

baulked and terrified the simple Jurors, and so affronted the Judge, by bidding him *come off the Bench, and swear what he said as Judge, Witness and Prosecutor too*, for so perhaps he might murder him by *Presumptions of Evidence as he term'd it*; that the simple Fellows brought him in guiltless.

Now *Mul-jack* had not been long at Liberty, before he kill'd one *John Bridges*, to have the more free Egress and Regress with his Wife, who had kept him Company for above four Years; but the Deceased's Friends resolving to prosecute the Murderer to the utmost, he fled beyond Sea; and at *Colen* he robb'd King *Charles* the Second, then in his Exile, of as much Plate as was valu'd at 1500 Pounds. Then flying into *England* again, he promis'd to give *Oliver Cromwell* some of his Majesties Papers which he had taken with the Plate, and discover his Correspondencies here; but not making good his Promise, he was sent to *Newgate*, and receiving Sentence of Death, was hang'd in *Smithfield-Rounds*, in *April* 1659, Aged 45 Years.



JACK COLLINGS, KIT MOOR,
and DANIEL HUGHES,
House-Breakers.

Jack Collings, alias John Collinson, was born of mean Parents at *Faustone*, near *Hull* in *Yorkshire*; and being brought up to no Trade, he had been a Footman to several Gentlemen both in the Country, and here in *London*; where he was some time a Coachman to one Colonel *Kendal*, who sending Jack to sell a Pair of Coach Horses, because they were not well Match'd; Jack obey'd his Master's Orders, and ran away with the Money. Afterwards his Master taking him, he committed him to the *Marshal's* in the *Savoy*, from whence he sent him for a Soldier into *Flanders*; but quickly deserting his Colours, he came into *England* again, where being much assist'd to keep Company with lewd Women, he got full, & cur'd; but getting himself Cur'd, when the Apothecary brought in his Bill, which came to 48 Shillings and Four Pence, Jack found it was a very unconscionable Bill, and he would not be contented with a Great, he would never pay him a Farthing. The Apothecary swore and curs'd like a Mad-man,

man, saying, he would never take that, and away he flounc'd out of the Room in a great Passion; but on the Stairs pausing to himself and considering it was better to take that Groat than to lose all, he went up again, saying, *Come, Sir, since you'll pay me no more let's see that Groat.* So having given Jack a Receipt in full of all Accounts, as the Apothecary was going out of the Room again, quoth he, *Let me be D——n'd, Sir, if I have got any more than one poor Two Pence Half penny by you.* Now Jack thinking the Apothecary had got too much by him, it being towards Evening, and he was to go to London from Himpstead, follow'd him towards the Halfway-House, where a good Opportunity favouring Jack's Design, he commanded the Apothecary to stand and deliver, or else he would shoot him through the Head; so his Orders being obey'd, he did not only take his Groat from him again, but also Robb'd him of a good Silver Watch, and 24 Shillings.

In this Exploit he had like to have been taken, but made his Escape so very narrowly that being afraid to go on the Foot-Pad again, he follow'd House-Breaking altogether, in which he was successful for many Years; but between whiles he was a Soldier for Six Years and attain'd to the Office of a Serjeant in Colonel Wing's Regiment. However, being not satisfied with his Station, he still pursu'd unlawful Courses then too, even to the Time

that he was Disbanded; and then keeping Company with an ill Woman, he car'd not who he wrong'd, to support her; and yet that same Strumpet whom he maintain'd by hazarding his Neck, was a Witness against him for his Life, as it appears in his Tryal, which is partly thus. He was indicted for breaking the House of *John Holloway*, and stealing thence Two *Exchequer Notes*, Value a Hundred Pounds each, One Hundred Thirty Seven Pounds Ten Shillings in Money; and One Hundred Ninety Four Pounds in Gold. It appear'd by the Evidence, that Mr. *Holloway* being at *London*, the Prisoner was at his House at *Chelsea*, to intreat his Favour for a Ticket of Re-entrance into the Royal Hospital there; and Mrs. *Holloway* permitted him to go up stairs; and the Money and Bills being in a Closet in the Room, he found an Opportunity to break it open, and carry them off. The principal Evidence against him was a Woman he kept Company with, who swore, that going to look for him, she met him in a Coach, and upbraiding him for riding so, while she wanted, he gave her Money to pay off her Lodging, and bid her do it, and come to him again; which she did, and she saw a great Bag of Money in the Coach, which he told her was worth Six Hundred Pounds, and that he had it out of the Prosecutor's Closet. They then went to a Lodging at *Wapping*, and he bought her Cloaths, and himself a Coat and Wig to Disguise him. Mrs. *Griffin*,
their

their Landlady at *Wapping*, depos'd, that Prisoner and the Witness having taken Lodging at her House, she suspected them be loose People; and that the Prisoner had sent her Man to borrow the *Gazette*, look upon it, and laid it down, saying, *There's nothing in it*, and went up Stairs; and then causing her Man to look over the *Gazette* she found the Prisoner describ'd, and so call'd a Constable, and secur'd him. He had Twenty Pounds Seventeen Shillings found upon him when taken, and Twenty Two Guineas and a half, and a Broad Piece. He own'd the Constable who took him, he had Robb'd Mr. *Halloway*, but did not say of so much as is mention'd in the Indictment. The Fact being plainly prov'd upon him, he was found Guilty. He was also a Second Time Indicted for Robbing Mr. *James Boyce* on the Queen's Highway, of a Silver Watch, Value Thirty Pounds, and Ten Shillings in Money. Mr. *Boyce* depos'd, that coming out of *Bedfordshire* in a Coach, the Prisoner set upon him on this Side of *Kentish-Town*, about Three of the Clock in the Afternoon; and after he had got his Watch and Money, ask'd him for his Green Purse; and he telling him he had none, he made him turn his Pockets out, and pull off his Gloves to shew he had no Rings. The Prisoner call'd some Witnesses to prove he was at another Place when this was done, but none appearing, he was found Guilty too of that Indictment, and Hang'd

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burn, on Wednesday the 10th of March, 1744, Aged 42 Years.

On the same Day were also executed Two other House-Breakers; Namely, *Kit Moor*, and *Daniel Hughes*; the first of which Aged 35 Years, born in the Parish of *St. Giles's in Fields*, for the most part of his Life, had been a Tapsier in some Victualling-Houses in and about *London*; he confess'd that a little before that, one Night he Robb'd a House in *St. Frysers*, near *Christ's-Hospital*, by lifting up a Sash Window, and entering the Parlour, took from thence Six Silver Tea-spoons, and a Tray, with a Silk Handkerchief Ell-Wide, which he sold for Three Shillings, though it was worth more; and as for the Plate, he Sold with a larger Parcel, (amounting to a Hundred Ounces) for Four Shillings *per Ounce*. Furthermore, he said, that he had wrong'd one *J. Johnson* a Working Silversmith, by swearing falsely heretofore that he had bought of him, and one *Reverick Andry*, another most notorious Rogue, some Plate that they had stoln out of the *Lady Edwin's House*. But the Fact for which he was condemn'd to die, was for a Burglary committed in breaking open the House of one *Mr. Thomas Wright*, in the Night-time, and taking thence a Pair of Silver Branches, and Eight Tea-Spoons, Two Tea-Pots, a Lamp, and a large Quantity of other Plate. He would not discover where it might be found, that the right Owner might have

have it again; for when he was press'd by the Ordinary of *Newgate* to make a Discovery thereof if he could, he did not so much ledge his Incapacity, as he plainly shew'd Unwillingness of doing it; saying, *That he could do it, yet he would make no such discovery, if he was sure to be Damn'd for it.* The other Person, *Daniel Hughes*, Aged 16 Years, and born at *Gravesend*, in County of *Kent*, was brought up to the Scaffold condemn'd for the same Fact committed at *Kit Moor*; and such was their Impudence the very last, that when they went into the Cart, which was to carry them to the Place of Execution, they were no sooner ty'd to the Copses, but they pull'd off their Shoes, and flinging them among the Spectators, said, *Our Parents often said we should Die on a Friday, and with our Shoes on; but thought the former Part of their Predictions is true, and will we make them all Liars in the latter part of it.*

It is also to be observ'd, that though the Ages of these Two unfortunate Lads made but 36 Years, and so had not such Latitude in their Villany, as those who have arriv'd to a much greater Age; yet considering the long Time they reign'd in the Region of Wickedness, they were as vicious as more notorious Rogues; taking Pride in all manner of Levity, Vice, and Unlawfulness, Sabbath-breaking, Drunkenness, Swearing, Cursing, Gaming, and all Sorts of Vices whatever; moreover, they had com-

mitted between them above 50 Burglaries late-
 in the Cities and Liberties of *London* and
Westminster, and in the Borough of *Southwark*.
 In fine, the Obstinacy of the Two young Male-
 factors in Iniquity, and their impudent Beha-
 viour towards all People that were curious of
 seeing them whilst they lay under Condemna-
 tion, was such, as could scarce be parallel'd by
 the past or present Age; therefore it is very re-
 quisite for Justice to hold on as she has begun,
 sending such Villains out of the World, by
 Twelve and Thirteen at a Time.



ACK COLLET, *alias* COLE,
 for Sacrilege and the Highway.

THIS unfortunate Man was a Grocer's Son
 in the Borough of *Southwark*, where he
 was Born, and at 15 Years of Age was put an
 apprentice to an Upholsterer in *Cheapside*;
 but not serving above Four Years of his Time,
 he ran away from his Master, and unhappily
 getting into ill Company, to support himself
 in his Extravagancies, he follow'd bad Cour-
 ses, particularly in Robbing on the Highway.
 But what is most remarkable of this unaccoun-
 table Fellow, he used to rob People in the
 habit of a Bishop, attended by Four or Five
 Men

Men in the Quality of his Servants, and very famous for getting great Prizes.

One Time *Jack* meeting the Dutchess *Mazarine* coming from *Epsom-Wells*, he commanded her Coach to stand; and next come up to the Side of the Coach, he saluted *Grace* with the unwelcome Word, *Delia*. However, the Dutchess being of a bold Spirit and undaunted at this Highwayman's Command, who was in an Episcopal Habit, without Doubt there was more Purity in *Lawn-Sleeves* than in his Heart, quoth *He* *I have about a Hundred Guineas in my Pocket which I am very loth to part with for nothing but if your Lordship, who is the first Prelate whom I ever knew to go on the Highway, please to throw a Main for it, if it is my Luck to Lose, you are welcome to the Gold with all my Heart.* *Jack* reply'd, *Madam*, it does not become one in my Coat *Game*, but being naturally *Arrereus* of you *Sir*, I will oblige you so far as to throw a Main with you for a Hundred Guineas. So pulling that Quantity of Gold out of his Pocket, with a pair of Dice, he alighted from his Horse and the Dutchess out of her Coach, and Play they went; but *Collet* had the Ill Luck losing not only all his Gold, but also his Canonical Habit, which *Mazarine* generously offer'd him again; but he refus'd it, saying *Since, Madam, it is your good Fortune to break me, you are very welcome to keep what you have won; but truly the next Bishop that comes*

in my way shall pay for all; and so
Dutchess and he parted very good
friends.

Within Three or Four Days afterwards,
after meeting with the Right Reverend
Mr. Bishop of *Winchester*, as he was
coming from his Seat at *Farnham*, he com-
mended his Lordship's Coach to stop, and
going up to the Door thereof, he oblig'd that
late to strip himself of his Canonical
robes, and robbing him also of about Fifty
Pence besides, he went in Pursuit of another

This Fellow having reign'd about Eight
Years in his Villany, he was at last con-
demn'd for Robbery and Sacrilege, in breaking
open the Vestry Door of *Great St. Bartholo-*
mew's Church in *London*, and taking out the
Cup from thence, in Company with one
Christopher May, alias *Brown*, with whom
he had also broken St. *Saviour's Church* in
St. Mark, and stole from thence the Pulpit-
Book, and all the Communion-Plate, of a
great Value: and was hang'd at *Tyburn*,
aged 32 Years, on *Friday* the 5th of *July*,
1711.

At the same Time were also hang'd with him,
Robert Truett, once a Soldier in the Lord
Oxford's Regiment in *Ireland*, for Felony and
Robbery. *Robert Alderton*, for robbing a
gentleman in *Stepney-Fields*, of a Silver
Chain, a Diamond-Ring, a Silver-hilted
Sword, and Four Guineas. *Jane Williams*,
for

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for privately Stealing Thirty Pounds Worth Gold and Silver Lace, from a Laceman in *Strand*. And *John Gwin*, a Writing-Ma once keeping a School in *Bedfordbury*, stealing a Piece of Silk, Value Nine Pounds from one *Mr. Rigby*, a Mercer, living at Sign of the *Seven-Stars*, in the *Little-Pic* in *Covent-Garden*.



WILLIAM MACQUEER *Murderer and Highwayman.*

THIS notorious Offender was the Bast Son of an *Irish* Priest, living at *Athenry* in the County of *Galway*, in the Province of *Connaught*, in *Ireland*; from whence come into *England*, where he was out of all Business he soon found out a Gang of Thieves, who taught him to be as good as themselves in all manner of Villany. First of all, *William Macqueer*, alias *Bailey*, alias *Irish Teacher*, went upon House-breaking, and in that Way had been in several Robberies in a little Time particularly at *Brentwood* in *Essex*; where, with Three other Rogues breaking into a German's House, and binding all the People, he took away Four Diamond Rings, a great deal of Plate, and Six Hundred Pounds Money.

Afterwards he and another Person breaking into the Lord Chancellor *Jefferies's* House, in *White-Street* in *Westminster*, they stole the Purse and Mace; which he made his Comrade to carry on his Breast and Shoulder before him, and so he walk'd with much Impudence in State with those high Badges of Honour. The next morning early, a great Hue and Cry was made for the Purse and Mace, which *Macqueer* safely put up in his Closet at his Lodgings; but whilst he was gone out, the Maid sweeping his Chamber, and finding some small pieces on the Floor, which he had drop'd off the Purse, she shew'd them to her Master, who having some Suspicion of his *Irish* Lodger's Roguery, he broke open the Closet-Door, and finding therein the Purse and Mace, re-nd'ed 'em to the Lord Chancellor again. But News thereof coming to *Macqueer's* ears, he never came near his Landlord's House any more, till about a Quarter of a Year after, when he broke it open, and stole away many Goods as were valu'd at Eighty pounds.

Now *Macqueer* forming to be a House-breaker no longer, he was resolv'd to turn Highwayman; and in order to set up in that high Profession, he stole a good Horse and Saddle out of the Stable of one Counsellor *Thursby*, in *White-church-Street* in the *Strand*; and stealing a pair of Pistols from one *Robert Williams*, a Gunsmith, in *George-Yard* in *Westminster*, he began

began to go upon the Pad, meeting be-
Hammer-smith and *Brentford*, first with
Alexander Oldys, a Poet, whose Deformity
 exceeded *Æsop's*, and so diminutive was
 his Stature, that one might easily put him
 in a Gallon-pot: This little Creature, by
 extream Devotion often incited him to
 visit a Bawdy-House, to keep out of ill Company,
 he commanded to stand, as being on his knees,
 and deliver his Money. Little *Oldys* being
 Pot-valiant with some Liquor which had
 given him at *Sion-House*, where he had
 been to Dedicate a Novel, call'd, *The En-
 vagant, or the Witty Fair one*, quoth he,
 mighty magniloquent Voice, Dost thou
 presume to stop any Son of the *Muses* on
Highway? Such an Affront was never offer'd
 before to any Person that ever wore the *Bac-
 chus*. But that I may revenge this Affront thou
 not only offer'd to me, but also to the *Sons*
Nine on *Parnassus*, O! grant me, *O*
Apollo, that Strength which you ever
 when you destroy'd the dreadful *Python*,
 I'll soon crush this Highwayman into Ashes.
 Methinks I feel fresh Strength and Valour
 stealing on me, therefore thou proud lord
 of Man's Rights and Properties descend
 thy Horse, and try at dint of Sword what
 us is the best Man. This Romanick Scold
 utter'd whilst he made a great many
 rushes with his drawn Sword, made *T*
 stare at this little Animal with all the
 he had, and being none of the greatest

quoth he, *A Son of Muses be you? By Shalvaſhion I thought you was born of some
great Duke or another, for no Woman could
bear ſuch an ill-ſhap'd Thing as you be:*
*I damn you and all your Fathers, for by
my Father's, I don't care a Turd for you,
Parnaffus, nor Pollo, nor Python, nor
er a Son of a Whore alive. Therefore de-
mand your Money, or else this Piſtol ſhall ſend
to Hell before the Wind.* Now little Oldys
ſenſible that his Sword could not Parry
bollet, he gave *Teague* all the Money he
which was Three-Pence Half-penny; but
ſmall Sum not ſatisfying this Robber, he
away the *Poet's* Sword, the Loſs whereof
brought him into a great Fit of Sickneſs, for he
rather have loſt all his Cloaths, nay, his
Wife and Child too, than that Piece of
Iron, which had often made him ter-
ror to all People that ſtood in fear of his
er.

Another Time *Macqueer* meeting the Lady
returning from the Bath, ſtopping
Command Six Horſes, he commanded her
ſhip to deliver what ſhe had, becauſe he
a very great Occaſion for Money; which
ſould civilly pay her again the next Time
met: and farthermore, quoth *Teagus*,
could neither Read nor Write, *If your
ſhip is not willing to take my Word for
it you lend me, I will give you my Bond.*
the Lady, *Here is never a Scrivener here
to make a Bond.* Quoth *Teagus*, *By my Shal-
vaſhion,*

vashion, Madam, I will maake one my sh
 Said the Lady again, *This is no borrowin*
Sir; but robbing me. Teague reply'd, *T*
I am a Stranger, Madam, in this Count
and sho did not know the Difference betw
Borrowing and Robbing; but if your Lady
calls my Request Robbing, why then I m
maake bold to rob you for once, and not
it: Sho, Madam, deliver quickly, or els
shall, arra by my Shoul, be fery unre
 Whereupon presenting his Pistols into
 Coach, the Lady gave him a Purse full
 Gold, a Gold Watch, and Two Diamo
 Rings; after which shooting the Horses and
 the Three Footmen and Gentlemen th
 waited on her Ladyship, he next shot the T
 Fore-horses in the Coach, and rid away as
 as his Horse would carry him.

Macqueer once meeting *Mr. Adams*, a Lie
 tenant in the Second Regiment of Foot-Guar
 as Riding betwixt *Uxbridge* and *Beaconsfe*
 he commanded him to Stand and Deliver,
 otherwise he would instantly shoot him throu
 the Head. The Lieutenant being surpriz'd b
 fore he was aware, he gave the Highwaym
 very good Words, and made several Apolog
 for saving his Money; withal telling him
That he never knew one that went on the Hig
way to rob any in his Coat, for whom the
Gentlemen wh'se Necessities oblig'd 'em to se
their Fortunes on the Road, bore generally
great Respect, because we hazard our Lives
Defence of our Country. Quoth Teague,

a Murderer and Highwayman. 241

By Salvation I make no respect of Persons; and furthermore, knowing all in your Coat are true Defenders of the Faith of Women, on your Country, your Tongue-padding, Sir, shall be no Security for your Purse. The Lieutenant plainly perceiving that no Words could prevail upon *Teague* to shew him any Favour, gave him Six Pounds, which he squeez'd out of his Pockets like so many Drops of blood; however, the *Irish* Robber was so civil to give him 10 Shillings to bear his Charges the Road.

Another Time this Villain meeting one Captain *Sireter* on *Hampstead-Heath*, whom he commanded to Stand and Deliver, the Gentleman being a Man of Courage and Bravery, he was resolv'd not tamely to part with Money; thereupon engaging *Macqueer*, firing several Pistols at one another, without doing any Harm as yet on either Side, they then ran up to one another with their Swords drawn, and push'd at each other; but *Macqueer* bethinking himself of another Pistol which he had still Charg'd in his Breeches-pocket, he pull'd it out, and shot his Antagonist through the Head; from whom he took 5 Guineas, and a Silver Watch. But afterwards, the Devil leaving this *Irish* Rogue in Lurch, he was condemn'd, and hang'd at Tyburn, in the 38th Year of his Age, on the 17th of May, 1691, for robbing in company of *William Selwood*, alias *Jenkins*, the Old Offender, hang'd with him, on the 11th.

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one *Benjamin Wats*, of 250 Guineas on *How-Heath*.

At the same Time and Place also was hang'd *Elizabeth Dale*, for Murdering a Bastard-Child, which a Joyner got in a Meeting-House in *Stepney* Parish. Honour All a young Woman of 17 Years of Age, breaking open the House of one Mr. *Webb* in *White-Chapel*, and stealing thence a great Quantity of Linnen, and several Pieces of Plate to the Value of a Hundred and Twenty Pounds. *John Phipps*, a Husbandman, Aged 40 Years, for stealing a Gelding. *William Riggs*, breaking open the House of the Lord *Branford*, and taking thence a great Quantity of Plate, worth 240 Pounds, besides other Goods of considerable Value. *Henry Wing*, alias *Wing*, for Felony and Burglary, in breaking open the House of Mr. *Cook*, an Upholsterer, near *St. Martin's-Lane* in the Strand. And *Charles Smith*, *John Crimes*, and *Henry Powel*, alias *Howel*, for a notorious Robbery committed in the Highway near *Acton*, upon Mr. *Allon*, a Gentleman, his Wife and Daughter, from whom they took a Gold Watch, Two Diamond Rings, and a Purse in which was 29 Guineas, and a Brandy Bottle.

BOB CONGDEN, a Murderer,
House-Breaker and Highwayman.

THIS great Malefactor was the Son of a Gentleman living at *Midhurst* in *Sussex*, where he was born; and being sent to *King's-College*, in the University of *Cambridge*, he was very extravagant there; and once his Quarterly Money being not sent him so soon as usual, (for he had 80 Pounds allow'd to keep him like a Gentleman, whilst he remain'd in that Academy) and Duns coming very fast upon him, he was resolv'd to take a Purse on the Highway, to make him easy among his Creditors. Accordingly taking his Horse one Morning, and Riding over *New-Market-Heath*, he there met a Man whom he commanded to *stand and Deliver*; but his Word of Command being not presently obey'd, they both came to an Engagement, in which *Bob Congden* shot his Adversary through the Heart: Not taking a Bag of Money out of his Pocket, he Rid back to his College, without the least Suspicion by any of doing an ill Thing; he went into his Chamber, and opening the Bag of Money, in which was a Letter, as soon as he had read it, and found the

M 2

Person

Person whom he had Kill'd was his Father, sent to him with the aforesaid Money & his Quarteridge, he was struck with great Confusion; and fearing Justice might overtake him for his Crime, he privately withdrew himself from the University, and fled into *Holland*.

Being got safe on t'other Side the *Herrin Pond*, he Writ to his Father about his unhappy Transaction of late, who, without Doubt, was very sorry at the News; but nevertheless, paternal Affection had such an influence over Passion for his Son's Commission of this Robbery and Murder, that fearing he might be put to as bad Shifts in a strange Country, he allow'd him a Hundred Pounds *per Annum*. Young *Bob* liv'd here too very extravagantly; but his Extravagancy being more upon Women than Wine, and being very unsuccessful in his Amours among the *Dutch*, he had a great Antipathy against the Females of that Nation, as appears by the Relation which he once told a particular Friend of his concerning them. Looking on with a Languishing Ridiculous Air, as People in Love use to do, my Landlord's Daughter thought I was ill, and a Physician was present sent for; so I guess'd him to be, by the Glyster Pipe hanging by his Side; but I had the Grace to refuse the Civilities he design'd me. To her yet farther, I put a Pledge into her Hand which the Women in all other Parts of the Globe are willing enough to Exchange,

They know the Value of it; but she look'd upon
 as unconcern'd as a Cheap-side Cit does at a
 sackold, and return'd it me back; and yet the
 French was Plump and Handsome, was past
 twenty, and seem'd to be made of the same
 and Natural Materials with the Women in
 England. 'Tis a common Saying, but untrue,
 that no Nation is so Barbarous, but Love and
 Religion have got some Footing in it. If we
 may believe our Modern Travellers, the
 Protestants have no Religion; and I have found
 by my own Experience, that the Dutch Wo-
 men have no Taste of Love; whether this pro-
 ceeds from their Natural Coldness, which pro-
 duces the same Effects here, that Grace does
 in other Places; or whether their Business, to
 which they are no less bred than the Men,
 is too prevalent for all Amorous Expres-
 sions, I can't tell; but to be short, this is cer-
 tain, If Love be a Deity, there are no such
 avowed Atheists in the World, as in this strange
 Climate. 'Tis true, in other Places, those of
 the Fair Sex may be too profuse in their Of-
 ferings; but as the Divines rightly observe,
 superstition is better than Prophaneness. Those
 who here that pretend to own his Power, pay
 their Oblations to him with as ill a Will, as a
 speaking Tradesman pays his Taxes to the Go-
 vernment. It does not come from any generous
 principle within, the Heart has no Share in
 the Sacrifice; and the Soul, which in other
 Countries loves to assist, and go along with the
 body upon these Occasions, is as unconcern'd
 M 3 here,

here, as a Tradesman's Rakebelly Prentice at a Quaker's Meeting. Not but that there are Woeres and Married Women too in this Country: and the former are such Rampant mercenary Devils, that they would lick old Lucifer's cloven Foot for a single Gilder.

Thus *Bob*, with all that his Eyes could speak with all that his Fingers could express, and with all that his Money could suggest, being not able to make those *Dutch Women*, to whom he had a Fancy, understand his Meaning, so as to relieve his more pressing Necessities, he left *Holland*, after 14 Months Residence there, and came into *England* again when his Father dying a little after his Arrival, his Annuity was cut off, but in Lieu thereof had Six Hundred Pounds left him; he soon lavish'd it away on Lewd Women, which often made him say, when too late, *That a Whore was the Highway to the Devil; for she lives all her Days a Reprobate, like Cain, still branded, finding no Habitation but her Fears, and flies the Face of Justice like a Felon.* Being in less than half a Year reduced to the lowest Elb of Poverty, he supply'd his pressing Necessities by turning House-Breaker; and in a little Time committed several notorious Robberies; but the greatest in that Kind was his breaking open the House of the late Earl of *Dorset*, and taking from thence a great deal of Plate, and above a Thousand Pounds in Money.

At last buying him a very good Horse, and pistols, and Silver Hilted Sword, he went on the Highway; and one Day meeting the Duchess of Marlborough's Chamber-Maid, when she gave but the Title of a Countess to that Town, going into *Lancashire* to see her friends, he saluted her with the usual Words, *and and Deliver*; she held a long Controversy with Bob about the Unlawfulness of his action, withal telling him, she was but a poor Chamber-Maid to the aforesaid Person; and therefore if he took her Money from her, which was all she had sav'd in Five Years service, she was ruin'd for ever. However, giving no Heed to her Discourse, quoth he, *Ye Whining Bitch, how you throw your honour and Snivel about now for nothing at all; by, so long as you are by your Place your lady's She-Secretary, and keep in your Custody the Box of her Teeth, her Hair, her Patches, and her Paint, you'll soon make up your Loss gain.* So taking 25 Guineas from her, he left her to consider whether she had best to proceed on her Journey, or turn back again to London.

Another Time meeting one Mr. Sharp being a Gentleman and Rochester, whom he had known to have been a Captain of the *Buck-neers* for some Years in the *West-Indies*, he commanded him to stand, and then demanded his Money; which being Forty Pounds, and taking with it, with a great many Exclamations, *God Bob, D——n me, Sirrah, dost thou.*

dost thou exclaim against Honourable Highwaymen, when you know the Money I now take from you, was got by the horriblemst Tyranny in the World, for you gave Licence to Rapes, Murders, and Cruelty? I think you may be very thankful that I don't take your Skin away, when you know, of us two, thou art the greatest Rogue; for whereas I am only Terror to a single Passenger or Two, thou knowest in thy own Conscience that thou hast been a perpetual Plague to all Merchandize in general, the Hurricane of the Sea, and the Earthquake of the Royal-Exchange.

One Day Bob meeting on Finchley-Common with a Pawn-Broker, living at the Corner of Eagle-Court in White-Hart-Yard, he demanded his Money in such a civil and obliging Manner, that no one could scarce deny him his Request. However, the Pawn-broker being a little stubborn and obstinate on the Matter, he was forc'd to take 45 Pounds from him by rough Usage; which put him into such a Passion, for giving him that Trouble, that he could not forbear saying, *You extortioning Son of a Whore!* How could you be so niggardly as to grudge giving a Gentleman such a small Sum of Money as this, which you have oftentimes put out to the unnatural Act of Generation? Well, I'll say no more to you, because I'll observe the Proverb, *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. Quoth the Pawn-broker, *Pox on your Latin, don't talk Latin to me, after you have Robb'd me in English*; said Bob again, *I know*

well that you Pawn-brokers hate all Latin, Law-Latin; yet I am sensible that all of this Knaveish Occupation might nevertheless be brought to love a Scholar, could he but reduce his Year to a shorter Compass, that your Use-money might come in the faster. So leaving the Pawn-broker to ruminate on his Loss, he returned to London, where he soon spent his money; and being in great Want again, he returned Home to his Lodging one Night, which was at the House of Captain Githings, in Brook-street in Ratcliff, and with an Iron Bar beat out the Brains of his Landlady; next morning no Pity on her Child, which began to stir at this bloody Spectacle, he most barbarously kill'd that; then standing behind the back-Door till the Maid return'd, whom he sent out to buy some Tobacco, he presently sold her, and sold the House of 185 Pounds. After the Commission of this most Bloody Tragedy, he was discover'd in selling the Plate, when being Apprehended, and sent to Newgate, and there remain'd; on Friday the 27th of January, 1691, a Gibbet being erected at the door of Captain Githings's, the Prisoner was brought in a Cart to the Place of Execution, where being ty'd up, his Foot slipping through the Cart, he sunk down and was almost smother'd; but the Rope being not well fasten'd to the Gibbet, gave Way, so he came to his Senses again, and confess'd that none but he did these Barbarous Murders. After he was Executed, in the 29th Year of his Age,

his Body was convey'd to the Gibbet betwixt *Mile-End* and *Bow*, and there hung up Chains.



T O M G R A Y, a Highwayman

THIS notorious Fellow was born in the Parish of St. *James's-Clarkenwell*, of honest Parents, who put him Apprentice to a Taylor, with whom he serv'd out his Time; but then not without some shrewd Suspicion of wronging his Master sometimes, which Three or Four Times made up with his Master. But when the Term of his Apprenticeship was expired, taking great Delight in going to *Beveridge's* Masquerading-School in *Sho Garden*, which hath been the Nursery a long Time for bringing up a great many wicked Villains; he there got acquainted with a Pack of Rogues, that Rake Hell, and Sin with the Devil, their Fellows were not to be match'd on this Side the Grave.

Here *Thomas Gray*, being enamour'd with one *Pat King*, a most noted Strumper, such Familiarity was contracted betwixt 'em, that to enhance her to himself, he took to all Irregularities, which brought him to be hanged in the Hand above 20 Years ago. When

father dying, and leaving him about 80 or 90 Pounds, he had then so much Grace in him, as to quit the Society of all his evil Companions, by leaving *London*, and going to the City of *Oxford*, where he kept a Victualling-house for some Years; and improving his Stock there, he left off that Employment, and came up to *London* again, where, with what Money he had, he set up a Salesman's Shop in *Monmouth-Street*, in the Parish of Saint Giles's in the Fields. This Occupation he follow'd about Years, when Incumbrances with Debts lying very heavy on him, he left his House, and quickly comply'd with the Wicked Insinuations of bad Men again, and embrac'd the unhappy Opportunities of doing a great deal of mischief to honest People.

Now he was grown so abominably Wicked, that he committed not a Fact but what was worthy of Death; but beginning first to go on the Foot-Pad, he went one Day into an Inn in *Baconsfield*, where seeing an Old Farmer with a Fifty Pound Bag on the Table by him, he pull'd out an Old Horse-shoe which he had found in the Road, then calling for a Flagon of Ale, he desired the Landlady to lend him a Frying-Pan, into which putting his Horse-shoe, he fell to frying of it as fast as he could, to the great Surprise of all the Company that was drinking in the Kitchen; But, quoth he, had I now but one slice of Bacon with this Horse-shoe, I should have a Dinner fit for a Prince. There being two or three good Fitches on a Rack

Rack over his Head; the Landlady cut him off a good handsome Slice or two, perhaps not so much out of Generosity, as for fear of having her Frying-Pan burnt to pieces, for want of Butter or Dripping with the Horse-shoe. Now, quoth Gray, *had I but two or three Eggs too to fry with my Horse-shoe and Bacon, I would not change Dinners with the best Man in the Town*. Said the Old Farmer who had the 50 Pounds *I am going home, Friend, with this Money, not above half a quarter of a Mile out of the Town, and if you can keep back your Dinner a little till I come back, I'll bring thee a few Eggs*. Gray thank'd him very kindly, and setting the Frying-Pan aside for the present, no sooner was the Old Farmer gone away, but he making some Excuse to go into the Yard, met him backwards over the Fields, and pulling out a couple of Pistols, quoth he to the Farmer, *Stand, Sir*. The Farmer reply'd, *Why how then can I fetch you Eggs, for your Horse-shoe and Bacon?* Said Gray, *deliver me that Bag under your Arm, and I can buy my self Eggs, without being beholden to any Body*. The Farmer made a great many words about his Money, but Gray offering to Shoot him through the Head, he did not only part with it without any farther Denial, but also suffer'd himself to be ty'd hand and foot. Not long after, a young Woman coming through the Field where the Farmer was bound to his good Behaviour, he desired her to go to the Inn from whence he came, and acquaint the People

thereof with his Mischance. The young Woman did as she was requested, and the Inn-keeper himself, and his Hostler, Tapster, and Chamberlain, going to the Farmer's Relief, they ask'd him how he came into that *predicament*; quoth he, The cormorant Son of a Whore that was frying the Horse-shoe and Bacon for his Dinner, having not Patience till he fetch'd him some Eggs, he did not only take 12 Pounds from me, but also bound me hand and foot, for fear I should have had a better Pair of Heels to pursue him, than he had to run from me. So unbinding the Farmer, he was at his own liberty, either to go home, or to return back again to the Inn to be drunk, surely to drive away Sorrow.

Tom Gray having obtain'd this Booty, he did cut 12 Pounds of it for a Horse, and a couple of Guineas for two Pair of Pocket-Pistols; and being now (as he thought) qualified for a true-bred Highwayman, his next Attempt was upon a *Scotch* Pedlar near *Cirencester* in *Glocestershire*, from whom taking his whole Pack valu'd at about 60 Pounds, a Hue-and-Cry being expeditiously sent after him, he was apprehended and committed to *Glocester* Goal, from whence he made his Escape in a short time, by setting it on Fire, which smother'd three of his Fellow Prisoners to Death. He was somewhat very bold in his Villany, for one Day drinking at *Pancrass*, and espying a Coach and 6 Horses coming from *Highgate*, he presently mounted, and meeting it in a narrow

row

row Bye-Lane, he attack'd the Gentleman that was in it, from whom he took 48 Guinea and then robb'd the Coachman, Postilion and two Footmen, of about 50 Shillings. Not far from the same Place, he assaulted a Justice of the Peace coming from *Hampstead*, and taking from him a Silver Watch, and about 10 Shillings, he bad him to observe what Oaths he had sworn, which to be sure were not few, to the end his Worship might make him pay for them in case he should ever be brought before him for any Misdemeanor.

Another time he and two other Highwaymen meeting with one Mr. W—— a Goldsmith, living in *Covent-Garden*, as he was riding to *Epping*, they robb'd him; and cutting the Girths of his Stone-Horse, he no sooner smelt the Mares of these Rogues, but he was for covering them, being scurvy troublesome to them, for all their whipping and slashing him, that they leaped over some Pales, and the Stone-Horse after them into the Yard of Mr. W——'s Friends, who knowing his Horse very well, and perceiving it without either Bridle or Saddle, they secur'd them till they knew what was become of him. Two or three Hours afterwards the aforesaid Person coming also to the same House, and telling his Friends how these Fellows had robb'd him, they had them before a Magistrate, who committed them to *Chelmsford* Goal; but they did not tarry long there, for in less than a Week they all three broke

broke out, with a great many other Felons along with them.

He had committed several Robberies in Company with one *Edmund Eames*, and *William Bigs*, particularly on the 2d of *January* 17¹³/₁₄, when they stopt a Coach coming from *Hampstead*, and took from the Passengers that were in it about One Pound eight Shillings; but at last being apprehended for assaulting and robbing one *Mrs. Baxter*, as she was coming from *Hampstead* towards *London* in a Coach, which he stopt near the Halfway-House, and took from her 3 Shillings; also for robbing one *Mrs. Wilson* of some Money, as she was tiding to *Hampstead*; and for robbing one *Mr. Samuel Harding* of 9 Shillings near the Halfway-House to *Hampstead*, he was committed to *Newgate*, where his Behaviour was very abominable and wicked all the while he was under Confinement; and tho' Sentence of Death was pass'd on him, yet was he so harden'd in his Sin, that he said to the Ordinary, because he refused to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him, that he would certainly kill him, if ever he durst venture to come to pray with him in the Cart at *Tyburn*, where he was executed on *Wednesday* the 10th of *March*, 17¹³/₁₄, aged above 50 Years; also on the same Day *Edmund Eames*, one of his villainous Comrades suffered Death with him, at the same Place, for three several Robberies committed on the Queen's Highway. He was born at *Dunstable* in *Bedfordshire*, where he serv'd

serv'd an Apprenticeship of Eight Years to a Surgeon; and what is more remarkable, is, that he was hang'd on his Birth-Day, being then just 32 Years of Age.



T O M K E L S E Y, *a Murderer and House-Breaker.*

Thomas Kelsey was born in *Leather-Lane*, in the Parish of *St. Andrew's Holborn*; but his Father being married to a *Welsh* Woman, who had an Estate of about 20 Pounds *per Annum*, left her by an Uncle at *Wrexham* in *Denbighshire*, in *North-Wales*, he and his Wife having only this one Child, they went into the Country to live upon it. Now Tom, being from meer Infancy of an untoward Nature, when he was about 14 Years of Age, he was inticed by one *Jones*, who is now a Victualler, to run away from his Parents, and go for *London*. Having no Money, they were forc'd to beg their Way up; but being in great Straits on the Road, as he and *Jones*, who was the main Beggar, approached one Day near a Gentleman's House, when Hunger made their Bellies curse their Teeth for want of using them, quoth *Jones*, O poor *Welsh Poy, Shir, starv'd*; O poor *Welsh Poy, Shir, starv'd*; for
that

that was all his Tone; whereupon the Gentleman taking a Fancy to him, he entertain'd him as a Servant to look after his Hawks; which Employment he pretended to understand very well, and *Tom. Kelsey* he hired to look after his Horses. So one Day the Gentleman riding out a Hawking, he order'd *Jones*, who had the Hawk on his Fist, not to let her fly till he hallow'd to him for a Signal. At last spying some Sport, he gave the appointed sign, and *Jones* let loose the Hawk; which flying strait up into the Air without making any Pursuit after her Game, the Gentleman minding at it, swore and curst, and cry'd, *By G--d, I believe the Hawk designs to fly into the Sky.* Quoth *Jones*, *Hur believes sho too, for hur flies damnably high.* But still the Hawk flying strait upwards till just out of sight, said the Gentleman again, *G--d d---n me, if I don't believe my Hawk designs to lodge in the Sky to Night.* Quoth *Jones*, *And cut's-butter - a - nails hur thinks sho too.* Why, said the Gentleman) *do you think so?* *Jones* replied, *Because, Shir, hur has took hur Night-cap along with her.* When his Master found that he had let the Hawk fly with her Hood on, and presently after being quite spent with flying, fell down dead to the Ground, he fell a Caning of *Jones* like a mad man, and turning him out of his Service, swore he would never have a *Well* Faulconer again.

Tom. Kelsey still continued in his Place; but *Jones* having thus foolishly lost his Employment, and proceeding still onwards to *London* begging as usual on the Road: at another Gentleman's House, who also taking a Fancy to him, he employ'd him to look after his Hound which he likewise pretended to understand very well; and one Day his Master, with several other Gentlemen, going a Hunting, and having for above 6 or 7 Hours rid about to no purpose, for *Jones* had no Skill to bring the Hounds upon any Scent, at last he was ordered to beat about in the Bushes; among which, in a thick Brake, espying a very large Creature asleep, he cried out, *He had found out the Grand Scavanick, or great Hare of all*; whereupon being commanded by his Master and the other Gentlemen to rouse her out with his Pole, and they would then set the Hounds after her; so doing as he was order'd, out jump'd great Afs, braying and kicking like a Devil at the Hounds, which set 'em all a laughing; but *Jones* shewing his Ignorance again as to Matters of Hunting, he was forthwith turn'd also out of this Place.

Soon after *Jones* arriv'd at *London*, where he got to be a Tapster; the mean Time, *Tom Kelsey* being also turn'd out of Service for some pilfering Tricks, he quickly came into *London* too, where not finding his Comrade, and being in a very indigent Condition, he very quickly became acquainted with ill Company and turn'd arrant Thief; in which unlawful

He was, tho' young, very dextrous; one Day going by the House of one *Norton* herewith, living in *Burleigh-Street*, at the End of *Easter Change* in the *Strand*, a plethor of Comrades meeting him, whom he did not pretend to know, one of them took off his Hat, and flung it into a Room up one Pair of Stairs in the said *Norton's* House, and run away laughing: In the mean time, he being at the Door, and taking Compassion on *Tom*, who feign'd a Cry for the Loss of his Hat, he went up Stairs and fetch it. This being what the young Spark wanted, he presently did as he was order'd; and there being a Dozen Silver Spoons lying on a Table, as many Silver Forks, the same Number of Silver-hafted Knives, and a Gold Watch, condemning all for Prize, he put 'em into his Pocket, and coming down Stairs again, and returning Mr. *Norton* many Thanks for the Civility of permitting him to fetch his Hat, he went to his Comrades, who, without doubt, were very joyful at his good Success.

However, he was not so prosperous in his Villany, but that he was condemn'd before he was quite 16 years of Age, for breaking open the House of one Mr. *Johnson* a Grocer in the Strand, and stealing from thence two Silver Tankards, a Silver Cup, Six Silver Spoons, a Silver Porringer, and 46 Pounds in Money: whilst he was under Condemnation, his Father coming up to Town, he made such an Interest at Court as to save his Son's Life; whom

whom putting Prentice to a Weaver, he had not been above half a year at the Trade, & he ran away from his Master, and follow'd the old Courses again. It was his Pride and Glory to make all with whom he convers'd as bad as himself; for one Day accidentally meeting with one *David Hughs*, a Cousin of his by his Mother's side, just come into *London*, he brought him to be hang'd at *Kingston*, in Six days time where going to the Assizes and Picking a Pocket by his Kinsman's Directions, he was apprehended, try'd, and Hang'd on a Gibbet erected before the Court, for a Terror to other Pick Pockets; but a little before he was turn'd out laughing to himself, and the Sheriff demanding at what he laugh'd, when just at the Brink of Death; quoth *Hughs*, *I came but to Town last Monday; on Tuesday I had a Whore for small matter; on Wednesday I lost all my Money which was 10 Pounds, at Dice; on Thursday pickt a Pocket; on Friday I was Condemn'd for't, and now on Saturday I'm to be hang'd so I think I have made a pretty Week's Work on't.*

Nevertheless, *Tom* not taking warning by his Kinsman's unhappy Fate, he still revell'd in his Wickedness; and one Day dressing himself like a Soldier in the Foot-Guards, he went to the Earl of *Feversham's* Lodgings, where a Centry always stood, and holding a long discourse with him about Martial Affairs, he seem'd to be so pleas'd with what the Centry said, that he would make him drink, if he would

ould fetch a couple of Pots of Ale at the *Black-Horse* Cellar, a little beyond *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*, because there was no drink all about pleas'd his Palate so well as that. Both the Centry, *I cannot go from my Post, else I would fetch it with all my Heart, and thank you too.* Tom reply'd, *I know well enough, Brother Soldier, you durst not leave your Post till you are reliev'd, but if I stand here for you, you may go without any danger.* Accordingly the Soldier, giving Tom his Musquet and receiving Six-Pence, went and fetch'd two Pots of Drink, and returning him the Change for a Penny, he sent him with that for some Tobacco to *Cattivel's* in *Catherine-Street*; and in the mean time Tom's Associates breaking into the Earl of *Fevershan's* Lodgings, they took away as much Plate as was valued at 203*l.* and odd; then drinking off the Ale before the Soldier came back again, they went off with his Musquet also: But the poor Centry was so miserably hamper'd for his Foolishness, for having run the Gauntlet, and rid the Wooden Horse, he was committed to the *Marshalsea*, where being loaded with very heavy Irons, and allow'd no other Subsistance than Bread and Water for Nine Months, he wretchedly died under his hard Confinement.

After the Transaction of this piece of Villany, he broke open the House of the Lady *Grace Pierpoint* at *Thistleworth*, and stole from thence a great deal of Plate and Jewels; which Robbery being shortly discover'd by one of his

Comrades

Comrades who was concern'd in it, and a search being made after him, he fled into *Flanders*, where he robb'd King *William's* Tent a great deal of Plate, Fine Linnen, and Lace, and fled to *Amsterdam*, and sold Booty to a rich Jew, whom he robb'd of it the same Night again, and dispos'd of his ill Gains to another Jew at *Rotterdam*, where embark'd for *England*; but had not been in his Native Country, e'er committing another Robbery, in breaking open the House of a Linnen-Draper in *Cheapside*, he was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*. While he was in this grand Receptacle of the great Villains in the World, one Goodman one of the Turnkeys of that Jail, being drinking in the Common-side Cellar, as he was sitting at one of the Tables, *Kelsey* privately stabb'd him in the Belly with a Knife, of which Wound he instantly died. For this Murder he received Sentence of Death at the Sessions-House in *Old-Baily*, and a Gibbet being Erected against the Prison in *Newgate-Street*, he was Executed in the 20th year of his Age, on *Friday* 13th of *June*, 1690, by hanging on it for the space of three Hours, for a Terror to the rest of his Fellow-Prisoners who were then under Confinement.

AN HEREFORD, an Incendiary and Shop-lifter.

THIS unhappy Person, *Anne Hereford*, was born of very honest Parents, at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*; who dying when she was but 17 Years of Age, she came up to *London*, where she liv'd about half a Year in Service; but being enticed from thence by ill company, she took to ill Courses to support her Idleness; and being a cunning tricking rogue, she got Money from People by several cunning Stratagems, with which she always kept her self in very good Cloaths, to work the more easy her Designs on those credulous ones who put any Confidence in her.

Thus *Nan* taking very good Lodgings in *Whitechapel*, at *Westminster*, and knowing she could do little without Help, she entertains an old Woman of her Acquaintance, to be her attendant, or Assistant rather, in her Projects. They both enquire if there was any young rich Novice thereabouts, that she may draw into some considerable Advantage; and upon inquiry, they find that there is a young Man a Shopkeeper, by Trade an Apothecary,

thecary, who was Rich and Covetous; but they think to be a Subject fit for their work upon. *Nan* her self keeps close, but Old Woman is sent of many an idle Errand to the Apothecary's Shop; she wants *Pomate Mithridate*, *Diascordium*, and several of well known Medicines; he furnishes her with 'em, and she gets Acquaintance with him, and watching her Opportunity, she discourses with him of several Matters; among the rest, asks him why he does not Marry; he replies the Times are hard, Trading dead, and House-keeping chargeable; that is true, said she, but all this may be supply'd by a good rich Wife. Yes, said he, a Good one, and a Rich one too, were a brave Thing, worth the having; and I should gladly embrace such a Fortune. Such Fortunes there are, said the other, and such an one I can help you to. The Young Man hearing the Old Woman's Tale, was well pleas'd with the Discourse, which they continu'd, and urging her to know who and where she meant, he by Degrees draws this Intelligence from her.

There is a young Woman of her Acquaintance, that is Niece to a Rich Eminent Citizen of *London*; that she hath 2000 Pounds to her Portion, in her Uncle's Hands, which must be paid at the Day of Marriage; that her Uncle kept a very strict Hand over her, not permitting her to go much Abroad; but however, that she sometimes gave her a Visit, she having formerly been a Nurse in her Father's House.

house, and that she complain'd of her Un-
der's Severity, and was minded to alter her
condition, and indeed willing to marry with
a Husband that would take her from her Un-
der's severe Usage. The *Apothecary* was mar-
vellously well pleas'd with this Old Woman's
Story, believes it all; and being told the Name
of the Citizen, and his Niece, he instantly
went into the City, and makes Enquiry of
her; he finds that there is such a Citizen that
hath such a Niece, that hath such a Portion;
and the Citizen is described to be such a Per-
son as the Old Woman had related; and in-
deed every Particular was according to her Re-
lation; so that he question'd not, but that
there was such a Gentlewoman that had such a
fortune; and he hoped he should have the
good Fortune to enjoy her.

This made him very eager and earnest to see
the Old Woman, that he might know when
he might see his pretended Mistress. The Old
Woman was not long absent from his Shop,
she came, and was soon taken on one Side
by the *Apothecary*, that he might ask some
more Questions, which she answer'd cunningly
enough, and thereupon he promises to give
the Old Woman great Matters, if she will
bring this Match to pass. If she will help
him to get the Gentlewoman, she should have
one of her sold; Well (said she) I will have
my Hand in the Match, unless you can love
any other; when you have seen her, if you
like her; and when she hath seen you, if
I can

I can find by her that she can love you, th
 I will tell you more of my Mind, then I
 make my Propositions; very honestly said,
 ply'd the *Apothecary*; but when shall I
 her? I expect her daily, said the Old W
 man; and so soon as she comes, I will br
 you into her Company. Thus she said,
 so she did; for *Nan*, who was to Person
 the Citizen's Niece, was not far off, a
 therefore the sooner to be procur'd, and
 brought into the *Apothecary's* Company. Th
 first Interview was but short, the Lady
 tending Haste to return to her Uncle's. I
Apothecary courts her, and desires her farther
 Acquaintance; she promises nothing, but p
 ses some few indifferent Compliments, and
 they part. And now the Old Woman be
 somewhat to say, she goes to know the *A
 thecary's* Mind, who was all on Fire to proce
 and promises her any Thing; she shall ha
 her own Terms, if she can but bring this Ma
 ter to pass. The Old Woman remains ind
 ferent, and says she desires nothing, if she do
 not effect his Desires; but if she doth, th
 she hopes he will remember her; nay, said
 that you may be upon sure Terms, I will
 stantly Seal a Bond of 100 Pounds, to pay
 Pounds at the Day of Marriage. The O
 Woman is contented, and accepts his Off
 promising her utmost Assistance; and with
 telling him, that she hopes to manage it
 as it shall be done without much Difficulty
 for she tells him, that she finds the Lady
 a go

good Opinion of him, and then let her alone to increafe it.

Thus did these Two make their Bargain; neither was it long before the *Apothecary* and *Nan* had agreed upon theirs; for, after several Treats and Meetings, he still pressing her to be Married, and telling her that he loves her, can, and will handsomely maintain her; and that he is not quite destitute of an Estate, having some Hundreds of Pounds by him in Ready Money, and a good profitable Trade, and very well furnished; and withal, that he was a good Husband: Ay, but said our Lady, I question not all this, but I doubt I shall still be in the same Condition, and be kept bare of Money. My Uncle hath Money enough of mine in his Hands, but he will spare me none, or very little; he will not let me have sufficient to buy me Cloaths, and other Things befitting my Quality, and that makes me so unprovided at present; and he, for to justify his Niggardliness, urges the same Argument as you did, good Husbandry; and you having commended your own good Husbandry, I doubt I shall find you guilty of the same Sparseness towards me, and that you will not afford me wherewithal to maintain myself as I ought. The *Apothecary* hearing this Discourse, and knowing to what it tended, and being resolved to please her in all Things, that he might testify what he had said was true, that he was of a Noble Temper, he presently fetches 250 Guineas, and throwing them

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into

into her Lap, says, There, Madam, you may see that I do not bely my self in reporting of my Estate; I give you this, and can shew you much more; and that you may have a Taste of my Liberality and Love towards you, I present you with this as a Token of my Love, and leave it to be wholly disposed of as you shall think fit. Our Counterfeit Gentlewoman being well pleas'd, was resolv'd to please him, and therefore reply'd, Well, Sir, I am very well satisfied with you, and am content to be ruled and order'd by you in all Things. He being overjoy'd, press'd her to speedy Marriage, which was consented to and perform'd accordingly, and he Bedded with her, and so she left him for the present, ordering him in a few Days to come to her Uncle's, and demand her and her Portion.

This was good Advice, and the Apothecary purposed to follow it; but now *Nan* and the Old Woman having perform'd their Project, they change their Lodging to another End of the Town, leaving the Apothecary to get his Rich Wife where he can find her; they laugh'd at that which e're long will make him cry: For at the Time appointed he walks into *London*, and goes to the Citizen's House, the pretended Uncle of his Wife, he believing he should have some falling out, resolves to bear the first Brunt with much Bravery; and therefore coming to the Speech of the Old Man, he peremptorily tells him that he comes to demand his Wife; *I know not who or what you*
mean,

mean, reply'd the Citizen: *I mean*, said the Apothecary, *your Niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Wharton*, (for that was the Name she went by to him) *who is my lawful Wife, for I have been Married to her, and Bedded with her some Days since. I cannot believe it*, said the Citizen; *I doubt you are mistaken, for my Niece hath not been Abroad in that Time, and therefore this is some idle Story: It is very true*, reply'd the Apothecary, *and I do demand her of you, and with her 2000 Pounds, which you have of her's in your Hands as a Portion. I do not deny that*, said the Citizen, *but I doubt I shall keep it out of your Hands. But I hope*, reply'd the Apothecary, *you will not deny me my Wife, and then as for the Money, I shall find a way to take a Course for it: I will give you the Satisfaction of shewing you my Niece*, said the Citizen, *but I hope she is no Wife of yours; and therefore the old Man went in and call'd his Niece, telling her that she must come to her Husband; the young Gentlewoman was at a Loss, and wonder'd at her Uncle's Discourse, who tells her again seriously, she must go to her Husband; she replies, she knows not what he means; and the old Man telling her the absolute Demand of the Apothecary, charges her with it; she denies it, as well she may, and is unwilling to go and see this bold pretended Husband of hers; but at length her Uncle leads her out to him, saying, Well, Sir, here is my Niece, what have you to say to her? The Apothecary seeing the*

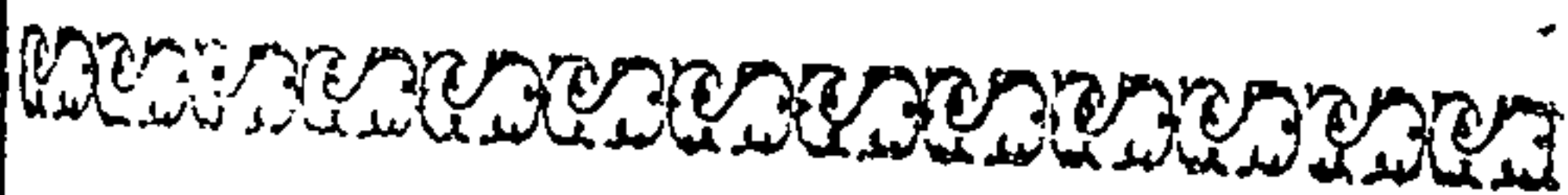
N 3

Maiden,

Maiden, and doubting that they had put Trick upon him, tells them that they are deceived in him, to think to serve him so, he knew his Wife well enough; that this is not she but that she is in the House, and he will have her. The old Man now believing that the Apothecary is either a Mad-man, a Fool, a deceived Man, tells him, That he believed somebody else had cheated him, and put the Trick upon him, and not he, for he had no other Kinswoman but ^{that} here present. The Apothecary doubting somewhat of the Matter, told the whole Tale to the Citizen, who now fully concluded he had been cheated, only pitied him, and advised him to go home and make some farther Enquiry; he did but to little Purpose; the Old and Young were both gone, and left him to a fruitless Repentance.

Afterwards *Nan* being enamour'd with *Kirkham* a Player, to maintain him, she was a Shop-lifting, but his Extravagance exceeding her Allowance, he went on the Highway; but in his first Attempt in that way of Living being apprehended, and sent to Newgate, he was condemn'd and hang'd at Tyburn. However, *Nan* still follow'd her old Trade, and Six Years had done as much Damage to the Mercers, Linnen-Drapers, and Lace-Men, and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, which 4000 Pounds would not make good: But, at last, going in a Sedan with her a Dozen sham Footmen to attend her, as if she

had been a Person of Quality, into a Linnen-Draper's Shop in *Cornhill*, she was detected in privately stealing a Piece of striped Muffin, and was committed to *Newgate*; and knowing she had a most rigorous Adversary to deal with, because he would not compound the Felony, although she proffer'd him a Hundred Guineas to throw in a Bill of *Ignoramus* against it, and that she should be certainly cast for her Life, she endeavour'd to make her Escape, by setting *Newgate* on Fire; but it being timely discover'd and put out, she was loaded with heavy Irons, and Hand-cuff'd, till she came to her Tryal; when being condemn'd for firing the aforesaid Goal, she was hang'd before it in *Newgate-street*, on *Monday* the 22^d of *December*, 1666, Aged 28 Years; and her Body given to the Chyrurgeons to be Anatomiz'd.



WILL. OGDEN, and TOM
REYNOLDS, *Foot-Pads.*

THE first of these Villains was born in *Walnut-Tree-Alley* in *Tooley-street*, in *Southwark*, being a Water-man by his Calling; and the other was born in *Cross-Key-Alley* in *Barnaby-street*, being Prentice to a
N. 4 Dung-

Dung-Barge-Man, living betwixt *Fox-Hall* and the *Nine-Elms*; but running away from his Master before he had serv'd his Time, and taking ill Courses with *Will. Ogden*, they first went upon the Water-Pad, and had robb'd several Ships, Hoys, and other Vessels Below Bridge, for above Two Years; when being very like to have been once apprehended for this Sort of Theft, they left it off, and took to House-breaking.

Several Houses they had broke open and robb'd in and about the Borough of *Southmark*: But at last being apprehended for breaking open a Watchmaker's Shop in the City of *London*, and stealing thence 26 Watches, in Company of another Rogue, who made himself an Evidence against them, they were committed to *Newgate*, and condemn'd; however they both had the good Fortune to be Repriev'd, and in *August* 1713, pleaded before Majesty's most gracious Pardon, after which they obtain'd their Liberty.

Nevertheless, these harden'd Rogues making not good Use of that Mercy which they had receiv'd, they turn'd Foot-pads; and one of 'em, namely, *William Ogden*, meeting one Night, when the Moon was up, with a Parson who liv'd at *Peckham*, and pretending to be a Scaman, out of all Business, and in great Distress, he humbly begg'd an Alms of him whereupon the Parson taking Compassion on the dismal Story which he told him of his extreme Poverty, he gave him Six Pence, and so parted.

parted. The Parson had not gone above the length of a Field before Ogden met him again, going over a Stile, and begging his Charity again; quoth the Gentleman, *You are the most impudent Beggar that ever I met with*: However, Ogden telling him that he was in very great Want, and that the Six-Pence which he gave him would not relieve his pressing Necessities, he gave him half a Crown; whereupon Ogden saying, *These are very sad Times, for there's horrid Robbing Abroad; therefore if you have any Money about you, you may as well let me have it as another, who perhaps may abuse you, and binding you Hand and Foot, may make you lie in the Cold all Night; but if you'll give me your Money, I'll take Care of you, and Conduct you safe Home*. The Parson then gave him all his Money, which was about 10 Shillings. Quoth Ogden, *I see you have a Watch, Sir, you may as well let me have that too*. The Parson gave him that also; and as they were trudging along, out came Two or Three Fellows upon 'em, to whom Will. crying *The Moon shines bright*, they let 'em pass quietly; and shortly after Two or Three other fellows coming suddenly on, to whom Will. cry'd again, *The Moon shines bright*; they also permitted 'em to pass by. At last Will. brought the Parson to his Door, where the Parson invited him to walk in, with a Promise that he would not part a Hair of his Head on any account, &c. Will. refusing the Parson's Proposal, he call'd for a Bottle of Wine, and drink-

ing to *Will*, to whom he gave the Bottle and Glass to help himself, he ran away with 'em saying, he would carry the Wine to the one that should certainly drink his Health.

Not long after this Civility shew'd the Person, *Will. Ogden*, and *Tom Reynolds*, one Evening meeting with *Beau Medlicote*, walking near *Marybone*, they commanded him to Stand and Deliver; he made some Refusal at first, pretending as if he would defend himself with his Sword; but presenting their Pistols to him, and knowing how a Gentleman had ordered him for making Love to his Wife, quoth they, if you do not presently deliver your Money, we shall serve you worse than *Sir Robert Atkins* did; whereupon searching his Pockets, and finding therein Two Crowns, one of which was Brass, they most grievously thrash the Spark for carrying bad Money about him.

Another Time *Will. Ogden*, and *Tom Reynolds*, in Company of one *John Bradshaw*, who was Grandson of that infamous Villain *Serjeant Bradshaw*, who pass'd Sentence on King *Charles the First* to be Beheaded, waiting for a Prey in a Wood near *Shooter's Hill* in *Kent*, one *Cecilia Fowley*, a Servant Woman just come out of Service, happening then to be passing by with a Box on her Head, *Bradshaw* went up to her by himself, being as he thought, sufficient enough to deal with her; and taking her Box from her, in which was her Cloaths and 15 Shillings in Money.

which she had receiv'd for a Quarter's Wages whilst he was rifling of it; after he had broke it open, a Hammer being therein, she takes it up, and striking him on the Left Temple with it, the Blow felling him to the Ground on his Back, she seconded the Blow with the Claw of the Hammer, by striking it into his Wind-pipe, of which Wound the Rogue instantly died. In the mean Time a Gentleman riding by, to whom she told the Story; he made up to the Deceased, in whose Pockets he found Eighty Guineas, and a whistle, with which Whistling, *Ogden* and *Reynolds* came presently running out of the Wood, but perceiving it to be a wrong Person that Whistled; they nimbly ran into the Wood again. Then the Gentleman carried the Maid before a Magistrate, where he was bound for her Appearance at the Assizes held at *Rocheſter* in *March*, 1714; when she came there to take her Tryal, she was acquitted.

Once *W. L. Ogden*, and *Tom. Reynolds*, meeting a Tally-man near *Camberwell*, very well noted for his Dealing with most of the poor People in the Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, especially Hawkers, whom he lies with first, and sends next to the *Marshalsea*, they commanded him to Stand and Deliver; he us'd many Expostulations with 'em, hoping they would be so unjust as to rob a poor honest Man, who took a great deal of Pains for his Bread. *Ogden*; *Thou Spawn of Hell!* wouldst thou call thy self *Honest*? Why, a Tally-

a Tally-man and a Rogue are Co-relatives they are certainly Synonymous, or at least convertible Terms. If you was not hatch'd by Belzebub, you must really be the Off-spring of Judas, and will be as surely damn'd as Oliver Cromwell. Thou Son of Deucalion, begot of a Stone; the Marble Images in the Temple Church, that lie Cross-Legg'd, do much resemble thee, saving that thou art a little more Cross to poor People, by whom you get above Fifty per Cent. in every Thing you Sell. Every Friday you set up a Tenter in the Marshalsea-Court upon which you Rack and Stretch poor Prisoners like English Broad-Cloth, beyond the Staple of the Wool, till the Threads crack, and then causes them with the least Wet to shrink, and presently wear bare. Money is thy Darling for this would you fall down and worship the Image of a Nero, nay, of a Devil, rather than want the single Penny that bears it, yet you pretend to Honesty; but again, I say, that you and all your Calling, are worse Rogues than were ever hang'd at Tyburn: So taking from him a Silver Watch, Two Gold Rings, and 28 Shillings, they then stripp'd him, and binding him Hand and Foot, left him under Hedge to shift for himself.

These Criminals were great Cronies of old Thomas Jones, a Victualler's Son at Deptford and John Richardson; the former of whom was a Butler, and the other Foot-man to an Esquire living at Eltham; and one Day robbing a Gentleman on Black-Heath, and leav-

ing him there bound Hand and Foot; their Master, within some few Hours after, riding by the same Place, where he saw the Gentleman bound, he order'd him to be loos'd; and taking him into his Coach, brought him to his House; where refreshing him with a Glass of Wine, the Butler had no sooner fill'd it out, whom he knew again, but he charg'd him with the Robbery; which surprizing the Esquire, he could scarce believe it, till he describ'd what Horse he rid on, and the other Horse and Person on him, which prov'd to be one of his Foot-men; and they not denying the Fact, they were carried before a Magistrate, committed to *Maidstone* Goal, and hang'd at *Rochester*, on *Friday*, the 2d of *April*, 1714.

As for *Ogden* and *Reynolds*, pursuing these wicked Courses, without any Fear of the Laws, either of God or Man, they were at last apprehended for Robbing one *Hasey*, and *John Boyout*, committed to the *Marshalsea* Prison in *Southwark*, and Hang'd, the first Aged 25 Years, the other 22, at *Kingston upon Thames*, on *Saturday*, the 23d of *April*, 1714. Whilst they were under Sentence of Death, they attempted to break out of the *Stock-House*, in which they were confin'd at *Kingston*; and as they were going to the Place of Execution, *Ogden* took a Handful of Money out of the Cart to give the People, saying, *Gentlemen, here is poor Wills Farewel*: And when he was turning off, he gave Two such extraordinary Jerks with

with his Legs, as was much admir'd by the Spectators.



CHRISTOPHER DICKSON, JOHN GIBSON, and CHARLES WEYMOUTH
Foot-Pads.

THE first of these Malefactors, name *Christopher Dickson*, aged 22 Years, was born at *Whitechappel*, where he serv'd five Years Apprenticeship with a Baker, and then by consent parted with him. Afterwards he was Journeyman to another Baker, but did not long there, before bad Company drew him away, and seduced him to follow vicious Courses. The chief Persons who led him astray were *John Gibson* and *Charles Weymouth*; the first of whom aged 20 Years, was born at *Newcastle-under-Lyne* in *Staffordshire*, and was a Sea-faring Man; and the other aged 25 Years born at *Redriff*, had also been brought up on the Sea, and serv'd the Queen on Board some of her Men of War for several Years off and on.

When these wicked Wretches first launched out into the Ocean of Iniquity, they met a poor old Man going to *Brentford* Market, whom they assaulted in the Highway; but finding nothing about him but an old Pair of Spectacles; *Kit Dickson* took them away for

Madness : The old Man begging hard for them, said, *Gentlemen, pray be so kind as to return me my Spectacles ; for they are but little worth to you, and very serviceable to me, as fitting very well my Age, which is above Threescore Years.* However, *Dickson* swearing most heartily at him, because he had no Money, he would not part with them, till *Jack Gibson* said to his Comrade, *Prithee, Dickson, give the poor old Fellow his Spectacles ; for if we follow this Trade, we may assure our selves, we shall never reach his Years, to make any Use of them ;* whereupon *Dickson* return'd the old Man his Spectacles again.

One Morning before Break of Day, these Sparks lying perdue for a Prey, where was a dead Horse lying flea'd in a Field, they threw the Carcass cross the Road ; and a little after a Country-Fellow riding before it was Light, a full Gallop, and not perceiving the Obstacle laid in his Way, down fell his Horse, - and flung him into a Ditch. In the mean time, their acute Rogues coming to his Assistance, they very kindly help'd him out of the Mire ; but for Civility-Money, they took Three Pounds odd Money of him, and bound him both Hand and Foot, whilst his Horse was run quite away. But some short time after it being broad Day, some Passengers came by, to whom the Country-Fellow crying out for Relief, they went and unbound him ; and when he was on his Legs again, and saw the flea'd Horse lying in the Road, quoth he, *Gades. Bleed, you Rogues*

Rogues as these were never heard of before for they have stolen the very Skin off of the Horse I rid on. Then going home on Foot where he found his Horse was got before him quoth he to his Wife and Servants, God Bleed, How came Dobbina alive again? I'm sure can't be him, it must be the Devil in his Shape for my Horse was kill'd and flea'd but three or four Hours ago, by a Parcel of Rogues that robb'd me of all the Money I had about me and ever after, let his Wife and Servants say what they would to the contrary, they could never persuade him that it was the same Horse he rid out with.

Another Time, these accomplished Villains riding into the Country, where killing an Ox and cutting off three of its Feet, about the same Length as Neats-Feet are usually sold at Market, they put them into their Portmanteaux, which were only stuff'd with Straw then going to an Inn in *Faringdon* in *Berkshire*, they call'd for a very plentiful Supper and went up to their Chamber, in which were two Beds; but before they turn'd into Beds they cramm'd the Straw which they had in their Portmanteau's up the Chimney, and then fill'd them again with two good Pairs of *Holland* Sheets, three Pillowbiers, two Pair of *Callico* Window-Curtains, one fine Blanket, and a very good Quilt, and then went to their Repose. In the Morning lying very late, the Chamberlain having the Curiosity of going softly up Stairs to see whether they were sleeping

ing, and peeping thro' the Keyhole of the Door, against which one of the Beds was placed, he perceived three cloven Feet, which they had tied to their Feet, dangling out at the Bed's Foot ; at which sight running down Stairs again very much affrighted ; for his Hair stood on end, and the Sweat ran down his Face in Drops as big as Pease ; quoth he to his Master and Mistress, *The three Strangers that came hither last Night, are three Devils ; as, I'm sure they must be Devils, for I saw their cloven Feet.* The Master not believing his Relation without ocular Inspection himself, away he crept softly up Stairs, and peeping thro' the Keyhole too, he no sooner saw the Black cloven Feet hanging out at the Bed's Foot, but he ran down Stairs faster than he went up, and told his Wife, That it was true that the Chamberlain said, furthermore adding, *I am ruin'd and undone ; for if it should be known that so many Devils haunt my House, shall never have a Customer come to it again ; and how to be rid of those Devils I can't tell.* The Inn-keeper's Wife being much startled at what her Husband said, after some short pause on the Matter, quoth she, *My Dear, I would have you go and fetch the Parson of the Parish hither presently, and see if he can rid the House of these infernal Guests, by laying them.* Accordingly the Parson was fetch'd, who positively assur'd them over a Pint of sack, that he would soon send them all to Hell again, their proper Place of Rendezvous, in spite

spite of their Teeth. So softly creeping
 Stairs to behold 'em, he no sooner saw the
 cloven Feet too, but he ran down again in
 great Precipitation as the Inn-keeper and Chamberlain
 had done before him, saying, *Indeed Neighbours, these Guests in that Room are certainly all Devils; therefore the only Advice I can give you is this, That when their Desires are pleas'd to come down, you must give them very good Words, and take not one Farthing for what they have had for themselves and their Horses.* The Inn-keeper and his Wife promis'd to observe his Direction, altho' the Reckoning came to above a Guinea; and last the Devils coming down into the Kitchen where they call'd for a good Breakfast, they demanded what was to pay? Quoth the Host, *Not one Farthing, Gentlemen: You are kindly welcome, without paying any thing.* They insisted upon paying their Reckoning: when they found that their Landlord and Landlady would not take any Money, they took their Horse and rid strait towards London. Afterwards the Chamberlain going to take the Linnen off the Bed, and finding it ready took to his Hands, with divers other Things, as above specified, he acquainted his Master thereof who said, *Why then I'm come off better still for considering they were thieving Devils, very well they did not take the House away from them; but I hope I shall never be troubled with such Guests again.* And indeed he had
 Desir

shire, for it was their Intention not to trouble any more.

At length the Devil indeed having left these three Devils in the Lurch, they were met with at last, and sent to *Newgate*; and at Justice-hall in the *Old Bailey*, were indicted upon three special Indictments for Assaulting and robbing *John Edwards*, *Thomas Blake*, and *Samuel Slap*, on the Queen's Highway. To all which Indictments *Weymouth* pleaded Guilty; and the other Two putting themselves upon their Trial, it was prov'd, That the several Persons robb'd, coming to Town to sell Cattle, said to drink at the *Anchor and Hope* in *Stepney*, where the Prisoners were, with others of their Gang; and staying till near 10 o'clock at Night, as they were coming over the Fields, were set upon; and they robb'd *Edwards* of a Hat, value four Shillings, eleven Shillings in Money, and a Pocket-Book; *Blake* of fourteen Shillings in Money, a Pocket-Book, a Pair of Scissars, and a Buckle; and *Slap* of twenty Shillings in Money, and a Hat. *Edwards* having a Stick in his Hand, oppos'd them, and defended himself as long as he could; but they beat him so very barbarously, that he was in danger of his Life, and could not appear against them. *William James*, one of their Accomplices, being sworn, depos'd, That he and the Prisoners, and *Charles Wade* and *Henry Thompson*, not taken, being at the *Anchor and Hope* in *Stepney*, were told by a Woman, that there were three Men had Money; whereupon they

went

went to the Sign of the *World's-End*, and staid till they came out, and then follow'd and robb'd them : The Evidence being so very plain, Jury found them Guilty. Nevertheless, when these Criminals were under Sentence of Death they whistled and play'd at Cards, till the Day before they were to die ; when reflect on the past Follies of their ill mis-spent Lives they then, but too late, began to bewail their Misfortunes ; were so little concern'd for the dreadful Circumstances in which they lay, instead of preparing themselves for their last End, they only sung, damn'd ; and Weym particularly declar'd, That his coming to an untimely End, was occasion'd by his keeping Company with an Old Bawd in *Grays-Lane*, of whom, and all others of that odious Profession, he gave the following Character

They are the Refuse and Sink of all Human Society, who having pass'd through all the degrees of Wickedness with their own Bodies, and finding they are incapable of acting farther Wickedness themselves, do (when they are grown old) become the Devil's Factors, and tempt others to do that which they are now unable to perform, and thereby do what it lies to take the Devil's Work out of his Hands, their whole Business being to involve others in the same Damnation with themselves. They are where-ever they are, be the very Pests and Plagues of a Nation, and above all other Offenders deserve to be made Examples of Public Justice.

On Wednesday, the 10th of March, 17¹/₄,
 were convey'd to Tyburn Road. At the
 time suffer'd Death-with 'em, *Alexander*
 for privately stealing a great quantity of
 paper, of the value of 20 Pounds, out of the
 warehouse of one Mr. *Thomas Chambers*; he
 fully Confess'd that he was guilty of the
 ; but said, That one *Powel*, the Evidence
 against him, was the Person that entic'd him
 to the Commission of that Crime. He was
 Years of Age, born at *Newcastle upon Tyne*,
 the County of *Northumberland*, his Calling
 Sailor, having for 12 Years been employ'd on
 several of her Majesty's Men of War;
 the last of them on board which he served,
 the *New Advice*, a Fourth Rate. And also
Israel Denny, alias *Appleby*, was hang'd on the
 Day for stealing a Gelding from Mr. *John*
 , and robbing him of 27 Shillings in
 money, on the Queen's Highway; he was 22
 Years of Age, born at *Bahintree* in *Essex*, and
 Wheel-wright by his Trade; but had served
 Years as a private Centinel in the Army,
 his being a Soldier was the Occasion of his
 going first to ill Courses.



W I L L J O N E S, *alias* G O O D W I N
a Murderer and Highwayman
 John Barber, *a Murderer*
House-breaker ; Mustapha Po
 watchlett, *a Turkish Highwayman*
and Sodomite ; Jemmy Leonar
Highwayman ; Luke Page *a H*
wayman ; Tom Randal *a Mura*
and Footpad ; John Shorter *a H*
wayman ; and William Hollida
Murderer and Highwayman.

A L L these Persons were very great Offenders
 especially *Jones*, whose right Name
Goodwin ; he was born in Gloucestershire,
 Place call'd *Weston Subedge* near *Cannock*
 where he was kept at School till 16 Year
 Age, and was once like to have kill'd
 Mr. *Taylor* his Master, by shooting a Bullet
 him, through the Key-hole of a Door,
 was endeavouring to break in upon the
 lars, when they had pent him out at a
 ing up against *Christmas*. Afterwards he
 ther, hearing what he had endeavour'd to
 committed, put him to another Master

Bedford, with whom he was two Years; then thinking himself too much under restriction, he desired his Father to take him home, which accordingly he did; but being still desirous of more Liberty, and having an Estate left him by his Grandfather, he was determined to settle himself in the World, and his Mother observing his Inclination, was ready to satisfy his Humour, and soon found out a Fortune for him, which proving not so good an one as he expected, he quickly after abandon'd himself to Whoring; and one *Sunday Night*, upon some small Abuse which his Man gave to a fellow who was drinking with him, he instantly drew his Rapier and stabb'd him to his heart. Then he took his Horse and rid away, and betook himself to Robbing on the Highway, to bear his extravagant Expences when he wanted Money. He robbed the *Worcester* Coach, the *Bedford* Coach, and committed several Robberies upon *Sarney-Downs* by *Winter*. He went often on the Foot-Path, and broke open a Farmer's House, about 5 Miles from *Blackwater*, taking thence 130 Pounds in Gold and Silver: At length he was apprehended for robbing one *Mr. Salter*, and committed to *Newgate*; after which being condemn'd, and advised by *Mr. Samuel Smith* the Ordinary that lay'd to prepare himself for Death; he said, *Let every Tub stand upon its own bottom, for he would be sure to stand firm upon it*; and being convey'd in a Coach to *Tyburn* on

on *Wednesday* the 26th of *July*, 1693, he there executed in the 26th Year of his Age.

On the same Day, and for the same Fact robbing Mr. *Salter* of *Stoak* in *Buckinghamshire*, was hang'd *Jack Barber*, aged 24 Years and born at *Chard* in *Somersetshire*; from whence coming up to *London*, he betook himself to Service, and liv'd with Dr. *Boorne* the two Twins in *Morefields*; where he was honest for about a Quarter of a Year, but then by Gaming, losing both his Time and Money, he began by small Matters to deceive his Master in Shillings and Pence, so falling out they parted; when meeting with bad Company, he went with them and committed several Robberies on the Foot-Path; and was in two Robberies where he did Murder, the one at a *Gardiner's* near *Fulham*, and the other at *Ever Blackwater*, in which last Place he robb'd three Houses. At the Place of Execution he was very rude and impertinent, giving ill Words to the Ordinary, because he with'd him to be serious, and to consider the great Work he was about; but he would give little or no Attention, saying, *God bless all my Friends, and all my Enemies be hang'd as I am*. Before the Malefactors were turn'd off; quoth *Goodwin* O Lord! What a wicked Sinner am I, to be int' such a Gang as has brought me to be hang'd at last; Lord have Mercy on my Soul. On that *stay* (reply'd *Jack Barber*) you Fool, what are you afraid of? Ne'er fear, God will have Mercy upon us; but however, let us have some

a Murderer and Highwayman. 289

Prayers and a merry Psalm; I do not fear Death at all. Gentlemen, I have been a great Highwayman, therefore here is no Mercy to be found, the King is resolv'd to hang all of our Profession; and I'll warrant you there will be a great many more come after us.

One Mustapha Poccowatchlet, a Turk, born at Adrianople, altho' he could speak no English, had committed several Robberies in this Kingdom; and for committing the unnatural Sin of Buggery on the Body of *Anthony Busra*, was executed at *Tyburn* on *Wednesday* the 30th of *May*, 1694, aged 36 Years. Also one *James Leonard*, though aged but 18 Years, had been in the Reducing of *Ireland*, and in King *William's* Service in *Flanders*; from whence coming into *England*, he robb'd on the Highway; which being condemn'd, and convey'd in a Cart to the Place of Execution at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 17th of *October*, 1694, he was there concern'd at his Misfortune, for he smil'd at the Gallows, looking round about upon the Spectator, and his Hands by some Carelessness being untied, he pull'd a Knife out of his Pocket, and with it he strove to cut the Rope; but missing his Design, he said, *I wish it had been a good Knife, but it is a very bad one, it will not cut, or else I would have cut the Rope, that I might have got another.* But the Knife being not sharp enough, he threw it among the Spectators, and leaning against his Coffin, which was upon the Copes of the Cart, he fell a singing, and said, *I am a Roman-Catholick,*

C

and

*and so I die ; good People, methinks it is a
Morning, I am sure I am ready to quake ; but
however, I will pull off my Shoes : I borrow
these old Shoes in Newgate to come to the Gallows
withal. Gentlemen, though I'm but a young
Man, yet I have been a Highwayman
great while. I have robbed in almost all
Roads in England, especially Runford Road
and Surry Roads. And there is one Frynley
in Newgate, with whom I have been concern'd
great while, and have committed many Rob-
beries with him in several Roads, and we have
robbed the King's Mail ; now and then King's
Mail, and other Mails.*

One Luke Page was a notable Highwayman
and being condemned once at Kingston upon
Thames for a great Robbery committed near
Guilford ; as he was riding to the Place of Ex-
ecution, a Country Fellow whispering in his
Ear, ask'd him if his P—— stood ? The
Criminal took no notice then of the Clown's
impertinent Question, but when he was at the
Tree, being requested by the Sheriff to make
some Confession ; he discover'd several Persons
who had been with him in many Robberies
and among the rest he nominated the above-
said Country-Fellow : But moreover, whilst he was
directing himself to the Spectators, a Reprieve
came to save his Life, after which being made
an Evidence, by quickly pleading to a Pardon
he swore so hard against the Country-Fellow
against whom he had inform'd, that he was
cast and condemn'd to die ; and as he was going
to

the Gallows, *Luke Page* stept up to him, and said, *honest Friend*, does your P——— and? But the Fellow giving him no Answer, went very-contentedly to be hang'd. But nevertheless *Luke* did not long survive him, for committing another Robbery on *Hounslow*-*Heath*, his *Mittimus* was made for *Newgate*, and he was condemn'd; when being under Sentence of Death, *Mr. Smith*, the Ordinary, enquiring what Employment he was bred up to, smilingly reply'd, That he follow'd the Trade of getting Money by robbing; and then being told the Unlawfulness of committing Violence on Mens Persons in travelling about their lawful Occasions, he reply'd, That he thought Robbing was no great Sin, and perused a Place of holy Scripture for such irregular Practice. But yet again, when he was by the unjust Steward was not commended for his ungrateous Dealing, but to incite others to a prudential making Provision for the uncertainty of a future happy State; *Luke* urged, That Persons getting the unrighteous *Manner* his way might be saved, if they, instead of it, be charitable to the Poor: But any man (in my Opinion) besides him, would think to relieve the Poor, by wronging innocent Persons, was a strange way to gain Heaven. However, he was obstinate, stubborn, and stubborn to the very last, and trifled away his precious Minutes: even at *Tyburn*, where he was hang'd on the 11th of *November*, 1695, aged 40 Years. And one *Tom Randal* a most notorious

torious Foot-Pad was as obstinate, who kill *Robert Stephens* a *Quaker*; for which Murder he was convey'd in a Cart by the Deceased Door at *White-Chappel*, and from thence to the Place of his Execution at *Stone-bridge* in *Kingsland*; where, after he was Executed on *Wednesday* the 25th of *January*, 1695, was hang'd in Irons on a Gibbet, till his Body was consum'd. Whilst this Fellow was under Sentence of Death, he had contriv'd with some other Malefactors to have seiz'd on the Waite of *Newgate*, and to have burnt Mr. *Tofield*'s Papers, the Notary then in the Lodge of the Prison; withal designing to wrest the Office Arms from them, and to fire upon 'em if they opposed. They farther design'd to have bound the Officers as they came one Day from the Chapel, and if they made the least Opposition, to have cut their Throats. And that after their Escape they would go on the Highways, take Travellers Horses, and mount 'em would ride off. Moreover they had agreed that if any one knockt at the Lodge under the Gate they would let them in, and bind them also, and then lock them up with the Officers in the Dungeon or condemn'd Hold. One of these Confederates being a Smith, he was to have been employ'd in knocking off the other's Fetters, and if the Turnkeys had any Money in their Pockets, they would take it from them to carry themselves off, and for Provision. And that if the Train-bands, or the Mob should come to seize them, they would fire upon

a Murderer and Highwayman. 293

on them with the Officers Blunderbusses, and could be Masters of the Prison till the King should send them a Pardon, or else they would starv'd or shot to Death.

In this Conspiracy was also one *John Shorter* Highwayman, executed at *Tyburn* on Wednesday the 22d of *December*, 1697, aged 30 years. He did not only confess his Crime, but own'd that he knew of the Murder of one *Lorimer* in *Newgate*, but was prevailed upon by *John Tokesfield* and *John Hart* not to discover and further said, That the latter of these persons carried the bloody Knife three Days together in his Pocket: And he verily believ'd at the Day before he suffer'd Death himself at the Gallows, he saw *Lorimer's* Ghost as he was at Prayers in the Chapel of *Newgate*, which put him into a great Consternation, as was visibly observ'd by *Mr. Smith* the Ordinary. Another Highwayman who died with this Prisoner was *William Hollyday*, aged 30 Years, and son of very poor Parents in the Parish of *St. Giles in the Fields*, who dying when he was very Young, he was forced to shift for himself; entering himself in the ragged Regiment of the *Black Guards*, which in the Reign of King *Charles the Second*, was in as great Estimation, as the *Fanizaries* in the *Ottoman* Court, his great Genius and prompt Wit, without the Advantage of any Education, soon made him taken notice of by the Superiors of his tattoo'd Fraternity. But that which gain'd him great Reputation, was his being chosen Lord-High-

O 3

High-

High-Steward in a Mock-Tryal of the Viscount *Stafford*, held in the *Mewse* at *Charing-Cross* in which, though he had not consulted *tescue*, *Fleta*, *Plowden*, *Cook* upon *Little* or any other Ancient Law Authors, his Natural Parts most floridly set forth the Heinousness of that Peer's Crime, whose Person was represented by one of their Tatterdemalions; instead of executing the poor Boy in jest, was hang'd in earnest, and in that pendulous Posture left till next Morning; when one of the King's Grooms finding his Lordship hanging in the Stable, he cut him down, and delivered his dead Body to his Friends to be decently interr'd. A little after this piece of Mock-Justice was over, Will's Credit increased more and more, by reason his Ingenuity attended with a great deal of Courage, he by the unanimous Consent of the whole Regiment of the *Black-Guards* chosen their Captain, in which Post he behav'd himself with a great deal of Prudence and Circumspection, and by virtue of the great Authority Will had among them, he brought them, *Nemo contra dicente*, to be conformable to the following Orders.

I. That none of the *Black-Guards* should presume to wear a Shirt, upon Pain of being cashier'd out of the Regiment for ever.

II. That none of them should be either Day or Night in any other Places than Stables, empty Houses, or under Buiks

III. That

III. That they should eat no Victuals but what was given them; therefore what Money they got by cleaning Live-guard-mens Boots or Shoes, and rubbing down Horses, should either be lost or increas'd by Gaming among their own Fraternity.

IV. That if any of them could read or write, they should, by not practising either, forget both; because (like the Czar of Muscovy) their Captain would not have any under his Command more learned than himself.

V. That they should daily appear every Morning, by 9 of the Clock, on the Parade in St. James's Park, provided they were not letted by Sickness, or upon any extraordinary Duty, to receive the necessary Orders which the present Exigency of Affairs then require.

VI. That none shall presume to follow the King and Court to Windsor, or upon any Royal Progress whatever, but such as were commanded to go on that Party.

VII. That if any charitable Person bestow'd a pair of old Shoes or Stockings upon any one of their ragged Society, he should presently convert the same into Money to play.

VIII. That they should not steal any Thing which lay out of their Reach, for fear of bringing a Scandal on their Regiment.

IX. That they should not endeavour to clear themselves of Vermin, by killing or eating them; nor for Profit dispose of them to any Apothecary, that might now and then want a Quill

full or Two, to cure some Lady's Gentlewoman or Chambermaid of the Yellow jaundice.

X. That they should cant better than the best Proficients of that Language in Newgate; pick Pockets without bungling; out-lie a Quaker; out-swear a losing Lord at the Groom-Porters; and brazen out all their Villanies with the unparallel'd Impudence of an Irishman.

In this Employment Will. Holliday remain'd till he was near 20 Years of Age; when looking upon himself too old to continue longer in that Station, wherein he had behav'd himself with a great deal of Bravery, Candor, and Justice, he surrender'd his Commission, and turn'd Highwayman; which Profession he followed till the Hangman provided for him (as abovesaid) for as long as he liv'd.

WILDER ROY, a Murderer, Ravis-
 sher, Incendiary, and Highway-
 man.

HIS Scotch Villain was descended of a
 very good Family, and born in *Perthshire*,
 the *Highlands* of *Scotland*; his Father died
 as he was at Age, when leaving him an
 estate of about 80 *Marks* a Year, he thought
 himself wise enough for the Management of it,
 without Advice of his Friends; by which
 means he, in short, manag'd it all away, and
 squander'd it in about a Year and a Half;
 which he soon became very Needy, and
 fit Subject to be moulded into any Shape
 that had an Appearance of Profit. Having
 by his Irregularities, reduc'd himself to a
 poor Condition, he was very burthen-
 some to his Mother, who often supply'd him
 with Money out of her Joyniture, which he al-
 ways quickly consum'd; but she perceiving that
 good Admonitions would reclaim his Ex-
 travagancy, she withheld her Hand, and for-
 tunately would not answer his Expectation;
 when lying at her House one Night, he
 stole into his Mother's Bed-Cham-
 ber,

ber, cut her Throat from Ear to Ear with a Razor, ravish'd his own Sister, and a Maid Servant; he robb'd 'em, and setting the House on Fire, burnt it to the Ground with the flower'd Maidens in it.

This unparallell'd Piece of Villany fill'd the whole Country with Horror, a Proclamation was issued out for the apprehending him with a considerable Reward for them that should bring him to Justice. Hereupon he went into *France*, where being on a Solemn Day at the Church of *St. Dennis* in *Paris*, whilst Cardinal *Richlieu* was Celebrating high Mass, which the King was present, *Gilder Roy* put his Hand in the Cardinal's Purse, which was hanging at his Side, whilst he was officiating at the Altar, but his Majesty perceiving the Transaction from the Place where he sat, *Gilder Roy*, who was Dress'd like a Gentleman, seeing himself discover'd, held up his Finger to the King, making a Sign that he should take no Notice, and he should see good Success. The King, glad of such an Occasion of Mischance, let him alone; and within a while after, coming to the Cardinal, he took Occasion in that course to oblige him to go to his Purse for Money, which he missing, began to wonder, but the King knowing which way it went, was more than ordinarily merry; still being with Laughter, he was willing that the Cardinal might have again what was taken from him: But whereas the King thought that the man who took the Money was an honest Gentleman,

man, and of some Account, in that he was so resolute, and kept his Countenance so well; yet *Gilder Roy* had more Wit in his Anger than to come near them, who acted not in jest, but making as if he jested, was in good Earnest. Then the Cardinal turn'd all the Laughter against the King, who, using his common Oath, swore by the Faith of a Gentleman, it was the first Time that ever a Thief had made him his Companion.

Flying out of *France* into the Kingdom of *Spain*, being one Day at *Madrid*, he went into the Duke of *Medina Celi's* House, when that Grandee had made a great Entertainment for several Foreign Ministers; so that several Pieces of Plate lock'd in a Trunk, standing in a little Room next to a Hall where the Feast was: while many Servants were waiting in that Room for their Masters, *Gilder Roy* went in a *Spanish* Habit, and accoutred in all Respects like the Steward of the House; and going to those that sat on the Trunk, desired them to rise, because he was to use it; which they having done, he caus'd it to be taken up by certain Porters that follow'd him in, and went clear away with it.

Now *Gilder Roy* having been about Three Years out of his Countrey, and thinking the Villany which he had perpetrated there was forgotten, he return'd to *Scotland* again, where he soon became a most notable Highwayman; and the first Person on whom he exercis'd this unlawful Calling, was the Earl of *Linlithgow*, whom

whom he robb'd of a Gold Watch, a Diamond Ring, and 80 Pieces of old Gold. In a little Time his Name became so dreadful through the whole Country, that Travellers were afraid to pass the Roads without a great many in Company; and when Money was short with him, he would enter into *Albol Loquabe, Anguis, Mar, Baquehan, Murrey, Sutherland*, and other Shires in the North of Scotland, and drive away the People's Cattle, unless they paid him Contribution, which they did Quarterly, and had his Protection; which was Safeguard enough for their own Persons, or Goods, from receiving Damage by him, or any of his Gang.

One Time *Oliver Cromwell* embarking at *Donaghadey*, in the North of Ireland, and landing at *Port-Patrick* in Scotland; the News thereof coming to *Gilder Roy*, who was then lurking in Shire *Galloway*, he met him on the Road towards *Glasgow*, and having but only Two Servants along with him, he attempted to command him to Stand and Deliver; this Rebel thinking Three to One was Odds at Foot-ball, he refus'd to obey *Gilder Roy's* Orders; so coming to an Engagement, several Pistols were discharg'd on both Sides without any Damage, for near a Quarter of an Hour; when the bold Robber pretended to yield them the Day, by running as fast as he could from his Antagonists; they pursu'd him very close for near half an Hour, and then suddenly turning upon 'em, the first Mischief he did

was shooting *Oliver's* Horse, which kicking up his Heels as soon as wounded, broke that Traitor's Leg in his falling to the Ground; as for his Servants, he shot one of 'em through the Head, and the other, begging Quarters, they were granted; but *Oliver* being disabled from walking, he had the Civility to put him on an Ais, and tying his Legs under his Belly, sent 'em both to seek their Fortunes.

Three of his Roguish Companions being apprehended and sent to the *Talbooth*, a Prison in *Edinburgh*, they broke out, but were soon retaken, and committed to *Glasgow* Goal; and soon after they were executed a little without the Gates of that City, and left hanging on the Gallows, till their Carcasses should rot and fall away by Piece-meal. *Gilder Roy* highly resenting this Indignity offer'd to his Comrades in Iniquity, he vow'd Revenge; and it being not long e'er he met the Judge who pass'd that Sentence upon 'em, in the Road going to *Aberdeen*, he attack'd his Coach, first Stripping his Coachman and Two Footmen stark Naked, and then ty'd 'em Hand and Foot, and threw 'em into a deep Pond, where they were presently drown'd; next robbing the Judge of all he had valuable about him, he cut his Coach all to Pieces, and shot the Four Horses belonging to it Dead. But being not yet satisfied with this Barbarity, driving the Judge into a Wood, and binding him fast to a Tree, at Night going to him again with some of his wicked Accomplices, and putting him on a Horse

Horse behind one of 'em; they brought him to the Gallows where his Three Comrades were still hanging; and which Sort of Gallows was made (as they be all in *Scotland*) like a Turn-Stile, but only the Beams, on each End of which is nail'd a strong Iron Hook, to which the Rope is fasten'd, has no Motion. Now (*quoth Gilder Roy to the Judge*) *by my Soul Mon, as this unlucky Structure, erected to break Peoples Craigs, is not uniform without a Fourth Person taking his Lodging here too, I must e'en hang you upon the vacant Beam.* Accordingly he was as good as his Word; and for fear the Government should not know who was the Hangman, he sent a Letter to the Prime Ministers of State to acquaint 'em with his Proceedings. This Insolence of his caus'd several Legislators to contrive Ways and Means to suppress the Audaciousness of *Gilder Roy* and his Companions, who was dreaded far and nigh; and among 'em one *Fennet*, a Lawyer promoted the Law for hanging a Highwayman first, and judging him afterwards; which Law being approv'd of by them who had then Power to enact Laws, it receiv'd its Sanction without any Contradiction, and was often put in Force against many Gentlemen of the *Pad*.

Gilder Roy having great Success in his Villanies, he grew so intolerably Wicked, that it was his Pride to take Delight, not only in robbing on the Highway, but also to Murder Men upon the least refusing of giving him

what they had; ravish Women after he had
took all away from 'em; and burn Houses and
Barns where the least Affront was offer'd him.
But at last a Second Proclamation being issued
out for the apprehending him, with the Re-
ward of a Thousand *Marks* for any one that
should take him, Dead or Alive; one *Peg Cum-
mings*, a Strumpet, with whom he kept
Company, for the Lucre of his Money, be-
tray'd him when he came next to her House;
which being surrounded by above 50 Men,
and he sensible by whom he was trepann'd,
ran into her Bed-chamber, and with a Knife
suppl'd up his Harlot's Guts; then returning to
the Room from whence he came, he stood
upon the defensive Part against his Adversa-
ries with such an undaunted Bravery and Re-
solution, that before they could take him, he
kill'd Eight of them with Sword and Pistols:
But then being overpower'd, and put into a
dismal Dungeon, in the Castle of *Edinburgh*,
where he had very heavy Shackles clapp'd on his
Legs, strong Chains about his Middle, and his
Hands Handcuff'd behind him; in that Con-
dition he was kept Three Days and Three
Nights, without any Allowance of Victuals or
Drink; when without any manner of Process,
a Tryal, being convey'd by a strong Guard to
the *Black-Cross* in *Edinburgh*, he was there
hang'd on a Gibbet Thirty Foot in Height, in
April, 1658, Aged 34 Years; and afterwards
hang'd in Chains on another Gibbet erected
Ten

Ten Foot higher, betwixt that City and *Leith*, which is about a Mile from *Edinburgh*.



M A C C A R T N E Y, *a Murderer,
and Highwayman, and House-
Breaker.*

THIS *Irish* Villain was the Bastard Son of Major-General *Maccartney*, begot on the Daughter of a *Presbyterian* Parson at *Belfast*, a Sea-port Town in the *North of Ireland*; but as he was an Illegitimate Child, respected neither by Father nor Mother, they gave Five Pounds to a poor labouring Man in the Neighbourhood, to take this Brungin as his own. When he grew up in Years, and understanding by his Foster-Father who were his right Parents, Pride inspiring him to scorn to live any longer in a poor little Cabbin, where Potatoes without Butter, and Bonny-clabber, was the chiefest of his Diet, he went first in quest of his Mother, whom finding to be dead and buried for some Years past, he was upon the Scent then after his Father *Maccartney*; who being a Lieutenant-Colonel in a Foot Regiment, he prefer'd his Natural Son to an Ensign's Post; but doing some petty rascally Tricks, in robbing Two or Three Captains of Linnen,

men, and other Things, his Commission was
 took from him, in a most disgraceful Manner.

Now being left to the wide World, and
 knowing not what Course to take for a Liveli-
 hood, as being no Scholar, nor brought up to
 any Trade, he turn'd Thief at once, being so
 light-finger'd, that any Thing was his own
 which lay within his Reach. He was a nota-
 ble House-breaker, and had done many Ex-
 ploits that Way; but his greatest was in
 breaking open the House of Sir *Thomas*
Rockford, Lord Chief Baron of the *Exchequer*,
 of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, whom he and his
 comrades bound, with his Lady, Back to
 back like a Spread-Eagle, and all the Men and
 Women Servants in the House after the same
 manner, without either Shirt or Smock upon
 them; then breaking open all Trunks, Cabi-
 nets, Scrutores, and Chests of Draws, they
 took what Plate and Money they could find, to
 the Value of 1400 Pounds.

After the committing this notorious Rob-
 bery, his Country being too hot to hold him,
 he fled into *Scotland*; where breaking open a
 table belonging to Sir *James Stewart*, then
 her Majesty's Advocate for that Kingdom,
 and Stealing thence a Horse and Saddle, he
 came into *England*, and turn'd Highwayman;
 and being pretty lucky in his Roguery, he
 always maintain'd himself very genteel in
 cloths; so that the handsome Appearance
 which he made in his Habit, with his fawning,
 flinging, and flattering Way, used by most
Irishmen

Irishmen, had brought him to be acquainted with several creditable Gentlemen, to whom he pretended he had a very good Estate in *Ireland*. And one Day *Maccartney*, with another Rogue as good as himself, meeting in the *Strand* one *Mr. Vaughan*, a *Welsh Gentleman*, having about 400 Pounds per Annum in *Pembrokeshire*, he invited him to drink a Pint of Wine; and going together to a Tavern, whilst they were regaling themselves over a Glass of Claret, quoth *Maccartney* to his Comrade, *I vow this is a very fine Day, we e'en ride both of us out this Afternoon*. Said *Mr. Vaughan*, (not in the least mistrusting they were Highwaymen,) *If I had a Horse, would ride out with you too, Gentlemen*. Quoth *Maccartney*, *I'll help you to a Horse, Sir*; and being as good as his Word, they all Three rid towards *Rumford*; beyond which Place about a Mile, meeting a Coach full of Passengers, *Maccartney* and his Comrade fell upon it; and whilst they were robbing them, quoth the *Welsh Gentleman* to himself, *I'll stand idle, I'll e'en be doing something too*; perceiving another Coach at a little Distance behind the other, which the other had attacked and in which was only one Gentleman, with his Footman behind, he made up to it, and commanding the Coachman to stop, he robbed the Passenger of Five Guineas in Gold, and 40 Shillings in Silver, and rid off. The Gentleman that was robb'd calling out then to his Footman, and saying, *Tom, Didst thou see the*

Gentlemen

Gentleman that was just now by the Side of the Coach with me? Tom said, Yes, Sir. Quoth the Gentleman again, Why he hath robb'd me. Tom reply'd, I saw the Gentleman talking to you, but I don't believe he robb'd you, Sir; you must be mistaken. Said the Gentleman, in a great Passion, Why, you Son of a Whore, do you think I can't tell when I'm robb'd; why I say again that I am robb'd; for he has took above Seven Pounds from me. Quoth Tom, It is admirable to me, he should be guilty of such an Action, for he was always reckon'd a very honest Gentleman. Said the robb'd Person then, Do you know him? Do I know him? (reply'd Tom,) Yes, Sir, very well; for I was his Footman about a Year ago; and a very good Master, I must needs say, I had of him. Upon this Intelligence, the Gentleman promising Tom 20 Guineas, besides the 40 Pounds Reward for apprehending and convicting a Highwayman, in case he could take him, Tom was so diligent for the getting this Money, that as soon as he and his Master came to London, finding Mr. Vaughan's Lodging, they seiz'd him, and carried him before a Magistrate, who committed him to Newgate; from whence being remov'd by a Writ of Habeas Corpus to Chelmsford Goal, and try'd at the Assizes held there in March, 1734, he was condemn'd; but it being the first Fact, and having good Friends, which he made upon the Expences of 500 Hundred Pounds, he procur'd a Reprieve; and said then, That for the future he would stand still first, before he would.

would be guilty of such another Crime, which had like to have cost him his Life.

Now if *Maccartney* had made such a Promise, without ever violating it, it had been well for him too; but instead of reclaiming, he still pursu'd his wicked Courses; for shortly after *Mr. Vaughan* had been brought under this unhappy Circumstance, by being in his Company; he going to *Bristol*, there was one *Mr. Beachere* of *Wiltshire* went also down to that City, in order to go for *Ireland*, where he unhappily fell in Company with this Villain, that was likewise going to that Kingdom. So in the Morning, after their short Acquaintance over Night, *Maccartney* calling up the aforesaid *Beachere* to go down to the *Pill* to Embark; but when he was on *Durham Down*, a Mile without the City, this *Irish* Rogue knock'd him down, and with a Razor cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, and then pass'd over *Rewnam-Ferry* into *Somersetshire*, and enquired his way for *Exeter*, but turn'd short to *Upbill*, and went over into *Wales*, and design'd for *Holy-Head*; but Messengers being sent into *Wales*, to enquire at all the Ports, heard of him, and pursu'd and took him in *Brecknockshire*, with *Beachere's* Cloaths and Bloody Shirt. He was then committed to *Gloucester Goal*; and being Try'd and Convicted for this Murder and Robbery, he was there Executed, on *Wednesday*, the 7th of *April*, 1714. Aged 23 Years, and was afterwards hung in Chains on *Durham-Down*, near the City of *Bristol*.
TOM

T O M W A T E R S, a Highwayman.

T His *Tom Waters*, a most notorious Highwayman, was born of very good Parents at Henly upon *Thames* in *Oxfordshire*, who dying when he was young, his Uncle took care of him, and put him an Apprentice to a *Notary-Publick* behind the *Royal-Exchange*; but growing extravagant, and running away from his Master before he had serv'd half his Apprenticeship, he betook himself to bad Company; so growing necessitous, he entred himself into the *Earl of Dover's Troop of Guards*. However, being soon weary of that Service, the Pay not answering his excessive Ways of spending, he went to robbing on the Highway; and the first Exploit in this kind which he committed, was on about 20 or 30 Gypsies, whom he seeing to come out of a Barn early in the Morning near *Bromley* in *Kent*, he rid up to them; and commanding the strolling Crew to stand, or otherwise he would shoot half a dozen or a dozen of them thro' the Head, they obey'd his Command: But when he next order'd them to undo their Purse-strings, there was as great a Holo-loo set up by them, as among the *Wild Irish* for the Loss of a Cock or a Hen; they began to beseech his Pity and compassion in their sham-sham broken Gibberish,

rish, telling him, that they would tell him his Fortune without crossing their Hands with a Piece of Silver. Quoth Tom, a Plague on you for a Parcel of cheating Rogues and Whores, I know it is my Fortune to be hang'd if I don't mend my Manners: Therefore you must not put your Laradiddles upon me, by telling me my Fortune will be lucky, good, good and prosperous; come, come, down with what you have presently, or else I shall send all your Soul to the Devil this Moment. When this juggling Tribe found he was resolutely bent to take what they had, they fell to emptying their Purfes and Pockets of Silver Spoons, Silver Brandy Tasters, and Gold Rings, which, without doubt, they had stolen from some silly People, whom they drew in up and down the Country to have their Fortunes told them; which Moveables, with what Money he got besides of them, came to above 60 Pounds; but such an Outcry they made for their Loss that several Rusticks running with Clubs, and Flails, and Pitchforks, to see what was the Occasion of this sorrowful Lamentation, Tom met them, and saying to them, That whilst some of the Gipsies there before them was telling him his Fortune, they had pick'd his Pocket of a very considerable Value, which he could not get again of them, till he had whipt some of them almost within an Inch of their Lives. Truly (replied the Countrymen) you did very well, Sir; for there is no such a Pack of Thieves in Hell, as these Gipsies be.

So *Tom* putting Spurs to his Horse, he made the best of his way, before the strolling beggars could come up to tell the Country-fellows their sad and lamentable Story.

Another Time meeting with an Hostler coming to *London*, who once went to betray him at an Inn where he liv'd in *Doncaster*, in *Yorkshire*; and knowing him again, he ordered him to stand and deliver, or otherwise he was a dead Man. The assaulted Person had about 40 Pounds in his Portmanteau, which he had sav'd in his Service in the County, and was coming to the great Metropolis of *England* to improve it if possible; but *Tom* told him that Pains and Trouble, by taking it away, which made him to say, *He was utterly ruin'd and undone, for that Money was all he had in the World, therefore he hop'd he could be so tender-hearted as to restore it him again.* Yes (replied *Tom*) when you are ruin'd: besides, where was your tender Heart when you once went to betray me to be hang'd? No, you cheating Son of a Whore, I will give you one Farthing; go and get more the same way you got this; for I know you have still certain Charms for a Horse's Mouth, that should not eat his Hay; and behind a Traveller's Back, you'll cozen his Horse to his Face. Shooting the Hostler's Horse under him, left him to make the best of his Journey as well as could.

Afterwards *Tom* overtaking Sir *Ralph Dela-*
a Vice Admiral, on the Road betwixt
Peters-

Petersfield and Portsmouth, whom he knew to be a Flag-Officer, quoth he, Well overtaken Brother Tar; What Faith is thine, a Starboard Faith, or Larboard? Sir Ralph looking very wistly on Tom, whom he thought to be very impudent, he said, Why; What makes you enquire about my Faith? Tom reply'd, Because I have been told, that a fore Wind is generally the Substance of a Seaman's Creed, and for Water the Burden of his Prayers. Quoth Sir Ralph, When you are a Father Confessor, I shall tell you my Belief, and not before. Said Tom again, I must, Sir, be as angry as you please, beg of you to tell me your Belief of one Thing. Quoth Sir Ralph, What's That? Tom reply'd, Only whether you believe, Sir, you shall not be robb'd before you reach to your Journey's End Day? Quoth Sir Ralph, I believe not. Where then (said Tom,) you and I are of two different Opinions; for I believe you will be robb'd. Sir instantly plucking out a couple of Pistols, he said, Unless you instantly deliver, Sir, your Money, I'll shoot you and your Footman too. Make haste, Sir, for Time is very precious, and I have a great deal of Business to do betwixt this and Night. Now Sir Ralph finding himself in a Strait betwixt two Dangers, which were either to lose his Life or his Money, he sav'd the first by surrendering the last, which was about 90 Guineas and a Gold Watch, and very kindly accepted by Tom, who rid away without making any more Words of the Matter.

On the same Day meeting betwixt *Guilford* and *Godalmin* the famous *Hermaphrodite*, living formerly in *Lamb's-Conduit-Fields*, but afterwards at *Gosport*, opposite to *Portsmouth*, quoth he, You double refin'd Monster, half Rogue, half Whore: damn you, I don't know what to call your *Miscu'o-feminine Nature*; stand and deliver, or else never expect to go home alive.

She (if I may call her so) being in a Female's Attire, begg'd very hard that he would not so much unman himself as to rob a single Woman. Quoth Tom, A single Woman, you Bitch! Why I don't unman myself in robbing you; for as thou'rt both Man and Woman, I rob two Persons in taking your Money, which I command you to deliver presently. Finding no Words would prevail with him to be Civil, she gave him 20 Pounds; but withal threatening him, that if ever she found him out, she would prosecute him to the very utmost of the Law. That's the least of my Fear, quoth Tom, because, being neither Man nor Woman, it will be a hard thing for you, half Mr. Rogue, half Mrs. Bitchington, to prefer a Bill against me.

This Fellow in the Space of five Years, had committed several most notorious Robberies; but at last being apprehended and sent to *Newgate* for robbing one *John Hoscy*, a *Bristol* Farmer, on *Housslow-Heath*, of above 1400 Pounds in Money and Plate, he was condemn'd for this Robbery; and being convey'd to *Tyburn* in a Coach, on Friday the 17th of July, 1691. he was there executed in the 26th Year of his

314 JACK CULLUM,

Age ; and died extremely resolute to the very last.



JACK CULLUM, a House-breaker
and TONY GERY, a Foot-Pad.

THE following Malefactors were both very notorious in their several Ways of Theft. The first of them, namely *John Cullum*, alias *Johnson*, was born at *Stow* in the County of *Suffolk* ; but his Parents dying when he was young, he was brought up to no Trade, therefore he went into a Gentleman's Service, and was for some Years a Domestick in several worthy Families in *London*, where he behaved himself very faithfully. Afterwards he serv'd at Sea as a common Sailor, and at Land in the Capacity of a private Centinel ; but not being contented with what he might have got by a lawful and honest Employment, he would try his Fortune another way, which he did, and that to his Ruin ; for after the Commission of several Robberies, having in *September 1712* committed a Felony, for which he was burnt in the Hand, and sent to *Bridewell* in *Clerkenwell*. He there was concern'd in a Riot, wherein one *Edward Perry*, a Turnkey of that Goal, was murder'd ; and for that bloody Fact, *Richard Keele* and *William Lowther* (there in Company with him) were executed on *Clerkenwell Green*.

Green, on the 23d of *December* following, and hang'd both in Chains at *Holloway*, while this *Jack Cullum* then made his Escape by flying from Justice.

However, that exemplary Punishment inflict'd on his Comrades, working no Reformation in him, he still pursu'd his Wicked Courses; till at last he was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*, and indicted for stealing three Suits of Cloaths, a Riding-Coat, Linnen, and other Goods, out of the Stables of the Lord *Paget*, on the 17th of *March*, 17 $\frac{1}{4}$. It was depos'd at *Justice-Hall*, in the *Old-Bailey*, That about Nine at Night, the Stables being found open, and a Man seen to go by with a Bundle, he was pursu'd, and thereupon drew a Pistol, and fired at one of the Pursuers, but was taken, and threw down the Goods; whereupon the Matter being very plain, the Jury found him guilty of the Indictment.

Whilst he was under Condemnation, he said, That it was more his Misfortune than his Fault, that he was like to have been brought into the Danger of Suffering for the abovesaid Murder of *Edward Perry*; for he had no such Design as to assault or hurt any Person at that Time, but as for the Fact for which he now stood condemn'd, he own'd it, and the Justice of the Sentence impos'd upon him for it. Moreover, he confess'd he had been a very ill Lived in several Respects; and when he came to the Place of Execution at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 21st of *April*, 1714, and where he was

hang'd in the 25th Year of his Age, he bitterly wept; and by that and other Demonstrations of Sorrow for his Sins, the Spectators might have some Hopes that he was truly Penitent.

As for *Anthony Gery*, or rather *Gearish* which was his right Name, he was about 20 Years of Age, born at *Newberry* in *Berkshire* but his Parents removing him from thence and bringing him up to *London*, he was bound Apprentice for 7 Years to Mr. *Gately*, a Mountebank, to learn to dance on the Rope, Tumbling and Vaulting. However, growing very loose and wicked, he ran away from his Master, and then went to Sea, where he serv'd on Board the *Royal Sovereign*, the *Neptune* and several other Men of War, in one of which he was cast away. Afterwards coming to *London*, and getting into bad Company, he committed above 30 Felonies and Burglaries and was in *February* 1744 condemn'd for robbing one Mrs. *Ann Noel* on the Highway; but obtaining the Mercy of a free Pardon in *August*, 1743, he was so far from minding it, and improving it as he ought to have done, that he presently return'd to his old Trade of Thieving again; for which he was committed to Newgate, and indicted for privately stealing a Silver Porringer, value 45 Shillings, the Goods of *Elizabeth Farberly*, from the Person of *Elizabeth Waley*, on the 15th of *March*, 1744. The said *Waley* deposed, That having been to fetch some Oysters in a Porringer, as she was coming home, she met the Prisoner and another; on

While the other catch'd hold of her, pretending to kiss her, the Prisoner snatch'd the Porringer; and being pursu'd and taken, he threw it under a Stall, where it was found. Thus the Matter being plainly prov'd against him, the Jury found him guilty of the Indictment; and he was hang'd at *Tyburn* with *John Cullum*.

On the same Day were executed at *Tyburn*, *John Ralph*, *Lydia*, alias *Elizabeth*, alias *Taylor*, alias *Jackson*, and *Elizabeth*, alias *Young*, alias *Betty the Cook*. The first of these Criminals was aged 21 Years, born in the City of *Darham*, of honest Parents, who sent him Apprentice to one Mr. *Armstrong*, a Wine-Cooper in *London*; was condemn'd for stealing a Silver Tankard, value 10 Pounds, 2 Tumblers, value 3 Pounds, 12 Silver Spoons, a Silver Ladle, a Porringer, and other Goods, out of the House of *Henry Robins*, a Victualler, living in the Parish of *St. Clement's Danes*. The other, aged 25 Year, born in the Parish of *St. Dunstan's Stepney*, usually cry'd China Ware about the Streets; but at the same time follow'd Thieving, for which she had been ten whipt and burnt in the Hand; but still pursu'd her Wickedness, till she was condemn'd to die for breaking the House of one *John Hatchet*, and stealing thence a Cloth Coat, a Drug-Suit, and other Goods of one *Thomas Bugg*, a Lodger there. And the 3d, aged 40 Years, born in the Parish of *St. Margaret Westminster*, and alias *Betty the Cook*, from having been formerly under Cook in Foreign Ambassador's Houses,

and other honourable Families; had heretofore been burnt in the Hand for Felony, and upon the Conviction sent to Hard Labour at *Bridewell* but taking no Warning by this Punishment and Correction, she was condemn'd upon two Indictments, for stealing three Suits of Householdcloaths, a Bible, and other Goods, out of the House of *Daniel Whitfield*; and for stealing two Gold Rings, value 30 Shillings, and other Goods, value 40 Shillings, out of the Dwelling House of *Mary Lambert*. The Cause of her following such a wicked Course as she had done, was her Pride, which rais'd in her a Desire of living above her Condition and Circumstances in the World; and to compass this, she thought Thieving was her readiest Way; but therein found herself much mistaken; for instead of growing rich and great, and able to live at Ease, she brought Poverty, Shame, Misery and Ruin upon herself by those very wicked Practices, from which she expected to reap great Advantages and Satisfaction. Whilst under Sentence of Death, she was very uneasy and restless, discovering a hot, violent and unruly Temper; for because a Fellow who had given her the *French Pox*, would not come to see her under her fatal Misfortunes, she swore she would haunt him after Death. Again when she was going into the Cart to be executed, there being a Man and a Woman there before to be hang'd with her for Company, she swore she would not be squeezed up for any Body, and therefore would have

room to seat her self; and having a Smock at Pawn in *Holborn*, she call'd at the Pawn-broker's as she rid by to *Tyburn*; but he refusing to give it her, she in a very great Passion swore she would plague him for it after she was hang'd.



JOHN PRICE, *Hangman, Thief,
and Murderer.*

It would be but little Benefit and Satisfaction to the Reader, to have an Account of this Criminal's Extraction, because it is so extraordinary mean; or to tell the City, Town; or Village where he was born, tho' he first drew his Breath in the Fog-end of the Suburbs of *London*; and, like *Mercury*, became a Thief as soon as ever he peep't out of the Shell.

The Impiety of Fortune having reduc'd his miserable Parents to such Extremity, that they could not bestow on this their Son, who was the Fruit of their first Loves, any Education; it was his misfortune to improve himself in all manner of Wickedness, and at such Years too, that one would have thought the Paucity of them might have preserv'd his Infancy from seeing any Villany, till turn'd of Seven: But so prone was he addicted to all manner of

Vice, that as soon as he could speak, he would Curse and Swear with as great a Passion and Vileness as is frequently heard round any Gaming-Table. Moreover, to this unprofitable Talent of Profaneness, he added that of Lying ; in the Art and Mystery whereof he was so dextrous, that it was once a means of saving his Life. For when *John Price* was about 18 Years of Age, living as a Serving-man with a Gentleman in the Country, he turn'd him out of his Service, purely upon the account of his excessive Lying ; when going towards *London*, and robbing an old Market-Woman of about 18 Shillings near *Brentwood* in *Essex*, he was taken by some Travellers coming suddenly on him in the Fact, and committed by a Magistrate to *Chelmsford-Goal* ; where at the Assizes pleading guilty at his Tryal, he receiv'd Sentence of Death ; but his late Master being then High-Sheriff of the County of *Essex*, and taking Compassion on his Servant's Misfortunes, did not permit his Sentence to be put in Force against him ; of which the Judges being inform'd the next Assizes, they went down thither, and severely blaming the Sheriff for not putting their Sentence in Execution, especially when the Criminal had pleaded guilty to the Crime laid to his Charge ; the Sheriff said, *He acknowledg'd that such a Man had been condemn'd the last Assizes ; but then the Reason for not executing him was this, he knew the Fellow to be such an abominable, prodigious, unaccountable Lyar, that there was not believing one Word*

he said; so his pleading guilty to what was laid to his Charge, was in his Opinion an evident Sign we ought to believe him innocent of the Fact, and therefore he would not be guilty of hanging an innocent Man for the World. Which facetious Story of Mr. Sheriff making the Judges smile, they reprieved the Criminal, but with a severe Reprimand, and strict Charge of never coming before them any more.

Soon after this Escape from the Gallows, John Price makes the best of his way for London; where still pursuing the Paths of Vice, he associated himself with a Tribe of Pick-pockets, and those vagabond Rogues whom we call Gypsies, and with these Tatterdemalions he ran up and down the Country, frequenting all Fairs and Concourses of People, till he was catch'd diving in a Pocket that was none of his own, and committed to *Newgate* in *Bristol*, and being there severely whipt for his Fault, he went on board a Merchant-man, and afterwards served in two or three Men of War; but then not forbearing to pilfer from the Seamen, for which he was afterwards whipt at a gun, and pickled with Brine, and was once keel-haw'd; which is fastning a Rope about him just under his Arms, and drawn up to the main Yard-Arm on the Starboard-side, he is cunc'd from thence into the Sea, and just covered with the Water, a great Gun is fir'd over his head, which stuns him; then another Rope is order'd about him, that the Seamen draw

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him under the Keel of the Ship to the Larboard-side, and there draw him up.

These Punishments at Sea made him have an horrid Aversion against the Sight of Salt Water; and coming ashore at *Portsmouth*, ran away from his Ship to beloved *London* again where he would never hearken to any wholesome Counsel that was given him, but was resolv'd to break through all virtuous Sentiments and wholly to betake himself to all manner of Wickedness. Tho' he had been whipt both by Land and Sea, and burnt once in the Hand at *Hertford* Assizes, he could not yet forsake Villany; and entring himself into a Gang of Foot-Pads, who one Night going upon their Exploits, divided themselves into three Bands and an Attorney then falling into their Hands near *Hampstead*, his Money they demanded with a thousand Oaths and Curses that they would pistol him unless he presently deliver'd according to their Demand he gave them what Money he had about him, which was Eight Guineas, rejoicing howsoever that he had now past, as he thought, all Danger: When lo, suddenly as he came up to the half-way House betwixt that Place and *London*, he was again surrounded with the second Band of the Rogues, who viewing him nearly, demanded whence he came, and where he was going; whom he related his piteous Adventure, and into what cruel Hands he had fallen. *How cruel?* answered one of the Gang; *How do you use these Terms? And who made you*

bold as to talk to us with your Hat on? Pray, Sir, be pleased henceforwards to learn more Manners. Which saying, he snatches his Hat and Wig off his Head, and took a Diamond Ring off his Finger, in all to the Value of 15 Pounds. What could our poor Lawyer now do? To return back again, was, to leap out of the Frying-Pan (as we say) into the Fire: wherefore he faintly puts on. When scarce had he got past *Kentish-Town*, but the third Band, who lay as Centinels in this Place, make up to him, bringing along with them a Man who had not a Rag of Cloaths on his Back, nor so much as a Shirt, a dreadful Thing, considering the time of Year, it being in the depth of Winter: *Sir* (said *Price*, who was in this Party) *you will do a charitable Deed, to let this poor Wretch, whom we have just now stript, have your upper Coat, or rather both upper and under, who you see hath nothing to cover him, being almost dead with Cold.* The Lawyer would willingly have pleaded, that Charity begins at home, and that every Man is bound by the Laws of Nature to conserve his own Being rather than anothers: But alas! his Clients were other kind of Men than to be mov'd by the Laws of the Land or Nature either; wherefore they take from him both his Coats and Waistcoat, telling him it was a Favour that they took not from him his Life also, seeing he made so bad Use of it.

Not long after this, *Price* and one of his wicked Associates privately conveying them-

selves one Evening into a House in *Fleetstreet*,
 crept up into a Garret fill'd with nothing but
 old Lumber with an Intent to rob the People;
 but in the Night bustling about in the Dark, as
Price was going to a Table for a Pistol he had
 laid there, he had no sooner laid his Hand on
 it, but it presently (having a very easy Spring)
 discharges, and awaken'd them of the House,
 who immediately began to rise to secure them.
Price's Comrade flies presently to the Window,
 where they had fasten'd a Rope ready for
 their Escape, and first offers to slide down,
 when scarcely had he got above a Story and half
 from the Ground, but the Rope broke, and he
 falls down: However, as naught is never in
 danger, he receiv'd not so much hurt, but that
 he made a Shift to scramble away. In the
 mean time *Price* being left behind, was as a
 Man amaz'd, seeing himself alone three or four
 Stories high, without any possibility of follow-
 ing his Companion; but resolving to venture
 Neck or Nothing, he quickly removes the re-
 maining Part of the Rope to another Window,
 whereby he might let himself down into the
 Balcony, whither he was no sooner got to, but
 all the People of the House were now in an
 Alarm, upon which he jumps out full into a
 great Basket of Eggs, which a Man coming
 from *Newgate* Market had on his Head, and
 running all about his Ears, nay all his whole
 Body as he lay upon the Ground, there was
 then as great an Outcry of Murder as there
 was of Thieves; but all to no purpose, for
Price

Price having broke his Fall by his Jump into that brittle Commodity, he made his Escape likewise, to reign longer in his Roguery.

Jack Price having got clear this Time, and beginning to be very much noted about Town, takes a Journey into the Country, stripping all the Hedges he met with that had any Linnen on them, till he had reach'd *Cumberland*; where putting into a little Inn, the People whereof were none of the honestest, and finding by his Discourse that he was a Servant fit for their turn, he was entertain'd as their Tapster, and get into the Secret of their murdering Travel-ers that sometimes lay there: But long he had not been in this new Employment, before a Gentleman happen'd to put into this Inn for Lodging; who being in his Chamber, he perceiv'd, a little after Supper, the Servant to creep as she was making his Bed, and was secretly inform'd by her of the Danger he was in. Amongst other Things she told him, 'twas the Inn-keeper's Custom to ring a Bell, at the sound of which several Rogues came running; when presently one of them feigning to be servant to the Inn, comes to the Chamber where the Guests are, and making as if he should snuff the Candle, would put it out, upon which the other Villains would enter and upon them, and so most cruelly murder them, there being none that could escape them. The Gentleman considering with himself what he should do, causeth the Maid to bring him a Lant-tern, and puts a Candle lighted in it, and hiding

hiding his Lanthorn under a Stool, lays ready his Arms, and stands upon his Guard. When scarcely had he sat himself down, but a great boorish Fellow enters, who very officiously a Servant of the House, so snuffs the Candle, that he snuffs it out; but the Gentleman causes presently his Man to bring out the Lanthorn, repels the Villains, who came in very boisterously upon him, killing two of them, and puts the others to flight; seizes on the Inn-keeper and his Wife, delivers them into the Hands of Justice; and at the Assizes it being prov'd by the Maid they had murder'd at several times 14 of their Guests, whose Bodies were found in an arched Vault in the Garden, to which they had a secret Passage out of a Cellar, they were both condemn'd and executed, the Inn-keeper himself being afterwards hang'd in Chains.

As yet *Price*, tho' his Inclination was good had been in no Murder, nevertheless the Terror of a bad Conscience persuading him he should suffer the same Fate, because he was a Servant to such bloody Wretches, he ventures to Sea once more, in a Collier, which coming to *London*, he there left her, after he had robb'd the Master's Cabbin of some few Cloaths, and 20 Pounds in Money, with which he liv'd riotously about the Town, till he was committed to *Newgate* for some other Crime, which being but Petit Larceny, he was only whipt at the Cart's Arse, and upon paying his Fees obtain'd his Liberty again. Afterwards endeavouring to mend his Fortune by Marriage, he enter'd into

the State of Matrimony with a young Woman call'd *Betty*, whose Employment was daily to attend the Goal of *Newgate*, and to run on Prisoners Errands. By this means, and his own good Behaviour, he quickly rais'd himself to Preferment, for he was made Hangman for the County of *Middlesex*; but the first Day he officiated at the Sessions at the *Old-Baily*, going to the *Blue-Boar* Alehouse situated not far from Justice-Hall, it was his Misfortune to have his burning Irons pick'd out of his Pocket, for which he was forc'd to pawn his Waistcoat to have them back again. However, he soon retriev'd his Loss, for what with slightly putting a T, which was all the Letters he knew of the whole Alphabet, on a Thief's Hand, and correcting others with a gentle Lash, he redeem'd his Waistcoat, and bought a Shirt into the Bargain. Moreover, at the first Cast of his Office he perform'd at *Tyburn*, he made as much of the Executed Persons Cloaths among the Brokers in *Monmouth-Street* and *Chick-Lane*, as procur'd him a good Dinner, and a drunken Bout to Boot: And though he was bad enough in many Things, yet had he one good Principle in him, and that was all, for let him have ow'd Money to any body, if he could not pay them, he was very willing to work it out whenever they pleas'd; a Principle indeed which every Man is not endued with. as not caring to work for a dead Horse.

Whilst he was in this Post, he took upon him a great deal of State, making every *Geneva* Shop

Shop his Office, and every Bawdy-House his *Seraglio*. Instead of one Wife he had two; and on every Execution-Day he had as great a Levee as some Persons of Quality; being attended on by Broom-Men for old Hats; Periwig-Makers for old Wigs; Brokers for old Coats, Suits, and Cloaks; and Cobblers for old Shoes. Indeed he was a Man every way qualified for this Station, for he had Impudence in abundance, Cruelty at his Fingers-ends, Drunkenness to perfection, and could swear as well without Book as within. However, these natural Parts could not protect him from Envy; for several envying his Felicity, they endeavour'd to lower his Top-sail, and at last blew him out of the Haven of his reputable Business by his manifold Failings.

Truly some were glad he was to catch nobody any more at *Hyde-Park-Corner*; and others as sorry, especially your *Flat-Caps* and *Bunters*, whom he often oblig'd with an old Shirt or an Handkerchief; and indeed that which most troubled him for the Loss of his Place, was only that he could not any more send Men out of the World, without being call'd to an Account for it. Now he is left to shift for himself again; and indeed so long as he had any Fingers he could make as good a Shift as any body, for there was nothing, except it lay out of his reach, but what he made his own.

Alas! He still led a most wicked and dissolute sort of a Life, till one Night going over

Bunbills

Bunhill-Fields, in his drunken Airs, he met an old Woman, nam'd *Elizabeth White*, a Watchman's Wife, who sold Paltry-Ware about the Streets. This poor Creature he would have ravish'd, and because she resisted the heat of his Lust, he violently assaulted her in a most barbarous manner, almost knocking one of her Eyes out of her Head, giving her several Bruises about her Body, breaking one of her Legs, and wounding her beneath the Belly. Whilst he was acting this Inhumanity, two Men coming along at the same time, and hearing dreadful Groans, supposed somebody was in Distress, and having the courage to pursue the Sound as well as they could, at last came up to the distressed Woman, which made *Price* to damn them for their Impudence. However they secur'd him, and brought him to the Watch-house in *Old-street*, from whence a couple of Watchmen were sent to fetch the old Woman out of *Bunhill-Fields*, who within a Day or two dy'd under the Surgeon's Hands. *Price* was sent to *Newgate*, where he seem'd to be under a great Surprise and Concern for the Death of the Woman, till being try'd and condemn'd for her, he was no sooner confin'd in the Condemn'd Hold, but laying aside all Thoughts of preparing himself for his latter End, he grew supine'y void of all Grace; and instead of repenting for all his manifold Sins and Transgressions, he would daily go up to Chapel-drunk, or intoxicated with cursed *Geneva*, comforting himself even to the very last that he should

should fare as well in a future State, as those who had gone the same way before him: Thus his Conscience was eas'd with the Pleasure of thinking he should have Company under State of Damnation. At length the fatal Day came, wherein he was to bid Adieu to the World, which was on *Saturday*, the 31st of *May*, 1718; and as he was riding in the Cart he several Times pull'd a Bottle of *Geneva* out of his Pocket, to drink before he came to the Place of Execution, which was in *Bunhill Fields*, where he committed the Murder. Being arriv'd at the fatal Tree, he was upon Mr. *Ordinary's* Examination, found so ignorant in the Grounds of Religion, that he troubled himself not much about it; but valuing himself upon his former Profession of being Hangman, stil'd himself *Finisher of the Law* and so was turn'd off the Gibbet, Aged upwards of Forty Years; and the same Day was hang'd at *Stone-Bridge* at *Kingsland* in Chains.



R H O D E R I C K A U D R E Y,
a Thief.

TO give an exact Character of this Malefactor, requires a curious Pen; consider
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ing that for his Dexterity in Thieving, he was begotten by some Thief, and so came an acute Thief into the World. He could scarce speak plain when he began to Practice the taking of what was none of his own; and so improv'd himself in the Art and Mystery of Thieving, that he was hang'd a little after he was turn'd the Teens.

'Tis true, he had Two elder Brothers; who envied his Acuteness in Villany, and as they had the Priority of Birth, so they thought it their Birth-right to exceed the youngest, in what brought 'em also to the Gallows; though one of 'em made himself an Evidence against his own Mother, to save himself from Swinging. We must own they left nothing unattempted to claim a Superiority over *Rhoderick* in the Faculty of Thieving, as robbing Friend or Foe; but the greatest of their Exploits was only for Pots, or Tubs of Butter, Pieces, not Fitches of Bacon, wet Linnen, and old Cloaths; whereas the other scorn'd to meddle with any Thing but Plate or Money.

When the young one, who is the Subject of this Discourse, began first to launch abroad in the World, he was (though his Friends could bestow neither Writing nor Reading upon him,) so ripe-witted in Roguery, that none of his Years could match him: he had not seen Nine, when he was a great Proficient in Iniquity; and was so successful in his Designs, that with the Decoy of a Sparrow, he got above Two Hundred Pounds

in less than a Twelvemonth. His way was this; he'd go to *Chelsea*, or *Hampstead*, or *Bow*, or *Lambeth*, *East*, *West*, *North*, or *South*, for he was never out of his Road, and carrying a Sparrow along with him, would be playing about a House, where he saw a Side-Board of Plate in the Parlour, or any other good Moveable, learning the Bird to climb the Ladder, or fly to Hat; and if the Sashes were open, or the Street-Door, he would throw in his Sparrow, then follow it to catch it again, he stole away the Plate, and left the Sparrow to answer for his Master's Conduct. But this Stratagem was very serviceable in another Respect; for if he was seen by any body in the House before he had finish'd his Work, it was a very plausible Pretence that his Design was no other than running after his Bird, as honest Children will do in such Cases; and he being also in the Case of Infancy in a manner, the People that so caught him, did no otherwise than let him go about his Business; nay, sometimes were so kind, as to help him to catch it: And as it was then impossible for him to carry away the whole Plate-Fleet at once, nevertheless he oblig'd those that help'd him, with the taking away but only a Silver Spoon, or a Fork.

In this manner he was successful for some Time, having bit a great many in *Kensington-Square*, as well as at *Fulham*, *Highgate*, *Islington*, *Hackney*, and other Country Villages about *London*; till being so well known at catch-
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ing Sparrows, that they would as often catch him, and send him to fly his Sparrows in *Bridewell*. Here he had been so often used to Punny and Block, that it rather harden'd him in his Audaciousness; for when he was then working on Hemp, that precious Commodity by which he died, he still went on daily in his pernicious Courses, but not in a Morning; as saying, there was nothing to be got then but a few Tea-Spoons, and *China-Ware*: Nor would he often go Abroad by Night, because then Parlour-Shutters being lapped up, prevented his seeing what House could furnish him with a Parcel of Plate to his Mind. His hunting about for a Prey was always about Dinner-Time; not but that he would go out Morning and Evening, if a *Blow* was set him; that is to say, if any of his Society gave him Intelligence, that then there was an Opportunity of taking a Quantity of *Wedge*, which in the Thieves Language is *Wedge*, which would keep him and them for a Week, without going Abroad upon another Exploit.

And when that Money was gone, Exploits still went upon, till all the Country Towns and Villages within Ten Miles about *London* were sensible, that the Boy who play'd with the Sparrow they knew to be a Thief; whereupon he became so much noted, that he was then sent to *New-Prison*, and the *Gate-House* at *Windsor*; the Justices taking so much pity on his tender Years, as not to commit him

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him to *Newgate*, for fear of being spoilt though he was already spoilt to their hands. This Favour still encourag'd *Rhoderick* in his Villany, till at last he was committed to *Newgate*, whither he went Twenty Times afterwards; and being try'd upon a Matter of *Petit-Larceny*, for which the Jury found him guilty of Ten-Pence, he flung from the Bar a Shilling to the Judge, desiring his Lordship to give him Two-Pence for his Change; which Piece of Impudence caus'd him to be so well flog'd, that he never valu'd Whipping at the *Carts-Arse* after.

Playing his Pranks on t'other Side the Water in *Surrey*, he, with one *Jacob Letbert*, who is also hang'd, was committed to the *Marshalsea* Prison in *Southwark*; from whence by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* being removed upon a sham Robbery charg'd against 'em on this Side the Water, and no body appearing against them, they had the good Luck to procure their Enlargement; for these Youngsters were not so extravagant, but they deposited a little Bank against a Rainy Day, in the House of an old Tutor of Thieves, keeping a Publick House, not far from *Whitechapel* Church, else they had been sent out of the Land of the Living some Years before they did make their last Exit at *Tyburn*.

To hard Drinking he was not overmuch addicted; but for Gaming and Whoring he was a little Devil; 'tis said he had (as little and as Young as he was) a Wife too, who

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Nick-nam'd him *Man Tod*; her own Name, before she Bedded with him, and had lain with a Hundred Thieves of his Sex besides, as *Kate Smith*, the Daughter of a Hawker, born in *St. Giles's* Parish, where *Audrey* was, and got a great deal of Money, by pretending to be a Sempstress: Under which Cover going with an empty Band-Box in her Hands, early in the Morning to a Gentleman's House, and knocking at the Door, impudently asks the servant that opens it, whether the Lady is stirring, for she had brought such a Parcel of Lace and Muslin, as her Ladyship had bespoke of her the other Night. The Lady, *Madam Bite* knows not then stirring; and the Servant innocent-supposing her plausible Story true, brings her to the Parlour to tarry, till he or she goes up to acquaint the Lady of the Sham Sempstress sitting below; but before she receives an Answer from above, she rifles Parlour and Closets for what she can find fit for her Turn, and marches off. Though she has been condemn'd for it, she follows the same Trade still, and will not leave it off, till she can purchase a Seat in *Hide-Park-Corner* for Life.

But to return again to *Kate's* pretended Husband *Audrey*: as he was one Day, about Dinner-Time, walking with another through *Soho-square*, and carrying a great Parcel of Plate in his person of Quality's House, his Mouth sadly water'd at the glittering Sight; he could not pass by it with a safe Conscience; and holding Council with his Comrades about it, he thought

thought it impracticable to attempt the taking of it: However, young *Audrey* would not quiesce to his Opinion; have it he would; desiring his faint-hearted Comrade, who wore a Green Apron, to lend it him. he presently steps to an Oil-shop, buys Two or Three Boxes of Whiting, returns to the House he was resolv'd to Attack; and getting upon the Ropes falls to cleaning the Windows with the Whiting, and a foul Handkerchief, with as good an Assurance as if he had been the Butler, or some other Servant belonging to the Family. He was mighty handy about his Work, lifting the Sashes up and down, and going in and out to clean them, without any Suspicion of Peeping by, who could have no Mistrust of a man not dwelling there; till at last he cleaned the Side-Board of all the Plate, which he brought away in his Apron, to the Value of Eight Pounds.

Another Time young *Audrey* going thro' *Golden-Square*, in Company with the aforesaid Companion, and seeing a great many Silver Forks and Spoons, with other Pieces of Plate lying on the Dresser, under a Kirk Window, he and his Comrade falls a playing at *Pitch and Huzzel* just against it; and at letting a Halfpenny roll down the Window. *Audrey* was climbing over the Rails to get down after it; at which the Cook-Maid seeing, and telling him he should not come down nor have what was fell down; and he on the other Side, begging and praying for it, and

making the best of his way downwards, it put the fiery Cook-maid into such a Passion, that she runs up Stairs in a great Fury to beat 'em; in the mean Time, *Audrey's* Comrade put a Stick he had in his Hand through the Knocker of the Door, so that with all her pulling, and locking and unlocking, as thinking some Fault was in the Lock, she could not open it: But whilst she was in this Fatigue, *Audrey* was not idle, for he got the Plate out of the Kitchen-Window; saying, when he came out, *You B.B. B. Bitch*, (for he much stutter'd) *I have got it, and no Thanks to you*; which made her reply (though she knew not what he had got; in a propheticall Manner, *Ay, you young impudent Rogue, I'll warrant I shall see you hang'd*. But whether she did or not, I can't tell: however, if she did not, a great many Hundreds did for her; and must needs say, that he went very decent to the Gallows; being in a White Waistcoat, clean Napkin, white Gloves, and an *Orange* in one Hand, but no Book in t'other; though a great many, who could read no more than he, when they went to be hang'd would have a Book, to seem either Learned or Devout.

He would often upbraid his Two Brothers with the Meanness of their Spirits, in stealing such trifling Matters, which were not worth taking the Pains of carrying away; telling them, they were only fit to rob Orchards, Rocks, and Seas, of their Fruit, Pullen, and Pigs, at which they were pretty expert; especially

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cially his Brother *John*, who being a Tapster some small Time at *Highgate*; one Day an Ancient Widow in the Town, that had newly had a Sow pigg'd, in a Field not far from the Cottage where she dwelt, *Jack Audrey* happening to come by with some Puppies in his Lap, which he was sent to drown, spy'd the Sow and her young ones in a Ditch, to which he repair'd, and for his Three Puppies which he left, takes as many of the Pigs away with him to a private Place in *Cane-Wood*, where *Jack*, as often as he could in a Day, constantly resorted, and fed them with Milk, which he had learn'd to milk from the Cows that were feeding there by into his Hat, till he had brought them up to some Three Weeks Growth, still cutting their Hoofs to the very Quick, so that they could not run thence; and being not found out, no other Talk was had in *Highgate* and thereabouts, than of the strange and prodigious Birth of this Sow, every one thinking that she had Litter'd one half Pigs, and the other Puppies, which was universally look'd on as very ominous of some ensuing Disaster; nor was the same unriddled, till *Jack* having one Day Liberty given him to go to *London*, was catch'd driving them up to Town.

But as young *Rhoderick*, for Roguery, carried away the Bell from either of his Brothers *Jack* or *Will*, we shall still trace his Life; and shew how stealing a Box, and Plate, and Money, out of a House in *Red-Lion-Square*, he was taken in the Fact, and committed to

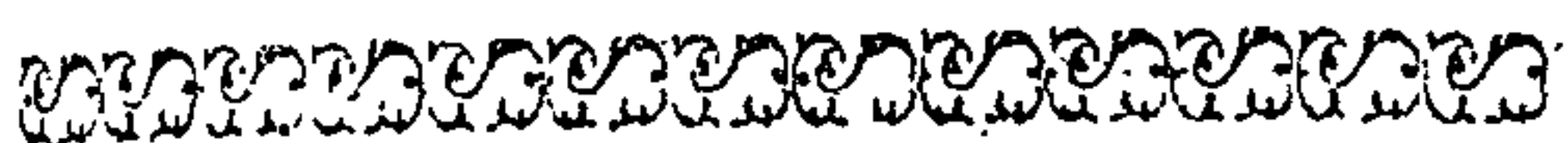
Newgate

Newgate; and when brought on his Tryal for the same, was burnt in the Hand, and order'd to hard Labour for Two Years, in *Bridewell* at *Clerkenwell*. Here he had not been above Six Months of his Time, before *Richard Keel*, *William Lowther*, and *Charles Houghton*, were also committed for Two Years; and being shew'd by young *Audrey* where the Keeper's Arms lay, the Three abovesaid Persons attempted to break into the Room where they lay, but were prevented in their Design: Nevertheless, they made a Riot, in which *Charles Houghton* was kill'd on the Spot, *Keel* lost one of his Eyes, and *Lowther* was desperately wounded in the Back; on the Keeper's Side, one *Perry*, his Turnkey, and Sutler to the Prison, was stabb'd through the Heart with a Penknife; and whilst this Engagement lasted, young *Audrey* broke into the Deceased Turnkey's Chamber, from whence he stole Twenty Pounds, and then found a way to break out of *Bridewell*; making Way also for Eighteen or Twenty more, who follow'd their Leader, but were soon retaken, excepting him, who skulk'd about Town Four or Five Months before he was apprehended, and that upon acting a fresh Piece of Villany.

Being now committed to *Newgate* for his last Time, his Thoughts were employ'd how to break out there too; using some few Stratagems, but was unsuccessful in all his Attempts. Here his chief Diversion was Eating instead of Fasting, Drinking instead of soberly Living; Gaming

Gaming instead of saving what he had; Whoring instead of preserving his Health; Swearing instead of Praying; and Damning himself instead of making a due Preparation for his latter End. When he came before the Bench again, they knew him very well by his Impudence, of which he had a good Stock; and being found guilty of Stealing, after his late breaking out of *Bridewell*, a great Quantity of Plate, Sentence of Death was past on him. Whilst he was in the Condemn'd Hold, he was no Changeling; for no more thinking of Hanging, than he did of his dying Day, he was rude, hindering other Prisoners that were under the same unhappy Circumstances, and would employ the short Time appointed for them to live to the best Advantage, from performing the laudable Exercises of Devotion. But yet he had so much Grace in him, as to own the Sentence past upon him was just, and confess'd above a Hundred Robberies in particular that he had committed; besides acknowledging his Commission of as many more which he could not call to Mind where. What he stole was (as abovesaid) Plate and Money to the Value of Two Thousand Pounds a Times; but so profuse had he been with it that he had scarce Money to buy him a Coffin. At last the fatal Day was come, in the Year 1714, when he was to go from hence, and be no more seen; then being convey'd in a Cart unpitied by all honest People to Tyburn, he seem'd there very loth to die; but no Relief

coming, which he expected to the last, in Consideration, to his Youth, he died to the sorrowful Tune of a Penitential *Psalms*, Aged but 16 Years.



JAMES BUTLER, *a Highwayman.*

James Butler was born at Kilkenny in Ireland, whose Parents were People of good Repute, and therefore were astonished at his early Exorbitance: for when a Child, he was continually beating his Companions; but above all, they durst not leave him alone, by reason of his natural Inclinations to Stealing. In the mean Time, he not brooking, as he grew up to Maturity, the Severity of his Father, whose Endeavour was to make him an honest Man, and being naturally Licentious, he was resolv'd to leave him, and follow the Wars, that he might have his boundless Humour. As he was ready to depart, he was a long Time deliberating under what Party he should serve, whether Queen Anne, or the late French King; but being a most Bigotted *Papist*, he was resolv'd to serve the latter. To facilitate this Design, as wanting Money, he Listed himself for a Soldier at Galway; from whence some

Men, which were Draughted out of his Regiment, and he among them, being sent to the *English Army in Spain*, he no sooner arrived there than he deserted to the *Spaniards*.

But our new Adventurer not liking the Fatigues of a Soldier's Life, he was soon weary of his Military Employment, and gives the *Spaniards* too the Go-by; but had first robb'd his Captain's Tent of a considerable Quantity of *Moydores*, and then travell'd into the farther Parts of that Part of *Spain* call'd *Andaluzia*. Here his Money grew short, and being put to his Shifts, he contriv'd many Ways for his Subsistence, but they did not answer his Expectations; so that then he began (having the *Spanish* Tongue pretty fluent) to make himself admir'd as a Man of another World, coming from the *Antipodes*; and giving People to understand, that he was chief Physician to the Great *Mogul*, and King of *Persia*: And as such a one he mounted the Stage, being in all Points indeed a most accomplish'd Mountebank, no Disease coming amiss to him, and pretending to Cure the very Incurable. Upon the Stage he so charm'd the People into Astonishment with his Babble, that he made them buy off amain his Drugs; and continuing (as he pretended) for the Publick Good, to Trumpet forth the marvelous Secrets of his Medicines; but above all, promising them strange Things, if they would take the Pains to come to confer with him at his Chamber: He was as good as his Word to
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a certain Lady that came to him for Advice upon some particular Occasion, shewing her, to her Cost, that his Fellow was yet unborn; for having first ravish'd her, he next robb'd her of Gold and Jewels to a very considerable Value, and Gagging and Binding her, took Horse and rid clear away.

His next Progress was into *Italy*; where his Pocket being at a low Ebb again, by losing his ill-got Riches at Play, when at *Venice*; to recruit it again, he sets up for a Conjuror; pretending that for occult-Philosophy, for a full Knowledge of the utmost Effects of Art and Nature, and for his sharp Insight in the Mysteries of the Superior Bodies; but above all, for an entire Command of the Infernal Spirits, no Mortal could ever yet attain to such boundless Ability. And then discovering himself to them, with a Thousand Injunctions of Secrecy, he offer'd to sell them Familiar Spirits, to shew them Spectrums and Demons in Glasses; to the Covetous he would promise, for such a Sum of Money paid down to him before-hand, to teach them to discover Golden Mines; to Kind-hearted Maidens, their as kind Sweethearts; and to Fops, and ingenious Triflers, the Philosopher's Stone.

But *James Butler* finding the Income of his Rhodomontades did not answer the Pains he took to cheat the Ignorant out of their Money, he Lifted himself in a Troop of *Banditti*, which are Robbers, who commonly kill all Travellers that unhappily fall into their Hands. He had

not been long in this infernal Crew; but as he was roving about the *Alps* for a Prey, they met with a fat lusty Fryar-Mendicant, who having a Bundle about him larger than 'tis usual for any of that Fraternity to carry, they examined into the same, and found it full of Gold and rich Jewels, to the Value of above 2000 Pounds; which great Prize they took from him; withal telling him, that such Things did not belong to any of his Order, who are bound to observe the Rules of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. Whether they kill'd him or not, is not certain, but he was never heard of afterwards. And in robbing him, was verifi'd the old Proverb, *Fallere fallentem non est fraus*; that is, *To deceive the Deceiver is no Deceit*; for what he had, being deliver'd to him by the late Queen *Mary*, Consort to King *James II.* to reposit for her at *Modena*, he had ran away with it, with a Design to have forsaken his holy Function, to live a Laick's Life in a Country where it was out of the Queen's Power to have call'd him to an Account for her Loss.

Of this Booty *Butler* had no great Share, as being but newly enter'd among the *Banditti*; which he resenting, left them. And one Day going to see a Man executed at *Florence*, amongst the Crowd he singled out a young Gentleman, well cloath'd, and of a good Mien; and enquiring of him for what the Prisoner suffer'd, *He hath kill'd*, answer'd he, *a Gentleman of great Esteem at the Florentine Court,*

as well for his Birth as excellent Qualities; and the common Report is, that he went even to his Bed, and there strangled him. At which Words Butler smiling, cry'd out, that he was a silly Rascal to suffer himself to be taken. For my part (continu'd he) should I ever have occasion to do the like, I defy the taking of me. The Gentleman at these Words look'd stedfastly on Butler; and observing in him the Countenance of a Rogue that dar'd do any thing, You seem to me (says he) to be a Person that would not baulk an Adventure, because dangerous: But the business which I shall propose to your Consideration, may be effected with small Hazard, provided you be secret, and follow my Directions. These Words at first startled Butler, as having never before had any Commerce with the Proposer. Yet notwithstanding, he fails not of giving him Attention; telling him withal (that he might the better sound him) that if he had any thing of Concernment to acquaint him with, they should withdraw, and discourse together without Witnesses. In saying which, they both walk out of the Crowd, and the Gentleman carries Butler to a Tavern where he was used to frequent; and there having conveniently seated themselves, and drank a Glass or two, offers him 500 Pieces of Gold, if he would undertake to murder an old Uncle of his, whereby he should inherit a great Estate. Butler likes his Proposals, and promises to kill his Uncle dead by Midnight: Upon which promise the Gentleman gives him

100 Pieces in Earnest, with a Promise of the rest when he had done his Work. They part thereupon, and *Butler* goes immediately to one of the *Banditti*, who was a Man as full of wicked Resolutions as himself, and ready at all Times to execute the most horrid Villanies; to whom he communicates his Design, and 50 Pieces, half that which he had receiv'd, and agree together concerning the Manner of the Murder. Wherefore at Eleven of the Clock in the Night they go to the old Man's House, and finding the Doors shut, they with their Betries and other Instruments forc'd them open and enter'd; and having with them a dark Lanthorn, they go softly up Stairs, and finding the old Man in Bed, they most inhumanly murder him; which having done, they put him in a Sack, and carry him each of them by turns directly to the Place where the Deceased's Nephew had appointed them. And having receiv'd the rest of the Money, they together dig a Hole, and throw the Corpse in it; which they had no sooner done, but these two bloody Wretches, fearing lest the young Gentleman should at one time or other discover them, fell upon him likewise, and kill'd him, throwing him into the same Hole with his Uncle. And at the same time *Butler*, whether beginning to mistrust his wicked Comrade, or being desirous to have all the Money to himself; yet so it was, that he fell upon him unawares, and treats him as the two others,

covering

covering him with Earth in the same Place; and so departs.

Having thus committed three Murders, and fearing Justice should overtake him, he flies out of *Italy* into *France*, and made the best of his way for *Paris*, where he soon became acquainted with a Gang of Thieves, in whose Company he Nightly committed several Robberies in the Suburbs of *St. Marcel*. Whilst he lay here, he had Notice of a young Gentleman of the Province of *Champagne*, who came on purpose to *Paris* for his Studies, and had brought a considerable Quantity of Money for his Maintenance. Whereupon he and some of his roguish Companions accosted him, and finding him of an easy and pliable Temper, they grew in a short time so well acquainted, that they must needs go to Dinner together, pretending themselves likewise Scholars. But before they went, *Butler* orders (mighty courteously) the Porter, coming from the Carrier's with his Trunk, to set it in his Closet; and lock it, giving the Gentleman the Key; which having done, they all set out from *Butler's* Lodging. When having din'd, they conduct him to the College of *Navarre*, and walk'd him up and down till they thought their Companions, to whom they had given another Key of the same Closet, had convey'd, as indeed they did, all the young Gentleman's Money and Cloaths away.

But *Butler*, beginning to be too notorious in *France*, comes into *Holland*, and riding towards

wards Night just out of *Rotterdam*, he overtakes a single Woman in a very genteel Garb young and fair, whom he accosted, enquiring how far she travell'd : I should, answers she, reach the *Hague* this Night ; but if the Evening comes on too fast, shall be willing to take up a few Miles short thereof, rather than venture there alone. To which *Butler* very jocundly replied, If, Madam, you please to take a Stranger with you for your Conduct, I assure your Ladyship I will see you safe thither. The Lady return'd her Thanks, and accepted his Offer, if the same would not be incommodious to him, of which he assur'd her the contrary ; adding, that he should think himself very happy in her Ladyship's Company, not only for that Day, but till she had reach'd her Home, if she pleased to admit him to that Favour. Well, Sir, says she, you are on your good Behaviour ; and according as you demean your self to Night, you may expect what you are pleased to term a Favour, will be easily conferr'd upon you. I doubt not, pursues he, but your Ladyship shall approve of my Service, tho' I cannot but fear I shall be as much put to it to resist your Charms, if you grant me no Encouragement, as the most enamour'd in the Sight of those fair Blessings they sigh after. Travellers, Sir, adds she, are free of their Favours ; and you need not fear that she whom you are pleased to accompany, is the most unkind of her Sex ; tho' I must limit your Pretensions to Civility, beyond which I never shall be

be induced to extend the same. Madam, says he, it will be hard in sight of the Haven to be barr'd an Entrance ; yet if your Pleasure prescribes me, I shall endeavour Obedience. But after many Compliments were pass'd on both sides, he did prevail with her to pass for his Wife at the Inn they were to put up at; upon promising by all the Vows he could imagine, that if she condescended to admit him that Night to her Side, he would be as harmless as the most innocent of her Sex. Alas! Sir, says she, it is as hard to trust as to deny you. So being come to the Place they design'd, after having a good Supper, the Lady pretending still great Modesty, Had I first known this had been the Issue of your Request, I should have avoided those Favours that gave Foundation thereunto. Dear Madam, pursues he, repent not your Kindness, which hath been so obliging to me ; and by all that's good, by your own self, I vow in the Presence of that Heaven that oversees us, you shall rise from me, if it be your hard Resolution so to do, as unspotted in your Honour, as if an Infant was nuzzled in your Bosom, which even my Hands shall never commit the least Trespas on. For once use your Commands with me, (replies the Lady) ; the Wife must obey her Husband ; but, Sir, remember, remember what you have promis'd, and let not my Morning Blushes retort the Falshood of your Evening Pretences into your guilty Eyes. To which he reply'd with all the Gratitude the Occasion seem'd to require, and
for

for Joy drinks 5 or 6 Bottles of Wine with his Host, who had order'd their Bed to be prepar'd, to which the Lady retir'd with her Hostess to fit her Night-Dresses, leaving them together till *Butler* was pretty mellow. So then he went to Bed, where he had no Reason to complain of his Lady's Reservedness; the Night hid her Blushes, and she with some little Opposition receiv'd his Embraces; with which he was so well satisfy'd, that Morning had almost discover'd it self before he fell to sleep; when, what with the Evening's Drinking, and the Night's Pleasures, he slept very soundly, which gave the Lady the favourable Opportunity of stealing softly out of Bed; and quickly arraying herself, she order'd the Chamberlain to bring her Husband's Portmanteau for some Linnen she wanted; and next commanding the Hostler to saddle her Husband's Horse mounts it before the Landlord was stirring saying to the Servants, she would return by that time he rose; which they not in the least suspecting, let her ride away. The Day was far advanc'd e'er *Butler* awak'd, so that he did not much wonder his Mistress by that time was got from his Side. His Landlord came up, and wish'd him a good Morning; adding, that his Wife was a very early Lady, for that she had rid out 4 or 5 Hours ago, to pay a Visit to a Gentlewoman a Mile or two off, but would be back again by Noon. Very pretty, egad, cries *Butler* to himself, I am fairly cullied out of my Horse; and began to ask for his Portman-

beau. 'Tis here in the Room, Sir, answers the Chamberlain; your Lady had it to take out her Linnen this Morning. Let me see it, says he; whereupon the same was brought much lighter than it was the Night before, by at least 2 or 300 Pieces of Gold. Ha! says he to himself, now I am at last out-trick'd; but however, I'll bear it, because my Landlord shall not ridicule me. And truly, we must needs say, that *Butler* could not much blame his Mistress, who had outwitted him, because it was his own Weapon which he daily us'd against Approaches of Necessity; and in short, the very same that had ever defended him against Adversity with, till he came to the Gallows.

The Biter being thus bit, he paid his Reckoning out of his Lady's Horse, which, without doubt, was worse than his own, or else she had made no Exchange; and with the Remainder of the Money for what it was sold, he brought himself to *England*, and came to *London*; where Poverty creeping upon him apace, he had the Impudence, in the Company of two more, to attack a Coach not far beyond *King's-Gate* in *Gray's-Inn-Lane*; but a vigorous Resistance being made by those in it they rid off as fast as they could. However, *Butler* was taken, and committed to *Newgate*; and being (as not having robb'd the Prosecutor) only indicted for an Assault, he was fin'd 100 Pounds, and before he got the Fine remitted, he lay in *Newgate* a Year; in which time he had a Child by one *Haverly*, a Debtor-Woman

Woman then in the same Goal above 7 Years, but is now at Liberty.

And *Butler* also procuring his Liberty again, he must still pursue his old Courses of robbing on the Highway, in Company of one *Nodes*, an Upholsterer's Son by *Fleet-Ditch*; but being so unsuccessful as to be taken near *Holloway*, they were both committed to *Newgate*; and taking their Trials at the *Old-Bailey*, they were both condemn'd for their Lives; and though great Intercession was made to save these unhappy Criminals, yet were they both convey'd to *Tyburn* in 1716, where they were both executed; *Butler* in the 28th. Year of his Age, the other aged 26; and the former of them was buried in the Church-yard of St. *Andrew's Holborn*, at the Charge of a lewd Woman, who maintain'd him all the while he lay under his last Confinement.

JAMES FILEWOOD, alias VILET,
a Snatch-Cly.

James Filewood, alias *Vilet*, but the former is his right Name, was born of very honest Parents in the Parish of St. *Peter* in *Cornhill*. His Father was a Poulterer, to which Occupation this unhappy Person, with two or three other

other Brothers, pretended originally to follow; but finding that the fiddling Work of scalding, picking, and gutting Cocks and Hens, and other Poultry, was not so beneficial as picking Pockets, they took up that Employment, as knowing there was their ready Money as soon as they had done their Work.

'Tis true this Fellow has suffer'd Death, but there are some of his Brothers deserve it more, one of 'em having been formerly condemn'd, but Mercy being ill bestow'd, the Fellow lives yet to do a great deal of Mischief; and another of them has been at *Old Bridewell* by *Fleet-Ditch*, where he was two Years at Hard Labour; which going hard against the Grain, he and some other Prisoners mutiny'd, with a Design to break out; but the Keepers and Blue-Waistcoat-Boys soon quell'd them. And in this rash Attempt, one *Isaac Rag*, a Prisoner then with him, and who was since an Evidence against *Will. White*, and another Person hang'd with him, for the horrid Murder of *Mrs. Knap* in *Jocky-Fields*, about two Years ago, had one of his Eyes shot out.

But to return to *James Filewood*. As soon as he had lifted himself under the Banners of Wickedness, he first went a *Clouting*, that is, picking Handkerchiefs out of Pockets; in which having pretty well improv'd himself, after he had been lock'd in a Horse-Pond, or pump'd, he next ventur'd to pick Pockets and Fobs of Money and Watches. To which Purpose, he gave his constant Attendance at the King's

King's going to the Parliament-House, the Lord-Mayor's Shew, the Artillery-Men making a Mock-Fight, Entries of Ambassadors, *Bartolomew* and *Southwark* Fairs, *Drury-Lane* and *Lincolns-Inn* Play-Houses, or any other Place where a great Concourse of People is drawn together upon any occasion; and to be sure he never miss'd going on *Sundays* to Church, tho' it was more to serve the Devil, than that Omnipotent Majesty, to whose Honour and Glory the House of Prayer is erected; and here he would, as well as pick Pockets, change an old Hat or two for a new one.

However, he was addicted to all sorts of Thefts as well as picking Pockets; for one Day meeting a Country Fellow driving a Cart betwixt *Edgworth* and *Watford*, in which he was fast asleep, *Vilet* very fairly takes the Horses away and sold them at a Fair in *Buckinghamshire*; but when the Fellow came to awake he was in a great Consternation, swearing that he had either lost his Horses, or else found a Cart, but he found the first Supposition truest to his Cost, for he was forc'd to serve the Farmer who own'd them, some Years without Wages, to make him some satisfaction for his Loss.

In the late Queen's Reign, *Vilet* being try'd at the Assizes at *Oxford*, for a Matter in which he was allow'd the Benefit of Clergy, being put to read his Neck-Verse, at which he was no Artist as being illiterate, a Student standing at the Bar, took so much Compassion as to in-
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trust him. The Words were, *Lord have Mercy upon us* : So he held the Book, and the Scholar bid him say after him : *O Lord*, says the Scholar ; *O Lord*, says Vilet ; and his Thumb being upon the other Part of it, the Scholar said, *Take away thy Thumb* ; says Vilet then, *O Lord, take away thy Thumb*. Quoth the Judge, *Legit, aut non legit, ut Clericus ?* And he that was appointed to answer, being pleased to favour the Criminal, reply'd *Legit ut Clericus* ; by which means he sav'd his Neck this time.

This Spark was a Cheat as well as a Thief, for one Day this *Vilet* meeting with another of his own Profession, nam'd *William Clark* ; Come Will (quoth he) *since we have so happily stumbled upon one another, let us take a Pint together*. A Match, says the other, so they went into a Tavern in *Holborn*. But drinking about a while, when they came to examine their pockets, they found themselves deceived, one thinking the one had, and the other thinking the other had Money enough to defray the Reasoning, when indeed both of them could make out above a Groat. Hang it then (said the Interpreter) we had as good be in for a great deal as little ; so they call'd lustily till it came to 5 or 6 Shillings, then looking out at the Window, as if they had been viewing the Descent, says one to the other, I have it now. Upon that, knocking, and desiring to speak with the latter, up he came. Sir, says Vilet, we came together about a mathematical Business, to measure from your Window to the Ground : I have laid

laid upon 13 Foot 9 Inches ; my Friend on 12 Foot ; and you are to be Judge that I slip not this Line (which was Packthread upon a piece of Brass, which Joiners and Carpenters use in Mensuration) *till he goes down, to see whether from this Knot* (shewing it him) *which is just so much, it reaches to the Ground.* The Vintner was content. . . The other Sharper being below in the Street, cry'd, *It did not reach by Eleven Inches.* Pray, Sir, said Vilet to the Vintner, *Hold it here, till I step down and see; for I won't believe him.* So down he went, telling the Drawer he'd paid his Master, and away they both scour'd, leaving their String for the Reckoning.

Once *Jemmy Vilet* having stol'n an Alarm Watch, stiffly deny'd it before the Justice, so that upon the slender Evidence he was discharged ; but before he got out of his Worship's Presence the Alarm went, and he was order'd to be brought back again, and search'd, at which he cry'd out, *O ! what hard Luck have I, that I could so easily baffle both Justice and Constable, and yet am trapann'd by the Watch* But for all his jesting, the Justice was in such good Earnest now, that he committed him to *Newgate*, and had he not so far made it up with the Prosecutor to throw in a Bill of *Ignoramus* at Sessions, he might have perhaps been hang'd then.

Once *Vilet* having been at some Country Fairs to see whom he might devour, he got a pretty deal of Money, but falling into Play with

with a Shoemaker at *Lincoln*, it was his misfortune to lose it, Cloaths and all, insomuch that he was forc'd to clad himself with *Crispin's* old Cloaths, and took also his Leathern Apron, the better to screen him from pressing, it being about Seven or Eight Years ago, by pretending to be of the *Gentle-Craft*, if question'd in his way to *London*. Also when he departed from *Lincoln*, the *Shoemaker* was so civil, as having won 40 or 50 Pounds of him, to put 20 Shillings into his Pocket to bear his Charges. With this he sets out to travel, and coming to a lone Inn on the Road betwixt *Grantham* and *Stamford*, he puts in there, and being so good a Customer as to spend Four or Five Shillings, the People provided him a good Lodging, and *Jenny* went to Bed betimes. It so fell out, that after he had been a Bed some time, they had several Guests came to the Inn, which took all their Lodgings, so that a Parson coming in very late, they had no room to lodge him; the Parson rather than go farther chose to accept of a Bedfellow; but there was none cared to be disturbed at that time of Night but *Vilet*, whom they took for a *Shoemaker*, as pretending to be to them, who was well enough pleased with the Honour of having such a Bedfellow. *Mary* being thus accommodated, and the Parson also, he soon fell asleep, and slept very soundly, being tir'd with the Fatigue of his long Journey; but *Vilet* having slept well before, had no mind to sleep any more that Night, but lay awake meditating Mischief;

and seeing the Parson had a great deal of Money in his Pockets, which he pull'd out upon the Occasion of paying for a Pot of Beer which he call'd for to make his Bedfellow drink, he was contriving how to change Breeches with him, well knowing his own Pockets were but thin-lin'd with that precious Metal. And after having resolved what he would do he gets up at the Dawning of the Day, and puts on not only the Parson's Breeches, but also all his Sacerdotal or Canonical Garments, finding they fitted him very well; and being rigg'd in those Sacred Habilliments, down Stairs he goes very softly, and calls the Hostler, bidding him bring his Boots, and make ready his Horse. Now the Hostler, not in the least mistrusting, but that *Vilet* being in that Dress was really the Parson, brought him his Boots, and ask'd him what Corn he must have? He told him half a Peck of Oats, which was accordingly given him; and *Vilet* was very uneasy till the Horse had eat them; but in the meantime, that he might be the sooner ready to go, he call'd to pay; and was answer'd he had paid all last Night but for his Horse. The Horse having eat up his Corn he was very much in haste to be gone; but the Hostler asking him what it was a Clock by his Watch, which he saw the Parson pull out the Night before, it put *Vilet* to a little stand, not having so far examin'd his Pockets as to know whether he had one or no, and therefore being loth to make a vain Essay, he answer'd that his Watch was

down, and so got upon his Horse, and giving the Hostler a Shilling, rid away as fast as he could; and it being Summer-Weather, he had a long Day before him. After he had rid a considerable way he examines his Pockets, and finds in them Six Guineas, Four Pounds odd Money in Silver, and a very good Watch; and having found himself so well provided, he rid away the more merrily, resolving to live well as long as that lasted.

But let us return to the true Parson, whom he left fast asleep in his Bed. About Seven in the Morning, it being in *June*, the Parson wakes, and going to bid his Bedfellow good morning, he soon found not only that the Bird was flown but also that he had flown a way with his Feathers; for he saw nothing there but some old Cloaths, which he supposed to belong to his Bedfellow; whereupon he calls for somebody to come up; but the Servants, who supposed it to be only the *Shoemaker*, ask'd him, what a Pox ail'd him to make such a Noise, and bid him be quiet, or else they'd make him quiet. This vext the Parson, and made him knock the harder; which made the Chamberlain come up, and threaten to thresh his Sides, if he would not be quiet. The Minister wondering at this rude Treatment, ask'd, where was his Cloaths? The Chamberlain (mistaking him for St. *Hugh*) reply'd, *Where the Plague should they be but upon the Chair, where you left 'em? Who the Devil do ye think would meddle with your Cloaths? They an't so much*

much worth I'm sure, you need not fear any body's stealing them. The Man's mad, I think replies the Parson : *Do ye know who you speak to ?* *Speak to,* says the Fellow ; *Yes, sure, think I do. If you did, you'd use better Words* says the Parson. *Better Words,* says the Man ; *my Words are good enough for a drunken Shoemaker. Shoemaker !* says the Parson ; *I am a Shoemaker, ' am the Minister that came in here last Night. The Devil you are,* replies the Chamberlain ; *I am sure the Minister went away soon after three a Clock this Morning* With that the Minister gets out of Bed in his Shirt, and taking hold of the Chamberlain's *Sirrah* (says he) *bring me my Cloaths, and my Money, and my Watch, or I'll break your Neck down Stairs.* With this Noise and Scuffle comes up the Master of the Inn, and some other of the Servants : who presently knew that was none of them who they took for a Shoemaker ; and upon a little Enquiry into the Matter, found that St. *Hugh* had made an Exchange with the Parson. Whereupon the Master of the Inn furnish'd him with a Suit of his own, and Money to bear his Charges, till they could hear what became of the Thief.

A little after this Transaction, *Vilet* was one Day going through the Alley which leads on by St. Peter's Church in Cornhill into Gracechurch-Street, where a Captain who was dressed in a very fine Suit of new Scarlet, being making Water, he comes behind him, and cuts a piece of one of the back Skirts, and then following

the Officer cries out, *Oh ! Sir, your Taylor has forgot to sew on a Piece to one of your Skirts.* The Gentleman looking upon it, said, *Hang the Taylor for a Son of a Whore, so he has.* He puts into the next Tavern in *Grace-church-Street*, not far from which happen'd to live his Taylor. He is shew'd up Stairs, and a Pint of Wine is carried up to him. In the mean time *Vilet* dogs him, goes into the Tavern, pretending to the People at the Bar he was a Servant to the Officer just gone in, and therefore before he went up to him, desired by all means they would be pleased to lend him a blue Apron, for his Master being a whimsical sort of a Gentleman, it was his Humour always to wait upon him in every Tavern he goes to with a Blue Apron. An Apron was lent him, he ties it on, and then going up Stairs to his pretended Master, asks him, but not in an extraordinary high Voice, *Whether he call'd ?* No (reply'd the Gentleman) *but hark ye me, Drawer, my confounded Dog of a Taylor, who lives hard by, has forgot to put a piece in one of my bind-Skirts ; do me the Favour to carry it to him, to put one in, and I shall give you something when you come back.* Yes, Sir, said *Vilet* ; so helping the Gentleman off with his Coat, away he comes down Stairs to the Bar, telling them that he was just going to his Master's Taylor, with his Coat to have an odd job done to it, and as it miss'd, his Master desired the Gentlewoman to lend him her Husband's Cloak to keep the Coat dry. Not

mistrusting any thing, the Vintner's Wife gave him her Husband's Cloak, with which *Vilet* went away ; and not returning in two or three Hours, the Gentleman was Staring and Swearing for his Coat, calling up the Drawers to know which of them it was that carried it to his Taylor. They told him it was none of them, but his Man that had it. He swore he had no Man ; which made the Woman of the House then begin to look after her Husband's Cloak, swearing his Servant had it ; and the Captain Cursing and Sinking that one of her Drawers had his Coat ; till at last beginning both to be cool, and enquiring more sedately into the Matter, they found that one cunning Rogue had cheated two that were really so to their Professions.

But *Vilet's* Thread of Villany being almost spun to an End, he went upon the new Lay of *Snatch-clying*, which is snatching Pockets from Womens Sides, and which Fashion bringing up has brought several to the Gallows. He was at length taken in an Exploit of this Nature, and though the Value he took from the Person did not come to Ten Shillings, yet was he convicted thereof ; and likewise upon another Indictment preferr'd against him by Mrs. *Francis Baldock*, for snatching from her a Pocket valued one Shilling, and in which was twelve Guineas, and two Pistoles. For these Facts he receiv'd Sentence of Death at Justice-Hall in the *Old-Baily* ; but no Report being given in to the King of the Malefactors then condemn'd
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the Sessions he was try'd, he remain'd in the Condemn'd Hold till another Sessions; when the Dead-Warrant being sign'd for Eight Criminals, he was one among them appointed for Death; and accordingly on the 31st of *October* 1718, he took shipping at *Newgate*, sail'd with a fair Wind up *Holbourn* River, and striking against the Rock of *St. Giles's* was cast away at *Tyburn*, in the 27th Year of his Age.

Tho' many are the Examples made in a Year of such Wicked Wretches, yet hanging being an easy Death, or as the Thieves themselves call it, *Half an Hours Pastime*, they do more dread the Gallows than they do the penetrating a Murder to screen their Villany from the Knowledge of Justice. 'Tis true, we have that merciful Compassion in *Great Britain* towards Offending Persons, as not to put them to such exquisite Pains and Torment; but if Thieves were to be so punish'd in this Nation, I believe the Terror and Fear thereof would make fewer than there now are. I do not come to direct the Parliament what Laws they shall Enact for the Punishment of Highwaymen, House-breakers, Foot-Pads, Shop-freys, Pick-pockets, Horse-stealers, or Thieves of any kind; but in my Opinion, any of those Offenders ought to suffer Death alike, or at least be sent, during Life, to dig and delve in the Lead Mines in *Cornwall*, or the Coal-Pits at *Newcastle*; which perpetual Labour they would count worse than Hanging. But since our Laws are so very favourable to Thieves, as

not to hang them for every Fact, it is necessary that honest People ought to know how to punish such Vermin to the very uttermost; which may be done two Ways: First, by bringing the Records against a Man or Woman, which (tho' the Fact he or she hath committed against the Prosecutor, would not be found otherwise than a simple Felony, that is to say, burning in the Hand) then would cause the Court to charge either guilty of Death; and tho' the Thief stands not upon Record in the Court where try'd, yet if he stands upon Record in any other County, you may produce the Records of another Place against him, in the Place where he is last prosecuted, and upon the same convict him. Secondly, If an Adversary is so compassionate as not to take away the Life of a Malefactor that wrongs him, but would otherwise severely punish him, then having prosecuted the Offender, who perhaps is found by the Jury guilty of the Indictment, to the Value of 4 Shillings and 10 Pence, or else guilty of *Petit-Larceny*, or bare 10 Pence; after he is burnt in the Hand, and suffer'd Hard Labour an appointed Time, or whipt at the Cart's Tail; as that is only Satisfaction to the Crown, and not the Subject, you may bring a Writ of *Trover* and *Conversion* against him, which in our Municipal or Common Law signifies an Action which a Man hath against one, that having any of his Goods, refuses to deliver upon Demand; for by Vertue of this Writ, you shall detain him in Goal till he makes good your Loss.