

*The Monks Sermon to a Gang  
Highway Men.*

THE  
THIRD VOLUME  
OF THE  
Compleat History  
OF THE

LIVES, ROBERTS, PIRACIES, and  
MURDERS committed  
BY THE

Most Notorious ROBERTS, &c.

From the Time of *Edward the Confessor.*

With the Famous Sermon Preach'd by BERNARD CAMPSON a MONK, to a Gang of Highway-men in a Wood near Maidenhead-Thicket.

Printed from the Original M.S. out of the B.O.D.  
LIBRARY in OXFORD.

Together with

The Continuation of the wicked Lives of HIGHWAYMEN, MURDERERS, FOOT-PADS, HOUSE-BREAKERS, SPOILERS, WATER-PADS, KIDNAPERS, &c. &c. &c. and the surprizing Adventures of several famous THIEVES down to the present Time. With the Thieves CRAMMER whereby the Art of Thieving, is fully detected. A Key to the Art of Thieving; newly discovered, whereby several secret Mysteries are unlocked, for the good of the Publick.

*Never before Printed.*

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Written by JOHN ALFRED SMITH.

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*Adorn'd with Cuts.*

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Printed for SAMUEL BELL, at the Bell-Savage on Ludgate-Hill; T. Warner in Pater-Noster Row, and A. Dodd without Temple-Bar. 1720.





# THE PREFACE.

**T**HE great Encouragement which the former two Volumes of the History of the Lives of the most notable Highway-men, and other Criminals have met with, obliges us to present the World with a Third; in which to make it more beneficial for the Reader, we have inserted several Things intirely new: As the *Thieves Grammar*, the *Thieves Exercise*, and the *Thieves Key*, which unlocks many Secrets, so very necessary to be known of honest People, that they may many times, by the Knowledge thereof, save both their Lives, Money, and Goods.

As I have said in the Prefaces in the other Volumes, that they were not publish'd to encourage Wickedness, so I stand to the same

a \*

## The Preface.

same Text in this ; it is not sent abroad to poyson People with ill Examples, but to discountenance Villany : For as there is no Company so savagely bad, but a wise Man may from it learn something to make himself better ; so is there no Book of this Nature, out of which a Man may not gather something for his Benefit. For Vice is of such an ugly Complexion, that she cannot chuse but teach the Soul to hate it ; so very loathsome in her own deform'd Dress, that like a Man faln in a Pit before us, she gives us Warning to avoid the Danger. So admirably hath God disposed of the Ways of Man, that even the Sight of Vice in others, is like a warning Arrow, shot for us to take Heed. When she thinks by publishing her self to procure a Train, God by his secret working, makes her turn her Weapons against her self, and strongly plead for her Adversary, Virtue. Of which take *Balaam* for a Type ; who intending to curse the *Israelites*, had enforced Blessings put into his dissenting Tongue.

This Piece of *Biography* sets forth the fatal Catastrophe of the most notorious Villains ever known in *Great Britain* for many Ages past, or any other Part of the Earth beside, who made a miserable *Exit*, thro' a natural Inclination to Idleness, which always learn Men to do ill, till they come to the Gallows, where, as, would they be but industrious, they might avoid being made shameful Spectacles ;

Indi

## The Preface.

Industry is never wholly unfruitful: If it brings not Joy, with the incoming Profit, it will yet banish Mischief from their Doors. There is a kind of good Angel waiting upon Diligence, that ever carries a Laurel in his Hand to crown her. *Fortune*, they said of old, should not be pray'd unto, but with the Hands in Motion. 'Tis the bosom'd Fist beckons the Approach of Poverty, and leaves beside the noble Head unguarded; but the lifted Arm frightens Want, and is ever a Shield to that noble Director. But the Age is come to that Pass now, that 'tis the Ambition of too many to climb up to the very *Zenith* of all Villainy; so that in Spite of executing the Laws against Thieves to the utmost Severity, we shall never see the Times of which *Juvenal* thus sings.

*Felices proavorum Atavos, felicia dicas  
Secula quæ quondam sub Regibus, atque Tribunis  
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam. Sat. 3.*

Which may be thus english'd.

*Happy were our Progenitors! those Times  
When Kings and Tribunes govern'd us! for Crimes  
Were then so seldom acted, that in Rome  
One Goal held Rogues, till they receiv'd their Doom.*

We here present you also with a curious Piece not easily to be met with, it being a Sermon preach'd by one *Bernard Sympson*, a *Benedictine*

## The Preface.

Monk, to a great Gang of Thieves in a Wood, in the Time of King *Edward* the Second, above 400 Years ago, and which is still preserv'd in the *Bodleian Library* in *Oxford*; but being in very old *English*, we have, without altering the Sense of the Preacher, adapted it according to our modern Idiom, or Propriety of Speech. Farthermore, give us leave to acquaint the Readers, that to make this Work as compleat as we can, we are upon a Fourth Volume; which will be very surprizing and entertaining, and then farewell to this Way of Writing, first undertaken for the Good and Service of our Country: So we shall conclude with hoping, that besides the Improvements People may make of these Pieces, by saving what they have from the Violence of Thieves, they may also take warning of other Mens Harms, by not pursuing the like evil Courses, which are allowing to a licentious Liberty; for where the Reins are given too loosely, the Affections run wildly on, without a Guide, to Ruin. Man's Will, without Discretion, that should add Limits, is like a blind Horse without a Bridle, that should guide him right; he may go fast, but runs to his own Overthrow, and while he mends his Pace, he hastens his own Mischief. Nothing makes us more wretched, than our own uncontrolled Wills. A loose Will fulfilled, is the Way to work out Sorrows: For besides this Folly in beginning wrong, the greatest Danger is in

Continu



## The Preface.

Continuance ; when like a Bowl running down a Hill, he is ever most violent when he grows nearest his Centre and Period of his Aim. These Follies are prettily shadowed in the Sports of *Aſleon*, who while he suffer'd his Eye to rove at Pleasure, and beyond the Pale of Expedience, his Hounds, even his own Affections, seiz'd him, tore him, and prov'd his utter Destruction. Therefore, let it be (by reading the Misfortunes of these unhappy Wretches here) your Vigilance to curb your beginning Desires, that they may not wander beyond Moderation ; if your own Will be a blind Conductor, good Precepts, to an ingenious Nature, are Bits that restrain, but never hurt.

I am,

Your Servant,

ALEXANDER SMITH.



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THE  
THIRD VOLUME  
OF THE  
*Compleat History*  
OF THE LIVES, MURDERS, ROBBERIES, and PIRACIES,  
OF THE  
Most Notorious ROGUES.

Sir GOSSELIN DENVILE, Kt.  
*a Highway-man and Murderer.*

**T**HIS Gentleman was born of very honourable Parents at Northallerton, a Market-Town in the North-Riding in Yorkshire. His Father was an eminent Knight, descended from an ancient  
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## 2 Sir GOSSELIN DENVILE, Kt.

ent Norman Family, that came over to England with *William* the Conqueror, who bestowed several Lands upon 'em in the North of England, which they enjoy'd successively for the Reigns of nine Kings, even to the time King *Edward* the First, when Sir *Gosselin Denvile* was born, and had a liberal Education bestowed upon him at *Peter* College in Cambridge, founded by *Hugh Balsame*, sometime Sub-Prior of *E'y*, and afterwards Bishop thereof, on two ancient Hostels, sometime belonging to the Brethren *de penitentia Jesu Christi*, by *Hugh Balsame*, sometime Sub-Prior of *E'y*, and afterwards Bishop thereof.

His Father being a godly religious Knight did design this his eldest Son for the Priesthood, as also his Brother *Robert*, who was brought up with him at the same College in Cambridge as *Gosselin*; and their three Sisters were become veiled Nuns of the Order of St. *Bridget* in the Bishoprick of *Durham*: But these two Sons being affected more with Love and Gallantry than a Monastick Life, and preferring Liberty before Confinement in cloyster'd Monasteries, they refused entering into holy Orders, to the no small Displeasure of their Father, who dying after his eldest Son came to Age, the Estate then coming into his Hands he liv'd such a riotous Life, making his Brother *Robert* a Partner with him in all his Luxury, that in less than three Years he had wholly consumed his Patrimony, which was about

## *a Highway-man and Murderer.* 3

about 1200 Pounds *per annum*, a very great Estate reckon'd in these times.

Now Sir *Gosselin* and his Brother being reduced to very great and pressing Necessities, they had no other way to afford themselves any Subsistence than by publickly robbing on the Road, sparing neither Rich nor Poor, Genteel nor Simple, whether of the Clergy or Laity; insomuch, that in a little time they became the Dread and Terror of all Travellers in the North of *England*, where they generally kept their Station, in Opposition to all Efforts and Means that were continued by the Country to take them. Their Valour and Conduct in their robbing on the Highway was much taken Notice of, and valued by other Robbers, who, when they were in any Danger, would always fly to them for Succour and Protection, so that in a little time their Gang began to be strong, that they almost bad Desiance to the *Posse Comitatus* of any Sheriff. Those that first joined Sir *Gosselin* were *Gilbert Middleton* and *Walter Silby*, with the Band of Rogues under their Command, who, when two Cardinals arrived in *England*, to make Peace betwixt the Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, and to reconcile unto King *Edward* the Second, *Thomas Earl of Lancaster*, and were come near unto the Town of *Darlington*, robbed them of their Treasure; however, the Cardinals went to *Durham*, where they tarried a few Days for an Answer of the



#### 4 Sir GOSSELIN DENVILE, Kt.

*Scots*, and then under the King's Conduct they return'd to *York*: But a little after the committing of this Robbery, there arising a Difference betwixt Sir *Gosselin* and *Gilbert Madder*, about the dividing a certain Booty which they had taken from a Nobleman as travelling towards *Lincoln*, the latter withdrew himself from the main Gang, and attempting to rob Passengers by himself, he was in a very little time apprehended in the Country, and being under a strong Guard carried to *London*, was there hanged.

Still Sir *Gosselin* kept his Ground, and when he and his Brother could not light with any Booty on the Road, as soon as they expected they would venture, with a good Body of Villains along with 'em, to break open Houses in the very Day-time, taking what Money and Plate they found in 'em, and killing any that should oppose their unlawful Practices; for Sir *Gosselin* being of a very desperate and bloody Disposition, he had kill'd above eight or ten Men and Women with his own Hands when at the same time he might have carried off his Prey, without committing any Murder at all. Nay, the very Monasteries did not escape his Outrages, which he would often rob, committing likewise Sacrilege in stripping the Altars in several Churches of the Plate; and breaking into Nunneries, he would not only take what was most valuable, but also ravish the Nuns; yea, he once set on

*a Highway-man and Murderer.* §

on Fire in the County of *Westmorland*, where-upon we have Reason to believe that the Laureat *Shadwell* grounded the Play of his *Libertine* on the Wickedness of this Sir *Gosselin*, but only adorn'd it with a foreign Dress, which was needless, since we have those in *England* that could in all Ages naturally act Villainy as well as any Rogue in *Christendom*.

One time Sir *Gosselin*, with his Brother, and a Gang of about 150 Highwaymen with him, meeting with one *Bernard Sympson*, a Dominican Monk, in a Wood betwixt *Marlow* in *Buckinghamshire* and *Henly* upon *Thames*, they robb'd him, without any Respect to his holy Function, of some small Matter of Gold, and then for Pastime forcing him to climb a Tree, they commanded him on Pain of Death to preach a Sermon to them, which he did *extempore*, to the great Approbation of Sir *Gosselin* and his Brother (who were Men of great Parts and excellent Qualifications, had they not been this Way most wickedly bent) that they returned the Monk his Money again, with some Addition of their own to it, and let him go quietly about his Business; and as soon as he was arrived at *Oxford*, he there committed to Writing the aforesaid Sermon, as well as his Memory, which was very strong, would permit him; and 'tis there repositèd to this Day in the *Eodlean* Library, as a Piece containing sound Divinity, and a great deal of Wit without Raillery.

*A Sermon preached by Bernard Sympson, a Dominican Monk, before Sir Gosselin Denville and his Gang of Highway-men in a Wood, in the Reign of Edward the Second, extracted from a Copy kept in the Bodleian Library in the University of Oxford.*

*Text. Luk. Chap. X. ver. 30.*

*A certain Man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among Thieves, which stripp'd him of his Rayment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.*

**T**Hese are the Words of our blessed Saviour, delivered to a Lawyer in a Parable, when he came to tempt him, by proposing this Question ~~unto him~~, *what shall I do to inherit eternal Life?* Luke x. 30. In the Context both preceeding and following the aforesaid Words on which I ground the Subject of my Discourse, the Lawyer is shew'd, that the Way to attain eternal Life, was to take every one for his Neighbour that needed his Mercy; and then the Love of a Neighbour was next described to him in the good Samaritan, who, when a Priest and a Levite had pass'd by this poor Man that was fell among Thieves, without having any Pity or Compassion on him, went and bound up his Wounds, set him on his own Beast, brought him to an Inn, and ordering the Host to take Care of him, provided



would to pay whatsoever it cost, for making the distressed Man well again.

Having explained the Meaning of my Text, I shall now proceed to a farther opening of it, by discoursing on the following Branches thereof.

- I. The Danger of taking a Journey.
- II From whom the Damage may be received.
- III. What the Danger is, which is twofold; either Loss of Goods, or Loss of Life, and sometimes Loss of both.

First, the Danger of taking a Journey. This is when a Man leaves a City to go into the Country, in the former of which are too many People to protect him from the Violence of ill designing Men; but on the Road, nay, if ever so little Way out of Town, the honest Person, thro' the Paucity of Travellers, or Obscurity of the Place, is exposed to the Insults of such profligate Wretches, with whom we should not accord in their unlawful Practices; and to this Doctrine the Royal Psalmist alludes, *When thou sawest a Thief, then thou con-versedst with him.* Psal. l. 18. Again, I say, if a Man goes but a few Miles from home, he is not sure of returning without being robb'd; for it was but to Jericho that this Man spoken of in the evangelical Parable went, which is but six Miles South-Eastward from Jerusalem; and that too which added to the favourable Opportunity of the Thieves rob-

bing him, was a Desert or Wilderness lying betwixt these two Places, which by the Inhabitants of the *Holy-Land* is called *Quarentena*, wherein great Thieving, and many Robberies are committed to this Day.

Secondly, From whom the Danger may be received. From Men, who out of Covetousness, Idleness, or wilful involving themselves in Ruine by Drunkenness, Gaming, or Whoring; from such Men as these (I say) turning Thieves, honest People are too often damnified and undone. Thus *Judas* hypocritically feign'd and pretended Charity and Care for the Poor; yet was he not really a charitable Man, or a Lover of the Poor, but a Thief, and a most covetous Wretch. Thus much one of the Evangelists witnesses. *Why was not this Ointment sold for three Hundred Pence, and given to the Poor?* Joh: XII. 5, 6, This he said, not that he cared for the Poor, but because he was a Thief; and had the Bag; and bare what was put therein. The covetous Man cannot be a true or faithful Friend to any: For whilst he loves his Money better than his Friend, what Expectation can there be of the Extent of his Liberality? In Adversity, and the time of Tempest, when he should be a Haven to rest in, and an *Alter idem*, he will either like the Crocodile seize on him in the Fall, and take the Advantage of his Necessities, or else out of a Loathness to lose any thing by his Disbursement, rather see him macerated by a  
confu-

consuming Want, than any way send him a Salve for Distress. Idleness is another Inlet to Thieving, by learning Men to do ill, by doing what is next to it, nothing. I believe *Solomon* meant the Field of the Sluggard, as well for the Embleme of his Mind, as the certain Index of his outward State : As the one is overgrown with Thorns and Bryers, so is the other with Vices and Enormities. When one would brag the Blessings of the *Roman* State, that since *Carthage* was raz'd, and *Creece* subjected, they might be now happy, as having nothing to fear : Says the best *Scipio*, We now are most in Danger, for whilst we want Business, and have no Foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the Mud of Vice and Slothfulness. This brings Men to Drunkenness and Gaming, till being ruined by one, and broke by the other, they turn Thieves to recruit their Pockets for the Commission of more enormous Crimes, especially Whoredom ; which is another Introduction to their dancing betwixt Heaven and Earth, as being unworthy of either.

Thirdly, What the Danger is, which is twofold ; either Loss of Life, and sometimes Loss of both, take these Hints. When an honest Man is attack'd by Thieves, having no Regard for his Person, they'll take what Money he has, or any thing else valuable about him, tho' perhaps it may be to the utter undoing of him and his Family, which is no less

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than a mortal Sin, when the thing stolen is of a considerable Value, or causes a notable Hurt to the Person wronged. Besides, should he make any Resistance in preserving his own, then is there, to add to their Sin, Showers of opprobrious Language cast on him, in whole Volumes of dire Oaths and Curses ; and after all, his Life is sacrificed to their implacable Cruelty, altho' it is expressly said, *Thou shalt not kill.* Exod. xx. 13.

Indeed 'tis a very hard Case for a Man to lose his Goods and Life too ; therefore the Laws of Man, as well as the Laws of God, have made all unjust taking away, or detaining that which is another Man's, a capital Offence, which is of three Kinds ; Simple-Theft, which is a Secret taking away of that which is another Man's ; Rapine, which is a violent open taking away, or keeping of that which is another Man's ; and Sacrilege, which is a Stealing of sacred Things, or out of sacred Places. The first and last of these Sorts of Theft are generally committed in the Night, as being the most proper time for acting such Works of Darknefs. If (says the Prophet) *Thieves come to thee, if Robbers by Night, how art thou cut off! would not they have stolen till they had enough.* Obad. v. 5. Thus our Saviour's last coming upon Earth is compared to a Thief's secret coming in the Night ; *The Day of the Lord* (the great Apostle of the Gentiles tells us) *so cometh as a Thief in the Night :* 1. Thess.



by BERNARD SYMPSON. II

v. 2. Parallel to which is this of St. John the Divine, *Beho'd, I come as a Thief*; Rev. xvi. 15. which is as much as to say, should it be paraphrased, Behold, I come at unawares. The other sort of Theft is frequently committed (as ye have now acted) in the Day-time, putting Men and Women into terrible Frights and bodily Fear.

But by the way give me Leave to tell you, Gentlemen, ye are not the only Thieves in the World, for others who too generally sin this way are Kings and Princes, by imposing unjust Taxes on their Subjects; Subjects, by not paying their due Taxes to their Princes; Buyers and Sellers, by deceitful Weights and Measure, or by exceeding the just Price of Commodities; Masters, by defrauding Servants of their Wages; and Servants by imbezzling their Masters Goods. To come to particular Tradesmen, and others, I must needs tell you, that Apothecaries and Taylors for unconscionable Bills, Butchers for blowing their Veal, Millers for taking Toll twice, Shoemakers for stretching their Leather larger than their Conscience, Surgeons for prolonging a Cure; Physicians for killing their Patients without fear of hanging, and Lawyers for taking Fees on both Sides, are all no better than Thieves, and such as they; *nor Covetous, nor Drunkards, nor Revilers, nor Extortioners shall inherit the Kingdom of God.* 1. Cor. vi. 10.

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What I have said brings me to the following Inferences. *Thou shalt not steal*, Exod. xx. 15. is a special Commandment written by God himself; but yet so little do ye observe this Precept, that altho' we have Laws to bring you to condign Punishment for the Breach thereof, yet will ye rob, spoil, plunder, gag, wound, maim, kill, bind Hand and Foot, and expose honest People to the Extremity of the hardest Weather; Courtiers too will rob Folks, that depend on 'em for Favours, of their time; and corrupted Judges both of Time, Money, and Justice. This is very hard! but considering the Age we live in, 'tis not to be wonder'd at, since as Arts and Sciences of Use and Morality admit of Increase, so likewise thole of Villainy grow up with them, the Devil being as industrious to improve his Followers in the Schools of Vice, as our best Instructors are in those of Virtue.

Men who follow these irregular Courses of Thieving, and robbing all People they meet, without any Respect of Persons, do voluntarily run the Hazard of an untimely Fate, which would not be only their own Sufferings, but the Disgrace of all their Friends and Relations. But if ye should not make your *Exit* at the Gallows, nevertheless may ye not die in your Beds, for perhaps meeting one time or other with Men as obstinate in defending what they have about 'em, it may be your Misfortune to be kill'd in your Encounter;

counter ; thus being cut off in your Sin, your future State must certainly be in a Place where Torments endure for ever. You are sent out of the World perhaps some Years before your appointed time, whilst he that signed your Passport for another World, still survives without being punish'd for it by human Laws ; besides, the Action of killing a Robber is justifiable by the *Levitical* Laws : *If a Thief be found breaking up, and be smitten that he die, there shall no Blood be shed for him.* Exod. xxii. 2.

Theft, under which Denomination may be also comprehended all Usury, Bribery, and Cozenage in Gaming, is so heinous in the Eyes of all honest People, that when a Thief is taken, they are ready to tear him in Pieces before he is committed to Goal : But we'll suppose he may reign in his Roguery some Years, e'er he feel any Corrections of Justice, what then ? He enjoys nothing without a righted Mind ; no, not so much as his Sleep : Conscience will dog him, go where he will ; and tho' pleasing Sins may make his Senses merry for a while, yet Horror after Vultures the unconsuming Heart ; and those which carry the most pleasing Tastes, fit us with the largest Reluctations. Ill Actions are perpetual perturbations ; the Punishment that follows is far more grievous than the Performance was delightful ; and the Guilt is worse than the Punishment. Certainly, ill gotten Gains  
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are far worse than Losses with preserved Honesty. These grate but once, the other are continually grating upon our Quiet. He Diminishes his own Contentment, that would add to it, by Unlawfulness; looking only on the Beginning, he thinks not to what End the End extends.

Why I'll tell you both; the Beginning of Theft is an Entrance into Prison, where Hunger, Thirst, Shackles, Bolts, Irons, and Vermin are your Companions; and the End is Hanging; unless 'tis your Luck to meet with an Adversary as favourable as *St. Edward the Confessor*, who seeing a needy Courtier come into his Chamber one Morning, as he lay in Bed with his Curtains drawn, and take as much Money out of his Coffer as he could carry, he suffered it twice without speaking; but upon his third coming, he reprov'd him of Covetousness, charging him to be gone, for if *Hugoline* his Treasurer should come and seize him in the Fact, he would be sure to stretch for it; and scarce was he gone when the Treasurer, who had casually left open the Coffer, came, and appeared in a great Consternation at the Loss; but the King bid him not trouble himself, for he that took the Money had most need of it.

From this Subject I shall again infer, that those of your Profession may perhaps think, that if they live never so wickedly in this World, they may nevertheless find, with the Peni-



Penitent Thief on the Cross, Mercy in the next; but they are greatly mistaken, unless they have (which is rarely or never found in 'em) his Repentance. Besides, who would hazard the Salvation of one's Soul by suffering an ignominious Death, *when cursed is every one that hangeth on a Tree. Gal. xiii. 21. Nay, he that is hang'd, is accursed of God. Alas! no Man always sins unpunish'd. Deut. xxi. 23.* Have we not seen the Vices of the aged Father punish'd in the Son, when he hath been aged too? I am perswaded there be few notorious Vices, but even in this World; have a certain Punishment, altho' we cannot know it. God, (for the most Part) doth neither punish, nor bless at once, but by Degrees and Warnings. The World, which is now so much Knave, that 'tis grown a Vice to be honest, is also so full of Changings, that 'tis rare for one Man to see the compleated Race of another. We live not long enough to observe how the Judgments of the justest God do walk their Rounds in Striking. Some of God's Corrections are in the Night, and closetted. Every Offence meets not with a publick Punishment; however (as I have before hinted) private Punishments sometimes gripe a Man within, whilst Men looking on the outer Face of things, see not how they smart in secret.

I shall now come to some few Exhortations, and then finish my Discourse. You must know

know then, that the Sin of Theft doth oblige you to make Restitution of the thing stolen to the right Owner, if ye be able, else your Sin will not be forgiven you. I speak not this in my own Behalf, but for the Good of your precious Souls ; and have the good Opinion of you, as to take you for such good-humour'd, generous, tender-hearted Gentlemen, who can tell how to shew a compassionate Honesty without a Spur. *All things whatsoever ye would that Men should do to you, do ye even so to them: For this is the Law and the Prophets.* Perhaps it may be objected, and said by some of you, that 'tis impossible for a Man to keep the Commandments. To which I reply, if you count it impossible to keep the Precepts commanded us in holy Writ, 'tis because ye are not willing to oblige your selves to the Observance of them, but had rather make God the Author of Sin, which is highly blasphemous; and justify your own Iniquities, by saying, ye cannot help it, than humbly acknowledge and confess your Sins, with Purpose to amend, by an Acceptance of the Law of God.

I hope what I here offer will work the same Conversion in you, as good Advice once did the Thief reclaim'd by St. John the Apostle; who after the Decease of the Tyrant, by whom he was banish'd to the Isle of *Pathmos*, returning thence to *Epheſus*, and being requested to go into the Countries adjacent, to ſet the Churches in Order, when he was come unto,

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in a certain City, and beholding a young Man of a goodly Body, gracious Face, and fervent Mind, among the Brethren, he turn'd his Face unto him that was appointed Chief over all the Bishops, and said, I commend this young Man unto thy Custody, with an earnest Desire, to take Care of him, as Christ and the Church bear me Witness. When the Bishop had received his Charge, he brought (after St. John was returned to *Ephesus*) the young Man home, and cherished him. But shortly after this young Convert became very dissolute, and perniciously accompanied himself with them of his own Years, idle, debauch'd, and acquainted with ill Behaviour. First, they bring him to sumptuous Banquets; next, they guide him in the Night to steal and to rob; and after this they require that he consent to the committing of other Offences: Thus he acquainted himself by little and little with all manner of Wickedness, plunges himself into a Bottomless Pit of all Disorder and Outrage. At length, despairing of the Salvation that cometh of God, being past all Hope of Grace, he practised no Toy nor Trifle, but once being over Shoes, he proceeded forward, and took the like Lot with the rest of his Companions; and a Gang of Thieves being gathered together, he became a most violent Captain over them, wholly bent to robbing, extream Cruelty and Murder. In the mean while, Necessity so constraining, the

the Bishop sent for St. John, who said, after he had declared the Cause of sending for him, O! Bishop, I require the young Man, and the Soul of our Brother, whom I committed unto thy Custody. The Bishop then looking down with a heavy Countenance, sobbing and sighing, said, he is dead. St. John ask'd, how? And, by what kind of Death? The Bishop answer'd, he is dead to God, for he is become wicked and pernicious, and in short, a Thief; for he keeps this Mountain over against the Church, together with his Associates. The Apostle then renting his Garment, and beating his Head with great Sorrow, said, I have left a wise Keeper of our Brother's Soul; prepare me a Horse, and let me have a Guide. He hasten'd out of the Church, and rode Post; and being come to the Place he intended, he is straitway taken of the thievish Watch; yet he neither flies, nor resists, but thus exclaims. For this Purpose came I hither, bring me unto your Captain; who in the mean while, as he was arm'd, beheld him coming: But when he saw his Face, and knew that it was St. John, he was stricken with Shame, and fled away. The old Man forgetful of his Years, with Might pursues him flying, and cries, My Son, why fliest thou from me thy Father, unarm'd and old? Tender my Case, O! Son, be not afraid, as yet there remains Hope of Salvation; I will undertake for thee with Christ, I will die for thee if  
need



need be, as Christ died for us; I will hazard my Soul for thine, trust to me, Christ sent me. He hearing this, first stood still, casting his Countenance to the Ground, next shook off his Armour, trembling for Fear, and wept bitterly. He embraced St. John, and coming unto him, answer'd, as well as he could for Weeping, so that again he seem'd to be baptiz'd with Tears. The Apostle, when he had promis'd and protested to procure for him Pardon of our Saviour, and pray'd and fallen upon his Knees, and also kissed his right Hand, now cleansed thro' Repentance, brought him unto the Church again. When that he had oftentimes pour'd forth Prayers for him, and struggled with him in continual fastings, and mollified his Mind with divers and sundry Sermons, and confirmed him, departed not before he had fully restor'd him to the Church, and exhibited a great Example of true Repentance, a great Tryal of a new Birth unto Righteousness, and a singular Token of a visible Resurrection from Sin.

Now, Gentlemen, if you would imitate this great Pattern of Conversion, and become new Men, by being good Christians, keep good Company, for we have no Enemy like bad Company; it kills both our Fame and our Souls: It gives us Wounds, which never admit of healing: And is not only disgraceful, but malicious. Was a Man a King, it could rob him of his Royal Majesty; for  
who

who would reverence his Sway, when, like *Nero*, he should Tavern out his Time with his Wantons, triumph with Minstrels in his Chariot, and with the buskin'd Tragedian, expose himself upon the common Stage? 'Tis like a Ship new trimm'd, wheresoever you but touch, it soils you : And though you be clean, when you enter, even a little Motion will fill you with defiled Badges. How many have ignominiously died, and have used their last Breath, only to complain of bad Company, as the Witch that had enchanted them to the Evils that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine wherewith the Devil is ever practising to lift Man out of Virtue's Seat. 'Tis the Spiritual Whore, which toys a good Man to his Soul's undoing. Certainly, if there be any *Dalilah* under Heaven, it is in bad Society. This will bind us, betray us, blind us, and undo us. Many a Man had been good that is not, if he had but kept good Company. But fearing I shall tire your Patience too much, conclude with this Scriptural Admonition  
*Let him that stole, steal no more.*

*Sir Gosselin* and his Brother *Robert* being now most notoriously noted, insomuch that great Parties of Horse and Foot too were forced to lie on the Roads for the Safeguard of Passengers, he and his Gang, to the Number of 200  
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desperate Fellows, put themselves into the Habit of Fryers, under which Disguise they still committed great Robberies and Insolencies, even not sparing King *Edward* the Second himself, whom meeting in a Progress to *Norwich*, and he taking them to be religious Men indeed, that were come to meet him upon some Petition or other, stopt with his Retinue to hear what they had to say; whereupon Sir *Gosselin*, as Chief of his mendicant Rascals, approaching his Majesty, told him, after some low Obedience made to him, that he was not in the least come to talk with his Liege about Religion, because that was a thing he never had any more Thoughts of than himself, but he was come to discourse him about secular Affairs, which was to lend him and his needy Brethren what Money he had about him, or otherwise they should put him to do very hard Penance, in Spite of all the Indulgences and Absolution he could procure of the Pope. The King finding it was vain to resist so great a Power with his small Attendance, which did not exceed above 40 Persons, gave what Money he had to Sir *Gosselin*, who afterwards took the Pains to search the Noblemens Pockets waiting on their Sovereign, and then left them to pursue their Journey.

The King was much enraged at this Insult of Sir *Gosselin Denvile*, issuing a Proclamation, wherein was proffer'd the Reward of 1000 Merks, for taking him dead or alive, 500 Merks

## 22 *Sir GOSSELIN DENVILE, Kt.*

Merks for his Brother *Robert*, dead or alive and 100 Merks for every one of his Accomplices that were taken alive, in Order to bring them to condign Punishment. These Premiums made honest People to watch their Waters very narrowly, insomuch that above 50 of *Sir Gosselin's* Gang were taken and executed in less than six Months; however, their shameful Ends could work no Reformation in their Captain, for he and his Brother still robb'd with the same Boldness as ever, insomuch that the Nobility and Gentry durst not reside at their Country-Seats, but live in Towns and Cities, to save their Lives and Goods. One time *Sir Gosselin* and his Brother, with their Confederates, went to the Bishop of *Durham's* Palace, which rifling from Top to Bottom, they left nothing in it to look on but the bare Walls, and the Prelate with all his Servants bound Hand and Foot stark-naked: And what Wine and other Liquors they could not drink, they let run about the Cellar. But a little after this, *Sir Gosselin* frequenting a lone Inn on the Road in *Yorkshire*, for the Sake of the Hostess, who was a very handsome Woman, and was very familiar with her when he pleased, in Spite of her Husband's Teeth: He to revenge the Affront of having his Bed defil'd, and for the Reward too that was offer'd by the Government to take him, acquainted the Sheriff of the County of his using the House, which being



## *a Highway-man and Murderer.* 23

one Night beset with 5 or 600 Men, when this bold Robber was carousing there with several of his Companions they assaulted it with great Fury, but before they could apprehend 'em, lost above 200 Men in the Attack, and then bringing Sir Gosselin, his Brother Robert, and 23 of their Comerades to York, they were there hang'd without any manner of Process or Tryal.

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## ROBIN HOOD, *a Highway-man and Murderer.*

**T**HIS bold Robber, *Robin Hood*, was (as some write, descended of the noble Family of the Earls of *Huntingdon*, but that is only Fiction, for his Birth was but very obscure, his Pedigree *ab origine* being no higher than from poor Shepherds, who for some time had inhabited in *Nottinghamshire*, in which County at a little Village adjacent to the Forest of *Sherwood* he was born in the Reign of King *Henry the Second*, and bred up a Butcher, but being of a very licentious and wicked Inclination, he follow'd not his Trade, but in the Reign of King *Richard the First*, associating himself with several Robbers and Out-

Out-Laws, as their Captain, because he was stout Fellow, and would never entertain any in his Fraternity, before he had made sufficient Tryal of their Courage, and Dexterity in using their Weapons.

He was an excellent Archer, and cou'd play very well at Back-sword and Quarter-staff but his Robberies were so many and great that several Petitions being lodg'd against him the King sent a good Body of Men to find him out, in Order to bring him to condign Punishment, but keeping in the Woods, there was no coming at him; besides keeping 100 tall Men in his Service, who were all good Archers. and whom he maintained with such Spoils as he got, 400 Men were they never so strong, durst not give them any Onset; moreover, he would only despoil and rob the Rich; the Poor he spared, and often reliev'd 'em with what he got of Abbies and Houses of Noblemen.

The chief Men of Courage and Bravery next to him in his plundering Retinue, were *Little John* and *William Scarlock*, whom he always took with him for his Seconds on any extraordinary Adventure; and one Day these Blades meeting with three of the King's Foresters, whom attempting to rob, a great Battle ensued betwixt 'em, in which the Foresters behaved themselves with a great deal of Courage and Bravery; but at length giv-

ing Ground, the Victory fell to *Robin Hood*, but because their Manhood was extraordinary, *Robin* was so generous as not to rob 'em, but gave them a Merk, which is 13 Shillings and four pence, to go and drink his Health at what Tavern or Inn they pleased in *Nottingham*, whither they were then going.

A little after this Rencounter, *Robin*, *Littlejohn*, and *Scarlock*, met with 15 Foresters, whom they ow'd a Grudge, for always endeavouring to kill any of the King's Deer, whereupon picking a Quarrel with 'em on the Road, from Words they came to Blows, which falling pretty heavy on *Robin* and his Companions, inso-much that they had like to have been worsted by the Superiority of Number, they bent their bows, and shot five of their Antagonists dead upon the Spot, whom they robb'd of what Money they had, as also the other ten that were surviving, then binding them to a large Oak, they left 'em there to shift for themselves as well as they could. The Noise of this fight made *Robin's* Name so famous all over the Country, that all grew fearful of him, not daring to go near the Place of his Abode, and would be in Fee with him, allowing him Money quarterly to pass and repass in Safety.

Another Favourite with *Robin Hood* was one *Arthur Island*, a stout Tanner, with whom he had a great Battle before he admitted him to

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his Society; a little after which Robin meeting a Butcher, and buying all his Meat and Marrow of him, which came to about six Pounds, he went to Market and sold his Bargain presently, making such good Pennyworths, that the People thought he had stole the Meat, which being now converted into Money, he puts it into an Inn in Nottingham, and treats all his Customers to Boot, to the Value of five Pounds, which coming to the Sheriff of the County's Ears, who was at this time in the same Inn, and taking him to be some prodigal Spark by whom he might make a Penny, intrudes himself into his Company, and after some short Discourse, asked him if he had any more Meat to sell? Not ready dressed, said Robin, but I have 2 or 300 Head of Cattle at home, and 100 Acres of Land to keep 'em on, which if you'll buy, I'll sell you a Pennyworth. The Sheriff snapt at his Proffer, and taking 400 Pounds in Gold along with him, away they rid together, but being surprized at the Melancholliness of the Place whither Robin had brought him to, he withdrew himself back again; but 'twas then too late, for Robin winding of his Horn, presently came Little John, with 50 of his Companions, whom their Captain Hood commanded to take the Sheriff to Dinner with 'em, assuring them that he had Money enough about him to pay his Snare, so accordingly getting a Collar ready for the Sheriff, after Dinner was over,



they led him into the Forest, and there took all his Gold from him, a good Part whereof he had borrow'd of the Inn-keeper, where he first met with *Robin Hood*.

Another particular Person whom *Robin Hood* entertain'd in his Retinue, was one *Gammell*, who killing his Father's Man, fled to him for Shelter; but some time after, he and three more of *Robin Hood's* Men being seiz'd at Nottingham, as they were privately merry-making, they were sent to Goal, and condemn'd to be hang'd; hereupon *Robin* sent a Petition to the Sheriff, whom he had but a little before robbed, to save their Lives, but he swearing that as they belonged to his Gang, they should be certainly hang'd, if there was never another Man in the County; on the Day of Execution *Robin* with his 100 Men went to rescue the Prisoners, whom, after killing the Hangman, they brought away with 'em.

A little after this Exploit, *Robin Hood* having Intelligence that the Bishop of Carlisle was on the Road going for London, he met him on the Southern Side of Ferry-Bridge in Yorkshire, and tho' the Prelate had near 50 Men in his Retinue, yet did *Robin* with only half a Score of his Gang attack his Lordship, putting his Servants to Flight, and robbing him of 8000 Marks; they then made him sing Mass, after which they lay'd him to a Tree, and left him to his more private Devotions,

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till he was released by the next Passengers that came that Way. But tho' *Robin Hood* had been guilty of several most notorious Robberies and Murders, yet hearing there was a shooting Match to be perform'd before the King and Queen, and several of the Nobility, in *Finsbury-Fields*, he and *Little John*, with one *Midge* a Miller, another of his out-law'd Companions, ventur'd *incognito* up to *London*, to see it. The Archers indeed shot very well, especially one *Clifton*, who would hit the Clout every time; however, *Robin Hood* and his Comrades would lay a Wager of 100 Merks that they would shoot better at the Mark than the best three of 'em all; which being taken up, the Queen seeing the Resolution of these Strangers, was incited to lay 1000 Pounds on their Heads against the King, also more Wagers were laid by the Nobles on both Sides, when *Robin* bending his Bow shot almost into the middle of the Clout, but he that shot against him did not come near him by a Span. *Little John* hit the black Mark in it, his Adversary was far enough from it; and then *Midge* the Miller pinn'd up the Basket by cleaving with his Arrow the Pin in two which was in the Middle of the Black, so that the Queen and all those that laid on her Side won the Betts; but when the King afterward knew it was *Robin Hood* and his Gang that had beaten his Archers, he was highly displeased

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and made a solemn Vow that he should be hang'd whenever he was catch'd : In Order then for the apprehending him, several Detachments of Soldiers were sent out in Pursuit of him in the Forest of *Sherwood*, of which having Intelligence, he privately withdrew himself into *Yorkshire*, from thence to *Newcastle* in the County of *Northumberland*, then into *Cumberland*, and *Lancashire* and *Cheshire*, and last of all to *London*, till the Heat of the Hue and Cry being over, and then he returned to his old Place of Rendezvous again, to the no small Joy of his Companions, who had been much dismay'd at his having been absent from them for about the Space of eight Months.

In former times the Kings of *England* had not Horie and Foot Guards as they have in these latter Reigns, but would travel the Country with no greater Retinue and Company than Noblemen. Thus King *Richard* the First taking a Progress into the North of *England*, *Robin Hood* hearing thereof, he was resolv'd to rob him, so taking 60 of his Followers along with him, they way-laid the King betwixt *Garrham* and *Newark*, and first attacking his Attendance, one of whom they kill'd for being obstinate in not surrendering what he had, they pillag'd 'em every one, and then coming up to the King, quoth *Robin Hood*, May it please you my Liege, we are Gentlemen that live by our Bows and Arrows, and some-

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times

times by our Scurra and Quarter-staffs, which we are obliged to use when People deny paying us Tribute, for the privilege of travelling thro' our Territories, which extend thro' Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lincolnshire; but my Liege, supposing you to be a Man of more Honour and Generosity than of make words for a Trifle, 'tis our good Opinion to you, that you will give us what Gold you have about you, without putting us to the Trouble of using any violence upon your Person. Hereupon the King seeing it was in vain to resist Robin Hood's Power, he gave him a Purse in which was about 100 Pieces of Gold; but swore, when he was got out of his Clutches, that he would certainly hang him whenever he was taken, so proceeded on his Journey to the City of York, where he tarried, before he went any farther, for his Queen to meet him there. Within a Week she set out after the King, of which Robin also hearing, clothed himself and 100 Men all in fine green Cloths richly laced with broad Silver Lace, and with white Feathers in their Hats; being then mounted every one on white Steeds, they met the Queen about the same Place where they had a little before robbed her Husband; but instead of robbing her Majesty, they paid her all the Homage, Reverence and Allegiance which becomes good Subjects, because she was one that always interceeded with the King to pardon him and



his Outlaws, for the apprehending whom he had issued out several Proclamations; and conducting the Queen safe thro' the County within four or five Miles of the City of York, they took their Leave of her, and retired home.

Robin Hood had continued in his licentious Course of Life for 20 Years, when being very sick, and then struck with some Remorse of Conscience, he privately withdrew himself to a Monastery in *Yorkshire*, where being let Blood by a Nun, he bled to Death, aged 43 Years, and was buried in *Kingslay*, with this Epitaph next on his Grave-Stone.

*Here, underneath this Marble Stone,  
Thro' Death's Assault new lieth one,  
Known by the Name of Robin Hood,  
Who was a Thief, and Archer good:  
Full twenty Years, and somewhat more,  
He robbed the Rich to feed the Poor,  
Therefore his Grave bedew with Tears,  
And offer for his Soul your Pray'rs.*





THOMAS WYNNE, a Housebreaker  
and Murderer.

**T**HIS notorious Criminal was born at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*, where when he came to be 15 or 16 Years of Age following Sea-faring Business, he continued in the Station of a Mariner for eight or nine Years, when coming to *London*, and habituating himself to ill Company, especially with lewd Women, he for the Support of himself and them in Extravagances, left no Villainy unperpetrated, and become so expert in Housebreaking and other sorts of Theft, that he was then reckoned the most notable Thief of that time, which was in the Reign of the most glorious Queen *Elizabeth*, whose Royal Lodgings at her Palace of *Whitehall* he once robb'd of as much Plate as came to above 400 Pounds, for which he was committed to *Newgate*, but her Majesty's Act of Grace then luckily coming out for

## *a Housebreaker and Murderer 33* \*\*

for all Criminals, excepting, Treason, Murder, and some other notorious Crimes, he had the Benefit thereof, and so obtain'd his Liberty.

But *Wynne* not making good Use of this royal Mercy, he still pursuing his old Courses till at last being in great Danger of apprehending, he got into the Service of the Earl of Salisbury, serving in the Kitchen in the Capacity of a Scullion, and whilst he was in that Post, he had the Impudence to make Love to the Countess's Gentlewoman, who admiring his Insolence, slighted his Amours with the greatest Scorn and Contempt; so that *Wynne* finding his Attack there was only Labour in vain, his Love was soon turned to such Hatred, that one Night lying on the great Stairs in *Salisbury House* in the *Strand*, before it was pull'd down, and as the Gentlewoman was coming from her Lady, when she had been undressing her for Bed, he runs his Head under her Coats, and getting hold of her *Tic queue* in his Mouth, she roar'd out like a Bull that was baited; he in the meantime pull'd and tugg'd at his Game as fierce and eager as any Mastiff, not in the least breaking his Hold, till some Servants came to the Gentlewoman's Assistance, who were forc'd to put a Stick into his Mouth to open it, before they could get him off her. The Gen-

the woman was put to Bed very ill, and a Report being made thereof next Day to his Lordship, he took upon him to be Judge in the Case, and order'd the Coachman then forthwith to strip him, and severely whip him with his Coach-whip, and from thence forwards he should be so whipt every Friday for the Space of a Year. *Wynne* bore this Punishment for four or five Times, but not liking it for a Twelvemonth's Constancy, he packt up his Awns and went off; but before he had a final Adieu to the Family, he was resolv'd to have some Revenge, so breaking open the Trunk of the Coachman that flogg'd him, he robb'd him of nine Pounds, the Master-Cook of 15 Pounds, his Lord of a Silver Dish, and his Sweetheart whom he bit at such an unmerciful Rate in the most tender and sensible Part, he robb'd of all her fine Clothes, and then brust off to seek new Adventures Abroad.

In the Time of this *Wynne*, Inn-keepers being not so sharp then as they are now, he would frequently dress himself in a Porter's Habit, having a Knot and Cord with him, and go to an Inn, where fixing his Eye on any Bundle or Parcel of Goods, or Trunks and Boxes, as soon as their Backs were turned, he would throw 'em on his Shoulders, and go away without the least Suspicion of any of the Servants, altho' they saw him making off:  
the



this Course he follow'd about two Years, in which time he got above 200 Pounds, which fell heavy on the Carriers, who were oblig'd to make good what they lost; but their being so often bit making them look better after what they were intrusted with for the future, he had no Opportunity of supporting himself any longer that way; so he follow'd his Wick- edness after other Methods. Thus one Day seeing a Man going out of his House, who was saying to his Wife at the Door that he should not be back again for five or six Hours, he dogs him to the Place whither he went, and going to an adjacent Ale house, there in Drink- ing of a Pint of Drink, learning the Name of the People who kept the House, he return'd back to the first Place, and getting after the same Manner the Name of the Man he dogg'd, he presently after went to his Wife, in the Nature of a Porter, and telling her, that he was come from Mr. *Such-an-one*, where her Husband on a sudden was taken so violent ill, that tho' there was an eminent Physician or two sent for to his Relief, yet 'twas their O- pinion he could not live an Hour at most. She fell out a Skrieking, and, after bidding the Maid take Care of the House, made what Haste she could to see him before he departed the World. The Place the Person reported to her he lived at, was at *White-Chapel*, and  
whither

whither he went to was at *Highgate*, to see a Relation ; the sham Porter pretending he had Business another Way, left her a little after they were got from home, and in less than half an Hour returns to the House again, into which finding an easy Access, as pretending her Mistress doubting it might be late e'er she might return back, therefore she need not sit up for her ; when he was in the Kitchen to eat something as she was going to give him, he suddenly knockt her down, then gagging her, bound her Hand and Foot, and rifling all the Trunks, Boxes, Chests of Drawers, and Cup-boards, robb'd her Master and Mistress to the Value of 200 Pounds in Plate and Money.

After he had reign'd about eight Years in his Villainy, and taking Notice that there was an old Man, who had formerly been a Linnen-Draper, and his Wife liv'd in *Honey-Lane*, by a Market of that Name, in *Cheapside*, and being rich, had left off his Trade, and liv'd on what they had, he had a long Time a strong Desire of robbing 'em ; so one Night breaking in at their House, he first murder'd the ancient People, by cutting their Throats in a most barbarous Manner, as they were asleep in Bed together, and then robbing the House of 250 Pounds, he went away with his Wife and four Children he had by her to *Virginia*.  
Next

*a Housebreaker and Murderer.* 37 \*\*

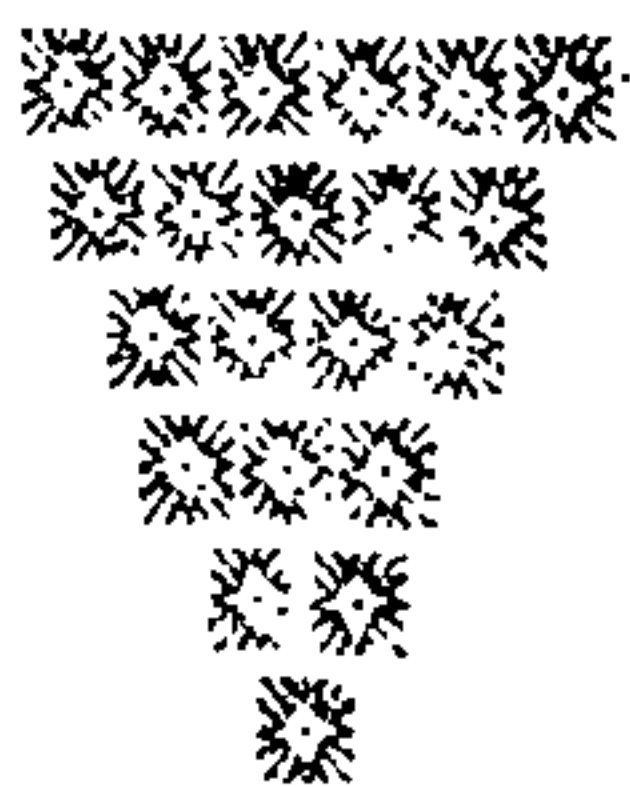
Next Day, the old People being not seen by the Neighbours to go in nor out as usual, and the House close shut up from Morning till Night, they were in an Admiration of the Meaning of it, so sending for a Constable they broke open the Door, and going up into their Bed-Chamber, saw to their great Astonishment and Horror the old People weltring in their Blood. A great Enquiry and Search then was made after the Murderer; and a poor Man, a Beggar having been observ'd to be walking to and fro about the Door, and sometimes sitting at it on the Bench, the Day before the Murder was committed, he was apprehended upon Suspicion, and being carried before the Alderman of the Ward, was committed to Newgate; afterwards being brought in his Tryal, tho' there was no other Proof against him than bare Circumstances, yet was he cast for his Life, condemn'd, and hang'd before the Door of the murder'd Persons, dying (as well he might, as you will hear by the Sequel of the Story) the Fact of which he was accused to the last Moment he was turn'd off; and after he was executed, he was also bury'd in Chains at Holloway.

All this while *Wynne* was safe enough with his Money beyond Sea, where he thrived exceedingly with his ill-got Money, which was the Price of innocent Blood: But having now  
been

been out of his Country 20 Years, and very desirous of seeing it once more before he died, and then return back again to rest his Bones in a foreign Soil, he takes his Leave of his Wife and Children, and Grand-Children too which he had, and came over to *England*; where being one Day at a Goldsmith's Shop in *Cheapside*, to buy a Parcel of Plate to carry over with him, whilst the Shopkeeper was shewing and weighing it, a great Uproar happen'd in the Street, thro' some Serjeants, who having arrested a Gentleman, and breaking from the Catch-poles, they were pursuing him, at which *Wynne* running out of the Shop, the same Way as the Mob ran, and those that were hindmost crying stop him, stop him, his Conscience striking him with Guilt, he made a Stand, and said he was the Man. You are the Man, said the People, what Man? He reply'd, the Man who had committed such a Murder in *Long Lane* 20 Years ago, and for which a poor Man had been wrongtully hang'd in his Stead. Upon this Confession he was taken into Custody, and being carried to a Magistrate, before whom he also own'd the same, he was committed to Newgate, and being try'd and condemn'd, he was also hang'd before the House where he had committed the Murder, and afterwards in Chains at *St. Mary's*. Thus the just Judgment of God at last over-



overtook him for his shedding innocent Blood, tho' a great many Years had been past and gone after the Commission of that Barbarity, so that he thought himself secured then from the Stroke of Justice ; neither was divine Vengeance wanting to punish his Wife and Posterity, as being privy to his Wickedness, and living upon the Reversion thereof ; for his Wife upon receiving the unwelcome News of her Husband's being hang'd in *England*, presently ran distracted, and shortly died in that condition : Two of his Sons were also hang'd in *Virginia* for a Murder and Robbery they had committed there ; and what Plantations he had purchased to divide among his Children and their Heirs, was seiz'd upon for the Queen's Use, as being forfeited by his Commission of Murder and Felony, so that his Posterity was reduced to Poverty and Beggary ever after, and died very miserable.



THOMAS



THOMAS WITHRINGTON, a  
*Highway-man.*

**T**HIS unhappy Criminal was the Son of a worthy Gentleman at *Carlisle* in *Cumberland*, who left him at his Decease a very plentiful Estate, which procur'd him a very rich Wife ; but she being false to his Bed, he in Revenge of her Falshood serv'd her in her own Kind, by keeping Company with all manner of lewd Women, till at last he had consumed his whole Patrimony ; and then to support himself in his Extravagances, he took to the Highway, committing all Outrages and Violence on the Road, to the great Dread and Terror of all whom he met, till reigning in this wicked Course of Life for six or seven Years in most Parts of *Eng'land*, he was at last apprehended in committing a Robbery betwixt *Atton* and *Uxbridge*, and sent to *Newgate*, where he liv'd a most wicked Life to the very Day of his Execution.

At the same time flourisht one *Jonathan Woodward*, and *James Philpot*, two most notorious Housebreakers, who in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, the Suburbs thereof, *Southwark*, and most Towns and Villages in the Counties of *Middlesex* and *Surrey*, had committed daily Robberies for some Years, for which they were sent to the *Marshalsea*, and condemn'd to be hang'd upon *St. Margaret's Hill* in the Borough of *Southwark*; but King *James the First* that Year coming to the Throne of *England*, they were both pardon'd upon an Act then put out for all Criminals, excepting High-Treason and wilful Murder. However, these Villains not making good Use of this Mercy, they still pursued their old wicked Courses, committing frequent Burglaries and Robberies, till at last being apprehended again, and sent to *Newgate*, they were try'd with the abovesaid *Thomas Witbrington* the Highway-man, at the Sessions-House in the *Old Bailey*, and with eight other Malefactors, were condemn'd, but these three being most notorious Offenders, they were only appointed for Death.

Whilst they were in the condemn'd Hold, they led most unaccountably wicked Lives, singing lewd Songs, talking all Lasciviousness, cursing, damning, and getting drunk every Day, insomuch that their Fellow-Prisoners,

ners,

ners, who not knowing they should be repriev'd, but must die an untimely Death as well as these most wretched Sinner, they would not permit to pray nor read any good Book, but impiously perswaded them, that if they should be all hang'd together, they should be all saved together, if they did but repent of their Sins but a Minute before they were turn'd off. *Withington* and his two Companions endeavouring to make them mistake the Way to Salvation, by often interpreting wrongfully this Text of Scripture, *At what time soever a Sinner repenteth him of his Sin, I will blot out all.* Ezek. xxxiii. 14, 16, Here the carnal *Christian* (like them) gathers, that he may repent when he will. It is true, whensoever a sinner doth repent, God will forgive; but the Text saith not, that a Sinner may repent whensoever he will, but when God will give him Grace. Many (saith the Scripture) when they would have repented, were rejected; and could not repent, *because they sought it carefully with Tears.* Heb. xii. 17. Luk. 24, 28. Furthermore, these profane Wretches to make the other condemn'd Criminals as bad as themselves, by hindering them from Piety, would delineate to them the evil Examples of great Persons; the Practice of whose prophane Lives they prefer'd for their Imitation, before the Precepts of



of God's holy Word ; saying, that when they  
saw the greatest Men in the State, and many  
of the chiefest Gentlemen in their Country,  
to take neither Care nor Conscience to hear  
Sermons, to receive the Communion, nor to  
fast the Lord's Sabbath, but to be Swear-  
ers, Whoremongers, and Drunkards, they  
too ought to think, that the using of these  
holy Ordinances were not Matters of great  
Moment, for if they were, such great and  
wise Men would not set so little by them.  
Hereupon, Mr. John Wilmor, the Ordinary  
then, told them, where they should (like  
*Cretians*) row against the Stream of Impiety  
towards Heaven, they suffer'd themselves to  
be carried with the Multitude, down-right to  
Hell, thinking it impossible that God will  
suffer so many to be damn'd. Whereas if the  
God of this World had not blinded the Eyes  
of their Minds, the holy Scriptures would  
teach them, that *Not many wise Men, after*  
*the flesh, nor many mighty, nor many noble are*  
*saved.* 1. Cor. i. 26. But that for the most  
*part, so many are called by the Gospel.* Joh. xi. 5. and  
*that all Men shall be saved.* Matt. xix. 23,  
24. *For so many are called, but few are chosen.*  
Mat. xxii. 14. Neither  
did the Mahometans ever save any from Dam-  
nation. As God hath advanced Men in  
Graces above others ; so doth God ex-  
pect

\*\* 44 THOMAS WITHRINGTON,

pect that they in Religion and Piety, should go before others; otherwise, Greatness abused (in the time of their Stewardship) shall turn to their greater Condemnation, in the Day of their Accounts. At what time sinful great and mighty Men, as well as the poorest Slaves and Bond-men, shall wish, *That the Rocks and Mountains shall fall upon them, and hide them from the Presence of the Judge, and from his just deserved Wrath.* It will prove but a miserable Solace, to have a great Company of great Men Partakers with you of your eternal Torments. The Multitude of Sinners doth not extenuate, but aggravate Sin, as in *Sod m.* Better it is therefore with a few, to be sav'd in the Ark, than with the whole World to be drown'd in the Flood. Walk with the few Godly, in the Scriptures narrow is the Path to Heaven; but crowd not with the godless Multitude, in the broad Way to Hell. Let not the Examples of irreligious great Men hinder thy Repentance; for their Greatness cannot at the last Day exempt themselves from their own most grievous Punishments.

This was the wholesome Counsel and good Advice which the abovesaid Ordinary gave these Criminals, but instead of giving Ear to what he said; and at the same time, which was in the fourth Year of the Reign of King

James

James the First, there was living one Mrs. Elizabeth Elliot, a Widow Gentlewoman, who had a very vicious Son, that had took to such wicked Courses about two or three Years before, that he was condemn'd to be hang'd, but thro' good Friends he was saved, and afterwards became a very good Man. In Acknowledgment of this royal Favour, taking Compassion on other unhappy Criminals, who were to suffer Death for the like Crimes, which her Son had formerly been guilty of, she being now on her Death bed, will'd 250 Pounds to the Parish of St. Sepulchre's in London, to find a Man who should for ever betwixt the Hours of 11 and 12 of the Clock of the Night before any Prisoners were to die, go under Newgate, and giving them Notice of his being come by a solemn ringing of a Hand Bell, should then put 'em in Mind of their approaching End, by repeating several godly Expressions, tending to instruct them in a true Preparation for Death; after the Bellman has done ringing, he says to the Prisoners appointed for Death, *Gentlemen, are you ready?* Who, from the condemn'd Hold, answering, *Yes*; he then proceeds thus.

*Gentlemen, I'm the unwelcome Messenger which brings you the fatal News that you must to Morrow die. Your Time is but short, the Hours slide away apace; the*  
*Glass*

<sup>\*\*</sup> 46 THOMAS WITHRINGTON,

‘ Glas runs fast, and the last Sand being up  
‘ on dropping, when ye must launch out into  
‘ boundless Eternity, give not your selves to  
‘ Sleep, but watch and pray, to gain eternal  
‘ Life. Repent sooner than St. Peter, and  
‘ weep before the Cock crows, for Repen-  
‘ tance now is the only Road to Salvation;  
‘ be fervent in this great Duty, and without  
‘ doubt to morrow you may be with the pe-  
‘ nitent Thief on the Cross in *Paradise*. Pray  
‘ without ceasing. Quench not the Spirit.  
‘ Abstain from all Appearance of Evil. As  
‘ your own Wickedness has caus’d all this  
‘ Evil to fall upon you, has brought the  
‘ Day of Tribulation near at Hand, so let  
‘ Goodness be your sole Comfort, that your  
‘ Souls may find perpetual Rest with your  
‘ blessed Saviour, who died for the Sins of  
‘ the World; he will wipe all Tears from  
‘ your Eyes, remove your Sorrows, and as-  
‘ swage your Grief, so that your Sin-sick  
‘ Soul shall be healed for evermore. I ex-  
‘ hort you earnestly not to be negligent of  
‘ the Work of your Salvation, which depends  
‘ upon your sincere Devotion betwixt this  
‘ and to morrow, when the Sword of Ju-  
‘ stice shall send you out of the Land of  
‘ the Living. Fight the good Fight of Faith;  
‘ and lay hold on eternal Life whilst ye may;  
‘ for there’s no Repentance in the Grave. Ye  
‘ have



have pierced your selves through with many Sorrows; but a few Hours will bring you to a Place where you'll know nothing but Joy and Gladness. Love Righteousness and hate iniquity, then God, even your God will anoint you with the Oyl of Gladness above your fellows. Go now boldly to the Throne of Grace, that ye may obtain Mercy, and find Grace to help in time of Need. The God of Peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole Spirits, and Souls, and Bodies, be preserv'd blameless unto the meeting of your blessed Redeemer. The Lord have Mercy upon you! Christ have Mercy upon you! Sweet Jesu receive their Souls! And to morrow let these poor Creatures sup with you in Paradise. Then the Spectators cry *Amen*.

Next Day on which they are to die, the bell in the Steeple is to toll for them; and under St. Sepulchre's Church-yard Wall, the Cart or Carts stopping, the aforesaid Man after ringing his Hand Bell again from over the Wall, shall then repeat again some other godly Exhortations to the Prisoners, which are follow.

And by the Bellman over St. Sepulchre's Church Wall.

Gentlemen, consider now you are going out of this World into another, where you  
' will

\*\* 48 THOMAS WITHRINGTON,  
 ' will live in Weal or Woe for evermore, make  
 ' your Peace with God Almighty, and let  
 ' your whole Thoughts be intirely bent upon  
 ' your latter End. . Cursed is he that hanger  
 ' on a 'Tree; but 'tis hoped the fatal Tree  
 ' will bring your precious Souls to an Union  
 ' with the great Creator of Heaven and Earth  
 ' to whom I recommend your Spirits, in the  
 ' your final Hour of Distress. Lord have  
 ' Mercy upon you! Christ look down upon  
 ' you, and comfort you. Sweet Jesus! re  
 ' ceive your Souls this Day into his etern  
 ' Rest. *Amen.*

And the three Malefactors abovementioned  
 were the first Persons to whom this Cere  
 mony was ever perform'd.



CAPTAIN EVANS

CAPTAIN EVAN EVANS, a  
*Highway-man.*

**T**HIS noted Criminal was born in *South-Wales*, and his Father, who kept an Inn at *Brecknock*, the chief Town in *Brecknockshire*, having given him good Education, put him Apprentice to an Attorney at Law ; but his vicious Inclinations, together with the Opportunity he has of corresponding with some Gentlemen of the Road, as such Rogues effectually call themselves, and who frequented his Father's House, he soon came to act in the same wicked Courses they follow'd, and in a little time became the most noted Highway man in the Parts, having made prodigious Booties of the *Witch* Graffers and others.

The Captain once happening to be under a Guard, who were conducting him to *Strawson* Goal, with his Legs ty'd under the Belly of the Horse, one of his Attendants had got an excellent Fowling-Piece, which was then loaded. and the Prisoner espying a Pheasant perching upon a Tree, with a deep Sigh expressed the Dexterity he had us'd formerly in such Game ; so humbly requesting the

C

Gun,

## 26 CAPTAIN EVAN EVANS,

Gun, that he might shoot at so fine a Mark the ignorant Fellow readily comply'd with his Request : But no sooner had the Captain got the Piece into his Hands, but he charg'd up on his Guard, and swore a whole Volley of Oaths he would fire upon them if they stirr'd one Step farther ; then retreating from them on his little Poney to a convenient Distance commanded one of them that was belted mounted, to come near him and alight, which being done, and the Bridle of the Horse hung on a Hedge, the poor Fellow was oblig'd to throw him his Pistols, and then was admitted to approach nearer the Captain, who presenting one of them at his Head, oblig'd him to loose his Legs, and retire to his Companions which when done, he soon left his little Scrub mounted the fine Gelding, and rid off.

The Captain then coming to *London*, the Country being too hot to hold him, upon his handsome Behaviour and Carriage, which was somewhat extraordinary, as likewise his Person, he got to be Clerk to Sir *Edmund Andross* then Governor of *Guernsey*, and continued there in that Capacity for three or four Years but Money not coming in fast enough in that honest Employment, to support his wicked Inclinations, he soon left that Service, return'd to *London*, and took a Lodging at the three *Neats Tongues* in *Nicholas-Lane*, where he pass'd for a *Guernsey* Merchant, or Captain of a Ship, and took his younger Brother *William F.*



as a Servant to wait on him, giving him a Livery, under the Colour of which he committed several notorious Robberies on the Highways about London.

One of his bold and daring Robberies was then committed on 'Squire Harvey of Essex, between Mile-End and Bow, in the Day-time, from whom he took a Diamond Ring and Money to a considerable Value, as he was riding home in his Coach from the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, the late Queen Anne having that Day honour'd the City with her Royal Presence.

Sometime after that, meeting not far from Hampstead with one Gambo! a Writing-Master, living in Exeter-Street, behind Exeter Exchange in the Strand, walking with his Wife, he made bold to command 'em to deliver what Money they had, which they very obstinately refusing, the Captain violently took what Money he found in their Pockets, which was about 3. or 4. Shillings, and for their Presumption of not being obedient to the Doctrine of Non-Resistance, oblig'd them upon Pain of Death, to strip themselves stark naked, and then tying them close Belly to Belly, with their Clothes by 'em, (for he did not take them away) bound 'em to a Tree, and cut off: But before he left 'em, he had chalk'd in great Letters just over their Heads on the Body of the Tree, that Gambo! and his Wife were Quakers, which is a sort of

28 CAPTAIN EVAN EVANS,  
Sect which teaches their Profelytes both Men  
and Women to pray in their Meetings, and  
perform other divine Services naked, which  
Posture they call the State of Innocency, and  
the Places they assemble in, Paradise.

Another time, Captain Evans and his Brother,  
with two other Persons, attack a Member  
of Parliament on Bagshot-Heath, as travelling  
in a Coach and six Horses, with three  
other Gentlemen in it, and no less than four  
Gentlemen on Horseback well arm'd, besides  
three Footmen, a Coachman, and Postilion.  
This honourable Person and the rest having a  
Jealousy they were Highway men coming to  
approach 'em, and with their Arms, as two  
Blunderbusses, a Carbine, and Pistols loaded,  
stood upon the defensive Part, which occasion'd  
a Field-Fight for above the Space of a Quarter  
of an Hour, several Charges and Discharges  
being made between them, but no other  
Hurt done but the Horse shot Dead on  
which the Captain's Brother William, and  
his Footman, rode. However, the Captain  
and the rest of his Accomplices being still desperate,  
the Parliament-Man drew his Sword  
and Evans his, and ventur'd to engage in a  
single Combat to save farther Bloodshed;  
but in this fairly trying their Skill, Evans  
disarming the other, generously return'd him  
his Sword again, accepting only of a good  
Horse to carry his Brother off, and what Money  
they pleas'd to collect among 'em; for  
which

which genteel Piece of Behaviour, that honourable Person afterwards endeavour'd. to save his Life.

Not long after this Exploit, Captain *Evans* meeting by *Silburn Warren* one *Wargent* a Bricklayer, and who for his vast Bulk might be term'd a *Coloss*, his vast Bigness at first put our Highway-man to a Stand, till approaching him nearer, he commanded him to stand, when narrowly searching his Head, and viewing his Back part, found by his having no Horns and Tail, that he was no Ox, as he first imagin'd him to be at some Distance, he ventur'd to search his Breeches next, in which he found a Silver Watch, and 17 or 18 Shillings in Money, which converting to his own Use, he ran out in Quest of another Prey.

One remarkable Robbery he committed with his Brother, was this; as he was traveling *Portsmouth Road* in *Surrey*, and meeting a Parcel of Headboroughs or Conitables conducting about 30 poor Fellows they had prest to *Portsmouth Garrison*, Captain *Evans* ask'd the Reason of them of their being lead so as Captives ty'd with Cords. The Officers told him they were for the Service, and that they had 10 Shillings for each Man they had so prest. He highly commended them for performing their Duty and rid off, but coming up with them again in a more convenient Place, he and his Brother attackt 'em with such fury, that setting all the Prisoners at Liberty

berthy, they robb'd all the Headboroughs of every Penny they had, and then binding 'em Hand and Foot in a Field, they made the best of their Way off.

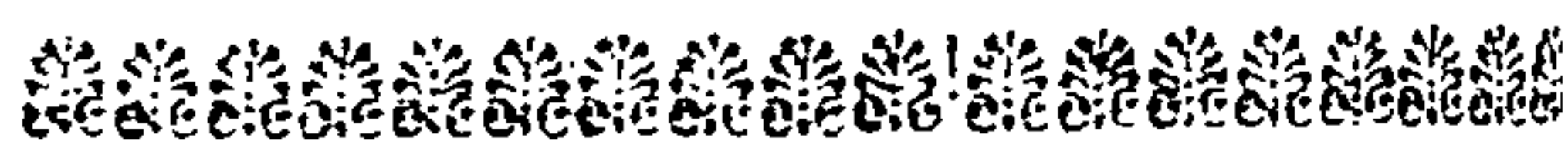
Another time, Captain *Evans* meeting on *Finch's Common*. one *Cornish* an Informer, and common Affidavit-man, he saluted him with the unwelcome Words of *Stand and Deliver*, or otherwise he would shoot him through the Head. Poor *Cornish* stood trembling like an Aspin Leaf, and heartily begg'd and pray'd that he would save his Life, tho' he took all he had from him; but if he did rob him, he was certainly ruin'd and undone. Quoth *Evans*, What a Plague are you a *Spaniard*, that you carry all your Riches about you? No, Sir (reply'd *Cornish*) I'm a poor honest Man, as all my Neighbours in *St. Sepulchre's* Parish know, belonging to the Chamberlain. Said *Evans* then, What Inn do you live at? Perhaps you may do me a Piece of Service, by informing of wealthy Passengers lying at your House, and if so, I shall generously reward you. Quoth *Cornish*, (Sir) I belong to no Chamberlains belonging to Inns, but to the Chamberlain of *London*, to whom I give an Information of Persons setting up in the City that are not Freemen, of Prentices not taking up their Freedom when out of their Times, and other Matters which come under the Cognizance of that Officer. Said *Evans*, D---n you, and the Chamberlain of *London* too, I thought all this while



while you had belong'd to some Inn, and so might have given me Intelligence in my Way of Business; so searching *Cornish* his Pockets in which he found but five Pence in Brass Money, he was so confounded mad, that he flung 'em o'er the Heath, and then severely caning him in the midst of twenty Good-nights and more, he mounts his Horse again, and rid off to seek a better *Home*.

Amongst the many Robberies which he committed, we shall now proceed to that which prov'd most fatal to him. He having Intelligence of the *Chester* Coach's coming with Passengers towards *London*, sent his Brother *William* the Night before to lie at *Barnet*, and to be in *Baldock-Lane* at a certain time next Morning; but the poor Lad happening to light on a Scotch Cheesmonger, who was travelling to *Edinburgh*, and he pretending to be going some Part of the Way on his Master's Occasion: they must needs lie together, and proceed on their Journey next Day, when being got into *Baldock Lane*, a Pistol, to the great Surprise of the *Scotchman*, was fired over his Head by the Captain (that being the Signal to his Brother) who soon commanded the *Scotchman* to lie by, and in Sight robb'd all the Coaches; then in Thunderclaps of Oath-riding up to his Brother and the *Scotchman*, he robb'd him of seven Guineas and two Watches, but by *Will's* Intercession, who

had lain with him all Night, return'd him his best Watch, and three Guineas to bear his Charges into his own Country ; for which generous Action the same *Scotlman* hang'd 'em both at the Assizes held at *Hartford* in 1708 the Captain aged 29 Years, and his Brother *Will.* 23. Several Persons of Quality, and others of no small Distinction whom they robb'd, would not appear against 'em, but rather endeavour'd to save their forfeited Lives



## THOMAS RUMBOLD, a Highway-man

**T**homas Rumbold, born of good honest Parents at *Ipswich* in the County of *Suffolk* was by them put Apprentice to a Bricklayer but not serving out his Time by two or three Years, his evil Inclination led him very early to follow irregular Courses, by which Means being oblig'd to abscond from home, and coming up to *London*, he soon got into a Gang of Highway men, with whom he often took a Purse on the Road, till at last he began to venture robbing Passengers by himself; and among the several Robberies he committed alone





alone, we have an Account of these following.

One time being informed that the most Reverend Dr. *William Sancroft*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, in the Reign of King *James the Second*, was to take a Journey from *Lambeth Palace* to the City of *Canterbury* aforesaid, he was resolv'd to way-lay him, and accordingly having a sight of his Grace betwixt *Rocheſter* and *Sitting-bourne* in *Kent*, he gets into a Field, and preſently ſpreading a large Table-Cloth on the Graſs, on which he had placed ſeveral Handfulls of Gold, he then takes a Box and Dice out of his Pocket, and falls a playing at Hazard by himſelf. His Grace riding by that Place, and eſpying a Man ſhaking his Elbows by himſelf, ſent one of his Footmen to know the meaning of it. The Man was no ſooner come up to *Rumbold*, who was ſtill playing very eager, ſwearing and ſtaring like a Fury at his Loſſes, but he returns to the Reverend Prelate and telling what he had ſeen, his Grace ſtep out of his Coach to him, and ſeeing none but him, asked him who he was at play with? *Rumbold* it quoth *Rumbold* (there's ſome *Pounds* gone; pray, Sir, be ſilent. His Grace going to ſpeak again, *Ay* (ſaid *Rumbold*) there's two *Pounds* more left: *Prithce* (ſaid the Archbishop) who art thou at Play with? *Rumbold* reply'd, with———. Quoth his Grace, with———! and how wilt thou ſend the Money to him? By

C 5

(ſaid



said Rumbold) his Ambassadors; and therefore looking upon your Grace to be one of 'em in Extraordinary, I shall beg the Favour of you to carry it him. Accordingly, giving his Grace about about 600 Pounds in Gold and Silver, he put it into the Seat of his Coach, and away he rid to Sittingtorn, to bait. Rumbold rid thither also to bait in another Inn; and riding some short while before his Grace, as soon as he had Sight of him again, he had planted himself in another Field, in the same playing Posture as he had before; which his Grace seeing as riding by, went again to visit this strange Gamester, whom he then took to be really a Mad-man. No sooner was his Grace approaching Rumbold, who had then little or no Money on his Cloth, but he cry'd out, *Six Hundred Pounds. What* (said the Archbishop) *lost again?* No, (reply'd Rumbold) *won, by G---d. I'll play this Hand out and then leave off. So, 800 Pounds more, Sir, won. I'll leave off while I'm well. And who* (quoth his Grace) *have you won it of?* of the same Person (reply'd Rumbold) *that I left the 600 Pounds with, before you went to Dinner. And how* (said his Grace) *will you get your Winnings?* Quoth Rumbold, of his Ambassador too. So riding up with Sword and Pistol in Hand, to his Grace's Coach, he took 1400 Pounds out of the Seats thereof, over and above his own Money, which he had intrusted in his Hands to give to ~~him~~—and rid off.

When

When *Rumbold* had got this large Booty, by playing with one whose Happiness it was never to see, without becoming a very good Convert indeed, he bought him a Place in *Oxford's Horse*, but did not yet leave off his robbing on the Road; and in Order for his better Advantages, he kept in Fee with most of the Hostlers and Chamberlains of the chiefest Inns in the Country, for 40 Miles about *London*: So that one Day having a Blow set him at *Calchrock*, that is to say, being inform'd that a couple of Travellers laying at a certain Inn in the abovesaid Town, he arose early the next Morning, and way-laid 'em in their Journey to *Reading*, so went before them to surprize them at *Maidenhead-Thicket*; but the Travellers being cunning, they had given out in Publick the wrong Road they were to go to; for instead of riding to *Reading*, they went to *Windsor*, so that *Rumbold* missing of his Prey, he was riding back again very melancholy, when meeting with his Colonel, the late Earl of *Arundel*, riding but with one Groom and a Footman, he clapt his Hair into his Mouth, to disguise himself for his intended Design, and attacks his Lordship with the terrifying Words, *Stand and deliver*, withal swearing, that if he made any Resistance, he was a dead Man. The Expostulations the Earl used to give at he had, were as much in vain as praying to walk a Blackmoor White; and he swore too, that since he must

lose

lose what he had, *Rumbold* should search his Pockets himself, for he would not be at that Trouble. Hereupon Mr. Thief commanding his Lordship's Servants to keep at above an Hundred Foot Distance upon Pain of Death, he took the Pains of searching his Colonel, when finding nothing but several Boxes and Dice in the Pockets of his Coat and Waistcoat, he began to rend the Skies, with many first-rate-Oaths, swearing also that he believ'd he was the Groom-Porter, or else some Gaming Sharper going to bite the poor ignorant People at Country Fairs, and Markets; till searching his Breeches, he found in them a good Gold-Watch, and six Guineas, he chang'd his angry Countenance into smiling Features, and giving his Lordship 18 Pence, bade him be of good Cheer, go up to his Regiment (then at *London*) as fast as he could, and do his Duty as he ought, and when he next met him, he would give him better Encouragement.

*Rumbold* was a very facetious, merry, comical sort of a Fellow, as appears by the following Relation. Being one time at an Inn in *Hackinghamshire*, and hearing how unmercifully the Hostlers would cheat the poor Horses of their Provender, he privately went into the Stable, and hid himself under the Manger. A little while after, the Hostler came also into the Stable, to feed *Rumbold's* Mare; and no sooner had he put the Oats and Beans into the Manger, and laid down his Sieve, but he

sweeps

sweeps 'em all into a Canvas Bag fixt under  
 one Corner of the Manger, just like a Net-bag  
 hanging under a Billiard-Table, and went his  
 way. *Rumbold* comes from his private Recess,  
 and went into the Kitchen again, when after  
 Dinner seeming to go away, and calling for  
 the Reckoning, he ask'd the Hostler, *What*  
*earn he had given his Mare?* He reply'd, all as  
 he had order'd him; nay, the Gentlemen he din'd  
 with, gave him bring it thro' the Kitchen. Quoth  
*Rumbold*, don't tell me a Lie, for I shall ask my  
 Mare gently. This Saying put all the strange  
 Gentlemen with him into Admiration; but  
 above all, the Inn-keeper ask'd him, if his  
 Mare could speak? Yes, said *Rumbold*. 'Tis (re-  
 ply'd the Landlord) impossible. Not at all  
 quoth *Rumbold* for when I was at the Univer-  
 sity of Leyden in Holland, I studied Magick, or  
 Black-arts; and afterwards it being my Mis-  
 fortune to marry a most prodigious scolding Wife,  
 and with her such an unquiet Life, that to be rid  
 of her, I, by my great Skill in the said Art,  
 transform'd her into a Mare: So fetch my Mare  
 and you shall see whether the Hostler has  
 the Mare. Accordingly the Mare was  
 fetch'd: when *Rumbold* striking her on the  
 side, she laid her Mouth to his Ear, thro'  
 which, just as the Pidgeon did to *Mahomet's*;  
 he now (quoth he) did I not tell you, Sir,  
 that the Hostler had cheated her. Why (said the  
 Landlord) what does he say? Say (quoth *Rum-*  
*bold*) that your Hostler has hung all  
 the



THOMAS RUMBOLD, 3

*the Corn in a Bag placed at one Corner of the Manger. Hereupon, the Landlord and his Guests went into the Stable, and searching the Manger, found the Bag of Corn in one Corner of it, for which he begg'd a Thousand Pardons, and presently turn'd the Hostler away. But you must understand, that the Innkeeper's Wife being likewise a very scolding Woman, and asking Rumbold whether he could turn her into a Mare too, upon assuring him he could, he gave him 50 Guineas. The Operation was immediately put into Execution with this Caution, that the Landlord, whatever he saw transacted, must not speak a Word for if he did, he would spoil all. So bringing the Woman into a large Room above Stairs Rumbold with a Piece of Chalk drew a large Circle on the Floor, in which placing himself and the Person to be metamorphos'd or transform'd into a Beast of Carriage, he made her unstrip to her Skin, then making her to lie on her Hands and Knees, he went to copulate with her Backwards; at which the Husband crying out (but would not venture his Carcase into the Circle, because several strange Figures and Characters were chalk'd round it) D--m Sir, hold; what a Plague! are you going to cuckold me before my Face? Why, (quoth Rumbold) look there now, you've broke the Power of my Charm by untimely speaking, so the Landlord was contented to lose his Money, rather than have his*

his Wife transform'd by grafting a Pair of Horns on his Head.

Not long after this Adventure, Rumbold meeting six of the Officers of his Regiment on the Road, put his Mask on, and after a very little Dispute, robb'd 'em of 150 Pounds; but the next Day being upon a Muster, and known again by 'em, he was call'd out of his Troop in Order to be sent to Goal; at which saying, *it would be his Glory for a single Trooper to be hang'd for robbing half a dozen commissioned Officers*; they for Fear of being branded with Cowardice, let the Matter drop without any Prosecution.

He was not, as Men of his Profession generally are, very lavishing of his Money, for he had got above 600 Pounds, which he put into a Friend's Hands, with a Resolution to improve it to the best Advantage, without venturing his Neck any more by robbing; but his Banker (which makes good the old Proverb, *To deceive the Deceiver is no Deceit*) running off with the Cash, he was forc'd to take to the old Trade of padding again, till he was like to have been taken at a Lodging in Golden-Lane, at the End of Red-Cross-Street by Barbican, but by a very narrow Escape getting free of his Pursuers, he still follow'd his wicked Course of Life, till he was at last apprehended and sent to Newgate.

Being afterwards brought to his Tryal at the Sessions-House in the Old-Bailey, he was condemn'd

40. THOMAS RUMBOLD,  
condemn'd, and whilst under Sentence of  
Death was particularly visited by one Mr  
*Downs*, who being formerly a Factor at *Vir-*  
*g-inia* and *Mary-land* in *America*, and doing  
some notable Exploits there very remarkable  
we shall here take Notice of one of 'em which  
is very remarkable. As he was one Morning  
very early riding abroad to take the Air, with  
half a Score *Negroes* by his Side, he espied a  
prodigious large Rattle-Snake, making a rat-  
ling with his Tail as loud as a Peal of Ord-  
nance. He stopt with the Slaves to see the  
Event; when going into a Field adjacent to  
the Road, it there got among a great Herd of  
Oxen, seven of which it presently devour'd  
whole. Now the abovesaid Mr. *Downs* being  
a Man of great Presence of Mind, bethought  
himself of a Fishing-Line he had then in his  
Pocket, which instantly pulling out, he ran  
up to this unmerciful Creature, and throwing  
the Hook down its Throat, as it was gaping  
for more Food, for it had not yet fill'd its Bel-  
ly, he caught fast hold on the last devour'd  
Ox, and with a sudden Jerk pull'd it out of  
the Rattle-Snake's Belly, at which it grew ve-  
ry angry; but Mr. *Downs* not fearing its Anger  
in the least, for he was a Man of an undaunted  
Spirit, he sent two or three of the *Negroes* to a  
Planter belonging to the Plantation, where  
this sad Havock and Destruction among the  
poor

poor Cattle was made to bring out his Dogs (which they have in those Countries for that Purpose) to bait this Rattle-Snake, which they kill'd in a short time, and ripping open his Belly, they pull'd out the other six Oxen, one of which being not quite Dead, was with a little Care restor'd to its former Strength and Vivacity, and did very well again.

But to return again to *Rumbold*, whilst he was in the condemn'd Hold, he began to have serious Meditations of his former ill-spent Life; and thro' the great Pains *Mr. Downs* took with him in his Melancholy Moments, he entertain'd good Thoughts about preparing himself for his latter End, earnestly requiring him, that he would vouchsafe the Favour of seeing him ride up *Holbourn* to make his last Exit at Tyburn. Accordingly *Mr. Downs* granted his Request, by not only standing in an Alehouse to see him go by, but also charitably call'd out to him, saying, *Dear Friend Rumbold, I wish you a good Journey*; which he took so kindly at his Hands, that he went with a great deal of Joy to the Gallows, saying, *That now he plainly saw, to his great Consolation, that his old acquaintance would not forget him to the last.* So he ended his wicked Life, aged about 46 Years, in 1697.

THOMAS





THOMAS SAVAGE, a Murderer  
and Thief, who was Twice hang'd  
at Ratcliff.

His unhappy Person, namely, Thomas Savage, was born of very honest Parents in the Parish of St. Giles in the Field, and betwixt 14 and 15 Years of Age, put Apprentice to one Mr. Collins, a Vintner, at the Shift Tavern at Ratcliff-Cross, with whom he lived but a very loose and profligate sort of a Life for about the Space of almost two Years.

Breaking the Sabbath (by his own Confession) was the first Inlet to all his other Vices especially Whoredom, Drunkenness, and Theft for frequenting a Bawdy-House in Ratcliff-Highway, he there became acquainted with one Hannah Blay, a vile common Strumpet, to whom he would often carry two or three Bottles of Wine at a time, to junket with her but that not satisfying her wicked Desire she often told him, that if he would enjoy her Company, he must bring good Store of Money in his Pockets, which he might easily do by robbing his Master. This (he reply'd) he could not do, because the Maid was always at home with him. Hang (quoth she) th

ade, knock her Brains out, and I'll receive the Money, and go any where with you beyond Sea, to avoid the Stroke of Justice.

This bad Advice she often gave him, and he happily took it on the very Day he committed the Murder; for being at her House in the Morning, and making him almost drunk with burnt Brandy, he went home betwixt two and one a Clock, and seeing his Master standing at the Street-Door, did not dare to go in that Way, but climb'd over a Back-Door, and got into a Room where his Fellow Servants were at Dinner. The Maid then upbraiding him with having been at a Bawdy-house, which would be the Ruin of him in the End; he was much vex'd at her, and while he was at Dinner, the Devil enter'd so strongly into him, that he was resolv'd with himself to kill her: So when his Master and all the rest of the Family were gone to Church, leaving only the Maid and him alone, he goes into the Bar and fetches a Hammer, with which knocking on the Bellows he sat by the Fire, the Maid chid him for making a Noise. He says nothing to her, but went to the Kitchen-Window and knocked there with the Hammer, at which the Maid, though saying nothing at all, he, to provoke her, walks on the clean Dresher-Board with his dirty Shoes forwards and backwards several times together; which Piece of Malice incensing the Maid to scold at him, he suddenly threw

threw the Hammer with such Violence at her that hitting her on the Head, she present fell down shrieking ; then he went and took up the Hammer, and laid it down again twice not daring to strike her any more ; but at last taking it up the third time, the Devil was great with him, that he gave her many Blows with all the Force he could, and quickly dispatch'd her out of the World.

The Villain having perpetrated this inhuman Piece of Barbarity, immediately broke open a Cupboard in his Master's Chamber and taking out a Bag, in which was about sixty Pounds, went out at a back Door far away to *Hannah Blay* again, who being inform'd by him what he had done, would have had the Plunder of his ill-got Spoils from him ; but he would give her only half a Crown, and then went away, without a Remorse of Conscience. But going to a Shop he sat down to rest himself, and then began to think on the horrid Deed he had done, willing that he could, with the Price of ten Thousand Worlds, if they were in his Power to give, recal the fatal Blow. After this, he was in so much Horror and Dread of Mind, that in every Step he went, he thought every one would come to apprehend him. He got that Night to *Greenwich*, where he lay, telling the People of the House he was going to *Greenwich*. When he went to Bed he could not sleep but arose thro' the Terror of a guilty Conscience.

perce, and walk'd about the Room for several Hours. Next Morning the Mistress of the House perceiving he had a large Quantity of Money, and not seal'd up, began to question him about it, doubting he came not by honestly; whereupon to avoid her just Suspicion, he told her, he was carrying it down *Greenwich*, to his Master, who was a Wine-cooper living on *London-Bridge*, and if she could not believe him, she might send to his Mistress, and in the mean time he would leave the Money in her Hands. This was agreed upon, and he wrote a Note himself to his Mistress, which was to be carried by some people who were then going to *London*, whilst he went his Way wandering to *Woolwich*, where he was in the Ship-Yard much about the Time the Hue and Cry came to *Greenwich* of the Murder committed at *Ratcliff*, by a Youth upon a Maid, who was his Fellow-servant, and that he had also robb'd his Master of a Bag of Money. Upon this News the Mistress of the House presently concluded, that it was the same Youth that had lain at that House, and thereupon sent Men forthwith to seek him, who found him sleeping upon a Table in an Alehouse, with a Pot of Beer by him. Here being seiz'd, he was brought back to *Greenwich*, to the House where he had lain that Night; where by that time he came, his Master and some Friends were present, who talking to him about the

Barba-



46. THOMAS SAVAGE,

Barbarity of the Fact, he was not much affected at first, but after a little while he burst into Tears. From thence he was carried back to Ratcliff, had before a Justice of Peace, and committed to Newgate.

Being now in safe Custody, he was visited by one Mr. Baker, who asking him if he was not sorry for the Fact, he said, wringing his Hands, with Tears in his Eyes, and striking his Breast, *Yes Sir, for it cuts me to the Heart to think that I should take away the Life of a poor innocent Creature; and that is not all, but for all that I know, I have sent her Soul to Hell. O! how can I think to appear before God's Bar, when I shall stand before me, and say, Lord! this Wretch took away my Life, and gave me not the least Space to return unto thee; he gave me no Warning at all, Lord. O! then what will become of me.*

He was also visited by Mr. Thomas Frankland and Mr. Thomas Vincent, who asked him, *he was the Person that murder'd the Maid?* To which he reply'd, *yes.* They thereupon endeavour'd to set his Sin home upon his Conscience, by telling him the Danger he was in, not only of Temporal Death, but Eternal without true Repentance and Faith.

The Day that he went down to the Sessions the Prisoners gave him something to drink which did disorder him; and Hannah Blay was heard to say to him, *Others have made you drunk to Day, but I will make you drunk to Morrow.* He much lamented it, and said, that it was

the Quantity he had drunk, but he did believe they put something into it, and was ever after afraid to drink in their Company.

After he had receiv'd Sentence of Death, he was visited by Mr. *Baker*; and the Saturday before his Execution, he said to the same Person, being also then with him, *Oh! my dear friend, come hither, and opening his Coffin, look here, said he, is the Ship in which I must launch out into the Ocean of Eternity; and is not a terrible thing to see one's own Coffin and burial Cloaths, when at the same time I am every whit as well as you? On the Sunday he expecting to be executed on the Monday, he desired to be alone, and spent it in prayer, and other religious Duties. The next morning he was to have been executed, the Sheriff's Men and Cart came for him, but the Sheriff of Middlesex not having Notice, it was deferred till Wednesday, when looking upon his Cloaths that he had put on to die in, he said, What have I got on my dying Cloaths? Dying Cloaths, did I say? They are my living Cloaths, the Cloaths out of which I shall go into eternal Glory. They are the best Cloaths that ever I put on.*

Being brought to the Place of Execution at *Stiff-Cross*, he made a short Speech, wherein he exhorted People both old and young to take Warning by his untimely End how they offended against the Laws of God and Man; then after he had said a very pathetick Prayer, and was breathing forth pious Ejaculations that,

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that drew many Tears from the Eyes of the Beholders, he was turn'd off the Cart, and struggled for a while, heaving up his Body, which a young Man, his Friend, perceiving to put him out of his Pain, struck him with all his Strength several Blows on his Breast till no Motion was perceiv'd in him, and after he had hung a considerable time, and to all Appearance dead, the People moving away, the Sheriff order'd him to be cut down; and being receiv'd into the Arms of some of his Friends, was convey'd into a House not far from the Place of Execution, where being laid on a Table, he began, to the Astonishment of the Beholders, to breath and rattle in his Throat, and it was evident his Life was now in him; whereupon he was carried to a Bed in the same House, where he breath'd more strongly, and open'd his Eyes and Mouth, tho' his Teeth was set before, and offer'd to speak, but could not recover the Use of his Tongue. But his reviving being known within an Hour, the Sheriffs Officers came to the House where he was, and convey'd him to the Place of Execution, hung him up again, till he was really dead; after which his Body was carried by his mourning Friends to *Islington*, and buried *October 28th, 1668.* being 17 Years of Age.

CAPTAIN

## CAPTAIN KID, a Pyrate.

Captain Kid, was born at *Falmouth*, a Sea-  
port Town in the County of *Cornwal*;  
his Parents making no considerable Figure  
in the World, they put this their only Son to  
get his Bread very early in the watery Planta-  
tions of *Neptune*; so being bound at Nine  
Years of Age to a Master of a Merchant-Man,  
he made his first Voyage to the *East-Indies*,  
from whence he return'd to *England* again in  
three Years; and when he serv'd out his  
time, married a young Woman in *London*,  
with whom he had about Four Hundred  
Pounds; and not long after Wedlock, picking  
up a Whore, (for he was a sad Fellow after  
his Mutton) and carrying her to the *Mermaid*  
 Tavern at *Sittinggate*, where, after drinking  
great Claret very plentifully out of a couple  
of Silver Boats, the Female Sinner told Kid,  
that she must beg of him to look out of the  
window whilst she made Water, for her Mo-  
rality would not permit her to do it before a  
man; he gratifying her in her Request, in  
the mean Time she ran down Stairs with the  
D Silver



Silver Boats, out of which they had before drank the hot Wine, and he was forc'd to pay for 'em. Afterwards going with a Merchant thro' *Thames-Street*, in the Way he said to him, it begins to rain, we had best take a Coach at *Tower-Hill*. Ay, (said a Gentleman leaning over his Hatch, and had heard how *Kid* had been serv'd ) a Coach will be much cheaper to you than a Boat.

But shortly after this Adventure with his Doxy, resolving to improve his Wife's Portion, he converted the Money into several Commodities, and to make a Venture of it beyond Sea. The Place he design'd for was *Barbadoes* ; but in his Voyage thither, being Shipwreckt not many Leagues from the desired Port, he that was worth above Three Hundred Pounds one Hour, was the next poor as *Job* : However, he and the rest of the Ship's Crew sav'd their Lives in the Long Boat, and reaching *Carlisle Bay*, they got ashore at *Bridge-Town*, from whence he found Means to get a Passage to *Port-Royal* in *Jamaica*, where seeing to what Excess the *Buccaniers*, or *West Indian* Pirates, both in delicious Eating, Drinking, and Whoring ; nay, some of them being so extravagant as to give Four or Five Hundred Pieces of Eight to a Strumpet, for sitting stark naked before 'em, he was tempted, thro' his pressing Necessities, to enter into the wicked Clan, under the Command of the most famous *Buccanier*, Captain *Henry Morgan*.

with whom setting Sail from *Jamaica*, they arrived not long after at the Isle of *St. Catherine*, situated nigh unto the Continent of *Costa Rica*, in the Altitude of Twelve Degrees and a half Northern Latitude, and distant Thirty-five Leagues from the River *Chagre*, between North and South. Here they made their first Descent, landing most of their Men presently after; and being now come to try their Arms and Fortune, they in a short while forced the Garrison that kept the Island to surrender, and deliver into their Hands all the Forts and Castles belonging thereunto, which they demolishing, went off afterwards with a great deal of Plunder and *Spanish* Slaves.

Returning then to *Jamaica*, and having soon spent there all their ill-got Riches, they, in a few Days, gathered a Fleet of Nine Sail, between Ships and great Boats, wherein were 600 military Men. After that all Things were in a good Posture of Readiness, they put forth to Sea, where Captain *Morgan* imparted his Design of attacking *Puerto Velo*, a City in *America*, situated in the Province of *Costa Rica*, under the Altitude of Ten Degrees Northern Latitude, at the Distance of Fourteen Leagues from the Gulf of *Darien*, and Eight Westward, from the Fort call'd *Nombre de Dios*. It is judg'd to be the strongest Place that the King of *Spain* possesseth in all the *West-Indies*, excepting *Havana* and *Cartagena*; nevertheless they attackt it, and by the means of taking

an Out-Centinel, with such Cunning, as he had no Time to give Warning with his Musquet, or make any other Noise, enter'd the City, of which, after great Blood-shed, they became Masters. This being done, the Buccaneers fell to eating and drinking, after their usual manner of Debauchery and Excess. These two Vices were immediately follow'd by many insolent Actions of Rape and Adultery, committed upon many very honest Women, as well married as Virgins; who being threaten'd with the Sword, were constrain'd to submit their Bodies to the Violence of those lewd and wicked Men. Next, having plunder'd all they could find, they began to examine some of the Prisoners, charging them severely, to discover where they had hidden their Money and Goods: But not being able to extort any thing out of them, as who were not the right Persons that possess'd any Wealth, they at last resolv'd to torture them. This they perform'd with such Cruelty, that many of them died upon the Racks, or presently after. In few Days more, the miserable Citizens gather'd, the Contribution of 10000 Pieces of Eight, to ransom the City from being burnt by the Pyrates, who then departed for *Cuba*; where making a Dividend of their Spoil, they found 250000 Pieces of Eight besides all other Merchandizes, as woollen Cloth, Linnen, Silks, and other Goods. With this rich Purchase, they sail'd again from thence.

thence to their common Place of Rendezvous, Jamaica; where being arrived, they pass'd some time (according to their usual Custom) in all Sorts of Vices and Debaucheries; spending with huge Prodigality, what others had gain'd with no small Labour and Pain.

Tho' others were so extravagant as to spend all they got with so much Danger and Hardship as they underwent; yet *Kid* was so wary as to keep a Penny for a rainy Day; and went next with Captain *Morgan* to *Maracaibo*, on the Coast of *Nueva Venyuela*, and landing there in Canoes and small Boats, they ran immediately to a Fort call'd *De la Baura*, which they found without any Person in it; for all were fled before them into the Woods, leaving also the Town without any People, unless a few miserable poor Folks, who had nothing to lose. As soon as the Pyrates had entered the Town, they searched every Corner thereof for Plunder; and deputed the Church for the common *Corps de Garde*, where they lived after their military Manner, committing many insolent Actions. The next Day after this Arrival, they sent a Troop of 100 Men to seek for the Inhabitants and their Goods. They returned the next Day following, bringing with them to the Number of 30 Persons, between Men, Women, and Children; and 50 Mules laden with several good Merchandizes. All these miserable Prisoners were put to the Rack, to make them confess where the rest of

D 3 the



*Spaniards.* Next Day they continued their March, Part of them by Land thro' the Woods, and Part by Water in the Canoes: But this Day they could advance no farther, by Reason they were necessitated to pass the River hereabouts, to continue their March on the other Side; so here they took up their Repose for that Night. The Seventh Day, in the Morning, they passed to the other Side of the River in the Canoes, leaving the Post where they rested the Night before, call'd *Santa Cruz*. Thus they proceeded on their Journey till Noon, at which time they arrived at a Village call'd *Cruz*; but found no Person therein nor any thing that was eatable, wherewith to refresh themselves, unless it were good Fire to warm them by, for the *Spaniards*, before their Departure, had every one set Fire to his own House, excepting only the Store houses and Stables belonging to the King. They had not left behind 'em any Beast whatsoever, either alive or dead, unless it were some few Cats and Dogs, which they immediately kill'd, and devoured with great Appetite. Next Day, i' th' Morning, Captain *Morgan* sent 200 Men before the Body of his Army, commanded by Captain *Kid*, to discover the Way to *Panama*, and if they had laid any Ambuscades therein. The *Spaniards* and *Indians* perceiving the Pyrates to descend an high Mountain, did so too, as if they designed to attack 'em; but being got into a Wood, out

of Sight of the Pirates, they disappear'd, and were seen no more, leaving the Passage open unto them. Next Morning, about break of Day, they continued their March, and shortly after came within Sight of the highest Steeple in *Panama*, near which City they encamp'd at Night. Next Day, betimes in the Morning, they put all their Men into convenient Order, and with Drums and Trumpets sounding, continued their March directly towards the City, where meeting the *Spanish* Forces, a sharp and bloody Engagement began between 'em. in which the *Spanish* Horse was all ruin'd, and the Foot put to Flight, insomuch, that 6000 *Spaniards* were kill'd in the Field of Battle. Then they went and assaulted *Panama*, which was deliver'd to them after the Space of 3 Hours Combat: The Inhabitants had caused the best of their Goods to be transported to more remote and occult Places; howbeit they found within the City as yet several Ware-houses, very well stockt with all Sorts of Merchandize, as well Silks and Clothes, as Linnen, and other things of considerable Value.

The same Day, about Noon, *Kid*, who was always of a cruel and mischievous Disposition, was commanded, with some others, to set Fire to several great Edifices of the City, which increas'd so fast, that before Night, the greater Part thereof was in a Flame. All the Houses of this City, which were 7000, were

were built with Cedar, being of very curious and magnificent Structure, and richly adorn'd within. There belong'd also to this City (which is also the Head of a Bishoprick) Monasteries, whereof 7 were for Men, and one for Women, two stately Churches, and one Hospital; and the Churches and Monasteries were all richly adorn'd with Altar-Pieces and Painting, and a huge Quantity of Gold and Silver, with other precious Things. The *Genese* had here a stately and magnificent House, belonging to their Trade and Commerce of Negroes, which was burnt to the very Ground, and also 200 Ware-houses, and great Number of Slaves, who had hid themselves therein, together with an infinite Multitude of Sacks of Meal. The Fire of these Houses and other Buildings was seen to continue Four Weeks after the Day it began. Now the Pyrates give themselves wholly up to Gluttony, Drunkenness, Adultery and Fornication, at which two last Debaucheries *Kid* was as active as any of his Companions in which Point, Captain Morgan, their Leader and Commander, gave them no good Example; for as soon as any beautiful Woman was brought as a Prisoner to his Presence, he used all the Means he could possibly, both of Rigour and Mildness, to bend 'em to his lascivious Will and Pleasure; for a Confirmation whereof take the following Relation of a Lady, whose Virtue and Constancy ought to be

be transmitted to Posterity, as a memorable Example of her Sex.

Among the Prisoners that were brought by the Pirates from the Islands of *Tavoga* and *Tavola*, there was found a *Spanish* Gentlewoman of good Quality, as also no less Virtue and Chastity, who was Wife to one of the richest Merchants of all those Countries. Her Years were but few, and her Beauty so great, as peradventure it may be doubted, whether in all *Europe* any could be found, to surpass her Perfections either of Comeliness or Honesty. Her Husband, at that present, was absent from Home, being gone as far as the Kingdom of *Peru*, about great Concerns of Commerce and Trade, wherein his Employments did lie. This virtuous Lady likewise hearing the Pyrates were coming to destroy the City of *Panama*, had abandoned her self from thence in the Company of other Friends and Relations, thereby to preserve her Life, amidst the Dangers which the Cruelties and Tyrannies of those hard-hearted Enemies did seem to menace unto every Citizen. But no sooner had she appear'd in the Presence of Captain *Morgan*, when instantly she was design'd for his voluptuous Pleasures and Concupiscence. Hereupon, he commanded they should lodge her in a certain Apartment by her self, giving her a *Negro*, or black Woman to wait upon her, and that she should be treated with all the Respect and Regard due unto her Quality.

D 5

The



The poor afflicted Lady did beg with Multitude of Sobs and Tears, she might be suffer'd to lodge among the other Prisoners, her Relations, fearing lest that unexpected Kindness of the Commander, might prove to be a Design upon her Chastity. But Captain Morgan would by no Means hearken to her Petition and all he commanded, in answer thereunto was, she should be treated with more particular Care than before, and have her Victuals carried from his own Table. This false Civility of Captain Morgan, wherewith he us'd this Lady, was soon after changed into barbarous Cruelty; for three or four Days being past, he came to see her, and entertain'd her with dishonest and lascivious Discourses, opening unto her his ardent Desires of enjoying the Accomplishment of his Lust. The virtuous Lady constantly repuls'd him, with all the Civility imaginable, and many humble and modest Expressions of her Mind: But Captain Morgan still persisted in his disorderly Request, presenting her with much Pearl, Gold, and all that he had got that was precious and valuable in that Voyage. But the Lady being in no Manner willing to consent thereunto, nor accept his Presents, and shewing herself in all Respects, like unto *Susannah* for Constancy, he presently chang'd Note, and began to speak unto her in another Tone, threatening her with a thousand Cruelties and hard Usages at his Hands. Unto all these things,

Things she gave this resolute and positive Answer, than which, no other could be extorted from her: Sir, *my Life is in your Hands ; but as to my Body, in Relation to that which you could perswade me unto, my Soul shall sooner be separated from it, thro' the Violence of your Arms, than I shall condescend to your Request.* No sooner had Captain Morgan understood this Heroick Resolution of her Mind, but he commanded her to be stript of the best of her Apparel, and imprison'd in a darksom and stinking Cellar. Here she had allow'd her an extream small Quantity of Meat and Drink, wherein she had much ado to sustain her Life for few Days. Under this Hardship, the constant and virtuous Lady ceased not to pray daily unto God Almighty, for a Constancy and Patience against the Cruelties of Captain Morgan; who, on the 24th of February, 1671, departed from the City of *Panama*, or rather from the Place where the said City of *Panama* did stand. The Spoil he carried with him, were 175 Beasts of Carriage, laden with Silver, Gold, and other precious Things, besides 600 Prisoners, Men, Women, and Children, guarded by one Party of the Pyrates marching in the Van, the Captives being in the Centre, and the other Party of Pyrates in the Rear. Among these miserable Wretches was a beautiful and virtuous Lady abovementioned, led Prisoner by her self betwixt two Pyrates. Her Lamentations now did pierce the Skies,

Skies, seeing her self carrying away into Foreign Captivity, often crying unto the Pyrat and telling them, *That she had given Order unto two religious Persons, in whom she had relied, go unto a certain Place, and fetch so much Money as her Ransom did amount unto: That they had promised faithfully to do it: But having obtained the said Money, instead of bringing it unto her, they had employ'd it in their War, to ransom some of their own, and particular Friends.* Till Action of theirs was discovered by a Slave who brought a Letter unto the said Lady and her Complaints, and the Cause thereof being brought unto the Ears of Captain Morgan, he thought fit 'o enquire thereinto. Having found the thing to be true, especially hearing it confirmed by the Confession of the said religious Men, tho' under some frivolous Excuses, of having diverted the Money for a Day or two, within which time they expected more Sums to repay it; he gave Liberty unto the said Lady, whom otherwise he design'd to transport to *Jamaica*. But in the mean while he detain'd the said religious Men as Prisoners in her Place, using them according to the Deserts of their incompassionate Intrigues: But they were ransom'd the next Days after their Imprisonment, by other Persons, who had more Compassion for their Condition, than they had shew'd for hers.

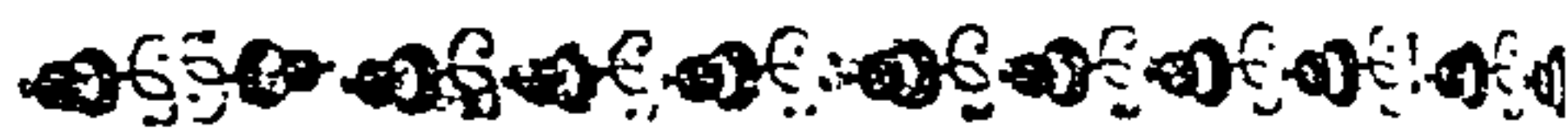
Now Captain Morgan being return'd to *Jamaica*, when a Proclamation was issued

for pardoning all Pirates that should surrender themselves in such a time, *Kid* takes the Benefit thereof, and return'd to *England*, worth above 80000 Pieces of Eight; which Riches gain'd him such Reputation here, that he soon got to be Master of an *East-India* Ship; but instead of going thither, he went to the *West-Indies*, and converted it to his own Use. Now he turns Pirate again, robbing Ships of all Nations which he met with on the Continent, or any of the Islands in *America*. Thus he reign'd a long time in his Villainies; and was so cruel to his Men, that he had kill'd several of 'em for the least Fault imaginable: But at last being inveigled by some Letters sent him by the Earl of *Baltimore*, Governor of *New-York*, to come and pay him a Visit, he detain'd him, and sent him Prisoner to *England*, where he was committed to Prison; and being afterwards try'd by a high Court of Admiralty, was found guilty of several most notorious Piracies, and receiv'd Sentence of Death for the same. Whilst under Condemnation, he proffer'd great Sums of Money for his Life, but in vain; nevertheless, he was very careless of his latter End: So when the time of his Dissolution was drawn nigh, he was convey'd to *Execution-Dock* at *Wapping*, where he to the very last being obstinate, and scornful to give any Attention to what the Ordinary said to him, he was turn'd off: When presently the Rope breaking, he fell



## 64 CAPTAIN DALZELL,

fell down on the Shore, and being taken up in a great Amazement, he then condescended to discourse with the Person for that Purpose appointed him; after which, he was turned off again, and thoroughly executed in 1701 aged 56 Years.



## CAPTAIN ALEXANDER DALZEE, *a Murderer and Pyrate.*

Captain *Alexander Dalzeel* was born of very worthy and reputable Parents at *Portpatrick*, a Sea-port Town in *Shire Galloway*, the West of *Scotland*; and being from his very juvenile Years always inclin'd to follow maritime Affairs, he would not take to any other Learning (tho' he might have had it) than just bare Reading and Writing; and truly that neither was he any great Proficient.

At 12 Years of Age he was put out to an Uncle who traded up to the *Baltick*, under whom he so profited in the Art of Navigation, that at that time he came to be of Man's Estate, grew an experienc'd able Mariner, insomuch that when he was 23 Years of Age, he was made Master of a Ship which traded to *Holland*

argh, and had made Six Voyages thither with  
ery good Success.

However, not liking this honest Course of  
Life, he went to *Madagascar*, and enter'd  
himself under the Command of that most fa-  
mous Pirate, Captain *Avery*; with whom he  
was when he took from the *Great Mogul* of  
*China* a great Ship, in which was his Daughter,  
who was then going to be married to the Son  
of the *Sophy of Persia*. *Dalzeel* was the first Man  
that boarded the said Ship, and took her Pri-  
soner, whom *Avery* afterwards married; and  
for this Piece of Service, did not only make  
his bold *Scotchman* presently a Captain,  
but also gave him a Ship, to do with as he  
pleas'd: And remaining in the Service about  
Year longer, he steer'd his Course to the  
*West-Indies*, and arrived at *Tortuga*, where he  
became acquainted with the Pirates of that  
Island, and took the Vice-Admiral of the *Spa-*  
*nish* Fleet, high unto the Cape of *Tiburon*, up-  
on the Western-side of the Island of *Hispaniola*.  
His bold Exploit he perform'd alone with  
the only Ship, wherein he had but only 28  
Persons to help him, and the Manner of this  
Enterprise take as follows.

The Ship wherein Captain *Alexander Dal-*  
*zeel* was, with his Companions, had been then  
at Sea a long time, not finding any thing,  
according to his Intent of Piracy, suitable to  
take a Prey. And now their Provisions be-  
ginning to fail, they could keep themselves.

no longer upon the Ocean, or they must of Necessity starve. Being almost reduced to Despair, they espied a great Ship belonging unto the Spanish Flota, which had seperated from the rest: This bulky Vessel they resolv'd to set upon, and take; or die in the Attempt. Hereupon they made Sail towards her, with Design to view her Strength: And altho' they judg'd the Vessel to be far above their Force, yet the Covetousness of such a Prey, and the Extremity of Fortune they were reduc'd unto made them adventure upon such an Enterprize. Being now come so near that they could not escape without Danger of being all kill'd, the Pirates joyntly made an Oath unto their Captain, *Alexander Dalziel*, to behave themselves courageously in this Attempt, without the least Fear or Fainting. True it is, that the Rovers had conceiv'd an Opinion, they should find the Ship unprovided to fight; and thro' this Occasion they should master her Degrees. It was in the Dusk of the Evening or soon after, when this great Action was perform'd: But before it was begun, they gave Orders unto the Chirurgeon of the Ship, to bore a Hole in the Sides thereof, to the Intent that their own Vessel sinking under them they might be compell'd to attack more vigorously, and endeavour more hastily to get Aboard the great Ship. This was perform'd accordingly; and without any other Arms than a Pistol in one of their Hands, and

word in the other, they immediately climb'd up the Sides of the Ship, and ran altogether into the great Cabin; where they found the Captain, with several of his Companions, playing at Cards. Here they set a Pistol to his Breast, commanding him to deliver up the Ship unto their Obedience. The Spaniards seeing the Pirates aboard their Ship, without scarce having seen them at Sea, cry'd out, *Jeus bleſs us! Are theſe Devils, or what are they?* In the mean time ſome of them took Poſſeſſion of the Gun-Room, and ſezied the Arms and Military Affairs they found there; killing as many of the Ship, as made any Oppoſition: By which Means the Spaniards preſently were compell'd to ſurrender. That very Day the Captain of the Ship had been told, by ſome of the Seamen, that the Veſſel, which was in view cruizing, was a Roat of Pyrates. Unto whom the Captain, ſlighting their Advice, made Answer. *What then? Muſt I be afraid of a ſuppos'd Thing as that is? No, nor tho' ſhe be a Ship as big, and as ſtrong, as mine is.* Soon as Captain Dalzel had taken this magnificent Prize, he detain'd in his Service, as many of the common Seamen as he had Need of, and the reſt he ſet on ſhore. This being done, he immediately ſet Sail for *Jamaica*, where having ſoon ſpent what he got by this bold Exploit, he was obliged to ſeek out for new Adventures.

Now



Now this bold Pyrate having been a long time with his Ship at Sea, in which was only 26 Men besides himself, waiting for the Ships that were to return from *Maracaibo* toward *Campeche*, and not being able to find any thing nor get any Prey, at last he resolv'd to direct his Course to *Rancherias*, which is nigh unto the River called *de la Plata*, in the Altitude 12 Degrees and a half, Northern Latitude. In this Place lieth a rich Bank of Pearls to the Fishery whereof they yearly send a Fleet of a dozen Vessels from *Cartagena*, with a Man of War, for their Defence. Every Vessel hath at least a couple of Negroes in who are very dexterous in diving, even to the Depth of six Fathoms, within the Sea, whereabouts they find good Store of Pearls. Upon this Fleet of Vessels, tho' small, call'd the Pearl Fleet, Captain *Dalziel* resolv'd to adventure, rather than go Home with empty Hands. They lay at Anchor, at that time at the Mouth of the River *de la Hacha*; the Man of War being scarce half a League distant from the small Ships, and the Wind was calm. Having espied them in this Posture, he presently pull'd down his Sails, and ran along the Coast, dissembling to be a Spanish Vessel, that came from *Maracaibo*, and to pass that Way. But no sooner was he come unto the Pearl-Bank, when suddenly he encountered the Vice-Admiral of the said Fleet, mounted with 8 Guns, and 60 Men well armed.

command

commanding them to surrender. But the  
pirates running to their Arms, did do what  
they could to defend themselves, fighting for  
a while ; till at last they were constrain'd  
to submit to *Dalzeel*. Being thus possess'd of  
a Vice-Admiral, he resolv'd next to adven-  
ture with some other Stratagem, upon the  
Man of War ; thinking thereby to get Strength  
sufficient, to Master the rest of the Fleet.  
With this Intent he presently sunk his own  
Vessel in the River, and putting *Spanish* Co-  
rps, weigh'd Anchor, with a little Wind,  
which then began to stir ; having with Promi-  
se and Menaces, compell'd most of the *Spa-*  
*nish* to assist him in his Design. But no soon-  
er did the Man of War perceive one of his  
Fleet to set Sail, when he did so to ;  
being lest the Mariners should have any De-  
sign to run away with the Vessel, and Riches  
they had on Board. This caused the Pyrates  
immediately to give over that dangerous En-  
terprize, as thinking themselves unable to en-  
counter Force to Force, with the said Men of  
War, that now came up against them. Here-  
upon, they attempted to get out of the River,  
to gain the open Seas, with the Riches they  
had taken, by making as much Sail, as possi-  
ble the Vessel would bear. This being per-  
ceiv'd by the Man of War, he presently gave  
them Chase : But the Pyrates having laid on too  
much Sail, and a Gust of Wind suddenly ari-  
sing, had their Main-mast blown down by the  
Board,

Board, which disabled them from prosecuting their Escape. This unhappy Event much encouraged those that were in the Man of War, they advancing, and gaining upon the Pirate every Moment: By which Means at last they were overtaken. But these notwithstanding finding themselves still with 22 Persons; found the rest being either killed or wounded, resolv'd to defend themselves so long as it was possible. This they perform'd very courageously for some while, until being thereunto forced by the Man of War, they were compell'd to surrender: Yet was not this done without Articles, which the Spaniards were glad to allow them, as follow. That they should not use them as Slaves, forcing them to carry or bring Stores, or employing them in other Labours, for three or four Years, but they commonly employ their Negroes. But that they should set them on shore, upon Friendly Land; without doing them any Harm in their Bodies. Upon these Articles they delivered themselves, with all they had taken; which was worth only in Pearls, to the Value of 100000 Pieces of Eight, besides the Vessel, Provisions, Goods, and other Things. All which being put together, would have been a great Prize, and which Dalzeel had certainly obtain'd, had it not been for the Loss of the Main-mast, as is said before.

Shortly after this ill Success, Captain Dalzeel arriv'd at Jamaica, where quickly getting

other Ship, mann'd and arm'd with 30 Men  
4 small Guns, he went a cruizing upon  
Cape de Corriente, in the Island of Cuba.  
At this Place he met with a great Ship, that  
came from *Maracaibo* and *Cartagena*, bound for  
*Havana*, well provided with 20 great  
Guns, and 50 Men, between Passengers and  
Sailors. This Ship he presently assaulted,  
and found as strongly defended by them that  
were on Board. The Pyrate escaped the first  
counter, resolving to attack her more vigo-  
rously than before, seeing he had sustain'd no  
great Damage hitherto. This Resolution of  
his he boldly perform'd, renewing his As-  
sault upon her, till that after a long and dan-  
gerous Fight, he became Master of the great  
Ship, with the Loss only of 10 Men kill'd,  
4 wounded. Having possess'd themselves  
of such a Ship, and the Wind being contrary  
to return unto *Jamaica*, they resolv'd to steer  
their Course towards the Cape of *St. Anthony*  
which lies in the western Side of the Isle of  
Brazil, there to repair themselves, and take in  
fresh Water, of which they had great Neces-  
sity at that time. Being now very near unto  
the Cape above mention'd, they unexpected-  
ly met with three great Ships, that were  
coming from *New Spain*, and bound for the  
same. By these, as not being able to escape,  
were easily retaken both Ship and Pirates.  
As they were all made Prisoners, thro' the  
Change of Fortune, and found them-  
selves



selves poor, oppressed, and stript of all  
 Riches they had purchased for little benefit.  
 The Cargo of this Ship consisted in 120  
 Weight of Cocoa-Nuts, the chiefest Ingre-  
 dient of that rich Liquor, call'd Chocolate,  
 7000 Pieces of Eight. Two Days after  
 Misfortune, there happen'd to arise a huge  
 dangerous Tempest, which largely separ-  
 the Ships from one another: The great Ve-  
 wherein the Buccaniers or Pirates were,  
 rived at *Campeche*; where many consider-  
 Merchants came to salute, and welcome  
 Captain thereof. These presently knew  
 zeal, as being him who had committed so  
 excessive Insolencies upon these Coasts,  
 only many Murthers and Robberies, but  
 lamentable Incendiums, which these of  
*peche* still preserv'd fresh in their Mem-  
 Hereupon, the next Day after their Arriv-  
 the Magistrates of the City sent several  
 their Officers to demand and take into Cu-  
 dy the criminal Prisoners, from on board  
 Ship, with Intent to punish them accord-  
 to their Deserts: Yet fearing least the  
 tain of those Pirates should escape out of  
 Hands on shore (as he had formerly  
 being once their Prisoner in the City be-  
 they judg'd it more convenient to leave  
 safely guarded on Board the Ship, for  
 Present. In the mean while they caus'd  
 Gibbet to be erected, whereupon to hang  
 zeal the very next Day, without any

form of Process, than to lead him from the ship to the Place of Punishment. The Ru-  
 mour of this future Tragedy was presently  
 brought unto D. A. Z. e.'s Ears, whereupon he  
 sought all the Means he could to escape that  
 sight: With this Design he took two earthen  
 Jars, wherein the *Spaniards* usually carry Wine  
 from *Spain* to the *West-Indies*, and stopt 'em ve-  
 well; intending to use them for swimming,  
 those, who are unskilful in that Art, do  
 use *La'aca's*, a sort of Pumpkins in *Spain*, and in  
 other Places Corks or empty Bladders. Ha-  
 ving made this necessary Preparation, he waited  
 till the Night, when all should be asleep;  
 then the Centry that guarded him: But see-  
 ing he could not escape his Vigilancy, he se-  
 cretly purchased a Knife, and with the same  
 gave him such a mortal Stab, as suddenly de-  
 prived him of Life, and the Possibility of ma-  
 king any Noise. At that Instant, he commit-  
 ted himself to the Sea, with those two ear-  
 then Jars abovementioned, and by their Help  
 and Support, tho' never having learnt to swim  
 before, he reach'd the Shore. Being arrived  
 on Land, without any Delay he took his  
 refuge in the Woods, where he hid himself  
 three Days, without daring to appear, nor  
 using any other Food than Wild Herbs.  
 Some of the City fail'd not the next Day to  
 make a diligent Search for him in the Woods,  
 where they concluded him to be. This strict  
 inquiry D. A. Z. e. had the Convenience to espy  
 from

from the hollow of a Tree, wherein he lay absconded. Hence perceiving them to return without finding what they sought for, he adventur'd to sally forth towards the Coasts call'd *Del-Golfo-Triste*, 40 Leagues distant from the City of *Campeche*. Hither he arrived within a Fortnight after his Escape from the Ship; in which Space of Time he endur'd extream Hunger, Thirst, and Fears, of falling again into the Hands of the *Spaniards*. For during all this Journey, he had no other Provisions with him, than a small Calabaca, with a little Water; neither did he eat any thing else than a few Shell-Fish, which he found among the Rocks nigh the Sea-Shore. Besides that, he was compell'd to pass as yet some Rivers, not knowing well to swim. Being in this Distress, he found an old Board, which the Waves had thrown upon the Shore, wherein did stick a few great Nails. These he took, and with no small Labour whetted against a Stone, until that he had made them capable of cutting like unto Knives, tho' very imperfectly. With these, and no better Instruments, he cut down some Branches of Trees, the which with Twigs and Ofers, he joyn'd together, and made as well as he could a Boat, or rather a Wast, wherewith he wafted over the Rivers. Thus he arrived, as was said before, at the Cape of *Golfo Triste*, where he happen'd to find a certain Vessel of Pyrates, who were great Comerades of his own, and were

were lately come from *Jamaica*: Unto these Pyrates he instantly related all his Adversities and Misfortunes; and withal demanded of them, if they would fit him with a Boat and 20 Men, with which Company alone he promised to return unto *Campeche*, and assault the Ship that was in the River, by which he had been taken, and escaped from 14 Days before. They granted his Request, and equipp'd him a Boat, with the said Number of Men: With this small Company he set forth towards the Execution of his Design; which he bravely perform'd 8 Days after he separated from his Comrades, at the Cape of *Golfo Triste*. For being arriv'd at the River of *Campeche*, with an undaunted Courage, and without any Rumour or Noise, he assaulted the Ship aforementioned. Those that were on Board were perswaded this was a Boat from Land, that came to bring Contraband Goods; and hereupon were not in any Posture of Defence. Thus the Pyrates laying hold on this Occasion, assaulted them without any Fear of ill-Success, and in short Space of Time, compell'd the Spaniards to surrender. Being now Masters of the Ship, they immediately weigh'd Anchor, and set Sail, determining to fly from the Port, lest they should be pursu'd by other Vessels. This they did with Extremity of Joy, seeing themselves Possessors of such a brave Ship; specially *Dalzeel* their Captain, who now by second Turn of Fortune's Wheel, was become



## 76 CAPTAIN DÄLZEEI,

rich and powerful again, who had been so lately in that same Vessel, a poor miserable Prisoner, and condemned to the Gallows. With this great Purchase he design'd in his Mind greater Things; which he might well hope to obtain, seeing he had found in the Vessel great Quantity of rich Merchandize still remaining on board, altho' the Plate had been transported into the City. Thus he continued his Voyage towards *Jamaica*, for some Days; but coming nigh unto the Isle of *Pinos*, on the South side of the Island of *Cuba*, Fortune suddenly turn'd her Back unto him once more, as if never to shew him her Countenance again: For a horrible Storm arising at Sea, occasion'd the Ship to split against the Rocks or Banks call'd *Jardines*, insomuch that the Vessel was totally lost, and *Dälzeel*, with his Companions escaped in a Canoe.

After this manner he arrived at *Jamaica*, where he remain'd no long Time, being only there, till he could prepare himself to seek his Fortune anew; so taking the Resolution of going into *Europe*, he went to *France*, where being devoted to the Interest of the *Chevalier de St. George*, he got him a Commission in the *French King's Service* for a Captain of a Privateer, with which he was very successful, in taking several Prizes from the *English*, and other Nations that were not in Alliance with *France* the Fourteenth; but at last being taken himself, and brought to *England*, he was committed

mitted a Prisoner to the *Marshalsea* Prison in *Southwark*, from whence (after almost 12 Months Confinement in heavy Irons) he was remov'd to *Newgate*, and being try'd by a High Court of Admiralty at Justice-Hall in the *Old-Bailly*, he was condemn'd for High-Treason in taking up Arms against *Great Britain*, and accordingly receiv'd Sentence of Death, in 1712, to be drawn, hang'd, and quarter'd. But the late Earl of *Mar* got him a Pardon; after which obtaining his Liberty, he went to *France* again, where procuring another Ship he turn'd Pyrate, and set upon a *French* Ship near *Havre-de-Grace*, tying all the Crew Neck and Heels, and throwing them over-board, they perish'd in the Sea; then he made off with the Cargo to *Scotland*, where being apprehended, he was sent up to *London*, and committed to the *Marshalsea* Prison again, and from thence remov'd to *Newgate*, when being try'd once more by a High Court of Admiralty at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailly*, he was condemn'd for Murder and Piracy, and accordingly was hang'd at *Execution-Dock* at *Wapping*, on *Monday* the 5th of *December*, 1715, aged 53 Years.



NICHOLAS HORNER, a Highway-man.

**N**icholas Horner was a younger Son to the Parson of *Horiton* in *Devonshire*, who being a very wild untoward Child from meer Infancy, his Father nevertheless, to provide for him, bestow'd so much Learning on him as qualified him to be a Clerk to an Attorney in *Lyon's-Inn* in *Holywell-street* at the End of the New-Church in the Strand; but falling into extravagant Company, to support his Drunkenness and Whoredom, he ran away from his Master, before he had serv'd him three Years, and went on the Highway, but in the very first Fact he acted in that Kind, it was his Misfortune to be taken and committed to *Winchester Goal*, where he remain'd three Months before he came to a Tryal.

In the mean time Horner's Friends did what in 'em lay to make the Matter up with his Adversary, by whom they would have made Satisfaction by giving him double the Value he lost, in Case he would throw in a Bill of *Ignoramus* against the Prisoner, but he being deaf to all their Arguments, Perswasions, and Intrea

lecrearies, was resolv'd to prosecute him, and did with such Severity, that he was condemn'd; however, thro' the Interest his Father made at Court for him in Queen *Anne's* Reign, his Sentence of Death was mitigated by a Pardon, upon Condition that he should be transported out of her Majesty's Dominions, or any other Potentate's in *Europe*, for the Space of seven Years, within six Months after his going out of Goal.

The Time of the six Months he was to remain in his native Country, great Interest was also made again to get off his Transportation, but that Favour being not to be obtain'd, his Father sent him to *Maravayati*, in the Mission of *Madure*, on the Coast of *Coromandel* in the *East-Indies*, where that barbarous Custom still prevails among the *Indians*, by which Women of high Quality are oblig'd to burn themselves with the Corpse of their Husbands; and *Horner* taking thither with him an *English* Woman, as a Wife, who was very handsome, she was taken from him, and betrothed to an *Indian* Prince, at whose Death she suffer'd as before said, as you shall hear by the following Relation, transmitted to *France*, in a Letter written by Father *Martin* a Jesuit, to Father *de la Roche*, of the same Society.

The Prince of *Marava* dying in 1710, aged above 80 Years, his Wives to the Number of 47, were burnt with his Corpse in the following Manner, They digg'd a deep Ditch



without the Town, and in it erected a Pile of Wood, on the Top of which the Deceased was laid, richly cloath'd and adorn'd. When they had set it on Fire, with a World of Ceremonies perform'd by their *Bramares* or Priests, that Company of unfortunate Women appear'd cover'd with Jewels, and crown'd with Flowers, like so many Victims designed for a Sacrifice. They walk'd several Times about the Pile, the Heat of which was felt at a great Distance. The Chief among those Women had the Deceased's Dagger, and directing her Speech to the Prince his Successor, here (she said) is the Dagger which the Prince made use of to triumph over his Enemies, take Care never to employ it to any other Use, nor to embue it with the Blood of your Subjects: Govern them like a Father, as he has done, and you will live long and happy as he did. Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in this World, and all I have to do is to follow him. With these Words she resign'd the Dagger into the Prince's Hands, who took it without shewing the least Sign of Grief or Compassion. Alas! said she farther, What comes of all human Happiness? I am sensible I am throwing my self headlong into Hell. These Words struck all the Spectators with Horror. She had a *Christian* Woman in her Service, who often discoursed with her of the Truths of revealed Religion, and endeavour'd to perswade her to embrace *Christianity*;

this had made great Impression on her Mind, but she could never prevail with her self to renounce her Idols. Having spoken thus, she boldly turn'd her Face to the Pile, and calling upon her Gods, she flung her self into the midst of the Flames. The second of these Women was the Sister of *Paya*, a Prince of the Blood, who assisted at that detestable Ceremony. When he received from his Sister's Hands the Jewels with which she was adorn'd, he broke out into Tears, and fell about her Neck, embracing her most tenderly. She seemed unmoved at it, and with a resolute Countenance looking sometimes at the Pile, and sometimes at the Assistants, cried out with a loud Voice, *Chica, Chica*, which is the Name of one of their Gods, and threw her self into the Flames as the first had done. The other Women follow'd her soon after; some of them shew'd Composure enough in their Countenances, but others were cast down and bewilder'd. One of them, which was the abovementioned *Horner's* Wife, being frighted above the rest, ran to a Soldier, who was a *Christian*, and hanging about his Neck, begg'd of him to save her. The new Convert, who knew how rash it was for him to assist at this barbarous Spectacle, from which all *Christians* are excluded by the severest Prohibitions, was so stunn'd, that in the Surge he was in, he push'd that unfortunate Creature from him with such Force, that she

tumbled into the glowing Pit. He immediately retired, all shivering with Terrour, which soon threw him into a Fever accompanied by a Frenzy, of which he died the Night following. Whatever Intrepidity some of those Women shew'd at first, yet as soon as they felt the Heat of the Flames, they roar'd in a dreadful Manner, and tumbling over each other, they strove to gain the Brim of the Pit, but in vain, for the Assistants threw in upon them large Pieces of Wood. The next Day the *Bramanes* or Priests gathered their Bones, which they threw into the Sea. The Pit was levell'd, a Temple built upon the Spot, and the deceased Prince with his Wives reckon'd among the Deities. To conclude, it is by those Womens own Choice that they give themselves up to that cruel Death, tho' indeed it is almost impossible for them to avoid it. They must lie under perpetual Infamy, and their Relations would leave no Means untried to oblige them to it. But this barbarous Law only regards Princesses and the Concubines of *Indian* Princes, and does not extend to Women of less Extraction, who share a better Fate, and when nothing but the most impertinent Vanity can persuade to submit to so abominable a Custom.

But after *Horne's* Expiration of seven Years Transportation, he return'd to *England*, when his Father and Mother being dead, he receiv'd from the Executors 500 Pounds which his Pa-

rents

rents had left him, in case he was alive, and came home in such a limited Time from the making of the Will; but the young Spark not forgetting his former Extravagances, he soon consumed his Money in Gaming, Drunkenness, and Whoredom, and to support himself in his Irregularities, went upon the Highway again; and one Day coming up with a rich Farmer, quoth *Horner*, Well overtaken Friend, methinks you look melancholy, pray what may ail you, Sir? If you are under any Afflictions by Crosses and Losses in the World, perhaps I may relieve you in 'em. The Farmer reply'd, ah! dear Sir, were I to say I have had any Losses in the World, I should lie, for I have been a thriving Man all my time, and want for nothing; but indeed I have Crosses enough, thro' a damned scolding Wife at home, who, tho' I'm the best of husbands to her, and daily do my Endeavour to make her and my Children happy, yet is she always raving and scolding about the House like a mad Woman, insomuch that I am daily teased out of my Life. Nay, if there's any such thing as a perpetual Motion, as the Virtuoso's do say, I'm sure it is in my Wife's Tongue, for it never lies still from Morning till Night; nay 'tis so habitual to her, that she scolds in her very Sleep; wherefore, could any Man tell me how to remedy it, I have a 100 Pounds in Gold and Silver about me, which I would give him with all my Heart



Heart, for so great a Benefit, which I should receive by taming this confounded Shrew, *Horn* listening like a Sow in Beans, to the most pleasant Tune of 100 Pounds, said, Sir, I'll first tell the Ingredients with which Nature first form'd a Scold, and the Cause of a Distemper being truly known, 'twill be the more easy to compleat the Cure. You must understand then, that Nature in making a Scold, first took of the Tongues and Galls of Bulls, Bears, Wolves, Magpies, Parrots, Cuckows, and Nightingales, of each a like Number; the Tongues and Tails of Vipers, Adders, Snails and Lizards, six a Piece; *Aurum fulminans*, *Aqua fortis*, and Gunpowder, of each a Pound; the Clappers of 17 Bells, and the Pestles of 30 Apothecaries Mortars, which being all mixt, she calcined 'em in Mount *Stromkulo*, and dissolved the Ashes in a Water distilled just under *London Bridge*, at three Quarters Flood, and filtrated thro' the Leaves of *Calepin's Dictionary*, to render the Operation more verbal; after which she distilled it again thro' a Speaking Trumpet, and closed up the remaining Spirits in the Mouth of a Cannon: Then she open'd the Graves of all new deceased Pettifoggers, Mountebanks, Barbers, Coffee-Men, Newsmongers, and Fish-Wives at *Biltinggate*, and with the Skin of their Tongues made a Bladder, cover'd over with Drum-Heads, and filled with Storms, Tempests, Whirlwinds, Thunder and Lightning; lastly,

to irradiate the whole Elixir, and make it more churlish, she cut a Vein under the Tongue of the Dog-Star, drawing thence a Pound of the most cholerick Blood, and from which sublimating the Spirits, she mixt 'em with the Form of a Mad-Dog; and then putting all together in the forementioned Bladder, sticht it up with the Nerves of *Socrates's* Wife. A damn'd Compound indeed (quoth the Farmer) this is; and surely it must be impossible for any Man to tame a Shrew at this Rate. Not at all, reply'd *Horner*, for when she first begins to be in her Fits, you shall perceive it by the bending of her Brows; then apply to her a Plaster of good Words, after that give her a wheedling Potion, and if that will not do, take a Bull's Pizzle, and applying the same with a strong Arm from Shou'lders to Flank, according to Art, and it shall wonderfully compleat the Cure. The Farmer, was very well pleased at the Prescription, giving *Horner* many Thanks, and a good Treat at the next Inn they came to; afterwards riding on together again, when they came to a convenient Place, quoth *Horner*, Do you please to pay me now, Sir, for my Advice? Said the Farmer, I thought, Sir, the Treat I gave you was Satisfaction. Quoth *Horner*, No, Sir, you promised 100 Pounds; so presenting Pistol to his Breast, he farther said, D---me, presently deliver your Bag, or you are a dead Man. Which accordingly the Farmer gave

gave him, with a hearty Curse or two, and withal swearing, that his Wife should pay dearly for it in trying the Experiment of the Bull's Pizzle upon her.

A little after this Exploit, *Horner* meeting with a Gentleman on *Hounslow-Heath*, whom he saluted in the terrifying Words of *Stand and deliver*, the Person assaulted gave him what he had, which was about six Guineas, saying, truly, Sir, you love Money better than I do, to venture your Neck for it. Quoth *Horner*, I follow the general Way of the World, Sir, which now prefers Money before Friends or Honesty; yea, some before the Salvation of their Souls: For it is the Love of this that makes an unjust *Judge* to take a Bribe, the corrupted *Lawyer* to plead a wrong Cause, the *Physician* to kill a Man without Fear of hanging, and the *Surgeon* to prolong a Cure; 'tis this that makes the Tradesman to tell a Lie in selling his Wares, the *Butcher* to blow his Veal, the *Taylor* to covet so much Cabbage, the *Milner* to take Toll twice, the *Baker* to wear a wooden Cravat, the Shoemaker to stretch his Leather, as he doth his Conscience, and Gentlemen of the Pad as I am, to wear a *Tyburn* Tippet, or old *Storey's* Cap on some Country Gallows, which all of our noble Profession no more value than you, Sir, do the losing of this small Trifle of six Guineas.

Next Day Mr. *Horner* overtook beyond *Maidenhead* Thicket, a young Man and a young Woman

Woman going to be married at Henley upon Thames, with a couple of Bridemen and Bride-women; he presently attack'd 'em, which put the young People into a Consternation, and the Bridegroom, to be, telling upon what Design he was, it would prevent their Marriage that Day, if he took their Money from 'em; but all Intreaties were in vain, their Money he took from 'em to the Value of 20 Guineas, and yet not satisfied, he demanded also the Wedding-Ring, for which the young Man to be married insisted for more than his Money; but Horner being resolutely bent to have it, they gave it him, whereupon he said, *foolish young Devils, do ye know what ye are going about? What are ye voluntarily going to precipitate yourselves into inevitable Ruin and Destruction, by entering into the matrimonial Noose? It is in Apprenticeship during Life, take one another's word, and you'll find my Counsel the best Day's work that ever you did since the Hour of your Birth: but ye will not believe me, hear what the Pest of Marriage.*

*A pretty Trull is irksome to the Eye,  
A wanton Girl allures the looker's Mind;  
A wanton Whore will have the head to die,  
An aged Trot to like, is hard to find.  
A lewd Wife with Brats, will cloy thee Store;  
A good man's Care than Childrens Care is more;  
A barren Beast will grieve thee ten times more,  
No Joy remains when Sap of Fruit is gone.  
Therefore*



# 88 NICHOLAS HORNER,

*Wherefore let Wiving go, live single aye,  
A Shrew we see is wedded in a Day,  
But it is long e'er Man can shift his Hands,  
Therefore, my friend, take care of nuptial Bands.*

'Twas but lately that an eminent Lady riding singly in the Stage-Coach from Colchester to London, as she was coming by Brimring in Essex, quoth the Coachman to her, If your Ladyship has any thing valuable about you, I pray you to secure it as well as you can, for I see several Sparks upon the Heath hereabouts, whom I mistrust to be Highway-men. Upon this Caution, the Lady put her Gold Watch, a Purse of Guineas, and a very fine Suit of Lace Head-Clothes under her Seat; and by that time she had dishevell'd her Hair in a very uncouth Manner about her Head and Shoulders, Horner rid up to her, presenting a Pistol into the Coach, and demanded her Money. The Lady, who was a very fine Woman, having a great Presence of Mind, naturally acted the Part of a mad Woman, opening the Coach-Door, leaping out, and taking the Highway-man by one of his Legs, cry'd out in a very piteous and shrieking Voice, *Oh dear Cousin Tom, I'm glad to see you, I hope you'll now rescue me from this Rove of a Coachman, for he's carrying me by that Rove of my Husband's Orders to Bedlam, for a mad Woman.* D---m. (replied Horner) *I'm none of your Cousin, I don't know you, I believe you are mad indeed, so Bed-*  
lam

in the first Place for you. Ah! Cousin Tom (said she again) but I will go with you, I won't go to Bedlam. So clinging close to the Highwayman and his Horse, in all the seeming Passions of Madness as could be artificially acted, quoth he to the Coachman, Do you know this mad B----? (Yes reply'd the Coachman) I know the Lady very well, who is sadly distracted, for she has torn her Head-clothes all to Pieces, and thrown them away as she rid along, and am going with her now by her Husband's Orders to London, to put her in a Mad-House, but not into Bedlam, as she supposes. E'en take her then (said Horner) to the Devil and you will, for thinking to have met with a good Bait, I find now there's nothing to be had of this mad Toad. So he set Spurs to his Horse as fast as he could, for fear he should be plagued with her, for she seemed mighty fond of her Cousin, whom she ran after a good way; but after he was gone clean off, she was more pleased with his Absence than his Sight, and got safe to London.

This Story being afterwards inserted in the Weekly-Journal, or British Gazetteer of Saturday, December 27, 1718, and coming to his Knowledge, he was ready to cut his own Throat, to think he should be so out-witted by a Woman, and swore, that for the future no Excuse should prevent his rifling all Persons he attackt on the Road. Not long after he met another Gentlewoman near Honiton in Devonshire, going then from Exeter to London, who

who having likewise heard the abovesaid Story too, she being set upon by *Horner*, must needs sham Madness too, but the Part being acted before the wrong Man, quoth he, you hypocritical B---ch, because I was once bit this way by one of your damned Sex, do you think I must be always bit so? Whereupon making her come out of the Coach, and searching the Seats, he found therein Guineas, Crown-Pieces, a Gold-Watch, and two fine Diamond Rings, to the Value of above 200 Pounds. Now, you dissimbling B---ch (said *Horner*) do's this shew Madnes: in you, when you had the Sense to hide this delicious Prize from an honest Man's Use? Ay, but dear Sir (replied the Gentlewoman) if I was not mad then, 'tis enough to make me mad indeed, to receive this great Loss. However, *Horner* not minding her Tears and Supplications, rid off; but being not satisfied with this Booty, and attempting to rob a couple of Gentlemen within two Hours after in the same County, was taken and committed to Southgate in *Exeter*; and receiving Sentence of Death for that Attempt, and the Fact before related, he was hang'd on Friday the 3d of April, 1719, aged 32 Years.



JACOB HALSEY, *a Quaker and  
Highway-man.*

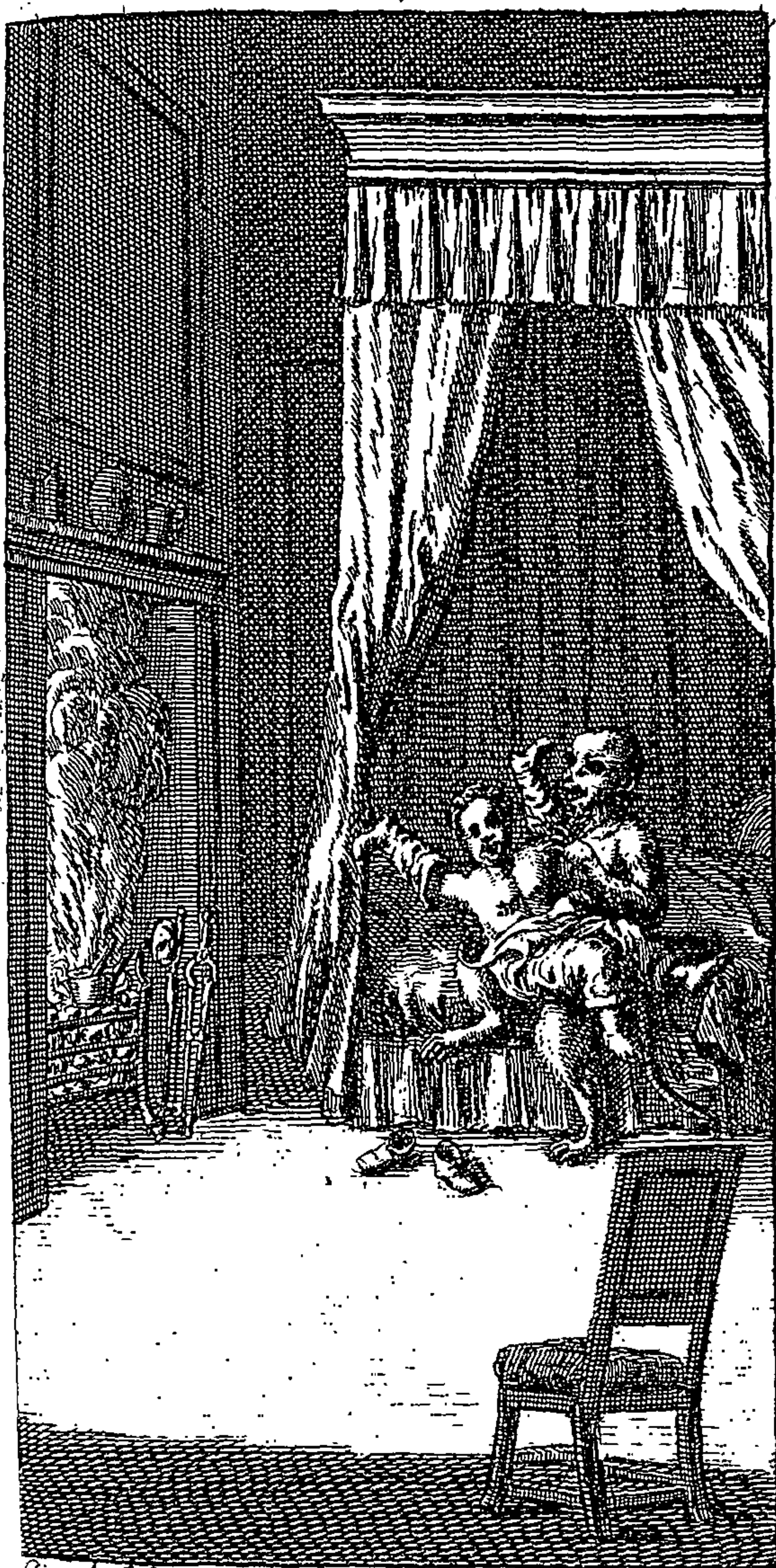
Jacob Halsey was born in Bedford, the chief Town in Bedfordshire, of very wealthy Parents who were *Quakers*, and in that Perswasion bred him up from his Infancy: His Father was a Farmer, and his Mother so fond of him, that she sucked him till he was two Years and half old, when he was weaned, and then so excessively loved Pap, that it became his daily Food for almost three Years more, at which time happen'd the following pretty Passage:

The Maid having set the Skillet over the Fire in his Chamber, whilst that he was yet abed, she was called upon from out of the Yard, and having the Skillet on the Hearth, went to know what was the Matter; in the mean while a large over grown Monkey, which one of the Neighbours kept, having broke loose, got into Halsey's House, and lay hid under a Bed, from whence it came forth, and having observ'd how the Children were used to be fed with Pap, he seiz'd upon the Skillet, and taking the Pap, all bespatter'd therewith young Halsey's Face; after which he brought him



## 92 *a Quaker and Highway-man.*

him all his Clothes, and taking him up, did put them on after a new Mode, thrusting his Legs into his Coat Sleeves, and his Arms into his Stockings, which made little *yea and nay* cry to some Tune, the Uglinefs of the Animal terrifying him not a little: But the Maid, who was otherwise bufied, came never the faster for all that, his Father and Mother being gone to the Meeting. The Monkey having thus perfected his Work, leapt out of a Window upon a Tree, and thence gain'd his Master's House. The Maid returning a while after, and finding the little Quaker in fuch an antick Pofture, wherein the Monkey had left him, b'less'd her felf a Thousand times over and over, skrieking and rowling her Eyes to and fro, being much astonish'd; at length appeafing him with Blandifhments, fhe ask'd him who had thus trickt him up, and by Reason he had formerly heard fay that the Devil was fome ugly thing, he told her that it was a little Boy as ill-favour'd as the Devil; for he took the Monkey, who had a green Coat on to be a Boy. Nor was he fo much miftaken therein as a *Welshman* once, who feeing a Monkey in a Goldsmith's Shop in *Lombard Street*, gave him a half Crown to change for two Shillings and fix Pence, and perceiving that inftead of the Change which he expected he put it into the Till of the Counter, and made Mouths at him, he inceffantly call'd on him faying, *ſpeak little Boy, wilt thou not return he*



*Jacob Halsey dressed by a Monkey p 92,*



*Strange of her Moxey?* But this *Welchman* was not coven'd alone; for a Countryman once being sent with a Basket of Pears, Apricocks, and other Fruits to a Lord, at his coming into the House, met with two great Monkeys on the top of the Stairs, who immediately siezing on the Basket, shar'd best Part of the Fruits; now by Reason the Monkeys had fine Coats on, and Swords by their Sides, which rendred them very worshipful Gentlemen to the Clown's thinking, he having never seen the like before, took off his Hat and made them a very formal Leg; the Monkeys having sufficiently stuff'd themselves, the Clown proceeded to make Enquiry after the Lord, to whom making his Present, he ask'd him, why he had not brought the Basket full? The Fellow made Answer, so it was, Sir, but the little Gentlemen, your Sons, took the half of the Fruit: And the Jest was so much the better, for that the Lord was so ugly a Man, as that a Countr, man might well have supposed the Monkeys to be his Off-Spring: and hereby you may take Notice, that since aged Persons did take such Creatures to be Children, 'tis no Wonder this little *Quaker* did so, being as then not above five Years of Age. But to return to the Maid, who was in down right Earnest, conceiting with her self, that no Children were come into their House, nor any strange Person whatsoever, she really and firmly believ'd, that some malign Spirits had play'd

play'd him this Prank, and after she had unloosed and dress'd him, went to Prayers as fast as ever she could.

Now when *Halsey* was arrived to Man's Estate, the Spirit abounded so wonderfully in him, that he frequently held forth in the *Quakers* Meetings twice or thrice a Week, was so enthusiastically given, as to declare that the ----- open'd nightly to him in Visions; whereupon an arch unlucky Neighbour of his rising late one Night, and getting upon the Top of the House, cry'd out aloud, *Jacob*, where art thou? *Halsey* hearing the Voice, starts out of his Bed naked, runs to the Window, and says, *Here I am, O! what is thy Will?* Quoth his Neighbour, *arise presently, Jacob, my beloved and chosen one, and go to the Church, or rather Steeple-House, and break all the Windows.* *Halsey* puts on his Clothes, gets a long Pole, and running to the Church, broke all the Windows thereof, Lead and all, and being taken in the Fact, was committed to *Bedford* Goal, and before he came off, it cost him above 400 Pounds in the Spiritual-Court, and at Common-Law.

He was above three Months under Confinement, and being a facetious sort of a Fellow, he would drink and keep Company, for all he was a *Quaker*, with the Thieves in *Bedford*-Goal, asking them several Questions, and was mighty inquisitive to examine into the Art and Mystery of Thieving. There was one Thief more acute than the rest, with whom



whom he would daily converse, and one Day being drinking together, he told him the several distinct Lays which the Thieves went upon, among which he informed him of that Set of Rascals that wore Cloaks and Hats, cockt up on one Side, with a Plume of Feathers on the other, whence that Fraternity receiv'd the Name of *Plumers*. Their Exercise by Day-time, was to wander about the Streets, and create Quarrels upon nothing, purposely to try if they could handsomly twitch a Cloak among the confused Multitude: But in the Night they had other different Ways of keeping their Hands in Practice. Some of them had the Industry to insinuate themselves into Company, enticing those they met to engage in Play with them, and then win their Money by new invented Cheats; and they had the Policy to keep so fair a Correspondence with Constables and Justices Clerks, as they very seldom underwent any Disgrace or Punishment, unless they encountred some powerful Adversary, that had his Purse better lined than theirs. In fine, after this Thief had acquainted Halsey with the chiefest Secrets of their Confortship, he took the Liberty to ask him, none of them apprehended hanging. Scarce any of us (answered he) ever suffer such a Thought to harbour in our Minds, we fear not to assist oft-times at the Execution of some of our Comerades; for nothing dazzles our Eyes, nothing is capable of mo-

“ ving

“ving our Hearts, so much as the sacred  
 “Thirst of Gold, nor are our Consideration  
 “bent to any thing but seeking wherewith  
 “to spend our Days in Delight; if any of ‘er  
 “chance to be made to dance in a Rope, the  
 “thought him happy to be so freed of th  
 “Care and Trouble which attends the mis  
 “erable Indigent. We are for the most Pa  
 “(continued he) Servants of all Sorts of Qu  
 “lities, that will serve no longer; and beside  
 “among us are divers Tradesmens Sons of  
 “veral Corporation-Towns, who not willin  
 “to contain themselves within the narro  
 “Bounds of their Fathers mean Condition  
 “have made themselves Brothers of th  
 “Blade, thinking the Repute and Garb  
 “Swordmen would conduce much to the  
 “Gentility; and after the Expence of wh  
 “they had in Possession, and their Parer  
 “Denial of farther Sufistence, used means  
 “be admitted into our Society: Nay, I w  
 “tell you more, and what your Judgme  
 “perchance will hardly give you leave to c  
 “dit, there are some Men, of no mean Qu  
 “lity, who delighting in our Course of Li  
 “disdain not ofttimes to keep us Compan  
 “and use our nocturnal Exercise, only wi  
 “this Difference, we dismantle all Sorts  
 “People, Fortune directs into our Han  
 “and they scorn to attack any but Pers  
 “of Quality, especially such as seem able  
 “resist and bear the Marks of Courage  
 “th

“ their Countenance, purposely to make Trial  
“ of their Skill at Arms and Valour. Yet they  
“ do take Cloaks too, and glory in having  
“ got such a Purchase at the Point of their  
“ Swords; for which Gallantry, they are  
“ call'd *Silk-Snatchers*, whereas we (who lurk  
“ in Corners, and prey upon all Passengers  
“ without Distinction) have the general Ap-  
“ pellation of *Cloak-Twitchers*.

Now when *Halsey* was at Liberty, and knowing how he had been impos'd upon by a false Voice, which commanded him to break the Church Windows, he was sadly ashamed of his ridiculous Folly; but that which most vexed his Spirit, was the many Flouts and Jeers which the People throughout the Town of *Bedford* cast upon him, besides having great Tribes of Boys and Girls daily following him thro' the Streets hollowing and hooting as he went about his Business, insomuch that being weary of his Life, he was resolv'd to quit the Country, and revenge himself on all Church People, tho' 'twas with the Hazard of his Neck. In Order hereto reflecting on what the Thieves had told him in *Bedford-Goad*, he was inclin'd to patronize Vice, by clothing it with the Livery of some remarkable Virtue? and would cry up for an Act of true Courage and Valour an unwarrantable Victory gain'd over Persons assaulted unawares. His cropt Hair is metamorphos'd into a Perwig, his hiving Hat to one pinch'd and  
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cock'd, his diminutive Cravat to a ranting Neck-cloth, and his Coat without Pockets, to one more fashionable, to hide his Knavery as much as such an Alteration of his Habit could do ; but under this Disguise he would nevertheless rob in the Language of the Lambs ; for one Day *Halsey* meeting with an old wicked Usurer of *Bedford*, betwixt *Barnet* and *St. Albans*, riding chattering together for three or four Miles, when having a convenient Place for his intended Purpose, quoth he, *Look there, Friend, I am not like one of those proptane ones, who rob Men in the terrifying Words of Stand and Deliver, no, I say again, I am not one of that wicked Stamp, but an Israelite that Spoils an Egyptian, with all the good Humour, Peace and Quietness in the World ; so open thy Purse-Strings strait, and lend me what thou hast without any grumbling, for who can not but be in Love, ay mightily in Love with this mild sort of taking from Man what he has, without any Assault or Violence in the least offer'd to his Person ?* The old Usurer liking not this mild way of parting with his *Mammon*, any more than that of being more roughly handled, refus'd *Jacob* his Money, with a great deal of Resistance, whereupon shooting his Horse, and taking about 60 Pounds from him, farthermore to punish his Antagonist, for moving his Spirit to Wrath, he makes him cast his Arms about a very large Elm-Tree, and bound 'em fast together with a strong Cord, and so left him stretching



stretching out his Neck like the Cock of a Conduit (whose Head is not fixt to the Body, but may be set higher or lower at Pleasure) looking about to see when some good Person would come by to deliver him. Being thus fast ty'd, and having been a wicked old Fellow to the Poor that had Occasion for any of his Assistance, the Evening coming on, Fear and a bad Conscience had so multiply'd the Species of each Object he espy'd in the Wood by the Side whereof he was ty'd, that instead of one Man he thought he had discern'd at least fifty, and which (more terrified his affrighted Soul) that they were so many evil Spirits assembled there meerly to rejoyce at his Torments, and make him suffer all the Persecutions he could devise. His Body enjoy'd as little Quiet as his Mind; for striving to free himself of that Captivity, he march'd incessantly about the Elm, and so travell'd like a Mill-Horse, a great way in a little Compass; but before the Night was quite clos'd upon him, he was luckily unbound by some Passengers, or else he must have danc'd *Cheshire* Rounds till next Day.

Another time Jacob over-taking a Country Curate betwixt *Abingdon* and *Oxford*, quoth he, Friend, taking thee to be some *Philistine* going to spoil an honest *Israelite*, for Tithes, I must make bold to spoil thee first; therefore, thou wicked one, deliver thy *Mammon* to the Righteous, that he may convert it to a better Use,

than to exhibit it in Gluttony and fine Clothes, otherways I must send thee to the bottomless Pit, before thy time is come by the Course of Nature. The Parson made several Hums upon the matter, but finding the Quaker would not be said Nay, he gave him a Bag containing 32 Pounds, and then they parted, the former with a sorrowful Heart, the other full of the Spirit, which abounded, as often as he got a Prize, very plentifully in him.

Not long after this Exploit, he met with one *Monger* a Beadle of St. *Clement-Danes*, who liv'd in *Strand Lane* by the new Church in the *Strand*, and being one *Christmas* to see his Friends in the Country, he one Day went out a Courting, when the Evening drawing on, and having lost his Company, he was returning home to his Friend's House by himself, but had a very good Quarter staff in his Hand, besides one he had found by the Way. *Jacob* meets him, and being in want of Money, he accosted the Beadle in these Words. Dearly beloved, don't be surprized at what I'm going to say, for 'tis no Harm, 'tis only to borrow what Money thou hast about thee, and then may'st thou depart in Peace and Quietness. *Monger*, who was a good stout Fellow, reply'd, if you really are a Quaker, as you pretend to be by your formal Discourse, I must needs tell you, that you have took me at a Disadvantage, as being on Foot, but Mr. *...*

and Nay, had you nevertheless no other Weapons than you see me to have, I should indeed venture to attack you on Horseback. Say'st thou so, said Jacob, why then I'll try your Manhood presently, so the Spirit furiously moving him, he alights from his Horse, and taking one of *Monger's* Quarter-staffs, a Tryal of Skill instantly ensu'd betwixt them. Jacob was handsomly thresh'd, and suffered severely in the Flesh, but nevertheless gaining the Victory of his Adversary, quoth he, I see thou canst exercise thy long Staff pretty well, but I'll prevent thee from using thy short one to Night; so tying his Hands behind him, he pulled his Generation Tool out of his Breeches, and with a Nail he had in his Pocket, and a great Flint-Stone he took off the Ground, he just took the End of the Skin thereof, (for Jacob would do him no further Damage) and nail'd it to a Tree, because for the hard Drubs he received from *Monger*, he found but 14 Shillings about him; however, he was so compassionate to him into the Bargain, that meeting some other Sportsmen, he told them, that a poor Man, whom he supposed to be one of their Companions, lay at such a Place about a quarter of a Mile off with one of his Limbs mortified, who, by the Description Jacob gave of his Person and Habit, knowing it to be *Monger*, went strait to his Relief, but were in an Admiration to find him in the Posture above recited; however, the

Nail being not driven up to the Head, they made made Shift to set Mr. *Monger* and his *Man Thomas* at Liberty, without receiving very much Damage.

Another Time, *Jacob* meeting on the Road betwixt *Manningtree* in *Essex* and *Harwich*, a very pretty Gentlewoman on Horseback, the Conveniency of the Place giving him Encouragement to be carnally-minded, quoth he, *My pretty Lamb, an Insurrection of an unruly Member obliges me to make use of you upon an extraordinary Occasion, therefore I must dismount thy alluring Body, to the end I may come in unto thee.* Accordingly, he brings the Gentlewoman into a bye Road, where fastning their Horses to a Tree, he takes her into an adjacent Corn-field, where the lofty Product of *Ceres* hid his lascivious Embraces, and having surfeited himself with unlawful Pleasure, he sent her about her Business, without so much as searching her Pockets, or taking the Gold Watch which she had then by her Side.

In fine, this Quaking Highway-man was as much talked of and dreaded, as ever *Harris* was, that robb'd on a black Mare, but not wearing a *Quaker's* Habit, Passengers could not be aware of him, or know it was Mr. *Yea* and *Nay*, till he robb'd them in the formal Language of those worst of *British* Schismatics. However, he was at last apprehended in attempting to rob the Right Honourable the Earl of *Wesmoreland*, not far from his Seat  
near



near *Warringbury* in *Kent*; when being committed to *Maidstone* Goal, he was condemn'd at the *Affizes* held there in *April*, 1691, and being brought to the Place of Execution, he made the following Speech, which being remarkable, we shall insert it *verbatim*, as delivered to the High Sheriff of the abovesaid County.

‘ **B** Eloved Brethren, I mean those of my  
‘ Perswasion, and of whom I see here  
‘ are no small Number, to behold the Light  
‘ totally extinguisht in this Tabernacle of my  
‘ Body, which formerly was wont to shine  
‘ very bright, and comfortably illuminated  
‘ all those precious ones who came to suck the  
‘ Milk of my Doctrine. There was a Time  
‘ once, that if a Man, tho’ an Alien, a meer  
‘ Stranger, an *Ægyptian*, or *Philistine*, smote  
‘ me on one Cheek, I would turn t’ other also,  
‘ to renew his Rebuke. But now the Case is  
‘ alter’d, for when I undertook to spoil the  
‘ wicked ones of the Nation, if they were in  
‘ the least rebellious, and held up their Hands  
‘ against *Jacob*, I would punish them with  
‘ the temporal Weapons of Sword and Pistol;  
‘ but yet I never kill’d any Man. O! the  
‘ the Frailty of the Flesh, which too often  
‘ has prevailed against the Spirit, tho’ I had a  
‘ great Portion of it, nay a double one, when  
‘ I constantly remain’d among the chosen  
‘ People; but after I fell from my carnal  
‘ Mind, I then forsook the many pretty Dam-  
‘ F 4 sels.

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‘ sels I have often convers’d with in private,  
 ‘ went in unto strange Women, who were  
 ‘ meer Ranters, contrary to the laudable  
 ‘ Custom of our Forefathers, who would co-  
 ‘ pulate with none but their own Sisters. But  
 ‘ since I have try’d others, let me tell ye,  
 ‘ ’tis a pleasant Sin to play with the female  
 ‘ Sex, let their Religion be what it will.  
 ‘ Ah! Brethren, that stubborn Piece of Flesh  
 ‘ has no Forecast at all; but let that stand  
 ‘ there, I shall proceed to acquaint you, that  
 ‘ a Man that is born of a Woman has but a  
 ‘ short time to stay upon her, and indeed my  
 ‘ Time is so short in this wicked World, that  
 ‘ I shall never get upon another as long as I  
 ‘ live, unless ’tis sweet *William’s* Goodness to  
 ‘ save me from the Danger which this bit of  
 ‘ Hemp threatens me with; but I know I  
 ‘ may hold forth long enough, e’er he sends  
 ‘ me a Reprieve; therefore, not to detain ye  
 ‘ any longer, I bid ye all farewell.



J O C E L I N



probable, the great Deceiver of Mankind. taking Notice of his early Ripeness, was resolv'd to corrupt the Root, and blast the Fruit that might be expected thence. which he effected to Purpose. For here it was he began to shew his future Carriage, in playing the Truant, and leading his Schoolfellows into all manner of Rudeness and Debauchery, for which being most severely whipt oftentimes, and otherwise punish'd at School, he ran away from his Parents, when he was turn'd of 16 Years of Age, and went up to *London*.

But before he left the Country, he robb'd his Father of about 60 Pounds, which he soon exhausted in this Metropolis of Luxury and Wickedness, and getting into ill Company, he soon became as bad as any of 'em, following Pilfering and picking of Pockets for two or three Years, when scorning that mean sort of Theft, he betook himself to the Highway; to qualify him for which. he stole a good Gelding one Night by *Tottenham-Curt*, and at *Mary-le-bone* breaking open a Gentleman's Stable, he accoutred himself with a Bridle, Saddle, Holsters, and a pair of good Pistols. Being thus set up, he began to see out for Adventures, but begun very bad at first, for setting upon two Gentlemen at once on *Black-Heath*, they engaged him, and in the Engagement shot his Horse under him; but both his Antagonists being wounded, one in the Arm, and the other in the Leg, they did not pursue.



pursue him, for fear of receiving more Mischief.

He then made the best of his way to *Dartford* in *Kent*, where at Night breaking open a Stable, he stole there a Horse and Saddle; the Beast was but a sorry Jade, but rather than go on Foot, *Harwood* made use of that, and at length overtakes one *Payne* a Lifeguard-man, with whom he fell into Discourse about the Goodness of their Horses. The said Lifeguard-man being very well mounted, laugh'd at *Harwood* for the Despicableness of that on which he rode, which *Harwood* taking Notice of, asked him, what were the Qualities he commended in that he bestrid more than he could boast of in his; tho' I must (says he) acknowledge yours has its Shapes, and is more becoming than mine, yet I dare travel with you, as far in a Day for 100 Guineas on this poor Beast, as your finer one shall carry you; say you so, says the Lifeguard man, why you durst not pretend to such a Wager, you talk of your Horse, I'll undertake to leap over the Back of him, and never touch him. That's fine indeed, says *Harwood*, I'll lay you a Guinea, pointing to a Gate in the Way, you cannot leap over that same; 'tis done, says the Lifeguard-man; agreed, says *Harwood*, with that they made up to the Gate, which the Horse refused, being checkt by his Curb, which *Harwood* observing, told him, if he would release the Bene-  
fit

fit of his Wager, he would undertake to make him to do it, or double the same, that he could not perform it with him on his Back. The Lifeguard-man hereupon dismounted, and gave *Harwood* Liberty to try him, who unloosing his Curb, gives him his Carrier, and seasonably remembering him with his Spur, the Horse fairly takes it ; when *Harwood* had got on the other Side, he turns about to the Lifeguard-man, and after a short Encomium of the Horse, he ask'd him, what he valued the same at, 40 Pounds replies the Life guard-man ; to tell you the Truth, adds *Harwood*, I think you are modest enough in your Demands, and when your Horse has earn'd me as much Money, if I know where to meet you, I'll pay you the same, in the mean while (Sir) mine is at your Service, and so farewell, riding fairly through the Field, and leaving the Lifeguard man to pursue him with Oaths and Curses, which was all the Harm he could do him.

Being thus remounted, away he goes for the next Booty, which he waited not long for, and by which with this sort of Life did he maintain himself for three or four Years together, living upon one Road or another, where his Profit or Pleasure call'd him, in as great Plenty, as if his Table had been every Day spread with the greatest Varieties. In the abovesaid Time he had committed above 200 Robberies, and not small ones, for had he kept

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kept what he had got, he might have been worth 4 or 50000 Pounds: But the last Transaction of his Life was worst of all; for having a great Blow set him, that is to say, an Information given him of a Knight's House in *Shropshire*, in which was an immense Treasure of Plate and Money, he and two more went one Night and broke open the same, and being entered, they bound all the Servants, and gagg'd them, then they went into the Knight's Bed-Chamber, whom surprizing indeed with his Lady, they also bound them Hand and Foot, and two young Gentlewomen his Daughters, that were lying in the next Room; who saying to *Harewood*, Pray, Sir, use us civilly; for in Case you and your Comrades should be afterwards taken for what you act here, we may perhaps use you civilly, for we know you from 500 Men. Do you so? said *Harewood*, I'll prevent that then; whereupon he cut them into several Pieces with his Hanger, and then flying into a great Passion into the Parents Room, he swore in the midst of a Thousand horrid Oaths, Curfes, and Imprecations, that they should not survive their damn'd Off-Spring, and presently stabb'd 'em both thro' the Heart, to the no small Astonishment of his Comrades, tho' they were Villains too like himself, and were the Instruments of his being taken; for when they were on the Road, making off from the Knight's House as fast as they could, loaded with Gold and

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and Silver, they shot his Horse under him, and tying him Hand and Foot, left him in the Road, with a Piece of the Knight's Plate lying by him, saying that was but a just Reward due for his barbarous Murder. Next Day a Hue and Cry being sent over the Country, he was found with the abovesaid Plate by him, and to excuse himself, he said he had been robb'd himself by some Rogues, who in a Hurry had dropt the Plate by him. They search'd him, and finding a good Store of Money in his Pocket, and Cords, a dark Lanthorn, Matches and Tinder-box, this confirmed their Suspicion of his being one of the Rogues, whereupon bringing him to the deceased Knight's House, the Servants swore him to be one of the Men that bound and gagg'd 'em, whereupon he was committed under a strong Guard to *Shrewsbury* Goal, where he behaved himself very audaciously, and when he came on his Tryal, he was so very rude and impudent, that he spit in the Faces of the Judge and Jury: But the Matter of Fact being plainly prov'd against him, he received Sentence of Death to be hang'd first till he was Dead, and then for a publick Spectacle to be hang'd up in Chains; however this made no Impression upon him, he was no Changeling, but still the same, cursing and swearing and drinking to the very Morning he was to die, when being brought



## *a Murderer and Highway-man.*    **III**

to the Place of Execution, he said with an unchangeable Countenance, That was the Murder to do again, he would act it, which being all he would say at the Gallows, he was turn'd off the same in 1692, aged 23 Years.



## *WILLIAM THROGMORTON a Highway-man.*

**W**illiam Throgmorton, was the Son of an Oylman, living in the Parish of St. Paul Covent Garden, who did design to bring him up a Scholar, and in Order thereto put him to learn *Latin* at one Mr. *Watson's*, keeping a Grammar School in the House of one *Ciford* a Writing-master in *Drury-Lane*, but his Genius not tending that Way, he was resolv'd to fit him for a Clerkship, and so put him to learn Writing and Arithmetick at one Mr. *Masen* an eminent Master in that Way; then living against the little Savoy Gate in the Strand; nevertheless *Will.* caring not for any sort of Learning at all, his Father brings him up to his own Business, and dying in some short time after, he left what he had and Shop wholly

wholly to his Management, his Mother having died some little Time before.

Now his Parents being dead, and the Day his own, he liv'd at a very extravagant Rate, and much addicted himself to Gaming, inso-much that in less than half a Year he was forc'd to shut up Shop, and run away by Night, and to keep himself out of the Talons of unmerciful Creditors, was forced to confine his Person within the Verge of the *Mint*. However, not liking the narrow Limits of his Sanctuary, he would often steal out into *London*, to shake his Elbows at some Gaming-Table, when one Day the Dice running very cross against him, till he had not one Farthing left in his Pockets, as he was coming over *Lincoln's-In-Fields*, and seeing a great Crowd about a Marble-Board, he espies among the idle Gang a young raw Country Fellow, whom slapping on the Shoulder, he turn'd about to see who it was; *Throgmorton*, who was still walking on, also turning to see if he took any Notice of the Blow, beckens to him, and the Fellow coming to him, quoth he, what Country art, honest Friend? He replyed *Nottingham*, Master. Says *Throgmorton*, dost thou want a good Place? Quoth the other, I am come up on Purpose to seek for one. Says *Throgmorton*, will you wait on a Gentleman? He reply'd, with all his Heart. Why then (quoth *Throgmorton*) I'll entertain you in my Service; but

hark

hark ye Friend, I'll tell you before Hand what I shall give, which is fix Pounds a Year standing Wages, seven Shillings a Week Board-Wages, and all my cast-off Clothes, which are not a few, for I never wear any Suit of Clothes above a Month or six Weeks at farthest. The Fellow was ready to leap out of his Skin at this Proffer, and said he would serve him with all his Heart. Well then (quoth *Throgmorton*) what's your Name? He told him, *John Lewis*. Very well, says his Master, but I shall call you *Jack*, for we Gentlemen even call Gentlemen themselves by their Nick-names in Conversation, so here *Jack* take my Cloak and carry for me. Accordingly, *Jack* throws his Cloak over his Arm, and following his Master till they came to the May-pole in the Strand, quoth he, call a Coach, *Jack*. A Coach comes, *Throgmorton* steps into it, and *Jack* after him. Hold, hold, quoth *Throgmorton*, you must ride behind, *Jack*. Accordingly, *Jack*, gets behind the Coach, in which his Master riding to *Locket's* Ordinary at *Charing-Cross*, he there calls for a cold Fowl and a Bottle of Claret for his Dinner, then calling his Man to him, to whom he gave a Leg and a Glass or two of Wine, which he thought was glorious Living, quoth his Master, *Jack*, I perceive thou art a raw Country Lad, and do not well know the Sharpness of the Town yet, I'll tell you then, that from hence I am going to pay a Visit to the Duke of Northumberland,

*berland*, where will be a great many other Gentlemens Servants, who, whilst waiting for their Masters, generally get into Cards or Dice in the Hail, and win one another's Money, so for fear they should draw you in Jack, if you have any Money about you, reposit it in my Hands, where it will be very safe, and as you want or have Occasion for some, you may have it, whenever you ask me. Yes (said Jack) I have Zum, so pulling a Leather Purse out of his Pocket, in which was about eight and forty Shillings in old Money, such as Thirteen-Pence-halfpenny Pieces, Nine-pences, Four-Pence-halfpennies, and Groats, he gives it to his Master to keep for him, who gave him another Glass of Wine, and then order'd the Coachman to turn about. In the mean time paying the Reckoning out of Jack's Money, for he had none before, he goes into the Coach, which he order'd to set him down at the *Temple Gate*, where alighting, and bidding his Man pay the Coachman, Jack who had a great oaken Plant in his Hand, falls a threshing the Coachman like a Devil. Mr. *Heil-driver* in his own Defence makes use of his Whip with as great Fury as the other did his Stick, which presently drew a great Mob together, thro' which *Throgmorton* slipping down to the *Temple Stairs*, took Water and left his Man Jack to make the best he could of a bad Market.

But at last any Part of *London* being too  
ho



hot to hold *Throgmorton*, and also the *Mint*,  
 where he had ran sufficiently in Debt too,  
 whereby the Biter bit the Biter, he lifted him-  
 self in Colonel *Colt's* Regiment lying then at  
*Fortsmouth*, which marching then to *Plymouth*  
 to have a Detachment drawn out of it, and  
*Farrington's* Regiment, and two others, for  
 the *West-Indies*, he was draughted out among the  
 rest, and sent on Board the Fleet then lying in  
*Carwater*; and then the Lord *Cutts* going to see  
 how the Men were stored in their respective  
 Ships, at last he came into *Throgmorton's* Ship,  
 and having look'd about him a little, and took  
 his leave of the Officers, as he was stepping  
 over the Side of the Ship in order to go into  
 his Barge, *Throgmorton* taking hold of the Lap-  
 pet of his Coat, said, if I may be as bold as to  
 ask, pray whither is your Lordship going?  
 Lord *Cutts* admiring at the Impudence of him,  
 told him he was going a-Shore. D---u me, Sir,  
 I doubt not, said *Throgmorton*, for by G--d he  
 should never go a-Shore until he went along  
 with 'em to the *West-Indies*, unless we are paid  
 our Arrears before we are sent abroad to the  
 Devil knows where, to be knock'd on the  
 Head. My Lord being a hot fiery Man, was so  
 exasperated at these Words, that he ordered  
*Throgmorton* to be presently taken into Custod-  
 y, and tried by a Court-Martial, and shot at  
 the Main-yard Arm for attempting to raise a  
 Mutiny. But his Lordship's Orders were not  
 obey'd; for all the Souldiers in that Ship cry-  
 ing

ing out, One and all; One and all, the Cry went thro' the whole Fleet, so that the Officers durst not attempt to take the Ringleader into Custody. Presently some Officers went off in a Barge, to acquaint the Governor of *Plymouth* Citadel of the Soldiers having mutiny'd on board the Fleet, and detaining the Lord *Cutts* with a Resolution of carrying him along with 'em to the *West-Indies*. The Governor presently commanded several Pieces of Cannon to be planted towards the Mouth of *Cat-Water*, to sink the Ships, in Case they should weigh Anchor, or cut the Cables, to sail away with his Lordship, and then for the rescuing of him out of their Hands, he mann'd 30 or 40 Boats with Soldiers, whom he drew out of the Garrison, and went with 'em towards *Cat-Water*, but durst not approach any of the Ships, the Soldiers having levell'd the great Guns therein against 'em, swore they would sink him and all his Men, if he presum'd to come on board any of 'em. The Governor then seeing how desperate they were, returned back again, to whom a Messenger was immediately sent by the Lord *Cutts* to raise him 2500 Pounds, which he would pay again before he went out of the Town. The Money was accordingly rais'd by the Governor and Mayor of *Plymouth*, and sent on Board, being distributed among the Soldiers; they then permitted his Lordship to depart, who was very glad he was got into *Plymouth*.

*Plymouth* again, saying, G--d eternally d---n him if ever he went again on board any Ship to see how Draughts were ordered, for the future let 'em lye and pig together, and fare how they would, they should e'en go to the Devil for him.

A little after this the Fleet set Sail, but *Throgmorton* did not sail along with 'em, for the Night before they had Orders to weigh Anchor, the Officers both of the Seamen and Soldiers too being a Shore, to take their leave of their Friends before they left *England*, *Throgmorton* takes the Opportunity thereof, for being set Centry at the Captain's Cabbin Door in the Steeridge, he broke it open, and finding several Trunks therein which he also wrench'd up, he took thereout about 800 Guineas, and two or three Gold Watches, which putting into a Bag, he strips himself stark naked, ties up his Booty in his Cloaths, which fastning to his Back, he slips down by a Rope hanging on the Cabin Window at the Stern of the Ship into the Water, and by the Favour of a very dark Night, he swam unperceiv'd to the Shore, from which his Ship lay at Anchor not the length of half a Bow-shot, and made his Escape to *Bristol*. When the Corporal came to relieve his Centry, and not finding him all over the Ship, they thought the Devil had carried him away in a Whirlwind. In the mean time the Officers came a-board, and the Captain finding his Cabin-

Cabin-Door broke open, upon which making a more strict Search and discovering his Loss, there was presently swearing the Compass round, cursing the Thief by all the new-invented Curses which the Devil can inspire a Sea Officer with, and no less than Death threaten'd to the Corporal that planted him at his Cabbin; but his swearing was all in, his Curses vented to as little Purpose, and his Threats availed nothing; for the Land-Officers standing by their Corporal, who, they said, was not obliged to stand by any Centry to see him perform his Duty, he came off with flying Colours.

Now *Throgmorton* being got out of Danger, he lived at a very extravagant Rate at *Bristol*, till what with drinking, whoring, and gaming, his Prize was all spent in less than two Months, and lodging at one Mrs. *Fachy's*, who kept a Cook's Shop at the Corner of *Dolphin Lane* in *Wine-street* in *Bristol*, he there ran in Debt above 30 Pounds, and then robbing his Lodgings, went to try his Fortune farther a Field; so travelling one Day farther Westward, and meeting on the Road going to *Bristol Fair*, one Mr. *Thurston*, Alderman of *Thombury* in *Gloucestershire*, Mr. *Raymond* an Attorney, and one *Walker* who kept the Bell Alehouse in the same Town, he pull'd a couple of Pistols out of his Pocket, and swore if they did not alight presently, they were all dead Men. To save their Lives they obey'd his



his Commands, and going along with him into a Field, he there robb'd 'em of about 25 Pounds, three Silver Watches, and a Silver Tobacco-box, then binding them Hand to Hand in a circular Manner, he took the best of their Horses, and rid off.

Having committed Abundance of Robberies in the Country, he came up to *London* a little to screen himself from Justice, and here to keep himself out of Idleness, for he was a very active industrious Fellow, would pick Pockets, but not of common People in the Streets, Fairs, or Markets, but at the Play-House, and at great Balls and Conforts of Musick at Court; so one Day being drest as fine as the best Quality in the Land, he goes to the Duke of *Gloucester's*-Tavern in the *Pall-mall*, where sending for one *W*—— a Provost-Bailiff, then in waiting about the Verge of the Court, out of *St. James's* Palace, he discovered his Protection to him, withal giving him five Guineas to make way for him as he went to Court. Accordingly *Throgmorton* takes a Chair, and as he was going out of it, *W*—— went before him puffing and blowing, bidding the people to stand clear and make Room for him, even till he conducted him into the very Guard-Chamber, where the *Y*—— saying, Sir *W*——, pray what may that Person be; both he, I don't know, Gentlemen, he's some Foreign Minister. Now *Throgmorton* is got into the great Chamber, where a Ball was

was to be perform'd, and being invited to dance among 'em, he excused himself by pretending to be lame, and to make the Pretence of his Lameness more plausible, he had cut a small Slit upon the Toe of one of his new Shoes, so that he was importun'd no more ; but however his Hands were not lame, for he was so active with them, that he got several Purfes of Guineas and Gold Watches among the Quality, besides a rich Diamond Ring worth above 150 Pounds, which he admiring upon a young Lady's Finger, desired her Ladyship to honour him with a Sight of it in his own Hand, as if he would have took a Pattern thereof for one for himself; but whilst the Lady did but just turn her self to speak to another Person of Quality, Throgmorton was so nimble then, for all his pretended Lameness, a little before, as to slip thro' the Crowd, and getting to the Court-Gate, call'd a Coach and rid away.

Whilst he was in *London*, he daily frequented all the Skittle-yards about Town, winning a great deal of Money, especially at the Widow *Burton's* House in *East-harding-street* & *Shoe Lane*, where he constantly ruined *J-- B--* a Brazier, *Grey* a Taylor, *Sam Candy* a Black-Smith. But one Day Throgmorton being walking in the Evening from Hackney towards *London*, who should he overtake but a poor, prodigal, self-conceited, empty-souled, illiterate, vulgar Fellow, who keeps a D--

.... Shop not a Mile from *Marygold-Alley* in the *Strand*. This Fellow (I say again) being met with by our Bravoe of the Pad, he commanded him in a convenient Place to stand and deliver, or otherwise he would shoot him; who having no more Heart than the Ox which in one of the Heathen Sacrifices was (as *Valerius Maximus* tells us) found without one, when it came to be cut up, he trembled like an Aspin Leaf, and let his Water-Spout run to that Degree, that he left a sprinkling behind him thro' his Breeches for near half a Mile. He begg'd and pray'd heartily on his Knees, that *Throgmorton* would be civil to him, and not misuse him, and he would freely surrender up all he had, which was about 18 Pence in Silver, and two Pence-Farthing in Brass; a Sum so small, that *Throgmorton* being in a great Rage for having no more Money about him, caned him till his Flesh began to wear the Mark of his Anger, and then let the prodigal Rascal go about his Business, without tying him to his good Behaviour, as being too much a Man to fear receiving any Harm from such a cowardly Rascal as he was.

But since last *Christmas* Mr. *Throgmorton* being very well mounted, and meeting within a Mile or two of *Blandford* in *Dorsetshire*, with a Person of Quality as well mounted as himself, on a good Gelding attended with three other Gentlemen, and four Footmen on Horseback too, he attempted to attack 'em by first

## 122 WILLIAM THROGMORTON,

shooting two of the Servants Horses under 'em, before ever he commanded them to stand, when swearing that he was resolved to die, or kill them if they did not deliver, the other two Servants rid with all the Speed they could to raise the Town of *Blandford* to the Assistance of their Masters, who in the mean time being engag'd with *Throgmorton*, at length his Horse was shot under him, and he wounded in the Thigh, so that being not able to make his Escape, he was, after an obstinate Resistance, apprehended, and being carried before a Magistrate, was committed to *Dorchester* Goal, where lying till the *Next* Assizes, he was try'd and condemn'd, and on *Saturday* the 18th of *April*, 1719, was hang'd at *Dorchester*, aged 51 Years.



## MARY BARTON, a Pick-pocket, Shop-lift, and House-breaker.

**T**HIS *Mary Barton* was the Daughter of an eminent Drugster in *York*, by whom she was very well brought up, as being his only Child ; but for the Sake of a young Man that courted her, against her Father's Consent, who would by no means allow of their Marry-



Marriage, she in Discontent withdrew her self from her Parents, and came up to *London*, unknown either to them or her Sweetheart, who was so much grieved at not knowing whither she was gone to, that in a short Time after he poyson'd himself, to the great Disconsolation of all his Friends and Relations, as being a very hopeful young Man; and tho' he was not equivalent to Mrs. *Mary Barton* in Fortune, yet he had wherewithal to make her Happy, and without doubt would have prov'd a very good Husband.

She brought to Town with her about 50 Guineas, which coming in a little time to a very low Ebb, she went to Service at one *Daniel Wait's*, a *Quaker* and Bodice-maker in *Burleigh street* in the *Strand*, where being debauch'd by one *George* his Prentice (who afterwards being a Life-guard-man, was drown'd Horse and all, as attempting to swim over the *Thames* from *Lambeth* to *Mill-Bank* at *Westminster*, when he was drunk) she was turned out of her Place, after her great Belly came to be discovered, and when she was up again, she turn'd common Whore. But making little or nothing of that Trade, she learnt the Art and Mystery of Picking Pockets, being a very good Proficient therein, getting a great deal of Money, and spending it as fast, especially upon one *Bird*, a Soldier in the Foot-Guards, who stood by her as her Husband, or rather Bully upon all Occasions. One Sun-

day Night, meeting with a *Danish* Gentleman in the *Strand*, for her constant Walk was most an end betwixt *Somerset-House* and the *Savoy* little Gate, she pickt him up, and he being a little in Drink, it gave her the Opportunity of picking his Pocket of some *Danish* Pieces of Silver, which he here kept for Pocket-Pieces, and 9 or 10 Shillings Sterling, besides skrewing a couple of Gold Rings off his Finger; but he was not so much in Liquor, but perceiving his Rings were taken from him, he began to threaten to secure her in Case she did not restore 'em him; but the abovesaid *Bird* coming to her Assistance, knockt him down, and carried her off. However, next Night, the *Danish* Gentleman taking another Gentleman along with him, they walk'd the *Strand* till they met with *Mary Barton*, whom securing in a *Hofier's* Shop till a Constable was sent for, he kept her in the Roundhouse till next Morning, when being carried before a Justice of Peace, he committed her to *Newgate*. The same Day her Bully *Bird* coming to the Adversary to compound the Felony, he was also taken into Custody, and sent to *Newgate*. When the Sessions came, they were both indicted for an Assault and Robbery on the Highway, but *Bird* taking the Charge of the whole Indictment upon himself, *Mary Barton*, his pretended Wife, was acquitted, and he was condemned, and accordingly

dingly was hang'd at Tyburn in 1692, aged 32 Years.

Being now become a Hempen Widow; she left off the Trade of picking of Pockets, and took to Shop-lifting, to the great Sorrow and Lamentation of many Mercers in *Ludgate-street*, and on *Ludgate-Hill*, as well as Grief of several Linnen-Drapers in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*. What she could not privately take out of their Shops, she would perform by Stratagem; thus one Day buying a Piece of Velvet containing about 24 Yards, and giving a *Moydore* in Part of Payment for it, order'd it to be sent home to her Lodgings, which was at one *Harness* a Blacksmith, living in *Burleigh-street* in the *Strand*, and she would pay the Residue of the Money. The Mercer's Man brings the Velvet to her House, finds her at home, who gives him a Sham Bank-Bill, of 100 Pounds, desiring he would do the Favour to desire her Landlord to lend her 40 Guineas on it. He went down Stairs for the Money, thinking no Harm, so long as she was above, in the meanwhile she went up Stair, and going over the Leads in the next House, went off with the Prize undiscovered. However, *Fu'can* her Landlord being not skill'd in Bank-Bills, for his Skill lay more in Iron than Gold or Silver, he carried it to some of his Neighbours to know whether it was good, who detecting it to be a Counterfeit one, they privately sent for a Constable, and

went to apprehend *Madam Barton*; but the Bird being fled before they came, what swearing and staring was there! as if it had been for a Wager betwixt the Mercer's Man and the Blacksmith; or rather striving to out-swear and curse any losing Gamester at the Groom-Porter's, or any other Gaming-house, where Playing is more in Vogue than Praying, unless it is for a lucky Chance of the Dice. The Mercer cursed and damned for the Loss of his Velvet, and *Vulcan* damn'd and curs'd as fast for the Loss of a Silver Cup she had carried away: But that which put 'em into most Admiration, was her invisibly getting away, for the Mercer swore she came not down Stairs, neither could she go out of the Window, because, there was no Rope fixt to it; but when they went up into the Leads, they found by some Mortar tumbling down, in getting over the Wall, she had given them the Dog to hold that Way.

After this Success in her Wickedness, she went into the Country, where she Shop-lifted after a most unaccountable Manner, in Nottingham, Derby, Lincol'n, Newark upon Trent, York, and other eminent Towns and Cities in the North of England, for eight or nine Years, before she was condemn'd; but pleading her Belly, and afterwards to a most gracious Pardon granted Criminals by King *William* the Third, she came up to *London* again, where getting into a Gang of Housebreakers, she

enter'd



enter'd her self among them, rather than not get her Living in an unlawful Way. So one Night going with a young Fellow to break open the House of one *William Hughs*, a Brick-layer in *Marygold Alley* in the *Strand*, they got into a Room up two Pair of Stairs, in which being nothing worth taking but the Sheets, it happened there was then in Bed dead drunk one *Bob Wheedon*, Brother to a Barrister of that Name in *Lincolns-Inn*, and who formerly had been Page to the Duke of *Monmouth*, beheaded for the Rebellion in the West, in the Reign of King *James the Second*, on *Tower Hill*. But at length this drunken Animal being too old, not too big, for he was but a Dwarf, to be entertained in that Capacity, he turned a common Gamester and Spend-thrift, lying Night and Day at one *Pyke's*, who kept a Victualling-house at the End of *Curle Court* in the *Strand*; till at last all his Friends being weary of him, he went over to the *West-Indies*, and there died. However, Mrs. *Barton* and her Comerade (as above mentioned) being loth to go empty away, they rous'd *Bob Wheedon*, who was fast a sleep, up in the Sheets, and putting him into a Hamper, which was in the Room, they carried him into *Lymbs-Conduit Fields*, and there shooting their Rubbish, took away the Sheets, and left poor *Bob* to take out his Nap on the Grass; who at last awaking almost star'd to Death with Cold, he fell a swearing and cur-

sing like a mad Man, wondring how the D... he came there, and suppos'd that rambling thither in his drunken Fit, he had been robb'd of his Clothes ; so getting a Coach in *Holbourn*, he rid home as fast as he could, whither he was no sooner arriv'd but the House was all in an Uproar for the Loss of the Sheets, which they suppos'd *Bob* had stolen ; but when they saw him naked to his Shirt, and that his Clothes were gone too as well as the Sheets, (for the Thieves took them with the other) his Landlord and Landlady could not then tell what to think on't, so they sat down by their Loss, and *Bob* was forced to do the Penance of lying a Week in Bed, before he could get more Clothes to go out in, for truly he was that provident parcimonious Man in Apparel, that he never kept but one Suit to his Back.

Another Time, Mrs. *Barton* drinking at the Shop of an old Fellow, commonly call'd *Dirty-Face*, who sells strong Waters, she took the Opportunity of taking a Key out of one of the Pins in the Window ; and about 12 or 1 at Night, coming with two or three other House-breakers, they got into the Shop, where letting all the Strong Waters about the Floor, they went into the Bed-chamber of Mr. *Dirty-Face*, where washing him clean (after they had first gagg'd him) with what they found in the Chamber pot, which was none of the emptiest, they then bound him over to his good Behaviour, by tying him Neck and Heels ;

serving

serving his Wife also the same Sauce, then they fell to rifling his Trunks, in which finding but a very little Money, they ty'd a young Kitten to his Members, which as they whipt it with a Cord, made sad Havock with his Bauble, till he confess'd a Bag he had over the Bed-Teaster with a Quarter's Rent in it to pay his Landlord, and then taking the Cat off of him, they went away with what they had.

It was not long since, that she and some others breaking into the House of an eminent nonsensical Scribler, and going into his Bed-chamber, they presently began to gag him, whereupon swearing he would certainly hang them, if ever he caught them, they never minded his Threats, but all the while as they were stopping his Mouth, they cryed out Neck or Nothing; Nothing venture nothing have: But finding nothing worth taking but a few Pamphlets, they set 'em all a Fire in the Chimney, by which laying him ty'd Neck and Heels, they there left him to be roasted by his own Works.

Not long after thus serving the abovesaid Author, in such a scurvy Manner, going into the Country, and breaking open a House at Peter, she was taken in the Fact, but the Rogues that were along with her made their Escape: whereupon she was committed to Bedsted Coal; and at the Summer Assizes held

130 MARK THORNTON,  
there in 1715, being cast for her Life, and  
condemn'd, she was deservedly hang'd in the  
50th Year of her Age.



MARK THORNTON, a High-  
way-man and Murderer.

THIS unhappy Person was the Son of  
an eminent Gentleman living in the  
County of Norfolk, and being the only Child,  
who was Heir to about 600 Pounds *per Annum*,  
he bestow'd on him a liberal Education, and sent  
him to the University of *Cambridge*; but being  
of an untoward Disposition, he minded nothing  
there but to observe the Mode, Manner, and  
Fashions of the Place, and out-living the Al-  
lowance of 100 Pounds a Year, which his Fa-  
ther sent him to maintain him like a Gentle-  
man, he had learnt, to support him in his Ex-  
travagancy, the Art of selling more Books in  
one Month, than perhaps were bought him  
in a Year. He was a great Swearer, seldom  
or ever sober, and it was very rare that he  
was found out of a Bawdy-house; all which  
Vices being known to the Master of *Trinity*  
*College*, in which Foundation he had the Ho-  
nour to be a Member, he justly fearing his  
vicious



## *a Highway-man and Murderer.* 131

vicious Example would corrupt others in that House, he was expell'd (after several Warnings of reclaiming) the University; at which he was not in the least concern'd, but return'd home to his Friends with a great deal of Joy.

He was a Gentleman of great Courage, and of a brave, daring, and resolute Temper; and now being at home with his Parents, it was not long before he was out of their Favour too, for getting his Mother's Chamber-maid with Child; but *Mark* not in the least *marking* their Displeasure, he bore it out with a good Stock of Impudence, and at last his Father dying, the Estate came to him, and then coming up to *London*, his daily Rendezvous was at the Play-House, an Ordinary, a Gaming-house, the Tavern, or a Bawdy-house; so that what with Plays, high eating, Dice, drinking and whoring, his whole Estate was all mortgag'd, and partly sold, in less than three Years, when resolving to keep up his Grandeur still, he swore the Country should pay for it, and in Order thereto being well mounted and armed, he went out by himself (for he would never rob with Company) to seek out some Adventure, when meeting the Lord *G--y* on *Hounslow Heath*, he attackt him, tho' attended by three or four Servants on Horseback. His first Words were, Sir, I have great Nec<sup>essity</sup> for a little *Mm-y* at this Present, so *steal* d--n me stand and deliver, or else I'll  
this

*this very Moment shoot you thro' the Head. Quoth his Lordship, How durst you, Sirrah, have the Impudence to stop a Nobleman? Let me come out of my Coach, and mount one of my Servants Horses, and I'll fight you at Pistol. Why truely, my Lord (reply'd Thornton) that's a very fair Challenge, and I should be very willing to accept of it; but fearing when you are mounted, that instead of fighting, you shall draw off, as you did with the Horse when you betray'd the poor Duke of Monmouth, I will not now put it into your Power to run away. So pray Sir, don't stand prating, but deliver what you have presently, or expect to be sent forthwith to Hell before the Wind. Quoth his Lordship then, What the Plague are my Servants doing there? What, four great lubberly, hulking, cowardly Dogs of you, and all stand still to let me be robb'd by one poor Thief. Thief! Scoundrel, reply'd Thornton, I'm a Gentleman bred and born, and you see I now live by my Sword, and Pistol too, one of which you shall instantly have thro' your Head, and t'other in your Gut; therefore don't rely upon your Servants Assistance, for the first of 'em that offers to lay his Hand on his Holsters, I'll shoot him thro' the Head, as I will you just now, if you make any more Words. So offering as if he was going to discharge, his Lordship cry'd out for Quarter, and gave him a Brace of Hundred Pounds, which he had in his Coach, and then his Antagonist rid off in Quest of more Prey.*

## *a Highway-man and Murderer.* 133

Not long after meeting with Sir John *Fermain* in a Coach and six Horses on *Banstead-Downs*, and two or three Footmen riding after him, he commanded the Coachman to stop. then riding up to his Master, Quoth he, 'Old F.-k Beggar, I make bold to desire a little Contribution Money of you. By what Authority (said *Fermain*) do you demand it? This is my Commission, the certain Signal of my Power and Office, as that of a painted Staff is of shewing a Constable or Headborough; so stand no more disputing my Authority, but open your Purse-strings presently, or otherwise you shall feel the Force of one of 'em, for by Heavens I'll shoot you thro' the Head before I'll go away empty handed. Pray, Sir, said *Fermain*, don't think to bully me out of my Right, for let me tell you the Law do's not authorize you to rob and steal. Quoth *Thornton*, the Law, Sir, authorizes me as much to steal your Money from you, as it does you to steal the Duke of Norfolk's Wife from him, and live in Adultery. Ay (said *Fermain* again) another Man's Wife is not a Capital Crime, but robbing's hanging. Quoth *Thornton*, if you was hang'd too, I should not care, so I've but your Money; therefore pray deliver with Speed, or may I be eternally d--- if I do not this very Minute shoot you: What a Plague is here to do? There's more a Clutter with robbing but one *Dutchman*,  
' than.

‘ than 20 of our own Nation; and why’s  
 ‘ that? Because the *English* are free and ge-  
 ‘ nerous, when they can’t help it, and from  
 ‘ these d-d Foreigners a little Money comes  
 ‘ from ’em like so many Drops of Blood, as  
 ‘ loving it as well as a *Welshman* do’s toasted  
 ‘ Cheese; a *Scotchman*, Oaten Bannock; an  
 ‘ *Irishman* Usquebaugh; a *Dutchman*, Butter;  
 ‘ a *Spaniard*, a patch’d Cloak; an *Italian*,  
 ‘ Buggery; or a *Frenchman* the Pox. So  
*Fermain* finding there was no good to be done  
 with our Highway-man, he gave him a Purse  
 of Guineas, a Diamond Ring, and a Gold  
 Watch and Snuff-Box, which Present he was  
 so kind to return with the Favour of cutting  
 the Traces of his Coach-Horses, that he should  
 not ride too soon into *London*, to tell how he  
 had been treated in the Country.

The same Day, *Thornton* met with the Lady  
*Mary Mordaunt*, who was divorc’d from her  
 Husband the Duke of *Norfolk*, and then liv’d  
 with Sir *John Fermain* coming from *Epifom-  
 Wells*, whom attacking, and commanding to  
 deliver what she had; she beg’d and  
 pray’d very heartily, that he would be so  
 civil and tender-hearted to her Sex, as not to  
 put her into a Fright, but above all not to rob  
 her, ‘ Alas! Madam (quoth he) how can  
 ‘ your Ladyship desire such an unreasonable  
 ‘ thing, since you have enough to spare to a  
 ‘ Gentleman that has more Occasion for Mo-  
 ‘ ney than you; but d-n me, you Women  
 ‘ are



## *a Highway-man and Murderer.* 135

'are so unconscionable, that by your good  
'Will you would no more part with a Far-  
'thing, than you would with an Inch of  
'P--- Come, come, Madam, let's see your  
'Generosity. for I must make bold to rob  
'you; for if I should not, what do you think  
'your Gallant Monsieur *Fermain*, whom I've  
'also robb'd but two or three Hours ago, will  
'say, if I should let you pass by unmolested;  
'truly he'll swear I don't do fair to make Fish  
'of one, and Flesh of t'other; therefore not  
'to have his ill Will, I must send you home  
'as I did him. Hereupon her Ladyship gave  
him 20 Guineas, but *Thornton* being not sa-  
tisfied with the Present, he took two Dia-  
mond Rings off her Fingers, and a Gold-  
Watch; then desiring her to give his Service  
to Monsieur *Fermain*, he rid away.

Another time, *Thornton* meeting on *Hamp-*  
*stead-Heath*, with one *Leak*, who formerly kept  
the Rose and Crown Alehouse in the *Strand*,  
but being burnt out in the Fire which hap-  
pen'd first at the Fountain Tavern on Saturday  
Night the 14th of *February*, 1707, set up a  
boozing Ken in *Margold-Alley*; he commanded  
Mr. *Nick-and-frost* to stand and deliver, which  
he refused, alledging he was a very poor Man,  
and up to the Head and Years in Law, and that  
it would be the utter Ruin of him to take  
what he had away. 'Quoth *Thornton*, you  
double refined Son of a B--ch, a poor Man,  
and go to Law! how the Plague do you  
find.

' find Money for the Lawyers? They won't  
 ' work without Money. Ay, Sir (reply'd Mr  
 ' *Double Chalk*) they are worse than Attornies  
 ' Solicitors, or the Devil either, and that  
 ' you'll say can scarce be, as I have to deal  
 ' withal, for they are *Apparators* and *Proffors*  
 ' whom I am to deal with at Present about  
 ' my Wife. How about your Wife (quoth  
 ' *Thornion*) are you going to be divorced  
 ' from her? No, not for the World, Sir.  
 ' poor, dear, good humour'd Creature as ever  
 ' was born, for I never ask'd her the Question  
 ' at once to lie with her, and she, ah! sweet  
 ' good Woman, was freer to give than I to  
 ' ask; wherefore, to be civil again, I e'en  
 ' married her, when she was gone about six  
 ' Months: And here's an ungracious Devil of  
 ' late that came one Night into my House,  
 ' and had the Insolence to call her Whore to  
 ' my Face, and I'll make him prove his Words,  
 ' ay marry will I; nay, where I was so honest  
 ' but to score two for one, I'll now score three  
 ' for one, ay, four for one, but I'll get Mo-  
 ' ney to be reveng'd on him in *Doctors-Com-*  
 ' *mons*. Quoth *Thornion*, since you are so  
 ' good at scoring, I shall make you find some  
 ' for me too, so quickly let's see what you  
 ' have. But *Leak* being very refractory, he  
 ' was forced to cane him into good Manners,  
 ' before he would part with his Money, which  
 ' being but three or four Shillings, *Thornion*  
 ' was resolved that as he had taken so much

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Pains for so small a Purchase, he would take a little more about him; so setting him on an Afs which was grazing on the Heath by 'em, and tying his Legs under the Belly, with his Face towards the Breech, he then put some Needles under the Tail of the Afs, which set him a kicking and jumping as if he was mad, and running into the Town of *Hampstead*, where Hundreds of People were gather'd about 'em, and among whom was the Man that own'd the Afs, he thinking it was wrong Herdery to put Metal upon Metal, took Possession of his Beast, and so the other, which was the most insensible of the two, went home on Foot, as empty in his Pocket as he was in his Head.

In fine, this *Thornton* had committed several most notorious Robberies, and at last committing a Robbery and Murder, on the Body of one *Mr. Jackson*, a wealthy Weaver at *Norwich*, and taking from him 40 Pounds, he was apprehended the next Day at *Lynne*, from whence being committed to *Norwich Goal*, he was in the *Lent-Affizes* held there in 1717, try'd and condemn'd, and receiving Sentence of Death, was accordingly hang'd at *Thetford*, aged 38 Years.



CATHERINE LANGTON, a Pick-pocket, that came to be Chief Sultaneſs to the Grand Seignior.

CATHERINE Langton was the only Child and Daughter of one Jonathan Langton, born at a Town or Village call'd *Langton* in *Lincolnſhire*; who being but a Gentleman's Servant was ſo thrifty, as to have ſome Money in his Service, with which he took to buying of Fruit, till improving it, he in a little time became a Coſtermonger, and taking a Houſe in *Thames-ſtreet* in *London*, became there a mighty thriving Man; and his aboveſaid Child being reckoned the only Beauty of the Age, ſo that he was intirely fond of her, it was his main Care to get her a Portion ſufficient to make her happy.

Accordingly, getting Money very faſt, his Daughter did not want for Suiters upon the Accounts, which were that they thought who ever had the Happineſs to obtain her, they ſhould neither want a Wife with Charms nor a good Fortune. Now among thoſe that admired her, was one *Edward Clark*, a very genteel Fellow, never without Silver or Gold in his Pocket, but a great Thief, and



is to be believ'd that he robbed so much the more, to carry on his Courtship with this Virgin, because she really was the Paragon of Nature, of an admirable Beauty, and thereto were added such Excellences of inward Qualifications, as made her to be desired in Marriage by many young Gallants, and other wealthy Citizens: But Love, that knows no Laws nor Limitations, settled her Affections upon this *Clark* the Thief, whose smooth Tongue and complaisant Carriage had fetter'd her Heart in *Cupid's* Chains; he also seeming so amorously bent to her, as if he saw with no other Eyes but what she bestow'd upon him, nor thought no other Thoughts but what she inspired.

Before he had made a Courtship of eight Months to her, he obtained her good Will so far as to make her his Wife, and received the Day after Marriage a 1000 Pounds for her portion; but being very extravagant in keeping bad Company, drinking, and gaming, he consumed his Fortune in less than a Twelve-month; so taking to his old Courses again, he was committed to *Newgate* for a Robbery on the Highway, and was condemned with nine other Malefactors at the Sessions House in the *Old-Bailly* in *London*; but their Execution was spited by the Intreaty of the *East-India* Merchants, upon Condition that they should be banished to *Souldania-Bay*, to the end (if they could find any peaceable Abode there)

they

140 CATHERINE LANGTON,  
they might discover something advantageous to  
their Trade: And this was accordingly done  
But two of them, when they came thither  
were taken thence, and carried on the Voy  
age: One whose Sir-name was *Duffield*, by  
Sir *Thomas Row*, that Year sent Ambassado  
to the Great *Mogul*. That Fellow thus re  
deemed from a most sad Banishment, was af  
terwards brought back into *England*, by the  
noble Gentleman, and here being intrusted  
by him, stole some of his Plate, and ran away  
Another was carried on the Voyage likewise  
but what became of him afterward, is no  
known: So that there remained eight, which  
were there left with some Ammunition and  
Victuals, with a small Boat to carry them to  
and fro' from a very little uninhabited Island  
lying in the very Mouth of the Bay, a Place  
for their Retreat, and Safety from the Natives  
on the Main. The chief Man of the eight  
there left, was sir-named *Cross*. He was for  
merly Yoeman of the Guard to King *James the*  
*First*: But having had his Hand in Blood  
twice or thrice, by Men slain by him in sev  
eral Duels, and now being condemned with  
the rest, upon very great Suit made for him,  
was hither banished with them; whither the  
Justice of Almighty God was dispatch'd after  
him, as it were in a Whirlwind, and followed  
him close at the very Heels, and overtook him  
and left him not till he had paid dear for the  
Blood which he had formerly spilt. The

*Cross* was a very stout and resolute Man, who quarrelling with, and abusing the Natives, and engaging himself far amongst them, immediately after himself with the rest were left in that Place, many of these Savages being got together, fell upon him, and with their Darts thrown, and Arrows shot at him, stuck his Body so full of them, as if he had been larded with Darts and Arrows, making him look like the Figure of the Man in the Almanack, that seems to be wounded in every part; a just Retaliation of God for his Cruelty unto others. The other seven, the rest of these miserable *Banditti*, who were there with *Cross*, recover'd their Boat, and got off the shore, without any great Hurt; and so rowing to their Island, the Waves running high, they split their Boat at their landing, which oblig'd them to keep in that Place, they having now no possible Means to stir thence: and which made their Condition, whilst they were in it, extremely miserable. It was a Place wherein grew never a Tree, neither for Sustenance nor for Shelter, or Shade, nor any thing beside to help to sustain Nature; a Place that had never a Drop of fresh Water in it, but what the Showers left in the Holes of the Rocks. And besides all this, there were a very great Number of Snakes in that Island, many of those venomous Worms, that a Man could not tread safely in the long Grass, which grew in it, for fear of them. And all these

these put together, must needs make the Place beyond Measure uncomfortable to these most wretched Men. To this may be added, their Want of Provision, having nothing but dry Bisket, and no great Quantity of that; so that they liv'd with hungry Bellies, without any quiet rest, for they could not chuse but sleep in fear continually. And what outward Condition could make Men more miserable than this? Yet notwithstanding all they suffer'd, these seven vile Wretches - all lived to be made Examples afterward of divine Justice: For after they had continued in, and endured this sad Place for the Space of five or six Months, and they were grown all even almost mad, by Reason of their several pressing Wants and Extremities, it pleased Providence to bring an *English* Ship into that Road, returning for *England*: Four of these Men being impatient of any more Hours Stay there, immediately after that Ship was come in, made a Float with the Ruines of their split Boat, which they had saved together, and with other Wood which they gotten thither, and with ravel'd and untwisted Boat-Ropes, fasten'd as well as they could altogether; these four got upon the Float, which they had thus prepared, and poizing it as well as they could by their several Weights, hoped by the Benefit of their Oars and Strength of the Tide (that then ran quick toward the Ship newly arrived) they might recover it; but this their Expectation fail'd them



them: for it being late when they made this attempt, and they not discovered by the Ship which then rid a good way up in the Bay, before they could come up near unto her, the Tide returned, and so carried them back into the main Sea, where they all miserably perish'd. The Day following, the Ship sent a Boat to the Island, which took those three yet surviving, into her, as the other four might have done, if they could but have exercised their patience for one Night longer.

These Survivors coming aboard the Ship, related all that had befallen to their Fellows: but these three notwithstanding all their former Miseries, when they were taken into the Ship, behaved themselves so lewdly as they returned Homewards, that they were often put to the Bilboes, or Ship-Stocks, and otherwise many times punish'd for their great and several Misdemeanors. At last the Ship safely arrived in the Downs, she had not been there at Anchor above three Hours; but these three Villains, of whom *Edward Clark* was one, got on Shore, and had not been above three Hours, but they took a horse on the Highway, and a very few Hours after were apprehended, and all taken for Fact: and suddenly after that, their very Story being related to the Lord Chief Justice, and they look'd upon as Men altogether incorrigible, and incapable of Amendment by lesser Corrections, by his special Warrant

Warrant were executed upon their Former Condemnation (for which they were banished never to return hither again, but never pardoned) near *Sandwich* in *Kent*, where they committed the Robbery: The abovesaid *Edward Clark* was aged 29 Years, when he was hang'd in the Year 1714.

So much for *Clark* and his two unhappy Comerades; we shall now return to his Wife, who, by marrying him, had displeased her Father, tho' he had given her 1000 Pounds to her Portion. She was of a very haughty, imperious Spirit, which incited her after her Husband's Misfortune (rather than be beholden to her Parents) to take irregular Courses, and turn Pick-pocket, which she followed pretty successfully for a Year and half, when being detected in that unlawful Employment she was committed to *Newgate*, and being convicted for the Fact, the Court taking Compassion on her extraordinary Handsomeness and Youth, for she was not turned of 18, they only ordered her to be transported.

When her time came to be sent out of the Land, she was put on board a Ship at *Graveend*, mann'd with 80 Men, and a fair Wind presently offering, they hoisted Sail, and smoothly glided along the *Thames*, till they enter'd into that vast Gulph, the boundless Ocean, where such a violent Tempest arose as made the stoutest Spirit of 'em all to tremble; for they had not sailed far, when the

ascended a foggy Mist out of the Seas, so that the Clearness of the Skies might not be seen for the Darkness of the Air, dreadful Flashes seem'd to have set the Water on Fire; and terrible Volleys of Thunder threaten'd the shaking of the Heavens, and sundring of the Earth; Showers of Rain pour'd down amain, which, with the Impetuosity of the Winds, caused Showers of Tears to trickle down the Cheeks of the stoutest Men, who all of them now expected no other but to be devoured in that merciless Element of Water. Twelve Hours did the Wind and Seas contend thus together for the Destruction of this Vessel, tossing her about like Fortune's Tennis-Ball, tearing her Mast in Pieces, and making her Tackling unserviceable; when at last the Skies began to clear, and the Winds to cease the Violence of their raging, which cheered up their drooping Spirits, hoping now all Danger was past; but Fortune, that is constant in nothing but Inconstancy, soon made them to see their Error, and that they were now entering into the Hands of more violent Enemies than Storms and Tempests; for being by the Fury of the Seas brought upon the Coast of *Barbary*, they were espied by a *Turkish* Man of War, belonging to *Tunis*, a Repository of Pirates under the *Grand Seignior*, who instantly seiz'd upon this stately Vessel, altogether now disabled for Resistance; and having boarded her, secured her Goods, carry-

ing all the Persons thereof into the Town; who (according to the Custom of that Place) were immediately committed to Prison.

Now were the Sailors in their Dumps, knowing their Lot was perpetual Slavery; but the lovely Criminal, in whom Beauty sat again triumphant, tho' lately shaded with the Clouds of Fear, began to pluck up her Spirits, knowing that she had not worsened her Condition, but changed her Masters; and this gave her great Content, to see those unto whom she was so lately subject, now to partake of the same Lot with her; so that Roses which before seem'd to die in her Cheeks, now revived; each several Beauty resumed their former Glory, so that she soon appeared to those dark *African* Inhabitants a Sun upon Earth, or rather an immortal Goddess, than an earthly Creature. The Fame of her Beauty had soon fill'd the Ears of the Inhabitants of *Tunis*, who in Multitudes came flocking to the Prison to behold her; amongst others was the Governor of the Town who was so stricken with Admiration at the Perfection of her Excellencies, that he could not chuse but break forth into these Words:

“ O! *Mahomet*, what do I behold? A Beauty  
 “ ty able to tempt a Hermit from his Cell  
 “ and make gray Hairs to become young again.  
 “ gain. Who can look on her, and not admire?  
 “ mire? Who can admire, and not love? Nay  
 “ rather adore such great Virtues! for, can  
 “ w



“ we think Nature would not put her best  
“ Jewels into so rich a Casket ! Certainly so  
“ smooth a Forehead, Diamond Eyes, rose  
“ Cheeks, Coral Lips, Alabaster Neck, so  
“ well featured a Body, was not ordained  
“ for Captivity, but rather to be embraced  
“ by a mighty Monarch ! I will therefore send  
“ her as a Present to my Master, the mighty  
“ *Ottoman*, unto whom, I know she cannot  
“ but be welcome, as one that excels in Na-  
“ ture’s Endowments the choicest Beauties in  
“ all his *Seraglio*.

Accordingly, in pursuance of his intended Purpose, he takes the lovely Captive out of Prison, treats her nobly, and cloaths her gorgeously ; who, not willing to hide those Lustres wherewith she had captivated the Eyes of those *Mahometans*, employs her utmost Skill, with the Bravery of Apparel, to add to those Perfections of Nature. In the mean time, a Messenger is dispatch’d to the *Grand Seignor’s* Court, to certify him of the beautiful Prize which was coming to him ; the Governour with his Charge, following more leisurely after. When they put forth to Sea, it is said, that the Fishes danced and leapt about their Ship, and tho’ it was a serene time, and very calm Weather, yet the Billows rose up gently, as it were to behold her Face ; and having seen it, sunk down again, as it were in Obedience to her. They having arrived at *Constantinople*, and

Word thereof brought to the *Grand Seignior*, he strait gave Order for her Reception, which was indeed very magnificent, more like the Offspring of some mighty Potentate, than a poor *Costermonger's* Daughter, or an executed Thief's Wife, being attended by several *Bashaws*, *Caclies*, *Mudreffies*, *Chianlies*, and *Sanfiacks*, with a great Number of *Saffies*, *Calfies*, *Hogies*, and *Nupies*, after whom follow'd a strong Guard of *Janizaries*, who altogether attended her to the *Seraglio*, where she was received by the *Aga* of the Women, and not long after visited by the *Grand Seignior* himself; who beholding her exquisite Beauty, having never seen such peerless Perfections before; and as if Nature herein had imitated *Apelles*, to draw the several Excellencies of all Women into one Piece, he stood as it were wrapt into Admiration for a time; at last, recovering the Use of his Speech, he thus accosted her. “ Most peer-  
 “ less Lady! whose Beauty hath captiva-  
 “ ted my Heart, and of a Conqueror made  
 “ me thy Slave, thou shining like a Star of  
 “ the first Magnitude in Beauty's Horizon,  
 “ well dost thou deserve to be Queen of my  
 “ Affections, whom Nature hath already  
 “ crowned with such transcendant Preroga-  
 “ tives; know then, that I bid thee heartily  
 “ welcome (rare *English* Paragon) and for  
 “ those Excellencies which I do see in thee,  
 “ I will prefer thee before all the Women in  
 “ my

“ my *Seaglio*, making thee Empress of all  
“ my Dominions, as thou art already of my  
“ Heart.

Now, tho’ Women naturally do love to hear themselves praised, especially by great Men, yet the Sight of Majesty in so great a Prince did raise a modest Bashfulness in her, and bespread her Cheeks with a Vermilion Tincture: Silence for a while possess’d her Lips; at last, recollecting her self, with an humble Obedience she returned this Answer.

“ Great Sir, how much I am bound to your  
“ Goodness, my Heart is as little able to  
“ conceive as my Tongue to express; for  
“ which, tho’ I cannot in the least make you  
“ Satisfaction, my Means, being so infinitely  
“ below my Will, yet shall not my Endeavours be at any time wanting wherewith  
“ to serve you in what may stand with my  
“ Honour. The *Grand Seignior* reply’d, Gracious Lady! the only thing I desire of you, is, your real Affection, not Riches but Person, that I sue for; and tho’ I might have compell’d you by Constraint, yet I rather seek to win you by Love; for, forced Affection is but feigned, and that Musick of Marriage is but a jarring Melody, where Hearts are not joined together as well as Hands. To this the beautiful Creature thus answer’d. “ Worthy Prince, should I deny so great Honour, I might justly be taxed of Folly in the highest Degree; if therefore  
“ (dread

“ (dread Sir) there be any thing in me wor-  
 “ thy to be loved, I have, the highest  
 “ Ambition to be your Servant in its largest  
 “ Latitude.”

Being thus agreed, with reciprocal Joy on both Sides, next Day was the Marriage solemnized in *Santa Sophia*, the principal Mosque of the City; the Rites and Ceremonies were performed by the *Mufti* in his *Pontificalibus*: She was most gorgeously attired at that time, the Jewels that she wore being estimated at 5000 Pounds: And that the Joy might be the more universal, the *Grand Seignior* distributed amongst the *Janizaries* 100000 Sultanies. The next Day the *Grand Seignior* sitting in the *Divano*, with the *Beglerbegs* of *Greece* and *Natolia*, together with several *Bassaws*, *Sanfiacks*, and other high Ministers of State, the beautiful Lady was by a Decree ordained Chief *Sultaneſs* of all the *Turkiſh* Dominions, and so to be honoured of all the People, notwithstanding the former Custom, that she who bore the first Son to the Emperor had only that Title conferr'd upon her. She was also made free at the same time, a great Honour amongst the *Turks*, and immediately was by the Title of *Sultaneſs* proclaim'd all over the City of *Constantinople*.

Now being arrived to the Zenith of Honour and Glory, not only her Subjects were ambitious of having her, tho' a Christian their *Sultaneſs*, but the *Sultan* himself was proud of lying a daily Victim at the Shrine



of her all-conquering Beauty; which so far captivated also the principal Nobility of the Nation, that tho' it was Death to attempt any Amour with the *Sultaneſs*, yet ſeveral of them ſuffer'd the Fate of the Bow-ſtring, for diſcovering their Paſſion to her Perſon; among whom was even the *Muſti* himſelf, whoſe ſacred Function, as being the ſupreme Man of the Eccleſiaſticks among the *Turks* in delivering, pronouncing, and interpreting the Law of *Maſomet*, ſet down in the *Alcoran*, who was not only ſtrangled, and his Head brought to the *Grand Seigneur*, but his Eſtate both perſonal and real was conſiſcated, and his Body cut in ſmall Pieces, and caſt in the Fields for Meat for the Fowls of the Air. Truly, none ever look'd upon her, but their greedy Eyes preſently collecting the illuſtrious Eyes of her ſhining Beauty, became burning Glaſſes to their Hearts, and the Sparkles of her fair Eyes falling into the Train of their Love, ſet all their Sences on Fire. Nevertheless, ſhe was not ſo faithful to the *Sultan* her Husband, but ſhe carried on the Intrigues of Love with ſome particular Men of a handſom Aſpect, attended with Generoſity, Wit, and Gallantry; which coming to the *Grand Seigneur's* Ear, he had ſuch a Veneration (tho' he burnt too with all the Paſſion Jealouſy could inſpire his Breſt with) and good Opinion of his adored Empreſs, that he would give no Credit to any Reports made of her, without ſecular Demonſtration, and thereupon put ſeveral

152 CATHERINE LANGTON,  
ral of his Favourites to open Deaths, for touch-  
ing her Fame and Honour, without present  
Proof of shewing him her Perfidiousness, when  
'twas acted contrary to the solemn Plight of  
her Nuptial Vow. But in Process of Time, or  
that ow'd the *Sultaneſs* no good Will, by Re-  
son his Father had suffer'd upon this Account  
he in Revenge thereof narrowly watching a  
her Motions, having a very good Opportun-  
ty as being one of her Pages, when she was one  
Day entertaining a Paramour of hers in private  
he acquainted the *Grand Seignior* therewith  
who going *incognito* to the Place where they  
made their Offerings of Love, he came in such  
a critical Minute, that he catch'd 'em in the  
very Act, which plainly proved her Inconstan-  
cy; and however, her beauteous Charms were  
such a Shield for her Lewdness, that he for-  
gave her the Crime, but her Minion was forth-  
with impaled alive. The Love the *Grand Seig-  
nior* bore her, let her be guilty of what Miscar-  
riages she pleased, inspired all the Ladies of  
the *Seraglio* with such mortal hatred toward  
her, that contriving several Ways to send her  
out of the World before her time, they at last  
poyson'd her, which greatly griev'd the *Sultan*,  
who to revenge her Death, caus'd a Lady every  
Day to be beheaded in the publick Market Place  
in *Constantinople*, for a Year, being in all 365  
all which time the *Sultaneſs* lay in State, and  
then was interr'd with great Pomp and Cere-  
mony in the royal Mosque of *Santa Sophia*.

WALTER TRACEY



## WALTER TRACEY, a Highway-man.

Walter Tracey was the younger Son of a Gentleman, worth Nine Hundred Pounds per Annum, in Norfolk, and had a liberal Education bestow'd upon him at King's College in Cambridge, but living not within the Bounds of 1200 a Year, which his Father left him, he would often go out, and take a Purse on the Highway; in which Exploit once making a very narrow Escape, and being very well known by the Persons whom he attempted to Rob, he left the University, and retired into the Country, and liv'd there with a Wealthy Gentleman in the Quality of a Shepherd. Being a handsome Man he much addicted himself to the Intrigues of Love, so that when occasion did sometimes present it self to taste a little of the sweet pleasures of Nature, he was not so scrupulous to believe he offended the Laws of God nor Man, in the Enjoyment of Maid, Wife, or Widow, in the Dalliances of unlawful Sports. As he was an excellent Musician, he did oftentimes take a Violin with him into the Fields, and the handsomest and most

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lovely Maids of that Place would forsake their Sheep to hear him play under the Shade of some Copsie or in some Cavern; and when he was alone with any one of them, he did not forget to use his best endeavours to gain her Affections.

There was a brown Lass amongst them that did infinitely please Tracey, but he could not arrive at the end of his Desires, which was to enjoy her, if one Day in private he had not advised her, after he had done playing his Violin, that he could also play on another Instrument so well, that she would be even ravished with the Harmony thereof, howsoever he would not have that Musick to be made known to all the World. She, who took great delight too to hear him sing, did most incessantly beseech him, that he would make her so happy, as one Day to partake of that rare Musick. *I will* (said he) *provided you acquaint no body therewith; for I desire not to manifest to the World what I can do. Come to me to-morrow to such a Cave, you, without all doubt shall find me there with my Instrument, which I will not forget to bring along with me.* The brown Lass, being as glad as if some great Treasure had been offer'd to her, did not fail on the next Day to come to the Place that was appointed, which was unfrequented by the Country People. *Well* (said she) *I see you keep your Promise.* He made Answer, *Yes, I am ready to do you Service.* She thereupon did sit down close by him, and  
intricating



intreating him to shew her his Instrument, and to play therewith. He said unto her, Sweetheart, you never saw so miraculous a Thing as I do use to produce my Melody. To conceal nothing from you, I have not my Instrument made either of Wood or of Horn, the Harmony proceeds from the Members of my Body, which doth produce it altogether. The Maid then imagined, that in using certain Gestures, and some strange Motion of his Body, he had the Art to make his Bones so to crackle, as to make some other kind of an agreeable Sound; or with his Hands did so strike on the other Members of his Body, that there was a certain Consort of Musick in the Noise which it produced. But soon afterwards she perceived that there was something else to be done; for he said unto her, Sweetheart, since you will have Pleasure, you must take some pains your self; I cannot exercise my Artifice alone, you must joyn with me in it, and help me if you please. Shew me then (said the brown Lass) what which I must do. Immediately Tracey did embrace her, and kissed her at his pleasure; afterwards he endeavour'd to accomplish the rest. Oh! Lord (said she) you do me wrong. Let me alone, Patience, said Tracey, the Event will be better then the Beginning. Immediately she was ready to Swoon away with Pleasure, finding, I know not what, extraordinary Sweetness: And observing that Tracey began to retire from her, she said to him, What, have you done already? You have but just now begun. Oh!

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*my Sweetheart, said Tracey, I did truly Propheſie that it would not hurt you, and you would deſire that the Melody laſted longer. Truly ſo I do, ſaid the Girl, your Muſick is ſo Sweet that it makes no Noiſe at all, one cannot hear it; but one may feel it with Delight enough: Is there no way for us to begin again.* Dear Sweetheart, ſaid he, *all good Things are rare, and hard to be obtain'd, this is of the ſame Nature; but tell me, and Speck truly, have you not found a great deal of Pleaſure in that which I have done? I ſhould have loſt my Senſes,* ſaid ſhe, *if I ſhou'd not confeſs as much.* Some time after this pleaſant Entertainment, they had the means to begin again their incomparable Muſick, which was no leſs-agreeable at that time, than it was before

After this, the brown Laſs did go every Day to find out her Muſician, as ſoon as ever ſhe could get away from her Father's Houſe; but ſhe was ſo full of Tongue, that ſhe reveal'd her Secret to one of her Companions, who deſiring to participate in the Contentment, did come along with her to give a Viſit to our Shepherd in the melodious Cave. This brown Laſs did make a Requeſt to him for her, but at the firſt he ſeem'd to ſtand off, and to make ſtrange thereat; and checkt her much for having diſcover'd that which ſhe had promis'd to conceal. Nevertheless he gave them both ſmooth words afterwards, and ſaid, *that he would content her Companion, becauſe ſhe ſhould not vex him with her daily importunities, to have her to taſte of*



*the same Pleasures.* The brown Lass did deliberate with her self to be gone for a while, to give him the opportunity to play with the other, and she ob, she did the Musician a great Courtesie. Her Companion stay'd with him, and making some Resistance at first, as if she was unwilling to endure that which he had a desire to perform, she prov'd at the last the Sweetness of the Harmony. The brown Lass being return'd, demanded privately of her Companion how she found herself; and if it were possible to imagine any thing that was more delicious. Then (said she) I am beholden to you for your good will; but in this I find nothing at all that is new to me; for a Groom of my Father's did cause me to understand as much as this a Year ago. This Shepherd doth no more than all other Men do, nor is he more cunning in his Art than they are. Say that I will, reply'd the brown Girl, yet I had rather that it should give me this Contentment than any other which I know, for he is a handsome Man, and I will never endure that those foul Clowns, whom I see every Day, should approach me as he doth, by putting their Bodies and their Mouths to mine. If you like him for that, said the other, I must excuse you; for you have the best Reason for it in the World, and the handsomest Musician amongst 'em all. But have a care that his Musick prove not dangerous to you; for, it may be Nine Months hence, to your Amazement, another young Musician may come forth from your Belly, with Musick far differing from his; it will be a young Child, who will

*do nothing else but cry, until you shall give him that Breast to suck which your Shepherd hath forgotten kist ; and this is the Reason why I counsel you as much as I can to refrain for the time to come from going to his melodious Cavern.*

The brown Lads followed the Advice of her Companion ; but Tracey for all that, did wait for no Game to sport himself withal : He had many other Female Practitioners, as well as herself, insomuch that he seem'd to be the Town-Bull of the Place where he liv'd, and all the other Places thereabouts. If he found any Girl that was more Coy than the rest, he had recourse to such taking Artifices as would infallibly gain her Heart. Amongst those poor People with whom Tracey did converse, he was in some Reputation, and because he had no desire to continue long among 'em, it made him the more hardy ; and as for the Country Females that suffer'd themselves so easily to be seduc'd by him, among 'em was his Master's Wife, who was as much as any of 'em enamoured on him, and endeavour'd to shew it to him by all the means she could invent. Tracey did observe it well enough, but he made as if he had not the least Thought of it in the World, for this Woman did so much displease him, for some Imperfections which he had observed in her, that he could not but abhor to kiss her. At the last, having a desire to deliver himself from her importunities, he dissembled that he did bear more good Will unto her than heretofore

he

he had done, and acquainted her that *she must take the Resolution her self to come unto him one Night when her Husband was asleep, to pass away some time in her Company.* The Bargain being made. she was the most contented Woman in the World, and propounded to her self that undoubtedly he would accomplish her Desires. But Tracey being not of the same Mind as was he self, desired the Swineherd and Herdsmen, who lay in an adjacent Room to him, *to come and pass away one Night in his Chamber, to see a Spirit, who said not every Night to come and torment him.* They made Answer to him, *that they would not come, for they had Reason to be afraid of Jack Beasts.* Come boldly to me, said Tracey, *you shall not receive the least Prejudice. I believe it is the same Maid-Servant which we had the other Day, who comes to affright me. Do you only provide your selves with good Rods to whip her soundly, that she may have a Desire to return no more unto me.* The two Rusticks apprehending that News. were as glad as if they had been invited to a Wedding. They stay'd in his Chamber, without making the least noise, having in their hands those Arms which were necessary for the Execution of the Design. The poor enamour'd Wife observing that her Husband, according to his old Custom, was fast asleep, did softly rise from him, and going forth of her Chamber, she did double-lock the Door, that, if peradventure he should wake, she might have the leisure to come away from Tracey, and

not be taken in the Deed, but might perswade him that she had been at the Privy. Tracey, who heard her coming, gave Order to his Companions to make ready their Forces, for the pretended Spirit was approaching. They were not deaf to his Advertizement, for their Mistress was no sooner entred into the Chamber, but they took up her Smock. and did give her so many. and such cruel Lashes, that the reddest Hangman in the World did never so whip a Felon, that would not give him Money to be more gently treated by him. Perceiving that they were more than one who did Persecute her in this manner, she durst not cry out, nor speak the least Word, for fear of being discovered, and for the shame she had to be taken out of her Bed. At last (because that without any Respite they so continued in their hot Exercise, and all her Body was pitifully torn) she could not forbear from crying out *Help* and *Murder*. Her Husband awakened at that Noise, and in Amazement, not knowing from whence the Voice did proceed, did go out at another Door of the Chamber, and not at that which his Wife had double-lock'd, and went into the Yard to see what the Business was. At the last Tracey, having Pity of his Mistress, did take the Swinherd by the Arm, to make him understand that he had done enough: Thereupon he did leave off, and his Companion also; she stealing away, did open the Door of her Chamber, and did lie down in her Bed as before.



His Husband perceiving there was not any Noise in the Yard, did come back into the House, and advising with himself that, possibly, the Noise which he heard might arise from Tracey's Chamber, he softly did go thither to know if he was asleep. The two Companions who held their Rods in their Hands, did perceive that it was another Spirit, and having taken him by the Arm, they began to lay about him, as heretofore upon his Wife. He feeling the smart, became suddenly outrageous, and delivering himself from their Hands, did smite them with his Fist with all the Strength he had. They imagining to themselves that such heavy blows could not proceed from the Hand of a Mortal Man, did believe that it was truly a Hobgoblin, so that they did assay to avoid his Encounter, and did hide themselves on the other side of the Bed, where they might easily have been found, if they had been indeed pursued by the Spirit. *Where are you?* said the Ghost to Tracey. He answered from his Bed, *O Dear Master, make all the haste you can away, here are Spirits that do nothing else but Torment me.* Immediately in a great Fear he departed, and did believe what Tracey had told him, and having both locked and bolted his Door, he did return to his Wife, who counterfeited herself to be very drowsie, and did say, *For Heaven's sake I did hear nothing at all.* He made a short Account, and declar'd only unto her, that he had been whipt by Spirits, who va-

*nished in a Moment.* She was glad to understand it, because he had a share in the Punishment as well as her self, and this was some kind of Comfort to her. The Grasier did much lament his poor Shepherd Tracey, who was exposed to the Fury of those evil Spirits; and the next Morning he enquired more particularly of him what were the Torments he had endured. He invented such a Number of them, that they drew Tears from the Eyes of all the Family. But as for his Enamour'd Mistress she was in a great doubt whether they were Spirits or living Creatures who had whipt her by his Instigation. At the last she believed that all proceeded from his Invention, because she observed in him a great change of the good Humour in which he was at the last time when she spake unto him, when he consented to give her all Content.

Moreover, Tracey was believed to be a Magician, and that he held a Communion with Spirits: Many times the Peasants observed that he did talk to himself, as he was making Verses, for he had a pretty good Talent in Poetry; and because he had Poetick Phrases which they could not understand, they imagined that he discoursed with some invisible Spirit. He held but as little Conference as could be with those Rusticks, insomuch that all of them did impute his Solitude to the Custom of his damnable Profession. He was observed to be experienced in divers Things which are beyond the Apprehensions

hensions of Villages: And one Day having heard some high Discourse concerning Priests, he so exprest himself, that he caused Admiration in the standers by, which made them believe that the Devil was his School-master. They did believe he had the knowledge to foretel what was to come, and could divine on all Things. One time being in the Company of some Citizens Daughters, for he did not live far from Chester, and some Country Wenches, he said unto them, *I will lay you a Wager, that I will find out her among you all who is not a Maid.* One of them immediately made Answer, *your Curiosity will be here employ'd in vain, for you may well say that there is not one amongst us all in the Place who hath lost her Honour.* However, Tracey prosecuted his Design, but for fear of giving Offence he would not point her out to all the World, who had lost her Maidenhead, and he would disclose it only to one of her Companions who was present. He therefore did speak it in her Friend's Ear; saying, *I have told by my Art, that she who amongst all these Maids hath Sinned by Fornication, is the very same who did Speak last of all to me.* The rest of the Company knew not that which was declared by him until Eight Days afterwards, at what time the said Girl was Married to a Gardiner of the Village where Tracey dwelt. As she was in Bed, not long afterwards, her childing Throws did begin to grow upon her, and she was delivered of a goodly Boy. At the  
same

same Hour the same Maid who did know the Propheſie of *Tracey*, did Publiſh it as a Miracle, which did highly advance his Reputation. It may be well believed that they did all admire his Knowledge; but that which made the matter not ſo bad, as otherwiſe it would have been, was, that the Husband vowed *that the Child was his own, and that his Wife would not take a Husband, without having firſt made Trial of him, for having ſeen a Pattern of the Cloth, ſhe might try whether it were good or not, and if it did not pleaſe her, ſhe might freely leave it to other Customers.* This made ſome ſpeak pleaſantly that the Bridegroom was a good Workman, to have a Child the firſt Week; but theſe who expreſſed themſelves more ſeriouſly, were amazed how his Wife could carry her great Belly ſo well that it could not be diſcovered; but no doubt ſhe uſed ſome Artifice to conceal it.

*Tracey*, after half a Years Service in the Diſguiſe of a Shepherd, to ſhrowd himſelf in Juſtice, being weary of a Country Life, reliev'd to come up to *London*, where, by his ſluzzing Ways, he cheated (by his excellent Tongue padding, in which he had a good Faculty) abundance of People out of their Goods and Money; and at laſt being cheated himſelf by a Friend, into whole hands he had put 80 Pounds, which he had got by Gaming, he ſwore, 'Tis true, that at this Time we are grown a Nation of Cheats; but that which is worſt of all,  
Men



Men won't cheat upon the square, one engrosses more Quackery than his Neighbour, for if it went round equally, there would be nothing left.

So after this Loss, he was resolved to repair it, by going on the Highway again, committing several notorious Robberies; and coming up to Town to spend his ill-got Money, he happened one Day to go into the *Flower-de-luce* Alley in Petty France at Westminster, he there got a winding Clap; whereupon, at his going away, he writ over the Door the following Lines.

*All you that hit her chance to come,  
Mark well this House of Sin;  
For Frenchmen's Arms are Signs without,  
And Frenchmen's Harms within.*

One Night Tracey lying at Ware in Hertfordshire, where a Cambridge Scholar also put in at the same time, with a very Heavy Portmanteau on his Horse, Intelligence thereof being given him by the Hostler, he way-laid the Student between the aforesaid Town and London; when riding a little way together, and having some discourse on their Journey, the Scholar quoth Tracey, you have got a good Portmanteau behind you, and well cram'd, it must contain much. So putting one End of it with his Hand, he said, I vow it is extraordinary full, have you any Money in it? Yes, reply'd the Scholar, some Money I am carrying to the University

*University to take up my Degree of Master of Arts, and pray, Sir (said Tracey) what may that cost? The Answer was, about Threescore Pounds; a great deal of Money, quoth Tracey; but having great Occasion myself at this Time for such a Sum, I must make bold to borrow it. Accordingly he takes away the Portmanteau. The Poor Scholar leaps off his Horse, falls down on his Knees, and wringing his Hands and Shedding abundance of Tears, cry'd, Oh! dear Sir, take Pity and Compassion on a distressed Person; should you take my Money from me, you'll utterly ruin and undo me; I was Obliged to borrow it of above a Dozen People; for the Lords Sake soften your Heart Sir; indeed Sir I cannot take up my Degree without it, and for want thereof, I shall lose a pretty good Parsonage that is press'd on me in Essex, or else the Money had not been lent me but upon that Prospect of being in a Possibility of Paying it again. Dear Sir, Good Sir, Pray Sir, don't Rob me, let these Tears, which I shed on my Bend'd Knees, mollify your tender Heart, for which I shall be ever bound to pray for your Welfare whilst I have Breath to Draw. Tracey was Deaf to all these Intreaties, he might as well sing Psalms as think to get his Portmanteau again: however, his piteous Lamentation, and sorrowful Outcry of his being utterly undone work'd so much upon him, that having a Bag in his Pocket, in which was Four Pounds odd Money, he gave him that, saying withall, accept this, Friend, as a Pledge of my Love, it will*

carrying you very well to Cambridge, and tell your  
Collegians you met with a very honest Highwayman  
who used you civiler then ever he used a Man  
before. Then they parted; and Tracey making  
the best of his way to a Village, put up at a  
certain House where he was well acquainted,  
he was very eager to see what Booty he had  
got, so opening the Portmanteau, he pull'd out  
Two old Shirts, half a dozen dirty Bands, a  
tread-bare Student's torn Gown, a pair of  
Socks without Feet, a pair of Shoes but  
without Heel to 'em, some other odd Trum-  
pery, and a great Ham of Bacon, but not one  
Farthing of Money; which set him a Swear-  
ing and Cursing like a Devil, to think that he  
should be such a Damn'd Fool, as to give Four  
Pound and more for that which was not worth  
Twenty Shillings.

A little after this Mischance, Tracey riding  
towards Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, met  
with Ben Johnson the famous Poet on the Road,  
whom he commanded to stand and deliver; but  
Ben being undaunted, speaks thus to the bold  
Robber.

*Fi Villain hence, or by thy Coat of Steel,  
I'll make thy Heart my Leaden Bullet feel;  
And find that thrice as Thievish Soul of thine  
Is Hell, to wear the Devil's Valentine.*

To

To which Tracey replied.

*Art thou great Ben? Or the revived Ghost  
Of famous Shakespear? Or some drunken Hef?  
H'co being Tipsy with thy muddy Beer,  
Dost think thy Rhimes will daunt my Soul with Fear,  
Nay, know, base Slave, that I am one of those  
Can take a Purp' as well in Verse as Prose;  
And when thou'rt dead, write this upon thy Herse,  
Here lies a Poet who was rob'd in Verse.*

Poor Ben began to make a Truce upon these Words, but to no purpose, till he had given Tracey Ten Jacobusses; and reaching within Two or Three Miles of London the same Day it was Ben's hard luck to fall light into the Hands of worie Rogues; for some Foot-pals meeting him, knocked him off his Horse, straddled him, and ty'd him Neck and Heels in a Field, where they had bound at some certain Distances other Passengers, one of which crying, *that he, his Wife and Children were all undone,* which another bound Person too over-hearing, said, *Pray then come and undo me too,* Ben, tho' under Misfortunes with 'em, could not forbear laughing to himself, and when he was unlock'd in the Morning Early by some Reapers, he could not forbear making the following Lines.



Both red and bound, as I one Night did see,  
 With two Men more, their Arms behind 'em ty'd,  
 Preventing what did them befall,  
 O, I undone, my Wife and Children all.  
 Hearing it, aloud did cry,  
 O, let me no longer lie.  
 Those Men laid on the Ground,  
 I was undone indeed, yet both yet bound.

But to return to Traccy again, he still pursu-  
 ed his Robberies with good Success; till at last  
 attempting to Rob that Duke of Buckingham,  
 who was stabed by Felton at Portsmouth, he was  
 apprehended, and hang'd at Winchester in 1634,  
 Aged 23 Years.



WILLIAM



## WILLIAM JOYCE, *Highway-man.*

**T**HIS Unhappy Criminal was the Son of an Honest Farmer, born at *Norwich* in *Corn-  
shire*, and brought up to his Fathers Occupa-  
tion, but at about 20 Years of Age being  
very desirous to see *London*, as having scarce  
ever been 10 Miles from Home, his Father  
being a wealthy Man put 25 Guineas into  
his Pockets to see the Metropolis of the Na-  
tion, and of whom also he might have taken  
his last Farewell, for he never saw his Un-  
fortunate Son any more.

For the very First Day he came into *Lon-  
don*, which was in the Forenoon, taking after  
Dinner a Walk into *Moor-Fields* to see the  
Lunaticks in *Bedlam*; a Couple of Women  
of the Town, perceiving him by  
his Garb and Mien that he was no small  
Country Fool; pickt him up, and carrying  
him to a *Vaulting-School*, they there had a very  
pretty Collation both of Eating and Drinking  
after which sweet *William*, as being a Bristol  
Young Fellow, had a Game at *High-Gammon*  
Cook with 'em both, for which he Paid all  
the

the Money he had in his Breeches. He began to be Uneasie at his Loss, but they Coaxing him up with Promises of his having or finding his Money again, they Drank him to a Pitch of being *non compos mentis*, when falling asleep, they left him to Pay the Reckoning of 4 Pounds odd Money.

He was no sooner awoke, and beginning to come to himself again, but he found he was jump out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire, 4 Pounds and more is demanded for his Reckoning with the Gentlewoman that had been in Company with him; he had not one Farthing to pay it he said, whereupon he was threatned to send him to Jail, which put him into a great deal of Dread and Terror; but the Cock-Bawd of the House and his Wife understanding by the Strumpets he had good Friends in the Country; they were resolved to make a farther Prey of him in order hereto, they pretended to have some Pity and Compassion on him in Consideration of his Youth, and supposing he might have Friends who would assist him in a Time of Need, they would lend him as much ready Money as should make up the Reckoning 30 Pounds, with this proviso that he should not go out of their House, till he had sent a Letter to his Father, wherein he should signifie, that he had by some unknown Mischance lost all his Money in *London* but had lit on a Friend who had lent him 30 Pounds, which having lost by

by being drawn into Gaming, his aforesaid Friend was so angry at his Folly, that he had Arrested him, and would throw him into Jail, if the Summ was not return'd by the next Post.

The Proposition was accepted of 30 Pound was lent him, and he as soon lost it with a couple of Sharpe's who in his kind *Landlord* had brought him acquainted with to bear him Company under his voluntary Confinement. Next a Letter being sent to his Father, who being then sick could not come up to *London*; but nevertheless taking Compassion on his Sons Misfortunes, by the Return of the next Post, he Receiv'd a Letter, in which was enclos'd a Note to receive 40 Pounds upon Sight, of a certain *Goldsmith* in Town, with Orders also to return Home as soon as he had discharged what he ow'd.

The Money was received and the Landlord Paid, but instead of Returning Home, he was so captivated with Wine, Women, and good Company, as he took the Sharpers to be, that in Three Days more, he had had not one Farthing left to bless himself with, being now come to a *Neplus ultra*, and no farther Credit allowed, he bids adieu to his Landlord and walks about the Town to seek his Fortune. At last he rov'd down to the Water-side where seeing a Waterman taking a good heavy Trunk into his Boat, to carry to *Fulham*, without any Company, he told the Waterman

whole



whose Name was *William Bennet*, that he had Business at *Fulham* too, and asking what he must have to carry him thither, the Waterman ask'd a Shilling; to which he consented, so into the Boat he steps, and it being Night before they arriv'd within a Mile of the Place, what does *Joyce* do, but with a good Oaken Plant he had in his Hand, gave the Waterman such a shrew'd Blow under the Ear, with which being stunn'd he fell all along backwards, at which he gave him another Sharp Blow on the Head, presently ties his Hands and Feet with his Garters, crams a Handkerchief into his Mouth, and rowing the Boat to *Barn-Elms*, there breaks open the Trunk, in which was a great deal of good Cloaths which he would not meddle with, but searching to the bottom he found a Hundred Pounds in Silver in a Bag, Forty Guineas in a Green Purse, a Gold Watch, and a Silver Box, in wick Four Rich Diamond Rings.

With this Booty he went ashore, and liv'd riotously up and down the Countries till it was almost consum'd; and being then at *Chatham*, he there happen'd into the Company of one *James Corbet*, a young Reformade just come ashore from on Board the *Royal Oak*. Now understanding that he had about Fifty or Sixty Guineas about him, and that he was to Ride Post to *London* next Morning, he was resolv'd to make himself Master of his Money that Night. In order thereto, pretending that he

he was invited to one Captain *Mosely's* House about a Mile off to Supper, where they should have also a most noble Bowl of Punch, he should therefore be very glad of his good Company, who should be as Welcome as himself. *Corbet* knowing there did dwell such a Captain, and *Joyce* seeming a Man of Fashion, as being well cloath'd, had a good Watch in his Fob, a Diamond Ring on his Finger, and Five or Six Guineas in his Pocket, out of which he Paid his own and *Corbet's* Reckoning too, which he took as a great piece of Civility, he condescended to go along with him, over the Fields they went, but were not got above half a Mile out of *Chatham*, e're a convenient Place offer'd for *Joyce* to execute his Design, so pulling out a Couple of Pistols, and Demanding *Corbet's* Purse, he knowing it was impossible to pervey Bullers with a Sword, which he also took from him as being a Silver Hilted one, comply'd with his Demands, and also suffer'd himself to be ty'd Neck and heels.

Not long after this Exploit, *Joyce* meets with one *William Webster* an Attorney, walking over *Black-Heath* afoot he commanded him to stand and deliver. *Webster* tho' he had a Sword on, was Frighten'd out of his Wits, and Begg'd and Pray'd heartily that he would not Rob a Poor Lawyer, especially now it was Vacation Time. Quoth *Joyce* what the Plague is that for Time? Ay, dear Sir (reply'd *Webster*) the worst Time in all the Year,

Year, for those of our Profession. Was it but to  
 Term all the Year round, it would be Glorious  
 Days! and then if I knew but, Sir, your Name  
 and Place of habitation, I should very freely  
 make you a Yearly Present of a Brace or Two of  
 Guineas, if you would do me the Honour to accept  
 of 'em. Yes, Yes, (said Foyce) I should Honour you at  
 any time in that Respect; but you Complain so  
 much of this D——nation, I would say Vacca-  
 tion Time, pray tell me what it is, but be quick,  
 because I have a great way to ride to Night.  
 Quoth Webster, 'I will Sir, Why, as in Term  
 time (ah! it makes me almost weep to think  
 on't) you might without Offence shoulder a  
 Lord in Westminster-Hall to get thro' the  
 Crow'd, you may now this Vacation Time  
 walk in the same Posture a Justice of Peace  
 does in his own great Hall at the Exami-  
 nation of a Delinquent; play with your  
 Neckcloth, and swing your Cane about with  
 the same Air, and not an Elbow rub to  
 disturb you. The Bars that had wont to  
 swell with a Fivefold Row of list'd Gowns,  
 where the Favourites in the Front imburied  
 more Fees than would supply an Army, and  
 the rest (by Lady) had good doings too, a  
 Motion or short Cause to open, are now so  
 empty that Boys may peep over them. The  
 Lawyers have left the Hall, and are gone  
 down into the Country, where they spend  
 their time in Reading Plays and Romances,  
 thereby to keep their Tongues in Use, lest  
 the

' the Faculties of Brawling should be dry'd u  
 ' with unwilling Silence. On both sides o  
 ' of the Hall they have nothing to do, unles  
 ' it be to write Love-Letters. At ~~even~~ the  
 ' say, there's not a Lawyer nor Clerk core  
 ' near 'em. And at Hall, where they had won  
 ' to flock like Swallows to a Reed-Bath, now  
 ' there is not one no more than in ~~Haven~~  
 ' The Coaches which did use to lie in the Pa  
 ' lace Yard, and before the Inns of Court Gates  
 ' like so many Bushes, or Fleets of Fisher-Boat  
 ' in Harbour, pretending over the Haven-Keys  
 ' now seem like Western Barges on the ~~Trent~~  
 ' at the High Tide, here and there one. You  
 ' shall now be no sooner out of the Hall-Yard  
 ' and entering into *King-street*, but you will find  
 ' the Cooks, leaning against the Door Posts, ru  
 ' minating upon those ~~Heaven~~ Days of Ter  
 ' time, when who'e Herds of Clerks, Sol  
 ' citors, and their Clients, had went to com  
 ' with their Sharp set Stomacks from the Hall  
 ' and devour the Puddings and minced Pies by  
 ' Dozens, as swifly as a Kennel of Hounds  
 ' would worry up a Dead Horse; but now  
 ' for want of Employment they are ready to  
 ' eat up one another. The Taverns, where a  
 ' Iron Mill would hardly have Drown'd the  
 ' noise of the Yawling Boys, the Bar Bell  
 ' the Fiddling, and Roaring above Stairs. are  
 ' now so silent that you may rock a Child  
 ' sleep, The Spruce Mistress that was wont



fit in the Par, domineering over the Drawers,  
and not to be spoken withal if you would  
kiss her. A — se to speak with her, is now  
so Familiar, she bids you heartily Welcome,  
and will come and joyn her half Point with  
you, let you Salute her, thank you, and  
think it very well if all that Courtesie will  
invite you to mount the Reckoning to a Pot-  
tle. The Ale-houses, and Tobacco-shops,  
are grown sweet for want of Customers,  
you may walk by them without Danger of  
being Choak'd. All along the *Strand*, Lod-  
gings being empty, you shall find the House-  
keepers generally projecting where to bor-  
row, and what to pawn, towards Payments  
of their Quarters-Rents, thereby to preserve  
their Leases from Forfeiture, and themselves  
from the Tyranny of their stern Landlords,  
who are very Infidels in trusting. But I have  
worse News to tell you still, Sir, If you step  
but aside into the Hundreds of *Drury*,  
or other the Skirts of the City, where those  
precious Doves of *Venus*, those Birds of Youth  
and Beauty (I mean the wanton Ladies) do  
Build their Nests; you shall find them in such  
an Amazement for want of Trade, that  
their Beauties are decay'd for Lack of  
*Pomatum*, and *Fucus* for their Eyes, which  
like glistering Comets had wont to Dazle  
their Idolaters. Now shadow'd with Clouds  
of Grief, their Golden Tresses which had  
wont to fly about their shoulders, like so  
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' many Ensigns in *Cupid's* Regiment, and every  
 ' Hair thereof had a Servant or Visitant,  
 ' which did Supersticiously doat on it, now  
 ' for Want of Curling and ordering is grown  
 ' to the Fashion of an *Irish* Rug. And what  
 ' a Misery it is to see the Fine Gowns, Hoop'd  
 ' Petticoats, and other curious Rigging, nay,  
 ' the enticing Smocks sent to the Pawn-Brokers,  
 ' and the Noble Wardrobe that was Purchas'd  
 ' with so large a Proportion of free Favours,  
 ' and Communities, now reduc'd to one poor  
 ' single Suit. Is it not a pity to see them (poor  
 ' Souls! who had wont to shine like so many  
 ' Constellations in the Firmament of the Su-  
 ' burbs, and be hurried in Coaches to Taverns,  
 ' and Asparagus Gardens, where Ten or  
 ' Twenty Pounds Suppers were but Trifles  
 ' with them, should now go to the Chandlers  
 ' and Herb womans in Slip-shoes, for Cheese  
 ' and Onions to Dinner. Quoth *Joyce*, go no  
 ' Farther, Sir, I must needs say, I am Sorry  
 ' for the Calamity of those Poor Females, but  
 ' as for you, you must e'en dive into your  
 ' Pockets, and see what you can give me, for  
 ' my Attention to this long Tale of a Tub  
 ' come, make haste, or else this Pistol shall pre-  
 ' vent you from ever seeing another Term.  
 ' Poor *Webster* falling on his Knees beg'd hear-  
 ' tily for his Life, and gave him his Money  
 ' which was about Eighteen Pence; which  
 ' incens'd *Joyce*, that he sadly caned him

and Broke our Lawyers Sword, which might be worth about Twelve Pence more.

One time *Foyce* meeting with one *John Hicks* on *Putney-Heath* commanded him to stand and deliver, but he being as stout a Fellow as the Highway-man, a Fight ensu'd betwixt 'em, in which they discharg'd several shot at one another without doing any Damage. *Foyce* admiring the Courage of *Hicks*, said, that if he could put so much Confidence in him to think he would not betray him, he should be very proud to drink a Glass of Wine with him in the Town of *Putney*. *Hicks* being a generous Spirited Man promis'd upon Honour he would not discover him. To the Tavern they went, and among other Discourses *Foyce* asked *Hicks* what Employment he follow'd, who answer'd, that he had formerly been a Boat-sain of the *Neverwag*, reply'd *Foyce*, I have never heard of that. Ah! dear (said *Hicks*) that's a wonder, for she is older than any Ship in the Royal Navy, where does she lie quoth *Foyce*, in *Newgate-street* reply'd *Hicks*. Ay Plague, said *Foyce* I know your Meaning Sir; and I believe she'll lie there long enough, before she wags out of the Dock. Quoth *Hicks*, you never serv'd on Board her did you Sir, not yet (reply'd *Foyce*) but I have been impress'd on board most other of his Majesty's immovable Ships in England, and have been in very sharp Engagements. Why then (said *Hicks*) you must certainly have a great deal of Arrears due to you. Yes reply'd *Foyce*, but I never look after them;

*them; and I hope you have no Employment in any such Ship now. Yes (said Hicks) I have Sir; and a very large one too, which lies at Anchor in Southwark. Who (reply'd Joyce) is Captain of her? Quoth Hicks, a very bonest Gentleman, nam'd Darby. What post may you have under his Command? None (reply'd Hicks) under his Command; but by an Authority of Judge Bennet and the Knight Marshal I impress a great many Men, and Women too, for the Service of her. Ob! Sir (said Joyce) I presume you are a Bailiff. Yes said Hicks. Quoth Joyce, then why truly, Sir, that is a very dangerous and troublesome Calling. ' Ay (said Hicks) dangerous enough sometimes, but yet not so often dangerous as troublesome, for sometimes I shall be more plagu'd and fatigu'd to Arrest a Man but for Twenty or Thirty Shillings, than I shall to take a Gentleman for a Hundred Pound Action; I believe I was above three Weeks lately in taking a Damn'd shoemaker for an Alehouse Schore of Fifteen Pence, his Name was Samuel Sprackling, I try'd several Stratagems to knap him, yet he was such a cursed Shie Cock, that I could not Surprize him, till one Day going softly up to his Garret Door, at which was placed on Shelves a great deal of earthen Dishes, Plates, Porringers, and other of that Sort of Brittle Ware, which sweeping all upon the Floor, it made a Damnable Noise, which Crispin hearing, and thinking the Cat had made this promiscuous Slaughter among his*

*Goods*



Goods and Chattles, crys out, *Cat-Whore*, opens the Door in great haste, and runs out with his Stirrup full drive to lick Puss, when immediately I caught him in my Arms, and my follower being with me, I carried him clean off the Premises. Quoth *Joyce*, I suppose poor *Dr. Pin* look'd dull upon the matter; egad the *Serategem* was pretty enough to take him; pray Sir can you oblige me with such another comical Story?

Why Sir, (said *Hicks*) another Time I was as often plagu'd to take one *William Ryland*, a Gazer, for much such another small Sumowing at the *Royal-Oak Skittle-Ground* in the street. I was dangling after his Arse a Fortnight without any Success. For working up Two Pair of Stairs he would open his Door to none but such as he knew; so knowing that Bread was brought home to him Twice or Thrice a Week by the Bakers Man, I disguised my self in that Likeness with a Basket and Two or Three Quartern Loaves on my shoulders, and running up to the Room opposite to him, quoth I to the People, there, here's a Loaf for you, said they, we always fetch our Bread our selves, we never have any brought home to us, you are mistaken, 'tis for the People in the next Room. Up I took my Basket, down I threw it again at *Ryland's* Door; and crying to the aforesaid People the Bread must be deliver'd here you say? *Ryland* hearing the Pannum was come, out

‘ whips he to take it, but before I deliverd it I  
‘ made bold to take him, and brought him a-  
‘ long with me, but very much against his Will.  
‘ However, let me tell you by the Way, Sir,  
‘ I was prettily met with once by one *Hinton*  
‘ a Taylor, after whom to Arrest for Fifty Shil-  
‘ lings I had been above Six Weeks, Day by  
‘ Day and never could take him ; so one Mor-  
‘ ning dressing me in a Footman’s Livery, with  
‘ a good Suit of Cloaths over my Arms, as if  
‘ they had been my Masters, up Stairs I went  
‘ to his Garret-Door knocking, who asking who  
‘ was there, quoth I, my Master such a one (na-  
‘ ming Sir, a Gentleman for whom I knew he  
‘ did work) has sent his Coat to be alter’d.  
‘ Mr. *Cabbage* a Mischievous son of a B——ch!  
‘ creep’d thro’ the Key-hole, and not liking his  
‘ Messenger, said, put your Finger thro’ the  
‘ Hole you see in the Door, and lift up the  
‘ Latch. I like a simple Son of a Whore, must  
‘ in hopes of a Prey, do as he bade me, when  
‘ coming suddenly with his Hot Iron he claps  
‘ it presently on it, and Presses it almost flat to  
‘ the Door ; I Damn’d his Lap-Board if that was  
‘ it, and him too, and ran down Stairs Rear-  
‘ ing like a mad Bull, to get a Surgeon, who  
‘ had not less than a couple of Guineas for the  
‘ cure of it, and for all that, you see Sir I shall  
‘ not have the use of it as long I Live.

‘ Quoth

Quoth *Force*, a sad Dog! he did come up with you Sir; but pray, have you no more of these Stories? I vow they are very diverting. Yes (said *Hicks*) I have a Hundred and more; and now I'll tell you one, that seems to be of a more dangerous Consequence than this, and yet I came off without receiving the least Damage. A certain Gentleman being above Eight Thousand Pounds in Debt, he took Sanctuary in the *Temple*, out of which he would never stir but on *Sundays*. Of the above-said Money he ow'd Seventeen Hundred Pounds to a Mercer, who laying out several Baits to take him, but unsuccessful, he proffer'd me a Hundred Guineas if I could Arrest him. The Lucre of this Money encourag'd me to attempt it; so observing he constantly walk'd in the *Temple-Garden*, I took the Opportunity of a high Tide in the *Thames* one Day, when fixing a Boat with a couple of my Companions in it, besides the Two Watermen, just under the Garden I was walking cheek by jole being very well drest my self, with the Gentleman my design was on, talking with him about several Matters, till the Critical Minute offering, I took him up in my Arm, and throw him over the Wall into the Boat, and I leapt after him my self; or otherwise my Bod<sup>s</sup> had been pink'd full of Eylet-holes, for ther<sup>d</sup> was above Twenty drawn Swords came presently to the Garden-Wall to see the Adventure, but we quickly Row'd off with the Prey.

‘ and I receiv’d the Money promis’d for taking  
 ‘ him.’ Thus *Hicks* and *Joyce* passing the time  
 away for an Hour or Two in such sort of Chat, the  
 Highwayman Paid the Reckoning, presented  
*Hicks* Five Guineas, and then parted: but ere  
 he went far meeting with one *Robert Williams*  
 a Goldsmith living in *George-Yard* at *Westminster*,  
 and one *Samuel Winfield* a Blacksmith, living in  
*Southwark*, he took from ‘em Four Pounds, to-  
 wards defraying the Charges of his late Con-  
 versation with *John Hicks*.

Afterwards he went to *Bristol*, where marry-  
 ing a Citizens Daughter with whom he had  
 about five Hundred Pounds, he was by Marrying  
 her made (according to the Custom of that Ci-  
 ty) free thereof, and Pretending he was a Lin-  
 nen-Draper by Trade, and had Fifteen Hun-  
 dred Pounds to receive of his own Father he  
 takes the Lease of a great House next to an E-  
 minent Goldsmith in the *High-street*. The Key  
 being deliver’d to him, he took some of his Ac-  
 complies with him the same Night into this  
 House, which yet was empty and with Iron In-  
 struments forcing a hole thro’ the Party-Wall  
 of the Goldsmiths Shop, they clear’d, without  
 going into it, all the Plate off the Shelves quite  
 along that side they had made an Entrance, and  
 were carrying it off in Hampers on a Couple  
 of Horses; but being stopt by the Watch at  
*Laifford’s Gate*, he and two others were appre-  
 hended and sent to *Newgate*, and in some short  
 time after being try’d and Condemn’d for this  
 Fact.



Fast, they receiv'd Sentence of Death to be hang'd, and accordingly they were executed (tho' great intercession in particular was made for *James* in July 1696. They all Died very Resolute, saying, ' If they had known they should ' have been taken so soon, they would have enter'd their Adversaries House, and have cut the ' Throats of him his Wife and Children, that ' they might not have been Spectators of their untimely End.



*The Life of J O A N B R A C E Y, a  
Highway-woman.*

**T**HIS unhappy Criminal, the Daughter of a wealthy Farmer in *Northamptonshire*, named *John Phillips*, being debauched by one *Edward Bracey*, a notorious Highwayman, rob'd her Father, and ran away with him; and at her first launching out into all manner of Wick- edness, became as eminent for picking of Pock- ets and Shop-lifting, at all Country Fairs and great Markets, as ever her pretended Husband was reckoned famous in his way of Robbing on the Road.

She was often hamper'd for her notorious Thefts, and being once or twice in great Danger of Hanging : She and her Husband having got a great deal of Money by their ruining honest People, they set up an Inn in the Suburbs of *Bristol* ; and *Joan Bracey*, being a very handsome Woman; her Beauty brought her a great many Guests, who spent a great deal of Money to obtain her Favour ; but all to no purpose, for tho' she seemed to give them Encouragement, yet being constant to her first Spark, whose Name she assumed, she gull'd them all in the end, and exposed them to open shame, as may appear by the following Trick she put up on one of her Cullies.

In the abovesaid City of *Bristol* there dwelt one Mr. *Dry*, an eminent Merchant, who by his often visiting and treating *Joan Bracey*, conceiving that she seemed to have a desire to make a Trial of his Abilities, he went one Night to pay her (according to her Appointment) a Visit, and conveying himself into her House as much *incognito* as he could, spoke unto her Maid, who caused him to enter into a Room, where she told him he must attend, until her Husband went out, that he might not have a Suspicion (for he was mighty Jealous) of their Love. At length the Maid returned, and told him that he was gone, and that he had nothing to do, but to undress himself, and to go to Bed to his Mistress. Mr. *Dry* was unwilling to obey her, alledging, that he desired to salute her first;  
but

but she in a frolicksome Humour did begin to pull off his Cloaths her self, and told him, it would commend the Sport, if he should go and surprize her Mistress. When the Merchant was naked to his Shirt, she opened the Door of the Room wherein he was, and caused him to pass along without a Candle, which willingly he did, thinking it was the ready way to go into her Chamber; he was no sooner gone out, but immediately she made fast the Door upon him, which made him suspect she had then deceived him. Attempting to go forward, he thought he should have broke his Neck; for thinking the way was plain and even, he fell down a pair of Stairs, and bruised both his Legs, and his Recourse was unto the Door again of the Room, where he cry'd and knocked with both his Fists; but the Maid-Servant told him, that if he would not be civil and hold his Peace, she would send one to him, who would make him quiet. He hoped to prevail upon her by Promises and Intreaties; but he found that to be unprofitable. She continued her Threats somuch, that he was constrained to be silent. It was then very cold Weather, insomuch that sitting upon one of the Stairs, he stooped with the forepart of his Body, and drew up his lower Parts as close as ever he could unto it to keep the Cold from them. When the Day appeared, he was a long time making his Complaint, without receiving any Answer; and he believed that the Maid of the House was commanded forth

forth on purpose, that she might not be obliged to Speak unto him. At the last a great Lubber came down the Stairs, having a Sword in one Hand and a Bul's Pizzle in the other, with which giving him a Blow on his Shoulder, he commanded him to be gone; he was forced to go down the Stairs, being not able to make him understand his Reasons, and without any hope to have his Cloaths restored. He found that at the bottom of the Stairs there was a hole made to go out into a little Lane, through which he violently did thrust him, and afterwards made it fast against him. He stayed there without Doors sitting on a Stone, being in a deep Meditation what to do. But few Persons Travelled that way, for the Lane had but one Passage which was directly through it, and those who walked by, were People of a mean Condition. He complained to them, that his Cloaths were taken from him. Some of them laughed at him, saying, *he was served well enough, for using such Houses.* Others pitied him and told him, *they were not able to assist him.* Sometimes he would not speak a word at all, and he believed he was taken for a Beggar; for sitting all Night upon the Stairs, which were covered with Dust, his Shirt was extremely foul. At the last, he considered with himself, that he might stay there long enough, if he did not take some other Course; and to be gone in that Naked Posture, when it was broad Day-light, would appear very strange; he con-

ceived



ceived therefore, that it was his best Course, by some Messenger to advise his Friends of his Misfortune, and to desire them that some Cloaths might be dispatched to him. He did speak to one Man, but believed he could not find out his Lodging, for he heard not from him that Day, nor the next neither. At last he entertained in his Spirit a dangerous and a brisk Conceit, which was, to counterfeit a Mad-man, rather than to stay always there. Accordingly he advanced in his Project, and passing through the Streets, he did sing a Thousand Songs and Catches. Men, Women and Children in Amazement began to flock in great Crouds about him, hollowing and whooping after him till he arrived at a Friend's House, where being put to Bed, the Mob began to disperse: and afterwards sending for Cloaths, he went home in the Evening with a great deal of Ridicule and Shame.

But in less than a Twelvemonth's Time Bratter's life being grown so infamous and Scandalous that she and her Husband were forced to leave it, when they took to their old Courses again. Indeed, she was a very cunning intriguing Woman, as appears by her being one Day with her Husband in Company of another Highwayman, who complaining that he was but poor at present, as having been lately in Two or Three Jails, quoth she, 'I have matters more proper to concert about with my Husband and you, I have heard, Sir, before  
that

' that you have been lately imprisoned, and  
 ' therefore may want Money, I have laid a Pro-  
 ' ject to relieve us all, and which I doubt not  
 ' but on the hearing, you will both allow of.  
 ' What's that Wife, says *Bracey*. Before you  
 ' came in, pursues she, I saw young *Rumbald*  
 ' below. A pretty Spark indeed, adds the  
 ' Husband, what should we do with him? He  
 ' has no Money. No, says she, but he has a  
 ' Hundred Pounds a Year in good Land yet  
 ' left, which I hope to steal from him, with  
 ' your Assistance, in a Month's Time. A very  
 ' Project indeed! says the Husband, but how  
 ' can you compass it? Let him (said she) be  
 ' called up, and see if I effect not that in the  
 ' round of Two or Three Bottles, whereon I  
 ' build the whole Design. Pretty well indeed,  
 ' quoth he, I'll try that; whereupon *Rum-  
 bald* was called up, and after that they had  
 invited him to sit down, and drank once or  
 twice round to him, says the Female, ' Mr.  
 ' *Rumbald* what makes you that have an Estate  
 ' of a Hundred Pounds a Year, go in so ordi-  
 ' nary despicable a Garb? You see my Hus-  
 ' band and I that live only by our Wits, can  
 ' maintain our selves in Plush and Silk, and  
 ' drink well and fare high, having Money and  
 ' what else at our Will, all which you want.  
 ' Egad Madam, answers he, I can't tell, would  
 ' you would admit me to be your Apprentice,  
 ' I would serve Seven Years to learn your  
 ' Trade? 'Tis soon done (adds she) if you can

' be Secret. and have but Courage to go thro'  
 ' with it. I hope as to that, Madam, the  
 ' World can little blame me for the want of ei-  
 ' ther of those Qualities, tho' I never had much  
 ' Occasion to put them upon Tryal. Then,  
 ' Sir, pursues she. I can tell you of a Prize  
 ' that may be a Hundred Pounds in your way,  
 ' if you dare go out to morrow Morning with  
 ' my Husband and this Gentleman, which you  
 ' will meet at the bottom of this Hill, in the  
 ' Hands of an Old Usurer, who, I am sure,  
 ' by Nine of the Clock will pass by with Three  
 ' Hundred Pounds in his Custody ; 'tis but da-  
 ' ring and he will deliver. Faith, Madam,  
 ' says she. I think your Offer is to be closed  
 ' with, and I stand more obliged to you there-  
 ' in than your Husband, whom I have often  
 ' followed to the like end, and who would ne-  
 ' ver give me his Consent, that I might accom-  
 ' pany him, but at present I have no Horse nor  
 ' Arms. That, adds she, my Husband shall  
 ' supply you with, though we have only one  
 ' to spare and that is a bad one, but for your  
 ' Comfort, the Party that brings the Money  
 ' has a very good one, which you may exchange  
 ' with him. Madam, (says *Rumbald*) I thank  
 ' you. This was the Subject of the Lady's  
 ' Discourse with her Cully, which neither her  
 ' Husband nor his Comrade could apprehend her  
 ' Design, yet did not interrupt her Design, so  
 ' that after Supper was over, and they had drank  
 ' away a part of the Evening with a great  
 ' deal

deal of Mirth, *Rumbald* took his leave, and promised to meet the next Morning at Eight, in order to the aforesaid Concern, who being retired, *Bracey* asked his Wife what she intended in this Matter. ' Why intend, says she, I intend his Estate, which I am very certain to accomplish, for 'tis agreed you Two shall take him with you to-morrow, and I will dress up Old *Will* upon your founder'd Gelding, and put Three Hundred Pounds into his Custody, who shall deliver the same to him with great Reluctancy, as likewise his Horse, which he will be ready to exchange with him, and which once done, you shall perswade him to swap the same at the next Market, where *Will* shall put on another Garb, and seize him as a Thief, then to save his own Neck, I warrant you he will agree to make Sale of his Estate, of which we may share together. Excellently contrived, says *Bracey*, what think you Friend, will it not do? Most certainly, answers he, it is impossible to fail; and here it was they both confessed themselves outdone in Stratagem by a Woman, and that the Craft of their Sex was far more Subtle than the boasted Pride of Mankind, and accordingly extolled her Prudence in the present Affair, which was the next Morning perfected, and a Week after near Two Thousand Pounds brought in upon the Account aforesaid, which they Three shared among them.

Afterwards



Afterwards these Two Sparks, who lived by the tearing Words *Stand and deliver*, frequently met and rob'd together, as also. Bracey's Wife in Mans Apparel, and in which Dress being apprehended as attempting to Rob a Person of Quality's Coach in *Nottinghamshire*, but her Husband and his Comrade got off, she was condemn'd and Hang'd at *Nottingham* in April 1685, Aged 29 Years.

But a little before this Explicit which brought Bracey's supposed Wife to the Gallows, we are to take notice of the narrow Escape he had of being taken himself, for being known by some Persons. whom he had formerly Rob'd, to be in Company of Three or Four new Comrades at a certain Country Inn, the whole Town was raised about 'em, and the House on every side beset, a Dozen or Fourteen Men Armed at the Stairs Foot, ready to mount, before any Notice was given thereof to him, when as it happened, going out to make Water, the Tapster coming hastily up, he spies the said Parties, whereupon withdrawing a little, he pulls off his Coat and Hat, and snatching the Tapster's Cap and Apron, claps in a foul Pipe on the side thereof, taking an empty Pot or Two in his hands, down he runs just as the People were getting up, and crys, *Coming, coming, Sirs*, and passes them, whereby he got to the Stable, and mounting so array'd, he charges through the throng and got off; but all his Companions were apprehended

apprehended, and being brought to Justice, suffered shortly their deserved Fate.

Now to return to his Wife again, as soon as she was Executed, her Body being given to her Friends to Bury, they carried her to a small Village in the Forest of *Sherwood*, whither he riding to see her interr'd, he was told by an Old Woman there, that he should not survive her above Six Days, which Prediction fell out true; for being at a little Ale-house to refresh himself, and his white Mare he used to Rob on standing at the Door, being known by some Passengers, the Country was presently up and surprized him, and before he could mount they discharged at him, taking off at the first Shot all his Fingers from both Hands, and killed his Mare, which being fallen, striving to get over the back Pales, another Discharge was made at him, from a Fowling-Piece into the Guts, where he received several great Goose-Shots, of which Wounds in Three Days time he ended his wicked Life.

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CHRISTOPHER

CHRISTOPHER BANISTER, *that*

*went on the Kid-Lay, and Hook-Pole-Lay, and was both Thief and Murderer.*

**T**His Unhappy Malefactor was born (but we can't tell whether of any better Parents than he and his Wife were to their Children) at Columpton in Devonshire, and put Apprentice to a Gunsmith and coming up to London, wrought for the Master of the Ordinance, he had liv'd near Forty Years in *East-Smithfield*, and other Places contiguous to the Metropolis of this Nation, in which Time he had also follow'd the employment of a Bailiff, and of late Years that of lending Money upon Pawns.

He had been a most notorious Villain in all his Occupations, for when he belong'd to the Master he was turn'd out by the Master of the Ordinance for pilfering the Royal Stores; when he turn'd Bailiff, he would set poor People together by the Ears, and encourage to Arrest one another for the Value of a Groat; take Bribes of them he were to Arrest, to cheat their Plaintiffs; and when he transform'd himself into that most Despicable and Damnable Profession of a Pawn-broker; he would make the Poor pay  
Fifty

Fifty *per Cent.* for what they borrow'd, and very often Cheat 'em of their Pledges if any thing Valuable, especially Silver Plate, Watches, or Gold Rings.

Among the many Sins he was addicted to, Whoredom was very predominate in him, keeping a common Jilt under his Wife's, Nose even in his own House; against whom one *Powel Reed*, having a Writ, and serving it on her in *Banister's* House, he ran up Stairs for a Dagger then lying in his Bed-Chamber, and coming down again, most barborously murder'd the aforesaid Officer, whose Brother some short time afterwards was one of the Turkeys to the Master-Sid of *Nagars*, and next a Tip-Staff to one of the Clerks of *Westminster-Hall*. This Murder was committed on the Eighth of *January* 1712-13 and he receiv'd Sentence of Death for it the Session next ensuing in the same Month: but thro' the Expence of a great deal of Money which he then had by him, he obtain'd her late Majesty's Pardon for it, and pleaded it there on *Wednesday* the 12th of *August* 1713.

He was no sooner discharg'd, but he return'd to the wicked Course of Life he had been before addicted; insomuch, that in Process of time, and Progress in Iniquity, he brought himself under the Lash of the Law, as being Burnt in the Hand, on *Saturday* the 4th of *June* 1715, for a Felony. He was a little after try'd at *Maidstone* in *Kent*, for robbing on the Highway;



away; and tho' Guilty of the Crime yet was he acquitted for want of sufficient Evidence to prove it.

This Criminal had often went upon the *Kid-Lay*, which is Coaxing Children and Prentices, who are carrying Parcels or Bundels of Goods any whither with fair Words; and the Rogue pretending that he wants such and such Things, at such and such a Shop, gives the Child or Prentice a Shilling or Half a Crown, which generally is a bad one too, withal bidding him make the change for his Pains, and then receiving the Parcel or Bundle to hold till he comes out again, runs away with it before he well gets it. Nay, so successful has *Banister* been in this sort of Villany, that he would even Rob People of Riper Years so; and particularly one Morning going along the *Strand*, with a good Gown on his Back, and Slippers, he sets his eye upon a Porter with a Pretty heavy Box on his Shoulders, and seeming to come out in great haste at *Somerset-House Gate*, cry'd to the Man of Carriage, *Prithee Friend, set down thy Burthen here under the Gate, and step to the Five Bell Tavern behind the New Church there, and tell Mr. such-a-one, that tarries for me in Number Four, that I cannot possibly leave attending my Lord just now, but if he'll stay there for half an Hour, or an Hour at Farthest, he would wait upon him without Fail.* Moreover to make the Fish take the Bait, *Banister* pops a Shilling into the Porter's Hand, who taking him for a Gentleman indeed,

indeed, belonging to *Somerſet Houſe*, leaves his Box with him, which he preſently convey'd on t'other Side the Water, ſo the Meſſenger when he came back from a Fool's Errand, Swore and Curs'd like a Madman for his Load, in which was Muſlin, fine Holland, Cambrick, and other Linnen to the Value of above Eighty Pounds.

Another Time, *Baniſter* coming out of a Barber's Shop in *Thrift-Street* by *Soho-square*, juſt Shav'd and Whig Finely Powder'd, alſo in a Scarlet Cloak and Sword, and Shoes new Japan'd, meeting a Porter at the Door, who was carrying a whole Picce of Fine Blue Cloth to a Perſon of Quality in the aforeſaid Square. quoth he, *honeſt Fellow, do ſo much for me, becauſe I'm loth to dawb my ſhoes in croſſing over the way, as to go to yonder Hoſier's ſhop you ſee there, and bid him give you the Half dozen Pair of Silk Stockings, which Captain ſuck-a-one, meaning himſelf, juſt now bought of him, and I'll Pay you for your Trouble.* The Porter preſently whips over to the Shop, at the Door whereof were hankering a good Gentle sort of a Fellow, purpoſely ſet there by *Baniſter*, and ſuppoſing him to be the Hoſier, he ſaid to him, *Sir, I am come from Captain ſuck-a-one, for Six Pair of Silk Stockings, which he juſt now bought of you.* The ſuppoſed Hoſier reply'd, *There was an Officer about an Hour ago bought what you ſay, but not being ſure whether you come from him or not, I ſhall not deliver 'em to you without ſome Token.* The Porter returns back to *Baniſter*, who was walking on ſome farther

farther Distance off, and told him that the Hosier would not let him have the Stockings without some Token, here then (said Banister) take my *Diamond Ring*; but as the Porter was going with it, he calls him back again, saying, Friend, you are a Stranger to me, therefore as I trust you with my Ring, and half a dozen Pair of Silk Stockings, which also stand me in Six Pounds more, I expect you should deposit something in my Hands for Security thereof. The Porter thinking this was all but fair, leaves his piece of Cloth with Banister, who went off with it, as did also his Comerade, who then not standing at the Door, the Porter went boldly in to the real Hosier, and demanded the Silk Stockings upon the Pledge he had brought from the Captain. The Hosier told him he knew nothing of the Matter, and looking upon the Ring, which was only Bristol Stones set in Bath-Metal, he found the following Poëie in it,

*'Tis our Delight  
The World to bite.*

Whereupon he told the Porter, who before had acquainted him he had left a piece of Blue Cloth in Lieu of the Ring, that he was Bit indeed, upon which he set up his Heels to Run after Captain Banister but being too late, he ran Home to his Master in the Strand, who was the Kings Wollen Draper, to acquaint him of his Disaster, but met with no other Comfort than that of paying for it. The Porter then  
bestir'd

bestir'd himself again, and upon a strict search got his Cloth again, at the Charge of Six Pounds, of one *A———*, formerly a condemn'd Rogue, that keeps a Brandy-Shop near the Playhouse-Yard in *Drury-Lane*.

*Banister* was one of the first Villains that went upon the *Hook-Pole Lay*, which is the way of having long sharp Hooks of Iron fasten'd to the End of long Poles, and then going upon the Foot-pad, the Rogues lies in Ambush behind a Hedge, and when Travellers are Riding by 'em. on Horseback in the Night-time they suddenly take hold of 'em, and pull 'em off their Horses; sometimes doing a great deal of Mischief, by tearing their Flesh from Arms or Thighs, insomuch that some People, so far of late have lost the Use of their Limbs. But at last Justice pursuing this Notorious Fellow (who Died unpitied by all Mankind, he was Committed to *Newgate*, and at the Session held at the *Old-Bailey* in February 1718-19, took his Tryal for robbing on the High-way, which take as follows.

*Christopher Banister*, of *St. Botolph Aldgate* was Indicted for assaulting *Dorothy Thompson* on the Highway, putting her into Bodily Fear and taking from her a Muslin Hood, Value Four Shillings and Ten pence, the Twenty First of *January* last about Ten a Clock at Night. The Prosecutor depos'd, that as she was coming out of the *Minories*, the Prisoner catch'd her by the Throat and said he'd Throttle her; but she  
crying



crying out, a Young Man came to her Assistance, whereupon the Prisoner snatch'd her Hood off her Head, and ran away with it; she was positive the Prisoner was the Person, and had on a Lac'd Hat and white Cloak, that she saw him plainly by the Light of Two Lamps, (one on each side the Door) and knew him; he having liv'd some time in the same Street. The Prisoner deny'd the Fact, and Pleaded in his Defence, that about Fourteen Months ago he lent the Prisoner one Pound one Shilling and Six Pence, for which he had a Note under her Hand, and produced a Note in Court, and that he Arrested her a Month ago for the Money, which was the Occasion of this Prosecution. He call'd one Mrs. Boen to prove it, who Swore, that the Prosecutor told her the Prisoner had Arrested her, but that there was a Hoop Petticoat stole, and she would Swear it against him; she further depos'd, that the Prosecutor was a Woman of the Town, and that the House she liv'd in had been Reputed a Bawdy-House above Half a Year. He likewise call'd one Mr. Dawnes to Discredit the Prosecutor, who did not; but gave him a very ill Character, and said that they had some Trouble to rout him out of the Neighbourhood, being afraid of being Rob'd by him every Night. The Prosecutor deny'd the Note, or that she ever gave him one, or ever had any dealings with him. She also call'd one Mrs. Mead to her Reputation, who said she was a very civil Industrious Woman, and made Per-

riwig Calls for her Livelihood, which he sold to the Barbers and Perriwig-makers; and that she liv'd in a Private House of good Reputation. The Justice depos'd, that he own'd he assaulted her, and said that he would make satisfaction, and then Swear against her, and to be even with her; that he was a bold Audacious Fellow, held up his Fist against him, call'd him Sirrah, and Swore he would be Revenged on him. The Constable likewise depos'd, that he enquired after her in the Neighbourhood, and found a good Character of her; and that the Prisoner would have agreed it up both before and after they went before the Justice. The Jury found him Guilty.

Whilst he was under Sentence of Death, he was no Changeling. for he would Swear Curse, Darn and Sink in the Condemn'd Hole, as if he had not been to have Died at all; and being convey'd in a Coach to Tyburn, on Monday the 23d of March, 1718-19, he most Blasphemously said, *he was as Innocent as our Saviour*, and afterwards was turn'd off the Carr, Aged Sixty Years, with the following Malefactors, viz. *Thomas Draper* and *Samuel Davis*, for breaking open the House of *Mrs Francis Higham*, and taking thence a Hundred and Seventeen Yards of Printed Linnen, Twenty Five Yards of Printed Callicoe, and other Things; and also *Isaac Smith* for killing his Wife, by Stabbing her under the Right Arm.

of which Wound she languish'd in a very Miserable Condition Eleven Days, and then Died.



*Lieutenant* E D W A R D B I R D,  
*a Murderer.*

**T**HIS unfortunate Wretch was the S— of a certain M— who formerly kept a Shop in *Great-Britain's Burse*, otherwise call'd the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*, who to get Riches as fast as he could, Rob'd himself (as 'tis said) three several times on *Hounslow-Heath*, of Fifteen, Seventeen, and Nineteen Hundred Pounds worth of fine Lace, for which he as often Sued the County of *Middlesex*, as being Rob'd betwixt Sun and Sun ; and was so successful as to recover his pretended Losses : But at length the People Smelling a Rat, he left off those Unlawful Projects, and betook himself to going round the Tower, in which Pernicious Practices being surpris'd, he sav'd himself by Hanging his own Brother, by whose being Drawn, Hang'd and Quarter'd at *Tyburn*, he got also a very good Booty.

Mr. Bird had several Children, and his Affections being Chiefly fixt on this Unhappy S—— his Design was to make him a Gentleman, in order thereto he put him to a Grammar-School to Learn the Latin Tongue; but his Genius being not qualified for Scholarship, his Father bought him an Ensigns Commission in a Marching Regiment, in which he behav'd himself so insolently towards the Poor Soldiers, that not one in his Company, nay, in the whole Regiment, Lov'd him. He was sometime in *Flanders*, where instead of getting Honour, he Daily Suffer'd himself to be Caned, pull'd by the Nose, and Kickt by his Fellow Officers; for tho' he was a Splenatick, Ill-temper'd, and ugly-look'd Fellow as you should see, yet he had not the Heart of a Pea, for one Day being in a small Skirmish at the taking of a little Pass from the *French*, the other Officers observing in the Time of Action, how he Hang'd an Arse, and would, say what they could, keep as much as he could in the Rear, quoth they, Fie, Mr. Bird, why don't you keep up as close as you can to your Post of Command, sure you be very Timorous? he reply'd, not at all, Gentlemen, for I'm all Heart. But still he was for self-preservation, by keeping out of Danger, as much as he could; of which they as often upbraiding him, he at last Swore, by G——, Gentlemen, I'm all Heart from top to bottom, for if my little Finger was but cut, I should presently Die upon the Spot.



At this Timorous Expression, the Supream Officers all fell a Laughing, saying, surely the Fellow was related to the Lady, who Pricked her Finger with a small Needle, died in two Hours, and is now shew'd among the Tombs in *Westminster-Abby*. But another Time, to shew his Valour, when he had been so much upbraided with Cowardise, he Challeng'd a Lifeguard-man, that had affronted him, to fight at Horse and Pistol; the Challenge was excepted, and they went to *Turnham-Green*; when they first engag'd, *Bird* to make sure of himself, as he thought, Fir'd first, whereupon the Antagonist making an Offer as if he would Fire, *Bird* Rid away as Fast as he could, till he got into a Field, where he could not get out again, still he pursued him, round the Field backwards and forwards, threatening every now and then he would shoot him, for he lay at his Mercy, till at last he gave such an unfavoury smell by Besh—ting his Breeches, that the Pursuer was obliged to leave off his Pursuit, by giving him two or three slight Wounds cross his empty Skull; and from his chasing him round the Field for Pastime, was ever after call'd the *Bird-Hunter*.

Another time *Bird*, being most notoriously branded for a Rank Coward, even by a Serjeant of a Company, but not in the Regiment he belong'd to, he challeng'd the Serjeant to Fight him at Pistol on foot; the Serjeant excepted of his Challenge, and meeting him (ac-

according to Appointment, without any Seconds  
 at the *Hercules-Pillars* at *Tattenham-Court*, by  
*Mary-le-bone*, they went out into the Garden  
 together, charg'd their Pistols with single Bullets,  
 and went behind an adjacent Brickkil to Fight.  
 When they came there, quoth *Bird* to the Serjeant  
 'as we fight at Pistol on Foot, and must be Oblig'd  
 'to be pretty near one another, that is to say,  
 'within a Yard or Two, you may be a better  
 'Marks-man than I, or I than you, and if it is  
 'our Fortune both to escape Fate, as I am by a  
 'former Contract to fight you at Sword after-  
 'wards, I think it properer for us both to blind-  
 'fold our selves with our Handkerchiefs, and re-  
 'turn to our short space of Ground, by sticking  
 'our Swords drawn in the Path-way we stand.  
 'The Serjeant consented to all this; but (quoth  
 'he) who must blind-fold us, for if I permit you  
 'first, you may shoot me, or stab me in that Ce-  
 'remony.' But after *Bird's* many Protestations  
 to the contrary, he permitted him to put a  
 Handkerchief before his Eyes, after which the  
 Serjeant did the like by him, who stood by his  
 own Naked Sword fix'd in the Earth; when  
 asking him, if he had found his Ground, by his  
 Sword being also so fix'd, then (said the Ser-  
 jeant) who shall give the Word, One, Two,  
 Three, and then fire; *Bird*, who had laid all  
 along upon his Belly, said, you if you please:  
 and no sooner had he said the Words, but  
 he suddenly jumpt up, saying, 'I have  
 had the Courage to stand your shot, and now  
 'you

your Life lies at my Mercy, which if you do not beg, I'll shoot you through the Head.' The Serjeant Kneel'd on his Knees and Begg'd his Life; saying 'as I now own you to be the better Man, I hope Sir, you will put me out of pain of doing me any Damage with your Pistol, by Discharging it, since I have none to do you any Injury. Yes Sirrah, you Scoundrel, quoth Bird, to shew you that I am afraid of no Man upon Earth, I'll Discharge it.' Accordingly he Fired it in the Air; now, quoth the Serjeant, I'll Fight you now at Sword; at which Bird look'd (as he always) did wan and Pale; and expostulating with his Antagonist, that it was Ungenerous to take him at a Weapon of which he knew nothing, the Serjeant would do nothing else, but have another Satisfaction, and then all Animacies should cease. Bird then drew, the other Attacked him, and ran him thro' the Sword-Arm, and dropping his Sword, desiring him then to Beg his Life; which he out of Obstinacy and Foolhardiness refusing, tho' his Antagonist threatened him with all the Menaces imaginable if he did not, the Wounded still persisting that he would not die, why then (quoth the Adversary) since you don't think your Life worth begging for, I don't think it worth taking; so giving him a Kick at the Breech, said, go like a Scoundrel and a Coward as you are, and get a Surgeon where you can.

One Day this unlucky *Bird* going into a Cellar at *White-Chappel*, for a halfpenny worth of *Furmity*, for he lov'd any sort of *Speca-Meat* as well as a *Welshman* Toasted Cheese, a *Scotchman* Oaten Bannock or an *Irishman* *Cj. quebangh*, he gave the old Woman a Shilling, who going to get Change for it, and staying somewhat long, he call'd her a Thousand old Bitches, and fell a Kicking her into the bargain, upon which a Fight ensued bewixt 'em, in which *Bird's* Whig fell into the Kettle of *Furmity*, which she flung all over her Antagonist's Cloaths, and, had it been very hot, had Scal'ded him to Death. He ran out into the Streets in that Pickle, the old Woman after him, to take farther Revenge, but quickly taking Coach he got clear from his Female Adversary. He would insult Servants, whom he thought durst not strike him again; and therefore in every Tavern he would Kick two down Stairs at once, the Drawer and his Bottle; and sounding the Alarm to the Skirmish in a Peal of Profane Oaths and Curies, would strut about the Room and think himself, by that pitiful Action, as brave a Hero as *Alexander* the Great. He would often quarrel with Coachmen, Chairmen, Waterman, and Link-Boys, beating them with his Cane, for which he was as often well thresh'd himself, insomuch that he was seldom without a Black Eye, or a broken Head; and one Night blind Tom, that used to mend Old Chairs, lighting *Bird* Home, and refusing to



pay him, Tom made no more ado but fell to measuring his Ribs by the length of his Quarter-staff, for which he was sent to St. Martins Round-house, but discharg'd the next Day.

After he came out of *Flanders* into *England* again, his Father gave Two Thousand Pounds for a Lieutenants Commission for him, in the Regiment of Horse, Commanded by the Right Honourable the Marquis of *Winchester*; then he Married a very Virtuous Gentlewoman with a great Fortune, whose Heart he soon broke; or rather (as 'tis suspected with very good Grounds) sent her out of the World before her Time, by giving her a great Quantity of *Lunium* in a Dish of *Bohea Tea*, to please a Strumpet he then kept, for he had of a long while given himself up in a great Measure to a vicious Course of Life, and his evil inclinations growing stronger in him, he at last abandon'd himself to all manner of Lewdness and Debauchery; it was his Unhappy Fate to take the aforesaid Harlot to Mr. Seedwell's Bagnio in *Silver-street*, by *Golden-square*, and there killing one Samuel Luten, a Servant to the aforesaid Seedwell, on the 23<sup>th</sup> of *September* 1718, he was committed to *Newgate*, and thro' his pitiful Solicitor's Account of getting what Money he could out of him, he deferr'd his Tryal till *January* 1718-19, by several specious Pretences, and Salivations; but being at last brought to Justice, when the Murder was plainly prov'd against him, and bringing none to Speak for his Reputation,

and good Character, but Three common Wb——s, the Jury found him Guilty of the Indictment.

Whilst he was under Sentence of Death, the Ordinary of *Newgate* daily exhorted him to prepare for Death; he always excus'd his Importunities, by pretending he was to Write Letters, expected Company, and such frivolous Excuses. In the mean Time he procur'd a Woman to Personate the Deceased's Widow to the King, and imploring his most gracious Pardon, as being willing to take a Considerable Reward for her Husband's Blood, in order to Maintain her and her Children from being Burthenfome to the Parish. Accordingly, his Majesty, according to his wanted Clemency, granted him a Pardon for Ninety Nine Years, with a Proviso of Transporting himself out of the Nation: But News of this Imposition on his Majesty's Royal Favour coming to the true Widow's Ears, *Diana Loxton* by Name, she presented to the King her following Case.

‘ Whereas the Iniquity of the Times, and the  
 ‘ Discourse of opprobrious Tongues have made  
 ‘ it necessary that the said unfortunate Widow,  
 ‘ who might be justly deem'd to have Suffer'd  
 ‘ by the Death of her dear Lamented Husband,  
 ‘ without having a Load of Malice and De-  
 ‘ traction added to it, should clear herself of  
 ‘ some Imputations laid to her Charge; she  
 ‘ humbly begs Leave of the Nobility, Gentry,  
 ‘ and