



P. LeVergne Inv.

M. J. Gucht Sculp

The Golden Farmer &c.

A Compleat
HISTORY
OF THE
LIVES and ROBBERIES

Of the most Notorious

Highway-Men, Foot-Pads, Shop-Lifts,
and Cheats, of both Sexes, in and about
London and Westminster, and all Parts of
Great Britain, for above an Hundred Years
past, continu'd to the present Time.

Wherein their most Secret and Barbarous Mur-
ders, Unparalell'd Robberies, Notorious Thefts,
and Unheard of Cheats, are set in a true Light,
and expos'd to publick View, for the common
Benefit of Mankind.

To which is prefix'd,

**The THIEVES New CANTING-
DICTIONARY,**

Explaining the most mysterious Words,
New Terms, Significant Phrases, and Pro-
per Idioms, used at this present Time by our
Modern Thieves.

By Capt. ALEX. SMITH.

*The Fifth Edition, (adorn'd with Cuts) with the Addi-
tion of near Two Hundred Robberies lately committed.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

LONDON Printed for Sam. Briscoe, and sold by
A. Dodd at the Peacock without Temple-Bar. 1719.



THE PREFACE.



SINCE preceding Generations have made it their grand Care and Labour, not only to communicate to their Posterity the Lives of good and honest Men, that thereby Men might fall in Love with the smooth and beautiful Face of Vertue; but have also taken the same Pains to recount the Actions of Criminals.

VOL. I.

A

and

and wicked Persons, that by the dreadful Aspects of Vice they may be deterr'd from embracing her Illusions; we here present the Publick with *An History of the LIVES of the most noted HIGHWAY-MEN, FOOT-PADS, HOUSE-BREAKERS, SHOP-LIFTERS, and other MALEFACTORS of both Sexes, which have been Executed in and about London, and other Parts of Great Britain, for above a hundred Years last past: With a whole Discovery of the Art and Mystery of THEFT, to the End all honest People may be prevented from being robb'd for the future.*

Farthermore, this *Biography*, or Book of the Lives of most unaccountable Offenders, has met with such a general Reception in the World, that it hath now met with five Impressions, with Additions of above two hundred Robberies committed by the latest Villains which have

have been executed at *Tyburn*. And still to make this History more compleat, we have prefix'd to it the *Thieves New Canting Dictionary*, which explains the most mysterious Words, newest Terms, significant Phrases, and proper Idioms, used at this present Time among our modern Villains; whereby Travellers may oftentimes save both their Lives and Money.

As for the Order of Time wherein these most notorious Criminals suffer'd Death, we have not confin'd our selves to that Exactness; but have given them Precedency, according as they excell'd one another in Villainy. In their several Characters the Reader will find the most unaccountable Relations of irregular Actions as ever were heard; penn'd all from their own Mouths, not borrow'd from the Account given of Malefactors by any of the ORDINARIES of *Newgate*;

gate; wherefore, at the Request of several very worthy Gentlemen, we have been perswaded to Print them, as being the first impartial Piece of this Nature which ever appear'd in *Europe*.

If we have here and there brought in some of these wicked Offenders venting a prophane Oath or Curse, which is dash'd, it is to paint them in their proper Colours; whose Words are always so odious, detestable, and foul, that some (as little acquainted with a God as they, would be apt to conclude, that Nature spoil'd 'em in the Making, by setting their Mouths at the wrong End of their Bodies. Indeed we have been at no small Pains to collect the Lives of these sinful Wretches, being very punctual not only in decyphering their canting Language, but also divulging their covert Engagements, cunning Flatteries, treacherous Compositions, and under-

underhand Compliances, in all their illegal Enterprizes. Besides, we do not only set forth the Place of Birth, Parentage, Education, Trade, ~~and~~ Age of those Malefactors who made their *Exit* in the Country ; but likewise of them who suffer'd at *Tyburn*, or elsewhere about *London* ; when many of them would not acquaint the *Ordinaries* of *Newgate* with such particular Circumstances, touching their Lives and Conversation, and private Offences, because they wou'd not have their Friends and Relations expos'd by those Papers which are dispers'd Abroad under the Title of, *An Account of the Behaviour, last Dying Speeches, and Confessions, of the Malefactors who were executed this Day at Tyburn.*

For this Reason, they have been silent in the most material Passages, and minute Occurrences of their wicked Transactions ; as being also inform'd

by Persons better knowing in Theological Matters than themselves, that they were oblig'd to confess their Faults in particular to none but the Almighty, who knew the Secrets of all Mens Hearts. And had they been sensible that these Papers, after some Years, as they were cut off by the Hand of Justice, would have been made publick to the World, they would not have been so free as they were, when in the Land of the Living, of declaring their enormous Crimes to us. However, we do not expose the Memory of these offending Wretches with any Design of making them the Sport and Ridicule of vain idle Fellows, who only laugh at the Misfortunes of such dying Men; but rather revive their manifold Transgressions for a Means to instruct and convert the wicked and profane Persons of this licentious Age;

Age ; and earnestly hope they will observe this Advice of the Poet

*Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula
cautum.*

As the *Polypus* is said to be always of the same Colour with the neighbouring Object, or as the Looking-Glass reflects as many different Faces as are set against its own Superficies ; so, now a-Days, a Man here and there (I will not blame all) may be said not to be properly one, but any Body, of the Opinion, and the Humour, and the Fashion of his wicked Companions, as near as his own Weakness will permit him to imitate them ; therefore this Book is recommended for his Instruction, as fearing all his Vices, whatever Deformity the dull Eye of the World may apprehend to be in them, his over-weaning Temper may look upon for the most absolute of all Ver-

tues. Moreover it shews every honest Gentleman how to travel the Road, and the Citizen to secure his own at Home with more Safety than heretofore : And likewise how other honest People may escape being impos'd upon by the unknown Cheats of these Criminals, which are fully discover'd in the Relation of their ignominious Lives.

'Tho' it was the sad Fate of these unfortunate Creatures to commence and take Degrees in Vanity and Wickedness to the very Day of their Deaths, yet I upbraid not their miserable Catastrophe with rash and uncharitable Censures ; but only set forth how they labour'd to shew the World what a Latitude there is in Villainy.

ALEXANDER SMITH.



A T A B L E

Of all the

Memorable PASSAGES

Contain'd in the

First VOLUME.

*the pages are numbered twice to 48. incl
A.*

	Page
A Dams, a Highwayman, hang'd at Tyburn	87
Avery's Discourse with a Man he robb'd	89
Avery hang'd	91
Arthur Chambers convey'd in a Coffin to rob a House	112
Arthur Chambers hang'd at Tyburn	124.
Answers of two Thieves to Sir Thomas Stamp	144
Araelia Howard, a Lady, robb'd	146
Attorney of New-Inn out-witted	154
Astronomer out-witted by a Thief	158
A 5	Anne.

The T A B L E.

Anne Holland hang'd	170
Aspin, a Robemaker, hang'd.	203

B

Bardolph, Poins, and Peto, Companions of Sir John Falstaff	2
Bacon in a Sack metamorphosed into a dead Lawyer	35
Barister robb'd	9
Box, a Bawd, stripp'd stark naked	46
Bonnet, a Highwayman, hang'd	63
Box under the Image of the Virgin Mary, at Ghent, robb'd	65
Bew, a Highwayman, hang'd	107
Buttock and Trang	126
Bottom of a Silver Tankard cut out	142
Barrister like to have been outwitted by a Thief	155
Butcher fights for a Groat, but lost it	176
Bradshaw, who condemn'd King Charles I. robb'd	209
Bucephalus	215
Barriſter bit	253
Blake has a Bill upon Thornicroft	266

C

Cowardice of Sir John Falstaff	4, 7
Cornelius à Tilbury, the Mountebank, robb'd	47
Civility shew'd to Squire Long, when robb'd	32
Cofens a Bawd betrays Whitney	39
Cox, a Highwayman, fulfils the Scripture	44
Cambridge Scholar and his Mistress stripp'd stark naked	54
Crucifix stoln at Antwerp	66
Coachman unwittingly gives his Cloak to a Thief to scour	73
	Country-

The T A B L E.

Country-man paid for a Highway-man's catching his Colt	88
Child that was dead, stoln	110
Coachman thresh'd by his Fare's Footman	115
Cheat to get Boots	118
Cheat to get a Pudding	119
Cart of Hay sold by a Thief	140
Country-man had his Son stoln from behind him on Horse- back	150
Character of a Turnkey	153
Capt. Hind drawn, hang'd, and quarter'd	212
Coffin without a Corpse	247
Crouch, a Taylor, rid in the Cart with the German Princess to Tyburn	256
Clark the Posture-Master frightens a Highwayman	258
Claudius Wilt hang'd at Worcester	260
Carman gives his Cart and Horses away	275

D.

Discourse of Sir John Falstaff to Prince Henry	3
Description of Sir John Falstaff's Company of Soldiers	5
Devout Way of robbing	9, 10
Dunstable in Bedfordshire, so call'd from Dun a Rob- ber	20
Dun the Robber hang'd without Form or Proceſs of Tryal	27
Dutchess of Albemarle robb'd	27*
Dialogue betwixt the Golden Farmer and a Tinker	10, 11
Dutchess of Portsmouth robb'd	15*
Dick Lewis, a House-breaker, hang'd	42
Duel fought by an honest Gentleman and a Thief	92
Dialogue betwixt a Man and his Wife a bed	99, 100
Dialogue betwixt a Highwayman and a Gentlewoman	101
	Dead

The T A B L E.

<i>Dead Dog return'd to a Market-Woman for a Pig.</i>	116
<i>Dialogue betwixt a Gentleman and his Wife in Bed</i>	123
<i>Dick Morris hang'd</i>	141
<i>Duke of Bedford loses his Coach-Wheels</i>	143
<i>Description of Newgate</i>	151
<i>Daughter of a Printer trick'd by an Astrologer</i>	160
<i>Dick Low hang'd</i>	193
<i>Dogget, a Quaker, robb'd</i>	201
<i>Du Vall's Saying to a Priest.</i>	222
<i>Du Vall makes People whom he robs dance</i>	214
<i>Du Vall turns Chymist</i>	230
<i>Dog picks Pockets</i>	266
<i>Dyer commits Fornication with his own Wife.</i>	317
<i>Dick Bauf hangs his Father and Mother</i>	320
<i>Dick Bauf left in the Lurch</i>	322

E.

<i>Emes, a Punchman, robb'd whilst sleeping in a Calash</i>	74
<i>Exciseman robb'd</i>	90
<i>Epitaph on Du Vall</i>	236
<i>Edward Clark robb'd</i>	291
<i>Elizabeth Keys had a Bastard in Newgate</i>	301
<i>Earl of Pembroke robb'd</i>	315
<i>Earl of Donnegal robb'd</i>	324

F.

<i>Fryers robb'd of their sacerdotal Habits</i>	13
<i>Farmer robb'd</i>	75
<i>Feazuing Money</i>	109
<i>French, a Combmaker, marries a Thief</i>	166

The T A B L E.

G.

Gad's Hill <i>an ancient robbing Place</i>	9
Golden Farmer robs his Landlord	6
Grazier's Lappet of his Shirt cut off	8
Golden Farmer hang'd in Chains	12
Gadbury the Astrologer robb'd	15
Gentleman saves his Money from Whitney by a Stratagem	28
Grazier caned by a Highwayman for having but 300 <i>l.</i> about him	51
Gentleman afraid of losing his Coach-Horses in Fleet-street	73
Gentleman's Boots ripp'd up for Money	77
Gentleman robb'd, had his Money again, by the Thief's changing Coats with him	85
Gentlewoman robb'd by her suppos'd Husband	123
Gentleman loses his Silver Tobacco Box	171
Gentleman pays dearly for hearing Faries play on Musick	174
Goldsmith robb'd by a Thief playing at Whoop and Hide in his Ship	184
Grazier found a Sir-Reverence in his Money-Bag	194
German Princess hang'd	256
Ghost (suppos'd) robs	261
Gentlewoman's Finger cut off	304
Grumets	321
General Ingoldby attack'd	324

H

Hangman robb'd, and hang'd	11
Hart a Gentleman robb'd	5
Hull's Legs ty'd under his Horse's Belly	30
Hitchcock	

The T A B L E.

Hitchcock, an Attorney, receives good Advice from a Highwayman	48
Highwayman tuning a Psalm on the Road	63
Holloway, a Murderer, hang'd in Chains at Holloway	77
Highwayman profane'y uses Scripture for robbing	86
Hangman the only Bait for catching a Thief	90
Highwayman out-witted by a Filt	103
Highwayman left in a Well	105
Ho'y-Water defil'd with Lamp-black	160
Hugh Peters robb'd	207
Herman Strodtman hang'd	270
Handsome Fielding robb'd	278
Highwayman's Discourse with a Farmer	291
Highwayman acts the Part of a Ghost	307
Highwayman beat by a Man without Hands	313

I.

Ingröffer of Corn robb'd	21
Inn-Keeper cunningly cheated by Whitney	31
Jaylor of Ilchester loses his Silver Tankard	47
Image shot with a Blunderbuss	122
Jack Goodwin hang'd	145
James Wilson marries a Thief	167
Irish Victualer's Readiness to swear right or wrong	201
Jack Hall put into a Pack	196
Jack Hall hang'd	206
Jack Bird put into a Rasp-House in Holland	312
Jack Bird hang'd and anatomiz'd	318

K

Killigrew, Fester to King Charles II. robb'd	43
Knowles, a Woolien-Draper, robb'd	177
Knight, an Attorney, robb'd	199
	Law.

The T A B L E.

L

<i>Lawyers robb'd at Dinner</i>	21
<i>Lawyer murder'd</i>	33
<i>Lord Chief Justice Jefferies robb'd</i>	23
<i>Letter from a Highwayman to a Gentlewoman he had robb'd</i>	96
<i>Letter from a Gentlewoman to a Highwayman that robb'd her</i>	97
<i>Lady Cavendish robb'd</i>	129
<i>Lee, a Turnkey of New-Prison, stop't for a Thief</i>	158
<i>Littleton, a Face-Painter, robb'd</i>	217
<i>Letter discovering the German Princess for a Cheat</i>	240
<i>Letter, but a sham one, of the German Princess</i>	244
<i>Lord Wharton robb'd</i>	288
<i>Letter from a Thief to a Victualier's Wife</i>	297

M

<i>Miracle at Ghent</i>	66
<i>Money took out of a Soap-Barrel</i>	93
<i>Moll Raby hang'd</i>	129
<i>Moll Hawkins hang'd</i>	146
<i>Man lost his Portmanteau by a Rap on the Knuckles</i>	150
<i>Manning, a Barrister of Grays Inn, robb'd</i>	155
<i>Man transform'd into an Ass</i>	181
<i>Man had his Pocket pick'd by having Lice blown upon him</i>	196
<i>Miller turns Highwayman</i>	218
<i>Mastiff-Dog thrown down a Chimney</i>	228
<i>Mercer cheated</i>	248
<i>Monkey frighten'd by a Highwayman</i>	283
<i>Molloy, a Barrister, robb'd</i>	306
<i>Nevilon,</i>	

The T A B L E.

N

<i>Nevison, shamming Death, was carry'd in a Coffin out of Leicester Goal</i>	45, 46
<i>Nobleman robb'd as he was hunting</i>	49
<i>Nayland, a Victualler, loses a Silver Cup</i>	200
<i>Note from a Highwayman</i>	217
<i>Nell Gwin robb'd</i>	260
<i>Nicholas Wells sells his Wife</i>	281
<i>Nicholas Wells hang'd at Kingston</i>	282

O

<i>Old Mob robs a Widow</i>	16
<i>Old Mob robs a Lad in Woman's Apparel</i>	19
<i>Over executed</i>	99
<i>O-Bryan hang'd</i>	263
<i>Orders to be observ'd by Highwaymen</i>	304

P

<i>Prince Henry, Son to King Henry the Fourth, went on the Highway</i>	2, 16
<i>Purses cut with artificial Arms</i>	19
<i>Proctor robb'd</i>	14
<i>Piggot, the Anabaptist-Preacher, robb'd</i>	55
<i>Penny Post Man murder'd</i>	70
<i>Pack-horse of Rogers, a Carrier, robb'd</i>	92
<i>Pick-pocket deliver'd out of Custody by a Stratagem</i>	121
<i>Porter taken up for a Cheat</i>	126
<i>Presbyterian Parson strangely robb'd</i>	135
<i>Parson of Bramyard lends a Thief a Gown and Horse</i>	172
	Partridge

The T A B L E.

Partridge, the Astrologer, consulted about a Silver-Tankard lost	178
Priest rustically handled by a Boor	186
Pemmel, an Apothecary, robb'd	187
Purse of Stones	120
Praise of Gold	210
Parson loses his Gown at All-Fours with a Highway-man	258
Punch-Bowl of base Metal stolen	264
Peter Wolter kill'd	273
Poor Robbin robb'd	314

Q

Quaker robb'd	3
Question Lay	145

R

Robbery committed by Stratagem	24
Redding, Lic'tor of Tuttle-Fields Bridewel	37
Robin Stephens, Messenger of the Press, loses his Cloak,	41
Randal, a Pewterer, robb'd	58
Raby befouls herself for Fear	128
Royal Sovereign, a Strumpet, picks a Thief's Pocket	192
Robberies committed in a Basket	176
Rape committed by O-Bryan	262

Sir

The T A B L E.

S.

Sir John Falstaff robb'd by Prince Henry	4
Sir John Falstaff robs in Womens Apparel	11, 12
Sir John Falstaff condemn'd	17
Sheriff of Bedfordshire routed by Dun the Robber	23
Sequestrator robb'd, and oblig'd to give a Note for 500 l.	24 44
Sir Thomas Day robb'd	5
Sir Bartholomew Shower, robb'd	13
Sermon preach'd to Whitney on the Highway	24
Speech of Sir Salathiel Lovel, Recorder of London, Whitney	38
Sir Owen Buckingham loses his Sword	41
Smith, the Ordinary, and Hangman, kick'd off the Cart at Tyburn	52
Saying of a Highwayman to a Person of Quality	57
Spurling, a Turnkey of Newgate, shot in the Sessions House in the Old Baily	77
Saying to a Highwayman as riding to be hang'd	89
Service-Lay	164
Sheet made into a Couple of Smocks	169
Smock of an old Woman burnt	171
Salt flung into a Goldsmith's Eyes.	176
Stephen Bunce hang'd	182
St. Peter's Children	187
Saying of a Thief to an Apothecary's Wife	189
Sawney Cunningham and his Comrades, swore three Citizens out of their Horses	32
Satyrs	32
Shrimpton hang'd	22
'Squire Roper robb'd	11

The T A B L E.

<i>Speech of Du Vall</i>	234
<i>Saying of the German Princess to some Ladies on her Tryal</i>	256
<i>Sam. Winfield murder'd</i>	280
<i>Story, an Attorney, robb'd</i>	285
<i>Samuel Perris, a Quaker, robb'd</i>	286
<i>Sayings of Jack Withrington</i>	293, 294, 295
<i>Sea's counterfeit'd with Butter and Clay</i>	299

T

<i>Tinker robb'd</i>	11
<i>Thief robb'd a Thief</i>	48
<i>Taylor's Reply to his Son's Saying</i>	55
<i>Thief's Bill carry'd in to the Bishop of London</i>	83
<i>Emb of an Archbishop robb'd</i>	106
<i>Thief stole a Couple of Oxen by hanging himself</i>	117
<i>Thief turns Conjuror</i>	132
<i>Thief acts the Part of a blind Man</i>	142
<i>Tom Sharp acts the Part of a Clergyman</i>	147
<i>Thief curs'd by Bell, Book, and Candle, at the Portuguese Chapel in Lincolns-Inn-Fields.</i>	160
<i>Tom Sharp hang'd at the End of Long-Acre in Drury Lane</i>	162
<i>Taylor went to lie with his Maid in Boots</i>	164
<i>Tristram Savage, a Hawker</i>	167
<i>Router, the Astrologer in Moorfields, robb'd</i>	168
<i>Tom Gerrard betray'd by a Parrot</i>	267
<i>Tom Gerrard hang'd</i>	269
<i>Tom Marsh steals his Landlady's Bed</i>	300
<i>Tom Marsh hang'd</i>	301
<i>Tom Wilmot born with Teeth</i>	302
<i>Tom Wilmot hang'd</i>	310

The . T A B L E.

V

<i>Verses stuck on a Thief's Back, which hang'd him</i>	16
<i>Usurer puts on his Spectacles to give a Highwayman his Purse</i>	67
<i>Vanbruggen the Player, robb'd</i>	68
<i>Victualler robb'd by Thieves setting a Room on Fire</i>	149
<i>Verses</i>	16, 69, 225, 241, 259

W

<i>Woman caus'd her Husband to be murder'd by a Thief</i>	22
<i>William Bean and his Maid murder'd</i>	37, 38
<i>William Nevison, a Highwayman, robb'd three High- waymen</i>	42
<i>Whitney like to have been taken by a Bear</i>	33
<i>Whitney hang'd at Porters-Block by Smithfield</i>	40
<i>Whithers and Edwards hang'd</i>	71
<i>Woman robb'd whilst sleeping</i>	128
<i>Woman cheated by Dick Morris</i>	139
<i>Watchman kill'd in Great Wild-street</i>	162
<i>Weaver cheated</i>	249
<i>Wife of Blood that stole the Crown, robb'd</i>	305
<i>Welsh Drover kill'd</i>	314

Yeomans

The TABLE.

Y

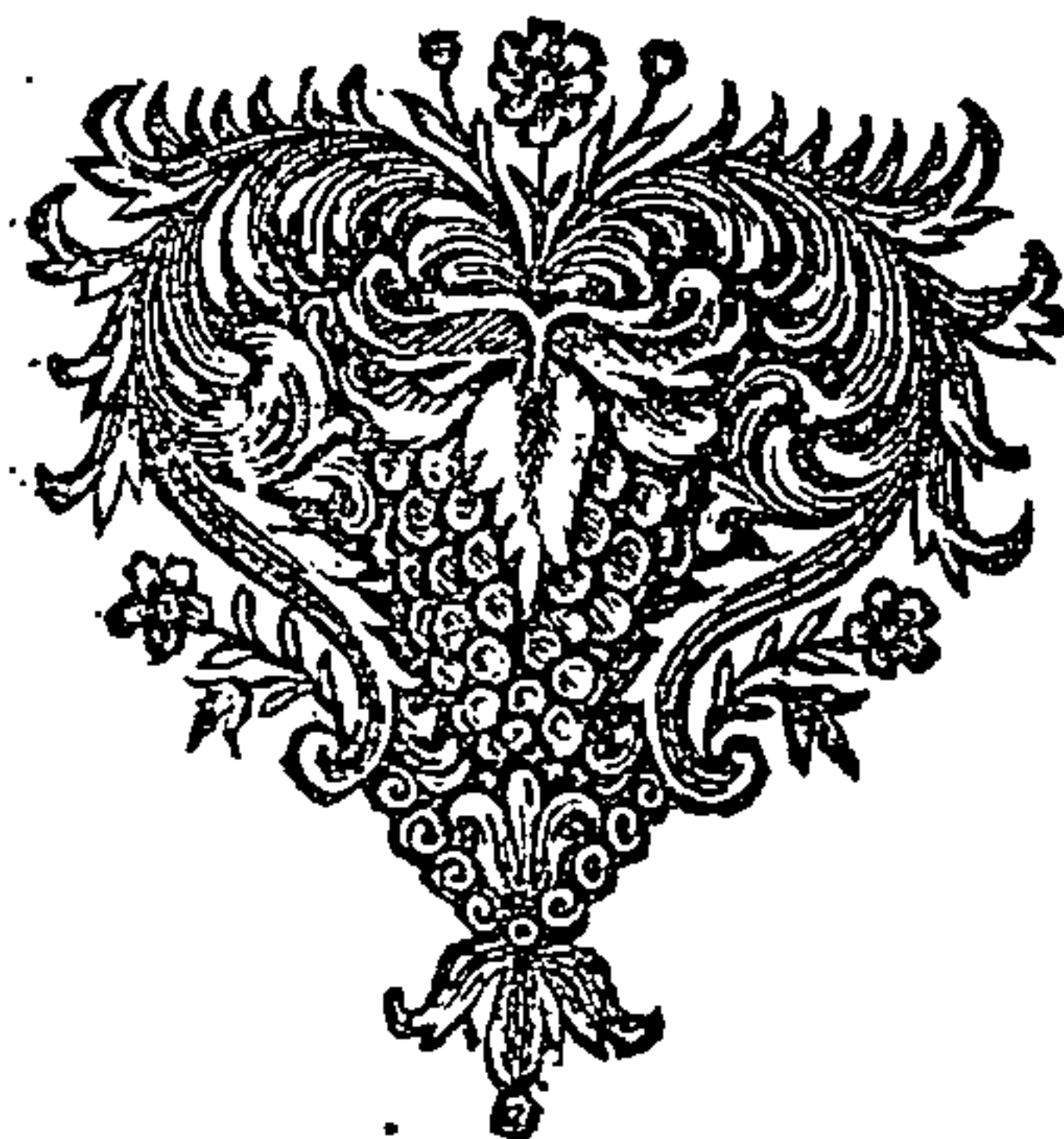
Yeomans, *a Thief*

125

Z

Zachary Clare, *an Evidence*

63



THE

THE
THIEVES
NEW
Canting DICTIONARY
OF THE

WORDS, } { PROVERBS,
TERMS, } { And PHRASES,

Used in the

Modern Language of the THIEVES, &c.

Useful for all Sorts of People, (especially
Travellers) to secure their Money,
and preserve their Lives.

Much augmented,

By Capt. ALEXANDER SMITH.


L O N D O N:

Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, 1719.



THE
THIEVES
NEW
Canting DICTIONARY.

A B

 *Bram-cove*, a naked or poor Man ; also a lusty strong Rogue.

Abram men, Beggars, Anticks, trick'd up with Ribbands, red Tape, Fox-Tails, Rags, and the like : Pretending Madness, to palliate their Thefts of Poultry and Linnen.

a 2 *

Acteon'd

A C A D A F A L

A C

Acteon'd, cuckolded, or made a Cuck-old of.

A D

Adam's-Ale, Water.

Adam-Titer, a Pick-Pocket's Comrade, who receives stolen Money or Goods, and scours off with 'em.

A F

Affidavit-men, Knights of the Post, mercenary Swearers for Hire, Inhabitants formerly of *White-Fryers*, now dispers'd.

A L

Alsatia, White-Fryers.

Alsatia the Higher, the same.

Alsatia the Lower, the Mint in South-wark.

Alsatians, the Inhabitants, such as broken Gentlemen and Tradesmen lurking there.

Altitudes,

A N A R A U

Altitudes, the Man is in his Altitudes ;
that is, he is drunk.

A N

Anglers, Cheats, Petty-Thieves, who
have a Stick with a Hook at the End,
with which they pluck Things out of
Grates and Windows ; also those that
draw in People to be cheated.

Antiquated Rogue, one that has forgot
or left off his Trade thro' Age.

A R

Armour, in his Armour, that is, Pot-
valiant.

A U

Autem-Mort, a marry'd Woman, also
that Tribe of Beggars travelling, beg-
ging, and often stealing, with one Child
in Arms, another at the Back, and some-
times leading a Third in the Hand.

Auxiliary Beauty, Drefs, Paint, Patches,
setting of Eye-brows, and licking the
Lips with Red.

B A B E

B A

Backt, dead ; as, *he wishes the old Man backt*, that is, he longs to have his Father on six Men's Shoulders : Or as, *his Back's up*, that is, he is in a Fume, or angry.

Banditti, Highway-men, either Horse or Foot ; Rogues of any Kind now, but strictly *Italian* Outlaws.

Barker, a Salesman's Servant that walks before the Shop, and cries, *Cloaks, Coats, or Gowns, what d'ye lack, Sir*.

Batter'd Bully, an old well-cudgel'd and bruise'd huffing Fellow.

Bawdy-Baskets, a Tribe that goes about with Pins, Tape, obscene Books, and the like, to sell ; but live more by stealing.

B E

Beard-Splitter, a Whore-Master.

Belly-beat, an Apron.

Bene-Cove, a good Fellow.

Bene-Ship, very good, also Worship.

Bene-Bowse, strong Liquor, or very good Drink.

Bene-

B I

Bene-Darkman, good Night.

Bess, as, *bring Bess and Glim*, that is, forget not the Instrument to break open the Door, and the Dark-Lanthorn.

B I

Bite the Bill from the Cull, whip the Sword from the Gentleman's Side.

Bilk the Ratling-cove, to sharp the Coach-man of his Hire.

Bing'd awast in a Darkmans, stole away in the Night-time : *Bing we to Rum Vile*, gone to London.

Bingo, Brandy. Bingo-Boy, a great Drinker, or Lover thereof : *Bingo-Club*, a Set of Rakes who are Lovers of that Liquor.

Bit, robb'd, cheated, or out-witted. *Bit the Blow*, that is, accomplish'd the Theft, or play'd the Cheat. *You have bit a great Blow*, that is, you have robb'd some-body of a great Deal, or to a considerable Value.

Bite, a Rogue, Sharper, or Cheat ; also a Woman's Privities. *Bite the Biter*, that is, to rob the Rogue, sharp the Sharper, or cheat the Cheater. *Bite the Cully*, i. e. to put the Cheat on the silly Fellow.

Bite

B L

Bite the Roger, i. e. to steal the Portmanteau. *Bite the Wiper*, i. e. to steal the Handkerchief. *The Cull wapt the Mort's Bite*, i. e. the Fellow enjoy'd the Whore briskly.

B L

Black Spy, the Devil.

Black Muns, Hoods and Scarves of *A-la-mode* and Lustrings.

Bleed freely, part with their Money easily.

Blind Harper, Beggars counterfeiting Blindness, with Harps or Fiddles.

Bleaters, they that are cheated by *Jack in a Box*.

Bloss, a Thief or Shoplift; also a Bully's pretended Wife or Mistress, whom he guards, and who by her Trading supports him, also a Whore.

Blot the Scrip and jark it, to stand engag'd, or be bound for any Body.

Blowes, a Mistress; also a Whore.

Bluffer, a Host, Inn-keeper, or Victualler; to look *Bluff*, to look big, or like Bull-Beef.

B O

B O

Boarding-School, Bridewell.

Bob, a Shoplift's Comrade, Assistant, or Receiver. It's all Bob, i. e. all is safe, the Bet is secur'd. Bob'd, cheated, trick'd, disappointed, or baulk'd.

Bone, to apprehend or sieze. The Cove is bon'd, and gone to the Whit, i. e. the Rogue is taken up and carry'd to Newgate. The Cull has bon'd the Fen; (for Fence) or Bloss; that bit the Blow, i. e. the Man has taken the Thief that robb'd his House, Shop, or pick'd his Pocket. He has bit his Blow, but if he's bon'd, he must shove the Tumbler, i. e. he has stoln the Goods, or done the Feat; but if he be taken, he'll be whipt at the Cart's Tail. I have bon'd her Duds, fagg'd and brush'd, i. e. I have took away my Mistress's Cloaths, beat her, and am troop'd off. Boning the Fence; i. e. finding the Goods where conceal'd, and seiz'd.

Borde, a Shilling. Half a Borde, Sixpence.

Bowse,

B R B U

Bowse, Drink, or to drink. *Bowsy*, drunk. *We bows'd it about*, that is, we drank hard.

Bowsing-Ken, an Ale-house. *The Cull tipt us a Hog*, which we melted in *Rum-bowse*, i. e. the Gentleman chang'd us a Shilling, which we spent in strong Drink.

B R

Breaking Shins, borrowing of Money.

Brush, to fly, or run away. *The Cully is brush'd or rubb'd*, i. e. the Fellow is march'd off, or broke.

B U

Bub, Drink. *Rum-Bub*, very good Tip.

Bube, the Pox. *The Mort has tipt the Bube upon the Cully*; i. e. the Wench has clapp'd the Fellow.

Budge, one that slips into a House in the Dark, and steals Cloaks, Coats, or what comes next to Hand. *Standing the Budge*, the Thieves scout or perdue.

Bufer,

C A

Bufser, or *Buffer*, a Dog. *Buffe-napper*, Dog-stealer.

Bulls-Eye, a Crown, or five Shillings.

Bulk and File, one jostles while the other picks the Pocket.

Buntlings, Petticoats. *Hale up the main Buntlings*; i. e. take up the Woman's Petticoats.

C A.

Cackle, to discover. *The Cull cackles*, i. e. the Rogue tells all.

Cassin, Cheese.

Cank, Dumb. *The Cull's cank*, i. e. the Rogue's dumb.

Cap, to swear. *I'll cap downright*, i. e. I'll swear home.

Cafe, a House, Shop, or Warehouse; also a Bawdy-House. *Tout the Cafe*, i. e.

to view, mark, or eye the House or Shop. *They're so peery, 'tis snitch'd*, i. e.

where are a great many People, there's no Good to be done. *'Tis all bob*, and

open to dub the Gigg, i. e. now the Coast is clear, there's good Booty, let's fall on,

and rob the House. *A Cafe Froe*, i. e. a Whore that plies in a Bawdy-House.

C H

C H C L

C H

Chats, Lice. Squeeze the Chats, i. e. crack or kill those Vermin.

Chub, one easy to be cheated. He is a young Chub, or mere Chub, i. e. very ignorant, or unexperienç'd in Gaming not at all acquainted with Sharping.

C L

Clank, a Silver Tankard. Clank-knapper, a Silver Tankard-Stealer.

Clapperdodgeon, a Beggar born and bred.

Clear, very drunk. The Cull's clear let's bite him ; i. e. the Fellow is very Drunk, let's rob him.

Click, to snatch. I have click'd the Nap from the Cull, i. e. I whipt the Hat from the Man's Head. Click the Run-Topping i. e. snatch the Woman's Head-Dress.

Clinkers, the Irons Felons wear in Coal.

Cloud, Tobacco. Will ye raise a Cloud i. e. will ye smoak a Pipe.

C L C O C R

Cloy, to steal. *Cloy the Clout*, i. e. to steal the Handkerchief. *Cloy the Lour*, i. e. to steal the Money.

Cly, Money. *To cly the Jerk*, i. e. to be whipt. *Let's strike his Cly*, i. e. let's get his Money from him; it is also a Pocket. *Fil'd a Cly*, i. e. pick'd a Pocket.

C O

Cobble-colter, a Turkey.

Cole, Money.

Cove, a Man, a Fellow, also a Rogue. *The Cove was bit*, i. e. the Rogue was outwitted. *The Cove has bit the Cole*, i. e. the Rogue has stoln the Money. *The Cove's a rum Diver*, i. e. the Fellow is a clever Pick-Pocket.

C R

Crackmans, Hedges.

Crap, Money. *Nim the Crap*, to steal the Money. *Wheedle for Crap*, to coax Money out of any Body.

D A D E D I

C U

Cully, or *Cull*, a Man, Fop, Rogue, Fool, or silly Creature, that is drawn in and cheated by Whores and Rogues. *Cully naps us*, i. e. the Person robb'd apprehends us.

D A

Deuce, two Pence. *Tip me a Deuce*, i. e. Lend me two Pence, or pay so much for me.

Darbies, Irons, Shackles, or Fetters.

Darkmans, the Night. *The Child of Darkmans*, i. e. a Bell-man.

D E

Decus, a Crown, or five Shilling-Piece. *The Cull tippt me a Score of Decusses*, i. e. my Comrade lent me five Pounds.

Deuseville, the Country. *Duseavile Stampers*, i. e. Country-Carriers.

D I

Dim Mort, a pretty Wench.

Ding,

D O D R D U

Ding, to knock down. *Ding the Cull*,
i. e. knock down the Fellow.

D O

Deck, to lye with a Woman. *The Cull*
decks the Dell in the Darkmans, the Rogue
lay with a Wench all Night.

Doxies, She-Beggars, Trulls, Wenches,
Whores.

D R

Drawers, Stockings.

D U

Dub, a Picklock-Key. *Dub the Gigger*,
i. e. open a Door. *We'll strike it upon the*
Dub, i. e. we'll rob that Place. *Dubber*,
a Picker of Locks.

Duds, Cloaths or Goods. *Abraham*
Cove has won (or bit) rum Duds, i. e. the
poor Fellow has stohn very rich Cloaths.

Dup, to enter, or open the Door.
Dup the Ken, i. e. enter the House. *Dup*
the Boozing-Ken, and *booze a Gage*, i. e.
go into the Ale-house and drink a Pot.

E A E Q F A

E A

Earnest, a Part or Share. *Tip me my Earnest*, i. e. give me my Snack or Dividend.

E Q

Equipt, Rich; also having new Cloaths. *Well equipt*, i. e. plump in the Pocket, or very full of Money; also very well dress'd. *The Cull equipt me with a Brace of Meggs*, i. e. the Gentleman furnish'd me with a Couple of Guineas.

F A

Fag, to beat. *Fag the Bloss*, i. e. bang the Wench. *Fag the Fen*, i. e. drub the Whore.

Faggot the Culls, bind the Men.

Fams, or *Fambles*, Hands. *Fambles' Cheats*, Gold Rings, or Gloves.

Famgrasp, to agree, or make up a Difference. *Famgrasp the Cove*, i. e. to agree with the Adversary.

Fastner, a Warrant.

Fence,

F E F I F L

F E

Fence, to spend or lay out; also a Receiver and Securer of stolen Goods. *Fence his Hog*, i. e. to spend his Shilling. *Fencing Cully*, a Broker or Receiver of stolen Goods. *Fencing Ken*, the Magazine or Ware-house where stolen Goods are secured.

F I

Fib, to beat. *Fib the Cove's Quarrons in the Rum-pad*, for the *Lour* in his Bung: Beat the Man in the Highway lustily, for the Money in his Purse.

Filching-Cove, a Man-Thief. *Filching-Mort*, a Woman-Thief.

F L

Flag, a Groat

Flash Ken, a House where Thieves use, and are conniv'd at.

Flick, to cut. *Flick me some Panam and Cash*, i. e. cut me some Bread and Cheese.

b 3 *

Flick ..

F O

Flick the Peter, i. e. cut off the Cloak or Portmanteau.

Flog, to whip. *Flogging Cove*, the Beadle, or Whipper in *Bridewell*. *Flogging-Stake*, the Whipping-Post. *Flogg'd at the Tumbler*, i. e. whipt at the Cart's Tail. *As the Prancer drew the queer Cove*, at the cropping of the Rotan, the rum Pads of the *Rumvile*, and was flogg'd by the *Rum-Cove*, i. e. the Rogue was dragg'd at the Cart's Tail thro' the chief Streets of *London*, and was soundly whipt by the Hangman.

F O

Focus, Tobacco. *Tip me a Gage of Focus*, i. e. give me a Pipe of Tobacco.

Fork, a Pickpocket. *Let's fork him*, i. e. let us pick that Man's Pocket, the newest and most dexterous Way: It is, to thrust the Fingers strait, stiff, open, and very quick into the Pocket, and so closing them, hook what can be held between them.

Froe,

G A G E

Froe, a Wife, Mistrefs, or Whore. *Brush to your Froe*, (or *Bloss*) and *wheedle for Crap*, i. e. whip to your Mistrefs, and speak her fair, to give or lend you some Money.

G A

Gag, to put Iron Pins into the Mouths of the Robbed, to hinder them from crying out.

Gage, a Pot, or Pipe. *Tip me a Gage*, i. e. give me a Pot or Pipe, or hand hither the Pot or Pipe.

Garnish, Money that is customarily spent by a Prisoner at his Imprisonment.

G E

Gelt, Money. *There is no Gelt to be got*, i. e. Trading is very dead.

Gentry-Cove, a Gentleman. *Gentry-Mort*, a Gentlewoman.

George, half a Crown. *He tipt me forty Georges for my Earnest*, i. e. he paid me five Pound for my Share or Snack.

G I

G I G L

G I

Gig, Nose. *Smibel the Gig*, i. e. fillip the Fellow on the Nose.

Gigger, a Door. *Dub the Gigger*, i. e. open the Door with the Pick-lock, that we may go in and rob the House.

Ginny, an Instrument to lift up a Grate, the better to steal what is in the Window.

G L

Glaziers, Eyes. *The Cove has rum Glaziers*, i. e. that Rogue has excellent Eyes, or Eyes like a Cat.

Glim, a Dark-Lanthorn used in robbing Houses; also to burn in the Hand. *As the Cull was glimm'd*, he gangs to the Nubb, i. e. if the Fellow has been burnt in the Hand, he'll be hang'd now. *Glimstick*, a Candlestick.

G R H A H O

G R.

*Grig, a Farthing. Not a Grig did he
give me, i. e. not a Farthing wou'd he give
me.*

*Grinders, Teeth. The Cove has rum,
Grinders, i. e. the Rogue has excellent
teeth.*

H A.

Hamlet, a High Constable.

Harman, a Constable.

H E.

Heaver, a Breast.

H I.

Hick, a silly Country Fellow.

H O

*Hog, a Shilling. You darkman Budge,
will you fence your Hog at the Boozing-Ken,
i. e. D'ye hear, you House-creeper, will
you*

H U J A J O

you spend your Shilling at the next Ale-house.

H U

Hue, to lash *The Cove* was bu'd in the *Naskin*, i. e. the Rogue was severely lash'd in *Bridemell*. *Hue and Cry*, the Country rais'd after a Thief.

Huzza, originally the Cry of the *Hussars*, or *Hungarian* Horsemen ; but now the Shoots and Acclamations of any Soldiers, or of the Mob.

J A

Jack, a Farthing. *He wou'd not tip me a Jack*, i. e. he wou'd not give me a Farthing.

Jack Ketch, the Hangman of that Name, and now given to all his Successors.

J O

Jackum-gage, a Chamber-Pot. *Tip me the Jackum-gage*, i. e. hand me the Member-Mug.

J rdain,

K A K E

Jordain, a great Blow, or Staff. *I'll*
ip him a Jordain; *if I transnear*, i. e. *I'll*
give him a Blow with my Staff, *if I*
ome near.

Joseph, a Cloak or Coat. *A rum Jo-*
eph, a good Coat or Cloak. *A queer Jo-*
eph, a coarse, ordinary, old, or tat-
er'd Cloak or Coat.

K A.

Kate, a Pick-lock. *'Tis a rum Kate*,
e. a clever Pick-lock.

K E

Ken, a House. *A Bob*, or *Roman Ken*,
e. a good or well-furnish'd House, full
f Booty, worth robbing. *Biting the Ken*,
e. robbing the House. *Ken-miller*, a
house-breaker. *Friend John*, or *sweet*
Ken, *'tis a bob Ken*, *brush upon the Sneak*,
e. 'tis a good House, go in if you will,
ut tread softly, and mind your Business.
There's a Cull knows us, *if we don't picque*, *he'll*
ome us; i. e. *that Fellow 'sees us*, *if we*
on't scout off, *he'll apprehend us*. *Ding*
im, i. e. *knock him down*. *Then we'll*
picque

K I

picque, 'tis all Boman, i. e. We'll be gone, all is well, the Coast is clear.

K I

Kicks, Breeches. Tip us your Kicks, we'll have them as well as your Lowr, i. e. Pull off your Breeches, for we must have them as well as your Money.

Kid Lay, one who meeting a Child or 'Prentice with a Bundle or Parcel of Goods, wheedles him by fair Words, and whipping Six-pence into his Hand to step on a short and sham Errand for him, in the mean time runs away with the Goods.

Kimbar, to trick, sharp, or cheat; also to beat severely or to bully. Let's kimbar the Cull, i. e. let's beat that Fellow, and get his Money (by huffing and bullying) from him.

Kinchen, a little Child.

Kinchen-Cove, a little Man.

King's Head Inn, or Checquer Inn in Newgate-Street, the Prison of Newgate.

Knight of the Road, the chief Highway-man best mounted and arm'd, the stoutest Fellow among 'em.

LA LO LU MA

LA

Lag-a-Duds, a Buck of Cloaths; as, we cloy the *Lag* of *Duds*, i. e. come, let us steal that Buck of Cloaths.

LO

Lobkin, a House to lie in; also a Lodging.

Loge, a Watch. *Fil'd a Cloy of a Loge*, or *Scout*, i. e. pick'd a Pocket of a Watch, *Biting a Loge*, or *Scout*, the same.

Loon-flat, Thirteen-pence Half-penny.

Lowr, Money.

Low-pad, a Foot-Pad.

LU

Lurries, Money, Watches, Rings, or other Moveables.

MA

Mackawl, a Bawd.

Make, a Half-penny.

M E M T M O

M E

Meggs, Guineas. We fork'd the rum Cull's Meggs to the Tune of fifty, i. e. we pick'd the Gentleman's Pocket of full fifty Guineas.

M I

Mill, to break, rob, or kill. Mill a Ken, i. e. to rob a House. Milling the Gig with a Betty, i. e. breaking open the Door with an Iron Crow. Milling the Glaze, i. e. breaking open the Window. Mill them, i. e. kill them. Milken, a House-breaker.

Mint, a Sanctuary in Southwark, for such as broke either out of Necessity, or in Design to bring their Creditors the more easily to a Composition; hence Minters, the Inhabitants there.

M O

Moon Curser, a Link-Boy, or one that under Colour of lighting Men, robs 'em,
or

M U - N A - N I

or leads 'em to a Gang of Rogues that will do it for him.

M U

Muns, the Face. *Tout his Muns*, i. e. note his Phiz, or mark his Face well.

N A

Nab, a Hat, Cap, or Head. *I'll nab ye*, i. e. I'll have your Hat. *Nim the Nab*, i. e. to steal the Hat or Cap.

Nask, or *Naskin*, a Prison or Bridewel. The old *Nask*, the City Bridewel. The new *Nask*, Clerkenwell Bridewel. *Tuttle-Nask*, the Bridewel in Tuttle-fields. *He napt it at the Nask*, i. e. he was lash'd at Bridewel.

N I

Nig, the Clippings of Money. *Nigler*, a Clipper.

Nim, to steal or whip off. *Nim a Togeman*, i. e. to steal a Cloak.

Nim-glimmer, a Doctor, Surgeon, Apothecary, or any one that cures a Clap or Pox.

N U O G P A P E

Nip, to cheat; also to pinch or sharp any Thing. *Nip a Bung*, i. e. to cut a Purse.

N U

Nubbing-Cheat, the Gallows. *Nubbing-Cove*, the Hangman. *Nubbing-Ken*, the Sessions-House.

Nut-Crackers, the Pillory.

O G

Ogles, Eyes. *Rum Ogles*, fine, bright, clear, piercing Eyes. *Ogling*, casting a Sheep's Eye at handsome Women. *The Gentry Mort has rum Ogles*, i. e. that Lady has charming black Eyes.

P A

Paddington-Fair, an Execution of Male-factors at Tyburn.

P E

Peckidge, Meat. *Rum Peck*, good Eating. *The Gentry Cove* tip us rum Peck and rum Cutlers, 'till we were all boozy, and snapt

P E P I P R Q U

snapt all the Flickers, i. e. the Gentleman gave us so much good Victuals and Canary, that we were all horrid drunk, and broke all the Drinking-Glasses.

P E

Peeter, a Portmantle or Cloak-Bag. Bite the Peeter, i. e. to whip off the Cloak-Bag. Biter of Peeters, i. e. one that makes a Trade of stealing Trunks and Boxes from behind a Coach, out of a Waggon, or off a Horse's Back.

P I

Pike, to run away, flee, quit, or leave the Place. Pike on the Been; i. e. run away as fast as you can.

P R

Prancer, a Horse.

Prig, a Thief or Cheat. Prig-nabber, a Thiet-Taker.

Q U

Quacking-Cheat, a Duck.

C 3 *

Queer

R A R H R U S A

Queer, base, roguish, naught. *Queerly* the Cull touts, i. e. how roguishly the Fellow looks. *Queer Cuffin*, a Justice of the Peace. *Queer Diver*, a bungling Pickpocket.

R A

Ratler, a Coach. *Ratling-Cove*, a Coachman. *We'll take Rattle*, i. e. we must not tarry, but whip away.

R H

Rbeady and Rhino, Money in Possession.

R U

Ruffian, the Devil ; also a Justice of Peace.

Rum, gallant, fine, rich, best, or excellent. *Rum-booze*, Wine ; also very good or strong Drink.

S A

Sack, a Pocket. *Dive into his Sack*, i. e. to pick his Pocket.

S C S H S I S L S M

S C

Scrip, a Shred or Scrap of Paper. *As the Cully did freely blot the Scrip, and tipt me fort Hogs, i. e. one enter'd into Bond with one for forty Shillings.*

S H

Shappau, or *Shappo*, for *Chappeau*, a Hat, the newest Cant. *Nab* being very old, and grown too common.

Shop-lift, one that steals Goods under Pretence of cheapening them.

S I

Sice, Six-pence.

S L

Slat, a Half-Crown.

S M

Smash, to kick down Stairs. *The Chubs tout the Blosses; they smash, and make them brush*

S N S Q S T

brush, i. e. the Sharpers catch their Mistresses at a Tavern, making merry without them, kick 'em down Stairs, and force them to rub off.

S N

Snack, a Share or Part. *Tip me my Snack*, or *else I'll whiddle*, i. e. give me my Share, or I'll tell.

Sneak, as, *Goes upon the Sneak at Mums*, i. e. he privately gets into Houses or Shops at Night, and steals undiscover'd.

Sneaking Budge, one that robs alone.

Snudge, one that lurks under a Bed, to watch an Opportunity to rob the House.

S Q

Squeek, to discover or impeach; also to cry out. *They squeek Beef upon us*, i. e. cry out Highway-men or Thieves. *The Cull squeeks*, i. e. the Rogue peaches.

S T

Stow, you have said enough. *Stow, you Bene-Cove*, i. e. hold your Peace, good Fellow.

S W T A T H

Fellow. *Stow* your *Whids* and plant 'em, for the *Cove* of the *Ken* can cant 'em; i. e. take Care what you say, for the Man of the House understands you.

Strike, to beg, rob, or borrow Money. *Strike all the Cheats*, i. e. rob all you meet. *Strike the Cull*, i. e. beg of that Gentleman.

S W

Swag, a Shop.

T A

Tatler, a Watch.

Tayle, a Sword. *Tayle drawers*, Sword-Stealers. *He drew the Cull's Tayle rumly*, i. e. he whipt away the Gentleman's Sword cleverly.

T H

Thrumms, Three-Pence. *Tip me Thrumms*, i. e. lend me Three-Pence.

T I

TI TO TU VE

TI

Tip, to give or lend; also Drink, and a Draught. *Tip the Mish*, i. e. give me the Shirt. *Tip the Cole Adam Tiler*, i. e. give your Pickpocket-Money presently to your running Comrade.

TO

Toge, a Coat.

Togemans, a Gown or Cloak. I have bit the *Togemans*, i. e. I have stole the Cloak.

TU

Tumbler, a Cart. *To shove the Tumbler*, i. e. to be whipt at the Cart's Tail.

VE

Velvet, a Tongue. *Tip the Velvet*, i. e. to tongue a Woman.

W A W H X A

W A

Wap, to lye with a Man. If she won't
Wap for a *Winn*, let her trine for a *Make*, i. e.
 If she won't lye with a Man for a Penny,
 let her hang for a Half penny.

W H

Wbeadle, to dissemble. To cut a *Wbea-*
de, i. e. to decoy by Fawning and Dis-
 simulation.

Whiddle, to tell, or discover. He
Whidales the whole Scrap, i. e. he discovers
 all he knows. *Whiddler*, the Moon.

Whit, Newgate, as, Five rum Padders
 were rubb'd in the Darkmans out of the *Whit*,
 and are picqu'd into the *Deuseaville*, i. e.
 Five Highway-Men in the Night broke
 Newgate, and are gone into the Coun-
 try.

X A

Xantippe, a mouthing, scolding Wo-
 man.

Y A

Y A Y E Z A

Y A

Tarum, Milk.

Y E

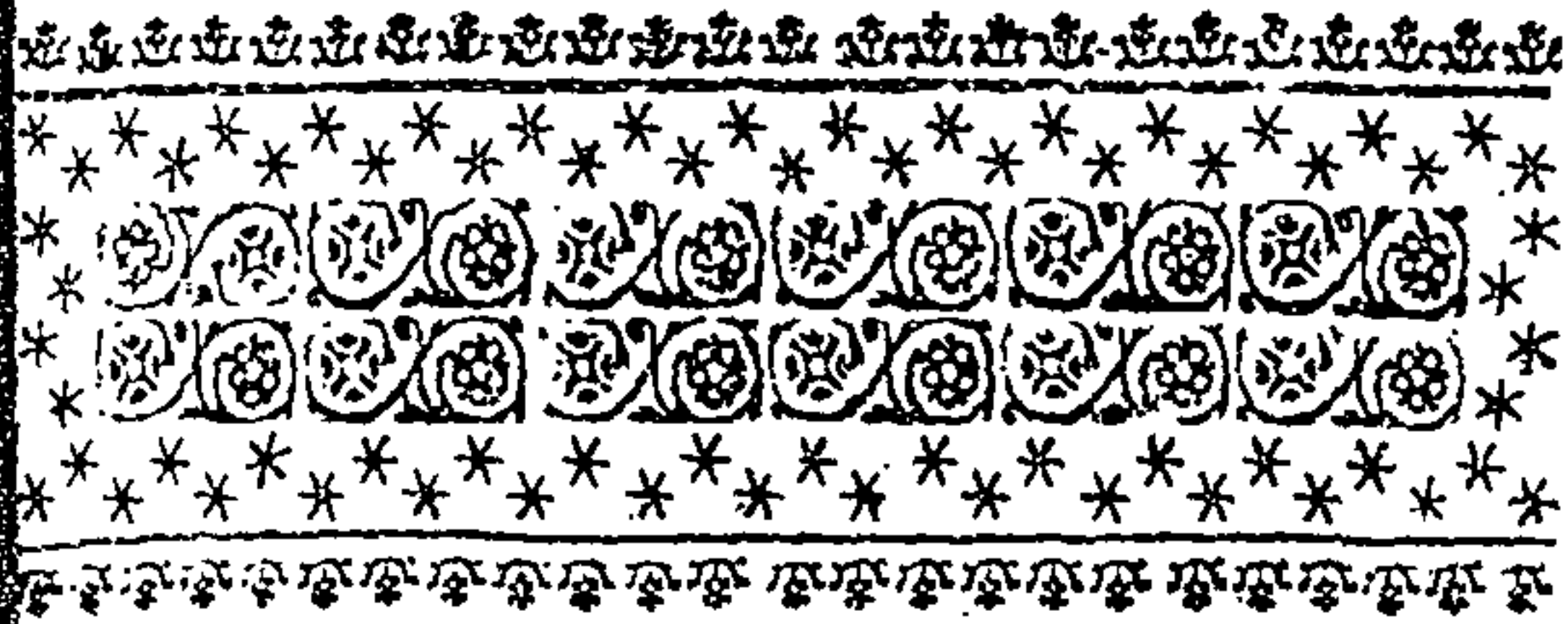
Tellow-Boy, a Piece of Gold of a
Coin.

Z A

Zany, a Mountebank's Merry-Andrew
or any other Jester.

F I N I S.





THE HISTORY

OF THE

Highway-Men, FOOT-PADS, &c.

*For above 100 Years past, continued down
to the present Y E A R,*



Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, a Highway-man.



*S*IR John Falstaff, who liv'd in the Reigns of the Kings Henry the Fourth and Fifth, was born at Potten in Bedfordshire, but having no great Estate, and being of a most vicious Inclination, his slender Fortune incited him very early to take most irregular

gular Courses to support his Extravagancy, and in order thereto he went on the Highway, in the Company of *Poins*, *Bardolph*, and *Peto*, the first of whom was a stout Man; *Bardolph* and *Peto*, but indifferent; and Sir *John* the worst of all, for he was a grand Coward; Altho' he was in Stature and Thickness big enough to fight any Man upon Earth.

From his large Size and Bulk, great Stomach, and no less Cowardice, his Companions would commonly call him Tun of Man, Chops, Sack and Sugar, Fat-kidney'd Rascal, Bombast, Bare-bone, with a many other ironical Names: However he would Bully and Hector as well as the best of 'em, and sometimes was facetious and humourous among his riotous Cronies, as appears in his Conversation with Prince *Henry*, the Eldest Son of K. *Henry* the Fourth, who was so vicious as to enter into a Gang of Robbers, and as he was one Day in Company with Sir *John*, said to him, for asking him the time of Day, *Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sack, and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping upon Benches in the Afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a Devil hast thou to do with the time of the Day? Unless Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bards, and Dials the Signs of Leaping Houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot Wench in Flame-colour'd Taffaty, I see no Reason why thou shouldst be*

so superfluous, to demand the Time of the Day. To which Sir John reply'd, Indeed you come near me now, Hal; for we that take Purfes, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not by Phœbus, that wandering Knight so fair. And, I pray thee, sweet Wag, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace; Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none; no, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an Egg and Butter. But marry then, sweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that are 'Squires of the Night's Body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's Beauty. Let us be Diana's Forresters, Gentlemen of the Shades, Minions of the Moon; and let Men say, we be Men of good Government, being govern'd as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistress the Moon, under whose Countenance we Steal.

Sometimes Sir John was in a Fit of turning Honest, saying to Prince Henry, Thou art, indeed, able to corrupt a Saint; Thou hast done much Harm to me, Hal; God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I must give over this Life, and I will give it over; and do not, I am a Villain. I'll be damn'd for ever a King's Son in Christendom. Hereupon, the Prince asking him where they should take a Purse the next Day; Sir John answer'd, Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me. So the Prince seeing what a good Amendment

4 Sir John Falstaff,

of Life was like to be in Sir *John*, by his falling from Praying to Purse-taking, his Highness and *Poins*, knowing this Comical Knight had made a Match with *Bardolph Rossil* and *Harvey*, to rob at *Gad's-Hill* some Pilgrims that were going with rich Offerings to *Canterbury*, the royal Robber and his Comrade made a match also to rob them again and take the whole Prize of the Day from 'em all. In the mean time Sir *John* and his three Companions had obtain'd their Booty, which going to divide in a secret Field, Prince *Henry* and *Poins* sets upon them with such seeming Fury, that they ran away, and left their Spoil to the last Plunderers. Shortly after Sir *John* and a couple of his Stout-hearted Cronies that had been with him in this Exploit, meeting Prince *Henry* and *Poins* at a Tavern in *Eastcheap*, his Worship to make himself a Man of Valour, began highly to exclaim against all Cowards, saying, There were not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and he was one of them; For he, and three more, had taken a Thousand Pounds that Morning, but a Hundred Men setting upon them Four, had taken it from 'em again. He had himself been at Half-Sword with a Dozen of 'em two hours together; he had escap'd by Miracle, as being Eight times thrust thro' the Doublet, four thro' the Hose, his Buckler cut through and through, and his Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw. Hereupon, the Prince and *Poins* bursting out a Laughing, and upbraiding Sir *John*

of his Cowardice, besides telling it was they who robb'd 'em, his Companions could not deny the Matter, confessing also, that Sir John had hackt his Sword with his Dagger, and order'd 'em to tickle their Noses with Spear-Grafs, to make them bleed, and then beslabber their Garments with it, to make them believe it was the Blood of true Men.

After this Discovery of Sir John's Cowardice, he was for turning Convert again, saying to one of his Cronies, he had been as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; Virtuous enough; Swore little, Dic'd not above seven Times a Week, and went to a Bawdy-House not above once in a Quarter of an Hour. But now the Civil Wars breaking out betwixt the Houses of *Lancaster* and *York*, the Prince for Sir John's raking Humours bestow'd on him a Captain's Commission, but what a pretty Company he rais'd for the Service of his royal Master, take in his own Description of them. " If I be not ashamed
" of my Soldiers, I am a fouc'd Gurnet: I
" have misus'd the King's Press damnably. I
" have got, in Exchange of 150 Soldiers, 350
" Pounds. I press me none but good House-
" holders, Yeomens Sons; enquire me out
" contracted Batchellors, such as had been
" ask'd twice on the Banes; such a Commo-
" dity of warm Slaves, as had as live hear
" the Devil, as a Drum; such as fear the Re-
" port of a Culiver, worse than a Struck-
" Fowl, or a hurt Wild-Duck. I press me

“ none but such Toasts and Butter, with
 “ Hearts in their Bellies no bigger than Pins
 “ Heads; and they have bought out their
 “ Services: And now my whole Choice con-
 “ sists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants,
 “ Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as rag-
 “ ged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where
 “ the Glutton’s Dogs lick his Sores; and
 “ such as indeed were never Soldiers, but dis-
 “ carded unjust Servingmen, younger Sons
 “ to younger Brothers: Revolted Tapsters
 “ and Ostlers, Trade-faln, the Cankers of a
 “ calm World and long Peace; ten times
 “ more dishonourable, ragged, than an old-
 “ fac’d Ancient; and such have I to fill up the
 “ rooms of them that have bought out their
 “ Services; that you would think that I had
 “ a Hundred and fifty tatter’d Prodigals,
 “ lately come from Swine-keeping, from eat-
 “ ing Draff and Husks. A mad Fellow met
 “ me on the Way, and told me, I had un-
 “ loaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead
 “ Bodies. No Eye hath seen such Scarecrows:
 “ I’ll not march thro’ *Coventry* with ’em, that’s
 “ flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide
 “ betwixt the Legs, as if they had Gyres
 “ on; for indeed, I had the most of them
 “ out of Prison. There’s but a Shirt and
 “ half in all my Company; and the Half-
 “ shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and
 “ thrown over the Shoulders like a He-
 “ rauld’s Coat without Sleeves; and the
 “ Shirt, to say the Truth, Stolen from my
 “ Host

“ Host at *St. Albans*; or the red Nose Inn-keeper at *Daintry*. But that’s all one, they’ll find Linnen enough on every Hedge.”

But yet to give a further Sketch of *Sir John’s* Sham-Manhood and Faculty in Lying, when he came into an Engagement with the Rebels, and saw the Battle very hot, as *Prince Henry* fought *Piercy*, Earl of *Northumberland*, whom he slew, *Dowglas* a Scotch Nobleman fell upon *Falstaff*, who falls down among the Slain as if he were dead, and *Prince Henry* thinking him really so, was talking, as he past by him, of having him imbowell’d in order to be embalm’d: But no sooner was his Highness out of Sight, but *Sir John* got as soon upon his Legs, saying, “ Imbowell’d! if thou Imbowel me to day, I’ll give you leave to Powder me, and eat me too to Morrow. ’Twas time to Counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot had paid me Scot and Lot too. But I’m afraid yet of this Gun-powder *Piercy*, tho’ he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better Counterfeit, therefore I’ll make sure; yea, and I’ll swear I kill’d him.” And as he said, so he did; he ran him thro’ the Thigh; and presently after *Prince Henry* claiming the Honour of killing that valiant Nobleman, quoth *Sir John*, “ Didst thou? Lord, lord, How the World is given to Lying! I grant you I was down, and out of Breath, and so was he,

“ but we rose both at an instant, and fought
 “ a long Hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock.”

Thus much for the Character which *Shake-
 spear* gives of this Person, who to embellish
 his Play of *Henry* the Fourth, brings him in (by
 a Poetical License) as the greatest of Cow-
 ards, when indeed we find from authentick
 History that he was quite the Reverse, for
 he behav'd himself with such Bravery against
 the *Yorkists*, that the aforesaid King allow'd
 him a Pension of 400 Marks *per Annum*, a
 great Estate in those Days; but not being
 sufficient to support his exorbitant Licen-
 tiousness, he took the Resolution of rifling
 innocent Passengers on the Highway. Upon
 this unlawful Project he first went by him-
 self; but the Age being vicious then, as well
 as in these Days, it was not long before he had
 some other riotous Gentlemen lifted them-
 selves under his wicked Banners, namely,
Poins, Bardolf, Peto, Harvey, and *Rossil*: who
 were resolv'd to stand by him to the last.
 Thus Sir *John* having admitted these others
 into his Society, it is almost incredible to re-
 late the many Robberies they committed, for
 they wanted not for Arms either offensive or
 defensive, neither Skill, coming but lately
 from the *Lancastrian* Army, to use them:
 So that they continually ranged for 100
 Miles about, in the Counties of *Surrey, Sus-
 sex*, and *Kent*, sparing no Traveller of either
 Sex, whom they thought had Money.

But

But the most usual Place Sir *John* robb'd at, was on *Gad's-Hill* in *Kent*, where one Day meeting a Country Farmer, and asking what Money he had about him? he reply'd, That he us'd not to set out with much Money for fear of Robbing. Hereupon Sir *John* commanded him to fall to Prayers, and at the same time pulls out of his Pocket a little Manual, and falls on his Knees, constraining the Countryman to do the like: But he knew not what to infer from these Commands, and would willingly have been in another Place to make his Orisons; for without doubt his Devotion was much abated by his Fear: yet notwithstanding he was forc'd to kneel down, and wait the Issue of the Pious Adventure. When Sir *John* had mumbled three or four Words betwixt his Teeth, feigning an extraordinary Devotion, he enquires of the Country-man how it far'd with him, telling him withal, that Heaven was not ingrateful to the pious Addresses of devout Petitioners; wherefore he bid him feel in his Pockets, that they might see what God had sent him; which the Countryman did, but pretended he could find nothing: Upon which Sir *John* feeling in his own Pockets, pulls out a Nine-penny Piece, telling him withal, that for certain he pray'd not heartily, therefore 'twas expedient for him to pray again; shewing him, that if he look'd directly towards Heaven, he needed not fear; nay it could not be otherwise but he must get something as.

well as he : Whereupon he pulls again out of his Pocket a Thirteen-pence Half penny Piece, and still the other could not find any thing in his ; and was rather for praying that there might not be any thing found there, than that there should. Hereupon Sir John fell to Prayers again the Third time, and produced a Noble, which is Six Shillings and Eight-pence ; and seeing that the Countryman was still upon the Negative, he told him, That one of these two things must needs be, that either he did not pray with Zeal and Devotion, or else he would not let him know how Liberal Heaven had been in his behalf : *For (saith he) how else can it come to pass that my Prayers should be rather heard than yours ? For if you pray (continued he) with as much spiritual as you outwardly make shew of, it must needs be that by this time you have gain'd considerably : wherefore I am resolv'd to see the Experience of this.* So he puts his Hands into the Countryman's Pockets (for it was to no purpose for him to resist) and found there 20 Pieces of Gold ; at which they were both amaz'd, the one seemingly for the Liberality of Heaven, and the other for the Loss of his Money. Yet notwithstanding Sir John dealt with him better than he expected ; for after he had upbraided him a little with his Sham-Pretences of having no Money in his Pockets, and saying, *What you hypocritical Rogue you would have cheated me, and would not let me share with you, tho' your*
Companion :

Companion: Is this the Compact? This the Agreement we made, before we set to Prayers? Good Lord? how few are the just upon the Earth! Well, to punish you for your Wickedness, I shall keep what Heaven has sent into your Pocket: But however, that you may not want upon the Road, take what I have got by praying, and when you get Home, acquaint your Neighbours with what an honest Gentleman you met, who gave you 8s. and 6d. altho' you went about to cheat him of 20 broad Pieces.

A little after this praying Exploit, Sir John and some of his Companions met the Hangman coming from an Execution at *Kingston upon Thames*, whom robbing of what little Money he had, they took him out of the Road into an adjacent Wood, and hang'd him on a Tree, as being a dangerous Fellow to Sparks of their Profession. But on the same Day as the Executioner was executed, Sir John having notice of the Return of a certain rich Merchant from a Fair held at *Guilford*, he dressing himself in Women's Apparel, rid along till he had sight of his intended Prey, which made him prepare himself for his Entertainment, lying down, after he had hid his Horse in a Wood, in the Road with piteous Cries and Lamentations, accusing Heaven and Earth as Conspirators of his Misfortunes. The Merchant being a Man of a brisk and airy Temper, and one who well understood the Delights of feminine Conversation, was not a little mov'd with Joy

Joy at this happy Surprizal, as imagining himself in an easie Possession of a singular Beauty ; for indeed Sir *John*, tho' a Man, had a Countenance, in which there appear'd so much Delicacy and Sweetness, that there were few Women but would have been glad to have been Possessors of the like Features, with which the Merchant was so charm'd, that he alights from his Horse, and enquires of Sir *John* the Cause of his Complaints ; who, counterfeiting rarely well the Woman, told him a long Story of her piteous Adventures, without however pulling off his Mask ; that she had been seeing some of her Kindred, and was left there by her Brother, upon some small Distaste receiv'd ; so that she could do no otherwise than lament her Misfortune, and curse the time she set out with him, her Honour being thro' his Occasion so much in Danger. The Merchant hearing this Discourse, imagines, poor Man, that there must be Truth in it ; and setting himself down near this goodly Creature, begins to enter into Appetite. Sir *John* making small Resistance, only crying out, Whore like, that now she was going to be undone, ruin'd, lost for ever. *Alas ! Sir (said she) what do you mean ? What will you do to me ? Pray forbear, I cannot indeed ; away, I pray, I am as yet a Maid ; I beseech you let me alone ; you'll hurt me : pish, fie, I took you for another Man ; what, lose my Honour, more dear than my Life ! Away, 'tis in vain.* However, the Merchant comforted her

her with many fair Promises, taking her by the Hand, and led her into the Entrance of a Wood. Sir *John* seeing it now time to draw his Game to a close, told him, that seeing her Misfortune so order'd it: that she should fall into his Hands, that he would do her so much Favour as to advance farther in the Wood, that she might not be openly prostituted; yet still sobb'd and cry'd, calling a thousand times on Death to succour her, as if she had been infinitely troubled at this Encounter. Hereupon the Merchant goes on with her to the most solitary Places of the Wood, where being just ready to execute his filthy Design, Sir *John* draws a Poignard out of his Bosom, and struck him thro' one of his Arms, with which Wound being disabled from defending himself, his supposed Female Beauty rifled his Pockets; in which he found two or three Purses of Gold, and rid straight off with his Booty.

Another time Sir *John*, in Company but of one more of his robbing Companions, meeting a couple of Fryers, belonging to a Friery, which, in those Times of Popery, was at *Dartford* in *Kent*, our thieving Knight stript 'em of their religious Habits, which was much against the Will of his Comrade, till he told him the following Reason why he took their Cloaths. *You know* (quoth he) *that 'tis not far from hence to Lewisham; I would turn towards Dartford, but the Fryers there perhaps would know us by our Demeanour;*
how-

howsoever I advise to assume these Habits, pretending to be what they are who wore them, let me alone to do the rest; we'll go to Lewisham, where I saw the last time I was there, a golden Chalice; I don't question but by this Disguise to be Master of it. Sir John's Comrade liking then the Contrivance, they resolve to put the Invention forthwith into practice, going to *Lewisham* to the Curate's House, who believing them to be Fryers coming that way, receiv'd them very kindly; which free Access gave Hopes to their Design. At Night as they lay together, they were a while consulting of the Manner how they should carry on their Business, which they at last resolv'd upon. The Morning being come, our two pretended Fryers got up betimes, and came to the Curate's Chamber, telling him they design'd to say Mass: The good Curate not mistrusting any thing, arises and opens the Door; which he had no sooner done, but they both rusht in upon him, knockt him down, gagg'd him, and ty'd him Neck and Heels; which having done, they broke open his Trunks, taking away all his Money; and not therewith contented, they took the Keys of the Church, and carry away not only the Chalice, but all the other Ornaments besides, and so march'd off.

As Sir John was one Day riding along the Road by himself, he met with two or three of his own Profession, who being exceeding earnest after their Prey, thought they had
found

found what they had lookt for, seeing the Knight. He being confident enough in himself, would not retreat, but keeping on his way, comes up to them, who demanded of him his Money, swearing Damn 'em and Sink 'em, that if he did not presently deliver, he was a dead Man. Sir *John* being not accustomed to give but to take, could not resist this Summons; but without being a whit afraid, made Answer he had none; and at the same time laying suddenly his Hand on one of the Robbers Swords, who stood not well on his Guard, he wrench'd it out of his Hand, giving him with it such a Blow on the Arm, that the Pain took away all Sense; which having done, he sets upon the other, who less valiant than his Companion, betakes himself to the Swiftness of his Horse's Heels; but Sir *John* pursuing him so nearly that he made him yield himself to his Mercy, who gave him his Life, after severe Checks for setting upon one that was able to be his Master at the Sport of taking that which was none of his own. Then Sir *John* returns to the other whom he had first struck, threatening to kill him if he deliver'd not his Money. He would have excus'd himself, as having none, but his Antagonist not believing his Brother Thief, search'd his Pockets, in which he found a good Quantity of Gold and Silver, after which he strongly ty'd him Neck and Heels, and writ the following Lines on a Piece of Paper, and pinn'd them on his Breast.

AR

*All Passengers, whoe'er you be,
This Rogue in grain behold ;
For in his stead of robbing me,
I took from him his Gold.*

Several Passengers coming by where this Highway-man lay hamper'd, and seeing what was written, began to examine him strictly about the Matter, supposing him some Rogue over-match'd by another of his Trade, and truly they found this Suspicion in a very little while not to be ill-grounded, for some People coming by whom he had robb'd that Day, they unloos'd him, carried him before a Magistrate, who committed him to Goal, from whence he never came out after but twice ; once to take his Tryal, and next to be hang'd.

But that which made Sir *John* more daring in his unlawful Enterprizes, was the having in his wicked Fraternity no less a Person than the eldest Son of King *Henry* the Fourth ; who in his youthful Years being led away by wild and debauched Courtiers, committed many Extravagancies, not being exempted from robbing on the Highways often, with Sir *John Falstaff* and others, putting his Father in Fear of some Design he had upon his Person, whom he robb'd three or four times on the Road, for Kings went not guarded in those Days as they do now ; and attempting to rescue a Prisoner from the Face of Justice in the Court of King's-Bench in
West.

Westminster-Hall, for which he was committed a Prisoner himself by the Lord Chief Justice whom he struck on the Seat of Judgment; but when King *Henry* the Fifth came to the Crown, he was wonderfully changed, commanding his former leud Companions to alter their Manners, or not to approach near his Court, nor within ten Miles of his Person; choosing grave and worthy Counsellors, and much honouring the Clergy; and the more to ingratiate himself with the People, every Day after Dinner he was wont, for the space of an Hour, to receive Petitions, in order to redress Grievances, which he would do with wonderful Equity, much lamenting the untimely Death of King *Richard* the Second, and so near it touched him, that he sent to *Rome* to be absolved from a Fact he had no Hand in.

Howsoever, Sir *John* valuing not the Loss of this royal Robber, he still pursu'd his irregular Courses, and committing several most notorious Robberies about *Gad's Hill*, till at last he was apprehended, committed to *Maidstone Goal*, at which Assizes held in that Town, he was condemn'd, but was repriev'd by the King, upon Condition of transporting himself out of his Dominions for ever, within the space of a Month; but the Thought of this perpetual Exile so struck him to the Heart, that before the Time for transporting himself was expir'd, he died with Grief, and was inter'd by his Ancestors in *Bedfordshire*.

T H O.



THOMAS DUN, *Murderer and Highway-man.*

THis notorious Robber *Thomas Dun*, who came but of mean Extraction, was born in a little Village betwixt *Kempston* and *Elstow* in *Bedfordshire*; and from a Child was so given to the base Vice of Stealing, that whatsoever he touch'd stuck to his Fingers like Birdlime; and was wont, the better to carry on his Villanies, to change himself into as many Shapes as *Proteus*, being a Man that so well understood the World, I mean the Tricks and Fallacies of it, that he could humour any thing, there being no Part of any Villany that came amiss to him. To day he was a Merchant, to morrow a Soldier, the next day a Gentleman, the next day after a Beggar: In a word, he was every Day what he pleas'd himself.

He was wont when he had done any signal Roguery, to cover his Body all over with stinking Sear-Cloths and Oyntments, and his Face with Plaisters; so that it was impossible for his own Mother to know him. Sometimes he was a blind Harper, other times, forsooth, you might see him swinging himself upon Crutches; and sometimes he fasten'd artificial

Arms

Arms to his Body, whilst that in the Church he made use of natural ones to cut Purfes. So cruel and barbarous was this *Dan*, that scarcely any two or three Men durst be so bold as to meet him; and one Day as he was upon the Road, he saw a Waggoner driving his Waggon loaden with Corn to *Bedford*; the Waggon was drawn with five good Horses, the sight of which inflam'd him to murder the Driver. Accordingly, without any Consideration of the Event, he sets on the Waggoner, and with two Stabs killing him on the Spot, boldly took so much time as to bury him, not out of any Pity to the Deceased, for he never had any, but the better to conceal his Design, for he then mounts the Waggon, drives it to *Bedford*, where he sold it, Horses and all, and went off with the Money. At first he began to act his Villanies by himself; but perceiving it dangerous to rob alone, he betook himself to the Woods, and accosted the most dangerous Thieves he could meet withal; so that every Day new Bands of Rogues came to list themselves in his diabolical Service.

The Woods serv'd him and his wicked Companions for a Retreat, and the Caverns for a hiding Place, from whence Night and Day they exercis'd a thousand Sorts of Villanies. The Fame of their Cruelty spreading it self far and near, caus'd all the Country to keep off from them, and more especially to shun the Road leading from *St. Albans* to *Tocester*,
be-

betwixt which Places they daily acted intolerable Mischiefs, murdering and robbing all Travellers they met; insomuch that King *Henry* the First built the Town of *Dunstable* in *Bedfordshire*, to bridle the Outragiousness of this *Dun*, from whom the aforesaid Place took its Name.

Nevertheless *Dun* follow'd his old Pranks; and tho' that Age was not so ripe for all manner of Villainy as it is now, yet was his Gang made up of several Sorts of wicked Artists, of whom he made several Uses, according as he perceiv'd which way every Man's particular Talent lay. Some of them being excellent at making false Keys and Betties, he would never suffer them to want Employment. Others were ingenious at wrenching off of Locks, and making deaf Files, which wasted the Iron without Noise, making the strongest fastned Door give way for their Passage. His Fraternity being thus compos'd of Lifters, Pickpockets, and Filers, he refines, corrects, augments, and establishes their Laws, and one Day having read to them some few Comments on the Art and Mystery of robbing on the Highway, he for a while leaves 'em, but in a short time returns, and begins a pleasant Adventure; for being inform'd that a Company of Lawyers were to dine at a certain Inn at *Bedford*, he hastens directly to the Place appointed, where entring puffing and blowing as a Man in extraordinary haste, he gives Order, as deputed by the Com.

Company, to make ready a Dinner for ten or twelve Persons ; which he had no sooner done, but the Company comes to the House, and *Dun* bustles about as if a principal Servant of the Inn, and was indeed believ'd to be so by the Lawyers, so notably did he bestir himself in the Business ; when being about the middle of their Dinner, he packs up the best of their Cloaks, and so pikes off. Scarcely had they made an End, but they began to miss 'em, demanding where they were ; but they might look long enough before they found them, for *Dun* having done his Work, he was got too far from the Lawyers to overtake him, or their Cloaks either.

After this, *Dun*, with some of his Comrades marches some Miles from whence they were known, and puts in at the first Inn they come at ; where asking for a Chamber, the Mistress of the House supposing them honest Guests, shews them up Stairs ; and perceiving her alone they intended to force her, and in effect were ready to put their Intentions into Practice, when the Master of the House just enters ; upon which they were forced to wait for a more seasonable Opportunity. About Midnight then there was one of them feigns himself Sick, and raises the Master and Mistress of the House ; but it happening as he stept out of his Bed he espies a Neighbour of his in the Chamber, upon which the Host being transported with Jealousie,

lousie, runs after his Man, whilst in the mean time these Rascals seize on his Wife, who had gotten up Stairs in the dark into *Dun's* Chamber, where they began to truss her up like a Woman of her Profession; but presently after the Husband comes to his Chamber, and missing his Wife, goes up to them, with whom finding her, he would have kill'd her; but by a strange kind of Perfidiousness she causeth him to be murder'd by one of these Rogues, thinking to come off well enough herself. But *Dun* would not be contented; for having understood of a long time that there was Money in the House; comes up to her, clapping a Dagger to her Breast, for there were no Pistols, nor use of Gunpowder in those Times, and tells her, that if she shew'd him not where the Money lay, there was an End of her Life; but she making Resistance when it was Matter of Money, was quickly dispatch'd, and her House rifled of all the Money and Plate which *Dun* and his Accomplices could find.

A while after this again, *Dun*, who was dexterous at robbing Houses, as well as on the Highway, takes along with him three or four of his Gang, to the House of a wealthy Knight, and having watch'd the Opportunity of all his Servants being out, but one, they knock at the Door, desiring to speak with him. The Maid-Servant thinking they were Gentlemen, made no Scruple to let them in: Whereupon they presently go up Stairs into
the

the Chamber where the Master of the House was; whom they compliment, pretending they came to him to confer about extraordinary Business: Whereupon *Dun* drawing him aside, tells him in his Ear, that he must needs lend them 1000 Marks, which are 13 s. and 4 d. apiece: which hearing, he would fain have gotten from them; but setting a Dagger to his Breast, they soon hinder'd him, Swearing with horrid Imprecations, that if he mutter'd a Word, and did not quietly and speedily satisfie their Demands, he was a dead Man: which made him, in spite of his Teeth, comply with their Requests; whereupon they departed without doing any farther Mischief.

But as *Dun* skulked up and down with his Companions, he had notice that the Sheriff of the County of *Bedford*, with his Men, were in Quest of him, and that they had Intentions of besetting the Wood where he then was; which made him stand on his Guard, but could not make him lose his undaunted Courage: wherefore he rallies his Troop of grand Rogues, and withdraws into the thickest of the Wood, to a Place judg'd by him the most Advantageous; and having left Orders, he sends out Scouts: but thinking it not Safe to trust to Spies in a Case of such Concernment, he puts on a Canvas Doublet and Breeches, old Boots without Spzrs, and a Steeple-crown'd-Hat on his Head, and so draws near them; where observing them not
to

to be equal to him in Strength, he returns back to his Companions, makes them stand to their Arms, and so encourages them by Words and Example, that in setting upon them, as they did immediately, they were presently routed; whom they closely pursued, that eleven of them were taken Prisoners; from whom having taken their Livery-Coats, they hang'd 'em on several Trees in the most solitary Places of the Wood, their Habits serving afterwards to execute sundry Villanies. For *Dun* going one Night to a Castle not far off this said Wood, he commanded the Gates in the King's Name to be set open to him, saying, for a Pretence, that *Dun* and his Companions had hid themselves there; which Order was obey'd without the least suspicion of what happen'd afterwards. *Dun* made as if he would search every where for Thieves, bustling in all Corners of the Castle with the greatest Eagerness imaginable; but finding none, at last he would needs have it that the Thieves were hid in the Trunks: Whereupon he caus'd the Keys without any more ado to be brought him, and having loaded himself and Companions with every thing of considerable Value, he returns with his Booty to the Wood. In the mean time the Lord of the Castle finds himself not a little mov'd with just Indignation, that he should be thus robb'd, thinking that the Sheriff's Men, under Pretence of searching for Thieves, had thus pillag'd him: Where

Whereupon he makes his Address to the King and Parliament, giving them an Account by whom he thought himself thus robb'd, who presently gave Order for the Examination of the Sheriff's Officers, one of whom was hang'd, to see what Effect that would have on the other; but they still persisting (as well they might) on their Innocency, and declaring in what manner eleven of their Fellows had been lately treated by *Dun* and his Companions, they were all set at Liberty.

In this most wicked Course of Life *Dun* successfully reign'd for above twenty Years, committing also many most notorious Robberies along the River *Ouse*, insomuch that all the Country thereabouts knew his Name; and altho' he was so well known, yet few had Courage to attempt to take him; for ordinarily he was attended with fifty Horse, and pillag'd and plunder'd all he met with, sparing neither Man, Woman, nor Child. But tho' his Life was strange and most unaccountable, yet his Death was not less admirable: For having done things beyond Imagination, the Fame, or rather Infamy of *Dun* increasing every Day, the Country resolv'd no longer to endure his Insolencies. He was threaten'd from all Parts; but that notwithstanding did but inflame his Courage. Near *Dunstable* a stout Fellow had caus'd five or six of the Sheriff's Officers to come to his House, in order to take *Dun*; for he sometimes us'd to walk alone. *Dun* heard of it, and came by Night, with his Crew, to this Fellow's House, filling it with

Vol. I. C a hun-

a hundred Oaths and Curses, which presently alarm'd the Town as well as the Sheriff's Men, who pursu'd him with all their Forces. His Company perceiving they were pursu'd, dispers'd themselves; but he retreated to a Village, and went to inn there. This Pursuit made him keep in; they enquir'd where he was hid, and at last he was found out by the Sheriff's Officers in the said Inn. The People gather'd together about it; and as two were ready on the Threshold to seize him, but he rose from the Table where he sat with his Dagger in his Hand, and kill'd one dead upon the Spot, next made an end of his Companion, and had the assurance to bridle his Horse, and to get out of the Inn. The Country People seeing this, rush'd all on him, to the Number of 150, arm'd with Clubs, Forks, Rakes, and what they could next lay their Hands on; so they forc'd him from his Horse; which did not so terrifie him, but that he made his way with his Sword, and the Country-men could not then take him; but the Number encreasing closely pursu'd him still. He seeing himself at the last Period of his Life, ran with all the Force he could, and got among the standing Corn, outstripping them, a thing almost incredible, at least two Miles; but as he would have reposed himself, he was astonish'd, that in less than a quarter of an Hour he was environ'd with no less than 300 People. Being in this Extremity, he again forc'd his way thro' them, and came to some Vallies, where being arriv'd, he saw there was but one way left for

to escape, which was to cast himself into a River, where he took the leisure (tho' closely pursu'd) to undress himself, and left his Cloaths on the Bank; then taking his naked Sword in his Teeth, he sets to swimming. The Banks were cover'd with the Multitudes of People, who prepar'd Boats that they might take him: but that which was admirable in his Courage was, that he never parted with his Sword from betwixt his Teeth. Swimming to a little Island on which he got and rested himself, many there were who put themselves in Boats to take him, but five or six of them were wounded in the Attempt. At last he takes to swimming again towards the Shore at another Place, whither the People also went and made at him with their Oars, seeing they could not take him without Blows, striking him three or four times with them on the Head, which stunn'd him, and thereupon he was with Ease taken and carried to a Surgeon in order to his Cure, being very much wounded.

His Wounds being drest, he was carried before a Magistrate, who with little or no Examination, for he was notorious enough without, committed him to *Bedford* Goal, whither he was carried under a strong Guard, for fear he should be rescu'd by his Companions in the way. In a Fortnight's time he was made whole again, and then without any Form or Process of Tryal, he was brought to the Market-Place in the Town of *Bedford*, where a Stage was erected for his Execution, for which purpose two Executioners were ap-
C 2 pointed,

pointed, whom he warn'd not to come near him, and that he would never suffer them to execute the Punishment allotted for him; and to make appear that he had great Strength, he was seen nine times one after another down on the Stage or Scaffold, and the Executioners upon him; notwithstanding which he got up from 'em, and every time he got up he began his Walks, cursing the Day on which he was born, wishing a thousand Plagues to fall upon them who had taken him, and especially cursing and damning the Man that first set him. At length seeing he could not escape, and that he must die, he yields; and then the Executioners chopping off each Hand at the Wrists, his Arms were cut off at the Elbows, and all above that again within an Inch or two of the Shoulders; next his Feet were cut off beneath the Ancles, his Legs chopt off at the Knees; and his Thighs cut off about five Inches below his Trunk, which after severing his Head from it was burnt to Ashes. So after a long struggling with Death, as dying by piecemeal, he ended his ~~Wicked~~ Life; and the several Members cut off from his Body, being twelve in all, besides his Head, were set up in thirteen of the principal Places in *Bedfordshire*, for a Terror to the Villains surviving him.

S A W N E Y C U N N I N G H A M, *Murderer and Highway-man.*

— His notorious Fellow, *Samney Cunningham*, descended from a very good Family at *Glasgow*

Glasgow in *Scotland*, where he was born ; but gave himself over from his Youth to Cruelty and Rapine, and all manner of Licentiousness; yet nevertheless, being born of honest Parents he lit of a good Match in the said City, and had no sooner enter'd into Possession of a pretty Estate of above 140 Pounds *per annum*, but he began immediately to abuse his Wife, and to pawn, sell, and make away all they had, that he might keep lewd Company, and be continually at Taverns and Alehouses ; which Course of Life lasted not long, Drunkenness being a Labyrinth, into which those who are plung'd, cannot get out when they please. Having spent for five or six Years after this sort, he found himself stript of Estate, and all other Things necessary, so that his Wife's Friends would have them parted, as well for the present Want he had reduced her to, as for the Injuries he continually did her. pawning not only own his Cloaths, but hers likewise, that he might have wherewithal to furnish his drunken Appetite ; which Proceeding was not a little hard of Digestion to her, who being as yet young and beautiful, was not a little troubled to see her self used after this Manner.

However, so true and constant was her Love still towards her bad Husband, that she would not forsake him to live better with her Friends. Indeed, she was an Abridgment and Epitome of all the Perfections desirable in a Woman. She had the Mien, the Order, and the Port altogether charming. In short, nothing was wanting in her that goes to the ma-

king up of a compleat Creature: But that which was most admirable in this Woman was, that she lov'd (as aforesaid) her Husband so greatly, that notwithstanding all the Addresses which many of *Glasgow* made to her, and even of the richest, who promised her Money enough, yet she would never be false to her Husband; but as one deaf to all their amorous Complaints and Desires, she universally despis'd them, and made a flout at all their solemn Vowes and Protestations. Amongst all those who shew'd her most Affection, and who gave greatest Proofs of it, was a certain Lawyer; but his most earnest Sollicitations could never obtain his Desire, his Attempts being all of them in vain and unprofitable; for her admirable Chastity was the Buckler and Target on which were broken all the Vows of his amorous Suits.

She all this while dissembled and conceal'd their Importunities, without making her Husband acquainted; but perceiving that their Impudence increased every Day more and more, she resolv'd no longer to forbear, but to let her Husband know of it, whereupon one Night she discourses him after this manner. “My Dear (saith she) you know how
 “entire my Affection hath been to you since
 “the Day we first met; you cannot but
 “know it; and the great Love I have continually bore you may serve as a sufficient
 “Proof. I am importun'd by three or four
 “Persons who attempt my Honour; amongst
 “others by Mr. *Hamilton* the Lawyer,
 “whom

“whom you know ; he endeavours to shake
“my Constancy ; but his Attempts have
“been hitherto unprofitable, and ever shall
“be. Far be it from me that I should ever
“do this thing, and so falsifie my conjugal
“Vow ; Hell itself shall open and swallow
“me up, rather than I will be disloyal ; and
“’tis for this I desire your Counsel how
“we shall be rid of all these Importunities.”

Samney, who attentively lent his Ear to these Words, knowing his Wife bore him (as bad as he was) a great and singular Affection, and that on the other side she would never deceive him, made Answer, “My Dear, I
“know not which way ’twill be possible for
“me to recompence the greatness of the Af-
“fection and Fidelity which you on your
“part have ever shew’d me. Yet neverthe-
“less you see how my Irregularities have re-
“duced us, and how greatly my ill Husban-
“dry makes Poverty torment us ; where-
“as I shall for the future prove the best of
“Husbands to you, it is my Advice that you
“pretend to *Hamilton* that you will content
“his Desires, provided there be some con-
“siderable Sum of Money : as for the rest,
“let me alone, I’ll find means to disentangle
“my self, and be rid of him.”

Samney’s Wife, who heard her Husband speak after this manner, began to caress *Mr. Hamilton* the Lawyer, with her Eyes more than ever. This he interpreted for a good Omen to his Amours, and familiarizes himself more and more with her every Day ; till

in the End, she who feign'd in the Beginning not to be drawn away by his Promises, began to lay aside more and more her averfeness; Saying, That not only her Poverty constrain'd his Reception, but that he had likewise acquired fuch an Advantage in her Favour, that ſhe could not live without ſeeing of him. Theſe Diſſimulations ſo wrought upon the Lawyer, that he parted not from her till he had gotten her Conſent, and knew the Day and Hour in which he ſhould come to her, having promiſed her 100 l. Sterling. The Day come, the Lawyer fail'd not to tarry at a Church-door, where the Night before was made the Aſſignation, and where he found his Miſtreſs in Expectation of him. When ſcarcely had they ſeen one another, but the Lawyer aſks of her if her Husband was at Home, and when ſhe expected his Return? to which ſhe answer'd, That *he would not be at Home theſe eight days, for he hath ſome Buſineſs which hath call'd him to Aberdeen; wherefore you may come to me with Security.*

The Lawyer, who on the other ſide burned and conſumed in his own Flame, gives her two Purſes full of Gold, and immediately comes to her Lodging, where *Sawney* had hid himſelf in order to the finiſhing of his Enterprize; for he would, together with his Money, have his Cloaths too. As ſoon as they were entered, there was a good Fire made, and the Lawyer began already to undreſs himſelf, when *Sawney* came with a great Club and diſcharges it on his Head, felling him with the Blow to the Ground, and redoubling his Blows, he
never

never left striking of him till he had kill'd him outright. The Wife not thinking he would ever have kill'd him, was very much astonish'd in seeing him lie Dead at her Feet : Her Husband however assur'd her, telling her, That she should never trouble herself, for he would so order it, that it should never come to be known, that he kill'd him : wherefore bidding her go to Bed, he takes the dead Lawyer on his Back, and enters directly by a Back-Door (being well acquainted with the House) into the Lawyer's Lodging, where the Night and Sleep favouring of him, he immediately discharges the Corps in the Place where People us'd to ease themselves ; and so placed him on the Seat, that whosoever should come in there, would judge that he had died in this Place and Posture.

Now the Day before, the Lawyer told a particular Companion of his, all the Affair, and how *Samney's* Wife had promis'd him Access into her Lodging : It happen'd therefore that this Confident of his, rising at Midnight, by reason of the Gripes wherewith he had been for four or five Days troubled, as he came to the said Place to ease himself, he perceiv'd that it was occupied by the Lawyer ; wherefore he was some time (being not willing to disturb him) staying for him ; but seeing that he came not out, he goes to him, pulling him by the Sleeve, which made the Corps fall down at his Feet. The Man being much astonish'd to see the Lawyer dead, doubts presently that he had been betray'd in *Samney's* House.

34 Sawney Cunningham,

House, by his Wife; and whose Husband he had known of a long time to be a Man of his Hands: wherefore for fear lest he should be accused that he had murder'd him, for he was seen to rise, he takes the Corps on his Back, and plac'd it at the same House it came out of, setting it upright against *Sawney's* Door; then returns to his Lodging without any Bodies taking notice of him. *Sawney's* Wife by Chance too, thro' Default of Nature, would go out of Doors, it being about half an hour after Midnight, but was very much astonish'd that she had no sooner open'd it, but the dead Body fell into the House. She cries out being affrighted, and tells her Husband the Lawyer was come back again to their Lodging: Upon which, *Sawney* rising up in haste out of his Sleep, tells her, she should not be troubled at the Dead, protesting that he would carry him so far, that he should never find his Way back again. Wherefore he takes him up the second time, and as he goes along the Street to carry him to a River, he hears a great Noise coming, whereupon Fear seiz'd him, and made him stand up close, till those he heard were pass'd him: But his Fear was quickly turn'd into Joy, for those who made the Noise were Thieves, who just came from Stealing two Flitches of Bacon out of a Cheese-monger's Shop, which they had broke open. As these Fellows pass'd by *Sawney*, who had got under a Bulk, he heard them Talking, that there was a Man drew good Wine in that Street, and that they would
leave

leave their Bacon somewhere, and see whether they could make him rise. The Proposal was agreed to, and they put their Sack into the Descent of a Cellar, covering it with some Straw, which they by chance there met with, and there left it. *Sawney*, who had observ'd all this from his Bulk, makes up to the Place where the Thieves had laid the Sack, takes out the Bacon, puts in the dead Lawyer, and returns with the two Fitches to his Lodging. In the mean time, the Thieves had got into the Tavern, drinking stoutly upon the Account of their Merchandize, which they did intend to chaffer away to the Vintner. When they had drunk sufficiently, they reckon, and for Payment tell the Vintner, That they had gotten a good Quantity of Bacon to sell him, and he might pay himself out of it. The Vintner reply'd, that he was not us'd to *buy a Pig in a Poke* ; wherefore he bid them let him see it, and then he knew what he had to say to them. A couple of the Thieves then go to the Place where they had left their Sack, and having there found it, not at all dreaming of the Exchange, they take it up, fancying it tho' to be somewhat heavier than it seem'd to be before ; but of that they took no farther notice, and brought it straight to the House where they were Drinking ; which they had no sooner open'd, but the Vintner sees the poor Lawyer's Head peeping out of the Sack ; whereupon he begins presently to cry out upon them, for he knew the Person, *Oh ! Villains, what have you done ? Ye have*
kill'd

kill'd Mr. Hamilton, and are so impudent to bring him here to me, to sell him for Bacon. The Thieves, who were six in Number, being more astonish'd than he, stood as Men amaz'd, staring one upon another, and knew not what Countenance to keep: The Vintner cry'd out still against them, had them secur'd and committed to Goal, and being try'd for Murder as well as Theft, they were found Guilty of both Indictments, and Hang'd at *Glasgow*.

But tho' *Sawney* came so well off, yet he changed not his Manners, for following his old Courses, he soon consum'd what he had got of the Lawyer; he then began to commit open Violences, by publickly Robbing on the Highway, and killing those that should oppose him. Being very well known in the West of *Scotland*, he shifts his Scene to *Edinburg*, where meeting with a Gang of his Profession, who knew him to be most accomplisht in their Way, they chose him for their Captain, and in this City had each Man their particular Lodging: But forasmuch as *Sawney*, as their Chief, had ever the principal Part to act, he lodg'd himself on purpose at a noted House of Entertainment for Strangers, where he soon insinuated himself amongst them, making them believe, that he was likewise a Stranger, and came to *Edinburg* for no other reason but only to see the City, and frequent honest Conversation. And as he had a notable way with him to conceal his Intentions, so he trapt these Strangers with such specious Pretences, that it was impossible for them to take him
for

for any other then the best natur'd Man living. Sometimes he would carry them along with him two or three Miles out of Town to a good Dinner or Supper, not suffering them to pay a Farthing; but only at their Return homewards, they were certainly robb'd by Fellows planted by his Orders, who would begin to rifle him first, to take away all Suspicion; and in the Morning he was sure to have it again, with the greatest Share of the Booty.

Another time *Samney Cunningham*, with two of his Companions meeting with three Citizens of *Edinburg* on the Road, affronts them with a marvellous Audaciousness, and with a Tone which argued nothing but Blood and Cruelty, he told the best accoutred of them, that the Horse which he rid on was his, and had been lately stoln from him: that it must he return'd him, or else he wore a Sword that should do him right. *Samney's* Comrades set upon the other with the like Impudence, and would needs make them believe, that the Horses which they rid on were theirs too. The Citizens seeing it was in vain to dispute Properties, were forced to alight off their Horses and leave them, with their Money likewise, behind 'em, glad that they had far'd no worse: for *Cunningham* was a bloody-minded Wretch, and valued no Man's Life; so little Sense had he of Justice and common Goodness.

But not long after this Exploit, he went one Day to pay a Visit to one Mr. *William Bean*, his Uncle by the Mother's Side, and a Man of unblameable Conversation; who asking his
wicked

38 Sawney Cunningham,

wicked Nephew how he did; and several other Questions relating to his Welfare, he for Answer stabb'd him with his Dagger to the heart. The Servant which let him in was a well-bred Maid, and Kin to Mr. *Beaz* also, kept his House as being a Widower, and was promis'd in Marriage to a good honest Tradesman; however, she coming into the Chamber and seeing the Barbarity committed, had her Throat cut by this Villain; which done, he opens the Trunks, and finds there Plate and some small Matter of Money, and so departs. But thinking to conceal his horrid Fact, sets fire on the House, hoping that the House being in a Flame, these two Corpses would be consum'd; but the Fire by the Neighbours Diligence was put out, and these two poor Creatures were found most cruelly murder'd. However, divine Vengeance, which Sleeps not, overtook him at last; for it happening that some Fellows being taken for a Robbery by them committed, they impeach'd him also of sundry Villainies, which they, as his Companions, knew he had been guilty of; wherefore, thro' their Intelligence and Directions, being Apprehended, and committed a close Prisoner to the *Tolbooth* in *Edinburg*, there came in so many Witnesses against him, that for all his Tricks and Inventions he was Sentenced to be hang'd, and bear them Company; which Sentence was accordingly executed upon him at *Leith*, in the 20 Year of the Reign of King *James* the 1st over *Scotland*: however he marched to the place of Execution, with the same undaunted and

resolute Countenance as he was observ'd to have in his Life-time at Liberty.



William Nevison, a Highway-man.

AS Arts and Sciences of Use and Morality admit of Improvement, so likewise those of Villainy grow up with them, the Devil being as industrious to improve his Followers, in the Schools of Vice, as our best Instructors are in those of Virtue, which will be illustrated in the following Memoirs of the Life of *William Nevison*, who was born at *Pomfret* in *Yorkshire*, about the Year 1639, of well reputed, honest, and reasonably estated Parents, who bred him up at School, where he made some Progress, as to his Learning, and in the Spring of his Youth, promised a better Harvest, than the Summer of his Life produced; for to say the Truth, he was very forward and hopeful, till he arriv'd at thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, when he began to be the Ring-leader of all his young Companions to Rudeness and Debauchery.

So early as this he also took to thieving, and stole a Silver Spoon from his Father, for which being severely punish'd at School, the Punishment was the subject of the next Night's Meditation, which issued into a Resolution of Revenge on his Master, whatever Fate he met with in the Execution thereof; to which end having lit on a Project for his purpose, lying in his Father's Chamber, he gets softly up before such time as the Day appear'd, and hear-
ing

ing that his Father slept, he puts his Hand in to his Pocket, where he found the Key of his Closet, which unperceiv'd he drew thence, and down he creeps to the said Closet, where he supplies himself with what Cash he could readily find, which amounted to about 10*l.* and with this, knowing that his said Master had a Horse, he had particular Delight for, that then graz'd behind his House, he gets a Bridle and Saddle from his Father's Stable, and an Hour before Morning arrays and mounts the said Horse onward for *London*, to which he arriv'd within four Days, when the Evening coming upon him, he cut the Throat of the Horse within a Mile or two of the Town, for fear it should prove a means of his Discovery, if he should have carried it to an Inn.

When he came to *London*, he changed his Garb and Name, and being a lusty well-looking Lad, had put himself into the Service of a Brewer, where for two or three Years he liv'd, not at all chang'd in Mind, tho' Opportunity was not, during that time, ripe to put his ill Intention into Practice, though he watch'd all Seasons to advance himself, by having several times attempted to rob his Master, which at last he then effected. Taking the Advantage one Night of the Clerk's Drunkenness, who was his Master's Cashier, he got by Stealth after him into the Compting-House, where the said Clerk falling asleep, he rifled the same of all such Cash as he could conveniently come at, which amounted to near 200*l.* and fled to *Holland*, where running a-
way

way with a *Burgher's* Daughter that had robb'd her Father of a great deal of Money and Jewels, he was apprehended, had the Booty taken from him, and was clapt into Goal; and had he not broke out, he had certainly made his *Exit* beyond Sea.

Having thus made his Escape, he got after divers Difficulties into *Flanders*, and list'd himself amongst the *English* Volunteers, who were under the Command of the Duke of York, who about the same time was made Lieutenant General of one of the *Spanish* Forces under Don *John* of *Austria*, that were then design'd to raise the Siege of *Malaga*, which was besieged by the *English* and *French* Armies, and behav'd himself very well, while he was in a military Employment; but not greatly liking it, and having got some Money while he was in the Service, he came over to *England*, and bought himself a Horse and Arms, and resolving for the Road, and perhaps a pleasant Life, at the Hazard of his Neck, rather than toyl out a long Remainder of unhappy Days in Want and Poverty, which he was always averse to, being thus supply'd, every Day one Booty or other enriched his Stores, which he would never admit a Sharer in, choosing to manage his Designs alone, rather than trust his Life into the Hands of others, who by Favour or Misfortune might be drawn in to accuse him.

One Day *Newison*, who went otherwise by the Name of *Johnson*, travelling on the Road, and scouring about in Search of Prize, he met two Country-men, who coming up towards him, inform'd him that it would be very dangerous travelling forward, for that the way was set, and they had been robb'd by three Highway-men, about half a Mile off, and if he had any Charge of Money about him, 'twere his safest Course to
turn

turn back. Nevison asking them what they had lost, they told him 40 Pounds, whereupon he reply'd, *turn back with me, and shew me the way they took, and my Life to a Farthing, I'll make them return your Money again.* They rid along with him, till they had Sight of the three Highway-men, when Nevison ordering the Countrymen to stay behind 'em at some Distance, he rid up and spoke to the foremost of them, *Saying, Sir, by your Garb and the Colour of your Horse, you should be one of those I look after, and if so, my Business is to tell you, that you borrowed of two Friends of mine 40 Pounds, which they desir'd me to demand of you, and which, before we part, you must restore.* How (quoth the Highway-man) 40 Pounds, damn me, Sir, what is the Fellow mad? So mad (reply'd Nevison) *as that your Life shall answer me if you do not give me better Satisfaction; with that he draws his Pistol, and suddenly claps it to his Breast, who finding then that Nevison had also his Rein, and that he could not get his Sword or Pistols, he yielded, telling him, his Life was at his Mercy.* No, says Nevison, 'tis not that I seek for, but the Money you robb'd these two Men of, who are riding up to me, which you must refund. The Thief was forc'd to consent, and readily deliver'd such Part thereof as he had; saying, his Companions had the rest, so that Nevison having made him dismount, and taken away his Pistols which he gave to the Country-men, order'd them to secure him, and hold his own, whilst he took the Thief's Horse, and pursu'd the other two, who he soon overtook, for they thinking him their Companion; stopt as soon as they saw him, so that he came up to them in the midst of a Common; how now Jack, says one of them, what made you engage with yon Fellow? No, Gentlemen, replies Nevison, you're mistaken in your Man, tho'

by the Token of his Horse and Arms, he hath sent me to you for the Ransom of his Life, which comes at no less than the Prize of the Day, which if you presently surrender, you may go about your Business; if not, I must have a little Dispute with you at Sword and Pistol; at which one of 'em let fly at him, but missing his Aim receiv'd *Nevison's* Bullet into his right Shoulder, and being thereby disabled, *Nevison* about to discharge at the other, he call'd for Quarter, and came to a Parley, which in short was made up, with *Nevison's* Promise to send their Friend, and their delivering him all the ready Money they had, which amounted to 150 Pounds and Silver; with this *Nevison* rides back to the two Countrymen, and releases their Prisoner, giving them their whole 40 Pounds, with a Caution, for the future to look better after it, and not like Cowards as they were, to surrender the same on such easie Terms again. In all his Pranks he was very favourable to the Female Sex, who generally gave him the Character of a civil obliging Robber; he was charitable also to the Poor, as relieving them out of those Spoils which he took from them, that could better spare it; and being a true Royalist, he never attempted any thing against that Party. One time *Nevison* meeting with an old Sequestrator on the Road, he stopt the Coach, and demanded some of that Money which he had thievishly extorted from poor Widows and Orphans, and ought to be return'd; at which Words the old Man in a great Fit of Terror, and especially too when a Pistol was clapt to his Breast, began to expostulate for his Life, offering whatsoever he had about him for his Ransome, which he readily deliver'd to the Value of 60 broad Pieces of Gold. But this not serving the turn, *Nevison* told him that he must

must come thence, and go with him about some other Affairs he had to concert with him, and begg'd leave of three young Gentlewomen that were also Passengers in the Coach with him, that they would spare one of the Coach-Horses for an Hour or two, which should certainly be return'd that Night for the next Day's Journey: So Nevison left them, and took his Prize with him on the Postilion's Horse, which he loos'd from his Coach, and carried him from them in a great Fright, thinking he was now near his End; the Gentlewomen pursu'd their Journey, and about two Hours after they were got to their Inn, in comes the old Sequestrator, on the Postillion's Horse before mentioned, and gave a lamentable Relation how he had been us'd, and forc'd to sign a Bill under his Hand of 500 Pounds, for his Redemption, payable by a Scrivener in *London* on Sight, which he doubted not but would be receiv'd before he could prevent the same; and indeed he did not doubt a miss, for *Nevison* made the best of his way all Night, and the next Day by Noon receiv'd the Money, to the no small Vexation of him that own'd it.

About the Year 1661, having one Day met a considerable Prize to the Value of 450 Pounds from a rich Country Grazier, with this he was resolv'd to sit down quietly, and go back to *Pomfret*, where he was most joyfully receiv'd by his Father, who never hearing of him in his Absence of 7 or 8 Years, thought he had been really dead. He liv'd very honestly with his Father till he dy'd, and then return'd to his old Courses again, committing such Robberies, as render'd his Name the Terror of the Road, insomuch that no Carrier or Drover that pass'd the same, but was either forced to compound for their Safety, by a constant Rent, which

which he usually receiv'd from them at such and such Houses, where he appointed them to leave it, or they were sure to be rifled for the Failure thereof. Committing some Robberies in *Leicestershire*, he was there taken, and committed to *Leicester Goal*, where he was so narrowly watch'd, and strongly bound, that he could scarce stir; yet by a cunning stratagem he procur'd his Enlargement before the Illness came: For one Day feigning himself extremely ill, he sends for 2 or 3 trusty Friends, one of which was a Physician, who gave out that he was sick of a pestilential Fever, and that unless he had the Advantage of some opener Air in some other Chamber, he would certainly infect the whole Goal, and die of the said Distemper; hereupon the Goaler takes off his Fetters, and removes him into another Room, to lie by himself; in the meantime a Nurse was provided him, and his Physician came twice or thrice a Day to visit him, who gave out there was no Hopes of his Life, and that his Distemper was extremely contagious, on which Report the Jaylor's Wife would not let her Husband, nor any of the Servants go nearer than the Door, which gave *Nazifon's* Confederates a full Liberty to practise their Intent, which they did thus. A Painter was one Day brought in, who made all over his Breast blue Spots, resembling those that are the Fore-runners of Death in the Disease commonly call'd the Plague, as likewise several Marks on his Hands, Face and Body, which are usually such that so die; all which being done, the Physician prepar'd a Dose whereby his Spirits were bound for the space of an Hour or two, and then immediately gave out that he was dead; hereupon his Friends demand his Body, bringing a Coffin to bury him away in; the Jaylor, as customary, orders a Jury (the Nurse having formally laid him out

out) to examine the Cause of his Death, who fearing the Contagion he was said to die of, stay'd not long to consider thereon, but having view'd him, seeing the Spots and Marks of Death about, his Eyes set, and his Jaws close muffled, they brought in their Verdict that he died of the Plague, and thereupon he was put into the Coffin and carried off.

Being thus discharg'd, he falls to his Trade again, and meeting several of his old Tenants, the Carriers, who had us'd to pay him his Rents as aforesaid, told them they must now advance the same, for that his late Imprisonment had cost him a great Sum of Money, which he expected to be reimburs'd among them. They strangely surpriz'd at sight of Mr. *Nevison*, after the Reports of his Death, brook'd about that his Ghost walk'd, and took upon him the Employment it was wont when living, which was the more confirm'd by the Goaler at *Leicester*, who had brought in the Verdict of the Jury on Oath, who had examin'd the Body, and had found it dead as above-mention'd, whereby he had been discharg'd by the Court, as to the Warrant of his Commitment. But afterwards when the same came to be known, and the Cheat detected, the said Goaler was order'd to fetch him in at his Peril, whereupon great Search was made for him in all Places, and a Reward of 20 Pounds, set upon his Head, for any Person that should apprehend him.

Tho' he was very cautious of himself, yet was he 3 Years after taken in *Yorkshire*, and was indicted for several Robberies committed by him in that County, whereupon he receiv'd Sentence of Death, which by the Intercession of a certain Knight, was remitted, and a Reprieve granted for his Transportation; but *Nevison* having his Liberty, never transported himself, but linger'd about in *Yorkshire*, still following his old Trade,

that the Country was so much infested by him, that a Reward was set upon his Head for any Person that should bring him in. The Lucre of this Money made some lay wait for him, especially 2 Brothers nam'd *Fletcher*, one of whom *Nevison* shot dead with a Pistol and got off: However, having afterwards got into a little Village about 13 Miles from the City of *York*, he was there apprehended by one Captain *Hardcastle*, sent to *York Goal*, and in the Compass of little more than one short Week found his Prison, Sentence, Execution, and Grave; for when he was brought before the Court, no new Indictment was preferr'd against him, but only the Clerk ask'd him, what he had to say, why Execution should not be done upon him, according to his former Sentence; to which his Answer was, that he had the King's gracious Reprieve, upon Condition of Transportation, and that he was preferr'd to go as an Ensign in one of his Majesty's Foot Companies to *Tanger*, but upon his going, he fell sick, and continu'd so for 3 Months, till such time as his Captain was gone abroad, whom, after that, he had no Opportunity to follow; but this the Court told him, was not a sufficient Excuse, and forthwith gave Order to the Goaler to take care of him, and that his former Sentence should be executed against him, and accordingly he was hang'd at *York* on *Saturday* the 15th of *March*, in 1684, aged 45 Years.

The GOLDEN-FARMER, a Murderer and Highway-man.

THE *Golden-Farmer* was so called from his Occupation, and paying People, if it was any considerable Sum, always in Gold ; but his real Name was *William Davis*, born at *Wrexham* in *Derbyshire*, in *North-Wales* ; from whence he remov'd in his younger Years, to *Sudbury* in *Glocestershire* where he married the Daughter of a wealthy Innkeeper, by whom he had 18 Children, and follow'd the Farmer's Business to the Day of his Death, to shroud his Robbing on the High-way ; which irregular Practice he had follow'd for 42 Years, without any Suspicion among his Neighbours.

He generally robb'd alone, and one Day meeting three or four Stage-Coaches going to *Salisbury*, he stop'd one of them, which was full of Gentlewomen, one of which was a Quaker. All of 'em satisfy'd the *Golden-Farmer's* Desire, excepting this Preciſſian, with whom he held a long Argument to no purpose ; for, upon her solemn Vow and Affirmation, she told him she had no Money, nor any thing valuable about her ; whereupon fearing he should lose the Booty of the other Coaches, he told her he would go and see what they had to afford him, and he would wait on her again. So having robb'd the other three Coaches, he return'd according to his Word, and the Quaker persisting still in her old Tone of having nothing for him ; it put the *Golden Farmer* into a Rage, and taking hold of her Shoulder, shaking her as a Mastiff does a Bull, he cried, *You casting* **F—** *er, if you dally with me at this rate, you'll certainly provoke my Spirit to be domestic with you ; you see it's a good Woman here, and she's a* *hearted*

Murderer and Highway-man. 3

hearted as to be charitable to me, and you, you whining Whore, are so covetous as to lose your Life for the sake of Mammon. Come, come, you hollow B---ch, open your Purse-strings quickly, or else I shall send you out of the Land of the Living. Now the poor Quaker being frighten'd out of her Wits at these bullying Expressions of the wicked one, she gave him a Purse of Guineas, a Gold Watch, and Diamond Ring, and parted then as good Friends as if they'd never fall'n out at all.

Another time this Desperado meeting with the Dutchess of *Albemarle* in her Coach, as riding over *Salisbury-Plain*, he was put to his Trumps before he could assault her Grace, by reason he had a long Engagement with a Postilion, Coachman, and two Footmen, before he could proceed in his Robbery; but having wounded them all, by the discharging several Pistols, he then approach'd to his Prey, whom he found more refractory than his Female Quaker had been, which made him very aucy and more eager, for fear of any Passengers coming by in the mean while. But till Her Grace deny'd parting with any thing, whereupon, by main Violence, he pull'd three Diamond Rings off her Fingers, and snatch'd a rich Gold Watch from her Side, crying to her at the same time, because he saw her Face painted, You B---ch incarnate, you wd rather read over your Face in the Glass

D 2

every

4 *The Golden-Farmer,*

every Morning, and blot out Pale to put in Red, then give an honest Man, as I am, a small Matter, to support him in his Lawful Occasions on the Road. And then rid away as fast as he could, without searching Her Grace for any Money; because he perceiv'd another Person of Quality's Coach making towards them, with a good Retinue of Servants belonging to it.

Not long after this Exploit the *Golden-Farmer* meeting with Sir Thomas Day, a Justice of Peace living at Bristol, on the Road betwixt Gloucester and Worcester, they fell into Discourse together; and, as Riding along, he told Sir Thomas, whom he knew, tho' the other did not know him, how he had like to have been robb'd but a little before by a couple of Highway-Men, but, as good luck wou'd have it, his Horse having better Heels than theirs, he got clear of 'em; or else if they had robb'd him of his Money, which was about Forty Pounds, they had certainly undone him for ever. Truly (quoth Sir Thomas Day) that had been very hard; but nevertheless, as you had been robb'd betwixt Sun and Sun, the County, upon Suing it, must have been oblig'd to have made your Loss good again. But not long after their chatting together, coming to a convenient place, the *Golden-Farmer* shooting Sir Thomas's Man's Horse under him, and obliging him to retire some distance from it, that he might not make

use of the Pistols which were in the Holsters, he presented a Pistol to Sir Thomas's Breast, and demanded his Money of him. Quoth Sir Thomas, I thought, Sir, that you had been an honest Man. The Golden-Farmer reply'd, You see Your Worship's mistaken, and, had you had any Guts in your Brains, you might easily have perceiv'd by my Face that my Countenance was the very Picture of meer Necessity; therefore deliver presently, for I'm in haste. Then Sir Thomas Day giving the Golden-Farmer what Money he had, which was about Sixty Pounds in Gold and Silver, he humbly thank'd His Worship, and told him, that what he had parted with was not lost, because he was robb'd betwixt Sun and Sun, therefore the County (as he told him) must pay it again.

One Mr. Hart, a young Gentleman of *Enfield*, who had a good Estate, but not over-much Wit, and therefore could sooner change a piece of Gold than a piece of Sense, Riding one Day over *Finchley Common*, where the Golden-Farmer had been hunting about four or five Hours for a Prey, he rides up to him, and giving the Gentleman a slap with the flat of his drawn Hanger o'er his Shoulders, quoth he, *A Plague on you, how slow you are, make a damn'd wait on you all this Morning; come, deliver what you have, and be port to you, and then go to Hell for Orders.* The Gentleman, who was wont to find a more agreeable Entertainment betwixt his Mistress

and his Snuff-box, being surpriz'd at this rustical sort of Greeting, he began to make several Excuses, and say he had no Money about him; but his Antagonist not believing him, he made bold to search his Pockets himself, and finding in them above an hundred Guineas, besides a Gold Watch, he gave him two or three good slaps over his Shoulders again, with his Hanger, and at the same time bad him not to give his Mind to Lying any more, when an honest Gentleman requir'd a small Boon of him.

Another time this notorious Robber had paid his Landlord about Eighty Pounds for Rent, who going home with it, his goodly Tenant disguising himself, met the Old grave Gentleman, and bidding him Stand, quoth he, *Come, Mr. Gravity from Head to Foot, but from neither Head nor Foot to the Heart, deliver what you have in a trice.* The Old Man fetching a deep Sigh, to the hazard of losing several Buttons off his Waistcoat, he told him, that he had not above two Shillings about him, therefore he hop'd he was more a Gentleman than to take such a small matter from a poor Man. Quoth the Golden-Farmer, *I have not the Faith to believe you, for you seem, by your Mein and Habit, to be a Man of better Circumstances than you pretend, therefore open your Budget, or else I shall fall foul about your House.* Dear Sir (reply'd his Landlord) *you can't be so barbarous sure to an Old*

Murderer and Highway-man. 7

Man: What have you no Religion, Pity, or Compassion in you? Have you no Conscience? Nor have you no Respect for your own Body and Soul, which must certainly be in a miserable Case, if you follow these unlawful Courses? D---n you (said his Tenant to him) don't talk of Age or Barbarity to me, for I shew neither Pity nor Compassion to any. D---n you, what, talk of Conscience to me! I have no more of that dull Commodity than you have; nor do I allow my Soul and Body to be govern'd by Religion, but Interest; therefore deliver what you have, before this Pistol makes you repent your Obstinacy. So delivering his Money to the Golden-Farmer, he receiv'd it without giving his Landlord any Receipt for it, as his Landlord had him.

Not long after the committing of this Robbery, overtaking an old Grasier on Putney-Heath, in a very ordinary Attire, but yet very Rich, he takes half a score Guineas out of his Pocket, and giving them to the Old Man, he said, *There were three or four Persons behind them, who look'd very suspicious, therefore he desir'd the Favour of him to put that Gold into his Pocket, for in case they were Highway-men, his indifferent Apparel would make them believe he had no such Charge about him. The Old Grasier, looking upon his Intentions to be honest, quoth he, I have Fifty Guineas hid up in the Fore-lappit of my Shirt, and I'll put it to that for Security. So riding along*

8 *The Golden-Farmer,*

both of them Cheek by Jole for above half a Mile, and the Coast being still clear, the *Golden-Farmer* said to the Old Man, *I believe here's no Body will take the pains of robbing you or me to Day, ther' fore I think I had as good take the trouble upon me of robbing you my self, so, instead of delivering your Purse, pray give me the Lappit of your Shirt.* The old Grasier was horridly startled at these Words, and began to beseech him not to be so cruel in robbing a Poor Old Man. *Prithee* (quoth the *Golden-Farmer*) *don't tell me of Cruelty, for who can be more Cruel than Men of your Age, who's Pride it is to teach their Servants their Duties with as much Cruelty, as some People teach their Dogs to fetch and carry?* So, being obliged to cut off the Lappit of the Old Man's Shirt himself, for he would not, he rid away to seek out for another Booty.

Another time this bold Robber lying at the *Red-Lion-Inn* in *Uxbridge*, he happen'd into Company with one Esquire *Broughton*, a Barrister of the *Middle-Temple*; which he understanding, pretended to him, that he was going up to *London*, to advise with a Lawyer about some Business, wherefore he should be much oblig'd to him if he could recommend him to a good one. Counsellor *Broughton*, thinking he might be a good Client, he bespoke him for himself; then the *Golden-Farmer* telling his Business was about
several

several of his Neighbours Cattle breaking into his Grounds, and doing a great deal of Mischief, the Barrister told him that was very Actionable, as being *Damage fesiunt*. *Damage fesiunt!* said the *Golden-Farmer*, what's that, pray Sir? He told him, that it was an Action brought against Persons, when their Cattle broke through Hedges or other Fences, into Peoples Grounds, and did them Damage. Next Morning, as they were both riding towards *London*, quoth the *Golden-Farmer* to the Barrister, *If I may be so bold as to ask you, pray Sir, what is that you call Trever and Conversion?* He told him, it signified, in our Common Law, an Action which a Man hath against one, that having found any of his Goods, refuses to deliver them upon Demand, and perhaps converts them to his own use also. The *Golden-Farmer*, being now at a Place convenient for his purpose, he reply'd, *Very well, Sir; and so if I should find any Money about you, and convert it to my use, why, then that is but only Actionable I find.* That's a Robbery, said the Barrister, which requires no less Satisfaction than a Man's Life. A Robbery, reply'd the *Golden-Farmer*, why then I must e'en commit one, for once and not use it; therefore deliver your Money, or else behold this Pistol shall presently prevent you from ever Reading Cook upon *Litleton* any more. The Barrister strangely surprized at his Client's rough Behaviour, and

asking him if he thought there was neither Heaven nor Hell, that he could be guilty of such wicked Actions? Quoth the *Golden-Farmer*, *Why, you Son of a Whore, thy Impudence is very great, to talk of Heaven and Hell to me, when you think there's no way to Heaven but thro' Westminster-Hall. Come, come, down with your Rino this Moment, for I have other-guess Customers to mind, than to wait on your A--se all Day.* The Barrister being very loath to part with his Money, he was still insisting on the Injustice of the Action, saying that it was against both Law and Conscience to Rob any Man. However the *Golden-Farmer* heeding not his Pleading, he swore that he was not to be guided by Law nor Conscience, any more than them of his Profession, whose Law is always furnished with a Commission to arraign their Conscience; but upon Judgment given, they usually had the knack of letting it at large. So putting a Pistol to the Barrister's Breast, he quietly deliver'd his Money, amounting to about thirty Guineas, and eleven Broad-Pieces of Gold, besides some Silver, and a Gold Watch.

One time overtaking a Tinker, on *Black-Heath*, whom he knew to have seven or eight Pounds about him, quoth he, *Well overtook, honest Tinker, methinks you seem very Devout, for your Life is a continual Pilgrimage, and in Humility you go almost barefoot, thereby making*

king Necessity a Vertue. Ay, Master (reply'd the Tinker) needs must when the Devil drives; and, had you no more than I, you might go without Boots and Shooes too. That may be, (quoth the Golden Farmer;) and I suppose you march all over England with your Bag and Baggage. Yes (said the Tinker) I go a great deal of Ground; but not so much as you ride. Well (quoth the Golden Farmer) go where you will, it is my Opinion, your Conversation is unreprouable, because thou'rt ever mending. I wish (reply'd the Tinker) that I could say as much by you. Why, you Dog of Egypt (quoth the other,) you don't think, I hope, that I'm like you, in observing the Statutes, and therefore had rather Steal than Beg, in spite of Whips or Imprisonment. (Said the Tinker again) I'll have you to know, that I take a great deal of Pains for a Livelyhood. Yes (reply'd the Golden Farmer) I know thou'rt such a strong Enemy to Idleness, that in mending one Hole, you make three, rather than want Work. That's as you say (quoth the Tinker) however I wish that you and I, Sir, were farther asunder, for i'faith I don't like your Company, Nor I yours (said the other) for tho' thou'rt entertain'd in every place, yet you enter no farther than the Door, to avoid Suspicion. Indeed (reply'd the Tinker) I have a great Suspicion of you. Have you so? (quoth the Golden Farmer) why, then it shall not be without a Cause; come, open your Wallet straight, and deliver that Parcel of Money

12 *The Golden-Farmer, &c.*

Money that's in it. Here their Dialogue being on a Conclusion, the Tinker pray'd heartily that he would not rob him, for if he did, he must be forc'd to Beg his way home, from whence he was above an Hundred Miles. *D---n me* (quoth the *Golden Farmer*) *I don't care if you Beg your way Two-hundred Miles, for if a Tinker 'scapes Tyburn and Banbury, it is his Fate to die a Beggar.* So taking Money and Wallet too, from the Tinker, he left him to his old Custom of conversing still in open Fields and low Cottages.

Thus the *Golden Farmer* having run a long Course in Wickedness, he was at last Discover'd in *Salisbury-Court*, but as he was running along, a Butcher endeavouring to stop him, he Shot him Dead with a Pistol; nevertheless being apprehended, he was committed to *Newgate*, and shortly after Executed at the End of *Salisbury-Court* in *Fleetstreet*, on Friday the 20th of *December*, 1689; and afterwards was Hang'd in Chains, in the Sixty-fourth Year of his Age, on *Bagsbot-Heath*.

Old.



OLD-MOBB, a Notorious Highway-man.

THIS *Old-Mobb* was as great a Highway-Man as any in the last or present Age, and had follow'd it as long, for he had Robb'd for the space of Forty-five Years, but never in any Company, excepting sometimes with the *Golden-Farmer*. His right Name was *Thomas Sympter*, Born at *Rumsey* in *Hampshire*, and had there a Wife and five Children living, besides Grand-children, at the time of his shameful Death.

One time this most famous Robber meeting with Sir *Bartholomew Shower*, betwixt *Honiton* and *Exeter*, he call'd him to an account for his Money, which, when he had from him, not answering his Expectation, he obliged His Worship to draw him a Bill upon some eminent Goldsmith in *Exeter*, where Sir *Bartholomew* was very well known, to be paid upon Sight. Accordingly one being drawn up for One hundred and fifty Pounds, *Old-Mobb* bound him hand and foot, and Rid straightway to the Goldsmith, who, on sight of the Note, paid him the Money forthwith; then making as much haste back again to Sir *Bartholomew*, whom

whom he found where he left him, he told him he was come with an *Habeas Corpus* to remove him, and so untying him, he had his Liberty to go home, from whence he was not above three Miles; but he was oblig'd to walk it, by reason *Old-Mobb* having cut the Girths and Bridle of the Horse, he was gone astray.

Another time this insolent Highway-man meeting with a Proctor who had formerly given him some trouble in the *Spiritual-Court*, for calling a Woman *Whore*; he made bold to bid him Stand and Deliver, or else he would have no more Mercy on him, than he had on an Excommunicated Person. The Proctor made a stout Resistance, to save his beloved Darling, *Money*; but *Old-Mobb* being too hard for him, he pull'd out his Purse, and was going to empty it to give him the Money, which was fifteen Guineas; but *Old-Mobb* seeing it was a fine Embroider'd Purse, he would have that likewise. The Proctor begg'd hard to keep his Purse, by reason it was given him by a particular Friend, for whose Sake he had promised to keep it as long as he liv'd. However, *Old-Mobb* not hearkening to his Entreaty, he swore bitterly, that as he could now prove *Rem in re*, he would have both Purse and Money together, or else he'd have his Life before they parted. Wherefore the Proctor valuing his Life more than the Purse, he quietly gave it him, and went about his Business.

One time *Old-Mobb* overtaking *Gadbury* the Astrologer, on the Road betwixt *Winchester* and *London*, he saluted him with his Old Compliment of *Stand and Deliver*, which put him into a Trembling Condition, and made him plead Poverty very much; but *Old-Mobb* having no Compassion on his pretending to be in need, quoth he, *You lying Son of a Whore*, how can you (who extend always your Charity to *Mountebanks* and *Sow-gelders*, by bequeathing the Seasons of the Year to them, to Kill or Torture by) be Poor? Besides, being a Tenant by Custom to the Planets, you hold Twelve Houses by Lease parol, and pay them the Yearly Rent of your Time and Study; but let them out again to the Stationers Company, at so much per Annum. No, no, you must not sham Poverty to me, who knows as good Things as your self: Therefore if you do not presently deliver your Money, this Pistol shall prove as fatal to you, as that Raging Star which threatens our Climate with Death and Diseases in the Dog-Days. Mr. *Gadbury* now began to look very blank upon the Matter, and finding there was no Remedy left but Patience, he very quietly deliver'd his Money to *Old-Mobb*, which was about Nine Pounds in Gold and Silver; however he could not forbear saying to him, that *You Highway-men* are like Lotteries, for a Man might draw Twenty before he got one worth Hanging. But *Old-Mobb* taking no Exceptions at his Words, he reply'd that he ought to give the Loser leave

to speak, and then set Spurs to his Horse, to make what haste he could to his roaring Companions, whose Vanity it is to flourish their Swords in the midst of Twenty *G---d D---n me's*, that their Seeming Manhood, adorn'd with the greatest Vices, may qualify them for Supervisors of a Bawdy-House.

One time *Old-Mobb* overtaking the Stage-Coach going for *Bath*, and in which was only one Gentlewoman, he commanded the Coachman to stop his Horses; and then demanding the Passenger's Money, she made a great many Excuses for not answering his Expectation, and, to raise Pity in him, she shed Tears very plentifully, and cry'd she was a poor Widow, who had lately lost her Husband, and therefore hop'd he would have some Compassion on her. *D---n me, you B---ch* (quoth *Old-Mobb*) *and your Husband too; the Loss of him is no Argument that I must lose my Booty. Come, come, Deliver quickly, for those Crocodile Tears of thine work no Pity in me, because I know the End of a Woman's Husband always begins in Tears, and the End of her Tears begins in another Husband.* Indeed (said the Gentlewoman) my late Husband was so very good to me, that I shall never think of Marrying another, because I shall not find the like of him again, for Kindness. Quoth *Old-Mobb* then, *Hold your Tongue, you lying B---ch, for at that rate you'll differ from all other Widows, who are just like an Herald's Herse-Cloth; they'll serve to many Funerals.*

*Funerals, with a very little altering the Colour :
So I will no more of the Dead to me, for I must
live by the Quick. The Gentlewoman, find-
ing she could receive no Civility at his Hands,
she gave him her Purse, in which was about
Forty Guineas; Old-Mobb putting it into his
Pocket, quoth he, I should have made a nar-
rower Search about your Person, but that I see
another Prize coming forwards. Whereupon,
making up to it, who should it be, but Corne-
lius Tilburgh, the Mountebank living in Lin-
coln's Inn Fields, going to set up a Stage at
Hills. Then, giving his usual Word of Com-
mend to him, he craved his Money, but in a
very rough sort of Language, which made the
Quicksilver to use several Expostulations for
the saving of what he had; but all to no pur-
pose, for Old-Mobb, knowing his Profession,
quoth he, As you get your Money very easy, I
will oblige you to observe the old Proverb,
Lightly come lightly go; therefore what you do,
do quickly, that I may go about my Business.
The Stroling Doctor being very unwilling to
part with his Money, he began to read a Lec-
ture to him, about the Unlawfulness of his
Actions, and withal telling him, that what
he did might be the utter Ruine of some Peo-
ple. May, you double-refin'd Son of a Whore
(quoth Old-Mobb) can I ruine more Pople than
our Who hath put out more Eyes than the Small-
Pox; made more Deaf than the Cataracts of
Nile; Laid more than the Gout; Shrunk more
Sinews*

Sinews than one that makes Bom-Strings; and Kill'd more than the Pestilence. Therefore make haste and Deliver, or else I'll make you to know, that tho' your Orvietan will expel Povson, yet is it not Proof enough against the Force of Gunpowder, which, by the vertue of a little Lead, shall fill your Body as full of holes as a Sieve. Whereupon, rifling his Portmantua, he took thereout Twenty five Pounds, and a Gold Medal, presented him by King Charles the Second, for poysoning himself in His Majesty's Presence.

Another time *Old-Mobb* meeting with the Dutchess of *Portsmouth* coming from *New-Market*, with a very small Retinue, he made bold to ask her for what she had; but Her Grace being not so ready to give as he was to ask, quoth she, *Do you know who you stop?* Yes, Madam (reply'd *Old-Mobb*) I stop a Whore in grain; therefore, as it is my Trade to Rob one Whore to supply another, I must presume to take what you have, without asking me any more Questions. The Dutchess, at these Words, being very angry, she upbraided him with his Impudence, and told him, flat and plain, she would not part with what she had; nay, farthermore, she bid him touch her if he durst. *Indeed* (quoth *Old-Mobb*) *I durst if I die for't; therefore you Outlandish B---ch deliver; for as you have no Commodity about you but what is French, I may answer, by Law, the Seizure of what's Prohibited*

ted by an *Act of Parliament*. So beginning to fall on board her, in a very boisterous manner, Her Grace quickly cry'd out for Quarters, which *Old-Mobb* as quickly gave, upon surrendering Two-hundred Pounds in Money, which was in her Coach, besides a rich Necklace, a Gold Watch, and some Diamond Rings.

One time *Old-Mobb* being at the *Bath*, and understanding that a certain Lord was to set out for *London* the next Day, on Horseback, but with a great Retinue, he put himself in Woman's Apparel, and overtaking His Lordship on the Road, and having a tolerable good Face, as being in his Younger Years, the Noble Peer was pleas'd to scrape Acquaintance with this Young Damsel, as he suppos'd her. So after a great deal of Chat together, His Lordship being amorously inclin'd, he was for fulfilling the Primary Command, *Increase and Multiply*; therefore, putting the Question to her, this Masculo-feminine Creature, pretending great Modesty, said it became her Sex never to permit Dishonesty to come nearer than their Ears, and then, to save Virtue the Labour, Wonder and Detestation ought to stop it. But His Lordship pursuing his Inclination very close, it made her simper as if she had no Teeth but Lips; and, at last, giving way to her *Inamorato's* Courtship, she told His Lordship, That was there any place of Privacy, she should be very proud of gratifying his Request; but to expose herself before

fore half a dozen Attendants that were with his Honour, she would not for the World. His Lordship being very joyful at her Condescension to his Embraces, they had not rid above half a Mile farther, before a Wood presented itself to their sight, where ordering his Servants to halt till he came to them, he and his dear Bit of a Groat rid into the Wood, and alighting, with an Intention of Enjoyment in the Folds of Love, when his Lordship, for an Introduction to the Fort of Pleasure, was for taking up the Petticoats, and found under them a pair of Breeches, quoth he, *What a Plague's the meaning of your wearing the Breeches, Madam?* Nothing (reply'd Old-Mobb) but to put your Money in. So putting a Pistol to his Lordship's Breast, he said, *If you make but the least Resistance you're a dead Man.* Then binding his Lordship both Hand and Foot, he search'd his Pockets, in which he found above a hundred Guineas and Pistoles, and also took from him a Gold Watch, a Gold Snuff-Box, two Diamond Rings, and a Silver-hilted Sword; still saying to his Lordship, *You may now see, Sir, that Ill luck may sometimes befall a Courtier, who follows nothing but Inconstancy, admires nothing but Beauty, and honours nothing but Fortune:* So my Lord farewell, till the next merry Meeting: And then he rid another Way through the Wood. Now the Servants having waited above an Hour, and wondring their Lord staid so long, they presum'd to look af-

see him; and going into the Wood, and hearing a Voice cry out for Help, they follow'd the Sound as fast as they could, till they found out his Lordship; who no sooner beheld his Retinue, but bidding them unloose him, he cry'd, *Behold here somewhat of a Man translated into a Fool, who fighting with the Passion of Love, I've lost all my Money by the Weapon. The Toad whom I took for one of the Female Sex, is a Highway-Man; and hath took all I have from me that's valuable: But for the future, d---n my Food and W---ds, if ever I trust myself alone with any thing like a Woman again. Nay, tho' I sigh'd sweetly, and spoke lamentably, yet the Eternal Son of a Whore would not so much as give me back my Watch, because he said he design'd to Rob all Day to Day by the Hour. So His Lordship being unbound, he rid as fast as he could to the next Stage, to make the best of a bad Market.*

Another time *Old-Mobb* being at *Abingdon*, where a great Market is kept for Corn, he lit into a Person's Company, at the *Crown-Inn* there, whom he knew to be a great Ingrosser of Corn, and had bought then as much of that Commodity in the Market as cost fifty Pounds, which *Old-Mobb* bought of him again, and paid him Eighty Pounds ready Money, as liking it (as he pretended) better than any he saw there that Day. The Corn he sent presently away, where he knew how to dispose of it quickly again, tho' under Price; and understanding

standing which way he went the next Morning, of whom he bought the Corn, he was soon at his Heels, and clapping a Pistol to his Breast, demanded his Money again, and what else he had besides. The Country-man was in a great Surprise, shaking like an *Aspen-Leaf*, and ask'd him whether it was Justice to take his Money from him, and Goods too? *Hast thou the Impudence* (quoth Old-Mobb) *to talk of Justice, when there's none in the World acts more Injustice than an Ingrosser of Corn?* Sirrah, *there's no Vermin in the Land like you, who slanders both Heaven and Earth with pretended Dearth, when there's no Scarcity at all. Thou Spawn of Belzebub! you daily pray for more Inclosures, and know no reason why we call our Forefathers Days, The Time of Ignorance, but only because they sold Wheat for Twelve-pence a Bushel. Thou Fiend of Hell! Don't you wish Dantzick at Barbadoes? And curse Tobacco because you say it is a sparer of Bread-corn, which you too often transport without a License? No Picture pleases you so well as Pharaoh's Dream of the seven lean kine, that eat up the fat ones; that you'll have in your Parlour, and commend it to People, with a smother'd Prayer for the like Scarcity. Besides, accounting the Poor the Justices Intelligencers, you mortally hate them, and complain of our Negligence of discovering new Parts of the World, only to rid them from our Climate. So Mr. Hell-hound, talk no more of Justice, but deliver your Money straight, or else*
I'll

I'll send a Brace of Bills thro' your Head. Hereupon he deliver'd him a Bag, in which *Old-Mobb* finding his own Money and as much more to it, he went away with a great deal of Satisfaction.

Not long after the committing of this Robbery, *Old-Mobb* meeting with Chancellor *Jefferies* going to his Country-House, when he was Lord Chief Justice of *England*, he stopt his Coach and demanded his Money, after disabling a couple of his Servants, who oppos'd him, by shooting them, one thro' an Arm, and t'other through the Thigh. But His Lordship refusing to part with any thing, ask'd *Old-Mobb* whether he knew him. He reply'd *Yes, Sir, I know you well enough, and ought to charge you with a Constable, for I'm sure you once put me in great danger of my Life, at Hartford Assizes, wherefore I'm resolv'd to be even with you now.* Whereupon threatening to shoot my Lord *Jefferies*, with using many dreadful Oaths and imprecations, His Lordship gave him what Money he had, which amounted to about Fifty six Guineas.

But at last *Old-Mobb* being detected in his Villanies, he was apprehended in *Tuttil-Street* in *Westminster*, and committed to *Newgate*, after which being Try'd at *Justice Hall* in the *Old-Baily*, upon Thirty six Indictments, of all which he was found Guilty, excepting four, he was Executed at *Tyburn*, on Friday the 30th of *May*, 1690.

WHITNEY,



W H I T N E Y, *a Highway-man.*

THis notorious Robber on the Highways; *Whitney* the Butcher, meeting, in the County of *Kent*, with one *Mr. Wamen*, Lecturer of the Church at *Greenwich* for some Years ; he and his Gang set upon this Gentleman, and Robb'd him ; after which *Whitney* said, That it being a long time since he had heard a Sermon, as having bid adieu to the Church for ever, it was his earnest Desire that the Parson would be pleas'd to oblige him with one there. *Mr. Wamen* perceiving him and his Companions resolute in their Frolick, and fearing a Mischief might be done him, as being in a very by sort of a place, in case he deny'd their Request, he proceeded to gratify them as follows.

Gentlemen, my Text is *T H E F T*; which being not to be divided into Sentences nor Syllables, as being but one Word, which is only a Monosyllable, Necessity therefore obliges me to divide it into Letters, which I find to be these Five, *T, H, E, F, T*, *Theft*. Now *T*, my beloved, is *theological*; *H*, is *Historical*; *E*, is *Exegetical*; *F*, is *Figurative*; and *T*, is *Tropological*.

Now

Now the *Theological* part of my Text is, according to the Effects that it works, which I find to be of two kinds, *First*, In this World. *Secondly*, In the World to come. In this World, the Effects which it works are, *T*, *Tribulation*; *H*, *Hatred*; *E*, *Envy*; *F*, *Fear*; and *T*, *Torment*. For what greater *Tribulation* can befall a Man than to be debarr'd from sweet Liberty, by a close Confinement in a nasty Prison? which must needs be a perfect Representation of the Iron-Age, since nothing is heard there but the Jingling of Shackles, Bolts, Grates, and Keys, as large as that put up for a Weather-Cock on St. Peter's Steeple in *Cornhil*: However, I must own that you Highway-Men may be a sort of Christians whilst under this Tribulation, because ye are a kind of Martyrs, and suffer really for the Truth. Again, Ye have the *Hatred* of all honest People, as well as the *Envy* of Jaylor's, if you go under their Jurisdiction without Money in your Pockets. I'm sure all of your Profession are very sensible, that a Jaylor expects not only to distill Money out of your Irregularities, but also to grow fat by your Curses; wherefore his Ears are stopp'd to the Cries of others, as GOD's are to his; and good Reason, for lay the Life of a Man in one Scale, and his Fees in the other, he would lose the first, to find the second. Next, ye are always in as much *Fear* of being apprehended, as poor Tradesmen in Debt are of a Serjeant, who goes muffled like

a Thief too, and always carries the Marks of one, for he steals upon a Man cowardly, plucks him by the Throat, and makes him stand till he fleeces him; but only in this they differ, the Thief is more valiant, and the honestest Man of the two. And then when ye are apprehended, nothing but *Tormant* ensues; for when once ye are clapt up in Jayl, as I have hinted before, soon after you come under the Hangman's Clutches, and he Hangs you up, like so many Dogs, for using those scaring Words, *Stand and Deliver*.

The Effect which *Theft* works in the World to come, being much the same with the other, but only as they were Temporary, these being Eternal; I shall proceed to the *Historical* part of my Text, which will prove, from Humane Histories, that the Art of *Theft* is of some Antiquity, in that *Paris* stole *Helen*, *Theseus* stole *Ariadne*, and *Jason* stole *Medea*. However Antiquity ought to be no Plea for Vice, since Laws both Divine and Humane forbid bale Actions, especially *Theft*: For History again informs us, that *Scyron* was thrown headlong into the Sea for thieving; *Cacus* was kill'd by *Hercules*; *Sisyphus* was cut in pieces; *Briareus* was hanged for stealing *Angelica's* Ring; and the Emperour *Frederick* the Third condemn'd all Thieves to the Gallies.

The *Exegetical* Part of my Text, is a sort of Commentary on what was last said, when I set forth, that your Transgressions were a Breach of both Divine and Humane Ordinance,

nances, which are utterly repugnant to all manner of *Theft*; wherefore if ye are resolv'd to pursue these Courses still, note, my respect is such to you, for all you have robb'd me, that if you can but keep your selves from being ever took, I'll engage to keep you always from being hang'd.

The *Figurative* Part of my Text is to set forth, That tho' I call you Gentlemen, yet, in my heart, I think ye to be all Rogues; but only I mollify my Spleen by a *Charientismus*, which is a Figure or Form of Speech mitigating hard Matters with pleasant Words. Thus a certain Man being Apprehended, and brought before *Alexander* the Great, King of *Macedon*, for railing against him, and being demanded by *Alexander* why he and his Company had so done? he made this Answer. *Had not the Wine failed, we had spoken much worse.* Whereby he signified, that those Words proceeded rather from Wine than Malice; by which free and pleasant Confession, he asswaged *Alexander's* great Displeasure, and obtained Remission.

But now, coming to the *Tropological* Part of my Text, which is drawing a Word from its proper and genuine Signification, to another Sense, as in calling you most famous Thieves; I desire your most serious Attention, and that you will embrace this Exhortation of *St. Paul* the Apostle, *Let him that stole steal no more.* Or else the Letters of my Text points towards a Tragical Conclusion, for *T, Take*

E 2
care;

care ; H, Hanging ; E, Ends net ; F, Felony ; T, at Tyburn.

The Parson having ended his Sermon, which some of *Whitney's* Gang took down in Short-hand, they were so well pleas'd with what he had Preach'd, that they were contented to pay him Tythes ; so telling the Money over, which they had took from him, and finding it to be just Ten Pounds, they gave him Ten Shillings for his pains, and then rid away to seek whom they might next devour.

Another time *Whitney* and his Gang meeting a Gentleman on *Bagshot-Heath*, they commanded him to Stand, whereupon the Gentleman said, *I was just going to say the same to you, Gentlemen.* Why (quoth *Whitney*) are you a Gentleman-Thief? He reply'd, *Yes, Sir; but I have very bad luck to Day, for I have been Riding up and down all this Morning, and as yet have not lit on a Prize.* Then *Whitney* and his Comrades wishing the Gentleman good luck, as supposing him to be one of their Profession, they parted ; but at Night happening into an Inn, where they overheard this Gentleman telling another, how he had saved an Hundred Pounds from being took from him to day, by a parcel of Highway-men, in pretending to be one of their Robbing Society, they were very mad with themselves to think what a Booty they had lost, by believing the Person, whom they set on, to be one of their Fraternity: And hearing the Gentleman, to whom the Story was told, say he had a pretty

considerable Summ of Money about him, therefore if he should be assaulted on the Road before he got home, he would use the like Stratagem, they swore they would narrowly watch his waters. So next Morning *Whitney* and his Gang being out first, they laid an Ambuscade for this other Gentleman, who suddenly falling into it, *Whitney*, commanded him to stand; on which, he cry'd, *I vow Gentlemen, I was just going to say the same to you.* Quoth *Whitney* then, *Are you a Gentleman-Thief, Sir?* Yes (reply'd the Gentleman.) *Why then (quoth Whitney) as it is an old Saying, That two of a Trade can never agree, I must make bold to take what you have, wherefore Deliver what you have presently, or else I must be oblig'd to send a Brace of Balls thro' your Head.* These scaring Words putting the Gentleman into a *Pannick Fear*, he gave One-hundred and twenty Guineas to *Whitney*, who then taking his leave of the Robb'd Person, he desir'd him to acquaint the other Gentleman, whenever he saw him, that *I was going to say the same to you*, would never save his Bacon again; for he should know him from a Black Sheep another time.

One time *Whitney* and his Gang meeting with one Mr. *Hull*, an Old Usurer, formerly living in the *Strand*, as he was Riding over *Hampter-Heath*, he order'd him to Stand and Deliver; hereupon the Old Man was in a great Consternation, trembling as if he had been afflicted with a Palsy, and expostulating with the Highway-men, by pretending he

E. 2

was.

was a poor Man, and should be utterly ruin'd and undone if they should be so hard hearted as to take his Money from him ; besides, it was a very wicked thing for 'em to follow such illegal Courses, wherefore he humbly desired them to do as they'd be done by. Quoth *Whitney*, in a great Passion, *You Old Rogue*, do you pretend to read *Lectures of Morality* to honest Men ? *You Old Suffocated Rascal*, I know you to be a miserable Miser and Usurer, that puts out your Money to the unnatural Act of Generation, therefore you seem to be the Son of a Jay-lor, for all your Estate is in most heavy and cruel Hands. *You Dog in a Doublet*, do you presume to Catechize better Christians than yourself ? No, no, we know better things than to be Disciplin'd by you, whose Conscience hates looking into the Court of Chancery ; and since your Impudence admonishes us to do as we'd be done by, we will deal with you as you deal with other Men, to whom you can be no Friend, since it is your main Study to Undo all Mankind. After this, taking all *Old Hull's* Money from him, which was about Eighteen Pounds, he was in such a Rage at his Loss, that he said, he should see them one time or another ride up *Holburn-Hill* backwards. Hereupon *Whitney* pulling *Mr. Hull* off his Horse, and putting him on again with his Face towards the Horse's Tail, he ty'd his Legs under the Horse's Belly, and said, Now, you Son of a Whore, we'll see what a Figure you'll make, when you ride backwards. So giving the Horse half

half a dozen good Licks with his Whip, the Beast ne'er flopt nor staid till he brought his Master into *Hounslow* Town, where the People set the Old Man at Liberty.

This notorious Robber *Whitney*, going one Morning into the *Red-Lyon-Inn* in *Doncaster*, in *Yorkshire*, he pulls out of his Portmanteau an Hundred Pound Bag, fill'd with Brass Counters, and taking thereout, in the sight of the Man of the House, a handful of good Money, which was separated from the Counters, by a Piece of Cloth sew'd betwixt one and the other, and then tying the Bag up and locking it in his Portmanteau again, quoth he, *Landlord, be so kind as to lay my Portmanteau safe up for me.* Then, having eaten a good Breakfast, he went out to look about the Fair kept there that day; and about an hour after going back to the Inn, in a sort of a hurry, he told his Landlord, that he had given Earnest for a couple of Horses in the Fair, wherefore having not Money about him to pay for them, he desired him to lend him Twenty Guineas, and to fetch him his Horse, which he design'd to swop away for another. Accordingly the Man of the House lent *Whitney* twenty Guineas, as not doubting he had a Pledge in his Hands sufficient enough for it; but not returning to his Inn that Day nor the next, the Inn-keeper began to be uneasy about the matter, and searching the Portmanteau before Witnesses, he found nothing therein like Money, but a parcel of Brass Counters, which

made him swear like a Mad Man, for lending his good Money on a Pig in a Poke.

Not long after this Trick plaid on the Inn-keeper, *Whitney* and one more of his Gang, meeting with one Esq; *Long* on *New Market-Heath*, they rid up to him, and honest Mr. *Whitney's* first Salutation was, *D--n me, you Son of a Whore, Stand and Deliver*; at which his Comrade, seeming to be displeas'd, cry'd to *Whitney*, *Wly can't you Rob a Gentleman civilly, but you must Curse and call Names, like I know not what?* However *Whitney* took out of the Gentleman's Portmanteau about an Hundred Pounds; who having no more Money about him, told the Highway-men his Condition, and that having a great way to go, he hoped they would take his Circumstances so far into their most judicious Consideration, as to give him somewhat to bear his Charges. Whereupon *Whitney* opening the Mouth of the Bag, *Here* (quoth he) *take some*. The Gentleman then putting his Hand into the Bag, he took out as much as he could hold; which making *Whitney* stare at him, he cry'd, *Wly, Sir, have you no Conscience at all in you?* Which indeed was a very unconscionable thing in him to abuse the Civility of those Blades who had the Conscience to take all he had from him; but letting the Gentleman keep what he had recover'd of his own again, they rid away with what Speed they could to consume the Remainder in their Riotous and Wicked manner of Living.

When

When *Whitney* had first an Inclination to take ill Courses, going into *Essex*, with another loose Butcher, to buy Calves, there was one particular Calf to which he had a great Fancy; but the Owner asking an extraordinary Price for it, quoth *Whitney*, to his Comrade, *Why should we be so much Money out of Pocket, which at present is somewhat short with us, when we may have the Calf for nothing at Night?* The other Butcher approv'd of his Project, and sat Drinking all Day at *Rumford*, till it was time to put their Design in Execution; but a Fellow coming into that Town in the Evening, with a great She Bear, of which he made a Show up and down the Country, he happen'd to put into this Man's House from whom *Whitney* was to steal the Calf, for he kept an Ale-house about a quarter of a Mile in the Road from *Rumford*; where being at a loss for some place to put up his Bear, quoth the Maid, *We have a Calf in the Yard, which I'll carry up to my Room, and then you may put your Bear into his Stall.* Accordingly, the Bear being Muzzled, he was conducted into the Calf's Tene-ment; and in the middle of the Night, which was very dark, *Whitney* and his Comrade coming for their Prey, he got into the Stall without making the least Disturbance, and groping about for the Calf, at length he got hold of the Bear, which lying after its Sluggish way very heavy, he began to tickle it to make it rise; but being disturb'd, she fell a Booming, and rousing on her hind Legs, she

hugg'd *Whitney* with her two fore-feet, very close. Now the other Butcher thinking his Comrade somewhat tedious, he, in a low Voice, cry'd, *What a Pox, will ye be all Night getting the Calf?* A Calf (quoth *Whitney*) I believe I've got the D——l, for he hugs me as close as he did the Witch. *Prithee* (said the other Butcher again) *bring it away then if you've found him.* I can't (reply'd *Whitney*.) *Why then* (said his Comrade) *come away yourself.* Why (reply'd *Whitney*) he won't let me. Hereupon the Butcher going in himself; he releas'd *Whitney* out of his Adversary's Clutches, but for this Trick, he swore he would never go to steal Calves again.

After this Conflict with the Bear, *Whitney* kept the *George-Inn* at *Cheston* in *Hertfordshire*, but not thriving by this Occupation, he soon left it, and came up to *London*, to live an irregular Life for good and all. Going now well Dress'd and Apparell'd, much like a Gentleman, and one Morning standing at a Mercer's Door on *Ludgate-Hill*, waiting for a Friend that was coming to him, a couple of Town Misses very well habited then passing by, and taking *Whitney* to belong to the Shop, she askt whether he had any fine Silks of the newest Fashion; he told them no; but in a Day or two he should have some pieces brought home from his Weavers, and then, if they pleas'd to tell him where he might wait on 'em, he would bring Patterns of such as were very Rich and Fashionable.

This

This stumbled the Harlots a little ; but after they had compar'd Notes together, they said, that being Persons newly come out of the Country, and never were in *London* before, they knew not the name of the Street where they lodg'd ; but if he would go with 'em, they would shew him the Place of their Habitation. *Whitney* knew this was a Wheedle, yet resolv'd to venture with 'em ; thereupon stepping into the Shop to the Prentice, as if he had given him Charge of his Business, but on the contrary he only askt him for a Sham Name, which the Lad knew not, he came out again to Squire the Ladies to their Lodgings. Conducting them to their Door, he would have taken his leave ; but they cry'd, *Nay, Sir, but you shall walk in, and take a Glass of Wine, since you have taken this Trouble upon you* : For they now took him for no less than the Master, seeing him, as he came along, bow to some Noblemen in their Coaches, as well as Wealthy Citizens, and they in Civility related him, and shew'd him into a very fine Chamber well furnisht, where sitting down at a Table, he drank very plentifully as to his part, but they only seemingly, as to any purpose ; then came in a very fine Collation of Cold Meats, which being over, the Maid came in, and whispering one of the Courtezans, she withdrew, and left *Whitney* with the other, who, after some Discourse, began to talk very amorously, understanding him to be a Bachelor, or at leastwise he pretended so,
and

and refrained not to proffer herself as his School-Mistress, to teach him, as she said, a soft Love-Lesson. He was very willing to learn, but fear'd he should pay too dear for it; for he knew she expected as much Silk as would make her a Gown, or Petticoat at least, but how to come by it, he knew not. At last, by her Perswasions, *Whitney* consented to be her faithful Servant, and ruled by her every way. Now being a little Hot-headed, that he might not seem to be less than he had proposed himself, he in a Bravado pull'd out a handful of Money, which Allurement sweeten'd his Mistress's Conceit, who taking him into her Bed Chamber, he there enjoy'd the Favours of Love, which he repeated with such Vigour, that she seem'd mightily pleas'd with his Performance: But, as he thought before, the Burden of the Song, was hopes of Gain. After this, she gave him her Hand, and led him into the Dining room again, where after carelling themselves with another Flask or two of Wine on Free cost, he took his leave, promising to send her several rich Presents. Upon this, away he trudg'd to a *Mercer* in *Ludgate-street*, and told him, a certain Lady had sent him to desire him to let his Man carry her some of the richest Silks the Shop afforded: To which he consented, as knowing the Person of Quality whom *Whitney* mention'd, and gave the Silks in Charge to a Youth, who was but newly come to him, and therefore the easier to be impos'd

impos'd on. He led the young Apprentice thro' as many bye Streets as he could, to lose his way, and at last fixing his Eyes on a House in *Suffolk-Street*, which had a thorough fare into *Hedge-lane*, in *Whitney* went, desiring the Apprentice at the Door to deliver his Cargo, that he might show it his Lady; but instead of doing that, he made an Ex-
cuse to the People, after he had asked for a strange Name, and they had told him no such Person lodged there, that he found himself mistaken, and desiring to go thro' the House into the back Lane, he left his young Merchant in the Lurch, to return to his Master with a lamentable Story of Sharpers. Having thus gotten what he aim'd at, away he went to his Mistresses, who receiv'd him very kindly, and there he revell'd some Days, but at length, being cloy'd with the Enjoyment of these Harlots, on whom he bestow'd the Prize which he cheated the 'Prentice of, he bad them adieu, and sent a Letter to the *Mercer*, wherein he inform'd him where he might find his Goods again. He went straight for a Warrant, then taking a Constable with him to these Strumpets Lodgings, he there, upon strict Search, found his Silks in their Custody; hereupon, notwithstanding all the Excuses they made, they were hurried, after their Examination before a Magistrate, to *Bridemell* in *Tittle-Fields*; where their Backs, for their supposed Eleemosynary Finery, were curiously whipt by that once famous Lictor Mr:
Redding;

Redding; but many a hearty Curse did they generously bestow on *Whitney*, whilst they were under the hard Labour of Beating Hemp for Six Months.

The Speech of Sir S---/ L---/ Knight,
Recorder of *London*, made to *Whit-*
ney, and other Prisoners, before he
pass'd Sentence of Death on 'em.

I Am heartily sorry for this sorrowful
Occasion, which obliges me to perform
the Office of passing Sentence of Death upon
you, for the notorious Crimes which ye have
committed, both against the Laws of GOD
and Man. But so exorbitant have ye been
in all manner of Wickedness, that Justice
hath long ago cry'd out, to cut you out of
the Land of the Living, as being a common
Nuisance to all Mankind. I take no Pride
in destroying my Fellow-Creatures; but when
your intolerable Enormities are no longer to
be born with, it is an Indispensable Duty in-
cumbent upon me to pronounce Judgment
against you, after ye have been fairly and
justly Cast by your Country. 'Tis true, some
of you are greater Offenders than others,
and in particular, you, Mr. Whitney; for
considering how many poor Horses you have
kill'd

kill'd on the Road, dost thou not think the Blood of those dumb Creatures will not at the Last Day rise up in Judgment against you? Yes, to be sure will they; and therefore of all the Criminals here, you deserve the least Mercy. Indeed it is a lamentable thing to think on't! that so many poor Horses, who thought nobody any harm, should be untimely cut off in the Prime of their Age; therefore, as thou hast shed so much Innocent Blood to maintain thyself in irregular Courses, it is my Advice to instruct you and the rest to prepare yourselves for another World; and so proceed to declare your fatal Doom, which is, that all of you convicted for your Lives, return to the Place from whence ye came, and from thence be convey'd to the Place of Execution, where ye shall be hang'd by the Necks till ye are Dead: And the Lord have Mercy upon your Souls.

Indeed *Whitney* was a very profligate sort of a Fellow, born at *Stevenage* in *Hertfordshire*; and not long after he had serv'd his Apprenticeship to a Butcher, he took to the Highway, and committed several Robberies; but at length being betray'd by one *Madam Cope*, who kept a Bawdy House in *Milford-Lane*, over against *St. Clement's Church* in the Strand, she had him Apprehended in *White-Friars*,

Fryars, and sent to *Newgate*. Not long after his Confinement, being try'd and condemn'd at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Baily*, he went with other Malefactors to be executed at *Tyburn*; but in his Journey thither, a Reprieve overtaking him, he was brought back again; and the Week following was Hang'd at *Porters-Block* by *Smithfield*, on *Wednesday* the 19th of *December*, 1694. When he came thither to die, he was in great Expectation still of another Reprieve, but all hopes being past of having another Respite from Death, he confess'd his Condemnation was just; and after some few Minutes were allow'd him for his more Private Devotion, he was tumbled out of this World into another, when he was about Thirty-four Years of Age.



DICK LEWIS, a House-breaker.

THIS Fellow, *Dick Lewis*, was a great House-breaker, as having committed several most notorious Robberies, both in the Cities and Liberties of *London* and *Westminster*, as also in *Southwark*; where being committed a Prisoner once to the *Marshalsea* Prison, he had like to have been Hang'd at *Kingston* *Alizes*.

He was also very expert at Tail-drawing, which is privately taking a Sword from a Gentleman's Side either in a Croud, or as he walks along the Streets at Night; which when he misses, it puts him into such a strange Consternation and Surprize, that he's looking this way and that way, and sometimes feeling in his very Pockets for it: Thus he once serv'd Sir *Owen Buckingham*, who remember'd him for his Dexterity, when he came before him at the *Old-Baily*, in the time of his Mayoralty, and was pleas'd to honour him with the Title of his Sword-Bearer.

Once this *Dick Lewis* being employ'd to put a Trick upon one Mr. *Robin Stephens*, commonly call'd, *Robin Hog*, Messenger of the Press, by some particular Gentlemen, who had no Veneration for his Person, he dress'd himself like a Porter, and going early one Morning to Mr. *Stephen's* House, he told him that he must go presently to Mr. *Sprint*, a Bookseller in *Little Britain*, who wanted to speak with him about earnest Business. Now Mr. *Sprint* being at that time Master of the Stationers Company, *Robin* thought he might want him to go upon the search after some Almanacks that were privately Printing at some bye place or another; so being a very active Man, he made what haste he could to Mr. *Sprint's* House, whither when he came he told him he had no Business for him, neither did he send any Porter to his House. In the mean time *Dick Lewis* going to *Robin's* Wife,
he

he told her, that her Husband being to go abroad upon Business with Mr. *Sprint*, he desired her to send him his Cloak, for being a drizzly sort of a Morning, he fear'd it would Rain : So the Cloak being deliver'd to him, he went and sold it forthwith. But not long after *Robin* returning home, and his Wife not seeing his Cloak, quoth she, *W'here's your Cloak which I sent you just now ?* My Cloak (reply'd *Robin*) what Cloak ? I sent for no Cloak. *Why truly* (quoth she again) *the very same Porter as fetcht you to Mr. Sprint, came back again, and said you wanted your Camblet Cloak, and I gave it him to bring to you.* *Robin* then Swearing and Cursing like a Mad Man, he cry'd, *And be Poxt to you, I sent no Porter for my Cloak, neither did Mr. Sprint send any body for me.* Whereupon, finding he was choused out of his Cloak, he put as many Advertisements in the *Gazette* and other News-Papers, as cost him the Price of what he lost ; but all to no Purpose, for he could never hear Tale nor Tidings of it again : And afterwards whenever he went into any Printing-House to pry and peer about, and ask any Journeyman, if he was Locking up or Correcting a Form, what he had there, he would be apt to tell *Robin*. that it was, *The D—'s Hue and Cry after a Hec that had lost his Cloak.* Which would make our Messenger as mad as *Oliver's* Porter.



TOM COX, a Highway-man.

Thomas Cox was the Younger Son of a certain Gentleman living at *Blandford* in *Dorsetshire*, so that his Patrimony being but small, he soon consum'd it in Riotous Living, and, coming up to *London*, he fell into a Gang of Highway-men; then to support himself in a most dissolute sort of a Life, he follow'd their irregular Courses, for which he had been Try'd thrice at the Assizes held in *Glocester*, *Winchester*, and *Worcester*, but had the good Fortune to be acquitted; and being a very proper handsome Man, when he was Try'd for his Life at the last mentioned place, a Gentlewoman there fell in Love with him, who had One thousand Five hundred Pounds to her Portion, and Married him.

However this considerable Summ being consum'd by his Extravagancy, in less than two Years, he took to his old Courses again, which soon broke his Wife's Heart; and one time meeting with *Killigrew* the Jester to King *Charles* the Second, on the Road betwixt *Smarton* and *Shipton-Mallet*, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver. *Killigrew* made several Excuses for saving what he had, but finding no Perswasions would change his Resolution,

folution, he askt him whether he was in Jest or in Earnest ? *Nay*, quoth Cox, *I am in Earnest ; for tho' you live by Jestings I can't ; therefore deliver your Money, before a Brace of Balls make the Sun shine thro' your Body.* Whereupon Killigrew delivering what he had, which was about Twenty five Guineas, he found Mr. Cox was really in Earnest.

Another time Cox meeting with a Person of Quality upon the Road betwixt *London* and *St. Albans*, he and his Gang set upon him, and after an obstinate Fight which ensu'd, betwixt the Nobleman's Servants and the Highway-men, wherein Wounds were received on both sides, the Rogues got the Day ; and then going up to the Person of Quality, who also came out of his Coach to oppose them, Cox demanded his Money, which he still refusing, alledging it was a very unlawful thing to rob People of their Money, and not consonant with Scripture, *Truiz, Sir*, (quoth Cox) *I fulfil the Scripture oftner than you do ; for many times I feed the Hungry, and send the Rich empty away.* For to give Cox his due in that Respect, he was of a very generous Temper, and would often be very Charitable to People whom he thought to be in want. But his Lordship's Rhetorick not prevailing with this Robber, he took above One hundred and ten Guineas from him, besides a Gold Watch, and a very rich Diamond Ring, which cost above an hundred Pounds.

One time Cox meeting with one Mr. Hitchcock, an Attorney of *New-Inn*, on the Road betwixt *Midhurst* and *Petworth* in the County of *Suffex*, whom he knew to be not the Justest in his Practice, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver, but the other not approving of his exorbitant Orders, he made a great begging and praying to keep what he had, inso-much that putting Cox into a great Passion, he swore if he did not presently Deliver his Money, his Pistol should soon give him his *Quietus est*. At these hard Words the Lawyer gave him a Bag out of his Portmanteau, in which was Three hundred and fifty Guineas; but telling Cox he had a great way to go, and having not one Farthing about him, he hop'd his Generosity would be so civil as to give him somewhat to support him on his Journey. Whereupon Cox giving him a Guinea, *Here* (quoth he) *is something for you, you cheating Son of a Whore, that takes Fees both of Plaintiff and Defendant, and tell 'em their Cause is good on either side; however learn to be honest for the future, and God will bless you.* The Attorney began to look and stare like an Owl out of an Ivy Bush, and expected the World was now at an end, when the Devil took upon him to Preach; but finding no Writ of *Diem extremum clausit* serv'd upon this terrestrial Fabrick, he made the best of his way to *London*, to retrieve his Loss again in *Westminster-Hall*.

Another time Tom Cox meeting on the Road with one Madam Box, an eminent Bawd,
living

living in *Fountain-Court* in the *Strand*, who having been at *Litchfield* to receive a Legacy of Fifty Pounds left her by a Sister, he made bold to greet her in the profitable Words of *Stand and Deliver*, as she was in the Coach; but she refus'd to oblige him at first, and swore (for she knew Cox, and Cox her) that she would certainly Hang him, if he robb'd her. *You double Poxt Salivated B--ch*, quoth Cox, you deserve *Hanging and D--on* too, for ruining both Body and Soul of many a poor Man and Woman, whom you procure to work Iniquity for your own Profit. You old Haradan! your Envy is like that of the Devil, to have all handsome Women like you, who's following your Teeth, which have been gone these Thirty Years, and better; and because it is impossible they should be as ugly as yourself whilst Young, you hurry them to it by Diseases. You B--ch in grain! there's no body stands your Friend, but the Justice's Clerk, who. for a Bribe may work your Peace with his Master. But z--ns, why do I stand spending my Breath about such a Toad as this, who's the common Nuisance of a civiliz'd Neighbourhood! Come, come, you B--h, deliver your Money, or else your Life must be a Sacrifice to my Fury. Then Madam Box delivering her Money, she abus'd him most prodigiously; and Cox as heinously resenting her Sauciness, he took the extraordinary Pains of Stripping her stark naked too, from the Crown of her Head to the Sole of her Foot, to put her in mind, that as she came naked into the World,

so

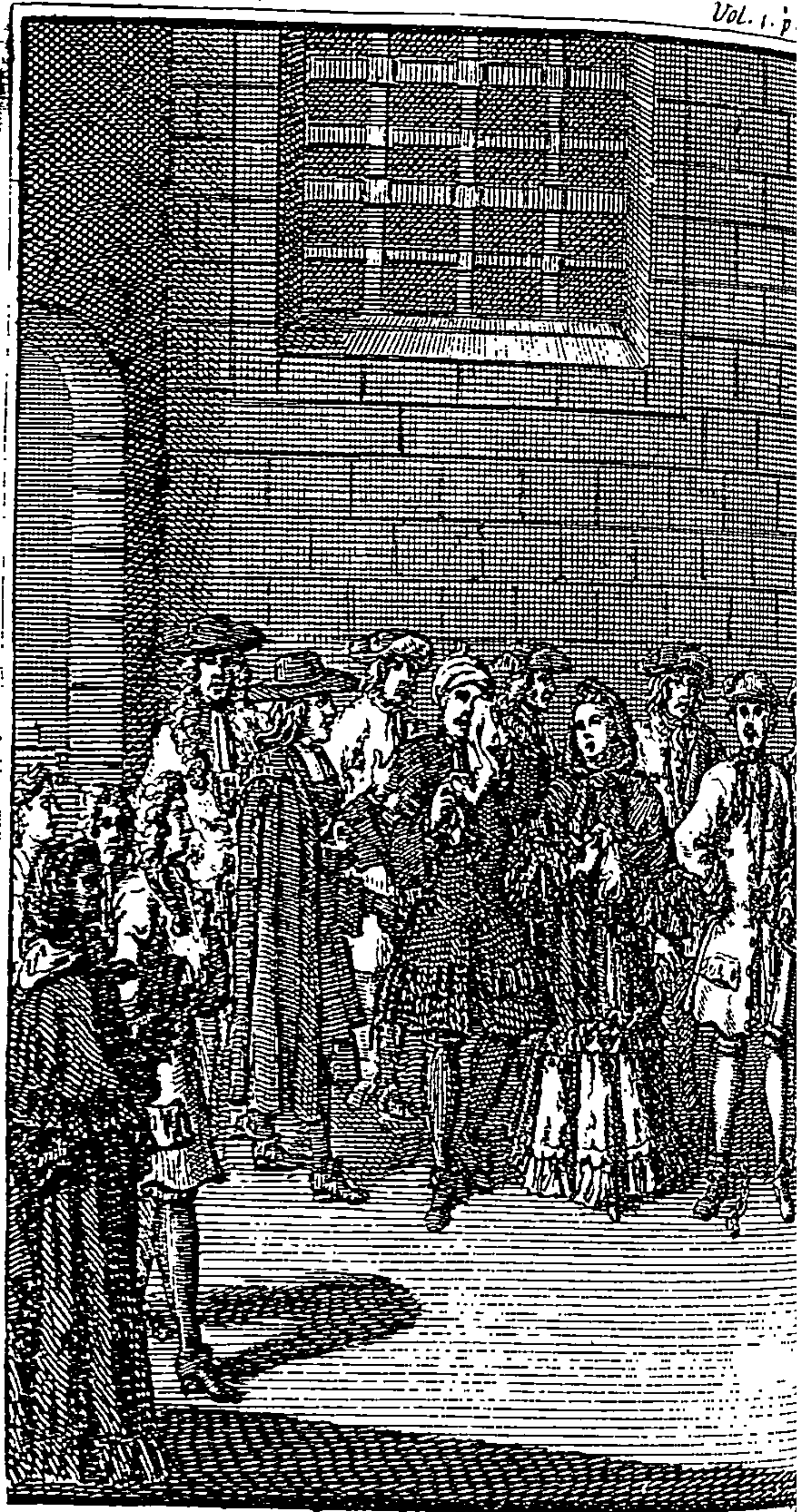
so he must go naked out of it ; and then he rid away as fast as he could, to seek another Booty on the High-way.

Not long after, this same Mr. Cox, who fancied an Irregular Life better than a Sober one, and placed his *Summum bonum* in living upon the Ruine and Destruction of honest People, being for a Fact committed on the Highway near *Chard* in *Somersetshire*, sent to *Ilchester* Goal, he had not been there long under Confinement, before he found an Opportunity of breaking out ; but to accomplish this his Delign, he was forc'd to make a way thro' his Ward into the Jaylor's Apartment ; who being in a very sound Sleep, as having drunk very hard before he went to Bed, he robb'd him of a Silver Tankard worth Ten Pounds, and got clear off, by means of a good Horse which he took out of a Stable, with all Furniture belonging to it, not far from thence. Then riding with all the Speed he could for *Coventry*, he happen'd into an Inn where two of his Profession, but Strangers to him, had just set up their Horses, and whom he over heard, as being in a Room next to him, snacking a Booty of about One hundred and twenty Pounds, which they had got that Day, from Passengers on the Road. Now Money being short with Cox, as not venturing yet to sell the Tankard which he had took from the Jaylor of *Ilchester*, he was resolv'd to have a Tryal of Skill in the Morning with these two Highway-men. The next Day

Cox

Cox rid out very early, and those whom he design'd to Rob, supposing he might be a Bait worth catching at, because he was well mounted, and very well drest, they were soon at his Heels, and, at a convenient place, commanded him to Stand and Deliver. Cox made many Excuses to obtain their Favour: but being to no purpose, he told them that he was of their Trade, *And since, quoth he, two of a Trade cannot agree, I must make bold to do by you, as you would have done by me.* Hereupon a Bloody Fight ensued, wherein Cox shot one of the Highway-men dead on the Spot; and wounding the other's Horse, he soon dismounted him, and took the One hundred and twenty Pounds from them, which they had illegally got the Day before; thus he verify'd the old Proverb, *Rob Peter to pay Paul.*

Another time Cox lying at an Inn at *Reading* with two of his Comrades, there happen'd to lye also there that Night, a certain Nobleman, with two or three Footmen attending on him; and next Day proceeding on his Journey, Cox rid along after the Nobleman, who was pleas'd to hold some Discourse with him, as being accoutred very much like a Gentleman; but just as they came to *Maiden-head-Thicket*, Cox's Companions set upon them with Sword and Pistol, insomuch that an Engagement happen'd betwixt them, wherein Cox hehav'd himself very bravely in his own Defence, as he pretended, tho' it was a design'd Plot, and after some short Skirmish
the



John Cox and his Comrades in the Condemn'd Hall.
E. Parkall int. et sc.

the two Highway-men sheer'd off, without getting any thing. The Nobleman being thus clear'd of his Antagonists he mightily applauded *Cox*, as being a great Instrument in putting them to the Rout; and invited him by all means to honour him with his good Company to a Person of Quality's House, where he should lie that Night. Mr. *Cox* with a great deal of seeming Modesty accepted his Proffer, and arriving at the Place, he was entertain'd with much Respect and Civility, when the Nobleman told the other how he had escap'd being Robb'd that Day, by the extraordinary Valour and Manhood which that Stranger shew'd, for they were vigorously attack'd by a couple of Rogues on Horseback. Now whilst they were at Supper, a Bargain was made to ride out a Hunting the next Morning, which being agreed to by the Travelling Nobleman, he requested Mr. *Cox* to participate with them in the Sport; to which he acquiescing, as soon as it was light, Preparations were made by the Huntsmen and other Servants for the Diversion of these Noblemen; but in the hot pursuit of their Game, those that were after it being separated some one way, and some another, *Cox*, and the Nobleman who was his Friend, were got into a sort of an obscure Thicket, which the said *Cox* taking to be a place advantageous for his Purpose, he pull'd out a Brace of Pistols, and holding one of them at the Nobleman's Breast, he swore with all the greatest Im-

preccations imaginable, that he was a Dead Man unless he deliver'd what he had. The Nobleman was in a great Surprize to see this sudden Alteration in one whom he took to be a very honest Person; and began to upbraid him with Ingratitude, but to no purpose; for Cox told him that he had hunted long enough for a Prey, and that if he did not deliver presently, he would have no more Mercy on him, than they would on the poor Buck that was Hunting. Hereupon the Nobleman delivering what he had, which was a rich Diamond Ring, a Gold Watch, and about an Hundred Guineas, Cox ran his Horse through, not shooting him, for fear the firing his Pistol might give mistrust of something to those that heard it; and then tying the Nobleman Hand and Foot, he rid away in such haste, that he took no Consideration of being provident in saving Horse-Flesh. But in less than an Hour after, the Hounds still chasing the Buck, which made into this Thicket, it so happen'd that the other Nobleman, who own'd the Park, Rid, with some other Gentlemen recreating themselves with this Pastime, just by the place where Quality lay ty'd Neck and Heels, in a decent manner; and asking him how this came to pass, he said, *By keeping ill Company; for he whom I took for an honest Man, prov'd a Rogue at last, and took all I have from me.* At which the other Nobleman heartily laughing, quoth he, *I think you have fell now out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.* To which the other reply'd,

giv'd, *True*; but for this Trick, I'll never put Confidence in Mankind again, till he's Dead; and then to be sure he cannot deceive one well.

Thus Cox being successful in his Villanies, it inspir'd him with the greater boldness to pursue them still; and meeting, on the Road, with an old Rich Grasier, returning home with about Three hundred Pounds in Gold and Silver, which he had receiv'd for Cattle; he, after some short Resistance, made bold to borrow it of him, without fixing any time for payment of it again; but when he found what Money he had got was a good heavy bulk, he fell a caning the Grasier as if the D—' was in him, which made him cry out, *What a dickens is the meaning of this? Have you not got Money enough for only saying those mischievous Words, Stand and Deliver?* Yes, (reply'd Cox) you old Curmudgeon, Son of a Whore, you Toad's Harshet, I have got too much of you, and that makes me lay Cain upon Abel; for who the Fox is oblig'd to tire a good Horse to carry your Load? Quoth the Grasier, *Why a Murrain on you give it me again, I'll not think much of carrying it. Nor I neither* (reply'd Cox) but, you old surfeited Son of a B—ch, I hate to be put upon. So setting Spurs to his Horse, he left the Grasier to make the best of a bad Market.

The last Robbery which he committed was on *Hounslow-Heath*; where he robb'd a Farmer of about Twenty Pounds; but about a Week afterwards, the said Farmer being in *London*,

he espy'd Cox (whom he knew again) coming out of his Lodgings in *Essex-street* in the Strand; and crying out; *Stop Thief*, he was Apprehended in *St. Clement's Church-Yard*, and being carried before a Magistrate, he made his *Mittimus* for *Newgate*, where he liv'd at a very extravagant Rate in the *Presbytery*; but being Cast for his Life, at the Sessions following held at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old-Baily*, he was Hang'd at *Tyburn* on *Wednesday* the 3d of *June*, 1691. in the Twenty-sixth Year of his Age; however he was resolute to the last, for before he was turn'd off, *Mr. Smith* the Ordinary desiring him to join with the rest of his Fellow-Sufferers in Prayer, he swore a great Oath to the contrary, and kickt him and the Hangman too off of the Cart.



NED. BONNET, a Highway-man.

E *Edward Bonnet* was Born of very good and reputable Parents in the Isle of Ely in *Cambridgeshire*, who bestowing some small Education upon him, as Reading, Writing, and casting Accompts, about the Fifteenth Year of his Age, he was put an Apprentice to a Grocer living at *Potton* in *Bedfordshire*, whom he serv'd honestly. When he was cut

of his Time he married a Neighbour's Daughter, by whom he hath now two small Children, and set up for himself in the Country, being at one time worth above Six hundred Pounds; but was soon ruin'd by a Fire which burnt all his Goods and House to the Ground; and not in a Condition to retrieve his Loss, he came up to *London*, to avoid the Importunate Duns of Creditors, where lighting into a Gang of Highway-Men, he took their Courses, to raise himself, if possible, once more. However, having been upon several Exploits, wherein he was successful, the sweet Profit of his Enterprizes made him so in love with Robbing on the Highway, that he devoted himself wholly to it, and committed above Three hundred Robberies, particularly in *Cambridgeshire*; insomuch that he was as much dreaded by the People in that Country, as ever that great Tory *Patrick Flemming* was by the wild *Irish*.

After he was grown a good Proficient in the Gainful Art and Mystery of Robbing on the Highway, he oftentimes attempted to Rob by himself, for he was an excellent Horseman, kept the best of Horses, which would leap a Hedge, Ditch, or Five-bar Gate with him on his Back, and knew the Road, by Day or Night, in that Country as perfectly as if he was directed by a Compass: So one time meeting a Young *Cantabrigian*, who had more Money than Wit, recreating himself abroad in a Calash, with a brisk jolly Courtezan,

belonging to *Bawdy Barnwell*, a little Village within a Mile of the University of *Cambridge*, well stuf with such sort of Cattle, who'll sell the foul Disease to a Gentleman, at a very moderate Price; he made up to these Gallants, and commanding them to Stand, he very civilly demanded their Money; which they refusing, he took the Summ of Six Pounds or thereabouts from them by Violence, and because they gave him some Trouble before they would part with what they had, he was resolved to put them to some shame; for presenting a couple of Pistols towards them, he swore they should suffer no less than present Death, if they did not strip themselves stark naked; whereupon, to save their sweet Lives, they obey'd his Commands; then tying their Hands behind them. he bound their Legs one to the other, and flinging the Horse, away he ran upon a full Trot with these *Adamites*, home to his Inn in *Cambridge*; but as soon as they came into the Town, such a Multitude of Men, Women, and Children were hallooing and hooting after them; that the like to be sure was never seen after the *Lady Goditha*, when she rid naked thro' the *City of Coventry*. But their Shame did not end here; for the Young Gentleman being call'd to an account by the Vice Chancellor, for this Scandal which he had brought on the Collegians, by his publickly keeping Company with Lewd Women, he was expell'd the University; and the Strumpet sent to the

the House of Correction to do farther Penance by way of Mortification for the Flesh.

Having perform'd this Exploit, and removing his Quarters on t'other side the Country, he met with his Taylor and Son, who had lately arrested him for a Summ of four or five Pounds, which he ow'd Mr. *Stich*; and now resolving to be reveng'd on him, he requested him to deliver his Purse; but the Taylor not approving of his Proposition, he said a great many Words and Ceremonies to divert *Ned Bonnet* from his Project; who not being to be Tongue-padded, he by Force of Arms took Thirty-six Pounds away from his former Creditor, and rid off; which made the Son say to his Father, *I wonder what these fellows can think of themselves? Surely they will go to Hell for committing these notorious Actions.* G-d forbid (reply'd the Taylor) for to have the Conversation of such Rogues there, is to have me quite ruin'd, Sirrah.

After this, *Ned Bonnet* meeting on the Road betwixt *Cambridge* and *Ely*, Mr. *Piggot* the Anabaptist Preacher in *Little-Wildstreet*, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver; whereupon this Pious and much Pains-taking Propagator of the Gospel, being very loath to part with his *Mission* to this Devil of a Robber, as thinking it false Herauldry to put Metal to Metal, he dropt a great many devout Sayings to divert him from his intended Purpose; which putting *Ned Bonnet* into a great Passion, he said, *Pray, Sir, keep*
V 4.
your

your Breath to cool your Porridge, and don't talk of Religious matters to me, for I'll have you to know, that, like all other true bred Gentlemen, I believe nothing at all of Religion, therefore deliver me your Money, and bestow your laborious Cant upon your Female Auditors, who'll never scold at their Maids without cadgelling them with broken pieces of Scripture, which flows very fluently upon 'em on all Occasions. So taking from him a good Watch worth eight Pounds, and as many Guineas, he made him alight, then obliging him to mount again with his Face towards the Horse's Tail, and tying his Legs under its Belly, he left him to steer his Course as well as he could.

Another time *Ned Bonnet* and his Associates meeting with a Person of Quality attended by a good Retinue, on the Descending of a Hill into a hollow Way, the one side whereof was inclos'd with a craggy shatter'd Rock, and the other with a large Wood, rising considerably higher than the Road, here they thought it very proper to assault the Nobleman and his Attendants, whom they commanded to Stand and Deliver what they had. At this the Person of Quality smil'd, thinking, or at least dissembled he thought so, that they were only in jest, and told them, he believ'd they were Gentlemen only upon a Frolick, therefore if they would accompany him to the next Town, they should be entertain'd with the best the place would afford.

afford. To this *Ned* and his Comrades reply'd surlily, They must convince him by stronger Arguments if he persisted not to deliver his Money, which *nolens volens* they were resolv'd to have; so having made ready, bore up to seize his Horse's Bridle. Upon which, perceiving they were in earnest, a sharp Dispute began betwixt 'em; but being over-power'd by number, they were forc'd to surrender themselves Prisoners at Discretion; and taking from the Nobleman a Purse full of Gold, a Gold Snuff-Box, a Gold Watch, and rich Diamond Ring, they carried him and his Servants into the adjacent Wood, where tying them Hands and Feet, they left 'em; but saying, That they would bring 'em more Company presently. Accordingly *Ned* and his Comrades were as good as their Word, for in less than two Hours they made the Nobleman and his four Servants just a dozen Persons, whom also binding, quoth *Ned Bonnet*, *There are now twelve of you, all good Men and true, so bidding you farewell, you may give in your Verdict on us as you please when we are gone; for tho' it will be none of the best, yet to give as little Trouble as may be, we shall not stay now to challenge any of you: So once more farewell.*

Ned Bonnet and his Comrades now going to their place of Rendezvous, to make merry with what they had got, which was at a bye sort of an Inn standing somewhat out of the high Road between *Stamford* and *Grantham*,

it happen'd at Night, it also Raining very hard, that one Mr. *Randal* a Pewterer, living near *Marygold-Alley* in the *Strand*, before it was burnt down, was oblig'd to put in there for Shelter : Calling for a Pot of Drink, whereon was the Inn-keeper's Name, which was also *Randal*, the Pewterer call'd him, as being his Name sake, to sit and bear him Company ; but they had not been long chattering ere *Ned Bonnet* and one of his Comrades, with a Trull, came down Stairs and plac'd themselves at the same Table, and understanding, by the Means aforesaid, what this Stranger's Name was, one of the Rogues fixing his Eyes more intent than ordinary upon him, in a deal of seeming Joy, he leapt over the Table, and embracing the Pewterer, quoth he, *Dear Mr. Randal ! who would have thought to have seen you here ? 'Tis ten Years, I think, since I had the happiness to be acquainted with you.* Whilst the Pewterer then was recollecting whether he could call this Spark to mind or not, for it came not into his Memory that he had ever seen him in his Life, the Highway-man again cry'd out, *Alas ! Mr. Randal, I see now I'm much alter'd, since you have forgot me.* So being here arriv'd to a *Ne plus ultra* how to go on, up starts *Ned Bonnet*, and with as great seeming Admiration, said to his Companion, *Is this Harry the honest Gentleman in London, whom you so often us'd to praise for his great Civility and Liberality to all People ? Surely then we are very happy*

meeting thus accidentally with him. By this Discourse they would almost have perswaded Mr. Randal that they perfectly knew him; but being sensible of the contrary, he very seriously assur'd 'em, that he could not remember as ever he had seen any of them in his Life. No! (said they, as struck with Admiration) *that's very strange we should be alter'd so much within these few Years.* Then Mr. Randal began to ask the Spark, who pretended to know him so well, some Questions which he was certain he could not positively answer; but the Trull fearing they should then be put to a Non-plus, she wav'd them, by saying, *I see the Gentleman has quite and clear forgot you; therefore lay this Discourse aside till another time. for Supper is just laying on the Table.* She had no sooner said so, but up they started, and strain'd Complements with Mr. Randal to sup with 'em, which all his Refusals could not avoid. By that time they had sup't, in came four more of Ned's Comrades, who invited them to sit down, and thunder'd for more Provision, which was as quickly brought, and they as quickly devour'd, but not without the Host's Scolding for it as well up: For when the Fry of consuming half a dozen good Fowls and other Victuals was over, besides several Flasks of Wine, there was not less than three Pounds odd Money to pay. At this they star'd on each other, and held a profound Silence, whilst Mr. Randal was fumbling in his Pocket, in expectation of the Birth of Mountains; but when

when they saw he only brought forth a Mouse, which was only as much as came to his Share to pay, he that pretended to know him, started up, and protested he should be excus'd for old Acquaintance sake : But the Pewterer, not willing to be beholden, as indeed they never intended he should, to such Companions, lest for this Civility they should expect greater Obligations from him, pressed them to accept his Devidend of the Reckoning, saying, If they thought requisite he would pay more. At last their Trull taking the Wink, said, *Come, come, what need all this ado? Let the Gentleman, if he so pleases, present us with this small Treat, and do you give him a larger at his taking his farewell in the Morning.* Mr. Randal not liking this Proposal, it was agreed that he and Ned Bonnet should throw Dice to end the Controversy, and fearing he was got into ill Company, to avoid Mischief, he acquiesced to throw a Main for who should pay the whole Shot, which was so manag'd that the Lot fell upon *Jonas*; for putting the Change upon him, the Dice, they threw with, ran all Fives and Sixes on Ned's Side, and but only Fours and Fives on the Pewterer's side; which he perceiving, and going to detect 'em, their Mort, that is to say, their Strumpet or Trull (in the canting Tongue) snatch'd 'em up, and by the Art of *Hocus pocus*, converted 'em into regular ones; whereupon, having the Voice of the whole Board against him, he was deputed to pay the whole Reckoning; tho' the dissembling Villains

Villains vow'd and protested they had rather it had fell to any of them to have had the honour of Treating him, with also making large Promises what great Things they would do the next Morning, to make him amends. Mr. *Randal* dissembled his Discontent at these shirking Tricks as well as he could ; and they perceiving he would not engage in Gaming, but counterfeiting Drowfiness, and desiring to be a Bed, the Company broke up, and he was shew'd to his Lodging, which he barricado'd as well as he could, by putting old Chairs, Stools, and Tables against the Door. So going to Bed, and putting the Candle out, he fell asleep ; but was soon awaked with a capering up and down the Room, and an Outcry of Murder and Thieves. Upon this surprizing noise he leapt out of Bed, and ran to the Door, to see whether it was fast or not ; and finding nothing remov'd, for the Highway-men came into his Chamber by a Trap-Door which was behind the Hangings, he wonder'd how the Noise should be there in his Apartment, unless it was Inchanter'd : But as he was about to remove the Barricado to run and raise the House, he was surrounded with a Crew, which tying and gagging him, they took away all his Cloaths, and left him to thift for himself as well as he could. A little after the Inn-keeper, the better to colour the Business, came thundring at the Door, demanding what was the Cause of this Clamour at that time of Night ? But hearing no
body.

body answer, he jumbled open the Door, and enter'd the Room with a Candle, bringing also his Ostler and Tapster along with him; and finding him in that Condition, he soon unloos'd him, with a great deal of seeming Sorrow for this Disaster, for he had not only lost his Cloaths, but also Forty Pounds which he had in Gold in his Breeches. In the meanwhile *Ned Bonnet* and one of his Comrades came into Mr. *Randal's* Chamber, to enquire the meaning of this Disturbance there, and when they were acquainted with his Loss, they swore, in a seeming great Rage, They would find out the Rogues, tho' they went to a Conjuror; but the poor Pewterer believ'd they need not consult the Devil to know who had robb'd him, no more than they might have doubted going to him themselves when they died. Now Mr. *Randal* being thus cheated and robb'd of all he had about him, he was oblig'd to borrow some old Cloaths of the Inn-keeper, who lent him some, and then with a heavy Heart he proceeded early in the Morning home again, as being not able to prosecute his intended Journey, for want of Money to defray his Charges.

Another time *Ned Bonnet*, in a Rencontre on the Road, meeting with the misfortune of having his Horse shot under him, he was oblig'd to follow his Trade on Foot, till he could get another, which was soon obtain'd, by taking a good Gelding out of the Grounds of the Man who now keeps the *Red-Lyon-Inn*

in *Hounslow*; and riding straight into *Cambridgeshire*, a Gentleman one Day overtaking him on the Road, who had just like to have been robb'd, and hearing *Ned* to be Tuning something of a Psalm, he thereupon took him to be somewhat of a Godly Man, and desired his Company to such a place, to which he said he was also going, for a Highway-man is never out of his Way, though he's going, against his Will, to the Gallows. But at length, *Ned* coming to a place convenient for his Purpose, he obliged him to Stand and deliver his Money; which being above Eighty Guineas, he had the Conscience to give him Half a Crown to bear his Charges, till he had Credit to recruit himself again: But the Gentleman ever after could not endure the Tune of a Psalm; for he had as great an Aversion against *Sternhold*, *Hopkins*, *Tate*, or *Brady*, as the Devil has to Holy Water.

At length one *Zachary Clare*, whose Father keeps now a Baker's Shop at *Hackney*, being apprehended for Robbing on the Highway, and committed to *Cambridge Goal*, to save his own Bacon, he made himself an Evidence against *Ned Bonnet*, who being also secur'd at his Lodging in *Old-street*, he was sent to *Newgate*, where remaining till the Assizes held at *Cambridge*, before Mr. Baron *Lovel*, he was carried down thither, and being Condemned, he was Executed before the Castle, on *Saturday* the 28th of *March*, 1713, to the general Joy and Satisfaction of all the People in

in that Country ; where above Five hundred on Horse-back met him on the Road, when he was going down, to conduct him safe to Prison : But before he was turn'd off, he shew'd himself very much troubled for the poor Condition in which he left his Wife and Children ; and own'd that his Shameful Death was no more than what he deserv'd, in that he had been condemn'd for his Life not above three Years before, at *Chelmsford* in *Essex*, and was pardon'd for the same ; but not making good use of that Royal Mercy which was extended towards him, the just Judgment of G O D had now overtook him for all his Wickedness.

JACK WITHERS, a *Murderer and Highway-man.*

John Withers, was born at *Lichfield* in *Staffordshire*, and serv'd out an Apprenticeship with his Father, who was a Butcher by Trade ; but when his Time was expired, coming up to *London*, and being out of Employment, he got into a Gang of Thieves, by whose Conversation he got quickly into *Newgate*, from whence he was sent into *Flanders* for a Soldier. Here being put to his Shifts, by his Belly being often full of Emptiness, if I may use that Expression without the Censure of a Bull, he one Day going into a Church at *Ghent*,

Ghent, where the People were all at high Mass; and seeing most of 'em cast Money into a Box that stood under an Image of the Virgin *Mary*, it made his Fingers itch to be fingering the Coin; so watching a fair Opportunity, with a crooked Nail he soon pickt the Lock, and cram'd as much of the Treasure as he could into his Pockets: But doing it over-hastily, and dropping some of the Pieces, they made such a jingling on the Marble Pavement, that, as ill luck would have it, he was discover'd, seiz'd and dragg'd before a Great Cardinal then in that Town; who examining the Witnesses as to the Fact, and finding it plain, he exclaimed prodigiously against him, by the Titles of *Rogue*, *Rascal*, and *Sacrilegious Villain*; and was just going to Condemn him to a severe Punishment, when *Jack Withers* falling on his Knees, with up-lifted Hands, and Tears in his Eyes, he begg'd his Eminency to hear him; which, after much Storming, he granted, and Silence being made, he in a piteous Tone, told him, That being a vile wicked Wretch, bred up a Protestant, wherefore he thought himself an Heretick, and being in great Distress, he had made his Prayers before the Image of the Blessed Virgin, to relieve him in his hard Necessity; and in consideration thereof, he would turn *Roman-Catholick*, and ever be her Votary, when all on a sudden the Box under her Image flew open, and she pointed with her Finger to the Money, making also a dumb

Shew

Shew with nodding her Head, for him to supply his Necessities out of it, which he had thankfully done, with a Resolution of keeping his Vow for ever. This Relation being heard with much Patience and Attention, the Cardinal cry'd out, *A Miracle! A Miracle!* which all the rest gabbled out aloud; and concluded that none had more right to dispose of that Money than the Virgin to whom it was offer'd, whereupon *Jack Withers* was carried back to the Church in solemn Procession, and round it on Mens Shoulders in Triumph, whilst *Ave Maria* was sung by the Priests, and he placed before the High Altar, after which he was dismissed with great Applause.

Proving so fortunate in this Cheat, he was thereby embolden'd to do a greater; for one Day going into a Church in *Antwerp*, he perceiv'd the Priest put a Silver Crucifix, of great Value, into a Sepulchre, as their Ceremony is, in representing the Resurrection, upon *Ascension Day*, and whilst the Spiritual Juggler and the People were going round the Church, in their Superstitious way of Devotion, *Jack Withers* was so dexterous as to convey the Crucifix into his Breeches, and shuffled among the Croud; so that when the Priest came back to it, saying these Words in the Gospel, *Non est hic, surrexit enim*; that is, *He is not here, for he is Risen*, he found it to indeed; for, after much fumbling, he perceiv'd his Graven God was gone; and *Withers* made
then

then what haste he could away for fear of a Search.

But a little after the playing of this Prank, *Jack Withers* running away from his Colours, he came into *England* again, where, preferring an idle Course of Life before any lawful Employment, he took to the Highway; and one Day meeting with an Old Usurer upon the Road, who was his Father's Neighbour, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver what he had, or otherwise he was a dead Man. The old Usurer, who lov'd no good Deeds, but what are Seal'd and Deliver'd, nor wisht for any thing to thrive in the Country, but Bee-Hives, because they make him wax Rich, being surpriz'd, he pleaded great Poverty, in hopes of saving his Money, which was about an Hundred Guineas and Broad-Pieces of Gold, which he had in the Pockets of his Wide-knee Breeches, containing Cloth enough to make a Gentlewoman a Hoop'd Peticoat; but all his whining and pining prevailing nothing with *Jack*; he was for coming to Composition with him, by giving one half of his Money to save t'other; but *Withers* swearing a great Oath of the first Rate that he would not abate him a farthing of *Cent. per Cent*, the Old Man fumbling a good while in his Pocket, at length he lugg'd out his Purse and pair of Spectacles, which putting on his Nose, he gave his Money to *Jack Withers*; who sk'd him whether his Sight was so bad that he could not give him his Purse without the Advantage of using four Eyes.

Eyes? Quoth the Usurer, *I hope your D--n-ship will grant me the Liberty of seeing to whom I give my Money.* Ay, ay, and welcome, (reply'd Jack Withers) but I'll have you to know, Sir, that you don't give me this Money, you do but lend it me, and I'll be sure to pay you again when the D--l's blind. So he riding one way, the Usurer rid another, with a very heavy Heart, for the Loss of his Gold, which he reckon'd his *Summum bonum* not only in this World, but also in the other.

One time Jack Withers and two of his hopeful Comrades, having been all Night a Rake-king in the Country, as they were coming a foot over the Fields by *Mary-bone*, by four of the Clock in a Summer's Morning, they observ'd a Gentleman walking all alone, making all the Gestures imaginable of Passion, Discontent, and Fury, as casting up his Eyes to the Sky, displaying his Arms abroad, and then wringing them together again, which happen'd to be one Mr. *Vanbruggen* a Player, getting his Part : But they not knowing who he was, suppos'd he might be in Despair for Love, or some other Cause, and so in that Condition might lay violent Hands upon himself. Hereupon they watch'd his Motions at a Distance ; but Mr. *Vanbruggen*, at length, espying them, he, for the more Privacy, went thro' a Hedge into another Field ; at which these three Sparks running as fast as they could for fear he should do himself a Mischief, they found him by the side of a Pond, expressing

pressing in a very passionate manner these Words of *Varanes* in the Tragedy of *Theodosius*, or, *The Force of Love*.

I charge thee not !

*But when I am dead take the attending Slaves,
And bear me, with my Blood distilling down,
Streight to the Temple ; lay me, O ! Arantes,
Lay my cold Coarse at Athenais's Feet,
And say, O ! why, why do my Eyes run o'er !
Say with my latest Gasp I groan'd for Pardon.
Just here my Friend, hold fast, and fix the sword ;
I feel the Artery, where the Life-blood lies ;
It heaves against the Point--Now, O ! ye Gods,
If for the greatly wretched you have room,
Prepare my place, for dauntless lo I come !
The Force of Love thus makes the mortal Wound,
And Athenais sends me to the Ground.*

Now *Jack Withers* being foremost he cry'd out to his Comrades, *Make haste, by G---d 'tis 'een as we thought ; the poor Gentleman is just going to kill himself for Love.* So making all up to *Vanbruggen*, one taking him by one Arm, and another by the other, they said, *O ! pray, Sir, consider what you are going to do ; what a sad thing will it be for you to drown yourself here ! pray be advis'd, and have better Thoughts with you.* Mr. *Vanbruggen* not knowing their Meaning, quoth he, as they were pulling and haling him about, *What a Figue is all this for ? I a'n't going to Hang, Starve, nor Drown myself for Love ; I a'n't in Love ;*

Love ; I'm a Player only getting my Part. A Player ? (reply'd *Withers*) if we had thought that, you should e'en have drown'd yourself, and been d---n'd too, before we'd have took all this pains to follow your A--se up and down : But to make us amends for our Trouble, we shall make bold to take what Money you have. So being in a Bye place, they ty'd his Hands and Legs together, and took from him about Ten Shillings and a Silver-hilted Sword.

Afterwards *Jack Withers* and one *William Edwards* setting on a Person of Quality within a Mile or two of *Beaconsfield* in *Buckinghamshire*, the Lord that was Assaulted, who had only one Footman with him, had the Courage to oppose them, and held so hot a Dispute to save what he had, that *Withers's* Horse being shot under him, *Edwards* was oblig'd to carry him off on his Horse, and a close pursuit being made after them, they were forc'd to quit that Horse, and make their Escape on Foot, thro' Bye Lanes and over Fields, where none on Horseback could ride after them. Now hiding themselves in a Wood all Night, the next Morning they made the best of their way for *London*; but about a Mile out of *Oxbridge*, meeting with a Penny-Post-Man, they assaulted him on the Queen's Highway, and taking from him about Eight Shillings, to prevent his Discovery of 'em, *Withers* (tho' much against the Will of his Comrade *Edwards*) took a Butcher's Knife
out

out of his Pocket, and not only most barbarously cut his Throat, but also ript out his Guts, and filling the poor Man's Belly full of Stones, threw him into a Pond, where he was found the next Day, but none could give any Account of this Inhumane Murder ; till about two Months after, *Withers* and his Comrade *Edwards* being Apprehended for robbing again in the Country, they were sent to *Newgate*, from whence being sent down to the *Lent-Assizes* in *Norfolk*, they were Condemn'd for the same, and at the Place of Execution at *Thetford*, on *Saturday* the 16th of *April* 1703, *Withers* confess'd the Murder abovesaid. Thus may we see G O D's Goodness in bringing Murder always out : For tho' a Murderer may escape for some short time, nay, sometimes for many Years, yet will G O D's Judgment overtake the Bloody Offender at last, and bring him to condign Punishment.



WILLIAM HOLLOWAY, *a Murderer and Highway-man.*

THIS wretched Criminal, *William Holloway*, was born at *Newcastle-under-Lime* in *Staffordshire*, and was bred up to Husbandry; but liking not his Occupation, he came up to *London*, where falling into such Company who had rather be the Devil's Soldiers than fight under the Banners of Honesty, he soon became such an Enemy to Vertue, that being absolutely possess'd with Sin, he would cry out with the *Dæmoniack* in the Gospel, *What have we to do with Thee, JESUS thou Son of GOD? Why art Thou come to Torment us before our Time?* So giving himself up to all manner of Wickedness, no sort of Theft mis'd his Inclination, to support himself in the Extravagancies of a most licentious Course of Life. First he went upon petty Matters of Thieving, in which he was very successful; for one Day going to a Knight's House in *Bloomsbury Square*, with an Apron before him just like a Scourer, he had the Impudence to go up Stairs and take three or four Footmen's Liveries; but just coming out with 'em on his Arms, the Coachman stopping at the Door with his Coach, he stopt *Holloway*, and askt him, Whither he was going with these Coats
and

and Waste-coats? Quoth *Holloway*, *The Parliament being to Sit within this Week, and his Majesty willing his Mens Liveries should look somewhat fresh and decent, the Steward had order'd him to Scour them against then.* Here, here then (said the Coachman) *take my Cloak too, and Scour it well.* So stepping on his Coach-Box, he took his Cloak off the Seat, and gave it *Holloway*, who never took the pains to bring it back again: But the poor Coachman was sadly jeer'd about it, for wherever the Boys met him, who knew of the Trick, they would cry to him, *Here, here, take my Cloak too.*

Another time there being a great Stop of Coaches in *Fleet Street*, Mr. *Holloway* stept up to a Gentleman's Coach, and pretending to have some earnest Business with him, whilst *Holloway* was talking to the Gentleman as he lean'd over the Door of the Coach to him, one of his Comrades took out a rich Coach Seat, and got clear off with it in the Dark; and whilst the Gentleman turn'd his Head out of the other Door to look after it, *Holloway* snatch'd off the other Seat, and in the Crowd went away with that. The Gentleman being in a great Surprize to see how suddenly he had lost both his Seats, he call'd out to his Coachman, saying, *Tom; hast thou got the Horses there?* Quoth *Tom*, Yes, Sir. Ay, but (said the Gentleman) *are you sure, you have them?* Why yes, Sir, (reply'd the Coachman) I'm sure I have them, for their

Vol. I. G Reins

Reins are now in my Hand. *Well* (quoth the Gentleman) *see and keep 'em then, for I've lost the Scans out of the Coach; and by Heavens if you've not a special Care you'll lose my Horses too.*

Not long after this Exploit, Mr. *Emes*, who kept the Punch-House in *Hemlock-Court*, before he died, having been one Day recreating himself in his Calash, *Will Holloway* observing it to come a soft pace in the Road betwixt *Turnham-Green* and *Hammer-Smith*, he perceiv'd the Driver thereof, who had been Drinking very hard where he had been, to be fast asleep; hereupon *Will* stoopt the Horse, which was but one, and softly stepping up, rifled Mr. *Emes's* Pockets, unfelt of him, of a Watch and two Guineas, and so sneakt off from him, as supposing that was all the Booty he could get at that time, unless he stript him of his Cloaths too, which he could not then well carry off without some Suspicion, in that place. However, the Road being clear of Passengers, and finding the Driver in a profound Sleep, he ty'd his Legs together, and that he might have the Pleasure to see what would be the Issue of it, if possible, he pull'd the Pins out of the Axel-Tree of the Wheels, and set the Horse a going, which he had not done above an hundred Paces but the Wheels flew off and down came the Booby-Hutch, which awakened Mr. *Emes* in a great Consternation, whilst *Holloway* lay peeping behind a Hedge, and could perceive

his Surprize; for the Horse's Rein being cut, and not able to unloose his Legs, for want of a Knife to cut the Cord, the Horse never slept nor staid till, in that manner, he had drawn the Calash thro' thick and thin into *Hammamith*; from whence sending for the Wheels, and having them put on again, he slept no more till he got quite home.

Now *Holloway* having cast all Honesty and Goodness quite out of Doors, he was resolv'd to prosecute his Villany to the highest Degree; so from committing small Matters of Theft, he was resolv'd to turn Highwayman, and being accoutred for this Purpose, as having a good Horse, Hanger and Pistols, he set out for such Enterprizes. The first Action he went upon was upon the Road betwixt *Faringdon* and *Abingdon* in *Berkshire*, where meeting with a Country Farmer, and asking him the time of the Day, he told him it was about twelve a Clock; *Why then* (quoth *Holloway*) *it may be about high time to ask one favour of you.* What's that? (said the Farmer) *Why truly* (reply'd *Holloway*) *understanding that you receiv'd Ten Pounds at the Inn from whence you now came, for I was drinking in the next Room when 'twas paid you, Necessity obliges me to borrow it, therefore if you are not willing to lend it me by fair Means, you must by foul Means.* The Farmer being a Man of some Courage, presently drew his Hanger in his own Defence, but that being no security against Pistols, which could kill at a Distance,

stance, *Holloway* shot his Horse under him, so dismounting his Antagonist, and riding up to him with another Pistol ready cockt, and presenting it to the Farmer's Breast, he lent him his Money without taking a Note of his Hand for't.

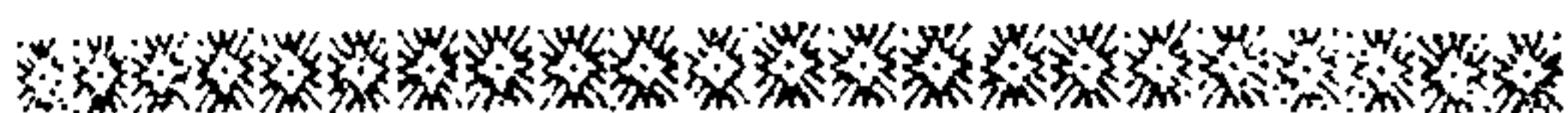
Another time *Holloway* meeting with a Gentleman on the Road, who had like to have been robb'd but a little before, he told the said *Holloway*, as supposing him to be an honest Man, that there were some Highway-Men before, wherefore he advis'd him, if he had any Charge about him, to turn back. Quoth *Holloway*, *I have no great Charge about me, Sir, however I'll take your Advice for fear of the worst.* So as they were riding along, said *Holloway* again, *Perhaps we may meet with more Rogues of the Gang by the way, for this is an ugly robbing Road, therefore I'll secure that little I have, which is but three Guineas, by putting it in my Mouth.* Now the Gentleman thinking him not of that Profession, quoth he, *And in case we should be set upon, I have secur'd my Gold in the Rows of my Stockings, which is no small Quantity, which I receiv'd this Day of some of my Tenants for Rent.* They had not gone above half a Mile farther, ere they came into a very bye place, where *Holloway* bidding the Gentleman Stand and Deliver, he was in a great Surprize, however there was no Remedy for preventing the Loss of his Gold, which was about Eighty Guineas; and for fear he should have more of the same
Metal

Metal in his Boots too, he ript them from top to bottom; but finding none there, he left the Gentleman cursing and swearing for discovering where he had laid up his Hoard.

Holloway for a long time had been very successful in many Robberies on the Highway; but at length his Devil failing him, he was apprehended for one committed on *Hounslow-Heath*, sent to *Newgate* and Condemn'd for the same, but had the good Fortune to receive Mercy. Now having a reprieve, and being impatient till he pleaded to Her Majesty's Pardon, he broke out of *Newgate*; after which having the Impudence, when he was Drunk, to go to the Sessions-House in the *Old Baily*, while the Judges were sitting upon a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, some of the Turnkeys of *Newgate* offer'd to apprehend him for breaking out of Jail, which causing a Scuffle betwixt him and them, he mortally shot *Richard Spurling* a Turnkey thro' the Body, in the Face of the whole Court, of which Wound he died within eleven Minutes. For this he was secur'd, with one Mrs. *Hanlden*, who was Try'd with him for the said Murder, and Condemn'd as an Accessary to it, and to make *Holloway's* Punishment more exemplary, he and the Woman were not only Hang'd at the End of *Gilt-Spur-Street* in sight of *Newgate*, in September 1712, but afterwards he was also Hang'd in Chains at a Place call'd *Holloway* on one side of *Islington*. At

the Place of Execution, he own'd he never had any Antipathy against the Person deceas'd, and did not know what he did, as being in Drink. Thus we may evidently see the fatal Consequences of Drunkenness; which odious Vice is now become so fashionable, that we may too often behold Sots contending for Victory over a Pot, and taking the measure of their Bravery by the Strength of their Brains, or Capacity of their Bellies. Taverns and Ale-houses are the common Academies of Sin, where Drunkards make themselves expert in all those Arts whereby they gratify *Satan*, and as it were, in so many open Bravadoes, challenge the Almighty into the Field, and dare him to do the worst he can. Doubtless *Satan* hath but too much Power over these Men when they are most Sober, they need not give him the Advantage of finding them so often Drunk; except in a Bravado they desire to shew the World how boldly they dare defy Heaven, and how much they scorn to owe their Ruine to any but themselves. Nay, it seems very evident, that even these *Bachanalian*s make this sottish Pass-time their beloved Recreation, and only account him fit for their Company, that can take off his Cups handsomely, and is versed in all the Methods and Maxims of this hellish Art. Indeed they have made it a kind of Science, and have given it so many Rules and Laws of late, that he that will now be expert in it, had need to serve out

an Apprenticeship, to learn all the Circumstances and Terms, tho' he be never so perfect in the Substance before.



DICK ADAMS, *a Highway-man.*

THIS unhappy Person, *Richard Adams*, was born of very good and reputable Parents in *Glocestershire*, who bestow'd some small matter of Education upon him, as Reading, Writing, and casting of Accompts; then coming up to *London*, he got into the Service of a great Dutches at *St. James's*, in which he continued about two Years; when for some Misdemeanour quitting his Place, he contriv'd to live by his Wits; for having a general Key which open'd the Lodgings in *St. James's Palace*, he went one Day to a certain Mercer's on *Ludgate-Hill*, and desir'd him to send, with all speed, a Parcel of the richest Brocades and Sattins, and other Silks, he had in his Shop, to his Dutches to make choice of some on an extraordinary Occasion. The Mercer knowing him to have come often upon such a like Errand before, he presently sent away several Pieces by his Man and a Porter, and being come to *St. James's*, *Dick Adams* brought them up to a Door of some of the Royal Lodgings, where he order'd them to wait, till he,

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seemingly, went to acquaint his Dutcheſs of their waiting without. In ſome ſhort time after, coming out again, quoth he, *Let's ſee the Pieces preſently, for my Dutcheſs is juſt now at leiſure to look on 'em* ; So the Mercer's Man giving him the whole Bundle, he convey'd it away backwards, and went clear off thro' St. James's Park. Now the Mercer's Man and the Porter having waited two or three Hours, and receiv'd no Answer about their Goods, they began to make a ſtrict Enquiry after them ; and finding they were trick'd, were forc'd to go home much lighter than they went out. About a Month after, *Dick Adams* having been drinking ſomewhat hard in the City, and forgetting the Prank he had plaid the Mercer, he came by his Houſe one Afternoon, and he being accidentally ſtanding at the Door, and elpying his Chapman, he preſently ſeiz'd him, ſaying, *Oh ! Sir, have I caught you ; you are a fine Spark indeed to cheat me out of Two-hundred Pounds worth of Goods, but before I part with you, I believe I ſhall make you pay dearly for them.* Indeed, Mr. *Adams* was much ſurpriz'd at his being ſo ſuddenly apprehended, and without doubt, curs'd his Fate to himſelf for being ſo forgetful as to come into the very Mouth of his Adverſary ; but ſeeing the late Biſhop of *London* at ſome Diſtance riding along in his Coach, and having a good Preſence of Mind at the ſame time, quoth he to the Mercer, *I muſt acknowledge I have committed*

mitted a Crime, to which I was forc'd by meer Necessity, but I see my Uncle the Bishop of London is coming this way in his Coach, therefore hoping you'll be so civil as not to raise any hubbub of the Mob about me, whereby I shall be expos'd and utterly undone, I'll go speak to His Lordship about the Matter, if you please to step with me, and I'll engage he shall make you Satisfaction for the Damage I've done you. The Mercer liking his Proposal, as thinking it far better than sending him to Jail, he stept along with Mr. Adams, who boldly calling out to the Coachman to stop, he approached the side of the Coach, and desir'd the Favour of speaking a few Words with the Bishop. His Lordship seeing him have the Mein and Habit much of a Gentleman, he was pleas'd to hear what he had to say; so leaning over his Coach Door, quoth Adams, Begging your Lordship's Pardon for my Presumption, I make bold to acquaint Your Honour, that the Gentleman standing behind me is an eminent Mercer, keeping House just by here, and is a very upright Godly Man; but being a great Reader in Books of Divinity, especially polemical Pieces, he hath met therein with some intricate Cases which very much trouble him, and his Conscience cannot be at rest, till his Doubts and Scruples are clear'd about 'em; therefore he humbly requested His Lordship would vouchsafe him the Honour of giving his Friend some Light before he ran farther to Despair. The Bishop being ready to serve any Person in

Religious Matters, he order'd *Adams* to bring his Friend to him the next Day. But said *Adams* again, *It will be more satisfactory to him, if Your Lordship would be pleas'd to speak your self to the Gentleman to wait upon you.* Whereupon His Lordship beckoning to the Mercer, who stood some Distance off, whilst they discours'd together; when he came up to the Side of the Coach, quoth the Bishop; *The Gentleman hath inform'd me of all the Matter about you, and if you please to give your self the Trouble of coming to my House at Fulham, I'll satisfy you then in every Point.* The Mercer making twenty Bows and Curtsies was very well pleas'd with his Security; and taking *Adams* to the Tavern gave him a very good Treat. Next Morning *Adams* came again to the Mercer, who was drawing out his Bill to give to the Bishop, and pretending that his coming in haste to go along with him to his Uncle, had made him forget to put Money in his Breeches, he desir'd the Mercer to lend him a Guinea, and put it down in his Bill; which he did very willingly; and then taking Water, away they went to *Fulham*, where acquainting the Bishop's Gentleman, that according to his Lordship's Order over Night they were come to wait upon him at the time appointed; the Gentleman introduc'd 'em into the Hall, and having Regal'd them there with a Bottle or two of Wine and a Neat's Tongue, the Mercer was admitted into his Lordship's Presence, and in the mean

time Mr. *Adams* made the best of his way by Water again. Now the Mercer being before the Bilhop, quoth his Lordship, *I understand that you are, or at leastwise have been much troubled, how do you find yourself now, Sir?* The Mercer reply'd, *My Trouble is much abated since Your Lordship was pleas'd to order me to wait on you.* So pulling out a Pocket Book, he gave His Lordship the following Bill.

Mr. <i>Adams's</i> Bill, April the 20th 1711.		
For a Piece of Green Flower'd Bro- cade, containing 23 Yards, at 1 l. 9 s. per Yard.	}	l. s. d. 33 07 00
For a Piece of White Strip'd Da- mask, containing 26 Yards, at 14 s. per Yard.		18 04 00
For a Piece of Cloth of Gold Tissue, containing 18 Yards, at 4 l. 15 s. per Yard.	}	85 10 00
For a Piece of Black Water'd Tabby, containing 29 Yards, at 4 s. 8 d. per Yard.		06 15 04
For a Piece of Blue Sattin, contain- ing 21 Yards, at 16 s. per Yard.	}	16 16 00
For a Piece of Crimson Velvet, con- taining 17 Yards, at 1 l. 18. s. per Yard.		32 06 00
For a Piece of Yellow Silk, contain- ing 25 Yards, at 8 s. per Yard.	}	10 00 00
May the 17th. Lent your Lord- ship's Napier.		01 01 06

Sum total, 203 19 10
1115

His Lordship staring upon this large Bill, quoth he, *What's the Meaning of all this? The Gentleman last Night might very well say your Conscience could not be at rest; and I think so too, when you bring a Bill to me which I know nothing of.* Said the Mercer then, Bowing and Scraping, *Your Lordship last Night was pleas'd to say that you would satisfy me to Day.* Yes (reply'd His Lordship) and so I would as to what the Gentleman told me, who said that you being much troubled about some Points of Religion, you desired to be resolv'd therein; and in order thereto I appointed you to come to me to Day. Truly (said the Mercer again) Your Lordship's Nephew told me otherwise, for he said you would pay me this Bill off, which Good; upon my word, he had of me, and in a very clandestine manner, if I was to tell Your Lordship all; but only in respect to Your Honour, I would not disgrace your Nephew. Quoth His Lordship, *My Nephew! he's none of my Nephew; I never, to my knowledge, saw the Gentleman is my Life before.* Thus, when they came to unriddle the Matter on both sides, they could not forbear laughing, the Bishop at his Nephew, and the Mercer for lending a Man that had once Cheated him, a Guinea to Cheat him again.

After this *Dick Adams* got into the Life-Guards, but his Extravagancy not permitting him to live on his Pay, he went on the Highway; and one Day he and some of his Accomplices meeting with a Gentleman on the Road,

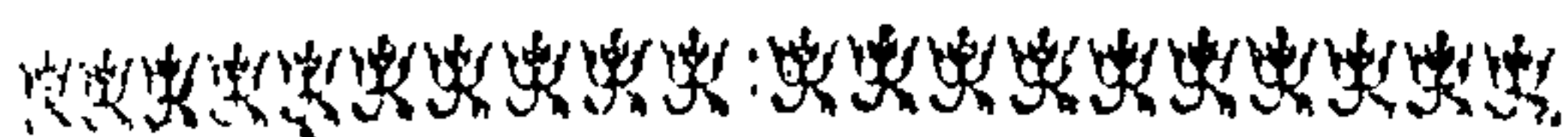
Road, they took from him a Gold Watch, a Silver Snuff-Box, and a Purse in which was 108 Guineas; but *Adams* not contented with this Booty, and seeing the Gentleman whom they robb'd had a very fine Coat on, he rid a little way back again, and saying to him, Sir, you have a very good Coat on, I must make bold to change with you; he stript him of it, and put him on his. As the Gentleman was riding along after he was robb'd, and hearing somewhat jingle in the Pocket of the Coat which *Adams* had put on him, he felt therein and, to his great Joy, found his Watch, Snuff-Box and Guineas again, which *Adams*, in a Hurry and Confusion, had forgot he had put into his own Coat-Pocket when he chang'd Coats with the Gentleman. But he and his Comrades coming to an Inn to snack their Booty, when they found what a Mistake had been made, there was Swearing and Staring, Cursing and Raving, Damning and Sinking, with one another, as if they would have sworn the House down, but above all they were ready to knock *Adams* on the Head for his Forgetfulness: However since it could not then be helpt, and *Adams* promising to be more careful in his Business for the future, his Negligence was pardon'd for that time.

Dick Adams going out the same Day again with his Comrades, they stoppt the *Canterbury* Stage Coach on the Road betwixt *Rocheſter* and *Sittingborn*, in which were several Gentle-
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tlewomen; and for the Mistake they made last, they were very severe and boisterous upon these Passengers, one of which saying to *Adams*, as he was searching her Pockets, *Have you no Pity nor Compassion on our Sex? Certainly ye have neither Christianity, Conscience, nor Religion in you.* Right, Madam, (reply'd *Dick Adams*) we have not much Christianity nor Conscience in us, but for my part you shall presently find a little Religion in me. So falling next on some fine Jewels hanging to her Gold Watch, and a fine Pair of Bobs in her Ears, quoth *Adams*, *Indeed, Madam, supposing you to be something of an Egyptian, I must beg the Favour of you, as being something of a Jew, to borrow your Jewels and Ear-Rings for the present.* Thus having rifled all the Gentlewomen, to above the value of Two hundred Pounds in Money and Goods, they left 'em to proceed on their Journey, with very sorrowful Hearts for their sad Mischance.

But at last Mr. *Adams* robbing a Man by himself, between this and *Brainford*, the Person Robb'd met with a Neighbour on the Road, who closely pursuing this Highwayman, as he made a Running Fight of it, in shooting *Tartar*-like behind him, they at last apprehended him, and carrying him before a Magistrate, he was committed to *Vergate*; but tho' he was very Wicked before his Affliction fell upon him, yet whilst he lay under Condemnation he was very Devout; for all
the

the time he was in the Condemn'd Hold he did nothing but Whistle and Sing the newest Songs in vogue to the very Morning he went to be Hang'd at *Tyburn*, which was in *March*, 1713.



Mr. AVERY, a Highway-man.

This Malefactor *Avery* by Name, was born in *Oxfordshire*, and by his Parents was put out an Apprentice to a Bricklayer in *London*, where, after he was out of his Time, which he serv'd very faithfully and honestly, he Married; and then following his Trade for himself, he seem'd to be so Industrious at his Business, that his Neighbours had no suspicion in the least of his robbing on the Highway; which unlawful Practice he had followed for some Years, to the great Comfort of himself and all his Family, who saw him work so hard till at last it kill'd him, much against his Will.

One time *Avery* going out to look for a Prize on the Road, he got one by the Bye, and to make sure of what he had, for you must know it's a Maxim in Politicks, that 'tis a harder matter to keep a Kingdom than to Conquer one; he rid all bye Roads till he
came

came into a Field where several Country Fellows were standing at a Gate. Now was he in a Quandary what to do, thinks he, should I Ride back again in any Precipitation, it will give them some Mistrust, therefore he was resolv'd to put on a good Face, which was pretty well brazen'd, and ride up to the Men; but the Gate being lockt he could not get out. However one of the Men who had the Key of it, wanting a young Colt which he had in the Field, he told *Avery* that if he would catch that Colt, he would open the Gate for him. *Avery* rid up and down the Field after the Colt, and had a long Chace before he could catch him; then bringing him up to the Owner, he let him out. Now *Avery* being in the Road, quoth he to the Man that own'd the Colt, *What must I have for catching the Colt for you? Have* (reply'd the Countryman) *O! dear, Sir, what can you expect for such a Matter? Why, I think that was a Kindness to let you through the Gate, or else you must have rid a great way about.* *Avery* swore most horribly he would be paid for his trouble. The Countryman seeing him in a great Passion, he promis'd him a Pot or two of Ale, if he would accept it. But this would not satisfy *Avery*, for pulling out his Pistols, he swore he would not take all that Pains for nothing about his damn'd Colt, therefore if they did not all deliver what they had presently, he would shoot 'em every Man. The poor Country-Fellows being in a great Consternation, and almost

almost frightened out of their Wits, at the sight of his murdering Implements, they all pull'd out their Leather-Purses. and gave him what they had ; after which he rid away in great Triumph for robbing half a dozen Men by himself: And without doubt he had made his Brags thereof to some of his intimate Cronies ; for when he was going to be hang'd, one of them meeting him in the Cart, as he was riding up *Holburn*, he thus call'd out to him ; So ho ! Friend *Avery*, what, are you going to catch another Colt ? But truly Mr. *Avery* had then so much Business on his Hands, that he could not make him any Answer.

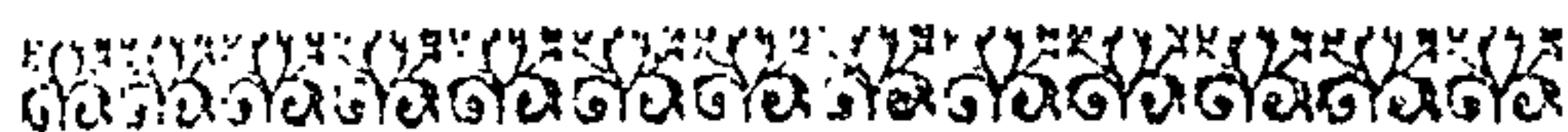
Another time Mr. *Avery* roving up and down the Road, to seek whom he might devour, he met with a good honest Tradesman betwixt *Kingston upon Thames* and *Guilford* in *Surry*, with whom holding some Chat, as they rid together, *Avery* ask'd him what Trade he might follow when at home ; he said, *I'm a Fishmonger*, pray what Occupation may you be of ? *Avery* reply'd, *Why, I'm a Limb of St. Peter* 100. *What* (quoth the Fishmonger) are you a Fisherman ? *Ay*, (said *Avery*) *I'm something towards it, for every Finger I have is a Fish-book*. Quoth the Fishmonger, *Indeed I don't apprehend your Meaning, Sir*. Then *Avery* pulliog out his Pistols, and with a great Oath bidding him Stand and Deliver, he said, *You see now my Meaning may soon be apprehended ; for there's not a Finger on either of my Hands, but what will catch Gold or Silver without any Bait*

Bait at all. So taking Twenty Pounds from him, and cutting the Girths and Bridle of his Horse he rid as fast as he could for *London*.

Money growing short again with Mr. *Avery*, he was forc'd to seek his Fortune as usual on the Road, and meeting with an Exciseman on *Finchly-Common*, whom he knew very well, but was not known by the other, by reason he was very much disguis'd, as having a Mask on his Face; *Avery* follow'd him at some distance, and a fair Opportunity favouring his Design, he rid up to the Exciseman, demanding his Money at once. The assaulted Person being somewhat sullen and obstinate, he would not deliver any thing till *Avery* shot his Horse dead upon the Spot, and threaten'd to kill him next, if he made any farther refusal. The Exciseman being daunted at his high Words, and almost frighted out of his Wits, to hear what dreadful Volleys of Oaths came out of his Mouth, he stopt it as fast as he could with a dozen Pound, saying, *Here take what I have, for if there is a Devil, certainly thou art one.* *It may be so* (reply'd *Avery*) *but yet as much a Devil as I am, I see an Exciseman is not such a good Bait, as People say, to catch him.* No, *he is not* (quoth the Exciseman) *the Hangman is the only Bait to catch such Devils as you.* But *Avery* giving the Loser leave to speak, he rid away for fear of being caught indeed.

And it was not long after that he was Apprehended, and sent to *Newgate*, with one

Harman, that was condemn'd likewise for admitting him in these Exploits on the Highway; but he was repriev'd; and *Avery* being to die without his Comrade, he made what Friends he could to save his Life also, which he had often forfeited for his Villany; besides sending several Petitions to the Queen and Mr. Recorder, in hopes of obtaining Mercy for his manifold Crimes; but being all rejected he was executed at *Tyburn*, on *Saturday* the 31st of *January* 1712-13.



JACK O V E T, *a Murderer and Highway-man.*

THIS most notorious Malefactor, *John Ovet*, a Shoemaker by Trade, was born at *Nottingham*, where his Abode was, for four or five Years, after he had serv'd his Apprenticeship in that Town where he receiv'd his unhappy Birth. But being always of a daring audacious Disposition, this unruly Temper induced him to keep very lewd and quarrelsome Company, and depending on his Manhood, it inspir'd his Inclination with the Thoughts of laying aside his mechanical Employment, to translate himself into a Gentleman, by maintaining that Quality on the Highway. Now equipping himself, as a Highway-man ought, with

with a good Horse, Hanger, and Pistols, he rid towards *London*; and on the Road had the good Success of robbing a Gentleman of Twenty Pounds; who being one of great Courage, told *Ovet*, that if he had not come upon him unaware, and surpriz'd him at a Disadvantage, he should have given him some trouble before he would have parted with his Money. Quoth *Ovet* then, *I have ventur'd my Life once already in committing this Robbery; however, if you have the Vanity to think yourself a better Man than me, I'll venture my Life once more; for here's your Money again let it be betwixt us, and whoever of us is the best Man; shall win it and wear it.* The Gentleman very willingly accepted the Proposal, and making use of their Swords on Foot, *Jack Ovet* had the Fortune to kill his Antagonist on the Spot.

Not long after he kill'd another Man in a Quarrel at *Leicester*, but flying from Justice, he still cheated the Hangman of his Due, and without any dread pursu'd his unlawful Courses to the highest pitch of Villany; for one Day meeting the Pack-Horses of one Mr. *Rogers*, who goes from *Leominster* in *Hertfordshire* to *London*, and being in great want of Money, he turn'd one of 'em out of the main Road into a narrow Lane, where cutting it open, he found therein about 280 Guineas in Gold, besides three dozen of Silver-hafted Knives, Forks, and Spoons, which he carried off. The other Pack-Horses were gone above two
Miles

Miles before Mr. Rogers miss'd this ; and then making a strict Search after it, he found it ty'd to a Tree, and the Pack thrown off his Back and rifled of what was most valuable ; but not knowing who had done this great Injury, he was forc'd to make the Loss good to the Owner of the Plate and Money.

Another time *Jack Ovet* being drinking at the *Star-Inn* in the *Strand*, he over-heard a Soap-boiler contriving with a Carrier how he should send an Hundred Pounds to a Friend in the Country ; at length it was concluded upon, to put the Money into a Barrel of Soap ; which Project was mightily approv'd of by the Carrier ; who said, *That if any Rogues should rob my Waggon, which they never did but once, the Devil must be in them if they look for my Money in the Soap-Barrel.* Accordingly the Money and Soap was brought to the Inn ; and next Morning the Carrier going out of Town, *Jack Ovet* was with him in the Afternoon, and commanding him to stop, or otherwise he would shoot him and his Horses too, he was oblig'd to obey the Word of Command. Then, quoth the honest Highwayman, *I must make bold to borrow a little Money out of your Waggon, therefore if you have any direct me to it, that I may not lose my Time, which you know is always precious.* The Carrier told him he had nothing but cumberlome Goods in his Waggon, as he knew of ; however, if he would not believe him, he might search

search every Box and Bundle there if he pleas'd. Than Jack Ovet getting into the Waggon, he threw all the Boxes and Bundles about, till at last he came to the Soap-Barrel, which feeling somewhat heavy, quoth he to the Carrier, *What a Pox do you with this nasty Commodity in your Waggon? I'll fling it away.* So throwing it on the Ground the hoops bursted, out flew the Head, and the Soap spreading abroad, the Bag appear'd; then jumping out of the Waggon and taking it up, he said again, *Is not he that sells this Soap a cheating Son of a Whore, to put the Bag of Lead into it, to make the Barrel weigh heavy? If I knew where he liv'd, I'd go and tell him his error; however, that he may not succeed in his Roguery, I'll go and sell it at the next House I come to, for it will wet ones Whistle, to the Tune of two or three Shillings.* So riding away, quoth the Carrier, *Hold, hold, Sir, that is not Lead that's in the Bag; it is an hundred Pounds, for which (if you take it away) I must be accountable.* No, no, (reply'd Jack Ovet) *this can't be Money; but if it is, tell the Owner that I'll be answerable for it if he'll come to me.* Where, Sir, (said the Carrier) *may one find you?* Why, truly, (reply'd Jack) *that's a Question soon ask'd, but not so soon to be answer'd; for, if faith, you may find me in Jail before Night, and then perhaps you may have again what I've took from you, and forty Pounds to boot; so hoping you'll use, for the future, Wash-Balls instead of Soap, I'm oblig'd to bid you*

you farewell, because I must now go somewhere else to make Hay whilst the Sun shines.

Another time Jack Ovet meeting with the Worcester Stage-Coach on the Road, in which were several young Gentlewomen, he robb'd them all; but one of them being a very handsome Person, he seem'd to have such a Passion for her exquisite Charms, that when he took her Money from her, he said, *Madam, cast not your Eyes down, neither colour your Face with those modest Blushes, since it would appear most admirable, that your Virtues should find Fetters in a Place where they expect Conquest. What I have took from you (through meer Necessity at present) is only borrow'd; for as there is no Object on Earth can allure my wavering Eye as your Venus-like Beauty, assure yourself that if you please to tell me where I may direct to you, and I'll upon Honour make good your Loss to the very utmost.* The young Gentlewoman told him where he might send to her; and then parting, it was not above a Week after that Jack Ovet met with a great Booty; and obtaining it by his Pistol, which is oftner us'd than Sword on such Occasions, he sent the following Letter to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, who had gain'd such an absolute Conquest over his Soul, that his Mind ran now as much upon Love as Robbing.

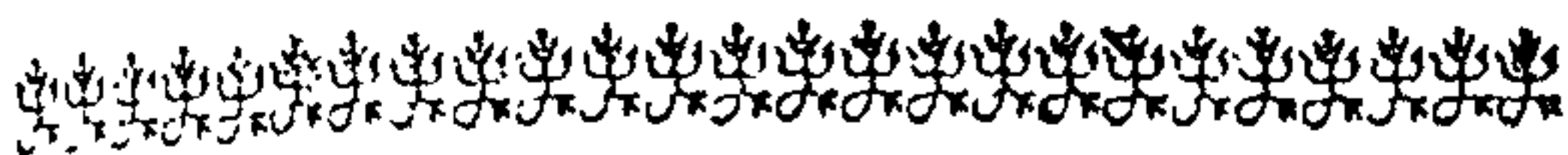
Madam,

M A D A M,

THeſe few Lines are to acquaint you, that tho' I lately had the Cruelty to rob you of twenty Guineas, yet you committed a greater Robbery at the ſame time in robbing me of my Heart ; on which you may behold yourſelf enthron'd, and all my Faculties paying their Homage to your unparallel'd Beauty. Therefore be pleas'd to propoſe but the Method how I may win your Belief, was the way to it as deep as Danger, or from hence to the Centre, I will ſearch it out. For, by all my Hopes, by all thoſe Rites that crown a happy Union, by the Roſy Tincture of your Checks, and by your allſubduing Eyes, I prize you above all the World. Oh ! then, my fair Venus, can you be afraid of Love ? His Brow is ſmooth, and his Face beſet with Banks full of Delights ; about his Neck hangs a Chain of golden Smiles : Let us taſte the Pleaſures which Cupid commands ; for that unmerited Favour I ſhall become another Man to make you happy : And requeſting the ſmall Boon of a favourable Answer to be ſent me to Mr. Walker, who keeps an Ale-houſe at the Sign of the Bell at Thornbury in Glouceſterſhire, give me leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf your moſt humble Servant to command for ever

John Burten.

THE



The Gentlewoman's Answer.

SIR,

YOURS I receiv'd with as great Dissatisfaction as when you robb'd me, and admire at your Impudence of offering me yourself for a Husband, when I'm sensible 'twould not be long ere you made your Spouse a hempen Widow. Perhaps some foolish Girl or another may be so bewitch'd, as to go in White to beg the favour of Marrying you under the Gallows; but indeed I should neither venture there nor in a Church to marry one of your Profession, whose Vows are treacherous; and Smiles, Words, and Actions, like small Rivulets through a thousand Turnings of loose Passions, are at last hurried to the dead Sea of Sin: Should you therefore dissolve your Eyes into Tears, was every Accent a Sigh in your Speech, had you all the Spells and Magick Charms of Love, I should seal up my Ears that I might not hear your Dissimulation. I have already broke your Word in not sending what you villainously took from me; but not caring that, let me tell you, for fear you should have too great a Conceit of yourself,

Vol. I. H that

that you are the first, to my Remembrance, whom I ever hated ; and sealing my Hatred with the hopes of quickly reading your dying Speech, in case you die in London, I presume to subscribe myself yours, never to command,

D. C.

But at last *Jack Ovet* being as unsuccessful in his Villainy, as he was here in Love, he committed a Robbery in *Leicestershire* ; where his Comrade being kill'd in the Attempt, he was closely pursu'd by the Country, and apprehended and sent to Jail. At last the Assizes being held at *Leicester*, he was Condemn'd, but whilst he was under Sentence of Death, he seem'd to have no Remorse at all for his Wickedness, nor in the least to repent of the Blood of two Persons which he had shed ; so being brought to the Gallows, on *Wednesday* the 5th of *May* 1708, he was justly Hang'd in the Thirty-second Year of his Age.

WIL-



WILL. BEW, a Highway-man.

THIS *William Bew* was the Brother of that notorious Highway-man Captain *Bew* who was kill'd by one *Figg* and some Thief-takers, at the Sign of the *White-Hart* at *Knights-Bridge*; and in that kind was as great an Offender himself as ever was hang'd. He and his Brother lying three or four Nights once at one Mr. *Stone's*, who kept the *Dolphin-Inn* in *Dolphin-Lane* in *Bristol*, their Room being next to their Landlord's a very covetous Fellow, who never had any Children, they over-heard his Wife tell him she believ'd she was with Child, at which he scolded like a Butter-Whore, and could not rest for casting up in his Brain all that the Child would cost him, till it came to be thirty Years of Age, and fram'd so exact an Account of it, that he reckon'd likewise the Food it took in its Mother's Belly, alledging that Women with Child eat both for themselves and their Children. After he had thus computed his approaching Charges, he told his Wife it was convenient to consider which would cost least to bring up, a Boy or a Girl; and after having well examin'd the Matter, he found that a Boy would cost least,

because he might make his own Fortune; but the Father and Mother must make out the Girl's by providing them Portions. *Therefore* (quoth he) *I will have you bring me a Boy.* That's neither (reply'd his Wife) in your Power nor mine. Quoth the Husband again, *It shall be as I tell you; I say you shall be brought to Bed of a Boy, or at least the Child shall appear to the Eyes of the World, whatever I will have it to be; for if you be Deliver'd of a Girl, we will say it is a Boy, and bring it up under that Habit.* When this Discourse was over they went to sleep; and next Morning Mr. Stone having occasion to ride to Wells to receive One hundred and fifty Pounds, Will Bew and his Brother lay in wait for him as he came back, and very fairly took all his Money from him; but the Loss thereof so very much disturb'd him, that coming home, he took his Bed, and died for Grief.

Another time Will Bew and his Brother overtaking a very handsome Gentlewoman and her Footman on the Road, he bore up to her; and pretending to be much enamour'd with her Beauty, they held the following Dialogue.

Will Bew. *Madam, by those killing Features of your charming Face, give a Gentleman leave, for once, to say, he's your humble Servant.*

✓ Gentlewoman. *Indeed, Sir, you honour me so much, that I have not the Vanity to think myself worthy of such Servants.*

Will

Will Bew. I vow, Madam, the very Image of your Countenance, and outward Expressions of your Behaviour, make my passionate Desires to think, that the Enjoyment of your Person is a Favour much more to be valud than any thing in this Life.

Gentlewoman. I thank you, Sir, for your good Opinion of me; but 'tis an old as well as true Saying, That hot Love is soon cold; and therefore you must pardon my Rudeness, telling you, whosoever reads the Records of the faithless Protestations of Men, their perjur'd Promises, and feign'd Love, cannot but view a poor *Arminie* abus'd, a *Astrea* mockt, and a *Dido* slighted.

Will Bew. There's no general Rule, Madam, without an Exception, therefore as all our Sex are not to be blam'd for some particular Persons, grant me then the Happiness, who will be ever constant, of having my true Affections rais'd to the honour of waiting upon your Commands, and even exceeds Venus herself for Beauty.

Gentlewoman. Truly, Sir, you mistake my Disposition, if you suppose I affect Praises.

Will Bew. I speak as I mean, Madam; and must say, that Tragedians and Painters are not guilty of those Murders which the Darts of your Eyes must needs commit daily; therefore in all Shapes, and under the most dreadful Aspects that can appear, I am intirely yours for ever.

Gentlewoman. But I shall not say I am yours, because you seem to be the Emblem of Terror; and your furious Looks are able to consume a Woman.

Will Bew. *As a Pledge of my Protection, you shall have both my Hand and Heart to be yours in Dust and Ashes.*

Gentlewoman. It would appear Boldness in me to accept of Strangers Company; for it is not for me to entertain all Shews and Offers of Kindness; however I can but thank you for your good Will.

Will Bew. *Indeed, Madam, you, who have Power to infuse Love and Fidelity into the Hearts of Barbarians, have captivated me, who never was in Love before.*

Gentlewoman. If you would be more thrifty of your Breath, you may spend it to better purpose; for you may intimate your Desires, and make tedious Discourses, but, in a word, I shall never love you.

This flat Denial being given in a convenient place to commit a Robbery. Will Bew quickly chang'd his Note, by saying, *Tho' I flatter'd you just now, yet have you no more Beauty than will serve to excuse you from being extream ugly: And if you still persist to doat on your seeming handsomeness, the time will come when your Face will scare you more than a Judge doth a Criminal. So Madam deliver what you have.* It was in vain for the Gentlewoman to resist, for Captain Bew securing the Footman, Will Bew robb'd her of Fifty Gui-

neas, a Gold Watch, and Pearl Necklace, of a very considerable Value; and then left her and her Man ty'd both Hand and Foot, to ponder on their late Courtship.

When *Will Bem* first turn'd Highway-man, he committed a very great Robbery and Rape on the Road, for which he was oblig'd to fly into *France*, where being one Day recreating himself in a Bawdy-House at *Paris*, he was so enamour'd with one of the Strumpets belonging to this Brothel, that he would needs lie with her all Night. The Bargain was made betwixt 'em, and to Bed they went; but shortly after wanting a Chamber-Pot, and none being in the Room, his Mistress directed him to a Close-Stool in a Closet by them, where he was no sooner enter'd, but chancing to tread on a Board which was loose, and laid their purposely as a Trap to catch such Woodcocks as would delight in such base Houses, he and the Board fell instantly into the Vault, yet, tho' it was very deep, receiv'd no hurt thereby, but only was up to the Arm-pits in Sir-Reverence. *Will* call'd out to his Jelliver for a Light, who never intended he should have any, but ran away with all Speed with his Breeches, in which was above Fourscore Guineas and Pistoles. Now perceiving that his calling and bawling was to no purpose, he at length got out of this nasty place into the open Street, and going to the Door of the House, he made a loud knocking, but all in vain; for none would

answer him, but a grim-fac'd Bully, who, looking out of the Window, said, that if he came down he would run him through the Guts, in case he made such a noise and bounding there as he did. These Threats, with the Persuasion of the Neighbours, who knew the Nature of this Ruffian, affrighted him so much, that he presently departed towards his Lodging, with the greatest Vexation imaginable, for the Loss both of his Cloaths and Money : But espying two Men with a Lanthorn coming towards him, whom he suspected to be the Watch, he stept aside, to avoid them, into an old empty House hard by. These Men coming in there likewise, one of them laid down divers Iron Instruments, and, by the Lanthorn, perceiving *Will Bew* creuded up into a Corner, they demanded who he was ; then giving them an Account of the whole Adventure, they commiserated his Misfortune, and said, *Honest Fellow, we cannot but pity thy Condition ; yet if thou wilt join with us in a Matter we have in hand, we doubt not but fully to repair all the Loss thou hast receiv'd, with much Advantage.* Now *Will Bew* persuaded himself he could not possibly be in a worse Condition, and therefore resolv'd to venture with them in their Enterprize, which was this. The Day before this unlucky Night an Archbishop had been buried in the Church of *St. Dennis* at *Paris*, in his richest pontifical Robes and Ornaments, and a Ruby Ring on his Finger, worth Five hundred

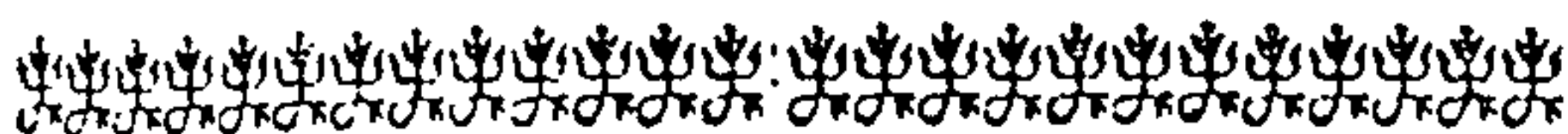
hundred Ducats ; this dead Body they design'd to rifle, and acquainting him with the whole Design, he, in hopes of Gain, freely join'd with 'em in this sacrilegious Attempt. On they marched toward the Church, but the Scent of *Will's* Shirt was so offensive to them, that fearing a Discovery by the Smell, they resolv'd to let him down in a Well, wherein the Water was not very deep, that he might there wash and cleanse himself. Being come to the Well, they found the Rope and Pulley, but the Bucket for Security was taken away ; whereupon they fasten'd the Rope about his Middle, and let him down ; but the Watch walking their Rounds, and the Season being very hot, they came to get a little Water at the Well to quench their Thirst, upon which the two Fellows ran away to hide themselves. Then one of the Watchmen haling the Rope, supposing the full Bucket had been at the end of it, *Will* was pull'd up to the Mouth of the Well, on the Brim whereof he took hold, for his better security ; but the Watch was so terribly affrighted at the sight of him, that imagining him to be the Devil, they fled away so hastily as to leave all their Staves behind them. *Will* was as much amaz'd as they ; but finding his new Comrades of Iniquity, they went to the Church, where easily entring, they, with their Instruments, rais'd up the Tombstone so high that a Man might go in, and obliging *Will* to enter, or else they would kill him,

H 5

him, he went down, and gave them all the rich Garments, with a Silver Cross and fine Mitre, but the Ruby Ring he kept himself, swearing he had none. Now these Fellows being as cunning as he, they persuaded him to search farther, and watching their Opportunity, took away the Props that supported the Tombstone, and left him there buried alive. Thus *Will* being in a worse Condition than ever, he consider'd that he must either die of Famine or Putrefaction, or if any came to the Tomb, he should be seiz'd, and hang'd for a sacrilegious Thief: But whilst he continu'd in these melancholy Contemplations, he suddenly heard the noise of several Men in the Church, whom he suppos'd came about the same Employment he and his Comrades had been concern'd in, and truly he was not mistaken; for these Persons having open'd and supported the Stone with Iron Crows, and one of them descending into it, with his Feet first, *Will* sitting upright in the Tomb, and resolving to make use of this Opportunity, catch'd hold upon the Fellow's Legs, as if he would have pull'd him in; whereupon he roar'd out aloud; and getting up again, he and his Companions ran away, as if pursu'd by a thousand Evil Spirits, and leaving the Stone rear'd up, *Will Bew* made a shift to crawl out, and get through the same place of the Church where he enter'd. Now Daylight beginning to appear, he went straight to his Lodging, where by means of his Land-
lord

lord disposing of the Ruby Ring, he bought new Cloaths, and made all the haste he could to *England*.

Here he pursu'd his wicked Courses for many Years; but at last being apprehended at the *Red-Lyon* Inn at *Brainford*, he was committed to *Newgate*; and shortly after Condemn'd; and Executed at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 17th of *April*, 1689.



ARTHUR CHAMBERS, *a House-breaker.*

THE natural Inclination of many Men is always prone and addicted to so great Rashness, that tho' Vice of itself is most abominable, yet there are too many who openly praise and practise it. Hence it comes to pass that Theft, altho' a pernicious Crime, and forbidden by the Laws, doth not cease to be follow'd by many, who, to defend themselves from the Reproaches justly laid against them, alledge, That the *Lacedemonians*, a People very severe and just, permitted the use thereof to their Youth; That the *Egyptians* held them for ablest Men, that could steal best; and, That the Poets, in their Writings, have commended the Subtilty of *Mercury*, as well as the Cunningness of the Goddess *Laverna*, who was deem'd the Patroness of Thieves.

Thieves. But natural Reason must needs put down all those vain Opinions which dishonest Persons may urge in Defence of their illegal Practices, since Theft is quite contrary to that Love which we owe to our Neighbours, and condemn'd both by the Laws of GOD and Man. It is not only expressly forbidden in *Exodus* and *Leviticus*, but also detested by *St. Paul*, who, speaking to the *Ephesians*, says, *Let him that stole, steal no more; but let him rather labour, and work with his own Hand.*

Notwithstanding this, wicked and licentious Men will not take this wholesome Advice, as appears by *Arthur Chambers*, who began very early, for he took to the Art and Mystery of Thieving when he was but in Hanging Sleeve Coats, and so continu'd in the unlawful Occupation till he grew to Man's Estate, by which time, having been often punished at hard Labour in *Bridewell*, which beating of Hump the Thieves call *Mill Dolly*; whipt at the Cart's Arse, which they call *Shotte the Tumbler*, or *Crying Carrots*; and burnt in the Hand, or Face, which they call *Glazing*, he had an Inclination to leave it off, for fear the *Wubbing-Chit*, that is to say, the Gallows, should catch him at last.

But the extream Poverty of his Parents depriving him of the Advantage of having any Education bestowed upon him, or of being put to a Trade, he was full obliged to maintain himself by his irregular Courses, and to betook himself to the passing or uttering false Money

Money for good, for which Employment he was allowed three Shillings and six pence in the Pound, by the Coiners with whom he dealt; also in his Progress up and down the Town, he would often light, where he was drinking, with naughty Sixpences, Shillings, Half-Crowns, or Crowns, which he bought for a small Price, and put off again for good, by seasing them, which is done after this manner. Take a piece of Silver-Lace, and tying it up very hard, burn it well in the Fire, then beating all the Dross out of it, put it into as much *Aqua fortis* as is sufficient to cover the Quantity of Money put into it, and alter a few Hours it will change the bad Coin to the colour of good *Sterling*; which is far better than closing naughty Money in an Onion.

But it is an old Saying, *The Pitcher never goes so often to the Well but it comes home broke at last*; for having follow'd this illegal Practice about a Year, he was then caught, and sent to a Country *Quod*, that is, a Goal, which was at *Lanncston* in the County of Cornwall; where, when the Assizes came, being Convicted, and a good Fine laid on him for the same, he was Imprison'd above eighteen Months before he got his Fine remitted, or else he had been starv'd in Prison; whereupon, obtaining his Liberty, he made the rest of his way for *London*; and falling there again into his old Acquaintance of Thieves, he pursued his old Courses of going on the
Top

Top or *Hoist*, that is, breaking into a House in a dark Evening, by getting in at a Window one Story high, which they perform by one Thief standing on the Shoulders of another : Thus *Arthur Chambers* being one Night got into a House in St. James's Street, where a dead Child was laid out on a Table, with a white Cloth over it, after he had ranfack'd all the Room, and thrown his Booty on the Corps, he bundled them all up together, as supposing that which appear'd white on the Table was a Parcel of Linen, and threw it out to his Comrades ; then going straight to a *Lock* or *Fence*, who is one that buys Stoll'n Goods, and knows them to be such, they were in a great surprize when they found a dead Child in the Bundle ; whereupon they were in as great a Council as the *Grand Seignior* in his *Divan*, to know what they should do with the Corpse ; one was for throwing it into a Privy, another for cutting it to pieces and throwing it into the *Thames*, but quoth *Arthur Chambers*, as *I stole the Child, I'll dispose of it as I please*. So taking his Fellow-Men to an Alehouse in *Holbourn*, after they had nail'd the Corpse up in a Deal Box, they order'd a Porter to be call'd, to whom giving the Box, to be deliver'd at the House which they had robb'd, and to bring them an Answer ; the Man of Carriage went straight away with his Burthen, which must needs be heavy, and finding out the House he deliver'd the Box, and desired an Answer. The People

ple were at first somewhat scrupulous of opening it, as not knowing from whom it came; but the Porter being positive it must be deliver'd there, and pressing them to open the Box, they then broke it up, and found therein their dead Child, which put them into a great Consternation, and going presently up Stairs, where they found Chests of Drawers, Scrutores, and Cabinets broke open, and several Things of Value stoll'n, they apprehended the Porter, who insisted on his Innocency, and declar'd where he receiv'd the Box: The People went in all haste with a Constable to the House where he was employ'd to carry this Box, but the Birds were flown, and the poor Porter was sent to the *Gatehouse* at *Westminster*, where it put him to great Charges for following his Occupation.

There being a certain House in *Soho-Square* which he had a mind to rob, he could no way effect it, till he got his Companion to equip himself in a very good Habit, with another Consort to wait on him as his Footman, and taking Lodgings at this House, for him and his Servant, at fourteen Shillings *per* Week, by that time he had been there a Fortnight, he pretended he had a Brother just dead at *Flampstead*, and desiring, before his Death, to be buried by his Relations in the *Cloisters* at *Westminster-Abby*, he intended to fetch his Corps out of the Country, to bury him in some sort of State from his Lodgings,

gings. Having Leave of his Landlord to bring him thither, he provided a very good Elm Coffin full of Hinges, with small holes pierced in one of the Sides, for Respiration; into which *Arthur Chambers* was put, with a Winding Sheet over his Cloaths, and convey'd by Night in a Hearse, from no farther than an Acquaintance's House in *Holbourn*, to *Soho-Square*, where being placed in the Dining Room, the Live-Deceased's Comrade went out with pretence of going to an Undertaker to provide for his Funeral, but not coming home by twelve a Clock at Night, all the Family went to Bed, excepting the Maid, who sat up to let him in: So Matters being brought to this pass, *Arthur Chambers* arises from his Mansion of Death, for his Comrade had taken the Screws out of the Lid, and going down Stairs into the Kitchen with his Winding Sheet about him, he sets himself down in a Chair, opposite to the Maid, which frightening her out of her Wits, she fell a Screaming out, and crying, *a Spirit, a Spirit, a Spirit*: Then she ran up Stairs as fast as she could, telling her Master, That the Gentleman's Brother walkt; which Story, and seeing the Maid's Hair stand an end, and her sweating till one Drop follow'd another, made them tremble like *Aspen-Leaves*. In the mean while the Ghost was not idle, for, after rattling the Pewter, which made the People of the House cry, *The Ghost is rattling all the Pewter and Brass about*, he

went

went and unlockt the Street Door, and let in half a Dozen of his Accomplices; then going pat, pat, without his Shoes, up two pair of Stairs, he enter'd the Chamber where the Landlord and his Wife were in Bed, and the Made shivering and trembling by them, and sitting down on a Cane Couch, he lookt very earnestly on them, and very gastful as having his Face all over dusted with Flour, which made them presently cover themselves over Head and Ears in the Bed-Cloaths, as not daring to speak to him. In this Posture he fixt himself for half an Hour, and then he marches down Stairs again, opening and shutting all the Doors, to drown the noise which his Comforts made then in robbing the House, for in two Hours time they had clear'd the House, from the Dining-Room Floor down to the Kitchen, of most Things that were of any Value, as Brass, Pewter, Plate, Linnen, Money, and Wearing Apparel, computed to the value of Six hundred Pounds, and then the Ghost vanisht. But Day-light appearing, the People of the House began to take some Courage, and the Maid ventur'd down to call some Neighbours, whom her Master had order'd, and telling them what had happen'd, it was his Fear, that it would cost him a great deal of Money to have this Spirit laid; indeed all the People were surpriz'd at the Relation, withal, saying, That they should be afraid to stir out of Doors at Nights; and then the Maid came up open mouth'd

mouth'd to tell her Master that the Spirit had robb'd all the lower part of the House. *Phoo*, (quoth he) *Spirit's don't use to rob Houses*. But, going down Stairs, he found the Maid's Words too true, to his Sorrow; and when they found the Coffin empty, they were convinc'd of the Imposition; but it was then too late to find a Remedy.

This *Arthur Chambers* went very well drest, and appear'd much like a Gentleman, so one Day going over *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, he 'spy'd a young raw Country-Fellow, gaping among a great many Sharpers, hovering about a Marble-Board, he gives the Bumpkin a tap over the Shoulders, as he walkt by, which making him turn about, he beckon'd the Fellow to come to him, and asking him what Countryman he was, and the Occasion of his coming up to Town, he told him he was *Glocestershire*, and come up to *London* to get a Place; upon which, he askt him, whether he was willing to serve a Gentleman, if he was, he should wait upon him, and for his Service he should allow him four Pounds a Year standing Wages, six Shillings a Week Board Wages, and all his Cast-off Cloaths, which were none of the worst. The Country Fellow, who was ready to leap out of his Skin at his good Fortune, accepted of the Proffer: So (quoth *Arthur*) *Here, Jack, carry my Cloak, and follow me*; which he took over his Arm, and coming to the *May Pole* in the *Strand*, he order'd his new Man to

call a Coach, into which he stept, and Jack after him, *Hold, hold*, cry'd *Arthur*, you must ride behind, Jack; and accordingly he did till he came to the *Bell-Tavern* in *King-Street*, *Westminster*, where he waited till his Master went to Dinner; but he was so civil to his Man as to call him in, and give him good part of a Fowl, with a Glas or two of Claret; and then *Arthur* said, *Jack*, I am going this Afternoon to wait on a Person of Quality, where it is customary for Gentlemens Servants, when they meet together, to get into Gaming, therefore you being a Younger, may easily be drawn in; to prevent this, if you have any Agency, put it into my Hands, and as you want it, 'tis but ask and have it. Now Jack taking his Master, for this Caution, to be an honest Gentleman, he lugs a Leather Purse out of his Pocket, with Nine and forty Shillings in it, and gave it to *Arthur*; who then sending him to call a Coach again, he paid the Reckoning out of *Jack's* Money, and riding into *Fleet-Street*, and lighting at the *Temple-Gate*, he bid *Jack* pay the Coachman, who having a good Oaken Plant in his Hand, he laid upon Mr. *Switch* like a D--l, and the Coachman, in his own Defence, whipt and flast like another; which sudden Engagement presently raising a great Mob, it gave Mr. *Chambers* the favourable Opportunity of going clear off, whereby poor *Jack* was well lickt, and lost a good Master into the Bargain.

One Day *Arthur Chambers* being drinking with some of his Gang at an Ale-house near *Clare-Market*, he borrow'd a blue Apron of the Tapster, and leaving his Hat behind, he went to buy a Pig of a Woman, who shew'd him a very fine one done nicely up in a white Cloth ; but quoth *Arthur*, *Good Woman*, I'll leave the Price of the Pig in your Hands, and take it home just by here, to see if my Guests like it, and if they do not, I'll bring it straight back again. The Woman let *Arthur* have the Pig, who bringing it to his Comrades, took it out of the Cloth, and put in a dead Dog, which carrying to the old Woman, and saying his Guests wanted one a great deal bigger, she return'd his Money. Not long after, another Chapman wanting a Pig of the same Woman, she was commending the dead Dog, as she took it up, for a curious white Pig ; but when she open'd the Cloath, and saw what the Pig was turn'd into, she was in a great Surprize ; and the Trick put upon her rais'd such a Laughter and Hooting among the Neighbours, that the poor Woman being quite asham'd, she was forc'd to pack up her Awls and be gone from her Stand for that Night.

Another time *Arthur Chambers* being in the Country, very short of Money, as he was walking melancholy along, early in the Morning, he espy'd, at a good Distance, a couple of Fellows driving two Oxen, where-upon putting a Cord, which he had in his Pocket,

Pocket, about his Neck, he got into a Tree, and so intangled himself among the Boughs, as if he had been really hanging. When the two Drovers came up to the Place, and saw this lamentable Spectacle, they were in no small Admiration, and wonder'd why the Man should hang himself; one supposing it might be for Love, and the other imagining he might lay violent Hands on himself for Grief at great Losses and Crosses in the World; but the former made the truest Guess at the Cause of his seeming Disaster; for indeed he did hang himself for Love, but it was for the Love of their Oxen; as you shall hear by the Sequel of the Story: For after they had done gazing at him, and proceeded on their Journey, *Arthur Chambers* came down from the Tree, and making the best of his way in the Foot-Path over the Meadows, he got before them about half a Mile, and put himself in the same hanging Posture in another Tree, to which when the Drovers were come, they were in a greater Admiration than before, especially one of 'em, who swore it was the same Man whom they saw last hang'd; but the other alledg'd, That tho' his Cloaths were like 'tother Man's, yet 'twere impossible for the same Man to be hang'd in both Places: whereupon a strong Controversy arising betwixt 'em about the Matter, and a Wager of a Shilling laid about being the same and not the same Man, they went both back again to the former place for decision

decision of their earnest Dispute : And in the mean time *Arthur* gets down and driving both the Oxen apace, sold them at a Fair which happen'd to be kept in his way towards *Exeter*.

This notable Thief being once at *Bristol*, and in great want of Money, he hir'd himself as a Clicker to a great Shoemaker, tho' he knew nothing of the Trade ; but to hide that Defect, he made his Bargain not to enter up-on aſtual Buſineſs till that Day ſeven-night ; however he was conſtant at the Shop a Days, with his Apron before him, that he might be known by other Shoemakers that he was one of the Gentle-Craft belonging to that Houſe, and ſo on the Day that he was to begin to aſt the Part of a Cordwainer, he goes to ſeveral Shoemakers Shops in Town, and telling them at every Place, that a Gent'leman being at his Maſter's Shop who wanted a pair of Boots of the Eighth Size, his Maſter having none of that Size by him, deſired them to ſend him one to try on ; thus none miſtruſting the Meſſenger, as thinking that a Man could not be ſerv'd with one Boot alone, all to whom *Arthur* went, lent his Maſter a Boot, which he put, as he got, at a certain Houſe where he was acquainted, and having got about Forty Boots of the ſame Size and Laſt, he privately found out a Chapman that took 'em all off of his Hands. But after three or four Hours the odd Boots being not return'd, the Owners thereof went to *Arthur's* Maſter for them,

them, who knew nothing of the Matter; which made them raise such a Hurricane about his Ears, that poor *Crispin* thought *Billinggate* a quieter Place than his Shop: However, as he was ignorant thereof they were all oblig'd to sit down by the Loss of their odd Boots, and go home, for fear Mr. *Chambers* should go and fetch the others for Fellows to his.

One time *Arthur Chambers* being at an Alehouse with some of his Comrades in the *Hay-Market*, and somewhat peckish, that is, Hungry, he borrow'd a blue Apron there, and going to an adjacent Bakehouse, he got a good Pudding with a Leg of Mutton in it for a Penny, and brought it to his Associates, who were very merry over it. But shortly after, the Woman that own'd it going to the Bakehouse to fetch it home, and finding it was lost, she read the Baker such a Juniper Lecture, that he really wish'd his Ears (as they ought to have been) both off; and was forc'd to appease her Eternal Clack by paying for her Loss.

Mr. *Chambers* being once in the Country, and seeing a Gentleman at some Distance riding along, he bethought himself of a Leather Purse which he had in his Pocket, and filling it full of Stones, he threw it into the Track which the Gentleman must keep, and planted himself behind a Hedge. Afterwards, when the Gentleman came up to the Place, and happen'd to see the Purse lie before him, he

he alights, and as he stoop'd to take up the Purse, in which he suppos'd there was a good Summ of Money, by its Bulk, *Arthur Chambers* jumpt nimbly out of the Hedge, upon the Gentleman, and knockt him down with a great Stick; then straight Mounting his Horse he rid up to *London*, where he sold it for Ten Pounds.

One time *Arthur Chambers*, taking a Walk on the *Royal-Exchange*, to see if he could meet with a Prey, at last he brushes up to an *Italian Merchant*, who could talk but little *English*; however *Arthur* made him to understand that he had a very profitable Bargain for him, which made the Merchant open his Eyes, and listen. In the mean while one of *Arthur's* Comrades stept up to the Merchant but making as if he did not know *Arthur* and entering into a deep Discourse with him about such another Matter, it gave *Arthur* the Opportunity of trying the Depth and Breadth of the Merchant's Pocket, from whence he drew a Purse and a Gold Watch but not satisfied with this Booty, he attempted again to get a fine Handkerchief, but *Arthur* being not nimble enough, the Merchant caught his Hand in his Pocket, and taking him hold by the Collar, he cry'd out, *Pickpocket*. This Alarm gather'd a great Flock of People presently, but *Arthur* having convey'd the Purse and the Watch to another Companion, so that he knew nothing could be found about him, he stoutly deny'd the fact

and gave the Merchant the Lie, who still held him fast by the Collar, in order to carry him before a Magistrate. But *Arthur's* Comrade, who had been also talking with the Merchant, seeing the Danger that was like to befall *Arthur*, he secretly goes to the Porter of the Exchange, who was standing at one Corner thereof, and bid him to cry, *If any one had lost a Purse and a Gold Watch, that he should come to him, and if he gave the true Marks thereof, he should have them.* Scarce were these good Tidings sounded, but the Merchant let *Arthur* go, intreating him with great Humility to forgive his rash Accusation, which was soon granted, and *Arthur* got away with all Speed : But when the Merchant went to the Cryer, to whom he gave the true Marks of his Purse and Gold Watch, he that set the Cryer to work was then not to be found.

There being an Old, Rich, Covetous Gentleman, who had much Money by him, thro' marrying a Young Gentlewoman who was a great Fortune, and his House standing alone above a Mile from the Town of *Huntington*, *Mr. Chambers* and his Comrades had often made an Attempt to rob it, but were as often frustrated in their Design, which made the Gentleman keep several Fire-Arms in his Bed-Chamber. However, *Arthur Chambers* being very loth to let this House escape his Rifling, he gets together a great many Rags, and an old Coat, Wastecoa, and Breeches, with o-

Vol. I. I ther

ther Materials, as Shoes, Hat, Stockings, and Periwig, which he made up much like such a Figure, which was wont to be hung up for a Show on St. Tiffy's Day; and one Night going to the Gentleman's House and setting a Ladder against the Window of his Bed Chamber, he ascends with this Scare-crow supported before him; but the Gentleman hearing some small Noise, and standing by one side of the Window, with a Blunderbus ready cockt, as soon as this dismal Figure appear'd against the Window, which he perceiv'd by the glimmering of the Moon, he instantly discharged the Piece, and down dropt the supposed Man on the Ground. Then *Arthur Chambers* descending and hiding himself, whilst the Gentleman was telling his Lady how he had kill'd the Rogue, at length, having dress'd himself in his Breeches, Night-Gown, and Slippers, he came out with a Cord, which tying about the Neck of this kill'd Thief, as he thought, he dragg'd it over his Grounds, with a Pick-Ax and Spade fasten'd also to him, to dig a Hole to hide him, for near a quarter of a Mile to bury it, rather than be at the Charge of Interring him otherwise. In the meanwhile *Arthur Chambers* ascended the Ladder again, for the Gentleman had lockt the Door after him, and nimbly undressing himself, went to Bed to his Lady, who, tho' handsome, was none of the wisest, and perform'd her Husband's Duty, then, in a soft Voice, saying to her, *Perhaps this Rogue's Ghost may walk*
 out

er of Spice, and come and rob us still, pray,
my Dear, give me your Diamond Rings, and
your Gold Watch by you, into my Custody.
Which she did; and then telling her that he
had only laid the Rogue in a Field behind the
House, he would rise again to bury him, for
fear he should be brought into some Trouble
about killing him; so quickly dressing him-
self, and taking a small Cabinet fill'd with
Gold and Jewels, with pretence to hide it in
the next Room, he went down with it, into
the Yard, where his Comrades were stand-
ing Centry for him, and march'd clear off.
They had not been gone long but the Gen-
tleman return'd home, and whipt into Bed,
so very cold, that his Lady cry'd, *Ally Dear,*
you are much colder than when you came to
Bed just now, alas! what made you rise a-
gain? Quoth the Gentleman, *You are in a*
Dream, Love, I have not been in Bed since I
first went out, which is above an Hour ago.
Truly (reply'd the Lady) it is not much above
a Quarter of an Hour that you was in Bed,
and had my Diamond Rings and Gold Watch
of me, for fear the Rogue's Ghost should Walk
in Spice, and come and Rob us still; by the
same Token too, you gave me that fine Ben-
colere which we Married Women require,
better than ever I had it yet of you. Quoth
the Old Gentleman then, in a great Passion,
What Woman mad? Or in a Dream? What
Diamond Rings, what Gold Watch, was Ro-
b'd? do you talk of? I had no Diamond
Rings,

Rings, nor Gold Watch; I gave no due Benevolence; sure the Woman's Mad. Oh! (said the Lady) *but indeed you did; Husband, and remov'd the small Cabinet there of Gold and Jewels into the next Room.* This began to put the Old Gentleman into a Consternation, and calling his Servants to bring a Light, he then suppos'd, that whilst he went to bury one Rogue, he was robb'd by another Rogue; but *Benevolence, Due Benevolence*, sticking in his Stomach as much as his Loss, which was computed to be the value of One-thousand-five-hundred Pounds; then when it was Break of Day, for he could not sleep, going to dig up the supposed Man again, in hopes to make some Discovery of his Accomplices, in case any Person should know the Corps, he was in a great Surprize to see what Pains he had been at in burying a few Rags, and curs'd his Fate to think that he was not only Robb'd, but Cuckolded into the Bargain.

At length *Jack Hall* the Chimney-Sweeper being apprehended for a Fact of which he was guilty, to spin the Thread of his Life a little longer, he made himself an Evidence against *Chambers*, and Casting him on his Information, he was Executed at *Tyburn* in the Year 1706, with two other notorious Offenders, *Dick Morris* and *Jack Goodwin*. Thus fell this great Villain, who had reign'd many Years in his Roguery, tho' he died but in the Twenty eighth Year of his Age; and after he had led a most lewd Life for many Years,

with

with one *Moll Pines* a most notorious Shop-lift, who hath been Condemn'd for her Life ; but now lives with one *Yeomans* a Thief, who lately receiv'd the Benefit of Her Majesty's Pardon, for his irregular Courses.



MOLL RABY.

THIS second *German* Princess being one of sweet *St. Giles's* Breed, which is better to hang than to feed, her Talent originally lay in bilking Lodgings, at which she was as dexterous as ever *Mad Ogle* was in bilking *Hackney Coaches*. Her first Exploit in this kind, was at a House in *Great-Russel-Street*, by *Bloomsbury-Square* ; where passing for a great Fortune, who was oblig'd to leave the Country by reason of the importunate troublesome of a great many Suitors, she was courteously entertain'd with all the Civility imaginable ; but this seeming honest Creature, who was a Saint without, but a Devil within, had not been there above a Fort-night, making a very good Appearance as to her Habit, (for to be sure she had a Talley-Man in every quarter of the Town) and understanding that all the Family was to take their Pleasure, as to Morrow, at *Richmond*, when they were all gone, excepting the Maid, she desired her to call a Porter, and gave

I 3

him

him a sham Bill drawn on a Banker in *Lombard-Street* for One-hundred and fifty Pounds, which she desir'd might be all in Gold ; but fearing such a quantity of Money might be a Temptation to make the Porter dishonest, she privately requested the Maid to go along with him, and she, in the mean time, would take care of the House ; the poor Maid, thinking no harm, went with the Porter to *Lombard-Street*, where they were stopt for a couple of Cheats ; but they alledging their Innocency, and proving from whence they came, a Messenger was sent home with 'em, who found it to be a Trick put upon the Servant to rob the House, for before she came back, *Moll Raby* was gone off with above Eighty Pounds in Money, One hundred and sixty Pounds worth of Plate, and several other things of a considerable Value.

At length, being Burnt thrice in the Hand, for acting Quality in Disguise, she Marry'd one *Humphery Jackson*, a Butcher, who not following his Trade, went upon the sweetening Lay of *Luck in a Bag* by Day, and she upon the *Buttock and Twang* by Night ; which is picking up a *Cull*, *Cully*, or *Spark*, and pretending not to expose her Face in a Publick House, she takes him into some dark Alley, so whilst the decoy'd Fool is groping her with his Breeches down, she picks his Fob or Pocket, of his Watch or Money, and giving a sort of Hem as a signal she hath succeed-
ed

ed in her Design, then the Fellow with whom she keeps Company, blundering up in the Dark, he knocks down the Gallant, and carries off the Prize.

After the Death of her Husband, *Moll* turn'd arrant Thief, and in the first Exploit she went then upon, she had like to come scurvily off; for going upon the *Night-Sneak*, she found a Door half open, in *Domning-street* at *Westminster*, where stealing softly up Stairs into a great Bed-Chamber, and hiding herself under the Bed, she had not been there above an Hour, before a couple of Footmen brought Candles into the Room, and made a Fire, whilst the Maid, with great Diligence, was laying the Cloth for Supper. The Table being furnisht with two or three Dishes of Meat, five or six Persons sat down, besides the Children that were in the House; which so affrighted *Moll*, that she verily thought, that if their Voices and the Noise of the Children had not hinder'd them, they might have heard her very Joints smite one against another, and the Teeth-chatter in her Head. Moreover there being a little Spaniel running about to gnaw the Bones that fell from the Table, and one of the Children having thrown him a Bone, a Cat that watch'd under the Table, being more nimble, catch'd it, and ran with it under the Bed, where *Moll* lay *incognito*; the Dog snarling and striving to take the Bone from her, the Cat so well us'd her Claws to defend her Prize, that

having given the *Buffer*, that is their canting Name for a Dog, two or three Scratches on the Nose, there began so great a Skirmish betwixt 'em, that, to allay the Hurly-burly, one of the Servants took a Fire-shovel out of the Chimny, and flung it so furiously under the Bed, that it gave *Moll* a Blow on the Nose and Forehead, that stun'd her for near half an Hour; the Cat rush'd out as quick as Lightning, but the Dog stay'd behind, barking and grinning with such Fury, that neither her Fawning nor Threatning could quiet him, till one of the Servants flung a Fire-fork at him, which chas'd him from under the Bed, but gave her another unlucky Blow cross the Jaws. At length, Supper was ended, but the Dog still growling in the Room, the Fear of his betraying her rais'd such a sudden Looseness in her, that she could by no means avoid discharging herself, which made such a great stink that it offended the People, who supposing it to be the Dog, they turn'd him out, and not long after they all withdrew themselves; when *Moll* coming from under the Bed, she wrapt the Sheets up in the Quilt, and sneaking down Stairs, she made off the Ground as fast as she could.

Another time *Moll Raby* being drinking at an Alehouse in *Wapping*, she observ'd the Woman of the House, who was sleeping by the Fire-side, to have a good Pearl Necklace about her Neck, at which her Mouth sadly water'd; so having drunk a Pot of Drink with

a Consort which she had also in her Company, she sent the Maid down in the Cellar to fill the Pot again, and in the mean time cut off the Necklace with a pair of Scissars, and taking the Pearls off the String, swallow'd them. But before they had made an end of that Pot of Drink, the Woman awaking, she miss'd her Necklace, for which she made a great Outcry, and charged *Moll* and her Comrade with it; they stood upon their Innocency, and going into a private Room stript themselves, but nothing being found upon 'em, the Woman thought her Accusation might be false, and so was forc'd to lose it.

This *Mary Raby*, alias *Rogers*, alias *Jackson*, alias *Brown*, was Condemn'd for a Burglary committed in the House of the Lady *Cavendish* in *Soho-Square*, the 3d of *March* 1702-3, upon the Information of two Villains; namely, *Arthur Chambers* and *Joseph Hatfield*, who made themselves Evidences against her. At the Place of Execution at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 3d of *November* 1703; she said she was thirty Years of Age, born in the Parish of *St. Martins in the Fields*, that she was well brought up at first, and knew good Things, but did not practise them, having given up herself to all manner of Wickedness and Vice, namely, Whoredom, Adultery, and unjust Doings. But as for the Fact she stood Condemned for, she only own'd so much, and no more of it, than this, That some part

of the Goods stoll'n out of that Lady's House, being brought to hers, in the *Spring Garden*, where she then liv'd, she understood, the next Day after the Robbery was committed, and not before, whose Goods they were. She farther said, That she had a Husband, she thought, in *Ireland*, if still alive, but she was not certain of it, because it was now six Years since he left her. However she was very sorry she had defiled his Bed, and desired him to forgive her that Injury. She begg'd also Pardon of all the World in general, for the Scandalous, Impious, and Wicked Life she had led. And she pray'd, That all wicked Persons, especially those she had been concern'd with, would take Warning by her, and might have Grace so to reform and amend their Lives betimes, that they might not be overtaken in their Sins. Before she was turn'd off, being again press'd to speak the whole, in relation to the Fact she was now to die for, she persisted in what she had said before about it: But still own'd that she had been a very great Sinner indeed, as being one that was guilty of Sabbath-breaking, Swearing, Drinking, Lewdness, Buying, Receiving, and disposing of stoll'n Goods, and harbouring of ill People.



DICK MORRIS, a House-breaker.

O N E time *Dick Morris* drinking at an Inn in *Winchester*, and over-hearing a couple of Gentlemen declaring their Misfortunes in loving two Gentlewomen, by whom they were utterly slighted, he putting on a bold Face, which he always had, forc'd himself into their Company, which was not unacceptable to them, by reason he pretended, that they should obtain their Sweethearts thro' his Means; for having liv'd with an Astrologer, who was also a great Magician, he had learnt of him many Secrets in matters of Love, which were so infallible, that if the Ladies Hearts, whom they lov'd, were harder than an *Adamant*, yet would he make them softer than Wax: But then they must help him to some of the Hairs of the Parties beloved, with which, and some Ceremonies that he would perform, he would engage both the Gentlewomens Hearts should be put in such a Flame, that they should never rest, Day nor Night, till they granted them their Desire. This News pleas'd the Gentlemen to that degree, that, between them, they kept *Dick Morris* very splendidly, both at Bed
and

and Board, and also Money in his Pocket, till he perform'd his Promise, which was to be within a Week, when the Moon was just encreasing, as the most proper time for his Undertaking. Next, according to *Dick's* Orders, the two Gentlemen bought a new Sack, a small Cord, another Hempen one bigger, and four Ells long, a new Knife, a Chain and a Brush, which were deliver'd into his Custody; and they thought every Minute an Age, till the time of Conjuraton came: But long lookt for being come at last, and the Night approach'd wherein the Gentlemen were to be made for ever happy, they were drest, according to *Dick's* Directions, in their richest Apparel, giving each of them a Lock of their scornful Lovers Hair into his Hands, *With which* (quoth our Conjurer) *I will subdue your Mistresses; for were their Hearts more frozen than the Alps, I will turn them into Mountains of Fire, hotter than those of Veluvius or ever-burning Ætna.* Then all three taking Horse, they rid about two Miles out of *Winchester*, and alighting at the place where this Magical Tryal was to be put in Execution, and tying their Horses to a Tree, *Dick* making strange soure Faces, which lookt as-crabbed as the Letters of the *Arabick* Alphabet, he drew a Circle on the Ground, in which muttering many cramp Words, and turning himself in strange Postures, sometimes towards the *East*, and sometimes towards the *West*, withal using most surprizing Cere-

Ceremonies with his Hands and Feet, he made the Gentlemen no less astonish'd than fearful. After this, *Dick* began with the first Spark, making him to strip himself, and at the same time teaching him to say certain insignificant Words in pulling off each parcel of his Cloaths, which he pronounced so exactly that he lost not one Syllable, as believing that if he had mis'd in one jot, he should have spoil'd all the Business. With the Ceremony *Dick* stript him to his Shirt, and tho' it was in the Depth of Winter, yet he order'd him to pull off that also, then giving the Gentleman a Knife in his Hand, he commanded him to make some Stabs towards the four Quarters of the World, and to go into the Sack, which he did, as quiet as a Lamb: Thus having done with him, after he had ty'd the Mouth of the Sack fast, and bid him not to stir Hand nor Foot for half an Hour, for then the Inchantment would be at an end, nor to speak a Word, for if he did, he would be in *Barbary* in the twinkling of an Eye; he then address'd himself to the other Gentleman, who, in a great Chafe, said to *Dick*, *I'll be hang'd if thou hast not forgot something of my Business, for here I see neither Sack nor Knife for me, as for my Friend.* Whereupon *Dick* told him there was no need of a Sack for his Matters, because his magical Operations were made stronger or weaker, according to the greater or lesser Cruelty that Gentlemen have; and understanding his Friend's

Friend's Mistress was the most disdainful of their two Sweethearts, he made the Inchantment of the Sack for her, as being the strongest of all. O! dear, Sir, (reply'd the Gentleman) what is this that thou hast done? My Mistress is more disdainful and hard-hearted than any Tyger or Lyonsess. Peace, be quiet, (quoth Dick) with these Hairs of her Head and this Cord I will twist such a Knot, that shall have as much Force as your Friend's Sack; and though your Mistress is so cruel as you say, yet will I add thereto that Charm which will make her never be able to take any rest till she sees you in her Arms. Said the Gentleman again, 'Tis that which I want; therefore let us martyr her in such manner, that my Love may torment her Thoughts as much as she hath mine. Then Dick bringing him to a Tree, where his Enchantment was to be made, he in an Instant drew a Circle, and making the Gentleman go into it stark naked, because he thought two Shirts better than one, he took the Hairs of his Mistress, and twisting them with the Cord, he ty'd his Hands to the Tree, at the same time telling him the Mystery that was hid in every Ceremony which he us'd; and Dick would also have ty'd his Feet, but that he fear'd the Gentleman would have suspected this Ceremony to be rather the Fact of a Robber than a Magician; however, as securing his Hands was enough for his Purpose, he took all their Cloaths and three Horses, and was in *London* before break of Day

Day: In the mean time the Flames of *Cupid* which raged in these Gentlemens Breasts, were pretty well allay'd by next Morning; for when they were releas'd from their Enchantments by some Passengers that happen'd to pass that way, they were almost perisht with Cold; but when they got home, they swore the Poets had a very good reason to feign Love blind, because if they had not been so, they should have perceiv'd all the pretended Magician's Promises to be nothing but Wind; and that the means which he propounded to them for obtaining their Sweethearts Favours, was only to obtain himself their Cloaths and Equipage.

Another time *Dick Morris* being at *Northampton*, within half a Mile of which Place was a Meeting-House, and not above a quarter of a Mile farther dwelt a rich *Presbyterian* Parson, who was a single Man, he had once or twice attempted to rob him, but prov'd unsuccessful in his Design. However, *Dick* thinking he could not go to *London* with a safe Conscience, unless he could outwit this Dissenting Preacher, he procures a Waggoner's old Linnen Frock, and dawbing it thick with Paste, he goes, on a *Saturday*, to the Meeting-House, and had the Opportunity of getting *incognito* into the Pulpit, whilst an old Woman was cleaning it against *Sunday*; then putting on the Frock, stuck full of Card Matches, he set 'em all on Fire, by the help of a Tinder-Box which he had in his Pocket;

Pocket; then standing upright, quoth *Dick*, *Woman, Woman, hearken to my Voice*. The old Woman seeing this blazing Spectacle, was running out in a great Fright, but that *Dick* calling after her and saying, *Woman, unless thou comest back and hearken to my Voice, thou shalt presently perish*. She return'd, and, in a trembling Condition, gave great Attention to *Dick's* Words, who bid her not to be fearful, for he was an Angel come to order her to go forthwith to the Parson of that Meeting-House, and tell him, that he was come to require his Soul of him that very Day, therefore he must bring all his Money and Plate along with him, but to be sure must not come with a Lie in his Mouth, for if he did, it would be the worser for him. The poor old Woman dropping a Low Church Courtsey to this dark Angel, she went with all Speed to the *Presbyterian* Parson's House, and told him all that had happen'd in the Meeting-House; but to be certain that the old Woman deliver'd her Message, *Dick* having laid aside his flaming Garment, he follow'd at a distance, and softly stepping into the House after her, he heard the Parson, fetching a great Sigh, say to his Maid, who was with Child by him, *Well, my Dear, my appointed time is come, I find; so taking what Money and Plate I have along with me, I must bid you farewell for ever in this World*. Quoth the Maid, *I hope, Sir, you will not leave me in this Condition, you know my Reckoning is almost out,*

and that I have nothing to keep in my Lying-in. That's true, (reply'd the Parson) and I pity you with all my Heart; however there's Ten Pounds in that Silver Tankard, go take it, for perhaps the Angel mayn't know of that. Then the Parson tying his Riches up in a Napkin, and putting it under his Cloak, he made the best of his way to the Meeting-House, where Dick was got before him, in his former fiery Posture; which the Parson beholding with great Astonishment, he made his Obeisance to him; and the supposed Angel telling him he was come to fetch him into another World that Night, he ask'd, Whether he had brought all his Money and Plate along with him? The Parson, in a very faint Voice, answer'd, Yes. Quoth Dick then, Where's the Ten Pounds that was in the Silver Tankard? Ah! reply'd the Parson, trembling) I see now thou art an Angel, for thou knowest the Secrets of Mens Hearts. So telling Dick he would go and fetch it, he ran straight home to his Maid, saying to her, Oh! Hannah, Hannah, you must let me have the Ten Pounds again, for the Angel knew I had not brought all my Money. The Maid restor'd it him, for fear it should be a hindrance to his Salvation; and bringing it to Dick, put it with the rest of the Money and Plate into a Bag, and then opening a great Sack, quoth Dick, Come into this, and if you meet with any Difficulties in your Spiritual Journey you must not complain, because, Narrow is the way which leads to Life, and few there be that

that find it. Then tying him close up he throws him over his Shoulders, but many a hard Knock had the poor Parson, as *Lick* carry'd him over Gates and Styles, and about a quarter of a Mile from the Meeting-House, he threw this Lump of Iniquity into a Hog-Sty, and there left him. Not long after, some of the Servants going in, and seeing somewhat stir in the Sack, they were affrighted, and ran to tell their Master what they had seen in the Hog-Sty; who also coming thither, and finding the Report true, quoth he to one of his Servants, *Take the Pitch Fork and run through it*, which Command made the poor Parson cry out for Quarters; whereupon, finding it was a Man, they open'd the Sack, and out he came, quaking like one with a Tertian Ague, and the Farmer asking him how he was brought thither in that manner, he told him an Angel had dropt him there. *An Angel* (reply'd the Farmer) *a D---l you mean*. So the Parson went home to his Maid *Hannah* again, but above Six-score Pounds worser in his Pocket than when he left her.

In fine, *Richard Morris* had been a most notorious Offender, and one Day going to *Canterbury* within a Mile of the City, he accidentally lit into an old Woman's House, to refresh himself with a piece of Bread and Cheese and a Pint of Ale, and looking very dejected, the old Woman took notice thereof, and asked him the cause of his sad Countenance;

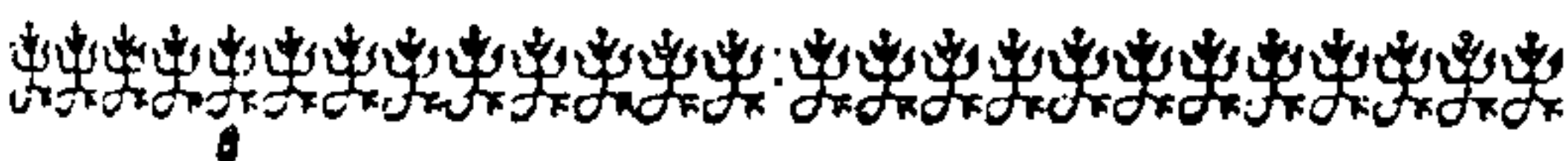
nance ; so shaking his Head, he told her, that Money was very short with him, and that he should be very glad if she could help him to any Work, he being a Stocking-Weaver by Trade. The old Woman taking Compassion on him, helpt him to a Master in *Canterbury*, where he had about five Months Work, at eleven Shillings *per* Week, leaving, all that while, his Wages in his Master's Hands, because he would receive it all in a Lump, and then would pay the old Woman together, who all that time found him in Meat, Drink, Washing, and Lodging. At length, when the heat of Business was over, *Dick Morris* was paid off, and going straight home to his Landlady, he told her, with a great deal of Joy, that he had receiv'd all his Money, and the first thing he did in the Morning, should be to pay her what he ow'd her, to a Farthing. *Ay, ay,* (quoth the old Woman) *I don't question thy honesty,* Richard, so bidding the old Woman good Night, *Dick* went to Bed, and early in the Morning he comes down Stairs in a great *Disabilee*, as his Coat and Wastecoat unbutton'd, and having no Garters, Wig, nor Neckcloth on, for he had them in his Pockets, then saying, *Come, Landlady, let's do nothing rashly, we'll have a Full Pot of humming Ale before we reckon, and a Toast.* The old Woman, no doubt, was well pleas'd at this, and going into the Cellar to draw the Drink, *Dick* stept softly to the Door, on the outside of which was a Bolt and

and bolted her in, where she was squawling and bawling for some Hours, before any body came by to let her out of her Confinement.

But *Dick* was got quite off of the Ground; and betwixt *Sittingborn* and *Rochester*, overtaking a Cart of Hay, which was going to be sold in *Rochester* Market, he follows the Tail of it, swaying on the right and left thereof, whenever it yielded more to one side than another, as going through a Rut, Slough, or hollow place, and being in a great Country-like Coat, and having a large Oaken Plant in his Hand, an Inn-keeper, as passing thro' *Charham*, call'd to *Dick* (as supposing him to be the Owner of the Hay) to know the Price of it: The Man that was driving on before, not hearing the Inn-keeper, keeps driving on, whilst *Dick* stept up to his Chapman with a handful of Hay for him to smell to, telling him it was as good a Load of Hay as any was in *Kent*: The Inn-keeper lik'd it very well, and after some *Pro's* and *Con's* about the Price, he paid *Dick* one Pound eight Shillings for the Hay, out of which he spent Six-pence, then saying to the Inn-keeper, *I suppose you will know my Cart again from the rest in the Market, go and bid my Man bring the Load of Hay to your House, and make haste home with the Team*; he went about his Business. The Inn-keeper goes to Market straight, and finding out the Cart, order'd the Man to bring that Load of Hay

to his House, for he had paid his Master for it; *S'bleed* (quoth the Fellow) *I'de na Mejter come with me to Dai*; but the Inn-keeper resolving not to lose his Money, nor the Bumpkin his Hay, from Words they came to Blows, till having blooded one another pretty well, they went to decide the Matter before a Justice of the Peace, where the Inn-keeper proved, by two or three Witnesses, that he paid a Man eight and twenty Shillings for the Load of Hay which his Antagonist had now at Market; but the Servant proving his Master to be very sick at home, and that none came to Market along with him to sell the Hay, but himself, the Inn-keeper, by the Magistrate's Order, was oblig'd to lose his Money.

But *Dick Morris* not making good use of the Mercy he had receiv'd once before, he still pursu'd his villainous Practices till he was again Condemn'd for his Life, and hang'd with *Arthur Chambers* and *Jack Goodwin*, alias *Plump*, at *Tyburn*, in 1706.



JACK GOODWIN, a House-breaker.

WHEN Silver Tankards were more in vogue in the Alehouses than they are at this present, this *Jack Goodwin* going into one to drink, he call'd for a Tankard of Ale, which

which being brought, he drank it off, and having cut out the bottom of it, paid the Vi-
 tualler for his Liquor, who seeing the Tan-
 kard on the Table, had no suspicion that any
 Damage had been done it. But shortly after
 some other Company coming in, and the Tap-
 ster running into the Cellar to fill 'em that
 Tankard, which Mr. *Goodwin* had been fin-
 gering, the Fellow wonder'd to see the Cock
 run and the Tankard never the fuller, where-
 upon turning it up, he could find no more
 Bottom in it, than Mariners can in the O-
 cean.

Once *Jack Goodwin* being in the Country
 as far as *Durham*, and destitute of Money,
 he happen'd to meet with another idle Com-
 panion, with whom he made a Bargain to beg
 their way up to *London*; and in order to ex-
 cite People's Pity the more, his new Com-
 panion was to act the Part of a Blind Man,
 and he was to be his Guide, instead of a Dog
 and a Bell. So getting a pennyworth of Sea-
 ring Wax, with which Taylors sear the Edges
 of Silks and slight Stuffs, *Jack Goodwin* mol-
 lifying it over a Candle, he dawb'd his Com-
 rade's Eye-lids therewith, insomuch that he
 could not open them: Then proceeding on
 their Journey, they had by their cruising or
 begging thro' the Countries, pickt up about
 the Summ of four Pounds sixteen Shillings, by
 that time they had got up to *Ware*: Next
 making the best of their way up to *London*,
 within ten or eleven Miles of the same being

to cross a small Brook over a narrow wooden Bridge, with a Rail but on one side of it, for the Conveniency of Foot-Passengers, when they were upon it, *Jack Goodwin* threw his blind Comrade into the Water, where he stood up to the Neck, but moving neither one way nor t'other, for fear of Drowning. In the mean time his Guide went straight to *London*, and afterwards some Passengers coming by, who took Pity on the Fellow, as supposing him to be really blind, they helpt him out of the Brook, and setting him on *Terra firma*, he presently, by their Directions, arriv'd at a House, where getting some warm Water, he washt his Eye-lids; which being then open'd, he marcht after his Fellow-Traveler to *London*, where he might hunt about long enough before he found him out, for *Jack* was got into some ill House or another, where he was as safe as a Thief in a Mill.

The late Duke of *Bedford* being visiting a Person of Quality one Night, whilst the Footmen were gone to drink at some adjacent Boozing-Ken, that's to say, an Alehouse, the Coachman was taking a Nap on his Box; and *Jack Goodwin* coming by at the same time with some of his Thieving Cronies, they took the two hind Wheels off the Coach, and supported it up with two pieces of Wood, which they got out of a House which was building hard by. So having carried them away, His Grace not long after going into his Coach, and

and the Footmen getting up behind in a hurry, no sooner did the Horses begin to draw, but down fell His Grace, Footmen and all; who looking to see how the Accident came, they found the hind Wheels were stoll'n, whereupon the Duke was oblig'd to go home in a Hackney-Coach.

This *John Goodwin*, alias *Plump*, was Condemn'd when he was but eleven Years old, for picking a Merchant's Pocket of One-hundred and fifty Guineas; next committing a Burglary in Company with another, when he was but eighteen Years of Age, he was apprehended and carried before Sir *Thomas Stamp*, Knight and Alderman of *London*, where, after he was examin'd, being search'd, several Cords were found in his Pocket, upon which His Worship asking *Goodwin* what Trade he was, he reply'd, *A Taylor*; then Sir *Thomas* taking up the Cords and looking very wistly on them, quoth he, *You use, methinks, very big Thread.* Yes Sir (said *Goodwin*) for it is generally coarse Work which I'm employ'd about. Next searching his Comrade, *Henry Williams*, a Pistol was found loaded in his Bosom; upon which Sir *Thomas* asking what Trade he was, he reply'd, a Taylor too, *What, both Taylors* (said his Worship) and pray what Implement is this belonging to your Trade? Quoth *Williams*, *That Pistol, Sir, is my Needle Case.* But for their Impudence Sir *Thomas* made their *Mittimus* for *Newgate*, and being Try'd at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old-Baily*,
the

the Sessions following, they were both Condemn'd to Die, but receiv'd Mercy once more, that is to say, the former of these Criminals, for the other had not receiv'd Mercy before.

His receiving Mercy twice before, did but rather incite him to be the more obstinate in his Villainy, which brought him to a most shameful Death at *Tyburn*, with *Arthur Chambers* and *Dick Morris*, of whom we have spoken before : But had he made a right use of those Pardons granted him by a Royal Indulgence, he would have dispos'd his Soul to the Capacity of receiving those Spiritual Blessings which would have set him above the Reach of this untimely End.



MOLL HAWKINS, a Shop-lift.

THIS unfortunate Creature permitting her Inclination to introduce her very early into all sorts of Vanity, and to give Sense the Preheminence above Reason, her Wits were always put on the Rack of Invention, to support her in Actions which ever tended to meer Debauchery ; for the greatest Darkness that ever muffled up our Hemisphere in Obscurity, could not exceed the Blackness of her Soul, which had been dead and rotten in Trespasses and Sin long before she made