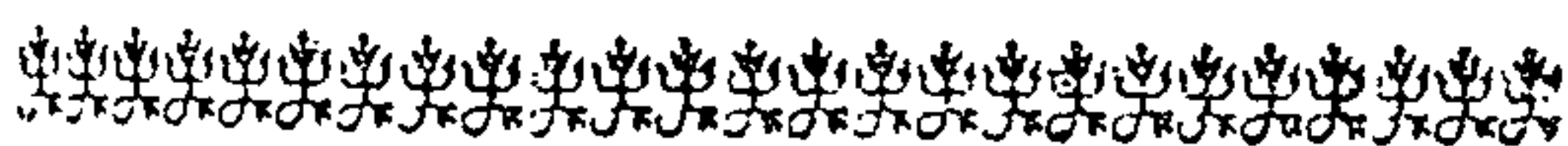


her *Exit* on the Triple-Tree. Adultery and Fornication was her common Recreation, as well as Shop-lifting, for which last Crime, altho she had seen many of her Acquaintance monthly made Examples, yet would she not forbear nor desist from such irregular and Life-destroying Courses, till it had brought her to the like miserable Catastrophe. But before *Moll Hawkins* projected Shop-lifting, she went upon the *Question-Lay*, which is putting herself into a good handsome Dress, like some Exchange Girl, then she takes an empty Band-box in her Hand, and passing for a Milliner's or Sempstress's 'Prentice, she goes early to a Person of Quality's House, and knocking at the Door, she asks the Servant if the Lady is stirring yet, for if she was, she had brought home, according to order, the Suit of Knots, (or what else the Devil puts in her Head) which her Ladyship had bespoke over Night; then the Servant going up Stairs to acquaint the Lady of this Message, she in the mean time robs the House, and goes away without an Answer. Thus she one Day serv'd the Lady *Arabella Howard*, living in *Soho-Square*, when the Maid going up Stairs to acquaint her Ladyship that a Gentlewoman waited below with some Gloves and Fans, *Moll Hawkins* then took the Opportunity of carrying away above fifty Pounds worth of Plate, which stood on a Side-Board in the Parlor, to be clean'd against Dinner-time.

*Moll Hawkins*, otherwise call'd *Fudge*, from her living with a Fellow of that Name, who was a most notorious Pick-pocket, was Condemn'd on the 3d of *March* 1702-3, for privately stealing Goods out of the Shop of *Mrs. Hobday* in *Pater-noster-row*. She having been repriev'd for nine Months, upon the account of her being then found to be with quick Child, tho' she was not, she was now call'd down to her former Judgment. When she came to the Place of Execution at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 22d of *December* 1703, she said she was about twenty-six Years of Age, born in the Parish of *St. Giles's* in the Fields; that she serv'd three Years Apprenticeship to a Button-Maker in *Maiden-Lane*, by *Covent-Garden*, and follow'd that Employment for some Years after; but withal gave way to those ill Practices which she now finds to be the Cause of her shameful Death.



*TOM SHARP, Murderer and House-Breaker.*

HE was not only *Sharp* by Name, but also sharp by Nature, as appears once by dressing himself in an old Suit of black Clothes, and an old tatter'd canonical Gown, then going to an eminent Tavern in the City, where at that Time was kept a great Feast of

the Clergy men, he humbly beg'd one of the Drawers to acquaint some of the Ministers above Stairs, that a poor Scholar was waiting below, who crav'd their Charity ; accordingly the Drawer acquainted one of the Divines, there was a poor Scholar below in a Parson's Habit, who going down, and commiserating his seeming Poverty, he introduc'd him into the Company of all the Clergymen, who made him eat and drink very plentifully, and gather'd him betwixt 4 and 5 Pounds, which he thankfully put into his Pocket; then one of the Divines asking him at what University he was bred, *Tom Sharp* told them, he was never bred at any. *Can you speak Greek?* the Divine ask'd again. No, reply'd *Tom*. *Nor Latin?* the Divine ask'd. No, Sir, said *Tom*. *Can you write then,* quoth the Divine? No, *nor read neither,* reply'd *Tom*. At which, they fell a Laughing, and said, *He was a poor Schollar indeed.* But *Tom Sharp* brush'd off with their charitable Benevolence as thinking himself not fit Company for such learned Sophisters.

This poor Scholar afterwards using the *Vin* Ale-House at *Charing Cross*, which was then kept by a rich old Man, who knew not that he was a Thief, he brought several of his Gang there once a Week, to keep a sort of a Club up one Pair of Stairs, with a Design to rob the Victualler ; and accordingly, they had several Times struck all the Doors above Stairs with a *Deb*, that is, a Pick-lock, but could

could never light on his *Mammon* ; where-upon, one Night, *Tom Sharp* puts the Candle to the old rotten Hangings that were in the Club-Room, and setting them in a Blaze, he and his Company cry'd out *Fire*. The Alarm brings up the old Man in a Trice, who in a great Fright ran up to secure his Money ; *Tom* runs softly after him at a Distance, to espy where his Hoard was, and in the mean Time, his Associates, with two or three Pails of Water, having quench'd the Flame, which had done no great Damage, the old Man, at the News, return'd down with a great deal of Joy, leaving his Money where it was before. Then, the Night following, *Tom* and two of his Companions having a great Supper there, with each their Lafs, they took the Opportunity of taking away 500 Pounds in Money ; which, when the old *Cove*, that's the old Man, miss'd ; he was ready to hang himself in his own Garters.

His chiefest Dexterity lay in robbing Waggon, which, in their canting Language they call *Tumblers* ; and to this End, they who follow this sort of Thieving, do generally wait in a dark Morning, in the Roads betwixt *London* and *Bow*, *Black-heath*, *Newington*, *Islington*, *Highgate*, *Kensington Gravel-Pits*, or *Knights-Bridge*, and going in at the Tail of a Waggon, they take out Packs of Linnen or Woollen Cloth, Boxes, Trunks, or other Goods. But one Time above the rest, *Tom Sharp* and his Accomplices follow-



ing a Waggon along *Tyburn Road* to *St. Giles's Pound*, they had no Conveniency at all of entering it, by Reason a Man drove the Team before, and the Master and his Son, a Lad about 13 Years of Age, rid behind on one Horse; still they follow'd the Waggon 'till it came just under *Newgate*, when *Tom Sharp*, who was a lusty hail Fellow, snatching the Boy off the Horse, he ran down the *Old Baily* with him under his Arms, at which the Father cry'd out to his Man to stop the Waggon, for a Rogue had stolen away his Son; so whil'st he rid after *Tom Sharp*, the Man runs after his Master, and in the mean Time, one of *Tom's* Comrades slipt two Pieces of Woollen Cloth out of the Waggon; however, the Man got his Son again, for *Tom* drop'd him at the Sessions-House Gate.

Under this sort of Thieving, is also comprehended the robbing of Coaches in the Night-Time in *London*, by cutting off Trunks and Boxes which are ty'd sometimes behind them; and also the *Chiving* Bags or Port-mantles from behind Horses, that's cutting them off; for *Chive*, among Thieves, signifies a Knife: And one Night *Tom Sharp*, and another like himself, following a Man on Horse-back quite from *Charing-Cross* beyond the *Royal-Exchange*, they had no Opportunity of getting his Port-mantle, because he held one Hand on it all the Way; but coming just under *Aldgate*, acute *Mr. Sharp* took the Man a grievous Rap over the Knuckles, crying



ked ; he that commanded, obeys ; and he that lay in a good Bed, is forc'd to rest himself on the hard Boards, or cold Stones. There Civility is metamorphos'd into Insolence, Courage into Subtilty, Flattery into Eloquence, Lies into Truth, Modesty into Boldness, Knowledge into Ignorance, and Order into Confusion : There one weeps, whilst another sings ; one prays, whilst another swears ; one sleeps, whilst another walks ; one goes out, another comes in ; one is condemn'd, another absolved ; one demands, another pays ; and in fine, one shall hardly find two Persons of one Mind and Exercise. There Hunger is their Appetite ; their Times of Meals, always when they get any Thing to eat ; their Table, the Floor ; their Sauce, the filthy Stinks of their Wards ; and their Musick, nothing but snoring, sneezing, and belching. The Hangings of their Chambers are ever in Mourning, adorn'd with large Borders of Cobwebs ; their Seats the Ground ; and they live Apostolically, that is, without Scrip, without Staff, and without Shoes. Many of their Collars are edg'd with a Piece of peeping Linnen, to represent a Neck-cloth, but indeed it is only the forlorn Reliques of their Shirts crawling out at their Necks ; and some of the Prisoners have their appointed Hours, wherein they fight with their Bodily Enemies, and evermore obtain the Victory, by continually bearing in Triumph the Blood of the Vermin they destroy on their Nails.

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He was indeed, a very great Gamester, especially at *Dice*, and to cheat all with whom he play'd, he never was without his *High-fullums*, which seldom run any other Chance than four, five, and six; and his *Low-fullums*, which run but one, two, and three: But this Course of Life being not possible to support him in his Extravagancy, he committed those Irregularities which had often brought him, by Virtue of a *Mittimus*, to *Newgate*, where Prisoners live very miserable; for Sighs are their chief Air, Coldness their Comfort, Dispair their Food, rattling of Chains their Musick, the Destruction of Vermin their Recreation, and Death and Damnation their sole Expectation; whilst a Turn-key, with the grim Aspect of his Countenance, makes them tremble with fear of a new Martyrdom; tho' the insulting Rascal, in the Height of his Pride, need not screw his ill favour'd Face to a Frown, because he knows not how to look otherwise; which so dejects the Spirits of those poor imprison'd Slaves, who fear him, that the Condition of their Looks, seems to implore his Smiles; whose flinty Heart having rencunc'd any Remorse, casts a Defiance in their sad and pitious Faces. Altho' *Tom Sharp* had as many Names as are Months in the Year, yet, go when he would to *Whittington's College*, the *Janizaries* of that Nursery for Hell, knew him well enough. He was one that could tell how to live by his Wits, as well as Mr. Any-

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body;



body; for one Day going into *Godlington's* Coffee-House, formerly at the Corner of *Parker's-Lane*, in *Drury-Lane*, and sitting down at a common Table, as the Room is to all Comers, a little after came in one of his Comrades, and sat himself down too. *Tom Sharp* at the same Time was looking on a curious Gold Medal, which he had sharp'd somewhere, and one *Mr. Hitchcock*, an Attorney of *New-Inn*, sitting opposite to him, he desir'd the Favour of looking on't; which being deliver'd to him, and the Gentleman having view'd and commended it for a choice Piece, his Comrade, whom he seem'd not to know there, must needs have a Sight of it too from the Attorney, who thinking no Harm, gave it into his Hands; after he had fairly look'd on it a while, he as fairly march'd off with it: *Tom Sharp* saw him, but would not in the least take Notice thereof, as knowing where to find him; and all this while the Gentleman imagin'd nothing but that the right Owner had receiv'd it again. A little while after, *Tom Sharp* demanded courteously his Medal, excusing his Detention thereof upon the Account of Forgetfulness. The Gentleman starting, reply'd, Sir, *I thought you had it long since*. He told him, he had it not, and as he deliver'd it unto him, he should require it from no other Person: The Gentleman pill'd at it, and in the Conclusion, bad *Tom* take his Course, and so he did; for having first took Witnesses of the  
Standers.

Standers by, he su'd him, and recover'd the Value of the Medal twice over.

Another Time *Tom Sharp* being very well dress'd, he went to one Councillor *Manning's* Chambers in *Grays-Inn*, and demanded 100 Pounds which he had lent him on a Bond. The Barrister was surpriz'd at his Demand, as not knowing him; and looking on the Bond, his Hand was so exactly counterfeited, that he could not in a manner deny it to be his own Writing; but that he knew his Circumstances were such, that he was never in any Necessity of borrowing so much Money in all his Life of any Man; therefore, as he could not be indebted in any such Sum, upon the account of borrowing, he told *Tom*, he would not pay 100 Pounds in his own Wrong. Hereupon *Tom*, taking his Leave, he told him, he must expect speedy Trouble; and in the mean Time, Mr. *Manning* expecting the same, he sent for another Barrister, to whom opening the matter, they concluded it was a forg'd Bond; whereupon Mr. *Manning's* Council got a general Release forg'd for the Payment of this 100 Pounds; and when Issue was join'd, and the Cause came to be try'd before the late Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, the Witnesses to *Tom Sharp's* Bond, swore so heartily to his lending of the Money to the Defendant, that he was in a very fair way of being call'd; till Mr. *Manning's* Council moving the Court in behalf of his Client, acquainted his Lordship, that they did not de-

by the having borrow'd 100 Pounds of the Plaintiff, but it had been paid for above three Months. *Three Months!* (quoth his Lordship) *and why did not the Defendant then take up his Bond, or see it cancell'd?* To this, his Council reply'd, That when they paid the Money, the Bond could not be found, whereupon the Defendant took a general Release for Payment thereof; which being produc'd in Court, and two *Knights of the Post* swearing to it, the Plaintiff was cast. Which putting Tom Sharp into a great Passion, he cry'd to his Companions, as he was coming through *Westminster-Hall*, *Was ever such Rogues seen in this World before, to swear they paid that which they never borrow'd?*

But his Inclination to Wickedness, did not stop its Career in such Crimes, which could only be punish'd with a Fine and Pillory; but being a Man of an undaunted Mind in acting any sort of Villainy, he was often wont to say, That that Man deserv'd not the Fruition of the least Happiness here, that would not, rather than go without it, venture his Neck. Thus Sin, if it be dress'd up in specious Pretences, may be entertain'd as a Companion; but when it appears in its own Shape, it cannot but strike Horror into the Soul of any, if not really stupify'd. And indeed this Fellow was stupify'd in his Sins; for to maintain himself in an idle Course of Life, he would perpetrate any notorious Action; so getting into a Gang of Coyners, he

he learn'd the Art of making *black Dogs*, which are Shillings, or other Pieces of Money made only of Pewter, double wash'd. What the Professors of this hellish Art call *George Plateroon*, is all Copper within, with only a thin Plate about it; and what they call *Compositum*, is a mix'd Metal, which will both touch and cut, but not endure the fiery Test.

He had not been long at this Trade, before several of his Gang were apprehended, and rid Post to the Gallows for their wicked Ingenuity; then *Tom Sharp* being in the Suds again, he was oblig'd to employ all the Powers of his Wit and Invention, in the Search of what might conduce to supply him in his manifold Extravagancies; so he went to picking of Pockets, but at length being detected, he was committed to *New Prison*, where having a great many loose Women coming after him, who spent there, and supply'd him with a great deal of Money, he had all the Priviledge imaginable in the Jayl, and going to take his Tryal at *Hicks's Hall* for his Fact, one *John Lee*, the Turn key, carrying him up thither, he gave him the Liberty of being shav'd by the Way in a Barber's Shop; and his Keeper having also a pretty long Beard, quoth *Tom Sharp*, Come, we are Time enough yet, sit down, and I'll pay for taking your Beard off too. Whilst he was trimming, *Tom* talk'd one Thing or other to hold him in Discourse, but at last the Barber saying, Shut your Eyes, or else my Ball will offend 'em; shutting his Eyes, he took an

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Occasion to slip out, for the Barber did not take *Tom* for a Prisoner, and hid himself in an Ale-house hard by. The Turn-key not hearing him talk, he valu'd not the Smart, but open'd his Eyes, and seeing *Tom* not in the Shop, rose up so hastily, that he overthrew *Cut-beard*, Basin, Water, and all upon him, and ran out into the Street with the Barber's Cloth about him, and Napkin on his Head. The People seeing him thus, with the Froth about his Face, concluded him mad, and as he ran, gave him the Way. The Barber, with his Razor in his Hand, ran after the Turn key, crying, *Stop Thief, Stop Thief*; but he never minding the Out-cry, still ran staring up and down, as if his Wits had lately stole away from him, and he was in Pursuit of 'em. Some durst not stop him, and others would not; but nevertheless the Barber seiz'd him at last, and getting his Cloth and Napkin from him, he made him pay six Pence besides, for being but half-shav'd.

In the time of this Hurly-burly, *Tom* got clear off; and being afraid of apprehending for this Escape, he was oblig'd to lie *Incognito* in a Garret in *St. Andrew's-street*, by the *Seven Dials*, where also dwelling in the same House one *Baynham*, a poor illiterate Taylor, who was lately turn'd an *Astrologer*, and had a mighty great Conceit of his own natural Parts, which were very extraordinary in ordinary Things, they became intimately acquainted one with another; and hearing this

Star.

Star-Gazer often wish he could speak *Arabick*, for the understanding *Albumazar*, *Mesjidiah*, *Abdilazus*, *Ulugh Beighi*, and other Authors, who had written on the Art of *Astrology* in that Language, *Tom Sharp* pretended he had that Tongue as perfect as his own, and would teach it him in three Months for 40 Shillings, one half in Hand, and the other when he had perform'd his Bargain. *Baynham* was very glad of this Opportunity, and giving *Tom* 20 Shillings, he was to procure *Erpenius's Arabick Grammar*, which he understood no more than a wild *Indian* did *Welsh* or *Irish*; but in the mean Time he taught his Pupil a deal of canting Words, telling him *Autem* was *Arabick* for a Church; *Borde*, a Shilling; *Bube*, the Pox; *Buffer*, a Dog; *Belly-cheat*, an Apron; *Cokir*, a Liar; *Cuffin*, a Man; *Canke*, dumb; *Cannakin*, the Plague; *Deuse-avil*, the Country; *Fer-me*, a Hole; *Flag*, a Groat; *Glymmer*, a Fire; *Gar*, a Lip; *Gybe*, a Pass; *Harmanback*, a Constable; *Jigger*, a Door; *Kinchin*, a Child; *Libege*, a Bed; *Make*, a Half-penny; *Nab*, a Hat; *Prat*, a Thigh; *Quarron*, a Body; *Ruffin*, the Devil; *Swag*, a Shop; *Slat*, a Half-Crown; *Trine*, the Gallows; *Win*, a Penny; and *Yarum*, was Milk. With this Jargon and meer Gibberish, invented by Villains to shroud their wicked Intentions from the Knowledge of honest People, he deluded the cunning Man, who being an apt Scholar, could in less than four and twenty Hours,



Hours, very significantly express himself, and tell the Meaning of *Bite the Peter or Roger*, that is, steal the Port-mantle or Cloak-bag; *Tip me my Earnest*, that's, give me my Part or Share; *Pike on the Leen*, that's, run as fast as you can; *Plant your Whids*, that's have a Care what you say; *Stow your Whids*, that's, to be wary; *The Mort tip'd me a Wink*, that's, the Whore gave me a Wink; or, *Tip the Cole to Adam Tyler*, that's, give what Money you have pick'd out of the Man's Pocket, to the next Party. But Tom Sharp made him to believe, that they were Terms belonging to the Art of *Astrology*, as *Sol* is in Opposition to *Luna*, *Saturn* in Conjunction with *Mars*, *Venus* was Ascendent in the Cusp of the ninth House, *Mercury* was in Quartile to *Jupiter*, the Moon was got into *Aquarius*, the Sun and *Venus* are come to a Trine, and the Sun would suffer a great Eclipse, as Tom did; for in two or three Days absconding from his Lodging, not one Digit of his Body was to be seen ever after. Thus he trick'd the poor *Astrologer*, as nicely as he had the Daughter of James Gardiner a Printer, out of above 50 Shillings, in telling her five or six Years ago, she should have a Husband in a short Time, and the poor Creature is not marry'd yet.

Afterwards Tom Sharp equipping himself in a Cloak, he went to the Portuguese Chappel in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and having thrown in a Paper of *Lamp-black* into the holy Water plac'd

plac'd by the Door, he went up to the Altar, where just within the Rail stood a Silver Basin, which he chang'd for a Pewter one which he had under his Cloak, after he had at a convenient Opportunity privately pour'd the Water out of one into the other, and put the *Lamp black* likewise into that. Afterwards the Priest coming out and crossing himself, he presently turn'd towards the Crucifix, and having said a short Ejaculation to himself, the spiritual Juggler arose and look'd towards his bigotted Congregation, to bless them with a *Pax vobiscum*, but when he saw them all have black Crosses on their Foreheads, and the People seeing one on his, there was such staring one upon the other, as if they would have star'd thro' one another. At length, they found they were impos'd upon by some *Heretick*, who was got far enough off before now; whereupon, highly resenting the Prophanation of that which they thought sufficient Proof against the Devil and all his Works, they presently went to cursing of him with their greatest *Anathema* of Bell, Book, and Candle; but *Tom* being curs'd to their Hands, he valu'd not their Revenge at all.

He was a *Glover* by Trade, born at *Rygate*, in the County of *Surry*, of very honest Parents; but he had not been long out of his Apprenticeship, e're, getting into ill Company, he was so harden'd in Wickedness, that no wholesome Advice, nor Threats, could reclaim

reclaim his Viciousness. Thus for some Years, he led a most wicked Course of Life ; and at last shooting a Watch-man, who oppos'd him in breaking open a *Shoe-maker's* Shop the Corner of *Great Wild-street*, facing up *Great Queen-street*, he was apprehended and condemn'd for the Murder : But such was his Impiety, whilst under Sentence of Death, that instead of thanking such who had so much *Christianity* in 'em as to bid him prepare for his latter End, he would bid them not to trouble his Head with the idle Whimfies of Heaven and Hell, for he was more a Man than to dread or believe any such Matter after this Life. But when he came to the Place of Execution, which was at the End of *Long-Acre* in *Drury-Lane*, and the Halter was put about his Neck, he then chang'd his Tone, and began to call out for Mercy, with such a sorrowful Voice, which could not but awake the most lethargick Conscience that ever the Devil lull'd asleep. One there might plainly see by the Deluge of Tears which fell from his Eyes, what Convulsion-Fits his poor Soul suffer'd, whilst his own Mouth confess'd how grievously his afflicted Spirits were stretch'd on the Rack of horrid Despair. Now was the Time that the voluminous Registers of his ill Conscience, which formerly lay clasp'd in some unsearch'd Corner of his Memory, were laid open before him ; and the Devil, who hitherto gave him the lessening End of the Prospective-Glass, to survey his licentious Courses,

Courses, turn'd the magnifying End to his Eye, which making him now implore Heaven for a gracious Pardon of his manifold Transgressions, he was turn'd off the Cart on *Friday* the 22d Day of *September* 1704, Aged 29 Years.



ANNE HOLLAND, a *Pick-pocket.*

THIS was her right Name, tho she went by the Names of *Andrews, Charlton, Edwards, Goddard,* and *Jackson*, which is very usual for Thieves to change them, because falling oftentimes into the Hands of Justice, and as often convicted of some Crimes, yet thereby it appears sometimes, that when they are arraign'd at the Bar again, that is the first Time that they have been taken, and the first Crime whereof they have ever been accus'd: Moreover, if they should happen to be cast, People, by not knowing their right Names, cannot say the Son or Daughter of such a Man or Woman is to be whip'd, burnt, or hang'd on such a Day of the Month, in such a Year; from whence would proceed more Sorrow to them that suffer'd, as well as Disgrace to their Parents. For this Reason, many such Persons are indicted with an *alias* prefix'd to several Names, whose Delight is to be



be Gentlemen and Gentlewomen without Rents, to have other Folks Goods for their own, and dispose of them at their own Will and Pleasure, without costing them any more than the Pains of stealing them. But as concerning *Anne Holland* her usual Way of thieving, was the *Service-Lay*, which was hiring herself for a Servant in any good Family, and then, as Opportunity serv'd; robb'd them: Thus living once with a Master-Taylor, in *York-Buildings* in the *Strand*, her Mistress was but just gone out to a Christening, as her Master came Home booted and spurr'd out of the Country, and going up into his Chamber where she was making his *Bed*, he had a great Mind to try his Manhood with his Maid, and accordingly threw her on her Back; but she made a great Resistance, and would not grant him his Desire, without he pull'd off his Boots; whereupon she first pluck'd one off, and whilst she was pulling off the other, one knocking at the Door, she ran down Stairs, taking a Silver Tankard off the Window, which would hold two Quarts, saying, she must draw some Beer, for she was very dry: However, she returning not presently, poor *Stitch* was swearing, and staring, and bawling for his Maid *Nan*, to pull off his t'other Boot, which was half on and half off, but being extraordinary strait, he could neither get his Leg farther in nor out: And there he might remain 'till Doomsday for *Nan*, for she was gone far enough off with the *Wedge*,  
that's

that's to say, Plate, which she had converted into another Shape and Fashion in a short Time.

And once *Nan*, having been at a Fair in the Country, and coming up to *London*, she lay at *Uxbridge*, where being a good pair of *Holland* Sheets to the Bed, she was so industrious as to sit up most Part of the Night, to make her a couple of good Smocks out of one of 'em; so in the Morning, putting the other Sheet double towards the Head of the Bed, she came down Stairs to Breakfast. In the Interim, the Mistress sent up her Maid to see if the Sheets were there, who turning the single Sheet a little down as it lay folded, she came and whisper'd in her Mistress's Ear, that the Sheets were both there; so *Nan* discharging her Reckoning, she brought more Shifts to Town than she carry'd out with her; and truly she had a pretty many, or else she could not have liv'd as she did for some Years.

This unfortunate Creature, at her first launching out into the Region of Vice, was a very personable young Woman, being clear-skin'd, well shap'd, having a sharp piercing Eye, a proportionable Face, and exceeding small Hand; which natural Gifts serv'd rather to make her miserable, than happy; for several lewd Fellows flocking about her, like so many Ravens about a Piece of Carrion, to enter her under *Cupid's* Banners, and obtaining their Ends, she soon commenc'd  
and

and took Degrees in all manner of Debauchery ; for if once a Woman passes the Bounds of Modesty, she seldom stops, 'till she hath arriv'd to the very Height of Impudence.

However, it was her Fortune to light on a good Husband ; for one Mr. *French*, a Comb-maker, living formerly on *Snow-hill*, taking a Fancy to her in a Coffee-house where she was a Servant, 'till she had an Opportunity to rob her Master ; such was his Affection, but not in the least knowing she had been debauch'd, that he marry'd her, and was better satisfy'd with his matching with her who had nothing, than many are with Wives of great Portions. But the *Comb-maker's* Joys were soon vanish'd, for his Spouse being brought to Bed of a Girl within six Months after *Hymen* had join'd them together, it bred such a great Confusion betwixt them, that there was scarce any Thing in the Kitchen, or other Part of the House, which did not continually fly at one another's Heads ; Whereupon her Husband confessing a Judgment to a Friend in whom he could confide, all his Goods were presently seiz'd, and she turn'd out of House and Home, to the great Satisfaction of Mr. *French*, who shortly after went to *Ireland*, and there dy'd.

*Nan Holland* being thus metamorphos'd from a House keeper to a Vagabond, she was oblig'd to shift among the Wicked for a Live  
lihood

lihood; for though but young, yet could she cant tolerably well, wheedle most cunningly, lie confoundedly, swear desperately, pick a Pocket dexterously, dissemble undiscernably, drink and smoak everlastingly, whore insatiately, and brazen out all her Actions impudently. A little after this Disaster, she was marry'd to one *James Wilson*, an eminent Highway-man, very expert in his Occupation, for he was never without false Beards, Vizards, Patches, Wens, or Mufflers, to disguise the natural *Physiognomy* of his Face. He knew how to give the Watch-word for his Comrades to fall on their Prey; how to direct 'em to make their Boots dirty, as if they had rid many Miles, when they are not far from their private Place of Rendezvous; and how to cut the Girths and Bridles of them whom they rob, and bind 'em fast in a Wood, or some other obscure Place. But these pernicious Actions justly bringing him to be hang'd in a little Time, at *Maidstone* in *Kent*, *Nan* was left a hempen Widow, and forc'd to shift for herself again.

After this Loss of a good Husband, *Nan Holand* being well apparell'd, she in Company with one *Tristram Savage*, who had lain under a Fine for crying the scurrilous Pamphlet, entitl'd *The Black-List*, about Streets, a long Time in *Newgate*, where they became first acquainted, went to Dr. *Trotter* in *Moor-Fields*, to have her Nativity calculated. When they



they were admitted into the Conjuror's Presence, who took 'em to be both of the Female Sex, because *Savage* was also dress'd in Womens Clothes, and being inform'd by *Nan* what she came about, he presently drew a Scheme of the 12 Houses, and filling them with the insignificant Characters of the Signs, Planets, and Aspects, display'd about the Time and Place of her Birth in the middle of 'em: That the *Sun* being upon the Cusp of the 10th House, and *Saturn* within it, but five Degrees from the Cusp, it denotes a Fit of Sicknes, which would shortly afflict her; but then *Mercury* being in the 11th House, just in the Beginning of *Sagittarius*, near *Aldebaran*, and but six Degrees from the Body of *Saturn*, in a Mundane Square to the *Moon* and *Mars*, it signify'd her speedy Recovery from it. Again, *Cancer* being in a Zodiacal Trine to the *Sun*, *Saturn* and *Mercury*, she might depend upon having a good Husband in a short Time; and moreover, it was a sure Sign, that he who marry'd her, should be a very rich thriving Man. Thus having gone through his Astrological Cant, quoth *Tristram Savage* to Dr. *Trotter*, Can you tell me, Sir, what I think? The Conjuror reply'd with a surly Countenance, *It is none of my Profession to tell Peoples Thoughts. Why then* (said *Savage*) *I'll shew 'em you*: Whereupon pulling a Pistol out of his Pocket, and clapping it to the Doctor's Breast, he swore he was a dead Man, if he made but the least Outcry; which so surpriz'd him,

that

that trembling like an Aspen Leaf, he submitted to what ever they desir'd. So whilst *Nan* was busy in tying him Neck and Heels, *Savage* stood over him with a Penknife in one Hand, and his *Pop*, that's what they call any Thing of a Gun, in t'other, still swearing, that if he did but whimper, his present Punishment should be either the Blade of his Penknife thrust into his Wind-pipe, or else a Brace of Balls convey'd thro' his Guts. But to be sure of preventing the Conjuror's Cackling, they gagg'd him, and then rifling his Pockets, they found a Gold Watch, 20 Guineas, and a Silver Tobacco-Box, which they carry'd away, besides taking two good Rings off his Finger. After these good Customers were gone, the Conjuror began to make what Noise he could for Relief, by rowling about the Floor like a Porpoise in a great Storm, and kicking on the Boards with such Violence, that the Servants verily thought there was a Combat indeed betwixt their Master and the Devil. But when they went up Stairs, and found him ty'd and gagg'd, they were in no small Astonishment; and quickly unloosing him, he told them how he was robb'd; whereupon they made a quick Pursuit after *Nan Holland* and the other Offender, but to no Purpose, for they were got out of their Reach, and the Knowledge of all the Stars in Heaven.

Altho' she had receiv'd Mercy once before, yet she took no Warning thereby, but when

at Liberty, still pursu'd her old Courses; which in 1705 brought her to *Tyburn*; where instead of imploring for Mercy from above, she cry'd out upon the hard Heart of her Judge, and the Rigour of the Laws; also cursing the Hang-man, but forgetting to repent of the Fact which brought her into the Executioner's Hands, and would, unrepented of, deliver her Soul into the far less merciful Hands of another hereafter.



### STEPHEN BUNCE, *a House-breaker.*

THIS unfortunate Malefactor took to all Uniuckiness and Theft, even in his very Childhood, for playing very often with one of his Neighbour's Children, whose Father was a Charcoal-Man, he would privately fill his Pockets with that black Commodity, and vend it for Codlings to an old Apple-Woman that kept a little Bulk, or Stall, in *Nemtner's Lane*; but at length, being weary of this petty Thieving, he would once have so many Codlings before Hand, and allow for them in the next Bargain; but he design'd when he had them, to merchandize no more with her; and the old Woman mistrusting as much, would not give him Credit. *Stephen* was very angry to himself, that she should scruple his Honesty, and resolv'd to be

be even with her; so one cold frosty Morning, bringing her a good Parcel of Charcoal, whose Concavity or Hollowness thro' the Middle, he had fill'd with Gun-Powder, and seal'd up at each End with black Wax, he had for it what the old Woman thought fit to give him in her Ware; she presently thrust an Heap of it under her Kettle which was boiling, and being hard-bitter Weather, she sat hovering over it with her Coats almost up to her Navel; but at length the Gun-Powder conceal'd in the Charcoal, taking Fire, up bounc'd the Kettle, out flew the Codlings and Water about her Ears, whilst in the midst of Fire and Smoak, the old Woman was hideously crying out Fire and Murder, which brought a great Mob about her presently, to assist her in her great Distress; however, it was the Goodness of her kind Stars, to let her come off in this eminent Danger, with the Damage only of burning a large Hole through her Smock, and the Trouble of picking up her Codlings again.

After *Stephen Bunce* was grown to Years of Discretion, he then undertook great Exploits; for being one Day very genteelly dress'd, and going into a Coffee-House, where an old Gentleman had then a Silver Tobacco-Box, which open'd in two separate Parts, lying on the Table where this Sharper sat, after turning the News-papers over and over, whilst he was drinking a Dish of Tea, he paid for his Tea, and went privately away with



the Lid of the Box, and had his Cypher presently engrav'd thereon ; then returning back to the Coffee-House, and very courteously pulling off his Hat, quoth he, *Gentlemen, have not I left the Bottom of my Tobacco-Box behind me ?* So rumbling among the News-papers, he there found it, crying, as he clap'd the Lid on, *Oh, here it is !* At which, the Owner thereof claim'd it for his ; but *Stephen* impudently shewing his Cypher on it, he challeng'd it for his, and kept it for his own, which put all the Company in the Coffee-Room into a great Consternation about what should become of the other Gentleman's Box.

Another Time, *Stephen Bunce* being benighted near *Bramyard* in *Herefordshire*, and much straiten'd for want of Money, a Thought came into his Head to make up to the Parson's House, where knocking at the Door, he desir'd the Maid to tell her Master a Stranger fain would have the Honour of speaking with him ; the Parson coming out, and enquiring his Business, he being a good Tongue-Pad, told him, he was a poor Student lately come from *Oxford*, in order to go Home to his Friends, and being belated, he most humbly begg'd the Favour of giving him Entertainment under his Roof, but for one Night. The Parson being taken with his modest Carriage and Behaviour, withal believing what he said to be true, he kindly receiv'd him and courteously entertain'd him at Supper with him and his Family ; which being over

and the Maid order'd to shew him his Bed-Chamber, as bidding them all good Night, *Stephen* most humbly requested of the Parson, that he might give him a Sermon in the Morning, which being *Sunday*, the Parson very thankfully accepted of his Proffer. So the Morning being come, the *Levite* equipp'd his young Student in his Gown and Caslock, and because it was about a Mile to the Church, he lent him his Horse too, whilst he, his Wife, and Children, would go the Foot-path over the Fields ; when coming to Church, one was bowing, another scraping to the Parson of the Parish, wondering to see him without his canonical Habit on a Day when he should perform his sacred Function ; but he soon alleviated their Admiration, by telling his Parishioners, that a young Gentleman of the University of *Oxford*, would be there presently, that would preach to them an excellent Sermon. Now Prayers were said, and the last Psalm sung, but none of the Gentleman came ; so staying 'till Dinner-Time, the Congregation was forc'd to go Home without a Sermon, as well as their Parson without his Gown and Horse, which *Stephen* to be sure had ordain'd for another-guise Use than to ride to Church to preach in.

Another Time this pickled Blade being upon his Patrole in *Essex*, as he was on one side of the Hedge, he espy'd at some Distance, a Gentleman very well mounted on a good Gelding ; so getting into the Road, he lay all

along on the Ground with his Ear close to it, 'till the Gentleman came up ; who asking him the Reason of that Posture, *Stephen* held up his Hand to him, which was as much as to bid the Gentleman be silent ; but the Gentleman being of a hasty Temper, quoth he, *What a Pox are you listening to?* Hereupon *Stephen* sitting on his Britch, he said, *Oh! dear Sir, I have often heard great Talk of Fairies, but I could never have the Faith to believe there were any such Thing in Nature, till now; for indeed, here in this very Place I hear such a most ravishing and melodious Harmony of all sorts of Musick, which was enough to charm me to sit here, if possible, to all Eternity.* This Story made the Gentleman presently alight to hear this ravishing Musick too ; so giving *Stephen* his Gelding to hold, and laying his Ear to the Ground, quoth he, *I can hear nothing.* Mr. *Bunce* bid him turn t'other Ear ; so his Face being from him, he presently mounted his Gelding, and gallop'd away with all Speed, 'till he came within Sight of *Rumford*, then alighting, he let the Gelding loose, supposing that if the Owner us'd any Inn in that Town, he would make to it, as accordingly he did, and *Stephen* at his Heels, which made the Hostler, who was at the Door, cry out, *Master, Master, here's Mr. Bartlet's Horse come without him:* So *Stephen*, by this Stratagem, having got the Owner's Name, quoth he to the Inn-keeper, *Mr. Bartlet being engag'd with some Gentle-*  
*men*

men in Play at Ingerstone, he pray'd him to send him 15 Guineas, and to keep his Gelding in Pledge thereof 'till he came himself, which would be in the Evening. Aye, aye, (reply'd the Innkeeper) 100 Guineas if he wanted 'em; so giving Stephen 15 Guineas, he made the best of his way to London, when in about four or five Hours, the Gentleman came puffing and blowing in his great Jack-Boots to the Inn, and the Inn-keeper stepping up to him, he said, O, dear Sir, what need you have sent your Gelding, and so put your self to the Trouble of coming this sultry Weather on foot, for the small Matter of 15 Guineas, when you might have commanded ten times as much without a Pledge? Quoth the Gentleman, Hath the Fellow then brought my Gelding hither? A Son of a Whore! He was pretty honest in that; but I find the Rogue hath made me pay 15 Guineas for hearing his d--n'd Fairies Musick.

He was a great Visiter of Billiard-Tables, Nine-Pin-Yards, Shuffle-Board-Tables, and Cock-Pits, as leaving no Place unsearch'd wherein there might be any Thing worthy of a Bait. Tho' he had ever so fair an Opportunity of reclaiming, yet was he so profligate in all roguish Transactions, that he abhorr'd any Thing which look'd vertuous. Once Stephen Bunce turning Foot Pad, he set upon a Butcher betwixt Paddington and London, who being also a lusty stout Fellow, he would not part with what he had without some Blows. To cudgelling one another they



went straight, but tho' the Butcher play'd his Part very well, yet after a very hard Battle, wherein they were both sadly batter'd and bruise'd, he was forc'd to cry *Peccavi*. Then the Victor searching him all over, from Head to Foot, and finding but a Groat in his Pocket, quoth *Stephen* to the Butcher, *Is this all you have?* He reply'd, *Yes, and too much to lose.* Said *Bunce* then, *Oh! D--n you for a Son of a Whore, if you'd fight at this rate but for a Groat, what a Plague would you have done if you'd had more Money?* So they both parted.

But this small Sum not sufficing for one Night's Extravagancy, as *Stephen* was coming by one *Mr. Sandford's* Shop, a Goldsmith in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden*, as the old Man was telling a great Parcel of Money on the Compter, he presently stept to an Oil-Shop for a Farthing-worth of Salt; then coming back to the Goldsmith's House, and flinging it all in his Eyes, which causing a terrible Smarting, he did nothing but stamp and rub his Peepers, whilst *Mr. Bunce* swept about Fifty Pounds into his Hat, and went off with it.

It is a true Saying, *That what is got over the Devil's Back, is always spent under his Belly*, for *Stephen* going that Night to a Bawdy-House in *Colson's Court* in *Drury Lane*, he lit into a *Srumpet's* Company, call'd, for her great Bulk like a *Colossus*, the *Royal Sovereign*, who pick't his Pocket of 20 Pounds,  
and

and vanish'd away with it in the Twinkling of an Eye. This Disaster made him fret, fume, and storm, like a mad Man, and vent more Oaths and Curses, than any losing Gamester at the Groom-Porter's. But all his Exclamations being to no purpose, he began to vent his Passion next with a general Raillery against all the Female Sex; swearing there was not a Woman on Earth but what was a Crocodile at Ten, a Whore at Fifteen, a Devil at Forty, and a Witch at Threescore. So spending the Remainder of his Money in a Day or two, for Vexation, Necessity (which is always the best Whetstone to sharpen the Edge of a Man's Invention) compell'd him to contrive Ways and Means for a fresh Supply; then going to one of his Comrades, whom the Sight of Line, Rope, or Halter, could not daunt with the Fear of coming Home short at last, they went one Night, when the Shop was just shut up, to one Mr. Knowles, a Woollen Draper in King Street, Westminster, where, whilst Stephen was bargaining for three Quarters of a Yard of Cloth to make him, as he pretended, a Pair of Breeches, his Companion had the Opportunity of taking the Feather, as Thieves call it, or Key out of a Pin in the Window, then going away, but without buying any thing, and the Man not thinking any otherwise than that his Shop was fast shut, as having secur'd all before, they came in the Dead of the Night, which was very dark by reason the Weather, that's

to say, the *Moon*, did not shine, and taking the Pin out which had no Key, they had an easy Access into the Shop, from whence they took away as much Cloth as came to above 80 Pounds.

When *Stephen Bunce* was but a Lad about 14 or 15 Years of Age, he was a Tapster at the *Nag's-Head Ale-House* in *Tuttle-Street, Westminster*, where he had not been above a Month before he convey'd a Silver Tankard privately to one of his thieving Companions, which held two Quarts; but at Night, when his Master came to lock up his Plate, it was missing, which put all the House into Disorder, for Mr. *Nick and Fiote* swore like an Emperor, the Mistress scolded as bad as any Fifth-Woman at *Billingsgate*, and the Servants had all a Grumbling in the Gizzard, but whom to blame, none could tell. However, after some small Inquisition about it, it was generally concluded, that some of the Guests had taken it away; whereupon it was agreed by a general Consent, that the next Morning the Maid and *Stephen Bunce* should go to *John Partridge*, the Astrologer and Translator of Shoes, in *Salisbury-Street* in the Strand, as being cry'd up for his Dexterity in that Art, to be little inferior to *Friar Bacon*, for tho' he could not make a brazen Head to speak, yet he had such a brazen Face of his own as could outface the Devil himself for lying. Accordingly going to this Astrologer's House, and popping a Shilling into his Hand, he

very

very formally set himself down in a Chair, laid half a Sheet of white Paper before him, and then taking a Pen in his Hand, he made thereon several Triangles about a Square, which he call'd the 12 Houses, and said, *Jupiter* being Lord of the Ascendant, signifies good Luck for the gaining your Tankard again, did not *Mars* interpose with an evil Aspect towards *Mercury*. Now, *Venus* being on the fiery Trigon, denotes the Party that had it, lives either East or West; and *Saturn* being retrograde, and in the Cusp of *Taurus*, it must needs be, that it is hid under Ground either North or South. Then he ask'd if there was not a red-hair'd Man at the House that Day? They told him, No. Nor a black-hair'd Man neither? said he. They still answer'd, No. Nor was there not a brown-hair'd Man there, with grey Cloaths, not very tall, nor very low? They told him, Yes. Then he ask'd whether they knew him or not? They answer'd, No. The *Sun* (saith he) being ill posited in the 11th House, and *Mercury* in Trine with *Virgo*, it was without all Doubt a brown hair'd Man that had the Tankard. Then *Stephen* ask'd, whether it might not be a Woman, as well as a Man? This put the Conjuror something to his Trumps; but when the Maid said that could not be, for there was never a strange Woman in the House all that Day, he grew bold, and said, No too; for *Venus* being weak in Reception with *Gemini*, and the *Moon* in  
her



her Detriment, both feminine Planets, does plainly tell, that it was a Man, and one betwixt 40 and 50 Years of Age. Upon my Life, said the Maid, I saw the Party then that had it; he was a curl'd-pated Fellow, with a sad-colour'd Suit, and about that Age; he drank in the Rose; but if ever I see the Rogue again, I'll teach him to steal Tankards, with a Murrain to him. *Stephen* could not but laugh in his Sleeve at the Maid's Confidence; so taking their Leave of the *Astrologer*, they went homewards, with a deal of News to tell their Master; but by the Way, *Stephen* dropt the Maid, to go and take Share of his Booty, and never went any more to his Place.

This notorious Fellow being once, by an Order of Court at the Sessions-House in the *Old Baily*, sent for a Soldier into *Spain*, there, in an Enemy's Country, he was so much upon the Duty of Fasting, that the civil War which the Wind made in his empty Stomach, oblig'd him very often to look out sharp for some Employment for his Teeth; so one Day *Stephen* and his Comrade, being as hungry as two Tarpaulins kept upon short Allowance, but altogether Moneyless, they went loitering up and down the Market in *Barcelona*, to see what Fortune might offer in Relief of their Bellies, which had been mere Strangers to any Sustenance for above 48 Hours. At length they espy'd a Country-Man going out of Town on an Ass; they follow'd

follow'd him at some Distance, and about half a Mile from the Town, there being a very high Hill, the Country-Man alighted, and led the Ass up leisurely by a loose Bridle; hereupon *Stephen Bunce* going with his Comrade softly after them, he dexterously slipt the Bridle off the Ass's Head, and puts it on his own; then the other going off with the Booty, *Stephen* crawls upon all Fours, 'till he ascended on the Top of the Hill; when the Country-Man turning about to mount again, he was almost frighten'd out of his Wits, to see a Man bridled instead of an Ass; but *Stephen* perceiving his great Consternation, quoth he, *Dear Master, don't be troubled at this strange Alteration which you see in your Beast; for indeed it was no Ass, as you suppos'd it, but a Man, real Flesh and Blood, as you be; but you must know, that it being my Misfortune to commit a Sin against the Virgin Mary once, she resented it so heinously, that she transform'd me into the Likeness of an Ass for seven Years; and now the Time being expir'd, I assume my proper Shape again, and am at my own Disposal. However, Sir, I return you many Thanks for your Goodness towards me; for since I have been in your Custody, you put me to no more Labour, than what I, you, or any other Ass, might be able to bear.* The Country-Man was astonish'd at the Story, but nevertheless was glad that his Ass which was, could not charge him with any ill Usage, so parting, *Stephen* went to his Comrade, who had

had already chang'd the Afs again into Mo-ney, to put their Teeth in Ufe once more, for Fear they fhould forget the Way of Eating; whilst the poor Country-Man was oblig'd to return to the Town again, to buy him another Afs to carry him Home; fo going into the Afs-Market, he efpy'd his old Afs again; whereupon stepping up haftily to him, and whispering in his Ear, he faid, *Oh! Pox on you, you have committed another Sin againft the Virgin Mary, I find; but I fhall take Care how I buy you again.*

He was lawfully marry'd at *Plymouth* to a Victualler's Daughter, who had fo much Education beftow'd upon her, as to read, few, and mark on a Sampler; after which, ſhe was kept at Home to fit in the Bar, and keep the Scores; which Poſt pleas'd the young Woman very well, becauſe there was great Variety of Gueſts us'd the Houſe, eſpecially merry drunken Sailors, who, when they had Liberty to come Aſhore, would luſtily booze it, and ſing and dance all Weathers. But *Stephen*, within a very little While after he was enter'd into the State of Matrimony, catching the Gunner of the *Swiftſure* Man of War boarding his Wife, he quickly ſhew'd his Spouſe a light Pair of Heels, and came up to *London*; where growing debauch'd to the higheſt Degree, he was very ſeldom out of the Powdering-Tub; nevertheless the impairing of his Health after this profligate Way, did not alienate his Inclination from  
keeping

keeping Company with such Cattle, who ruin both Body and Soul; and for the Maintenance of lewd Women, he car'd not what Hazards he underwent, as he confess'd when under Sentence of Death. Therefore, as common Whores were his Ruin, he would, but then too late, exclaim against 'em, and say, a Strumpet was the Highway to the Devil; wherefore, he that look'd upon her with Desire, began his Voyage to inevitable Destruction; he that stay'd to talk with her, mended his Pace; and he who enjoy'd her, was at his Journeys-End.

He had been an old Offender, and was such a debauch'd Fellow in his Conversation, that he could invent no other Method of gracing his Discourse, and making it taking, but by a complaisant Rehearsal of his own, and other Mens Uncleanneſſes; in fine, he could not find half an Hour's Talk, without being beholden for it to a common Whore; but his Wickedness made its *Exit* in 1707, with *Jack Hall* and *Dick Low* at *Tyburn*.



### DICK LOW, *a House-breaker.*

**T**his Person took to thieving in his Minority; so that one time when he was about 11 or 12 Years old, creeping privately in an Evening behind a Goldsmith's Compter in *Cheap-*



*Cheapside*, the Goldsmith comes from a back Room, and goes himself behind the Compter, infomuch, that *Dick Low* had no Opportunity of going out invisible, whereupon he cries, *Whoop, Whoop*; at this the Goldsmith cry'd, *Hey, hey, is this a Place to play in at Whoopers Hide? Get you gone, you young Rogue, and play in the Streets.* But *Dick* yet lying still, cry'd again, *Whoop, Whoop*; which made the Goldsmith in a great Passion cry, *Get you gone, Sirrah, or I'll Whoop you with a good Cane, if you want to play here.* Whereupon *Dick* went away with a Bag of 50 Pounds, which the Goldsmith mis'd next Day.

But as he grew up in Years, so that his Statue made him past the Morning, Noon, or Night *Sneak*, which is privately sneaking into Houses at any of those Times, and carrying off what next comes to Hand, for all's Fish that comes to Net, with them, who are term'd Saint *Peter's* Children, as having every Finger a Fish hook, he went upon other Lays, as taking *Lobs* from behind *Ratlers*; that's to say, Trunks or Boxes from behind Coaches; and upon the *Mill*, which is breaking open Houses in the Night, for which Purpose they have their Tinder-Boxes, Matches, Flints, Steel, Dark-Lanthorns, Bags, Cords, Batties, and Chissels to wrench; but now they have a new Way of using a large turning Gimlet or Orgor, with which boring Holes through a wooden Window, they presently  
with

with a Knife cut out a Hole big enough to put in their Hand to unbolt it ; whereby an honest Man is soon undone by these sly Rascals, who call themselves *Prigs*, which, in their canting Language, denotes a Thief: And as for their Religion, they term themselves but half *Christians*, because of the two principal Cominandments they keep but one, which is to love God ; but in no Case their Neighbour, from whom it is their Livelihood to Steal. These Thieves have a quick Eye to take hold on all Advantages of obtaining an unlawful Prize, and Highway-men have commonly their Spies in all Fairs, Markets, and Inns, who view all that go and come, and learn what Money they carry, how much, where they leave it, and in what Hands, whereby they for whom they spy, may be Masters of it.

When *Richard Low* was a Foot Soldier in *Flanders*, he and his Comrade being one Day very Peckish, and meeting with a Boor in *Ghent* loaded with Capons, Partridges, and Hens, they struck up a Bargain with him for half of them, which *Dick's* Comrade carry'd off, whilst he was fumbling and pulling out all his Things in his Pockets to find out his Money, which being nothing answerable to the Poultry he had bought, he order'd the Boor to follow him, 'till at length he brought him into a Cloyster of *Capuchin Fryers*, where some of them were confessing Folks ; then telling the Boor, that the Provision he had bought of him was for this House, and a cer-  
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tain Father who was there confessing, was the Superiour, to whom he would go and acquaint his Reverence, that he must pay him ; accordingly going up to him, and privately putting six Pence in his Hand, he whisper'd him in the Ear, saying, *Reverend Father, this honest Country-Man here is a particular Acquaintance of mine, who's come hither to be confess'd ; but living six Miles off, and Business requiring him Home this Evening, I beseech you to be so kind as to confess him as soon as you can.* The good Father oblig'd by the Alms given aforehand, promis'd him, that when he had ended the Penitent's Confession whom he had at his Feet, he should dispatch him presently : And at the same Time calling to the Boor, quoth he, *go not hence, and I'll perform what you want presently.* So Dick going after his Comrade, when the aforesaid Penitent had made an End of his *Canterbury Story* to the Priest, the spiritual Juggler call'd the Clown to him, who stood bolt upright, looking very wishfully on the Confessor, to see if he put his Hand in his Pocket to pay him, the Father Confessor look'd as wishfully on the Boor, to see him stand with so little Devotion to be confess'd ; but imputing the Cause thereof to his Simplicity, he bids him kneel, which the Clown did with some Reluctancy, as thinking it to be an insulting Ceremony for a Man to kneel to receive his own Money ; but obeying the Order with Grumbling, the Priest bids him make the Sign of the Cross, at which the

the Boor being out of Patience, believing the Confessor to be out of his Wits, he chattered'd, and rav'd, and swore like a mad Man, which made the Confessor imagine the Boor was possess'd with the Devil; whereupon he put his hempen Girdle about the poor Fellow's Neck, and making the Sign of the Cross over his Head, began to conjure him, by saying some devout Prayers, which made the Man so mad indeed, that he tore off the Confessor's Habiliments, and throwing him down on the Ground, demanded loudly his Money for the Poultry. This rustical Usage made the Father suppose he had the Devil himself to deal with; so that with a weak and affrighted Voice, he began to commend himself to all the Saints in the *Almanack* for their Assistance; and at the Clamour and Noise that was betwixt him and the Priest, the whole Convent of *Fryers* came out in Procession with Crosses and hallow'd Lights in their Hands, and casting holy Water about on every Side, as believing there was a Legion of Devils in their Chapel: But the Boor still crying out for his Money for his Poultry, the *Prior* made a strict Enquiry into the Matter, and found some Knave had impos'd on the Fellow, who had no other Satisfaction, than that of the Convent's cursing him that had cheated the Boor, by Bell, Book, and Candle.

There being one Mr. *Pemmell*, an Apothecary, living in *Drury-lane*, it was his Misfortune



fortune to have a Wife who kept Company with one *Davis* a Glasier; but bad Circumstances obliging him to fly for Sanctuary to *Thornbury* in *Gloucestershire*, his *Madona* was in great want of another Gallant; however, she being naturally prone to Liberality, and always extravagantly rewarding Kindnesses of this Nature, it was not long 'ere a particular Acquaintance of her's undertook to supply her with a new Lover, which was *Dick*. As soon as he was introduc'd into the Company of the Apothecary's Wife, she took a huge Fancy to him; for he behav'd himself so pleasantly, and his Caresses were so agreeable, that his Mistress esteem'd herself the happiest Woman in the World, in the Enjoyment of a Person so facetious and accomplish'd with all the Mysteries of Love. Whenever he came to her House, which was always when her Husband was from Home, she entertain'd him with such an unreserv'd Freeness, that she conceal'd nothing from her Spark, that might either please his Fancy or Curiosity. But one Day opening a Chest of Drawers to take out some what, *Dick* espy'd a couple of Bags of Money, at which his Mouth sadly water'd; for altho' his Mistress told him, that as long as one Penny was in them, his Pockets should never be unfurnish'd, yet he wanted to be Master of them presently; and indeed it was not long before he had 'em at his Command; for Business requiring the Apothecary in the Country for  
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about a Week, *Dick* then lay in his House at Rack and Manger; and having two other Rogues like himself at a great Supper prepar'd for 'em there, they began about 12 of the Clock at Night, to declare their Intention with Sword and Pistol, saying, That whoever presum'd to speak but one Word, suffer'd present Death. Then to Work they went, gagging and tying first the Procurer; in the mean Time the Apothecary's Wife seeing how her Friend was serv'd, she fell on her Knees, and heartily beseech'd 'em not to use her so. Quoth *Dick*, *No, no, Madam, we'll only tie your Hands, lest you should ungag that serious, and now silent Bawd there.* After she was secur'd, they went down into the Kitchen, and gagg'd and ty'd the Maid and Apprentice; then rifling the House, they carry'd away 250 Pounds, and some Plate, to a considerable Value. But *Dick* thinking it unmannerly to go away without saying any thing, he went to his late belov'd Mistress, and giving her a *Judas Kiss*, quoth he, *Dear Madam, farewell, and when I'm gone, say, I've done more than ever your Husband did, for I have bound you to be constant now.*

After this, *Dick Low* going one Morning into the *Rose and Crown Ale House*, kept by one Mr. *Nayland*, in *Clare-Court*, in *Drury-Lane*, he desir'd a private Room, by Reason he had some Company coming to him about some Business. A private Room was shew'd him, and a double Pot of Drink brought with

a Silver Cup to drink out of, and being alone, the Man of the House sat with him chatting, 'till they were both weary. At last, *Nayland* was wanted by other Company, and whilst he was gone out, *Dick* having with some soft Wax fasten'd the Bottom of the Cup under the Board of the Table, which was cover'd with a Carpet hanging somewhat down all round it, he came to the Bar, saying, *I see my Company will not come, therefore I'll stay no longer.* Then paying his Reckoning, and the Man of the House going into the Room to bring away the Pot and the Cup, which first he could find, but not the other high nor low, he charges *Dick*, who had not yet receiv'd his Change, with downright Theft. The one curs'd and swore he had it not, and the other swore and curs'd he had it, so that between 'em both, they were ready to swear the House down about their Ears. *Dick* was then search'd, and tho' nothing was found about him, yet *Nayland* swore still he must have the Cup, or else know of the going of it; therefore he should pay for the Loss. But *Dick* standing as stiffly upon his Reputation, which was never worth any thing, he insisted he had it not, nor knew any thing of its being gone; whereupon a Constable being fetch'd, he was carry'd before Justice *Negus*, where the Loser making his Complaint as truly the Matter was, and *Dick Low* alledging his Innocency, the Magistrate was in a Quandary how to do Justice: for,

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quoth he to the Complainant, *here's a Cup lost, and the Prisoner doth not deny but he had it; but then it was miss'd whilst he was in the House, and he search'd without finding any Thing about him; besides, he had no Body with him, therefore it could not be convey'd away by Confederacy: so unless you'll lay point-blank Felony to his Charge, I can do no otherwisethan discharge him.* Then the Victualler, who was an *Irish Man*, reply'd, *Tishfery true, Shir, what you shay; but by my Shalvashion, rader dan he should go without hanging, I will swear twenty Felonies against him; or any tingelise what your Worship please to command me, for I love to oblige any shivvel Shentleman as you be.* Indeed, said the Justice, *you will not oblige me in hanging a Man wrongfully.* And there being no plain Proof to justify that *Dick Low* either had the Cup, or convey'd it away to another, and that he was charg'd in Custody before ever he went out of the House, he came off with Flying Colours, and soon sent another of his Clan to fetch off the Cup, by going to drink in the same Room, and removing it from under the Table into his Breeches without any Suspicion, paying for his Liquor, and fairly returning that Cup, that was brought to him.

This Fellow, when he was but seven or eight Years old, was one of those Urchins, whom a Rogue habited like a Porter carrying on his Shoulders in a great Basket, he would, as a Gentleman came by him in an Evening, put out his Hand, and snatch off his Hat or  
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Perriwig, and sometimes both; which would make the Person robb'd look and stare about like any wild Man, and swear to think what should become of 'em, for he hath no Mistrust of the Porter with the Load on his Back, who still keeps going on, as if he knew nothing of the Matter. But when *Dick* was grown too big for this unlawful Exercise, he industriously apply'd himself to *Diving*, that is, to pick Pockets; and one Day, he and two others of that Profession, having been eight or nine Miles in the Country, where they were so extravagant as to spend all their Money, as they were coming into *Hammer-smith*, they bethought them on the following Stratagem to get more before they enter'd *London*. Two of 'em acting the Part of a drunken Man, in the Town, reeling, tumbling, and abusing several People; who, believing them to be really drunk, let them pass on without much Interruption. Hereupon their sober Companion *Dick Low* seeing no Body would take them up, he was resolv'd to do it himself; so meeting 'em, as if by Chance, they gave him the Jostle, which he not taking so patiently as the others had done, not only had high Words with them, but from Words they fell to Blows, insomuch that two being against one, it was thought unequal, and they having been abusive to others, a great Company was assembl'd, and among 'em the Constable, who seizing on all three, carry'd them before a Justice, who  
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hearing the Matter, and finding by the Testimony of the People who went with them, that only the two who were drunk were wholly to blame, his Worship order'd them to be set in the Stocks for two Hours, and discharg'd *Dick Low*. This Order was obey'd, and the Delinquents were presently put into the Stocks, where they behav'd themselves so pleasantly in foolish Discourse, that a great Number of People hover'd about 'em; the mean Time *Dick* was not idle, for he made such Havock among their Pockets, that in the two Hours Time which they were in the Stocks, he had gain'd about eight Pounds by the Frolick; then coming to *London*, they fell into hard Drinking like so many drunken *Germans*; but in the midst of their Cups, they had the Civility, every now and then, to drink the Health of all them by whom they had far'd the better.

This Fellow, tho' he was not above 25 Years of Age, when he was hang'd at *Tyburn*, with *Jack Hall* and *Stephen Bunce* in 1707, had reign'd long in his Villainy; and the fortunate Success which he had had in his manifold Sins, made him only repent that he had practis'd them no sooner.



## JACK HALL, a House-breaker.

**T**his most notorious Villain was bred a Thief from his Mother's Womb; and there is no sort of Theft, but what he was expert in, as House-breaking, going on the Foot-pad, Shop lifting, the *Sneaking budge*, or pilfering any small Matter that lies in the Way, nay, if it was but Mops and Pails; the *Drag*, which is, having a Hook fasten'd to the End of a Stick, with which they drag any thing out of a Shop Window in a dark Evening; and *filig a Cly*, which is, picking Pockets of Watches, Money, Books, or *Wipes*, that's to say, Handkerchiefs; to this End, they haunt Churches, Fairs, Markets, publick Assemblies, Shows, and are very busy about the *Play-house*: And he that performs this Part of Thieving, commonly gives what he takes to another; that in Case he should be took with his Hand in any Man's Pocket, he might prove his Innocency, by having nothing about him, but what he can justify to be his own.

Truly *Jack Hall* was as dexterous in picking a Pocket, as ever he was in sweeping a Chimney; for on a Market Day once in *Smithfield*, a Grasier having receiv'd some Money for his Cattel, and put it into his

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Coat-Pocket in a Bag, this nimble Spark, to whose Fingers any Thing stuck like Bird-lime, observing the same, he soon became Master of it, and brought it to his Comrades that were drinking at an Ale-House hard by; and to shew his farther Dexterity in *filing a Cy*, emptying the Bag, he untruss'd a Point in it, and finding out the Man, who was still in the Market selling off the rest of his Cattle, he put it into his Pocket again. A little after which, a Person coming to the Farmer for some Money, he went with him to his Inn, and pulling out his Bag, and putting therein his Hand for Money to pay the Creditor, he eagerly pluck'd it out in a sad stinking Pickle, swearing, That he had 30 Pounds in his Bag but just now, but, wound-kins, it was now turn'd to a T--d.

Another Time, meeting with a Man who knew what Profession he was of, he said to Jack, *I wonder how People could have their Pockets pick'd? For he was sure no Body could ever pick his.* Quoth Jack, *If you will lay a Wager of ten Shillings, to be spent here for the Good of the House, and your Pocket shall be pick'd in Westminster-Hall, by to Morrow Noon, if you'll be there.* The Stakes on both Sides were laid down in the Hands of the People of the House; and the Person who defy'd having his Pocket pick'd, went next Morning to *Westminster Hall*, which being Vacation Time, there was no Body in it but two little Boys whipping a Top, who every



two or three Times as the Man pass'd by 'em; blew Quills of Lice upon his Cloaths; and then saying to him, *O! Sir, you are all lousy*; which he perceiving, he desir'd the Boys to pick 'em off, which Office they perform'd with great Assiduoufness, 'till one of 'em pick'd his Pocket of a Purse with some certain Pieces of Silver, which he had laid he would not lose. The Boys then carry'd it to *Jack Hall*, and the Man having walk'd in *Westminster-Hall* his appointed Time, he went to the People in whose Hands the Stakes were deposited, to claim his Money; but *Jack Hall* being there at the same Time, told him, he had lost the Wager, because his Purse was there before him; so giving it him again, he was in a great Surprise, to think how he should come by it; and they had the Wager spent with great Satisfaction on both Sides.

*Jack Hall* having a Design once to rob a great Merchant in the City of *London*, he went oftentimes hankering about his House, but could never effect it; whereupon he be-thought himself of this Stratagem, which was, to be put into a Pack done up like a Bale; and by the Contrivance of his Comrade, who was very well apparell'd, he was laid into this Merchant's House in the Evening, as so much Silk, which he was to see next Morning, and to buy off his Hands, in Case they agreed. Accordingly this Bale full of Iniquity wedg'd inwardly on all Sides with coarse Cloth and Fustian, was laid up  
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in the Ware-house; but Night being come, and the Apprentices weary, two of 'em, whilst their Master was at Supper, went to rest themselves, and by Accident lay along on this Bale, which was plac'd by some others, insomuch that, the extream Anguish of their Weight being very heavy upon *Jack Hall*, who could scarce fetch his Breath, he drew out a sharp Knife, and making a great Hole in the Fillet of the Bale, he also made a deep Wound in the Buttocks of him that lay most upon it, which made him rise, and roar out, his Fellow-Prentice had kill'd him; so running out to his Master, and his Fellow-Prentice along with him, who was innocently secur'd, 'till a farther Examination of the Matter. In the mean While *Jack Hall* made his Escape out of a Window, with only taking two Pieces of Velvet along with him. At the same Time the Merchant seeing his Apprentice in a very bloody Condition, and fearing, if the Bale of Silk he lay on should be spoilt with the Blood, he must be forc'd to pay whatever Price was requir'd, he ran presently into the Ware-house to prevent any Damage coming to it, where finding it mightily shrunk in its Bulk, it rais'd some Suspicion of Roguery in him; for opening it, he found therein nothing of Value; and then searching about his Ware-house, and missing the two Pieces of Velvet, he plainly perceiv'd some Rogue had been pack'd up in the Bale, with an Intent to rob his House when he and Fa-

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mily was in Bed ; whereupon the accus'd Apprentice was set at Liberty, and a Surgeon fetch'd for the wounded one, who cost his Master above five Pounds before he was well.

He was also very good for the *Lob*, which is going with a Consort into any Shop to change a *Pistole* or *Guinea*, and having about half of his Change, quoth his Consort, *What need you to change? I have Silver enough to defray our Charges where we are going* : Upon which, the other throws the Money back again into the Money-Box ; but with such Dexterity, that he has one of the Pieces, whether Shilling or Half-Crown, sticking in the Palm of his Hand, which he carries clean off, without any Suspicion of Fraud. Again, he was very expert at the *Whalebone-Lay*, which is, having a thin Piece of Whalebone daub'd at the End with Bird lime, they, going into a Shop with a Pretence to buy something, make the Shop-Keeper, by wanting this and that Thing, to turn his Back often ; and then take the Opportunity of putting the Whalebone, so daub'd with Bird-Lime, into the Till of the Compter, which brings up any single Piece of Money that sticks to it. After which, to give no Mistrust, they buy some small Matter, and pay the Man with a Pig of his own Sow.

The Year before *Jack Hall*, the Chimney-Sweeper, was hang'd, having committed Sacrilege at *Bristol*, in robbing *Rtacliff Church* in

in that City, he made the best of his Way for *London*; where after a little while, his Extravagancies reducing him to the want of Money again, to recruit his Pockets, he went with some of his wicked Associates upon the *Running-Smobble*, which is, in a dark Evening for one of them to go into a Shop, and pretending to be drunk, after some troublesome Behaviour, he puts the Candles out, and taking away what ever comes first to Hand, for all's Fish that comes to Net, with such Villains, he runs off, whilst another flinging Handfuls of Dirt and Nastiness into the Mouth and Face of the Person that cries out to stop Thief, which puts him or her into a sudden Surprise, it gives them an Opportunity of going off without apprehending.

One Time *Jack Hall* being very well drest like a Gentleman, but you must suppose, like *Aesop's Crow* he was deck'd in ocher People's Plumes, and sitting on a Bench in the *Mall* in *St. James's Park*, a Life-Guard Man, and one Mr. *Knight* an Attorney, living in *Shandois-Street*, near *Covent-Garden*, meeting one another just by the Place where *Jack* sat, after some Complements were pass'd between 'em, the Lawyer invited the Life-Guard Man, whom he had not seen a long Time before, to dine with him at his House the next Day, for he should be very welcome, and any Friend that he should bring along with him. The Life Guard Man promis'd he would be



sure to wait upon him ; but asking his Friend whether he liv'd in the same place still, *Yes, yes,* (quoth the Lawyer) *I still live within three Doors of the Feathers Ale-house in Shandois-street.* They then parted, and now *Jack Hall's* Wits were on the Tenters for making some Advantage by this Invitation which he had heard given ; so the next Day, above an Hour before the Time, when hungry Mortals whet their Knives on Thresholds, and the Soles of Shoes, he was lurking thereabouts, and at last, setting his Eyes (as penetrating as those of the *Lynx*, which can see thro' Stone-Walls) on the Life-Guard Man, whom he knew again, he was no sooner enter'd into his Friend's House, but *Jack* was at his Heels, and enter'd also with him, with as much Confidence as if he had been an Acquaintance of the Lawyer. There were above half a Score Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, among whom he sat down, and soon after, Dinner being set on the Table, with great Variety of Dainties, the strange Gentleman *Jack Hall* did eat as heartily, and talk as boldly, as any there. All the while the Life Guard Man took him to be one of the Inviter's Acquaintance, and the Inviter suppos'd him to be the Life-Guard Man's Friend ; but in the End, he prov'd to be neither of their Friends, especially the Lawyer's ; for waiting his Opportunity, he went to the Side Board, which stood in a convenient Place, and putting a Dozen of Silver Spoons,

Spoons, and as many Silver Forks, into his Pocket, he walk'd off *incognito*. The Life-Guard Man, soon after, miss'd *Jack*, and the Lawyer miss'd his Friend's Friend, as he thought him ; but it was not much longer 'ere the Spoons and Forks were missing, and altho' strict Search was made for them, yet were they not found ; therefore none but the Friend, thought so on both sides, being missing, the Lawyer, ask'd the Life-Guard Man for him ; but the Life-Guard Man telling the Lawyer he was none of his Friend or Acquaintance, it was concluded, *nemine Contradicente*, that the absent Person was the Rogue that had converted the Lawyer's Plate to his own Use.

Another Time, *Jack Hall* being very well-dress'd ; and pretending to be a Country-Gentleman, he took Lodgings at the House of one *Dogget*, a Quaker, and Button-seller, living in *Burleigh-Street*, in the *Strand* ; where he behav'd himself very soberly 'till an Opportunity offer'd to out-wit the Quaker, who thought it no Harm to out-wit every Body ; for the Key of his Chamber being left one Day in the Door, he took the Impression of it in Clay, and had another made by it ; a little after which, old *Dogget* and his Wife, going to their Country-House, for two or three Days, leaving none at Home, but a wanton Kinswoman, an Apprentice, and Maid, *Jack* in the mean Time had the Con-  
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ing a Trunk, he took out above 80 Pounds in Money and Plate, and opening the Street-Door, went off with it. But when the old Folks came Home again, and found what had happen'd, the House was all in an Uproar; there was powerful *Holding-forth* by the Man, who storm'd and rav'd, and fell a kicking the Trunk about like 'a Foot-Ball, which he did with a great deal of Ease, because it was as full of Emptiness as ever it could hold.

After this Exploit, *Jack Hall* flying thro' the vast Region of Wickedness; 'till all his ill-got Money was melted like Butter against the Sun, he went upon the *Faggot and Storm*, which is, breaking into People's Houses, and tying and gagging all whom they find in 'em. So one Day he and *Stephen Bunce*, and *Dick Low*, going upon an Enterprize at *Hackney*, about 12 of the Clock at Night, they, by the Help of their Betties and short Crows, made a forcible Entry into the House of one *Clare*, a Baker, whose Journey-Man being ty'd Neck and Heels, they threw him into the *Kneading-Trough*, and the Apprentice with him. *Jack Hall* stood Centry over them, with a great old rusty Back-Sword, which he found in the Kitchen, and swearing with a great Grace, that their Heads both went off as round as a Hoop, if they offer'd to stir or budge: In the mean Time, *Dick Low* and *Stephen Bunce* went up to Mr. *Clare's* Room, whom they found in Bed with his Wife, and ty'd and gagg'd the old Folks, without any Con-

Consideration of their Age, which had left 'em but few Teeth, to barricade their Gums from the Injury they might receive from those ugly Instruments that stretch'd their Mouths asunder. But afterwards finding not so much as they expected, the old Man they ungagged again, to bring to a Confession where he hoarded his Money; but extorting nothing out of him, *Jack Hall* being then come up to them, for fear they should sink upon him, which is an usual Thing among Thieves, to cheat one another, he took up in his Arms the old Man's Grand-Daughter, about six Years old, lying in a Trundle-Bed by him, and said, *D——n me, if he would not bake the Child presently in a Pye, and eat it, if the old Rogue would not be civil.* These scaring Words made *Mr. Clare* beg heartily that they should not hurt the Child, and he would discover what he had, so fetching, by his Order, a little Iron-bound Chest from under the Bed, and unlocking it, they took what was in it, which was about 80 Pounds; then obscuring their dark Lanthorns, they bid the Baker good Night, and to return them Thanks that they spar'd his Ears, which is against the Law for any of their Occupation to wear.

Another Time *Jack Hall* going to one *Mr. Apin*, a Robe-Maker, living in *Portugal-Siret* by *Lincolns-Inn* back Gate, he pretended that he had Occasion for a Gown for his Brother, who was a Parson in the Country, but he would have a very good one, though it  
cost



cost him the more Money. *I can furnish you with all Sorts and Sizes,* said Mr. Aspin; and thereupon fetch'd several, and shew'd him. Jack turn'd many of them over, but still desir'd to see better; at length one was brought, which he seem'd to like; but, said he to the Robe-maker, *I doubt it is too short?* No, (quoth he) *it is long enough in all Conscience*; and thereupon he was for trying of it upon Jack, who said, *Alas! that will be no certain Measure by me, for my Brother is taller than I am by the Head and Shoulders*; but as he is a Man about your Pitch, I desire the Favour of you to put it upon your self, and then I shall guess the better whether it is long enough or no. Mr. Aspin, to satisfy his Customer, did so; but as he was putting it on, Jack took up a Barrister's Gown, and shew'd him a fair Pair of Heels. Mr. Aspin, without putting off the Gown, pursu'd him; in the mean Time two of his Companions, who laid Perdue, acted their Parts, for Stephen Bunce went into the Shop, and taking the next Parcel of Goods which came to Hand, he march'd off. And Dick Low fearing that if the Shop-keeper kept his Pace, he might overtake Jack Hall, he having plac'd himself in the Way on purpose, catches hold on Mr. Aspin, and says, *O! dear, Doctor Cross, who thought of seeing you? I am glad I have met you with all my Heart: But pray, Sir, what makes you run in this distracted Manner about the Streets?* Pish, (quoth Mr. Aspin) *let me go, I'm no Parson,*

*Parson, you are mistaken in the Man, for I'm running after a Rogue that has robb'd me. Then Dick Low reply'd, but still holding him, I beg your Pardon, Sir, for my Mistake, for you are as like my Friend Doctor Cross, as ever I saw two Men in my Life like one another. So letting him go, Jack before now was turn'd the Corner of a Street or two, and was quite out of Sight. By this Time also several of the Neighbours being gather'd together, they were in an Admiration to see old Aspin in a canonical Habit, some saying, Surely he was not going to christen his own Child himself, which his Maid Betty lay in with! whilst others perswaded him to go Home, and put off the Gown, and then make an Enquiry after the Thief, since he was at present got clear away. Mr. Aspin took their Advice; but when he came to his Shop, he found a second Loss, which made him more angry than before, and swear, that the Fellow that met him, might well call him Doctor Cross, for, d—n him, if he had not all the Crosses in the World come upon him at once.*

*This most notorious Malefactor thought it no Injustice to rob every Body; and all his Vices, what ever Deformity the Eye of the World apprehended to be in them, his unaccountable Wickedness look'd upon as no less than the most absolute of all Vertues: But his Villainy being to unparallel'd, that Justice was oblig'd to untheath her Sword against him, a shameful Catastrophe put an*  
End

End to his wicked Crimes in the Year 1707, when (with *Stephen Bunce* and *Dick Low*) he deservedly suffer'd Death at *Tyburn*.



*Capt. JAMES HIND, Murderer and Highway-man.*

**C**apt. *James Hind* was the Son of a Saddler living in *Chipping-Norton* in *Oxfordshire*, where he inhabited many Years in good Credit and Reputation; and sending this his Son to School to learn to read *English*, and to write, he was, when 15 Years of Age, bound an Apprentice to a Butcher in the same Town; but his Master being a very surly, cross Man, who led *Hind* a weary Life, he ran away from him before he had serv'd two Years of his Time, and getting about three Pounds of his Mother, who intirely lov'd this her only Child, he went for *London*, where getting drunk one Night, he was took up by the Watch, and sent to the *Poultry-Compter*, which he did not like when he came to be sober: but here getting acquainted with one *Thomas Allen*, a noted Highway-man in those Days, when they were at Liberty, they went a robbing together on the Road, and at *Shooters-hill* meeting with a Gentleman and his Servant, *Hind* had the Courage to rob them of fifteen Pounds without the Assistance of his Com-

Companion, who stood at a Distance to be aiding as Occasion should require. However, our new Highway man, for Handsale sake, was so generous as to give the Gentleman twenty Shillings of his Money, to bear his Charges on his Journey; which Generosity made *Tom Allen* very Proud, to see his Comrade rob a Person with a good Grace.

Another Time *Capt. Hind* meeting *Hugh Peters* in *Enfield Chace*, he commanded that celebrated Regicide to stand and deliver; whereupon he began to cudgel this bold Robber with some Parcels of Scripture, saying, *The eighth Commandment commands, That you should not steal; besides, it is said by Solomon, Rob not the Poor, because he is poor.* Then *Hind* recollecting what he could remember of his reading the *Bible* in his Minority, he began to pay the Presbyterian Parson with his own Weapon, saying, *Friend, if you had obey'd God's Precepts as you ought, you would not have presum'd to have wrested his holy Word to a wrong Sense, when you took this Text, [Bind their Kings with Chains, and their Nobles with Fetters of Iron] to aggravate the Misfortunes of your Royal Master, whom your cursed Republican Party unjustly murder'd before his own Palace.* Here *Hugh Peters* began to extenuate that horrid Crime, and farther to alledge, for the Defence of his Money, other Places of Scripture against Theft: To which *Hind* reply'd, *Pray, Sir, make no Reflections on my Profession, when So-*  
lomon



Solomon plainly says, Do not despise a Thief. Therefore deliver your Money presently, or else I shall send you out of the World in a Moment. These scaring Words frightening Hugh Peters almost out of his Wits, he gave Hind thirty broad Pieces of Gold, and then they parted. But Hind being not satisfy'd with this Booty, he rode after Hugh Peters again, and overtaking him, said, Sir, now I think on't, this Disaster hath befall you, because you did not observe that Place in the Scripture, which says, Provide neither Gold, nor Silver, nor Brass, in your Purses, for your Journey. And truly, Sir, you must now pardon me for taking away your Cloak and Coat too, because the Scripture says in another Place, And him that taketh away thy Cloak, forbid not to take away thy Coat also. Accordingly Hind stript him of both: And the Sunday after, Hugh Peters designing to preach against the Sin of Theft, he took these Words for his Text, *I have put off my Coat, how shall I put it on?* Cant. Chap. 5. Vers. 3. But an honest Cavalier being just by him then, who knew of his Mischance, he cry'd out aloud, Upon my Word, Sir, I can't tell, unless Capt. Hind was here. Which ready Answer to Hugh Peters's Scriptural Question, put the Congregation into such an excessive Fit of Laughter, that the Fanatick Parson being ashamed of himself, he quitted his Chattering Box without proceeding any farther in his Sermon.

One time Capt. *Hind* meeting a Gentleman's Coach on the Road betwixt *Petersfield* and *Portsmouth*, fill'd with Gentlewomen, he robb'd the same of about 3000 Pounds in Gold, which was the Portion of one of the young Ladies therein, going to be marry'd ; but the Money being lost before she perform'd the Rites of Matrimony, the Sport was all spoil'd, for her Sweet-heart's Love was not so hot, but this News quickly cool'd it ; which evidently shews, that Money in those Days too was the chiefest Drug to get a young Woman a Husband. And not long after the purchasing of this great Booty, which caus'd several Hue-and-Cries after him, but to no Purpose, he and *Tom Allen* his Comrade setting upon that infamous Usurper *Oliver Cromwell* as coming from *Huntington* to *London*, they were so over-power'd by Number, for there were not less than seven Men along with old *Noll*, that *Hind* had much ado to make his Escape, being oblig'd to leave his Partner behind, who was apprehended, and shortly after hang'd.

Nevertheless, Capt. *Hind* having a great Respect for the Royal Family, who were now all Exiles, he attempted once more to set upon their Enemies, and who should the next Person be, but that celebrated Villain Sergeant *Bradshaw* ; so stopping his Coach, as he met him on the Road betwixt *Sherbourn* and *Shaftsbury* in *Dorsetshire*, he demanded his Money. The Sergeant thinking to fright  
*Hind,*

*Hind*, by telling him who he was; quoth *Hind*, *I fear you not, nor never a King-killing Son of a Whore alive; therefore if you do not give me your Money presently, I'll in a Moment send you out of the World without any Benefit of the Clergy at all.* The Sergeant's Conscience now flying in his Face, for the horrid Murder of his lawful Sovereign, and dreading his being sent out of the World without Repentance for so horrid a Crime as dooming his King with a *Mene Tekel*, he gave *Hind* about forty Shillings in Silver; but not being satisfy'd with that Sort of Metal, he swore he would shoot him through the Heart, if he did not find other Coin for him: Whereupon, to save his Life, he gave him a Purse full of *Jacobuses*. At the Sight whereof, quoth *Hind*, *I, marry, Sir, this is the Metal that wins my Heart for ever! Oh! precious Gold, I admire thee as much as Bradshaw, Pryn, or other such Villains, who would for the sake of it, sell our Redcemer again, were he now upon Earth. Nay, I'm sure this is that incomparable Medicament which (as a Friend of mine tells me) the Republican Physicians call The Wonder-working Plaster; truly Catholick in Operation, somewhat of Kin to the Jesuits Powder, but more effectual. The Virtues of it are strange and various, it makes Justice deaf, as well as blind, and takes out Spots of the deepest Treason, more cleverly than Castle-Soap does common Stains. It alters a Man's Constitution in two or three Days, more*

than

then the *Virtuoso's Transfusion of Blood in Seven Years.* 'Tis a great *Alexipharmack*, and helps, poisonous Principles of Rebellion, and those that use them. It miraculously exalts and purifies the Eye sight, and makes Traytors behold nothing but Innocency in the blackest Malefactors. 'Tis a mighty Cordial for a declining Cause, it stifles Faction and Schism as certainly as the Itch is destroy'd by Butter and Brimstone. In a Word, it makes Fools wise Men, and wise Men Fools, and both of them Knaves. The Colour of this precious Balm, you see, is bright and dazling; and being apply'd privately to the Fist, in decent Manner, and a competent Dose, infallibly performs all the abovesaid Cures, and many others, too long now to be mention'd. Then pulling out his Pistols, he farther said, You and your infernal Crew have hitherto run on Jehu-like, therefore 'tis Time now to stop your Career. So shooting all the six Horses belonging to Bradshaw's Coach, Hind rid off as fast as he could, to seek for another Prey.

Now, this bold Robber having reign'd a long Time in this Course of Life, even nine or ten Years, an intimate Acquaintance of his at last discover'd his Lodging, which was at one Mr. Denzie's, a Barber, living over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, and where he had Lodg'd about a Month, by the Name of Brown. Here being apprehended, and carry'd before the Speaker of the House of Commons living in Chancery-Lane, he was, after a long Examination, committed.



ted, with Fetters on his Legs, to *Newgate* where one Capt. *Compton*, who convey'd him thither, shew'd the Keeper of the Goal a Warrant for his Commitment, and such close Imprisonment, that no Person whatsoever was to have Access to him 'till farther Orders. On *Friday* the 12th of *December* 1651, Capt. *James Hind* was brought to the Bar at the Sessions-house in the *Old-Bailly* where nothing being prov'd against him to reach his Life, he was convey'd in a Coach from *Newgate* to *Reading* in *Berkshire*, on the 1st of *March* 1651-2. where he was arraign'd before Judge *Warborton*, for killing one *George Symphon* at *Knole*, a small Village in that County, and the Evidence being plain against him, he was found guilty of wilful Murder; but next Day an Act of Oblivion being issued out to forgive all former Offences, except Indictments against the State, he was in great Hopes of saving his Life, 'till by an Order of Council he was soon after remov'd by Virtue of a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to *Worcester Jail*, where a Bill of High Treason being prefer'd against him, he was there drawn, hang'd, and quarter'd on *Friday* the 24th of *September* 1652, aged 34 Years; and at the Place of Execution, confess'd, that most of the Robberies which he ever committed, were upon the Republican Party, of whose Principles he had such an Abhorrence, that nothing troubled him so much as to die before he saw his Royal Master establish'd in his Throne, from which

he was most unjustly and illegally excluded by such a rebellious and disloyal Crew, who deserv'd hanging more than him. After he was executed, his Head was set on the Bridge-gate, over the River *Severn*, and his Quarters on other Gates of the City, where they remain'd 'till Time and Weather had reduc'd them into nothing, except his Head, which was privately took down and bury'd within a Week after it was set up.



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

*John Shrimpton* was born of good and reputable Parents, living at *Penns* near *High-Vickham*, in *Buckinghamshire*, who bestowing so much Education upon him, as might qualify him for a Tradesman, he was put out an Apprentice when he was between 15 and 16 Years of Age, to a Soap-boiler in *Little-Britain*, in *London*; but not serving out his Apprenticeship there, he was turn'd over to another Soap-boiler in *Ratcliffe-High-way*; where getting acquainted with a Parcel of unlucky Prentices, they went one Morning early to rob an Orchard little out of Town, and *Jack Shrimpton* getting into a Tree, whilst his Companions lay Perdue, to prevent his Discovery,  
in

in the mean Time a Sea-Captain came on with another Brother-Officer's Wife to recreate themselves, and just under this Tree wherein *Jack* was hid, our Gallant being dispos'd to give his Lady a Green-Gown, she deny'd his Civility, by Reason a great Devil being fell on the Grass, she was fearful of disturbing her fine Clothes. Hereupon the Gentleman spread his fine Scarlet Cloak on the Ground, and giving his Mistress what pleas'd her, and praising his own Activity in the Sport of *Venus*, to a high Degree, *Jack Shrimpton* shaking the Tree, which threw the Apple down in Shoals about their Ears, the two Lovers, in a great Fright and Consternation ran into the House as fast as they could without any Thoughts of the Cloak, which *Shrimpton*, when he came out of the Tree with all Speed, carry'd away, and sold for six Pounds.

When *Jack Shrimpton* was out of his Time his Inclination not suiting with the Temper of getting a Livelihood by his honest Industry, he led a rakish Course of Life, and went into the Army, where he was some time in the Troop of Horse commanded by Major General *Wood*; but not finding such Profound ferment as he expected, by being a Soldier he came into *England*, and took to the Highway, but did always the most Damage betwixt *London* and *Oxford*, insomuch that scarce a Coach or Horse-man could pass him without being robb'd. One Time overtaking  
a cer

certain Barrister at Law of the *Middle-temple*, in the Woods betwixt *Wickham* and *Woken-Church*, the Gentleman lik'd *Shrimpton's* Horse so extreamly well, that he was pleas'd to proffer him 30 Guineas for it at first Word. But *Shrimpton* valuing his Horse at a higher Rate, would not take under 50 for him; whereupon the Gentleman telling his new Companion, whom he had pick'd up on the Road, he had no more Money about him, than what would bear his Charges to the Place whither he was going; however, because he had a great Fancy for the Horse, he would give him a Note to be payable upon sight in *London*, for 10 Pounds more. *Shrimpton* refus'd his Chapman's Offer, saying, Sir, mine is a Horse worth its Weight in Gold; and, if you was to know all, has procur'd me more Money than ever *Bucephalus* got for *Alexander*; therefore I shall not part with him upon any Terms: But indeed, Sir, you must part with your 30 Guineas nevertheless, or otherwise we must dispute the Matter presently at Sword and Pistol. The Barrister was much startled at these Words; but *Jack Shrimpton* being very resolute in his demand, he was oblig'd to part with his Money without having the Horse, which he so much admir'd to his Cost.

Some Time after the committing of this robbery, Mr. *Shrimpton* (whose Practice in his unlawful Course of Life, plainly shew'd his main Industry was a Design to ruin himself,



self, in following a Profession which demonstrated an open Defiance to his Happiness; being in *London*, he accidentally lit into the Company of the Common Hangman, where he was taking a Glass of Wine; and coming to the Knowledge of his Occupation, he ask'd him this Question; What is the Reason, when you perform your Office, that you put the Knot just under the Ear; for in my Opinion, was you to fix it in the Nape of the Neck, it would be more easy for the Sufferer? The Hang-man reply'd, If one Christian may believe another, I have hang'd a great many in my Time, but upon my Word, Sir, I never had any Complaint as yet. However, if it should be your good Luck to make Use of me, I shall, to oblige you, be so civil as to hang you after your own Way. But *Shrimpton* not approving of the Hang-man's Civility, he told him, that he desir'd none of his Favours, because they generally prov'd of a very dangerous Consequence.

One Mr. *Littleton*, a Face-Painter, living in *Silver-Street* in *London*, was acquainted with several of *Shrimpton's* Friends; by which Means he had been often in his Company; and once having some Business which requir'd him into *Buckinghamshire*, he went and lodg'd at *Shrimpton's* Brother's, who kept an Inn at *Wooburn*. Now, whilst Mr. *Littleton* was in the Country, *Jack Shrimpton* din'd with his Wife in *London*, on a *Sunday*; on the *Tuesday* following he din'd with Mr. *Littleton*.

tleton himself, in the County of *Bucks*; and the Day after, being *Wednesday*, overtaking Mr. *Littleton* in a Coach, near *Gerrard's-Cross*, where likewise were three or four Coaches, *Shrimpton* spoke first to him, according to his usual Language of stand and deliver, saying, Pray, Sir, what you do, do quickly, because I have a great deal of Work lies upon my Hands to finish betwixt this and Night. So Mr. *Littleton* giving him 35 Shillings, he rid up to the Passengers in the other Coaches, from whom he took 150 Pounds: But three Days after the playing this Trick, *Shrimpton* sent to *Littleton* the following Letter by a Porter, with two Guineas inclos'd.

S I R,

THE last Time I had the Honour to see you, was at *Gerrard's-Cross*, which is all from your humble Servant to command,

*J. Parker.*

Another Time, *Jack Shrimpton*, who also call'd himself *Parker*, meeting a Couple of Bailiffs beyond *Wickham*, carrying a poor Farmer to Goal, he desir'd to know what the Debt might be; and being told six Pounds odd Money, he requested them to go with him to the next Ale-house, and he would pay it. They went along with him, where taking a Bond of the Farmer, whom he knew very well, he paid the Bailiffs their Prisoner's

ner's Debt and Fees, and then parted. But *Jack Shrimpton* way-laying the Bailiffs, he had no more Mercy on them, than they had on the Farmer, for he took away what Money he paid 'em, and about 40 Shillings besides ; after which he rid back again to the Farmer, and regaling him with a Treat of a Guinea, cancell'd his Bond, and then went in Pursuit of new Adventures.

A little while after, *Jack Shrimpton* travelling the Road, he met with a poor Miller, who was going to turn Highway-man himself; for being very much indebted, so that he expected nothing but to be daily clapt up in a Jayl, he was resolv'd to better his Fortune, if possible, by robbing : Thus roving along, and meeting ( as aforesaid ) with *Shrimpton* he held up an Oaken Plant, for he had no other Arms, and bad him stand, as thinking that Word was sufficient to scare any Man out of his Money. *Shrimpton* perceiving the Simplicity of the Fellow, fir'd a Pistol at him, which ( tho' he purposely miss'd him ) put our new Robber into such an Agony, that he surrender'd himself to *Shrimpton's* Mercy; who saying to him, *Surely, Friend, thou'rt but a young Highway-man, or else you would have knock'd me down first, and have bid me stand afterwards.* The poor Miller told him his Misfortunes ; on which *Shrimpton* taking some Compassion, quoth he, *I am a Highway-man my self, and am now waiting in this Road for a certain Neighbour of yours, who I expect will*  
*come*

come this Way by and by with six Score Pounds; therefore, if you will be assisting in the Robbery of him, you shall have half the Booty. The Miller was very thankful for this kind Offer, and resolv'd to stand by him to the very utmost. Then *Shrimpton* having told him again, that it was not long since, that he had robb'd one of his Neighbours of 150 Pounds; he farther said, *Honest Friend*, whilst I ride this Way, do you go that Way, and if you should meet him whom I have told you of, be sure knock him down, and take all he has from him, without telling him why or wherefore; and in case I should meet him, I'll serve him the same Sauce. Accordingly they both separated, and went in Search for their Prey, 'till at last, upon the joining of two Roads, they met together again. Then *Shrimpton* wondering the Person he wanted, should not yet come, he order'd the Miller to follow him still, saying, *Without doubt we shall catch the old Cuff anon*; but as he was thus encouraging his new Companion, who was just at his Horse's Heels, he takes up his Stick, and gave *Shrimpton* such a smart Blow betwixt Neck and Shoulders, that he fell'd him to the Ground; then being able to deal with him, he robb'd him of about Fourscore Guineas, and bad him go quietly about his Business, or otherwise he would have him hang'd, according to his own Confession, for lately robbing his Neighbour. Thus the Biter was bit; but *Shrimpton* swore he would never more take upon

N 2

him



him to learn Strangers how to rob on the Highway.

Thus this notorious Malefactor pursu'd his wicked Courses a long While, 'till at last being at *Bristol*, where he resided for some Months, he was drinking one Night very late at a Bawdy-House in *St. James's Church-yard*, when a Watch-man going his Rounds, and hearing a great Noise of Swearing and Cursing in the House, he compell'd *Shrimpton* to go along with him to the Watch-House; but as they were going together thro' *Wine-Street*, he shot the Watch-man thro' the Body, and flung his Pistol away, that it could not be found; but some Men happening to go by at the same Time, they apprehended *Shrimpton*, and the Watch-man dying on the Spot, they secur'd him 'till Morning; when carrying him before a Magistrate, he was committed to *Newgate* in *Bristol*, where he behav'd himself very audaciously. But at length being brought to a Tryal, he was convicted not only for wilful Murder, but also for five Robberies on the Highway. After Sentence of Death was pass'd upon him, he was very careless of preparing himself for another World, whilst under Condemnation; for two Divines coming to him to admonish, and give him good Advice about his latter End, he said, *Ye need not be so officious as ye are, about my Soul, for 'tis Time enough to take Care of that when I come to the Gallies.* So the Divines seeing him harden'd in his Sin, they left him to take his own Measures;

Measures ; and when he came to the Place of Execution at *St. Michael's-Hill*, he was turn'd off without shewing any Signs of Repentance, on *Friday* the 4th of *September* 1713. Thus dy'd this incorrigible Offender, altho' he had several Great Men to make Intercession for the Queen's Pardon.



*DU VALL, a notorious Highway man.*

OF all the Highway-men which have ever been Executed within the Limits of *Great Britain*, none have been more noted than *Claude Du Vall*, who (as some say) was born in *Smock-Alley*, without *Bishopsgate* ; but, indeed, he receiv'd his Birth at a Place call'd *Domfront*, in *Normandy* in *France*. His Father was a Miller, and his Mother a Taylor's Daughter ; who bestow'd as much Education originally upon him as qualify'd him for a Footman ; and bred him up very strictly in the *Romish* Religion, which made him generally talk more of good Cheer, than the Church ; of great Feasts, than his Faith ; of good Wine, than good Works ; and of Courtezans, than Christianity : But tho' he dy'd a *Roman Catholick*, yet we may reasonably suppose his Religion was to choose ; for being once so very sick, that there was great Hopes of his Dying then a Natural Death, a ghastly

Father comes to him with his *Corpus Domini*, and tells him, that hearing of the Extremity wherein he was, he had brought him his Saviour, to comfort him before his Departure; whereupon *Du Vall* drawing the Curtain, and seeing a good fat Fryer with the Host in his Hand, said, *I know it is our Saviour, because he comes to me as he went to Jerusalem, C'est un Asne qui le porte*, he is carry'd by an Ass.

His Parents were not of the greatest Reputation, nor were they able to keep this their only Child 'till above 13 or 14 Years of Age; when their mean Circumstances obliging them to send him abroad to seek his Fortune, he goes to *Reuen*, and fortunately meets with Post-Horses which were to be return'd, one of which he was proffer'd to ride gratis, only upon Promise to help to dress them at Night: And, which was yet more fortunate, he meets several young *English* Gentlemen going to *Paris*, who were so generous as to defray his Charges thither. They arrive at *Paris*, and light in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, the Quarter wherein generally the *English* lodge, near whom also our *Du Vall* did earnestly desire to plant himself. Not long after, by the Intercession of some of the *English* Gentlemen, he was admitted to run on Errands, and do the meanest Offices at the *St. Esprit* in the *Rue de Bouchiere*, a House in those Days betwixt a Tavern and an Ale-house, a Cook's Shop, and a Bawdy House,

in which Condition he continu'd, 'till the Restauration of King *CHARLES* the Second, in 1660 ; which bringing Multitudes of all Nations into *England*, among 'em a Person of Quality entertain'd *Du Vall* as his Lacquey, and brought him over hither.

Here his natural Inclination to Vice soon made him an extraordinary Proficient in Gaming, Whoring, and Drunkenness, by which ill Courses taking, he as soon fell into Want of Money to maintain his Irregularities; so addicting himself to Padding, he quickly became so famous, that in a Proclamation for the taking several Notorious Highway-men, he had the Honour to be nam'd first. His Robberies were many, among which we must take Notice how he, with his Squadron, overtakes a Coach which they had set over Night, having Intelligence of a Booty of 400*l.* in it. In the Coach was a Knight, his Lady, and a serving-Maid; who perceiv- ing five Horse-men making up to them, presently imagin'd that they were beset, and they were confirm'd in this Apprehension, by seeing them whisper to one another, and ride backwards and forwards. The Lady, to shew she was not afraid, takes a Flagelet out of her Pocket, and plays; *Du Vall* takes the hint, plays also, and excellently well upon a Flagelet of his own, and in this Posture he rides up to the Coach-side. Sir, says he to the Knight in the Coach, *Your Lady plays excellently, and I doubt not but she dances as*  
N 4 *well;*



well ; will you please to walk out of the Coach, and let me have the Honour to dance one Co-rant with her on the Heath? Sir, said the Knight in the Coach, *I dare not deny any Thing to one of your Quality and good Mien, you seem a Gentleman, and your Request is very reasonable*; which said, the Foot-man opens the Boot, out comes the Knight, *Du Vall* leaps lightly off his Horse, and hands the Lady out of the Coach. They danc'd, and here it was that *Du Vall* perform'd Marvels, the best Masters in *London*, except those that are *French*, not being able to shew such Footing as he did in his great riding *French* Boots. The Dancing being over, he waits on the Lady to her Coach; as the Knight was going in, says *Du Vall* to him, *Sir you have forgot to pay the Musick*. No, *I have not*, replies the Knight, and putting his Hand under the Seat of the Coach, pulls out 100*l.* in a Bag, and delivers it him, which *Du Vall* took with a very good Grace, and courteously answer'd, *Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no Cause to repent your being so, this Liberality of yours shall excuse you the other 300 l.*, and giving him the Word, that, if he met with any more of the Crew, he might pass undisturb'd, he civilly takes his Leave of him.

It happen'd another Time, as *Du Vall* was upon his Vocation of robbing, on *Black-Heath*, he meets with a Coach richly fraught with Ladies of Quality, and with one Child, who had a silver sucking-Bottle; he robs them rudely,

rudely, takes away their Money, Watches, Rings, and even the little Child's sucking-bottle; nor would, upon the Child's Tears; nor the Ladies earnest Intercession, be wrought upon to restore it; 'till at last, one of his Companions forc'd him to deliver it.

One time *Du Vall* being in Company with some stroling Players at *Oxford*, the Chiefest of them inviting him to Supper, as looking upon him for some foreign Gentleman, he accepted of his Civility, and being entertain'd in the Player's Chamber, but the Victuals not presently brought up, he (to divert *Du Vall* the while) proceeded to act in Gestures and Expressions, some Fragments of a Tragedy, made upon a *Scythian* King, who flying thorow a Forest with his Queen, was himself, after a stout Resistance, seiz'd on, and got under the Feet of a Bear. It seems he had acted this Part, and just as the Wench was coming up with a Dish of Custards which the Player had order'd with the rest of his Supper, the Poetick Rapture took him in the Noddle, and fancying himself in the Bear's Clutches, he thus in a passionate, magniloquent, and very earnest Tone, belought his Queen to save herself by Flight.

O! fly, my Queen, from this devouring Bear;  
Let it suffice, he me alone do's tear.

O! save myself, the bloody Bear's jaws fly;  
Why shouldst thou, whilst thou may'st escape  
(him, dye?)

O! haste, be gone; or thy Death too is nigh.

The Maid being by this time at the Stair head, in a great Fright, concluded that some Bear broke loose, was got into the Chamber worrying him, and that it was to her that he spoke so eagerly to save herself, lest the Beast having made but half a Supper of him, she should come in for the second Course to make up his Meal; and thereupon made but one Leap down Stairs; yet tumbling Head over Heels at the Bottom, beat all the Custards in pieces, and lying with her Coat over her Head, her bare Buttocks and Heel up the Stairs, she fancy'd the Bear would now have her by the Breech, which made her roar out lamentably for help. Being taken up, all embru'd in, and almost blinded with Custard, and demanded of, how this Disaster came to pass, *Oh! (said she) for the Love of Gad don't stand asking of Questions, but arm arm, and run up quickly to the poor Gentleman's Rescue, whom a monstrous Bear, come from know not whence, is now tearing in pieces, and eating.* Upon this, tho' somewhat startled, they catch'd up what Weapons came first to Hand, and up Stairs they run, rushing in upon the Player and *Du Vall*, in a very furious manner, so that they knew not what to think should be the Meaning of it, 'till they all cry'd out in a Breath, *Where's this Bear? Where's this Bear?* that the Maid says was worrying a Man? The Player as soon as he could be heard, assur'd them it was only a Mistake of the Maid's, who had heard him perhap

perhaps repeating such a Passage of a Play, and by her Fear suggested it a Reality. This occasion'd much Laughter in the House; but the Player had the least Cause to be merry, for whilst the Hurly-burly was in his Chamber, by half a score Country Fellows with Clubs and Staves, to kill poor *Bruin* if he had been there, *Du Vall* had the Opportunity of taking thirty Pounds, which lay in a Bag on the Player's Trunk, and slipping down Stairs, presently mounted his Horse, and rid away.

A little after this Accident, *Du Vall* lighted into another as profitable; for coming into *Beaconsfield*, where at the *Crown Inn* he heard a great Singing and Dancing to an Hautboy and Violin, enquiring the Reason thereof he found there was a *Country Wake* kept, at which was present most of the young Men and Maids for several Miles about; here setting up his Horse, whilst he was drinking, a Pint of Sack in the Kitchen, an old rich Farmer with an Hundred Pounds ty'd up in a Bag under his Arms, and which he had just receiv'd, must step into the Inn to see this Mirth and Pastime, before he went home with his Money, which was not above a Quarter of a Mile out of the Town. *Du Vall* seeing him admitted into the Room where the *Wake* was kept, he ask'd the Landlord, whether he might be permitted to see this Country Diversion without any Offence to the Company, he told him, he might and wel-



welcome; so entering the Room likewise, his Eyes were more fixt upon the old Farmer's Bag of Money than the young Folks Dancing, and perceiving the Room where they were had a Chimney with a large Funnel, he came out, and communicated his Design to the Ostler, who, for the Reward of Two Guinea's, dress'd up a great Mastiff Dog in a Cow-hide he had in the Stable, placing the Horns just on his Forehead, when in the height of their Jollity, by the help of a Ladder and a Rope he let him hastily down the Chimney into the Chamber where they were assembled, and whither *Du Vall* was return'd again, before the Acting of this Scene, which Howling as he descended, and rushing among them in that frightful Figure, turn'd all into Hurry and Confusion, the Musick silenc'd, the Table overthrown, the Drink spilt, the People screaming and crouding down Stairs as fast as they could, every one striving to be foremost, least the Devil, as they suppos'd this to be, shou'd take the hindmost, their Heels flew up, the Womens Coats over their Heads, and the Mens Noses some of them in their Breeches, lying *Higledy-Pigledy*, Heads and Tails, whilst their Back-strings loosning, gave full Flushes, and put them into a very unfavoury Condition; the Pipe, and the Fiddle were trod in Pieces, and the supposed *Demon* making his Way over all, got into the Stable, where the Ostler hasting after, uncased him; so that when they came a little to themselves, and

see

see no more of him, they concluded he had vanished into the Air. But in the Time of this Hurly-burly, the old Farmer being in as great a Fright as any of 'em, and his Breeches as well befoul'd, he drop'd his Hundred Pound Bag, and fled for Safety into the House of Office; whilst *Du Vall* securing the Money under his Cloak, he presently took Horse, and spar'd not Whipping and Spurring, 'till he got safe into *London*. But as soon as all Things were in Order again, there was a sad Outcry for the Hundred Pounds, which being not to be found high, nor low, the whole Company suppos'd the late Devil had took it away, and imputed the Loss as a Judgment inflicted on the Old Farmer; who was a very Covetous Fellow, whose Chief Studies were how to cozen this Tennant, beggar that Widow, or to undo some Orphan.

One Time *Du Vall* meeting with Esquire *Roper*, Master of the Buck-Hounds to King *CHARLES* the Second, hunting in *Windsor-Forest*, having the Opportunity of Enjoying his Company in a private Thicket, he commanded him to deliver his Money, or else he would shoot him. The Squire to save his Life gave a Purse of Fifty Guinea's to *Du Vall*, who then tying him Neck and Heels, with his Horse fasten'd by him, he rid away; and all the Pastime of Hunting was over, before he was found out by the Forester, who, accidentally going by there, unloos'd  
the

the bound Person, who then making what haste he could into *Windsor*, was met in the Town by Sir *Stephen Fox*, who asking him whether he had met with any Sport to Day, he reply'd in a great Passion, *Yes, Sir, I have had Sport enough shewn me by a Son of a Whore, but he made me pay damn'd dear for it; for tying me Neck and Heels, he then took Fifty Guinea's to pay him for the Trouble of taking such Pains about me.*

But the Noise of the Proclamation, and the Rewards promis'd to those who should take any therein named, made *Du Vall* retire to *France*. At *Paris* he lives highly, makes great Boastings of the Success of his Arms and Amours in *England*, proudly bragging, he could never encounter with any of either Sex that could resist him. He had not been long in *France*, but he had a Fit of his Old Disease, Want of Money, which obliged him to use his Wits again; for having heard of a Learned Jesuit, who was Confessor to the *French King*, and that his Politicks had render'd him very eminent, but was withal very covetous, and still craving, tho' exceeding rich, it came into *Du Vall's* Noddle to venture a bold Stroak, that he might unhoard some of the Gold he so much doated on. In Order to this, he put himself into a Scholar's Garb, and waited a fit Opportunity to address himself to this Miser, and it was not long ere he found a fit one; for seeing him alone in the Piazza's of the *Fauxbourg*, he thus address'd him,

him, *May it please your Reverence, I am a poor Scholar, that have been travelling many strange Lands to gain Experience in Sciences, that may turn to the Good of all France, if I might be under your Patronage for Protection. And what may that be?* (reply'd he very much pleas'd) *if it be advantagious to my Country, I assure you no fitting Encouragement shall be wanting. Then assuming more Boldness, Du Vall said, I have spent most of my Study in Alchimy, or the Transmutation of Metals, and at Rome and Venice have profited so much from great Men learned in that Science, that I can transmute several Metals into Gold, with a Philosophical Powder I can speedily make.* The Father Confessor appear'd to brighten with Joy at this, and told him, such a Thing would be very grateful indeed to his Country, and particularly to the King, who, as his Affairs went, stood much in Need of so rare an invention, but that he must see Experiments made before he could credit it, or recommend him, where he should not fail of Advancement. And so conducted *Du Vall* to his House, and furnish'd him with Money, to build and purchase such Materials as he told him were requisite in this precious Operation, charging him to keep it as a Secret from every Body but themselves, 'till he thought fit to communicate it. *Du Vall* promis'd to be obedient; and when he had fix'd his Utensils, and melted some base Minerals, which



which the *Jesuit* view'd as he put them into the Crucible, he stirr'd them with a hollow Stick, into which he had convey'd some Sprigs of pure Gold, as black Lead is in a Pencil, which burning, as he stirr'd the Metal flaming, the Gold unperceiv'd of him, sunk in, and melted likewise. So that when the excessive Fire had consum'd, or evaporated the Lead, Tin and Brass, with the Powder he threw in for a Shew, the Gold remain'd pure to the Quantity of an Ounce and an half. This he caus'd to be assay'd, and finding it, what it really was, all pure Gold, it made him so blinded with Covetousness, that after several other Experiments, producing the like Effect, he totally gave himself over to believe whatever *Du Vall* said, or did, and in the Hopes that he had of the Promises he made him, to instruct him how to do it himself, that the Fame of such a Project might redound to him, as the Invention of it, he supply'd him with what Money he ask'd for; and he became so dear to him, that he shew'd him his Treasure, and many rich Jewels that had been presented him for Court-Favours; in which he resolv'd to be his Partner; for when he had often produc'd the Gold in the Manner above-mention'd, and he began to press him to discover the Secret, delaying him for a few Days, and concluding, if he stay'd much longer his Trick must be discover'd, he took his Opportunity to steal into his Chamber, where he usually slept after Dinner,

Dinner, and finding him sleeping with his Mouth open, he gagg'd and bound him, took his Keys, and unhoarding as much of his Treasure as he could carry out unsuspected, he bid him adieu for ever.

Now *Du Vall* comes straight to *England*, but his Reign proves but short; for, within a few Months after his Return, before he had done any thing of great Glory, he fell into the Hands of Justice, being taken drunk at the *Hole in the Wall* in *Shandois-Street*, committed to *Newgate*, arraign'd, convicted, condemn'd, and on *Friday* the Twenty first Day of *January*, 1669-70, was executed at *Tyburn*, in the twenty seventh Year of his Age.

There were a great Company of Ladies, and those not of the meanest Degree, that visited him in Prison, interceded for his Pardon, and accompany'd him to the Gallows, with swol'n Eyes, and Cheeks blubber'd with Tears under their Vizards. After he had hang'd a convenient Time, he was cut down, and by Persons well dress'd, carry'd into a mourning Coach, and so convey'd to the *Tangier-Tavern* in *St. Giles's*, where he lay in State all that Night, the Room hung with black Cloth, the Herse cover'd with Scutcheons, eight Wax-Tapers burning, as many tall Gentlemen with long Cloaks attending; *Mum* was the Word, and great Silence expected from all that visited, for Fear of disturbing this sleeping Lion. And this Ceremony

remony had lasted much longer, had no one of the Judges sent to disturb this Pageantry.

As they were undressing him, in Order to his Lying in State, one of his Friends put his Hands in his Pocket, and found therein the following Speech, which he intended to have made to the Spectators that saw him hang'd, written with a very Fair Hand.

### D U V A L L 's Speech.

**I** Should be very Ungrateful (which, amongst Persons of Honour, is a greater Crime than that for which I dye) shou'd I not acknowledge my Obligation to you, Fair English Ladies. I could not have hoped, that a Person of my Nation, Birth, Education, and Condition; could have had so many powerful Charms, to captivate you all, and to tie you so firmly to my Interest, that you have not abandon'd me in Distress, or in Prison, that you have accompany'd me to this Place of Death, of ignominious Death. From the Experience of your true Loves I speak it; nay, I know I speak your Hearts, you could be content to be with me now, and even here, could you be assured of Enjoying your Beloved Du Vall in the other World. How mightily, and how generously have you rewarded my little Services? Shall I ever forget that Universal Consternation amongst you when I was taken, your frequent, your Chargeable Visits to me at Newgate,

Newgate, your Shrieks, your Swoonings when I was condemn'd, your Zealous Intercession and Importunity for my Pardon? You could not have erected fairer Pillars of Honour, and Respect to me, had I been an Hercules, and could have got fifty Sons in a Night. It has been the Misfortune of several English Gentlemen, in the Times of the late Usurpation, to dye at this Place upon the Honourablest Occasion that ever presented it self, the Endeavouring to restore their Exil'd Sovereign: Gentlemen indeed, who had ventur'd their Lives, and lost their Estates, in the Service of their Prince; but they all dy'd unlamented, and uninterceded for, because they were English. How much greater, therefore, is my Obligation, whom you love better than your own Country-Men, better than your own dear Husbands? Nevertheless, Ladies, it does not grieve me, that your Intercession for my Life prov'd ineffectual; for now I shall dye with little Pain, an healthful Body, and I hope, a prepared Mind. For my Confessor has shew'd me the Evil of my Way, and wrought in me a true Repentance; witness these Tears, these Unfeigned Tears. Had you prevail'd for my Life, I must in Gratitude have devoted it wholly to you, which yet would have been but short; for, had you been sound, I should soon have dy'd of a Consumption; if otherwise, of the P O X.

He was bury'd with many Flambeaus, and a numerous Train of Mourners, most whereof  
were





*Wolmay*, was a Doctor of the Civil-Law, and Lord of *Holmsteim*. We can't say much of her Education, but that she took great Pleasure in Reading, especially Love-Books, and those that treated of *Knight-Errantry*; she was well read in *Parismus* and *Parismenus*, *Don Bellianis of Greece*, and all those other Books that related to Love and Arms; she proceeded to *Amadis de Gaul*, and reading of his fair Lady the Princess *Otiana*, she oftentimes fancy'd herself some such Princess, or at leastwise a Lady of Honour that did belong to her; after this she read *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, and the rest of those Romances, and could, and often did, give a very perfect Account of their Adventures; and from her frequent, and often Reading, she believing all she read to be true, was much in Love with the Actions of those great and renowned Heroes, and suppos'd herself to be no less than a *Heroina*, or, that in Time she should be dignify'd with some Illustrious Title.

The Meanness of her Quality did not suit with her Spirit, and although she intended for herself no less a Fortune than a Knight, or some great Man to be her Husband, yet she fail'd in her Expectation, for she was marry'd to one *Stedman* a Shoe-maker, by whom she had two Children, which soon died. But her Husband's Condition being so mean, that he was not able to maintain her at that Height which she always aim'd at, she was discontented, and was resolv'd to seek her For-

Fortune ; so eloping from her Husband, ſhe went and married one Mr. *Day* a Surgeon. *Dover* ; then ſhe was indicted for having two Husbands, but ſo carry'd the Matter that ſhe was acquitted, and this embolden'd her to undertake a third Marriage with one *John Carleton*, which was the firſt Occaſion of her being publickly taken Notice of in *London* ; for her former Marriages being diſcover'd by one that knew her, to her laſt Husband's Father, he took her up with a Warrant, by Virtue whereof ſhe was committed to the Gate-house at *Westminſter* ; from whence after ſix Weeks Imprisonment ſhe was carry'd to *Newgate*, then taking her Tryal at the *Old-Baily*, where the Evidence was not ſufficient to convict her, ſhe was acquitted once more of Bigamy.

Before this laſt Marriage, 'tis requiſite to tell you, ſhe embark'd on board a Merchant Ship which carry'd her to *Holland*, from whence ſhe travell'd to the ſo much by her talk'd-of City of *Collen* ; where, being Miſtreſs of a conſiderable Sum of Money, ſhe took up her Lodging at a Houſe of Entertainment and liv'd in the greateſt Splendor ſhe had ever done ; and as it is uſual in *England* for Ladies and Perſons of Quality to go in the Summer time to *Epfom* or *Tunbridge Wells*, ſo it is a cuſtomary to go to the *Spaw*, a Place well known in thoſe Parts. Here Fortune was ſo favourable as to cauſe an Old Gentleman to fall in Love with her, who had a good Eſtate about

about *Liege* or *Luget*, not many Miles distant from *Collen*. And she us'd such Artifice in the Management of this Affair, being withal assisted by her Landlady, that he presented her several fair Jewels of real Worth, and a Chain of Gold and Medal, which was giv'n him for some remarkable good Service perform'd under Monsieur *Tilly* against the King of *Sweden*. The foolish Suiter still continuing his Courtship, and that importunately, and pressing to Marriage, after Promise thereof on the next Day, he then left her to prepare Things fitting for Matrimony. *Mary Carleton* knowing that it was now high time to be gone, acquainted her Landlady with her Design, who had had a pretty Share in the Spoils of our Old Captain; but our Lady was resolv'd she should not carry it off; she would have all her self, and admit of no Sharers; in Order whereunto she perswaded the Landlady to get her a Conveniency to be gone, not to *Collen*, but to another Place where she should not be suspected, and follow'd by her doating Lover. The Landlady was willing to accommodate her, and therefore went out, leaving her at home, but she did not intend to stay there, for so soon as her Landlady was gone, she broke open a Chest, in which she put all her Treasure, and there found not only what had been giv'n her by the Captain, but also a considerable Sum of Money beside; all which she took, and packing it up with her own Parcel away she went, and having privately provided her  
of



of a Passage to *Utrecht*, she there made a Stay for a while, thence pass'd to *Amsterdam*, where she sold the Gold Chain, Medal, and some Jewels, from thence she pass'd to *Rottterdam*, and so coming to the *Brill*, took Shipping for *England*.

Being landed at *Billingsgate*, towards the End of *March*, 1663, it being early in the Morning, the first House she came to that was open, was the *Exchange-Tavern* in the *Poultry*, kept then by one *Mr. King*, and where she first obtain'd the Title of the *German Princess* by the Vintner, who procur'd the Match betwixt her and *John Carleton* his Wife's Brother, for which she was try'd, as I hinted before, as being discover'd to have other Husbands, by means of the following Letter sent to her Father-in-Law.

S I R,

I Am unknown to you, but hearing that your Son *Mr. John Carleton* hath marry'd a Woman of a pretended Fortune, and high Birth, I thought fit to give you timely Notice of what I know, and have heard concerning her, that she is an absolute Cheat, hath marry'd several Men in our County of *Kent*, and then run away from them, with what they had; if it be the same Woman I mean, she speaks several Languages fluently, and hath high Breasts, which is all from your humble Servant unknown.

After

After she came out of *Newgate*, she being generally acquainted and resorted to, the Players in Hopes of gaining by her, entertain'd her as an Actress. She who had acted on the large Theatre of the World in publick, now came to act in a small Theatre; we cannot say in private, for it was publick enough at all times, but much more when she presented her Part thereon, for it was a Play of her own self she acted in; it was stil'd by her glorious Name of *The German Princess*, the Epilogue whereof was spoken by herself, and is as follows.

*I've past one Tryal, but it is my Fear  
I shall receive a rigid Sentence here;  
You think me a bold Cheat, put Case 'twere so,  
Which of you are not? Now you'd swear I know.  
But do not, lest that you deserve to be  
Censured worse, than you can censure me.  
The World's a Cheat, and we that move in it,  
In our Degrees, do exercise our Wit;  
And better 'tis to get a glorious Name,  
However got, than live by common Fame.*

But as she had a running Brain, and the whole City of *London* was too little for her to act in, she bad adieu to that Profession; it before she left the Theatre, she had a large parcel of young Cullies, that having heard of her Fame, and seen her Person, were very desirous of a nearer Acquaintance, and she to mightily lov'd Company and Gallantry.

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was free enough of Access, and treated them all with a gallant Indifferency ; among the rest of her Admirers, there were a couple of young Fellows that had more Money than Wit, and so doated on her's, and for that cause kept her Company ; they had other Designs than barely her Conversation, for they desir'd a nearer Association with her Body she knew their Meaning by their whining and accordingly made them her Bubbles, 'till she had drain'd 'em out of above 300 *l.* apiece then finding their Purses were pretty well shrunk, she turn'd off both her Sparks, as not being fit Company for a Princess.

Not long after this she had another Lover who was an elderly Gentleman about 50, and tho' he knew her jilting Tricks, yet was he so deeply in Love with her, that he would willingly (for he was worth about 400 *l.* per *Annum*) have been at the Charge of a constant Maintenance, if she would live with him and at last presenting her with some Rings and Toys, he won her to consent. Now living as Man and Wife together, the first Night he lay with her he gave her a Jewel worth 50 *l.* but coming home one Night very drunk that she was forc'd to put him to Bed, when she found by his snoring that he was fast asleep, she examin'd his Pockets, and looking into his Letter-Case, among his Papers she found a Bill upon a Goldsmith in *Lombard-street* for 100 *l.* this she secures ; then taking the Keys of his Trunks, she rises 'em  
where

where she finds 20 Pieces of old Gold, a gold Seal, an old Watch, and some Pieces of Plate; these and all things else of any Worth she takes, and then without taking leave of her drunken Cully, she makes what haste she could in a Coach to the Goldsmith's Shop, where she was paid without distrust 100*l*. and then deliver'd up her Bill.

Our Counterfeit-Lady having thus over-reach'd her old Lover, and taken a convenient Lodging, there she went for a Virgin of 1000*l*. Portion given by an Uncle, besides what a rich Father could bestow upon her, but not liking a Person whom her Parents were pleas'd to provide for a Husband, she thereupon left the Country to live in *London*. This was the Story she fram'd, and to make it the more feasible, she contriv'd Letters to be often brought her, as if sent out of the Country from a Kinswoman, who gave her constant Intelligence how Affairs went about her Father and Lover; these Letters being loosely laid about her Chamber, were seen and perus'd by her Landlady; who having a Kinsman of a very great Fortune, she brought him and her Lodger to be acquainted together, in Order to make a Match of it. Accordingly the Design went on, and her new Lover presented her with a Watch, which she after some seeming Refusal accepted; and now being free in their Conversation, as they were one Day discoursing together, a Porter knocks, and brings a Letter: the Maid (who was a

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subtle



subtle Baggage too, of her own training up, receives it, and brings it to her Mistress, who presently opens and reads it, but she had no sooner finish'd her Reading, but pretending to be amaz'd and affrighted, cry'd out, *I am undone*, and was so ready to fall into a Swoon, that her Servant was forc'd to apply things to recover her. Her young Lover was all this while by her, and comforted her with the best Words he could, desiring, if she pleas'd, to understand the Occasion of her present Distemper. Sir, said she, since you are already acquainted with most of my Concerns, I shall not make a Secret of this, therefore, if you please to read over that Letter, you will know the present Cause of my Affliction, he having took up the Letter, read as follows.

Dear Cousin,

**A**ltho' I have taken Pen in Hand with a Resolution to write to you, yet I almost resolve against it; knowing that you will receive much Trouble at the Intelligence I shall give you, but there is somewhat in it that may turn to your Advantage, which I pray make your best Use of, and let it give you some Consolation for the other Trouble; and now I have prepared you in general for ill News, know that your dear Brother and my loving Cousin is dead, I know he was dear to you, and therefore his Loss will the more sensibly afflict you; but withal you know that by his Death you are the only Heir after your Father

to 200 l. per Annum. This may give you some Pleasure, but what I am next to inform you of, is the worst News of all; and that is this, that your hated Lover hath been so importunate with your Father, especially since your Brother's Death; that now your Father is resolv'd you shall be marry'd to him; your Brother, who was us'd to be your Friend to dissuade your Father from Violence, being dead, it is believ'd your Father will take no Refusal from you, especially since he says, now you being his Heir are to receive the greatest Part of your Portion from him, and therefore shall obey him. In Order to these Resolves, he and your Lover are preparing for a Journey to London, where they will be in few days; and they know where to find you out, I doubt to your Trouble, unless you can in Obedience to your Father's Commands throw off the Aversion you have for your Lover; I shall not advise you, but thought good to let you know of this Alteration of your Condition, that you may not be wholly unprovided how to dispose of your self, which God grant may be for the best, these are the Prayers of your loving and affectionate Kinswoman,

R. F.

Our young Lover having read the Letter, found she had Cause to be afflicted, but doubtful that her Country Lover would deprive him of her, after Consultation, they thought it proper to change her Lodging, and not knowing where better to be, he made her a

Tender of his. Thither she went next Day with her Maid who knew her Design, and assisted in it ; when come into the Bed-Chamber where they were to repose, they resolv'd not to go to Bed, that they might be ready so soon as the Doors were open to be gone, they lay down by Turns for some Hours in their Cloaths, but towards Morning they fell to Work, and soon broke open a Trunk, there they found 100*l.* in a Bag, and some Suits of Cloaths, then slipt away, leaving our poor Lover to look for his Money and Mistress, who with her Woman were gone far enough. Thus the *German Princess* being flush'd with Success, attempted to cheat any Body, Friend or Foe, Rich or Poor, *all was Fish that came to Net*; whether Salmons or Sprats ; for she would play at small Game rather than stand out, a Silver Tankard, or Cup, was Prize with her ; nay, rather than lose her Labour, a Pair of Sheets and Pillowbiers would serve the Turn.

She often chang'd her Lodging, and a little after the last Exploit, dwelling in a very reputable House, she one Day told her Landlady, that a Country Gentleman of her Acquaintance being unacquainted in the City, had happen'd into a pitiful Ale-House, where falling sick he soon dy'd ; and some Friends of his and she together had thought it very inconvenient to bury him from thence, and not knowing any Place so fit, they desir'd to bring his dead Body to her Lodging to bury him  
from

from thence ; therefore she desir'd her Leave and Assistance in accomodating her with Necessaries, and she shou'd have ample Consideration for the Trouble of her House. The Landlady hearing of Profit soon consented, and that Evening the Corps in a very handsome Coffin, was brought in a Coach, and plac'd in the Chamber, which was the Room one Pair of Stairs next the Street, and had a Balcony. The Coffin being cover'd only with an ordinary black Cloth, our counterfeit seems much to dislike it; the Landlady tells her that for 20 s. she might have the Use of a Velvet Pall, with which being well pleas'd, she desir'd that the Landlady would send for the Pall, and withal accommodate the Room with her best Furniture, for the next Day, but one he should be bury'd; this the Landlady perform'd, getting the Velvet Pall, and placing on a Side Board-Table 2 Silver Candlesticks, a Silver Flaggon, 2 standing gilt Bowls, and several other Pieces of Plate; but the Night before the intended Burial, our counterfeit Lady and her Maid within the House, handed to their Comrades without, all the Plate, Velvet Pall, and other Furniture of the Chamber that was portable and of Value, and leaving the Coffin and the suppos'd Corps, she and her Woman descended from the Balcony by Help of a Ladder, which her Comrades had brought her. The next Day the Landlady opening the Door, found all was convey'd away but the Coffin, when



calling some Friends, they open'd that, and found in it only Brickbats and Hay; so whilst the *German Princess* was singing, *Oh! be joyful*, no Doubt the poor Landlady and Undertaker sung *Lachrymæ*; this Adventure made Work for the Lawyers, as well as Taylors, for the Undertaker went to Law with the Landlady for Satisfaction for his Velvet Pall, which lately cost him 40 l.

Another time she went to a Mercer's Shop in *Cheapside*, with her pretended Maid, where agreeing for as much Silk as came to 6 l. she pull'd out a Purse to pay him, but having nothing but Gold in it, which she was loth to part with, she desir'd the Mercer to let his Servant ride along with her in the Coach, which was at the Door, to her House, and she would pay him in Silver. The Mercer willing to accommodate his Customer, order'd his Servant to attend her, whereupon being all coach'd, as they were riding along, she order'd the Coachman to set her down at the *Royal Exchange*, to buy her some Knots suitable to the Colour of her Silk. Being arriv'd there the *German Princess* and her Maid alighting, she said to the Mercer's Man, *Friend, you may sit here in the Coach, while I and my Maid go up, and buy a few odd Things; and we will instantly return.* The young Man thought it good Manners to obey her Ladyship, and therefore sat still, permitting her Woman to take the Silk to match with Ribbons, as they said, so they tript it up Stairs, leaving

leaving the young Novice to take a Nap in the Coach; but it might have been a long one, had he stay'd 'till their Return, for he ne'er saw 'em again.

A little after the transacting this Project, she went to a *French Weaver* in *Spittle fields*, where seeing several Sorts of Silk, she agreed for as much as came to 40 £, but examining her Pocket she had nothing but Gold, and not enough of that neither; wherefore she tells him, that he must either go or send with her, and take his Money. Accordingly the Weaver himself went with her in a Coach, and as they were riding along, her Impudence also asking him where she might buy some Gold and Silver Lace, he directs her to a Friend of his; thither the Coachman was order'd to drive, who did so, and she seeing and liking the Commodity, agreed for as much as came to 20 £; she tells that Man as she had done the Weaver, that he must go, or send with her, and receive his Money: The Lace-man seeing his Friend the Weaver there, not doubting any thing, did not think it necessary to go himself, but sent his Man, supposing him to be sufficient, and so they enter'd the Coach, ordering the Coachman to drive to the Lady's Lodgings. Thither being come, she conducts 'em up Stairs, calls her Waiting-Woman to bring a Bottle of Wine, that is brought, and they drank, she fetches a Bag of Money, suppos'd to be 50 or 60 £, chinks it on the Table, but being about to open it,

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calls.

calls to her Attendant to bring Pen, Ink, and Paper, and says to the Weaver and Lace-Man, *I must desire you both to write down the Quantity and Prices of your Goods, that I may have no Mistake, for I buy half of it for a Niece of mine, who is above in her Chamber.* They were content with this, and began to write, her Bag of Money and Hand on it was still on the Table, and then she calls to her Attendant, *Here, said she to her, carry this Silk and Lace to my Niece, and see how she likes it.* The Attendant takes it away; and one of the two had now made out his Bill, and the other begins to do so, she takes it in her hand as to peruse it, walks 3 or 4 Steps towards a Curtain and turns in there. The other had by and by made his Bill, and they both expected the Return of the Lady with the Money, but she intends no such Matter, they had seen their last of her; to conclude, after much Stay they call and knock, and that so loudly, that one from below came up, asks what is the Matter, they enquire for the Lady; are answer'd, they know nothing of her, but thought she had been still with them, they draw the Curtain, and search the Room, but find no Body, but to their great Grief, see a Door and a back Pair of Stairs, which they concluded she and her Woman had went. The Weaver enquires for the Lady's Niece, but finding no such Party, he and the Lace-Man return without Money. The Weaver is very angry, and the Lace-Man more than he, charging him  
with

with the Miscarriage, this enrages him, but all to no Purpose, for he is forc'd to sit down with the Loss, only resolving for the future, not to trust any Goods out of his House.

Next, the *German Princess* lodging at a Taylor's House, what she had lately gotten from the Weaver and Lace-man, she was resolv'd to make up into new Cloaths against a certain Day, when she was to entertain a great many Visitors. The *Taylor* her *Landlord*, believing he had an excellent Job of Work, falls closely to it, and by the Assistance of his Journey-men, gets her Gown and Petticoat finish'd by the Day, against which time she bespeaks of her Landlady a Fish-dinner, gives her 20s. to buy the Fish, and desires her to dress it, and provide all Necessaries, and in the Evening she'll pay it. All is provided according to order, and the Visitors came, eat up the Victuals, and drank off a large Quantity of Wine, which the Landlady sent for; the Landlord is fuddl'd, and the Landlady goes up with him to get him to lye down; in the mean time (the Entertainment being in a Room below) our counterfeit Lady seeing the Coast clear, and all things as she desir'd, she and her Associates (who came for the purpose) slip out, nor did they go empty-handed, one carries a Silver Tankard, another a Silver Salt, and the rest, all they could lay their Hands on, and the Lady's Attendant in the Rear, carries her Lady's and her own old Apparel, made up into a Bundle; they clap



all, and themselves into a Coach, and so march'd off.

Another time the *German Princess* intending to put herself in Mourning, she wanted a Set of mourning Knots, Hoods, Scarves, Aprons, Cuffs, and other mourning Habilitments, and therefore sent her Woman to the New Exchange in the *Strand*, to a Shop where she had laid out some Money the Day before, desiring 'em to bring all such sorts of Trinkets to her Lady instantly, for her Father was dead, and she must put herself in Mourning. The Woman of the Shop presently lookt 3 or 4 of a sort of these Commodities, and sent them by her Servant, to see which she lik'd, and bring the rest back; but she was mistaken, for when they were brought, the Lady pretended to be so indispos'd, that she could not at present look on 'em, but sent word, that at Noon she wou'd dress herself, and when fitted with what she lik'd, she would send back the rest, and Money for what she had. This Answer was sufficient for the present, but not satisfactory in the main; for next Day the Exchange-Woman sending her Servant to see what her Ladyship lik'd, Answer was given, She went out, and came not home that Night, neither did she the next, nor no more thither; so the Exchange-Woman lost her Goods and Customer.

Our Counterfeit being now habited in Sable a la mode took Lodgings in *Fullers Rents*, where sending for a young Barrister of *Grays Inn*,

*Im*, to whom she said she was an Heir to her late deceased Father, but that she had a Husband, who being extravagant, she did not live with him, and that her Father had given all his Estate to her, so as her Husband might not enjoy it; but that her Husband threatened, and prosecuted her, and her chief Business was to take such Order in the Settlement, as her Husband might not disturb her, and to this End she wanted Counsel of Lawyers to advise with. This was her Pretence, but whilst she was talking on her pretended Law-Affairs, a Woman on a sudden, who was below, came running up, crying, *O! Lord, Madam, we are undone; for my Master is coming. What shall I do?* said our Counterfeit. *Why?* said the Lawyer. *I mean for you,* said she, *what Excuse shall I make for your being here? I dare not tell him your Quality and Business, for that would endanger all; and on the other side, he is jealous of his Honour too; therefore, good Sir, said she, step into that Closet, till I can send him away.* The Lawyer being surpriz'd, and not knowing what on a sudden to do, did as she desir'd, and she locking the Closet, and drawing the Curtains of the Bed, went to the Door, to receive her Counterfeit Husband, who was no sooner enter'd, but crys out, *O! Mrs. Bitchington, I understand you have a Companion nere, where is he? Let me see the Rogue, that I may sacrifice him to my Anger; ah! you Whore is this your retired Modesty?* So forcing open the Closet-Door,

Door, to which she pointed, he there discovers the young Lawyer, all pale and trembling; at the first sight of him; out flew his Sword, but the Wife flew between them, and a Companion of his seiz'd his Sword, endeavouring to pacify him, but the more he endeavour'd it, the more enrag'd he appear'd; now the Lawyer seeing himself trepan'd, began to speak, and tell the Truth of the Story, and what his Business was there; but he had as good have said nothing, all was to no purpose, therefore nothing would serve but Blood, or other sufficient Reparation for his Honour, which at last his Friend propos'd should be in Money, and named 500 *l.* This was a large Sum, and frighten'd the Lawyer, but he considering the many Inconveniences he was fallen into, was in the End brought to pay 100 *l.* down instantly, which he sent his Man for, and then he was discharg'd from his Imprisonment.

A little after this she stole at least half a score Silver Tankards in *Covent-Garden*, *Milford-Lane*, *Lothbury*, *New-Market*, *West-Smithfield*, and several other Places; and for one of these Adventures was she at last taken and indicted, found guilty, condemn'd, repriev'd, and transported to *Jamaica*; where she had not been above two Years, before she came to *England* again, and by pretending to be a rich Heiress, she was marry'd to a rich Apothecary at *Westminster*, whom she rob'd of above 300 *l.* in Money, and then  
ran

ran away. Next taking Lodgings at *Charing-Cross*, she there invited her Landlady, and a Watchmaker lodging in the same House, to go see a Play at the Duke's Theatre in *Dorset-Garden*, in the mean time her Maid breaking open a Chamber Door where she lodg'd, and a Trunk, she took thereout above 200 *l.* ready Money in Gold and Silver, and about 30 rich Watches, so that the Prize was in all valu'd at about 600 *l.* which she carry'd to her Mistrefs the *German Princess*, who after the Play was over, inviting her Landlady and the Watchmaker to the *Green Dragon Tavern* in *Fleetstreet*, she there gave them the Slip.

But shortly after, this Notorious Wretch being sent to *Newgate*, she was try'd at the Sessions House in the *Old-Baily*, for stealing a Piece of Plate from one in *Chancery-Lane*, of which Fact she was found guilty by the Jury. She had now but one Shift more, and that was an *Old Newgate Trick*, to plead her Belly; whereupon a Jury of Women was found out, and Sworn, who after an Hour's private Debate, brought in this Verdict, *That she was not quick with Child*; and thereupon Sentence of Death, according to Law, was pass'd upon her, and she was presently sent back to *Newgate*, to prepare herself for the other World. Now she began to be sorrowful, and not so merry as she was the Day before her Condemnation, when some Gentlewomen discoursing with her in the Sessions-House,



House, told her, they wonder'd, that a Person so rarely qualify'd, and gifted, as she was, should be guilty of such poor, beggarly, shifting Tricks, as stealing any thing that came to hand; she readily reply'd, *Ladies, your Failings consist in Falling, and mine in Filching; yet if you will be so charitable as to forgive me, I will freely forgive you.* Now the Time of her Departure being almost come, the Keeper of *Newgate* order'd her Irons to be taken off, and having pinn'd her Husband's Picture on her Sleeve, and wore it so to *Tyburn*, she was led out of her Apartment into the Common Hall, to have the Halter ty'd about her, which was done; then being put into a Cart, she employ'd her short time there in reading two Popish Books (for she dy'd a *Roman Catholick*) entitul'd, *The Key of Paradise*, and *The Manual of Daily Devotion*, which when she came to the Gallows, she gave to one *Mr. Crouch*, a Friend who rid in the Cart with her. By the Way (as she went in *Saint Giles's Arcer*, the Cart stoppt, and she had a Pint of *Canary*, one Glas full of which she drank off; and soon after arriving at *Tyburn*, she put up her Husband's Picture into her Bosom, and after the *Ordinary* had perform'd his Function, she was hang'd on *Wednesday*, the 22<sup>d</sup> of *January*, 1672 3, Aged, Thirtie Years, and after she had hang'd about an hour, she was cut down, and her Friends having paid all due Fees for her Body and Cloaths, they put her into a Coach, which carry'd

carry'd her to her Coffin not afar off, and being put into that, she was the next Day bury'd in *St. Martin's Church-Yard*.



PATRICK O-BRYAN, *a Murderer, Incendiary, Ravisher, and Highway-man.*

THIS very great Offender, *Patrick O-Bryan*, was born of very poor Parents, living at *Loughrea*, a Market Town in the County of *Galway*, in the Province of *Connaught* in *Ireland*; and coming over to *England* in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, he Entr'd himself in the second Regiment of Foot Guards, call'd, *The Coldstream Regiment*, from being first rais'd at a Place bearing that Name in *Scotland*. Here he soon began to shew his Proficiency in all manner of Vices, to indulge which he ran in every Body's Debt, borrow'd Money of all he knew, and being no more shame-fac'd than any of his Countrymen, never went without any thing, that was to be had for asking.

But his Extravagance being not to be supported with the small Allowance of Sixpence *per Diem*, he went upon the Foot-Pad, and meeting with Dr. *Clewer*, the Parson of *Croydon*, Try'd once and burnt in the Hand at the  
Old

*Old-Baily*, for stealing a Silver Cup, coming along the Road from *Acton*, he demanded his Money ; but the Reverend Doctor having not a Farthing about him, *O-Bryan* was for taking away his Gown. At this our Divine was much dissatisfied ; but perceiving the Enemy would plunder him, quoth he, *Pray, Sir, let me have a Chance for my Gown ;* so pulling a Pack of Cards out of his Pocket, he farther said, *We'll have, if you please, one Game at All-Fours for it, and if you win it, take it and wear it.* This Challenge was readily accepted by the Foot-Pad ; but being more cunning than his Antagonist, at slipping and palming the Cards, he won the Game ; and the Doctor went contentedly home without his Canonical Habit.

After this *O-Bryan* meeting with *Clark* the Posture-Master, formerly living in *Pall-Mall*, as he was coming from *Primrose-Hill*, *Stand and Deliver*, was *Teague's* Salutation ; but *Clark* presently making a strange *Metamorphosis* of his Body, by transforming himself into several surprizing Shapes and Postures, sometimes having his Head betwixt his Legs and his Heels upright, sometimes seeming to have two Heads and three Legs, and sometimes no Head at all ; By *Chreest and Shaint Patrick* (quoth *O-Bryan*) *tish ish a Devil shent to me for a Shudgment.* So running away in a great Fright, *Clark* went home without being robb'd.

Another time, *D'urffey* the Poet being in  
Love

Love with a young Gentlewoman that was at the Boarding-School at *Hackney*, he employ'd one Mrs. *Needham* living then in *Burleigh-Street* at the *West End* of *Exeter-Change*, to carry on the Intrigue; and tho' the Gentlewoman had an utter Aversion to *D'rffey's* Amours, yet he put the worst Construction upon all her Actions; even her Severity pass'd for Tendernefs; and he suppos'd that whatever she did against Love, was against her Inclination. However, as I was saying before, our Poet and Mrs *Needham* having been at *Hackney* to obtain an Affignation, Mrs. *Needham*, to drain him out of what she could, for she had never spoken to the Gentlewoman in her Life, told him she had obtain'd the Favour of bringing them to an Interview that Day sevensnight; which Piece of News so elevated our Bard, that he could not forbear thus extolling his Female *Mercury*.

Oh! thou art wondrous in thy Art! thy Head  
Was form'd for mighty Things, like those who  
The Fate of Empires: But our kinder Stars  
Have set thee to direct the Realms of Love.

But whilst he was uttering these Raptures, as walking along the Fields, *O-Bryan* and another leaping out of a Hedge, they stript *D'urffey*, his Foot-boy, and *Mrs. Needham* stark naked, resolving, that as they were of no Religion before, he would now make them all *Adamites*.

## After



Afterwards *Pat O'Bryan* scorning to rob on Foot, he would become an absolute Highway-man, by robbing on Horseback: the first Prey he met with, when thus mounted, was *Nell Gwin*; and stopping her Coach in the Road to *Winchester*, quoth he, *Madam, I am, by my Shalvashion, a fey good Shentleman, and near Relashion to His Majesty's Grass the Duke of Ormond*; but being in want of Money, and knowing you to be a sharitable W——e, I hope you will give me shomething after I've took all you have away. Honest *Nell* seeing the Simplicity of the Fellow, and laughing heartily at his Bull, she gave him Ten Guineas, with which *Teague* rid away without doing any farther Damage.

This *Irish* Robber had seduc'd several young Men to take bad Courtes, particularly one *Claudius Wilt*; who was hang'd at *Worcester*, in the Year 1693, for the first Robbery which he ever committed on the Highway. Indeed his bad Manners had corrupted a great many to their utter Destruction; and being hang'd himself at *Gloucester*, for a Robbery committed within two Miles of that City, and his Body given to his Friends for Interment, they perceiving somewhat in him that he was not quite dead, they privately procur'd an able Chirurgeon, who taking Blood out of the Jugular Vein, and using other Means requisite in such Cases, he brought the Warmth that was in him to Motion, that Motion to Sense, and that Sense to Speech; thus having miracu-  
lously

lously retriev'd a forfeited Life, instead of becoming a Penitent for his past ill Actions, he quickly grew as bad as ever; and committed several notorious Robberies. But about a Year after this Deliverance from the very brink of the Grave, meeting with the same Gentleman again on the Road, who had convicted him for his Life, he attack'd him with the old Story, *Stand and Deliver*. To be sure the Gentleman did not very well relish these Words; nevertheless he was not so much surpriz'd at them, as he was at the sight of him; therefore saying, *I thought that you had been hang'd, and out of the World long ago. O. Bryan* reply'd, *Why sho I was hang'd and dead too, derefore it ish not me that robb'd you before, robs you now, but my Ghost; and for fear you should be so unshivil as to hang my Ghost too, I'll take the Law of you.* Then presently shooting the Gentleman thro' the Head, he alighted off his Horse, and with a sharp Hanger, cut his Carcase into several pieces.

After the committing of this most barbarous Murder, he and four other Villains like himself, having Intelligence that one *Lancelot Wilmot*, Esq; living in a lone House about a Mile and half from *Truebridge*, in *Wiltshire*, had a great deal of Money and Plate in it, they beset it one Night; and making a forcible Entrance, they first ty'd and gagg'd the five Servants therein, and then going into the old Squire's Room who was in Bed with his Lady, they  
also

also ty'd and gagg'd them. Next they went into the Daughter's Room, who was also in Bed ; but *O. Bryan* being captivated by her extraordinary Beauty, quoth he, *Before we tie and gag this pretty Creature, I must make bold to rob her of her Maidenhead.* So whilst this Villain was eagerly coming to the Bed-side, protesting that he loved her as he did his Soul, and design'd her no more harm than he did himself, the modest Virgin had wrap'd her self up in the Bed-Cloaths as well as the time would permit ; and as he took her in one Arm, and endeavour'd to get his other Hand between self and the Sheet, she made a very vigorous Defence to save her Honour : For tho' she could not hinder him from often kissing, not only her Face, but several other Parts of her Body, as by her struggling they came to be bare ; yet by her Nimbleness in shifting her Posture, and employing his Hands so well with her own, they could never attain to the Liberty they chiefly strove for : She neither made great noise, bit or scratch'd, but appear'd so resolute, and her Resistance was made with so much Eagerness, and in such good Earnest, that the lascivious Villain, seeing there was nothing to be done without more Violence, his Lust incited him to downright brutish Force ; and no sooner had he obtain'd his Will, by ravishing the young Gentlewoman, but such was his Barbarity, that he most Inhumanely stabb'd her ; then he and his Companions murder'd her Father

and

and Mother. After this taking away about 2500 Pounds, in Gold and Silver, they set Fire to the House, burning it down to the Ground, and in the Flames also destroy'd all the poor Servants.

This unparallel'd piece of Villainy was not found out for above two Years after, when one of these bloody Villains being hang'd for another Crime at *Bedford*, he confess'd this barbarous Robbery at the Gallows, and discover'd the Person concern'd with him in it. A little after the Execution of this Rogue, *Patrick O-Bryan* was apprehended at his Lodging in *Little Suffolk-Street* near the *Hay-Market*, and committed to *Newgate*; from whence he was convey'd to *Salisbury*, where he was Executed in the thirty first Year of his Age, on *Tuesday* the 30th of *April*, 1689, and hang'd in Chains near the Place where he committed this most villainous Action.



### TOM GERRARD, a House-breaker.

OF all the Two-hundred and Forty-two Malefactors which have been Executed at *Tyburn*, and elsewhere, in and about *London*, from the beginning of Sir *Thomas Abney's* Mayoralty, to the end of Sir *Richard Hoare's*, this *Thomas Gerrard* was not, for the short time he triumphed in his Villainy, inferior



inferior to any of them for Wickedness. He was born in the Parish of *St. Giles's* in the Fields, of good and honest Parents, who kept the *Red-Lyon-Inn* in *Holbourn*. Having some small Education bestowed on him, he was, when about sixteen Years of Age, put Apprentice to a Poulterer in *Clare-Market*, where he serv'd part of his Time, but addict-ed himself to ill Company ; so that wholly leading a loose and idle Life, it drew him into many Streights and Inconveniencies, which to repair, he took to the Trade of Thieving, following it for a considerable Time, whereby he had often been in *Newgate*, and was Condemn'd once before he committed the Fact for which he at last suffer'd Death.

Whenever he was out of a Jayl, never Vessel without Sails, or without Anchor or Rudder, was more driven and toss'd by the Waves, than his Thoughts were on robbing all he could, which made him a profest Master in all manner of Roguery ; for one time having committed a great Robbery in *London*, and fearing to be apprehended for it, he stole a Horse worth above thirty Pounds, and rid into *Lincolnshire*, where lying at a bye Inn within a Mile of *Grantham*, and espying a very large Punch-Bowl, made of a new fashion'd mixt Metal resembling Plate, brought to some Company, he suppos'd it to be really Silver, and by its bigness to be worth near sixty Pounds. Then going to Bed and observing this Bowl to be lockt up  
in

in a Closet in the Room where he lay, he broke it open in the dead of the Night, and privately carried off the imaginary Plate, without his Horse, to *Newark upon Trent*: Where being made sensible 'twas not Silver, he threw it into the River, but damn'd himself to the very Pit of Hell, for being such a Fool as to leave a Horse of a considerable Value, for a Bargain not worth twenty Shillings. However, to be reveng'd on the People, who had got so sufficiently by his Covetousness, he went, about a Month after, to the House, when 'twas late at Night, and setting Fire to it, burnt it down to the Ground in less than two Hours: and by this villainous Action ruin'd a whole Family at once.

This base Offender had a Dog, that he had learnt to pick Pockets as well as the best Artist whatever of that Profession; but after the untimely End of his Master, seeking out for another, who should he light upon, but Dr. *Burges* the Presbyterian Parson, on whom he mightily fawn'd, and being (for he was a pretty Dog, nay as handsome as any *Bolonese*) lik'd of by that Reverend Gentleman, he made very much of him; till one Day going thro' *Newgate-Street*, whilst he went into a Tobacconist's Shop to buy some Tobacco, (for he was a great Chewer of that Sot-Weed) his new Dog in the mean time ran into *Newgate-Market*, and fetch'd him a Purse, in which was betwixt thirty and forty Shillings, which he receiv'd without asking

any Questions. Presently the old Doctor stepping into a Distiller's Shop to drink a Dram of *Geneva*, the Dog ran again to *Newgate-Market*, and fetch'd him another Purse, with much such another Sum of Money, and gave him that too; whereupon the Doctor looking now on his Dog to be a great Offender in that kind, as soon as he came home he call'd this Criminal to Justice, and very fairly hang'd the poor Cur, for fear he should at last pick Pockets in his Meeting-House.

Tho' House-breaking was the chief Villainy which *Tom Gerrard* went upon, yet sometimes he counterfeited Bank Notes, Exchequer-Bills, Malt-Tickets, Bills of Sale, or Seamens Tickets, Sign'd with any intricate Hand. By these cheating Tricks he had once got so much Money by him, that being able to put fifty Pounds into the Hands of one *Mr. Thornicraft* a Goldsmith in the Strand, he went, with another of his Accomplices, to the *Cross-Keys Tavern* at the Corner of *Henrietta Street* in *Covent-Garden*, and sending for one *Mr. Blake* an Upholsterer, he made a Bargain with him for as many Goods as came to about the abovementioned Sum, asking him at the same time, if he would accept a Bill drawn upon *Mr. Thornicraft* for the Money. The Upholsterer knowing the Goldsmith to be a very honest Man, accepted it, and going with *Gerrard's* Friend to the Shop he found it acceptable there; then returning back to the Tavern again, and the Person

who was along with the poor Tradesman giving his wicked Comrade a wrong Bill, whilst he seemingly began to beat down the Price of the Goods for which he had bargain'd, by pretending he had over-bad himself; in the mean time the other went to the Goldsmith's with the right Bill, and receiv'd the Money. However, at last *Gerrard* and the Upholsterer agreed together, and a couple of Porters were sent to carry away the Goods, for which he gave him a wrong Bill, as he found to his Cost, when he went to Mr. *Thornicraft*, who had paid the fifty Pounds above an Hour before he came, to the Man who had been with him there before, to see if the former Bill was good. Thus we may see that the ways of cheating honest People are infinite.

A certain prophane Gentleman in *Leicester-Fields*, having a Parrot, which he taught more to swear and curse than any thing else, one Day it happen'd that *Tom Gerrard* sneaking about Dinner-time into the Parlour where *Poll* was hanging in a Cage, he went to the Side Board and took off several Pieces of Plate: but the Parrot having an Eye upon him, she set up her Throat and fell a screaming out, *Thieves, G-d d-n you, Thieves, Thieves, by G-d, make haste.* This Uproar quickly alarm'd the Servants, who running to see the Cause of *Poll's* swearing and cursing after this manner, they apprehended *Tom Gerrard*, on whom they found half a dozen Silver Spoons, and as many Forks of



the same Metal: for which he was burnt in the Hand.

He was much addicted to Drunkenness, being so often disguis'd with Drink, that many have thought his Father got him when he was drunk, as I suppose his Mother was when she brought him forth. Whenever Liquor depriv'd him of his Senses he valu'd not upon what villainous Enterprizes he went, for then nothing came amiss to him; and he was not sober when he acted his last Part of Roguery on this terrestrial Stage, which was, breaking open a House in company with another, and robbing it, as it appear'd on his Tryal, which is as follows.

*Thomas Gerrard*, and *Tobias Tanner*, were both indicted for breaking open the Dwelling-House of *William Gardiner*, in the Night-time, and taking from thence eight dozen Pair of Worsted Stockings, value ten Pounds, and eight Pound weight of Thread, twenty-five Shillings, with other things of Value, the Goods of the said *William Gardiner*, on the 10th of *August* last. It appear'd that the Prosecutor, about Midnight, on the date aforesaid, was knock'd up by the Watch, and found his House broke open, and his Goods gone. To fix it upon the Prisoners, one *John Audrey*, a Person concern'd with them, deposed, That himself, with the Prisoners, and a Person not taken, broke into the Prosecutor's Shop, thro' the Brick-work, under a Window, about twelve at Night, took away the Goods,

Goods, and sold them to *Mat. Bunch*, for three Pounds six Shillings, which was equally divided amongst them. *Gerrard*, upon his Tryal confess'd the Fact; but the Evidence being not strong enough against *Tanner*, he was acquitted.

By this and other Examples, the good Effects of the late Act of Parliament against House breakers, have visibly appear'd in the many Sessions held since; it hath contributed so much toward suppressing some of the most noted Gangs of that kind, that most of the greatest Masters in Villainy have been justly cut off by the Evidence of their own Companions. Whilst this wicked Wretch lay under Condemnation in the Condemn'd Hold in *Newgate*, by the Application of some Neighbours and Friends of his Fathers; who went to *Windsor* in his Behalf, a Reprieve was procur'd for him, which he first obtain'd under Pretence that he could make great Discoveries of unlawful Practices, to the great Benefit of several of Her Majesty's Subjects, who had greatly suffer'd by Thieves; but the time being elaps'd, wherein he was to perform this Promise, and no Progress made therein, he was call'd down to his former Judgment, and accordingly order'd for Execution, as he was at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 24th of *August*, 1711; Aged twenty-four Years.

Farther it is to be observ'd, that as soon as word was brought that the Cart where-

in he rid to the Gallows, was coming by his Father's Deor, his poor Mother ran distracted, at the sorrowful News of her Son's Disaster.



## HARMAN STRODTMAN, a Murderer and Robber.

THE following Account was taken in Writing from the Criminals's own Mouth, the Day before he was Executed at Tyburn, which was on *Wednesday* the 18th day of *June*, 1701.

' In the Year 1683, or a little before, I  
' was born at *Revel* in *Liefland*, and had the  
' Happiness to come of a good Family; my  
' Parents being Persons of some Account in  
' the World, and also Godly and Religious  
' People, who took great Care of my Education.

' About the Year 1694, my Father sent me  
' to School to *Lubeck*, where I continued till  
' *Michaelmas*, 1698. From thence I went  
' to *Hamburgh*, and stay'd there till I set out  
' for *England*. I arriv'd at *London* the 18th  
' Day of *March* following, and (together  
' with one *Peter Wolter*, who came with me  
' into *England*) was (or at least I thought my  
' self to be) Bound Apprentice to Mr. Stein  
' and

and Mr. *Dorien*, Merchants and Partners in *London*. *Peter Wolter* and myself having been Fellow Travellers, and being now Fellow-Prentices, we liv'd for some time very friendly and lovingly together, till about *August* last, when his Sister was married to one of our Masters, Mr. *Dorien*. Then he began to be so proud, and so very much domineering over me, and abusive to me, that I could not bear it. We had several Fallings out, and he did twice beat me, once before the Maids of the House in the Kitchen, and at another time in the Compting House; and did (besides that) often complain and tell Tales of me to my Masters; thereby raising their Displeasure against me, and creating me their ill Will, so that they kept me close at home, and would not give me the same Liberty, which my Fellow-Prentice (and myself before) had, of going abroad (sometimes) for Recreation. Upon this Account I conceived an implacable Hatred against him, and the Devil put it into my Heart to be reveng'd on him at any rate.

First I design'd to do it by Poyson, having (to that purpose) mixt some *Mercury* with a certain white Powder, which he had always in a Glass in the Chamber, and of which he us'd to take a Dose very often, for the Scurvy. But it being then Winter-time, (I think the latter end of *December*, or beginning of *January*) I found he had left off taking of his Powder; and so I



‘ might wait long enough before I could see  
‘ the Effects of my Poyson, if I stay’d till  
‘ the time he was to take that Powder again.  
‘ Therefore I thought of another way to dis-  
‘ patch him, and this was by stabbing him.  
‘ On *Good Friday* Morning, my Masters  
‘ sending me on an Errand, I took from thence  
‘ Opportunity to go to *Greenwich*, from  
‘ whence not returning till the *Thursday* fol-  
‘ lowing, my Masters were so very angry  
‘ with me, that they bid me be gone. Upon  
‘ this I went away, and took Lodgings in  
‘ *Moor-Fields*. And two Days after I took  
‘ other Lodgings at the sign of the *Sun* an  
‘ Ale-house in *Queen Street*, in *London*. Now  
‘ I had a Key of the Fore-Door of my Ma-  
‘ ster’s House, which I got made for me a long  
‘ time before *Christmas*, by that which was  
‘ my Masters, and this was for my private  
‘ Use, that I might (unknown to my Masters)  
‘ go in and out at any time when I had a mind  
‘ to it ; but at last the Devil taught me ano-  
‘ ther Use of this Key : For by the help of it  
‘ I came to my Master’s House on *Saturday*,  
‘ about half an hour past eight at Night ; and  
‘ being got in, I went up two pair of Stairs,  
‘ and having got into an empty Room, ad-  
‘ joining to *Peter Wolter’s* Chamber, I did  
‘ shut my self in there, and some time after  
‘ fell asleep. About twelve a Clock being a-  
‘ wake, after I had been some time hearken-  
‘ ing, perceiving all was very quiet in the  
‘ House, I went down to a Room one pair of  
‘ Stairs.

‘ Stairs, where a Tinder-Box lay, and hav-  
 ‘ ing lighted a Candle, entred the Compting-  
 ‘ House, and there took out several Notes  
 ‘ and Bills, and some Money too; and then  
 ‘ went up again two pair of Stairs, carrying  
 ‘ with me a certain piece of Wood, where-  
 ‘ with they us’d to beat Tobacco, which I  
 ‘ found in my Chamber. When I was got up  
 ‘ Stairs, I sprang into *Peter Wolter’s* Room,  
 ‘ and coming to his Bed-side, open’d the Cur-  
 ‘ tains, and with my Tobacco-beater knockt  
 ‘ him on the Head, giving him four or five  
 ‘ Blows on the left side of it, and another on  
 ‘ the right. Thus it was that I most barba-  
 ‘ rously murdered this poor Creature; whom  
 ‘ I intended (had this fail’d) to have shot to  
 ‘ Death, having brought with me two Pistols;  
 ‘ ready charged, for that wicked Purpose.

‘ When I perceiv’d *Peter Wolter* was quite  
 ‘ dead, I proceeded to search his Breeches,  
 ‘ and Chest of Drawers; and took a Note of  
 ‘ twenty Pounds, with some Money, out of  
 ‘ his Pocket; which Money (with that I had  
 ‘ taken in the Compting House) amounted to  
 ‘ eight or nine Pounds. Then I packt up  
 ‘ some of his Linnen and Woollen Cloaths;  
 ‘ and having made a Bundle of them, went  
 ‘ down with it one pair of Stairs, and out of  
 ‘ a Window there, threw it into the next  
 ‘ House, where no Body dwelt. Then I  
 ‘ went up Stairs again, and having cut my  
 ‘ Candle in two (both pieces being lighted) I  
 ‘ set one in the Chest of Drawers, and the o-

“ ther on a Chair; close by the Bed-Curtains;  
 “ intending to have burnt the House, in order  
 “ to conceal, by this heinous Fact, the other  
 “ two of Theft and Murder, which, thro’  
 “ the Instigation of the Devil, I had now most  
 “ barbarously committed. Then I went thro’  
 “ a Window, out of the House, into that  
 “ where I had flung the Bundle; and staying  
 “ there till about five in the Morning, went  
 “ away with that Bundle (and what else I had  
 “ taken) to my Lodgings in *Queen Street*,  
 “ where I put on clean Cloaths, and then went  
 “ to the *Swedes Church* in *Trinity-Lane*.

“ The next Day, being the second *Monday*;  
 “ after *Easter*, I went to a Goldsmith, one  
 “ that I knew, in *Lombard-Street*, where I  
 “ found my Master *Stein*, with another Gen-  
 “ tleman. My Master askt me whether I  
 “ would go willingly to his House, or be car-  
 “ ried thither by two Porters, I said I would  
 “ go. So, after some Questions about the  
 “ horrid Facts I had committed at his House,  
 “ and my denying of them, I was search’d,  
 “ and the Bill of twenty Pounds, which was  
 “ in the Deceased’s Pocket, was found upon  
 “ me. Then he asking me where I lay, I told  
 “ him in *Moor-Fields*; so we went thither, and  
 “ came to my former Lodgings, but the People  
 “ of the House told him, I did not lie there now.  
 “ By this my Master finding that I was unwill-  
 “ ing to let him know where I had lain, or how  
 “ I had dispos’d of the things which I had stol’n  
 “ out of his House, promised me that if I would

confess, no harm should come to me; for he would take care to send me presently beyond Seas. Upon this I freely told him all the Truth; where I lay, and where those Goods of his were, as we were walking together. So he presently took a Coach, and carried me first to my Lodgings in *Queen-Street*, where he receiv'd the Bills and Cloaths, Money and all that I had thus stol'n, and then he carried me to Sir *Humphrey Edwin*; who, upon his Examination of me, and my own Confession of all these Facts, did (most justly) commit me to *Newgate*; where I must leave it to others to relate how I behaved my self, during my Confinement.

I have freely given this true and impartial Account of my self and sinful Actions, to the World, that all Men (both young and old) might take warning by me, who once little thought I should ever be capable of committing such foul and enormous Crimes. And now I am going to leave this World for ever, before I have liv'd long enough in it (as being but about eighteen Years of Age) to know either it or my self; but now by the Divine Grace that has open'd my Eyes, and set me in a clearer Light, I am come within Sight and Apprehension of better Things; Let me (I say) for once and ever, advise all Men to be warn'd by my Fall, and take great care to their Ways, that they do not stumble upon the Snares of *Satan*, as I have done, and perhaps have not the same Divine Mercy and  
help



help given them for their Recovery, as I have had; for which I love and praise my great Maker and Redeemer, and will adore him to all Eternity.



## NICHOLAS WELLS, a Murderer and Foot-Pad.

**T**His noted Criminal, *Nicholas Wells*, was born at *Pemsworth*, in the County of *Kent*, but afterwards liv'd at *East-Grimstead*, with his Grandmother; and keeping a Horse, travell'd from thence to *London*, and bought and sold Goods, by which he helpt to keep two of his Younger Sisters. He was a Butcher by Trade, and married a Woman in *Barnaby Street*, with whom he had 120 Pounds for a Portion; whilst this Money lasted, which was not long, he lived constant with his Wife; but having by extravagant Courses quickly consum'd it, they then liv'd like marry'd Quality, for they would see one another once a Week, perhaps; lie together once a Month; and eat together once a Year.

Being by his Folly reduc'd to great Necessities, and much in Debt, he, for a Livelihood, drove a Woodmonger's Cart in *Southwark*, and one Day carrying three Loads of faggots to a Gentleman's House at *Lambeth*, as he was making Water not far from the Door, where

where the Gentleman's Wife stood, her extraordinary Beauty had such an Influence on his Carnal Mind, that he was over-heard by the Gentlewoman to say to himself these Words, *Was I to lie with that handsome Creature, I vow and swear I'd give her my Cart and Horses.* The Gentlewoman, who was none of the chafest, calling him into her Parlour, she wanted to know what 'twas he said, as he was making Water, or otherwise, if he would not tell her, she would call her Footman to kick him well. Our new Carman was somewhat bashful to declare what he had said, but fearing to be ill us'd in case he did not satisfy the Gentlewoman's Demands, he very bluntly told her the Words above-mentioned. The Lady now taking him at his Word, she carry'd him to her Bed-Chamber, where obtaining the Pleasure, for which he had forfeited his Cart and Horses, and finding no Difference betwixt her and his Wife, in that sort of Sport, he swore, they were all alike. In this Tone he hanker'd about the Street-Door a great while, for home to his Master he durst not go, without the Cart and Horses ; but at last the Gentlewoman's Husband coming home to Dinner, and seeing the Fellow swearing, *They were all alike, by G-d ;* quoth he, *What are all alike ?* The Faggots reply'd the Carman. Quoth the Gentleman again, *And what of that ?* To which Nick thus answer'd, *An't please you, Sir, I have brought home the three Loads of Faggots which you bought, and*  
*your*

*your Lady being not satisfied, that the last Eggs are so big as the first, she hath order'd her Servants to lock up my Cart and Horses in your Coach-Yard, and says, that she will keep them. O! fie, fie, Madam* (said the Gentleman to his Wife) *you must not do so; the Cart and Horses are none of the poor Man's, they're his Master's, therefore you must speak to him, if he has not us'd you well.* The Gentlewoman then presently deliver'd the Cart and Horses, and privately gave the Carman a Guinea besides for his handsome come off. But the next Day Nick bringing some Coals to the same House he then left the Gentlewoman his Cart and Horses for good and all; for finding an Opportunity of slipping into a Back Parlour where a Scrutore was open, he took out of it, a rich Gold Watch, several Diamond Rings, and Two hundred and fifty Guineas which he carry'd clear off; without going to his Master any more.

Not long after this Exploit, meeting with *Handsome Fielding* riding on Horse-back by himself over *Putney-Heath*, as he came by Nick, he knock'd him off his Gelding, and seconding his Blow with another, which stunn'd him worse than the first, he ty'd his Hands and Feet, and search'd his Pockets wherein he found about twenty Guineas which made him say, *O! Gold almighty, thou art good for the Heart sick at Night; sore Eye in the Morning; and for the Wind in the Stomach at Noon; indeed thou'rt a never-failing Remedy*

Remedy for any Distemper, at any time, in all Cases, and for all Constitutions. But whilst Nick was thus expostulating on the excellent Qualities of Gold, Handsome Fielding recovering his Senses, quoth he, Sirrah, Dost know on whom thou hast committed this Insolence? Not I (reply'd Nick) nor do I care, for 'tis better you cry than I starve. Quoth the robb'd Person again, I'm General Fielding, who'll make you dearly suffer for this, if 'ere you come into my Clutches. Art thou (reply'd Nick then) Beau Fielding? Why truly I've heard of thy Fame and Name long enough ago; I think thou'rt one of those amorous Coxcombs who's never without Verse, in Praise of his Mistress, and often Sigs to the great Hazard of losing your Buttons. Thou'rt the Dog that leads blind Cupid; and carelessly use your Arms, as if their best use was for nothing but Embracements. Thy Fingers are thy Orators; and you scotch time in dancing with her you admire for a Whore, taking up her Gleeve, and robbing her of a Handkerchief, which you'll pretend to keep for her Sake. In tro, let me tell you, thou'rt translated out of a Head into Folly; your Imagination is the Glass of Lust; and yourself the Traitor to thy own Destruction. So leaving Beau Fielding to shift for himself, he made the best of his way to *Refinery Lane*; where his Landlord and Landlady were transported at the sight of his booty, for he treated them, as in Duty bound, plentifully; and there was never a Servant in the House of Iniquity but far'd the better for his Villainy.

Altho'



Altho' *Nick Wells* was a Fellow that ventur'd his Neck in these dangerous Enterprizes, yet he was not Master of any true Courage, for he was much of the nature of those who are always challenging People that will not fight, and cuffing such as all the Town has kickt; upon many Occasions it has appear'd that he was as cautious of dealing with a Man that is truly rough, as a wise Man is to do with him. He was very Bloody-minded, where he had the Advantage of a Man, as may be perceiv'd by an Enterprize which he once undertook for one *Elizabeth Harman*, alias *Bess Toogood*, who being Condemn'd for picking the Pocket of one *Samuel Winfield*, a Lock-Smith, living near St. George's Church in *Southwark*, such was her implacable Malice before she was hang'd, that she said she could not die satisfied unless she had the Blood of her Prosecutor; so proposing her wicked Inclination to *Nick Wells*, quoth he, *Bess*, not that I matter a Murder or two committing, but I don't love to work without Hire; what am I to have, first? And, who am I to dispatch? But I care not who it is, if you content me. Then this wicked Wretch acquainting him where her Adversary liv'd; and giving him three Guineas to murder him, he took his last Farewel of her in the Chappel at *Newgate*, and that same Day going to *Mr. Winfield's* House, with Pretence of bespeaking a Lock, that he might have a fight of the Man he was to kill, in the Evening he watch'd his going out.

out and coming home, which was about twelve at Night, and coming behind him as he was knocking at his Door, he ran him through the Back with a Tuck, of which Wound he presently died on the spot: But the Murderer was never known till he confess'd this barbarous Crime at the Gallows.

Whilst he follow'd these ill Courses he was much addicted to all manner of Lasciviousness, and seldom saw his Wife, whom he greatly slighted; for he was often wont to say, He was not curst with the Plague of Constancy; nay, how little Regard he had for his Wife, may plainly be seen by the following Contract drawn betwixt him and one *William Maw*, that was hang'd afterwards at *Tyburn*.

*We the Subscribers, William Maw of London, Joyner, and Nicholas Wells of Pems-worth, in the County of Kent, Butcher, being each of us burden'd with an useless Moveable, the former with a Jack-Daw, and the latter with a Wife, declare, That we have thought fit, for the Convenience of one another, out of our own pure and free Will, to make a Barter and Truck of the Jack-Daw, for the Wife; yielding up the one to the other, all Right and Title that we have to the said Wife and Jack-Daw, and quitting for ever all Claim to them, without any manner of Complaint or Demand hereafter to the Premises so truckt. To which Bargain and Agreement, in Token of hearty Consent and Satisfaction, we have hereunto set our Hands*

*Hands and Seals. Dated at Deptford the 10th of May, 1710.*

William Maw.  
Nicholas Wells.

Accordingly, the Wife went with the Buyer, and her Husband, without repenting his Bargain, pursu'd his vicious Practices still; but at length being apprehended for robbing one *James Wilmot*, a Butcher, near *Epsom*, of thirty Guineas, some Silver, and a Silver Watch, he was committed to the *Marshalsea-Prison* in *Southwark*; and hang'd in the Twenty-eighth Year of his Age, at *Kingston on Thames*, on *Saturday* the 28th of *March*, 1712; *Mr. Noble* an Attorney being also Executed there at the same time, for the barbarous Murder of one *John Sayer*, Esq;



## TOM JONES, a Highwayman.

His great Offender was born at *Newcastle upon Tyne*, in the County of *Northumberland*, his Father being a Clothier, who brought him up to the same Trade; but, from his very Minority being viciously inclin'd, he began to display his Wickedness before he was twenty-two Years of Age, when by his irregular Courses having run much in Debt, he was reso'v'd to try his Fortune upon the High-

Highway, in order to which he robb'd his Parents of eighty Pounds and a good Horse, and rid cross the Country with all Speed, fearing that his Friends might pursue him; and the Devil, who sometimes abandons his Children, might leave him to be taken by them; but to prevent it he try'd what Mettle his Gelding was made of, by Galloping forty Miles, before he stopt; yet all the way he had hardly a Minute's ease in his Mind; for, being a young Thief, he was afraid that every one that was behind, was making after him, and every one he met was a Constable coming to take hold of his Collar.

After this, riding into *Staffordshire*, and meeting with a Stage-Coach on the Road, in which were several Passengers, he was oblig'd to discharge several Pistols, to bring 'em to surrender at Discretion, what he wanted. Now a whimsical Sort of a Gentleman being one of the Passengers, he had a Monkey ty'd on the Coach box, who being frighten'd at *Jones's* firing five or six Pistols, he broke his Chain and ran scampering about the Fields with such Celerity, that being not able to catch him, the Owner of him was forc'd to proceed on his Journey without his Comrade. The Monkey was mightily pleas'd with his Liberty, till Night coming on apace, poor *Pug* grew very melancholy, but seeing a Country fellow coming over a Stile, he jumpt out of a Hedge, full on his Back, and stuck there as close as Birdlime. The Country Fellow, who  
never



never saw a Monkey in his Life before, supposing it had been *Old-Nick*, ran home in a terrible Fright, knocking and thundring at the Door, like a Mad-man, where his Wife wondering who it was bounc'd with such Authority, she in all haste went to see who it was, and found her Husband, crying out, *Ab! my Dear you have often wish'd the Devil to fetch me away, and now you see, he has got me fast; oh! pray, Wife, run to the Parson of the Parish, and desire him to come in all haste, to get me out of the Devil's Clutches, for otherwise I shall never be my own Man again.* His Wife, at whom the Monkey grinned, like a Death's Head on a Mop-stick, and chatter'd and made ugly Faces, being as much frighten'd as her Husband, she shut the Door against him, saying, *You shall not bring the Devil here, for as you have been his long ago, e'en let him have his own, and take you along with him.* The poor Fellow thought himself now in a sad Condition indeed, and went to the Parson's House himself, with the Monkey still clinging to his Back, where crying and roaring out for his Help and Assistance, for the Devil had taken hold of him; the Parson, who was at Supper, came out with a great piece of Bread and Cheese in his Hand; which the Monkey nimbly snatching from him, quoth he, *It is certainly a Devil, but upon my Word a very hungry one, therefore desiring no further Conversation with him, I wholly recommend you, Neighbour, to*  
his

*his Charge.* The Fellow, whose Hair all this while stood an end, and sweated till one Drop follow'd another, reply'd, *Is that your Conscience, Sir, to take Tythes of your Parishioners, and let 'em go to the Devil? Why truly* (quoth the Parson) *it is against my Will that you should go with him, but since he will have you, he must, I think.* So shutting the Door upon him, the poor Country-Fellow thought himself in a worse Condition than before, when his Wife prov'd as bad a Comforter: He began to pray now more heartily, than ever he did for fair Weather in Harvest, and was almost despairing with the Thoughts of going to Hell before his Time; but at length a Man coming to him a little wiser than the rest of his Neighbours, he with some Apples and Pears dispossest the Country-Man, and for his Pains had the Devil to keep for his own Use.

Another time one Mr. Storey an Attorney of *Clifford's-Inn* in *Fleet-street*, having been drinking very hard at a Friend's House in the Country, till he was very drunk indeed; as he was riding along the Road, he was necessitated to alight to untruss a Point. Tying his Horse then to a Tree, whilst he was easing Nature, *Thomas Jones* accidentally came by, who also alighting, commanded Storey to deliver his Money; but a Refusal being made, as usual in such Cases, our Highway-man began to collar him; at which, quoth Storey, *Truly, I'm brim full, therefore take care what*

*you*

*you do, Sir, for if you stir me but ever so little I shall run all over. Don't tell me (reply Jones) of your being brim full of Liquor, and you brim full of Money? For 'tis Money I want.* Just as he had spoke these Words, Storey giving a great Belch, he spew'd full in his Face and Eyes; which set Jones a swearing and cursing, and rubbing his Peepers like a Fur-crying at the same time, *You eternal Son of Wh--e! you have quite blinded me.* But length having clean'd his *Physiognomy* with a Handkerchief, he gave Storey's Pockets a Visit by taking six Pounds odd Money out of 'em, and then rid about his unlawful Occasions again.

Not long after the committing of this Robbery, *Tom Jones* (in whom Vice had now taken such deep Root that nothing less powerful than the Gallows could convert him and make him an honest Man) meeting on the Road, with one *Samuel P--s*, a Quaker, who formerly kept a Button-Shop between the two *Savoy* Gates in the *Strand*, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver. Now this Quaker having reduc'd himself to very low Circumstances, by Whoring, Gaming, and Drinking, whereby he was compell'd to go into the Country to his Friends, to avoid being arrested; as soon as *Jones* took him by the Collar, quoth he, supposing him to be a Bailiff, *At whose Suit do you detain me?* *At whose Suit* (reply'd the Highway-man, who knew not his bad Ca-

why I detain thee at my own Suit. Indeed, Friend, (said Sam again) I don't know thee; neither, to the best of my Knowledge, have I ever had any Dealings with thee. You shall find (reply'd Jones) that I shall have Dealings with you now. So clapping a Pistol to his Breast, the Quaker cry'd out, Pray, Friend, use no Violence; and if thou carriest me to Jail I shall be utterly undone, therefore if what Coin I have about me, which is about fourteen Guineas, will satisfy thee for Civility, here it is; for verily I say unto thee, when I have been arrested before now, a Bailiff hath took a great deal less to let me go unknown to my Creditor. Jones perceiving the Quaker's Mistake, very contentedly accepted his Money; but being much disgruntled at his taking him for a Cannibal or Man-eater, quoth he, I'll have you to know I'm no Rogue; for I'm an honest Highway-man, and not a Bailiff, as you suppose me to be, so good bye till the next merry Meeting.

Tom Jones being once very like to have been apprehended in robbing a Coach on *Hounslow-Heath*, this being the first Encounter he yet met with, it put him into such a Pannick Fear, tho' he was a compleat Master of this Hellish Art, that he form'd very fine Designs to himself of growing honest, but by his profuse Living, in keeping right Quality's Hours, which he much imitated by dining when others sup, supping when others breakfast, going to Bed when others get up, and getting up when others go to Bed, being soon left



left Moneyless, those good Designs were only the Flourishes of his Imagination, which were forgot on the least Occasion, for he soon return'd to his natural Disposition, and became as great a Robber as ever. So afterwards meeting the Lord *Wharton* and his Lady on the Road, he stop't their Coach, tho' they had four or five Servants to attend 'em, and demanded their Money, which his Honour at first refus'd to give, saying, *Why surely Friend, thou know'st not who I am, do you? For if you did, you would not presume to be so bold.* To this Jones reply'd, *Indeed not I. I don't know you, Sir, but I take you to be some great Brewer, because you have got, I see, your Cooler by you.* So desiring His Lordship to be quick in what he did, because Delays bred Dangers, he robb'd him and his Lady of above Two hundred Pounds in Money, Diamond Rings, and a couple of Gold Watches, then commanding his Honour to order his Servants to ride some Distance before, or otherwise he would shoot him through the Head, they obey'd their Lord's Orders, which gave Jones the favourable Opportunity of riding away without any Pursuit after him.

But afterwards *Tom Jones* robbing and ravishing a Farmer's Wife in *Cornwal*, he was apprehended for the same, and hang'd, at about thirty two Years of Age, at *Lanncston* on *Saturday* the 25th of *April*, 1702.

JACK WITHRINGTON, *a Highway-man.*

THIS *John Withrington* was the youngest of five Brothers, who were all hang'd in the Country, excepting him, who made his *Exit* at *Hyde-Park-Corner*. He was born of very honest Parents at *Blandford* in *Dorsetshire*, and put Apprentice to a Tanner, at *Shaftsbury* in the same County; but being of an aspiring Mind, and forming any mechanical Drudgery, he ran away from his Master, before he had serv'd three Years of his Time, and enter'd himself a Trooper in the Earl of *Oxford's* Regiment. After the Suppression of the Duke of *Monmouth's* Rebellion in the *West*, the Troop to which he belong'd came to *London*, where he soon found the Opportunity to let the World see, that he wanted not Valour; for happening to meet with two Quarrels, the first, with one that was famous for fighting, the second, with a Man of a great Estate, but a noted Coward, he behav'd himself with as much Bravery and Evenness of Temper in the one, as he shew'd Knowledge in Point of Honour and good Breeding in the other; and as there is not any Thing that makes a Man more known than a Duel, especially if it be with one of Distinction, and procures him greater Applause than the managing of it with Discretion as well as Courage; so these two Encounters falling out not long from one ano-

ther, gain'd him 'no small Reputation, and in less than half a Year *Withrington* had a general Acquaintance with all the greatest fighting Men in the Regiment, and was every where esteem'd, and as well receiv'd by all the most noted Whores about Town.

But *Jack* being not a Year under military Discipline, before he was turn'd out of the Troop, for challenging his Captain, he became an absolute Bully and great Gamester ; and being fortunate, in a little Time saw himself Master of a considerable Sum of Money. Notwithstanding all this good Fortune at Play, he was generally bare ; till considering at last, that Gaming had been originally the chief Cause of his Ruin, and more than suspecting he had not always lost upon the Square, he resolv'd to try if Luck could not be forc'd, and begun with greater Application to study the cunning Part of Play, that is, (to be more plain) turn *Sharper*. This prov'd a very profitable Trade the first Year, and brought him a good Revenue ; but after that it fell by Degrees ; for tho' he had never been taken in any Fact, yet by stripping many Gamesters, several that had been under his Clutches began to have an ill Opinion of him ; and it was not long, but *Jack Withrington* had such a very bad Reputation, that none who knew him would be bubbled any more by his sharpening Play. Now he had no Way left to recruit himself, but by robbing on the Highway ; for which Purpose being very well mounted, and travelling the Road, he met a rich Farmer

Farmer, from whom taking forty Pounds, quoth he, *Is not this a downright Robbery?* Robbery, (reply'd Witbrington) so let it be; who is there that now-a-Days does not rob? The Taylor steals before his Customer's Face; the Weaver steals, by taking out the Length of a Piece of Cloth with the Remainder of broken Ends; the Chirurgion steals by prolonging a Cure; the Apothecary steals, with a Quid pro quo, using one Drug for another for Cheapness, without any Regard to the Age and Constitution of his Patient; the Merchant steals, by putting his Money into the Bank of England; the Publick Notary steals, with an Et cætera, a whole Lordship; the Scrivener steals, by selling the Soul of a poor Man for the Money that he can take of a Forfeit; the Grocer steals, by using false Weights; the Vintner steals, by adulterating his Wine; the Butcher steals, by blowing up his Meat; the Victualler steals, by drawing in short Measures; the Cook steals, by roasting his Meat twice over; the Baker steals, by raising his Bread when there's no Occasion; and the Shoe-maker steals, by stretching his Leather as much as he does his Conscience. Thus, as there is cheating and cozening in all Trades but mine, you cannot blame me for borrowing this small Trifle, which I shall honestly pay you when we meet again; so, till then, farewell.

But as Money ill-gotten goes as lightly as it comes, this Booty not lasting long, he shortly after this Robbery went out to seek for another Prey, and meeting one Mr. Edward Clark, Gentleman-Usher to the Duchess of Mazarine, in the Road betwixt Chudleigh and Ashburton in



*Devonshire*, he saluted him with the astonishing Words, *Stand and Deliver* ; but Mr. Clark making some Resistance, as they were engag'd with firing at one another, in the Rencontre Withrington's Musk fell off his Face ; and his Antagonist then knowing his Person, quoth he, Jack, *since we have been Acquaintance formerly, I hope you will not rob me.* Indeed I shall, (reply'd Withrington) for you get your Money more easy than I do ; for I'm forc'd to venture my Life for a Maintenance, whilst you have so much a Year, and good Eating and Drinking, for only acquainting your Ducks how this Lady's Tooth does, and t'other Lady's too ; how this Lady's Milk does, and how t'other's Doctor lik'd her last Water ; how this Lady's Husband and t'other Lady's Dog st pt last Night ; how this Child, that Monkey, this Narse, that Parrot, does, and other such like Matters. So taking eight Guineas from Mr. Clark, he left him to shift for himself.

In less than a Year and half, his Robberies all over *England* were so notorious, that there was little or no Talk, in most Places, of any Thing else ; but whilst he pursu'd these ill Courses, settling his Affections on a rich Widow, who kept the *Swan-Inn* in *Wine-Street*, in the City of *Bristol*, to forward this Match, he had well fee'd an old Bawd of his Sweetheart's intimate Acquaintance, who had a Tongue that would charm a Saint, move Rocks, melt Flint, and make the most cruel Virgin in the Nation as kind as a young Widow who has been tantaliz'd by an old Husband. Thro' this  
Flesh.

Flesh-Broker's Mediation Things were brought to that pass, that *Jack* had been Master of the House, if a Gentleman had not accidentally seen him there, who acquainted his Landlady that her Woer was a Highway-man. Then her Love was soon turn'd into Hatred ; and the old *Beldam* his Friend could not bring Matters to bear, (tho' for Receipts to cure Ricketty Children, for Scandal, for Perfume, and Ointments for the Face and Body, for Baths, for restoring lost Maidenheads, and all the several Appurtenances of her Trade, she was a *Non-Parelia*.) Which ill Success made *Jack* often say to a particular Friend of his, asking why he did not rob his Mistress in the Time of his Courtship, *You must not wonder, that I, who was a Rogue in my Nature, should act like an honest Man, when I might have robb'd her of all she had ; but only I reckon'd to have been Master of all, by marrying the old Toad, who by Course of Nature must shortly have follow'd her Teeth, which had been gone these thirty Years and better.* Thus *Jack* being put to his Shifts again, he and another of his Profession, meeting with one *Mr. Thompson*, a Tayler, in a convenient Place for Robbing, in *Hartfordshire*, they set upon him, and took away thirty Pounds in Silver ; then dismounting him, they order'd him to stay there, and they would bring him more Company presently. Whilst they were gone to look for another Prey, the Tayler mounted his Horse, and rid as fast as he could away ; but the Highway-Men perceiving his Speed on the Ascent of a rising Ground, they

soon fetch'd him back ; and asking him the Reason of his absconding contrary to Orders, he told them, that he was afraid they would kill him ; in the mean Time, they mistrusting he had more Money about him, they made a general Search from Head to Foot, whilst he all the while protested he had not a Farthing more than what they had already taken ; but at length finding forty Guineas sew'd in the Lining of his Waistcoat against his Breast, quoth *Jack Withrington*, *Well, I vow and protest, this is a sad World we live in, when one Christian cannot believe another.* So taking the Gold from the Taylor, they shot his Horse, because he should not ride after them.

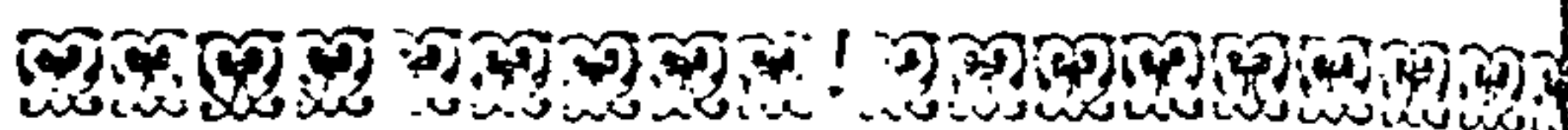
Another time *Jack Withrington* meeting a Gentleman and his Wife on the Road betwixt *St. Albans* and *Dunstable*, he very submissively crav'd their Benevolence ; but not presently granting his Request, he shot the Horse on which they both rid, and swore, that as he deny'd him his Money, he would take his Wife ; so forcing her into an adjacent Copse, and acting a Man's Part by her, he restor'd her to her Husband again, from whom taking eleven or twelve Guineas, he said, *This is no more than my Due, for I am not oblig'd to do your Drudgery; for nothing.*

Next, this bold Robber meeting with a Nobleman on *Horslow-Heath*, from whom, after a short Dispute with him and two Footmen, taking a Portmanteau, in which was Two Hundred and Eighty Guineas, Sixty Pounds, and a Parcel

of rich Cloaths and Linnen, an Hue and Cry was sent out, which took him at *Malmshury* in *Wiltshire*; from whence being brought to *London*, he was committed to *Newgate*, and condemn'd for this Fact. Whilst under Condemnation he was not in the least daunted at his fatal Circumstances; and what is more observable, when he was riding up *Holbourn-Hill*, he order'd the Cart to stop, then desiring to speak to the Sheriff's Deputy, who attends Criminals to the Place of Execution, he said to him, *I owe, Sir, a small Matter at the Three-Cups Inn a little farther, for which I fear I shall be arrested as I go by the Door, therefore I shall be much oblig'd to you, if you'll be pleas'd to carry me down Shoe-Lane, and bring me up Drury-Lane again to the Place for which I'm design'd.* Hereupon the Deputy-Sheriff telling him, That if such a Mischance should happen, he would bail him; *Jack*, as not thinking he had such a good friend to stand by him in Time of Need, rid very contentedly to *Tyburn*, where he was hang'd on *Wednesday* the first of *April*, in the Year 1691.

TOM





T O M M A R S H, *a Murderer and  
House-breaker.*

**T**HIS Fellow being one who (like all other Rogues) employ'd his Wits in a manner of Villainy, to support himself in unlawful Courses; he one while used an Alehouse near *Leicester-Fields*, the Man whereof having a very handsome Wife to sit in the Bar, she brought a great many Customers, who were in Hopes of qualifying her Husband for *Horn Fair*. But the Hostess being as cunning as her Guests she would not be like a Glove, for every one's drawing on; for if she had any Gallants, it was her Resolution that they should be of the best and those she counted so who had the most Money in their Pockets. Her Carriage in all Companies seem'd to be varnish'd with a very great Modesty; but it was only counterfeited for several having laid Siege to the Fortress of her Chastity, she hath surrender'd it for the Presents of fine Hoods, Scarves, Gloves, Rings or other such Womanish Toys. Among the Crowd of her Admirers was this *Thomas Marsh* who discovering his flaming Passion to her, she as soon made him sensible by what means he must cool it, which was, by giving her a Silk Night-Gown; so, after promising her one, they parted, and he went Home, to contrive how to be

be as good as his Word, whilst the other found out a Way to procure her Husband's Absence for a Night or two, which she accomplish'd by sending him fifteen Miles off, to Watford in Hertfordshire, to see her Mother, who then lay dying. In the mean time Tom finding the Strength of his Pocket was not sufficient to accomplish his Promise, he supply'd that Defect by this Stratagem: Visiting a Woman of his particular Acquaintance, who had then lately stolen a very rich Gown, namely *Eleanor Jackson*, alias *Scotch Nell*, who was since hang'd at Tyburn for stealing a Callicoe Petticoat from the Mrs *Margaret Stevens*, and acquainting her with his Design, which was more than meer love, as you will find by the Sequel of the Story, he begg'd the Favour of her to lend it him, to facilitate his Intention; accordingly she did as he desired, upon Assurance that he would see it forth-coming: Then sending it by a Porter to the Victualler's Wife, she accepted it and the following Letter, with a smiling Countenance.

My Dear,  
Having sent you a Gown by the Bearer, this is also to acquaint you, I must dye, or see you to day, my adorable Creature. Never Man lov'd to such a Degree as I do; but 'tis true never Man lov'd so amiable a Creature. You may be sure of my Company at the Time appointed: If I had a thousand Lives I would expose them all for so dear a Blessing. How long will this Day seem to me! How many tiresome Minutes am I to pass, before I arrive

*I arrive at that which is the Perfection of my Happiness! Thus dearly Love will make us pay for his Joy. But I shall owe him the more, if in the Time of my Penance I can prevail upon you to believe that never Man deserv'd more than I to possess you. I shall give a Proof of it anon; and if you give all your Heart, I'll answer for mine.*

Your humble Servant,

*Tho. Marsh*

Towards the Evening this passionate Love paid her a Visit, being very merry at her House 'till late at Night, when preparing for Bed they took up some good Liquors. as Cyder, Stout, and Brandy, to enjoy themselves in private; but Tom had put a small Dose of Laudanum in to his Beloved's Cup, which made her after but one Enjoyment, fall so fast asleep, that you might as well awake the Dead as her Ladyship. Now Tom, thinking it was good to make Hay while the Sun shin'd, he took three Gold Rings off her Fingers; then taking the Keys of a Chest of Drawers out of her Pocket he took from thence the best of her Cloaths and forty Pounds in Money, which bundling up in his Friend's Gown, he left Madam Nick and Froch to retrieve her Loss by the old Way of Scoring two for one.

After this he cheated the Country up and down, by pretending to be a disbanded Soldier or shipwreck'd Seaman, for which Purpose he made false Passes, and counterfeited their Seal

after

in this Manner: Going to three or four Magistrates, and procuring their Warrants, sign'd and seal'd, by swearing the Peace against *John-a-Nokes* or *Jack-a-Stiles*, he would take a Piece of Clay, which being rubb'd with a Bit of Butter, that it might not stick to the Wax, the Impression thereon would come off very clean; then dry it very hard, and it gives the same Impression on Wax: But *Tom* being once detected in this Sort of Forgery, he was whipt at *Bridewell* in *Tuttle-Fields*, where all the Senses of a Man may enjoy the Pleasure of seeing nothing but the Marks of Poverty; smelling the fragrant Odour of that Commodity, which they often beat for their own Destruction: hearing the harmonious Noise made with Beetle and Funny; tasting Water without Adulteration, and feeling a good Bull's Pizzle in case they don't work.

Once *Tom Marsh* lodging at one Mr. Bennet's house near *Mutton-lane*, who and his Wife were strong *Presbyterians*, he seem'd to be a Presbyterian too, which made his Landlord and Landlady have a great Respect for their seemingly serious Lodger: So one Sunday in the Evening coming Home from a Meeting-House, he sat down by the Fire in a very devout Sort of a Posture, as having his Glove on his Head and Arms a-crofs; then desiring the Old People to fetch him a Bible, they, glad to see him in this pious Frame of Mind, brought him one presently. Taking it in his Hand, he pitch'd on that Chapter of the Gospel, which tells the Evangelical



vangelical Story of our Saviour's bidding the lame Man *take up his Bed and walk*, which I read with a great Emphasis; and afterwards going to his Repose, he very early in the Morning bundled up his Bed, which flinging out the Window he carry'd clean away. About Noon the Landlord's Daughter going to make *Tom's* Bed, she came down in a great Agony to her Mother, to whom telling what had happened, she made as terrible an Outcry of Loss in the Neighbourhood, as the People do of the *Wild Irish* coming hither a little before the Prince of *Orange* arriv'd at *London*; but her Husband being a moderate Man, he bade her be quiet, because *Tom* was so civil as to prove every Night by Scripture, that he would walk away with it.

This wicked Person was born near *Ludlow* in *Shropshire*, a Mason by Trade, and coming to *London*, marry'd a very honest Woman, whom he hath a Girl yet living; but being of an idle lazy Disposition, he took so ill Courage and had not only been whipt at the Cart's Tail for stealing Lead off *St. Paul's* Cathedral; for a Trespass in entering a Man's Yard with Design to rob him, he was fin'd 20 l. and committed to *Newgate* till he paid the Sum, where he remain'd four Years, except some little Time that he broke out twice, but was soon retaken and punish'd with Hand-Cuffs, the Neck-Collar, Sheers, and double Irons,

## *a Murderer and House-breaker.* 301

Whilst he was under Confinement he had a Child by one *Elizabeth Keys*, a notorious Whore, a Prisoner in this same Goal for Debt: Then, as being of a fickle or rather lustful Temper, slighting her for the sake of *Jane Hays*, another Prisoner there for Debt, it was not long after their Correspondence that he got his Fine remitted, and obtain'd his Liberty: But he did not enjoy it long; for committing a Burglary at *Hampstead*, he was committed to *Newgate* again, and on the 20th of *December*, 1710, hang'd at *Tyburn*, where he confess'd 'twas he murder'd the Farmer at *Shipperton* in the County of *Middlesex*; and not Mr. *Charles Dean* an Attorney, who a little before was wrongfully executed for it; and also one Mr. *Crouch*, try'd on the same Account at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old Baily*, but was honourably acquitted.



## *TOM WILMOT, a Murderer and Highwayman.*

THIS unfortunate Person, *Thomas Wilmot*, was the eldest Son of *John Wilmot*, Esq; in the County of *Suffolk*, where he was born, at *Ipswich*, a noted Sea-port Town; and when his Father dy'd, he left him in Possession of about Six Hundred Pounds a Year, which he soon consum'd in Amours and Intrigues with the Fair Sex, tho' very unfortunate in his Adven-

tures of Knight Errantry, as having squander'd away his Patrimony on meer Jilts, who never made any Returns of Love or Kindness, when he had by his Extravagancy reduc'd himself to the very lowest Ebb of Fortune.

Before we proceed any farther to his more mature Years, we are to take Notice, that when, by the Help of the Generation-Drawer, he crept thro' the narrow Passage of Nativity into the World, he had, contrary to the usual Birth of other Children, indifferent long Hair on his Head; and when one of the Women went to clap him to her Breast, not suspecting any Danger, the rest of the Gossips thought she had been falling in Labour too, and expected more hot Suppings; for she roar'd out in a piteous Manner, and would have thrown him from her Arms, but that, like a Wolf, he hung too fast by the Teeth at her Nipple, and made a crimson Trickling descend her panting Hill of warm Snow; which presag'd what bloody Work he would make before he had done with the World. With much a-do and the Help of the Midwife's Bodkin they made him quit his Hold; and all of them wonder'd to see his Phangs so long and sharp, every one spending their Verdict on him as their Fancies and Opinions led 'em, as to what these unusual Prodromoes might forerun or signify: But their general Prognostication was, that he would be of a Tyrannical Disposition; which was somewhat verify'd by his murdering a whole Family, as you shall find in the Sequel of his Life.

He

He could read and write, and speak the *French, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian* Tongues tolerably well; but after he had ruin'd himself by being one of *Cupid's Novices*, he had no Way left to support himself, but that of going on the Highway, in which bold Enterprizes his Presumption was so great, that often he would attack two or three Passengers together on the Road by himself; and one Time meeting with a Gentleman betwixt *Chelmsford* and *Colchester*, his Salutation was, *Stand and De'iver*; the Person assaulted on the Queen's Highway, alledg'd positively that he had not any Money about him; but *Tom Wi'mot* not believing his Asseveration, he search'd his Breeches, wherein finding not any Thing worth taking, he took his Coat because it was a good one; and as he rid along hearing somewhat jingle in the Pockets, and searching them, he found a Steel Tobacco-Box, in which was eighreen Guineas and a Crown-Piece.

Another Time lying *incognito* in a Thicket betwixt *Dorking* in *Surrey* and *Petworth* in *Sussex*, three Gentiewomen were riding along the Road, on whom setting unawares, he demand'd their Money, and took from them about eight Pounds; but one of them having a Diamond Ring on her Finger, which he could not easily get off, such was his Barbarity, that he cut off the Member with a Knife, swearing at the same Time, That since he was compell'd to live by Robbing, thro' his too great Fondness

R 2

once



once of their Sex, he was resolv'd in all his Robberies to shew a Woman the least Favour.

There was scarce a Stage-Coach could travel in all the West of England for him; 'till being very noted in those Parts, he was forc'd to fly towards the North, where admitting several Highwaymen into his Society, being made supreme, he oblig'd them to observe the following Orders.

I. I E. F. swear by the Head and Soul of our Captain, to be obedient to all his Commands.

II. To be faithful to my Companions in all their Designs and Attempts.

III. To be always present at such Meetings as the Captain shall appoint, here or in any other Place, except his Leave to the contrary.

IV. To be ready at all Hours, by Day and by Night, upon Call or Notice.

V. Never to desert my Companions in any Danger, or otherwise, to the last Breath.

VI. Never to fly from an equal Number of Opposers, but rather die courageously fighting on the Place.

VII. To help one another, whether taken, imprison'd, in Sickness, or any other Distress.

VIII. Never to leave, if possible I can bring it off, any of my Companions Bodies, wounded, or dead, behind me, to fall into the Enemies Hands.

IX. To confess nothing, if taken; or ever to discover the Abodes and Residence of my Accomplices, tho' put to the Punishment of Death itself. And this Oath when I break, in the least Tittle, may the

*the greatest Plagues and D——tion seize me here and hereafter.*

Now *Tom Wilmot* having an utter Aversion to all manner of Honesty, he took a Pride in the greatest Villainies; and one Day meeting with the *Lincoln Stage-Coach*, in which was only the Wife of *Mr. Blood*, that stole the Crown out of the Tower, and whom he knew very well, he made bold to stop her, and demand her Money; she begg'd of him to be civil, hoping he was more of a Gentleman than to offer any rough Usage to a Woman; but he reply'd, *As the Falshood of Women has been the Cause of my Misfortune, and the only cross Wind that has shipwreck'd my Felicity, you being one of that perfidious Sex, you must not expect any Favour at my Hands; therefore deliver presently, or else, Madam Blood, there will come Blood of it indeed.* The Gentlewoman finding she must satisfy his Demands, she offer'd him Half a Crown, which refusing to take, quoth he, *You fancy B——h, as no less than a Crown would serve your Husband, when he robb'd the King, I'll have you to know that I'll not be put off with Half a Crown,* So searching her, he found about fifteen Guineas in her Pockets, and a Silver Thimble, with which he rid away, to seek out for new Adventures.

Shortly after this Exploit, he met, on the Road betwixt *Abingdon* and *Oxford*, with *Adolly*, the once famous Council for Thieves and Pickpockets, and Advocate for Whores and Bawls, from whom taking three Pounds odd

R 3

Money.

Money, without consulting Cook upon Littleton he shot his Horse, to the end he might not make any Pursuit after him.

Having once committed a great Robbery on *Newmarket-keath*, and a Hue and Cry being close at his Heels, to avoid it he rid cross the Country to *Ch:ster*, where consuming the Spoils of his late Victory, he was soon in 'a naked Condition; for he had not only lost his Money at Play, but also the best of his Cloaths and Horse. Now wandering about the Country in great Poverty indeed, one Evening he made up to a very fine ancient House in *Shropshire*, where at some Distance his Ears were saluted with Musick and merry Songs, which made him hope for good Entertainment; therefore he set a good Face on it, and went to the Door, demanding if the Master of the House was within: He thereupon came, as being within Hearing, and ask'd, What he would have? He told him, Being a Stranger in those Parts, and destitute of Friends and Money, he would intreat him to spare him a Lodging for one Night. He answer'd very civilly, but said, He fear'd he could not; for it being the Anniversary of his Wedding Day, he had divers Friends there, and knew not but most of them might stay all Night. *Tom* continu'd to press his Suit; and the Gentleman of the House seeing him a likely Sort of a Man, he told him he had one Room he knew no Body would lie in, which he could well spare; but if he accepted that, he might perhaps fall in to some Misfortune; for that it was nightly haunted

haunted with a Spirit, ever since his Grandfather's Barber, for Love of a coy Chamber-maid, had cut his Throat in it; and that the Spirit appear'd at usual Times with a Razor in one Hand and a Bason and Light in t'other, crying in a hoarse Tone, *Will you be shav'd?* and some that we have ventur'd, unknown to them, to lie there, have been, for refusing to suffer him to shave them, thrown violently out of their Beds, and bruis'd at a strange Rate. *Tom Wilmot* heard very attentively this Relation; but having always a strong Fancy that these Reports of Apparitions were only Delusions and the Fancies of whimsical Brains, or Men in Drink, he with much obliging Language told the Gentleman, that, if he pleas'd, he would accept of his Proffer, notwithstanding the dreadful Report he had made. and knew not but, by an Art he had learn'd, he might lay this poor disturb'd Ghost to Rest; that he should be confin'd to the lower Shades, and wander about the World no more. At this the Gentleman appear'd altogether yielding, inviting him in, and caus'd him (after they had discours'd a little, whence he came, and whither he was going) to enter the Parlour, and make merry with the rest of the Company; and at Supper-time told them for what he came thither, and what he had undertaken. They all wonder'd that he durst venture upon it, some dissuaded him from it, as a Thing too full of Presumption and Danger; some again laugh'd in their Sleeves to think what Sport they should have.



in the Relation of this Adventure the next Morning; but they had little Cause as it fell out, tho' they did so.

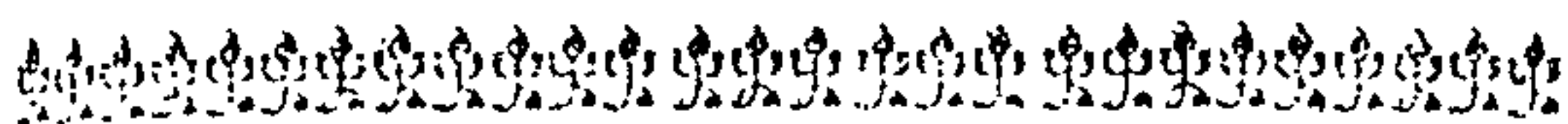
Supper being ended, they adjourn'd into a large old-fashion'd Hall, and fell to Cards and Dice. *Tom* seeing them set in, and the Stakes thrown down briskly, a merry Crotchet came into his Head, and retiring, desir'd one of the Servants, for that he was weary with long Travel, to shew him up to his appointed Lodging: The Fellow, tho' a lusty Lubber, gave him a Candle, but durst venture no farther than the Stair-Floor, and there wishing him good Night, stood listening a little, and then departed: *Tom* shut the Door, and expected the frightful Goblin, but he gave him none of his Company: Wherefore, lest he should be missing in the Family, he resolv'd to personate him. Thus concluding, he rubb'd his Face over with the White of the Wall, to make him represent a Ghost the more exactly; then, with one of his Garters, tying a Sheet with a Knot to place just upon his Head, like a Shroud, he stript him to his Shirt, and laid his Cloaths decently on the Bed, the sooner to whip in after this Exploit: A Razor he had in his Pocket, and to make it look more terrible, he cut his Finger, and blooded it over; but being at a Loss for a Basin, he at last concluded, the Pewter Chamber-Pot, by the glimmering of Candles, and in a Fright, might be taken for it as well. In this Posture he waited, till he heard by their Noise and ratling of Money, the Wine was got into  
their

their Crowns; then softly descending in the same Posture as the other had been describ'd to appear, he found them so busy at their Game, that he was in a manner at their Backs, when one of the Servants that attended, looking up, and spying *Tom*, started several Paces back, crying out, *Oh! the Ghost, the Ghost!* and so ran out, stumbling headlong over the Threshold; *Willmot* immediately extending his Piss-Pot and Bloody Razor, seconded him, with crying in a hoarse and dreadful Tone, *Will you be shav'd?* Upon this, they all started up, without any Regard to their Money that lay on the Table, and tumbled over each other for Haste, as if they had bid the Devil take the hindmost; and happy was he that could tread over another to get before him. He still pursu'd 'em in the same dreadful Tone, till he had quite clear'd the Hall and adjacent Rooms of every Soul of them; some got into the Cellars, and others into the Stables and Out-Houses, sulking and hiding themselves; Fear charming many of them in those Places as enchanted Castles, till Daylight appear'd, and banish'd the Bugbears of Nightly Fancy. *Tom*, upon this, return'd to the deserted Spoil, and pretty well lining his Pockets, went to Bed as softly as he could, and put out the Candle. The next Morning *Tom* coming down Stairs, he gave a very dreadful Relation, how at first refusing to let the Ghost shave him, he attempted to cut his Throat, but he so guarded it with his Hands, that he only cut his Finger, and having done what they saw,

pass'd

pass'd away from him, as he thought, down Stairs ; and return'd soon after in the same Posture, rattling something in or about his Hands like Chains. *A Pox*, (says one of them) *a plaguy Toad o' a Ghost ! that was our Money he stole off the Table then : I have often heard these Goblins discover'd hidden Treasure for the Advantage of others, but never that they coveted it before. It may be* (said the Master of the House, half smiling) *some of your Fathers w'd him for Trimming in his Life-time, and now he came to you for their Quarteridge.*

Upon this they all burst out a laughing, and Tom having took a good Breakfast among them he went away, and quickly accouter'd himself for the Highway again ; but committing a great Robbery, shortly after this Adventure, on a Nobleman, who made a strict Enquiry after him, he fled into *Switzerland*, where breaking into a House in the Night-time, he murder'd the Man thereof, his Wife, three Children, and a Servant-Maid ; for which most barbarous Murder he himself saw there two innocent Persons executed ;, but being not in the least troubled in Conscience at this inhumane Tragedy, he came over to *England* again, and still pursuing his wicked Courses, he robb'd the Duke of *Buckingham* in *Northamptonshire* of above Two Hundred Guineas ; for which being, in a short Time after, apprehended, he was condemn'd, and hang'd at *Northampton*, on *Saturday* the 30th of *April*, 1670, aged 38 Years.



JACK BIRD, a Murderer, Highway-  
man, and Foot-Pad.

THIS most notorious Malefactor was born of very honest Parents, at *Stamford* in *Lincolnshire*; by whom, after he had been put to School to learn to read, and write, and cast Accounts, he was put Apprentice to an Uncle, who was a Baker, living at *Godmanchester*, adjoining to *Huntington*, in *Huntingtonshire*; but running away from his Master before he had serv'd him three Years, he came up to *London*, where he list'd himself in the first Regiment of Foot-Guards, and was at the Siege of *Maastricht*, under the Command of the Duke of *Monmouth*, when he was General of the *English* Forces then in the *Low-Countries*.

Here *Jack Bird* being reduc'd to great Necessities, as most Soldiers are, who go to kill Men for a Groat or Five-Pence a Day, he ran away from his Colours; and stealing a Piece of Silk off a Stall, in *Amsterdam*, he was taken in the Fact, and dragg'd before a Magistrate; who, hearing the Adversary's Complaint, command-  
ed *Jack* to the *Rasp-House*, where he was put to hard Labour, in rasping *Logwood* and doing other Drudgeries. Now, this Spark being not used to work, he fainted under it, but that avail'd him nothing; for his Task-Masters im-  
puting



putting it to a stubborn Laziness, put him to the Cistern, for a greater Punishment ; which was, to be chain'd down to the Bottom of it by one Foot, when it was dry, and several Cocks of Water turn'd into it, he was to pump it out for his Life : for the Top of it being much higher than his Head, if the Water had prevail'd he must inevitably have been drown'd, without Pity or Relief from his cruel Jaylors, and so have ended all his Rogueries by an Inundation. Being sensible of this, and that his Courage was about to be cool'd, he labour'd like a *Turk* in a Mill, redoubling his Strength for it was to continue but an Hour.

*Jack* having overcome this Difficulty, he took to working very well after for a Year, when the Time of his Punishment being expir'd, he came over to *England*, where he was resolv'd to try his Fortune on the Highway ; so stealing a Horse near *St. Edmondsbury* in *Suffolk*, and being otherwise accoutur'd for such Enterprizes, and having half a Dozen good Pistols, and a Sword by his Side, he was pretty successful in three or four Robberies ; but at last, meeting on the Road betwixt *Gravesend* and *Chatham* with one Mr. *Joseph Pinnis*, a Pilot at *Dover*, who had receiv'd ten or twelve Pounds for ~~carrying~~ *Dutch* Ship up to *London*, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver. The Pilot, who had lost both his Hands in an Engagement at Sea, finding himself assaulted, quoth he, *You see, Sir that I have never a Hand, therefore, being unable to take my Money out of my Pocket myself*

you must be so favourable as to take t'c Trouble your self of searching me. Accordingly Jack Bird was so civil as to be at so much Pains, for his own Profit ; but whilst his Hand was in the Pilot's Pocket, he suddenly clapp'd both his Arms about Bird's Neck, and setting Spurs to his own Horse, pull'd the Highway-man off his ; then falling off his own Horse, upon his Antagonist, he, as being a very strong lusty Man, kept him under on the Ground, and maul'd him grievously with his wooden Stumps : In the mean while some Passengers riding by, and enquiring the Cause of this Fray, quoth Mr. Pinnis, *I have done enough now, do you e'en take up the Cutgels, and try what you can do with this Highway-man, for I'm almost out o' Breath.* When they understood that he was really a Highway-man by what the Pilot farther told 'em, they immediately apprehended Jack Bird, and carrying him before a Justice of the Peace, he committed him to *Maidstone Goal* ; where remaining till the Assizes, he was cast, and condemn'd for his Life.

But it being his good Fortune to receive Mercy, and afterwards to obtain his Liberty, he was so much out of Conceit of his being conquer'd by a Man without Hands, that he was once almost in the Mind to live honest ; but having no Scholarship nor Trade, the want of Employment quickly brought him into great Straights ; whereupon seeking what Luck he

might have by turning Foot-Pad, he met, one Evening, with a *Weish* Drover, about a Mile from *Acton*, and bidding him to Stand and Deliver, he would not obey the Word of Command, but, being a lusty stout Fellow, was going to lay on as fast as he could, on his Adversary, with a good Quarter-Staff which he had in his Hand : Now *Jack* being enrag'd at the Drover's Resistance, he leap'd nimbly out of his Staff's Length, and saying, *If a Son of a Whore once could take me without any Hands, I shall not venture my Carcass within the Reach of one that has Hands, for fear of another Conviction* ; so he shot him thro' the Head : Then rifling his Pockets, in which he found Eighteen-Pence ; *Ay*, (quoth *Jack* again) *this is a Prize worth killing a Man for at any Time* ; and so went about his Business as orderly as if he had done no Hurt at all.

Another Time meeting *Poor Robin* on the Road as going to *Walsam-Alby*, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver what he had. *Poor Robin* was surpriz'd at the Complement, and pleaded a great deal of Poverty indeed ; but *Jack Bird* telling him, that was the Excuse all made on such Occasions, he would not believe him. Hereupon *Poor Robin* told him, for farther Proof of his Poverty, that he was the Author of those yearly Works call'd *Poor Robin's Almanacks*, wherein he had canoniz'd a great many Thieves and Pick-Pockets, as particularly

G 42.

*Guzman, Jonas Allen, Du Vall, Cambury-Bess, Mol Cut-Par-se,* and others. But all this not mollifying *Jack Bird*, he swore he would have what *Money* was about him, so taking from *Poor Robin* fifteen Shillings and a new Hat, Now, Sir, (quoth he) *I have given you Cause to canonize me too.* Yes, (reply'd *Poor Robin*) for a *Rogue, Sir.*

Not long after this Exploit, *Jack Bird* having got a good Horse again, he was resolv'd to venture once more upon higher Matters than robbing Foot-Passengers; so meeting, on *Salisbury-Plain*, with the mad E——l of P——, and his Chaplain, in a Coach, he commanded them to Stand, as having no other Retinue but the Coachman and one Footman; then desiring his Lordship to spare him a little Money, his Honour told him, that if he had any of him he should fight for it. *Jack Bird* presently pull'd out four Pistols, and swore, that if his Lordship did not deliver his Money, he should have every one thro' his Body. Quoth his Honour then, *I tell you what, Sir, lay your Pistols aside, and I'll box you for what Money I have, against nothing. That's a fair Challenge* (reply'd *Jack*, who was a very stout Fellow) *which I'll accept, provided none that belong to your Honour shall be near us.* So the E——l coming out of his Coach, *Hold, hold, my Lord,* (said the Chaplain) *I'll box him first my self;* and accordingly throwing off his Gown and Cassock.



and stepping out of the Coach, to it he and *Jack Bird* went, who so paid the Chaplain in a quarter of an Hour, that he could not see out of his Eyes : Then breathing himself a little, and stepping up to the Side of the Coach, quoth he. *Now, my Lord, if you please, I'll have one Box with you.* But his Honour reply'd, *No, no, hold it re, Sir; if you can beat my Chaplain, you'll beat me; for, by G—d, he could beat me before.* So giving *Jack Bird* twenty Guineas, he rid away very well contented.

This Fellow marry'd a very honest young Woman, who had been a Servant to a certain Dyer, living not far from *Exeter-Exchange* in the Strand, who was so extraordinary kind to her whilst in his Service, that the usually sat up to let him in a Nights, for which, and a small Game at *In-and-In*, he always gave her half a Crown a Time. But the Dyer's Wife having some Mistrust of her Maid's depriving her of her due Benevolence, the one Night commanded her to go to Bed, and she would sit up to let her Master in : Betwixt Twelve and One Home he came, and knock'd at the Door, which his Wife presently open'd in the Dark, and supposing her to be his Servant, he laid her on the Counter, and exerted his Manhood as usual, and giving her half a Crown, away she presently flipp'd into Bed. After Mr. *Wha: dy: call him* had barr'd and bolted the Street Door, away he went to Bed too : But next Day,

while

whilst at Dinner with his Wife, she order'd her Servant to pack up her Things immediately, and, paying her her Wages, commanded her to be gone forthwith. The young Woman was in a great Surprize at this sudden Warning, and the Master was pleas'd to say in her Behalf, *My dear, pray what's the Meaning of all this? What has the poor Wench done, to be thus turn'd out a Doors at an Hour's Warning? She's not dishonest, as I find, in any Thing; pray, Wife, be pacify'd; and, if she has done amiss in any Thing, tell her her Fault, that she may see and rectify it another Time.* However, the Dyer's Wife would not resolve his Curiosity, but go she should; so the Maid having prepar'd all Things ready for a March, and returning into the Parlour to bid her Master and Mistress good by, as she was going out again, *Hold, hold, Betty, (said her Mistress) stay and take this half Crown with you, which I earn'd for you last Night on the Counter,* which she very civilly took; but the Dyer then smelling a Rat, he sneak'd away from his Wife like a Dog that had lost his Tail; but shortly after, the Matter coming to be discover'd abroad, it was a Month's In me, or more, for the *Athenian Society*, at that Time of Day, to resolve whether the Dyer had committed Adultery, or not, in lying with his own Wife; and at last their Resolution was, That he was guilty of that Sin, for tho' the Act of Copulation was with his own Spouse, yet Adultery lay at his Door, as his

Thoughts and Design were intended on another Person, whom he could not lawfully touch without defiling his Marriage-Bed.

But *Jack Bird* keeping Company with other Women, who were notorious Whores and Pick-Pockets, and knocking down a Man one Night, and robbing him, betwixt *Dutchy-Lane* and the *Great Savoy-Gate* in the *Strand*, the Woman was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*; after which, he coming to make the Matter up with the Adversary, he was took up on Suspicion, and sent to Jail to her; and tho' nothing could be positively prov'd against him, yet taking the Fact solely on himself, the Woman was acquitted, and he condemn'd for his Life; which he lost at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 12th of *March*, 1693, aged forty two Years: and his Body being convey'd from the Tree to *Surgeons-Hall*, was there anatomiz'd.



DICK BAUF, *an Irish Murderer  
and Highwayman.*

**T**HIS most insolent Offender was born in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, but whereabouts he could never learn; for his Parents being wandering Strollers, he was carry'd at their Baks thro' so many Countries, before he came to Understanding, that themselves could not give any direct Account of the Place of his Birth; only thus far, that the Chamber where his Mother pigg'd him, was a Gravel-Pit; her Bed, a few Rushes on the Ground; Curtains, Pebble-Stones; and Tessel, the Skies: And at twelve Years of Age he had the wide World to shift in, by reason his Parents were forc'd to swing on cross Timber, for breaking open and robbing a House, and murdering most of the Family. For *Dick's* Part, then he found some Mercy with the Judges, in Consideration of his young Years, and the small Hand which he had in this Fact; but yet Justice left him his Life, with Condition that he should be the Executioner of his Parents. He was very unwilling, and did all he could not to commit  
so



so execrable a Crime as that is, to take away their Lives that had given him his : But it was impossible to excuse him, but by losing his Life with them ; wherefore *Dick* considering, that another would do that which he refus'd ; and, on the other Side, the Perswasion of his Friends, who, with a great Charge upon his Conscience, counsell'd him to do it, so that his Father's Family should not be wholly extinct, he put on a Resolution to do that which, for any other Respect, he would never have done. But this was *Dick's* Comfort, which was not a little one to him, that his Father and Mother gave him their Blessing at the Hour of their Death, and said, they were more willing to be hang'd by him than a Stranger, as not doubting but he would shew 'em what Favour might be requisite in such desperate Cases ; and hereupon *Dick* remain'd greatly comforted, and resolv'd to end his Prison with their Lives.

Now being left an Orphan, young, alone, and friendless, he determin'd to look out for a Master whom he might serve ; or an Handy-craft-Man, with whom he might learn some Trade : Which was all in vain ; because that the Accident of his Parents being in fresh Memory, and their Infamy yet late, he found not one that would receive him into his House, nay, not so much as to be a Groom of his Stable : Wherefore he was oblig'd to follow ill Courses still, in becoming a very dext'rous Pick-Pocket :

to ket; and in order to be a Gainer by this Employment, he daily haunted Churches, Fairs, Markets, and all publick Meetings and great Assemblies; till being (Anabaptist-like) often dip'd in a Horse Pond, he left off picking Pockets, and got into a Gang of *Savys*, who are Men living wild in the Fields, that keep their Holds and Dwellings in the Country and forsaken Places, stealing Horses, Kine, Sheep, and all other sort of Cattle that come in their Way: But this mean Theft turning but to little Account, he became a *Cygaret*, whose particular Office is to haunt Churches, Feasts, and publick Assemblies, at which he cuts off the half of a good Cloak, Cassock-Sleeves, half a Gown, or under Part of a Petticoat, of which he made Money; till being detected in these Tricks, he was severely whipp'd at the Cart's Arse thro' *Dublin*.

Then *Dick Baeſ* being out of Conceit with these petty Thefts, he enter'd himself into a Gang of *Grumets*, who take the Name from the Likeness that they have to those young Boys in Ships, who climb up with great Nimbleness by the Tacklings to the Top of the Mast: and the Sailors call them Cats, or Grumets: Those that bear this Name steal by Night, climbing up lightly by a Ladder of Ropes, at the End of which they have two little Hooks of Iron, to which they throwing them up to the Window, they may catch hold there, and they easily get up

up and empty the House. These Sort of Thieves run about City, Town, and Country, stealing not only Gold and Silver, but Cloaths, Linnen, and all that ever they do find; and when they have got their Prize, they cunningly tye a Line made fast to the Point of the little Hooks, which, after they come down, they drawing, the two Hooks are rais'd, and the Ladder falls, without ever leaving any Print or Mark of the Theft.

But one Time *Dick Bauf* having been upon such an Exploit as this, when he had flung what Money and Plate he could find out to his Comrades, which was to the Value of about Two Hundred and Eighty Pounds, they pull'd away this Sort of Ladder, which they use in such Cases, and left him to shift for himself: Now *Dick* was in a Peck of Troubles, to think which Way he should escape; and there being an old Bedstead in the Room, he takes the Cord out, and tying it to the Window, let himself down; then happening to go into an House about four or five Miles from the Place where this Robbery was committed, and hearing his Companions sharing their Booty, he stole into the Room where they were drinking, and told 'em that the People were coming thither whom they had robb'd: They presently fled, in such Precipitation and Confusion, that they left all the Money and Plate on the Table, which he securing, he carry'd it away, and kept the whole Prize to himself.

Next he got into a Crew of Wool-drawers, who take their Name from the Theft they practise, which is, to snatch Cloaks, Hats, or Peepes in the Night. And these have no other Lumping save the Occasion: They go ever by threes or Fours, about Nine or Ten a Clock at Night; and if they do find a fit Opportunity they let it not slip. Most commonly they go forth to look for their Prey in the darkest and most rainy Nights, and to them Places which they see are most quiet and out of the Way, to the end that the Neighbours may not come forth (at the Outcries and Noises which the Robb'd are commonly wont to make) and take them. These same Thieves too are accustomed sometimes to go in Lacqueys Cloaths, to come into some Masque or Feast, with Pretence to look for their Masters; and with this Liberty they meet with a Heap of Cloaks that the Gentlemen use to leave in the Hall, and nimbly take up two or three on their Shoulders, and carry them away, saluting all them whom they meet with Cap in Hand.

But at last *Dick Bau*, being catch'd in these Pranks too, and burnt in the Hand at *Galway*, he grew weary of them; for being now at *Man's Estate*, and a lusty able-body'd Fellow, he was resolv'd to rob on the Highway; and being well accouter'd for such dangerous Attempts, the four Provinces of *Ireland* were so large enough to supply him with Occasi-  
ons



ons of Robbing; for, Night and Day, he robb'd both Rich and Poor, Man, Woman, or Child; for being like Death, he spar'd none; so one Day meeting with the Earl of *Donnegal*, on the Road between *Balishannon* and *Sligo*, he robb'd him of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas, and, to ransom his six Coach Horses from being shot, his Lordship was oblig'd to draw a Bill on a Goldsmith in *Dublin* for Sixty Pounds, which he rid forthwith, and receiv'd it.

He was so notoriously remarkable for his daily Robberies committed on the Mount of *Barrismoor*, that no Person of Quality, with the greatest Retinue, would venture to ride over it; and here *Bauf* kept his Residence, 'til at last, by an Order of the Government, a Guard-House was built on the Middle thereof, and the Regiments lying at *Crain*, *Londonderry*, *Belfast*, or in other Garrisons in the North, were oblig'd to send thirty or forty Men there, commanded by a Serjeant and Corporal, whose Duty it was only to keep Passengers, that came by that Way from being robb'd by this insolent Robber.

Then *Bauf* shifted his Quarters, and resided about *Lorris*, where meeting one Day with General *Ingolishby* on the Road, with a Groom and Footman, he commanded him to *Stand and Deliver*; but his Honour refusing to obey his Orders, an Engagement began betwixt 'em, where-

the General having his Horse shot under him, and his Groom kill'd, he took eighty Guineas from him, a Diamond Ring, and a Gold Watch, without receiving any other Damage than the being shot through one of his Legs by the Footman, whom *Bauf* had also shot dead if he had not rid away.

Thus his Robberies being very frequent and many, such grievous Complaints were made of him by most People to the Government, that they issued out a Proclamation, with the Promise of Five Hundred Pounds Reward for any that should apprehend him, in order to be brought to condign Punishment for his great Villainies. This great Sum caus'd several Parties to look out after him, among whom were several Persons who had got sufficiently by his Robberies; therefore, to be reveng'd on them, *Bauf* met with nine or ten of them one Day, as they were going singly about their lawful Occasions, and robbing them, he ty'd them Neck and Heels in an old Barn, and then setting Fire to it, they were all burnt to Ashes in the consuming Flames.

After this most inhuman Tragedy was acted, finding the Country too hot for him, he fled in Disguise to *Donaghadey*, a Sea-port Town in the Northernmost Part of *Ireland*, where he took Shipping, and went to *Port Patrick* in *Scotland*, and from thence design'd to have fled into *France*. Here lighting into a Publick House,

the Man whereof had a very handsome Wife, they became more familiar than ordinary, which occasion'd him to stay longer than he at his first Arrival thither intended; but the Husband quickly finding out their Familiarity, it put him into such a Rage, that no less Revenge could pacify him than the Apprehending of *Bauf*, whom he knew very well. And accordingly being took into Custody, he was sent over from *Scotland* into *Ireland* again; where being put under a very strong Guard, he was brought pinion'd all through the Country to *Dublin*, and committed there to *Newgate*. Shortly after he was try'd and condemn'd; and whilst under Condemnation he proffer'd Five Thousand Pounds for saving his Life; (for he was reckon'd to be worth twice that Money, which is more than ever any Highwayman before him or since, in any Nation whatever, had sav'd together by such unlawful Means) but the Government being highly irritated against him for his unparalel'd Villainies, they were resolv'd that no Money should procure him Mercy; and accordingly he was hang'd at *Dublin*. on *Friday* the 15th of *May*, 1702, aged Twenty Nine Years; and then hang'd in Chains on the Mount of *Barnsmoor* in the Province of *Ulster*.

