a year, that his family became extinct by his death, and that he had been a gentleman of great good nature, and by no means disposed to quarrel. Mr Cowland being found guilty on the clearest evidence received sentence of death, and, though great efforts were made to obtain a pardon for him, he was executed at Tyburn, on the 20th of December, 1700.

From the moment of his imprisonment to the day of his death, his behaviour was truly contrite and penitent; he professed the most unfeigned sorrow for all his sins, and gave the following account of himself: that he was the son of reputable parents, who apprenticed him to a goldsmith; that in the early part of his life he was sober and religious, studying the scriptures, giving a regular attendance on divine worship, and devoutly reflecting on his duty towards God; but that, abandoning this course of life, he became an easy prey to his own intemperate passions, and proceeded from one degree of vice to another, till at length he committed the horrid crime for
which he was justly doomed to fall a sacrifice to the violated laws of God and his Country.

On a retrospect of this melancholy narrative, some reflections will occur, that, if properly attended to, may be of singular use to the reader. The dispute which cost Sir Andrew Slanning his life took its rise from his having associated himself with a woman of light character, with whom Cowland thought he had as much right to make free as the baronet: but Sir Andrew was originally to blame; for, as he was a married man, there was a great impropriety in the connexion he had formed: this, however, was no kind of justification of the conduct of Cowland, who could have no business to interfere; and his crime is greatly enhanced by his having committed the murder after an apparent reconciliation had taken place. To sum up our observations in a few words, from this sad tale let married men be taught the danger that may ensue from the slightest criminal connexion, and let young gentlemen learn to govern and moderate their passions: so may all parties live an honour to themselves, and a credit to their families and connexions.
PIRACY is an offence committed on the high seas, by villains who man and arm a vessel for the purpose of robbing fair traders. It is also piracy to rob a vessel lying in shore at anchor, or at a wharf. The river Thames, until the excellent establishment of a marine police, was infested by gangs of fresh-water pirates, who were continually rowing about, watching the homeward-bound vessels; which, whenever an opportunity offered, they boarded, and stole whatever part of their cargo they could hoist into their boats. But, of late years, the shipping there, collected from every part of the habitable globe, have lain in tolerable security against such disgraceful depredations, and the introduction of the dock system has further increased this security.

Piracy is a capital offence by civil law, although by Act of Parliament it may be heard and determined according to the rules of common law, as if the offence had been committed on land.

Captain John Kidd was born at Greenock, in Scotland, and being bred as a sailor he eventually became known as the "Wizard of the Seas." Having quitted his native country, he resided at New York, where he became owner of a small vessel, with which he traded among the pirates, obtained a thorough knowledge of their haunts, and could give a better account of them than any other person whatever. While in their company he used to converse and act as they did; yet at other times he would make singular professions of honesty, and intimate how easy a matter it would be to extirpate these abandoned people, and prevent their future depredations. His frequent remarks of this kind engaged the notice of several considerable planters, who, forming a more favourable idea of him than his true character would warrant, procured him the patronage with which he was afterwards honoured. For a series of years great complaints had been made of the piracies committed in the West Indies, which had been greatly encouraged by some of the inhabitants of North America, on account of the advantage they derived from purchasing effects thus fraudulently obtained. This coming to the knowledge of King William III., he, in the year 1695, bestowed the government of New England and New York on the Earl of Bellamont, an Irish nobleman of distinguished character and abilities, who immediately began to consider the most effectual method to redress the evils complained of, and consulted with Colonel Levingston, a gentleman who had great property in New York, on the most feasible steps to obviate the evils. At this juncture Captain Kidd had arrived from New York in a sloop of his own; him, therefore, the Colonel mentioned to Lord Bellamont as a bold and daring man, who was very fit to be employed against the pirates, as he was perfectly well acquainted with the places which they resorted to. This plan met with the fullest approbation of his lordship, who mentioned the affair to his Majesty, and recommended it to the notice of the Board of Admiralty. But such were then the hurry and confusion of public affairs that, though the design was approved, no steps were taken towards carrying it into execution. Accordingly Colonel Levingston made application to Lord Bellamont that as the affair would not well admit of delay it was worthy of being undertaken by some private persons of
rank and distinction, and carried into execution at their own expense, notwithstanding public encouragement was denied it. His lordship approved of this project, but it was attended with considerable difficulty. At length, however, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Romney, the Earl of Oxford and some other persons, with Colonel Levingston and Captain Kidd, agreed to raise six thousand pounds for the expense of the voyage; and the Colonel and Captain were to have a fifth of the profits of the whole undertaking. Matters being thus far adjusted, a commission in the usual form was granted to Captain Kidd to take and seize pirates, and bring them to justice. Accordingly a vessel was purchased and manned, and received the name of the *Adventure* galley; and in this Captain Kidd sailed for New York towards the close of the year 1695, and in his passage made prize of a French ship. From New York he sailed to the Madeira Islands, thence to Bonavista and St Jago, and from this last place to Madagascar. He now began to cruise at the entrance of the Red Sea, but not being successful in those latitudes he sailed to Calicut, and there took a ship of one hundred and fifty tons' burthen, which he carried to Madagascar and disposed of there. Having sold his prize he again put to sea, and at the expiration of five weeks took the *Quedah* merchant, a ship of above four hundred tons' burthen, the master of which was an Englishman named Wright, who had two Dutch mates on board and a French gunner, but the crew consisted of Moors, natives of Africa, and were about ninety in number. He carried the ship to St Mary's, near Madagascar, where he burned the *Adventure* galley, belonging to his owners, and divided the lading of the *Quedah* merchant with his crew, taking forty shares to himself. They then went on board the last-mentioned ship and sailed for the West Indies. It is uncertain whether the inhabitants of the West India Islands knew that Kidd was a pirate, but he was refused refreshments at Anguilla and St Thomas's, and therefore sailed to Mona, between Porto Rico and Hispaniola, where, through the management of an Englishman named Bolton, he obtained a supply of provisions from Curassoa. He now bought a sloop of Bolton, in which he stowed great part of his ill-gotten effects, and left the *Quedah* merchant, with eighteen of the ship's company, in Bolton's care. While at St Mary's, ninety men of Kidd's crew left him and went on board the *Mocha* merchant, an East India ship, which had just then commenced as pirate. Kidd now sailed in the sloop, and touched at several places, where he disposed of a great part of his cargo, and then steered for Boston, in New England. In the interim Bolton sold the *Quedah* merchant to the Spaniards, and immediately sailed as a passenger in a ship for Boston, where he arrived a considerable time before Kidd, and gave information of what had happened to Lord Bellamont. Kidd, therefore, on his arrival, was seized, by order of his lordship; when all he had to urge in his defence was that he thought the *Quedah* merchant was a lawful prize, as she was manned with Moors, though there was no kind of proof that this vessel had committed any act of piracy. Upon this, the Earl of Bellamont immediately dispatched an account to England of the circumstances that had arisen, and requested that a ship be sent for Kidd, who had committed several other notorious acts of piracy. The ship *Rochester* was accordingly sent to bring him to England; but this vessel, happening to be disabled, was obliged to return — a circumstance that greatly increased a public clamour which had for some time subsisted respecting this affair, and which, no doubt, took its rise from party prejudice. It was carried to such a height that the Members of Parliament for several places were instructed to move the House for an inquiry into the affair; and accordingly it was moved in the House of Commons that "The letters-patent granted to the Earl of Bellamont and others respecting the goods taken from pirates were dishonourable to the King, against the law of nations,
contrary to the laws and statutes of this realm, an invasion of property, and destructive
to commerce." Though a negative was put on this motion, yet the enemies of Lord
Somers and the Earl of Oxford continued to charge those noblemen with giving
countenance to pirates; and it was even insinuated that the Earl of Bellamont was not
less culpable than the actual offenders. As soon as Kidd arrived in England he was
sent for, and examined at the bar of the House of Commons, with a view to fix part of
his guilt on the parties who had been concerned in sending him on the expedition; but
nothing arose to incriminate any of those distinguished persons. Kidd, who was in
some degree intoxicated, made a very contemptible appearance at the bar of the
House; on which a member, who had been one of the most earnest to have him
examined, violently exclaimed: "D —n this fellow, I thought he had been only a
knave, but unfortunately he happens to be a fool likewise." Kidd was at length tried at
the Old Bailey, and was convicted on the clearest evidence; but neither at that time
nor afterwards charged any of his employers with being privy to his infamous
proceedings. He suffered, with one of his companions (Darby Mullins), at Execution
Dock, on the 23rd day of May 1701. After Kidd had been tied up to the gallows the
rope broke and he fell to the ground; but being immediately tied up again, the
ordinary, who had before exhorted him, desired to speak with him once more; and on
this second application entreated him to make the most careful use of the few further
moments thus providentially allotted him for the final preparation of his soul to meet
its important change. These exhortations appeared to have the wished-for effect; and
he was left, professing his charity to all the world, and his hopes of salvation through
the merits of his Redeemer.

Thus ended the life of captain Kidd, a man, who, if he had entertained a proper
regard to the welfare of the public, or even to his own advantage, might have become
an useful member of society, instead of a disgrace to it. The opportunities he had
obtained of acquiring a complete knowledge of the haunts of the pirates, rendered him
one of the most proper men in the world to have extirpated this nest of villains; but his
own avarice defeated the generous views of some of the greatest and most
distinguished men of the age in which he lived. Hence we may learn the destructive
nature of avarice, which generally counteracts all its own purposes. Captain Kidd
might have acquired a fortune, and rendered a capital service to his country, in a point
the most essential to its interests; but he appeared to be dead to all those generous
sensations which do honour to humanity, and materially injured his country, while he
was bringing final disgrace on himself.

The story of this wretched malefactor will effectually impress on the mind of
the reader the truth of the old observation, that "Honesty is the best policy."

Henceforth let honour's paths be trod,
Nor villains seek in vain
To mock the sacred laws of God,
To give their neighbours pain.
HERMAN STRODTMAN

Executed at Tyburn, 18th of June, 1701, for the Murder of Peter Wolter, his Fellow-Apprentice

HERMAN STRODTMAN was a German, being born of a respectable family at Revel, in Lisland, who gave him a good education and brought him up strictly in the tenets of the Protestant religion. About the year 1694 young Strodtman, with a friend and school-fellow, named Peter Wolter, were, by their respective parents, sent in company to London, where they were both bound apprentices to the then eminent Dutch house of Stein & Dorien. They served their masters some time with diligence, and lived together in great harmony until a sister of Wolter married very advantageously, which so buoyed up the brother with pride that he assumed a superiority over his fellow-apprentice, and this led to the fatal catastrophe. This arrogance produced quarrelling, and from words they proceeded to blows, and Wolter beat Strodtman twice, at one time in the counting-house, and at another before the servant-girls in the kitchen. Wolter likewise traduced Strodtman to his masters, who thereupon denied him the liberty and other gratifications that were allowed to his fellow-apprentice. Hereupon Strodtman conceived an implacable hatred against him, and resolved to murder him, in some way or other. His first intention was to have poisoned him, and with this view he mixed some white mercury with a white powder which Wolter used to keep in a glass in his bedroom as a remedy for the scurvy; but this happening to be done in the midst of winter, Wolter had declined taking the powder; so that the other thought of destroying him by the more expeditious method of stabbing.

This scheme, however, he delayed from time to time, while Wolter's pride and arrogance increased to such a degree that the other thought he should at length be tempted to murder him in sight of the family. Hereupon Strodtman desired one of the maids to intimate to his masters his inclination to be sent to the West Indies; but no answer being given to this request, Strodtman grew again uneasy, and his enmity to his fellow-apprentice increased to such a degree that the Dutch maid, observing the agitation of his mind, advised him to a patient submission of his situation, as the most probable method of securing his future peace. Unfortunately he paid no regard to this good advice; but determined on the execution of the fatal plan which afterwards led to his destruction.

On the morning of Good Friday, Strodtman was sent out on business, but instead of transacting it he went to Greenwich, with an intention of returning on Saturday to perpetrate the murder; but reflecting that his fellow-apprentice was to receive the Sacrament on Easter Sunday, he abhorred the thought of taking away his life before he had partaken of the Lord's Supper. Wherefore he sent a letter to his masters on the Saturday, in which he asserted that he had been impressed, and was to be sent to Chatham on Easter Monday and put on board a ship in the Royal Navy; but while he was at Greenwich he was met by a young gentleman who knew him, and who, returning to London, told Messrs Stein & Dorien he believed that the story of his being impressed was all invention. Hereupon Mr Stein went to Chatham to inquire into the real state of the case, when he discovered that the young gentleman's suspicions were but too well founded.
Strodtman went to the church at Greenwich twice on Easter Sunday, and on the approach of evening came to London and slept at the Dolphin Inn, in Bishopsgate Street. On the following day he returned to Greenwich, and continued either at that place or at Woolwich and the neighbourhood till Tuesday, when he went to London, lodged in Lombard Street, and returned to Greenwich on the Wednesday. Coming again to London on the evening of the succeeding day, he did not return any more to Greenwich; but going to the house of his masters, he told them that what he had written was true, for that he had been pressed. They gave no credit to this tale, but told him they had inquired into the affair, and bid him quit their house. This he did, and took lodgings in Moorfields, where he lay on that and the following night, and on the Saturday he took other lodgings at the Sun, in Queen Street, London.

Before the preceding Christmas he had procured a key on the model of that belonging to his masters’ house, that he might go in and out at his pleasure. Originally he intended to have made no worse use of this key; but, it being still in his possession, he let himself into the house between eight and nine o’clock on the evening of the Saturday last mentioned, and hearing the footsteps of some persons going upstairs he concealed himself behind a door in the passage. As soon as the noise arising from this circumstance was over, he went up one pair of stairs to a room adjoining the counting-house, where he used to sleep, and, having found a tinder-box, he lighted a candle and put it into his masters’ dark lantern, which he carried upstairs to an empty room, next to that in which Peter Wolter used to lie. Here he continued a short time, when, hearing somebody coming upstairs, he put out his candle, and fell asleep soon afterwards. Awaking about twelve o’clock he listened for a while, and hearing no noise he imagined that the whole family were fast asleep. Hereupon he descended to the room on the first floor where the tinder-box lay; and having lighted his candle he went to the counting-house, and took a sum of money and several notes and bills. This being done, he took a piece of wood, with which they used to beat tobacco, and going upstairs again he hastily entered the room where Peter Wolter was asleep, and advancing to his bedside struck him violently on the head; and though his heart in some degree failed him, yet he continued his strokes. As the wounded youth groaned much, he took the pillow and, laying it on his mouth, sat down on the side of the bed and pressed it hard with his elbow, till no appearance of life remained. Perceiving Wolter to be dead, he searched his chest of drawers and pockets, and took as much money as, with what he had taken from his masters, amounted to above eight pounds. He then packed up some linen and woollen clothes, and going down one pair of stairs threw his bundle into a house that was uninhabited.

He then went upstairs again, and having cut his candle, lighted both pieces, one of which he placed on a chair close to the bed-curtains, and the other on a chest of drawers, with a view to setting the house on fire, to conceal the robbery and murder of which he had been guilty. This being done, he went through a window into the house where he had thrown his bundle, and in this place he stayed till five in the morning, when he took the bundle with him to his lodgings in Queen Street, where he shifted his apparel, and went to the Swedish church in Trinity Lane. After the worship of the congregation was ended he heard a bill of thanks read, which his masters had sent in devout acknowledgment of the narrow escape that they and their neighbours had experienced from the fire. Struck by this circumstance, Strodtman burst into tears; but he endeavoured as much as possible to conceal his emotion from a gentleman who sat in the same pew with him, and who, on their coming out of the church, informed him that the house of Messrs Stein & Dorien narrowly escaped being burned the preceding
night, by an accident then unknown, but that the destruction was providentially prevented by the Dutch maid smelling the fire and seeing the smoke, so that on her alarming her master the flames were extinguished by a pail of water.

Strodtman made an appointment to meet the gentleman who gave him this information on the outer walks of the Royal Exchange in the afternoon, to go to the Dutch church in the Savoy; but, the gentleman not coming to his time, he went alone to Stepney church, and after service was ended he walked towards Mile End, where he saw the bodies of Michael Van Berghen and Dromelius, who had been hung in chains, as before mentioned. This sight gave him a shocking idea of the crime of which he had been guilty, and he reflected that he might soon become a like horrid spectacle to mankind. Hence he proceeded to Blackwall, where he saw the captain of a French pirate hanging in chains, which gave fresh force to the gloomy feelings of his mind, and again taught him to dread a similar fate. After having been thus providentially led to the sight of objects which he would otherwise rather have avoided, he returned to his lodgings in great dejection of mind, but far from repenting, or even being properly sensible of the crime he had committed; for, as he himself said, his heart did not yet relent for what he had done, and if he had failed in murdering his fellow-apprentice in his bed, he would have destroyed him some other way.

On his return to his lodgings he ate his supper, said his prayers, and went to bed. On the following morning he went to the White Horse Inn without Cripplegate to receive cash for a bill of twenty pounds, which he had stolen from his masters' house; but the person who was to have paid it being out he was desired to call again about twelve o'clock. In the interim he went to the house of a banker in Lombard Street, who requested him to carry some money to his (the banker's) sister, who was at a boarding-school at Greenwich. Strodtman said he could not go till the following day, when he would execute the commission; but before he left the house the banker told him that a young man, named Green, had been to inquire for him; on which Strodtman said that if Mr Green returned he should be informed that he would be back at one o'clock. Hence he went again to the White Horse inn, where he found the party, who told him that he had no orders to pay the money for the bill.

Having received this answer he went to his lodgings, where he dined, and then went to the banker's in Lombard Street, where his master, Stein, with Mr Green and another gentleman, were waiting for him. Mr Stein asked him if he would go willingly to his house, or be carried by porters; and he replied that he would go of his own accord. When he came there he was asked some questions respecting the atrocious crimes of which he had been guilty; but persisting that he was innocent he was searched, and the twenty-pound bill found in his possession. They then inquired where he lodged; to which he answered: "In Moorfields"; whereupon they all went thither together, but the people denied his lodging there at that time. Mr Stein, finding him unwilling to speak the truth, told him that if he would make a full discovery he should be sent abroad out of the reach of justice. Hereupon he mentioned his real lodgings; on which they went thither in a coach, and finding the bills, and other stolen effects, Strodtman was carried before Sir Humphrey Edwin, who committed him to Newgate, on his own confession.

He was not tried at the first sessions after his commitment, and in the interval that he lay in prison some bad people who were confined there trumped up an idle tale for him to tell when he came to trial, and prevailed on him to plead not guilty — a
circumstance which he afterwards sincerely repented of. On his trial, however, there were so many corroborative proofs of his guilt that the jury could not hesitate to convict him, and he received the sentence awarded by law.

He died full of contrition, penitence and hope, and suffered at Tyburn, on the 18th of June, 1701; and it was remarked that he kept his hand lifted up for a considerable time after the cart was drawn away.
MARY ADAMS
Executed for privately stealing, 16th June, 1702

THIS unhappy woman was born at Reading, in Berkshire, and, when she was old enough to go to service, went to live with a grocer in that town. Mary being a girl of vivacity and genteel figure, she unfortunately attracted the regard of the grocer's son, and the consequence of their connexion became very conspicuous in a short time.

As soon as it was evident that she was pregnant, she was dismissed from her master's service, on which she immediately made oath that his son was the father of the child thereafter to be born — a circumstance that compelled the old gentleman to support her till she was brought to bed.

She had not been delivered long before she went to London, and entered into the service of a mercer in Cheapside, where, by prudent conduct, she might have retrieved the character she had forfeited in the country; but, though she had already suffered by her indiscretion, an intimacy soon subsisted between her master and herself; but, as their interviews could not conveniently be held at home, they contrived to meet on evenings at other places, when the mistress of the house was gone to the theatre, or out on a visit.

This connexion continued till the girl was far advanced in her pregnancy, when the master, apprehensive of disagreeable consequences at home, advised the girl to quarrel with her mistress, in order that she might be dismissed, and then took a lodging for her at Hackney, where she remained till she was delivered; and in the meantime the connexion between her and her master continued as before. Being brought to bed of a child that died in a few hours after its birth, the master thought himself happy, supposing he could easily free himself from the incumbrance of the mother, of whom he now became heartily tired.

When the girl recovered from her lying-in, he told her that she must go to service, as it did not suit him to maintain her any longer; but this enraged her to the highest degree, and she threatened to discover the nature of their connexion to his wife, unless he would make her a present of twenty guineas; and with this demand he thought it prudent to comply, happy to get rid of her even on such terms.

Being now in possession of money, and in no want of clothes in which to make a genteel appearance, she removed from Hackney to Wych Street, without Temple Bar, but was scarcely settled in her new lodgings before she sent a letter to the mercer's wife, whom she acquainted with the nature of the connexion that had subsisted between her late master and herself; but she did not mention her place of abode in this letter.

The consequence was, that the mercer was obliged to acknowledge the crime of which he had been guilty, and solicit his wife's pardon in terms of the utmost humiliation. This pardon was promised, but whether it was ever ratified remains a doubt.
Mrs. Adams had the advantage of an engaging figure, and, passing as a young woman in her new lodgings, she was soon married to a young fellow in the neighbourhood; but it was not long before he discovered the imposition that had been practised on him, on which he embarked on board a ship in the royal navy.

By this time Mrs. Adams's money was almost expended; but, as her clothes were yet good, an attorney of Clement's Inn took her into keeping; and, after she had lived a short time with him, she went to another of the same profession, with whom she cohabited above two years; but on his marriage she was once more abandoned to the world.

Fertile of invention, and too proud to condescend to accept of a common service, she became connected with a notorious bawd of Drury Lane, who was very glad of her assistance, and promised herself considerable advantage from the association. In this situation Mrs. Adams displayed her charms to considerable advantage, and was as happy as any common prostitute can expect to be: but alas! what is this happiness but a prelude to the extremity of misery and distress? Such indeed it was found by Mrs. Adams, who having been gratified by a gentleman with a considerable sum of money, the bawd quarrelled with her respecting the dividing of it, and, a battle ensuing, our heroine was turned out of the house, after she had got a black eye in the contest.

After this she used to parade the Park in the day-time, and walk the streets in the evening, in search of casual lovers; at length she joined the practice of theft to that of incontinence, and few of her chance acquaintance escaped being robbed. She was often taken into custody for these practices, but continually escaped through defect of evidence.

But an end was soon put to her depredations; for, having enticed a gentleman to a bagnio near Covent Garden, she picked his pocket of all his money, and a bank note of a large amount, and left him while he was asleep. When he awoke, he sent immediate notice to the Bank to stop payment; and, as Mrs. Adams came soon after to receive the money for the note, she was taken into custody, and lodged in prison; and, being in a short time tried at the Old Bailey, she was convicted, received sentence of death, and was executed at Tyburn, on the 16th of June, 1702.

After her conviction she lived in the same gay and dissipated manner that she had done before, and was visited by many of her former acquaintance, who supplied her with money to support her extravagance. Agreeable to her own request, too, their mistaken bounty contributed to purchase her a suit of mourning, in which she was executed; and they buried her in as handsome a manner as if her life had been conducted by the rules of virtue, and she had likewise been a woman of fortune.
MARY CHANNEL

Famous for her Wit and Beauty, compelled to marry a Man she detested, poisoned him, and was executed in 1703, at the age of 18

MARY CHANNEL was the daughter of one Mr Woods, a person of good repute, who resided in a little village near Dorchester, in the county of Dorset. He was a person of known wealth and good credit, who, by his industry and diligence, daily increased his riches. Perceiving his daughter to be of a promising disposition, and amiable both in body and mind, he gave her a liberal education, to improve and refine those good qualifications by art and study wherewith she was liberally endowed by the bounty of nature. She made so speedy a progress in her learning that she soon outvied her schoolfellows; and the strong imagination, polite behaviour and majestic graces in her carriage so lively displayed themselves that she became the mirror and discourse of all who knew her. Though her birth gave place to those of the highest rank and quality, yet her education was not inferior to them; and her incomparable wit, united with her beautiful presence, rendered her so agreeable that she was to be preferred even to many of a superior rank.

Her charms did not consist in adorning and dressing herself in magnificent and gay attire, decked with pearls and diamonds, which gives a false gloss of beauty to persons whose natures are opposite, and only serve to brighten the lustre of their pretended fine qualities. In a word, she was generally esteemed the most celebrated wit and accomplished beauty of her age.

Being now in the flower of her youth and bloom of her beauty, she had several suitors of good repute, who all became captives to her beauty, and hardly did they find themselves ensnared but they had the boldness to flatter themselves with the hopes of one day possessing such a charming object. Amongst the rest, one Mr Channel, a wealthy grocer of Dorchester, came to pay his respects to her, who, for the great riches he enjoyed, was gratefully accepted by her parents, though by her altogether contemned and slighted. He had nothing to recommend him but his wealth, which was as much superior to the rest of her suitors as his person was inferior to them: his limbs and body were in some measure ill proportioned, and his features in no wise agreeable; but what rendered him the more detestable and ridiculous in her sight was his splay-foot, which did not in the least concur with her sublime and lofty temper. Her father, evidently perceiving the addresses of Mr Channel were received and accepted by her with scorn and reproofs, entreated her to receive him with less disdain and listen to his respectful addresses. Being weary, however, of his fond familiarities, she determined to abandon herself from him, and never more admit him into her presence or society. She had no sooner put her design into execution but it reached her father's ears, who kept a more strict guard and watchful eye over her behaviour and conduct, and forthwith continued his absurd and unreasonable expostulations and imprudent menaces to enforce and augment her love. She in vain endeavoured to excuse herself, by disputing the most solid and rational arguments; but how much the more she persisted, by so much the more her parents' resolution was incensed and irritated, pressing her to consent to a speedy marriage, and telling her she would discharge the duty under which she was obligated to them by assenting to and complying with their commands. At length, being continually fatigued and

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importuned by her parents to have the marriage solemnised, she consented, though with the greatest reluctance. And on the day appointed the ceremony was ordained.

Having now gratified her parents' desire, and yielded to their compulsions, by putting the finishing stroke to her marriage, she still continued her slights and contempts towards her husband, and he became the entire object of her scorn. Soon after the solemnisation of the marriage she began to plot and contrive new scenes of tragedies, and her thoughts were chiefly employed and taken up in studying what measures to take to get rid of her husband, and set herself at liberty. Nothing would satisfy her enormous desires but his death, which she determined to bring about by poison. And, in order thereto, she sent her maid to the apothecary's for some white mercury, telling her it was to kill rats and mice; though it is certain her design was reverse, which she intended to fulfil as soon as opportunity would give reins to her vicious inclinations. A little after she gave orders for rice milk to be made for breakfast. That morning, particularly, she was observed to demonstrate a seeming diligence in procuring everyone their proper messes; and no one was permitted to serve her husband but herself. Accordingly she prepared and gave him the poisonous draught, mixed and infused with the mercury, which she had reserved for this desperate use, and which proved his fatal dish. After he had eaten somewhat liberally he discovered an ill savour in his milk, and said it tasted amiss. Hereupon he offered his wife's brother (a youth who boarded with him) to taste it; but she would by no means permit her brother to comply with this reasonable request, which caused a strong suspicion throughout the family. Then Mr Channel required the maid to taste it; but she had no sooner taken it into her hands than her mistress in a violent passion caught it from her, and forthwith conveyed it away. It was now too late to recall what had passed, or to seek for refuge; for his body presently began to swell vehemently, perceiving which, the domestics immediately sent for a doctor. But the infused mercury had so great an effect upon him that no remedy could expel it, and he expired before the physicians came to his assistance. Having thus resigned his breath, and there being visible proofs of his being poisoned, it was not without reason she was suspected to be the principal and only actress and procurer thereof. Thereupon she was immediately seized and conveyed before a justice, before whom she entirely denied the fact; nevertheless, on her servants' information he committed her to Dorchester jail.

At the assizes ensuing at Dorchester the defence she made (whether it was real or pretended) was so full of wit and ingenuity, and uttered with such an extraordinary courage and humility, that it caused admiration in the judges, and pity and compassion in all who heard her trial. But this availed nothing; for the evidences appearing plain against her, and the friends of her deceased husband being very substantial people' she received sentence to be burned at the stake till she was dead.

The day whereon she was to suffer being come, she was guarded by proper officers to the place of execution, with her hood veiled over her face. After she had uttered some private ejaculations she pulled off her gown and white silk hood and delivered them to her maid — who accompanied her to the stake — and then suffered death, according to the sentence before pronounced against her, declaring her faith in Christ; and to the last continued to exclaim against her parents' constraints, which had been the sole cause of her torturing death. Thus at a small distance from the town of Dorchester she yielded her breath, in or about the month of April, Anno Domini 1703,
in the eighteenth year of her age, being greatly bewailed and lamented, though the sentence was acknowledged to be just and lawful.
TIM BUCKLEY

*Highwayman, who fell after a hot Battle, and was hanged in 1701*

TIMOTHY BUCKLEY was as unparalleled a villain as ever lived in this kingdom. He was born of very honest parents at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, where he served three years to a shoemaker; but then, running away from his master, he came up to London, and soon became acquainted with ill company, whose vices he followed to support him in a most scandalous and infamous course of life. Having spent a great deal of his ill-gotten money at a blind ale-house in Wapping, he once asked the victualler to lend him ten shillings, which favour he denied him; and Tim so highly resented his ingratitude that he left frequenting his house. Not long after, Tim and some of his thieving companions, breaking in by night, bound the victualler, his wife and maid, both hand and foot, and robbed the house, taking thence forty pounds laid by for the brewer, three silver tankards, a silver watch and eight gold rings. Another time, on Tim taking a walk towards Hyde Park Corner, the air of which place is generally very unwholesome for a thief to take, it was his fortune to meet with that famous merry-andrew and mountebank, Dr Cately. He commanded that illiterately learned gentleman to stand and deliver. Our doctor, preferring his own welfare before what he had about him, humbly presented Tim with six guineas and a very good watch, that he might keep time in spending the gold.

An informing constable, who was a baker in St Giles-in-the-Fields parish, once took up Tim, sending him as a soldier into Flanders. He had not been long there before he deserted and came to London again; and one day meeting this baker's wife coming alone from Hampstead he forced her into a private place, and presenting a pistol to her breast swore he would shoot her dead on the spot if she refused his request, he being bent upon it to be revenged on her husband, who had impressed him a little while ago. The baker's wife being no Lucretia, to value her chastity at the loss of her life, was forced to submit, and Tim then commanded her to deliver her money and such other things of worth as she had about her. So taking from her a couple of gold rings and eleven shillings he sent her home to tell her husband of this adventure.

Afterwards, Tim Buckley, stealing a very good horse in Buckinghamshire, turned highwayman, and riding up to London met on the road a certain pawnbroker living in Drury Lane. Tim having been the loser in pawning some things to him, which were lost for want of redeeming, was resolved to have his pennyworth out of him now, so commanded him to stand and deliver. The pawnbroker, being very loath to go to the devil before his time, ransomed himself for twenty-eight guineas, a gold watch, a silver tobacco-box and a couple of gold rings.

Another time, Tim Buckley, meeting a stock-jobber on the road who had formerly prosecuted him for felony, upon conviction whereof he was burned in the hand, was resolved to be revenged on him, by robbing him of forty-eight guineas.

Not long after, this same stock-jobber, accidentally meeting Tim Buckley in London, caused him to be apprehended, and committed to Newgate, and convicting him of this robbery, he received sentence of death. But obtaining a reprieve, and afterwards pleading for a free pardon, as soon as he was at liberty, resolving to be further revenged on this adversary who had twice sat very close on his skirts, he went
to Hackney, where this stock-jobber had a country house within a mile of that village, and one night set fire to it; but a timely discovery thereof preventing it from doing much damage, it was quickly quenched. However, Tim made his escape, and flying into Leicestershire he broke open a house at a place called Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and from thence took above eighty pounds. He then went to a fair at Derby, where he bought a good horse, and went on the highway again. Being thus mounted again to rob on the road, within two miles of Nottingham he attempted to stop a coach in which were three gentlemen, besides a couple of footmen riding a little behind; but they being resolved not to be robbed of what they had by one villain, one of them fired a blunderbuss out of the coach, which killed Tim's horse, and then, all the gentlemen alighting, and the footmen having by this time also come up to their assistance, a bloody and obstinate engagement began between them, wherein Tim killed one of the gentlemen and a footman; but being overpowered nevertheless, after he had discharged eight pistols, and also grown faint through the loss of much blood (for he had received eleven wounds in his arms, thighs and legs), he was seized and committed to jail in Nottingham, where he was executed, in 1701, aged twenty-nine years, and afterwards hanged in chains at the place where he perpetrated the two murders aforesaid.
TOM JONES was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the county of Northumberland, where his father, being a clothier, brought him up to the same trade. He followed this calling till he was two-and-twenty years of age, though not without discovering his vicious inclinations many years before, by running into debt and taking to all manner of irregular courses. At last, being reduced to extremity, he resolved at once to apply himself to the highway, as the only way left to retrieve his fortune. To make a beginning, he robbed his father of eighty pounds and a good horse, upon which he rode across the country with all speed, for fear of being pursued, galloping forty miles before he stopped; all which way he was afraid of everyone he saw and every noise he heard.

After this, riding into Staffordshire, and meeting a stage-coach with several passengers in it, he commanded the coachman to stop, and the people within to deliver. Some of the gentlemen were resolute, and refused to comply with his demand; upon which he fired several pistols, taking care to do no hurt, and still preserving three or four well-loaded for his defence, if he should have occasion of them. The fright which the gunpowder put a couple of ladies into, who were in the coach, obliged the gentlemen to surrender before there was any mischief done, and Tom rode off with a considerable booty.

It was after this that he met the late Lord Wharton and his lady on the road, stopped their coach and demanded their money, though they had three men on horseback to attend them. His lordship at first made some hesitation, and asked him if he understood what he was about. "Do you know me, sir," says he, "that you dare be so bold as to stop me on the road?" "Not I," replied Jones very readily; "I neither know nor care who you are, though, before you spoke, I took you for a brewer, because you carry your cooler by your side. Now, indeed, I am apt to imagine you are some great man, because you speak so big. But be as great as you will, sir, I must have you to know that there is no man upon this road so great as myself; therefore pray be quick in answering my demands, for delays may prove dangerous." His honour now saw our gentleman was resolute, so he and his lady even delivered up what they had about them without more words.

The whole prize consisted of two hundred pounds in money, three diamond rings and two gold watches. All this being secured, Jones commanded his lordship to bid his servants ride on some distance before, threatening him with death if he refused; which being done, and the servants obeying, he had a fair opportunity of riding off without being pursued.

Tom received intelligence one day that a certain gentleman was on the road with two hundred pounds in his coach. This, to be sure, was a sufficient invitation for him. He got upon a hill to wait for his customers coming, who spied him afar off without apprehending anything. But a steward of the gentleman, observing the behaviour of our chapman at a distance, told his master that he believed the man on
the hill was a highwayman. "If you please, sir," quoth he, "to trust me with your money I'll ride by him, which I may do unsuspected, for he certainly waits for you."
The gentleman was pleased at his servant's care, and liked his proposal very well. So giving him the bag, the steward rode on as fast as he could, and passed by Jones without being examined, getting out of sight before the coach came up.

In short, the coach was stopped and the money demanded, when our gentleman gave him about ten guineas, assuring him that he had no more. Jones boldly named the sum he wanted, and swore it was in the coach, the traveller as often asserting that he was mistaken. At last the real state of the case came into our adventurer's head; whereupon, without taking his leave of the gentleman, he set spurs to his horse and rode after the steward full speed, who had by this time got at least a mile and a half from the place. Jones was well mounted, and it was five miles from the next town, so that he came in sight of the steward before he could get into any inn; but the steward saw him, mended his pace, and saved the money. This disappointment vexed poor Tom to the heart, but there was no remedy. As to the gentleman, he gave his servant a handsome gratuity for what he had done — as he deserved.

After many adventures, most of them of a piece with the foregoing, Tom was apprehended, in Cornwall, for robbing a farmer's wife, and afterwards ravishing her. For this fact he was tried, and condemned, the assizes following, and about ten days afterwards executed at Launceston, on Saturday, the 25th of April, 1702, being thirty-two years of age.
DICK BAUF

Who executed his own Parents, and from a Pickpocket became a Cat Burglar, and then a Highwayman. Executed at Dublin, 15th of May, 1702

THIS insolent offender was born in the kingdom of Ireland. At twelve years of age he had the wide world to shift for himself in, his parents being then forced to swing for their lives on a piece of cross timber, where they had the misfortune to have their breath stopped. Their crime was only breaking open and rifling a house, and murdering most of the family. Dick was present at the action, and contributed towards it as much as he was able, but found mercy at the assizes on account of his youth. Some say he was pardoned only on the hard condition of being executioner to his own parents, and that he was at first very unwilling to take away the lives of those who gave him his, but consented at last, when he found that there was no excuse that such a worthy family might not be entirely cut off by one single act of justice. It is added that on the same consideration his father and mother persuaded him to the action, and gave him their blessing at the hour of their departure, assuring him that they had much rather die by his hands than by the hands of a stranger, since they were sure of his prayers in their last moments. These words afforded great consolation to young Richard, and enabled him to get through the work with a Christian fortitude.

Being now left an orphan, young, helpless and alone, he determined to look out for some gentleman whom he might serve in the quality of a skip-kennel, or some handicraftsman of whom he might learn a trade, for his support in an honest way. But all his inquiry was in vain; for the lamentable exit of his parents, and the occasion of it, being fresh in everyone's memory, their infamy rested on him, and there was no man to be found who would receive him into his house.

Being as yet unfit to engage in any great and hazardous enterprise, he took up the decent occupation of a pick-pocket, at which he soon became very dexterous, haunting all the fairs, markets, and even churches, round the country, and in this manner picking up a very good living; till, being often detected, and obliged to go through the discipline of the horse-pond, he was obliged to think of some other order of sharpers in which to get himself entered.

There is in Ireland a sort of men whom we may properly enough call satyrs, from their living in woods and desert places; among these Dick Bauf was next enrolled. These people never came to any towns, but continued in their private holds, stealing horses, kine, sheep and all sorts of cattle that came in their way, on which they subsisted. But all these inferior orders soon became tiresome to our adventurer, the more on account of the bad success he met with whilst he was in them. The next, then, therefore, was to get acquainted with a gang of Grumeis, who take their name from the similitude of their practice to that of the young boys who climb up to the tops of the masts at sea with great activity, and are called cats, or Grumeis, by the sailors. The thieves that bear this name are housebreakers who make use of a ladder of ropes, with hooks in one end of it, by which they easily ascend to the chamber windows, having fastened their ladders with a long pole. These robbers were very common in Dick Baul's time, and did a world of mischief both in town and country, doing all with so much expedition that they more frequently escaped than other housebreakers, yet
commonly with as large booties of gold, silver, linen and everything that came to
hand as anybody at all. When they had done their work their method was to pull a
string which was fastened to the end of the hooks, and so raise them, upon which the
ladder fell without leaving any marks behind it.

Next he got into a crew of wool-drawers, whose trade is to snatch away
cloaks, hats or perukes from towners — a very sly sort of theft, practised only in the
night, the greatest part of their cunning lying in the choice of a proper opportunity.
They go always in companies, three or four together, about nine or ten at night, most
commonly on dark rainy evenings, which are generally the most favourable to their
practice. The places they choose are dark alleys and passages where a great many
people come along, and there is a facility of escaping by a great many ways; which
they do to prevent their being surprised by the neighbours if those that are robbed
should cry out, as they frequently do. But Dick Bauf was at last taken in one of these
pranks also, and burned in the hand for it at Galway; upon which he grew weary of
the lay. He was, moreover, now a man full grown, very lusty and able-bodied; which
determined him to take to the highway. He was not long in making provision for this
new course; and, being in every particular well accoutred for it, he proceeded in as
intrepid and insolent a manner as ever fellow did. All the four provinces of Ireland
were scarce large enough for him to range in, and hardly afforded occasions enough
for him to make proof of his courage as much as he desired. Night and day he pursued
his villainies, and practised them on all ranks and degrees — rich and poor, old and
young, man, woman and child were all the same to him. For he was as impartial as
Death, and altogether as inexorable, being never softened to pity.

He was so notoriously remarkable for the daily robberies he committed on the
Mount of Barnsmoor that no person of quality would venture to travel that way
without a very large retinue. In a word, he kept his residence in this place till, by an
order of the Government, there was a guard-house built on the middle of it; and the
regiments lying at Coleraine, Londonderry, Belfast and other garrisons in the north of
Ireland were obliged to detach thirty or forty men thither, under a sergeant and a
corporal, and to relieve them monthly, on purpose to secure the passengers who
travelled that way from being interrupted by this audacious robber. These measures
obliged him to shift his quarters and reside about Lorras. In the end, such grievous
complaints of his frequent outrages were made to the Government by so many people
that a proclamation was issued for the apprehending of him, with the promise of five
hundred pounds' reward to him who could do the State this signal piece of service;
for, in short, he began to be looked upon as a dangerous person to the whole kingdom.
This great sum caused abundance of people to look out for him, and among others
were several who had often had a fellow-feeling with him, by being employed to
dispose of what he stole. Bauf was so enraged when he heard of this that he vowed
revenge; which he thus executed.

Some of these persons daily travelled a by-road about business. As he knew
their time of passing, he one day waylaid them and stopped them singly as they came,
tying them neck and heels and putting them into an old barn by the roadside. When he
had by this means got nine or ten together, he set the barn on fire and left them to be
consumed with it; which they all were, without remedy.

This inhuman action was soon discovered by the persons being missed and the
bones that were found in the rubbish; whereupon, finding the country too hot to hold
him, he fled in disguise to Donaghadee, took shipping, and escaped to Portpatrick, in Scotland, from whence he designed to have gone to France. But lighting on a public-house where there was a handsome landlady he got familiar with her, which occasioned him to stay longer than he intended, and, indeed, too long for him; for the husband, at last observing the freedom that our rover took with his wife, caused him to be apprehended, in a fit of jealousy, having before a suspicion who he was.

When he was carried before a magistrate all circumstances appeared against him; so that he was sent back under a strong guard to Ireland, where he was soon known. Being committed to Newgate, in Dublin, and shortly afterwards condemned, it is said he offered five thousand pounds for a pardon, being worth twice the sum. But all proving ineffectual, he was executed at Dublin, on Friday, the 15th of May, 1702, aged twenty-nine years. His body was afterwards hanged in chains on Barnsmoor Mount, in the province of Ulster.
ALEXANDER BALFOUR

A Man of noble Family, who was convicted for the Murder of Mr Syme, escaped from Prison, and lived Fifty Years after the Day fixed for his Execution by the "Maiden" or Guillotine

THIS man was born in the year 1687, at the seat of his father, Lord Burleigh, near Kinross. He was first sent for education to a village called Orwell, near the place of his birth, and thence to the University of St Andrews, where he pursued his studies with a diligence and success that greatly distinguished him. His father, Lord Burleigh, had intended to have sent him into the army in Flanders, under the command of the Duke of Marlborough, in which he had rational expectation of his rising to preferment, as he was related to the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Stair, who were major-generals in the army; but this scheme unhappily did not take place. Mr Balfour, going to his father's house during the vacation at the university, became enamoured of Miss Anne Robertson, who officiated as teacher to his sisters. This young lady was possessed of considerable talents, improved by a fine education; but Lord Burleigh being apprised of the connection between her and his son, she was discharged and the young gentleman sent to make the tour of France and Italy. Before he went abroad he sent the young lady a letter, informing her that if she married before his return he would murder her husband. Notwithstanding this threat, which she might presume had its origin in ungovernable passion, she married Mr Syme, a schoolmaster, at Inverkeithing, in the county of Fife. When Balfour returned from his travels, his first business was to inquire for Miss Robertson; and learning that she was married he proceeded immediately to Inverkeithing, when he saw Mrs Syme sitting at her window nursing the first child of her marriage. Recollecting his former threatenings, she now screamed with terror, and called to her husband to consult his safety. Mr Syme, unconscious of offence, paid no regard to what she said; but in the interim Balfour entered the schoolroom, and finding the husband shot him through the heart. The confusion consequent on this scene favoured his escape; but he was taken into custody, within a few days, at a public-house in a village four miles from Edinburgh, and, being brought to trial, was sentenced to die, but ordered to be beheaded by the "maiden," in respect to the nobility of his family. The scaffold was actually erected for the purpose; but on the preceding day his sister went to visit him, and, being very much like him in face and stature, they changed clothes, and he made his escape from the prison. His friends having provided horses for him, and a servant, at the west gate of Edinburgh, they rode to a distant village, where he changed his clothes again, and afterwards left the kingdom. Lord Burleigh, the father, died in the reign of Queen Anne; but had first obtained a pardon for his son, who succeeded to the family title and honours, and who lived near fifty years after his escape, having died, in 1752, a sincere penitent for the murder he had committed.
THOMAS ESTRICK

Executed for housebreaking on the 10th of March, 1703.

THOMAS ESTRICK was born in the Borough of Southwark, in the year 1676. His father was a currier, and instructed him in his own business; but the boy shewed a very early attachment to pleasures and gratifications above his age, and incompatible with his situation.

When the time of his apprenticeship was expired, he was of too unsettled a disposition to follow his business, and therefore engaged in the service of a gentleman of fortune at Hackney; but he had not been long in this new place before his master was robbed of plate, and other valuable effects, to the amount of above eighty pounds.

The fact was, that Estrick had stolen these effects; but such was the ascendency that he had obtained over his master, and such the baseness of his own disposition, that he had art enough to impute the crime to one of the servant maids, who was turned out of the house with every circumstance of unmerited disgrace.

Estrick, having quitted this service, took a shop in Cock-alley, near Cripplegate church, where he carried on the business to which he was bred; and while in this station he courted a girl of reputation, to whom he was soon afterwards married. It should be remarked, that he had been instigated to rob his master, at Hackney, by some young fellows of a profligate disposition; and he had not been married more than half a year when these dissolute companions threatened to give him up to justice, if he refused to bribe them to keep the secret.

Estrick, terrified at the thoughts of a prosecution, gave them his note of hand for the sum they demanded; but when the note became due he was unable to pay it; on which he was arrested, and lay some time in prison, but at length obtained his liberty in defect of the prosecution of the suit.

As soon as he was at large, he went to lodge with a person who kept his former house in Cock-Alley; but, on taking possession of his lodgings, he found that a woman who lodged and died in the room during his absence had left a box containing cash to the amount of about ninety pounds.

Having possessed himself of this sum, he opened a shop in Long-alley, Moorfields; but, his old associates having propagated a report to the prejudice of his character, he thought he should not be safe in that situation; and therefore took shipping for Holland, having previously disposed of his effects. On his arrival in Holland he found no opportunity of employing his little money to any advantage; and therefore spent the greater part of it, and then returned to his native country.

It was not long after his return before he found himself reduced to great distress; on which he had recourse to a variety of illegal methods to supply his necessities. He was guilty of privately stealing, was a housebreaker, a street-robber, and a highwayman. In a short time, however, the career of his wickedness was at an end. He was apprehended, tried, and convicted; and, in consequence thereof, was
executed at Tyburn on the 10th of March, 1703, before he had attained the age of twenty-seven years.
JACK WITHERS

*A sacrilegious Villain who murdered a Footman and was executed on the 16th of April, 1703*

JACK WITHERS was the son of a butcher, born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, where he served an apprenticeship with his own father. Want of business when he was out of his time made him come up to London, and his evil genius, when he was there, soon threw him into the way of destruction, for he engaged himself with a society of thieves, by a conversation he got into, from whence he was sent into Flanders for a soldier, as was then the custom of dealing with offenders who were not judged worthy of death. While he was abroad he could very indifferently brook the being obliged to live on a foot soldier's pay, which bore no proportion to his late expenses. This put him on a great many shifts, and made him take all opportunities of making up the deficiency of his income.

Going into a church in Ghent, where the people were all at High Mass, and seeing most of them cast money into a box that stood under an image of the Virgin Mary, it made his fingers itch for the coin; so, watching for a fair opportunity, with a crooked nail he picked the lock, and crammed as much of the treasure as he could into his pockets. But doing it over-hastily, and dropping some of the pieces, they made such a jingling on the marble pavement that, as ill luck would have it, he was discovered, seized, and dragged before a great cardinal then in that town.

This arch-priest, examining the witnesses as to the fact, and finding it plain, exclaimed prodigiously against Withers, by the titles of rogue, rascal and sacrilegious villain; and was just going to condemn him to a severe punishment when Jack, falling on his knees, with uplifted hands and tears in his eyes, begged his Eminence to hear him. This, after much storming, was granted, and silence being made, Jack, in a piteous tone, told him that he was a vile, wicked wretch, bred up a Protestant and a heretic, and being in great distress he had made his prayers before the image of the Blessed Virgin to relieve him in his hard necessity, promising, in consideration thereof, to turn Roman Catholic, and ever be her votary; when all of a sudden the box under her image flew open, and she pointed with her finger to the money, making also a dumb show, with nodding her head, for him to supply his necessities out of it, which he had thankfully done, with a resolution of keeping his vow for ever. This relation being heard with much patience and attention, the Cardinal cried out, "A miracle! A miracle!" — which all the rest rehearsed out aloud, concluding that none had more right to dispose of that money than the Virgin, to whom it was offered. Instead of being punished, Jack Withers was now carried back to the church in solemn procession on men's shoulders, and borne round it in triumph, whilst *Ave Maria* was sung by the priests, and he placed before the High Altar; after which he was dismissed with great applause.

Proving so fortunate in this cheat, he was thereby emboldened to commit another like it; for one day, going into a church in Antwerp, he perceived the priest put a silver crucifix of great value into a sepulchre, as their ceremony is in representing the Resurrection upon Easter Day; and whilst the spiritual juggled and the people were going round the church, Jack Withers was so dexterous as to convey
the crucifix into his breeches and shuffle among the crowd; so that when the priest came back to it, saying these words in the Gospel, "Non est hic, surrexit enim" — that is, "He is not here, for He is risen" — he found it so indeed. For, after much fumbling, he perceived his graven god was gone — and Withers then made what haste he could away, for fear of a search.

But a little after the playing of this prank, Jack, running away from his colours, came into England again, where, preferring an idle course of life before any lawful employment, he took to the highway. One day meeting with an old miser upon the road, who was his father's neighbour, he commanded him to stand and deliver what he had, or otherwise he was a dead man. The old man, being surprised, pleaded great poverty, in hopes of saving about a hundred guineas and broad-pieces of gold, which he had in the pockets of his wide knee-breeches, containing cloth enough to make a gentlewoman a hooped petticoat; but all his whining prevailed nothing with Jack. He was then for coming to composition with him, by giving him one half of his money to save the other, but Withers swore a great oath of the first rate that he would not abate him a farthing of cent. per cent. The old man, fumbling a good while in his pocket, at length lugged out his purse and pair of spectacles, putting which on his nose, he gave his money to Jack Withers.

After this, Jack Withers, and one William Edwards, setting on a person of quality within a mile or two of Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, the lord that was assaulted, who had only one footman with him, had the courage to oppose them, and held so hot a dispute to save what he had that Withers's horse was shot, and Edwards was obliged to carry him off behind him; and, a close pursuit being made after them, they were forced to quit that horse and make their escape on foot through by-lanes and over fields, where none on horseback could ride after them. Hiding themselves in a wood all night, the next morning they made the best of their way to London; but about a mile out of Uxbridge, meeting with a penny-post man, they assaulted him on the queen's highway, and having taken from him about eight shillings, Withers, to prevent his discovery of them (though much against the will of his comrade Edwards), took a butcher's knife out of his pocket, and with it not only cut the throat of the unhappy man, but ripped out his bowels, and filling the body full of stones threw it into a pond, where it was found the next day. None could tell the author of this inhuman murder till Withers and his companion were apprehended, about two months after, for a country robbery, when, being condemned at the Lent Assizes at Norfolk, on the 16th of April, 1703, the day of their execution, at Thetford, Withers confessed the fact.
JOHN PETER DRAMATTI

Executed at Tyburn, on 21st of July, 1703, for the Murder of his Wife, who said she was allied to the French Royal Family

This is a case, though of the most heinous nature, yet the perpetrator is entitled to some commiseration. He was a foreigner, but had served the King of England with bravery as a soldier; and was inveigled by an artful female impostor into marriage. He did not seriously resent the trick played upon him, but continued his habits of industry and integrity, until, on being grossly assaulted by this woman who had led him a wretched life, he killed her in the scuffle which ensued.

JOHN PETER DRAMATTI was the son of Protestant parents, and was born at Saverdun, in the county of Foix, and province of Languedoc, in France. He received a religious education; but when he arrived at years of maturity he left his own country and went into Germany, where he served as a horse grenadier under the Elector of Brandenburg, who was afterwards King of Prussia. When he had been in this condition about a year he came over to England and entered into the service of Lord Haversham, and afterwards enlisted as a soldier in the regiment of Colonel de la Meloniere. Having made two campaigns in Flanders, the regiment was ordered into Ireland, where it was dismissed from further service; in consequence of which Dramatti obtained his discharge.

He now became acquainted with a widow, between fifty and sixty years of age, who pretended that she had a great fortune, and was allied to the Royal Family of France; and he soon married her, not only on account of her supposed wealth and rank, but also of her understanding English and Irish, thinking it prudent to have a wife who could speak the language of the country in which he proposed to spend the remainder of his life. As soon as he discovered that his wife had no fortune he went to London and offered his services to Lord Haversham, and was again admitted as one of his domestics. His wife, unhappy on account of their separate residence, wished to live with him at Lord Haversham's, which he would not consent to, saying that his lordship did not know he was married.

The wife now began to evince the jealousy of her disposition, and frequent quarrels took place between them because he was unable to be with her so frequently as she desired.

At length, on the 9th of June, 1703, Dramatti was sent to London from his master's house at Kensington, and calling upon his wife at her lodgings near Soho Square, she endeavoured to prevail upon him to stay with her. This, however, he refused; and finding that he was going home she went before him, and stationed herself at the Park gate. On his coming up, she declared that he should go no farther unless she accompanied him; but he quitted her abruptly and went onwards to Chelsea. She pursued him to the Bloody Bridge, and there seized him by the neck-cloth, and would have strangled him, but that he beat her off with his cane. He then attacked her with his sword; and having wounded her in so many places as to conclude that he had killed her, his passion immediately began to subside, and, falling on his knees, he devoutly implored the pardon of God for the horrid sin of which he

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had been guilty. He went on to Kensington, where his fellow servants observing that his clothes were bloody, he said he had been attacked by two men in Hyde Park, who would have robbed him of his clothes, but that he had defended himself, and broke the head of one of them.

The real fact, however, was subsequently discovered; and Dramatti being taken before a magistrate, to whom he confessed his crime, the body of his wife was found in a ditch between Hyde Park and Chelsea, and a track of blood was seen to the distance of twenty yards, at the end of which a piece of a sword was found sticking in a bank which fitted the other part of the sword in the prisoner's possession. The circumstances attending the murder being proved to the satisfaction of the jury, the culprit was found guilty, condemned, and on the 21st of July, 1703, was executed at Tyburn.

If ever a criminal possessed claim to royal mercy, surely this man's case should have been favoured. He sought not for blood; but, impelled by assaults of the most foul and aggravated nature, he killed an antagonist, who ought to have cheered him through life. He was an ill-treated stranger too; and therein he became doubly an object of compassion.
THOMAS COOK
Murdered a Constable during a Riot in Mayfair, and was executed on 11th of August, 1703

How frequently do we find that the guilty, in the interval of time between the commission and discovery of a murder, are compelled by an irresistible infatuation to introduce the subject of their crime into conversation with strangers. Many years ago a mail robber was apprehended in a remote part of Cornwall, on suspicion, from his frequently speaking upon the nature and danger of plundering the public mail, and executed for that offence. The subject of the present memoir was taken into custody at Chester for a crime committed in London, merely from his constant relation of the riot in which lie had committed the murder. Thus, by a kind of mental ignis fatuus, the murderer was led on to his own detection. These are the workings of conscience, that earthly hell which torments those who with intentional malice have spilt the blood of their fellow-creatures. How strongly did this mental agony appear in the conduct of Governor Wall; whose life shall hereafter be given. After 20 years had elapsed from the commission of the murder, and while he lived in personal security in a foreign country, his conscience afforded him no peace of mind. He voluntarily returned to London, sought his own apprehension, was convicted, and executed.

Thomas Cook was the son of a butcher, a man of reputation, at Gloucester. When he was about fifteen years of age his father put him apprentice to a barber surgeon in London, with whom he lived two years, and then, running away, engaged himself in the service of — Needham, Esq., who was page-of-honour to King William III.; but his mother writing to him, and intimating in the vulgar phrase that "a gentleman's service was no inheritance," he quitted his place, and going to Gloucester engaged in the business of a butcher, being the profession of several of his ancestors. He followed this trade for some time, and served as master of the company of butchers in his native city; after which he abandoned that business and took an inn; but it does not appear that he was successful in it, since he soon afterwards turned grazier. Restless, however, in every station of life, he repaired to London, where he commenced as prize-fighter, at Mayfair. At this time Mayfair was a place greatly frequented by prize-fighters, thieves and women of bad character. Here puppet shows were exhibited, and it was the favourite resort of all the profligate and abandoned. At length the nuisance increased to such a degree that Queen Anne issued her proclamation for the suppression of vice and immorality, with a particular view to this fair; in consequence of which the justices of Peace issued their warrant to the High Constable, who summoned all the inferior constables to his assistance.

When the constables came to suppress the fair, Cook, with a mob of about thirty soldiers and other persons, stood in defiance of the peace officers, at whom they threw brick bats, by which some of the latter were wounded. Cooper, the constable, being the most active Cook drew his sword and stabbed him in the belly, and he died of the wound at the expiration of four days. Thereupon Cook fled to Ireland, and (as it was deposed upon his trial) while he was in a public house there he swore in a profane manner, for which the landlord censured him, and told him there were persons in the house who would take him into custody for it; to which he answered: "Are there any of the informing dogs in Ireland? We in London drive them; for at a fair called
Mayfair there was a noise which I went out to see six soldiers and myself the constables played their parts with their staves, and I played mine; and when the man dropped I wiped my sword, put it up, and went away." Cook, having repeatedly talked in this boasting and insolent manner, was at length taken into custody and sent to Chester, whence he was removed by writ of habeas corpus to London; and being tried at the Old Bailey was convicted, and received sentence of death. Having received the sacrament on the 21st Of July, 1703, he was taken from Newgate to be carried to Tyburn, but when he got to High Holborn, opposite Bloomsbury, a reprieve arrived for him till the following Friday. On his return to Newgate he was visited by numbers of his acquaintance, who rejoiced on his narrow escape, except those who would assist him in his devotions. On Friday he received another respite till the 11th of August, when he was executed.
MOLL RABY

Who robbed many Houses, and was hanged at Tyburn on 3rd of November, 1703

THIS offender had almost as many names as the fabulous hydra had heads. She was born in the parish of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, and took betimes to ill courses, in which she continued till her death. Madam Ogle was not more dexterous at bilking hackney coaches than Moll Raby at bilking her lodging, in which species of fraud her talent originally lay, and at which she had more success than at anything else she undertook.

One of her adventures was at a house in Great Russell Street, by Bloomsbury Square, where, passing for a great heiress, who was obliged to leave the country by reason of the importunate troublesomeness of a great many suitors, she was entertained with all the civility imaginable. This seemingly honest creature, who was a saint without but a devil within, continued there about a fortnight to increase her character, making a very good appearance as to her habit, for she had a tallyman in every quarter of the town. One day, when all the family were absent except the maid, she desired her to call a porter, and gave him a sham bill, drawn on a banker in Lombard Street, for one hundred and fifty pounds, which she desired might be all in gold; but fearing such a quantity of money might be a temptation to make the porter dishonest, she privately requested the maid to go along with him, and she, in the meantime, would take care of the house. The poor maid, thinking no harm, went with the porter to Lombard Street, where they were stopped for a couple of cheats; but they alleging their innocence, and proving from whence they came, a messenger was sent home with them, who found it to be a trick put upon the servant to rob the house; for before she came back, Moll Raby had gone off with above eighty pounds in money, one hundred and sixty pounds worth of plate, and several other things of a considerable value. For offences of this nature she was thrice burned in the hand, after which she married one Humphry Jackson, a butcher, who was taught by her to leave off his trade and go upon the pad in the daytime, while she went upon the "buttock and twang" by night; which is picking up a cull or spark, whom, pretending she would not expose her face in a public-house, she takes into some dark alley, where she picks his fob or pocket of his watch or money, and giving a sort of "Ahem!" as a signal she has succeeded in her design, the fellow with whom she keeps company, blundering up in the dark, knocks down the gallant and carries of the prize.

But after the death of this husband Moll turned arrant thief, and in the first exploit she then went upon she was like to come scurvily off. The adventure was this. Going upon the night sneak (as the phrase of these people is), she found a door half open in Downing Street, at Westminster, where, stealing softly upstairs into a great bedchamber, she hid herself under the bed. She had not been there above an hour before a couple of footmen brought candles into the room, whilst the maid, with great diligence, was laying the cloth for supper. The table being furnished with two or three dishes of meat, five or six persons sat down, besides the children that were in the house; which so affrighted Moll that she verily thought that if their voices and the noise of the children had not hindered them they might have heard her very joints smite one against another and the teeth chatter in her head. At length supper was
ended, and not long after they all withdrew themselves; when Moll, coming from under the bed, wrapped the sheets up in a quilt, and sneaking downstairs made off the ground as fast as she could.

Mary or Moll Raby, alias Rogers, alias Jackson, alias Brown, was at last condemned for a burglary committed in the house of Lady Cavendish, in Soho Square, the 3rd of March, 1703, upon the information of two villains — namely, Arthur Chambers and Joseph Hatfield — who made themselves evidences against her. At the place of execution at Tyburn, on Wednesday, the 3rd of November, 1703, she said she was thirty years of age, that she was well brought up at first, and knew good things, but did not practise them, having given herself up to all manner of wickedness and vice.
MOLL HAWKINS
A "Question Lay" Thief, whose End was at Tyburn, on 22nd of December,
1703

MOLL HAWKINS was condemned on the 3rd of March, 1703, for privately stealing goods out of the shop of Mrs Hobday, in Paternoster Row. She having been reprieved for nine months, upon account of her being then alleged quick with child — though she was not — she was now called down to her former judgment. When she came to the place of execution at Tyburn, on Wednesday, the 22nd of December, 1703, she said she was about twenty-six years of age, born in the parish of St Giles-in-the-Fields; that she served three years' apprenticeship to a button-maker in Maiden Lane, by Covent Garden, and followed that employment for some years after, but withal gave way at the same time to those ill practices which were now the cause of her death.

Before this Moll Hawkins projected shoplifting she went upon the "question lay," which is putting herself into a good handsome dress, like some exchange girl, and then, taking an empty bandbox in her hand, and passing for a milliner's or sempstress's apprentice, she goes early to a person of quality's house and, knocking at the door, asks the servant if the lady is stirring yet, for if she is, she has brought home, according to order, the suit of knots (or what else the devil puts into her head) which her ladyship had bespoke overnight. While the servant goes upstairs to acquaint the lady with this message, the custom is in the meantime to rob the house, and go away without an answer. Thus she one day served the Lady Arabella Howard, living in Soho Square. When the maid went upstairs to acquaint her ladyship that a gentlewoman waited below with some gloves and fans, Moll Hawkins took the opportunity of carrying away above fifty pounds' worth of plate, which stood on a sideboard in the parlour to be cleaned against dinner-time.
HARVEY HUTCHINS
Apprenticed as a Thief and became an expert Housebreaker. Executed at Tyburn in 1704

THIS malefactor, Harvey Hutchins, was born of honest parents, his father being a sword-blade maker by trade, who, when this unhappy son came to be about fourteen years of age, put him apprentice to a silversmith in Shrewsbury, but pilfering very often from his master, he had him sent at last to Shrewsbury Jail. In this prison the young lad became acquainted with some London thieves, who, following their calling in the county of Salop, were also committed to the same jail, and Hutchins, hearing them tell of the several notable and ingenious robberies that were committed in and about London by some of the chief masters of their profession, was resolved to make the best of his way thither after he obtained his liberty.

About three or four months after his confinement came the assizes, when, being tried, and whipped at the cart's tail, upon his friends paying his fees he got his enlargement and came up to Islington, where he lurked about the town, and took up his lodging in a barn. But his mind still ran upon the ingenuity of the topping thieves in London, particularly one Constantine, whom, for the fine stories he had heard told of him, he admired above the rest. At last he moved into the great metropolis, where, getting acquainted with some young pickpockets, he inquired among them for Constantine, who told him he might be found at one Snotty-nose Hill's, who kept the Dog Tavern in Newgate Street. The young Salopian, being overjoyed at finding out where Mr Constantine used, one evening goes to the Dog Tavern to inquire, saying, after his country dialect or tone, he had "vary ennest business wod him." The drawer presently went upstairs to Mr Constantine, who was then drinking with a great many of his thieving fraternity. Constantine ordered him to be brought up to the stair-head, where, coming out to him, quoth he: "What is your business with me?" He answered: "Vy, mester, I heve ben in Shrewsbury Joil, veere haring a grot monny vine stories of yoa, by zum gentlemen that vare prosnert with me, I am come up to London on porpus to beand myself prontice to yow." Hereupon Constantine could not forbear smiling at the lad's fancy, and taking him into the room, where he repeated the story to his company, it caused a great deal of laughter among them.

He gave the boy sixpence and a glass or two of wine, and bade him be sure to come to him at the same place about seven the next night, and he would take him upon trial, and according as he found him tractable, diligent and acute in his business he would take him apprentice. The boy, overjoyed at this good fortune (as he unhappily thought it), took his leave, and, according to order, was next night at the Dog Tavern punctually at the hour appointed, where his master, Constantine, was ready to go with him upon a trial of skill; which was this. Constantine having stolen a silver tankard, about three months before, out of an ale-house in Cheapside, had, nevertheless, been there in disguise several times after; and observing much plate still in use about the house told the boy the story going along the street, and promised him that if he could carry off another clean, and bring it to him at a certain house in Whitechapel, he would certainly take him apprentice, and make a man of him when he was out of his apprenticeship, at the same time intimating to him that the house was just before him, where he was going to drink.
The boy took his story right, but just as his master was come to the house, pulling him by the sleeve, quoth he: "Mester, Mester, can yow ran well?" "Yes," replied his master, "as well as most men in England; I have often outran hundreds together before now." "Weel then," said the boy, "if you can ran well, ne'er fear but we'll hove a tonkad." Into the house Constantine goes first, calling for a room. The boy followed him to the bar, as his servant, and with a loud voice asked the man of the house if he did not lose a silver tankard about three months ago. "Yes," replied he. Constantine, overhearing this, took as fast as he could to his heels, the boy at the same time crying out: "That was the man that stole it." Upon which the victualler and the servants ran presently out in pursuit of him, but to no purpose, for he was out of sight in an instant, and in the meantime the boy took another silver tankard out of the bar, and got safely to the place appointed by his master; who no sooner saw him but he fell a-cursing and damning, and sinking at him like a madman, for putting him into such bodily fear, withal telling him that if he had been taken he should have been certainly hanged by the best neck he had. "But," quoth he, "sirrah, have you got a tankard?" "Yes," replied the boy, and taking it from under his coat gave it him, saying at the same time: "Mester, if yow hed not virst assored me thet yow cud ran well, I wud a gut et sum udder vay."

Harvey very truly and honestly served out his time with his master. Then, setting up for himself, he had very pretty business in housebreaking, and lived very creditably and handsomely among those of his profession for about nine years, in and about the cities of London and Westminster, and in that time had often paid scot-and-lot to Newgate and other jails about town; but at last, being apprehended for breaking open a Jew's house at Duke's Place, and robbing it of above four hundred pounds in money and plate, he was hanged at Tyburn, in 1704, aged twenty-six years.
THOMAS SHARP was born at Reigate, in Surrey, where he served his time to a glover. But he had not been long out of his apprenticeship ere, by the influence of bad company, he was so hardened in villainy as not to be reclaimed either by wholesome advice, threats, or the examples of his companions, who were executed before him. Nothing could put an end to his roguery but the halter that put an end to his life.

To prove that this fellow was not only Sharp by name but also sharp by nature, we need only relate the following adventure. Dressing himself one day in an old suit of black clothes and an old tattered canonical gown, he went to an eminent tavern in the city, where at that time was kept a great feast of the clergymen, and humbly begged one of the drawers to acquaint some of the ministers above-stairs that a poor scholar was waiting below who craved their charity. Accordingly the drawer acquainted one of the divines that there was a poor scholar below in a parson's habit. The gentleman going down, and commiserating his seeming poverty, introduced him into the company of all the clergymen, who made him eat and drink very plentifully, and gathered him betwixt four and five pounds, which he thankfully put into his pocket. One of the divines then, after asking pardon for making so free, desired to know of him at what university he was bred. Tom Sharp told them he was never bred at any. "Can you speak Greek?" the divine asked again. "No," replied Tom. "Nor Latin?" the divine asked. "No, Sir," said Tom. "Can you write then?" quoth the divine. "No, nor read neither," replied Tom. At which they fell a-laughing, and said he was a poor scholar indeed. "Then I have not deceived you, gentlemen," quoth Tom, and so he brushed off with their charitable benevolence, thinking himself not fit company for such learned sophists.

This poor scholar afterwards used the Vine ale-house at Charing Cross, which was then kept by a rich old man, who knew not that he was a thief, and brought several of his gang there once a week, to keep a sort of a club, up one pair of stairs, with a design to rob the victualler. Accordingly they had several times struck all the doors above-stairs with a dub — that is, a pick-lock — but could never light on his mammon; whereupon one night Tom Sharp puts the candle to the old rotten hangings that were in the club-room and setting them in a blaze he and his company cries out "Fire!" The alarm brings up the old man in a trice, who in a great fright runs up to secure his money. Tom runs softly after him at a distance to espy where his hoard is, and in the meantime his associates, with two or three pails of water, have quenched the flame, which has done no great damage. The old man, at the news, returned down with a great deal of joy, leaving his money where it was before. With this information, the night following, Tom and two of his companions, having a great supper there, each with his lass, took the opportunity of taking away five hundred pounds in money; which, when the old cove missed, he was ready to hang himself in his own garters.

Sharp's chiefest dexterity lay in robbing wagons, which in their canting language they call tumblers. They who follow this sort of thieving do generally wait
on a dark morning in the roads betwixt London and Bow, Blackheath, Newington, Islington, Highgate, Kensington Gravel Pits or Knightsbridge, and going in at the tail of a wagon they take out packs of linen or woollen cloth, boxes, trunks or other goods. One time, though, Tom Sharp and his accomplices, after following a wagon along Tyburn Road to St Giles's Pound, had no convenience at all of entering by reason a man drove the team before and the master and his son, a lad of about thirteen years of age, rode behind, on one horse. Still they followed the wagon till it came just under Newgate, when Tom Sharp, who was a lusty, hale fellow, snatching the boy off the horse, ran down the Old Bailey with him under his arm, at which the father cried out to his man to stop the wagon, for a rogue had stolen away his son. So whilst the master rode after Tom Sharp, and the man ran after his master, one of Tom's comrades slipped two pieces of woollen cloth out of the wagon. The old man got his son again, for Tom dropped him at the sessions-house gate.

Under this sort of thieving is also comprehended the robbing of coaches in the night-time in London, by cutting off trunks and boxes which are tied sometimes behind them; and also the chiving of bags or portmanteaux from behind horses — that is, cutting them off, for chive, among thieves, signifies a knife. For offences of this nature Tom Sharp was in Newgate no less than eighteen times before the last fatal time.

Among many other arts peculiar to persons of his profession Tom learned that of making "black dogs," which are shillings or other pieces of money made only of pewter, double-washed, by means of which he maintained himself for some time. It may not be amiss to observe here that what the professors of this hellish art call "George Plateroon" is all copper within, with only a thin plate about it; and what they call "Compositum" is a mixed metal, which will both touch and cut, but not endure the fiery test. Tom had not been a great while at the trade of coining before several of his gang were apprehended and sent post to the gallows for their wicked ingenuity, which obliged him to employ all the powers of his wit and invention in the search of something else that might conduce to supply him in his manifold extravagances.

In the next place he went to picking of pockets, being detected at which, he was committed to New Prison, where, having a great many loose women coming after him, who supplied him with a great deal of money, he had all the privileges imaginable in the jail; and going to take his trial at Hicks's Hall for his fact, one John Lee, a turnkey, conducting him thither, gave him the liberty of being shaved by the way in a barber's shop. The keeper also having a pretty long beard, quoth Tom Sharp: "Come, we are time enough yet; sit down, and I'll pay for taking your beard off too." Whilst he was being trimmed, Tom talked of one thing and another to hold him in discourse, till at last the barber cried: " Shut your eyes or else my ball will offend them. " The man did as he was bid, and Tom took this occasion to slip out, the barber not taking him for a prisoner, and hid himself in an ale-house hard by. The turnkey, not hearing him talk, opened his eyes, and not seeing him in the shop rose up so hastily that he overthrew Cut-beard, basin, water, and all upon him, and ran out into the street with the barber's cloth about him, and the napkin on his head. The people seeing him thus, with the froth about his face, concluded him mad, and as he ran gave him the way. The barber, with his razor in his hand, ran after the turnkey, crying, "Stop thief! Stop thief!" but he, never minding the outcry, still ran, staring up and down, as if his wits had lately stolen away from him and he was in pursuit of them. Some durst not stop him, and others would not; till the barber seized him at last, and
getting his cloth and napkin from him, made him pay sixpence besides, for being but half shaved, while Tom, in the time of this hurly-burly, got clear off.

Tom's last fact was shooting a watchman who opposed him in breaking open a shoemaker's shop at the corner of Great Wild Street, facing up Great Queen Street. He was apprehended and condemned for this murder; but such was his impiety, whilst under sentence of death, that instead of thanking such as had so much Christianity in them as to bid him prepare for his latter end, he would bid them not to trouble his head with the idle whimsies of heaven and hell, for he was more a man than to dread or believe any such matter after this life. But when he came to the place of execution, which was at the end of Long Acre, in Drury Lane, and the halter was put about his neck, he then changed his tone, and began to call out for mercy with a sorrowful voice, which could not but awake the most lethargic conscience that ever the devil lulled asleep. In this manner he was turned off the cart on Friday, the 22nd day of September, 1704, aged twenty-nine years.
JOHN SMITH
Who proved that a Peruke-Maker does not make a good Highwayman, for his Career lasted only a Week. Executed 20th of December, 1704

JOHN SMITH was born at Winchcomb, within ten miles of Gloucester. He was a peruke-maker by trade, about twenty-three years of age, and carefully educated by his parents, to whose kindness he made but an ungrateful return, being very disobedient to them, and falling into many extravagances and debaucheries. He said that the ill habits he had contracted in his younger years were greatly confirmed by his being, though but a little while, at sea, and that when he returned from thence he became acquainted with a peruke-maker in Chancery Lane, who proposed to him to go and rob on the highway; which being soon agreed on, they went out with that intent on Sunday, the 29th of October, and as they were waiting about Paddington for a booty, Smith rested himself on a stile over against the gallows at Tyburn, at the sight of which his heart misgave him, and he could not help thinking that at one time or another he should end his days near the place where he was beginning to rob; which he mentioned to his companion, and would have persuaded him to go home. This the other refused to do, and encouraged him, saying: "What matters, it, Jack? It is but hanging, if thou shouldst come to that." So they proceeded on their design, and stole Mr William Birch's grey mare, which was the first robbery they committed.

On the following day Smith set out alone upon the mare and robbed three stage-coaches near Epping Forest. On Wednesday, the 1st of November, he robbed three other stage-coaches and a hackney-coach on Hounslow Heath, and on the Saturday following he robbed three stage-coaches more near St Albans; in all which robberies he did not obtain more than twenty pounds. And lastly, he robbed Mr Thomas Woodcock's coach, on Finchley Common, on Monday, the 6th of November, taking from Mr Woodcock's lady four guineas, two keys and a silk purse; for which he was apprehended.

At the Old Bailey a gentleman deposed that, as he and his servant were riding along, hearing that a robbery had been committed, they pursued the thief till he took refuge in a wood called Colefall; and that he directed his servant to ride into the wood while he rode round it, to observe if the prisoner attempted to make his escape out of it. That in their search they found a grey mare tied to a bush, soon after which seven or eight people came to their assistance, and at length a huntsman espied the prisoner lying under a tree, and advanced towards him with a blunderbuss, whereupon Smith desired him not to shoot him, and immediately shot off his pistols into the air. Two men laying hold of him, he was conducted to Muswell Hill, where, being examined, there was found upon him the watch and purses mentioned in the indictment, a mask, some powder and shot, and some money; and that the prisoner then said he would have made his escape but that the mare was a jade.

The jury found him guilty, and he received sentence of death. He was executed at Tyburn, on the 20th of December, 1704.
EDWARD JEFFERIES

Murderer, executed at Tyburn, on the 21st Of September, 1705.

EDWARD JEFFERIES WAS a gentleman by birth and education; and as such, until the commission of the crime for which he suffered, ever deported himself. His crime affords a melancholy instance of the fatal effects of illicit love and jealousy. He was born about the year 1656, at Devizes in Wiltshire. He served his clerkship to an eminent attorney in London, and afterwards carried on business on his own account: but his father dying while he was yet young, and leaving him a considerable fortune, he entered into too profuse a way of living, and embarked in the debaucheries of the age, which dissipated his substance. Soon after, he had the good success to marry a young lady of St. Alban's, with whom he received a decent fortune, and might have lived in prosperity with her, but that he continued his former course of dissipation, which naturally occasioned a separation. He now associated with one Mrs. Elizabeth Torshell, with whom a Mr. Woodcock had likewise an illicit connection. Jefferies and Woodcock had frequent debates respecting this woman, but at length appeared to be reconciled, and dined together at the Blue-posts, near Pall-Mall, on the day that the former committed the murder. After dinner they went into the fields near Chelsea, and a quarrel arising between them, respecting Mrs. Torshell, Jefferies drew his sword, and, before Woodcock, who was left-handed, could draw his, he received a wound, of which he almost immediately died. Woodcock had no sooner fallen, than Jefferies rubbed some of his blood upon his (the deceased's) sword, took something out of his pocket, and then went towards Chelsea, where he had appointed to meet Mrs. Torshell. There were some boys playing in the fields who saw the body of the deceased, and part of the transaction above-mentioned. The body was removed to St. Martin's churchyard to be owned; and on the following day Mrs. Torshell came, among a crowd of other people, to see it; and was taken into custody, on her saying she knew the murdered party, and expressed great concern at his fate. Torshell's lodgings being searched, a number of articles were found, which she owned Mr. Jefferies had brought thither, though they appeared to belong to Woodcock. On this Jefferies was also taken into custody, and both of them were committed to Newgate. Jefferies alleged, in his defence, that he was at another place at the time the murder was committed; he called several witnesses to prove an alibi; but as these did not agree in the circumstances, he was convicted, and received sentence of death. Mrs. Torshell was acquitted. All the while he lay under condemnation, he repeatedly denied having committed the murder, and exerted his utmost interest to obtain a reprieve, which he was at length promised, through the medium of the Duke of Ormond. September the 19th, 1705, when the procession towards Tyburn had got as far as St. Giles's, a respite met him, to defer his execution till the 21st of the same month; but on that day he was executed, his guilt being too apparent. At the place of execution he again denied the fact; but said he freely forgave those who had injured him, and died in charity with all men. He betrayed no symptoms of fear during the preparation for launching him into eternity.
JOHN SMITH

Convicted of Robbery, reprieved while actually hanging upon the Scaffold, 24th of December, 1705, and afterwards had two other Escapes from Death

THOUGH the crimes committed by this man were not marked with particular atrocity, nor his life sufficiently remarkable for a place in these volumes, yet the circumstances attending his fate at the place of execution are perhaps more singular than any we may have to record. He was the son of a farmer at Malton, about fifteen miles from the city of York, who bound him apprentice to a packer in London, with whom he served out his time, and afterwards worked as a journeyman. He then went to sea in a merchantman, after which he entered on board a man-of-war, and was at the famous expedition against Vigo; but on the return from that expedition he was discharged. He had not been long disengaged from the naval service when he enlisted as a soldier in the regiment of guards commanded by Lord Cutts; but in this station he soon made bad connections, and engaged with some of his dissolute companions as a housebreaker.

On the 5th of December, 1705, he was arraigned on four different indictments, on two of which he was convicted, and received sentence of death. While he lay under sentence he seemed very little affected with his situation, absolutely depending on a reprieve, through the interest of his friends. However, an order came for his execution on the 24th day of the same month, in consequence of which he was carried to Tyburn, where he performed his devotions, and was turned off in the usual manner; but when he had hung nearly fifteen minutes the people present cried out: "A reprieve!" On this the malefactor was cut down, and being conveyed to a house in the neighbourhood, soon recovered, in consequence of bleeding and other proper applications. When he had perfectly recovered his senses he was asked what were his feelings at the time of execution; to which he repeatedly replied, in substance, as follows. When he was turned off, he for some time was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upwards. That having forced their way to his head, he as it were saw a great blaze, or glaring light, which seemed to go out at his eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down, and began to come to himself, the blood and spirits, forcing themselves into their former channels, put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, to such intolerable pain that he could have wished those hanged who had cut him down. From this circumstance he was called "Half-hanged Smith."

After this narrow escape from the grave, Smith pleaded to his pardon on the 20th of February; yet such was his propensity to evil deeds that he returned to his former practices, and, being again apprehended, was tried at the Old Bailey for housebreaking; but some difficulties arising in the case, the jury brought in a special verdict, in consequence of which the affair was left to the opinion of the twelve judges, who determined in favour of the prisoner. After this second extraordinary escape he was a third time indicted; but the prosecutor happening to die before the day of trial, he once more obtained that liberty which his conduct showed he had not deserved. We have no account what became of this man after this third remarkable
incident in his favour; but Christian charity inclines us to hope that he made a proper use of the singular dispensations of Providence evidenced in his own person.

When once the mind has consented to the commission of sin, it is hard to be reclaimed. The memory of the pangs of an ignominious death could not deter this man from following the evil course he had begun. Thus, by giving way to small propensities, we imperceptibly go on to enormities: which lead us to a shameful fate. let us, therefore, at once resolve never to depart from the path of rectitude.

It was not unfrequently the case that, in Dublin, men were formerly seen walking about who, it was known, had been sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, and upon whom, strange as it may appear to unenlightened eyes, the sentence had been carried out. The custom was that the body should hang only half-an-hour; and, in a mistaken lenity, the sheriff, in whose hands was entrusted the execution of the law, would look away after the prisoner had been turned off, while the friends of the culprit would hold up their companion by the waistband of his breeches, so that the rope should not press upon his throat. They would, at the expiration of the usual time, thrust their "deceased" friend into a cart, in which they would gallop him over all the stones and rough ground they came near, which was supposed to be a never-failing recipe in order to revive him, professedly — and indeed in reality — with the intention of "waking" him.

An anecdote is related of a fellow named Mahony, who had been convicted of the murder of a Connaught man in one of the numerous Munster and Connaught wars, and whose execution had been managed in the manner above described, who, being put into the cart in a coffin by his Munster friends, on his way home was so revived, and so overjoyed at finding himself still alive, that he sat upright and gave three hearty cheers, by way of assuring his friends of his safety. A "jontleman" who was shocked at this indecent conduct in his defunct companion, and who was, besides, afraid of their scheme being discovered and thwarted, immediately, with the sapling which he carried, hit him a thump on the head, which effectually silenced his self-congratulations. On their arrival at home they found that the "friendly" warning which had been given to the poor wretch had been more effectual than the hangman's rope; and the wailings and lamentations which had been employed at the place of execution to drown the encouraging cries of the aiders of the criminal's escape were called forth in reality at his wake on the same night, It was afterwards a matter of doubt whether the fellow who dealt the unfortunate blow ought not to have been charged with the murder of his half-hanged companion; but, a justice being consulted, it was thought no one could be successfully charged with the murder of a man who was dead in the law.
Roger Lowen was a native of Hanover, where he was born about the year 1667, and educated in the principles of the Lutheran religion. His father being huntsman to the Duke of Zell, that prince sent young Lowen into France, to obtain the qualifications of a gentleman, and, on his return from his travels, he was one of the pages under the duke's master of the horse.

Coming over to England when he was between twenty and thirty years of age, the Duke of Shrewsbury patronised and procured him a place. Having thus obtained something like a settlement, he married a young English woman, with whom he lived in an affectionate manner for a considerable time; but in the year 1697, on his going abroad to attend King William at the treaty of Ryswick, he left Mrs. Lowen with her cousin, who was married to Mr. Richard Lloyd, of Turnham Green.

When Lowen returned from Holland, he became, with what justice we cannot say, extremely jealous of his wife and he pretended to have received incontestable proof of her criminal conversation with Mr. Lloyd, for the murder of whom he was indicted at the Old Bailey, on the 20th of September, 1706, and was tried by a jury composed equally of Englishmen and foreigners.

In the course of the evidence it appeared that, on the evening previous to the day on which the murder was committed, Lowen invited Lloyd and his wife to dine with him on the following day; that Mr. Lloyd, being obliged to go to Acton, did not come very early, at which Lowen expressed a considerable degree of uneasiness; that when he came, Lowen introduced him into the parlour with great apparent civility; that Mr. Lloyd put his sword in a corner of the room, some time after which Lowen invited him into the garden, to see his plants, after which they came together into the house, appearing to be good friends, and Lowen desired his wife to hasten the dinner; that while she went to obey his directions, Lowen drew Mr. Lloyd's sword a little way out of the scabbard, as if admiring it, and asked who was his cutler; and that while the deceased stood with his hand behind him, Lowen, stamping with his foot, drew the sword quite out of the scabbard, and stabbed Mr. Lloyd through the back; on which his wife (who was present at this horrid transaction) said to him, "Speak to me, my dear"; but he was unable to do so; and having lifted up his eyes, groaned twice, and then expired.

Mr. Hawley, a justice of the peace in the neighbourhood, passing by at the instant, Mrs. Lloyd acquainted him with what had happened; on which he examined the prisoner, who confessed his intention of having committed the murder sooner, and was only concerned lest he had not killed Mr. Lloyd.

The particulars respecting the murder being proved to the satisfaction of the jury, Lowen was convicted, and received sentence of death: in consequence of which he was hanged at Turnham Green, on the 25th of October, 1706.

While he lay under sentence of death, he was attended by Messrs. Idzardi and Ruperti, two divines of his own country, who were assiduous to convince him of the
atrocity of the crime which he had committed; and he became a sincere penitent, confessing with his last breath the crime he had committed in shedding innocent blood.

From this melancholy narrative we may learn the fatal effects of jealousy, which generally judges ill of the party accused, and always renders the jealous person miserable. Mr. Lowen was jealous of his wife; but we have no proof that there was any foundation for his suspicions. Hence let married men be taught not to indulge unwarrantable sentiments respecting that amiable sex who are the great sources of all the comforts of life. A man may be wretched in a thousand instances which occur in life; but let him retire to the wife of his bosom, and her advice will extricate him from many a difficulty, or her consolations soothe him to bear his burdens. There is a great wisdom in the following proverbs of Solomon: "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband does safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil, all the days of her life. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Jealousy is the most dangerous passion of the mind. It generally proceeds from the extravagance of love. That jealousy which is moved by fond and sincere affection may be distinguished from the extravagance resulting from meanness and suspicion. When proceeding from real love, it must be owing to the suspicion of levity in the object, which instantly conjures up a thousand frightful phantoms. We fear that the charms which have subdued us have made the same impression on the heart of another. This is generally the foundation of jealousy in men, and is, by the immortal Shakespeare, called "a green-eyed monster," which, once gaining ascendancy,

"Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!"
ARTHUR CHAMBERS

_A Master of Thieves' Slang, who was full of Artful Tricks, which, however, did not save him from the Gallows at Tyburn, where he found himself in 1706_

ARTHUR CHAMBERS was of base extraction, and consequently void of education, good manners or any other qualification that was amiable. The first step, in his opinion, to complete him a thorough master in the thieving art was to have at his finger ends all the canting language (which comprehends a parcel of invented words, such as thieves very well know, and by which they can distinguish one another from the other classes of mankind), in order to the attainment whereof he put himself under the direction of an experienced teacher that way; and, what was soon observable, attended so closely to the dictates of his preceptor that he not only outrivalled him but became superior to any of his contemporary thieves.

Chambers quickly demonstrated how pleasing his new language was to him, for he could not enter an ale house but he would be punning with the landlord: indeed his gay apparel (for Arthur could not endure the thought of being called a sloven) very often induced the masters of the houses he frequented to sit down by him and listen to his jocular way of talking. Sometimes, from the ignorance of some of them, he would impudently assert that what he now and then mixed with his ordinary English was the purest Greek in the world, and, to convince them he was sincere in what he advanced, would frequently pull out of his pocket a Greek testament and say: "Sir, this book was made by one of the oldest philosophers; believe me, I have studied it this dozen years, and every moment I looked into it I gained a twelvemonth's knowledge." The landlord would be gazing all the while open mouthed at Chambers, and, to be sure, he on his part was very intent upon something besides his Greek Testament, for, soon after, a general complaint was made of abundance of money being lost; but which way was the question. In Launceston, in Cornwall, whither he went, the inhabitants received him with open arms for a considerable time, and his merry disposition soon procured him the acquaintance of men of note in that country. He had taken care, too, before leaving London, to supply himself with a great number of false crown and half crown pieces, which, on his arrival, he uttered at all the places he frequented; but abundance of persons having been deceived with these pieces, and a general complaint made round about, search was made everywhere for the apprehending of the cheat, and poor Chambers was taken up; the consequence of which was the sending of him to jail, where he remained a year and a half before he could get his enlargement. Cornwall now became too hot for him to stay any longer there; so he made the best way he was able to London, where, on the very first day of his arrival, he performed the most cunning, artful and yet barefaced piece of felony that was ever heard of.

Having alighted from the wagon, he went directly to an ale house in West Smithfield, where, seating himself in a box, and calling for a pint of beer and a slice of bread and cheese, he comfortably refreshed himself; then, falling into discourse with some tradesmen in the next box to him, about the country and quiet enjoyment of a rural life, the talk was insensibly turned upon diving or picking of pockets. "Look ye, gentlemen," said Chambers, "I can pick a pocket as well as any man in Great Britain, and yet, though I say it, am as honest as the best Englishman breathing. For
an instance of what I say, observe the country gentleman just now passing by the
window. I'll step out and take his watch though it is now scarce five o'clock." A wager
of ten shillings was immediately laid that he did not perform it. Chambers answered
the bet, and presently, pushing out of the door, made a quick round till he came to the
end of Long Lane, where he met with the gentleman, and courteously pulling off his
hat to him asked if he could inform him which was the nearest way to Knave's Acre;
to which the gentleman replied: "Lackaday, friend, you ask a very ignorant person, for
I am a stranger here, and want to know the nearest way to Moorfields." "Oh, Sir, I live
there, and can acquaint you which way to take; excuse me, Sir, I would willingly bear
you company thither, but extraordinary affairs calling me to find out a place called
Knave's Acre I must necessarily be jogging on; but be pleased to take my directions."
So saying, he pointed with his hand. "Look you, Sir, you have no other way to go than
directly along this lane, which will bring you into a street called Barbican, that into a
dirty lane over against it, and that into Chiswell Street, the end whereof will lead you
into Moorfields." All this while the country gentleman was staring the way Chambers
pointed, who in the interim made sure of his watch, and after the gentleman and he
had left one another returned back to the company, laid down the spoil on the table,
and claimed the wager which was accordingly paid.

One day, being very well dressed, he goes to the Exchange and mixes with
some Italian merchants, and after some little conversation, which ran on trade and
shipping, calls one of them aside, who was a very comely and grave person. With him
he seems to be in a close and eager dialogue, the merchant all the while nodding and
biting his thumb. Meantime one of Chambers's confederates comes up and begins to
discourse with the merchant much after the same manner as he had done. Upon which
Chambers says: "Sir, I perceive you have no liking to my proposition, but possibly
you may not meet with such another bargain as mine I mean as to profit." "No liking!"
answered the merchant. "Yes, yes, Sir; I had as lief chap with you as the best man
alive, so I find but my advantage in it." Upon this the merchant spoke a few words to
Chambers's confederate, and then, calling Arthur to him, said: "Here is another
gentleman who has a bargain much like yours to dispose of; if you can join together,
we'll throw the commodities together and make but one lot of them." "Agreed,"
replied Chambers, who without any further ceremony, as the merchant stood close to
his confederate, dived nimbly into his pockets and drew thereout a purse of gold and
his gold watch, and imperceptibly conveyed them to his confederate. But this spoil
not satisfying the avaricious temper of our adventurer, and seeing a very good
handkerchief hanging out of the merchant's coat pocket, he snaps at it, but unluckily
for his first prize. The merchant, it seems, caught him in the act; and seizing him by
the collar, called out, "Thief! thief!" which words raised abundance of persons then on
the walks about them, and everyone was desirous to know the bottom of the matter.
The merchant was for having our adventurer before a magistrate; and he, on his part,
strenuously denied the fact (for by this time the purse and watch were found gone),
and even threatened the injured tradesman to punish him for defaming his character
among the only persons in the world he got his living by. During this contention the
confederate, who had received the purse and watch from Chambers, had marched to
the porter at the gate, to get proclamation to be made on the Exchange that if any
person had lost a purse with gold in it, and a gold watch, on giving the true marks he
might have it again. These words reaching the merchant's ears, he, glad of the
opportunity of regaining his lost things, let go Chambers, with a thousand excuses for
his rudeness and rash accusations, and went directly to the crier; but both Chambers and his confederate procured means of slipping away in the meantime.

This disappointment but the more sharpened the wit and cunning of our adventurer, who was resolved to use his talents (as he called them) to a much better purpose than his last endeavour had produced. To this end he takes a first floor of a house in Soho Square, and contracts with the landlord to pay fourteen shillings a week for the same. For a while good harmony and understanding ruled between Chambers and the gentleman of the house, who took him for a man of fortune, as his dress and expenses might have very well argued him. One evening as they were at supper — I mean the family of the house our adventurer — came in, seemingly in a vast uneasiness, which made the good folks importune him to let them know what it was that disturbed him. "I have so much friendship for you, Mr Woodville", said the landlord (for you must know this was the name he had given himself), "that if I can be of any real service to you, it is but opening your mind to me, and you may depend to find me both your counsellor and benefactor." Chambers, pleased with the landlord's frank kindness, made no further doubt to unravel the great mystery he had at his heart, and thus began: "It is with a thousand struggles of the soul that I find myself obliged to speak. Landlord, I am very sensible of the obligations I already owe you, and that thought makes me decline being any further burthensome to you; you must know, then, that, having been at Hampstead this afternoon, where I frequently used to go to divert myself with an affectionate brother of mine, I was there a mournful spectator of his death. 'Tis too much for me" (here he pretended to weep) "to acquaint you with every sad particular about the struggles he had before his soul departed out of his body; let it suffice to say that he has left me heir to his possessions (but his life would have been of greater value to me), and in his will appointed me to inter him in the cloisters in Westminster Abbey. Now, Landlord, the favour I have to desire of you is, for convenience of his funeral, to have his body brought here, and carried hence to his grave."

These last words Chambers pronounced with a deep groan, which made the landlord and all the family compassionate towards him; they told him anything they had was at his service, the landlord left him at his own liberty to bring the corpse, and choose whatever room he pleased to place it in. He thanked him for his civility, and told him he would certainly repay it very shortly, in a way he should be very sensible of. Which indeed he was as good as his word to perform. Chambers accordingly went out the next morning, leaving word that the hearse with the corpse would be with them about six in the evening. And true was he to his word. For just upon six o'clock a stately hearse with six horses arrived at the door, and men, suborned to this end, took thereout a beautiful coffin, with fine hinges and nails, wherein our adventurer had put himself; there being private holes in the sides for respiration. The counterfeit load was straightway borne up one pair of stairs and placed on a table in the dining room, where the landlord, to grace the deceased brother of his lodger, had set out a very fine and rich sideboard of plate, besides other valuables. You must know Chambers was laid in the coffin in his clothes, and a winding sheet wrapped round him, and one of his confederates had taken care to draw the screws. All this time our adventurer was missing, which made the landlord ask the fellows where he was, who said he had bade them acquaint him that having a multitude of things to dispatch about the funeral, it was probable he might not come home that night, but should be obliged to stay with a friend of his in the Strand. The landlord took the excuse for granted, the hearse and men departed, and the family of the house, excepting the maid, at their usual hour
went to bed, leaving Chambers to rise out of his silent mansion of death and perpetrate his villainous design.

Accordingly he gets out, with his winding sheet about him, and going downstairs places himself in a chair over against where the maid was sitting, who, hereby frightened at the apparition, as she thought, screamed out, "A ghost! a ghost!" — and without speaking another word ran as fast as she could up into her master's chamber and told him and his wife the story. "A ghost!" says the master; "phoh, you fool, there's no such thing in nature; you have been asleep, woman, and waking suddenly have fancied you saw a thing there never was." Scarce were these words out of the mouth of the landlord when in steps, with a solemn tread, our adventurer, Chambers, in his winding sheet, and presenting himself and his face, which was covered over with flour, full to the maid, the landlord and his wife, sets himself down in a chair in the room, where he continued full half an hour, putting the above three persons into the greatest panic in the world all the time. After which the imaginary ghost stalks downstairs and opens the door to six of his accomplices, who, while their director, Chambers, raps the doors to drown the noise of more persons being in the house than himself, strip the dining room of all the plate and other rich furniture therein, and then, making a general search through out the other chambers and the kitchen below, rifle and carry off everything of value to the amount of six hundred pounds. All this while the family, believing a spirit was actually in their house, and making the horrid noise they heard, kept close hid under the bedclothes; but the dawn of day soon appearing, their fears began to abate. Whereupon the maid gets up, and has the courage to go down and see the consequences of the late bustle. She finds all her pots and pans removed effectually out of the way, and a dreadful havoc made among the pewter, which, to the very last plate, has all vanished. She hastens to her master, who is still in bed, acquaints him with the spirit's having robbed the house, and tells him that she cannot in conscience live with him any longer, since a bad and thieving ghost visited his family, which proved that his house was not a good one, nor were the persons that composed his family fit to be lived with. Whereat the landlord could not forbear bursting out into an extreme laughter: "Why, thou silly jade, can it be supposed that ghosts, or spirits, who have neither flesh, blood nor bones, can rob? Phoh, banish thy foolish conceits, and let me come and see what has been a working all this night." The maid, displeased with her master's words, goes downstairs, and finding some of her fellow servants and neighbours about the door tells them what she had seen; whereat all seem astonished, and say they should not dare to stir an inch out of their houses in the night if the case was so as she related it. Meantime the landlord had roused his indolent body from his bed and made a strict search in those places where he thought the most valuable part of his movables lay, which he found entirely conveyed away; but coming into the dining room, and seeing the plate gone, and an empty shell of a coffin, he, too late, is made sensible of the imposition, which we will leave him to mourn, or banish the thoughts of, just as he pleases.

Chambers during a few years committed actions the most daring and artful that were ever known, and he received a just recompense for his ill spent life at Tyburn in 1706.
JACK GOODWIN ALIAS PLUMP
A young but expert Thief, who was executed at Tyburn in 1706 for Burglary

WHEN silver tankards were more in vogue in the ale houses than they are at present, this fellow, going into one to drink, called for a tankard of ale, which being brought, he drank it off, and having cut out the bottom of it, paid the victualler for his liquor, who, seeing the tankard on the table, had no suspicion that any damage had been done it. But shortly after some other company came in, and the tapster, running into the cellar to fill for them the tankard which Mr Goodwin had been fingering, wondered to see the cock run and the tankard never the fuller, whereupon, turning it up, he could find no more bottom in it than mariners can in the ocean.

Another time Jack Goodwin, being in the country as far as Durham, and destitute of money, happened to meet with another idle companion, with whom he made a bargain to beg their way up to London; and in order to excite people's pity the more, his new companion was to act the part of a blind man, and he was to be his guide, instead of a dog and a bell. So getting a pennyworth of cereing wax, with which tailors cere the edges of silk and slight stuffs, Jack Goodwin, mollifying it over a candle, daubed his comrade's eyelids therewith, insomuch that he could not open them.

Our couple, thus proceeding on their journey, had, by their cruising or begging through the counties, picked up about the sum of four pounds, sixteen shillings; by that time they had got up to Ware. Next, making the best of their way up to London, within ten or eleven miles of the same, having to cross a small brook over a narrow wooden bridge, with a rail but on one side of it for the convenience of foot passengers, when they were upon it Goodwin threw his blind comrade into the water, where he stood up to the neck, but moving neither one way nor the other, for fear of being drowned. In the meantime his guide made straight to London. Soon afterwards, some passengers coming by took pity on the fellow, supposing him to be really blind; they helped him out of the brook, and setting him on terra firma, he presently, by their directions, arrived at a house, where, getting some warm water, he washed his eyelids, and having got them opened he marched after his fellow traveller to London, where he might hunt about long enough before he found him out, for Jack had got into some ill house or another, where he was as safe as a thief in a mill.

The Duke of Bedford visiting a person of quality one night very late, whilst the footmen were gone to drink at some adjacent boozing ken, or ale house, and the coach man was taking a nap on his box, Jack Goodwin, coming by at the same time with some of his thieving cronies, took the two hind wheels off the coach and supported it up with two pieces of wood, which they got out of a house which was being built hard by. On his Grace not long after going into his coach, and the footmen getting up behind in a hurry, no sooner did the horses begin to draw but down fell his Grace, footmen and all; who, looking to see how the accident came, found the hind wheels were stolen; whereupon the Duke was obliged to go home in a hackney coach.

This John Goodwin, alias Plump, was condemned, when he was but eleven years of age, for picking a merchant's pocket of one hundred and fifty guineas, and
was afterwards several times in great danger of his life before justice took hold of him in earnest.

At last, committing a burglary in company with another, when he was but eighteen years of age, he was apprehended and carried before Sir Thomas Stamp, knight and alderman of London, where, after he was examined, being searched, several cords were found in his pocket; upon which his Worship asked Goodwin of what trade he was. He replied: "A tailor." Then Sir Thomas, taking up the cords and looking suspiciously on them, quoth: "You use, methinks, very big thread." "Yes, Sir" said Goodwin, "for it is generally coarse work which I'm employed about." Next searching his comrade, Henry Williams, a pistol was found loaded in his bosom; upon which Sir Thomas asked him also of what trade he was. He replied: "A tailor too." "What! Both tailors?" said his Worship. "And pray what implement is this belonging to your trade? Quoth Williams: "That pistol, Sir, is my needle case." To conclude, Sir Thomas was so astonished at their impudence that he immediately made out their mittimus for Newgate, and being tried at Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey, they were both condemned to die, and soon after executed, at Tyburn, in 1706.
WILLIAM ELBY OTHERWISE DUNN
An Armed Criminal, who was hanged for Burglary and Murder at Fulham on the 13th of September, 1707

WILLIAM ELBY was indicted at the sessions in the Old Bailey for breaking into the house of Mr. James Barry, at Fulham, the 2nd of August, 1707, with intent to rob it; and likewise for the murder of Nicholas Hatfield, by giving him a mortal wound with a rapier near the left breast, of which he died soon after.

The evidence deposed that, Mr. Barry hearing a noise about his house between twelve and two in the morning, he got up with his wife and man, Nicholas Hatfield, went downstairs, found a window broken open, and espied two men without, at about five yards' distance, one of whom was the prisoner. They then ran immediately upstairs for arms, but Hatfield, stepping into the kitchen, was met by Elby, who drove him into the pantry, and gave him a stab in the breast, of which he died twelve hours afterwards.

In the scuffle between Elby and Hatfield one of the thieves fired a pistol to disengage them, which happened to wound Elby in the leg, and a button was found in the pantry which belonged to Elby's coat, also a bloody sword was found under a haycock, and a receipt that had been given Mr Barry for money paid. The prisoner, who had little to say in his defence, was found guilty of the fact, and received sentence accordingly, upon which he was so impious as to say: "G-d d —n you all."

Elby owned he was guilty of the burglary, but would not confess the murder, neither would he discover his accomplices or any other offences he had committed, and in this obstinacy he all along persisted; and was so peremptory as to say that if any person should ask him any such questions again he would knock him down. He was hanged in chains at Fulham, on the 13th of September, 1707.
JOHN HERMAN BRIAN

Executed for robbing and burning the House of Peter Persode, Esq., St James's Street, Westminster, in October, 1707

The crime for which this man suffered is defined by the law to be arson, or arsonry; that is, wilfully setting fire to another person's house, whether by day or by night.

It is in this case a capital offence; but if a man burns his own house, without injuring any other, it is only a misdemeanour, punishable by fine, imprisonment, or the pillory.

By the 23rd of Henry VIII, cap. 1, the capital part of the offence is extended to persons (whether principals or accessories) burning dwelling-houses, or barns wherein corn is deposited; and by the 43rd of Elizabeth, cap. 13, burning barns or stacks of corn, in the four northern counties, is also made felony, without benefit of clergy.

By the 22nd and 23rd of Charles II, cap. 7, it is made felony, to set fire to any stack of corn, hay, or grain; or other outbuildings, or kilns, maliciously, in the night time; punishable with transportation for seven years.

By the 1st George I cap. 48, it is also made single felony to set fire to any wood, underwood, or coprice.

Other burnings are made punishable with death, without benefit of clergy. viz, setting fire to any house, barn, or outhouse, or to any hovel, cock, mow, or stack of corn, straw, hay, or wood; or the rescuing any such offender: 9 George I cap. 22. — Setting fire to a coal mine: 10 George II cap. 32. — Burning, or setting fire to any windmill, or water-mill, or other mill (as also pulling down the same): 9 George III cap. 29; but the offender must be prosecuted within eighteen months. — Burning any ship, to the prejudice of the owners, freighters, or underwriters: 22 and 23 Charles II cap. 11; 1 Anne, stat. 2. cap. 9; 4 George I cap. 12. — Burning the king's ships of war afloat, or building; or the dockyards, or any of the buildings, arsenals, or stores therein; 12 George III cap. 24. And finally threatening by anonymous or fictitious letters to burn houses, barns, etc. is by the act 27 George 11 cap. 15 also made felony, without benefit of clergy.

John Herman Brian was a native of Dully, a village in the bailiwick of Monge, in the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, where he was born about the year 1683. He left Switzerland while very young, and went to Geneva, where he lived in the service of a gentleman above four years, and then made a tour of Italy with a person of fortune. On his arrival in England, he lived in several reputable families for the space of about three years, and last of all, for about two months, in that of Mr Persode, when, being discharged, in about two days after he broke open, plundered, and burned his dwelling house, for which he was indicted at the sessions house in the Old Bailey, 16th of October, 1707, for burning and consuming the mansion-house of Peter Persode, Esq., in St James's Street, Westminster.
He was likewise indicted a second time for breaking open the said house about three o'clock on the day above mentioned and taking from thence a gold tweezer case and chain, value fifty pounds, a gold watch, seventeen guineas, and valuables.

Mr Persode deposed that the prisoner had been his servant for the space of two months, and was discharged from his service the Monday before the fact was committed, and that the Wednesday following, about ten o'clock at night, he left all his doors and windows fast. Mrs Persode deposed that when she went to bed she locked up her tweezer case, watch and other articles; and that about three o'clock in the morning she awoke and smelt a strong smell of smoke. Getting up, she went out of her chamber and found a lighted flambeau in the passage, which had burned the boards; that she then opened the door of a parlour, which was full of smoke, and immediately the room was all on fire, which rushed out of the stairs and raged with such fury that the house was consumed in a quarter of an hour, they not being able to save any of their goods. Mr Stevenson and Mr Acton, goldsmiths, deposed that the prisoner offered to sell the tweezer case to them, and asked eight pounds for it, which gave them reason to suspect he had stolen it, and thereupon they stopped it, but the prisoner went away; and upon inquiry they found it to be Mr Persode's property; that afterwards, he coming again to demand the goods, they seized him, and on searching him found two pistols and a dagger about him, with which they were informed he designed to shoot or stab them if they refused to return the tweezer case.

The prisoner denied the fact, and said he bought the goods of a strange man, but could give no proof of it, nor where he was the night the fact was committed; whereupon the jury found him guilty of both indictments. All the time he was under condemnation at Newgate he seemed only to meditate on making his escape. He made repeated efforts to escape out of Newgate, by unscrewing and filing off his irons; but being detected, he was properly secured till the time of his execution; and being asked, by the ordinary of Newgate, how he could waste his precious time in such a fruitless attempt, he answered that "life was sweet, and that any other man, as well as himself, would endeavour to save it if he could". He was executed in St James's Street, near St James's House, Westminster; and hanged in chains at Acton Gravel Pits, 24th of October, 1707.
JACK HALL

Who, with two Associates named Bunce and Low, committed many Robberies, and was executed at Tyburn in 1707

JACK HALL was an expert in breaking open houses, going on the footpad, shoplifting or pilfering any small matter that lay in the way nay, if it were but mops and pails; the "drag," which is having a hook fastened to the end of a stick, with which they drag anything out of a shop window on a dark evening; and "filing a cly," which is picking pockets of watches, money, books or handkerchiefs. To this end he used to haunt churches, fairs, markets, public assemblies, shows, and be very busy about the playhouse. And he who performs this last part of thieving commonly gives what he takes to another, that in case he should be found with his hand in any man's pocket, he might prove his innocence by having nothing about him but what he can justify to be his own.

Having ~L design once to rob a great merchant in the City of London, he went oftentimes hankering about his house, but could never effect it; whereupon he bethought himself of this stratagem. He was to be put into a pack done up like a bale, and by the contrivance of his comrade, who was very well apparelled, he was to be laid into this merchant's house in the evening as so much silk, which he was to see next morning, and buy off his hands if they agreed. Accordingly this bale full of iniquity, wedged inwardly on all sides with coarse cloth and fustian, was laid up in the warehouse. Night being come, and the apprentices weary, two of them, whilst their master was at supper, went to rest themselves, and by accident lay on this bale, which was placed by some others, insomuch that the extreme anguish of their weight being very heavy upon Jack Hall, he could scarce fetch his breath. Upon this he drew out a sharp knife, and making a great hole in the fillet of the bale he also made a deep wound in him that Jay most upon it, which made him rise and roar out his fellow apprentice had killed him. Running out to his master in his agony, his fellow apprentice followed him, and was innocently secured, till a further examination of the matter. In the meanwhile Jack Hall made his escape out of a window, taking only two pieces of velvet along with him. He was also very good for the "lob," which is going with a consort into any shop to change a pistole or guinea, and having about half of his change the consort cries: "What need you to change? I have silver enough to defray our charges where we are going." Upon this the other throws the money back again into the money box, but with such dexterity that he has one of the pieces, whether shilling or half crown, sticking in the palm of his hand, which he carries clean off, without any suspicion of fraud. Again, he was very expert at the "whalebone lay," which is having a thin piece of whalebone daubed at the end with bird lime, and going into a shop with a pretence to buy something, make the shopkeeper, by wanting this and that thing, turn his back often; and then take the opportunity of putting the whalebone, so daubed with bird lime, into the till of the counter, which brings up any single piece of money that sticks to it. After which, to give no mistrust, they buy some small matter, and pay the man with a pig of his own sow.

Hall also went with some of his wicked associates upon the "running smobble," which is this: one of them goes into a shop and, pretending to be drunk, after some troublesome behaviour puts out the candles, and taking away what ever
comes first to hand he runs off, whilst another flings handfuls of dirt and nastiness into the mouth and face of the person that cries out "Stop thief!" thus putting him or her into a sudden surprise, and giving them an opportunity of going off without apprehending.

Jack Hall, Stephen Bunce and Dick Low, going upon an enterprise at Hackney about twelve of the clock at night, by the help of their betties and short crows made a forcible entry into the house of one Clare, a baker, whose journeyman, tied neck and heels, they threw into the kneading trough, and the apprentice with him. Jack Hall stood sentry over them with a great old rusty back sword, which he found in the kitchen, and swore with a great grace that both their heads went off as round as a hoop if they offered to stir or budge. In the meantime Dick Low and Stephen Bunce went up to Mr Clare's room; whom they found in bed with his wife, and tied and gagged the old folks, without any consideration of their age, which had left them but few teeth to barricade their gums from the injury they might receive from those ugly instruments that stretched their mouths asunder.

Finding not so much as they expected, they ungagged the old man again, to bring to a confession where he hoarded his money; but extorting nothing out of him, Jack Hall being then come up to them, for fear they should sink upon him, which is a usual thing among thieves, to cheat one another took up in his arms the old man's granddaughter, about six years old, lying in a trundle bed by him, and said: "D —n me, if I won't bake the child presently in a pie, and eat it, if the old rogue will not be civil." These scaring words made Mr Clare beg heartily that they should not hurt the child and he would discover what he had; so fetching, by his order, a little iron bound chest from under the bed, and unlocking it, they took what was in it, which was about eighty pounds; then obscuring their dark lanterns they bid the baker good night, and commanded him to return them thanks that they spared his ears, which is against the law for any of their occupation to wear.

An end came to Hall's wicked crimes in the year 1707, when he deservedly suffered death at Tyburn, with his companions Low and Bunce.
DICK LOW

Who started thieving at the Age of Eleven. Executed at Tyburn in 1707, when twenty-five years old

DICK LOW was an expert thief at the age when others usually begin. One time, when he was about eleven or twelve years old, creeping privately one evening behind a goldsmith's counter in Cheapside, the goldsmith comes from a back room and goes behind the counter, insomuch that Dick Low had no opportunity of going out invisible; whereupon he cries: "Whoop, whoop!" At this the goldsmith cried: "Hey, hey, is this a place to play at Whooper's hide? Get you gone, you young rogue, and play in the streets." But Dick, yet lying still, cried again: "Whoop, whoop!" —which made the goldsmith in a great passion cry: "Get you gone, sirrah, or I'll whoop you with a good cane, if you want to play here." Whereupon Dick went away with a bag of fifty pounds, which the goldsmith missed next day.

But as he grew up in years his stature made him past those exercises which they call the morning, noon or night sneak, which is privately sneaking into houses at any of those times and carrying off what next comes to hand; for all is fish that comes to net with them, who are termed Saint Peter's children, as having every finger a fish-hook. He went also upon other lays, such as "taking lobs from behind rattlers" — that is to say, trunks or boxes from behind coaches; and upon the "mill," which is breaking open houses in the night, for which purpose they have their tinder-boxes, matches, flints, steels, dark lanterns, bags, cords, betties and chisels to wrench. This was then the manner; but at present they have a new way of using a large turning gimlet, or auger, boring holes with which through a wooden window they presently, with a knife, cut out a hole big enough to put in their hand to unbolt it, whereby an honest man is soon undone by these sly rascals, who call themselves "prigs," which, in their canting language, denotes a thief.

After being a soldier for a short time Dick came home again, and there being one Mr Pemmell, an apothecary, living in Drury Lane, it was his misfortune to have a wife who kept company with one Davis, a glazier; but bad circumstances obliging him to fly for sanctuary to Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, his madonna was in great want of another gallant. However, she being naturally prone to liberality, and always extravagantly rewarding kindnesses of this nature, it was not long ere a particular acquaintance of hers undertook to supply her with a new lover, which was Dick. As soon as he was introduced into the company of the apothecary's wife she took a huge fancy to him, for he behaved himself so pleasantly, and his caresses were so agreeable, that his mistress esteemed herself the happiest woman in the world in the enjoyment of a person so facetious, and accomplished with all the mysteries of love. Whenever he came to her house, which was always when her husband was from home, she entertained him with such an unreserved freeness that she concealed nothing from her spark that might please either his fancy or curiosity. But one day, opening a chest of drawers, Dick espied a couple of bags of money, at which his mouth instantly watered; and although his mistress told him that as long as one penny was in them his pockets should never be unfurnished, yet he wanted to be master of them presently — and indeed it was not long before he had them at his command, for business requiring the apothecary in the country for about a week, Dick then lay in his
house at rack and manger; and having two other rogues like himself at a great supper prepared for them there, they began about twelve of the clock at night to declare their intention with sword and pistol, saying that whoever presumed to speak but one word suffered present death. To work they now went, gagging and tying first the procurer. In the meantime the apothecary's wife, seeing how her friend was served, fell on her knees and heartily beseeched them not to use her so. Quoth Dick: "No, no, madam; we'll only tie your hands, lest you should ungag that serious, and now silent, bawd there." After she was secured they went down into the kitchen and gagged and tied the maid and apprentice; then, rifling the house, they carried away two hundred and fifty pounds, and some plate to a considerable value. But Dick, thinking it unmannerly to go away without saying anything, went to his late beloved mistress, and giving her a Judas kiss, quoth he: "Dear madam, farewell; and when I am gone, say I've done more than ever your husband did, for I've bound you to be constant now."

Dick also industriously applied himself to picking of pockets; and one day he and two others of that profession, having been eight or nine miles in the country, where they were so extravagant as to spend all their money, as they were coming into Hammersmith bethought themselves on the following stratagem to get more before they entered London. Two of them acted the parts of drunken men in the town, reeling, tumbling and abusing several people, who, believing them to be really drunk, let them pass on without much interruption. Hereupon their sober companion, Dick Low, seeing nobody would take them up, resolved to do it himself; so, meeting them as if by chance, they gave him the jostle; which not taking so patiently as the others had done, he not only had high words with them, but from words they fell to blows. At last, two being against one, it was thought unequal, and they having been abusive to others a great company was assembled, and among them the constable, who, seizing all three, carried them before a justice, who hearing the matter, and finding by the testimony of the people who went with them that only the two who were drunk were wholly to blame, ordered them to be set in the stocks for two hours, and discharged Dick Low.

This order was obeyed, and the delinquents were presently put into the stocks, where they behaved themselves so pleasantly in foolish discourse that a great number of people hovered about them. In the meantime Dick was not idle, for he had made such havoc among their pockets that in the two hours' time they were in the stocks he had gained about eight pounds by the frolic; then coming to London they fell into hard drinking, like so many drunken Germans, but in the midst of their cups they had the civility, every now and then, to drink the health of all them by whom they had fared the better.

This fellow, though he was not above twenty-five years of age when he was hanged at Tyburn, with Jack Hall and Stephen Bunce, in 1707, had reigned long in his villainy; and the fortunate success which he had had in his manifold sins only made him repent that he had not practised them sooner.
High treason is by the law accounted the highest civil crime which can be committed by any member of the community. After various alterations and amendments made and repealed in subsequent reigns, the definition of this offence was settled as it originally stood, by the Act of the 25th of Edward III stat. 5, cap. 2, and may be divided into seven different heads:

1. Compassing, or imagining, the death of the king, queen, or heir apparent.

2. Levying war against the king in his realm.

3. Adhering to the king's enemies, and giving them aid, in the realm, or elsewhere. [It has been thought necessary by the legislature to explain and enlarge these clauses of the Act 25 Edward III as not extending, with sufficient explicitness, to modern treasonable attempts. It is therefore provided by the Act 36 George III cap. 7, 'That if any person (during the life of his present Majesty, and until the end of the session of Parliament next after a demise of the crown) shall within the realm, or without, compass, imagine, invent, devise, or intend, death or destruction, or any bodily harm, tending to death or destruction, maim or wounding, imprisonment or restraint of the person of the king, his heirs and successors, or to deprive or depose him or them, from his style, honour, or kingly name, or to levy war against the king within this realm, in order by force to compel him to change his measures, or in order to put any force or constraint upon, or to intimidate or overawe, both houses, or either house, of Parliament: or to incite any foreigner to invade the dominions of the crown: and such compassings, etc., shall express, utter, or declare, by publishing and printing or writing, or by any other overt act or deed,' — the offender shall be deemed a traitor, and punished accordingly.]

4. Slaying the king's chancellor or judge in the execution of their offices.

5. Violating the queen, the eldest daughter of the king, or the wife of the heir apparent, or eldest son.

6. Counterfeiting the king's great seal, or privy seal.

7. Counterfeiting the king's money, or bringing false money into the kingdom.

This detail shows how much the dignity and security of the king's person is confounded with that of his officers, and even with his effigies impressed on his coin. To assassinate the servant, or to counterfeit the type, is held as criminal as to destroy the sovereign.

This indiscriminate blending of crimes, so different and disproportionate in their nature, under one common head, is certainly liable to great objections, seeing that the judgment in this offence is so extremely severe and terrible, viz. 'That the offender be drawn to the gallows on the ground or pavement; that he be hanged by the neck, and then cut down alive; that his entrails be taken out and burnt, while yet alive;
that his head be cut off; that his body be divided into four parts; and that his head and quarters be at the king's disposal.'

William Gregg was born at Montrose, in Scotland, and having received the common instructions in the grammar-school of that own, finished his education in the university of Aberdeen, and was intended by his friends for the study of divinity; but his inclination leading him to seek for advancement in the state, he came to London, and soon afterwards went abroad as secretary to the ambassador to the court of Sweden.

Gregg, during his residence abroad, debauched a Swedish lady, and was guilty of some other irregularities; in consequence of which the ambassador dismissed him from his service, and he was glad to embark for London in the first ship that sailed.

As soon as he arrived in London, he was engaged by Mr Secretary Harley, to write dispatches; and letters of great importance were left unsealed, and perused by Gregg. As the account of this malefactor, which was given by the ordinary of Newgate, is very superficial and unsatisfactory, we shall give the following extracts respecting him, from Bishop Burnett's history:

At this time two discoveries were made very unlucky for Mr Harley: Tallard wrote often to Chamillard, but he sent the letters open to the secretary's office, to be perused and sealed up, and so be conveyed by the way of Holland. These were opened upon some suspicion in Holland, and it appeared, that one in the secretary's office put letters in them, in which, as he offered his service to the courts of France and St Germain's, so he gave an account of all transactions here. In one of these he sent a copy of the letter that the queen was to write in her own hand to the emperor; and he marked what parts were drawn by the secretary, and what additions were made to it by the lord treasurer. This was the letter by which the queen pressed the sending prince Eugene into Spain; and this, if not intercepted, would have been at Versailles many days before it could reach Vienna.

He who sent this wrote, that by this they might see what service he could do them, if well encouraged. All this was sent over to the duke of Marlborough; and upon search it was found to have been written by Gregg, whom Harley had not only entertained, but taken into a particular confidence, without inquiring into the former parts of his life; for he was a vicious and a necessitous person, who had been secretary to the queen's envoy in Denmark, but was dismissed by him for his ill qualities. Harley had made use of him to get him intelligence, and he came to trust him with the perusal and sealing up of the letters, which the French prisoners, here in England, sent over to France, and by that means he got into the method of sending intelligence thither. He, when seized on, either upon remorse or hopes of pardon, confessed all, and signed his confession; upon that he was tried, and, pleading guilty, was condemned as a traitor, for corresponding with the queen's enemies.

At the same time Valiere and Bara, whom Harley had employed as his spies to go often over to Calais, under the pretence of bringing him intelligence, were informed against, as spies employed by France to get intelligence from England, who carried over many letters to Calais and Boulogne, and, as was believed, gave such information of our trade and convoys, that by their means we had made our great losses at sea. They were often complained of upon suspicion, but they were always
protected by Harley; yet the presumptions against them were so violent, that they were at last seized on, and brought up prisoners.

The Whigs took such advantage of this circumstance, that Mr Harley was obliged to resign, and his enemies were inclined to carry matters still further, and were resolved, if possible, to find out evidence enough to affect his life. With this view, the House Lords ordered a committee to examine Gregg, and the other prisoners, who were very assiduous in the discharge of their commission, as will appear by the following account written by same author:

The lords who were appointed to examine Gregg, could not find out much by him: he had but newly begun his designs of betraying secrets, and he had no associates with him in it. He told them, that all the papers of state lay so carelessly about the office, that every one belonging to it, even the door-keepers might have read them all. Harley's custom was to come to the office late on post-nights, and after he had given his orders, and written his letters, he usually went away, and left all to be copied out when he was gone. By that means he came to see every thing, in particular the queen's letter to the emperor. He said, he knew the design on Toulon in May last, but he did not discover it; for he had not entered on his ill practices till October. This was all he could say.

By the examination of Valiere and Bara, and of many others who lived about Dover, and were employed by them, a discovery was made of a constant intercourse they were in with Calais, under Harley's protection. They often went over with boats full of wool, and brought back brandy, though both the import and export were severely prohibited. They, and those who belonged to the boats carried over by them, were well treated on the French side at the governor's house or at the commissary's: they were kept there till their letters were sent to Paris, and till returns could be brought back, and were all the while upon free cost. The order that was constantly given them was, that if an English or Dutch vessel came up with them, they should cast their letters into the sea, but that they should not do it when French ships came up with them: so they were looked on by all on that coast as the spies of France. They used to get what information they could, both of merchant-ships, and of the ships of war that lay in the Downs, and upon that they usually went over; and it happened that soon after some of those ships were taken. These men, as they were papists, so they behaved themselves insolently, and boasted much of their power and credit.

Complaints had been often made of them, but they were always protected; nor did it appear that they ever brought any information of importance to Harley but once, when, according to what they swore, they told him that Fourbin was gone from Dunkirk, to lie in wait for the Russian fleet; which proved to be true; he both went to watch for them, and he took a great part of the fleet. Yet though this was the single piece of intelligence that they ever brought, Harley took so little notice of it, that he gave no advertisement to the admiralty concerning it. This particular excepted they only brought over common news, and the Paris gazetteer. These examinations lasted for some weeks. When they were ended, a full report was made of them to the house of lords, and they ordered the whole report, with all the examinations, to be laid before the queen.
Gregg was convicted on the statute of Edward III, which declares it high treason 'to adhere to the king's enemies, or to give them aid either within or without the realm.'

Immediately after his conviction, both houses of Parliament petitioned the queen that he might be executed; and he accordingly hanged at Tyburn, with Morgridge, on the 28th April, 1708.

Gregg, at the place of execution, delivered a paper to the sheriff of London and Middlesex, in which he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, declared his sincere repentance of all his sins, particularly that lately committed against the queen, whose forgiveness he devoutly implored.

He likewise expressed his wish to make all possible reparation for the injuries he had done; begged pardon in a particular manner of Mr Secretary Harley, and testified the perfect innocence of that gentleman, declaring that he was no way privy, directly or indirectly, to his writing to France. He professed that he died an unworthy member of the Protestant church, and that the want of money to supply his extravagances had tempted him to commit the fatal crime which cost him his life.
JOHN MORGRIDGE

_Murderer, executed at Tyburn, on the 28th of April, 1708._

We now present a dreadful instance of the effect of intoxication. This unfortunate man, who, through the indulgence in this vice, met an untimely fate, was a native of Canterbury, whose ancestors had served the crown for upwards of two hundred years. He had been kettle-drummer to the first troop of horse-guards for a considerable time, and would have been promoted, had it not been for the following unfortunate quarrel. A Mr. Cope having obtained the rank of lieutenant in the army, invited several officers to dine with him at the Dolphin tavern, in Tower-street; and one of the parties invited Morgridge likewise to go, assuring him that he would be made welcome on the part of Mr. Cope. When dinner was over, Cope paid the reckoning, and then each man depositing half-a-crown, Morgridge and others adjourned to the guard room, to which place more liquor was sent. They had not been long there before a woman of the town came in a coach, and asked for Captain Cope. Being introduced to the guard-room, she remained a short time, and then said, "Who will pay for my coach?" Morgridge said, "I will;" having done so, he advanced to salute her; but she pushed him from her in a disdainful manner, and spoke to him in very abusive terms which induced him to treat her with the same kind of language. Morgridge's rudeness was resented by Cope, who took the woman's part, and a violent quarrel ensued between Cope and Morgridge, both of whom were intoxicated. This contest in creased to such a degree, that they threw the bottles at each other; till at length, Morgridge, inflamed with passion, drew his sword, and stabbed Cope, who instantly expired. Morgridge, in the interim, made his escape from the Marshalsea prison, and went into Flanders, where he remained about two years: but being uneasy to revisit his native country, he imprudently came back to England, and being apprehended, received sentence of death, and suffered, along with William Gregg, at Tyburn, on the 28th of April, 1708. When convicted he was truly sensible of the crime of which he had been guilty, acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and submitted to his fate with becoming resignation.
JACK OVET

An amorous Highwayman, who was executed at Leicester in May, 1708

JACK OVET, a shoemaker by trade, was born at Nottingham, where his abode was for four or five years after he had served his apprenticeship. But being always of a daring, audacious disposition, his unruly temper induced him to keep very lewd and quarrelsome company, and depending on his manhood, it inspired him with an inclination of laying aside his mechanical employment to translate himself into a gentleman, by maintaining that quality on the highway.

Immediately equipping himself, as a highwayman ought, with a good horse, hanger and pistols, he rode towards London; and on the road had the good success of robbing a gentleman of twenty pounds, who, being one of great courage, told Ovet that if he had not come upon him unawares, and surprised him at a disadvantage, he should have given him some trouble before he would have parted with his money. Quoth Ovet: "Sir, I have ventured my life once already in committing this robbery; however, if you have the vanity to think yourself a better man than me, I'll venture once more. Here's your money again; let it be betwixt us, and whoever of us is the best man let him win it and wear it." The gentleman very willingly accepted the proposal, and making use of their swords on foot, Jack Ovet had the fortune to kill his antagonist on the spot.

Not long after he killed another man in a quarrel at Leicester; but flying from justice he still cheated the hangman of his due, and without any dread pursued his unlawful courses to the highest pitch of villainy. One day, in particular, meeting the pack-horses of one Mr Rogers, who went from Leominster, in Herefordshire, to London, and being in great want of money, he turned one of them out of the main road into a narrow lane, where, cutting open the pack, he found therein about two hundred and eighty guineas in gold, besides three dozen of silver-hafted knives and forks and spoons, which he carried off. The other pack-horses had gone about two miles before Mr Rogers missed this; and then making a strict search after it, he found it tied to a tree, and the pack thrown off its back and rifled of what was most valuable.

Another time Jack Ovet, meeting with the Worcester stage-coach on the road, in which were several young gentlewomen, robbed them all; but one of them being a very handsome person, he entertained such a passion for her exquisite charms that when he took her money from her he said: "Madam, cast not your eyes down, neither cover your face with those modest blushes; your charms have softened my temper, and I am no more the man I was. What I have taken from you (through mere necessity at present) is only borrowed; for as no object on earth ever had such an effect on me as you, assure yourself that if you please to tell me where I may direct to you, I'll upon honour make good your loss to the very utmost." The young gentlewoman told him where he might send to her, and they parted. It was not above a week after that before Jack sent the following letter to the aforesaid gentlewoman, who had gained such an absolute conquest over his soul that his mind ran now as much upon love as robbing:-

MADAM,-These few lines are to acquaint you that though I lately had the cruelty to rob you of twenty guineas, yet you committed a greater robbery at the same time in robbing me of my heart; on which you may behold yourself enthroned, and all my
faculties paying their homage to your unparalleled beauty. Therefore be pleased to propose but the method how I may win your belief, and were the way to it as deep as from hence to the centre, I will search it out. For by all my hopes, by all those rites that crown a happy union, by the rosy tincture of your checks, and by your all-subduing eyes, I prize you above all the world. Oh, then, my fair Venus, can you be afraid of Love? His brow is smooth, and his face beset with banks full of delight; about his neck hangs a chain of golden smiles. Let us taste the pleasures which Cupid commands, and for that unmerited favour I shall become another man, to make you happy. So requesting the small boon of a favourable answer to be sent me to Mr Walker's, who keeps an ale-house at the sign of the Bell in Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, give me leave to subscribe myself your most humble servant to command for ever,

JOHN BURTON.

THE GENTLEWOMAN'S ANSWER

SIR,-Yours I received with as great dissatisfaction as when you robbed me, and admire at your impudence of offering me yourself for a husband, when I am sensible 'twould not be long ere you made me a hempen widow. Perhaps some foolish girl or another may be so bewitched as to go in white to beg the favour of marrying you under the gallows; but indeed I should venture neither there nor in a church to marry one of your profession, whose vows are treacherous, and whose smiles, words and actions, like small rivulets through a thousand turnings of loose passions, at last arrive to the dead sea of sin. Should you therefore dissolve your eyes into tears, was every accent a sigh in your speech, had you all the spells and magic charms of love, I should seal up my ears that I might not hear your dissimulation. You have already broken your word in not sending what you villainously took from me; but not valuing that, let me tell you, for fear you should have too great a conceit of yourself, that you are the first, to my remembrance, whom I ever hated; and sealing my hatred with the hopes of quickly reading your dying speech, in case you die in London, I presume to subscribe myself yours never to command,

D. C.

This was the end of Jack Ovet's warm amour, and he was soon after as unsuccessful in his villainy as he was here in love; for committing a robbery in Leicestershire, where his comrade was killed in the attempt, he was closely pursued by the country, apprehended, and sent to jail. At last, the assizes being held at Leicester, he was condemned. Whilst he was under sentence of death he seemed to have no remorse at all for his wickedness, nor in the least to repent of the blood of two persons which he had shed; so being brought to the gallows, on Wednesday, the 5th of May, 1708, he was justly hanged in the thirty-second year of his age.
ANNE HARRIS

Although only Twenty when she was executed at Tyburn, on 13th of July, 1708, she was a notorious Shoplifter, and her two Husbands had already suffered the Death Penalty

ANNE HARRIS, alias Sarah Davies, alias Thorn, alias Gothorn, was born of honest but poor parents, in the parish of St Giles without Cripplegate; but being debauched by one James Wadsworth, she soon abandoned all manner of goodness. This Wadsworth was otherwise called "Jemmy the Mouth" among his companions. He was hanged for felony and burglary at Tyburn, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, on Friday, the 24th of September, 1702. She next lived with one William Pulman, otherwise called Norwich Will, from the place of his birth, who also made his exit at Hyde Park Corner, on Friday, the 9th of March, 1704-1705, aged twenty-six years, for robbing one Mr Joseph Edwards on the highway of a pair of leather bags, a shirt, two neck-cloths, two pocket-books, twenty-five guineas, a half broad-piece of gold, and four pounds in silver. Now Nan, being twice left a hempen widow in less than three years, had learned in that time to be as vicious as the very worst of her sex, and was so absolutely enslaved to all manner of wickedness through custom and opportunity that good admonitions could work no good effects upon her. Her inclination was entirely averse to honesty. Bidding adieu to everything that looked like virtue, she drove a great trade among goldsmiths, to whose shops she often went to buy gold rings, but she only cheapened till she had the opportunity of stealing one or two; which she did by means of a little ale held in a spoon over the fire till it congealed thick like a syrup, for by rubbing some of this on the palm of her hand, any light thing would stick to it, without the least suspicion at all. She was as well known among the mercers, lacemen and linen-drapers on Ludgate Hill, Cheapside or Fleet Street as that notorious shoplifter, Isabel Thomas, who was condemned for the same crimes. But at last she was apprehended for her pranks, and being so often burned in the face that there was no more room left for the hangman to stigmatise her, the Court thought fit to condemn her for privately stealing a piece of printed calico out of the shop of one Mr John Andrews; and she was hanged, in the twentieth year of her age, at Tyburn, on Friday, 13th of July, 1708.
MADAM CHURCHILL

Who with three Men committed a Murder, and was executed at Tyburn on 17th of December, 1708

In this case we shall disclose one of the most consummate tricks ever played by woman, to defraud her creditors; and a more effectual method cannot be resorted to. It is a satisfaction, however, that during the perusal of the fate of Deborah Churchill, we know that Fleet marriages have long been de dared illegal; and therefore the artifice cannot now be so easily accomplished. Formerly, within the liberties of the Fleet, the clergy could perform the marriage rites, with as little ceremony as at Gretna Green, where, to the disgrace of the British empire, an ignorant blacksmith, or a fellow, equally mean and unfit, assumes this sacred duty of the church.

Though this woman's sins were great, (yet we must admit some hardship in her suffering the utmost rigour of the law for the crime, of which she was found guilty,) but which, at the same time, is, in the eye of the law, great as in the immediate perpetrator of a murder. Here we deem it well to observe, that any person present while murder is committing, and though he may take no part in the commission of the crime, yet unless he does his utmost to prevent, he is considered guilty, equal with him who might have given the fatal blow.

Deborah Churchill was born about the year 1678, in a village near Norwich. She had several children by her husband, Mr. Churchill; but her temper not being calculated to afford him domestic happiness, he repined at his situation, and destroyed himself by intoxication.

Deborah, after this event, came to London; and being much too idle and too proud to think of earning a subsistence by her industry, she ran considerably in debt; and, in order to extricate herself from her incumbrances, bad recourse to a method which was formerly as common as it is unjust. Going to a public-house in Holborn, she saw a soldier, and asked him if he would marry her. The man immediately answered in the affirmative, on which they went in a coach to the Fleet, where the nuptial knot was instantly tied.

Mrs. Churchill, whose maiden-name is unknown, having obtained a certificate of her marriage, enticed her husband to drink till he was quite inebriated, and then gave him the slip, happy in this contrivance to screen herself from an arrest.

A little after this, she cohabited with a young fellow named Hunt, with whom she lived more than six years. Hunt appears to have been a youth of a rakish disposition. He behaved very ill to this unhappy woman, who, however, loved him to distraction; and, at length, forfeited her life in consequence of the regard she had for him.

One night as Mr. Hunt and one of his associates were returning from the Theatre, in company with Mrs. Churchill, a quarrel arose between the men, who immediately drew theft swords; while Mrs. Churchill, anxious for the safety of Hunt,
interposed, and kept his antagonist at a distance; in consequence of which, being off his guard, he received a wound, of which he died almost immediately.

No sooner was the murder committed, than Hunt effected his escape, and, eluding his pursuers, arrived safely in Holland; but Mrs. Churchill was apprehended on the spot, and being taken before a magistrate, was committed to Newgate.

June 1708, at the sessions held at the Old Bailey, Mrs. Churchill was indicted as an accomplice on the act of the first year of king James the First, called the statute of stabbing, by which it is enacted, that "If any one stabs another, who hath not at that time a weapon drawn, or hath not first struck the party who stabs, is deemed guilty of murder, if the person stabbed dies within six months afterwards."

Mrs. Churchill, being convicted, pleaded a state of pregnancy, in bar to her execution; and a jury of matrons being impannelled, declared that they were ignorant whether she was with child or not. Hereupon the court, willing to allow all reasonable time in a case of this nature, respited judgment for six months; at the end of which time she received sentence of death, as there was no appearance of her being pregnant.

This woman's behaviour was extremely penitent; but she denied her guilt to the last moment of her life, having no conception that she had committed murder, because she did not herself stab the deceased. She suffered at Tyburn, 17th of December 1708.
CAPTAIN EVAN EVANS

Clerk to Sir Edmund Andrews, in Guernsey, and later Highwayman in England. Executed in 1708

THE title of Captain was only assumed by this noted criminal, who was born in South Wales, and his father, who kept an inn at Brecknock, the chief town in Brecknockshire, having given him a good education, put him apprentice to an attorney-at-law; but by his vicious inclinations, together with the opportunity he had of corresponding with some gentlemen of the road (as such rogues affected to call themselves) who frequented his father's house, he soon came to act in the same wicked courses they followed, and in a little time became the most noted highwayman in those parts, having made prodigious booties of the Welsh graziers and others.

The Captain once happening to be under a guard, who were conducting him to Shrewsbury Jail with his legs tied under the belly of the horse, and one of his attendants having an excellent fowling-piece, which was then loaded, the prisoner, espying a pheasant perching upon a tree, with a deep sigh expressed the dexterity he had used formerly in killing such game; so humbly requesting the gun, that he might shoot at so fine a mark, the ignorant fellow readily complied with his request. But no sooner had the Captain got the piece into his hands than he charged upon his guard, and swore a whole volley of oaths that he would fire upon them if they stirred one step farther. Then, retreating from them on his little pony to a convenient distance, he commanded one of them that was best mounted to come near him and alight; which being done, and the bridle of the horse hung on a hedge, the poor fellow was obliged to throw him his pistols, and then was admitted to approach nearer the Captain, who, presenting one of them at his head, obliged him to loose his legs and retire to his companions. This being also done, he soon left his little scrub, mounted the fine gelding, and rode off.

The Captain then coming to London, the country being too hot to hold him, upon his handsome behaviour and carriage, which was somewhat extraordinary, as likewise his person, he got to be clerk to Sir Edmund Andrews, then Governor of Guernsey, and continued there in that capacity for three or four years; but money not coming in fast enough in that honest employment to support his wicked inclinations, he soon left that service, returned to London, and took a lodging at the Three Neats' Tongues, in Nicholas Lane, where he passed for a Guernsey merchant, or captain of a ship, and took his younger brother, William Evans, as a servant to wait on him, giving him a livery, under the colour of which he committed several notorious robberies on the highways about London.

One of his boldest and most daring robberies was committed on Squire Harvey, of Essex, between Mile End and Bow, in the daytime, from whom he took a diamond ring, and money to a considerable value, as he was riding home in his coach from the Cathedral Church of St Paul's, the late Queen Anne having that day honoured the city with her Royal presence.

Some time after that, meeting not far from Hampstead with one Gambol, a writing-master, living in Exeter Street, behind Exeter Exchange, in the Strand,
walking with his wife, he made bold to command them to deliver what money they
had, which they very obstinately refusing, the Captain violently took what money he
found in their pockets, which was about thirty or forty shillings, and for their
presumption of not being obedient to the doctrine of non-resistance obliged them,
upon pain of death, to strip themselves stark naked, and then, tying them close, bound
them to a tree and rode off. But before he left them he had chalked in great letters just
over their heads on the body of the tree that Gambol and his wife were Adamites,
which is a sort of sect which teaches their proselytes, both men and women, to pray in
their meetings, and perform other divine services, stark naked; which posture they call
the state of innocency, and the places they assemble in Paradise.

One remarkable robbery he committed with his brother was this. As he was
travelling along Portsmouth Road, in Surrey, meeting a parcel of headboroughs, or
constables, conducting about thirty poor fellows they had pressed to Portsmouth
garrison, Captain Evans asked the reason of their being led so, as captives tied with
cords. The officers told him they were for the service, and that they had ten shillings
for each man they had so impressed. He highly commended them for performing their
duty and rode off. But coming up with them again in a more convenient place, he and
his brother attacked them with so much fury that, setting all the prisoners at liberty,
they robbed all the headboroughs of every penny they had, and then, binding them
hand and foot in a field, they made the best of their way off.

Having intelligence of the Chester coach's coming with passengers to London,
Captain Evans sent his brother William the night before to lie at Barnet, and to be in
Baldock Lane at a certain time next morning. But the poor lad happening to light on a
Scots cheesemonger who was travelling to Edinburgh, and he pretending to be going
some part of the way on his master's occasions, they must needs lie together, and
proceed on their journey next day. When they had got into Baldock Lane, a pistol, to
the great surprise of the Scotsman, was fired over Will's head by the Captain, that
being the signal proposed; they then soon commanded the Scotsman to lie by, and in
sight robbed all the coaches. Then in thunderclaps of oaths the Captain, riding up to
the Scotsman, robbed him of seven guineas and two watches; but by Will's
intercession, who had lain with him all night, returned him his best watch, and three
guineas to bear his charges into his own country; for which generous action the same
Scotsman hanged them both at the assizes held at Hertford in 1708, the Captain aged
twenty-nine years, and his brother Will twenty-three.
THIS great villain, Richard Hughes, was the son of a very good yeoman living at Bettws, in Denbighshire, in North Wales, where he was born, and followed husbandry, but would now and then be pilfering in his very minority, as he found opportunity. When he first came up to London, on his way money being short, necessity compelled him to steal a pair of tongs at Pershore in Worcestershire, for which he was sent to Worcester Jail; and at the assizes held there, the matter of fact being plainly proved against him, the judge directed the jury to bring him in guilty only of petty larceny; and accordingly, giving in their verdict guilty to the value of tenpence, he came off with crying carrots and turnips, a term which rogues use for whipping at the cart's tail.

After this introduction to further villainy, Dick Hughes, coming up to London, soon became acquainted with the most celebrated villains in this famous metropolis, especially with one Thomas Lawson, alias Browning, a tripe man, who was hanged at Tyburn on Tuesday, the 27th of May, 1712, for felony and burglary, in robbing the house of one Mr Hunt, at Hackney. In a very short time he became noted for his several robberies; but at last, breaking open a victualling-house at Lambeth, and taking from thence only the value of three shillings, because he could find no more, he was tried and condemned for that fact at the assizes held at Kingston-upon-Thames; but was then reprieved, and afterwards pleaded his pardon at the same place. Now being again at liberty, instead of becoming a new man he became rather worse than before, breaking open and robbing several houses, at Tottenham Cross, Harrow-on-the-Hill, a gentlewoman's house at Hackney, a gentleman's at Hammersmith, a minister's near Kingston- upon-Thames, a tobacconist's house in Red Cross Street, and a house on Hounslow Heath.

Burglaries being the masterpiece of Dick Hughes's villainy, he went chiefly on them; till at last, breaking open and robbing the house of one Mr George Clark, at Twickenham, he was apprehended for this fact, and committed to Newgate.

Whilst he lay under condemnation, his wife, to whom he had been married in the Fleet Prison, constantly visited him at chapel. She was a very honest woman, and had such an extraordinary kindness for her husband under his great afflictions that when he went to be hanged at Tyburn, on Friday, the 24th of June, 1709, she met him at St Giles's Pound, where, the cart stopping, she stepped up to him, and whispering in his ear, said: "My dear, who must find the rope that's to hang you - me or the sheriff?"
Her husband replied: "The sheriff, honey; for who's obliged to find him tools to do his work?" "Ah!" replied his wife, "I wish I had known so much before; it would have saved me twopence, for I have been and bought one already." "Well, well," said Dick again, "perhaps it mayn't be lost, for it may serve a second husband." "Yes," quoth his wife, "if I have any luck in good husbands, so it may." Then, the cart driving on to Hyde Park Corner, this notorious villain ended his days there, in the thirtieth year of his age; and was after anatomised at Surgeons' Hall, in London.
CHRISTOPHER SLAUGHTERFORD
Executed at Guildford, July 9, 1709, for the murder of Jane Young

This is a very singular case, and will excite different opinions respecting this unhappy man's commission of the deed for which he was executed.

He was the son of a miller at Westbury-Green, in Surrey, who apprenticed him at Godalming. When his time was expired, he lived in several situations, and afterwards took a malt-house at Shalford, when his aunt became his housekeeper, and he acquired a moderate sum of money by his industry.

He now paid his addresses to Jane Young, and it was generally supposed he intended to marry her. The last time he was seen in her company was on the evening of the 5th of October, 1703; from which day she was not heard of for a considerable time, on which suspicions arose that Slaughterford had murdered her.

About a month afterwards, the body of the unfortunate girl was found in a pond, with several marks of violence on it; and the public suspicion being still fixed on Slaughterford, he voluntarily surrendered himself to two justices of the peace, who directed that he should be discharged; but as he was still accused by his neighbours, he went to a third magistrate, who, agreeable to his own solicitations, committed him to the Marshalsea Prison; and he was tried at the next assizes at Kingston, and acquitted.

The majority of his neighbours, however, still insisted that he was guilty, and prevailed on the relations of the deceased to bring an appeal for a new trial; towards the expense of which many persons subscribed, as the father of Jane Young was in indigent circumstances.

During the next term, he was tried by a Surrey jury, in the court of Queen's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Holt, the appeal being lodged in the name of Henry Young, brother and heir to the deceased.

The evidence given on this second trial was the same in substance as on the first; yet so different were the sentiments of the two juries, that Slaughterford was now found guilty, and received sentence of death. It may be proper to mention the heads of some of the depositions, that the reader may judge of the propriety of the verdict.

Elizabeth Chapman, the mistress of Jane Young, deposed, that when the young woman left her service, she said she was going to he married to the prisoner, that she had purchased new clothes on the occasion, and declared she was to meet him on the Sunday following. That the deponent sometime afterwards inquired after Jane Young, and, asking if she was married, was informed that she had been seen in the company of Slaughterford, but no one could tell what was become of her since, and that he himself pretended he knew nothing of her, but thought she had been at home with Mrs Chapman; which had induced this witness to believe that some mischief had befallen her.
Other witnesses proved that Jane Young was in company with the prisoner on the night that the murder was committed; and one man swore that, at three in the morning, he met a man and woman on a common, about a quarter of a mile from the place where the body was found; that the man wore light-coloured clothes, as it was proved the prisoner had done the preceding day; and that soon after he passed them he heard a shrieking, like the voice of a woman.

It was sworn by a woman, that, after the deceased was missing, she asked Slaughterford what was become of his lady: to which he replied, 'I have put her off; do you know of any girl that has any money? I have got the way of putting them off now.'

It was deposed by another woman, that, before the discovery of the murder, she said to Mr Slaughterford, 'What if Jane Young should lay such a child to you as mine is here?' at which he sighed, and said, 'It is now impossible;' and cried till the tears ran down his cheeks.

In contradiction to this, the aunt of Mr Slaughterford and a young lad who lived in the house deposed that the prisoner lay at home on the night that the murder was committed.

Slaughterford, from the time of conviction to the very hour of his death, solemnly declared his innocence; and, though visited by several divines, who urged him, by all possible arguments, to confess the fact, yet he still persisted that he was not guilty. He was respited from the Wednesday till Saturday, in which interim he desired to see Mr Woodroof, a minister of Guildford: from which it was thought he would make a confession; but what he said to him tended only to confirm his former declarations.

As soon as the executioner had tied him up, he threw himself off, having previously delivered to the sheriff a paper, containing the following solemn declaration:

GUILDFORD, JULY 9, 1709

Being brought here to die, according to the sentence passed upon me at the Queen's-Bench bar, for a crime of which I am wholly innocent, I thought myself obliged to let the world know, that they may not reflect on my friends and relations, whom I have left behind me much troubled for my fatal end, that I know nothing of the death of Jane Young, nor how she came by her death, directly or indirectly, though some have been pleased to cast reflections on my aunt. However, I freely forgive all my enemies, and pray to God to give them a due sense of their errors, and in his due time to bring the truth to light. In the mean time, I beg every one to forbear reflecting on my dear mother, or any of my relations, for my unjust and unhappy fall, since what I have here set down is truth, and nothing but the truth, as I expect salvation at the hands of Almighty God; but I am heartily sorry that I should be the cause of persuading her to leave her dame, which is all that troubles me. As witness my hand this 9th day of July.

We have already observed, that the case of Slaughterford is very extraordinary. We see that he surrendered himself to the justices when he might have run away; and common sense tells us that a murderer would endeavour to make his escape; and we find him a second time surrendering himself, as if anxious to wipe
away the stain on his character. We find him tried by a jury of his countrymen, and acquitted; then again tried, on an appeal, by another jury of his neighbours, found guilty, condemned, and executed. Here it should be observed, that after conviction on an appeal, which rarely happens, the king has no power to pardon; probably, had Slaughterford been found guilty by the first jury, as his case was dubious, he would have received royal mercy. Some of the depositions against him seem very striking; yet the testimony in his favour is equally clear. There appears nothing in the former part of his life to impeach his character; there is no proof of any animosity between him and the party murdered; and there is an apparent contradiction in part of the evidence against him. He is represented by one female witness as sneering at and highly gratified with the murder; while another proves him extremely affected and shedding tears on the loss of Jane Young. The charitable reader must, therefore, be inclined to think this man was innocent, and that he fell a sacrifice to the prejudices, laudable, perhaps, of his incensed neighbours. He was visited, while under sentence of death, by a number of divines; yet he died with the most sacred averment of his innocence.
GRACE TRIPP
Convicted of Murder on Evidence of the actual Perpetrator of the Crime, and executed at the Age of Nineteen at Tyburn, 27th of March, 1710

GRACE TRIPP was a native of Barton, in Lincolnshire; and after living as a servant at a gentleman's house in the country she came to London, was some time in a reputable family, and then procured a place in the house of Lord Torrington.

During her stay in this last service she became connected with a man named Peters, who persuaded her to be concerned in robbing her master's house, promising to marry her as soon as the fact should be perpetrated. Hereupon it was concerted between them that she should let Peters into the house in the night, and that they should join in stealing and carrying off the plate.

Peters was accordingly admitted at the appointed time, when all of the family, except the housekeeper, were out of town; but this housekeeper, hearing a noise, came into the room just as they had packed up the plate; on which Peters seized her and cut her throat, while Tripp held the candle. This being done, they searched the pockets of the deceased, in which they found about thirty guineas; with which, and the plate, they hastily decamped, leaving the street door open.

The offenders were taken in a few days, when Peters having been admitted as evidence for the Crown, Grace Tripp was convicted, at the age of nineteen years, and executed at Tyburn, on 27th March, 1710.
DANIEL DAMAREE, GEORGE PURCHASE, and FRANCIS WILLIS

*Tried for High-Treason.*

WHEN the Whig ministry of queen Anne were turned out of; or, in the modern phrase, had resigned their places, the Tory ministry who succeeded them encouraged a young divine named Henry Sacheverell to enflame the passions of the public by preaching against the settlement made at the revolution, and inculcating all those doctrines which were then held as the favourite tenets of what was called the high church party. Sacheverell was a man of abilities, and eminently possessed of those kind of talents which are calculated to inspire such sentiments as the preacher wishes his auditors to possess.

It is well known to the public in general that Dr Sacheverell's discourses tended to instigate the people against the house of Hanover, and to insinuate the right of the pretender to the throne of these realms. This caused such a general commotion that it became necessary to bring him to a trial in some way; and contrary to all former practice respecting a man of his rank, he was tried before the house of peers, and being convicted, was silenced for three years.

However, in consequence of his insinuations, the passions of the populace were so excited, that they almost adored him as a prophet; and some of them were led to commit those outrages which gave rise to the following trials.

Messieurs Bradbury and Burgess, two dissenting ministers, having made themselves conspicuous by preaching in behalf of the revolution settlement, and freedom of sentiment in matters of religion, they became the immediate objects of the resentment of the mob. What arose in consequence hereof will appear from the following abstract of the trials of the criminals in question.

On the 19th of April, 1710, Daniel Damaree was indicted for being concerned with a multitude of men, to the number of five hundred, armed with swords and clubs, to levy war against the queen.

A gentleman deposed, that 'going through the Temple, he saw some thousands of people, who had attended Dr Sacheverell from Westminster-Hall: that some of them said they would pull down Dr Burgess's meeting-house that night.' Others differed as to the time of doing it, but all agreed on the act, and the meeting-house was demolished on the following night.

Captain Orril swore that on the first of March, hearing that 'the mob had pulled down Dr Burgess's meeting-house, he resolved to go among them, to do what service he could to government, by making discoveries.'

The captain going to Mr Bradbury's meeting, found the people plundering it, who obliged him to pull off his hat. After this he went to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where he saw a bonfire made of some of the materials of Dr Burgess's meeting-house, and saw the prisoner, who twirled his hat, and said 'D —n it, I will lead you on: G —d d
—n me, we will have all the meeting-houses down; high church and Sacheverell, huzza!

Another evidence proved that the prisoner headed part of the mob, some of whom proposed to go to the meeting-house in Wild-street; but this was objected to by others, who recommended going to Drury-lane, saying 'that meeting-house was worth ten of that in Wild-street'.

Joseph Collier swore that he saw the prisoner carry a brass sconce from Dr Burgess's meeting-house, and throw it into the fire in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, huzzaing, and crying 'High church and Sacheverell.' There was other evidence to prove the concern that the prisoner had in these illegal acts; and several persons appeared in his behalf; but as in their testimony they contradicted each other, the jury could not credit their evidence; but brought in a special verdict.

GEORGE PURCHASE was indicted for levying war against the queen, &c. in the same manner that Damaree had been. On this trial captain Orril deposed, that after seeing Dr Burgess's meeting-house demolished, and a fire made in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with some of the materials thereof; he met a party of the guards, whom he directed to go to Drury-lane, where a bonfire was made of the pews, and other utensils; and that there was a great mob, which was dispersed by the guards: that the prisoner was very active, pushing at the breasts of the horses with a drawn sword: that this evidence asked him what he meant, telling him that in opposing the guard he opposed the queen, and would have persuaded him to put up his sword, and go home; but instead of taking this advice, he replied, 'D —n you, who are you? for High-Church and Sacheverell or no? I am, G —d d —n them all,' meaning the guards, 'for I am as good a man as any of them all': that he then called to the mob 'Come on, come on boys; I'll lead you on, I am for High-Church and Sacheverell, and I'll lose my life in the cause.'

Captain Orril farther deposed, that after this the prisoner ran resolutely with his sword in his hand, and made a full pass at the officer who commanded the guards; and if one of the guards had not given a spring and beat down his sword, he would have run the officer through the left flank: that the prisoner now retired a little lower, and the guards had by this time dispersed the mob, having knocked down forty or fifty of them in the action.

Richard Russell, one of the guards, deposed, that they were ordered by the serjeant to march into Drury-lane, and to return their bayonets and draw their swords; that when they came to Drury-lane, there was a bonfire with a large mob about it; that near the fire the horse were all drawn up into one line, with their tails against the wall, that none of the mob might come behind: that the prisoner then stood in the middle of the lane, huzzaing, and came up, and would have thrust himself between the horses; but the guards beat him off with the flats of their swords.

The prisoner produced some witnesses; but as what they said did not contradict the testimony of the evidences against him, their depositions had no weight. The jury were satisfied with the proofs that had arisen; but having a doubt respecting the points of law, they brought in a special verdict.

At the same time and place Francis Willis was tried for assisting in demolishing the meeting-house of Mr Bradbury in Fetter-lane, and burning the
materials at a bonfire in Holborn; but was acquitted for want of sufficient evidence against him.

The verdicts respecting Damaree and Purchase being left special, their cases were argued in the court of King's Bench in Westminster-Hall, the following term, before the lord chief justice Parker and the other judges; when, though every artifice of the law was made use of in their behalf; they were adjudged to be guilty; in consequence of which they received sentence of death, and were executed at Tyburn, on the 15th of June, 1710.

From the fate of these unhappy men we may learn the extreme folly of the lower orders of people interesting themselves in religious and political disputes. These offenders were watermen to the queen; but their loyalty to their sovereign and a proper regard to themselves, equally called on them to discharge the duties of their station with punctuality, and to leave the management of the church and state to those to whom they immediately belonged.

It is well known that, towards the close of the reign of queen Anne, political disputes were carried to a very unusual height in this kingdom. The body of the people were divided into two great factions, known by the names of High Church and Low Church: but though the church was the word, religion was almost out of the question; and the principal object of dispute was of a political kind. The question was, whether the house of HANOVER, or the family of STUART should sway the sceptre of these kingdoms. But it is astonishing to think that, even at that period, any son of the church of England could be so deluded as to think that a Catholic prince, of an obnoxious family, proscribed by the laws of the land, could be a proper sovereign for a protestant people. The supposition carries absurdity in the face of it; yet such was the violence of the passions of the people, that the pretender had nearly half as many friends in the kingdom as the rightful heir to the throne!

With regard to the malefactors in question, their offence was of the most atrocious nature. Every man has an equal right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. It was therefore in a high degree criminal to demolish the meeting-houses of the dissenting ministers. We should have no more spleen against a man for differing from us in religious sentiments, than for being taller, or shorter, or of a different complexion from ourselves. It was a wise saying of a celebrated writer, that 'I would no more quarrel with a man for his differing in sentiments from me, than I would for the colour of his eye-brows.'

The operations of the mind, being free by nature, ought to be allowed the most unlimited scope. A good protestant will not quarrel with a Roman Catholic for the peculiarities of his worship: he will only pity him for those parts of it which he thinks absurd, and endeavour to regulate his own worship by what he deems a purer standard.

Upon the whole, the fate of these malefactors ought to teach us obedience to our superiors, love to our neighbours, and duty to our God. There can be no peace of mind expected by those who do not live in the discharge of their duty; while those who perform it may reasonably hope for the serene comforts of a good conscience in this world, and console themselves with the hope of immortal happiness in the next.
JACK ADDISON

Committed fifty-six Highway Robberies, and was executed at Tyburn in March, 1711

THIS fellow was born in the parish of Lambeth, and for some time had been in the sea and land service, but for the most part of his life followed the trade of a butcher. He kept company much with ill women, especially one Kate Speed, and for the maintenance of her he went upon the footpad, committing several most notorious robberies of that nature with William Jewel and Peter Cartwright, the latter of whom was hanged at Tyburn, on Wednesday, the 18th of July, 1711.

One time, meeting with a parson between Westbourne Green and Paddington, he took from him five guineas, which putting into his own pocket, quoth Jack: "Tis as safe there as in yours." "That I believe," replied the parson; "but I hope, sir, you'll be so civil as to give me some of it back again." Said Jack then: "Alas, sir, I wonder how a man in your coat can be so unconscionable as to desire anything out of this small matter; but I tell you what, sir; if you can tell me what part of speech your gold is, I'll return it all again" The parson, thinking the money was his own again, told him it was a noun substantive, as anything was to which he could put "a" or "the." "No, no," replied Jack, "you are out now; I perceive you are no good grammarian, for where your gold is at present it is a noun adjective, because it can be neither seen, felt, heard nor understood." So, leaving the parson to ruminate on his mistake, away Jack went about his unlawful business again.

A little while after this, meeting on the road betwixt Hammersmith and Kensington with one Palmer, a victualler, who formerly kept the King's Head ale-house, in King's Head Court, in Drury Lane, he took from him a silver watch and eighteen shillings; and Mr Palmer desiring Jack to give him some small matter to bear his charges up to London, quoth he: "Had you been an honest tradesman, perhaps I might have considered you; but as I know you wear a blue flag, I will not give you a farthing, because all of your profession neither eat, drink nor think but at other men's charges."

Afterwards meeting betwixt Hampstead and Kentish Town with a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and taking from him a gold watch, a silver snuff box and two guineas, quoth he to Jack: "I'd have you take care what you do, for I am a lawyer; and if you should come into my hands I should be very severe upon you." Addison replied: "I value not the severity of all the lawyers in England, who only learn to frame their cases from public riddles and imitating Merlin's prophecies, and so set all the Cross Row together by the ears; yet your whole law is not able to decide Lucian's old controversy betwixt Tau and Sigma. So binding the lawyer hand and foot, he left him to plead his cause by himself.

Not long after this exploit, Jack, meeting a serjeant of the Poultry Compter coming from Islington, commanded him to stand and deliver, or else he would shoot him through the head. The fellow being surprised gave him forty shillings, desiring at the same time that he would be so civil as to return him what he pleased back again. But Jack knowing his rascally function, quoth: "Sirrah, was the tenth part of a farthing
to save your life, nay, your soul, I would not give it, because thou art the spawn of a broken shopkeeper, who takes delight in the ruin of thy fellow-creatures! The misery of a poor man is the offal on which you feed, and money is the crust you leap at; your walks in term time are up Fleet Street, but at the end of the term up Holborn and so to Tyburn, for the gallows is your purlieu, in which you and the hangman are quarter rangers; the one turns off, and the other cuts down." At these words, quoth the serjeant: "And I hope I shall have the happiness of cutting you down too one of these days." "Perhaps so," replied Jack, "but you shall devour a great many more of the sheriff's custards first." So tying him neck and heels, he bound the serjeant to his good behaviour, till some passengers came by to release him.

He had committed fifty-six robberies thus on foot, and at last being apprehended, upon the information of one Will Jewel, a prisoner in the Marshalsea Prison, in Southwark, for robbing his Excellency the Duke d'Aumont, the French Ambassador here, he was committed to Newgate, and tried at Justice Hall, in the Old Bailey, for assaulting and robbing on the queen's highway Mr Matthew Beazly, Mr William Winslow, Mr Disney Stanniford, Mr Robert Sherwood and Mr Joseph Ashton, on the 30th of November and 20th of December, 1710, and the 6th of February, 1711; for which, being cast and condemned, he was hanged at Tyburn, on Friday, the 2nd of March following, aged twenty-three years.