



LONG-SONG SELLER.

(From a Daguerreotype by BEARD.)

"Three yards a penny! Three yards a penny! Beautiful songs!
Newest songs! Popular songs! Three yards a penny!
Songs, songs, songs!"

CURIOSITIES
OF
STREET LITERATURE:

COMPRISING

“COCKS,” OR “CATCHPENNIES,”

A LARGE AND CURIOUS ASSORTMENT OF

STREET-DROLLERIES, SQUIBS, HISTORIES, COMIC TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE,

BROADSIDES ON THE ROYAL FAMILY,

POLITICAL LITANIES, DIALOGUES, CATECHISMS, ACTS OF PARLIAMENT,
STREET POLITICAL PAPERS,

A VARIETY OF “BALLADS ON A SUBJECT,”

DYING SPEECHES AND CONFESSIONS.

TO WHICH IS ATTACHED THE ALL-IMPORTANT AND NECESSARY

AFFECTIONATE COPY OF VERSES,

AS

“Come, all you feeling-hearted Christians, wherever you may be,
Attention give to these few lines, and listen unto me;
It's of this cruel murder, to you I will unfold,
The bare recital of the same will make your blood run cold.”

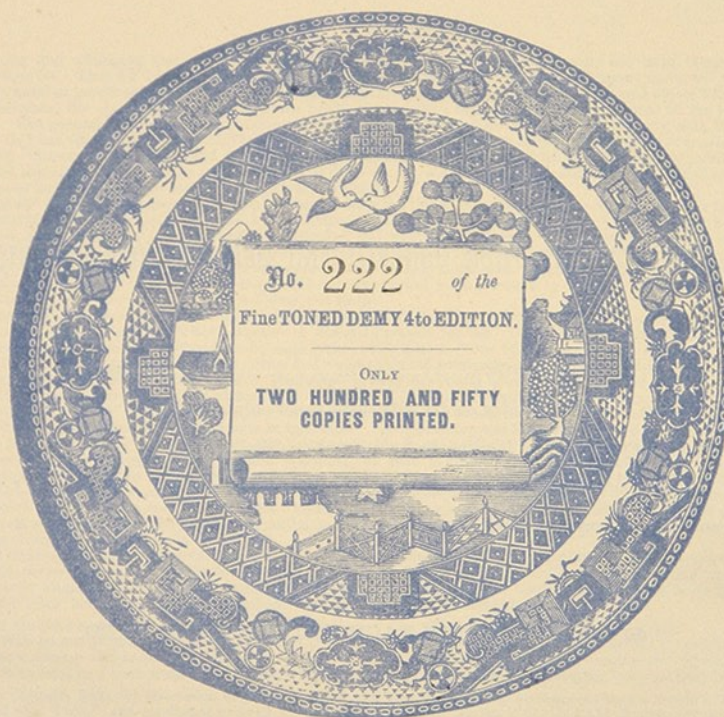
“What hast here? ballads? I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.”—SHAKESPEARE.

“There's nothing beats a stunning good murder, after all.”—EXPERIENCE OF A RUNNING PATTERER.

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND.
1871.

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CURIOSITIES
OF
STREET LITERATURE.



Purchased by _____

Of _____

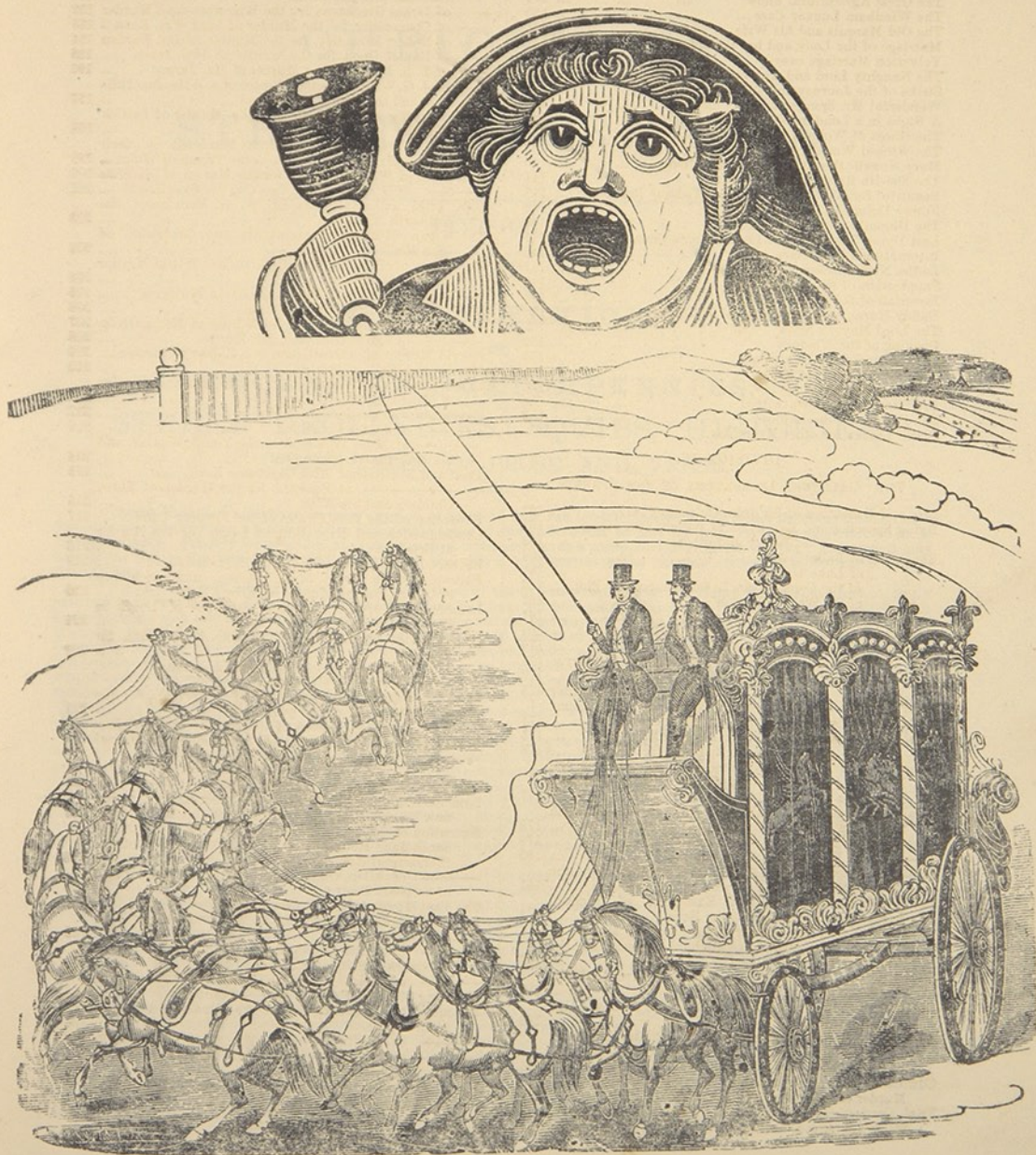
On the _____

day of _____

187 _____

A COLLECTION
OF
"COCKS," OR "CATCHPENNIES."

"The common people are to be caught by the ears as one catches a pot by the handle."



T

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
DREADFUL APPARITION
That appeared last night to Henry — in this street, of Mary —, the shopkeeper's
daughter round the corner, in a shroud, all covered in white.



The castle clock struck one—the night was dark, drear, and tempestuous. — Henry sat in an antique chamber of it, over a wood fire, which, in the stupor of contemplation, he had suffered to decrease into a few lifeless embers; on the table by him lay the portrait of Mary—the features of which were not very perfectly disclosed by a taper, that just glimmered in the socket. He took up the portrait, however, and gazing intently upon it, till the taper, suddenly burning brighter, discovered to him a phenomenon he was not less terrified than surprised at.—The eyes of the portrait moved;—the features from an angelic smile, changed to a look of solemn sadness; a tear stole down each cheek, and the bosom palpitated as with sighing.

Again the clock struck *one*—it had struck the same hour but ten minutes before.—Henry heard the castle gate grate on its hinges—it slammed too—the clock struck one again—and a deadly groan echoed through the castle. Henry was not subject to superstitious fears—neither was he a coward;—yet a hero of romance might have been justified in a case like this,

should he have betrayed fear.—Henry's heart sunk within him—his knees smote together, and upon the chamber door being opened, and his name uttered in a hollow voice, he dropped the portrait to the floor; and sat, as if rivitted to the chair, without daring to lift up his eyes. At length, however, as silence again prevailed, he ventured for a moment to raise his eyes, when—my blood freezes as I relate it—before him stood the figure of Mary in a shroud—her beamless eyes fixed upon him with a vacant stare; and her bared bosom exposing a most deadly gash. "Henry, Henry, Henry!" she repeated in a hollow tone—"Henry! I am come for thee! thou hast often said that death with me was preferable to life without me; come then, and enjoy with me all the ecstasies of love these ghastly features, added to the contemplation of a charnel-house, can inspire;" then, grasping his hand with her icy fingers, he swooned; and instantly found himself stretched on the hearth of his master's kitchen; a romance in his hand, and the house dog by his side, whose cold nose touching his hand, had awaked him.

STRANGE WARNING

TO A

REPROBATE PUBLICAN.

IN Bethnal-Green, and near the school house, there is a public-house known by the name of the Gibraltar, which was long kept by one John Harris, a native of Birmingham, and silver plater by trade. This man for many years, encouraged by his great success in business, led a very irregular life, insomuch that he lost his trade in the public-house, and getting into a disorderly way entirely, the parish officers and justice refused to renew his license, and for a whole year he was fain to keep his house close. During this interval, having dismissed his servants, and his wife having left him for some words which had happened, as he sat by the parlour fire, it being the winter time, he heard the bar bell ring, which made him wonder much, knowing there was nobody in the house but himself. At first he paid but little attention, but upon hearing it distinctly a second time, he got up and went to the back door, suspecting some one had entered that way and was putting a trick upon him; but finding all safe, he returned to the fire-side, wondering much at the oddness of the thing, when all of a sudden the bell fell a ringing again, though not in so quick a tone as before, but somewhat more regularly, as if the hand that pulled it held it for a while.

Disturbed at this extraordinary call, he got up, determined to discover the cause, and taking the poker in his hand, being the first thing he could lay hold on, he passed through the bar into the back room, where, to his great astonishment and terror, for he allowed that he was severely frightened, he beheld the figure of a good-looking female personage, dressed in brown, much like a Quaker, seated in a chair, between the two back windows, and leaning upon a long stick, which seemed to support her.

At first Mr Harris was too much affected to speak, for though very valiant and noisy in company, there was something about the figure before him which declared her not to be of this world: besides, his own conscience upbraided him with more evil than his memory could just then recollect. However, he summoned power enough to put the old foolish question, "what art thou?" and with that fell on his knees in a devout manner to pray. "What I am is not now my business to relate, but what you may hereafter become if you do not amend your life and manners; so get up man, and remember the warning voice of one from the dead. You have but a few years to live, make the most of your time, and train up your daughter *Phæbe* in a good way, and keep her from such and such company, or she will die young, violently, and by the force of justice. Consider her life is just now in your hands, a little time will place it out of your power to reverse the evil that awaits her.—Remember this, and live accordingly."—With this she seemed to strike the ground with her stick and immediately disappeared, leaving Mr Harris much astonished at what he had both heard and seen, and only lamenting that he had no witness to the truth of this accident.

Be it as it will, it produced a wonderful alteration in him for the best; and though his former companions laughed at him for becoming a methodist, he ever after adhered to the paths of prudence and sobriety, and remained a very orderly and sober man, and from his invariable relation of this matter we have no doubt of its truth.

The prediction with respect to his daughter *Phæbe* was too fatally accomplished a few years since, she being burnt for treason as it is called, that is, for counterfeiting the current coin called a shilling.

APPARITION OF A GHOST
TO A MILLER,
TO DISCOVER
A HIDDEN MURDER.

ABOUT the year of our Lord, 18—, near unto Chester-in-the-Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower who had a young woman to his kinswoman that kept his house, who was by the neighbours suspected to be with child; and was towards the dark of the evening one night sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blackburn-Hundred, in Lancashire: and so she was not heard of a long time, and little or no noise was made about it. In the winter time after, one James Graham, or Grime, (for so in that country they called him) being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill grinding corn; and at about twelve or one o'clock at night he came down stairs, having been putting corn in the hopper, the mill doors being fast shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor with her hair about her head hanging down all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless himself, and at last asked her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, "I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker; and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to, until I was brought to bed, and well again, and then I should come again and keep his house." "And accordingly," said the apparition, "I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a moor (naming a place the miller knew) slew me with a pick (such as men dig coals withal) and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal pit hard by, and hid the pick under a

bank: and his shoes and stockings being bloody he endeavoured to wash them, but seeing the blood would not wash out, he hid them there." And the apparition further told the miller that he must be the man to reveal it, or else she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition.

But notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him. Yet for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas' Eve, before Christmas, when, being after sunset, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made the body was found in a coal pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstances as the apparition had related unto the miller: whereupon Walker and Mark Sharpe were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but we could never hear that they confessed the fact. There were some who reported that the apparition did appear to the Judge, or foreman of the jury (who was alive at Chester-in-the-Street, about ten years ago), as we have been credibly informed.

EXCEED 46 144

PARTICULARS

Of a Singular and Curious Circumstance

Which took place at the House of a well known

FORTUNE TELLER,

With the strange appearance that was witnessed,



Last night the following curious circumstance took place in a house in this neighbourhood, which occasioned a great deal of merriment. Six young women, whose names are as follows:—Jane Trustsoot, Ann Dingle, Mary Prause, Priscilla Richards, Harriett Pridhame, and Mary Twining, having previously agreed together, went to the residence of a notorious fortune teller about nine o'clock, to dive into the history of their future destiny, or if possible, to gain information respecting their intended husbands or future sweethearts. On entering his apartment, the timid girls became rather abashed, but after some words had passed between them, this famous cutter of cards began his curious ceremony.

First consulting his oracle, which consists of an old book written in unintelligible characters, he took an old pack of cards which he shuffled several times, and placed them in a form of a circle, and again

consulted his oracle, he then related unto them their destiny. The enquiring girls wished to know if he could not tell the names of their sweethearts; he answered in the affirmative, and said, if they would give him 2s. 6d. each, he would bring them into the room; the girls said they had not so much, and he told them to raise what they could, which amounted in all to 3s. 6d. They were then placed in a ring, and the old man began muttering some words and shuffling his cards, when three loud knocks were heard at the door. The

sounds appeared to proceed from the staircase. Shortly after the knocking had ceased, the door slowly opened, and the figure of a tall man with an unnatural cast of countenance entered the room and took a seat opposite the affrighted maids. The appearance had a white ghastly head, and was dressed in the style of a cavalier of the time of Charles II; but what was most remarkable, the body was a mere shadow, it was a thing of vapour, for the back of the chair was plainly discernible through it. It raised its hand three times in a menacing attitude, three times at the young women, which so alarmed them, that they all commenced screaming and wildly ran from the room—the house was aroused—the police was called in—but no trace of the apparition was visible, unless a curious odour which perfumed the apartment might be considered so.

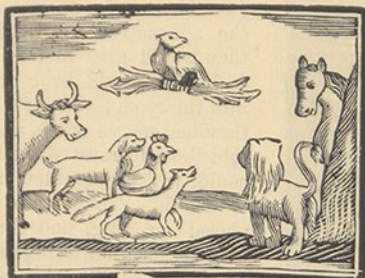
Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles.

FORTUNE TELLING

AND ITS RESULTS.

A True and Remarkable Account of a most Extraordinary Occurrence that took place

IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



A most remarkable and curious circumstance that took place last night at a well-known house in this town, kept by a person of the name of Sarah Smith, a well-known fortune teller.

A party of six young females agreed to go to the house of the above-mentioned woman and have their fortunes told. On their arrival at the house not one of them could be found courageous enough to lead the way in; at length one (Emma Logo) more bold than the rest lifted up the latch and walked in, of course followed by her companions. On entering, the first thing that met their gaze was the old hag, seated on a three-legged stool by the fire, with six black cats lying on the hearth by her side.

The young damsels blushingly told their desire to know the names of their future husbands, also numerous other questions, to which the old hag readily complied.

After listening with great attention to the falsehoods and impossibilities told by this wicked old woman, they said they were desirous of seeing and knowing the men who were to be their partners in the great battle of life, asking her if it was possible, to which she replied, nothing was impossible to her.

Emma Logo was the first to know her future husband, whose name was Henry —. Mary Palmer was the second, whose intended husband's name was George

— The third was Jane — (our readers must pardon us for the omission of her surname, as were it to be known it would be the ruin of her and her family). Harry — was the husband of Eliza Smith; and last, but not least, was Emma All, but to whom the fortune-teller would not tell her future husband's name, the only clue that she gave her was, that he was a very dark man and always laughing and never out of temper (?)

The poor deluded young females were on the point of leaving, when all of a sudden a most terrific and unearthly noise was heard at the door; at the same time there was seen a gigantic figure with head, legs, and a tail of the most enormous size; it had eyes like flames of living fire, and from its mouth proceeded forth dense volumes of smoke, completely filling the house; the smell of sulphur was so great that for hours after the visitation it was found impossible to dispel the suffocating fumes which remained; the terror of the party may be better imagined than described, and who with the old hag as their leader set up some most dreadful shrieks, completely rousing the whole neighbourhood. Some of the neighbours rushed to the house from whence the shrieks proceeded, and found the furniture in the greatest disorder, the cards spread all over the room, and the six black cats were altogether on the top of the house.

* * * * *

The foregoing is a statement made by one of the young women, and is published as a warning to ALL young females not to believe in such silly and superstitious nonsense, nor encourage those wicked old hags who prey upon the thoughtless and ignorant. It is all the devil's work; and it frequently happens that servant girls are induced to rob their masters and mistresses through the agency of these pests of society. Beware! girls, beware! spurn all who attempt to lead you astray; do not be deceived, but look on fortune-telling as a delusion and a snare.

H. Such, Printer.

*Strange and Wonderful
Account of the*
REV. JOHN MILLER,
MINISTER,
OF THE
CITY OF BATH,
WHO REMAINED IN
A TRANCE
For Four Days and Nights,

*Also the Mysterious Sights he witnessed, and
the Prophecies he related that are to take place.*

COPIED FROM THE "BRISTOL MERCURY."

In laying the following interesting and mysterious case before our readers, we vouch for its authenticity, and considering the good results that are likely to follow from the examination of the circumstances, we at once proceed with the details.

NARRATIVE.

The Rev. John Miller has been engaged in the ministry since the year 1841. He is a man most remarkable for his piety, of a mild and gentle disposition, and very kind to the poor. In the pulpit he was eloquent; his language forcible and persuasive. He is indeed a good man, a powerful preacher, and of unsullied reputation. Since the beginning of the present year he has been in a bad state of health, and during the past month he grew worse, and on the 14th, whilst his beloved wife and children were standing round his bed, he fell into a kind of a doze, and gradually became cold and rigid. Dr. Truscott was immediately sent for, who on his arrival pronounced him dead. His sorrowing family were removed from the room, and the usual preparations made for laying out the body. Mrs. Miller, having expressed a wish to have his portrait painted after he was placed in the coffin, a young lady artist was soon in attendance for that purpose, and was busily engaged at her unpleasant task until the third day, and while looking intently on the pallid features of the deceased, previous to giving a finishing stroke to the picture, she perceived a movement of the eye lashes, and in a moment the reverend gentleman opened his eyes and said to the young lady, "Who are you?" The fair young artist, instead of fainting, took instant measures to complete the restoration of her subject. A medical gentleman was again called, and in less than an hour the supposed deceased became so far recovered as to be able to sit up in bed and converse with his now rejoicing family and friends.

On the following day he sent for the Rev. J. Ransom, his colleague in the ministry, Mr Henry Lewis, a member of his congregation, and before these gentlemen he made the following disclosures relating to what he had

seen during the time he was in a trance. The account was taken from Mr Polkinghorne. The following is *verbatim* from the original copy.

"When I first fell into that state I was fully aware that I was supposed to be dead, and could hear my wife and children crying, and the remarks made by Dr. Truscott. I attempted to speak, but could not move a single muscle. The fear of being buried alive terrified me and filled me with such agonies of mind that I gradually became unconscious of all earthly things. How long I continued in this state I know not, but I felt like one awakening from sleep when I was borne away by an unseen power to the place of the damned. To attempt to describe what I saw is utterly impossible: no tongue can convey any idea of such a place. At that moment an hideous fiend was about to grasp me in his arms, when an angel appeared at my side and whispered with a kind and heavenly voice, 'Be not afraid, he has no power on the righteous; this is not your place, let us go!' I thought I was then conveyed on angels' wings to the abode of the blessed, and to enjoy such a sight again would be worth an eternity of years in this world. I was surrounded suddenly with a glorious light, the exceeding brightness thereof was such a sight I had never before seen, and saw such things it is impossible to represent, and heard such ravishing melodious harmony as I can never utter, and I saw innumerable bright attendants, who welcomed me into the blissful seat of happiness, having in all their countenances an air of perfect joy, and of the highest satisfaction.

The ineffable Deity exalted on the high throne of his glory, receiving the adoration of myriads of angels and saints, who were singing eternal Hallelujahs and praise to him. (Well may he be called the Glory of God, for by his glorious presence Heaven is made what it is). Amongst the saints I discovered good old Wesley, Whitfield, and many others, some of whom belonged to this Town. After I had witnessed these things my heavenly guide told me that I must remain an inhabitant of this world for several years to come, as the work I had to do was not yet accomplished, and proclaim throughout the land that unless the people repent of their sins and abominations, evil shall come upon them both in the town and hamlets, for there shall be wars, rumours of wars, pestilence and famine, many great men shall fall by the sword, and whole armies shall be cut off in a short time, but peace shall be established in the nations that fear the Lord, and the fruits of the earth shall be multiplied exceedingly, praise and thanksgiving shall be heard in every house on the Sabbath; but until the source of evil is removed,—go, warn the people, that they perish not.' With these words he left me, and I found myself in darkness, and gradually regained my senses. When I awoke and saw Miss Hall gazing on me,—and you know the rest."

Those who listened to these statements corroborated the same by adding their names to the document as follows:—

JOHN RANSOM, Minister.

HENRY LEWIS, Draper.

ROBERT POLIGNENOR, Tutor.

J. TRUSCOTT, M.D.

Re-printed by H. Such, 177, Union Street, Borough, London.

THE FEMALE SLEEP-WALKER.

An Affair which happened in this Neighbourhood.



LONDON :—H. Such, Printer and Publisher, 177, Union Street, Borough.—S.E.

A young gentleman, going to the house of a very worthy gentleman, to whom he had the honour to be related—it happened that the gentleman's house at that time was quite full, by reason of a kinswoman's wedding that had been lately kept there—he therefore told the young gentleman that he was very glad to see him, and that he was very welcome to him; "but," said he, "I know not what I shall do for a lodging for you, for my cousin's marriage has not left me a room free but one, and that is haunted; you shall have a good bed and all other accommodations."

"Sir," replied the young gentleman, "you will very much oblige me in letting me lie there, for I have often coveted to be in a place that is haunted."

The gentleman, very glad that his kinsman was so well pleased with his accommodation, ordered the chamber to be got ready and a good fire to be made to air it. When bed time came, the young gentleman was conducted up to his chamber, which, besides a good fire, was furnished with all suitable accommodations; and having recommended himself to the Divine protection, he retired to bed, where having laid some time awake, and finding no disturbance, he fell asleep; out of which he was awakened about three o'clock in the morning, by the opening of the chamber door, and the coming in of somebody in the appearance of a young woman, having a night dress on her head, and only her smock on; but he had no perfect view of her, for his candle was burnt out; and though there was a fire in the room, yet it gave not light enough to see her distinctly. But this unknown visitant going to the chimney, took the poker and stirred up the fire, and by the flaming light thereof he could discern the appearance of a young gentlewoman more distinctly; but whether it was flesh and blood, or an airy phantom, he knew not. This lovely apparition, having stood some time before the fire, as if to warm herself, at last walked two or three times about the room, and then came to the bedside, where having stood a little while, she turned down the bed clothes and got into bed, pulling the bed clothes upon her, and lay very quiet. The young gentleman was a little startled at this unknown bedfellow, and on her approach laid on the further side of the bed, not knowing whether he had best rise or not. At last, by lying very still, he perceived his bedfellow to breathe, by which, guessing her to be flesh and blood, he drew nearer to her, and taking her by the hand, found it warm, and that it was no airy phantom, but substantial flesh and blood; and finding she had a ring on her finger, he took it off unperceived. The gentlewoman being still asleep, he let her lie without disturbing her or doing anything else than only laying his

hand upon her to discover of what sex she was, which he had just time to do, when she threw off the bed clothes, and getting up, walked three or four times round the room, as she had done before, and then, standing awhile before the door, opened it, went out, and shut it after her. The young gentleman perceiving by this in what manner the room was haunted, rose up and locked the door on the inside, and then laid down again, and slept till morning, at which time the master of the house came to know how he did, and whether he had seen anything or not. He told him there was an apparition appeared to him, but he begged as a favour that he would not urge him to say anything further until the family were altogether. The gentleman complied with his request, telling him, so long as he was well he was satisfied.

The desire the whole family had to know the issue of this affair, made them dress with more expedition than usual, so that there was a general assembly of the gentlemen and ladies before eleven o'clock, not one of them being willing to appear in her dishabille. When they were all together in the great hall, the young gentleman told them that he had one favour to desire of the ladies before he would say anything, and that was, whether any of them had lost a ring. The young gentlewoman, from whose finger it was taken, having missed it all the morning, and not knowing how she lost it, was glad to hear of it again, and readily owned she wanted a ring, but whether lost or mislaid, she knew not. The young gentleman asked her if that was it, giving it into her hand; which she acknowledging to be hers, and thanking him, he turned to his kinsman, the master of the house:—

"Now, sir," said he, "I can assure you," taking the young lady by the hand "this is the lovely spirit by which your chamber is haunted," and thereupon repeated what has been related.

Words cannot express the confusion of the young lady at this relation, who declared herself perfectly ignorant of all that he said; but believed it might be so because of the ring, which she perfectly well remembered she had on when she went to bed, and knew not how she had lost it. This relation gave the company a great deal diversion; and after all the father declared, that since his daughter had already gone to bed to his kinsman, it should be his fault if he did not go to bed to his daughter, he being willing to bestow her upon him, and give her a good portion. This generous offer was so advantageous to the young gentleman, that he could by no means refuse it; and his bedfellow, hearing what her father had said, was easily prevailed upon to accept him for her husband.

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
DEATH AND A SINNER.



COMPOSED BY A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

DEATH.

May we come, by heaven's decree,
For I am here to summons thee;
And whether thou'rt prepared or no,
So unresisting thou must go.

SINNER.

Then ghastly Death, but thou look'st pale,
Thou open'st a door to heaven or hell;
But wouldest thou not with me forbear,
Oh! spare me for another year.

DEATH.

And years and months are gone,
And thou must stand before the throne,
To give account of all thy ways,
And how thou spent thy youthful days.

SINNER.

O Death! have mercy on my age,
And spare me yet upon the stage:
I'm but a flower in my bloom,
And wilt thou cut me down so soon!

DEATH.

Of age or youth I've never spared;
And if thou'lt look in yon church yard,
Thou'lt see them there, in hundreds lay,
Whom I have made my lawful prey.

SINNER.

O Death; behold my parents dear
Stand round my bed with many a tear,
And loath they are to part with me,
A fruitless and a barren tree.

DEATH.

The tears of friends or parents dear,
Can neither break nor blunt my spear:
My name is Death, my sting is sin,
I'll close thine eye and stretch thy limb.

SINNER.

Oh that my time were to begin!
I'd hate the road that leads to sin,
And to my God would earnest pray,
And wrestle till the break of day.

DEATH.

Thy Saviour thou hast grieved sore,
But time with thee shall be no more;
For when the Lord did thee invite,
The ways of sin was thy delight.

SINNER.

Oh spare me, Death, a little space,
That I may run the Christian race!
Methinks I hear the Saviour say,
Oh spare him yet another day;

DEATH.

The Lord so long hath spared thee,
A fruitless and a barren tree;
But Heaven's command I must obey,
And cut thee down this very day.

SINNER.

In vain, in vain, do I persist,
If Heaven commands I can't resist!
But spare one night for Jesus' sake,
For, oh, my heart is like to break;

DEATH.

Poor sinner! I know thy heart is broke
Yet I must surely give the stroke,
For sin hath opened many a grave,
Since man to sin became a slave.

SINNER.

O Death! no mercy wilt thou show,
But unto Jesus will I go,
Who rose triumphant from the grave,
A guilty wretch like me to save.

DEATH.

Though sin consign thee to the grave,
Jesus hath died thy sins to save;
His blood did flow in streams divine,
To cleanse that guilty soul of thine.

SINNER.

Oh, when that blood extracts the sting,
I'll tune my harp and sweetly sing
To Him who rose me when I fell,
And saved my soul from death and hell.
The cross I see all stained with blood,
I view the suffering Son of God;
His precious blood was shed for me,
He paid the debt, and I am free!
Now, Death, thy sting I will defy!
For, lo, I see my Saviour nigh
Draw near, O Death, and strike the blow,
And let me to my Saviour go.
Glory to God! I now do see,
That death becomes a friend to me,
To take me from a world of woe;
Then let me to my Saviour go!
Now O my friends, whom I hold dear,
I hope you will to God draw near,
And do not shed a tear for me;
Where Jesus is, there I shall be.
My dying words do not forget,
But turn before it be too late,
And seek the Lord until you find,
For Jesus would leave none behind.
So, earthly friends, we now must part:
Give me your hand, and Christ your heart.
Adieu, my friends, a long farewell
For now the love of God I feel.

H. Such, Printer and Publisher, 177, Union
Street, Boro'—S.E.

THE RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

This Line runs from Calvary through this vain world and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, until it lands in the Kingdom of Heaven.

O H! what a deal we hear and read,
About Railways and Railway speed!
Of lines which are, or may be made,
And selling shares is quite a trade.

The Railway mania does extend,
From John O'Groats to the Land's End;
Where'er you ride, where'er you walk,
The Railway is the general talk.

Allow me, as an old divine,
To point you to another line,
Which does from earth to heaven extend,
Where real pleasures never end.

Infinite wisdom sketched the plan
To save apostate, ruined man;
And Jesus Christ, Jehovah's son,
The mighty work Himself has done.

Of truth Divine the rails are made,
And on the Rock of Ages laid;
The rails are fixed in chairs of love,
Firm as the throne of God above.

At Calvary's cross it does commence,
And runs through all the world from thence;
Then crosses Jordan's swelling flood,
Before the royal throne of God.

One grand first-class is used for all,
For Jew and Gentile, great and small;
There's room for all the world inside,
And kings with beggars there do ride.

In days of old, for ever past,
Men quarrelled about first and last;
And each contended loud and long,
My church is right, and yours is wrong.

We're next the engine, some would say,
Our carriage here does lead the way;
But oft we see the train reversed—
The first is last, the last is first.

Let no one of his carriage boast
Nor in his outward duties trust;
Those who shall see the Saviour's face,
Must be renewed by asking grace.

About a hundred years or so,
Wesley and others said they'd go:
A carriage mercy did provide,
That Wesley and his friends might ride.

'Tis nine and thirty years, they say,
Whoever lives to see next May,
Another coach was added then,
Unto this all important train.

Linked to each other, on we pass,
Supported by the Saviour's grace;
When to the better land we come,
We'll mix together round the throne.

Jesus is the first engineer,
He does the gospel engine steer;
The preachers of the sacred Word,
Co-workers with their dying Lord.

We've guards who ride, while others stand
Close by the way with flag in hand,—
The flag of white, of red, and green,
At different places may be seen.

When we behold the flag that's white,
It cheers the heart, for all is right;
But when the green we do behold,
Caution, it says, and be not bold.

Red tells us there is danger near,
Be not high-minded, rather fear;
Place all your trust in God alone,
And in the blood which does atone.

Then let not poor nor rich despair,
He still delights to answer prayer;
Remember he will not despise,
Your humble wailings—mournful cries.

Afflictions are the tunnels drear,
Through which we go while travelling here;
But these will all be shortly past,
And heaven appear in view at last.

To cheer the dark and gloomy night,
We've lamps which give a brilliant light,
And while we urge our course along,
The cross of Christ is all our song.

We've several laws about this road,
Wrote by the finger of our God;
Ye trespassers must all beware,
For He the guilty will not spare.

No one from his place must alight,
Until he hears the words, all right;
And when this glorious signal's given,
You'll hear a whisper, 'This is Heaven.'

The stations are the means of grace,
The house of God, the holy place;
No matter where that place may be,
A field, a barn, or hollow tree.

You say you will not ride with me,
Well, be it so, we still agree;
The church of England is before
The Quakers, yea, and several more.

Baptists, and Independents too,
The Methodists, both old and new;
I can, I will, I do rejoice,
That you have such a happy choice.

CHORUS.

"My son," says God, "give me thy heart,
Make haste, or else the train will start."

LONDON:—H. Such, Printer and Publisher, 177, Union Street, Boro'.—S.E.

RAILROAD TO HELL,

FROM DISSIPATION TO POVERTY,
AND
FROM POVERTY TO DESPERATION.

This Line begins in the Brewery, and runs through all Public-houses, Dram-shops, and Jerry-shops, in a zigzag direction, until it lands in the Kingdom of Hell.

IF you are determined and wishful to go,
With blind debauchees to the regions of woe,
Then go to the Tap without any delay,
And drink both your reason and money away,
But never mind care, for if you despair,
It is the first train that will carry you there.

You've nothing to do but to guzzle and swill,
As long as the Landlord is willing to fill,
For this is the Line and the Railroad to Hell,
Where Drunkards and Devils for ever must dwell;
So drink all you can, it is the chief plan,
That e'er was invented by Devil for man.

This Railroad it runs thro' Parlours and Snugs,
And here you can sit round glasses and jugs,
And have what you please, such as Ale, Gin, or Rum,
To please an old friend, or an old drunken chum;
And this is the way to drink all the day,
And then stagger home when you've swallowed your pay.

Such Taverns as these are Railroads to Hell,
Their barrels are engines which make men rebel;
Their jugs and their glasses which furnish their Trains,
Will empty their pockets and muddle their brains.
And thus drunkards ride to Hell in their pride,
With nothing but steam from the barrels inside.

We've Railroads to Heaven, and Railroads to Hell,
Where good men can ride, and where Devils can dwell;
We've Taverns for drunkards and Churches for Saints,
And quacks of all sorts to heal our complaints;
So now we can ride to Hell in our pride,
On Railroads of sin with blue Devils inside.

Old Swilltub the doctor and guard of the Trains,
He filches your pockets and fuddles your brains;
But when he's got all from the poor silly man,
He then sends him home to do as he can,
With all his old chums, his badgers' and bums,
Who sue him for money he owes in great sums.

But let us not ride on these Railroads of sin,
Nor drink either Brandy, Ale, Porter, or Gin;
And then we shall ride into Heaven with joy,
Where no drunken quacks can our vitals destroy
With poisonous drugs, sold to us in jugs,
In either their Bars, their Parlours, or Snugs.

The number of vaults which we have in Town,
Have robbed the poor lass of her bonnet and gown,
Her topknots and feathers have gone to the Pop,
And many have lost both credit and shop;
Both young men and maids of very good trades,
Have druck all they earned, and gone down to the shades.

We've plenty of signs, both Horses and Bulls,
Of Lions and Dragons, to serve drunken Trulls;
We've signs too of Angels, of Warriors and Kings—
Yes, plenty of signs of good and bad things.
But what's their design? Why Gin, Rum, and Wine,
Sold here to intoxicate puppies and swine.

We've White and Black Bulls and two Suns in one street,
One Swan and two Lions which never taste meat,
And here you see women with bottles and jugs,
Roll into these taverns and dram-drinking snugs,
As brazen as brass to get an odd glass,
In some of these shops where a fool cannot pass.

No wonder that Pop-ticket women and wags,
Are dressed up in nothing but patches and rags.
Their dresses and shawls for strong liquor they'll swop,
Yes, Tagrag and Bobtail must go to the pop;
And when this is done, away they will run,
To either a Lion, a Bull, or a Sun.

Such poor sorry women who pledge their old rags,
Are known by their petticoats hanging in jags;
You'll see them at night with their heads wrapt in shawls
Not far from the Dram-shop, or sign of Three Balls,
With bonnets and hats, old dresses and brats,
Made up into bundles as you have seen Pat's.

HOW TO COOK A WIFE.



While MEN spare no pains in obtaining the BEST MATERIALS for this superlative DISH, they are often totally regardless after the first MOUTHFUL, of the necessary precautions to render it permanently SWEET, and if through neglect it turn sour they invariably slander the Dish, while the fault is in themselves. To MAKE the wife a sweet companion, but to keep her so, this may be accomplished in the following manner:—Obtain an adequate supply of the pure water of affection, and gently immerse her therein: should the water during this process become ruffled, a little of the original balm of courtship will soon restore it to its usual smoothness. The fire should be composed of true love, with a few sighs to increase the flame, which should not be too warm, nor yet suffered to abate entirely, as that would spoil the dish. Coolness is often the ruin of this dish, erroneously asserted by some cooks to be necessary, which cooks add also sprigs of indifference, but this is a very dangerous practice, as a good wife is exquisitely delicate and susceptible. A few evergreens, such as industry, sobriety, and fondness, are necessary, and a moderate quantity of the spirit of coaxing and oil of kisses may be added, giving the whole a most delectable flavour. Garnish with flowers of endearment and kindness, and you will then fully appreciate the delights of a dish, compared with which all others sink into insignificance; namely

A GOOD WIFE.



THE
OWDHAM CHAP'S
 VISIT



TO
TH' QUEEN.



It happen'd t'other Monday morn, while seated at my
 loom, sirs,
 Pickin' th' ends fro, eaut o'th yorn, eaur Nan pop'd
 into th' room sirs,
 Hoo shouted eaut, aw tell thee, Dick, aw think thour't
 actin shabby,
 So off to Lunnon cut thy stick, and look at th' royal
 babby.

Every thing wur fun an' glee, they laugh'd at o aw
 tow'd em,
 An' ax'd if th' folk wur o like me, ut happen'd t' come
 fro' Owdham.

Then off aw goes an' never stops, till into th' palace
 handy,
 Th' child wur sucking lollypops, plums, and sugarcandy;
 An' little Vic i'th nook aw spied, a monkey on her lap,
 mon,
 An' Albert sittin' by her side, a mixin' gin an' pap mon.
 Everything wur, &c.

When Albert seed me, up he jumps, an' reet to me did
 waddle;
 An' little Vicky sprung her pumps wi' shakin' o' my
 daddle;
 They ax'd to have a glass o' wine, for pleasure up it
 waxes;
 O yes, says aw, six eight or nine, it o' comes eaut o'th
 taxes.
 Everything wur, &c.

They took the Prince of Wales up soon, an' gan it me
 to daudle;
 Then Albert fotch'd a silver spoon, an' ax'd me to taste
 at t' caudle,
 Ecod, says aw, that's good awd buck, it's taste aws
 ne'er forget mon,
 An' if my owd mother'd gan sich suck, 'cod aw'd been
 suckin yet mon.
 Everything wur, &c.

They ax'd me heau aw liked their son, an' prais'd both
 th' nose an eyes on't,
 Aw tow'd 'em though 't were only fun, 't wur big enough
 for th' size on't,
 Says aw your Queenship makes a stir (hoo shapes none
 like a dance mon
 But if eaur Nan lived as well as her hoo'd breed 'em
 two at wonce mon,)
 Everything wur, &c.

They said they'd send their son to school as soon as he
 could walk mon,
 And then for fear he'd be a foo, they'd larn him th'
 Owdham talk mon,
 Says aw there's summut else as well, there's nout loik
 drainin th' whole pit,
 For fear he'll ha' for t' keep hissell, aw'd larn him work
 i'th coal pit.
 Everything wur, &c.

Then up o'th slopes we hod a walk' to give our joints
 relief sirs,
 And then we sat us deun to talk, 'beaut politics and
 beef sirs,
 Aw tow'd 'em th' corn laws wur but froth, an' th' taxes
 must o drop mon,
 That when eaur Nan wur makin broath, some fat might
 get to th' top mon,
 Everything wur, &c.

So neau my tale is at an end but nowt but truth aw
 tells sirs,
 If ever we want the times to mend we'll ha' for t' do
 't eaur sells sirs,
 So neau yo seen aw've tow'd my sprees, and sure as aw
 am wick mon,
 If my owd wife and Albert dees aw'll try for 't wed wi
 Vic mon.
 Everything wur, &c.

J. HARKNESS, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

THE POOR LAW CATECHISM.

Q. What is your name?

A. A Pauper.

Q. Who gave you that name?

A. The Board of Guardians, to whom I applied in the time of distress, when first I became a child of want, a member of the workhouse, and an inheritor of all the insults that poverty is heir to.

Q. What did the Board of Guardians do for you.

A. They did promise two things. First, that I should be treated like a convicted felon, being deprived of liberty, and on prison fare. Lastly, that I should be an object of oppression all the days of my life.

Q. Rehearse the Articles of thy belief.

A. I believe in the cruelty of Lord H—y B—m, the author of the present Poor Law, and I also believe that these laws have caused the death of tens of thousands by starvation and neglect.

Q. How many Commandments have you and such as you are to keep?

A. Ten.

Q. Which be they?

A. The same which the Poor Law Commissioners make in Somerset House, saying, We are thy lords and masters, who have caused thee to be confined as in bastiles, and separated thee and the wife of thy bosom, and the children of thy love. 1st, Thou shalt obey no laws but ours. 2nd, Thou shalt not make to thyself any substitute for skilley, nor the likeness of tea, or any other kind of food, or drink, except as is allowed in the workhouse; for we are very jealous men, punishing with severity any transgres-

sion against our laws. Should'st thou disobey in this, we shall teach you a lesson that shall last thee all the days of thy life. 3rd, Thou shalt labour hard, and for nothing, and none of thy earnings shall be thy own. 4th, Remember the Sabbath day: six days shalt thou labour hard, and have but little to eat; but the seventh day is the Sabbath, wherein we cannot make you work, and so we give you liberty for an hour or two, to save the parish the expense of your Sunday dinner. 5th. Thou shalt honour the Poor Laws, the Commissioners, and the Beadles; thou shalt take no offence at what they say or do, or else thy days shall be made more miserable in the workhouse wherein thou livest. 6th, Thou shalt commit murder by neglecting thy starving children, for we will give thee no assistance to get them food. 7th, Thou shalt learn to neglect the dear ties of nature, for we will separate thee from the wife of thy bosom, and the children of thy love. 8th, Thou shalt rob thyself of the society and enjoyment of her whom thou hast sworn to protect while life shall last. 9th, Thou shalt be a false witness whenever a Pauper dies, and should the coroner or jury ask you how you live, why tell them you live like lords, and are as happy as princes. 10th, Thou shalt covet all thy neighbour is possessed of, thou shalt covet his friends, his clothes, and all the comforts which thou once had; yet shalt thou long in vain; for remember, oh, pauper! that the motto of every workhouse is—"He who enters here leaves all comforts behind."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD PAUPER.

Oh! Englishmen, come drop a tear or two,
While I relate a thrilling tale of woe,
Of one whose age demanded all the care
That love which aged pilgrims ought to share.
This poor old man, whose limbs refused to bear
The weight of more than eighty years of care,
Was brought before a beak, worse than a Turk,
And sent to gaol because he could not work,
Weep, sons of Britain, mourn your sires' disgrace!
Weep, English mothers! hug your rising race,
And pray to Him, who gave your children breath,

They may not live to die this old man's death,
In a dark dungeon he was close confined,
No friend to comfort, or to soothe his mind;
No child to cheer his loathsome dying bed,
But soon he rested with the silent dead,
Oh, ye who roll in chariots prond and gay,
Ye legal murderers! there will be a day,
When you shall leave all your riches behind,
A dwelling with the ever lost to find,
And your great Master, He whose name is good
Will hold you guilty of your brother's blood.

EXECUTION of Sir WALTER RALEIGH,

Knight, at Westminster, on the 29th of October, Anno 16°, Jacobi Regis, 1618.

Upon Wednesday, the 28th of October, *anno dom.* 1618, the Lieutenant of the Tower, according to a warrant to him directed, brought Sir Walter Raleigh from the Tower to the King's Bench Bar at Westminster, where the record of his arraignment at Winchester was opened, and it was demanded why execution should not be done upon him according to law.

He began, in way of answer, to justify his proceedings in the late voyage.

But the Lord Chief Justice told him, That he was therein deceived, and that the opinion of the Court was to the contrary.

Master Attorney General, requiring in the King's behalf, that execution might be done on the prisoner, according to the aforesaid judgment: the Sheriffs of Middlesex were commanded for that purpose to take him into their custody, who presently carried him to the Gatehouse.

From whence, the next morning, between the Sheriffs of Middlesex, Sir Walter Raleigh was brought to the old Palace Yard in Westminster, where a large scaffold was erected for the execution.

Whereupon, when he came, with a cheerful countenance, he saluted the Lords, Knights, and gentlemen there present.

After which, a proclamation was made for silence, and he addressed himself to speak in this manner.

I desire to be borne withal, for this is the third day of my fever, and if I shall shew any weakness, I beseech you to attribute it to my malady, for this is the hour in which it is wont to come.

Then pausing a while, he sat, and directed himself towards a window, where the Lord of Arundel, Northampton, and Doncaster, with some other Lords and Knights, sate, and spake as followeth:

I thank God, of his infinite goodness, that he hath brought me to die in the light, and not in darkness; (But by reason that the place where the Lords, &c., sat, was some distance from the scaffold, that he perceived they could not well hear him, he said) I will strain my voice, for I would willingly have your honours hear me.

But my Lord of Arundel said, nay, we

will rather come down to the scaffold, which he and some others did.

Where being come, he saluted them severally, and then began again to speak as followeth, *viz.*

As I said, I thank God heartily, that he hath brought me into the light to die, and that he hath not suffer'd me to die in the dark prison of misery and cruel sickness; and I thank God that my fever hath not taken me at this time, as I prayed to God it might not.

Then a proclamation being made, that all men should depart the scaffold, he prepared himself for death: giving away his hat, his cap, with some money, to such as he knew that stood near him.

And then putting off his doublet and gown, he desired the Headsman to shew him the Ax; which not being suddenly granted unto him, he said, I pray thee let me see it, dost thou think that I am afraid of it? so it being given unto him, he felt along upon the edge of it, and smiling, spake unto Mr. Sheriff, saying, this is a sharp medicine, but it is a physician that will cure all diseases.

Then going to and fro upon the scaffold one very side, he intreated the company to pray to God to give him strength.

Then having ended his speech, the Executioner kneeled down and asked him forgiveness, which laying his hand upon his shoulder he gave him.

Then being asked which way he would lay himself on the block, he made answer, and said, so the heart be straight, it is no matter which way the head lieth; so laying his head on the block, his face being towards the east, the Headsman throwing down his own cloak, because he would not spoil the prisoner's gown, he giving the Headsman a sign when he should strike, by lifting up his hands, the Executioner struck off his head at two blows, his body never shrinking nor moving; his head was shewed on each side of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag, and his wrought velvet gown thrown over it, which was afterwards conveyed away in a mourning coach of his lady's.

LIFE, TRIAL, & EXECUTION

OF

WILLIAM NEVISON,

THE HIGHWAYMAN, AT YORK GAOL.

William Nevison, the great robber of the north, was born at Pomfret in Yorkshire, 1639, and his parents being in good circumstances, conferred upon him a decent education. But he was badly disposed, and commenced his depredations by stealing cash to the amount of £10 from his own father, then, taking a saddle and bridle, hastened to the paddock and stole his schoolmaster's horse, and rode with all speed towards London. About a mile or two from the capital he cut the throat of the poor horse, for fear of detection. Arrived in London he changed his name and clothes, and commenced his wild career which at length brought him to an untimely end.

In all his exploits, Nevison was tender to the fair sex, and bountiful to the poor. He was also a true loyalist, and never levied any contributions upon the Royalists. His life was once spared by the royal clemency. He then returned home, and remained with his father until the day of his death. But soon after returned to his former courses, his name became the terror of every traveller on the road. He levied a quarterly tribute on all the northern drovers, and in return not only spared them himself, but protected them against all other thieves, and the carriers who frequented the road willingly agreed to leave certain sums at such places as he appointed, to prevent their being stripped of them all.

After committing a robbery in London, about sunrise, he rode his mare to York in the course of the day, and appeared upon the bowling green of that city before sunset. From this latter circumstance, when brought to trial for the offence, he established an *alibi* to the satisfaction of the jury, though he was in reality guilty. At length his crimes became so notorious, that a reward was offered to any that would apprehend him. This made many waylay him, especially two brothers named Fletcher, one of whom Nevison shot dead. But though he escaped for a time, he was afterwards apprehended in a public-house at Sandal-three-houses, near Wakefield, by Captain Milton, sent to York gaol, where on the 15th of March, 1685, he was tried, condemned, and executed, aged forty-five.

BOLD NEVISON, the HIGHWAYMAN.

Did you ever hear tell of that hero,
 Bold Nevison that was his name?
 He rode about like a bold hero,
 And with that he gained great fame.

He maintained himself like a gentleman,
 Besides he was good to the poor;
 He rode about like a bold hero,
 And he gain'd himself favour therefore.

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Oh the Twenty-first day of last month,
 Proved an unfortunate day;
 Captain Milton was riding to London,
 And by mischance he rode out of his way.

He call'd at Sandal-Houses by the road-side,
 The one known by the sign of the Magpie,
 There Nevison he sat a drinking,
 And the Captain soon he did spy.

Then the captain did very soon send for,
 And a constable very soon came;
 With three or four men in attendance,
 With pistols charged in the King's name.

They demanded the name of this hero,
 "My name it is Jobsons," said he,
 When the captain laid hold by his shoulder,
 Saying, "WILL NEVISON thou goest with me."

Oh! then in this very same speech,
 They hastened him fast away,
 To a place called Swannington bridge,
 A place where he used to stay.

They call'd for a tankard of good liquor,
 It was the sign of the Black Horse,
 Where there was all sorts of attendance,
 But for Nevison it was the worst.

He call'd for a pen, ink, and paper,
 And these were the words that he said:
 "I'll write for some boots, shoes, and stockings,
 For of them I have very much need."

'Tis now before my lord judge,
 Oh! guilty or not do you plead;
 He smiled unto the judge and jury,
 And these were the words that he said.

"I never robb'd a gentleman of twopence,
 But what I gave half to be blest,
 But guilty I've been all my life time,
 So gentleman do as you list.

"It's when that I rode on the highway,
 I've always had money in great store,
 And whatever I took from the rich,
 I freely gave to the poor.

"But my peace I have made with my Maker,
 And to be with Him I ready to draw;
 So here's adieu! to this world and its vanities,
 For I'm ready to suffer the law."

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THE TRIAL, CONFESSION, AND EXECUTION
OF
JOHN SWAN AND ELIZABETH JEFFRYES,
*Who were found guilty at Chelmsford Assizes for the murder of
Mr. Joseph Jeffryes, at Walthamstow, in Essex, on the
3rd of July, 1752.*

THE TRIAL.

On Tuesday, March 10th, 1752, at the Assizes at Chelmsford, a bill of indictment was found by the Grand Jury for petit treason, against John Swan, for the cruel and wicked murder of his late master, Mr Joseph Jeffryes, of Walthamstow, in the county of Essex, and against Elizabeth Jeffryes, spinster, niece of the deceased, for being, aiding, helping, abetting, assisting, comforting, and maintaining him, the said John Swan, to commit the said murder.—GUILTY DEATH.

THE CONFESSION.

On Thursday, the day after her conviction, Miss Jeffryes made a confession, That what Mathews had sworn was true, except that part of his being in the house at the time the pistol went off: And that she had had this murder in her thoughts for two years past, but never had a proper opportunity of getting it executed before, till she engaged Swan, and together with Swan, she offered Mathews money to execute it, who agreed to do it; that upon the night the murder was committed, it was agreed between Swan and her, that they should both go up to their chambers, as if they were going to bed, and as soon as the maid had locked her door, and was supposed to be in bed, Miss Jeffryes came out of her own room and went to Swan's, and said, "Holloh! are you awake?" he answered, "Yes," and he was not undressed; then she went into her uncle's room to see if he was asleep, and took a silver tankard, a silver cup, and some silver spoons, from off a chest of drawers in the deceased's room; then she and Swan went down stairs, and Swan took out a new sack from under the stairs, and she and Swan put the plate, and some pewter and brass which they took off the shelves in the kitchen, into the sack, till she said, I can do no more. Swan and she then drank each a large dram of brandy; then she went upstairs into her own chamber, where it was agreed she should undress herself, and lie till a signal was given by a knock at her door or wainscot, that her uncle was murder'd, then she was to open her window, and cry out, "Diaper! fire and thieves," to alarm the neighbourhood. She farther says, she accidentally fell asleep as soon almost as in bed; but on a sudden was waked by some noise in a fright, when she laid and listen'd, and heard a violent breathing or gasping, as if somebody was under a difficulty in drawing their breath; then she concluded her uncle was murder'd; and then open'd her window, and made the agreed alarm; directly after which she came down stairs, and Swan let her out of the street door in her shift, when she ran to Mrs Diaper's door, in the same

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court-yard; Swan then shut the street-door, and as soon as he heard the neighbours were coming, and thought a sufficient alarm was made, he opened the street-door again in his shirt, and run out as if he was just come out of bed in a fright. She further says, that previous to the executing this diabolical design, they had taken care to cut the wire of the bell on the outside, which went from the master's to the maid's room, to prevent his calling the maid.

Swan says that he did not do the murder, but that Mathews, who came in at the garden gate, which Swan left open for that purpose, actually did, with one of the deceased's pistols, which was hanging up in the kitchen; and Swan cut a bullet, which he took out of a draw in the kitchen to make it fit the pistol. And he is implacable against Miss Jeffryes for having made any confession of this melancholy and wicked affair.

On Saturday, March 14th, they received sentence of death; and while the judge was making a moving and pathetic speech before the sentence, Miss Jeffryes fainted away several times, and at last recovered herself, pray'd for as long a time as possible to prepare herself for a future state.

THE EXECUTION.

On the 28th, Swan and Jeffryes were executed on Epping-Forest, near the six milestone in the parish of Walthamstow. Swan was drawn on a sledge, and Miss Jeffryes in a cart, in the midst of the greatest concourse of people of all ranks and conditions, in coaches, &c., on horseback and a-foot, that ever had been seen in the memory of man. At the place of execution Swan was put into the same cart with Miss Jeffryes. She acknowledged to a gentleman, one of the jury, there present, "That her sentence was just." But, being asked whether Mathews was in the house at the time the murder was committed, she said, "She believed he was not." She also added that she died in charity with all the world. Swan also confessed to the same gentleman, "That he committed the murder." And that he believed Mathews was not in the house at the time of the committing the murder, but that he had been there just before. It was observed that these criminals did not so much as speak, touch, or look at one another, during the whole time they were in the cart. Miss Jeffryes fainted when the halter was tied up; and again when placed on a chair (she being short) for the better conveniency of drawing away the cart. Miss Jeffrye's body was carried away in a hearse to be interred. Swan's body was immediately after cut down, and hung in chains on the same gibbet.

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OLD BAILEY INTELLIGENCE.—Execution of Six Unfortunate Malefactors, and the Barbarious Execution and Burning of Phœbe Harris, for Coining Silver, on the 21st of June, 1786.



The following male convicts, viz., Edward Griffiths, George Woodward, William Watts, Daniel Keefe, Jonathan Harwood, and William Smith, were executed pursuant to their sentence, on the scaffold usually erected opposite Newgate. They were brought out at half-past seven in the morning, and the platform dropped about eight o'clock. Woodward was so exceedingly weak, that he was obliged to sit down till the executioner had tied up the rest, and was then supported by two men.

The Barbarious Execution and Burning of Phœbe Harris.

Soon after the above execution, Phœbe Harris, convicted the session before last of coining silver, was brought out at the debtor's door, from whence she walked to a stake fixed in the ground, about half way between the scaffold and Newgate street. She was immediately tied by the neck to an iron bolt fixed near the top of the stake, and after praying very fervently for a few minutes, the steps on which she stood were drawn away, and she immediately became suspended. The executioner, with some assistants, put a chain round

her body, which was fastened by strong nails to the stake. Two cart-loads of faggots were then piled round her, and after she had hung about half an hour, the fire was kindled. The flames presently burning the halter, the convict fell a few inches, and was then suspended by the iron chain passed over her chest and affixed to the stakes. Some scattered remains of the body were perceptible in the fire at half-past ten o'clock. The fire had not quite burnt out even at twelve. The unhappy woman was so exceedingly affected on Monday night, that it was generally supposed (and indeed wished) that she could not have survived.

Phœbe Harris was a well made little woman, something more than thirty years of age, of a pale complexion, and not of disagreeable features. When she came out of prison she appeared languid and terrified, and trembled greatly as she advanced to the stake, where the apparatus for the punishment she was about to experience seemed to strike her mind with horror and consternation, to the exclusion of all power of recollection in preparation for the approaching awful moment. A great concourse of people attended on the melancholy occasion.