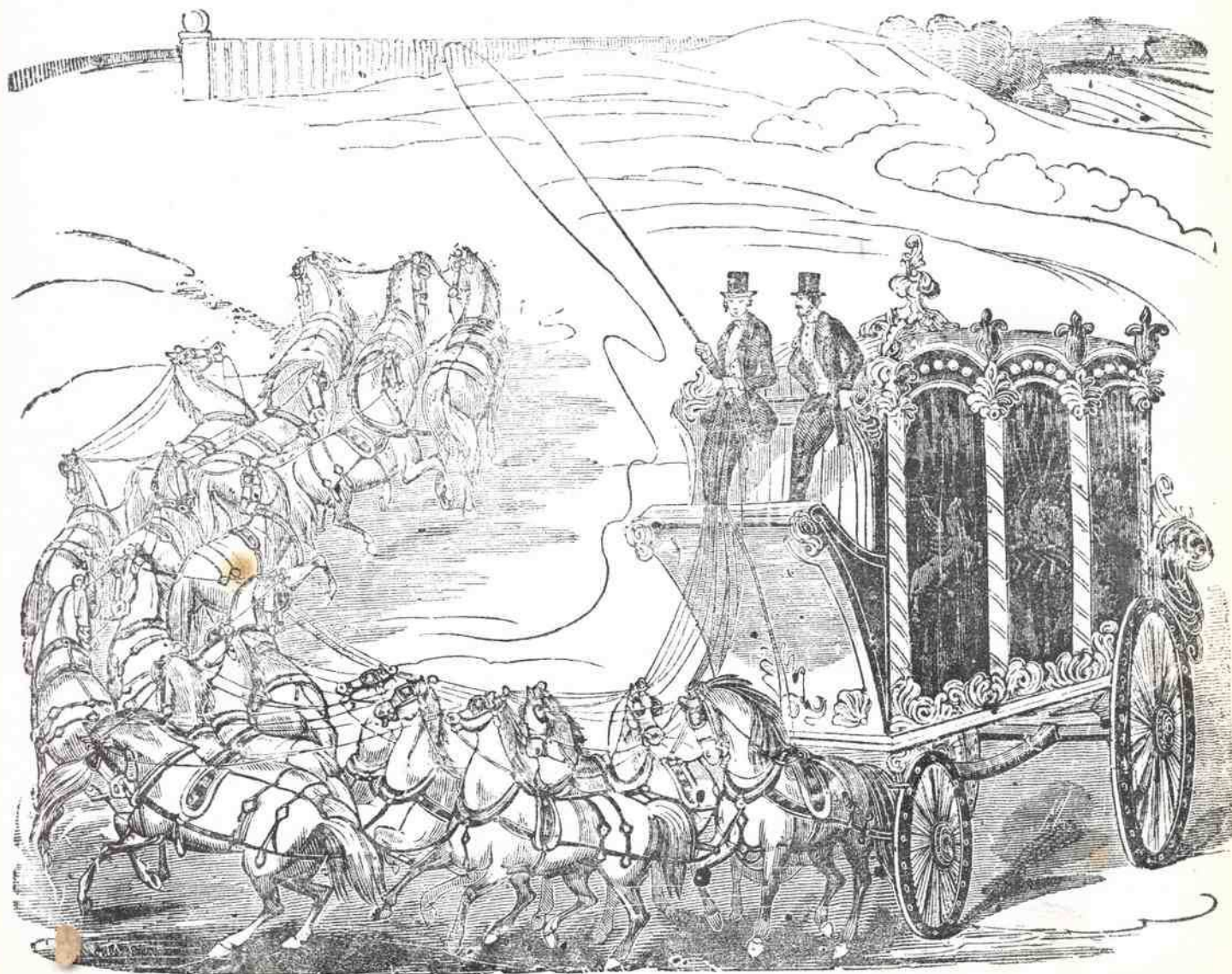


A COLLECTION
OF
"COCKS," OR "CATCHPENNIES."

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



CURIOSITIES OF STREET LITERATURE.

DIVISION I.

A COLLECTION OF "COCKS," OR "CATCHPENNIES," STREET DROLLERIES, SQUIBS, HISTORIES, COMIC TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

"COCKS"—fictitious narratives, in verse or prose, of murders, fires, and terrible accidents, sold in the streets as true accounts. The man who hawks them, a patterer, often changes the scene of the awful event to suit the taste of the neighbourhood he is trying to delude. Possibly a corruption of COOK, a cooked statement, or, as a correspondent suggests, the COCK LANE ghost may have given rise to the term. This had a great run, and was a rich harvest to the running stationers."—HOTTEN'S SLANG DICTIONARY.

"Few of the residents in London—but chiefly those in the quieter streets," says Mr. Henry Mayhew, in his exceedingly amusing work of "London Labour and the London Poor,"—"have not been aroused, and most frequently in the evening, by a hurly-burly on each side of the street. An attentive listening will not lead any one to an accurate knowledge of what the clamour is about. It is from a 'mob' or 'school' of running patterers, and consists of two, three, or four men. All these men state that the greater the noise they make, the better is the chance of sale, and better still when the noise is on each side of the street, for it appears as if the vendors were proclaiming such interesting or important intelligence, that they were vying with one another who should supply the demand which must ensue. It is not possible to ascertain with any credence *what* the patterers are so anxious to sell, for only a few leading words are audible, as 'Horrible,' 'Dreadful,' 'Murder,' 'One penny,' 'Love,' 'One penny,' 'Mysterious,' 'Seduction,' 'Former crimes,' 'Nine children,' 'Coal-cellar,' 'Pool of blood,' 'One penny,' and the like, can only be caught by the ear, and there is no announcement of anything like 'particulars.' The running patterers describe, or profess to describe, the contents of their papers as they go along, and they seldom or never stand still. They usually deal in murders, seductions, crim.-cons., explosions, alarming accidents, 'assassinations,' deaths of public characters, duels, and love-letters. But popular, or notorious murders are the 'great goes.' The running patterer cares less than any other street-sellers for bad weather, for if he 'work' on a wet and gloomy evening, and if the work be 'A COCK,'—which is, a fictitious statement,—there is less chance of anyone detecting the *ruse*. Among the old stereotyped 'COCKS' are love-letter. One is well known as a Married Man caught in a Trap." And being in a dialogue and an epistolary form, subverts any purpose: as the 'Love-Letters,' that have passed between Mr. Smith, the butcher, baker, grocer, draper, &c.—'the decoyer of female innocence'—and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Robinson, or Miss A—, B—, or C—, not 100 yards off—And the very image of his father,' &c., &c.—and can be fitted to any real or pretended local scandal.

When the patterer visits the country, he is accompanied by a mate, and the "copy of verses" is then announced as being written by an "underpaid curate" within a day's walk. "It tells mostly, sir," said one man; "for its a blessing to us that there always is a journeyman parson what the people knows, and what the patter fits." Sometimes the poetry is attributed to a sister of mercy, or to a popular poetess; very frequently, by the patterers who best understand the labouring classes, to Miss Eliza Cook. Sometimes the verses are written by a "sympathising gent" in that parish, "but his name wasn't to be mentioned, or any nobleman or gentleman," whose name is before the public in connection with any recent event, or an assumed account of "A Battle between Two Ladies of Fortune." The patterers have only to stick a picture in their hat to attract attention, and to make all the noise they can.

Occasionally, the running patterer transmigrates into a standing one, betaking himself to "board work," as it is termed in street technology, and stopping at the corners of thoroughfares with a large pictorial placard raised upon a pole, and glowing with highly-coloured exaggerations of the interesting terrors of the pamphlet he has for sale.

When there are no "popular murders" the standing patterer orders of the artist a new and startling "cock-board" and sells his books or pamphlets, the titles of some of which are fully set forth and well displayed; for example: "Horrible murder and mutilation of Lucy Game, aged 15, by her cruel brother, William Game, aged 10, of Westmill, Hertfordshire. His committal and confession, with a copy of a letter sent to his affectionate parents." "Full particulars of the poisonings in Essex,—the whole family poisoned by the female servant. Confession of her guilt.—Was seduced by her master.—Revenged herself on the family." Another is—"Founded on facts"—The Whitby Tragedy, or the Gambler's Fate, containing the lives of Joseph Carr, aged 21, and

his sweetheart, Maria Leslie, aged 18, who were found dead, lying by each other on the morning of the 23rd of May. Maria was on her road to town to buy some ribbon and other things for her wedding day, when her lover, in a state of intoxication, fired at her, then run to rob his prey, but finding it was his sweetheart, reloaded his Gun, placed the Muzzle to his Mouth, and blew out his Brains, all through the cursed Cards and Drink. With an affectionate copy of verses."

A popular street-book for "board work" is entitled "Horrible Rape and Murder!!! The affecting case of Mary Ashford, a beautiful young virgin, who was diabolically Ravished, Murdered, and thrown into a Pit, as she was returning from a Dance, including the Trial of Abraham Thornton for the Wilful Murder of the said Mary Ashford; with the whole of the Evidence, Charges to the Jury, &c., with a Correct Plan of the Spot where the Rape and Murder were Committed."

This "street-book" is founded on a fact, and, in reality, gives the salient points of a memorable circumstance which took place in 1817, when Abraham Thornton was charged at the Warwick Assizes, before Mr. Justice Holroyd, for the murder and violation of Mary Ashford, at Erdington, near Birmingham. The prisoner was found—after a consultation of the jury of five minutes—Not Guilty, to the utmost surprise and disappointment of all persons assembled. The second charge of committing a rape on the body of the said Mary Ashford was abandoned by the prosecution. The case created the greatest possible sensation at the time, and the trial and subsequent appeal, were printed and published in a separate form, and occupies 120 pages in double columns, "with a correct plan of the spot where the rape and murder were committed, and a portrait of Thornton drawn and engraved by G. Cruikshank."

The acquittal of Thornton in the atrocious rape and murder of Mary Ashford excited the most undisguised feelings of disappointment in all classes of persons throughout the kingdom, and various provincial newspapers began to canvass the subject with vigour, freedom, and research. This aroused most of the London papers, and the *Independent Whig* on Sunday, August 17th after fully commenting on the case, cited several instances where individuals, who, after having been arraigned under the charge of murder and acquitted, were tried a second time for the same offence, in consequence of an appeal by the next of kin of the deceased against the verdict of the jury, and wound up their remarks by that,—“If ever there was a case of brutality, violation and murder, that had greater claims upon the sympathy of the world than another, and demands a second trial, we think it is exhibited in that of the unfortunate Mary Ashford.” This gave the “key-note,” a very large section of the press adopted the same view of the case, and a subscription was immediately set on foot—Mary’s friends being in indigent circumstances—to defray the necessary expenses. And Abraham Thornton was apprehended a second time, on a Writ of Appeal, for the murder of Mary Ashford, which excited an interest in the public mind altogether unprecedented—an interest that was heightened by the unusual recurrence of the obsolete proceedings necessary in the case by the Saxon Writ of Appeal, together with the staggering fact of Thornton having challenged his appellant—William, the eldest brother of the deceased Mary Ashford—to a solemn trial by battle, and avowing himself ready to defend his innocence with his body.

The challenge was formally given by throwing down a glove upon the floor of the Court of King’s Bench, whence the case had been removed by “Writ of Habeas Corpus,” to be heard before Lord Ellenborough. But the combat did not take place, and the prisoner escaped. An Act of Parliament was then passed abolishing the trial by battle in any suit, as a mode unfit to be used.

Mary Ashford was buried in the Churchyard of Sutton Colefield, and over her remains is placed a stone with the following inscription, written by the Rev. Luke Booker:—

“As a warning to female virtue, and a humble
Monument to female chastity,
This stone marks the grave of
MARY ASHFORD,
Who, in the 20th year of her age,
Having incautiously repaired to a
Scene of amusement, without proper protection,
Was brutally violated and murdered
On the 27th of October, 1817.”

The artist who paints the patterers’ boards, must address his art plainly to the eye of the spectator. He must use the most striking colours, be profuse in the application of scarlet, light blue, orange—not yellow—that not being a good candle-light colour—and must leave nothing to the imagination. Perspective and back-grounds are things but of minor consideration, everything must be sacrificed for effect. These paintings are in water colours, and are rubbed over with a solution of gum-resin to protect them from the influence of rainy weather.

The charge of the popular street-artist for the painting of a board is 2s. or 3s. 6d., according to the simplicity or elaborateness of the details; the board itself is provided by the artist’s employer. The demand for this peculiar branch of street art is very irregular, depending entirely upon whether there has or has not been perpetrated any act of atrocity, which has rivetted, as it is called, the public attention. And so great is the uncertainty felt by the street-folk whether “the most beautiful murder will take or not,” that it is rarely the patterer will order, or the artist will speculate, in anticipation of a demand, upon preparing the painting of any event, until satisfied that it has become “popular.” A deed of more than usual daring, deceit, or mystery, may be at once hailed by those connected with murder-patter as “one that will do,” and some speculation may be ventured upon, as it was in such cases as Greenacre, Rush, Tawell, and the Mannings, but these are merely exceptional, so uncertain, it appears, is all that depends, without intrinsic merit, on mere popular applause.

It is stated that Catnach cleared over £500 by Weare’s murder and Thurtell’s trial and execution, and was so loth to leave it, that when a wag put him up to a joke, and showed him how he might set the thing a-going again, he could not withstand it, so about a fortnight after Thurtell had been hanged “Jemmy” brought out a startling broad-sheet, headed “WE ARE ALIVE AGAIN!” He put so little space between the two words “WE” and “ARE,” that it looked at first sight like “WEARE.” Many thousands were bought by the ignorant and gullible public, but those who did not like the trick called it a “CATCHPENNY,” and this gave rise to this peculiar term, which ever afterwards stuck to the issues of the “Seven Dials Press.”

For the use of the first two wood cuts in our collection of “Cocks” and “Catchpennies” we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Charles Griffin and Co., of Stationers’ Hall Court, the present proprietors of Mayhew’s *London Labour and the London Poor*—a work which, of all others, gives by far the best description of LONDON STREET-FOLK; and is of itself a complete cyclopædia of the condition and earnings of—those that *will* work, those that *cannot* work, and those that *will not* work. We had intended to have used the originals of “Jemmy” Catnach, but Mr. W. S. Fortey, his successor, writes to inform us that, after a lengthened and active service, the cuts in question were worked and worked until they fell to pieces.

With these remarks we now introduce our readers to a genuine Catnachian, “Cock,” and one that is said to have “fought well in its day,” entitled, “Horrid Murder Committed by a Young Man on a Young Woman.”



HORRID MURDER,

Committed by a young Man on a young Woman.

George Caddell became acquainted with Miss Price and a 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 result of their intimacy, she repeatedly urged him to marry her, but he resisted her importunities for a considerable time. At length she heard of his paying his addresses to Miss Dean, and threatened, in case of his non-compliance, to put an end to all his prospects with that young lady, by discovering everything that had passed between them. Hereupon he formed a horrid resolution of murdering her, for he could neither bear the thought of forfeiting the esteem of a woman who he loved, nor of marrying one who had been as condescending to another as to himself. So he called on Miss Price on a Saturday and requesting her to walk with him in the fields on the following day, in order to arrange a plan for

their intended marriage. Miss Price met him at the time appointed, on the road leading to Burton, at a house known by the name of "The Nag's Head." Having accompanied her supposed lover into the fields, and walked about till towards evening, they sat down under a hedge, where, after a little conversation, Caddell suddenly pulled out a knife and cut her throat, and made his escape, but not before he had waited till she was dead. In the distraction of his mind he left behind him the knife with which he had perpetrated the deed, and his case of instruments. On the following morning, Miss Price being found murdered in the field, great numbers went to take a view of the body, among whom was the woman of the house where she lodged, who recollected that she said she was going to walk with Mr. Caddell, on which the instruments were examined and sworn to have belonged to him. He was accordingly taken into custody.

CRUEL AND INHUMAN MURDER

Committed upon the body of Captain Lawson.

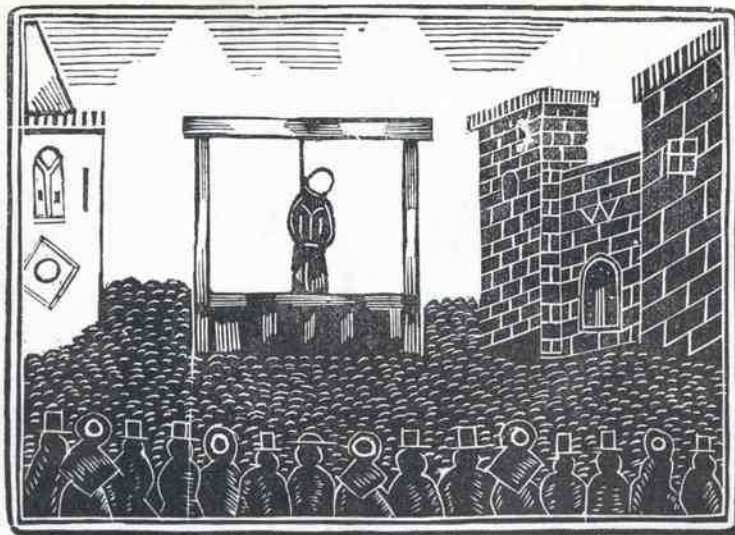


It is with surprise we have learned that this neighbourhood for a length of time, was amazingly alarmed this day, by a crowd of people carrying the body of Mr James Lawson to a doctor, while streams of blood besmeared the way in such a manner, that cries of murder re-echoed the sound of numerous voices. It appears that the cause of alarm, originated through a courtship attended with a solemn promise of marriage, between him and Miss Lucy Gurd, a handsome young lady of refined feelings, with the intercourse of a superior enlightened mind, who lived with her aunt, who spared neither pain, nor cost, to improve the talents of Miss G. these seven years past, since the death of her mother in Ludgate Hill, London, and bore a most excellent character, until she got entangled by the deluding allurements of Mr L., who after they mutually agreed and appointed the nuptial day, not only violated his promise, (on account of her fortune being small,) but boasted thro' the neighbourhood of the unbecoming manner he had triumphed over her virtue (which left her in a languishing situation those six months past) while he chanted his eloquence to another young lady, of a stamp more adequate to a covetous mind, (namely of a great fortune) who took such a deep impression in his heart, that he advanced the most energetic gallantry, and obtained her consent, got the banns published in London, and on the point of getting married to her, with a rapturous prospect of holding a rural wedding, yet we find that the intended bride had learned that Miss Gurd held certain promissory letters of his, and that she determined to enter an action against him for a breach of promise, which moved, clouded and eclipsed over the variable Mr Lawson, who knew that Miss Gurd had letters of his, sufficient to substantiate her claim in a Court of Law. However, he was determined to remove that obstacle, at all events, which was not likely to diminish the only idol which the twofold miscreant so faithfully worshipped — namely, gold and that

nothing should prevent his intended wedding, but it appears, when he comes to traverse his imagination, that two unexpected obstacles greatly embarrassed his proceedings. He demanded from her his letters at the peril of her life, which Miss G. like a distinguished young lady, refused, and prepared herself with unequal fortitude, and after stating to him the consequences of his unmanly conduct she cautiously ordered him to quit the premises, where to confirm his ambition (which crowned his reward) he readily attempted to get near her trunk, through which a sturdy scuffle ensued, and while she screamed for assistance, he attempted to commit an outrageous violation on her person, when to protect her virtue, she drew a large carving knife, and stabbed him under the left breast (which quickly brought him to subjection), his vehement cries alarmed the neighbours, who came to her assistance, and found them both in a contest at the door, while she thrust him out in a gore of blood, which exhibited a scene of such momentary confusion, that the most anxious conjecture was unable to draw the slightest idea on the wanton provocation, yet it appears that though the skillful physicians succeeded in stopping the blood, that they can form but little hopes of his recovery, as they are doubtful as to the knife having separated an artery, and should thus prove to be the case, they are decidedly of opinion, that it will put a certain period to his existence, which leaves the intended bride to bewail her disappointment, while the valiant victress was forced to submit to judicial decorum in the 19th year of her age, where sufficient sponsors voluntary offered to join her recognisance, to await the issue, The whole of her evidence being bound to appear on her final trial (which will gratify the curious where we expect the judge of equity will give an electrical oration, on amorous gallantry, passionate affection, breach of promises, &c., when Cupid's private Ambassadors, or the precious Love Letters will appear unmasked at Chelmsford ensuing Assizes.—*Epping Telegraph*.

The Life, Trial, Execution, Lamentation, and Letter written by the unfortunate man

James



Ward,

Aged 25, who was hung in front of the Gaol,

For the Wilful Murder he committed on the body of his Wife, near Edminton.

TRIAL.

At an early hour on the morning of the trial, the court was crowded to excess, the Judge taking his seat at nine o'clock. The Prisoner, on being placed at the bar, pleaded 'Not Guilty' in a firm tone of voice. The trial lasted many hours, when, having been found 'GUILTY,' the learned Judge addressed the prisoner as follows:—

"Prisoner, you have been found guilty of a most cold-blooded murder, a more deliberate murder I never heard of. You and your wife had been to a neighbouring town, and were returning home, when you did it. She was found in a ditch. I cannot hold out the slightest hope of mercy towards you in this case." During this address the whole court was melted into tears. His Lordship then put on the black cap and passed the sentence as usual, holding out no hope of mercy to the prisoner.

Letter written after his Condemnation.

Dear Sister,
When you receive this you will see that I am condemned to die; my Father and Mother are coming to take their last farewell, and I should very much liked to have seen you, but knowing that you are on the eve of bringing into the world another to your family, I beg that you will refrain from coming; if that you do serious may be the consequences, therefore, dear Sister, do not attempt to come. I hope that no one will upbraid you for what I have done; so may God bless you and yours; farewell! dear sister for ever.

Condemned Cell.

J WARDE

EXECUTION.

The Execution of the above prisoner took place early this morning at eight o'clock, the people flocking to the scene at an early hour. As the period of the wretched man's departure drew near, the chaplain became anxious to obtain from him a confession of the justice of the sentence. He acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and said he was not fit to live, and that he was afraid to die, but he prayed to the Lord for forgiveness, and hoped through the merits of his Saviour that his prayer would be heard. Having received the sacrament, the executioner was not long in performing his office. The solemn procession moved towards the place of execution, the chaplain repeating the confession words, "In the midst of life we are in death." Upon ascending the platform he appeared to tremble very much. The cap being drawn over his eyes and the signal given, the wretched man was launched into eternity. He died almost without a struggle. After the body had hanged the usual time it was cut down and buried according to the sentence, in the gaol.

LAMENTATION.

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

Confined within a lonely cell, with sorrow I am oppress,
The very thoughts of what I've done deprives me of rest;
Within this dark and gloomy cell in the county Gaol I lie,
For murder of my dear wife I am condemned to die.

For four long years I'd married been, I always lov'd her well,
Till at length I was overlooked, oh shame for me to tell;
By Satan sure I was beguiled, he led me quite astray,
Unto another I gave way on that sad unlucky day.

I well deserve my wretched fate, no one can pity me,
To think that I in cold blood could take the life away;
I took a stake out of the hedge and hit on the head,
My cruel blows I did repeat until she were dead.

I dragged the body from the stile to a ditch running by,
I quite forgot there's One above with an all-seeing eye,
Who always brings such deeds to light, as you so plainly see,
I questioned was about it and took immediately.

The body's found, the inquest held, to prison I was sent,
With shame I do confess my sin, with grief I do repent;
And when my trial did come on, I was condemned to die,
An awful death in public scorn, upon the gallows high.

While in my lonely cell I lie, the time draws on apace,
The dreadful deeds that I have done appear before my face;
While lying on my dreadful couch those horrid visions rise,
The ghastly form of my dear wife appears before my eyes.

Oh may my end a warning be now unto all mankind,
And think of my unhappy fate and bear me in your mind;
Whether you are rich or poor, your wives and children love,
So God will fill your fleeting days with blessings from above.

SHOCKING RAPE

AND



MURDER OF TWO LOVERS.

Showing how John Hodges, a farmer's son, committed a rape upon Jane Williams, and afterwards Murdered her and her lover, William Edwards, in a field near Paxton.

This is a most revolting Murder. It appears Jane Williams was keeping company, and was shortly to be married to William Edwards, who was in the employment of Farmer Hodges. For some time a jealousy existed in John Hodges, who made vile proposals to the young girl, who although of poor parents was strictly virtuous. The girl's father also worked on farmer Hodges's estate. On Thursday last she was sent to the farm to obtain some things for her mother, who was ill; it was 9 o'clock in the evening when she set out, a mile from the farm. Going across the fields she was met by the farmer's son, who made vile proposals to her, which she not consenting to, he threw her down, and accomplished his vile purpose. In the meantime her lover had been to her house, and finding she was gone to the farm, went to meet her. He found her in the field crying, and John Hodges standing over her with a bill-hook, saying he would kill her if she ever told. No one can tell the feelings of the lover, William Edwards. He rushed forward, when Hodges, with the hook, cut the legs clean from his body, and with it killed the poor girl, and then run off. Her father finding she did not return, went to look for her; when the awful deeds were discovered. Edwards was still alive, but died shortly afterwards from loss of blood, after giving his testimony to the magistrates. The farmer's son was apprehended, and has been examined and committed to take his trial at the next Assizes.

Thousands of persons followed the unfortunate lovers to the grave, where they were buried together.

Copy of Verses.

Jane Williams had a lover true
And Edwards was his name,
Whose visits to her father's house,
Had welcome now became.
In marriage soon they would be bound,
A loving man and wife,
But John Hodges, a farmer's son,
With jealousy was rife.
One night he met her in the field,
And vile proposals made;
How can I do this wicked thing;
Young Jane then weeping said.

He quickly threw her on the ground,
He seized her by surprise,
And did accomplish his foul act,
Despite her tears and cries.
Her lover passing by that way,
Discovered her in tears,
And when he found what had been done
He pulled the monster's ears.
Young Hodges with the bill-hook,
Then cut young Edwards down:
And by one fatal blow he felled
Jane Williams on the ground.
There side by side the lovers lay
Weltering in their blood:

Young Jane was dead, her lover lived,
Though ebb'd away life's flood.
Old Williams sought his daughter dear,
When awful to relate,
He found her lifeless body there,
Her lover's dreadful fate.
Now in one grave they both do lie,
These lovers firm and true,
Who by a cruel man were slain,
Who'll soon receive his due.
In prison now he is confined,
To answer for the crime.
Two lovers that he murdered,
Cut off when in their prime.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THIS DREADFUL MURDER.

A scene of bloodshed of the deepest dye has been committed in this neighbourhood, which has caused a painful and alarming sensation among all classes in this place, in consequence of its being committed by an individual that is well known to most of the inhabitants who are going in great numbers to the fatal spot where the unfortunate and ill-fated victim has met with this melancholy and dreadful end.

On the news arriving at our office, we at once dispatched our reporter to the spot, and on his arrival he found the place surrounded by men, women, and children, gathered around where the vital spark had fled, which was never to be regained on the face of this earth. Deep was the conversation among the accumulated persons, as to how a fellow creature could be guilty of committing such a revolting and diabolical act upon one, who, it appears, was much respected in this neighbourhood.

The reporter states that on the police authorities arriving at the place, they had some difficulty in preserving order; but after a short lapse of time this was accomplished. They then proceeded to the spot where the lifeless corpse laid, and took possession of the same, and which presented one of the most awful spectacles that has been witnessed for many years.

What could have been the motive for such a cold-blooded and wanton murder being committed we are at a loss to conceive; without it was in consequence of some disagreement having taken place between the unfortunate victims and their assailants, and then ending in the depriving their fellow-creatures of life, which we are forbidden, according to the commandments, to take away; but this seems to be entirely violated in many instances by our dissipated and irregular habits which tends to the committal of such serious things, and through disobeying the scriptural advice brings the degraded creatures to an untimely end. According to

the Scriptures, "He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," which we entirely agree with in these instances, and fully acknowledge the just sentence that is often obliged to be carried into effect; and certainly must say, that were it not for the rigidity of those laws, many of us would not be able to proceed on our journey at heart. So, therefore, we are in duty bound to call upon those laws being fully acted up to, for it is our opinion that those crimes are very seldom committed without there is some disregard or ill feeling towards their unfortunate victims, and thereby end their days in a dreadful manner.

The unfortunate persons being so well known and so much respected, every one feels anxious to know all particulars, and it is the constant enquiry amongst them to know if there is any one apprehended for the murder, or if there is anything more known as to lead to the suspicion who it has been committed by, all being very desirous to hear of the perpetrators of this diabolical and horrid deed. We feel much for the family, who are thrown into the greatest affliction through this dreadful circumstance, and which has cast a gloom over the circle of friends in which they moved.

As a member of society, there will be no one that we know of who will be more missed; one who was often known to relieve the wants of his fellow creatures as far as his circumstances would permit, and whose society was courted by all. As a member, of the family to which they belonged, none will be more deeply regretted, but those who are now remaining will feel the loss and deplore the lamentable death of their respected and worthy friends.—Just as we are going to press, we have received information from our reporter, that something has been elicited from a party that has thrown a light on this subject, and which has led to the apprehension of one of the principal offenders, and who, if proved guilty, will, we hope, meet with that punishment due to his fearful crime.

THE COMMITTAL OF W. THOMPSON, To the County Gaol at Oxford for the MURDER OF HIS WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN,

On the 12th instant.

This morning, the 12th inst., the neighbourhood of Queen-st., Banbury, was thrown into a state of excitement at hearing the cries of murder between the hours of 12 and 1, at the house of Wm. Thompson. Several of the neighbours arose from their beds and knocked at, and tried the door, but all was silent, when Sarah Cope said, some efforts must be made to enter, and two Policemen were quickly on the spot, and about 2 o'clock they forced the door open, when a most awful sight presented itself. The wife lay weltering in her blood and with her head literally knocked to pieces, and the prisoner, who was drunk, was quickly apprehended. Up stairs the two youngest were found lying in a pool of blood on the chamber floor, and the eldest boy, Thomas, four years old, was found a lifeless corpse on the bed, and the clothes covered with blood.

Two surgeons pronounced life to be extinct. An inquest was held at the Blue Boar, and after a post-mortem examination of the bodies, and the whole of the Evidence heard by the Jury, a Verdict of Wilful Murder was returned against William Thompson.

The Prisoner was calm during the whole of the proceedings, and did not attempt to deny his guilt. Since his committal he has made the following Confession.

THE CONFESSION.

On the 12th ultimo, I left my wife and family and went to the house of Sarah Potts, and during the day when we were drinking, she asked me to leave my family and live with her; I gave her no decisive answer at that time. At midnight I returned home and found my wife and children were gone to bed, but she got up and let me in without speaking an angry word; but I got hold of an iron bar and struck her a fatal blow on the head, and repeated the blows until she was dead. I then proceeded to the bed-room, where the children were. My eldest son, Thomas, four years of age, begged for mercy, but I was deaf to his cries and tears; I then raised the bar of iron and struck him three times on the head; the two youngest are twins, I beat their heads against the chamber floor, and I hope the Lord will forgive me.

A COPY OF VERSES.

ALL you that have got feeling hearts, I pray you
now attend, (lend,
To these few lines so sad and true, a solemn silence
It is of a cruel murder, to you I will unfold—
The bare recital of the tale, must make your blood
run cold.

'Twas in the town of Banbury, all in fair Oxfordshire,
One William Thomson did reside, by trade a Carpenter,
He had a kind and loving wife, likewise three children
dear, (hear,

Who victims fell unto his rage, as shortly you may
The one it was a little boy, just turned two years old,
The other two were lovely boys, the truth I now unfold,
Long time he kept his family, in credit and renown,
Until he was led astray, by a woman on the town—

One Sarah Potts it was her name, who first did him
betray, (astray,

And from his wife and children, caused him to go
At rest from her he ne'er could be, by day nor yet by
night, (quite,

Until her false deluding tongue, had proved his ruin
It was on the 12th day of the month, unto her house
he went (intent;

A drinking, for to spend the day, it was his chief
She says, come leave your house and home, your family
also,

And to some other country, along with you I'll go.

About the hour of twelve at noon, he homeward did
repair, (share—

And found his poor deluded wife, waiting his love to
One angry word she never spoke, though he unkind
had been (in.

But with the meekness of a lamb, she rose to let him
Soon as the house he entered, he straightway locked
the door, (floor;

Soon seized upon an iron bar, and threw her on the
With which he beat her on the head, as she lay on the
ground, (around.

Her brains most awful for to view, lay scattered all
Oh then he seized those lovely twins, whilst sleeping
on the bed, (ther said—

Now with your mother you shall die, the wretched fa-
He seized them by their little legs, and dashed them
on the floor, (more.

And soon their tender lives were gone, alas! to be no
The eldest child seeing what was done, upon his knees
did rise, (his eyes—

And loud for mercy he did call, whilst tears were in
Oh, Dadda dear, oh, Dadda dear, and asked me for a kiss,
Why are you going to murder me, what have I done
amiss? (fall,

Again for mercy he did plead whilst pearly tears did
The cruel father's hardened heart, was deaf unto his
call—

Again took up the iron bar, and beat him on the head,
And soon the blood of the dear boy, was spilt upon
the bed.

It was early the next morning, before the break of day,
He by Policemen taken was, and to prison sent straight-
way, (stand,

Where till the Assizes he must lie, his trial for to
When blood for blood will be required, by the laws of
God and man.

(Smith, Printer, High Street, London.

A REMARKABLE PUNISHMENT OF **MURDER.**



The following melancholy account was given by a very worthy man, Mr. Thomas Marshall, a Church-warden well-known and respected by all.

Some years ago, a young gentleman and lady came out of Scotland, as is supposed, upon a matrimonial affair. As they were travelling through the country, they were robbed and murdered, at a place called the Winnetts, near Castleton. Their bones were found about two years ago, by some miners who were sinking an Engine-pit at the place.

One James Ashton, of Castleton, who died about a fortnight ago, and who was one of the murderers, was most miserably afflicted and tormented in his conscience. He had been dying, it was thought, for ten weeks; but could not die till he had confessed the whole affair. But when he had done this, he died immediately.

He said, Nicholas Cock, Thomas Hall, John Bradshaw, Francis Butler, and himself, meeting the above gentleman and lady in the Winnetts, pulled them off their horses, and dragged them into a barn belonging to one of them, and took from them two hundred pounds. Then seizing on the young gentleman, the young lady (whom Ashton said was the fairest woman he ever saw) entreated them, in the most piteous manner, not to kill him, as she was the cause of his coming into that country. But, notwithstanding all her intreaties, they cut his throat from ear to ear! They then seized the young lady herself, and, though she entreated them, on

her knees, to spare her life, and turn her out naked! yet one of the wretches drove a Miner's pick into her head, when she dropped down dead at his feet. Having thus dispatched them both, they left their bodies in the barn, and went away with their booty.

At night they returned to the barn, in order to take them away; but they were so terrified with a frightful noise that they durst not move them: and so it was the second night. But the third night, Ashton said it was only the Devil, who would not hurt him; so they took the bodies away and buried them.

They then divided the money: and as Ashton was a coal carrier to a Smelt Mill, on the Sheffield Road, he bought horses with his share; but they all died in a little time. Nicholas Cock fell from a precipice, near the place where they had committed the murder, and was killed. Thomas Hall hanged himself. John Bradshaw was walking near the place where they had buried the bodies, when a stone fell from the hill and killed him on the spot, to the astonishment of every one who knew it. Francis Butler, attempted many times to hang himself, but was prevented; however, he went mad, and died in a most miserable manner.

Thus, though they escaped the hand of human justice (which seldom happens in such a case), yet the Invisible Hand found them out, even in this world. How true then it is, that He art about our path, and about our bed, and spiest out all our ways!

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FATAL THUNDERSTORM,

Which happened in these parts, and the
SINGULAR DREAM OF A YOUNG MAN,
Well known in this Neighbourhood.

On the first day of this month there was a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning in these parts. Its most fatal effects occurred about three miles from this town. There was a young shepherd, about twenty-three years of age, who had always entertained a remarkable dread of such storms; on that day, as it began to grow cloudy, his mother would have dissuaded him from going out, but he said he must go, as certain of his sheep absolutely required his attendance. This was agreeable to a tenderness of temper which, from his childhood, had been remarkable in his character. Quickly after he got into the fields, the storm arose; he was then in an open valley of greensward, and upon the neighbouring land there were two places of shelter equally distant; the one a stack of beans where some men were employed in thrashing, the other a rick of hay where nobody was. Humanly speaking, his life depended upon the choice he made between these two places, and he unhappily chose the rick. Quickly after, the thrashers at a small distance saw it take fire! They immediately ran to extinguish it, which they did without any great difficulty, as stacked hay burns but slowly; but they found the shepherd dead! His heels were stuck up, and his back rested against a part of the rick which had not been on fire. On a more careful examination, they found that his coat was singed on the right shoulder; his waistcoat did not appear to be burnt; but his shirt was reduced to tinder, not only on the shoulder, but all over the back. The skin under it appeared a little blistered, but the flesh not at all torn. His right leg was blistered round the outer ankle, and his shoe-buckle shattered almost to perfect powder. There was no wound on any part of the body which could be thought the cause of his death. About a month before this accident he told his mother a dream which struck deeply upon his imagination for a considerable time. He said he fancied himself surprised by a storm of thunder, and that he fled for shelter to the wall of a house, when a great flash of lightning came directly upon him, and that immediately he fancied himself strangled for want of breath.

About three months previous to this melancholy occurrence the same young man, who is well known in these parts, and whose name and address we withhold out of respect to his surviving relations, dreamt that as he sat on a fragment of St. John's Castle, romantically situated on the shores of Loch-Ree—one of those many ruins that are to be found in desolated parts of this county! The scene around him was one of age and sublimity: he felt its imposing effect and was filled with the solemnity of its aspect! The winds were sweeping their sullen murmurs through the broken walls of the gigantic pile; the "voice of Time-disport-

ing towers" fell with a sad sound upon the ear, and he could fancy, in the pauses of the hollow blast, that he saw spectral shapes of other days peeping from the dark passages and broken windows, and then suddenly disappearing like night-birds, that, having awakened too early for their dusky evening flight, shrink back aghast to their gloomy bowers, from the offensive glare of a lingering sunset! Melancholy and romance were in the hour, and he insensibly yielded to their powerful influence.

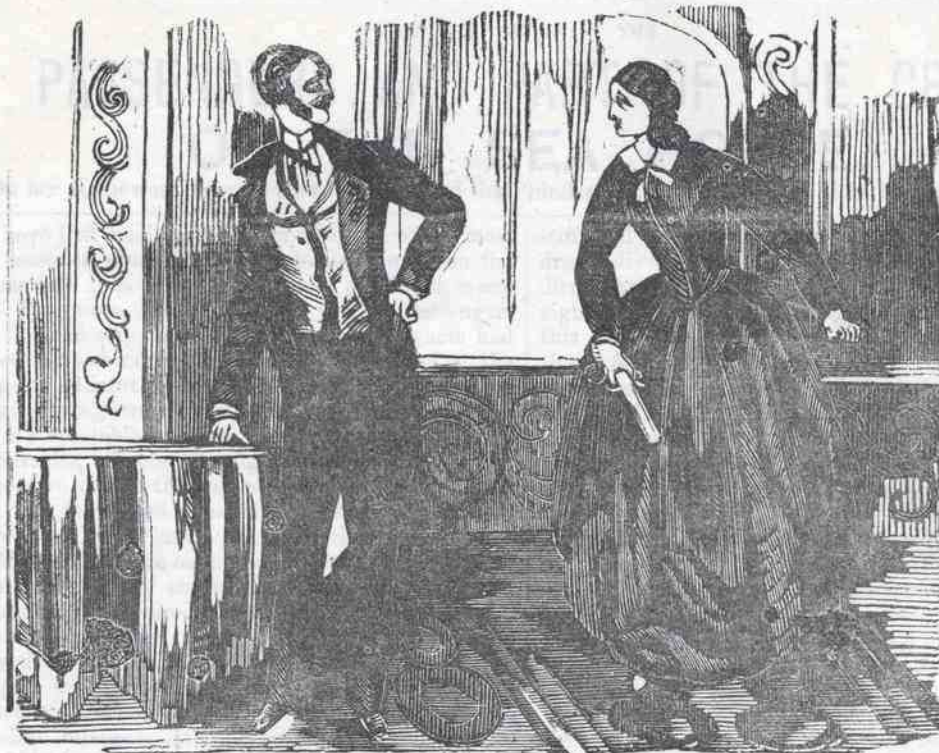
As his half-closed eyes were carelessly fixed upon a little chasm in the vaulted floor, that lay some fifty feet beneath him, he perceived, with a surprise not unmingled with terror, that the long grass which partly concealed it began to move with more than the wind-motion. He thought a thin blue smoke issued from the widening aperture, and a confused murmur of hollow voices arose. He would have fled from the place, but his companions had, at his own request, left him to indulge in melancholy, and had taken his boat for a short sail to some islands farther up the lake; besides, he had no means of quitting the almost insulated ruin, but by passing the mysterious vapour, which crossed the only path to a strip of land that connected the basement of the castle with the main shore. This he was determined not to do. He therefore quietly remained in the watch-tower with mingled feelings of curiosity and dread!

The blue mist at length disappeared—the murmur of hollow voices died away—all was silent again save the beach-wave and the moaning of the wind through the caverns of the ruin. He began to think he had imagined the scene, and was just about to quit his hiding-place, when suddenly the vapour issued again, and, thunder-struck with astonishment and admiration, he beheld a female figure slowly rising from the vault like a spirit from earth's tomb on its way to immortal blessedness! she was lightly clad—lightly enough to betray a form of beauty, half-woman, half-child, that he had never before contemplated, even in his dreams! It was loveliness even beyond his ideal conceptions, and seemed to be of that age when childhood usually gives her last portion of innocence to youth, and fearfully resigns her little charge to approaching maturity.

She ascended, with the rapidity of a winged creature, up a curtain-wall that shut out the northern view of the lake from the interior of the castle, when, having gazed long and wistfully (as he thought) upon the dim sail of his little bark in the hazy distance, she descended with the same careless activity, to a mound of ivy and wild flowers that sprung up spontaneously in the ruin, like sweet, but unbidden recollections of happy days gone by in a broken heart.

THE LIVERPOOL TRAGEDY.

Showing how a Father and Mother barbarously Murdered their own Son.



A few days ago a sea-faring man, who had just returned to England after an absence of thirty years in the East Indies, called at a lodging-house, in Liverpool, for sailors, and asked for supper and a bed; the landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor. The young man entered into conversation with them, invited them to partake of his cheer, asked many questions about themselves and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. At night the landlady shewed him to his room, and when she was leaving him he put a large purse of gold into her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning, pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband and shewed him the accursed gold: for its sake they mutually agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep.

In the dead of the night, when all was still, the old couple silently creaped into the bed room of their sleeping guest, all was quiet: the landlady approached the bedside, and then cut his throat, severed his head from his body; the old man, upwards of seventy years of age, holding the candle. They put a washing-tub under the bed to catch his blood. And then ransacking

the boxes of the murdered man they found more gold, and many handsome and costly articles, the produce of the East Indies, together, with what proved afterwards, to be a marriage certificate.

In the morning, early, came a handsome and elegantly dressed lady and asked, in a joyous tone, for the traveller who had arrived the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said he had risen early and gone away. "Impossible!" said the lady, and bid them go to his bed-room and seek him, adding, "you will be sure to know him as he has a mole on his left arm in the shape of a strawberry. Besides, 'tis your long lost son who has just returned from the East Indies, and I am his wife, and the daughter of a rich planter long settled and very wealthy. Your son has come to make you both happy in the evening of your days, and he resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct to wayfaring mariners."

The old couple went up stairs to examine the corpse, and they found the strawberry mark on its arm, and they then knew that they had murdered their own son, they were seized with horror, and each taking a loaded pistol blew out each other's brains.

THE MASSACRE

OF THE WHOLE OF THE PASSENGERS AND PART OF THE CREW OF THE SEA HORSE,

On her Homeward Passage from Sydney, and the Plunder of 18,000 ounces of Gold by the Murderers.

We have just received intelligence of one of the most daring cases of plunder and wholesale murder on the high seas that it is our duty to make public for many years. It appears that the crew and thirteen passengers of the ill-fated ship, the Sea Horse, some of whom had been seeking to better their condition by toiling at the diggings of Ballarat, Bendigo, and the several numerous diggings of the surrounding country, whilst others had gained a respectable position in life by mercantile and other pursuits, all returning light-hearted and elated by their good success to the land of their birth, and to look on the dear faces, and gladden the hearts of the dear ones they had left at home, but whom they were doomed never to meet no more on earth. Among the crew was a Spaniard known by the name of Digo Salvesata, and three others, who were tempted by a love of gold to gain possession of the valuable cargo, to do which, they conceived the horrid idea of putting the whole of the passengers and that part of the crew who would not join them to death. The following are the facts of this demon-like outrage:—It appears that the Sarah Ann, of North Shields, on her passage home, was driven by the gales into the German ocean, and it was in sight of the white cliffs of Old England that these horrible murders were committed. As the Sarah Ann was laying at anchor on the morning of the 12th, at day break they saw through the fog the ill-fated vessel, and not seeing any one on deck they hailed her, and on receiving no answer a boat was immediately lowered, and they went on board, and on getting below a shocking sight met their gaze, with one exception the whole of the passengers and the remainder of the crew were in their berths

stiff and cold, with their throats cut, and otherwise dreadfully disfigured. One poor man had a piece of dirty sheet tied tightly round his throat, and about eight inches of it stuffed tightly into his mouth. On this being removed, there was a large wound in the throat four inches in extent from right to left; there were five incisions on the right side ending in one deep one on the left. The windpipe was cut through and the muscles of the neck on the left side; the forehead was contused and scratched. The hair was covered with blood. On the back part of the right hand there were several scratches. Most of the victims were more or less mutilated. On going to the Captain's cabin another shocking sight presented itself, he was laying completely hacked to pieces, his tongue was completely cut out at the root, and his entrails strewed on the cabin floor, showing that there had been a terrible struggle; it appears from the statement of a man who had stowed in the hold to escape the slaughter, that the second mate, who is one of the murderers, treated the passengers and the rest of the crew with some grog in which some laudnum was mixed, which rendered them senseless, and while in that helpless state murdered them in the manner described, they afterwards went to the Captain's cabin, who fought bravely but was overpowered by numbers, they then took all the gold they could find and lowered the long boat and made off with their ill-gotten gains. The tiller of the boat has been found, so whether they have escaped and sent the boat adrift is not known, but search is being made after the murderers, and we hope they will soon be taken, and meet with their just reward.

COPY OF VERSES.

You landsmen and you seamen bold,
Attention give to me,
While I a tragedy unfold,
Upon the briny sea;
In the German ocean it occurred,
Near the sight of land,
Twenty-eight fell victims
To the cursed murderers hands.
The Sea Horse it from Sydney sailed,
Bound for Old England's shore,
With crew and thirteen passengers,
Whose fate we now deplore;
Returning home with hard earned gold,
Across the briny main,
But alas! the ones they loved at home,
They ne'er will see again.
Four of the crew they laid a plan,
The passengers to slay,
And with the gold they dearly earnt,
O'er the seas to bear away;

These murderers were led away,
All by their thirst for gold,
And their victims they did cruelly slay,
Most shocking to unfold.
In some grog they mixed some laudanum
And soon they fell asleep,
And then these wretched monsters
To their victim's berths did creep;
Then to the Captain's cabin,
Intent on blood did steer,
And mangled his poor body,
How dreadful for to hear.
The Sarah Ann from North Shields,
As by the facts appear,
Saw the poor ill-fated ship,
And boarded it we hear;
And found the gory victims—
How shocking for to read,
May the murderers soon be taken
And suffer for their deeds.

FULL PARTICULARS

OF THE

HORRIBLE & DREADFUL

GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

[Few public calamities recorded in our annals can bear a comparison, in point of distress, with the tremendous conflagration which reduced the greater part of the British metropolis to ashes, in the 1666. Of this dire catastrophe, all our histories give a general, and some of them a detailed, account; but no relation hitherto published is so minutely descriptive as that written at the time, and as it were on the smoking embers of the city, by the ingenious John Evelyn; from whose memoirs we have therefore extracted the whole narration.]

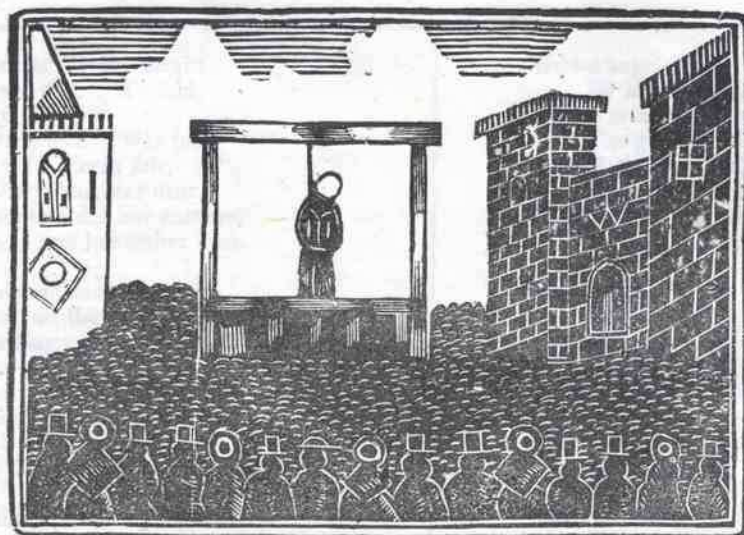
September 2. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Street, in London.

Sept. 3. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach, with my wife and son, and went to the bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames street, and upwards towards Cheapside down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward) Tower street, Fenchurch street, Gracious street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation,

running about like distracted creatures, without attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other, for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to receive the fire, which devoured after a most incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. London was, but is no more!

THE LIFE, TRIAL, CHARACTER, AND CONFESSION
OF
The Man that was Hanged
IN FRONT OF NEWGATE, AND WHO
IS NOW ALIVE !
WITH FULL PARTICULARS OF THE RESUSCITATED.



"There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged; and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

THERE are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of their life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in all ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge, is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavours to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die one of their favourite themes of comment or description. Footboys and 'prentices hang themselves almost every other day, conclusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in jest than in earnest—they feel an inward monition may become their own. And thousand of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a breach, or fought a duel, merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that peculiar ordeal.

Now I am in a situation to speak from experience, upon that very interesting question—the sensations attendant upon a passage from life to death. I have been HANGED, and am ALIVE—perhaps there are no three other men at this moment, in Europe, who can make the same declaration.

Before this statement meets the public eye, I shall have quitted England for ever; therefore I have no advantage to gain from its publication. And, for the vanity of knowing, when I shall be a sojourner in a far country, that my name—for good or ill—is talked about in this,—such fame would scarcely do even my

pride much good, when I dare not lay claim to its identity. But the cause which excites me to write is this—My greatest pleasure, through life, has been the perusal of any extraordinary narratives of fact. An account of a shipwreck in which hundreds have perished; of a plague which has depopulated towns or cities; anecdotes and inquiries connected with the regulations of prisons, hospitals, or lunatic receptacles; nay, the very police reports of a common newspaper—as relative to matters of reality, have always excited a degree of interest in my mind, which cannot be produced by the best-invented tale of fiction. Because I believe, therefore, that to persons of a temper like my own, the reading of that which I have to relate will afford very high gratification;—and because I know also, that what I describe can do mischief to no one, while it may prevent the symptoms and details of a very rare consummation from being lost; for these reasons I am desirous, as far as a very limited education will permit me, to write a plain history of the strange fortunes and miseries to which, during the last twelve months, I have been subjected.

I have stated already, that I have *been* hanged and *am* alive. I can gain nothing now by misrepresentation—I was GUILTY of the act for which I suffered. There are individuals of respectability whom my conduct already has disgraced, and I will not revive their shame and grief by publishing my name. But it stands in the list of capital convictions in the Old Bailey Calendar for the Winter Sessions of 18—

THE SCARBOROUGH TRAGEDY.

Giving an Account how Susan Forster, a Farmer's only Daughter, near Scarborough, was seduced by Mr Robert Sanders, a Naval Officer, under promise of Marriage. How she became Pregnant, and the wicked hardened, and cruel Wretch appointed to meet her at a well-known retired spot, which she unhappily did, and was basely Murdered by him, and buried under a Tree, and of the wonderful manner in which this base Murder was brought to light, and he was committed to Gaol.

YOUNG virgins fair of beauty bright,
And you that are of Cupid's fold,
Unto my tragedy give ear,
For it's as true as e'er was told.
In Yorkshire, liv'd a virgin fair,
A farmer's only daughter dear,
And young sea-captain did her ensnare,
Whose station was her father near.

Susannah was this maiden's name,
The flower of all that country,
This officer a courting came,
Begging that she his love would be.
Her youthful heart to love inclin'd,
Young Cupid bent his golden bow,
And left his fatal dart behind,
Which prov'd Susannah's overthrow.

Ofttimes at evening she would repair,
Close to the borders of the sea,
Her treach'rous love would meet her there,
The time it passed most pleasantly,
And while they walked the sea-banks over,
To mark the flowing of the tide,
He said he'd be her constant lover
And vow'd that she should be his bride.

Within the pleasant groves they walk'd,
And vallies where the lambs do play,
Sweet pleasant tales of love they talk'd,
To pass away the summer day.
My charming lovely Susan, said he,
See how the pleasant flowers spring,
The pretty birds on every tree,
With melody the groves doth ring.

I nothing want for to delight
My soul, but those sweet charms of thine,
My heart is fix'd, therefore my dear,
Like the turtle-dove let us combine,
Let me embrace my heart's delight,
Within this pleasant bower here;
This bank of violets for our bed,
Shaded with these sweet roses fair,

She said, what can you mean, I pray,
I am a farmer's daughter born.
What signifies my beauty bright,
A trifle, when my honour's gone.
My parents they will me disdain,
Young virgins they will me deride,
Oh! do not prove my overthrow,
If you love me stay till your bride.

Sweet angel bright, I here do vow,
By all the powers that are divine,
I'll ne'er forsake my dearest dear,
The girl that does my soul confine.
And if that you will me deny,
This sword shall quickly end my woe,
Then from her arms he ran straightway
In fury, out his sword he drew.

Her hands as white as lilies fair,
Most dreadfully she then did wring
She said, my death's approaching near,
Would I pity take and comfort him
It only brings my fatal fall,
'Tis I who must receive the wound
The crimson dye forsook her cheeks,
At his feet she dropp'd upon the ground.

Thus innocence he did betray,
Full sore against her chaste desire;
True love is a celestial charm,
The flame of lust a raging fire.
But when her senses did revive,
He many vows and oaths did make,
That he'd for ever true remain,
Her company would not forsake.

Now virgins in the second part,
Observe this maiden's fatal end,
When once your virtue is betray'd,
You've nothing young men will commend.
After the traitor had his will
He never did come near her more,
And from her eyes both day and night,
For his sake the crystal tears did pour,

Into a mournful valley she crossed,
Would often wander all alone,
And for the jewel she had lost
In the bower would often mourn.
Oh! that I were some pretty bird,
That I might fly to hide my shame;
O silly maid, for to believe
The fair delusions of a man.

The harmless lamb that sports and plays,
The turtle's constant to his mate,
Nothing so wretched is as I,
To love a man that does me hate.
I will to him a letter send,
Remind him of the oaths he made
Within that shady bower, where
My tender heart he first betray'd.

THE SCARBOROUGH TRAGEDY,—*Continued.*

Her trembling hand a letter wrote,
My dearest dear, what must I do?
Alas! what have I done, that I
Forsaken am now by you!
I could have wedded a worthy farmer,
Who little knows my misery;
I did forsake a wealthy grazier,
All for the love I bore to thee.

And now my little infant dear
Will quickly spread abroad my shame,
One line of comfort to me send,
E'er I am by your cruelty slain.
This answer he to her did send,
Your insolence amazes me,
To think that I should marry one
With whom, before, I have been free.

Indeed I'll not a father be
Unto a bastard you shall bear,
So take no further thought of me,
No more from you pray let me hear.
When she this letter did receive,
She wrung her hands and wept full sore:
And every day she still would range,
To lament within the pleasant bower.

The faithless wretch began to think,
Her father's rich, as I do hear,
He said, I sure shall punished be,
Soon as the story he does hear.
The devil then he did begin
To enter in his wretched mind;
Her precious life he then must have,
Thus he to act the thing did find.

He many times did watch her out,
Into the pleasant valley, where
One day he privately did go,
When he knew she was not there.
And privately he dug a grave
Underneath an oaken tree.
Then in the branches he did hide,
To act his piece of cruelty.

Poor harmless soul she nothing knew,
As usual she went there alone,
And on a bank of violets
In mournful manner sat her down.
Of his unkindness did complain;
At length the grave she did espy,
She rose indeed to view the same,
Not thinking that he was so nigh.

You gentle gods so kind, said she,
Did you this grave for me prepare?
He then descended from the tree,
Saying, strumpet now thy death is near.
O welcome, welcome, she replied,
As long as by your hand I die,
This is a pleasant marriage bed,
I'm ready, use your cruelty.

But the heavens bring to light
Thy crime, and thus let it appear,
Winter and summer on this grave,
The damask rose in bloom spring here.
Never to wither though 'tis cropped,
But when thy hand do touch the same,
Then may the bloom that minute blast
To bring to light my bitter shame.

More she'd have said, but with his sword,
He pierc'd her tender body through;
Then threw her in the silent grave,
Saying, now, there is an end of you.
He fill'd the grave up close again,
With weeds the same did overspread;
Then unconcerned, he straight went home,
Immediately went to his bed.

Her parents dear did grieve full sore, at
The loss of their young daughter,
Thinking she was stole away, as
To all their riches she was heir to.
Twelve months after this was passed,
Thousands for a truth do know,
According as she did desire,
On her grave a damask rose grew.

Many wonder'd at the same,
For in the winter it did spring,
If any one did crop the rose,
In a moment it would grow again.
The thing it blazed the country round,
And thousands went the same to see,
This miracle from heaven shew,
He 'mong the rest must curious be.

To go and see if this was true,
But when unto the plant he came,
The beauteous rose he saw in bloom,
And eagerly he cropp'd the same.
The leaves did fall from off the bush,
The rose within his hand did die,
He cried, 'tis fair Susannah's blood,
That spring up from her fair body.

Many people that were there,
Took notice of what he did say,
They told him he'd a murder done,
He the truth confess'd without delay.
They dug and found the body there,
'Twas but this month that it was known,
Before a magistrate he went,
And now in prison lies forlorn.

Till he his punishment receives,
No doubt but he will have his due;
Young men by this a warning take,
Perform your vows whate'er ye do.
For God does find out many ways,
Such heinous sins to bring to light,
For murder's a most horrid sin,
And hateful in his blessed sight.

TRAGIC VERSES.

COME all fair maids both far and near and listen
unto me,
While unto you I do relate a dreadful Tragedy,
A deed of blood I will unfold which lately came to light,
When 'tis made known, you'll surely own you never
heard the like.

'Tis of an honest farmer's child, a damsel fair and
young, (tongue,
Who was in tender years beguil'd all by a flattering
The finest lady in the land could not with her compare,
Her dimpled cheeks and rosy looks how charming sweet
they were.

Crowds of admirers flocking came, to gain fair Susan's
love; (move,
But none her favour could obtain, nor her affections
Till by mischance a youth she met, as fate would have
it so, (overthrow.
Who caught her heart in Cupid's net and prov'd her

A naval Captain of renown, beguil'd her tender youth,
Deceit and lies he did disguise with air of seeming truth,
He prais'd her looks, her shape, her air, vow'd she
should be his wife, (life.
And thus did vilely her ensnare—then took her precious

When he had thus her ruin prov'd by many a solemn
vow,
The very maid he vow'd to love was hateful in his view.
With bitter tears she did implore that he'd his vows
fulfil; (his will.
But all in vain—she charm'd no more now he had had

She wrote a letter which she thought would grieve his
heart full sore, (swore,
And tenderly she him besought, to mind the vows he
T'was you that did my heart trepan, which now in tears
I rue—
Slighted many an honest man all for the love of you.

I wish that my young babe was born and on the nurse's
knee, (over me.
And I myself was dead and gone and the grass grown
When he this letter through had read, which expos'd
his villainy,
A deadly thought came in his head her butcher for to be.

With seeming kindness in his face which made poor
Susan gay,
He did appoint a lonely place to meet with her next day.
The hour arriv'd, she hasten'd there to the appointment
true,
Where the deceitful murderer the lovely damsel slew.

When she beheld his deadly knife she rais'd her lovely
face, (to disgrace,
Crying, Oh! spare, Oh! spare my life and leave me
Have pity on your unborn babe tho' you have none for
me;
Alas! a dark untimely grave, my bridal bed will be.

Her lovely face, her beauteous eyes, for mercy plead in
vain,
Of no avail were tears or cries unmov'd he did remain,
He rais'd his arm,—a deadly plunge, and down she
weltering lay, (dying breath did say.
And while her heart's-blood stain'd the ground, with

“Monster, the fearful crime you've done heaven's Lord
will bring to light, (sight.
“No human eye is looking on—none sees the cruel
“Yet righteous King of heaven and earth my blood
doth cry to thee,
“To visit my untimely death that all mankind may see.”

Now when this deed of blood was done he dug a hole
so deep, (retreat,
And thrust her murdered body in, then homeward did
But vengeance did his crime requite for to his great
dismay,
The horrid murder came to light all in a wond'rous way.

He did confess—they dug the ground while hundreds
came to view. (lov'd so true,
And here the murder'd corpse they found, of her who
In irons now in Prison strong lamenting he does lie;
And, by the laws condemn'd ere long, most justly he
will die.

THE NAKED TRUTH,

OR

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND,

BEING THE FULL ACCOUNT OF

AN EXTRAORDINARY WAGER OF £5000,

Laid between Lord ——— and the Duke's Son,

TWO MEN OF FASHION.

To Miss C———

When—fiercest storms are gone to rest,
Shall—mild and gentle calms succeed,
I—'m told, to ease the heart oppress,
Sleep—is the only balm we need.
With—these few lines, by nature taught,
You—will a simple question find;
My—meaning's plain, so find it out,
Love—will direct you, tho' he's blind.



Miss C———'s answer.

To—bless you is my soul's desire,
Night—brings in dreams my flame,
If—you can feel an equal fire,
You—'ll find me still the same.
Will—you be still of tender mind;
Bring—love not light, but constant kind,
The—world would ne'er see such a couple;
Parson—'s can conquer every scruple,

A few nights since, at a fashionable *hell* in the western part of this *well policed* metropolis, the following extraordinary wager was laid and decided. Lord ——— bet £5000 with the eldest son of the Duke of ——— who had frequently distinguished himself by his eccentricities, that he would carry him on his shoulders nine times round St. James's square after the business of the house was finished. At three o'clock in the morning, the parties, attended by their friends, repaired to the spot; but here Lord ——— observed that his bet was to carry his opponent, but *not his clothes also*. However, the young hero of joking and

smoking celebrity, was not to be done by his cunning adversary, and he actually, at that hour of the morning, with the wind sharp as a "serpent's tooth," stripped himself to the *buff*. Yes, gentle, refined, or rheumatic reader! he, this son of the Duke of ———, divesting himself of shame (if ever he had any), stripped himself of *all*, even to the most minute parts of his dress, and won £5000. And then covering himself, not with glory, but his clothes, went to finish at a bagnio, with the notorious and accommodating Miss C——— of ——— Square, not a hundred miles off.—"These are the Men of Fashion!!"

EXTRAORDINARY & FUNNY DOINGS IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

It is ——— is a comical place,
And you'll find from one end to the other,
And all classes of persons through life,
Can daily find fault with the other.
Some can gossip and tattle about,
And fill every person with dizziness,
What an excellent thing it would be,
If people would mind their own business.

Did you see Mrs Bubble-and-squeak,
Walk out with her young daughter Sally,
She has got on a new bonnet and shawl,
And a nice handsome gown on the tally.
Such a bustle, oh! dear, she does wear,
Why cut up with pride I am sure she is,
Some can always see other folks' faults,
But they never can mind their own business.



Mrs Stradle has just gone along,
Don't you think she's a queer sort of creature
She owes tenpence for chandler's shop score,
Besides eighteen pence for the baker.
And she can drink gin like a fish,
Which oft fills her head with dizziness,
But you know that is nothing to me,
For I always do mind my own business.

Mrs Thingembob, what do you think,
You know Mrs and Miss Carbuncle,
Last night took the pillows and sheets,
Their flat irons and gowns to my uncle.
I think between you and me,
It can be nothing more than laziness,
I wish you'd take my advice,
Look at home and mind your own business,
And we shall all find enough for to do.

Madam,

The love and tenderness I have hitherto expressed to you is false, and I now feel that my indifference towards you increases every day, and the more I see you the more you appear ridiculous in my eyes, and contemptible—I feel inclined and in every respect disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me I never had any inclination to offer you my hand. Our last conversation I assure you left a tedious and wretched insipidity which has not possessed me with an exalted opinion of your character, your inconstant temper would make me miserable, and if ever we are united, I shall experience nothing but the hatred of my parents, added to the everlasting pleasure in living with you, I have a true heart to bestow, but however I do not wish you for a moment to think it is at your service, as I could not give it to one more inconstant and capricious than yourself, and one less capable to do honour to my choice, and my family. Yes, Madam, I beg and desire you'll be persuaded that I think seriously, and you will do me a great favour to avoid me. I shall excuse you taking the trouble to give me an answer to this, as your letters are full of nonsense and impertinence, and have not a shadow of wit and good sense. Adieu, and believe me truly, I am so averse to you, that it is impossible I should ever be, Madam, your Affectionate Servant and Lover. R. G.

Sir,

The uniform tendency of your behaviour from the natural brutality of disposition evinced by you since the period of our acquaintance, has possessed me with a sovereign contempt of your understanding, without the most exalted opinion of your politeness and integrity, believe me, I have considered you a despicable being, and could I ever be induced to change my condition, you are the last person I should choose; nay, I despise you you are only capable of inspiring in me such ideas. Though it has lowered me in my opinion, nevertheless your letter has afforded me satisfaction by convincing me I am not so contemptible a character as I should be did I possess your esteem. With respect to your heart I believe it to be quite as worthless as your letter, and did it offer me a refusal some difficulty might occur to decide whether to throw it on the dunghill or the fire. Matrimony is a union not to be formed without due care, my knowledge of you has redoubled caution on this point, and I should prefer you on such an event taking place, if like Polita I wish to deal in monkeys and apes—I cannot conclude without giving thanks for your candour, though in it you may have violated every rule of decency, and I shall follow your example by assuring you I am resolved never to subscribe myself what I really am not your well-wisher and sincere friend, E. H. M.

By reading every other line of the above letters the true meaning will be found.

THE LOVE LETTER,

The Lady's Maid!! The Secret Found out!!! Or
A MARRIED MAN CAUGHT IN A TRAP.



"Good morning, Sir."

"The same to you, Miss! Very happy to meet you here; how far are you going?"

"Not far, Sir; but I should be proud of your company for a short time."

"Thank you, Miss, I hope we shall be better acquainted e're long."

"I hope, Sir, you're unmarried?"

"Happy to say at present—I am!"

"Very well, Sir, I am at present without a sweetheart who has possession of my heart."

"My dear, I will endeavour to try to gain you."

"Excuse me, Sir, I am poor."

"My dear, I am only a theatrical gentleman, but very fond of the fair sex."

"Do you think, my cherub, that you will be able to keep us when we are wed?"

"Yes, my dear, for I will feed you on oysters, beef-steaks, and all such fattening and strengthening things as are necessary for our conjugal happiness and comfort."

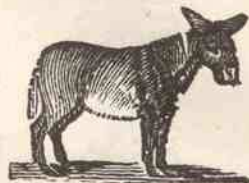
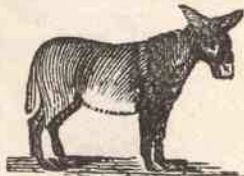
"But, Sir, can I really depend upon you?"

"Yes, my dear, shall we name the day for our marriage?"

"Suppose we say, my love, the day after to-morrow."

"Agreed; until that, adieu."

On the morning appointed for the wedding, the young woman received the following epistle:—



"MY DEAREST FANNY.—I have thought on your proposal since last we met, but from circumstances that have transpired, I beg leave to postpone our marriage to a future day. I thought on our conversation and your delightful company ever since, and have enclosed a copy for your perusal.

"I am,

"Yours for ever,

"HENRY J.N.S.

"Light of my soul! by night and day,
 I'll love thee ever;
 Light of my soul! list to my lay,
 I'll leave thee never.
 Light of my soul! where'er I go,
 My thoughts on thee are hovering;
 Light of my soul! in weal or woe—
 Send by the bearer a sovereign!"

The young woman read this letter with disdain, and wrote back the following answer:—

"SIR,—I return your note with disgust, having been informed that you are a married man, and I hope you will bestow the trash you offered me upon your wife. So pray trouble me no more with your foolery."

Poor H. took this so much to heart, that he went and drowned his senses in wine, and then returned home; undressing himself, the letter fell from his bosom, his wife picked it up, read it, and beat him about the head with a dish-cloth.

There are two ways of reading this to discover the parties. Henry — lives in THIS STREET, and Fanny — at the — shop round the corner, and is said to be no better than she should be. The child's name we understand is to be Anthony.

ALL FOUND OUT AT LAST,

Or the SECRET DISCOVERED,

After having been carried on in a curious manner for a long time.



"Most adorable Mary—

"Why have you left me, and deprived me of those pleasures of beholding the most charming face that nature ever made? How shall I find words to express the passion you have inspired me with? Since the day I first beheld your form I have felt the sharpest pangs of love, which have worked me up to the utmost pitch of distraction. But, alas! such a shock I felt as is impossible to express. The dearest object of my heart is locked in the embrace of Robert E—— that vile monster and decoyer of female innocence. Oh! never should I have thought that after so many pleasant hours we have passed together, and promises pledged on either side, that you would have slighted me in the manner you have, and find your heart callous to one who adores you, and even the ground your angelic form walks upon. Oh, my adorable angel, do not forsake me and the welfare of yourself; drop all connection with that vile deceiver, R. E., and once more reinstate me to that pleasure which none but lovers know. My fluctuation of fortune shall never abate my attachment, and I hope the day is not far distant, when I shall lead you to the altar of Hymen. Oh! soon may the time arrive when I may call thee, dearest Mary, my own. Oh! my dearest angel, consent to my request, and keep me no longer in suspense; nothing on my part shall ever be wanting to make you happy and comfortable. My engagement will expire in two months from hence, when I intend to open a shop in the small-ware line, and your abilities as a seamstress and self-adjusting

crinoline maker, with the assistance of a few work girls, shall be able to realize an independence; and, moreover, I will indulge you in all things needful in the marriage state, and show my regard for you by cleaning your shoes, lighting the fire every morning, buying crumpets, new butter, and so forth; besides, my dear Mary, we will live merrily upon beef-steak, oysters, and other tasty articles necessary for our conjugal happiness, and upon my bended kness I pray for it, and may earthly friendship and confidence, with truest love, continue to the end.

"You are the first, I freely own,
That raised love in my breast,
Where now it reigns without control,
But yet a welcome guest.
Ah! must I drive the cherub hence,
In sorrow to regret,
And will you join to foster me,
And me no more neglect."

"Most adorable Mary,—I have to repeat my former request, that is, quit R. E.'s company, and place yourself under the protection of me, only in whom you will find all the comfort that wedded life can bestow.

"I remain, dear Mary, yours till death,

"JOHN S——

"P. S.—Favor me, my angel, with an answer by return of post; if not, I shall start off directly for Liverpool, and embark for America."

THE YORKSHIRE KNIGHT,

OR THE FORTUNATE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.—Showing how a noble Knight was riding by a farmer's house, when his wife was in travail. The Knight knowing the signs and planets, and looking on a book, read that the farmer's daughter that was born that hour was to be his lady and bride. And how the cruel Knight got the child from her parents, and flung it into a river; but by good fortune, the child was taken up by a poor fisherman alive, and brought home till she was eleven years old.

PART II.—How the fisherman was at an inn with some gentlemen, the cruel Knight being in the same company, and seeing the young girl come in, he asked the fisherman if she was his own daughter, who told the story of his taking her up, &c. How the cruel Knight got this poor girl away, and contrived her death a second time, and how he was prevented.

PART III.—How the Knight contrived her death a third time; but her life was saved, by showing the Knight a ring that he flung in the sea; when the Knight saw it, found it in vain to strive against his fortune, so he married her, and made her his lady; with other things worthy of note.

PART I.

In York fair city a farmer did dwell,
Who was belov'd by his neighbours full well;
He had a good wife who was virtuous and fair,
And by her he had a child every year.
In seven years time six children they had,
Which made both the father and mother's heart glad
But a little time after as we do hear say,
This farmer in money and stock did decay,
Although at one time he had riches in store,
But a little time after he quickly grew poor,
He strove all he could, but alas! could not thrive,
Nor hardly could keep his poor children alive.
But children came faster than silver or gold,
For his wife she conceived again as I'm told,
And when her time came in hard travail she fell,
But if you will mind, a strange wonder I'll tell;
A rich noble knight did chance to ride by,
And hearing this woman to shriek and to cry,
He being well learned in planets and signs,
Did look on a book which much puzzled his mind.
For the more he did look, still the more he did read,
And found that fate this young child had decreed,
Who was born in that house that same hour and tide
Had found it was she that must be his sweet bride.
But judge how the knight was disturbed in mind,
When he in that book his own fortune did find;
He quickly rode home, but was sorely oppressed,
From that very moment he could not have rest.
All night he did tumble and toss in his bed,
And very strange projects did run in his head:
Then he was resolved very quickly indeed,
To alter that fortune he found was decreed.
With murdering heart the next morning he rose,
And to the house of the farmer he goes:
Then asked the man with a heart full of spite,
If the child was alive that was born last night.
Worthy sir, said the farmer, although I am poor,
I had one born last night, and six long before;
Four sons and three daughters I now have alive,
Which are all in good health and likely to thrive.
The Knight then replied if that seven you have,
Let me have the youngest, I'll keep her most brave,
For you very well with one daughter can spare,
Which if you will grant, I will make her my heir.
For I am a Knight of noble degree,
And if you will part with your child unto me,
Full three hundred pounds unto you I will give,
When I from your hand your daughter receive.
The father and mother with tears in their eyes,
Did hear this fine proffer, and were in surprise,
And seeing the Knight was so gallant and gay,
Presented the infant unto him that day.
But they spoke to him with words most mild,
We beseech you, kind sir, be good to our child;
You need not fear it, the Knight he did say,
For I will maintain her most gallant and gay.
Then with this sweet baby away he did ride
Until that he came to a broad river side,
With cruelty bent, he resolved indeed,
To drown the young infant that moment with speed.
Says he if you live you must needs be my wife,
But I am resolved to bereave you of life:
For 'till you are dead I no other can have,
Therefore you shall lie in a watery grave.
In speaking these words, that moment they say,
He flung the sweet babe in the river straightway;
And being well pleased when this he had done,
Did leap on his horse and quickly ride home.
But mind how good fortune did for her provide,
For the child was drove safe on her back by the tide,
There was a man fishing, as fortune would have,
Who saw the child floating upon the salt wave.
He soon took her up, but he was in amaze,
He kissed her, and blessed her, and on her did gaze,
And seeing he ne'er had a child in his life,
He presently carried her home to his wife.
His wife she was pleased the child for to see,
And said, my dear husband, be ruled by me;
Since we have no child, if you let me alone,
We'll keep this sweet baby, and call it our own.

The good man consented, as I have been told,
And spared nothing—neither silver nor gold;
Until she was aged eleven full years,
And then her sweet beauty began to appear.

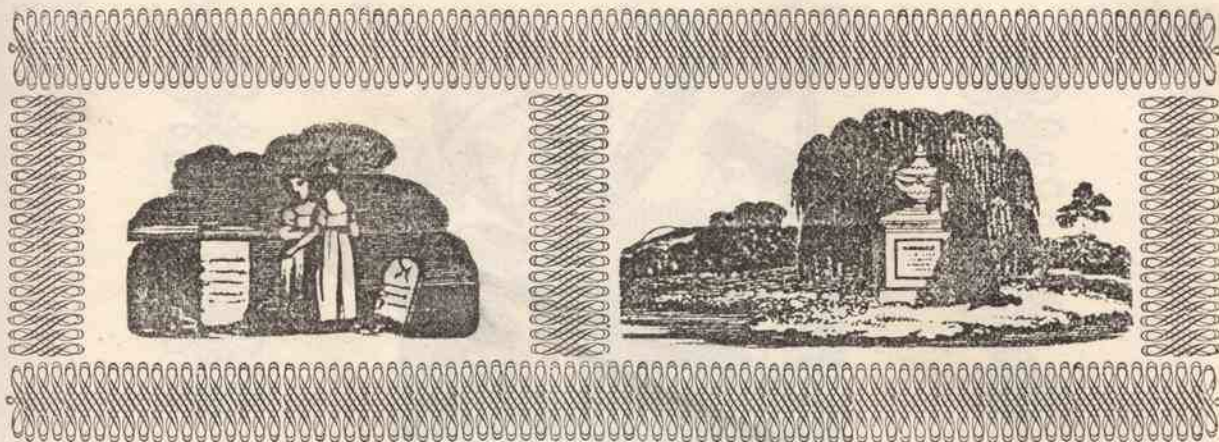
PART II.

The fisherman was one time at an inn,
And several gentlemen drinking with him,
The wife sent this girl to call her man home.
But when she did into the drinking room come,
The gentlemen all were amazed to see
The fisherman's daughter so full of beauty,
They presently ask'd him if she was his own,
So he told the whole story before he went home:
As I was a fishing within my own bound,
One Monday morn this sweet baby I found;
'Tis a eleven years past since her life I did save,
Or she would have found then a watery grave.
The cruel Knight was in this company,
And hearing the fisherman telling his story,
Was vexed at his heart for to see her alive,
And how to destroy her again did contrive:
Then spoke to the good man, and to him he said,
If that you will part with this pretty young maid,
I'll give you whatever your heart can devise,
For she, in good time, to great riches will rise.
The fisherman answered with modest grace,
I cannot, unless my dear wife is in place;
Get first her consent—you shall have her for me,
And then to go with you, dear sir, she is free.
He got his wife's leave, and the girl with him went,
But little they thought of his cruel intent:
He kept her a month, very bravely, they say,
And then he contrived to make her away.
For he had a brother in fair Lancashire,
A noble rich man, worth two thousand a year;
He sent this young girl unto him with speed,
In hopes he would act a most barbarous deed.
He sent a man with her, likewise they did say,
But as they did lodge at an inn by the way,
A thief in the house with an evil intent,
To rob the portmanteau immediately went.
But the thief was amazed, when he could not find,
Clothes, gold or silver, or ought to his mind;
But only a letter, the which he did read,
And then put an end to this desperate deed.
The cruel Knight wrote to his brother that day,
To take this young innocent girl's life away:
With sword or with poison, that very same night,
And not let her live till the next morning light.
When the thief read the letter, he had the grace,
As to tear it, and write in the very same place:—
Dear brother, receive this young maiden from me,
And bring her up well as a lady should be.
Let her be esteemed, dear brother, I pray,
Let servants attend her by night and by day,
For she is a lady of noble great worth,
A more noble lady ne'er lived in the north.
Let her have good learning, dear brother, I pray,
And you for the same I'll sufficiently pay;
So loving brother, my letter I end,
Subscribing myself your dear brother and friend.
The maid and the servant were both innocent,
And onward next morning their journey they went,
Before the sun set, to the Knight they did come,
When the servant did leave her, and turned home,
The girl was attended most bravely indeed,
With men and with maidens to serve her at need,
Where she did continue a whole twelve-month's space,
Till this cruel Knight came to the place.
As he and his brother together did talk,
He spied the fair maid in the garden to walk,
She looked most beautiful, pleasant and gay,
Like to fair Aurora, the goddess of May.
He was in a passion when he did spy,
And said very angrily, Brother, O why,
Pray did you not do as in the letter I wrote?
His brother replied, It is done every whit.
No, no, said the Knight, it is not I see,
Therefore she shall back again go with me;
But his brother did show him the letter that day,
Then he was amazed, but nothing did say.

PART III.

Soon after the Knight took this maiden away,
And with her did ride till they came to the sea,
Then looking upon her with anger and spite,
He spoke to the virgin and made her alight.
The maid from the horse immediately went,
And trembled to think what it was that he meant;
Ne'er tremble, said he, for this hour is your last,
Then pull off your clothes, I command you in haste.
The virgin, with tears in her eyes, did reply,
O! what have I done that now I must die?
O! let me but know how I did you offend,
I'll study each hour for to make you amends.
Oh! spare but my life and I'll wander the earth,
And never come near you while I have breath.
He hearing the pitiful moan she did make,
Then from his own finger a ring he did take
And unto this maiden in anger did say,
This ring to the water I'll now throw away;
Pray look on it well, the poesy is plain,
And when you see it you may know it again.
I charge you for life, ne'er come more in my sight,
For if you do, I shall owe you a spite;
Unless that you bring the same ring unto me,
With that he let the ring drop into the sea.
Which when he had done, from the maid he did go
And left her to wander in sorrow and woe;
She rambled all night, and at last did espy,
A homely poor cottage, and to it did hie.
Being hungry and cold, with a heart full of grief,
She went to the cottage, and asked for relief.
The people relieved her, and the very next day,
They got her a service, as I hear people say,
At a nobleman's house, not far from that place,
Where she behaved herself with modest grace;
She was a cook maid, and forgot all things past,
But here is a wonder, now comes at the last.
When she a fish dinner was dressing one day,
And opening the head of a Cod, as they say,
She found a rich ring, and was struck in amaze,
And then she with wonder upon it did gaze.
At viewing it well she found it to be
The very same ring the Knight threw in the sea,
She smiled when she saw it, and blest her kind fate,
But she did to no creature the secret relate.
The maid in her place did all others excel,
That the lady took notice, and liked her so well;
Said she was born of a noble degree,
And took her, her own fair companion to be.
The hard-hearted Knight unto this place he came,
A little time after, with persons of fame,
But was struck to the heart when he there did behold
This charming young virgin in trappings of gold.
Then he asked the lady to grant him a boon,
And said 'twas to talk with that virgin alone;
The lady consented, and the young maid,
Who quickly agreed, but was sorely afraid.
When he did meet her, you strumpet, said he,
Pray did not I charge you to never meet me;
This hour is your last, to the world bid good night,
For being so bold as to appear in my sight.
Said she, in the sea, sir, you flung your own ring,
And bid me not see you, unless I could bring
That ring unto you, and I have it, said she,
Behold, 'tis the same that was thrown in the sea.
When the Knight saw the ring he did fly to her arms
He kissed her and swore she'd a million of charms,
Said he, charming creature, I pray pardon me,
Who so often contrived the ruin of thee.
'Tis in vain for to alter what fate does decree,
For I find thou wast born my dear bride to be;
Then married they were, as I hear people say,
And now she's a lady both gallant and gay.
Then quickly he to her parents did haste,
Where the Knight told the story of all that was past,
But asked both their pardons upon his bare knee,
Which they gave, and rejoiced their daughter to see.
Then he for the fisherman and his wife sent,
And for their past trouble did give them content,
But there was great joy by all those that did see,
The farmer's young daughter a lady to be.

A FULL, TRUE, REMARKABLE, & PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF



THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

"Will you remember me, Jane?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Jane, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me, in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Jane.

There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart indeed they had got it; but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it from.

'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Jane and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; hers formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—aye, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might well have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Jane was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then; and, when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the

parlour, the door was flung open, and in bounded Jane, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a girl of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age began to appear the woman.

When another vacation, however, came round, and Alfred paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife, as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and, courtseying, coloured and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Jane.

"Don't you know Jane?" exclaimed her father.

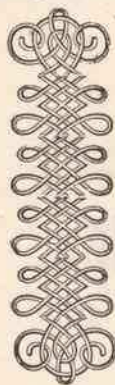
"Jane!" cried Alfred, in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and courtseying, coloured again, and sat down again without hardly interchanging a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her; and her bulk had expanded correspondingly, while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman.

Alfred felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed another—and he had so many capital stories for Jane, when she came down—and yet, when Jane did come down, he sat as though he had not a word to say for himself. In short, everything and everybody in the house seemed to have changed along with its young mistress; he felt no longer at home in it, as was his wont; and, in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed, AND WAS NEVER HEARD OF MORE.

THE FULL, TRUE, AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE

DREADFUL QUARREL

Which took place Last Night between a Husband and Wife in this Neighbourhood.



Husband. Woman—aye!

Wife. You are always railing at our sex.

Husband. And without reason?

Wife. Without either rhyme or reason; you'd be miserable beings without us, for all that.

Husband. Sometimes: there is no general rule without an exception; I could name some very good women—

Wife. Without the head, I suppose.

Husband. With a head, and with a heart too.

Wife. That's a wonder!

Husband. It would be still greater if I could not; for instance, there is Mrs Dawson, the best of wives; always at home, whenever you call, always in good humour, always neat and clean, sober and discreet.

Wife. I wish you were tied to her. Always at home! the greatest gossip in the parish; she may well smile, she has nothing to ruffle her temper; neat and clean—she has nothing else to do;—sober—she can take a glass as well as her neighbours; discreet—that's another word, she can tip a wink: but I detest scandal; I am surprised you didn't say she was handsome?

Husband. So she is, in my eye.

Wife. You have a fine eye, to be sure; you're an excellent judge of beauty; what do you think of her nose?

Husband. She's a fine woman in spite of her nose.

Wife. Fine feathers make fine birds; she can paint her withered cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.

Husband. You can do the same, if you please.

Wife. My cheeks don't want paint, nor my eyebrows pencilling.

Husband. True; the rose of youth and beauty is still on your cheeks, and your brow the bow of Cupid.

Wife. You once thought so; but that moving

mummy, Molly Dawson, is your favourite. She's, let me see, no gossip, and yet she's found in every house but her own; and so silent too, when she has all the clack to herself; her tongue is as thin as a sixpence with talking; with a pair of eyes burned into the socket, and painted panels into the bargain; and then as to scandal—but her tongue is no scandal.

Husband. Take care, there's such a thing as standing in a white sheet!

Wife. Curse you! you would provoke a saint.

Husband. You seem to be getting into a passion.

Wife. Is it any wonder? A white sheet! You ought to be tossed in a blanket. Handsome! I can't forget that word: my charms are lost on such a tasteless fellow as you.

Husband. The charms of your tongue.

Wife. Don't provoke me, or I'll fling this dish at you head.

Husband. Well, I have done.

Wife. But I haven't done: I wish I had drowned myself the first day I saw you.

Husband. It's not too late.

Wife. I'd see you hung first.

Husband. You'd be the first to cut me down.

Wife. Then I ought to be tied up in your stead,

Husband. I'd cut you down.

Wife. You would?

Husband. Yes, but I'd be sure you were dead first.

Wife. I cannot bear this any longer.

Husband. Then 'tis time for me to withdraw; I see by your eyes that the storm is collecting.

Wife. And it shall burst on your head.

Husband. I'll save my poor head, if I can. A good retreat is better than a bad battle.

(*Husband flies, the dish flies after him.*)

THE LATEST PARTICULARS!

We understand that a small hamper was left by a Railway porter, this morning, directed to the Husband, which was found to contain a full grown boy, about three weeks old, with a strawberry mark upon his left arm.

The wife, we are informed, has just ran away along with the Policeman with the big whiskers.

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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 set 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 intensely 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 rivited 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.

FULL PARTICULARS
OF THE
HORRIBLE AND DREADFUL
CATASTROPHE
WHICH TOOK PLACE
IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD,
LAST NIGHT.



GEORGE WILLIAMS was the son of a merchant of some eminence, by whom, at the age of twenty-two, he was admitted to a share of the business, and, in a few months afterwards, was rendered completely happy by obtaining the hand of Susan Halts, a beautiful and accomplished girl, to whom he had been attached from the earliest dawn of passion in his breast.

A delightful cottage, elegantly furnished, with grounds laid out according to the most approved rules of modern art, and heightened into affection by the exquisite taste of Susan, received the happy pair. Doting on each other, loving and beloved by their parents, respected by a numerous circle of friends, easy in their circumstances, elegant in their tastes, congenial in their pursuits, their bliss knew no alloy. George's daily absence from town was but for a few hours, and the pleasure of meeting amply repaid the affectionate Susan for the pain of separation.

Thus smoothly did their lives glide on during three years and a half, and a boy and girl, beautiful as cherubs, had crowned their loves; when one afternoon George returned to their beloved home, and hastily sought the apartment in which his Susan was accustomed to lay out their simply-elegant repast, intrusting to no one the pleasing task of providing for the refreshment of her bosom lord.

He opened the door—he beheld her at the table, and ran forward to imprint his welcome kiss upon her ruby lips; but what words can describe his sensation on beholding her eyes' accustomed brilliancy quenched in

tears, and pearly drops chasing each other in quick succession down her lovely cheeks!

"Gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed, "what is the cause of this? Tell me, dear Susan, tell me, I beseech you, what dire calamity has visited our hitherto-happy roof. Speak, I entreat you!"

She was all silent, and her tears continued to flow.

"O Heaven!" he exclaimed, in mental agony of apprehension, "has anything befallen our lovely infants? Is Henry—is Maria—speak—are—they—can they be—oh, I feel a father's pangs—ah, beloved infants! Tell me, for pity's sake, tell me, dear Susan; strike me dead at once with dire intelligence, but do not let me die by the protracted agonies of uncertainty!"

She became violently convulsed, and George, in the greatest excitement, rang the bell violently. A servant entered, and to his broken interrogations of "Where are the children?—what has happened to your mistress?—tell me this instant what has befallen your mistress!—what dreadful accident has occurred?" Answer—

"Lawk, sir, you are so passionate and hasty; you won't give a body time to speak."

"Death and fury, idiot!" exclaimed the exasperated George; "tell me this instant what to think, or by Heaven—"

"Lawk-a-daisey, sir, why, if you must know, then, missus has been *peeling some onions to fry with the steak*, and it is so strong it's got into her eyes, that's all sir!"

THE SECRETS REVEALED,

OR THE

FASHIONABLE LIFE OF LORD & LADY

WHO RESIDE NOT ONE HUNDRED MILES FROM

THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"'Tis from high life high characters are drawn."—Pope.

My Lord and Lady, who reside not a hundred miles from this neighbourhood, sat by the fireside in the drawing room; his Lordship on the right hand—her Ladyship on the left. The fire was dull, so was his Lordship; the weather was dull, so was her Ladyship. His Lordship moved the poker from the right hand side of the fireplace to that of the left: her Ladyship moved it back again. His Lordship scratched his left ear; her Ladyship scratched her right—violently too—and then quitted the room. His Lordship rang the bell. A footman entered. He was clad for a journey.

"John," said his Lordship, "has Tattersall sent the horses?"

"Yes, your Lordship," said John, "they are at the door?"

"Four of them?"

"Yes, your honour."

"Do they look creditable?"

"Perfect, your honour! Full of flesh and rampart spirit, pawing up the stones."

"What colour?"

"Bay, my Lord."

"Ah! the right colour, Bays, for a poet; and I am a poet: that is, I used to rhyme when I was in love. Is the lumber ready, John?"

"Right, my Lord."

"Ah! then tell Her Honourable Ladyship I wait her presence in the water—. No! no! in the—the—library, I mean. Yes, the library, John—mind—the library."

John disappeared. Presently her Ladyship's little feet—or *pettitoes*, as his Lordship was wont to call them—were heard pit-pat-pat-pit on the stairs. Her Ladyship was attired in a fashionably made riding-habit, with no ornament but a plain gold chain suspended round the neck, to which was attached a massive eye-glass.

"Hannah Maria Matilda, my duck—my dove," said his Lordship, "are you ready?"

"At your Lordship's service—you *goose*—I mean duck o'diamonds."

"Your Ladyship's slave is proud to see you look so well. As you are ready, I am ready—I am ready, my duck—but one kiss before we go."

"Has your Lordship determined where we shall go?"

"Why, yes—into the country."

"But the country has points, parts, places. To which?"

"Oh, any one! the country is all the same, love!"

Hedges, ditches, cows, rustics, crows, and mile-stones. It's all the same—all one—here or there. Where would you like to go?"

"Right: let me see. The sea? aye, the sea-side. John, which side is the sea-side?"

"Really, my Lord, I can't de-cide!"

"Where's Tattersall? O Tattersall, my Lady and I are going to sea. Are those *sea horses*?"

"No my Lord, regular cockneys, that won't go further than one stage from London; them that takes you the last stage are *horse marines*."

"Tattersall, you are a wag."

"Your Lordship's wit is catching."

"Tattersall—to the point; where's the sea?"

"All round the world, my Lord."

"Hannah Maria Matilda, my love, we are going all round the world. Pshaw! John, why don't you remember your memory? We want to go out of town."

"Brighthelmston is a nice place, my Lord."

"Who lives there?"

"My grandmother, my Lord—Mrs Smith."

"Hannah Maria Matilda, my love, Brighthelmston is a nice place, and John's grandmother lives there—a Mrs. Smith. Did you ever hear that name before, my Lady?"

"My Lord, our friend, Sir Arthur, has a mansion in that neighbourhood, and I long to see his lovely niece Ophelia."

"Fore-gad, my Lady, well remembered, we'll off to Brighthelmston, call on Sir Arthur, stand sponsors for his newly-born heir; and—and—and John, run to Rundell and Bridges, and order a coral, to present to the young teeth-cutting baronet."

"London Bridges! my Lord. What do you want with the London Bridges. We can't take them with us to Brighthelmston."

"Why you silly stupid—duck o'diamonds I mean, I did not say London Bridges! but Rundell and Bridges, the eminent gold and silversmiths, who live somewhere in the abominable city, up King Ludgate's Hill—I think the *dem'med* name of the place is called—a place where King Ludgate took up his ten or twenty thousand men, or million men—and—and—yes, brought them down again—something of that sort—you understand."

All was prepared. Smack went the whip. Off went the horses. Her Ladyship went into the right hand corner of the carriage, and his Lordship on the left hand side; and the next morning it was announced in the *Post* that Lord ——— and his Lady had gone out of town.

E L O P E M E N T S

EXTRAORDINARY.

On Saturday last, Colonel H——, of the Lancers, eloped with the fair and beautiful Miss M——n, Ward to Squire March, of Holt, Norfolk, while the Squire is on a visit to his Nephew in London: the happy couple took the direction to Gretna, and both (particularly the lady) appeared highly pleased they were in possession of such a *golden opportunity*.—Also, the same day, at the same hour, in a similar vehicle, and same direction—Farmer Stubble bore off the youthful Wife of the Squire; they all started off in a merry mood, each singing '*Little Love is a Mischievous Boy*,' and '*Begone Dull Care*;' or rather that verse commencing with '*My Wife shall Dance, and I will Sing*' which was sung by the gentlemen in great humour.—They had several interviews during the time the old gentleman was labouring under severe attacks of the gout, which confined him to his room, and gave the Colonel and Farmer opportunities to breathe love-strains in the anxious ears of his Wife and Ward.—The Colonel left a facetious letter at the Squire's house, against his return, the following of which is a copy (forwarded to us by the gallant Son of Mars); but, thinking it too good to keep secret, we have taken the opposite course, and given it publicity.

SIR,

I have prevailed upon your trusty 'MESSENGER,' Tom 'HERALD,' who I find a true 'ENGLISHMAN,' to take this Letter with the 'DISPATCH' of a 'COURIER,' and forward it by the 'EVENING MAIL,' as it is now too late for the 'POST.' It is sent for the 'EXPRESS' purpose of informing you that I am on the happy Road to Gretna, with the young Lady you are 'GUARDIAN' to: she tells me you have, in the most gross manner, offended her, and that she is happy she is out of your clutches; for, she says, you lost a few weeks ago, a valuable 'STAR,' and had the audacity to throw imputations on her character, and went so far as to 'EXAMINE her' yourself, which you cannot retract, as your Ostler, 'PIERCE EGAN,' was a close 'OBSERVER;' but really, sir, 'COMMON SENSE' and common decency ought to have taught you better: but take care, my old boy, the young lady declares she will become an 'ADVERTISER'—that is to say, she will publish a 'CHRONICLE' of your character in all the 'NEWSPAPERS;' therefore prepare to vindicate yourself. You must know, my old Guardian, I have prevailed upon her to let me become her future 'MONITOR' and Husband, which she has most willingly consented to; as she says the Belle's life she has experienced while with you, is very different to a 'BELLE'S LIFE IN LONDON;' therefore she now prefers being a *Wife* to a *Belle*, either in London or the Country.—I make no

doubt there will be a glorious 'HUE AND CRY' about us, when 'THE NEWS' gets abroad; but we are both of an independent spirit, and care not what 'THE WORLD' says.—Your dear Wife wishes me to say that she told the 'WATCHMAN' to give a sharp look out, and likewise gave particular injunctions to the Gardener to untie 'SPHYNX' every night while you are absent, and turn it into the yard, as you wished.—She likewise wishes me to say you will find your 'JOURNAL' and 'LEDGER' secured in your iron safe, the key of which is—in my pocket.—You must know I am not a stranger to you, my old buck—my name I will make you acquainted with on my return. I have had a 'WEEKLY REVIEW' of you and my pretty partner at Church, which has been a 'WEEKLY REGISTER' in my thoughts; and likewise a *daily correspondence* with your then Ward, which has been like *daily bread* to me.—You have always appeared to me to be the true 'ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'—that is to say, a true 'JOHN BULL' of the old 'STANDARD;' but if report speak true, you are very apt to get in 'THE SUN,' which I must say is a disgraceful thing, considering 'THE AGE' you have now arrived at; therefore, my old cripple, since you are gone to learn the state of 'THE TIMES' in London, I am a 'TRAVELLER' to to another part of 'THE GLOBE,' and have taken the liberty of putting your 'ATLAS' in my pocket, as a guide to the different Countries we may wish to visit:—therefore, trusting the *gout* may prevent you from pursuing us, and also thanking you in behalf of Farmer Stubble, for the great relief you afforded him when he was in distress, and thereby keeping him in out of 'THE GAZETTE;' for which, he says, as one good turn deserves another, he has felt great *pleasure* in taking a *trouble* off your hands.—Your dear Wife begs you will not make yourself in the least uncomfortable about — as she is very happy under the protection of 'A. STUBBLE,' and hopes you are equally so with the 'THORNS,' and remain,

Dear Friend,
Your sincere '*well wisher*,'
G. H.

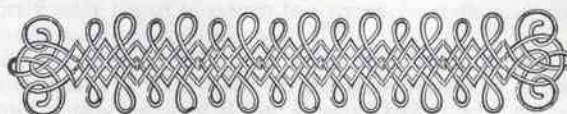
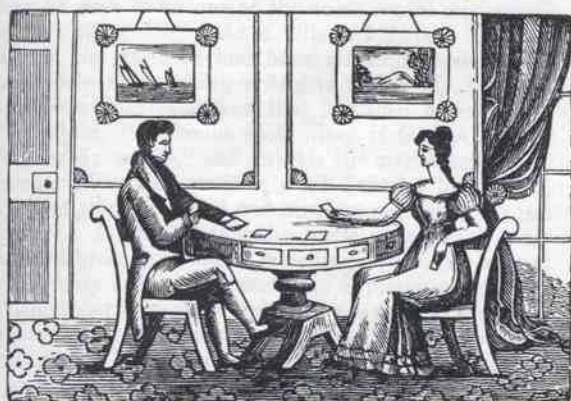
P.S.—You had best not attempt to come after us, or there will be a civil war, as sure as your name's March; for the *Ladies* swear they will *tear your eyes out*, if you come near *them*; the *Farmer* swears he will *thrash* you as long as he can stand over you; and I (as a Soldier) am in duty bound, for the *Ladies*' protection, to *shoot* you—therefore you know your doom. G. H.

FUNNY LOVE AFFAIR,

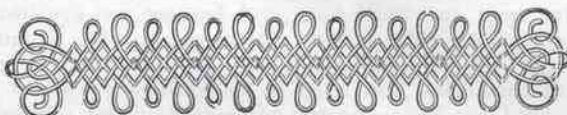
ALL ABOUT

THE ELOPEMENT

THAT TOOK PLACE THIS DAY.



A well known young gentleman in this district has ran off with a pretty young lady, and has left a clue behind him. This Letter was picked up by a Tradesman.



Copy of a Love Letter sent to a Young Lady:—

My Dear,

Kisses may be reckoned among the luxuries of life, rather than among its necessities; and the reason why so many are fond of indulging in them is, because they belong to the superfluities of this world, and contribute neither to the nourishment of the body nor to the welfare of the soul, but merely afford a moment's gratification. Formal or ceremonious kisses are like manufactured flowers—very fine in appearance, but wanting in fragrance; and their superabundance only goes to show that the present is a very artificial state of society, as the monkey said when his master put breeches on him. The common custom of kissing the Bible in order to give the appearance of solemnity to an oath, unless the kiss be hot from the heart, is impious mockery, and ought never to be practised in a country like this, where Christianity and common sense are supposed to be closely combined. This cold kind of kissing produces no blissful excitement, and often leads to bad results; and I have no doubt but the old woman found more pleasure when she kissed her cow, than half of the young men who bestow bucces upon the cheek of beauty, unwarmed by the fire of affection. My dear, you may go to your private evening parties, where all is gaiety, joiety, and hilarity—where the lovely angels of earth, dressed in the snowy robes of purity, look tempting enough to make a saint turn sinner, and perform a pilgrimage from paradise to perdition, for the sake of a single glorious smack. Go, then, and feast till you fatten on forfeited kisses; but be assured that, although they may be attended with some little sport and amusement, they are just as destitute of real ecstasy as a fox's back is of fur in the month of June, or an oyster of fine flavour in August. True bliss only attends the warm kiss of fervent love. When a young man presses the girl that he sincerely loves to his bosom—when heart meets heart—when soul mingles with soul—and when lips meet lips—oh! then come exquisite touches of tenderness!—then he cannot help feeling a sort of furriness all over!—and she must unquestionably feel as though she were ready to pin-feather at the moment. Such, my dear, are the delightful, but indescribable sensations attending the kiss of pure and unadulterated love. But he that kisses only to deceive and seduce, imbibes a poison at the time, which rankles in his bosom, and induces more or less of grief and mortification, according to the injury inflicted. I hold him a very Judas at best; and if he were to go straightway and hang himself, society would reckon his loss as an unlooked for and fortunate gain. My dear, as for me, I don't dive very deeply into

miscellaneous kissing, and consequently kiss but few; but when I do kiss, an explosion takes place which must convince all within hearing that it originates from the heart, and is meant in earnest. There was a time, in my schoolboy days, when I could extract the sweets of a kiss as calmly, composedly, and I may say as coldly as a bee sucks the honey from a hollyhock; but now I never undertake the business of bussing unless I go into it with a heart heated in the blaze of enthusiasm. A mother kisses her child; true lovers do the same to one another, and no evil consequences ensue; doves bill and coo, and they know no more about the practised arts of love than a man knows when he goes to sleep; but, oh! this kissing to gain some mean, mercenary, or unlawful end, ought never to be countenanced. To kiss in jest, as is often practised by chaps among the girls, is productive of no absolute harm or actual good: yet the young men love to indulge in it; and so long as the amusement is innocent in itself, I have no objections to their gratifying their naughty but wicked propensities to their heart's content. But they must be careful whom they kiss and how they kiss. Some girls will undergo the pleasurable punishment as quietly as a good-natured child submits to baptism by sprinkling—some twist and squirm like an eel while being skinned, and either return a smart slap in the face, or exercise no other defence by merely saying "Why ain't you ashamed!" And then again, there are others whom it is as dangerous to attempt to kiss as it would be to attempt to break open the trunk of an elephant. Look out for this latter sort, for they have teeth like tigers and claws like a wild cat's, and you must keep a respectful distance, or pay dearly for your rashness. Married men may greet one another with a holy kiss, but don't kiss each other's wives, lest the green-eyed monster haunt the blooming bowers of matrimony, and every beautiful blossom of connubial bliss be blighted in the frost-bringing breeze of jealousy. I want you, my dear, to kiss and get married; and then devote your time to the study of morality and money-making. Then let your home be provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, potatoes, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, virtue, wine, and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Eat moderately, go about business after breakfast, lounge a little after dinner, chat after tea, and kiss after quarrelling; and all the joy, the peace and the bliss the earth can afford shall be yours, till the grave closes over you, and your spirit is borne to a brighter and happier world. So may it be.

From yours—W. S.

WONDERFUL, JUST, & TERRIBLE JUDGMENT

ON A BLASPHEMER,

As manifested to Mr Louis, a Farmer, between Brighton and Hastings, who, while in the act of blaspheming, was struck motionless, in which state he remained six weeks, with his account of the Horrors he endured while in his death-like Trance.

The following startling intelligence was received in London a few weeks ago (as many thousands can remember), from a very pious and Christian lady named Thompson, residing at a Training College in the vicinity of Brighton, Sussex, and which may be said to be one of the most awful visitations that ever befel any person. At a village between Brighton and Hastings, the farmers had been grumbling about the weather. A lady was passing a field in which Mr Louis, a farmer, was standing, remarked that his corn looked nice. "Yes," he replied, "it would look nice, if God Almighty would sleep for six weeks," and directly the man became stiff, and has remained in that position until Tuesday last, when, amidst a violent storm of wind and rain, he recovered the use of his faculties. It appears that the unfortunate man's wife and friends had been assiduously watching him since August the 14th, and early on Tuesday morning, September the 25th, whilst a violent storm of wind and rain was raging, his limbs were observed to lose their rigid appearance, and his wife immediately ran to him, when, in a few moments he opened his eyes, looked around, and clasping his hands together, raised his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, "My God! my God; what have I done?" and immediately fell to the earth in a swoon. They raised him from the ground, and applied restoratives to him, and in a short time had the pleasure of seeing him come too, when they conveyed him home and put him to bed, and we are happy to say under the kind attention of his wife he rapidly recovered.

The unfortunate man states that when he went off in his death-like trance he had, for the first few days a perfect knowledge of all that was passing around him, and, oh! it was impossible to describe the horrible anguish that he experienced at the thought of standing in that position for ever (he says he never expected to be relieved from his awful position), as a warning to the unrighteous wicked blasphemer; then to hear the remarks of some of his Christian friends, many of whom had tried to persuade him to alter his evil course of life, but whom he had treated with scorn, was doubly terribly horrible. He says, that after he went off in a stupor, and had lost his sense and feeling, as far as regards this earth, he thought he was carried along by some unseen power, and alighted in a dark dismal barren looking region, where the smell of brimstone was almost suffocating, and the horrible noises that surrounded him was enough to drive any person mad. He was now carried along by the same unseen power till he came to a dark narrow passage, at the end of which a sight the most horrible met his view. There was an immense abyss in the earth which the eye could not command, which was filled with an immense number of human forms, all writhing and twisting amidst the horrors of liquid fire.

Now and then a troop of young demons could be seen putting some miserable wretch to horrible torture by tossing him about in the flames with forks, or picking the skin and toe nails from his body; the cries and shrieks of the miserable wretches were so heartrendering that he fell down in a swoon, and on coming to himself, he thought he was in a room at home, with a bible in his hand, when an angel appeared to him, and said, "What you have seen is the reward of unrighteousness and wicked blasphemers, and other sinners, and may this be a warning to you to alter your evil course." He

held a blazing torch in one hand, and a flaming torch in the other, and shook them as he departed. The unfortunate man shortly after began to return to a conscious state, and came to himself, as we have before stated.

He has been visited by a number of religious people, and is quite an altered man. He reads his bible, and is extremely happy in the company of an elderly Divine, who reads and explains the holy book to him. He has expressed himself ready to give lectures when he has thoroughly recovered.

It is a shocking thing when we come to contemplate on it, that a man, who was in an independant station of life, should, for the sake of gaining a few more pounds out of an acre or two of land, make use of such an impious expression. It is not as if he would give any share of the abundance to the poor and needy, but it was a selfish sordid spirit that the man possessed, prompted by the workings of the evil one; and, now we can see, that the Almighty, although invisible to the human eye can see and hear, and know our most inmost thoughts, and punishes us at a moment when we least expect it, and in a manner that we should never think of. We must not forget the punishment of Lot's wife, mentioned in the bible, who, for disobeying the instructions of the Lord, was turned into a pillar of salt. Let us hope this will be a warning to all persons against blaspheming.

Lines written by the unhappy Sinner since his release.

ALL you that blaspheme against the Lord, O hear this tale of woe,
While I relate the sufferings the wicked undergo;
I live'd a life of comfort, and riches soon would gain,
Until I blasphemed against the Lord, which has caused me misery and pain.

It rained for weeks, and then for months, it my temper sorely tried,
I cursed the raging elements, my Maker I defied,
I called upon some wicked friends, and soon their aid was given,
I wished that God might sleep six weeks, and no rain descend from Heaven!

That instant I was petrified, and almost turned to stone!
The angry elements roared aloud, and there I stood alone,
My limbs became quite rigid, the blood froze round my heart,
I struggled hard within my soul, yet I from this life must part.

While I was in this dreadful state, three visions came to me,
My poor mind was a wandering, far, far across the sea!
Satan there sat on his throne,—how I prayed to be forgiven,
And there appear'd beyond my reach, the beauteous plains of Heaven!

The Angels sang such beauteous songs, and praised the glorious sight,
I stood above the great abyss, and there beheld a sight,
Their wailing sounds was horrible,—dreadful oaths were said and sung,
Thousands prayed for water, to cool their parching tongues!

Again I cast my poor eyes up, and there among the best,
I saw all those I loved on earth lay on their Saviour's breast;
Something whispered in my ear—repent—it's not too late,
And pointing to the abyss below—such is the blasphemer's fate.

The vision changed to Heaven's gate, so beautiful and bright,
God waiting for the Judgment Day sat on his Throne of Light;
I thought that I was there forgiven in this most beauteous land,
And with my little family I stood at His right hand.

I awoke with cold and trembling, the Lord had heard my prayer,
My blood ran through every vein, with hope and poor despair,
I fell down on my knees and prayed, as I ne'er had done before,
I gave my word to Him above, I would never blaspheme more.

All is done for our good, we should not rebuke His will,
In spite of all bad weather, the heads of corn did fill;
The harvest was most bountiful, with abundance we were blest,
Take warning now and do not swear, God does all for the best.

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.

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.

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 blushing 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.

*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 ope'st a door to heaven or hell;
But woulst 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 ago,
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 gaave,
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.

OH! 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."

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 drunk 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.

PRETTY MAIDENS BEWARE!!!

A LOVE LETTER from SARAH to CHARLES.



The following epistle was written by a girl at Deal to her sweetheart, a sailor on board a man of war in the Downs. The lieutenant of the ship found it on board, twisted up with tobacco in it, by which it seems our seafaring spark had as little regard for his mistress, after enjoyment, as if he had been of a more illustrious rank.

Lovin Der Charls,

This mi kind love to yow is to tell yow, after all ovr sport and fon, I am lik to pay fort, for I am with child; and wors of al, my sister *Nan* knos it, and cals me hore and bech, and is redy to ter my sol owt, and curs *Jack Peny* lies with her evry tim he cums ashor; and the saci dog wold have lade with me to, but I wold not let him, for I wil be always honest to yow; therfor der Charls com ashor, and let us be mared to safe my vartu: and if yow have no munni, I will paun my new stais and sel mi to new smoks yow gave me, and that will pay the parsen and find us a diner; and pray der lovin *Charls* cum ashor, and der *Charls* dont be frad for wont of a ring, for I have stole mi sister *Nans*, and the nasty tod shall never have it no mor; for she tels abot that I am goin to have a bastard, and God bles yowr lovin sol cum sune, for I longs to be mared accordin to yowr promis, and I will be yowr der vartus wife til deth,

SARAH JOHNSON.

Feb 19th.

P.S.—Pray dont let yowr mesmat *Jack* se this, if yow do hel tel ovr *Nan*, and shel ter mi hart owt then, for shes a devil at me now.

A Poetical Version of the foregoing.

Dear object of my love, whose manly charms
With bliss extatic fill'd my circling arms;
That bliss is past, and nought for me remains
But dire reproach, and sharp unpitied pains:
For (Death to me, and food to others pride)
My sister has my growing shame descry'd,
Ev'n she assails me with opprobious name,
When the prude's conscious she deserves the same
Her loose associates, sated, from her flies,
And vainly to seduce my virtue tries:
True, as a wife, I only want the name;
O! haste and wed me, and preserve my fame.
Unlike most modern matches ours shall be, }
From settlement, the lawyers fetters free; }
I'll quit my All, and be content with thee. }
Then haste away, and strike detraction dead;
The nuptial feast awaits you, and the bed;
Nor fear the hand that will endure for life,
With me, your loving and your faithful wife.

POSTSCRIPT.

These earnest dictates of my anxious heart
I beg you will not to your friend impart;
For oft beneath fair friendship's specious show,
The traitor lurks, the undermining foe.

R.A.

THE VERY PRETTY MAID OF THIS TOWN, AND THE **AMOROUS 'SQUIRE,** NOT ONE HUNDRED MILES FROM THE PLACE.



"I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire, but qualify the fire's extreme rage, lest it should burn above the bounds of reason."—*Shakespeare.*

A pretty maid both kind and fair,
Dwells in this very town,
Her pleasant smiles and easy air,
Engages fop and clown.

Being accosted t'other day,
By a clumsy 'squire,
Who ask'd her if she knew the way
To quench a raging fire.

Water, Sir, reply'd the maid,
Will quench it in a trice,
O no, said he, you little jade,
I've try'd that once or twice.

Then Sir, said she, 'tis past my skill,
To tell you what will do;
I'm sure, said he, you know what will;
There's nothing can but you.



Alas-a-day, what do you mean,
Reply'd the pretty fair;
I'd have you try it once again,
You never should despair.

Despair I cannot, cry'd the 'squire,
While you are in my sight,
'Tis you must quench the burning fire,
You set it first alight.

Then strait he clas'd her round the waist,
And forc'd from her a kiss;
Ho! ho! said she, is that your tale,
Then pray you, Sir, take this.

And with a pail, placed at the door,
She sluic'd the amorous 'squire;
You're welcome, Sir, to this and more,
To quench your raging fire.

THE FULL PARTICULARS OF "TAKING OFF" PRINCE ALBERT'S INEXPRESSIBLES.

IN THE BOROUGH COURT OF REQUESTS.—THIS DAY.



Had that love-sick young lady, Miss Juliet, lived in these unromantic, matter o' fact times, when puffery and humbug lea! men on to fame and fortune, instead of integrity, honesty and fair dealing,—when ignorant and worthless foreign quacks are fostered and encouraged, and native merit and native talent left to starve,—she would certainly have become duly impressed with the importance of a "name." "The Queen's name is a tower of strength," and so think the enterprising commercial geniuses of the present day, inasmuch as the patronymic of our gracious Sovereign is applied to all imaginable purposes. We have *Victoria* washing tubs, mouse-traps, and mustard-pots, and *Albert* toasting-forks, shaving-brushes, and dung-barges, and last, though by no means least, "*Albert* inexpressibles." However, as the young lady alluded to above says, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Timothy Shaw, a bandy-legged "ninth part," with a mouth sufficiently capacious to admit the largest cabbage that ever flourished in field or garden, summoned a knowing-looking specimen of the *genus homo*, named Gilpin, before the commissioners, for the sum of 7s, for work and labour performed in the manufacture of a certain pair of "*kicksies*," for the wear of a certain Mr Gilpin.

The defendant, an "artful card," was described by the plaintiff as a "buss cove out of luck," that is, he had been in the habit of doing the amiable at the door of a Walworth omnibus, but had lost his place. The tailor, having blown his nose in that peculiar and primitive manner which gave rise to a certain riddle tending to show that the poor man often throws away what the rich man puts in his pocket, proceeded to "open his case" as follows:—"Please yer vorship, I'm a tailor by trade." And here we must slightly digress to remark that a disciple of the bodkin and shears, upon being asked to describe himself, invariably says, "I'm a tailor by trade." A celebrated author is of opinion, that this is to prevent his being considered a *tailor by nature*. "I'm a tailor by trade," said the plaintiff, "and von't turn my back on the best workman in the vicinity of Tooley street for a slap up fit in the first stile of fashion, 'cause I regularly takes a trip to the vest-end to pick 'em up. Twigg'd the 'Prince' t'other day with a new pair of trousers on,—had the cut on 'em all right in the turn of a bodkin."

Commissioner: Really you must be a very clever person to "take off" the Prince's inexpressibles so very expeditiously.—Plaintiff: Beg pardon, yer vorship, but I wouldn't be guilty of any sich delicate haet, as to "take off" anybody's breeches.

The Commissioner finding that "snip" had the laugh on his own side, adjusted his wig, and requested him to keep to the question.—Tailor: So I do, yer vorship; I'll swear I never tuck not nobody's breeches off but me own.

Commissioner: Well, what have you to say about Prince Albert? I suppose he wears his clothes like other people?—Tailor: Ah!

that's all a mistake, 'cause I've heerd that some knowing Jarman has hinwented new fashioned unmentionables, wot all—

Commissioner: There, there, we don't want to hear any more of this nonsense. What have you got to say against the defendant?—Plaintiff: Vy, my lord, it's "a plain unwarnished tale." Master Gilpin steers himself into my shop, and ses to me, "Tim, old feller, I want you to make me a hout-and-hout pair of *kicksies*, 'cause I vonts to show off a bit at Court in 'em." In course, me lord, I vos regularly flabbergasted to hear a kiddy as vos only a "buss cove" talk in sich a way, but it soon comed out as he vos a going to lodge in Pennyvinkle-court, vich is close in our neighbourwood, me lord; and then he said he vos a goin to be married. "Poor devil," ses I, "you're a goin to tie a knot as I should be werry glad to untie." As bad luck 'ud have it, my old woman heard me, and didn't I cotech it nicely.

Commissioner: Well, did you make him any trousers after all?—Plaintiff: Oh! yes; and arter altering 'em three times the warmint would'nt pay a farden.

Commissioner: What did he complain of?—Plaintiff: 'Cause they didn't fit tight to his legs, though I told him it warn't the fashion.

The Commissioner told the defendant that he was ready to hear anything that he might have to say about the matter.—Defendant: I was fool enough to let this old spooney have some cloth to make a pair of trousers, and when I came to try them on, I found them so tight at the top that I couldn't button them, and the legs were large enough to have admitted my whole body. He pretended to alter them—they were worse than before.—Plaintiff: I made them in the "Albert style," yer vorship, so that shows the wagabone's bad taste.—Defendant: If Prince Albert ever wore sich a pair of *kicksies* as them I'll eat my hat.

Commissioner: How much are you willing to allow him for his trouble?—Defendant: Not the ghost of a mag; why should I?—ar'n' he spoiled my breeches?—Plaintiff: Some people as is werry ugly, thinks the tailor ought to make 'em look handsome. Now, my lord, 'cause this pig-headed hobgoblin didn't look a regular *cock wenus* in the breeches, he lays it all to me.

Commissioner: Now if you had contented yourself with making him look like a "buss cove," as you describe him, instead of trying to *Albertise* him, you would, in all probability, have given satisfaction. You should never try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.—Plaintiff: That's very true. It is labour in wain to try to make a gemman out of sich a vulgar blackguard.—Defendant: Keep a civil tongue in your head, old bandy legs.—Plaintiff: Take a fit, young gallus. You arn't no sich a *cock wenus*, pug-nose, arter all.

Commissioner: We cannot allow this. The defendant will pay 5s and the costs.

BATTLE OF PEA SOUP,

FOUGHT ON THE

FIFTY-TWELFTH DAY OF ROTTENSTICKS



This memorable battle took place on the Ocean of Sprats, situated on the Continent of Green Peas, within half a mile of a Donkey; where Bobby the Ratecatcher swallowed the Monument, and the poor old soldier was killed by being drowned in a bog of buttermilk: such an unseasonable battle was never known before.

It took place on the Fifty-twelfth day, on London Bridge, between 15 and 160 o'clock in the night.

Arthur Mc Kelly's nose was knocked into eighteen thousand pieces and converted into a cheese knife, and sold in Plum pudding court, going up to Christmas on the top side of little Bobby the Ratecatcher; the regiment was commanded by General Pigsfry, and Colonel Beefsteak, the bone polisher, who lived one thousand and ninety-nine miles beyond mutton chops, in the parish of Blackberry pudding, a robust strong man, well fed upon marrow bones, and Darby O'Daud, Judy Saggin's son, was mortally wounded, his second hand coat that was made and mended by Patrick Mc Patch, three calendar months beyond the city of Cork. The back buttons were turned before, and a mail coach could have gone through the button holes, the sleeves were massacred and murdered, his waistcoat suddenly took fright, jumped aside off his back, and tumbled into the trap of great Calamity, which was fixed within a quarter of an inch of bad luck. This made him roar out "potatoes" loud enough to be heard sixteen hundred miles beyond Buttermilk, and Selim O'Blunder, the second son of Teddy Humbug, a son to Mr. Nonsense, was terribly wounded in the understanding by the frightful appearance of the blade of a slug, his remembrance was knocked against the corner of his consideration, which capsize

his wisdom out of his Knowledge. His ability was rocking in the cradle of Lamentation, which was fixed between joy and sorrow, where Lamentation fell asleep, and Billy Riley received three dreadful wounds—both his elbows were put out of joint, the shin bones of his knee breeches were transmogrified into a woolpack, and his stockings were made to rue the day his legs were born. Billy Gobbles, the dish lick's son, was accidentally wounded in different parts, first in his constitution, and then in his feelings. After which a piece of plum pudding stuck in the stomach and knocked his appetite asunder, and the sons of buttermilk were all put to the rout, and never stopped till they went and rode the bull, and started off to the land of potatoes, where buttermilk is sold by the yard—to plaster their wounds with potatoes, and the humbugging hospitals of both nations in Dublin is filled with all the buttermilk sons that were killed and wounded in this terrible battle of Pea Soup.

There is one hundred and forty-ten thousand nine hundred and sixty-two pounds reward for whoever will give the least information of the author of this battle. The money to be paid down to the informant by Mr Jack Neverfind, who lives at the top of Toler-ation street, three doors below the bottom, near the corner of Humbug lane, in the days of Tantonybobus, when Adam will be a young man, three hundred and sixty-five miles beyond the remembrance of the Antediluvians, in the reign of our Lord and Sovereign, Queen Richard, by the grace of Candlesticks, Queen of Potwollopers, such as velvet plum puddings, calico dumplings, and leather apple pies.

The Full & True Particulars OF THE GREATEST

FANNY.

The fields were gay,
And sweet the hay,
Our gang of gypsies seated
Upon the grass,
Both lad and lass,
By you we all were treated.

Young chicken, geese,
With ducks and pease,
And beans and bacon dainty;
With punch and beer,
The best of cheer,
You gave us them in plenty.

'Twas all to cheat poor silly Fan,
And pilfer that same jewel;
You're sworn to be my perjur'd man,
Tho' now so false and cruel.

You stole some cloaths,
And caps and hose,
From sister Pat last Easter,
To make me fine,
You gave me nine-
Pence and a silver teaster.

OLD



An apron too,
Tho' not quite new,
And good as from the needle;
And once, I own,
You gave a crown,
To save me from the beadle.

'Twas all to cheat poor silly Fan,
And rifle that same jewel;
You're sworn to me, you perjur'd man,
Tho' now so false and cruel.

Whene'er we'd meet,
With kisses sweet,
And speeches soft you won me;
The hawthorn bush
Shou'd make you blush,
'Twas there you first undone me.

What signifies
Your shams and lies,
Your jokes no more shall jeer me;
A licence bring
With golden ring,
Or never more come near me.

For you have cheated silly Fan,
And pilfer'd that same jewel;
You're sworn to me, you perjur'd man,
Tho' now so false and cruel.

IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

It is pretty well known among the circle of his acquaintances, and the townspeople generally, that Mr——, the old established and highly *respectable* tradesman of THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD is much addicted to wenching, and that he is known to nearly every boy and girl in the town, big or little, as the "OLD RAM," or "BILLY GOAT." And it is also well-known that his wife, who is as nice and amiable a little body as ever laid on a husband's shirt-tail—can never keep a maid-servant with a tolerable agreeable face, but he is sure to be in pursuit of her; and only this year they have had in their service Mary Carter, Jane Baker, Martha Price, Jemima Smith, Harrietta Johnson, Sarah Tompkins, and Betsy Rogers, all of whom have left at a short notice in consequence of the *rum-bustiousness* of Mr——. A few weeks ago Mrs—— engaged with a very pretty girl named Fanny H——, but no sooner did "The Old Ram" behold her than he was smitten with her charms, considering her as a domestic treasure, of which, he flattered himself, he should soon be possessed. Accordingly, Mr—— took every opportunity in the absence of her mistress to say civil things, which so tormented the girl, that she soon gave her mistress warning. Mrs——, the tradesman's wife, having taken a great liking to this servant, was very sorry to part with her, offered to increase her wages, and diminish her labour; but these kind overtures had no effect, the young woman saying it was impossible for her to stay. This peremptory declaration excited Mrs——'s curiosity to know what could give the girl so great a disgust of the place, when, upon being interrogated closely upon the subject, she replied, "Why then, Madam, to tell the truth, my master teases me so much in your absence that I have no comfort of my life. I would not mind, continued the girl, if he was a handsome and a young man, but to be tormented by such an *ugly fellow* is insupportable." "An ugly fellow! resumed Mrs——, with great warmth,—what, call my husband an *ugly fellow*? Get out of the house this instant, you jade,"—then stamping her foot in great rage, she immediately discharged the girl.

THE WONDERFUL

Adventures of Mr. O'Flynn in Search

OF

OLD MOTHER CLIFTON.

UNDERSTANDING that old Mother Clifton's house was blown away 366 miles above the moon, I went in search of her. I was searching nine days, running hard as I could with my two shin bones in my pocket, and my head under my arm, by order of Old Joe Buck, the Pensioner, who lost his middle eye at the Battle of Waterloo, chewing half-boiled stirabout. I then got upon a buck-flea's back, which carried me over large hills of skilligalee and bog holes of butter-milk, till I met Jarvis the coachmaker driving two dead horses under an empty post-chaise loaded with 18 milliners, 2 tambour workers, 5 loads of apples, a roasted milestone, and half-a-dozen grenadier cock magpies, belonging to the French flying artillery, drinking tea till they were black in the face. I asked Mr Jarvis did he get any account of the Old Woman of Ratcliffe Highway, who was drowned in a shower of feathers last night about three weeks ago, and he told me he had got no account of her whatever, but if I went to John Ironsides I'd get some intelligence, and where John Ironsides lived he told me was two miles beyond all parts of the parish, up and down a street where a mad dog bit a hatchet next week, and pigs wrestle for stirabout: I thanked him for his information and bid him good night. I then began to run as fast as I could sit down by the side of a ditch with my two shin bones and my head in my pocket, till I met a gentleman with the custom-house of Dublin on his back, the Manchester exchange in his pocket, and Lord Nelson's pillar in London stuck in his eye for a walking-stick. The Lord help you, poor man, said I, I am sorry for you, and the devil skewer you, why had you no better luck? I asked him what was the matter, and he told me he was bad with the gravel in his eye, the daddy grumble in his guts, and the worm cholic in his toe. I then put him into a coach and drove him into a druggist's shop and ordered him two pennyworth of pigeon's milk, three ounces of the blood of a grasshopper, a pint of self basting, the head and pluck of a buck flea, the ribs of a roasted chew of tobacco, and the lights and liver of a cobbler's lapstone, boiled separately altogether in a leather iron pot.

Immediately after taking the mixture he was delivered of a pair of blacksmith's bellows, and a small tomb-stone only a ton weight. Then proceeding on to

Johnny Gooal's house, said I to him, John, did you get any account of Mother Clifton's house, that was blown 366 miles above the moon by a gale of wind from a sow gelder's horn. I got no account, says Johnny, only I wrote a letter to her to-morrow night, when I was snoring fast asleep with my eyes open, knowing her father to be a smith and farrier to a pack of wild geese, and her mother nurse to a nest of young monkies that was held in the said parish of Up-and-down, where pigs wrestle for stirabout; but John told me I should not go till I had dined with them; we then sat down, and what should be brought up but a dish of stewed paving stones, well mixed with the oil and ribs of a chew of tobacco, and two quarts of the blood of a lamplighter's snuff-box. The next great wonder she showed me, she brought me into a fine garden and placed me by a cabbage-stalk, which only covered 52 acres of ground, and where I saw ten regiments of artillery firing a royal salute of 21 guns.

The next wonder she showed me was a big man standing upon a small table made of heath, dressed in a scarlet black cloak, whomade a very great sermon, but a north country buck flea bit him in the pole of the neck, and made him roar murder. The next great wonder I saw was a small boy only a thousand years old, thrashing tobacco into peas, and one of the peas started through a wall eighteen feet thick, and killed a dead boy on the other side. Then there was the London privateer and the Channel royal mail coach in a desperate engagement; firing boiled oyster shells, stewed lapstones, and roasted wigs one at the other, one of the lapstones struck Mother Clifton over the right eye and delivered her of the old woman of Ratcliffe Highway, who was sister to Mother Clifton, who had nine rows of bees-wax teeth and a three cocked hat made of the right side of a crab's nostril. I then took the Old Hag and made a short leap from Liverpool to Naas in the North of Ireland, where I saw a French frigate coming with Nelson's monument on the top of her mainmast. So now to bring my story to an end this Old Woman and me stepped out of the vessel into the port-hole; I made my escape, but the Old Woman was always tipsy with drinking Chandler's tobacco, so she sunk to the bottom, and if you go there you will find her making straw hats of deal boards.

SALE OF A WIFE

IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD --- MRS. YOU - KNOW - WHO.

Come all you lads and lasses gay, and banish care and strife,—In the market-place, a mason did by auction sell his wife;—Thirteen shillings and a penny for the lady was the sum,—And to see the curious spree, some thousands soon did run;—In the market-place, I do declare, it's true upon my life,—A mason did the other day, by auction sell his wife. This man and wife, good lack-a-day, did often disagree;—For she often pawned her husband's clothes to go upon the spree. So he led her to the market, with a halter, I am told,—And there she was, so help my Bob, by public auction sold. When the auctioneer began the sale, a jolly farmer cried,—Here's five and fourpence half-penny for the mason's lushy bride; a tanner cried out seven and six, and then a butcher said,—I'll give you ten and sevenpence, besides a bullock's head. She's going, cried the auctioneer, she's going, upon my life;—Tinkers, cobblers, sailors, will you buy a charming wife? Such fighting, scratching, tearing too, before no one did see;—Such roaring, bawling, swearing, O! blow me, it was a spree. At length a rum old cobbler did give a dreadful bawl,—Here's thirteen and a penny, with my lapstone and my awl. Thirteen and a penny, when down the hammer dropt,—With whiskers, apron, bustle, shawl, stays, petticoat, and — A lushy mason's lady was this blooming damsel gay,—She did unto the hammer come upon a market day;—Bakers, butchers, masons, did bid for her, we hear,—While a lot of rum old women pitched into the auctioneer. Young men and maids did halloo, while married folks did sneer, They frightened the old cobbler and knocked down the auctioneer. The cobbler took the lady up just like a Scotchman's pack, and the funny mason's lady rode upon the cobbler's back. Some laughed till they bursted, while others were perplexed, But the cobbler bristled up his wife with two big balls of wax; The cobbler sat her on his knee, and joyfully did bawl,—While the lady knocked about the seat the lapstone and the awl. Then the mason he did sell his wife, as you shall understand, And thirteen and a penny was popt into his hand; he whistled and capered, for to banish care and strife,—He went into a gin-shop, singing, I have sold my wife; So the divorced mason he may go, to banish care and strife,—Unto the market place again and buy another wife. Now the cobbler and the lady are both in a stall, While the cobbler works the bristle, and the lady works the awl. And they upon the lapstone do so merry play together,—Singing, heel and toe, gee up, gee woe, big balls of wax and leather. And day and night in sweet delight, they banish care and strife,—the merry little cobbler and his thirteen-shilling wife.

THE PERPETUAL ALMANACK,

OR

GENTLEMAN'S PRAYER BOOK.

Showing how one Richard Middleton was taken before the Mayor of the City he was in, for using cards in church during divine service; being a droll, merry, and humorous account of an odd affair that happened to a private soldier in the 6th Regiment of Foot.

The sergeant commanded his party to the church, and when the parson had ended his prayer, he took his text; and all them that had a Bible pulled it out to find the text, but this soldier had neither Bible, Almanack, nor Common Prayer book; but he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a pack of cards, and spread them before him as he sat. While the parson was preaching, he first kept looking at one card and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said, "Richard, put up your cards; for this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said the soldier, "for you have no business with me here."

When the parson had ended his sermon, and all was over, the soldiers repaired to the church-yard, and the commanding officer gave the word of command to fall in, which they did. The sergeant of the city came and took the man prisoner. "Man, you are my prisoner," said he. "Sir," said the soldier, "What have I done that I am your prisoner?" "You have played a game of cards in the church." "No," said the soldier, "I have not play'd a game, for I only look'd at a pack." "No matter for that, you are my prisoner." "Where must we go," said the soldier? "You must go before the mayor," said the sergeant.

So he took him before the mayor; and when they came to the mayor's

shut out; when I see the six, it puts me in mind that in six days the Lord made Heaven and Earth; when I see the seven, it puts me in mind that the seventh day God rested from all the works which he had created and made, wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it; when I see the eight, it puts me in mind of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God drowned the world, viz., Noah, his wife, three sons, and their wives; when I see the nine, it puts me in mind of nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour, there were ten, but nine never returned God thanks; when I see the ten, it puts me in mind of the ten commandments that God gave Moses on Mount Sinai on the two tables of stone.

Here he took the knave and laid it aside.

"When I see the queen, it puts me in mind of the queen of Sheba, who came from the furthestmost parts of the world to hear the wisdom of King Solomon, and who was as wise a woman as he was a man; for she brought fifty boys and fifty girls, all clothed in boys' apparel, to show before King Solomon, for him to tell which were boys and which were girls; but he could not until he called for water for them to wash themselves; the girls washed up to their elbows, and the boys only up to their wrists, so King Solomon told by that. And also of Queen Victoria—THE QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS—to pray for her. And when I see the King, it puts me in mind of the great King of heaven and earth, which is God Almighty."

"Well," said the mayor, "you have given a very good description of all the cards except one, which is lacking." "Which is that?" said the soldier. "The Knave," said the mayor. "Oh, I can give your honour a good description of that, if your honour won't



house, he was at dinner. When he had dined, he came to them and said—"well serjeant, what do you want with me?" "I have brought a soldier before your honour, for playing at cards in the church." "What! that soldier?" "Yes." "Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Much sir, I hope." "Well and good, but if you have not you shall be punished the worst that ever man was." "Sir," said the soldier, "I have been five weeks upon the march, and have but little to subsist on, and am without either Bible, Almanack, or Common Prayer book, or anything but a pack of cards. I hope to satisfy your honor of the purity of my intention."

Then the soldier pulled out of his pocket the pack of cards, which he spread before the mayor, and then began with the ace.

"When I see the ace," said he, "it puts me in mind that there is one God only; and when I see the deuce, it puts me in mind of the Father and the Son; when I see the tray, it puts me in mind of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; when I see the four, it puts me in mind of the four Evangelists that preached the gospel, viz., Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; when I see the five, it puts me in mind of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps; there were ten, but five were foolish, who were

be angry. "No, I will not," says the mayor, "if you will not term me the knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest that I know of is the serjeant of the city that brought me here." "I don't know," said the mayor, "that he is the greatest knave, but I am sure he is the greatest fool."

"I shall now show your honour how I use the cards as an Almanack." "You certainly are a clever fellow," said the mayor, "but I think you will have a hard matter to make that appear."

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find there are three hundred and sixty-five, there are so many days in the year."

"Stop," said the mayor, "that's a mistake." "I grant it," said the soldier, "but as I have never yet seen an almanack that was thoroughly correct in all points, it would have been impossible for me to imitate an almanack exactly, without a mistake." "Your observations are very correct," said the mayor; "go on." "When I count how many cards there are in a pack, I find there are fifty-two; there are so many weeks in the year; when I count how many tricks there are in a pack, I find there are thirteen: there are so many lunar months in the year; there are four suits in the pack, which represent the four seasons of the year. You see, sir, that this pack of cards is a Bible, Almanack, Common Prayer book, and Pack of Cards to me."

Then the mayor called for a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a pot of good beer, and gave to the soldier a piece of money, bidding him to go about his business, saying he was the cleverest man he had ever seen.

THE FAR FAMED FAIRY TALE OF FENELLA.

A Famous Fish Factor Found himself Father of Five Fine Flirting Females, Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and Fenella. The First Four were Flattering, Flat Featured, Forbidden Faced, Freckled Frumps; Fretful, Flippant, Foolish, and Full of Fun. The Fisher Failed, and was Forced by Fickle Fortune to Forego his Footman, Forfeit his Forefather's Fine Fields, and Find a Forlorn Farmhouse in a Forsaken Forest. The Four Fretful Females, Fond of Figuring at Feasts in Feathers and Fashionable Finery, Fumed at their Fugitive Father, Forsaken by Fulsome, Flattering Fortune hunters, who Followed them when Fish Flourished. Fenella Fondled her Father, Flavoured their Food, Forgot her Flattering Followers, and Frolickled in Frieze without Flounces. The Father, Finding himself Forced to Forage in Foreign parts For a Fortune, Found he could afford a Fairing to his Five Fondlings. The First Four were Fain to Foster their Frivolity with Fine Frills and Fans, Fit to Finish their Father's Finances. Fenella, Fearful of Flooring him, Formed a Fancy For a Full Fresh Flower. Fate Favoured the Fish Factor For a Few days, when he Fell in with a Fog. His Faithful Filly's Footsteps Faltered, and Food Failed. He Found himself in Front of a Fortified Fortress. Finding it Forsaken, and Feeling himself Feeble and Forlorn, with Feasting, he Fed upon the Fish, Flesh, and Fowl he Found, Fricasseed and Fried, and when Full, Fell Flat on his Face on the Floor. Fresh in the Forenoon

he Forthwith Flew to the Fruitful Fields, and not Forgetting Fenella, he Filched a Fair Flower, when a Foul, Frightful, Fiendish Figure Flashed Forth. "Felonious Feller, Fingering my Flower, I'll Finish you! Go! Say Farewell to your Fine Felicitious Family, and Face me in a Fortnight!" The Faint-hearted Fisher Fumed and Faltered, and Fast was Far in his Flight. His Five daughters Flew to Fall at his Feet, and Fervently Felicitate him. Frantically and Fluently he unfolded his Fate; Fenella, Forthwith Fortified by Filial Fondness, Followed her Father's Footsteps, and Flung her Faultless Form at the Foot of the Frightful Figure, who Forgave the Father, and Fell Flat on his Face; For he had Fervently Fallen in a Fiery Fit of love For the Fair Fenella. He Feasted and Fostered her, till Fascinated by his Faithfulness, she Forgot the Ferocity of his Face, Form, and Feature, and Finally, Frankly, and Fondly Fixed Friday, the Fifth day of February For the affair to come off. There were present at the wedding, Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and the Fisher; there was Festivity, Fragrance, Finery, Fireworks, Fricasseed Frogs, Fritters, Fish, Flesh, Fowls, and Furmity, Frontinac, Flip, and Fare, Fit For the Fastidious, Fruit, Fuss, Flambeaux, and Flowers, Four Fat Fiddlers and Fifers, and the Frightful Form of the Fortunate and Frumpish Fiend Fell From him, and he Fell at Fenella's Feet, a Fair Favoured, Fine, Frank Freeman of the Forest. Behold the Fruits of Filial affection!!

SECRETS,

FOR LADIES DURING COURTSHIP.

TEASING MADE EASY.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

HOW TO TEASE THE GENTLEMEN.

HOW TO GET A LOVER,

And a mass of Information on

LOVE, COURTSHIP, & MATRIMONY.



Let the lady, on some occasions, appear devotedly attached, and unusually fond, particularly at parting in the evening.—The next day, let her meet her lover with a frown of hatred, and repulse his advances with a look of ineffable scorn. If he dare to demand a reason for such conduct on her part (which he will hardly venture to do for some hours), let the reply be, "I am surprised, sir, YOU should think of addressing me, after what has past. Oh! I never!" This will SETTLE him for the rest of the day, during which time you can throw in a variety of sly HINTS, to make him COMFORTABLE, and cause him to wish that he had never been born. At parting, hold out your hand to him, coolly, and say, "Farewell, cruel man!" but deign no further favor. The next morning, if he call on you—which he certainly will,—relax somewhat of your austerity—burst out into tears, and throw yourself into his arms, sobbing as if your heart would break. This will produce a fine effect! He will accuse himself, inwardly, of a thousand faults he never committed, and acknowledge them for the sake of forgiveness, which you must gradually bestow.

Another very delightful method of teasing a man if he is very fond of you, is to propose taking a walk with some friends, and then after making yourself look "provokingly handsome," accompany him to the door and then, apparently without design, take the arm of some gentleman of the party, then on your return, say, "I was so delighted with my walk! I did so enjoy myself; did not you, DEAR?" Repeat these and other doses during courtship, and if you be skilful you make him fit for a husband, and he will ever let you have your own way and do what you please.

THE TRADESMAN'S NEW HYMN.



WHEN Nature in a voice of pain,
Speaks of want and woe,
The voice is heard—but heard in vain,
As our misfortunes show.

For many weeks we work have sought,
But work we can't procure,
Sad distress has been our lot,
To go from door to door.

How does the wretched parent feel,
When children cry for bread,
How keen the pain of sorrow then,
They surely must be fed.

Look then on us in our distress,
Nor think us much to blame,
In God alone we put our trust,
For poverty's no shame.

May want upon you never frown,
Nor in your dwelling come;
May Heaven pour its blessing down,
On every friendly soul.

Lord give us grace, that we may be,
Closely united unto thee;
On thee we call, for thou alone hast power,
To raise us friends in this distressing hour.

Thou, Lord, can make the meanest soul,
An object of thy care,
Regard the feelings of my heart,
And hear the Tradesman's prayer.

The Saviour died upon the cross,
My sins and grief to bear,
For his sake, Lord, turn not away,
But hear a sinner's prayer.

My lot seem'd hard, but 'twas ordained,
My faithfulness to prove,
The child was taken far from home,
To learn a Saviour's love.

In darkness long my soul remained,
A rebel bold was I,
But love subdued my stubborn heart,
And proved that God was nigh.

And if thy Son has made me free,
Then I am free indeed;
My soul is rescued from its chain,
For this did Jesus bleed.

Lord, send Thy Word to that far land,
Where my poor brethren dwell,
Teach them the way, the truth, the life,
That saves from death and hell.

Oh, that my father and mother dear,
Might there thy mercy see,
Tell what Christ has done for them,
What he has done for me.

Lord, Jesus thou hast shed thy blood,
For thousands such as me,
Many despise poor Tradesmen's lot,
But to thy cross I flee.

FRIENDS,—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we are at present compelled, for the support of ourselves and families, to offer you these few but simple verses to your notice, trusting that you will be pleased to purchase this paper, it being the only means left us at present, to support the tender thread of our existence and to keep us and our families from the utter starvation which at present surrounds us.

E. Jackson, Printer, 15, High Street, Stockport, & Sold by H. Such, 177, Union-st., Boro.'—S.E.

A COPY OF THE REGISTER

OF THE

MANOR OF DUNMOW,

Certifying the truth of the late

CLAIM OF A GAMMON OF BACON

By Thomas Shakeshaft, and his Wife Ann.

On the 20th of June, 1751.

Dunmow. } **T**HE Court Baron of Mary
late the Priory. } Hallett, Widow, Lady of
the said Manor, thus holden for the said
Manor, on Thursday, the twentieth day of
June, in the five and twentieth year of the
reign of our Sovereign Lord George the
Second, by the Grace of God of Great
Britain, France, and Ireland, King, de-
fender of the faith, and so forth; and in
the year of our Lord, 1751. Before
John Comyns, Esq.; Steward of the
said Manor.

William Townsend,	} sworn.	Daniel Heckford,	} sworn
Mary Cater,		Catherina Brett,	
John Strutt,		Robert Mapletoft,	
Martha Wicksted,		Elzbt. Haselfoote,	
James Raymond,		Richard Birch,	
Elizabeth Smith,		Sarah Mapletoft,	

At this court it was found and presented
by the homage aforesaid, that Thomas Shake-
shaft, of Weathersfield, in the county of
Essex, weaver, and Ann his wife, have been
married for the space of seven years last
past, and that by reason of their quiet,
peaceable, tender, and loving cohabitation
during all the said time: They are fit and
qualified to be admitted by the court to
receive the antient and accustomed oath
whereby to entitle themselves to have the
bacon of Dunmow delivered unto them,
according to the custom of the said Manor.

Whereupon the said Thomas Shakeshaft,
and Ann his wife being present here in court

in their proper persons, humbly pray'd that
they might be admitted to take the oath
aforesaid: And thereupon the said steward,
with the jury, suitors, and other officers of
the court, proceeded with the usual solemnity
to the antient and accustomed place for the
administration of the oath, and delivering
the bacon aforesaid (that is to say) to the
great stones lying near the church door
within the said Manor; where the said
Thomas Shakeshaft, and Ann his wife,
kneeling down on the said stones, the said
steward did administer unto them the follow-
ing oath (to wit)

You shall swear by the custom of our confession,
That you never made nuptial transgression,
Since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife;
Or otherwise in bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or since the parish clerk said amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried again,
Or in a twelve month and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true and in desire,
As when you joined hands in holy choir:
If to these conditions without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear:
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this is our custom at Dunmow well known,
Tho' the sport be ours, the bacon's your own.

Upon which a gammon of bacon was
delivered to the said Thomas Shakeshaft,
and Ann his wife, with the usual solemnity.

THE RENT DAY; OR, BLACK MONDAY MORNING.

Oh, black Monday morning dread I'm sure,
The landlord is coming, he's just at the door;
With his book in his hand he seems fully bent
To have from his tenants the whole of his rent.

Well, Mrs. Longface, have you got any rent ready—let me see, there's 5s. on the book, and 3s. this week makes 8s., now I have brought a receipt for the whole.—I am very sorry, sir, but I have no money till next week!—Next week! why your husband was drunk last Saturday night, and he earns 50s. a week, and can't pay 3s. this won't do; If I can't get my rent I shall bring the bailiff on Monday morning, so I tell you what you have to trust to.

So away then he goes, and with a black look,
And under his arm he puts his rent book;
He knocks at the next door, and his looks are so sour,
He will turn all the milk in the town in an hour.

Well, Mrs. Paywell, have you got any rent for me?—Yes, sir.—You are the best tenant I have got; let me see, 20s., here's your receipt.—Stop, sir, before I pay you this money, you must send a bricklayer and a carpenter; there's the top of the house wants repairing, the stairs are all to pieces, and the privy door is off, and I am desired by my husband not to pay you a farthing till you have put the whole in complete repair.—No. I won't repair it at all, so if you don't like it leave it.—Yes, but I am not agoing to give you 20s. When it rained the other night we were obliged to get up, and move the children into the middle of the room, and my husband and I were compelled to keep up all night with an umbrella over our heads to keep the rain off. I think if landlords were as fond of sending carpenters and bricklayers as they are of sending bailiffs, it would be more to their advantage.—But, Mrs Paywell, where's your husband, I must speak to him about it.—Why, he's at work, and he can't afford to lose a day to wait on you, so as soon as you get the repairs done here's your money.

Away then he goes, for he's quite in the dumps,
And at the next door he gives some hard thumps;
But on looking up you'd have thought he'd have swooned,

For his tenants were gone by the light of the moon.

Now, I'll call on Mther Lushy. Well, my little girl, is your mother at home?—No, sir, she popped out as you popped in.—

Has she left any rent for me?—Yes, sir, she has left 9d. in the teacup on the mantelpiece.—What, 9d. out of two months. Why your mother must think I'm a fool.—No, sir, mother says you're an old rogue.—Well, tell her I shall send the broker.—She says you have broke her of the last 9d. she had.—Has your mother left any money in the teapot?—No, sir, there's only a quartern of gin in it that mother was going to drink, but she went out in a hurry.—Ah, I suppose she knew I was coming.—Yes, Mrs. Longface told her the old rogue of a landlord was coming.

You see how the tenants the landlords abuse,
If you ask for your rent you're sure to get abuse;
They'll pester your brains about lots of repairs,
But who pays the rent, there is nobody cares.

Well, Mrs Meek, have you got my rent ready this morning. Let me see, two weeks is 8s., and I'll write you a receipt.—Sir, I am sorry, extremely sorry, very sorry, indeed, sir, but—if—Oh! hang your ifs and your buts, I suppose you mean to say that you have got no money for me?—No, sir, you seem quite out of temper this morning.—Temper! enough to make any man out of temper. I've been to a dozen houses, and can't get no money. If I can't get the rent next Monday I shall put a bailiff in and sell all off.—Stop! sir, stop, not quite so fast about selling; I am an old woman and can tell you a little about these houses, yes, I have lived many years in this neighbourhood, and can tell you that they are not yours at all.—Not mine! bless my soul the woman's mad.—Not so mad as you may imagine, for I'll tell you, your father was errand boy to old Mr Neasy. When he grew up he suffered him to gather his rents. To make long and short of the story, old Neasy and his wife died, and the son being abroad, your father claimed the houses, but I—Stop! stop! I don't want to hear any more, but come over the way and have a drop of gin, and I'll cross out the 8s. and you shall live rent free; but don't say a word to the other tenants.

So home he goes and thumps down his book,
Makes his wife and his children begin for to lock;
Confound all the houses, they all shall be sold,
And the old bricks and mortar I'll turn into gold.

TAYLOR,

PRINTER, 92 & 93, BRICK LANE, SPITALFIELDS.

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.

ALARMING SACRIFICE!!!

SALE BY AUCTION,

ON MONDAY NEXT, APRIL THE FIRST,

OF THE

FURNITURE & EFFECTS

OF

HOOKEY WALKER, Esq.,

Consisting of a Glass Bedstead, Iron Feather Bed and Copper Hangings, a pair of Tin Sheets, two Catgut Pillows and Lead Bolster, eight Portland Stone Night Caps, and a Green Baize Looking Glass; a brass Wire Mop with cork handle, six pounds of Moonshine, three quarts of Pigeons' Milk, four pounds of the Report of a Gun, six patent blue Buckskin Wigs lined with cold tripe; three barrels of Roasted Snow, twelve yards of Sun's Rays, a mahogany Set of China, with six Oilskin Tea Spoons, and a Muslin Milk Pot; a Sealing Wax Copper, eight Wooden Saucepans, without bottoms, sides, or tops; six pairs of Oak Gloves, a Double-Distilled Moonbeam, Flannel Tea Caddie, four pounds of Patience, six Crape Decanters with carrot corks, twelve Spider Web Wine Glasses, a Worsted Pianoforte, with Barley Sugar Keys; a Dimity Slop Pail, four Dogskin Tooth Brushes, three wings of a Lion, a case of Spiders' Eyebrows, artistically arranged; Photographs of the Buoy at the Nore, Tommy Dodd, and the Cove of Cork playing a three-cornered game of chess, a pair of Brass Boots with Leaden Straps, a pasteboard chest of Drawers, and a Tombstone made of the best pigtail Tobacco, six sky-green Shirts, a Beeswax Stove Grate with satin wood Fireirons, a Plaster of Paris Carpet, Cambrie Washing Tub; two butter toasting Forks, and a decayed New Moon,

A SPLENDID OIL PAINTING,

"William the Conqueror Smoking his First Pipe of Tobacco."

And three pairs of Cotton Candlesticks, two bottles and a half of Smoke, a Calico Ale Barrel, a Brass Toad-in-the-hole, a yard of Rum-steaks cut from the Bulwarks, a set of Brown Paper Knives and Forks and a Cork Gridiron, a Paper Frying Pan, Ivory Cabbage Net, a German Sausage Watch Chain with Stilton-cheese Trinkets, a Whalebone pair of Breeches lined with Slates, a splendid pair of Gauze Bellows, a quantity of Pickled Gingerbread, two Empty Bags filled with Sand marked A.B. with the letters rubbed out, a Tallow Cheese-board, a Sable Black Horse covered with White Spots, the second-hand Report of a Cannon, a quantity of Public Opinion, in lots to suit purchasers.

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES,

The Property of several Members of Parliament, a real Live Hobby Horse, a Green Jew's Eye, some Live Butterflies stuffed with Straw, the Bower of Beauty, Six Eggs that the Ship laid-too of in the Hatchway, the name weight and colours of the Man that paid the Income Tax with pleasure, three yards of Railway Jams, a Policeman's "Move on there!" (nearly new), the Autograph of the Man in the Moon, and other articles, too numerous to mention.

Sale to Commence at half-past 5 and 20 minutes past One hour and a half.

For further particulars make an early application to the Bung-hole of the Tub with the bottom out. Conditions as usual. Carriages ordered at 13 o'clock. Horses heads to be turned inside out, and Tails made to cut their Lucky—by order of the MAYOR.

THE GENUINE THING

OR

The Last of the "Cocks," or "Catchpennies."

When at Brighton in the month of August, 1869, and winding our way through a maze of small streets laying between Richmond and Albion Hills, in the northern part of the town, our ears voluntarily "pricked up" on hearing the old familiar sounds of a "street, or running patterer" with the stereotyped sentences of "Horrible,"—"Dreadful,"—"Remarkable letters found on his person,"—"Cut down by a labouring man,"—"Quite dead,"—"Well-known in the town,"—"Hanging,"—"Coroner's Inquest,"—"Verdict,"—"Full particulars,"—"Most determined suicide,"—"Brutal conduct," &c., &c., *only a ha'penny! Only a ha'penny!* Presently we saw the man turn into a wide court-like place, which was designated by the high-sounding name of "SQUARE," and dedicated to RICHMOND; hither we followed him, and heard him repeat the same detached sentences, and became a purchaser for *only a ha'penny!* when to our astonishment we discovered a somewhat new phase in "Cock" selling, inasmuch as our purchase consisted of the current number (253) of the *Brighton Daily News*—a very respectable looking and well printed Halfpenny Local Newspaper, and of that day's publication, and did in reality contain an account of a most determined suicide.

Being at the time engaged in arranging the materials for THE LITERATURE OF THE STREETS, we ventured upon a conversation with the "street patterer" in the following form: "Well, governor, *how does the cock fight?*" "Oh, pretty well, sir; but it ain't a 'cock,' it's a genuine thing—the days of cocks is gone bye—cheap newspapers 'as done 'em up." "Yes; we see this is a Brighton newspaper of to-day." "Oh, yes, that's right enough—but it's all true." "Yes; we are aware of that; but you are vending them after the old form." "That's all right enough—you see, sir, I can sell 'em better in that style than as a newspaper: I've sold ten or twelve dozen of 'em to-day." "Yes; but how about them to-morrow?" "Oh, then it will be all bottled-up—and I must look for a new game. I'm on my way to London, but hearing of this suicide job, I thought I'd work 'em." To our question of "Have you got any old *real 'cocks'* by you?" he replied, "No, not a bit of a one; I've worked 'em for a good many years, but it ain't no go now. Oh, yes, I know'd 'Old Jemmy Catnach' fast enough—bought many hundreds, if not thousands of quires of him.—Not old enough? Oh, ain't I though; why I'm turned fifty, and I've been a 'street paper' seller nearly all my life. I knows Master Fortey too very well; him as is got the business now in the Dials—he knows his way about, let him alone for that." Having rewarded the man with a few half-pence to make him some recompense for having detained him during his business progress, we parted.

On a perusal of the newspaper "Particulars" of the case, of which we subjoin a condensed copy, it will be found to contain all the necessary material for a clever and experienced "Patterer" to work upon, and that—

"'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange, stranger than fiction!"

The Determined Suicide of an Aged Artist.

REMARKABLE LETTERS OF THE DECEASED.

Yesterday, at noon, an inquest was opened at the Race Hill Inn, Lewes Road, before J. A. Freeman, Esq. (deputy coroner), and a highly respectable jury, on the body of Mr. John Baldey, an aged artist, who committed suicide in a most determined manner early on the morning of the previous day. During the inquiry, which was a lengthy one, some remarkable letters, proved to be in the handwriting of the deceased, were read. They were written in a clear, and rather bold round hand, the calligraphy particularly, for so old a man, being exceptionally good.

John Salter said—I am a labourer; yesterday morning about twenty minutes to six o'clock, I was going to my work to the building, I saw a man hanging, and that made me go in. The house is unfinished, and is at the corner of Park Crescent Road and Upper Lewes Road. I found the deceased hanging from one of the joists in the back room on the ground floor. I did not know the deceased. I at once cut him down. His feet were about 18 inches from the ground. There was a ladder close to his left hand. When I cut him down he was quite dead; he appeared to have been dead for hours. There was a man passing at the time, and, as I was going into the house, I called to him to assist me. He helped me with the deceased, and I afterwards went for a policeman.

John Baunister said—About ten minutes past nine o'clock on Monday evening I saw the deceased come

out of Park Crescent and go into the unfinished house at the corner of Park Crescent. There was nothing particular about the deceased to attract my attention. I did not see the deceased come out of the house again that evening. The next time I saw the deceased was about ten minutes to six o'clock on Tuesday morning. I saw him lying on the ground in the unfinished house into which I had seen him go the previous night. That was after he was cut down. He was quite dead.

Mrs Ann Colwell said—The deceased lodged at my house. He had lodged with me about five years. He was about seventy years of age. I last saw him alive on Monday afternoon about half-past four o'clock. I spoke to him, and he seemed about as usual. During the last three weeks or a month he had complained to me of his circumstances, and told me he must get cheaper lodgings. Generally, he was of a cheerful disposition. I did not notice any particular change in his manner except that he occasionally sighed. In consequence of what he said I let him have his lodgings a shilling a week cheaper. He was an artist, and used to go out to sell his water-colour drawings. Last week he went out for that purpose, and when he came he said it was of no use, but that he would have one more trial to sell his pictures, and when he returned he said he had done no good. One lady had promised to come and look at his pictures. He suffered from chronic affection, which caused him acute pain. His last attack was about a

THE GENUINE THING, OR THE LAST OF THE COCKS, OR CATCHPENNIES.

week ago. He had been an invalid for a long time. The affection under which he laboured disturbed his rest. He was desponding about his future—his general conversation led me to think that he very much feared poverty, but on the whole he was a taciturn man. I did not think he was more desponding during the last week than he had been previously. He did not tell me much about his affairs, but I understood some small source of income had recently ceased. Last Saturday he brought in two eggs for his dinner, and he provided nothing for Sunday. That was unusual. I asked him on Sunday morning what he was going to have for dinner, and he said he only wanted a knife and fork. I think he had a small pie for dinner, but I don't know. There was a bag on the table containing 6d.—that was all the money that has been found. Two of the letters produced were found on the mantel-piece—they are in the handwriting of the deceased.

The Coroner read the letters. The first was addressed to his brother, and was as follows:

"You will regret dear Charles my untimely end. I have not the heart to say more than love to all. Your affectionate brother JOHN."

"You will find in the deal box my rent book—2 weeks rent is due, a trifle to the laundress, and 10s. on Mr. Verrall's acc't—that is all I owe."

The second letter was in the following terms:—

"16 St. George's St

"Augt 23—1869.

"to the humane,

"let my body be taken direct to the receiving house of the parochial cemetery I wish to be placed in the earth at the least possible expense and inconvenience at the inquest this writing will shew that I caused my own death, being, at the same time quite serene and composed. I wish my remains to be placed in a deal coffin, and when the darkness of night has closed in to be interred (*sic*) in the catholic burial ground the catholics are larger and warmer hearted than protestants, I trust and hope these my wishes may be conceded and fulfilled

"JOHN BALDEY

"aged 70 years 37 days."

In answer to further questions,

Mrs. Colwell said—I don't think the deceased went to any place of worship. He was not a drinking man—he never drank to any excess.

Mr. W. Hamilton Brown Ross, retired surgeon-major in the Indian army, said—I live at 149, Upper Lewes Road. Yesterday morning, soon after six o'clock, I was called by a policeman. I dressed as quickly as possible and came to this house. I found the deceased in one of the lower rooms, and from the appearance and temperature of the body—the coldness of the body and limbs, and the general surface, and the surface mark round the neck, and the ecchymosis or extravasation of blood round the mark, and the parchment-like appearance of his shrivelled skin, the cadaverous rigidity of the limbs and neck, usually denominated *rigor mortis*, I am decidedly of opinion the man must have been dead six hours or more. The expression of countenance was haggard and depressed in the extreme—it had altogether a worn and wretched appearance. The characteristics of hanging were so strongly marked, so apparent, that I considered a *post mortem* examination perfectly unnecessary, and the more so as the morbid appearances of the brain had been so much modified by the long period the body had been suspended, that any indications of congestion, or other brain disease, would have been merged in those produced by hanging so long. I have heard the evidence hitherto given, and the letters read, and I say this,—that, although nothing could be more deliberate and determined than the act of suicide, I am of opinion

that his mind was so overcharged and thrown off its balance by the dread of approaching inevitable poverty, that he was driven in a moment of despair to put an end to his existence; and, therefore taking all these things into consideration, I am further of opinion that he committed the deed while labouring under an attack of suicidal monomania. I think that suicidal monomania is consistent with his having written the letters which have been read, for it is a peculiarity of that disease to be quite sane on all other points.

P.C. Bassett said—I was called to the deceased, and found him lying on the ground in the unfinished house. He was quite dead. Part of the rope I produce was round his neck. I searched the body then and there, and found in the left-hand coat pocket the letter I produce. It is addressed to Mrs. Colwell.

The Coroner read the letter, which was as follows:—

"Mrs. Colwell,

"Dear Madam,

"I have long felt should I outlive my means and be reduced to want—I could not have the heart or know how to plead poverty, that state of things has come to pass, with my health and strength utterly prostrate my heart sinks with despair, as I am unworthy and but little known. I feel I have no claim on society or to be supported by others, the thought of the future has heavily overcome me. I end my days rashly and sadly, do not censure me, but make allowance for the frailties of human nature, consider it to be an act of weakness and want of manly fortitude.—Your's truly with best wishes.

"JOHN BALDEY.

"August 23, 1869."

P.C. Bassett further said—In the right-hand waistcoat pocket I found the small bag produced. I afterwards removed the body to this house.

Superintendent Crowhurst said—I had known the deceased a good many years—by name and by sight. I knew Dr. Baldey, the brother of the deceased, who lived in Bartholomews, and was a parish doctor twenty-four or twenty-five years ago. He committed suicide by taking prussic acid. There was no inquest, but an inquiry by the police.

Mr. Charles Baldey said—I am a grocer, and live in Chichester Place, Kemp Town. The deceased was my brother, and was seventy years of age. I last saw him alive last Wednesday. He came up to my house and dined with me. He appeared rather low, and complained that nothing had passed through him for a long time past, and he suffered great pain in consequence; and that he must go to the doctor. That morning, at three o'clock, he had suffered extremely. I asked him whether he would take any ale. He said he dared not—he had not taken any for two years. He had about half a glass of gin. He received a sum of £10 about a couple of months ago. He sold a reversion three or four years ago for about £150 or £170. We—my brother and myself—knew he was in poor circumstances, and intended to provide for him. We were only waiting for him to come to us. Nothing had ever directly passed between the deceased and myself as to his poverty. He was a man of few words, but very excitable, and we were obliged to be careful what we said to him. He had not been to my house previous to Wednesday since Christmas. I remember my brother, Dr. Baldey—it is true he committed suicide about twenty-four years ago. I don't know what religion my brother was, for I have seen so little of him, but we are not a Roman Catholic family.

The Deputy-Coroner shortly left the case to the jury, who, after consideration, found that the deceased destroyed himself while suffering from "suicidal monomania."—*Brighton Daily News*.